

Dokinikani

Cannibal Tales of the Wild Western Pacific

A Translation of Two Hundred Pages of Vernacular Text
Incorporated in a Concurrent Introduction and Commentary

Barnard Baldwin M S C

Preface

What is this book about? Why was it written? The book itself must answer that; I have searched in vain for anything reasonably similar. But I can think of a lot of people to whom it would be a source book and a guide to answer many questions: to students of Austronesian subjects a tradition of folk ways with a consciously historic perspective for Melanesian, Indonesian and Polynesian comparison, to folklorists a living expression of a tribal faith with roots going back into ancient Indonesia and Asia, to students of Cargo Cult a messianic founder whose mission traditionally was curtailed and as a prophecy expressly awaits fulfilment, to students of Malinowski this is documentary, supplementary, easier reading, to Papuan students a real translation of their own classics into reasonable English, to tourists to the Trobriands a memento, an authentic description of the self expression of a people of a long surviving culture, to missionaries a truly fascinating collection of messianic motifs and fertility rites with a distinctly liturgical style, to students of comparative religion a study of a rarer belief in a non-Stygian, golden afterlife, to students of 'Song and Dance! Harvest Festivals and tribal mystery celebrations etc the place and function of Boyowan WOSI, to philologists a field for a study of an unabraded, unscrambled, functional system of noun classes like those of the Bantu; also a fully notional, verbal classificatory

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system by auxiliaries like those in the Sunda Straits and Philippine tongues and vestigially all over the Pacific, to linguists a translation of two hundred pages of an available vernacular text of a could-be prototype of a number of north-eastern Indonesian languages, to learners of the language of the Trobrianders a stepping stone to a full and not a half way understanding of Boyowan.

Pekina
South Australia
April 1971
B. Baldwin M S C

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CHAPTER I

Stories about the DOKINIKANI

Proverb: YELU OROKAIWA BILI OTANAWA
"Inspiring on the surface mischievous underneath."

DOKINIKANI is a childish corruption of TUKANIKANITAU, Man-eating-man, and non-Boyowans prefer the explicit expression. Fighting is its main theme, a story for small boys which their sisters complacently accept. It is a simplified parable where the badies are all bad and the rest all good; but being a parable as well as a story it is entertainment for old as well as young. The beady eyes of the story teller and his cronies are on the little rascals enjoying the story. For the older folk they, or the manners impugned in the story, are the Cannibal. Their astute enjoyment at the scamps getting their sugar coated medicine is delicious; it is part of the performance.

There is another and particularly important zest. Each story invokes a heroic tradition. It is in line with the first and greatest fight that won for Boyowans all their blessings, the battle of that original and solitary hero, Tudava. His is the proto-type of all DOKINIKANI stories and it is much more than mere entertainment; as the reader will realise if he reads on. Being a proto-type all stories of this class reflect, extend or at least allude to it so that it has become the generalised story of all Boyowans full of a resonant liveliness. Nothing of this liveliness is lost even in animal stories because it was the frictions of tribal life that supplied the heat and the ways of tribal living that supplied the molds that shaped the tribal classics. They have been poured liquid and incandescent; and it is Just because they were to, hot to hold originally that they were given the handles of parable and animal allegory; deferring to the struggle they commemorate to heal

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and preserve good manners they keep that form when tempers have cooled. These perspectives are all part of the story and not seeing them in that light makes them desiccated and flavourless.

This was once notably demonstrated during world war two when school children were viewing on the cheese cloth screen off the stern of a destroyer colour cartoons that featured characters like Pongo, the Bull, Barney, the Bear, a black cat and a pair of crows. The children, seeing such things for the first time, were for a few moments nonplussed. Pongo set his tonnage in motion down a steep slope at a little red daisy; only to crumple his horn in the soft clay. Venting his frustration he charged back up the slope at a mighty tree which then disintegrated in a cloud of dust. This gave the children an orientation; the idiom could be construed; and it was not just comics; it was war propaganda. They raved ecstatically; giving the crew of the destroyer a livelier diversion than anything on the screen. No civilised children ever had the thrill they did. No civilised child has ever lived as close to that evil terror whose form is legion but whose name is Cannibal.

In the Cannibal's train come all the evils and vicissitudes, or the personification of them, that have affected the tribe in their folk history. Associated with the name Cannibal are all sorts of socially impossible types like outcasts, gnomes, ghouls, wantons, shrews, addicts and worthless folk of every

sort. Also associated are all powerful, extraordinary manifestations of nature such as the water spout, tide rip, earthquake, tidal wave, landslide and so on. Any weird or unexplainable behaviour of fish or beast, any aberration of natural events are feared in the present instant as the work of evil magic or BWAGAU: and as a past event are ascribed to the Cannibal. A harpy called TOBUMYOU, Dust, is a personification of a rare natural phenomenon, a milk white dust, that can limit visibility to a few feet. MULUKWAUSI or meteors and NAYOYOWA, Fliers, are the

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counterparts of jealous or voracious women that fly about at night making up in sleep for what they miss when awake. They classify as DOKINIKANI, a term that applies only to the ideology of story telling. It is the supreme symbol of evil, the devil, Satan; but Satan overcome. Each domain of Boyowan thought has its own ideology. If we ignore this we miss the inferences or get them wrong.

The terms used determine the level of understanding. To help keep this in mind the word Cannibal, with a capital C, stands in these stories for DOKINIKANI. No other word will do. Ogre is not the same thing because DOKINIKANI is the symbol also of the victory of the tribe against invasion and persecution endlessly repeated. This and some correlation with the present is part of every Boyowan story. For the school boys watching the cartoons, Pongo the Bull was wasting his time charging the daisy. It did not make sense. Charging the tree was silly but at least worthy. But when the tree went up in smoke the comic theme invoked the magic of story telling; it was a token or prophecy of victory. For those school boys it was 1943 - it was an act of faith; they rioted.

Seemingly more than half the DOKINIKANI stories are based on the context of invasion, being overrun or subjugated. The symbol of this, never mentioned because it does not belong to the ideology of story telling is TAOVAU, New Men, in the sense of a barbaric invasion, or any of the evils that could stem from that, like plague or epidemic, the unsettling, threat of war, famine or social upheaval, the influence of alien magic. However frequent or infrequent this was in their folk history it was an ever present bogey; a stereotype too common for description, but part of the story nevertheless because it kept a sharper edge on fear, kept open a window on tribal insecurity and so made the resolution of the story so much more satisfying.

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So the Boyowan institution of DOKINIKANI or Cannibal stories support the tribal mysticism and cult, inculcate its principles and take on an added dimension because they do that. It is a very warming thing, like any fight for life, liberty, decency or what you will; as distinct a story form as Wild Westerns, in the mouths of small boys a name for a story and an invitation to story telling. These associations are necessary to understanding the stories and where the native text does not supply them, because in the village telling they go without saying, I have written them into the translation, just a word or two here and there.

2. VINAVINA, 'ditty' or 'ditties.'

Proverb: KIU BWAITETA BWEINA KULILUVA
"Kiu the deft must come out on top."

Another essential part of the Boyowan story-is the poetic Quotation, the VINAVINA or ditty. In the presence of strangers this element may be suppressed; yet it is to the story very much what the UULA or foundation is to the magic spell or the chorus to the song. It comes into the story like a classical quotation or a proverb. Being in the language of poetry it is well loaded with meaning and is sometimes quite cryptic. If the story is less familiar the elders crane their necks to hear the VINAVINA. It is often sung and acted out. Though it is avowedly recondite the story teller depends on it for full understanding and sympathy. If the VINAVINA would not be understood the story would seem to him, in the absence of children, not worth the telling.

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The VINAVINA is an institution in its own right. It is the poor relation of poetry and magic. It does not always have a strictly regular, recognisable form of its own. It may be no more than three or Four words. It is recognised by its effect. Its expressiveness must be magical but its discovery may be accidental like the discovery of a gem by an amateur. Adults have poetry and song and magic; the young have VINAVINA. Making VINAVINA is a game for teen-age girls to play at. This game has been described for Duau and Kulada by Dr Geza Roheim. A missing VINAVINA will explain why conversational reference to a story is lively and plentiful while the known version is rubbish. Love thwarted lasses hone their VINAVINA against countervailing elders. Its small share of mystery is a code borrowed from magic and song and not mumbo-jumbo or humbug. The appropriation of the conventions and poetic licence of WOSI make it a challenge to understanding, not a veil; the brilliant clarity of its statement is born out by the story.

VINAVINA also assert their own validity by the fact that they are sung and the story can be incidental to them rather than they to the story. Those hunting for tribal classics should note all VINAVINA and ask for the story. Those who have access to the vernacular of these stories will wonder how so much could be contained in so few words. Actually I have given the VINAVINA very full treatment simply because its important place in the story would otherwise be lost. Some may wonder about the form. Boyowan poetry is not the same as ours. It does have metre; to be considered poetry at all it must have its own proper movement that Boyowans recognise at once however strangers may look askance at it. It is a movement more free to wed the sense of the words; its wildness and brokenness always suggestive of that of the wind or the waves. Their poetry is more full of rhyme than ours is, but it is internal and not set, more like alliteration with English. The poetic effect though consciously

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and deliberately aimed at is free; springing from a tireless improvisation of the theme. When achieved it is a gift of the gods, its warrant that it has pregnancy of meaning or emotion. To keep

the relative importance of the VINAVINA in the story and some idea of its content and effect I have re-created it in our idiom.

For a quick look at its native form take the simplest form of VINAVINA, the smallest unit of Boyowan poetry, the line. For example; O KONA KONAKONEIGU KONEIGU is, element by element and without grammatic punctiliousness - a conceit of the scholar, a bane to the general reader, and to the astute New Guinean a humbug - simply; "Oh*fit*fit*fit*me*fit*me."

The repetition is poetic because it intensifies the meaning; there is no tautology because the word KONA is construed three different ways. This line of enthusiastic appreciation in the sense, as we would say it, "Oh, how wonderfully it suits me:" has in the realm of the tribal citizen, for whom words have so much more reality in their own right than with us, helped to accomplish the rape of unnumbered cherished possessions.

In the story of Kiu four lines of poetry are contrasted with the prosiest commonplace in the language; and their power is such that they transform it.

KIU, KIU DOLANE	Kiu the water born
KIULA BWAITETA	So deft
BWAILAGALAGA	So poised
KIU KULILUVA	So rise
KUMA KUKWAM	Come and eat.

Boyowan woman linger on the expression KIU DOLANE as other women lingered over its rhyme and related LOWANE; inspiring one European mother to have her baby christened Loanay.

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The VINAVINA from the story of Vinaya is, given the acceptability of a mixture of tongues, a perfect gem of Boyowan poetry. Every syllable rhymes with another, every phrase begets the next; a magical thing like pulling handkerchiefs from an empty hat, like a pandanus or banana bud extending, or anyone of similar poetic symbols with which the WOSI is dotted. With all this it is a master expression of bitter hopelessness. With all this again there is the double story. Its expression of the hopelessness of addiction does not spoil it as an epitome of the taunting of the dwellers of a basalt region against the fruitlessness and tastelessness of things in a coral island; a well underscored corrective of dreams of overseas romance. Re-creating in our idiom does not re-capture half of this;

"Vinaya is a PIPI bird
And stricken is the PIPI bird;
The PIPI bird is flown.
Our love was measured in betel
Down on my boat today;
Not for the nuts you own,

Not for the betel given,
Not for this are you amiss
But for the cut unknown."

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3. O-LU-BEKU

At Axeblades

Tovileu

Proverb: WAGA BITA-TETA DABALA KAISAI.

With a boat you can ride the head of a breaking wave --- you can ride misfortune on to fortune.

Remarks:

A simple and amusing story not connected with Boyowa, except that the KOYA or mountains can be seen from there, and people are eager for stories about such places, and may even make them up. It is a Boyowan story, not an example from some other tribe, though here as everywhere it is the Cannibals who are always different and apart, the other folk, the enemy. This same habit of mind was still true where both villages were Cannibal. Villagers in their own minds only regarded the other folk as Cannibals. Cannibalism like murder is not habitual, except in the mind of the fearful.

Boyowans always alive to the meaning of names are particularly interested in the names that come into stories, where they are nearly always meaningful. They are well aware that Boyowan names are found at great distances from the Boyowan homelands . This interest did not seem to indicate a sense of a larger Boyowan domain in the past, but only the possibility of a fascinating connection.
Story

This is what happened in the Cannibal village of O-LU-Beku, a place among the cliffs in the mountains. The Cannibal had been eating people, and he kept on until there was none left, except a woman who had been missed. While the Cannibal had been looking for her, she had stayed away on a different spur of the mountain range. There she lived alone and had children. The first was a dog, but the second and the third were human. They all continued to live away in their secret hideout.

But when they were grown men they began to question this mode of existence.

"Mother, what kind of place is this to be living in?"

"Well the Cannibal had eaten everybody. I escaped because I came here by myself and hide. So don't you be going abroad or the Cannibal will see you."

For a while they went on living in the mountains. Put being grown up

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the elder boy said one day,

"What kind of timber is that?"

That is MILIKUTU. People make spears with it. If a war started, that is the tree men would split their spears from. You must cut us some spears."

So they cut down the MILIKUTU tree and split it up, and brought it into the village to make into spears. They turned the spears into two pronged harpoons; and each brother made five or ten in all. Then their mother asked,

"Boys, now that you have made your spears, what are you going to do?"

"We are going to take a look at this Cannibal."

When the day to go came, and they were sitting in their boat with their spears with them ready to go, their mother insisted,

"You must take your elder brother the dog."

"No, he must stay behind'."

"But I say you must take him. When you get to the point below the cliffs you must end your voyage and go ashore. If you reach the fateful Ligagasa and still want to kill the Cannibal, you will have to ask your brother the dog to help you."

So they took the dog into the boat, and having heard all their mother had to say, paddled off to the cape beneath the cliffs, the home of the Cannibal. They secured the boat and went ashore. Taking their spears upon their shoulders they climbed to the top of the mountain. Along the way they lay off two spears; a bit further they lay off two more, and at the top of the mountain another two. One brother said to the other,

"Those coconuts will be standing in the Cannibal's place. If we go round by the cliff top and cross over into the coconuts we will be able to spy on him."

They did this. They both found their way to the tops of coconut palms where they stood watching the Cannibal sweeping his village. They wrenched off a frond and threw it down beside him,

" Thump!"

The Cannibal picked it up and looking at it was even thinking to himself "You'd think someone had wrenched that off."

But he did not look up, little thinking that anyone could be there. The brothers waited a while on the chance that the Cannibal would look up. When he did not they wrenched off another frond and dropped it beside him. He picked it up thinking as he looked at it,

"That frond looks as though it had been scratched by someone's finger nails."

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He looked up and studied the moving fronds. He did not see the youths at first, but when the wind blew again he did see them. Taking them for strangers he said, "Boys, what folk are you?"

"We are local folk."

"I asked you where you came from."

"We are not from some other place. This is our neighbourhood."

"Well what are you doing now?"

"Nothing. We Just came to pay you a visit."

"Oh'. Well Just wait while I go and make myself presentable."

The Cannibal went into his house and got busy knapping flints. He knapped a whole basket full. These were for tipping his spears. He called to the boys,

"Just wait a bit. I'll soon be with you."

The fight started when he climbed the coconut to attack them. When he had laid himself against the trunk of the tree and began climbing up, they cut off a bunch of coconuts and whacked him over the head with them. This sent him slithering down to the ground again. Unwilling like the Cannibal he was to forego any advantage, he said,

"Oh! Just wait will you, while I eat the coconuts."

When he had eaten all the rots and climbed the tree again he was whacked on the head with another bunch. After slithering to the ground he again set to and ate all the nuts. He tried climbing just once more, and then gave up the idea.

"Oh'. Don' t go."

Standing at the foot of the coconut he armed his spear with flints. When he let fly with it the brothers weaved aside, and it took off a frond of the coconut. This went on till the coconut palms had no leaves left. The brothers said to one another,

"We had better get back on the cliff."

But the Cannibal busy tipping his spear did not see them go; he thought they were still on the coconuts. He went on hurling his spear till he took off the head of the palm itself. With this he was

sure he had them; but all he could find was the empty head of a coconut palm.

"Men! Where have you got to?"

"We are just standing here, we are not running away."

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"My dear young fellows, if you would only wait while I make myself presentable."

He filled his basket with flints a second time and was ready to carry on. "Now if you would Just come a little closer we could fight." "No. You come up here."

When the Cannibal had taken his stand on the top of the cliffs the boys said,

"Now we'll throw our spears." But when they threw them the Cannibal Just gnashed them to bits and said, "Now you wait while I throw my spears." The brothers agreed,

"When he throws we'll have to give ground."

When the Cannibal started throwing he cleared the country. He knocked down everything along the road. But the brothers had retreated to their first reserve of spears; and there faced the Cannibal again. Seeing them he shouted, "Men!"

They threw their spears; but as before the Cannibal just gnashed them to bits saying, "Oh, you can retreat; but here come my spears."

Putting flints to the tip of his spears he threw them with such force that, when they struck the butt of a tree, the tree was sheared off from its roots. So the boys had to retreat again; this time to the top of the mountain, where they were looking down on the Cannibal who was in the ravine. They threw their second reserve of spears; but these were gnashed to pieces like the others; and the Cannibal taunted them

"So your spears are all used up."

"Yes, they are all used up. There's only one left; open your mouth while I throw it."

"Well! I have my mouth open."

The elder brother said to the younger, "Give me that spear while I throw it."

But the younger brother would not give up the spear but threw it instead. It struck the Cannibal in his Adam's apple so that he fell with a crash and lay still. The brothers ran down to the seashore and told their elder brother the dog,

"Go and see the Cannibal up in the mountain; if we have killed him."

The dog ran off to take a look. When he found the Cannibal he barked, 'Wow!'

He could see that the Cannibal was dead so he lapped up some of his blood. Then he chewed the Cannibal's head off and ran down with it under the mountain. The brothers could see for themselves,

"We have killed the Cannibal."

The dog dropped the head on the sand beach; Where the brothers were getting ready to put to sea again. Then in a frenzy of Joy he raced off to the far end of the beach before racing back Just as madly to the near end; and finally he dug furiously in the sand. The brothers took the Cannibal's head from the beach and set it up on the boat. They took the dog aboard and paddled off to their mother's place; where she was waiting. "Mother is this the fellow?" "What did you do to him?" We fought him and won. We brought his head to prove it. You can pack your things. We are going to take the Cannibal's place; and live there."

While their mother did her packing they loaded the boat. Then they all . embarked and made their way to the place that had always been known as Under-the-Cliffs, a name that makes you think of tombs, and since they had so many friends who had perished there, they changed its name. They called it O-Lu-Beku, Axeblades, because they had captured all the Cannibal's BEKU and wealth. They settled down very happily in their new village and lived there with their mother ever after. They could feast and garden and fish and hunt without worry.

4 TUKWA-LOLEWA

Going-Away-Stick

Tovileu

Proverb: ITETA KAIKIVILA WAGA O MILOVETA

The Place to hail a passing boat is in the straits

Were truth is stranger than fiction the Boyowan prefers side of understatement. The hair of this gollywog Cannibal is a case in point. It is not a merely fanciful item. There are tribes living high on the ranges of the mainland, if not in Duau, who do have affection of long hair; some even down to their toes. Incidentally, as such brave vaunting of tribal characteristics betokens the memory of some tribal hero, Boyowan eager artists could be commissioned to depict them. This one, Tobutatala, and the various forms of Tokosikuli and Dokinikani should rival most other collections.

The social trait that is under correction in this story is a prevalent Boyowan failing and comes under fire in other stories. Due doubtless harrying, it is less prevalent than in most other places. There are more people there quicker to respond a cry for help and effective in getting it. The repetitions of this story are deliberately over-done as part of the story and nobody minds because all know who

the Cannibal really is and he is not a merely fanciful enemy eider.

Story

The Cannibal would have been laying on the seaward side of the hill country near Kumilabwaga. The hair on this Cannibal came down to his feet. He had eaten all the Kumilabwaga people; and everyone at Bwabela and all O-Kayaula had been eaten. He had even crossed back to Silaketa and eaten everyone there. But when he crossed to the Wawela side five, brothers and their sister took off for the hill country and hid.

The Cannibal went looking for them at O-Bulaku, and while there he ate all the O-Bulaku folk, and after that all at Kwabula and Dubwagu. He took to punting up all the creeks of the Luba swamps looking for man meat. This was far from the place where the brothers and sisters were hiding. The sister gave birth to a baby boy. During the period when she and the baby still needed to be warmed the brothers were very worried about the smoke:

"You must not have such a big fire. The Cannibal will see the smoke and come and find you and eat you. Remember that when we go out to get fish for you and the baby."

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They would be away all day fishing and only come home at night, when they would bring their catch ashore and their sister would cook for them, and afterwards they would sleep undisturbed. But a day came when they grew careless, when they just told their sister, "Get ready your vegetables, we are off to fish."

While they were away the Cannibal was actually looking for them and had gone as far as o-Kaiboma before giving up. Coming back by O-Bulaku and going over the hill to Wawela on his way home he saw the smoke of their sister's fire. He thought to himself,

"Well now'. I go abroad looking for man meat and here it is quite handy." "I must take a look at this smoke."

Walking on he came on the woman cooking,

"What parts do you come from?"

"I did not come from anywhere. I live here alone."

"That is not true."

"Yes it is. There is only me and my baby."

The Cannibal jabbed his walking stick in the ground and left it standing. It was decorated with a human skull; and this terrified the woman. The Cannibal was saying, "I was on my way home."

Then to let her know he was taking over he said, "I don't know what you call the baby but I am calling him Frog-Squat. Boil some water and take a bath; you are coming with me."

The Cannibal was going to make her his wife. When she had taken a bath and bathed the baby the Cannibal said,

"Give me Frog-Squat. Let me nurse him while you pack your things and get ready to go."

"Yes of course."

When the woman packed her things she put in her pounder, a very hard and heavy kind of stone. She also took her oil and the big bowl she used for bathing the baby. This went into her carry-all; in fact everything went in, carding slab, water- bottles, mats, - she was letting her brothers know she had been taken away. When she ported her load, the Cannibal, to call her attention to the walking stick which he wanted her to take said,

"The walking stick there is called "Going-Away-Stick. You take the things and I'll take Frog-Squat."

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He took the baby and she took her things, but the walking stick was left behind for the woman had a horror of it. They followed the beach along till they came to the spot where the Cannibal stopped and waited for his wife to catch up. When she did he said, "Woman you have come without my walking stick. Where is Going-Away-Now." "Oh it is still in the village."
"Here, take Frog-Squat while I go for it."

The woman took her baby and rested while the Cannibal went back for his stick. When he got to the village, sure enough it was there. Meanwhile the woman was chanting her ditty to warn her brothers,
"O fisher brothers, hish
intent upon your fish,
The jungle dweller came,
The Duau what's his name He's taking me away'.
He's taking me away'."

Her little brother on the boat heard her and said to his brothers, "I say fellows, that was the voice of our sister. Perhaps the Jungle man has got her."

"Oh, what an idea'. Here you come down and get her some fish while I get up there and listen."
"Yes, you come up here and listen. See if it is our sister or only a bird." The younger brother dived into the sea and his senior climbed onto the boat. The Cannibal meanwhile had come back with his stick, and jabbing it into the sand, said still more pointedly, "Going-Away-Stick" . Going-Away-Stick: Give me back Frog-Squat and you port your load."

But the women had a horror of the skull, and again it was left standing right there on the beach where it had been stood. The Cannibal took it for granted his wife would bring it. So they went walking on till the Cannibal turned round again. "Where is Going-Away-Stick?"

"Back there at the other end of the beach."

"Well here, take Frog-Squat while I go for it."

The Cannibal went back to get it. Meanwhile his wife standing on the shingle chanted to the winds her cry for help.

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"Oh fisher brothers hish,
Intent upon your fish,
The Jungle dweller came
The Duau what's his name.
He's taking me away'.
He's taking me away'."

Number four was now convinced. "It's true. It's our sister's voice." But number three must hear it for himself. He said, "Well, you come down and do some fishing while I come up and sit and listen, and make sure you are not mistaken."

Number three took his seat as the woman was being asked by the Cannibal "What were you up to?" "Nothing. I was just crooning to my baby, "Hurry up daddy. Let's get on." The Cannibal was not convinced.

"Well it didn't sound like that. But anyway port your things and let's go. Give me Frog-Squat to carry, and you take my stick."

His wife ported her things and the Cannibal at once turned to go, so she left the stick and followed him. They went right to the other end of that stretch of beach before the Cannibal turned round, saying to the baby, "Now we'll wait while your mother comes."

When the woman caught up he looked for the stick.

"Where is the stick?"

"It's back there, standing at the other end of the beach."

"Well here, take Frog-Squat while I go for it."

While he did that his wife standing on the rubble chanted once more her prayer for help.

My fisher brothers should they wish,
Tough still intent upon their fish,
Could best this jungle man who came,
Could kill this Duau what's his name,

And stop his taking me away!
Oh stop his taking me away!"

Number three was now convinced. "Yes, it's true. That was our sister's voice."

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But number two must have his own proof. 'Come on down. You dive for a bit, while I sit for a while and listen. You could all be mistaken.' Number Two got back in the boat. The Cannibal and his wife meanwhile were traveling along the shore. Coming to the end of another stretch of beach he noticed his wife did not have the walking stick.

"It is still standing at the other end of the beach. I did not bring it." Since she was so frightened of taking it he said, "Oh here, take the baby while I go for it." As he ran back to get it she sang,

"This walking back again may yet,
This going off device may let
My fisher brothers have their wish,
Though still intent upon their fish,
To best this Jungle man who came,
To kill this Duau what's his name,
And stop his taking me away'.
Oh stop his taking me away!"

At the moment the Cannibal was running back brother number two was sitting on the boat. He was convinced.

"Yes, it is true; that is our sister's voice."

But number one was not taking anyone's word for it.

"Come on, do your fishing. I will come up and listen and see if it really is our sister's voice."

While brother number one was climbing aboard, the Cannibal, forgetful of his wife's horror of the walking stick was saying, 'Let me carry the baby. Port your things and let's go; and make sure you take the stick.'

He turned at once to go, so she followed as before leaving it behind. Stopping to rest the Cannibal noticed it was not there. "What about the stick?" The woman showing her horror of it said, "Oh I came without it." "Well here is Frog-Squat; I must go for the stick."

The woman clasped her baby while the Cannibal ran for the stick. She sang as before, only this time her chant rose to a scream,

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“No walk away affair may now -
No walking back again allow
MY fisher brothers have their wish
Though still intent upon their fish
To best this jungle man who came,
To kill this Duau what's his name.
No help of running off and back
Avails this other end of track.
No, he'll 'be taking me away:
On he'll be taking me away'.”

Now the eldest brother heard and was satisfied. He said to his brothers,

“Get aboard. We are going to see if the man of the wilds has found our sister.”

They all got aboard and went paddling off. But when they arrived at their village they found nothing of their sister. The Cannibal and their sister had meanwhile gone inland to a place called shade. When she had put down her things the Cannibal said, “You can boil water and bathe; this is where we live.”

When she had heated water and filled a tub the Cannibal said, “Bathe Frog-Squat and give him to me to nurse.”

She did that and when she had finished her own bath the Cannibal said, “Lay out sleeping mats, it's bed time.”

When she did this she also took her pounding stone and put it in the boiling water. The Cannibal was saying, “Come and groom me and eat the beasties.”

But this Cannibal had hair down to His feet and all sorts of disgusting creatures lived in it, so the woman put a halved coconut handy, and used a stick to part the hair. When one of the disgusting creatures Jumped out she broke off some coconut and crunched it between her teeth. When the Cannibal heard this it made him very happy.

“No other than my own wife is grooming me. Oh, am I happy:”

The Cannibal was filled with the utmost content and fell fast asleep. As soon as he was asleep his wife took his hair and tied it around the stem of the shade tree. She made many ropes of the hair and tied them all around the stem of the shade tree. The Cannibal was snoring when the brothers arrived with their spears. She told them,

"I have used up all his hair to tie him to the tree."

"Have you indeed? Then you can take it easy. Now it is our turn." The boy went up into the tree. The others told the woman, "Get your baby and get out of the way."

The eldest brother thrust his spear through the Cannibal's chest. He woke with a yell and defied them,

"So I am alone against the lot of you. Oh, but I'll take you on. Just you wait while I get my hair undone; I'm coming to eat you."

They fought him with spears. But the Cannibal just crumpled these and brushed away the bits. Then the woman said, "But I haven't had my throw yet." "Oh, you can throw too!" "Yes, so open your mouth." "Well how's this?"

The Cannibal opened his mouth wide and the hot stone went down his throat. He tried to cough it up. It would not come. He bent right over trying to clear it. The harder he coughed the tighter it got, till the stone made a hole in his neck and let out his life, and he quivered and died. They dragged into the Jungle and left him there. They took over his house, all his gear, and all his wealth and precious things. When they had finished collecting these they told their sister, "You can pack your things we are going home."

They shipped everything on their boat and sailed back to Wawela. They took their sister and her things and set up her house again, where she could live and cook for them. They could live properly now; their sister doing the house-keeping and they the gardening and fishing. They no longer needed to be on guard, the Cannibal was dead, he could not worry them any more.

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CHAPTER 2

Moli-La-Uyuwa, Jungle Nomads

Proverb: ISIWAGA YELUWA ISIWAGEULA O KUNEWOTU
Wisdom rather keeps jauntily in midstream.

Long before Europeans became acquainted with New Guinea and learned of the existence of people like the Kukukus or the Duk-Duks New Guinea peoples themselves had reason to be concerned with them. UYUWA means jungle or forest; the primeval state of things in contradistinction to the UDILA or scrub of the village fallow lands. UYUWA like UDILA or ODILA has usually an indicative LA before it, as LAUYUWA LAODILA; so MOLI-LA-UYUWA simply means "man of the forest."

The tenor of the following stories does not indicate that the Jungle dweller was feared and hated, that he was a Cannibal. On the Trobriands he no longer exists. Gardens are not raided, nor village pigs herded off and slaughtered. There is no need to raise the specter or foster fear and hate. The natural scorn and condemnation of those who lurk, even casually, in secret places is spontaneous and strong. Openness is so universally and assiduously cultivated that there is almost no privacy. So Molilauyuwa is no longer a menace; the proper attitude to him is one of whimsical amusement.

But Boyowans do favour the underdog; a figure with which they identify easily and often. As a pathetic figure The persecuted, orphaned children of Molilauyuwa are Just about the last word; and the story in this form serves notice on the Boyowan to count his blessings, give everyone an equal chance; and make no outcasts who could become Jungle folk.

Because these stories are told in Boyowa and have a Boyowan background is no indication that this was ever a Boyowan way of life. These islands are not extensive enough and are too thickly populated for elusive people like the Kukukus to find a home there. The Boyowan's mental horizon goes beyond his home land: his folk history may remember a time when he lived elsewhere.

The burial customs mentioned in Tovileu's version are found high in the central highlands hundreds of miles from Boyowa. This type of thing filters through from tribe to tribe, from language to language; it is an interesting study that does not seem to have been made; through how many tribes and languages can a fetching tale travel? There is something anomalous about the Boyowan prejudice against wild boar's meat; a residual tabu from the sacredness of the Tudavan tradition, or a permeation of an Islamic proscription?

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The Boyowan takes for granted the continuum of his culture in all directions, and while he regards his own land as the hub of the universe and the defender of Boyowan tribal orthodox, and is not one to take conscious correction from others, there is no one more eager to hear the folklore of outsiders, or more thoroughgoing in contrasting and comparing. The name Tudava is proper to Boyowa and to Boyowan folklore, but the Tudavan complex of stories, ascribed to their own familiarly named heroes in their own particular area, is common to the whole of eastern Papua, and with the insights already obtained would, I am sure, give depths to the perceptions of all the others. I don't know any comparable guide line, that would lead on so surely or so far it, to the past and present cultures of the Kula ring, or any other line of enquiry that would turn one's contacts and informants into fellow investigators more surely. On working bees the Job on hand was usually completely absorbing, but I remember queries and comparisons of Samson and Delilah and Tudava, Abraham and Dovana, Ruth and Esther with Boyowan counterparts, certain Cannibal myths and their bearing on the doctrine of the Eucharist; and there were doubtless others that I was too busy at the time to notice or have

forgotten over the years. They were only idle notions and associations of no great importance individually, but altogether a notable indication of the people's regard for their own myths and those of the Missionary and of the cultural continuum. Points like these came up more naturally at working bees than in the more relaxed occasions of story telling. The tribal citizen returns habitually to ponder the tribal mysteries and to enlarge his grip on the tribal story.

I don't believe that Melanesian folklore is less worthy than Polynesian; though not all tribes are equally concerned. It may be a more mixed and difficult study, a much less monochrome culture. Telling a story in this area is not just simple narration. It is rather the enactment of a drama as it were; in which the audience are also players. It is a double story; the drama that was; and the drama in its present implications for the people assembled. Each story is like a one act play. As an art form it is very much little brother to the one act play of a magic spell and the ritual that goes with it. The whole gardening program is a re-enactment of tribal history, and the magic spells are the dedications and opening ceremonies that give the various stages their formal launching and official sanction. Though the stories that go with this are all in fun they are an overt parallel in full sympathy and support. If all this could Just be done in English the way the villager understands it and hears it a lot of anthropological

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rationalising could Just fall away like autumn leaves, an unnecessary bore. We would simply have a sampling of village life with the ribbons and bows that go with it. And it is good fun: after all that is all the people are doing, seeing themselves writ large in the mirror of the tribal story. They all know the episodes that make up the individual stories, and the gay and inconsequent way they will scramble them and the magic rituals as well is evidence enough that they are but stage effects and background stuff to the present occasion. The importance of the proper locale also shows this. The story only gets full treatment at the time and in the place and circumstances proper to its telling. Away from this it is only an allusion.

2. Boyowa, the term

Proverb: KALA BUBULA MINANA LELA BIBUBULI LEMA GWADI

Would the deceased endow with her beauty the child to come.

Boyowa is a centre of folk tales. There is virtuosity here which is respected and reflected in the folklore of neighbouring peoples. I am concerned in this study to rescue the term Boyowa, which is the name of the main island including its long tail. Kiriwina is the name of one of ten clusters of village communities in the central group of islands, a name more softly pronounced by the people who live there as Kilivila. The senior lord lives there. The natural extension to cover the more populous part of the island was always accepted from outsiders, but in recent times this has been forced more and more on the local inhabitants and it is confusing. Kilivila is in constant use

in contradistinction to the lagoon side villages, or to other villages on other islands of the main group. The whole region from the Lousancays to the Woodlarks look on it as the centre and setter of cultural and linguistic standards. But while it is the centre there is an epicentre Myuwa, the Boyowan form of Muruwa or Woodlark, and the gateway of departure to Outer Boyowa is by way of the northern Kilivilan beaches, so Kilivila can even stand on occasion for Outer Boyowa in contradistinction to Boyowa itself. Myuwa is more commonly heard with a locative morpheme before it, O-Myuwa. As a regional or directional expression this has a classifying morpheme before it giving it a meaning of The East or Ocean wards which bespeaks their orientation on the vast Pacific. Conversely L'O-Myuwa is also used for the villages adjacent to the northern villages, again Kilivila, and even in a partitive sense for L'O-Myuwa. Ambiguity would be avoided if the name Boyowa was used whenever the Trobriand Islands as a whole were intended.

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3. MOLI-LA-UYUWA Brother and Sister

Tovileu

Proverb: Si Tatai min-myuwa si tagina Tubovau
Youth will trumpet what heralds's surmise.

There were two villages one with Cannibals in it and one with people. a man and his wife had two children, a boy and a girl. This boy and girl were left on their own when their father and mother died. The only food plant they had in their garden was large arum. If you ate this raw it would prickle your throat like red hot needles. This was all the vegetable food these children had after their father and mother died. So the boy would be off fishing while his sister went to the garden for arum. She would cut off a section and bring it home and peel it; and then put it aside to be roasted later.

When her brother brought home fish she would cook the arum with them and in the evening she would serve their meal after which her broker as head of the house would declare,

"In the morning I am going fishing, so you will be going to the garden to cut another section of arum to go with our fish."

While the boy was away fishing his sister would be off to the garden to cut another section of arum root. Sometimes when she had prepared it she would bake it and the fish in an oven. This would be when her brother came home early, by midday or shortly after. On such days they had a better evening meal.

But soon misfortune fell. The Cannibal wandering in the bush came on the road to their village,

saw the smoke of their fire and said to himself, "Now whose smoke could that be? I thought I had eaten everybody. But somebody must be making that smoke. I must go and see."

He approached the girl and stood spying on her from the style. She was preparing the vegetable that was all she and her brother had to live on. The Cannibal spoke to her;

"Girlie, who do you live with?"

"No one. There is only my brother and I and he is away fishing."

"Is that so?"

"I am getting something ready for me and my brother to eat."

"Oh, cut a slice for me; I would like to try it." She cut a slice and gave it to him. He ate it.

"Gosh, that pickles. Mighty hot stuff this arum of yours. Let me try another slice."

She gave him another slice.

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"Gosh, it is hot. Give me another."

She gave him slice after slice till there was none left. Then he wanted to know about her brother }

"Where is your brother?"

"He went fishing."

"Well, so long. I must go."

But he did not go home. He waited at the Kadilalavi where the roads fork. He could hear the brother's jogging cry as he trotted home with the fish. As soon as he came by the Cannibal went as though to help him, "Let me help'."

He took the carrying pole with its burden of fish and went off with it to his own village. The boy walked home with nothing to tell his sister,

"All our fish was taken by the Cannibal. He has gone with it to his place."

"Yes, and he came here and ate all the vegetable."

But later when it was dark they went to the oven and ate some of the vegetable that had been cooked there. Then they went to sleep. During the night their father and mother in the other world had a dream. The mother said, "The Cannibal is persecuting our children."

The father said, "I am going to train that dog to lurk in the arums right down between the stems."

Then another day the boy said to his sister, "I am going fishing, so you go and cut off a big section of arum to go with them . "

But he went first to the garden with his sister. They cut through a section of arum, were digging it free and had laid it down when the dog attacked; "Wow! Wow:"

"Oh, what a fierce dog!" said the girl;

"Keep it off, but don't hurt it."

In this way they got their arum. When the girl had cut it off and the boy had shouldered it, they took the dog with them and went home. They secured the dog in a carry-all basket. The girl went to her cooking and the boy to his fishing. And the lurking Cannibal noted the smoke of the cooking fire.

"I must go and eat some arum."

He went down to their village and went up to the girl, who was busy peeling, and said,

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"Cooking so soon'. Let me try that arum again."

The girl cut him a slice, but as he reached for it, the dog attacked him. "Wow'. Wow'."

"Oh, take it back. When the dog lies down give it to me from behind." But when they tried that, and the girl holding out the arum said, "Here is your arum'."

The dog attacked again and gnashed the Cannibal. "Oh, take it back, put it away. But after a bit go round to the front and hand it to me there."

But when she held out the vegetable and said, "Here," the dog, waiting till the Cannibal offered to take it, attacked again and gashed the Cannibal's legs and arms.

"Oh, take it back. Your brother is coming. I must go to meet him."

When the Cannibal turned away she said to the dog, "Go to our brother and see that the Cannibal doesn't scoff our fish." The Cannibal was wary, and as he went along kept looking round, but each time he did so the dog had taken cover. In this way they went on till they met the trail that lead to the Cannibal's place, and here he sat down to wait.

When the boy, making his carrying call as he hurried home with the fish, came by the Cannibal got up,

"Let me help. Let me help."

He took the fish. But then the dog ripped his face, bit his legs, and ripped and gashed him all over his body both back and front, so that he was covered in blood from head to foot. He threw away carrying pole and fish and ran with the dog after him. It chased him home to his own place where he called to Tokosikuli,

"Open the door, I'm coming in."

"No, you're not. You're not coming in here like that. You stop out. Do you think you're the only one who lives here?"

"Oh, for pity's sake'. Open the door, I'm blood all over. The dog is biting me'."

Tokosikuli opened the door and let the Cannibal in. "Tokosikuli'. Shut that door. Shut that dog out."

So they were inside with the door shut while the dog stayed outside barking. It went on barking all that day. Then it took its tail off and hung it on the

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roof before going home to the boy and girl. There it was fed with the fish its charges ate. But the Cannibal was in distress.

Tokosikuli, I must ease myself."

"Well you don' t do it here. Go outside."

But when he opened the door to go out there was the tail of the dog swaying above the door.

"Oh Tokosikuli'. That animal is still here."

And so it happened over and over again. The Cannibal and Tokosikuli were shut up for days and days in the house, and worn out died of starvation. But the brother and sister managed quite well and ate their fish and vegetable unmolested with the dog living with them. They were relieved by the death of the Cannibal.

4. MOLI-LA-UYUWA -- An Embalmed Body

Mwakasala

Proverb: TUVALUWA IPEIKI BIDUBUMI KONI MWAU

The inured are not daunted by a hard task.

The woman had had two children before she died. When the father also died they went on living with him even though he was dead. In the early morning brother would say to brother, "Come, let us put our father out on his stand before we go the garden for arum roots."

But while they would be going through the bush they would see a storm coming; "Oh quick, we must run back to father. If he gets wet he will go to pieces." They ran back and lifted their father back into the house. Then they would say, "Now that our father is inside again we can still find ourselves something to eat. Let us go fishing."

One day after they had put their father out and gone to the garden for arum roots a storm came up. They debated whether it would rain or not. While they were still debating it rained. When they got back to their father he had already come apart and dissolved. It was time to mourn for him. The elder warned his Junior.

"We must mourn our father very quietly. There is a Cannibal in the forest who must not hear us. Our

father told me that."

The elder brother did indeed mourn quietly; but the younger raised his.

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voice. The elder insisted again;

"We must mourn our father very quietly. He himself told us we must do that." But that very night, while they were saying these things, the Cannibal's wives, who had heard them, were making their plan. When they were sure their husband was sound asleep, they would go for the brothers and carry them off on the trestle on which they slept. They were setting out to do this when the Cannibal sat up and wanted to know what they were doing.

"Oh, we are Just going to get ourselves some shell fish to make us a dinner." But they did as they had planned, though they did get shell fish, some trochus, which they put on top of the swag the brothers were in. Their husband wanted to know what was in the swag. "Oh, it is only a boy's backside." "What are you going to do with it?"

"When we have cut it off we will stuff it with WAIBITU and cook it. It will be the savoury, the special in-season food of our grand dinner."

Then the Cannibal made it clear how he wanted the brothers to be disposed of. "Tomorrow you can give yourselves that little backside, but that big fat one you can give to me."

Again the women went for shell fish and especially the trochus which their husband liked. But while they were away the brothers put on their act. Pretending to be the Cannibal's wives they said, "Sisters, I have already taken the backside of the little one, so come and eat."

Then they said to the Cannibal, "Oh, you can have yours tomorrow, you can have the big fat one, after we have made your savoury dinner with, our special in-season food."

But the Cannibal could not wait. He came at once. The brothers were ready. They had cut the top off the WAIBITU vine, the most spineful of vines, and surprising the Cannibal, whose itches are never relieved,

"You have piles'."

Then they drove the vine up his backside so that he took a fit and, after a great uproar, died. The

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5. MOLI-LA-UYUWA and Big Greedy

Michael Giyomatala

Proverb: KAVYADUDU KAGU KAVYA
My baldric is a fearsome one.

Molilauyuwa were children of the jungle, nomads without a village or garden. They would steal if they could. These two had no father or mother either. They lived in the forest near Lobuwa till the Lobuwa people chased them out. Then they came to know Big Greedy who lived at Bwoitalu, and at this time the only food they could get was wild arum, that pickles, so you think your throat is cut when you eat it.

Having found themselves some arum they would cut four rounds off it and then make their camp near the border of the Bwoitalu lands; and here alder brother would leave younger to roast their arum, while he went off to Kavataria to try and get some fish on credit so that they could make themselves a meal. Big Greedy, out trailing the wild boar with his dogs, came upon this camp.

He was surprised and curious.

"Kaw laddie, what brings you to this place?"

"We came to roast our vegetable. Brother has gone to Kavataria for fish so we can have a meal. He'll be along this evening."

Kaw, what fools you are! Why live by yourselves like this? Why not settle near me so I could help you when there is nothing to be got from the bush or the garden? Who brought you to this outlandish place? Who can do anything to help you out here? Whatever will you do in the lean months?"

With that he went off and around; but he was soon back. "Kaw laddie, am I hungry'. Hungry to bed, no cooking left over from yesterday, nothing today; I am so hungry I could eat out the country-side, I've been working so hard in the garden. If you would Just scrape clean a mouthful of your roast I would be off. I Just want to take the edge off my hunger while I go hunting and get me a pig."

But the Jungle child was fearful. Man, go away. There's only two bits for me and my brother. What is the use of a savoury without a meal to garnish?"

"Kaw, as if I would eat it all'. Look there's plenty there. Who could eat all of it? Come on: Just enough to take the edge off my hunger and see me on my way."

"Kaw laddie, I thought that would fix my hunger. But it only made it worse.

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Like leaping flames of fire it rages inside me. I could eat out the whole country. But you are alright; your brother will be bringing you fish."

With that he was ready to go on his way; but not without a gesture of buckish good fellowship. Chanting ribaldry he rumbled the boy's hair, and for good measure, with the stingray rasp he pointed his spears with, he curried the boy's scalp so vigorously he became covered in blood. "Scratch me Pal. Scratch me till I bleed. I could scratch your scalp right off."

But this was no mere pleasantry as among bucks. The boy yelled and fought with ferocity. He grieved loud and clear.

"O Woe Woe Woe! He's scalped me and covered me with blood:"

Even then Big Greedy had not really gone away. He was sitting watching from the screen of the Jungle when the little fellow brought out the pieces he had in reserve. While they were roasting on the coals Big Greedy was mumbling to himself impatiently.

"Oh hurry up and cook: Half raw will do; I must end this hunger of mine." When the vegetable began to break open he could wait no longer.

"Kaw laddie, have I been on a trail'. Way up country I've been; right into the hills. Thought I was going to get me a pig. But they must have got into the swamp. I'll Just rest a moment or two. Raw will do. Just a mouthful of your vegetable. O Pal am I all worn out?"

"Man, this is all my brother and I have to eat you'd eat it all'. You go home and eat. I'm keeping this till my brother comes so we can have a meal."

"O come come, just dig out one little morsel. I couldn't eat it all; there's too much."

He was too insistent. The boy gave him morsel after morsel till there was none left; not that Big Greedy allowed himself to notice that.

"That's right; some for me and some for you to make a meal with the fish your brother brings.

Oh, and which way did he go? "By that road there to Kavataria." "O Goodbye."

Leaving the boy Big Greedy went down the trail to the main road where he sat scheming. When he heard the other boy hurrying along sounding his carrying call, Big Greedy got up and running alongside the boy making his call, 'Ku ku ku ku!' said "Let me, let me, let me - help'."

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He took the carrying yoke with its burden of fish onto his own shoulder and ran off with the lot to Bwoitalu.

"O what a man'. Where would you get the like of him except at Bwoitalu?"

"Brother, there's nothing for the coals. The fish were stolen, snatched right off my shoulder. Give me some baked vegetable; I'm dying of hunger."

“O brother, that huge man, Big Greedy came from Bwoitalu and Just made like crazy till there was nothing left. I'm Just as hungry as you are. He held my head too - the same man who took your fish - and with his spear rasp he scratched my head till I was covered in blood.”

"Oh I say, we' re getting out of here. Now he has found us there is nothing else to do. We'll have to move on to Wabutuma. They took off into the bush; and because there was nothing to eat they went hungry to sleep. In the morning early they went for arum and left one lot in an oven baking.

"This evening I'll bring the fish for our dinner. Don' t light the fire any more; don't answer any call or Big Greedy will take slices of what we have till there is nothing left."

With that the bigger boy took his porter's yoke and went to scrounge for fish. Big Greedy too was out early looking for the Jungle nomads. He tried first in their old haunts in the forest at Lobuwa and Siviyaqila; hunting right through to the outer shore. Then he came on again the other way by Wabutuma; calling as he came, "O - O'."

The boy, lonely all by himself and not thinking, answered, "Kaw, what nonsense to bring you right out here. You should be near me. Who can help you out here in famine times? Kaw laddie, since I ate that stuff of yours yesterday hunger has burned like a leaping fire inside me. Couldn't you take out Just a little of your bake, just to ease my hunger while I get you a pig?"

“You can forget about the bake. Yesterday you carried on till there was nothing left. This is for me and my brother. We haven' t eaten yet and we are very hungry. Is there nothing to eat at your place?"

"O come on, open up. I only want Just a little bit to make me fit, so I can go and get you something to roast. ! won' t eat it all."

He persisted till he had eaten it all. Then he went into the Lokwai tree while the boy prepared another baking. He was very impatient. "O hurry up. If it breaks open it is enough. I must be in time to meet the brother."

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As soon as the vegetables began to split he was back. "Kaw laddie, I stalked that pig all over the swamp and lost him. He must have got into the hills. I couldn't see where he went for the rain. Am I knocked up! Do I need a drink'. I must hurry home; but Just a taste of your bake to help me on my way."

"Man, you Just get out of here'. Yesterday again you took all we had, and what is left today is not enough for me and my brother. Stop it:"

'O come, Just a morsel. It is not as if you won't have fish."

But he was too big and fearsome and the boy not wanting to be murdered gave in and opened the

oven.

"That's right, a bit for me and a bit for you."

But he ate so fast he ate all his own share and She boy's too. "Now which way did your brother take?" "That one." "O Goodbye."

Big Greedy went down to the main road and waited there till the big brother came by, hurrying home with as many fish as he could carry. Then, when he came abreast of him, he ran alongside, and with great concern in his voice, "Let me, let me, let me get them on the fire."

He lifted the fish and ran off with them to Bwoitalu.

"A -oh'. That man again'."

The brothers had the same sorry tale for one another as the day before. Again they decamped and went to try their luck on the other side of Wabutuma near Gumilababa. There they found some more wild arum, and in it was a dog. They made friends with it, and took it to their new camp near Wabutuma. Next day elder brother was more insistent than ever; "I'm off to scrounge for fish. You get us some more arum and bake it to make a meal with our fish. But don't make a sound. If Big Greedy calls don't answer him, because if this goes on we will die."

'Yes of course. Goodbye."

Big Greedy was searching everywhere in vain; and was in a very bad humour. "O what a way to treat a child: O what a lonely place to leave him'.

"O'. - a - oh'. I've done it again'. What a fool I am:"

"Kaw, what a distance to bring you.' Who does this? You should be near me so I could take care of you."

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"Oh shut up'. I was crazy. Oh, will my brother be scolding me: Oh, how he will scold

But words made no impression upon Big Greedy. He Just carried on overpoweringly.

"Kaw laddie, that bake must be ready. Just hurry up and give me a bite. It's been a long trail and I am hungry and knocked up. That stuff you give me makes me ravenous.

'You just go home and eat. We are the hungry ones. We haven' t eaten for three days. We must eat today or we will die."

"Kaw, a morsel is all I want; you won' t miss the bite I take. There's more there than you can eat."

He was too overpowering for the boy to withstand, so he started to serve Big Greedy with some

vegetable; but then the dog intervened;

"Grr! Wow'.

'Hey Pal: That thing bites. Whoever would bring a watch dog out here. Let's turn back to back so you can pass it behind you.'

But the dog stood up to him to prevent anything like that. 'Well Pal, Just leave it over there, and when I go later I'll take it as I pass. Just hand me my rasp while I touch up the point of my spear.'

But this did not work either. 'O Pal, I only want a morsel. That dog acts like I was taking your life.

How did you get such a big one?" He decided to forget about it. But frisky as ever, was applying the rasp to the boy's head by way of buckish goodbye when the dog went for him again.

'O what silly antics do we have now? Who gave you that dog? What do you need a watch dog for? Hold him back, don't cry or he'll go for me again."

Big Greedy backed away, and the dog kept after him to keep him doing that.

"Your arum's all raw anyway; it's time to think about the fish. I'll Just be taking the lot."

But the dog was taking care of that too. While Big Greedy was lurking in bush on one side of the road, the dog was doing the same on the other. When the boy came by chanting his carrier's cry and Big Greedy started his usual buffoonery, "Let me let me let me'." and put out his hand to take the yoke the dog sank his teeth into him. "Who brought that dog here? Haul him off, he's killing me."

The dog chased him all the way back to Wabutuma, and on through Wabutuma,

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and right bask to Bwoitalu. There was no one to haul the dog off and he was forced to take refuge in his own house. The dog took up station on his threshold to keep him a prisoner there. When Big Greedy had recovered his breath enough he asked his wife to take a quick look outside, "Is that dog out there? What is he doing?"

"Kaw, you take a peek. Its your business. I am the one who is wanting to know what that dog is doing out there."

When first one child and then the other wanted to ease themselves, the dog was there alright, and would not let the house be opened. "You can't do it in the house:"

But the children would not be quiet. "Oh alright, do it in the fireplace." Big Greedy and his wife exhausted themselves in fierce bickering and they all finally died of hunger.

Chapter 3

Witches

Proverb: IPONU YAGINA IBISIKUNEIGU WA KABAGU
When excitement blows I am effected even in sleep

The items on witches in this collection are a rather poor sampling considering the importance of the subject. But this material was got simply in response to tell me a story; and not any particular story or even type of story. Witches are more the interest of women folk; they typify more naturally peculiar ways and problems of interest to women; they are the great delight of little girls; and the more weird and creepy they are the more they relish them. The natural time for their telling is when women folk only are around holding court together.

In this type of tale, and I think only in this type of tale, there really is that important ingredient that the ethnographer calls the "coefficient of weirdness" and it is not unintelligible. It is great fun. The phenomenon, the event or the behaviour may be unexplainable, but the expression in the story is all lucid. The streaks of light that meteors make may be creepy and mysterious, but the explanation, as far as it goes, is clear. It is the passage of a witch burning up the web she flies along. She is not doing this in the full material sense. Her body is sound asleep somewhere. It is only her immaterial self, something quite small, that is abroad. Another explanation is that she flies like a rocket driven by the fire of her libido. The references are fanciful and in stories Just fun.

One reason why this is an important area of story telling is that such stories are an important counterpoise to the debate that is always going on, trying to account for various events, and who is responsible for bringing influences to bear, and to what extent, particularly magical influences, and particularly in relation to their rivalries, love affairs, sickness and death. Tilting with words is such an important aspect of Boyowan story telling that classical allusions are almost a secret language. Only by knowing what is alluded to can seemingly harmless expressions be understood as insulting or diverting. No one mentions the likeness of brother and sister; admits to being hungry; salvages his neighbours craft; proclaims the location of fish or believe, it if someone did. The protagonists telling these tales are mostly woman, and when

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they tilt at one another the stories are tenser, the allusions usually more wily and personal. The most common conversational reference is of this kind. The witches capital, Wawela in the stories, becomes Vakuta or some other place when gossiping.

The telling is not to build tensions but to release them. The venting of pent up feelings via the

appropriate story net only makes the story more interesting, it opens the way for explanations, the clearing away of suspicions, or at least makes a temporary accommodation possible. The prevailing preoccupations of a village decide what kind of story you will get there.

2. Intelligibility of Boyowan texts

Proverb: KALU VADENI WOSI LAVADENI GUWOSI
With dancing was my song accompanied.

The mention of the "Co-efficient of weirdness" comes very close to one of my main concerns in this study, the TOMADAGI BIGA or wonderful clarity, their word for beauty, of Boyowan speech. When writing down songs I was often aware, at first encounter and without study, of lines that would not be out of place in any classical anthology.

"BA VADENI LOWA O BUDIBUDI
BIULELEGU YAGA O MILAVETA.

Pacing the westing clouds
I glide with the winds in the strait."

This mastery of expression is, once the language is more thoroughly mastered, just as evident in prose. Malinowski was well aware of it. In chapter 2 in "The Problem of Meaning in Primitive Languages" he quotes a breezy description,

"TA SAKAULA KAIMATANA YAKIDA TA WOULA O VALU TA SIVILA TA GINI SODA
I SAKAULA KAUYA O LUYEKI SI MILAVETA PILOLU."

"On the run down we lead the way right to the beach while the rest were strung out astern their roadstead still the still the high seas."

This is what is said, but the way of saying it also evokes the picture in the Boyowan mind of the tillerman standing to his tiller with his pouch slung baldric-wise and pointing like a pennant at a fleet miles behind. It is the way a thing is said that gives quality to the words and spirit to the

expression that is all important; and this is particularly so in pieces like magic spells, songs and stories. Giving an equivalent expression of the native perception to our understanding can only be approximate and most nearly done by some judicious substitutions of references. Calling their craft canoes would throw all their nautical vocabulary out of gear. So in these translations I have preferred the word that fits the context, and I regard this as the only correct procedure. The thought is the thing, not the material expression. Interlinear translations confuse more than they clarify and are of no real use to anyone, of interest only to a possible show-off tourist. Raymond Firth's literal rendering of the spells in the work of the Gods of the Tikopian metaphor for fond regard, the

devotion of the mother cat, would distract a doctor of letters. I am not the only one to find Malinowski's renderings flat; but I am the most provoked when they simply screen a wonderful perception, chiming neither with the vernacular formula, his general exposition, or translations given elsewhere. For me, relying on an informant, however wise, is no substitute for a properly matured comprehension of one's own backed by a properly organised grammar and vocabulary.

I have had the experience of an educated native reading over my shoulder one of the gardening spells and being told with some emotional discomposure, that it was not at all like that. To give a transparent example that any scholar sufficiently interested can cheek for himself let me quote formula 22 (p.154 Coral Gardens X) which to me simply says,

"Tudava O Tudava'.
From Malitu come to Malitu gone,
Gone past the sun in the east.
I regard you now constantly.
I have swept for you.
I invoke your influence now
For my taro garden
For my Yam garden
Watched unfailingly,
Weedless."

This is the immediate straight forward meaning that is consistent with itself, the story of Tudava and other descriptions elsewhere. To the villager who has known it from childhood it is so simple and luminous that asking for an explanation of it could only be disconcerting.

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To make just one more reference to this inescapably gritty digging for a better understanding, imagine someone toiling with the problem of the untouchability of a chief's head and questioning a villager who had the Vinavina of Tokunabeibai in mind, but who also knew that that illustration was useless. A friend of mine was once checking with me for a friend of his the meaning of some prowboard designs. One detail, which by position, shape and everything else obviously represented the idealised prow, was not accepted by him. The small boys had guffawed, as groundlings will, and the explanation did not chime with Seligman's suggestion; itself tentative and put forward in doubt. But an old man in the group had already uttered the operative word, "TAKUMDU WAGA", thundering boat, an allusion to the spell of Mokatuboda. I was surprised but not bemused when our informant displayed angry embarrassment at our disagreement. But he knew that I knew that the old man's spontaneous contribution was correct, that the phrase referred to the boat's water cutting potential, and in any case you don't cleave a 7,000 feet Koya Tabu with a woman's pudenda, its not a poetic metaphor. Rather it is of interest to the tillerman, who using it as a landfall, might slice away for hours at its cloven peak.

3 Ilu-Myuwa, Miss Woodlark and a Phenomenon

Proverb: "GANA BI VAKWALI TALIA LULUPOU"
"You'll feel your way where reefs and tides abound."

This myth-like story is concerned with an objective phenomenon that is real and at the same time mysterious. I was familiar with this phenomenon myself. One night in 1937 I stood on the beach at Mmwa and saw what looked like the light of a Tilley or Coleman pressure lamp shining from behind a boat. When no move was made to come ashore I suggested to Teddy Auerbach that he send out a dingy. But Teddy was sure it was one of those lights" and sure enough, it suddenly went out and there was no boat there. I saw it there, the same area as that in the story, on two other occasions. On another trip by launch to Samarai I saw on a line between Dobu Island and the end of Sanaroa what looked like the light of a boat stranded on a shoal. Changing course to investigate in case help was needed, set off a vigorous protest on the part of the crew that there was no light there. When this protest had no effect they went inside the boat and lying down covered themselves with blankets.

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a spectacular instance was at Sideia during the war years when an invisible source of light shone on the perpendicular sides of the reef, lighting up all its detail to a depth of thirty feet or more. For several minutes a crowd watched intently as the reef stood revealed like a floodlit cliff. Then the light went out as suddenly as a floodlight switched off. Though this phenomenon is relatively frequent and must have a definite cause I have not seen or heard of its explanation. My own feeling is that two things happen. There are creatures in the sea that can flash a light as brilliant as that of a powerful torch. There are myriads of others that will flash in answer and stay on for some time. With a powerful torch I have amused myself playing with them. In the right spot in Doldrum weather and when the tide is dead they can be induced to flash on in clouds like the bursts of a fireworks display; and their amazing brilliance is fascinating. Apparently they are flimsy, flat creatures large as autumn leaves that flash back instantaneously only on the side which is towards the light that switches them on.

The experience of striking, as I once did in doldrum weather, one of the sleeping fish with power to emit a brilliant light to dazzle their pursuers can be quite startling. Incidentally my Boyowan companion on that occasion, being questioned about it, stoutly denied that he had seen any light; yet his face had been lit as visibly as by daylight.

The statement in the story that the light was double may contain an important clue. The starkness of the problem that this tale is concerned with, the eeriness of unexplainable lights, makes this an interesting study of their predetermined reactions. The myth acknowledges the objective reality of the lights. It does not deny them or explain them away. It merely brindle the weight of its authority, ancient tradition, to sanction disregarding them as though they did not exist. The magical beauty of the Vinavina authenticates the myth and confirms the lesson that any malevolence there may be in the phenomenon has been tamed; lazy fishermen are no longer

entitled to make them an excuse for not working to pay off their debts. The attitude and behaviour of pattern sanctioned by this myth in regard to lights, is repeated in regard to other eerie phenomena. On one occasion when the full moon rose in total eclipse, and a curiously muddy brown colour, several hundred people ignored it with steadfast determination. No one would admit there was anything unusual. Only when the eclipse was almost over, one old man ventured the opinion that it was due to the

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influence of evil magic, I KOMA BWAGAU.

4 The story of Ilu-Myuwa

There was a woman who was a witch living at Myuwa and there was a Cannibal living at Mmwa. Day and night his lights would be shining. Fishermen on the Tukwauukwa and Silaketan sides of the sea and the O-Bulaku end were all alike afraid to fish. Fishing just stopped on account of the Cannibal living at Mmwa. Tukwauukwa, Teyava and O-Yuveyova folk just stayed at home. Day and night the lights just shone like lamps. People got very ravenous for fish and began to say,

'Can't someone trick and kill that Cannibal so we can get ourselves fish?'

News of the situation reached even to Myuwa. When the witch heard about it she said,

"This is something I have to see."

She cast her web and catapulted over the sea to Gawa. From there she sent her web to Kweata and rode on over to there. Then she catapulted on to Iwa. Down by Iwa she was singing;

As swift as winds of evening flung
Beyond the plovers gloaming flight,
And terns adrift at sea at night,
Myself alone my home forsook
In fear aquiver come to look,
This portent see. But note that
One called this witch to come.

Ladies of Iwa, if someone called me, here I am."

"Oh no, it would be the ladies of Kitava who called you."

She rode the sky-high web on to Kitava, and from there to O-Bulaku.

"Now who could have called me to come?"

"We did not. Perhaps the ladies of Wawela called you."

"Wawela ladies, if you called, I have come."

"No, we did not call you. Perhaps it was the Silaketa

The witch from L'O-Myuwa heaved her web once more and was catapulted to Silaketa, singing,

"Upon the trail of setting sun."

The Silaketan ladies welcomed her.

"At last you have come. If you stand on the beach at Kaikuyawa you can see the lights at Mmwa."

The witch went out to the beach at Kaikuyawa and stood looking. She said;

"No wonder they don't go fishing; after all those lights are very bright."

She catapulted down to O-Kayaula singing as she soared,

"Upon the trail of setting sun "

"Oh princess, we cannot fish. We Just stay home. At night our island is cut off. There is nothing to do; we can't get any fish."

"Well, I must go and see about it."

"Oh princess, go, but be careful it is not too much for you."

The witch catapulted herself on to Mmwa. There she saw the Cannibal and studied him as she flew overhead. The lights shone in both his hands. She grabbed him by his head. They wrestled, but she took him high into the air. Then higher into the air till they were right up in the sky. Then she let him go. He fell back on Mnwa with a crash and lay still. She catapulted back to O-Keyaula where she asked the O-Keyaula ladies,

"Did you hear the crash?"

"Yes we heard it. Now we can fish again, and dive for shell and make feasts. Princess, your coming has freed us; the pest is dead; you can go home again and we can still fish."

She made her way witch-wise to Wawela and to O-Bulaku, "Ladies, did you hear the crash?"

"We saw it. Now we can feast again, thanks to you."

The witch went back to Kitava.

"Ladies of Kitava, did you hear the crash?"

"We heard it indeed." Then on to Iwa.

"Ladies of Iwa, did you hear the crash?"

"Yes, we heard it."

And to Kwewata.

"Ladies of Kwewata, did you hear the crash?"

"Yes, we heard."

Finally she zoomed right back to L'O-Myuwa to her own place and went on

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living there. The people of Silaketa, O-Kayaula, O-Bulaku, Teyava, Tukwauukwa and O-Yuveyova were now relieved; they said to one another;

“What a prodigy! The witch from Myuwa was too clever for the Cannibal. He is dead. We can fish when ever we like and have all the fish we need.”

5 Kwenadaya and his Unwanted Lover

Proverb: "VALU BI SIVILA NUMLA BI KEIBIGA"

The place will mend its ways if the cold insists.

Comment:

The story of a rather drastic solution to the problem of an unwanted lover and several other warnings. The Boyowans because of the insipidity of their vegetables are familiar with the problem of making a tasty stew: and know that the more ingredients the better the chance of making it worthwhile. They apparently apply the principle to their story telling. The first warning is to young men that a termagent or importunate lover is not a prospective wife.

She is a witch or the makings of one. She will be dead to you if you are wise. The second warning is to tempestuous young women. a direct attack is a lost cause. You might as well be dead. The third warning is; if you must hold out your hand to the heir elect of a lord you had better be eligible. Gilibwala is a stock character, Mr. Quick-on-the-draw. Gili means draw, as a sword from its scabbard, a spear from the thatch.

Story:

Kwenadaya lived at Wawela. His father's name was Gilibwala and his father's sister was a witch. She got to flirting with Kwenadaya; she would ask,

"Kwenadaya, have you a little spice for me?" or "Have you a bit of a chew?" Kwenadeya was short with her,

"No I have not."

His aunt was not to be put off. She went that night to flirt with him; even into his house.

"Whose bunk is that?"

a boy answered,

"Mine".

She asked again,

"And whose is that?"

Another boy said, "Mine."

She asked a third time,

"And whose is that?"

Said Kwenadaya, "Which one?"

"That one."

Kwenadaya was set to baffle.

"All right, I won't bother you."

But in the middle of the night when everyone was asleep she got up and went to Kwenadaya and took him and his bed, mats, satchel and everything and flew with it to Woodlark Island. Like a meteor she skidded on her way right into the hill country where the pits and caves were, and into a deep pit. She roused him from sleep.

"Who are you to be asleep. Wake up and see where you are, because this is where you are going to stay."

Then she lay down beside him and slept till morning when she said,

"You are here to stay. Goodbye."

Then she went back to Wawela. Gilibwala was asking,

"Where has Kwenadaya gone His brother said,

"His place is erupt. All his thirds have gone."

His father went looking for him all that day. That night his sister took to the air again. She sang her plaint as she flew, "O for the love of Kwenadaya:

Flying right on to the wild country she entered the pit saying, "Kwenadaya, have you been sleeping?"

"Yes, I have been sleeping." His aunt said,

"Why won't you be nice to me? You refused me space. You refused me chew of betel. So now I have brought you into the wild country because I am going to live with you even if I have to kill you."

Then she lay down beside him. She lay there till SAKAU the dawn bird

began to call, when she said,

"Here is where you stay."

Then she flew off chanting,

"Oh for the love of Kwenadaya:"

She went right back to Wawela to her own House, took a broom and swept the village. Kwenadaya's father Gilibwala was weeping. For different reasons his aunt joined his father and wept too. One day when Kwenadaya was wide awake he saw a vine hanging right down into the pit. He got up and tugged at it. It held fast. He said,

"Good. I can climb out."

After much trouble he managed to do that, and found himself right in the middle of the wild country. He sat down there for some time and rested saying

"O what a wonderful thing to be back in the world again."

When he had rested he made for the coast and soon found himself on a track that a Woodlark man had made that brought him to a garden. He broke off some sugar cane and had a chew of it. He took some bananas and ate them. went right round the garden making an inspection, and came to what he wanted, a dense stand of sugar cane. When he stopped and shook it, it made an opening through which he could get. Taking a creeper he ensconced himself inside and secured the stock with lashings from inside.

That night his aunt was in the air again. She looked for and found the top of the pit. She made a light like a meteorite and shining it around in the wild country went looking for Kwenadaya.

"Kwenadaya, where have you got to. You cannot come and go, there isn't any way."

She shone her light all over the wild country, along all the roads in the old gardens and in the new and all along the coast. She shook all the stocks of sugar cane, even the big one where Kwenadaya was. She even took off one lot of lashings, and would have taken off the other only the SAKAU bird at that moment called, "Sakau."

Startled, she let go of the sugar cane and flew back to Wawela. Then it was time for the Woodlark man to go round his garden. As he passed over the style he saw the sugar cane;

"Who has been interfering with my garden?"

He put the sugar cane back in place and would have passed on, only on

looking into the big stock, he saw there was someone there.

"Who are you?"

"I am Kwenadaya."

"Where from?"

"From Wawela, the son of Gilibwala. My aunt has been persecuting me. She took me into the wild country. You are looking at your sugar cane. She went round shaking every clump. But when it was getting daylight she went."

The old man said,

"Come with me to the village. Dinner is ready."

The wife of the Woodlark man served dinner. After dinner Kwenadaya slept at their place. While he slept his aunt the witch spent the whole night searching. But by daylight she was back in Wawela again. Meanwhile Kwenadaya stayed on in Woodlark and was soon strong again. He took an axe and started to make himself a boat. He hollowed it out, planed it, lashed an outrigger onto it and rigged some decking. When it was time to go he said to the Woodlark man who had been a father to him;

"Father, tomorrow I will be leaving."

"If you must. But you will have to look out for yourself at sea."

Then the old man told him how to do that. On the day of departure the old man stowed armshells, a pendant and other Jewelry in its compartment, and, when Kwenadsya had bathed, said, "On board with you. Paddle away."

Kwenadaya paddled on all day long. That night he thought of the old man's advice,

"When you hear your aunt coming sink your outrigger, and turn your boat over. S he will creep along the keel and go. When she has gone, turn the boat right side up again and paddle off on your way."

Thinking of this as he paddled along he heard her chant,

"O for the love of Kwenadaya'."

He went over the side, sank the outrigger, turned his boat over and hid underneath it. The witch crept along the keel saying, "O what a log'."

When she had gone he turned the boat right side up again, got on board and went peddling on. On the return Journey he heard the chant again, "Oh for the love of Kwenadaya!"

Before she came close he had put the outrigger under again had turned

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the boat over and was hidden again inside, she crept along the keel as before and went off to Wawela. Kwenadaya righted his boat and went on paddling till dawn. That night again the witch was out flying over the Straits of Duya. Coming over the boat she exclaimed, "Oh how fast that log does drift."

But she continued on her way to search in Woodlark. That same night Kwenadaya, paddling on, landed at Wawela. He came where his father was. "Who are you? I am grieving for the loss of my son. Are you looking for him?"

When his father opened the door Kwenadaya went in. His father wanted to know,

'Where were you?'

"Your sister has been persecuting me. She took me to Woodlark to the wild country. But there a vine grew down the side of the pit and I climbed out, and got back into the world again.'

"Indeed!"

Then the father broke down and cried. In fact he howled and howled, so that the villagers were asking each other, "What is his lordship crying about?" "Nothing. He must have dreamt of his son."

He was still crying in the morning when his sister came back. But all the time he had been crying he had been honing his axe. He now stood back in his house. When his aunt approached Kwenadaya said to her,

"Go and cry with your brother."

When she stood on the doorstep he said, 'Go inside.' As she stooped to enter Gilibwala brought down the axe and lopped off her head. She shuddered and died. He pulled her body outside, "Bury your dead. It serves her right. She took my son to the wild country. He has Just landed back."

The witch was dead and Kwenadaya lived on to be lord of Wawela.

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6. Ilapokai, Miss Nemesis

Proverb: GISAMWANA VINA KIKWATU BIGA
A Woman is chary of a secret message.

(Calling witches to come can be done in a number of innocent ways, usually by some social idiosyncrasy like nursing the cat, whistling, singing some tired tune or any little thing that irritates. The tune of the Vinavina in this story is creepy for the delight of the little ones. When witch meets witch exciting things should happen.)

Story:

Miss Doom would have been living at Kaulagu and Miss Woodlark at Wawela. They were witches and wicked. Now it happened that Miss Woodlark sent an invitation to Miss Doom to pay her a social call. There was malice in this of course for Miss Woodlark was very wicked. But Miss Doom got dressed up and early one morning set out on her Journey; and this was her ditty;

"Watch out: Beware: Miss East,
Miss Doom attends your feast.
She comes a creep out west
Her call the winds request."

The ladies of Yalungwa all got goose flesh when they heard it. "Oh what a creepy tune'. My inside's all aflutter."

"Oh don' t be afraid, I'm answering Miss Woodlark at Wawela. She sent me an invitation. Miss Doom hurried on, singing her ditty as she went. She gave goose flesh to all the ladies at Moligilagi.

"O Princess, our insides are all aflutter. No one put a call upon the wind."

"No, not you, Miss Woodlark."

She hurried on, singing all the way, and gave goose flesh to all the ladies at Okupukopu, Ilailima, O-Sapola, Kwabula, O-Bulaku. She came out on the beach at Suchways; and here she bathed and scented herself and got dressed up all over again. She was still singing her ditty; Just to let the other lady know she was there. Miss Woodlark reacted at once.

'You villagers clear out: Into the Jungle with you. I'll kill anyone who stays; I've got to entertain Miss Doom."

The villagers went at once; and not Just a little way; they went far into the Jungle. Miss Doom arrived coming along the shore; while Miss Woodlark back in her house was busy setting out the

doings for a social occasion with betel nut. Said Miss Doom, "I have come to pay you a social call."

"Yes, take a seat."

They both started to chew betel nut and take lime, as social people do, who wish to loosen their tongues for lively conversation. But Miss Woodlark was only waiting till Miss Doom had her spoon in the lime, when she attacked, and using her own spoon as a dagger, skewered Miss Doom through the right corner of her right eye and out the back of her head; and, before Miss Doom could recover, with another spoon she skewered her through the left corner of her left eye and again out the back of her head. So Miss Doom had two little horns sticking out of her head. But witches are tough and they are not witches for nothing. Miss Doom now butted Miss Woodlark in the face and bunged up both her eyes and killed her. While she was getting her things together and preparing to leave Miss Doom was saying to herself,

"And I thought it was a genuine invitation to a friendly little chat; but it was just to start a war. But anyway you are dead, and there you can lay till your folk find you and bury you. Goodbye."

Passing through O-Bulaku they were consumed with curiosity. "How did it go? Don't be in such a hurry. Stop and rest. Tell us how it went."

"Oh, I thought it was a genuine invitation. But she only wanted to play a trick on me. See this is not blacking. It is blood. It was not friendly at all. She skewered me here and here. I killed her." This was the story she told in every village till she arrived back in Kaulagu.

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Chapter 4

The Misfortunes of Pretty Girls

Proverb: NEIGU GUYAU KAIVEAKA KAIMASAWA.
I seek a lord with a big boat.

Names in Boyowan stories are not so much personal as typical. The story teller is not so much concerned with a specific individual in a historic sense as with a type or common figure representing a class. The class of pretty girls is introduced by Kalawata, or, to give her her full title, Bokalawata, Miss Beaten. On this Cinderella is piled all the foibles and miseries, all the lessons and joys of Boyowan young women. Like Dokinikani hers is a name for a particular type of story, the interests of love and marriage. It is at all times avowedly fanciful; scorning any pretense of being realistic. Though concern with verisimilitude, being true to life, is simply that of classical literature, it is a generalised pattern and not an actual case with which it would keep faith. It maintains a kindly sympathy tempered with a caustic but whimsical humour; it is detached.

Detached it had better be. The Boyowan VIVILA pursues love-with a singular intensity. All contretemps seem tragic to her. Malinowski spoke of waves of suicides. I never heard of any and fancy he was quoting some of his more sentimental informants; but the Boyowan Miss can be maudlin beyond belief. It is the measure of the virtuosity of the story teller that he can engage the attention of these turbulent creatures while at the same time instilling some cooling wisdom into their understanding. I was at least casually aware of the love affairs in connection with which most of these stories got an airing before they were told to me; and it even happened that the principal beneficiary was again obviously present and still conning the story.

With this kind of experience in mind, the opinion that some more casual observers express or seem to assume, that people like the Boyowans have no understanding of romance seems simply idiotic. So, since lovers fall in love as deeply here as anywhere, and can be compellingly expressive about it, it should be worthwhile taking a look at the

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social framework that gives consequence to their marriage and flavour to these stories.

Tribal marriage is not a question about which one can be detached. It has to be faced. It is faced, not just by the individual alone, but by all the individual's familiars. Jomo Kenyatta may have been writing about the Boyowans too when he said, "According to Gikuyu ways of thinking nobody is an isolated individual. He is several people's relative and several people's contemporary. His life is founded on this fact spiritually and economically as well as biologically. The work he does everyday is determined by it and is the basis of his sense of moral responsibility and social obligation. His personal needs physical and psychological are salaried incidentally, while he plays his part as a member of a family group."

Accordingly marriage is no private individual affair. Each member of the party of the groom, and each member of the party of the bride, makes his or her alliance with the corresponding in-law, assumes responsibility for the marriage, and sets up a vested interest in its permanence. Individual preference can be voiced as vociferously anywhere, and aversion likewise, and is duly taken into account. But by and large the clan has its way, the individual gets the best possible deal, and settles for it the more readily for the reason that so many of his closest relatives and friends have worked at it. This may not always be the way of it in practice, but this by common acceptance, ultimately and intentionally is it. The rest are poorer prospects and failures and these are not the object of the present study; only the forum of the story teller.

Boyowan marriage is not just the linking hands of lovers who go off to found a kingdom of their own on their own. It is the magical thing, the capture of a prince. He is clasped not just by the bride but by all her clan. The high signal of his happiness and theirs is that his little one, his bride eats from the same dish with him, shares the same dainties. Such is the story of Puluma from the world in the sky, of Doli the wood sprite, of Tudava found by a forsaken mother in a cave. But the PEIPEI, his token feast is only the blessing and promise of his happiness. With

his bride he receives her endowment, the VLAKULIA the outfitting of the new menage. Their house will be built for them by her clan. Their storehouse or BWAIMA, their status Symbol of citizenship in full standing, will be built for them by her clan. Not only that, it will be filled for them year after year with the URIGUBU, half the family's annual income, a donation from her clan. It is a proclamation by actions speaking louder than words of his love for his bride, the redress of the bashful lover, the appreciation by her clan of his love for her. It is pure gift. No commercial taint is tolerable. The URIGUBU, the yams grown by the bride's brother for her, must go into her husband's BWAIMA even if they have to be carted twenty miles. It is all on the level of courtesy, honour and sentiment.

Theirs is a matrilineal society, and these transactions mean, that the implications of its logic are carried to ultimate logical conclusions. Every marriage is for good form's sake the ideal thing of lovers united in perfect love. Any defects will be made up for vicariously by the clan. The motherhood of the Bride will be seconded by that of all the mothers of the clan. The bride is not given up though she goes to her husband's village to live. She is a more precious possession than ever. Through her husband's clan is held in alliance. By the same token the groom's blessings are conditional, and he is under stern notice of noblesse oblige. He qualifies by his love for her, her love for him. The clan has given its all, There is no more that they can do. Failure to appreciate favours savours of insult. The implications of Boyowan marriage are not taken.

By marriage the bride's fortune is made, not by the capture of her husband's fortune but by the release of her clan's potential. Her brother comes out from under the shadow of his father into the full light of citizenship by becoming the principal giver of her URIGUBU. If the KULA is in part the surrogate of the missing initiation disciplines this could be the other part of it. The bride of the handsome lover, witness Malinowski, regardless of his contribution to the marriage, would be five times better off than she would be marrying the village nonentity. Such is the functioning of their idealism, such is their exploitation of the wonderful thing that the love of lovers is; and great was the wisdom of the TOLIBOGWAA who ordained the set up.

As this extreme logical adherence to the matrilineal principle may be unique, let us push this egregious paradox a little further. Boyowans are fanatically loyal to their own community, yet they not only give up their daughter to a neighbouring village, but follow her there to build her house, her store, and to stock that store with half their earnings, to her glory and that of her husband without legal commitment from him. All that is asked primarily is a lover's regard for his bride. It only smudges the description to translate MAPULA in its secondary meaning of pay or reward, and not in its primary meaning of matching or corresponding. The exchanges in this connection are all on the level of contributory blessing and sanction. It is a way of proving the marriage or at least its feasibility. In the event of failure the plaintiff's cry is not really for the loss of his investment, but for the breakup of a marriage he had guaranteed.

People living in the rat race of the over populous big wens need to look twice to realise how precious marriage is to folk whose history has been a barely sustained struggle to maintain their numbers. In 1967 I made the remark in the village of Labai, "When I was in this village thirty years ago it was big; right down to that big tree."

"But it was not big then. It is big now. Then all the people were old and dying. Now they are all young. Look, babies and little ones before every house."

"But no BWAIMAS."

"O that is because of the drought. There was no URIGUBU, so no new BWAIMAS to replace those burnt in the fire. But soon people will be coming from everywhere to build them."

Spoken with the unconcerned conviction of men going everywhere in the same service of their own sisters, it revealed with the instantaneous glimpse of a flicker of lightening, the underlying chivalry and gallantry of Boyowan lovers. This close association of the most intimate and evocative with the least escapable and most sacred involvement of men with women is an exacting discipline. The use of the old and established with the new and evolving to foster and refine, reinforce and stabilise each other must be an integration of tribal living as high as can be

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found. It is sanctioned by a deeply religious sentiment, founded on TOKINIBOGWA EI GULI or "What has been inculcated from of old." It is a tribute to the determination of the TOLIBOGWA or ancient who conceived the system.

This view of marriage Just given is of course the bride's view. In this the Boyowans are like the Romans who defined marriage as Matrimony, the office of motherhood but a more biological and less legal thing than it is for the modernised. For the most earnest holders of the tribal faith it is initially a rather tentative thing; they just hope that a love life will come alive and grow between the maturing couples. One day during a court case, I heard a witness asked to define what the bond of marriage consisted in. Making the unconscious gesture of planting two stakes as in their stockades, to represent the paired lovers, he said, "They want each other. Their desire is bound up by the clan." Then making with both hands the unconscious gesture of passing two lashings, right about and left about the two imagined stakes, he went on to detail the reciprocal exchanges between the in-laws, that, as he expressed it, put a padlock on the marriage. Even while giving the example he did not dissociate the couple from the clan; "nobody is an isolated individual." It is significant too that the BULU or KAWAKALI, the stockade, is itself a metaphor for security.

This is only the bride's view of marriage and its preliminary stage; the groom's view and further stages and widening implications we must leave to following chapters; we will now sample a characterising of Miss Beaten and a story of a marriage.

2 Kalawata Miss Whacken

Proverb: BUKU DEMSI ULATA KWAMSELU MEGIM

"Favour the lovers who make you spy."

The Kalawata class of story is itself made up of various types. The Puluma, Tosuvasova, Togatu and Doli tales in this collection each represent a number of differing versions, a family of tales, each member with its special connection or background. The more immediate associations of the present story are wells or water holes and witches infesting such places. In conversational reference, always more somber and concerned than the story form, there is a warning against being alone. It is the venue for stories with a narcissistic message. This story is rather a warning against being taken advantage of by overbearing characters, as by hypnosis or worse. Some conversational allusions seemed to contain a fear of possession or madness. To say the least, this is a very prevalent sort of fear, and a story like taxis sets off a lot of comment and discussion.

The story as told is for children, but its fascination for the story teller and older listeners is its theme. It is a theme which haunts native life: how to shuck off, or cover over or by some transformation overcome one's defects and limitations. It is the theme of those who calm and console the mourners and bereaved, the theme of dancing magic and ritual, the magic preparations for overseas adventure, and not least for bashful lovers.

The osprey or sea eagle or white breasted eagle is the totemic emblem or embodiment of the spirit of the ancestral founder, according to Boyowan understanding, of one of the four main divisions of the human race. There is a hint of awe or reverence, a filial regard as of a sort of tutelary deity. The Bubuna story is another example of this. We are not told in this telling whether Kalawata got back her personal glory. It is a long story and is one where I felt that the dictator had tired of dictating. It is interesting to compare the conclusion of the Puluma story.

3 The Kalawata Story

Tovileu

The name of the woman was Kalawata and the man's name was married to Magibweili, whose name "great lover." While they were living at Kavataria Kalawata found she was going to have a child. So they made for her the dress of those who are bearing their first born, and the time of birth was near when Kalawata said to Magibweili, "Tomorrow we must go for firewood."

This they did the next day; punting along the shore to Bakwaiga. Stopping there the husband said to his wife, "Wait on the boat while I go and cut the firewood."

Taking his axe he went to chop and spit firewood. It came on to rain and his wife had not brought her rain mat, so she ran to a cave and took shelter there. Inside this cave lived a Cannibal woman. While Kalawata was there the Cannibal woman looked out and saw some firewood and said to herself, 'I wonder if there is someone outside.'

It went on raining so she moved closer to the firewood and waited watchful. 'Someone might be theirs.'

She said to the rock, 'Open up'."

Then she saw Kalawata standing there. "What woman are you?"

"I am Kalawata. There is just me and my husband."

"Where has your husband gone to?"

'He is getting firewood.'

"Come in and sit down. When the rain is over you can go to your and go back with him. Just sit down while we have a talk. It will again after a while."

Kalawata went in and sat down. The Cannibal woman said, "You are going to have a baby."

"Yes, I am going to have a baby."

"Now this band on your arm, could you take it off? I'd like to try it on."

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Kalawata took it off and handed it over. "You see it fits me perfectly. How wonderful to find myself a fitting that perfectly fits!"

"And these earrings of yours, would you take them off and let me." Kalawata unclasped them and then clasped them on the ear of the Cannibal.

"You see, they fit me. How wonderful to find myself a fitting that fittingly fits."

Kalawata said submissively, "Yes they fit you'."

"And your choker; can you get it off and let me try it."

It was taken off and handed over.

"You see it fits me. O what a wonderful thing to fine myself a fitting that fittingly fits."

The Cannibal admired her bangles. "Slip off your bangles and let me try them."

Then she admired the pendant. Let me try your pendant. You see it suits me. Could I try your

It was slipped off and secured on the Cannibal woman who exclaimed, "O what a wonderful thing to find a fitting that fittingly

I would like to try your maternity cloak. She how it suits me. O what a Kalawata had now transferred all her possessions. But the Cannibal woman was not satisfied she wanted Kalawata's own self, her very person.

'O let me have your voice. I will give you mine in its place.'" They exchanged voices. It was fine now and Kalawata's husband 'Kalaeata let's go. The firewood is all aboard. Come take your seat and

let's go."

Said Kalawata to the Cannibal, "Here give me back my voice; I must leave with my husband."

"You mean you had a husband."

"No, he is my husband. You are the Cannibal. He is my husband; it is I who must leave with him."

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This was only the beginning of the fight between Kalawata who had become the Cannibal, and the Cannibal who had become Kalawata. They struggled and fought all over the place for possession of the goods, of the voice, of the very person of Kalwata. The Cannibal was the first to come out on the shore, run to the boat and seat herself as Kalawata.

"Punt away, let's go!"

The real Kalawata looking and sounding like the Cannibal was crying on the shore,

"O Magibweili, it is I who am your wife. That one you are taking is a Cannibal."

The Cannibal said, "You had better go and kill her; then let's go."

So Magibweili stepped down and went and bashed his wife. The Cannibal in the meantime, who was slim and did not look in the least likely to have a baby, began to eat the firewood to fill out her figure. In the desperately inconsequent way of Cannibals she bit off pieces of firewood and swallowed them. In this crazy way she even ate some of the boat. The prowboard and some of the ornamental gibboom disappeared. When Magibweili came back to his punting pole he was curious,

"What happened to the prowboard?"

"A wave knocked it off, the gibboom carried away."

They skirted the shore while Kalawata went wading and crying after Magibweili, you have taken a Cannibal."

"That is not a nice thing to say. Go and bath her."

Magibweili stepped down with his punting pole and went and bashed her. While Kalawata cried to him he went on bashing her; then he came back and went on with his poling. But Kalawata continued to wade after them. When they reached Kumwagudu she shouted, "O Magibweili come and take me aboard; the one you have now is a cannibal."

"Take your pole and go and kill her."

Magibweili stepped down again and went and bashed her. He bashed her till she was dead. After that he dragged her up on the beach and left her there. Then he came back to his place on the boat. Punting on they came to Mulusaido where they took the firewood ashore and went into Magibweili's

house. Meanwhile Kalawata was lying out on the sand beach. That was where the sea eagle perched in a tree. The sea eagle on the teak tree. had been watching the bashing. Seeing Kalawata still lying there and Magibweili and the Cannibal out of the way he glided down over her. He weaved over her; over and back until she revived. The sea eagle "Why did he bash you?"

"I stayed behind when he went for firewood. Then it started to rain and I sheltered in a cave where a Cannibal lived. The Cannibal came into the cave and took all my dress and Jewelry, my voice and my appearance, everything of mine and gave me hers. My husband has taken her for me his wife and left me here."

"Indeed'."

The eagle took her to the teak tree and let her stay there while he went fishing so she could eat. She cooked and ate the fish he took to her. He treated her like his own child. They were still living there when her baby was born. It was a boy. they lived on there when the baby could sit up, when he could walk, when he could play like a boy, when he began to be a man. a time came when his father in the village of Kavataria was promoting a regatta of toy boats. Tomnakawala could hear the cheering. (His mother had called him Tomnakawala, Man-of-the-pole, to mark the event that his father had bashed her with one.) The eagle said, " Why not go and see the races."

Kalawata said, "No, you had better not do that. Just stay here at Kumwagudu." But next day when the cheering started again and Tomnakawala felt the excitement he said, "I must go and see the races."

"No don't do that. Just stay here. If the fish hawk permits it, then you may go and see the races." Again she made him stay. Then the fish hawk came back from fishing and gave them their fish. When they had cooked and eaten it he "What has my little one been saying?"

"He thinks he'd like to go and see the races."

The fish hawk said,

"You must first bring some wood and cut out a boat. Then you can." So he went and got timber: and the fish hawk told him what to do and how to do it. How it should be cut curl how to make and sew the sail; how to rig it. And when it was rigged he still counseled patience; "Don' t go yet. Wait till tomorrow."

The boat was a beautiful thing. It was time now to do something for the sailor. Next day when the Kavataria people had all gone off to the gardens and left the village deserted the fish hawk slipped

into the village and into the house of Magibweili; and took possession of Jewelry and ornaments, wristlets, belt, arm bands, disk work and cowrie. He brought these to Kumwagudu and left them handy. When the races were on once more the boat was re-rigged and Tomnakawala went and bathed; then properly dressed., perfumed and anointed, he put on all the finery and war paint. With disk work on his arms and head, and cowrie on his legs he went to join the regatta. It was the fish hawk that sent him on his way.

“ Off you go to the races. When you let your boat go and start cheering say,"
"The boat of Tomnakawala will pass anybody's."
"And when the boats are running cheer like this,"
"Away goes Tomnakawala, passing around, passing all. O the boat of Tomnakawala is on its own."

After trial runs the boy took his boat and went to the starting line where all stood together, and when all let go he sang and cheered, "Oh here goes Tomnakawala, passing around, passing all goes Tomnakawala. The boat of Tomnakawala is on its own'." Magibweili was watching and curious, "Which racer is that?"

The young folk of Kavataria said, "No one knows. He is a stranger. We don't know where he lives. When we stood together and let go he cheered and sang, 'Away goes Tomna-kawala. Passing around, passing all goes Tomnakawala. The boat of Tomna-kawala is on its own'."

The next time the boats passed the finishing line Magibweili went and took the boat of Tomnakawala asking,

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"Where does this fellow come from?"

The young folk said, "He made his way here along the shore."

Magibweili gave directions, "Tomorrow everyone must rig his boat and come to thee regatta. It must be an all in all out contest; and when the owner of this boat comes to race, get hold of him and bring him to me; I want to question him."

When all the people were rigging their boats Tomnakawala the fish hawk, I must go with all the rest; the races are on."

But his mother said, "No you are staying here. You may go another."

"No, I must go today; it is for the championship.'

After his boat was rigged and put aside he got himself ready, and was belted, anointed, and decorated with cowries on his legs as before. His anxious mother told him, "When the races are on

be very careful; watch yourself. When men race they keep their eyes open. You must do that. After the races let them go their way and you come home.'

Tomnakawala came then to Kavataria and joined the crowd who were making trial runs with their canoes. They remarked to one another, "That fellow is here again.'

When they stood in line and let their canoes go for the race the boy sang and cheered as before, "O here goes Tomnakawala; passing around, going ahead goes Tomna-kawala. Oh, Tomnakawala has the only boat.'

That race over he went and took his boat; then they all came back, got into line, and again let to. But it was the same as before. There was only one winner. It was the boat of Tomnakawala. There was no point of racing any more. But when he made for the shore to go home he saw that they were all coming for him. He ran this way and that and then another; they just closed in on him, and then someone downed him and held him.

'Let me go. I must go to the Old One.'

"You are going to the chief. He wants to ask you how you made your boat and how you race it."

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He was taken to Magibweili sitting on the public platform.

"Bring that fellow here while I hear what he has to say."

As Tomnakawala went up to the platform and sat down Magibweili was saying,

"I won't do anything to hurt you; I only want to ask you some."

So the boy told his story; "When my mother Kalawata was living with her husband and was expecting a baby they went to get firewood. While her husband was getting the wood my mother stayed on the boat. It started to rain so my mother took shelter under the cliffs where the Cannibal lived. The Cannibal opened the door and my mother went in. There she exchanged all her goods, her voice and appearance with the Cannibal. When her husband came back from getting the wood he took the Cannibal with him and left my mother. When my mother cried he took a punting pole and went and bashed her. Leaving her dead on the beach he took home the Cannibal thinking she was his wife. My mother lying dead on the beach was being watched by the sea hawk perched on the MEKU tree. He made gliding passes over her this way and that until she revived. We all live in that same teak tree at Kumwagudu; that is all the home my mother and I have with the fish hawk. When I heard the noise of the racing the Old One fashioned me a boat. I have been sailing it while my mother stayed at home."

When Magibweili insisted that Tomnakawala now live with him, the Cannibal was the first to protest;

"How many more children are you going to cram into this house?" But all Magibweili would say was, "He is staying here."

"No, let me go. I must go and live with the Old One at our place." But Magibweili would not let his child go; and he stayed there with the other children. His mother and the fish hawk were by themselves. One evening Magibweili, sitting on the public platform, said to the Cannibal, who was in the house,

"Get my pouch and bring me a chew." The Cannibal said quite nastily, "This orphan is a twisty fellow."

When she brought the pouch her husband said to her,

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"Sit here."

So she got up on the platform and sat there chewing. After a while Magibweili took the boy into the house. But the Cannibal stayed on the platform. When Magibweili come back to where his wife was he took hold of a beam under the platform and heaved. The platform collapsed to the ground and the Cannibal with it. Her body burst open and pieces of prowboard and gibboom that she had swallowed long before, spilled out and lay around. The Cannibal herself was dead. The chief said to his wife's companions, "Take her and bury her. Tomorrow I am going to collect my wife and her things and bring them here."

"It is true then.; you Megibweli abandoned your wife and brought home the Cannibal instead. We thought she was Kalawata. That is why mothers more. recently expectant had children while the old one never bore; after all it was only the pieces of prowboard, gibboom and firewood that she had swallowed. We thought she was pregnant and all the time she was the Cannibal."

So on a later day Magibweili went to Kuwagudu and said to fish hawk, "I have outwitted the Cannibal. She is dead. I have come to claim my wife and take her home."

So Kalawata left Kumwagudu. The fish hawk helped to set up house for her; and when she left that place and came to Kavataria and was handed over to her husband, the fish hawk said,

"Goodbye, I am going home. I must catch some fish for myself. It is time I went to the cays. That is where I belong; where I do my fishing. I have brought you here and handed you over to your husband: and now as bird of the cays I must go there and fish."

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4 Puluma: The Man from the Sky and Boyowan Cosmogony

Proverb: WA M TABAI BWEDAGU TAMILIMILI ULATA
 “Avoid little one, the dazzling lover.”

In the Boyowan cosmological scheme of reference the world we live in is not round like a ball or flat like a board, but convex like a saucer. World is imposed on World like laminations! the world of the hereafter, Just such another as this, is below through the hardpan or underlying bedrock. This is reason rocks are so important in their ‘literature’; opening and imprisoning the all too evil; locking out the souls of sinners till they have had ample opportunity to learn the ' error of their ways. O-GIGOLO the shingle landing beach of Paradise, for which its namesake on the island of Tuma is a stand-in, DIKUPWALA, the opening rock, DIKUMAGA or DIKUMOMTA, the unmovable rock, are frequent classical allusions for the WOSI. The world above too is Just such another world as this, but we do not hear so much about it. The cosmos as a whole seems to take the shape of a lotus or water lily flower.

The horizon is up and the base of the sky. Perhaps this makes it the only gateway, except for Juvenile references, to the new world as far as the dead are concerned. Being seafarers these people are quite well aware that it is the only gateway for the mundane anyway. This explains their fascination with O-Budibudi, the laminations or reflections of laminations of the various worlds that they watch for glimpses of in the sunset; with O-Busibuai, the Down-Down over the western horizon, the direction from which their migrating ancestors came.

The induction of a stranger is told again and may be compared with that of Doli into Kavataria, and with the MWASILA ceremonies of the KULA. The boy is not called Tokosikuli in this story, but maybe this version tells the way the adopted son of the Cannibal got his pocks and pimples.

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5. Puluma

Tovileu

Proverb: YELUM LEPONU IDAVILA MIGIMA
 Moved by information we are transformed.

Puluma did not live on earth. His home was in the sky. Kalawata was the woman and she lived at Wawela. She had won the championship for seduction. She was so renowned they had heard of it in the sky. Puluma heard of it. He told the sky people, 'I must go and see this Wawela girl. When I sat on the end of this cane Just let me down, will you, while I go and see her.'

This was soon done; so that one morning, sitting on the end of the cane he was let down to the sorcerer's stone at Gusoeta. Standing there he pronounced his departure from the sky people, 'Take back the cane; I am staying down.'

Puluma went by the shallows, wading right across to the Wawela side. Stopping on the outskirts of the village he watched a woman sweeping the street. He threw a pebble in her direction. Hearing it fall she looked up and said, 'Why are you?'

"MY name is Puluma."

"Where do you come from?" "My home is in the sky." "What do you want."

'I have been hearing a lot about Kalawata. I have come to see if it is true.'

"Oh'. Well just step into my place while ! go and see if Kalawata will come."

Kalawata came quite readily and went into the woman's house and met Puluma. She asked him, "Why have you come?"

"Well I have been hearing a lot about you. That is why I have come."

After that they were continually in each other's company for three whole days. On the evening of the third day the chief gave notice;

"Villagers, you are to build a new public platform with a shade over it. This is for my son. He must appear in public and be recognized. Divide yourselves into three teams, one for the beams, one for the platform,

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and one for the roof.

So they set about building the stand where Puluma would be made a member of their community. When it was finished a man was appointed to take Puluma to the pool to bathe. Then he was groomed and donned his trappings, armshells belt and cowrie. When that was done Kalawata said to him,

"Out you go."

But Puluma said, "No you go first. Kalawata said, 'No, you go first; you are the unknown the people want to see.'" "Well let us both go out together."

So the girl went first and Puluma followed. The village people gave Puluma an ovation. They praised his stature and bearing; he paraded this way and that upon the platform; then they settled down to a social occasion with betel nut and spices.

In the course of time Kalawata gave birth to a son. Puluma was a great gardener, and when the child grew bigger he became very much his father's boy; and the mother would be left alone at

home. Her old friends were soon paying court again, and there were exchanges of intimacies like hair grooming which sometimes went on till midday. Puluma keen gardener as he was would sometimes work right on and not come home for dinner. He would say to the boy, "Go and get me something to eat and drink."

It became a frequent occurrence; till one day the boy said, "Father, if you had gone home early you would have caught them. But Puluma went on with his gardening, showing no concern, making no comment, except to "All my interest is in the garden. I do not want to know what friends come to see your mother. I Just want to do my garden."

But Puluma was shamed and hurt. He took his axe and put it away in the store. He went into his house and closed it, staying there alone. His wife meanwhile went on with her cooking. When it was ready to serve she said to her son.

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"Tell your father to come to his dinner."

"No, you go and eat with your mother; I will not be coming."

So the boy went back to his mother; 'I told him to come but he will not; he is not
"New go back and tell him he must come and eat."

The boy went again and again till dark of night; but Puluma would not come. Next day he took his spear saying, "Goodbye, I am off to wade the shallows." " Father, I will come with you."

Puluma made no reply; but when he turned to go the boy followed him. " Father, where would you be going?"

"I am going away. I will go wading in the shallows and not come back"
"Don't do that. "

The boy began to cry. Puluma speared a fish.
" Here take this, and get your mother to cook it for you."

When he took it to his mother she said, "Leave it. While it is cooking, go and tell your father to come back."

He had to run all the way to catch up with his father again.

"Father, I want to go away with you."

"No, you must go home where you belong. ! am going back where I belong."

Puluma went ahead and his son followed at a distance; and in this way they came to O-Bulaku, and then on by way of the shallows and over the hardpan to the sorcerer's stone at Gusoeta. There he stopped and rested; and there his wife and child caught up with him. Once there Puluma relented a little, saying to his wife, "Groom me. Resting against her on the rock his wife groomed him till he fell asleep. When he woke up his wife said, "Now groom me."

Resting there on the rock his wife in turn went to sleep. The sky people were looking down and watching. When Puluma did not move on they lowered a cane down to him. His wife was sound asleep and snoring. Watching the cane sway to and fro Puluma said to himself,

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"Maybe it is just as well my little ones are asleep when I go."

He got onto the cane and was drawn up by the sky people. As soon as he was back with them he told them, "If they do not move on let the cane down to them and draw them up." When they were awake again, Puluma's little ones went looking for his footprints to see which way he had gone; but were unable to find any. Then they saw the cane swaying. The boy's mother thought, 'I could pull on that and try'

When she pulled, and found it held fast, she said to the boy, "Get on my back and hold fast; we are going to ride the cane."

The boy got on her back and they rode the cane together. The sky people drew them up right into the sky country. By this time it was dark but Kalawata wanted to know at once,

"Which way did Puluma go?"

"Oh, he has gone home."

"I must go to him."

'But you cannot possibly know the way. Rest here a while.'

'No, I must take the child to his father at once.'

"Go, if you must, but you will get lost and end up on the road to the Cannibals. Puluma's place is right on and to the right."

So they went off, keeping as they thought always to the right hand track, and avoiding the ones turning left to the Cannibal villages, but they ended up in a Cannibal village all the same. The pigs gave the first alarm, and the Cannibal wondered, "Who could that be daring to stir up the farmed out pigs of Puluma?"

Kalawata was saying, "Puluma has gone ahead, but his little ones are not far behind." The Cannibal said to himself, "What nice voices they have."

When they came into the village she asked, "Who are you?" Kalawata said, 'I am the wife of

Puluma.

"Well stay here and rest. You can go on when it is daylight in the morning."

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The Cannibal was too strong; they had to stay. After a while the Cannibal said, "Let me try on your armband. "

She took it off and handed it over. "You see it fits me." "Yes, it fits you. "Kalawata gave up her earnings; aligning them herself on the Cannibal's ear.

You see they suit me. Give me your armshells. You they suit me." "Give me your voice." The Cannibal and Kalawata exchanged voices. She gave her pocks boy saying, "Take this and go down under the house and stay there."

That is where they went on living. Meanwhile Puluma was busy at home. One day he gave public notice to the villagers, "Tomorrow you are go to gathering coconuts from the Cannibal village; and bring them here in preparation for a feast. "

So his men went gathering in the Cannibal village. When climbing the palms and kicking off the nuts, one nut crashed through the roof of the Cannibal woman, and through the floor where the child was. The boy said, "This is my father's coconut, so I can take it go to eat."

Puluma's man said, "Give me that nut' it belongs go to Puluma; it is wanted for a feast." No, when you go back, tell Puluma, 'Your son put one aside go to eat.' 'We don't believe you; but we will take your message. We still think he wants that nut for the feast."

Puluma made his feast; but afterwards he said, "Now I must go and see my little ones; that Cannibal is playing tricks on them."

When Puluma got go to the Cannibal's place he asked, "Cannibal, what tricks have you been playing on my little ones. They have come go to live in the sky country but you have waylaid them, and played tricks on them. I have come go to cut your head of f."

"I as only joking. Now I will make them beautiful."

So again all the finery was exchanged, Kalawata got back her

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go to the beautiful voice, and the Cannibal got back her horrible one. She said go to the boy that she must charm a pearl shell; and she scraped away all the pocks and dark akin, and left him handsome with a beautiful voice. She said go to Puluma, "Now you can take your little ones and leave me alone."

So Puluma got back his wife and child and took them go to his own village, where they all lived after that.

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CHAPTER 5

One Misfortune's of Pretty Girls and Domestic Ambitions

1

Proverb: TAU TABWEINIGU KWABWEINIGU MIGIM

"Your loving me makes me love you."

Boyovans know that their tribal customs differ from those of surrounding peoples. They have enjoyed for an unknown number of generations the puzzlement of overseas visitors at their economic set up. That a man should commit himself and his wife and children to double their labours and then give away half the fruit of them is a paradoxical situation. That this riddle, so baffling to outsiders, makes lively good sense and opens up a lot of graceful living is bracing to the Boyowan. It is a sturdy discipline and the underlying culture for one of the most worthwhile anthropological studies ever made, Malinowski's "Coral Gardens. " This was luck for him. It made his name, his fortune and his career. It was a milestone for anthropology. It gave its students a living example of a radically different but strikingly logical way of life documented exhaustively with scientific virtuosity in all its material detail. It would be nice to think that Boyovans increasingly on stage and increasingly literate are flattered to read this; but it is my experience that they are not. On the contrary, in the first instance, they look sternly askance.

For the Boyovan there are salients in the shape of things Boyowan that are not in Malinowski. The paradox, as expressed in the last chapter, has yet to be vindicated. How can this antithesis in which the Boyovans delight be shown to make sense? They themselves do not explain it though they are aware of it. Every allusion in story to SINAPU or trick, to Cannibal is a claim to a nimbler wit. They are the ones most aware of all this one way traffic in the bride's view of marriage, and they just stay quaintly happy. Things are less strange than they seem.

Once the Bride's position in marriage is secured marriage pivots on another hinge. When a man loads his sister's BWAIMA with the produce of his own garden, the fruit of his own, his wife's, and his children's labours, he is not depriving them. This is only the more keepable portion

of the main crop. None of the fruits, greens, nuts, soft or seasonal vegetables go into the BWAIMA. Only the conservable excess and show stuff of the harvest goes there. It is a provision like the storing of grain from the years of plenty under the Visier Joseph. It is paid in as tax to the social security of the whole community. When a man loads his brother-in-law's BWAIMA or yam orate he is not entirely losing control; he is making it a communal thing; he is putting it in safe keeping. His own wife and children cannot touch it, but equally neither can his nephews and nieces, his heirs. It is a capital investment, an insurance of the coming nerves t. It is earmarked for certain social and political purposes and obligations, in which his sister will pay back ceremonially something of what she ceremonially received; in which the improvident and inept will receive the sustenance that they could not provide for themselves, by rendering services and honour to their wiser and more able betters; the old and the ailing will receive tribute and aid, the indigent stranger be laid under obligation, and the Boyowan's principal bugaboo TOKOMADA, the eat-all be banished. Man and wife are the masters of ceremony and almoner of all this; trustees for the disposal of the wife's family's surplus, just as the husband's sister and brother-in-law will be trustees for the disposal of their surplus.

The time for this disbursement begins when last season's gardens have been gleaned bare and the new crop is not mature. Until then the BWAIMAs are closed, and even after that the release is attended by so much punctilio that yams rot, or, when the BWAIMA has to be cleaned for the new harvest, are sold for seed or given away with shoots six feet long six to nine months after the tubers came out of the ground.

The bride's family lost nothing in supporting her marriage. They just became committed to a larger task, to a greater achievement. The groom's acceptance of his wife's endowment also goes to the maintenance of their larger selves as tribal worthies and to the welfare of the whole community. Everyone gets back equivalently what he worked for. It is a far more gracious and personal form of social security than state communism.

This is the essential situation. Any number of embroideries are worked out in the exchanges; and anyone who wants to explore such

a jungle can do so in "Coral Gardens." This same pattern of exchange is common to Melanesian Papua in some way or other and manifests itself most clearly in the matter of funeral feasts and pork. The tightness of the Boyowan social commitment is awesome to surrounding areas and allusion to the ferocity of Boyowan social tribal sanctions very freely expressed. But Boyowa is not more ridden by these than other areas; in fact their general spirit is noticeably freer and more gay. It simply means that their ideals are brighter and more thoroughly understood, their pursuit better organised and their performance more devotedly served. They love the fuss and formality. It makes their life.

At the same time Boyowan complacency over the splendour of this achievement is all the more expansive because individual failures are forever around. These islands are a lotus eater's land and the drift to fecklessness and improvidence natural and constant so that strong influences have to be brought against it.

This underlies the clan idealism facing romance and marriage. For one with the standing of full tribal citizenship the social compulsion to play one's integral part in the common welfare is a more compulsive drive than that of merely keeping up with the Jones; and if that is not enough there are the tribal sanctions which can be lethal; even though their actual application must be as rare as the allusion to the threat of them is frequent.

But with all this if the explanation goes no further it is not enough. In any context of here and now it may seem to be all the explanation there is; but it is simplistic; the Spartan rigour of Boyowan gardening discipline contains a deeper understanding. Historically two prominent forces of Boyowan existence, known to Malinowski but not fully explored by him, round off the explanation. One is a hard fact of Boyowan conditions; the other a cultural response that stems from it. Once at least in the life of every long lived Boyowan, or regularly every third of a century, Boyowans have faced from time immemorial a threat of extinction. Stemming from this we have the abiding religious motives of the Tudavan tradition; and these will be unfolded throughout the rest of this book. Now we will take a look at the one hard fact in the otherwise prevailing soft and favourable Boyowan climate.

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2. The Paradox of the Salvific Famine

Proverb: O M SIDENI VIVINA MEI KIMWAYIKU BALOMA
"Pretty girls sitting together would rouse the dead."

Common to practically the entire South West Pacific is a weather pattern of interest to long range weather forecasters. Every third of a century there is a year or two years together of exceptional drought. This circumstance has had a singular and significant effect on the Boyowan cultural way of life. The staple crop of these people is TAITU the only seed of which are tubers which will not survive a missed season or even an overly delayed planting. The effect of a drought can thus be felt over a number of years so its lessons are cogent. This is the sanction which has enabled the village elders to enforce a gardening discipline of military precision and its spiritual effect is apparent in every aspect of their lives. Poetically nothing characterises its iron discipline more plaintively than the VINAVINA of the young and tender Boyowan VIVILA forced along in the company of implacably weeding and chipping Boyowan matrons. It makes it particularly appropriate for visitors to view with consternation the Boyowan gardening prowess.

In the year 1966 there was a famine in the Trobriands and the people were starving. The district commissioner called in the headmen to arrange relief. A missionary confrere telling me about it felt very strongly indeed. What monsters those headmen were? With non-committal deadpan I accepted his view, but inwardly I soared. The kind of Boyowan; I used to know are still about. AGU TOKI! On my recent visit checking up the exchange went like this,

"How come you lost all your gardening seed?"

"O the usual thing; too much fooling. Nobody kept track of the months."

"But what are you to live on if you do not eat your seed?
"Sago. The KOYA is full of sago; our credit is endless."
"You had boats?"
"Some. But not enough. Again too much fooling."

So they did go hungry. But according to them so they should. In some traditional instinctive way they felt that the recurrent famine was a factor

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in their general preservation. They had their time honoured recourse. It was up to them to be prepared. Failing that it was up to them to accept the consequences less worse befall next time. I do not decry feeding the hungry, My thought is that philosophy will foster a lot of freedom from hunger. But more than that, the tribal perception that the unfailing return of drought, compelling a social discipline and providence out of character with their lotus eater's environment, was itself salvific is a notable wisdom.

3 TOGATU, Mr. Dirty

Tovileu

Proverb: POLU BI GIYAMEYA BA LABU TOUTOU

"I'll gather my relish where the foam swirls."

(In a clear turbulence I'll avoid a baneful one -a foaming swirl is a symbol of sorcery) .

Remarks:

This story in the Boyowan telling is far too funny to be pathetic. The Boyowan language has a genius for double meaning, and this undertone in this story rumbles along like counterpoint in music or like a disconcerting echo. The background motifs are interesting; wives to see that their husbands do not garden alone; the lyric aspirations of teenage lonely hearts that find a response in every Boyowan VIVILA - O WE MADE VALU SITANA TA SISU! "Oh if only we had somewhere to live, the run down on the yowling of professional mourners, especially at the obsequies of a dead young woman; the reformation of Togatu, Mr Dirty, getting rid of his filthy Cannibal connections; the mystic motif of resurrection, which nevertheless is not treasure trove for the spoiled theologians of comparative religion because it is only a comic cut kind of reference, though interesting.

To make one small departure from a stern resolution not to start any comet's tail of etymological nonsense the expression TAVIDOLI, make

a DOLI of it, is important as a concept. A morsel of dough from the last batch of bread put into a bottle to start the yeast for the next batch was said to be a DOLI. The Boyowan idea of human conception has been described as the implantation of a DO LI. The size of the DOLI in this story was described as about the else of the end of the little finger. The remark was made that if a woman was going to have an abortion, the best time to KIPU, pinch off, nip out, the embryo was when it was this size. Gynecologists to whom I have made the suggestion don't think much of the possibility of the Boyowans having such a technique; but it would have answered a lot of questions in the past if they had.

The story:

Togatu seems to have lived at Kaulasi with a village full of wives. They were five Cannibals and he lived with them. There was another wife who was not a Cannibal who had run away because she was afraid. This one had gone to live in a cave where she was hidden deep inside the rooks. Togatu went on living and gardening with his wives without incident, but the wife in the cave had a baby, a little girl, When Togatu went fishing for the five wives who lived with him the one in the cave just nursed her baby and had nothing. But this baby became a beautiful girl. All the time she was growing up, learning to walk, even when she could make a dress she and her mother went on living in the cave.

Togatu's garden finally reached right into the wilderness where they were living. About this time the girl was old enough for courting and had begun to ask her mother,

"Mother, what are we doing living here?"

"Well all Togatu's wives are Cannibals. There are six Cannibals there counting Pocks."

"Well I don't care, I'm taking myself up into the open."

She left her mother and went out in the open where she sat thinking,

"Oh if only we had somewhere to live!" If only I could stay in the open and make my debut."

After a while she got tired and went walking where from the wilderness she could see a garden.

"That will be someone's garden."

She climbed down to where some relish was growing near the edge of the forest. She broke some off, in fact she filled a basket with it and took it back to the leg. Then having nothing else to do she spent the rest of the day chewing relish. Having chewed she had to spit out the cud. Very soon there were cuds all over the place. When it was evening she said to herself,

"Now back to mother and that house of ours."

It was evening and her mother was waiting for her when she went inside.

"What scent is that?"

"Oh I have just been chewing relish."

And that was all for that day. Another day she said,

"Mother, I must go and gather some relish."

"Well if you must go keep a look out or Togatu will find you."

"No he won't find me. I will be under cover. I will go round through the forest to gather the relish. I'll be home by evening, mother."

That evening when she came home her mother was very concerned,

"Your scent is very strong. Do you want Togatu to find us?"

"I only had a little relish."

And that was all that happened that day. But another day she said again,

"Mother, I must go and get some relish."

That very same time Togatu was just waking up and saying to his wives,

"Mamas, if you will just put out the taros I will take them and plant them."

They put out the taro plants and Togatu carried them off to the garden. He was planting them till midday when he said to himself,

"I must go into the forest and rest in the shade."

He saw the log and the cuds the girl had left all around. He took them for animal's cuds because it did not occur to him that they could be human. Then another day he said to his wives,

"Mamas, if you will put out the taros and some baskets of seed tubers I will go to the garden and plant them."

All his wives filled a basket each with vegetable seeds for planting,

and porting the baskets on their heads vent off to the garden. Leaving their husband there they vent off to the village. Planting these vegetables took togatu right up to the edge of the forest, and being alone he took notice of the cuds, and how many they were all around. He said to himself,

'Tomorrow I am going to wait and see if that is not some boy or girl. That was all that happened that day. But the next day when he went to the garden, instead of planting the seed he got rid of them by tipping them into a pit. Then he vent off along the trail of the girl just when she would be saying to her mother,

"Mother, I must go and get some relish."

"How restless you are! If you keep this up Togatu will find you and you will be eaten by his wives."

"No I won't. I simply must have some relish."

Her mother reasoned with her, but the girl was determined.

"Well if you must go keep a very good look out; for what will happen if his wives find you I'd rather not say."

The girl went off. She crept carefully around through the forest; gathered her relish and took it to the log. Making herself comfortable she started to chew her relish. Togatu was watching her. He had come up behind her as she crept along and, standing over her as she sat down, grabbed her by the hand.

"What girl are you?"

"I am Kalawata."

"Where might your home be?"

"I have no home. I live with my mother in the stony ground."

"Well now you are my wife."

"Oh no, you are only playing a trick on me so your wives can eat me."

"No I am not. You can stay on here with your mother and still be my wife."

So they spent the day together, and afterwards he took her back to the den she shared with her mother. Before leaving her to go in Togatu said,

"Tomorrow when I come I shall sing and you will know by the song that it is I. You will know when to come out and go with me to the garden."

It was dark before Togatu got home and his impatient wives were

waiting and grumbling,

"Here comes his lordship. Put out his food quick. Togatu, aren't you slow with your gardening? You will have to eat in the dark."

All five of them waited on him; and when he had eaten he decided the work of the coming day,

"Mamas, you can put out plenty of seed vegetables, I will be doing a lot of planting tomorrow."

So they filled up baskets and went off with them to the garden. But Togatu tipped the whole lot into a pit. Then he went off to where the girl lived in the forest and stayed all day at her place. It was night time before he took his leave of her at the den. And when he got home his wives were suspicious and curious.

"Togatu, what is happening these days? You never did this before. You never carried on your gardening into the dark. What a time to come home?"

But Togatu was saying,

"Now tomorrow I am going fishing."

His wives protesting,

"No! Your lordship should rest; or at least make light work of it. Just get us one or two."

When he went fishing next day it was nightfall before he landed back. He had made a string of big fish for the girl and a string of little ones for the wives. When he had stood outside the girl's den he had sung,

"His captive heart Togatu
Your husband who is far too
Entangled brings to sue you,
And handsome, tall to woo you.
Togatu sings Togatu"
Togatu brings Togatu."

The girl said to her mother,

"Mother, my husband has come, I must go to him."

When the girl went out in the open where her husband was she said to her,

"Here are some fish for you and your mother. The rest I will take home for the mamas."

Having delivered one lot he shouldered the rest and took them home to his waiting wives, and as he shared them out they were grumbling,

"Togatu, when you went fishing before you used to get big fish; but these days you are getting only little ones."

"Oh get on with it. Don't be so bad mannered".

"Oh please your lordship, I was only making a remark."

They took their fish and cooked them. Another time Ibgatu said,

"Mamas, tomorrow I must have baskets filled with plenty of seed for planting."

Accordingly his wives put out taro plants and went off with them very early to the garden; but when Togatu came to them he tipped them all into a pit. Then he went to the forest where the girl was and was absent all day. The Cannibal women were saying to one another,

"Togatu is making heavy work of his gardening these days. Never before did he work every day until it was dark. It is only now that he has started to do that."

They were suspicious and gave Pocks some instructions,

"Tomorrow you must go and watch your father. There is too much of this coming home in the dark."

The baskets filled and carried to the garden as he had wanted were promptly dumped by him in a pit, and then he went off where the girl was. But this time Pocks was following along behind. Any time Tobgatu might look round Pocks was already under cover. So he had seen his father go to the garden and dump the seed. He had been astonished and distressed,

"Oh dear, he has dumped the yams; now what?"

Pocks saw him going through the forest, meeting the girl and sitting with her. He saw them making love together and was very much disturbed. He saw all the wreath making, the gardens and leis with croton, KALKAWAU and KAITAGEM. When these had been left behind he took them home with him to his mother. The Cannibal veea women were all sitting together when he got back.

"Oh good, our son is back at last. What happened?"

"Oh mother, you should have seen them. They were clinging together like the KAIKAWAU vine."

That is why I brought it for you to see. But is she pretty? You can yell out. Togatu couldn't help himself. Once they come together you bet he'll come home in the dark. When all is said and done she is just the prettiest girl."

But the Cannibals had heard all they wanted to know. They set out Pock's dinner for him saying,

Here, choke yourself with this. We are going to eat her very soon.” One day Togatu said,

“Mamas, you must go and get the makings of a feast. I am going fishing.

“Yee, if your lordship will go and get the fish we will go and get the makings of a feast.”

So while Togatu was out fishing his wife’s were away getting suitable vegetables. But it did not take them long. By midday they were preparing to cook and just sat waiting for Togatu who by nightfall had not got back from his fishing. When at last he did come and put down his catch they were all little ones. But they cooked them anyway and finally had their meal in the middle of the night. So the next time Togatu said,

“I go fishing,”

They said to him, astutely,

“Yea, do that. We will be waiting for you.”

While Togatu was away at his fishing they instructed Pocks,

“Son, you must go and learn the song your father sings when he visits hie lover.”

So when Togatu took his fish to the den and sang his tune Tokosikuli was there learning the words and the tune. The next time Togatu went fishing the cannibals went to the forest and stood outside the den. Tokosikuli sang,

“His captive heart Togatu,
your husband,who is far too
Entangled, brings to sue you,
And handsome, tall, to woo you.
Tobgatu brings Togatu,
Togatu singe Togatu.,
As soon aa the girl heard the words she said to her mother,
“Mother, my husband is here already. I must go to him.”

But her mother was not deceived.

“No, that is a Cannibal. You have only to wait. When he sings again just listen, you will see it is not Togatu.”

Tokosikuli sang again, but again the girl had attention only for the message.

“Mother, that is my husband.”

“It is not. Listen again. You will not have long to wait.”

Tokosikuli sang a third time, and a fourth, and a fifth, and each time the mother was more certain that it was not, and the daughter was more certain that it was Togatu.

"Woman, that is my husband. I go !

She went outside the entrance of their den. The Cannibals who were standing waiting grabbed her and carried her off. When they got home they ate her. Nothing was left except her gall bladder which had been overlooked. After the Cannibals left the girl's mother just waited. She was still waiting that evening when Togatu came with a string of fish for them. He stood at the entrance to their den and sang,

"His captive heart Togatu . . . "

The girl's mother said to herself,

"My son-in-law is here, I must go to him."

She went out and met Togatu, saying,

' Your wives have already eaten your wife."

Then both of them just cried and cried. When at last they could compose "themselves a little Togatu said,

"These are your fish. Take them. Cook and eat them."

His mother-in-law said,

"I am keeping the gall bladder of your wife to propagate it. You must go and trap those women. Goodbye."

"Yes, I will do that. Goodbye."

He went on his way. When he got home his wives were greeting him anxiously.

"Oh father has come."

"Yes, come and take your fish away. Go and cook them. I am not well. I only want to be by myself and warm myself."

His wives showed concern.

"Oh dear!"

But by now Togatu hated his wives and he was out to trap them. The women were saying to him,

"Your lordship is worn out with all this fishing. You should let your wife comfort you. That is only right."

They cooked the fish and when it was ready to serve they said to

Tokosikuli,

"Go and wake your father and tell him to come and eat."

When Tokosikuli ran and did that Togatu said,

"No, I am too sick. You go and eat. I only want to lay still."

That night after dinner Tokosikuli gave directions to his Cannibal wives;

"You will take the first turn, you the second, you the third, you the fourth, and you the fifth watch, and you Tokosikuli before it is dark.

'You will provide the wood and keep going my warming fire. I am very sick. Do you all know what you have to do?

"Yes we do.'

So in the evening they packed what was needful and came to watch, taking turn about tending the warming fire, Ibgatu just lay still, but his wives chattered away till midnight when they all went to sleep. This was when Togatu got up and parting the thatoh made his way out through the roof. He lit a torch and went round his house and set it on fire, in front, behind, both sides and roof. Then getting down he stood in the middle of the village. The house was all on fire and cinders were falling on the Cannibals, when the first crooner got one on her breast she sleepily blamed Pocks;

"Tokosikuli you are a spiky fellow. Stop pricking me. Keep your bristles to yourself."

When some more cinders fell on crooner number five she protested in the same way,

"Tokosikuli, your bristles are too sharp, you are pricking me. Keep away."

The house was in full blaze all over before the Cannibals were properly awake. When they looked for away out they met fire whichever way they turned. Still heaving to and fro inside the house they were burnt to death. Togatu was the only one left in the village. Without any help he dug their graves and buried them in the bush. He did this without ceremony, just dragging them to the graves and throwing them in, and filling the graves in again. She told him how she had brought home her daughter's gall bladder and how she had first put it on a spoon. When it began to stick to the spoon she had put it off on a saucer. It was growing bigger all the time, and lest it stick to the saucer she put it

onto a dish. By the time it began to stick to the dish it was a real baby. In time it became a young woman.

That was when Togatu set out once more for the den of his mother-in-law to bring her home. When he met her he said,

"Mother let's go home."

"Yes indeed, your wife is herself again."

So they packed their things and Togatu took them to live with him. He had won back his wife. She went with him to the garden and they worked it together, and her mother cooked for them.

4 TOWASI, the Scroungers

Tovileu

Proverb: KA KWAKASA KUNUKUNU KWABOBU O MIGIM

"For you is our rounded fuzz displayed."

Remarks:

In Boyowa there is no noticeable scarcity of girls. Perhaps it would be more exciting for the girls if there were not quite so many. In any case the appreciation of their lovers is not all that bright that it would not be better for a little judicious promotion. So the theme of this story makes quite a fancy taking exercise in imagination. Making these girls cousins is a cosy arrangement. There is no TABU on marrying cousins on the father's side. It is the ideal marriage; the natural marriage broker has the best contacts. Besides father's sister may only be a courtesy title. In living practice things run much on the lines of the spirit of this story. Groups of boys and girls organise separately and keep out of sight of one another. This is done with one eye at least or the psychological principle that if they do not see too much of one another their mutual appreciation will be better.

The story:

There were only two families in that place; that of the man and

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that of his sister. They both had many children, The man had six sons by his wife and the woman had five daughters to her husband. But it was agreed that the boy cousins should not know about the girl cousins or the girls about the boys. They never saw each other. It was just as though there were no boys as far as the girls were concerned and there were no girls as far as the boys were concerned. The house of the girls was hidden away in a stand of plantain bananas. But when the boys went fishing their father would say,

"Boys, get a couple of strings for auntie."

They would be indignant;

"For that woman? She's idle. Anyone would think she had had children and we could marry them."

But all the same they brought strings of fish for her. Some times when they got tired of their gardening one of the boys would suggest,

"Let's go fishing."

They would take gill nets and hand nets, punting poles and all their gear and go off to a place where the fish made their runs, to a place called Shoals Abounding. There they would cast their nets and make great hauls of fish and load their boats with them. When they came to the landing one of the boys would say,

"I'll string auntie's fish."

Another would say,

"I'll take them to her."

Auntie would want to know,

"Have you any fish for me?"

When this fish were left on her doorstep she would say,

"Here is a pillow for you for being kind to me."

The way of life for the girls went something like this. Their house was quite closed in and hidden by the plantains. When dinner was ready their mother would take it over from her house to theirs saying,

"You can come down now and have your dinner. Then you must get yourselves ready; we are going to the garden to dance."

They took their feathers and made lines of them in their hair. Then they took long black plumes and donned them. They would be ready for the dance, the words of which went something like this;

"Their singing drowned our song,
Their clobber downed our throng.
Our ribbons clasped in vain,
Our streamers taut with strain
Aflutter, left for dead,
Forlorn and still unwed.
Beat out the theme of it,
Ring out the keen of it,
Bomtiti bomtiti, bomtiti bomtiti."

When the practice was over mother said,

"That's all."

And back they would go to their house among the bananas. Meanwhile their uncle and his sons would be fishing, and later there would be more strings of fish from their cousins who feasted by themselves and did not even know the girls were there. That is how it went on. When the boys were out fishing the girls would be dancing in the garden, practising the same song over and over. But one day after practice their mother said,

"Up you go! Back into the house with you; your cousins are coming."

The secret was out. The girls did not leave the boys in ignorance even one day; so the next time they had fish to send over they sent them with the little fellow who said as always,

"Auntie, here are some fish for you."

They knew now that their auntie, whom they had thought was childless, had in fact five daughters; and this is what they had decided to do;

In future when we go for food for our cousins we will go very early; and when they go to the garden to dance we will go too."

So the next time the girls went off to the garden to dance the boys followed them. Keeping out of sight among the trees they watched the dance in the garden. The girl's routine was the same as before. As soon as their dinner was finished their mother stood them in line and started them off dancing,

Their singing drowned our song,
Their clobber....."

Their dance went on till midnight, the boys watching secretly all the time. Then while the girls were still in line, the eldest in front

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and the rest in order of age down, the boys formed a similar line, and the eldest brother took the eldest girl saying,

"This one is my wife."

And his juniors followed him in turn saying,

"And this one is my wife."

When the youngest brother came, because he was only a boy and there was no girl for him, he said,

“And I will take the pillow.”

5 ILAKEIKAWAU, Miss Yellingwood

Joseph Moyoyawa

Proverb: MAYELELA TAU BWEBUYOI NANOGU
"Instruction Improves my mind."

Remarks:

The problem in this story is what to do with one whose social upbringing has been neglected. Marry her off to a Cannibal ruffian is a satisfying fancy at least. The plight of the heroine in such a case, like the fall of Indians in a Wild Western, are not taken very seriously even in the case of a pretty girl. Fidelity to art and to life is not so much in realism as in the moral or social verisimilitude. The KAIKAWAU tree is associated with a lot of village nonsense; and there is the hint of the stridency of the termagant by way of the pun that the name Miss KAIKAWAU suggests. The name ILAKSIKAWAU is awkward to pronounce, the accent being on the raceme WAU which also means shout or yell.

The telling of this story gives an excellent description of the tribal sensitivity towards the brother-sister TABU. The teller is not at all concerned that loud scorn is poured on the dire threats, only that a certain point is made, and so made is not forgotten. His aim is all pre-emptive - to forestall this kind of trouble by keeping high the mental barriers against it. In the case of lapse there may be no concrete social sanction; but the looming TABU affects not just the sinners but the sinners's clan making it almost impossible to brazen it out; and so a more relentless discipline than any that Christians or civilised people.

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The story:

Ilakeikawau's mother had six sons and one daughter. Even before she was born her mother had gone to live in a KAIKAWAU tree; and that is where Ilakeikawau was born and grew up. Meanwhile the eldest of six sons married and his wife had a child. This baby, when a few months old, would be left in the house while her mother went for water, while she was away busy filling her water bottles Ilakeikawau would part the branches of the tree and step out. She was quite naked; without any dress at all. She would go into the house where her niece was asleep on the bunk; pick her up and nurse her, crooning over her. Then she would help herself to betel nut; and when she had finished her chew she would wipe the spoon on the baby lying on the bunk. When sister-in-law came back she would be puzzled as to where the red paint had come from. She would cry over her baby, Ilakeikawau away in her tree would hear her; would wonder and cry too.

Once, when the brothers were planting their gardens and her sister-in-law, having got all her preparations done, went off for water, Ilakeikawau rather over did things. The baby had cried a lot and was not easily

comforted and Ilakeikawau had stayed chewing longer than usual. The baby had been covered all over in red. When she had gone and her sister-in-law came back from getting her water and saw her baby she was shocked,

"Oh what nonsense is this? Oh my poor baby! Some one's been chewing betel nut and covered her all over with chew."

So she gave the matter some thought did eldest brother's wife.

"Now tomorrow would be going off as usual or would we be acting different."

Next day alone with her baby she prepared the food for cooking; then taking her water bottles and closing the house she made as though she was going for water. But she left the road at once and, keeping out of sight, came back to watch the house from the kitchen midden. From there she saw exactly what Ilakeikawau did. But her excitement was too much for her,

"Oh I say! What a princess! She has everything,"

Ilakeikawau taken entirely by surprise was speechless. She stood the water bottles over so that they spilled; went on nursing the baby and chewing betel nut; and even wiped her spoon on the baby.

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"Eh my baby? What are you doing to my baby?"

Ilakeikawau was still naked.

"What's the matter with you?"

"Oh Sister I was watching the baby crying. I popped out of the tree and came to visit you. Now I must go home,"

"Not at all. Not at all. Not at all. Sit down. Sit yourself down."

Sister-in-law brought a dress and hitched it on at her hip.

"Now make yourself comfortable."

"Oh I must not. My brothers will come and fondle me and I will die."

"No they will not. When they come I will tell them."

So Ilakeikawau came out of hiding. She left the KAIKAWAU tree and came to live in the village. The brothers worked on in the garden all day even till dark. When they came home to their dinner. Dinner over, the eldest wife had something to say.

"Fellows, I have something to say."

"What is it?"

"Do you know why the KAIKAWAU tree sheds red tears? Its your sister living inside it."

"Where is she?"

"In my house. But you must not fondle her or she will die."

"Oh!"

All the Kirlwina people came to see her. Many a man came hoping to make her his wife; but none of them succeeded. They courted her from all over Boyowa in vain. Then she was courted from the mountains till a man from Dobu won her. The man's name was Tanabwasa and he lived in a village called Tuutauna. Her fame had reached as far as that. He landed at Tukwauukwa and courted her at Moligilagi where she was living. Well knowing what she wanted she told her sister-in-law, as soon as she had seen Tanabwasa,

"He is my man. I am ready to go now."

"Eh, do you mean that!"

So it was very quickly arranged. She was married, outfitted and ready to sail away in just three days. When the outfit of her new home had been safely stowed on board big brother said to the others;

"We will say goodbye now. I will take our sister and her things

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away. But I will be back In a few days."

With that they were gone. When they landed at Tuutauna there was a sensation. Every one in the Dobu area came to look at Ilakeikawau. The home coming social lasted for days. But then Tanabwasa said to his wife,

"Now you will be wanting to get to the garden. While you are doing that I will get your brother's boat up on the beach and get it ready for the return journey. I will meet you in the garden later."

But as soon as Ilakeikawau was out of the way Tanabwasa took his brother-in-law round to where his men were building a house. It was a special house for a man-eating celebration. He had his brother-in-law's wrists and ankles lashed together. Then they trussed him like a pig on a pole and carried him into the house and left him there. The brothers back home waited impatiently.

"What's the matter with the man? Has he gone for good? He should be back by this."

The second brother said,

"Tomorrow I am going to find out; so trim some vegetables as a presentation to our sister."

He went as fast as he could travel to Tuutauna where he asked an old woman,

"And which would be the house of Ilakeikawau?"

"Oh, that one there. And that noise you heard was your brother-in-law and his men coming."

But he missed the note of warning. All his sister could say about their brother was that he had gone home.

So she cooked dinner at which he said he would be going home next morning. In the dawn Tanabwasa said to his wife,

"Of course you will be going to the garden. I'll take care of your brother and when he has gone I'll come up to you in the garden."

"Oh, for pity sake'. I can go to the garden later after I have seen my brother off."

"Stop that. You show me some signs of respect, or at least a little consideration. Just you get ready for him some sago and some bananas to eat on the way. After I have finished I will come up to you in the garden."

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So his wife went off to the garden. Tanabwasa went with his men to truss her brother and carry him off to the food house to be left there with the flies and filth. Meanwhile brother number three was waiting impatiently and getting ready to sail. In turn he turned up in Dobu asking for his brothers and sister.

"Ilakeikavau, another brother is here asking for you."

As before Tanabwasa hustled her to do the honours; prepare his dinner, his rations for the return journey. As before he hustled her off to the garden while he and his men trussed the brother and trundled him off to the slaughter house. She tried more strenuously this time to see her brother safely off from the beach. He mire rudely still insisted that she show him the kindness of going to the garden. Brothers four, five and six were now naturally more anxious than ever.

"Even if they have gone for good one at least could have come back and let us know how our sister is. Perhaps they have gone ashore on some island and been cooked and eaten."

So number four sailed away and failed to return, and then number five. In this way all five of them found themselves together in the slaughter house suffering like trussed pigs all the flies and the filth. The little brother could not now control his impatience. He was demanding obstreperously that his mother prepare him food for a journey.

"No you must not go."

"I must. You prepare something."

"But there is nothing you can do. You are too little."

"At least I must know. I must go and see."

Since it could not be otherwise she prepared food for his journey; and he sailed away as fast as he could travel after his brothers and sister. When he arrived at the village of the lord of the Cannibals they were in the middle of their drive to stake up yams; there was no one at all in the village except an old woman he met in the street. When the boy asked where his brothers were she was very forthcoming.

"Oh just go around there where his lordship has built that temporary place. You'll know it by the buzzing of the flies."

He did that. The buzzing of the flies was the loudest he had ever heard. When he looked into the slaughter house he was shocked. He gasped,

"O brothers!"

His brothers told him in a blast of words what his brother-in-law was up to; but warned him to be silent. Taking a convenient adze he quickly cut their bonds. He dragged them out, stiff and helpless as they were, onto the beach. Then creeping up to his sister¹'s house he threw pebbles to attract her attention.

"How is it that you have paid no attention at all to your brothers.

They were all trussed up arms and legs and being done to death by the flies.

"If you want to come with us you had better be quick."

She accepted at once.

"Hurry!"

The brothers were all set for immediate flight; only their sister was maddeningly slow.

"Hurry up. On board with you."

But she was too slow so they bundled her aboard with all her things and started poling out to sea and preparing to up sail. They were already in the roads when the villagers began to arrive home from the yam staking drive.

"What the ...! Who's been keeping the village?"

The disabled woman was testy.

"Shut up". What could I do.

Another brother of Ilakeikawau came and cut them loose, got them aboard and away. See for yourselves."

They ran to the slaughter house; it was empty. They raced to the beach and tried one boat after another. Each had a gaping hole in the bottom. All the brothers and their sister got safely away and back to their home in Mollgilagi.

CHAPTER 6

The Misfortunes of Pretty Girls continued

1. Ideals versus common parlance
Proverb: BAVAKOLA KAIWAYA BAKO' ILEGU WOSI
"I'll gather a chorus I'll tune me a song."

Contact with pre-Christian tribal faith suggests that there is nothing, however horrific, that does not have some element of innocence about it. The tribal behaviour is never quite as unworthy and graceless as the neo-pagan or decayed Christian's can be. Only the sinner who has sinned against the Holy Ghost can go all the way to ultimate faithlessness. Our blindness to the ideals of people like the Boyowans scandalises them. It gives us a vulgarian aspect that would be beyond belief to most people. I was often caught in a situation where I had to overhear it. Children could scream in chorus at granny telling her to shut up, the white man was listening and understanding every word she said. But granny kept right on. Yams and pumpkins could hear and heed the commands of magic spells, but no white folk could understand a single thought of ordinary people any more than a dead fish, and don't tell granny different. If white people generally are vulgarians, and the anthropologist has pursued his usual lines of inquiry, is it conceivable that the sensitive arcadian gardener will produce his most intimate and delicate lyrics? That Mallnowaki was given even these is a tribute to the high regard some of his friends had for him. He must have shown some response to their quality; a quality only to be realised in the field among those to whom the lyrics speak.

The functionalism of the lover is surely more worthy of study than the functionalism of the functions he performs or the mechanisms by which he operates. Some of the inspiration that inspired the people who inspired the ethnographer must be essential to our understanding.

That inspiration in the quality and tone of the original is, to me, as rare in the books of anthropology as it is important; and this defect surely does more than any other failing to rob the discipline of its salvific effect.

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In the last chapter I digressed into the curious economical set up of the Trobrianders, treated so exhaustively in "Coral Gardens", just to come to the right point of view on our next paradoxical problem, the notoriety, thanks also to civilised authors, of the Boyowans in the matter of sexual licence and obscene speech. The reader of this collection might wonder where obscenity came in, or whether this people's 'literature' was not freer from it than any other literature generally. Yet a number of people have astutely warned me that Boyowan stories, the vehicle of tribal, liberal education are unprintable; they are too dirty. This, to me, means proscribing the easiest and one of the surest mediums of mutual understanding for the sake of a mischievous misconception. It would be better to have a look.

However, since this kind of study simply by being available, and because it has a more extensive coherence than most individual story tellers command, inevitably becomes a standard reference, like "The Drums of Mer" by Idries to the Torres Straits, and as no one will have a keener interest than the Boyowans themselves, it must be expected that this will find its way into a class room. For the Boyowan student it has a role to play there of more immediate practical interest than the subject matter; relating in a familiar context the vernacular 'literary' form with that of English. School children are the same everywhere, and what might pass in the competent hands of an actor-story teller would be another matter on a school desk. So a word or two here and there have been omitted from the vernacular text, and rather more from the English translation without hiding the place for it or altering the effect of the story, Total omissions from the

vernacular would not cover a page and perhaps two or three from the translation.

Once habituated to the even tenor of Boyowan living one is hardly ever aware of obscenity. It is much the same with the much advertised manifestations of sexual licence. There are times when by convention it is more tolerated, the sort of temporary extravagance you find anywhere in the world when visiting warships are in port, or some nervous character is blowing his top. I know tourists reading this might look askance at being viewed in the same light as sailors off a visiting warship and I hope it shocks them. It is only the pay back for so much

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misappropriation and misadventure in the past.

It is important to notice three levels of Boyowan fun making. The whimsical mother crooning over her baby, grand-dad and little grandson spending a day together in the contemplation of simple glories, a day golden for both of them; the playful fun making of jokes and games and antics of every kind, seeing the comic, ludicrous, silly or merely strange or sudden in a humourous way; and the sardonic, the silent zest of a news- paper editor, who with a gesture of "there you have It," slaps down in the middle of a page a picture of a body lying in a swelter of its own blood. Similarly a Boyowan seeing you rotice a SOKA fish might ask you, sotto voce and completely dead pan, if you would like to eat it; and, if there were other Boyowan a present, there would be an instantaneous shout of laughter.

In the hands of those who have the right or the audacity to use it it is perhaps the most powerful instrument of tribal discipline there is. AN indication of how sensitive Boyowans are to it may be seen in the difficulty of getting people to smile when their photos are being taken. They are afraid of the grin or KASIGEGINA that can look like a manifestation of this kind of humour. Just because it is discreet or sly this understanding can be easily missed and its prevalence not realised. This is the prevailing form of humour where obscenities are heard or these is a passage at arms between the sexes. If you miss it you do not read their expression, you do not know what their intentions are, you miss the underlying contrapuntal theme against which the play is made. The significance is the joker means to shock. If he sins his sinning is no mere pretence. He means to be outrageous. The conventions in the matter say that he is not doing it merely out of preference or because he cannot help it, but because he is protesting or rebellious. It is a compulsive self assertion. A lot of the time it is more manifested by girls than by boys. This monkeying challenges your interest which, If you do show it, engages his scorn and a keener appreciation, the more monkey you.

Once on a working bee in the jungle with thirty or forty men present a girl appeared and walked through the middle of them. Perhaps someone said a word or made a gesture or she just let fly; but she told them what

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they could do with a fidelity to anatomical detail that would have fascinated a gynecologist; then she was gone. Seeing everyone looking stunned and holding pat, not so much as a grin anywhere, I wanted to know what had set that off. I was told sotto voce that she was tilting at her uncle.

He seeing me glance at him broke into a weary smile. It was enough; all the rest of the company broke into a roar of laughter. I know one thing about an interplay of reactions like that, and it is that someone somewhere in the situation is known to have a deep concern with the vital and the sacred.

In 1967 on the only afternoon during my stay when the sunlight was bright and hard, and not bright and soft; in other words the only time there was a hint of burning off weather I visited the Losuya store. Passing the narrow gate to it I had to brush the bare breasts of three idle girls.

This provoked a softly spoken but quite appropriate gibe,

‘You will, of course, have finished cutting your clearings.’

“What did he say?”

Yes; they had all heard the same words. They were idomatic, sophisticated and doubly loaded.

“Who is he?”

By the time they found the answer I was in the store. It was anti-climax; but some retort was imperative; they put on their act of laughing themselves to death.

“Stop it! You're killing us.”

I signalled an ironic appreciation of their histrionic tour de force. Then they were gone, heads down, walking in three different directions. Next day at Labai I was asked if I had been at the Losuya store the day before. The story had gone as far as that and half the Boyowan population live between the two places. Such is the Boyowan appreciation of the sounding of a key note. One humour of the rebellious is sick, its bravado already extended and, provided it is the right one, it breaks at a touch. I have no idea how many in the first instance achieve the happiness I have been describing. It would not surprise me if it was a goodly proportion. I do know that there are women who have never known anyone but their husbands; and this ideal, that some cherish from childhood, is accorded an envious recognition.

They are revered for it and discreetly guarded with prideful jealousy. They have a name; and it is not NAKITU, the expression given in answer to ray question. NAKITU seems to indicate introversion. The name I mean never remained with me long enough to write down. Just because the clan as a whole is so idealistic, and so set on achieving the patterns I have described, the disappointment of those who can't wait or fail is keen, and their revolt the more extravagant.

2. Doli, the Woodsprite

Comment

The name Doli fascinates Boyowans. It is not so much a single symbol as a cluster of symbols all having some curious interconnection with the rest. For some it is the name of the elephant beetle, for others sorpion. Both these creatures have an odd projecting member which may affiliate it with the elephant, eschatological deity Tokilupalupa, and both are associated with trees and the TOKWAI or woodsprites, which may take on any form, even that of a man. This preoccupation with change of form, by the terms of it, and the direction of it, suggests - some acquaintance, at some time or other, and at least on the part of the initiates of the Boyoyan arcana, with the metamorphosis of insects. So the mystery and the paradox of life and death, of redemption and resurrection, the fate of the wicked and disowned after death have a department of their own and are somehow linked together, not that everything or anything should be explained, but only that hints and ancient memories should be held together for the elders to ponder while the children are diverted by jokes and simple conceits.

Modern folk might naturally think that the conceit of science fiction of a man recapturing his youth by reconstituting his being from a snippet of his own tissue, and even immortality by a repetition of the process, could only stem from modern scientific knowledge, and must be a new vision for mankind; but the vernacular text of the story of Togatu was written down over thirty years ago. So, if such a concept could exercise the mind of an unknown number of

generations of tribal elders, surely there is some exploration of folkloreyet to be made.

An indication of the keenness of this preoccupation with this department on the part of the elders was the frequent reference to it on the part of children. Allowing for their limited comprehension as children of these more intimate my stories of the Boyowan arcana, about which their elders would naturally be more discreet in the presence of a stranger, it is significant that their mental association and reference was almost as constant and frequent as that to Dokinikani and Tudava. This present story however seems designed to dilute or distract from the deeper and tenser motifs of the Doli connection without however breaking that connection.

3. *The story of Doli*

Proverb: BUDIBUDI O MDULA VALU TALAGUVA LUPOMA
 "Dots on the horizon are always interesting. "

Doli was a man who used to live at Wavela; and his uncle was lord of the village. From his earliest years he had been so very handsome that his mother had made for him a home in a KILIMO tree and kept him there; though she herself went on living in the village. His uncle had five wives; and there came a time when the village had a working bee for the cutting of a new garden. Between cuttings the uncle would bind his axe, just to let everyone know that he was a very important man who took himself and all that was connected with himself very seriously. He had married one of his wives only recently. When the rest of the village would be going to the clearing this new bride would be going for water. While going for water she came upon a spot where someone had been chewing relish and spitting the cuds on the ground. She said to herself,

"That's man spit."

She hunted around but did not find anyone until she looked up into the KILIMO tree and saw a man there.

"Where do you belong?"

"Nowhere. I live in this tree. It is my home."

"Have you anything to chew?"

"No. I have nothing."

"Then give me a little spice or relish."

"I haven't any even of that."

"Well just come down and talk to me."

"I won't do that; I must go. You should go to your clearing. Don't expect me to do that because I belong and live in this tree."

"No you just come down and talk with me."

"I will not."

But this young lady was a determined flirt and they quickly came to weaving wreaths and garlands and sitting together. Later, when she had taken her water, she would go to the village, rack the water bottles on the shelf, then covering her bed, lie under the cover as though she were sick. Meanwhile the lord of the village and all his company were going on with the clearing and did not come home until evening. When dinner was served nothing was put out for the young wife because they thought she was sick. But the lord said,

"What about your companion?"

The children said,

"She is asleep. She is sick."

In the morning they all got out their axes and went off to the garden. But not the young wife. She was infatuated with her young man and lay in. When all the others had gone to the garden she took her water bottle and went for water. She came on the fellow primping his hair. After finishing his hair he had a chew of relish and was enjoying his betel nut when the girl went up to him.

"Now will you give me something to chew."

"I don't have anything."

"Well a little spice then."

"I don't have any of that. Go off to your clearing, to your husband.

"I don't belong in a village. I am a tree dweller."

But protest wasn't enough. They fell to love making. There was necking and nibbling of eyelashes, and the girl was persuaded that the boy had nibbled hers. So when she had taken home the water and racked it she set up a little tent over her bed and retired from sight. When her

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lord came back in the evening with all his company, and the cooks served her companions and the children, the lord said,

"You didn't serve any for your companion. Why?"

"She is very sick. She has put up a tent over her bed and is laying down inside."

But the lord was a watchful and thoughtful man and quick to be suspicious. After he had given directions for the next day's work he called his herald.

"When we go to the garden tomorrow you stay back. You are to keep a look out and see what my lady does."

In the morning everyone went to the garden but the herald stayed indoors. Then, when the village folk had left for the garden, the girl, having looked out to make sure the village was empty, collected her bottles and went for water. After she had filled them she stood under the tree finding fault with her lover.

"Oh you, I asked you for spice and you refused me, I asked you for betel nut and you withheld it. Why? All right; today I ask for nothing; just come down and talk."

The herald was under cover watching. He saw the man come down; that he was agreeable. He saw him put his arms around her and squeeze; he saw the scratching, the eye nibbling, the fondling and how long they stayed together. After being together till the afternoon the girl said,

"Goodbye, I must go."

She ported her water bottles and went down to the village. Having racked them she lay down on her bed and went to sleep. That evening when all the villagers were back, had been served and had eaten their meal, the lord retired to his own house and called his herald.

"Come here and let me hear what you have to say."

"Your wife, Sir, is infatuated with an Eat-All. Oh, but is he handsome."

"Where is he from?"

"He belongs up a tree. Your lady goes there and calls him down."

"They have quite a party. They chew together, take relishes and stay together till the afternoon; then madam comes back leaving him up in the tree. This sickness of your wife is all humbug. She can't help herself. She is infatuated."

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That evening the lord gave directions.

"Tomorrow the men of the village form three teams, one under Povalatu, one under Makuwa and one under Kweluyelu. You are going to make me a new boat. That big KILIMO tree by the water hole must come down by tomorrow."

Next morning after sharpening their axes they went to cut the big tree standing by the village well. They cleared for it a free fall and prepared a bed for it to crash on. Meanwhile Doli was taking care of his things, stowing them in hollow limbs and then getting back into the hollow branch that was his camp. The tree teetered and fell. But the branch with the man inside went into the sea where it snapped off and drifted away.

But the men all stayed with the tree and began cleaning up in readiness for cutting out the boat. When everything had been cleared off and the tree was trimmed down to the bare log it was clear there was no one there.

"Your mistake, herald? Or does your man live somewhere else?"

"I tell you, Sir, he lives here. His home is in the top of this tree. You just did not cut it open. It must be that log drifting out to sea there."

But they were tired. The log could drift; and drift it did, all the way round to the inside lagoon. The lord and his company had no further concern. The hunt was over. By the time the log had drifted round to Kavataria it was show day in that village. There were a lot of people to see the log drift up. The niece of the lord of Kavataria said,

"I am going to get that log for a headrest."

She went and took hold of it; but it was too heavy. She let it go. Then her cousin, the lord's daughter, said,

"Wait, I'll come and take it."

Now Doli had seen the girl was pretty. When she lifted it the log was not heavy. She took it ashore and put it on her own bed. That night while people were having fun in the street Doli made himself at home in the girls' house, helping himself to betel nut and spice and spitting on the floor. Then he got back into his snugery and went to sleep. When the lord's niece came back for her betel nut it was gone.

"Cousin, who has taken my betel nut? I put it on the head rest and it is gone."

I don't know who could have taken it."

That night, while they were having fun in the village street, Doli came out as before and helped himself to betel nut and spice and spat on the floor, and then went back into his snugery and slept. When the girl came from the dance practice she asked, this time suspiciously,

"Cousin, did you chew my betel nut?"

"No, I didn't touch it."

When it was daylight again she could see there was red spit on the floor. She was suspicious,

"Who has been spitting here inside?"

In the evening she said to her cousin,

"While I go to dance practice you come and guard my house."

So one cousin went off to dance practice and the other stayed under the eaves. While she waited the log creaked, Doli was out and helping himself to betel nut and spice. Having refreshed himself he went back to his snugery. When the dancing practice was over the watching cousin was called out,

"Before you go to bed come and tell me what you saw."

Cousin had a story to tell; so she sat down and said,

"You were wondering who was chewing your betel nut. You know that log you put in for a headrest, would you believe that that was a fellow's snugery? While I was watching I heard it creak. When I came closer I heard the rattling of a lime pot. He was chewing. When he was finished he just went back into his snugery. I have just come away. Tomorrow make a feint of going out and come back and stand at the back of the house."

The next night she went off to play with the crowd, but soon, as her cousin had suggested, she said,

"I am not well. I think I will go and lay down."

So the rest of them went on with their drumming and amusement and she left them and passed through to the back of her house. She heard the creaking as the fellow moved. He got out and went for the betel nut and spice and sat there chewing. Stealthily she opened the door and came in on him while he was chewing. They wrestled till they were so tired they both went to sleep. Then they wrestled all the next day, and the next.

The girl's father wanted to know,

"Where is your cousin?"

"She is not well. She is lying down."

The girl's father opened the door and found the two of them together. His daughter had found herself a stranger, and this was a wonderful thing. That evening the father gave directions,

"Tomorrow the young folk will set up a platform and weave mats for it to shade my son. He must come out into the world and let himself be known."

So next day one team made a platform, one team made mats, and another team brought laths and made a screen. After father and mother had got him ready for his public appearance daughter was allowed to deliver the summons,

"Come out stranger! - No, not stranger, you villager you! Come out where people can see you."

Then the girl crept out from under the screen and sat on the platform. Then the boy crept out too and sat beside her. The whole village set up an acclamation. Someone wanted to know where he came from; while all praised his stature. Someone said he had been living in a log. The cousin said,

"I was the first to lift the log; but I thought it was too heavy so I left it. My cousin thought it was light and took it. so she gets the husband."

This is how Doli came to live and marry at Kavataria.

4. **KATUYAUSA The Out-All-Night Thing**

Proverbs: BIVILLEIGU TAU WEGU TILAUVA
If only someone could rid me of my perversity.

Comment

Manners go in phases. Only once during my ten years in Boyowa were girls-tramping-together affairs revived. These excursions, known as KATUYAUSA, out all night, are out to shock, like unionists on strike to force redress. Presumably shockable and shockworthy some of these rebels simply paraded for my attention. It was a display of wretchedness almost

ghastly. I was surprised at the flimsiness of the thing. It hardly rates a mention. It is the patience of the clan, parents in their larger selves dealing with the impatience and unpreparedness of youth, that is the real study. There is a whole volume of stories on this theme, and the stereotype or classical allusion for it is Malabu. The tune of the VTNAVINA "INALA MALABU" is weirdly doleful, and as menacingly creepy as that of Ilapokai, a clue keenly appreciated by the Boyowans and heavily underscoring the conclusion that all this desperation is a lost cause and only hinders what it would effect. Conversational reference too is full of allusion to the destructive aspect and lack of future for those who fail to make good on the road to a wholesome and stable marriage. Desperate love-making magic and death are associated notions. Going back recently, and asking the whereabouts of a number of familiar tramps of twenty years ago, I was startled to hear near all of them were dead. One could be pardoned a suspicion that not all threats of tribal sanctions are idle. Malinowski mentions cases where death was preferable to dishonour, where couples found it unbearable to live with, and impossible to live without, each other.

The holders of a primitive religion are not inclined to exact an individual responsibility and probity in sex. Failure does not share the stigma of those who have the mystic vision of Christians and still fail. Our attention to individual responsibility surprises them. Morals or BUBUNUSITOMOTA are hardly susceptible in these matters to direct appeal. It is better to change the environment, magically at least. A puritanical confrontation of misdemeanour on moral grounds is silly to them. Such bad judgment is bound to fail. Such action, impugning a spirit already perverse only incites to further aberration. Such control could only be an enviable, magical thing. Rather a man is kept faithful by his wife and she by him. Any failure of either of them is rather the shame of the other member of the partnership. Temptation should not have been possible. Adultery has been more before the court in Boyowa than any other suit; but only as a surrogate for the tribal sanctions. I was often surprised at the vehemence of impatience with sex. Being in love was a lyrical and magical thing, but libido was a curse. If the Boyowans like the Gikuyu had practised female circumcision it would seem perfectly understandable. One day a man brought me his little

son, wounded from slipping down the mossy trunk of a coconut palm. When I restored the testes the father was shocked as at something male-volently wicked and protested angrily.

It may be a subconscious or substratum thing, but behaviour patterns in this connection are never free from some tie in with clan performance and clan promotion. Much as the individual may prefer otherwise, and however ruthlessly he may exploit opportunity as it occurs, he is really foresold on the conclusion that he cannot win against the clan; that its consensus, NINASI TOWDTA, is insuperable. Apart from convention any prosecution of personal ambition must be by the employment of the suitable influence. Being a vital matter the only way to work is by detachment; like the gardener fostering his yams to grow. Courting is indirect by magic. Magic itself is seconded by any number of minor influences; the banter and by-play of greeting and small talk, the "dickering" of marriage brokers, the SEBUWANA or exchange of betel nut, spice, tobacco and other amenities of social togetherness. It is a gradual approach, as it has to be, because the man is not wooing just the girl but her clan. With the philosophic detachment in all this goes a psychological wisdom and a cautious eye on a line of retreat. To construe it as permissiveness of the condoning of the licentious is nonsense. To regard every solicitation of SEBUWANA as an invitation to sin is grotesque. It is in the first instance a feeling one's way. No individual is indifferent in the matter of his marital lot. He is not alone. He is on stage. The eye of his clan is on him. He is equally anxious not to fumble his opportunities nor to prejudice his main chance. By well established conventions no occasion for a passage at arms is neglected. Its very brashness and forthrightness are part of the convention. No one

can afford to drag his feet. More notably no one wants to look foolish. The noisier and more outrageous the demonstration the more certainly mere histrionics. It is an ambiguous manoeuvre to make one's play and save one's face. Older persons are indifferent to the point of unawareness. It is all KALIMWALA WALA, just showing off. After one has lived among Boyowans for some time, this conventional aspect of their banter and sexual by-play is so obvious that any mistakes about it seem just too crass to be credible. Any mistake on the part of visitors is too egregious to be neglected by the Boyowans. Their reaction is predetermined. They are

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returning to you the spurious coin of your misconstruction by reflex action. The bawdy mindedness they reflect is yours not theirs; and they are zestful. If that is our appreciation of obviously conventional behaviour, don't tell them that the kissing they see on the screen is not letting out the zoo, they know better.

Tracing individual performance within the narrow brief of this work would be an idle task. Concern with the statistics of extra marital intercourse is rather an exercise in prurience than a constructive study. Discussion of the so relaxed morality of the philanderer hardly belongs in the same context with the sense of moral obligation that clan solidarity engenders. Where conventional understanding agrees that all friendship is feigning, all loving mere folly, serious intentions are an unnatural intrusion. Philandering and marriage are not complementary but mutually exclusive. Not being alert to this outsiders, who think of these islanders as simple people, can find themselves in situations so contradictory they might wonder if their contacts were not schizophrenic, or that possibly they were mixing identical twins. The massive findings of Malinowski, stable marriage, rare divorce, monogamy, except for two or three lords only look more massive and less explained the further we go; unless we realise the clan idealism and the toughness of the clan, so detached, so discreet, but so unrelenting in enforcing that ideal. This is an area of village understanding so complete that no expression of it is necessary; and it can be mystifying for that very reason. That it can be cruel I know; that it builds up tensions I was particularly well aware; that it causes waves of suicides I could believe, though personally I did not know of any, and often wondered if this was not a more sentimental coloring by Malinowski's informants of something I did know.

Sometimes a young fellow would ask me if he could stay at the mission, even work for the mission without pay - an ever unhappy course - just for protection. He was under a cloud for dalliance with the wrong lass. His KADALA was going to poison him. KADALA in this case stood for the cadre of the matrilineal uncles. It was no imputation on the clan leader or the fellow's germane uncle. With one or other or both he could make a deal; but NINASI TOMOTA, the consensus of all of them, was unbreakable. The clan leader has to be a positive and forceful

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character to hold his position, and his forcefulness reinforces that of all his nephews and cousins. He himself can rarely alter that consensus. Reinforced again by all the women of the clan it is a formidable thing. Mosilibu, the lord of Tukwauukva, carried the stigma of a youthful dalliance with a Bwoitalu lass to his grave at ninety odd. Waibadi, whom Mitakata once favoured as his heir, missed his chance on the same count.

This same pattern runs through the affairs of all the families. Going counter to the clan consensus, giving rise to the most frequent and relentless battles of contending will power, is the real occasion for most of the talk and imputation of sorcery and black magic. The cadre itself is not free. No club is more jealously selective than that of the women, their wives, who go on the road on SAGALI together, redistributing the stored surplus. These are the conservatives, and collectively they form a grey eminence with a bewildering anonymity; their screen, NINASI TOMOTA, the common mind. Their power is so great they can even keep a feud alive; when all men would drop it, as witness the story of Gumagabu.

The effect of this moral discipline is reflected aesthetically. The keen appreciation of the people of artistic performance, and the well established standard of excellence in Boyowan story telling, are a source of confidence in the wholesomeness of this art form. They are clear on what is evil, and if their tolerance in real life is no more than seeming we can expect a happier reference in story telling. Not that they don't use in story what we refer to in English as four letter words. They are a significantly effective story telling device. They are frequent distress signals in village life, so common that everyone takes them simply as that. Even in casual everyday living their use is often extremely comic; so that the whole village laughs, and everyone feels better. So their finely chiselled economy of expression makes them an inevitable aid in story telling. Whenever someone in the story is brought to a point beyond words, there is the natural, tell-tale halt, the machine gun spurt of expletives and the crash of laughter from the audience. Any comedian knows the effectiveness of that trip hammer pause. In the headlong pace of Boyowan story telling it is a split second interlude, that sends the story bounding along more lively than ever. That its use is so sparing is good evidence of the disciplined artistry of Boyowan practice.

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This is good; but it is even better. It is therapeutic, not just incidentally and unconsciously, but by design and intentionally. The story becomes the vehicle of instruction, understanding and the exercise of patience. It can even say, indirectly, what could not be said directly. It can express the necessary sympathy in a situation awkward, delicate and ugly.

SIWANANA WA TEWA!
IGABU IN IA IN AM,
I IGABU INIA TOLAM
ISAKEIM KUPEIKI,
ISAKAYUWEM KUPEIKI,
SI WAN AN A WA TEWA.
"Oh what was mother to do with you?
Asprawl and lonely under the TEWA?
She cooked you fish, she cooked you mullet,
She served you once, she served you twice.
You wouldn't look, you wouldn't take,
Asprawl and lonely under the TEWA."

In this collection about twenty per cent of the stories are concerned explicitly or implicitly with a romantic interest in love and marriage. This must be a goodly proportion for this class of folk 'literature' but the theme also enters into adventure stories, the Cannibal and Kula tales, at least indirectly and by inference. Even figures like Tudava and Kiu, the supremely eligible, are not without this connotation. It is not less romantic for marriage to have this aura of religious and social consequence; nor is it surprising, since they do not have a Christian regard for personal dignity, that, for the sake of safe keeping, they cloak the delicacies of love and marriage in the vested interest of clan idealism, a coalition of familiar and

public fidelity scarcely within the ken of us of the faceless proletariat. How coercive this idealism can be is less directly evident, but the more convincing if it commands a little study.

Boyowans have had less of, and have suffered less from, the break down of tribal discipline through contact with civilisation than any other part of New Guinea, but they have been notoriously intolerant of their members escaping the tribal discipline, just because readjustment is practically impossible. Those who succeed in getting a good enough education

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to do well abroad are admired and envied; and have the clan's consent and goodwill; but only because they are not expected to return to the clan, except as honourable guests.

To come to the story of KATUYAUSA, Tovileu remarked that this little tale explains why the way of lovemaking is the same in Woodlark as in the Trobriands. The KATUYAUSA, described at length by Malinowski, is a rather more desperate love making sortie than he described it, and according to this tale does not achieve the aim it pursues. This is so very much the tribal understanding that the story hardly reveals that marriage is the object of the KATUYAUSA; at least as far as those who make it are concerned. It is only with the magical help and wise direction of elders that results are achieved. But with these there are results; even alone at the end of nowhere, even fond and intimate nuptials - the PEIPEI, both eating from the same dish.

5. The KATUYAUSA Story

Tovileu

PROVERB: IGI MABEL A IGIMALOBU SASA WE GUN A KEDA
A steady wind and clear opens my wey."

Malabu, the daughter of the lord of Omarakana, once lived in that village and had as her companion, her cousin, the lord's niece. She once said to her father,

"Please build a house for me and my cousin."

This was giving clear warning and sharp notice that these two had been finding life too slow and dull; and that they intended to move things along a little bit by their own personal enterprise. When the house was finished they made a well advertised love making excursion among the Kwaibwaga community. They had passing love affairs there with a couple of fellows. When they brought home their presents the lord's daughter had been given jewelry, but her cousin only had fish. Another time when they were bathing one cousin said to the other,

"Let's do Liluta."

So they went on a love making excursion to Liluta and had passing affairs

there. And when it was all over, and they had come home with their presents, the lord's daughter had trophies to hang on the wall, but the niece only had vegetables. Then they thought of the Tobowada people. They were not doing anything useful these two, they practically gave themselves up to making these excursions. So they had passing love affairs at Tobowada; and as before one cousin had trophies to hang on the wall, and the other only had produce, and this was strewn all over the floor. One bright day after bathing and anointing themselves, they were painting their faces and wondering what to do next when they decided on a trip to Yalumgwa. When these affairs were over the lord's daughter brought home valuables while Malabu was lumbered with yams. Getting bolder with practice they ventured even further afield and made an excursion to Teyava. The Teyava fishermen, as they so often did, had made a haul of barracuda. So when they returned from there, while one was loaded with arm shells and betel nut, even a necklace, the other had dirty big fish, which were improvidently dumped on the floor, Then they decided to go to Tukwaukwa.

For this they dressed with particular care, and renewed attentions to themselves while the welcoming committee were selecting squires for them before being taken off to the place of their entertainment. As before one had so much jewelry she jingled, while the other sweated under a load of fish. In Omarakana next day after they had gone to bathe the lord's sister said,

"I am going to take a look inside my daughter's house."

When she opened the door she was met by a swarm of flies. The walls were hidden behind all kinds of jewelry and personal finery while the floor was covered with piles of produce and rotting fish. The produce she carted away, the fish she threw in the bush; then she took water and scoured the place. To come to the aid of her daughter she made some oil. Then she used the oil to make a charmed package which she left hanging in a convenient place. When her daughter came back she said,

"Tomorrow no doubt you will be going to bathe at the ocean beach. When you have bathed just see that you get to the comb first and be combing your hair when your cousin comes ashore. When she asks for it let it fall into the sea, and make sure that it is she who retrieves it, not you."

It was the aim of the lord's sister to take her niece right out

of her daughter's life for ever. But things did not go quite according to her intentions. When they went swimming next day one cousin did come ashore first for the comb and sat combing her hair, and the other after her swim came ashore and asked for the comb;

"Give me the comb."

Giving it to her one cousin fumbled and let it fall into the water and said,

"Dive down and get you comb."

"No, you dive for it so I can comb my hair."

'No, dive for it yourself .''

But it was the lord's daughter who prevailed over the lord's niece, as her mother should have expected. When the lord's niece dived for the comb she squeezed some oil out into the palm of her hand which affected her, so that she did not surface again, but went off under the water, right out of her cousins sphere of operations entirely. She ended up in Woodlark at the very end of the eastern chain of islands. There she met up with a girl like herself and they set up house together. Meanwhile her cousin back in Omarakena was being asked by the lord,

"And where is your cousin?"

"Perhaps the boys have taken her to the bush. I was alone, so I just came back by myself."

"I don't believe you. I would like to know what you have done to her."

Search parties went out to look for her. They combed the wilderness and found nothing. They combed the fallow lands and still found nothing. He mother gave herself up to despair and mourned her for dead; an so did her companions and boy friends. But two did not. They put to sea and went to Kitava and beyond. Wherever they saw smoke they went to investigate. But no one could tell them anything. So they worked their way right along the island chain; past Iwa, Kwevata, Gawa and right on to Woodlark. It was while they were at Woodlark, standing on the beach looking out to sea, that they saw smoke on another island. It was the island where the lord's niece and her new girl friend were. So the youths paddled on and landed there; where they at last found what they had been looking for. The girls had caught themselves a pig to eat, and it was in the oven cooking, so the

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lads joined them and made themselves at home.

"Who told you to come here?"

"No one. We were just searching."

"Did you paddle all the way?"

"Yes, even as far as this."

The Woodlark hostess served the pork she had cooked saying,

"Here is one bowl for you and your husband, and here is another bowl for me and my husband. "

They feasted all day. When they retired that night one couple took one house and the other couple took the one next to it. During the night the Woodlark girl called to her friend,

"What's he doing nursing me?"

"Its all right. They do like that in Kirivina. When you get your turn nurse him back; its very nice."

"Oh sister, he's sitting up to me."

"Its all right, they do like that in Kirivina."

"Oh sister, he' s pushing me."

"Yes, they do that too in Kirivina."

"Oh sister, he's nibbling my lashes."

"Let him do that. They do that too in Kirivina."
"Oh sister, he's a pinching me."
"Its what they do in Kirivina; you'll like it."
"Oh sister, he's fondling me."
"The way they do in Kirivina its *very* nice."

Some time later they caught another pig, dressed it and put it in the oven to cook. They had a party that night and feasted on pork and vegetables; and this party had been prepared so that they could make arrangements for yet another feast, which would mark the departure - of one couple for their home in Kirivina. It was agreed,

"You will do the vegetables and I will cook the pig; and after the feast is over you will leave."

When the time came they caught another pig and cooked it with fancy vegetables and dumplings and had another feast. Then as soon as daylight showed next morning they put aboard their jewelry, armshells, pendants, necklaces and everything for a voyage. Then the younger of the two men from Kirivina and the lady he had won as his bride took their places

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in their boat and paddled off leaving the elder brother and his Woodlark bride in Woodlark. Paddling day and night they came in a day or two to Gawa, then a similar stage brought them to Kwewata, another stage to Iwa, another to Kitava, and so finally back to Kaulakuba, the Omarakana landing. Malabu went ashore and inland to the village, where she found her mother asleep. She woke her up.

"Who are you?
I am Malabu.
"Don't tell me lies."
"I am not. I am Malabu,

Her mother opened the door and she went in; and her mother had a good cry. The village people were curious,
"What is she crying for?"
Malabu her daughter has just come home,"
Malabu's uncle the lord of Omarakana was much relieved. The newly wed couple settled in Omarakana.

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CHAPTER 7

KUKWANEBU

1. Pure Fantasies and Fairy Tales

Proverb: *MEI KANABWATULA O VALU BI LAGI ITAKOLA O LA-ODILA*

"The word unheeded at home will be taken to heart in solitude."

Being present at a story telling session is a memorable experience. Even though we might not recognise a single word a number of important things are obvious. There is a potent magic in the story. Late comers recognise it instantly. Everyone, but especially the young hang on every word. There is an unmistakable quality there. It is a quality that fascinates, that holds by its own power. It is pure entertainment. The heart and mind is set free. Like the eye to light, the ear to sound, the body to touch, the spirit finds something natural to itself to which its response is automatic. There is the communication of something of the good or the true or the beautiful which it needs, with which mind and heart is at home and at peace; as is the physical man in the presence of food, music, comfort and blithe spirits of good company. In this awareness of his larger self and wonder at the larger life our peasant mostly sees himself. Not to know him as he knows himself is to know only a distortion of him.

Charles Dodgson did something for all little girls when he told stories to Alice. Nobody sees anything wrong in their seeing their own charm through the magnifying glass of the mind of Lewis Carroll. This wonder is normal and wholesome. What is not normal or natural is to be blind to it. Our peasant could never trust anyone like that because such insensitivity is the hall mark of the Cannibal. He is not so unwise that he would expect aliens to be versed in that magic; only that they would know that he had it. So an expressed recognition of this in the outside world would help him to be at ease with himself facing that outside world. It would prevent disastrous misconceptions like that expressed by Kenyatta in his quarrel with the missionary. As far as religion was concerned, the African was regarded as a clean slate, on which anything could be written.

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He was supposed to take wholeheartedly all religious dogmas of the whiteman, and keep them sacred and unchallenged, no matter how alien to the African mode of life. The Europeans based their assumption on the conviction that everything the African did or thought was evil. They set out to uproot the African body and soul from his customs and beliefs."

In the light of Boyowan experience this pronouncement of Kenyatta's would be a warning rather than a Judgment. Revolutionary change and fresh culture contact inevitably have features that are irksome. What Kenyatta deplored was not being remedied by himself or by anthropology. He has given a lot of time and thought to the problem of how to show that much that the tribal peasant does and thinks is good, particularly in that aspect of his living which

is religious. In this he is perfectly right. But to unite all men in that understanding needs all the wisdom in the world. The horizon of this religion is very closed in. Relatives and relatives of relatives, friends and friends of friends dwell in its light. The rest is wilderness and the night. Because it is small it is very very dear. But the fondness is only for intimates. Our peasant does not want to make one with the stranger on the ritual and magical level. The detribalised never really re-enter; no converts are made. The expression of their communion is just for themselves. Facing a wider circle even the magician is tongue-tied.

Kenyatta, following the lead of his mentor and tracing down the system of magic ceremonial, would be dismayed, I think, if he realised how little of the glow of glory there was for others "in the performance of their magic and traditional ceremonies in undisturbed serenity facing Mount Kenya." He might have done better if he had opened up the field of song and dance. What he calls lullabies are only the *VINA VINA* of this present study. Having made reference to the "vivid way in which stories are told, and their incidents acted out," he never comes back to them; and Kenya is so rich. His concern with magic and pious rituals was influenced perhaps by his mentor's use of them to explain the programming and gardening discipline of growing crops. The glow of glory in these ceremonies is only for those who have grown up with them in their familiar form of society. This is not the area of communication with other tribes; and is only one segment of the tribal world-view. In Boyowa they are mostly inaugural rites and grace notes like invocations, litanies and recessional

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on village activities. For one with the feeling of the Papuan tribal shape of things a whole phase of tribal living is missing from Kenyatta's description; the more secular celebration of the tribal mysteries with song and dance, the parade of the tribal glories.

Even for Papua, where this sort of thing is the most colorful aspect of life in the country, ethnologists have given us only a very thin account. How the subjects of their study might view their findings or their expression of them scarcely seems to enter the purview of these authors. My own feeling is that tribesmen would do better never to read books written about them; and the tribal anthropologist should digest them with a generous slice of patient understanding. Such works simply ache for a more human touch. Magic spells alone are not a medium of common understanding. To re-create them outside their proper environment is not practical and anything else is just not worthy. In these days when more and more tribesmen are being educated to the point where they can follow everything with the same understanding as civilised people anything less than adequate expression is bound to hurt, and may even infuriate, without bothering about how silly it makes the civilised look to them.

I have adduced only Malinowski and Jomo Kenyatta as guide rails to this discussion because I do believe they know what they are talking about and have a real concern; and I can feel that I am in touch with reality in the matter. Why anyone would want to bother with a dubiously analytical level of comparison like that of Dundas of stories I just wonder. What Sir James Frazer did for anthropology by his collection of tales in the *Golden Bough* was a notable and worthy step; but I would not want to add to it. Comparative folklore is no more inspiring than comparative religion. Any live form of the thing itself is more inspiring than such a study. Those who want to compare Boyowan folklore with Russian, European, Amerindian, African or Oceanic folk tales and I hope they are delighted; but it seems to me they are getting only an abstract, only a portion of the whole. The thing is fully alive only in the village telling, where it is the vehicle of coherent thought in a context as big again or bigger than

the given form.

Outside the tribal feeling they are without a biosphere in which to live. Outside the village environment, without understanding of their

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classical allusions, unaware of the different focus of child and adult, tribal studies can only seem a trivial affair. And such they were to me when Tovileu was telling them. But his village, Tukwauukva, was less than two hundred yards away, and the tenor of its life a matter of perpetual advertence; its ructions, and they were many, could be overheard. They were frequent enough for me to notice that the more turbulent they were the more delightful and sensitive the whimsey of the current KUKWANEBU. KIMSI NUNULI came a day or two after a ferocious polemic at which I happened to be present. Two clans were fighting mad at each other. The sale of a dugong, caught in the overlap of their nets, had been mishandled, spoiling the deal; the beast had been halved instead of its price. The virtuosity of the story teller was sparked by the social crisis; the innocence of the little ones had to be protected with some counterbalancing distraction; and the very fact of his performance was a signal to the hot heads to cool it.

2. Animal Tales

Proverb: MIPULUPOLU NEYAM USAGWA IKINANA
"My men are savages from nightlong seething."

KUKWANEBU in its widest sense is just a story like any item in this collection; or any item with the same form, style and entertainment value. But asking for a KUKWANEBU is normally understood more specifically.

This is a fairy tale for the very young, a pure fantasy in the vein of a comic strip. The tales in this end the next two chapters are KUKWANEBU in the more precise meaning of the term. This is the lowest common denominator of Boyowan prose 'literature' which establishes the pattern for the whole of it. "Even sacred legends and cosmic myths are delivered in this comic style and pattern. This is an important principle. Students of comparative religion and Vedic or suchlike literature would not be nonplussed by the recurring note of

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flippancy if they knew at first hand a tradition like the Boyowan; and could see the subject of their study as stemming from such a tradition. The whole thing in the first instance is just fun making. The animal or magical element in all the stories is just wonderland stuff; even the classical or cosmological allusions are just wonder notes. Many of these motifs are deeply sentimental and carry a warning that it is unlucky to abuse in any way creatures that are clan emblems; and even where they allude to cosmological events they are not the vehicle of their exposition, certainly not in this or the next two chapters. Only the stories of Tudava and Kiu in this collection approach a Scriptural seriousness of expression, and only then in certain aspects of the story. The story itself is only incidental to the village occasion. The vital need is diversion. The story must possess its own power to

charm in its own right. The story is not made to preserve the serious motifs. These intimations take their turn and earn their preservation in the tribal memory by serving the story. Their matrix is not in any formulated 'literature' but in a department of tribal life at which we must take a look.

I don't think I would have noticed this, or come to think about it properly. If I had &9t known Tovileu. When I came to take down these stories it was with most lack lustre expectations from my dreary experience of them in Basilaki and Milne Bay. It was for a start simply an exercise in ear training. All was achieved if the text was intelligible when read back. Tovileu never volunteered explanations; remarks on the side, yes, but never explanations. For him if the story was not self evident no further contribution could save it. My object was simply to amass material at which I could quarry. So I never asked for explanations. The fact that I did not credited me with a sapient understanding too flattering to disclaim and too precious, for "the confidence it bred, to forego.

Absorbing the works of Malinowski on their own ground did of course make these stories ever so much more meaningful. But this in turn simply drew aside the screen from something else again that was not manifested in the books of Malinowski. The structuralisms of tribal society that captured his attention were not matters of conscious notice to Tovileu; they went without saying. The movements of the stories themselves lively and exciting, did not need any underscoring; where Tovileu

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nudged was somewhere else again.

It was with Tovileu that I began taking down poetry; the text of the WOSI used in the song and dance. This was a 'literary' form as patently for adults only as the KUKWANEBU was only for juveniles. Though the type of WOSI that Tovileu was interested in was light ballad of the flimsiest content its form was, by its own standards, regular; its style as unmistakable as the heroic couplet, as anyone can see by looking at the proverbs I have quoted. It was ready made for the expression of aphorism; though it seemed to shun it deliberately, perhaps because so much Boyowan verse is packed with it. But when aphorism is expressed it is inescapable because the stanza as a whole makes the meaning of the main couplet simply unmistakable,

GOVA LEIGOVA LOVEGOVA
DELI VALAM YOVALAM
TEILAMWEISA BUTUMAWA
IDAUWELU WE LA MOI
YETOYETO VIVILAI
GOVA LEIGOVA LOVEGOVA
DELI VALAM YOVALAM'

Cheering at cheering stops cheering
While crying with crying cries on
The clay floor abandoned
She pines on her bed
That YETOYETO girl
For cheering at cheering stops cheering
while crying with crying cries on.

When a real story teller like Tovileu is performing there are more adults than children listening; and listening no less intently than the little ones. So there is a background of understanding to the oft heard tale, something with a perpetual fascination. The prose of the KUKWANEBU is as magical in its way as the poetry of song; it is in a milieu of excitement and delight. It is like a cult in the tribal mystique, a tribal day dream that taps the tribal reservoir. It is only one of several social activities that draw on and replenish that reservoir.

That reservoir, the spirit of the Boyowan people, is typified preeminently by Tudava. His is the unifying and

governing figure, But his story is not a coherent one. There are many stories about him, but they are fragments that do not fit together; and Boyowans have been, content to leave it that way. The story is bigger than any formulated myth or collection of myths; it is encompassed rather by all Boyowans holding to the same Tudavan tradition, and the fuller expression of that is spread through their whole culture. Rut individual tales are properly intelligible

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only against the background as a whole; so along with the review of the various Boyowan stories I will try and unfold the role of Tudava as born out by myth, ritual, magic spell, song, classical allusion, monument, village protocol, colloquial reference and the sometimes startlingly perceptive comments of non-Boyowan neighbours whose culture is divergent and even partly opposed.

3. Kwaroto, the Mound Bird

Tovileu

Proverbs KWALITOLELA YEYUNA NEBOGI TEIGOIGOLA
"Sand pipers tails flip all day."
(Idiosyncrasies are unintentional)

Comment:

The KWAROTO is the mound bird or megapod, the chief as it were of the ground birds; and this is a tale for the very young who, as makers of comic strips know, are not particular about realism. As far as older people are concerned this is a little propaganda on behalf of all ground birds like sand pipers, snipe, curlews, plovers; that they should be spared. The Boyowans find something highly fetching in the cries and motions of all of them.

The RAIBWAGA in the Bwoitalu area, as the Bwoitalu folk know very well, is particularly treacherous. It is so recently risen from the sea that it has not yet been weather worn and consolidated. Stones collapse at a touch. An intruder could be landed in a pit where he would be as helpless as in a wheat silo. It is a place to keep away from, one practical warning of the story. KIKI is an allusion to an obscene way of dying. The dour Bwoitalu folk could be the last of the Cannibals, for all the respect they get, being fair game for all kinds of ridicule.

Story:

The mound bird's home was at Kaigau. He did his dancing there and was joined by the sand piper and the snipe. When he started up his

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dance he sang,

"A mound bird really, happily
With his tail all day goes jauntily,
Flippity, flippity, flippity,
Waggily, waggily, waggily."

All the world sees and knows this song and dance of the birds; but to the dour Bwoitalu men it was offensive. Its cheeky teasingness provoked them. They said,

"This afternoon we are going to kill every bird."

They went down to the landing place of the sand piper carrying their throwing sticks. The sand pipers put on their dance for thorax

"Oh would we friendly be,
Brotherly, brotherly
With posie daggily,
Piperly, cobberly
Treading a ground bird's measure,
Waving all tails together,
Cheeky, cheekily cheeky,
KIKI, KIKIKI KIKI."

When the Bwoitalu men set to to kill them the ground birds flew off to the wild country. There they swooped on the Bwoitalu men, and taking them by the hair, toppled them into the pits and killed them. Their bodies were afterwards dragged out and thrown into the sea. Since then the ground birds have not been molested any more.

4. Biniyala and the Python

Bammed

Proverb: KWABIYA YAGAGU: SUBIYA WOUGU
"You have my names I am your slave."

Comment:

Bammed, at the time but a youth, would be a relatively unpractised story teller; and he has given this story very sketchy treatment; his mind was obviously more on the fish he was waiting for. The VINAVINA, which

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in this story must be a very interesting one, is not given; and so we do not know the name of the wicked uncle. One of the points in the story seems to be, Don't put names in VINAVINA. 1DGEGA is a general sort of name

for constrictors, whose chief as it were is the python. It is interesting to note that the Boyowans, who seem to be so purely Melanesian, are still concerned in their folklore with the subject of snakes, the totemic emblems of the aboriginal people; and we have here the motif, contrary to the general Melanesian sensitivity in the neighbourhood at least, that names can be an influence for safety. This is even more clearly expressed in the story of Kiu.

Story:

It could be that Kadawaga was the village where Biniyala used to live. His uncle, who was wicked, wanted to be rid of him; for he was saying,

"I must take him and abandon him in a tree where only the birds can visit him."

The wicked uncle did that. After leaving Biniyala in the top of a tree he came back to the village alone to sing of his hatred of Biniyala. The carpet snake became very curious. He said to the hawk,

"If you find someone in a tree top ask him what his name is."

The hawk flying around found Biniyala.

"What is your name?"

"I am Biniyala."

The hawk reported to the carpet snake who asked,

"What is his name?"

"Oh dear! I had it; but I stopped and ate a grasshopper and now I can't remember it."

The carpet snake told another bird;

"Take your lunch with you and go and find out that person's name and come and tell me."

The bird flew off.

"What is your name?"

"I am Biniyala."

The bird flew back to report. Said the carpet snake,

"What is his name?"

"Oh I was bringing it when I stopped to eat some fruit; and now I can't remember it."

So the carpet snake sent the dove.

"What is your name?"

The bird flew back.

"Yes, what is his name?"

"Oh dear, I was coming to tell you when I stopped to eat something, and now it is gone."

The carpet snake told the SIKWEIKWA bird,

"SIKWEIKWA, go and ask him what his name is?"

The SIKWEIKWA bird went;

"What is your name?"

"I am Biniyala."

But on the way back the SIKWEIKWA bird saw some fruit and stopped to eat it. Then the carpet snake asked him,

"How did you get one? Did you find out his name?"

"Yes he told me, but it has slipped my memory."

"Well this is getting tiresome; will you go back and ask again."

The bird went once more,

"What is your name?"

"I am Biniyala."

But on the way back the SIKWEIKWA bird stopped at a KAPALASINA tree to eat some of the fruit. When the carpet snake asked again his answer was the same as before. He had forgotten. So the fish hawk was asked.

"Will you go and ask him?"

The fish hawk did; but on the way back he happened to notice some fish and went after them; and after eating them he couldn't remember the name. So the carpet snake asked the honey eater to go which he did;

"Who are you?"

"I am Biniyala."

Now the honey eater went straight back to the carpet snake who asked,

"And what is his name?"

"His name is Biniyala."

That was what the carpet snake thought it would be? The honey eater flew again to Biniyala to tell him,

"Just hold on. His lordship is coming. Don't be afraid of him."

Just hold on till he comes; he is on your side."

The honey eater went to the carpet snake again who asked,

"How is he?"

"He can hold on."

The carpet snake made his way to the top of the tree. He went to Biniyala and wrapped himself around him. Then he levered him down and down till he was back on the ground. Then he unwound himself and went home. Biniyala followed him; and went to live with him. There came a time when the dance was on in the village of Kadawaga and Biniyala said,

"I must go and dance."

While the dancing was still on the wicked uncle saw Biniyala; and decided he must take him back. But the carpet snake was unwilling to give up this son whom he had found abandoned. The uncle unearthed his wealth and offered it all to the carpet snake; but the carpet snake still refused.

"He is my son now and he is going to go on living with me. There is no more to say."

On the day of the grand finale of the dance Biniyala went off to Kadawaga. He looked in the first house; it was empty. He looked in the second; it was empty too. But he went on with his search and finally found his uncle who was sound asleep. He took a light and set the house on fire. Some days after the funeral Biniyala announced that he was the new chief. He brought his father the carpet snake to Kadawaga to live; which they did ever after.

5. Kuvivia: The Plover Child

Tovileu

Proverb: YOYU BUTUNA O LIBUYOYU BIYOYU
"Growing fame promotes itself."

Comment:

This tale should provide some clues into the folklore background of the DALA or clan whose point of origin is associated with O-Kaiboma.

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These birds, the KUVIVIA, are DALA or minor totemic emblems and, like the PULOU for the Tabalu, are the proper emblems of the clan whose KUMILA or phylum emblem is the lory. The crazily erratic flight of the plover just on dark is the sort of thing that always excites the whimsical Boyowan fancy. This frisky flight, after

the inactivity of the day, which is its resting period, looks for all the world like that of a demented thing trying to fly away in every direction at once. This telling is not the full version; nor is it well told by Boyowan standards. It would be interesting to know more about the place of the loose stones, and Pocks comes into the story, aptly, but a bit abruptly at the end.

The Story:

The Cannibal was in possession of O-Kaiboma and had eaten everybody. Only one woman had been missed and she lived at the place of the fallen rooks where no one ever went. She had two children who were extraordinary. The first was a white cockatoo and the other was the speckled plover. But her third child was ordinary. Only this third child was always hungry because they had no garden; and she was always crying. The plover bird could not stand it. One day she got up and went off saying,

“I must find food for our little girl.”

She flew off to the garden of the Cannibal where she dug up yams and taro and filled a basket with them. With these she flew back along the main road giving out her cry, the carrier’s cry of distress, as she went for her burden was very heavy. When she got home her mother was astonished and asked,

"Where did you get the vegetables?"

But the speckled plover only wanted to get on with it.

"First cook this food for you and the little one and then I'll tell you about it. Just cook it all. Tomorrow I am going back for more."

Next day she flew off again to the garden of the Cannibal. She dug out a swag of yams and taro and sugar cane and flew off with it. Her mother was shocked.

"You must not be so extravagant."

But the speckled plover said,

"Cook it all; there'll be more tomorrow when I go again."

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So they made a feast to last all day. Meanwhile the Cannibal was worried and having nightmares about his garden and saying,

"Oh my poor garden. What thief could have ruined it? In the morning very early I must go and look it over."

He went round his garden twirling his KAUYA or take-along pouch as he went, crying,

"Who could have done such a thing to ray garden. It must be pigs or thieves."

He went right around by the outer boundary. He was shocked.

"Oh who could have eaten out all my garden?"

The speckled plover answered him.

"I did."

Said the Cannibal,

"You're a liar."

"Well who else?"

"There's no one but me."

"You are too small; I still want to know who has eaten my garden."

"Yes it is rather empty, isn't it? You wouldn't think I did it; but I did."

The cheekiness of the KUVIVIA was just too teasing for the Cannibal. He said,

"Wait while I get a stone; I'll kill you."

The Cannibal threw stones at the speckled plover as she dodged around the garden pillars. He was choking with rage.

"You can dodge; but don't you think I can't kill you; just you: just wait while I get bigger stones."

The speckled plover just led him on, over and back along the fence, till the fence was ruined. Then the Cannibal changed to throwing sticks and the plover took cover in the garden dodging among the yam stakes till the Cannibal had knocked them all down and was too tired to throw any more and was saying,

"Oh my friend I am knocked up; just you wait while I rest a bit."

"Yes, you take it easy while I take home some food for our little one."

While the Cannibal just sat there the speckled plover loaded up and set off. It flew in the craziest way; and no one could have known where it was making for; whether O-Kupukopu, O-Kaiboma, Ilailima, Kaituvi or

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O-Bulaku. When she disappeared over the outer coast behind O-Bulaku the Cannibal said,

"I can still get her when she comes again. I don't care where she has gone to; I'll still catch her. I'll start my hunt tomorrow."

He started looking in the morning early. He hunted all through the jungle and found nothing; and in the fallow

lands and still found nothing; along the coast behind O-Bulaku; along the Wawela cliffs, day after day he kept up his search, even into the Luba swamp lands. It was always in vain. The cockatoo decided they must have a boat. So a KALALA tree was cut down, cut out, planed smooth and outfitted. This takes a long time; but all that time the Cannibal went on searching, even when it was time to try out the new boat and they all went to the trials, even their mother. Even that day the Cannibal was still searching; so they should have been quiet. But in their excitement they forgot about that and got very noisy. The Cannibal went out to look from the kitchen midden and saw them. He exclaimed,

"Well what do you know? I have been looking for them everywhere and here they were all the time right under my nose."

The Cannibal ran as fast as he could right to where they lived at the place of the falling stones. He went for their mother and opened his mouth very wide to gobble her up in one bite. But the cockatoo had said to the plover,

"You ride his hip and weave, confuse him, while I take him to pieces."

While the Cannibal in his greediness went for their mother to gobble her up in one gulp the plover attacked from the front, weaving right and left, and the cockatoo worked from behind. Every time the plover feinted to one side the cockatoo with his nut-cracker bill took the Cannibal apart on the other. The Cannibal died a very painful death and left his bones at the place of the loose stones. It was the cockatoo who made the suggestion,

"Mother, it is time to pack up. You could go and marry Tokosikuli."

So they packed up their things and moved into a proper village at O-Kaiboma. Tokosikuli was concerned;

"What are you doing? Have you no fear? This is the home of the Cannibal."

The cockatoo told him how the Cannibal had died and that they

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were now free.

"And we have brought our mother. Perhaps you could marry her."

"Well my dear friends, I might do that; you know I am not a bad fellow really."

So their mother married Tokosikuli and they lived at Okaiboma. They took over the gardens, the precious axe stones and all the jewelry and wealth of the Cannibal. They made his place their home and settled there.

6. Migiyaweda, the Flying Fox-Man

Daniel Monsiuwa

Proverb: YAGAM IGAVEAKA GUYAU TOLALALASI

"Fame for kindness is real fame."

Comments:

This story takes for granted knowledge of another story, of ten brothers who were jealous of the handsome good looks of their little brother, and afraid to do him violence directly, finally managed to escort him away from home to some sail making on the beach, where he was wrapped up in a sail and disposed of in the sea. He was pitied by the Sun and recovered in her morning home in O-Myuwa, safeguarded from her ruffian offspring Tobumyou or Dust, and finally restored to his home in Kwaibwaga, where he became lord over his brothers and punished them by turning them into Vampires, and sending them to live in caves.

Here, as in the Bubuna story, we meet the Boyowan fascination with the symbol of wraps to which a whole sheaf of motifs is tied; motifs that are very much in mind when beauty magic is performed or mortuary offices, at pregnancy rites or whenever we meet the theme of insensitivity, unappreciated worth, overlooked devotion, unrequited love, false modesty, the inferiority complex, insensitive assertion of authority or some such problem is matter for concern. The VINAVINA in this story is a gem of plaintive beauty. As for the point of view of the listeners with the beady eyes, it is not nice to pick up the

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pips a flying fox may have spat; it is good to prune away any idiosyncrasies a practioner of the black arts, represented by the Vampire, might take advantage of. Vampires like TOGEGA or climbing snakes, the NAYOYOWA or MULUKWAUSI, the flying witches are not favourably regarded figures; they are bogey men.

The Story:

There was an animal called the Vampire, and there was a pretty girl called Kalawata whose father was a lord. The Vampire was living in a KAIKUKU tree when he had a dream that he was eating something that looked like breadfruit. This made him hungry; so in the night he went looking for breadfruit; and when he found it some of it fell on the house where Kalawata lived. In the morning when the Vampire had gone Kalawata got up and started picking up the breadfruit pips; and she found the breadfruit that the Vampire had knocked down. She cooked and ate it. That night the Vampire remembered the fruit he had knocked down and went searching for it. He couldn't smell it on the ground, or on any of the verandahs; so he smelt inside each house in turn till he came to the house Kalawata was sleeping in. She smelled of breadfruit, so he wrapped her up in his wing and took her with him. He went to his mother's place and said to her,

"Look after this girl. She is to be my wife."

Then, because it was almost daylight, he went to sleep in the KAIKUKU tree. Kalawata went on living with her mother-in-law who would say in the morning,

"Come on, we must get ready to go to the garden."

After gardening all the morning mother-in-law would say,

“Now, if you will break some firewood, I will look after the cooking. “

After getting the firewood Kalawata would lie down and cry; and this was her lament,

"No parties, games or life -
This boredom wears your wife.
My mother drab as sin,
My only mate his kin
Oh wrap unwrap; - undone
Do not entrap my son."

The Vampire man who became a Vampire only at night was very moved by these words; and he would give his mother many presents for Kalawata, who would hand them on, saying,

"Here is betel nut for you and spice."

She would show them to her own mother when they were working in the garden, saying,

"My mother-in-law gave me this betel nut and spice."

"Yes , that is a present from your husband,"

In time she had a child who grew up to be a hunter. He did not know that his father was a Vampire man who, when he came home in the morning, would sometimes take off his wrap and hang it in the rafters. One day his father was with his wife in the garden and his son was with the other boys hunting VAKIA birds. His son did not have any luck though the others did. When they teased him about this he was upset; so he came home and lay down on the verandah. He used his mother's carding board as a pillow; and so, looking up, he saw his father's wrap. He thought,

"Oh and I thought my father never hunted for me."

He took his father's wrap and roasted it and ate it. This had a drastic effect on his father working in the garden. He was mortally stricken. He said to his wife,

"Let's go home and see what they have done?"

They questioned him;

"What have you done?"

"Oh, we hunting VAKIA birds and my friends cooked and ate theirs and teased me. I left them and came home. I thought my father never hunted for me, but when I saw the flying fox in the rafters I took it and cooked it. I have just finished eating it.

They said,

"Oh what a mistake to make!"

His father went in to his bed and lay down and died.

7 Kaimagu, the Mud crab and the Touchy Cannibals

Daniel Monsiuwa

Proverb: KUTUMA BIGI-TOWOSI BUKWAU BIGA-BASI
"You bury wisdom taking offence."

Comment:

Anyone who goes into a tropical mangrove forest knows that he has met with a unique feature in nature. These forests standing in salt, or at least brackish, water are mostly in areas of heavy rainfall and in association with rain forests; and these mangroves are hardwood timber trees with a distinct character from that of the scrubby mangroves of the drier regions. They practically monopolise their stand and their trunks are as dense and straight as those of a planted pine forest. To sound waves the trunks present a veritable wall; and the canopy of leaves above is as effective as a roof for shutting in all sounds. These are magnified and echo around as in an empty cathedral, To the eye everything is still so sounds are startling and eerie; limbs of trees fall silently and crash invisibly on the floor of elevated roots; the croaking crane loves these places; sometimes fighting bull crocodiles thrash and bellow; but always there is the KAIMAGU or mud crab working in the peaty mud on the white- cockles or clams, and these at times break with a report like that of the crack of a rifle, sometimes almost beneath one's feet. Such a place could not fail to excite the lively Boyowan fancy.

The Story:

The mud crab lived at the head of the creek; where it floated timbers together for the building of a platform, When this was done he lay down on it and sang his ditty,

"Cutting timber blunts the axe!
Cutting timber blunts the axe!
To hell with it. "

When the sun went down he sang it again; and again at midnight; but at two o'clock in the morning he sang it loudest of all. This woke the Cannibal, who turned over and woke his wife, saying,

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"Mama! Mama! Wake up. Your garden is ruined. They' ve taken everything."
"Oh what's the matter with you? Stop waking me up; its only the roosters crowing."

Before dawn the mud crab gave forth again and put the Cannibal in quite a state. He could not be patient any longer.

"Mama!. Mama!. The garden is ruined. Im off. Come as soon as it is light. "

Arrived at the garden he found it full of the cry,

"Cutting timber blunts the axe. Oh hell with it."

Said the Cannibal,

"Well now, right in my own garden."

Said KAIMAGU,

"What have you to worry about?"

Said the Cannibal,

"Oh I don't have to bandy words with you; you're not even an animal, just a crab."

And the KAIMAGU said,

"You have no garden; why talk as though you owned them all?"

But the Cannibal said,

"Just you stay where you are and I'll roll this big stone on you and mash you up."

And the mud crab said,

"Oh come on then; be quick about it."

The Cannibal rolled a big stone where the mud crab lay; but the mud crab just flipped aside and sprang into the attack most fearsomely. With his pincers high on either side, he lept, and lept, and lept. The Cannibal fled over the fence and into the bush; though the mud crab had not chased him at all; he was still in the garden with his arms held high and wide, and he was saying,

"Just you get out of here this instant, or I'll snap off the calves of your legs."

The Cannibal in panic fled deeper into the bush, leaving the mud crab alone in the garden. After a while the Cannibal said to himself,

"Oh but you haven't seen the last of me. I'll get that big mangrove log. I'll mash you; be sure."

But the KAIMAGU said,

"Oh come on, be quick about it."

The Cannibal hefted the log onto his head, and porting it so went and tipped it over the fence into the garden and stood back. The mud crab made as though to go at him, waving his arms in such a menacing fuzzy that the Cannibal was quite outfaced, and fled back into the bush. The mud crab, with a loud crack, sheered off a stake; just to add zip to his panic.

"Out of here this instant. If you so much as pause I'll sheer your legs off."

"Oh Pal, oh sir, don't do that. I'm winded. I'm done. Let me get my breath."

Then Mama came.

"What? Oh just look what that crab has done. Our garden is all ruined."

But the mud crab said,

"Oh come on then; the two of you. I'm only a crab, and I'm on my own; but come on, come on!"

The Cannibals together became bold. Papa porting a log of wood on his head came up over the style and his wife came with him. But when he stood from under the log to drop it on the crab, the crab snapped his claws so menacingly, they were quite outfaced and fled back up over the style. But this time while they went up and over the crab went through under, and taking the old man in one claw and the old woman in the other just held on to them till they died. This is how the mud crab came to make his home at the head of the Ilailima creek.

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CHAPTER 8

The Story and Its Moral

Proverb: TABASI DA KAILOGU MIGINA DA VANUI

"We fix out status by formal occasions."

The gentle ironies of these tales is deliberately cultivated. Like the ancient Greeks the Boyowans are particularly sensitive to the problem of hubris. They have a long list of words for its various manifestations; and for the very reason that they are singularly bedevilled by it, they promote the more its opposite. Even after years of familiarity the frequency of calls for gentleness, restraint, patience, self control, thoughtfulness and consideration continued to surprise; so that, considering all that has been written about these people, and how little about this, it is worthy of comment here.

Anthropology, by its very orientation on facts and their relations and functions, actually veils the thinking

of its subjects, while the quality of that thinking is not even conveyed. Even to ourselves the discursive style of philosophic or scientific studies by its very definitiveness can mislead us into thinking we have summed things up when in fact we have said very little. "At the same time the apparent artlessness of the preliterate expression distracts us and we do not realize how much has been said and with what a wonderful economy of words. The earliest philosophers had most reason to be aware of this. Aristotle remarked that poetry had a greater orientation on reality than history. Only a story can make one feel the electrifying magic of a word like "KWALEIGUSI." Protect me! and sense that it had shaped the ways of men through any number of generations. Cannibalism is as far from Boyowa today as from Martin Place or Times Square, but it is still the supreme, galvanizing symbol of evil. Just how lively, any tourist can test for himself, by waiving into any Boyowan village and asking in a loud voice for the BWALA KAMKWAM TAU. That is if he doesn't mind being the occasion of a clock stopping sensation.

The so prevalent flatness of presentation we are used to seems come from a deliberate inadvertence on the part of Europeans, as though

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there were things we were forbidden or too prejudiced to see or admit the existence of. Jomo Kenyatta, a pupil of Malinowski's, who encouraged by him wrote his own book of anthropology on the Kikuyu was suspicious of this, and protested, "I know I must offend those professional friends of the African, who are prepared to maintain their friendship to eternity as a sacred duty, provided only, that the African will continue to play the part of an ignorant savage, so they can monopolize the office of interpreting his mind and speaking for him." These days when increasing numbers of the third world are becoming literate, this want of expression on the part of students of the aesthetic character and quality of the culture of their subjects must be ever more and more suspect of downgrading.

The sardonic humor of Kenyatta's protest is equally Boyowan in character. The tribal citizen knows better than any other that life is impossible without conformity; that a superimposed conformity is not morality. Facing self government on a level where their tribal solidarity must be extended to a confederacy of tribes they will need their own already achieved tribal vision of themselves as equal before the law, their traditional spiritual drive with its spontaneous, albeit harsh, thrust to prove, each tribe, their own worth. All the Boyowan institutions so faithfully described by Malinowski; BAGULA, BWAIMA, URIGUBU, KAYASA, KOVESA, SAGALI, BULITILAU, WOSI, LAPULA and many others all have this in common, that they conduce and encourage, vindicate and enhance the dignity and morale of individual and tribe while providing an alternative course to naked self assertion. They are the most honour greedy people I know, and if one had to characterize their chip-on-shoulder attitude, it could well be, "If you want to know what God, or whoever it is that has the general running of things, thinks of me just take a look at my crop."

Forces and influences coming into these people's lives, and not coming to terms in this connection, will be resisted as alien. Anthropology has never had a more vital role. The world needs more guiding spirits like Jomo Kenyatta. One advantage of getting it from the home side would be that we'd be spared the catalogue of pots and pans and the dimensions of the kitchen sink. We'd get a real communication of how people see themselves and think. When Kenyatta tells that the African is conditioned

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by cultural and social institutions of centuries to a freedom, of which Europe has little conception, it sounds like a new and original point of view; just what we all want to hear, we are only sorry he did not open up the theme a little more. We are prepared to accept that the slash and burn agriculturalist is not just a raw savage, that "he has his own legitimate form of liberal education, that "as a child he forms an indelible mental picture of this from the vivid way in which stories are told and their incidents acted out before his eyes. This is the vital thing that we would all like to hear more about.

But knowing it is a small matter. Paying mere lip service to it can become tedious and pretentious. But communing with it can be like entering a new world. If this established discipline, on the part of the listener and artistry on the part of the story teller, had to be evoked and trained it would be asking too much } but it is already working. When during July, August and September 1967 I visited Kilivila again Daniel Monsiuwa, Tolosi, Patrick Toliyawa, Andrew Kalubaku, Michael Giyomatala and Joseph Moyoyawa were just the first to hand. They could have replaced by a hundred others. Their contributions are available for comparison. Their performance is not noticeably inferior to that of Tovileu, the acknowledged virtuoso, of thirty years before. Of course I was told that folklore is neglected now; all the old men are dead, people's ways have changed; they are not interested any more, and so on and so on. The same old story as ever and just not true.

The next twenty years could be the golden age of Boyowan folklore. It only needs the recognition by themselves and some folk outside of the treasures In their midst and it could all be saved. They will not themselves be certain to treasure it and preserve it; so it needs a little promotion. In fresh contact with the glitter of modern civilization there is naturally some diffidence, some self-consciousness of the dowdy and the drab in their work-a-day background. Conscious of this and aware of outsiders ignorance of their mental wonderland they will not want to tell their stories; and will be ready with excuses; the stories are only jokes; they are too dirty, SENA PUPAGATU. A far better view for them would be to see here an art form as ancient as mankind with its special fascination of antiquity. This form, though its style is its own, is no wit inferior to

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in its own rightful expression to the world's best literature.

This appreciation, already alive in the Permai movement of the somewhat related culture of Java, may come in any case; but I would like to hasten it. This ancient art form has had and still gets a finer honing than any other. I have heard a team of workmen entertaining themselves of an evening; all taking turns telling the same joke as though it were a competition. It was the workshop of story telling elaborating the story they would take home. It was a united effort, and the final result the fruit of their combined genius. It would be a pity to be misled by the fact that this is an elementary level. In the village setting with every age and description of participant all absorbed in a story of vital implications a gem is polished of which only study will reveal all the beauty; repeated on unnumbered thresholds and through unnumbered generations it could not be without significance. Only the pre-literate peasant has the social setting and Spartan endurance for such a discipline; only those so disciplined have the zest for and the adequate performance of their art; only they have the keen appreciation that

rewards the effect; they still live with Homeric simplicities.

2. The moral in the heroic tradition

Proverb: PONU MAKALISALEWA KAIGAMESA BWAYAU
"The north wind puts excitement and timbre in our voices."

Some tales are told not only throughout Boyowa but all over Eastern Papua, and even if the whole tale is not found its themes and motifs will be found as parts of other stories. Bits of a story forgotten in one area are remembered in another or better told. By contrasting and comparing them with stories in this collection a lot of treasure could be recovered. Numerous tribal remnants, it seems, have found their refuge in the No Man's Land of the Coral Sea, and like the peoples of the great rivers and high ranges cling most fondly to the intimations of past glories contained in

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their stories. One comes to recognize the pattern of the story and to know when something is missing, extraneous or mixed up; or even when a story has been lost. This seems to happen. In Malinowski's day, when people had not seen an aeroplane or scarcely heard of one, there was quite a long story about Mokatuboda and his flying boat, and how all the know-how of making flying boats was lost through disunity with his brother Towelei. I asked a lot of people about this wonderful story but no one seemed to have heard of it. Malinowski mentions many stories that are not in this collection, but he may never have heard of the longest and best told story in this collection, the story of Kiu; though he quotes motifs from it.

But in folklore stories are not so much lost as bedded down in the background of village life like stones in the roadway. We need a sort of crow-bar to get them loose. The crow-bar is story telling; and the fulcrum is some classical allusion or awkwardly quoted motif. The epic point of view in all this is that the valiant spirit of man is ever the same. When things were simpler he was still valiant because he had less to rely on. We need to keep our sense of unity with the men of old because they are part of us. The better we think of them the more we will respect ourselves. With the bits and pieces of wood and string they had, they were as brave and wonderful when they sailed over the sky line, as the men of today who fly to the moon. Even a present day astronaut could sympathise with the story of Mokatuboda, the shutter out.

I am concerned that Papuan story telling should not die away, but should be developed. If people ignore their own institutions, symbols, characteristics and so on, because other people are not familiar with them, they neglect the means and opportunity of establishing their credit with others. No one can escape or alter his background; it is part of himself and has to be

manifested if he is to be known. So all men need to know and feel for their own culture if only to feel for and understand the culture of other people. The peoples of the Coral Sea at least still have their tribal wisdom about this. They know that people do well to know and accept their differences, to show and explain them just so people can see them the same way they see themselves. Swapping stories is one easy way to that understanding. It opens up an added perception of things, a shared appreciation. It is a bridge for a two way traffic. Then in spite of our

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differences, in fact precisely because of our differences known and understood, we trust each other the more. This wisdom the KULA-men knew, It would be a pity to forget at this stage the path that all worthwhile peoples on earth have taken. Kenyatta's charge, "You do not know our freedom of spirit, the fruit of social and cultural institutions of which you have no conception, would be far more inexcusable here.

A new and different world with its original culture a going affair has a wonderful power to interest and excite. Peoples can renew their sense and deepen their understandings of their own beginnings; even in the light of the simpler logic of tribal ways see the mistakes of their own more complex cultural ways, the engaging thing about Papua is that it is different. Its differences are not a loss but an asset to itself. Papuans studying these differences in order to explain them to outsiders will know themselves better, make it easier for others to know and understand them, to say, "After all they are just like us." It was for this that I kept and prepared for printing this collection of Papuan tales as told by Papuans in their own tongue. These are now being given in English to open the way to more and better stories, to more and better understanding and mutual esteem.

No one knows better than the missionary, despite Jomo Kenyatta to the contrary, that he does not write on a clean slate as far as his teaching is concerned. He is in daily contact with the clash of two different cultures, and no one is more earnestly employed and experienced in sifting and sorting than he is. He does not need anyone to tell him that the claims of familiar piety and village conformity lie in the same segment of living as religious duty, that each depends upon and derives support from the other. He knows that the neophyte is rather more concerned with matters of magic than the unconverted, that despite his Christian beliefs and because of his very religious sensitivity he is the more plagued by TABU. Baptism does not remove the bedevilment of superstition; and his social village obligations, unless he is using his religion to escape them, are, especially in tortuous mortuary affairs, even less avoidable since he is a Christian. The convert is usually most ready to discuss these things, and the natural recourse, often the only one able and willing to help is the missionary.

Relying on the amazingly keen sense of Incompatibility of belief and practice that new Christians have is not enough. The outbreaks like

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Cargo Cults, Vailima madness, schism, and that syncretism which is ever more widespread and prevalent than suspected are witness that initiative on the part of the missionary is necessary. He has to keep the way open to approach on all matters, or his people will try to live two different kinds of life, separated as it were in water tight compartments. All areas of vital interest should come under his notice, and that of teacher and magistrate as well, just for the sake of the confidence it gives; and the quickest and easiest and most rewarding path to this is through folklore. Just being known as having that kind of interest and knowledgeability is a great advantage. Only if those who have a role to play, the necessary knowledge of the language and the mental discipline of years of training do this will a vital need be taken care of that otherwise would not be met. Not only this but folklore being itself a system of correctives may itself supply remedies needed, or at least put correctives in train. A district commissioner familiar with the whimsical drollery of a piece like Gumasila-Laya in this collection, who could share with the village lords, the wisdom of that classical allusion would have had no difficulty arranging that famine relief.

We have to beware of making too much and too little of this folklore. It is not a bible of belief. It is entertainment, recreation and play with some serious hints and background. It has no concept of revelation, only tradition. It is just interesting verisimilitude reflecting on the here and now in village life like the folklore of a thousand other tongues. It is not meant to be religious; though it reflects religious belief, as any literature does. Song and dance claim inspiration, the mediumistic kind from familiar relatives recently deceased. There are too accounts which are as it were historical in that they state a permanent, traditional understanding. There are too many claims for these to be other than, KALA BIGA WALA, "So it goes." That the stories of Tudava and the early chapters of Genesis were in the same corner of early literature was recognized and remarked to me by the Boyowans themselves. They even indicated that from their point of view the pattern of verisimilitude had been violated in the matter of the test of obedience. This to them was an interpolation of something extraneous to the mythological world. Boyowans are not alone in this. It has been remarked in a number of places in Oceania, indicating a close correspondence in, familiarity with, and

understanding of their myth forma.

The Boyowan TOWOSI, singer, dance master, story-teller who is, witness Malinowski, the official ritualist of magic spells and ceremonies, would not thank you for, and in fact would be embarrassed by, your making too much of folklore, his unofficial chore; but he would welcome any and all audiences approaching the understanding I have been indicating. He is an artist and his craft thrives on appreciation. Though story, song and dance are clan possessions, the official performer is not necessarily the first born or even a member of the leading family of that clan. Performance is essential so the office goes to whoever can function, to be TOWOSI is to be more than half way to being GUYAU or lord - TOLIWAGA or captain in commoner villages; but not everyone has the personality or thrust, leadership or political sense of a GUYAU and the artistic talent of a TOWOSI at the same time. It is the company of the TOWOSI we must keep if we are to plumb the depths of this culture and savour its quality.

Knowing it is not so much a matter of fact finding and of analytical and differential scientific inquiry as of human and intuitive perception of artistry and poetry. Since, as Plato reminds us, "myth is an imaginative representation of abstract truth, it is here we find the expression of the TOWOSI's philosophy and religion. If we dismiss the forms that convey this we enlarge the gulf that separates us and we may even reduce him to despair. At the same time, though there is a division of office, typically an incipient separation of church and state, both TOWOSI and GUYAU are a team and carry, on and maintain the clan's most precious possession, their saving cultural inheritance from Tudava.

3. Kimsi Nunuli and the Cry baby

Tovileu

Proverb! KULIGA BALUYA TATABA GULU WAG A

"I ease my rudder to the heeling of the boat."

Comment:

The assumptions of the over civilised, over sophisticated person meeting more natural more direct minded people can be naive. This is particularly so in matters of magic and portent. One comes to feel that one has missed some part of a very real perception on the part of one's more simple friends. It is too easy to regard the functions of magic as perfunctory, as based on dogmatic assertions and mumbo jumbo, carried through like tired prayers and stale devotions. Though this may be the way of it a lot of the time, there are other times when the excitement is fresh and real, based on no dogma or familiar practice but on a fascinated contemplation of a true objective

function, the mind open, and its attitude one that we would like to think of as scientific, if Science was less inclined to be dogmatic.

The Boyowans are a fey people and incidents in this connection are as frequent and as authentic as anywhere on earth. Behind this, as occasion and promotion, is a notable preoccupation and alertness to omen and the magical; like the so impalpable scent that leads the dog to its master; lovers in different places reacting at the same instant to the same thought; the instant unexplained release from tension; the sudden twinge of anxiety for which events soon reveal good cause; the power of a changed mental attitude to change a whole situation. To discount the effects of this acute awareness as unnoteworthy is less worthy than the attitude it scorns. The simple tribesman, like the ancient patriarch Joseph, may be cultivating a real human function that the too astute modern man has lost the sense of. Be that as it may the following delightful and interesting story is an interesting indication of their point of view. Incidentally, this mantis must be one of the biggest, if not the biggest, species in the insect world.

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The story:

There was a father, mother and daughter living in one village of Wavela; and a Cannibal with five wives living in the other. His Wavela man said to his wife, "Tomorrow we must start our clearing."

Next day they worked until the afternoon when they were tired; and while they were clearing they found a mantis for which the little girl begged,

"Father, may I have it for a pet."

They gave her the mantis, and this made her happy. Their task over for the day they went home and the little girl's mother said,

"Go and get a little water,"

But the little girl said,

"Mother, I can't go for water I'm too fascinated with my pet."

"Oh? Well never mind, I'll go."

So mother had to go for water as well as cook the dinner. And all next day mother and father worked in the clearing, but the little girl, fascinated with her pet, stayed home. She did not help in the garden or at home or do anything but play with her pet. When father and mother later in the day came back from the clearing they reproached her;

"You didn't get us any firewood."

"No, I haven't done anything."

"But you might have brought some water."

"But my pet was too cute to leave."

"Let me hold your pet while you get us some water."

She gave her pet to her mother while she filled a basket with bottles and went for water, saying,

"Take care of my pet while I am getting the water."

After she had left with her basket on her head to get the water her mother said to her father,

"Let's cook and eat this, and when daughter comes and asks for it. I'll say you have taken it to the men's place."

So they cooked and ate the pet, and when her daughter got back her mother said,

"Rack the bottles on the shelf."

"No, give me back my pet."

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"First rack the bottles and then get your pet from your father where the men are."

She ran to her father saying,

"Father, give me my pet."

"I don't have it, your mother has."

She ran to her mother crying,

"Mother, give me my pet."

"I haven't any pet, your father has it."

To and fro she went all that day crying all the time. She cried on all through the night, insulting her father and mother with bad names. She cried all the next day and the next. By that time father and mother were tired out and he said to his wife,

"I can't stand any more of this crying; tomorrow we sail for Dobu."

Next day they stowed their things, got on board and set sail, when they were out to sea daughter came out of the house and climbed the NUNULI tree. She plucked one of the fruit and marked it with her thumb nail, singing her plaint as she did so;

"Kimsi NUNULI, child worn NUNULI throw,
KIMSI NUNULI, child sent NUNULI go
Over the ocean, trail a mother's heart,

Keep my father taking his daughter's part.
Drop by them on their right."

She threw the NUNULI and when it drifted by them on their right it was her mother who looked down and took it.

"Man!, we must go back. This is our child's thumb mark. She is quiet now and we can go back to her."

When daylight saw them back at the landing daughter went into the house and went on with her crying, and so mischievously abusing the signal she was using. Father said to mother,

"Could we really have believed she had finished her crying; she has done nothing but cry since we got back."

Next day they set sail again, and as before daughter went out and climbed the NUNULI tree after they had gone. She plucked a fruit as before and marked it singing her plaint as before and throwing it. It was her mother who looked down and took it, saying,

"Man, we must go back, our daughter has finished her crying."

Put when they got back to the village daughter had come down from

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the tree and was again in the house crying, and father and mother were saying,

"Could we have really thought she had stopped crying. This time we really will go to Dobu."

Sail away they did leaving the little girl at home; and after they were gone she came out as before and sent off her signal in the same way; and as before it was her mother who got the signal and pleaded,

"Let us go back, she has finished now."

"Not at all, we are going on; she is an obstinate child."

Daughter then plucked another fruit and when it drifted by on the right it was her father who saw it and picked it up, saying,

"Oh our daughter is quiet now. We can go back."

But this time it was the mother who said,

"Not at all; we are going on; she can cry; she is an obstinate child."

The little girl went back into the house and cried. She cried all day. This affected the Cannibal over in the other village; he had a dream; and next morning he said to his wives,

"While you just stay around I am going to see about a dream I have had; a girl was crying in a NUNULI tree and her parents were sailing to Dobu."

When the Cannibal arrived under the NUNULI tree he stood listening to the crying.

"Girlie, what are you doing?"

"I am crying because my parents have sailed away and left me."

"Oh, well come down and come with me."

"No, I won't go with you. Not unless you get a tub and take me with it on your head."

"Oh just wait while I get it."

"Manas! give me a tub to take and put our man meat in."

"Ah, what fraud is it this time."

"Come off it. Just give me a tub and let me go."

So they got out a tub for him. He took it on his head and went and stood under the NUNULI tree, saying,

"Come on down now; sit in the tub and let's go."

The girl got down into the tub, sat down and away they went. Out along the road they came under a vine and the little girl climbed onto it.

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His absent minded Cannibal didn't notice but continued on to the village porting an empty tub; where he said,

"Mamas', Come and lift me down."

So his wife e came and lifted down the empty tub.

"But it's empty!"

"Oh, but how could that be? I was bringing it."

But his wives just looked quizzical and said nothing. So he said,

"Oh, alright, I'll go back for it."

One little girl had gone back to the NUNULI tree and climbed up into it. She was there when the Cannibal came back and asked,

"Where did you get to? I took home an empty tub."
"Oh you went without me so I just got back up here."
"Down you come then, sit in the tub."

She got down and sat in the tub and carrying it on his head he went off down the road. Then going under a overhanging tree she caught hold of a branch and climbed onto it; and the absent minded Cannibal all unawares went on with an empty tub; and when he got to the village he made his usual fuss though he knew his wives would not believe him;

"Mamas! Come and set me down!."
"You are not bringing any man meat."
"Yes I am; its in the tub on my head. Just lift me down."

So his wives again took down an empty tub.

"Well now! - But it was in the tub; I was bringing it; how could I come without it?"

But his wives just looked quizzical and denounced him,

"You're a fraud."
"But I tell you I was bringing it? carrying it on my head. Oh, alright
"I'll go back for it."

The Cannibal could not remember if he had stopped on the way back. This time he meant to be sure he did not. The little girl had gone back to the NUNULI tree and was sitting in it. The Cannibal when he got back to her was full of questions;

"What happens? You were sitting in the tub when we left. Just how do you happen to be back here while I went home without you?"

But these were difficult questions for a little girl, and besides she was obstinate and didn't want to answer, and the Cannibal was in a hurry.

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"Oh, alright then; but come down now and take your seat and let's go."

She got down and took her seat. After making sure that he really was carrying her on his head the Cannibal went off down the road; but just because he was sure he became absent minded again. As they came under a K AYAULA vine the little girl got onto to it and the Cannibal went on home to his wives carrying an empty tub.

"Mamas! come and set me down; this weight is killing me."
"Come off it you humbug. You haven't brought anything. You are just a fraud."
"Eh, what?" -

But his wives were not interested in his surprise or when he said he would still go and get it. He had been going to and from with the empty tub all day and was exhausted, but he was still determined.

"Tomorrow I am going to get us that man meat and we are going to eat it."

But all his wives would say was,

"Humbug!."

"Not a bit; I tell you I was actually bringing it. I'll get it tomorrow; I really will."

Next day he went off with his tub again. The little girl was already awake and up in the NUNULI tree when the Cannibal came asking,

"Where did you sleep?"

"Nowhere. I just slept here." "Well come on down now and take your seat and let's go."

The little girls stepped down into the tub and sat down and the Cannibal went off with her; but as they went under a GUBAGUBA tree she climbed out on a branch of it; and again the Cannibal went home to call on his wives to lift down an empty tub;

"Mamas! Come and lift me down."

"Nothing doing you fraud, you're just porting an empty tub."

"Come and set me down, you scabs; you're lazy from doing nothing while this tub is killing me."

"Stop it you fraud."

"Well set me down."

Again they lifted down the empty tub; and again the Cannibal spent a whole day porting an empty tub from one village to the other and back

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again. Meanwhile father and mother were away at Dobu and mother had a dream. When they woke up in the morning she said to her husband,

"Man" we must all straight home to our child. The Cannibal is ill-treating her; and she is about to be eaten."

So very early in the morning they put their things aboard and set sail, from her place up in the NUNUU tree the little girl was the first to see them as their boat came running with the wind; she set up an acclamation.

The Cannibal didn't want to be disappointed,

"Now you could be mistaken. " "Oh no that's the boat there and its sailing straight here."

“Oh it is!. Well now I think I have business in the other village. If your parents are really coming I'll be off. Goodbye.”

Her parents landed very soon and when they came to her this time she was not crying any more. They asked her,

"And how did you get on?"

"Well the Cannibal didn't roast me. He was here again this morning. He has just gone back to his village." "From what you say yourself its just as well we came quickly. If we had stayed another night in Dobu you would have been eaten."

They brought their sago ashore arguing about it. They made their boat all secure at the landing. Then the little girl went on living with her parents in their village, and the Cannibal kept to himself in his.

4. WAILA the Wallaby

Tovileu

Proverb: YAMALA GUYAU I VAKOTA VALU

“In the lord's strength is village peace.”

Comment:

This is quite a gay story and very popular. The wallaby on the Trobriand Islands is a curious creature with a distinctly more nervous behaviour than his kind shows elsewhere. It is very quick in its movements. Its hair is very short and lies flat on the skin as though it had been groomed with oil or water. Children are fascinated by the

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way it uses its hands. It will pull down the nests of green ants in the foliage of trees and bury its face in the nest while it eats the ants, and afterwards using the nails of its claws like a comb it will comb the ants off its face and eat them. It is entertainment like watching monkeys at the zoo, something not to be missed. This story features the creature's tail, not as a warning of possible danger, though it can scratch very thoroughly with its claws, but simply for the deft use it makes of it. Though Boyowans are exceptionally keen pet-makers they do not seem to have been able to tame this frightened wild thing, though elsewhere they make engaging pets. The Trobriand Islands are small for the number of people living on them; it is a wonder the wallaby survives at all.

The story:

The wallaby had his home in the thatch of the screw pine tree, and items in his larder were summer

grass, meat ants and the fruit called NOKU. The name of the man concerned in this story was Mayabam and his home was in Tukwauukwa. Having finished his dinner of summer grass the wallaby went by way of the scrub to Tukwauukwa. He came where Mayabam was living and said to him,

"Mayabam, what are you doing these days?"

"Well I have some net making to do."

"Would you be going fishing then?"

"Yes, quite soon I will be going on an all out trip on the mullet runs at Mmwa."

"Well when you do that I must come with you and fish with you."

"I have never done that."

"Very well, come along in a day or two and we will see what it is like."

Then the wallaby said,

"I will be bringing my own food."

Back at his own place the wallaby made ready for the trip. He filled a hamper with summer grass and another hamper with meat ants. Then when the day came he went off with his hampers on a pole across his shoulder.

Mayabam had told him,

"When you come you must go on ahead, round by Gusoeta, and wait on the shore."

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So the wallaby went on past Tukwauukwa to Gusoeta and waited outside the mangroves growing along the shore. The Tukwauukwa men had launched their boats and were punting down the shallows. WAILA said to the first to come punting by,

"Man, take me with you; I want to see the fishing."

"Gosh, the boat might sink; try the one behind."

Tetobai came punting by. WAILA asked him,

"Bring your boat alongside and take me with you."

The crew argued about it. Some said,

"Let's take him; for peace sake."

Someone else said,

"No, don't do that, he'll eat our food. Leave him stop or we'll never be rid of him."

Arguing thus they had already gone by so someone said,

"Try the boat behind."

Soba came punting by so WA ILA said to him,

"Bring your boat alongside; I want to go and see the fishing."

But the crew grumbled,

"What nonsense, you can't take wild animals fishing, he'd always be along."

Sipilatuma punted up,

"Sipilatuma, bring your boat over here and take me with you."

But Sipilatuma's men protested even though Walla as a clan emblem was a clansman. Someone suggested;

"Cousin, the boat might sink. When your cousin Mayabam comes by try him."

Then Mayabam came punting along to where WAILA was standing in the mangroves off the shore at Gusoeta. WAILA said to him,

"Oh Mayabam, you have come at last."

"Yes, here I am."

"Bring your boat and take me on."

Mayabam's junior partners protested,

"Forget it; we have fish to catch."

But Mayabam said,

"Move over. When we come to your honourable relative we are taking him with us; he wants to see the fishing."

The boat was brought alongside the mangroves and the wallaby was taken on board. He said,

"Here cousin, is my lunch; stow it will you?"

The wallaby's summer grass and meat ants were put on board and stowed. The junior partners were impatient;

"Hurry up WAILA and take your seat; all the Tukwauukwa men are ahead of us."

"Oh? In that case you must give me the first place."

The wallaby took his place at the stern and twirling his tail set up such a tmbulence in the water it nearly flew. They raced straight across the lagoon to the sand spit at Mmwa and were taking their ease there while all the other Tukwauukwa men were toiling wearily Bound by the shallows miles away. Then they spotted the mullet shoals. After they had paid out all their net and surrounded a shoal, they were taking their poles to lash the water and drive the mullet into the net when the wallaby too got down and twirling his tall stunned all the fish, to that they had only to pick them up. When they had done that the boat was sinking, and they had to wade it ashore. It was at the place called Kailau or "Took 'em," They set to work to smoke the fish; they had so many. The Tukwauukwa men who had still not yet arrived could see Mayabam's boat as they came nearer and were wondering whose It could be.

"What boat is that?"

"Could it be from O-Kayaula?"

"That fellow in the stern looks like a wallaby."

Finally someone said,

"That's Mayabam's boat'."

There was an uproar of questions; and th^n someone wanted to know;

"Mayabam, did you bring a wallaby with you?"

"Yes, - or rather he brought us; and what's more he's been fishing.

When the fish were surrounded he got down and twirling his tail knocked them all out; we were picking them up till the boat went under and we had to wade it ashore. There they are on the grids smoking."

The Tukwauukwa men were all thinking;

"Now why didn't we take him on?"

One of them said,

"I wanted to take him on; it was you fellows who were against it."

A master fisherman said,

"I was going to take him on; it was my partners who would not have it."

And yet another said;

"I too; it was my crew who were against it."

The Tukwauukwa men went punting on to Mnwa to cast their nets there. When they had cast their nets and got down into the water the wallaby got down too and twirling his tail stunned all the fish. When the Tukwauukwa men had finished picking them all up they had to wade their boats ashore, they were so full. Then they made camp and went to sleep. But during the night the sky people saw them; and they let down nooses and hitching onto the grids took all the fish up into the sky. When the Tukwauukwa men woke up in the morning there was consternation.

"Fellows'. The fish are all gone; and the grids too! That wallaby has eaten all the fish.'

"Brothers, I have not eaten any of the fish. Anyone who ate all those fish would have a lot of bones inside him that would give him away."

Since the fish were all gone they went fishing again; and they caught as many as before so that they had to wade their boats ashore again. They were smoking the fish all the rest of that day. That night the wallaby gave public notice,

"Brothers, when you have finished eating you can all cross your legs over me; so that when we go to sleep I shall be shut in."

They did that; and at midnight, when they were sound asleep and snoring, some of the sky people, who had been let down on canes, saw that they were sound asleep and hitched canes on them, the fish grids and the wallaby and everything and everybody were drawn up into the sky country. When the Tukwauukwa men woke up that is where they were; and the wallaby was saying,

"Well now, you thought it was I who was taking the fish but it is ourselves who have been taken this time."

They were up in the sky country for quite a time. One evening one of the villagers in the sky country got up and gave public notice about the work for the following day, saying,

"My good friends, tomorrow I would cut my garden. All you villagers

on my right hand could form one company, and all you destitute folk on my left hand could form another, and between you you could finish my clearing tomorrow."

Next day axes were handed out to the villagers and to the wallaby and his company. The villagers were the first to the whetstones and were the first to sharpen their axes; only when they had finished could the wallaby and his company sharpen theirs. When they got to the site of the clearing the villagers had already out their first half acre and were already into their second. The wallaby's company were surprised;

"Waila! the villagers are cutting their second half acre already."

The wallaby said,

"Good for them. Let them go right ahead."

When they started to line up on their half of the clearing the wallaby said,

"Stand back! This is where I start in; you go off to the other end and start there."

The wallaby twirled his tail like a slasher and slashed down his first half acre; and then over it again flattening it to the earth. Meanwhile the rest of his company did another half acre. Going on in this way they had finished their allotted six half acres while the villagers were still cutting. One of the Tukwauukwa men had been through the bush to spy on the village and had heard them plotting there,

"We don't need those destitute men any more. We can kill them and be rid of them."

The spy came back to the wallaby and reported,

"Waila, the villagers propose to kill us all tomorrow afternoon."

"Oh, they do? Well I'll see about that. Before we go I'll bash in all their noses."

He went over to where the village men were still cutting and twirling his tail knocked them all out. He left them lying all over the garden. He said to his company,

"Let's be off; the villagers can carry on and do their own gardening."

They went back to the village where the women folk had already cooked for them. The women asked,

"Men, are you finished already?"

"Yes, we have finished our half."

"Then what about the others?"

"Oh, they are still working. Obey will be a while yet."

"Why is that?"

"Because we work so much quicker."

"Are you ready to eat?"

"Yes, we are."

"Well go over there where those women are taking your pig out of the oven. Have your feast; and after we will let you down on the canes and you can go home. In the evening when our men have finished their half of the clearing we will have our feast."

The wallaby said,

"Yes, do that. As soon as we have eaten let us down on the canes so we can go home. When your company comes this evening you can have your feast then after we have left."

'The sky women said,

"Right you are; get on with your feast."

The feast over, they got on their canes and the sky women lowered them down on Mnwa. When they were all down they went back to their boats, shipped their nets, poles, paddles and all their gear and went off fishing again. After that they went off home with plenty of fish to eat.

5. KAILAVASIA, the Monitor Lizard

Tovileu

Proverb; YOVALAMYO YO VALAM LUVALUGWA
"Feuding is grief on grief forever."

Comment:

This is a simple story in which the eyes of the older are on the younger and these latter do not mind a bit. Strangers to New Guinea have often remarked on the restraint and good manners of children. This could be one of the lesson bearing stories of the liberal education of village life responsible for that good behaviour. The monitor lizard is big enough to swallow any of the lesser lizards at a gulp. His singular gracelessness fascinates the keen observation of New Guinea people, who find plenty of

verisimilitude with human traits and foibles. As a reference for anything sleazy, undignified or ridiculous his very name is an institution and enough to raise a smile. There are a number of stories. His skin of the monitor lizard is used on several kinds of small drums. Skin diving is a common occupation on the Boyowan lagoon, oyster beds being found, at times, over hundreds of acres of bottom. These waters have in the past been a notable source of pearls, particularly the pink and lemon tinted ones prized in India and South America. The type of hunting described is not usual in the Trobriands but was common in Milne Bay, where as in the sago swamps at Gebara it was easy to fell a sago palm that would keep the jungle herds around until they were surrounded and netted.

The Story:

Kailavasia the monitor lizard was living at Kaidola and all his little brothers were with him. There was KWEPIPISI who was so called because the pulse in his neck did flood so, there was KWEVEDAYA with the frill around his neck, and KWEYONIKWA, the bright green one that lived in the grass, ILAUWILUVA so fond of the ridge pole and the warm smoke, and there was that sloppy character TOBUBUSI TOMWAMWEINA, the gecko, who was always having falls. They all lived at Kaidola; and it was there they caught the wild boars. They caught them in snares; and whenever they heard one squealing in the trap they would go and take it out. They worked as a team as KAILAVASIA and company.

When a boar had been caught it would be brought home and the hair singed off it. Then they would prepare an oven of hot stones for it to bake it. While they were eating the giblets KAILAVASIA would climb to the top of a nut tree; and while his little brothers would be closing the oven he would be saying,

"Boys, there is quite a lot of Tukwauukwa, Teyava, O-Yuveyova and Kavataria boats out at sea diving for shell fish. Close the oven and let's go and get a bag full of savoury to go with our pork."

While they were closing the oven he would be giving more orders;

"Get out the punting poles, the paddles and the bags and let us go and join the others who are diving for oysters."

When they had punted down the inlet and had set their anchor KAILAVASIA would say,

"You do the diving while I keep the boat."

She little brothers would then do the diving; and when they had done all that they could do KAILAVASIA would say,

"Now you stop in the boat and I'll do the diving. But it will take me some time; I'll be looking anywhere from Mmwa or Nubiyam to the Kaulakoki Straits. Whatever you do don't move the anchor. It must not be moved while I am diving."

But KAILAVASIA was not going looking for new oyster beds. He would swim straight back to Kaidola. Once ashore he went straight to the oven where his little brothers had left the pig cooking. There he set to and ate. Only a head and forequarter would be left of the pig when he made his way back to his brothers. He would surface beside the boat puffing and gasping,

"Oh brothers, have I had a hunt. I searched all over and hardly found a thing; one little bag was all I could find. I'm all knocked up.

"Let's go home."

They took up the anchor and paddled back to Kaidola. When they had landed and taken all ashore KAILAVASIA Said;

"Serve out the pig and let us eat."

Then they went and opened the oven;

"Oh KAILAVASIA, the pig has been taken out already."

The big lizard made a show of surprise and concern;

"Eh? While we were away . . ."

They went on setting their nightly snares as usual and soon another pig was caught. It was there in the morning when they went to leave fresh lures. They brought it back to the village, singed the hair off it and put it in the oven to roast. KAILAVASIA again went climbing; this time to the top of a NATU tree, calling down from there,

"Oh brothers, there's quite a lot of O-Yuveyova, Kavataria and O-Bulaku boats out at sea, you wouldn't believe how many. Hurry up and close the oven; we must go and get a bag of shell fish."

The oven was quickly closed, but KAILAVASIA was urging still,

"Take punting poles and paddles."

They all took their seats and paddled right out to Bunali all where they stopped and anchored. As usual the little brothers dived first and

filled the boat almost to sinking. Then KAILAVASIA said in his expansive way,

"Take your seats now while I do some diving; warm yourselves while I find us a good spot for next time. Be careful and remember not to lift the anchor."

While the little brothers sat there trying to warm themselves KAILAVASIA swam under water back to land. He went up by way of the creek to Kaidola and there went ashore. As before he opened the oven and ate the pig, leaving as before only the head and one of the forequarters. Then he swam back to Bunali and came up to the surface beside the boat on which his little brothers were sitting. As he surfaced panting for breath he said;

"Oh brothers, I didn't find any shell. I went on and on for nothing, filling myself with salt water till I was breathless. Take up the anchor and let us go home."

Ohey paddled back to Kaidola; and as they went ashore KAILAVASIA was Baying,

"Go and take the pig out of the oven and serve it so we can eat."

When the little brothers ran to the oven they saw it was open already;

"Brothers, a dog must have opened the oven and eaten the pig; there is only the head and a forequarter left."

KAILAVASIA shoved great concern and like a large hearted person said,

"Boys, eat it all between you; I don't want any."

When they had cooked and eaten their oysters too KAILAVASIA reminded them,

"See you set the snares again."

They did that; and another night another pig was caught. They found it there when they went in the morning to lay out more lures. They took it home and cooked it. While they were eating the giblets and closing the oven KAILAVASIA climbed the nut tree and exclaimed as he had so often done;

"Oh brothers, there are lots of Tukwaukwa, Teyava and O-Yuveyova boats out on the oyster beds. Close the oven quick we must go and get ourselves a bag of oysters."

Taking their punting poles, paddles and net bags they set out in their boat for the oyster beds; and after they had arrived there and the little brothers had done all the diving KAILAVASIA got up and said;

"Be sure you do not shift the anchor; I will be gone quite a while; I am going to have a good look round Mmwa and Nanoula, around Nubiyam and in the Straits of Kaulakoki and find out where there are plenty of oysters."

One little brothers waited till the afternoon, till they could well be asking themselves,

"Has he been eaten by a shark."

They waited till it was long past the time for KAILAVASIA to come back saying,

"Oh brothers, have I been on a hunt? Not that I found anything; I have just filled myself with salt water for nothing. Oh am I puffed."

The little brothers were not surprised that KAILAVASIA had not come back; they were just making sure that this time he was not telling the truth. They paddled back to Kaidola and went to their snares to see if this time they had caught KAILAVASIA slid they had. He was suspended by hands and feet. The little brothers let him hang there. They ignored him while they set about having their dinner, saying while they did so,

"Oh dear, who could have been eating our pork? It couldn't have been KAILAVASIA, could it? He wasn't greedy; he didn't want any. Only a little bit for me, he says; only a little bit off the foreleg. Veil this is where he gets what he asked for; only a little bit. He has had his little bit, this little bit is for us."

The little brothers had their dinner and when they had finished the gecko said,

"I am going to give the scraps to KAILAVASIA."

Obis he did; and they undid the snares and set KAILAVASIA free; after which he said;

"My proper place was in the village where it was for me to give orders; but since I have lost face all that is changed. You, gecko, will live by the nut tree; you grass lizard will live out near the scrub; you, frill lizard, can live in the cairns; you, brown lizard, can live in the logs; and you, scrap eater, can live in the thatch; *I* KAILAVASIA, will take to the creeks; and when the Tukwauukwas want to dance they can come and pound my back. I have no more to say."

6. KAILAVASIA and the Itchy Cannibal

Proverb; KUWEGU O KAISAI HBWEGU BUNITA

"Denying me the beach sends me abroad."

Comment:

This tale, short as a joke or mere anecdote, could be just for the tiny tots and without any moral or axe to grind, just the act of comical characters in an unfailingly comical situation; except that for Boyowans there is no such thing in their folklore. In their ordinary round of daily living they are acutely worried by the things they ridicule in their stories. If one has an itch one must never show it; it is intolerably bad form; it is as ugly almost as greediness or slyness; something only a Cannibal would do. Possibly some pathological factor in the past has had something to do with this for even the story hints at masochism while the joking context that often follows the story makes it explicit; the jokes sometimes setting off horseplay that is sometimes obscene and sometimes more drastic than the condition it would correct. This is itself a typical thing and is ridiculed in turn in the performance of Togoveaka in Giyomatala's version of the Jungle Nomad story. I am not sure who related this story but I think it was the District Commissioner's village representative in O-Kaiboma in 1957.

The story:

It seems that the monitor lizard used to live at Kaidola with all his little brothers. There was the little brown panter, the green grass lizard, the frill necked lizard and the gecko. They went this way and that through all the jungles at O-Kaiboma. They came one day on the village of the Cannibal when the Cannibal was away and only Pocks was at home. The Cannibal was very busy growing sugar cane, bananas, taro, taitu and yams. Only when he had no more seed left to plant did he go back to the village. Hearing him coming the monitor and his little brothers slipped back into the jungle; all except the little frill neck left standing beside the road. He had seen a tree in the Cannibal's garden with flying foxes in it and this was the opportunity to go and throw sticks at them. While he was doing this he accidentally knocked down a banana. Then he picked and ate a lot more of them and then hid some in his ruff. Then it began to rain so he

ran back to the village where he found his brothers sitting round the store. Feeling the need of a little brotherly petting he called on the little panter;

"Would you groom me?"

But the little brown panter was rude;

"You stink; your scalp is just one suppurating mess."

So he called on the green grass lizard;

"Would you groom me?"

But the green grass lizard took no notice. He called on the gecko.

"Would you groom me?"

When the gecko set to his grooming he found a banana and ate it. Then going on with the grooming he found more bananas and ate them. He had found a way to get petted and groomed. When his brothers became curious he said,

"You didn't think I had anything in my ruff."

This made them run after the gecko to find out what he had found. They had to go to the gecko if they wanted to eat bananas too ruff and they had to pay. Then they all got bold and said,

"Tomorrow we must go again to the garden of the Cannibal."

Very soon they were eating everything, taro and taitu, sugar cane and bananas, even yams. The monitor was the greediest; he said,

"You must bring me plenty of bananas."

They took him ten bunches; and when he had eaten them all they took him another ten. That is why he has a very big stomach. The little brothers got tired of it and gave up raiding "the Cannibal's garden; but the monitor could not leave such a good thing and stayed feasting in the garden, even took to sleeping there. In the night when he made wind the little brothers in the jungle could hear it. It even woke the Cannibal. He thought;

"That will be the Teyava trumpet; they must have made a haul of fish. We must have some; also some bananas."

When the monitor made wind again he thought;

"Tukwaukwa too! What a haul it must be."

In the morning when the Cannibal got up he said,

"First I must go and take a look at my garden."

He was doing this and just stepping over the style when the monitor did it again. The Cannibal was startled; and moving in the direction of the noise he was right beside the monitor when it happened again. The Cannibal looked down and saw him and asked,

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"Are you the one who did that?"

"Yes it was I."

"Who has been eating my garden?"

"I have."

The monitor then ran up the Cannibal's leg and stood on his hip. The Cannibal said,

"Well now! Aren't you the most prickly fellow. What a scruffy body you have You have no idea how good you look to me."

The monitor knew that if he wanted to live he would have to be quick; so he said,

"Well then, if you would care to lie down cow I could give you a rub down."

The Cannibal lay down at once and closed his eyes while the monitor sawed his leg off at the hip. The Cannibal exclaimed,

"Oh what a powerful rub you navel

"Oh what a wonderful scratching".

"You know it felt just like a tooth ache."

The monitor then went to work on his arm end sawed it off at the shoulder. Then he went on to the other arm and sawed that off at the shoulder. He plucked out the Cannibal's eyes and threw them away. The Cannibal died; but the monitor did well for himself; he got the Cannibal's garden and went on living there at O-Kaiboma.

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CHAPTER 9

The Style and Background of Fantasy

Proverb: VITUMAGA IMAGA VITULOLA ILOLA
"By process abound, by method be assured."

1. KAVILELA, the 'Turn.'

With stories like the ones we are now considering we come to the common denominator as it were of the literature of the whole of mankind, but my purpose in revealing the Boyowan's talent in this is not to make an end to comparisons, and come to some neat general conclusion as that they also are human but rather to exceed a merely ethnographic aim, and to see the Boyowan view of things expressed in humanistic terms that he and we can all enjoy. He is my preferred reader for whose approving understanding I have laboured. Folklore is a forest or jungle and may it so remain; may its heterogeneity be unassailable. There are more than enough influences working the other way; so that there are ever more and more things in our culture that are the same everywhere, and when you have seen around your own province you have seen the world.

The most important element in man, his personality, is expressed along the borderline of the indefinable. Tone and intention, appraisal and response are not static things they are changing all the time; and yet it is just where we make, or fail to make, one with fellow man. The key expression here is KAVILELA, a term the Boyowan is very free with in relation to song, its 'turn' i.e. tune or melody, cadence or lilt, or even its poetic genre, style or form. He would feel it pretentious to use it in reference to mere story telling, but it is still the all important element in the story. It is this that makes the expression of culture colourful and interesting, where one is true to one's character and really oneself. Some knowledge and feeling for 'form' is more necessary to the tribesman than to the European. Europeans in this day and age can scarcely know what it means to be alone in a totally alien environment, they carry their own with them everywhere. But the villager is not so comforted, and a tell-tale indication of this is the extraordinary fuss he will make

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over the stranger in his village. Though he is not the one least aware that the protocol is only half understood he will apply it all the more for that same reason; and because he is the one most in need of reassurance. After all the books that have been written by outsiders about the Papuan it should be a wonderful relief to him to see some written by himself; and to realise that he has in his own culture a ready-made bridge to mutual understanding even with Europeans.

But KAVILELA is only one of a number of preoccupations in the minds of the more mature listeners at story telling sessions. Though the story form itself eschews these words like English

literature does for letter ones, they are the principal poles of orientation for all the morals of story telling; and no one will be more ready to speak of them and explain some of their implications than the children. The story itself is so often the least of the matter ; they are so well known that the allusion is enough, or the discussion before, after and sometimes during the telling is the main affair. These axial words are cardinal concepts to tribesmen almost everywhere and a large part of the subject of anthropology and tribal religion and I do not want to digress into such a large field, but to deal only with the very generic signals these words are as they affect my very narrow brief the form and matter of Boyowan stories. More particularly since this language, simply because it categorises all expression, verbal, nominal and attributive, and because its classes fit systems all round the world and is as it were a ready made universal prototype, I feel it is very important to point out that the words I want to explain now are a definite order of expression in Boyowan culture, and knowing this classification is essential to knowing their meaning. They are very abstract terms.

2. BALOMA, the Spirit World

Proverb: GE INAM INAM BOTAGARAI GE TAMAM TAMAM TOMGWARAI
"Your forebears are nothing if not sacred."

If we ask a Boyowan the meaning of BALOMA he will say that people who are dead and gone are BALOMA. The definition is merely by way of illustration; and in this generic sense the word is neither singular nor plural, concrete

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nor specific; it is simply a signpost. It denotes a human preoccupation which is different according to context, social, religious, aesthetic or speculative; it is the overall title of the domain of the spirits and all that pertains to them. Other than that it would be better to say it meant nothing than to say it meant anything. It is a perimeter of knowledge and understanding and the name of it; somewhat like the use of the modern word 'Evolution' as a tag for referring to how things have come to be as they are. On the other hand BALOMA, spirit, in a definite context could mean anything from God, angel, demon, fairy, goblin, human soul to augury, bedevilment, providence or even mere bad or good luck.

3. TABU, Law and Order

Proverb: KAITUBUTABU VITOTAWA NELIBOMALA
"With keep off notices are things made sacrosanct."

Similarly TABU in its generic sense is simply a signpost. Interestingly, Boyowan semantics confirm and reinforce its Polynesian derivation. Both TABU and TAPU are found; TAPU, 'cut off' like the end of a carrot; KAITABU something put under interdiction, KOYA TABU, Mount Sacred, and cognate is TABWA, Don't. TABU is not an introduced word but it is archaic. The usual expression is BOMALA which with a relating -LA or other morpheme is much more referable. BOMA has some connotation of old, ancient or original and so disclaims a novel and claims a traditional observance. TABU has no connection, unless a possible punning one, with TABULA, grandparent or grandchild; this raceme as a generic word becomes TUBO. TABU or BOMA is the domain of right and wrong, privilege and duty, reward and sanction, law and order. It is a very relative concept with a very wide range of application; and the trivial and inconsequential gets inordinate notice. Though it is a predominantly prohibitive and negative expression it guards, like the ten commandments, great ideals and sanctities; it is a very resounding word in the 'literary' train of story telling.

A. KUMILA, Totem

Proverb: ILAMGWA LAVALAM VESALIGU LAVSALI
"My forebear has been both mourned and honoured."

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Another pole of orientation or alignment does not have a pole star but a constellation as it were. It is the domain of affection and family ties, of mutual social obligation and closeness. There is no general signpost but a whole cluster of universal notions that would take a volume of print to explain; but the Boyowan, persistent classifier as he is, has streamlined this perplexing relativity most notably and reinforced his understanding of his principles by an outstanding adherence to the logic of them. The result in the 'literary' sense is that quite simple terms like 'father,' 'mother,' 'sister-brother,' etc often have another meaning. They are generic terms and may mean not just 'father' but 'father tantamount or ad instar' or some derivative or metaphoric meaning. But there is an abundance of morphemes to guide the construction.

General readers of anthropology regard Totem as the convenient tag for this department of human affairs. The corresponding Boyowan term ie KUMILA, phylum, or people of the same blood. It is a very religious word which claims for the realities for which it stands a cosmological basis; so the four KUMILA into which all mankind is divided constitute not one but four human races, the immigrants as it were of four separate worlds or creations with each its associated animals, birds, insects, plants etc. Transcending matrilineal tribe or DALA where all are reputed descendants of one BWALA or matriarchal household KUMILA puts consanguinity on another basis. This is not

for the sake of dissociating kinship from incest but to give its sanction or TABU an ontological conclusiveness as it were, like saying, "If marrying one of your own race is out, marrying a known cousin, termed marrying one's sister, a fortiori is out." This rigorous religious code has forced a lot of enterprise in the matter of promoting Boyowan marriages, and has had a beneficent effect on the quality of their tribal life.

5. MEGUVA, Magic

Proverb: KAILOLA TUDAVA KAIGULUGULU MALITU
"The Tudavan security is in the Malitu tradition."

But a domain with a common frontier with folklore is the magical. What the wonderland quality is to the story the magic spell is to the optimism of daily living. The generic term is MEGUVA. I regard this as

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MAGA + VA. The raceme MAGA means much, plenty or abound according to the way it is employed; the morpheme -VA is like '-ish' or '-ness'. It is used in this sense in the blessing invoked on the gardeners and the gardens in the inaugural spell of the gardening year. VITUMA GA IMAGA VITULOLA ILOLA, "By process abound, by method be assured." MEGUVA is baneficient only; evil magic is BULA, blight or curse. Polynesian MANA is not found in Boyowan, unless it equates with MAGA in someway; and this I quite expect it does though I cannot prove it. At least it is native to the Boyowan's way of thinking, as can be seen with a similar idiom BONALA, goodness or substance; a worthwhile man is one with BONALA, that is BWAINA+LA, goods.

However the thing to remember is not the semantics but a state of affair, all too easily lost on the cursory reader. The tribesman's religious faith is still alive and a fairy magicallty is only to one side of this domain; to the other are matters of deep visceral stir, his personal concommittance with all the steps that the successful process of magic demands. He just prays. Magic is just prayer; albeit to an unknown God or to Tudava. Despite the semantic bewilderment the devoutly religious European can sense a unity with the earnest tribesman and the tribesman with him; and this is the more notable when we can meet the diligent teacher who has educated a detribalised and enlightened aspirant in his own irreligious image, only to hate and be hated because the aspirant lacks the nobility of the not so educated tribal worthy.

MANA cannot be dissociated from MEGUVA if MEGUVA itself is to be understood. MEGUVA is not a dissociated thing; it is part of the man, the work he does, the thing he makes, grows or affects. When that simply scientific agronomist, the TOWOSI, has, with all his practical skill and physical care and diligence, planted his crop, he prays over it and projects all the psychic force

there is in him into the crop, claiming, AKANAGWALAI, "I am spent." He is invoking the enveloping mystique of Tudava himself who so gave of himself that all that remains of him are the gifts he gave and with which he is as it were identified.

6. The Domains of Spirit, TABU, Totem and Magic in Tribal Faith

Proverb: TUBUGU TAVAMAPU TABASI LA KAYELU
"To keep faith with my ancestor we must dig his inspiration."

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A further observation about these great tribal hinges on which so many things of a more serious and religious nature turn may be well put in here. From this acquaintance with the spirit and implications of the Tudavan tradition Boyovan religion does not stem from mere crises of human life, a kind of aggregate of magic spells; nor from the mere threat of drought and famine and the political, tribal response to the necessity of social organisation; nor from the individual's inadequacy facing the support of fear and sorrow in the face of death, an emotional necessity to relate to a larger, supernatural scheme of things transcending death; but a response to all these, and to an innate creative drive to make safe and establish worth, sanctioned by an objectively existent persuasion via the sacred tribal precedents. It is recognised as a social necessity, but it is more than that. It is a response to something the villager finds in himself and in all his peers; a response, not to any definable authority but to ontological poles of orientation no more definable to him than his own personality. Nevertheless these areas are the ones of deepest and most personal concern about which men fight with the least provocation; so there is good reason to avoid precise statement and even discussion while by the same token a stereotyped attitude and a positive assertion of it is all the more imperative. His clans have this consensus at least that fidelity in this is its own warrant; and individually and as a people they are never so much at peace with themselves and with one another as when they have kept that faith. They proclaim and demonstrate their obedience to the aims of Tudava.

7. BUBUNA , Black and White Pigeon

Proverb: BASILUAI GUNU VENU BATUIOYU WOSI
"Merely thinking of home fosters song."

Comment:

The BUBUNA is commonly called the Torres Straits pigeon. It is a cream coloured bird with black in its wings the size of a homing pigeon and with the same characteristics. It is a KUMILA or phylum emblem, the chief totem of the Malasi people. It is easily and often domesticated. The Tabalu or nobility are Malasi. Since the DALA or matriarchal family

or clan is the real social and political power in any village and there are many DALA, the Boyowan insistence on KUMILA or phylum, of which there are only four, reveals an acute social sense, since it reduces the number and gives a more universal basis to the inescapable divisions of a village, while at the same time making for greater unity between villages, more equality for minorities and a more solemn and religious level of importance.

Birds for the Boyowan are important symbols of charm and affection. In the VINAVINA of this story the boy pleads with the BUBUNA, literally, "You are all the father I have, a hint that in these parts mother is the no-nonsense parent, that when fond indulgence, especially after misbehaviour is needed, father is the one to go to. The pathos wears thin with repetitious telling, but it is still there, making this a favourite story for mothers of hardy and headstrong children. It is a very beautiful story, its allusions to magic and mystery making it a prose poem. Making the pigeon parent to a human is only a story telling device to invest the totemic emblem with its social significance, and to give the story exaltation by hinting at a creation myth status; something assertively disclaimed in this case. The allusion to a bird lost in its own dazzle or beauty can be appreciated by those who, wanting something fresh for the cooking pot have anchored at a pigeon island and gone ashore to trees covered white with pigeons, only to find that within shooting distance not a bird was visible though perhaps hundreds should be in unobstructed view. Stories are full of the motifs of escape or survival at sea, and the conceit of being wrapped in a sail has a fascination drawn from lifelong reliance on their sea going craft, and the value of any part of it for their safety.

The story:

The pigeon first had its home at O-Yuveyova. It was there it laid its eggs. But the O-Yuveyova children came and took them to cook and eat. So the pigeon flew on to Kokowa and on a tree top at Gusoeta laid new eggs. But the Tukwaukwa children came and took the eggs away to cook and eat. Hie pigeon flew on to Sigigiligili and made its home there. But when it had laid its eggs the O-Bulaku came and took the eggs to cook and eat. Then the pigeon made its home at Kaikuyava, but then the Silaketa children came and took the eggs away to cook and eat. It flew on to Kabiseikuli and laid its eggs there but they were eaten by someone from O-Seikuli.

It flew on to Gilibwa, but it was the same story there.

From Gilibwa it could see across the sea the land of Kitava so it flew to the heights of O Kitava and there made a nest; and it was safe. Her child was human and she suckled it. She fostered it till it could sit up, stand, walk and even dress itself. She still fostered it when it had full control and could run and look after itself, when in fact it was already a youth. A time came when the Kitava people were making a new boat and had reached the noisy stage of rigging it and fitting it with a new sail. The excitement was too much for the lonely boy who only had the pigeon his mother for company,

"Mother, what are they cheering for down in the vilige?"

"I suppose they are laying out a new sail."

"I must go and see them,"

"But I don't want you to go near the village. You are all I have; I cannot lose you. Let us just stay here you and I. The Journey began in O-Yuveyova and I moved on till I found you here in Kitava; couldn't we just live on here, you and I?"

"But I want to go to my own kind; I want to have fun."

His mother pleaded;

"I think it is better as it is; just let us stay as we are. You are all I have; we can be happy as we are."

But the boy could not reconcile himself to that;

"No mother, I must go to my own kind. I can't resist their cheering; I must go to them and have fun."

So his mother said;

"All right, but you must bathe first."

After he had bathed and groomed himself, had put on all his finery, his armshells, belt and all, his mother said to him;

"Go now, but come back before sunset; I will be watching for you. Do not come after dark."

When he went to the Kitava village the people said;

"Where do you come from. We don't know you; you are a stranger."

"No I am not. Kitava is my home and I have come to sew the sail."

When they rested to drink coconut and chew betel nut

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in the shade they became sleepy; it was then the boy got up and went back to his mother. The Kitava folk did not see him go.

"Where is our friend who was sewing the sail with us; where has he gone?"

"We don't know. He did not take his leave by saying few farewell."

But sewing a sail goes on for days. When the boy heard cheering again another day he said to his mother;

"Mother they are sewing again, they are having fun; I must go to them."

"You are a persistent fellow; must you go every day?"

"They will trap you and you will be undone; I won't see you anymore, I shall be lost."

The Kitava women had come upon the coconut husks;

"What are all these husks doing here."

"Oh, a stranger came. No one knew him so we entertained him; we were sewing the sail together."

"By doing that you must know he comes from Dobu; you must capture him here outside the village, tie him up and throw him in the sea."

They were sewing the sail together all the next morning, and while they were preoccupied with it the boy slipped away and went back to his mother, the white pigeon.

"Oh good, you have come"

"Of course I have come."

"Well since you have been today please stay away tomorrow; I know they are planning to trap you, and I am so afraid."

"No, tomorrow I must go back to my friends and sew the sail."

The next day when the sail was unfolded and they went on with the sewing they made quite a clamour; the boy could not resist the excitement.

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"Mother" I simply must go and sew the sail,"

When after bathing, grooming and anointing himself and with all his finery on him he went down to the village the villagers remarked;

"Your friend has come",

They went on sewing all that morning till someone said;

"Bring out the old sail and spread it so we can rest and entertain each other."

They did that and spent the whole afternoon fondling one another and going to sleep In the shade.

When they saw that the boy too had at last gone asleep and was snoring, and after shaking him to be sure he was not pretending, someone gave the word;

"Roll up the sail."

They quickly rolled up the sail with the boy inside. They lashed it then with ropes so he could not get out; and they took him down to the beach. They had been told;

"Take him and put him on a boat and paddle out into the Straits of Dauya and throw him overboard to drift away."

When they had done that they returned to the village. His mother meanwhile was waiting. From midday through afternoon and late afternoon and evening she waited. Then from the heights of O-Kltava she saw the white sail drifting on the sea and she cried;

"Oh but they can't disguise my son; they have captured him and thrown him In the sea; I must go to him."

The white pigeon flew down onto the sail and perched on the roll as It floated In the sea; with the voice of doves she crooned to him;

"Umm!"

Her son understood. He said to himself,

"How good of my mother to come. Lying there bundled and bound in the old sail he sang his plaint;

"Bird of the clouds above!
White and forsaken dove

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Mother and father love
Bring to your child unseen
Lost in the glare between
Folds of the undersheen.
Ply for the fruits of the YOYОВI
The KAIKUBILA and the KAKAYA trees
Take your fill of these
And come again."

"White dove fly; go to the KAIKUBILA tree and bring its fruit to me. The sea will drift us somewhere."

"Indeed you are still alive; so fruit gathering I go; but if you suffer hunger remember it is not my fault but yours; you did not listen to me. I will go hungry to feed you so if you die I will die too."

The white dove flew for the wild fruits and fed the boy as he drifted over the sea. In the course of time he was cast up on a sand beach at Myuwa. By this time the white pigeon was dead. A man of Myuwa had a dream; a dream of a handsome person cast up on a beach. He said to his wife,

"I had a dream last night that someone was washed up on our shores; I must go wading round the coast and see if it is true."

He went off searching along the beach and finding nothing went wading round the point and along the next beach; and so went on till he saw the white sail on the sand. He said to himself.

"How now? Does this Myuwa man have true dreams?"

Going to the sail he first took off the white mother dove and laid her on the sands; then he took off the lashings and unrolled the sail to find the boy inside;

"Man. Who are you? Where do you come from?"

"I belong to Kitava. I was sewing the sail with the others. The women were annoyed because the coconuts around the village were all used up. They said it was on my account

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so my mates took the first opportunity of finding me off guard, rolled me up in a sail and threw me out to sea. After drifting a long time I came up on this beach. It was my mother who fed me."

"Who would your mother be?"

"The white dove."

"Would that be her I put on the sand?"

"Oh would you go and dig a grave and bury her for me?"

The Myuwa man buried the white dove; then, because the boy was very weak, he took him on his back saying,

"Come on, we must go home, rest on my shoulder, for you are weak from hunger and I must carry you."

He took the boy home to his wife who was ready to serve dinner. The boy was fed a little at a time till he got stronger. Soon he got back his appetite, and soon after he was strong again. He stayed with the Myuwa couple and made his garden with them. The Myuwa man had got himself a son who lived with them ever after.

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8. KALIVA the Chalk Fish

PROVERB: ILUWAWALA KAIPOTA

"The verdict was, Serves him right."

KALIVA is the name of that variety of beche-de-mere known as the Chalk Fish. The way it is referred to in this story makes a simple and illuminating parallel for understanding the references to Dokinikani. For junior listeners it is suggested that KALIVA is a huge beast, an enormous sea serpent that was cut to bits and of which only chips, as it were, are to be found today. Older hearers can construe KALIVA as a collective, there being no necessary expression of the plurality of nouns in Boyowan grammar, and KALIVA is still big. The KALIVA beds between Silaketa and Mmwa are six miles long and two wide. On nights of the full moon when these, up to eighteen inch long, sea slugs come out of the pipe clay they seem like one to the square yard all over the sea floor. In the past hundreds of tons of them have been cured and shipped to China to make table delicacies.

Both the social bad manners and the exaggerated sensitivity to them gets well spoofed in this story. The sensitivity does not seem to be noticeable in Boy owe in modern times and perhaps that is thanks to stories such as KALIVA. There is another story more popular than KALIVA where the rude one is a butterfly that offends a lord by fluttering past his head.

The Chalk Fish beds are eight miles from Kavataria and though the Chalk Fish leaving the pipeclay does make a slurp when emerging at low tide the point is well taken that it is a needless looking for offence. The needless looking for offence is however a problem that is not fanciful. A few months before this story was written down a school boy son of a chief at Ononghe in the Vanapa valley in the mountains of Papua was seen sobbing, jittering, scrabbling in the grass

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like a demented fury, looking for something with which to "kill" a plunging horse that had offended him with a rude noise. It is not mentioned in this story but, perhaps the main reason for taking the Chalk Fish as the terrible example is the curious fact that, when attacked, it will void its entrails to escape.

The story:

KALIVA was living at Taunting and a grand lord with a grand house was living at Kavataria. In the evening one of his wives would take him his dinner and set it on the stage where he ate. Just as he was about to do that KALIVA would break wind,

"Pooh."

This put the grand lord in a terrible rage. The whole village of Mulusaido could hear him

telling his messenger the
lory,

"Go and Behold whoever it was who broke wind in my hearing, when I was about to eat."

He put his food away from him and went to bed without any dinner. Meanwhile the lory flew off to Taunting where he stopped to ask,

"Were you the one who broke wind in my lord's hearing."

KALIVA replied,

"If you would just come behind me I'll give you a message to take to your lord."

This was what KALIVA sang,
"If anyone stands before me;
If anyone stands behind me;
I don't care who he be
I'll flash on him the lightening."

He opened up with such a suck that the lory was sucked in and disappeared. The grand lord waited in vain all evening

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for his servant the lory to come and report. He complained;

"That messenger is very slow; why haven't I heard from him?"

Another evening he was just about to eat the dinner one of his wives had brought for him when KALIVA did it again.

"Pooh!"

The lord told his servant the osprey,

"Fly over there and see who it was who dared to break wind in my hearing. I am not able to eat."

The osprey went flying around Taunting and stopped to ask KALIVA

"Would you be the one who broke wind in the hearing of ray lord?"

KALIVA's reply was stiff;

"Now who would you be?"

"I am the osprey."

"Well if you would come behind I'll give you a message to take back to your lord."

Again KALIVA sang,

"If anyone stands before me,
If anyone stands behind me
I don't care who he be
I'll flash on him the lightning."

KALIVA opened up wide and the osprey was sucked in and disappeared. He went where the lory was. The osprey was surprised and said,

"Man, you're in here!"
"Yes I'm here, I was sucked in too."
"Well it looks like we may have to stay."

The lord was waiting for his messenger to report back, but nothing happened. Again his dinner was put before hira and again, just as he was about to eat, KALIVA did it again,

"Pooh!"

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The lord of Kavatarla swore a shocking word;

"How will I ever be able to eat if this goes on?"

Take the food away right out of the house. I must tell someone to go and see about this."

He told the pigeon and the pigeon flew, to where, KALIVA was and said,

"Who do you think you are to be breaking wind in the hearing of my lord. He Is worn out with fasting; he cannot eat while you go on doing this."

"Oh. Well just come behind and I'll give you a message for him."

Again KALIVA sang his ditty, again went open an shut and the pigeon was with the other prisoners, saying to them,

"What? Is this where you are?"

Again his lordship waited all day for his messenger to report back; but by the evening

when his wife served dinner he still had had no word. Then just as he started to eat KALIVA did it again. His lordship gave up any idea of eating, used some shocking bad language and called for the honey sucker and said to him,

"Fly over there to that fellow; I simply must have some word of what is going on."

The honey sucker said yes with a cheep as faint as it was exciting, as fetching as it was mysterious and went bobbing up and down around Taunting where he asked KALIVA.

"Are you the one who is breaking wind? His lordship is starving. Do you have to break wind?"

"Well if you will just come round behind, I'll tell you."

The honey sucker went behind and the Chalk Pish sang his ditty,

"If anyone stands behind me,
If anyone stands before me
I don't care who he be
I'll flash on him the lightning."

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KALIVA went open and shut and the honey sucker was in with the rest and saying to them.

"What? Could none of you take word to his lordship?"

"No, we are in here to stay."

But the honey sucker knew of an opening and how to open it. When KALIVA opened his mouth he went out saying,

"I'll go and let his lordship know."

With one of his faint but so exciting and mysterious cheeps he was gone. He flew right back to Mulusaido where his lordship could scarcely wait to hear, asking at once,

"Who was it that broke wind?"

"It was KALIVA, and if you would kindly take notice, all your assistants are inside him I opened his mouth to get out. "I have brought the news so your lordship could eat."

When he had eaten that evening his lordship gave orders to all the Kavataria communities as follows;

"You people of Bokoveva, Kuwabu, Muluveaka and Mulusaido must go off tomorrow and hire boats. Go to Vakuta and Silaketa and up all their creeks; we are going to see to this KALIVA who lives at Taunting."

Accordingly the villagers went boat hiring. They assembled all the biggest boats they could find. On the appointed day they punted over to Taunting. They took ropes of vines and towing them through the sea took them around KALIVA and with them rolled him up on their boats and brought him right to the home beach at Kavataria. There his lordship gave orders that he be cut in sections, saying,

"We must look inside him."

When they cut open his stomach there was a scatter of different kinds of birds that flew off in all directions to their homes. There is still KALIVA at Kavataria; but they are very respectful now. The Kavataria people bake them and eat them.

Kavataria children are very fond of them.

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9 Togiliwakuraa or Mr Money-bags

Michael Giyomatala

Proverb: IPIPISI YAOINA BIGINOLI O-KWADEWA KAIMATANA WAGA
"The boat that sets sail with the start of the wind will lead the way."

Comment

The name Togiliwakuma describes a character who draw, as by magic jewelry and gems from under a cloth, a Mr Money-bags. His part was well characterised by Michael Giyomatala who, though still a youth, commands the speed of a practiced story teller, another Tovileu. The story was taped so the teller could concentrate on the important thing in his mind, its exciting quality for little people.

This is the first of the stories in this collection to be taped, so a note on the advantages of taping and dictation is appropriate. I was always aware that with dictation much of the histrionics of drama and characterising, of humour, pathos and poetry was lost; but in the event this dictation was in fact a school of story telling with a crowd of commentators on the side supplying with some acumen expression shorn away, even the singing of the VINA VINA. For me, having this advantage and conversant with the idiom, the old way was easier and the understanding better. For those with limited time and familiarity taping is a marvellous aid and the only way; but it still has its limitations.

The story

Togiliwakuma, a man of many possessions, was living with his mother at Kaisiga, and there was

Cannibal, a crocodile, living at Duyamata. He was famished, for everyone had been eaten, and he had been fasting for days. He was looking for Togiliwakuma who had crossed over to Boli for safety. The Cannibal began lamenting to his mother;

"Mother there is no one left to eat; there is nothing to make a feast."

"So you had better get out your drum, the one you left in the food house, and set about stretching a new skin on it."

It was while hunting a monitor lizard to cover his drum that he came on the hide-out of Togiliwakuma, who looked round in time and made his escape, though his mother was not so lucky. After making a feast for her at Kaisiga he took his boat and went eastwards along the coast. He came to a whaler shark and asked for protection;

"I'll give you jewelry and all kinds of precious things; I'll buy you a dinner and things to delight you; only please give me protection."

"Yes? From what?"

"Oh Sir I'm winded; the Cannibal is after me. He's eaten the whole village, my father, mother and everyone; now he is after me. I left my boat down at the anchorage and came ashore!'

"Well sit on the stand and have a banana."

"Oh thank you, I'm safe."

"Yes you are. People of Tukwauukwa, Teyava, O-Yuveyova all know me. I take off their legs and arms; take out their insides; and as for that thing that is after you, just you stay along with me. You can move in to my place while I see you are safe."

Togiliwakuma took refuge in the house while the whaler shark stood on guard. While he was watching the Cannibal began to appear, coming length after length of him round the point.

He exclaimed,

"Oh I say. Just look at that; a whole fleet of Munuwata

boats. What could they be doing; selling copra; visiting Kilivila?" Just look at those white cowries; what an alignment; not a dirty one."

"Oh Sir let me see!"

Togiliwakuma took just one look;

"Men, what do you mean? That's the Cannibal; those white things are not cowries, they are teeth, big white teeth!"

Said the Whaler Shark,

"Go for your life; I'm running away to sea!"

Togiliwakuma ran along the shore to where a dugong was loafing in the shallows and pleaded,

"Oh Sir, give me protection. I'll give you jewels and precious things, buy you a banquet and things for your delight, only protect me, please."

"Yes, tell me about it."

"The Cannibal is after me to eat me. He's eaten my father and my mother and all the people of my village. I came over to Boli but he is still after me. I came to the Whaler Shark for protection but he ran away; so I have come to you."

"Well I'll see what we can do. Anyway you can stay in my house and go to sleep; I'll keep watch while you do. You need not be afraid; I can fix people and scatter their homes like smoke; I'll give that Cannibal something. You need not help; just take it easy inside while I keep watch."

He went off sneezing in the shallows at Kavataria. Quite soon he was exclaiming;

"Oh boy! That must be a whole fleet going off on KULA. Whose boats can those be, all new, all big? Whoever saw cowries like those

"Oh Sir let me see!"

Togiliwakuma took one quick look.

Oh no! That's the Cannibal. You think those are cowries. They are teeth; big white teeth." How terrible! I couldn't take him on."

He disappeared into the sea. Togiliwakuma ran along the shore and claimed protection from a great Barracuda. It was just the same story all over again; and the same at Losuya. So Togiliwakuma

comes in the end to the stones called Lisilasi or Gnash-gnash at O-Yuveyova where the little birds called POSISIKWA make love. He appealed to MONITATEITU the porcupine fish;

"Oh Sir, give me protection. I'll pay you with jewelry and precious things; I'll make you wealthy."

"What is it all about?"

"The Cannibal, the crocodile wants to eat me."

"Well go into the house while I take a look at him."

While Togiliwakuma was resting, length after length of the Cannibal came into sight around the point. MONITATEITU was amazed;

"Oh boy. That must be a whole fleet of Kaileula boats; they must be out on KULA or something; they must be going to Kilivila!"

Said Togiliwakuma,

"Oh Sir, let me have a look."

It was what he feared;

"No Sir! That's the Cannibal; what you think is a whole fleet is just one crocodile; that's how big he is."

"Well you Just lay down out of sight and don't make a sound; when he comes we'll see what we can do."

So spoke the little puffer, the porcupine fish. The orders of the Cannibal, when he came, were as fierce as himself;

"Puffer boy. Hand over my son. I'm taking him home. I was correcting him for his gardening and he ran away. He must be corrected. Hand him over."

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Togiliwakuma was pleading;

"Oh Sir, he's lying! He wants to eat me. I'm not his son. He's eaten my father and my mother and now he'll eat me."

Said MONITATEITU to the Cannibal;

"You are not going to eat the child; at least, not until you have eaten me first."

Said the Cannibal;

"Man oh man."

Then a loss for words at such audacity, he just opened his mouth and swallowed MONITATEITU and Togiliwakuma at a gulp. But that was not the end of the story. The puffer, now inside the Cannibal, just blew himself up like a bladder, and with all his spines just punctured all the Cannibal's insides, so that he thrashed this way and that with pain like a great whip. But the more he thrashed the more he swelled. He thrashed till death overcame him and he just lay still, dead. The puffer cut him open from the inside and came out pulling Togiliwakuma behind him.

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10. TOMADAWA, Mr Dugong

Proverb; KALILISA MULUKWAUSI KATAGUGU O BWANITA
We shake off the witches putting boldly to sea.

Comment:

Traditionally the O-Yuveyova fishermen are the recognised experts at catching dugong or manatees; though, if other villages capture them, they pay no tribute to the O-Yuveyova people.

O-Yuveyova is not a centre for story telling. The story is skimpy. It is not made fully clear what the man's mistake was; but it seems that this time the beady eyes are on wives;

"Don't embarrass your man by letting him go for his own drinking water; he might get used to drinking salt water and turn into a dugong or MADAWA; the well is a place for women only."

The Story

Tomadawa was once a man who owned gardening land and was a great gardener; but his wife made garlands of butterflies. She was as giddy as he was serious. There came a time when he worked on in the garden all one day, all the next and all a third day. Being by then without food or drinking water he told his mates;

"Tell my wife to bring me something to eat and drink,"

But his wife Kadalebuwaga, the "sailors' friend" did nothing; so Tomadawa took his water bottle and with his little daughter on his back went to get his own water. He missed the place where the springs were in the open water; went on up the creek, and lying down there in the briny water began to drink it. Gradually he changed into a sea creature. When he

at last he had become sea-worthy he stood up to tell his child;

"You must go to Mokailubu."

He gave up his axe and it was later brought to O-Yuveyova by Boyovata. Said Tomadawa;

"I have made my mistake; I am now at the mercy of the seasons."

The child made an outcry. She did not want to leave him.

"Father, I must go with you." Said Tomadawa,
"Come then."

He took her on his back and she went off with him to become a dugong too. Tomadawa said to her,

"You are a girl; you may bear children later, which is something I cannot do."

They took a great breath and were gone into the depths of the sea. The time of the north-west monsoon is the time for the dugong to make its reappearance, just as was said by Tomadawa in the first place;

"They will catch me and with their axes cut me in pieces; or if they do not want me themselves, they will give me to the people of Gumilababa, Kudukwaikela. Kapwapu, Ilailima or O-Kununa; and five blades will be the O-Yuveyova price for my carcass if they trade me."

11. Magilodu, a betel addict

Proverb: MIMI BITAWOI DELI TOYALUWA
A dream may become pregnant with inspiration.

Comment

Only a fragment off synopsis of a story told by a boy; but enough to show that the delicate whimsy and sensitive expression of Boyowan story telling does not fail; it is a literary form so set that the typesetting of print can add little to its permanence. There are palms growing on Kitava, known as PULAPOLA so this story may be from there; stories and the things mentioned in them tend to foster each other. There is a tribute here to the really fond regard that exists between Boyowan brothers and sisters; a regard that underlies the strict reserve that is evident in their every day association. To address a woman as Sister is a rare and delicate courtesy; its nearest equivalent in English, Lady.

The Story

A girl called Magilodu seems to have lived at Kaipulapola. This girl had five brothers and when they went out fishing she would be left alone. Having nothing else to amuse her she chewed betel nut and became an addict. She chewed more than all her brothers put together. When they came back from their fishing they found nothing but empty husks; their sister had chewed them all. So they got to scolding her. She was only one and they were many; and they scolded so hard she could only cry. The sky people overheard and one day, when the brothers were out fishing, they let a man down on a rattan to find out what was the matter. Said Magilodu,

"Oh every time my brothers come from fishing they scold

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me about betel nut. I tell them. I don't know about your betel nut; my nut is the PULAPOLA that grows only for me, Magidlodu, as my name says."

The sky people were sorry for her and let down another rattan; and took her up into the sky where she was dazzled by the brightness. Her brothers heard about it while they were out fishing, and punting back in haste, went looking for their sister to see if it was true. When they found she was gone they went into mourning. They cried till they could cry no more. Then the eldest made just one more very thorough search; and still finding nothing, he took his spear and climbed into a tree. He fell on his spear and killed himself. All the other brothers followed his example. Now that they were all dead their sister came down to earth again to mourn for them;

"If only they had not scolded me every time they came from fishing."

Then she gathered some shiver grass and tickled their noses till they sneezed. They all came alive again and lived out their lives in the land of the giant betel.

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CHAPTER X

Gnomes and Ghouls

1. The Three Worlds

Proverb; MAKWA TALAVADADA VANUWA IYIKU

"At such enormities the earth quakes."

A principle constantly inculcated in the Boyowan past was "KUYAMATA KAKULUMWALA", mind the headings, actually the ridges that defined the personally owned clearings in the common garden, but metaphorically all categories. Mind was a very operative word and has bred a mentality used to divisions particularly discreet. Words like BALOMA, TABU, MEGUVA, BULA are never found in stories, though the discussion that story telling sets off are spiced with them. Tudava is not mentioned once in 6,000 lines of Boyowan verse, nor is he a common conversational reference, though he is named or alluded to in most of the gardening rites given by Malinowski, and most Boyowan stories by form alone are, or could be, variants of his. These divisions are time honoured conventions so hardened as to be unconscious; so when some Boyowan informant responding to European fixations, as they must seem to him, concerning questions of paternity, kinship, brother-sister TABU etc makes a reference to old men, it is a word to the wise and should be well noted. In Boyowan discussion there is never a sign of any masonic secrecy or defense of any arcanum, only a courteous deference to another's right to speak, so these opaque divisions simply indicate how widely one forum is separated from the other; they are different worlds. The forum of story telling, because it is a wonderland guarded by the educated artistic sense of the whole community, will not allow the intrusion of the banalities of daily living in their vulgar context, so BALOMA, TABU etc are less

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acceptable and more distant rumblings at this level. The forum of story telling is O-KAUKWEDA, the threshold or domestic court to which the house itself is merely bedroom and cupboards.

The forum of village social and work-a-day life is the street and its symbol in the Boyowan idiom is WA BWAIMA, at the store. Boyowan yam crates often have a bit of a platform in front of them, a favourite squatting place for meeting strangers and passers by, who not being relatives or intimate family friends, prefer to meet there than on the verandah of the villager's home. Equivalent to WA BWAIMA is O-KABUDOGA, on the stand or platform, a public dumping spot for goods or burdens; or O-BUNEYOVA, a shaded stand or shelter. This is the forum of all public affairs, news of the day, gossip and general relaxation. Willy-nilly it is the forum of anthropology and question and response are coloured by it.

The forum of the WOSI or KAIMWANA, the celebration of the tribal glories is O-BAKU, on the square. This is an event so rare as to seem unimportant. The odd individuals who go on with their endless recitative are unobtrusive enough to be easily forgotten. The short season for KALIBOM or unofficial rehearsals with drums is over before anything noteworthy even gets started. But this is the most important chapter in the story of the Boyowan facing the way he has come. It is a chapter that has not been written. Because it is another world it will not be an easy chapter to write; but leaving it unwritten would be like leaving Homer out of the story of the ancient Greeks.

To mark once and for all the esoteric quality of the wosi and that its classic poetic style and not merely artificial conventions is what makes it so let me give an example. I was one day conning over a stanza of Usituma and wondering how it should be construed. I put my difficulties to a great grandfather. When he admitted being puzzled I suggested his white haired nephew and heir might help only to have the suggestion testily rejected on the grounds that his nephew was still womanising; and I wonder

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if there are not some who would regard this as vindication of their apparent attitude that the more cerebral salients of their field of study are so exegesis and uncertain that they are not worth bother about; that anything that does not have a social, economic, phallic, pathological or psychopathic, technical, ritual or perhaps merely statistical orientation, Just lies outside any possible, coherent framework of rational understanding.

I want to confess that this attitude would jar my sense of Boyowan realities. I know that these people are not brought up to a mystical regard for truth for its own sake, but this does not mean that these people never reach for the truth, especially religious and sublime truth, even though under question their natural inclination is to give the answer which pleases. The scorn of Jomo Kenyatta, and the more sardonic of ray Boyowan friends, is mine too when I am pressed for, or read authors stressing, the meaning of concepts like BALOMA, MEGUVA, TABU, MANA etc in terms that belong only in a juvenile system of reference. I had a spontaneous sympathy with groups who came to me, with hackles visibly raised, wanting to know what this or that inquiry was really getting at. From familiar daily contact with the vast range of these expressions I could only wonder, "What indeed?" With no definitive explanation of these concepts to come from the vernacular side any construction from our side wears the character of its making and is foreign, not to say misleading. If only our tedious ethnographers would quote the local formula in adequate English, it would be like a 'stab of lightning lighting up the murk made sultry with frustration. Better than the "co-efficient of weirdness" we should look for another level of thought expressed in the authentic traditional style proper to poetry, story or magic. Since story, song and magic has each a formal character all its own instantly recognisable even to the Boyowan child, we have a study to make to which fairy tales are a mere stepping stone. But from here on, as far as the Boyowan is concerned, if our perception of the poetry

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or magic is not immediate, explanation is not a help, because the text in question is far more luminous than any paraphrase could be. In the face of persistent question the informant may well say the text is meaningless or in a dead language.

2. Magic Rites and Spells

Proverb; KULA KUGISI INAM TAMAM WA TUMA

"Go see your mother and father in heaven."

(An inverted blessing or curse).

The 'literary' form at home in the domestic court, O-KAUKWEDA is the folk tale; the 'literary' form at home on the street or WA BWAIMA are the rites and spells of MEGUVA or magic. Magic, the most important form of their literature for Malinowski has been exhaustively examined by him, and I want to keep free of it here. But I do not want to exclude it, though it has a style proper to itself, from what I have been saying about the Boyowan artistic sense. As an art form, the aspect Malinowski was less expressly concerned with, it is difficult to appreciate apart from its own ceremonious setting* The ceremonious setting itself is not really understood apart from the tribal traditions, so it is only emotionally meaningful to those who have grown up with it. One who has grown up with it might build a story round it, filled with all the colour that surrounds the spell in village life, and this in turn would give the tribal living a lot of colour that the efforts of anthropologists fail to give.

Just to illustrate very briefly what I am talking about I am taking formula three of Coral Gares II page 265, a minor spell apart from its attached litany, hardly more than a VINAVTNA. All Malinowski needed to say was; "This is a curse on the bush pig, as representative of

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every adverse or deleterious influence that could affect the garden. It alludes to Tudava calling the Boyowans home again by sending back to them the Cannibal's head as a sign of their deliverance from the traditional hell-hole, Kaluwawa, in Kaili, the land of unlimited jungle. The terms are nautical, and wherever Ulawola imagery be, it is not in the Raibwaga at Kuluvitu, much as that might do for present purposes. The curse goes like this;

"Gentlemen! Our scape-goat, the pig.
Quarrelsome, violent, sneaky pig!
Murderous, mean, obstinate, lethal pig!
I kick your stern. I send you sailing. Go!
With ears for sail and tail for rudder. Out!
With eyes bunged and mind stunned. Get!
Right back to Paddling!"

In these few words we know as much, have a much better idea of the spirit of the thing and can feel much better about it Again on page 295 we have the KAPARI or Spider formula, which is so simple but so appealing too that everybody uses it, even Christian boys and girls still at school. It mentions the Kwaiwaya Point at Mwatawa where the megalithic stones were dug from the scarcely solidified sand of the beach and hardened into stone by drying, and which with the mention of Luebila links three Tudavan traditions. With our sensitivity to anticlimax the order of phrases as given would make a hash of the meaning for us, so I have re-routed them thus;

"O you spider!
O instant web!
What spiders do,
Should TAITU too,
Well up and spread.
Cover your ground,
Cover your grid,
As once you covered the Point of Kwaiwaya,
As once you covered the first Luebila;

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Covered and smothered the Point of Kwaiwaya,
Covered and smothered the first Luebila."

This is coaxing, cozening, sympathetic magic that makes the magician feel so much better that it is impossible for him not to believe that it doesn't do something for the TAITU too, and all the yams and all the crops. The first gardens of the first settlers at Labai and Luebila, cut in vfergin forest, were no doubt glorious ones and the memory may be thousands of years old.

3 Gilibwala the instant avenger

Proverb; WAGALA LA MIMI LAMIMIYA
"This is the boat of my dreams."

Comment

All stories are for the old as well as the young; all stories are educative, but in this and the next two chapters we come away from pure fantasy and more towards morality plays and sociological problems; and these are more for the old than the young though in style still addressed to the young.

The story of Gilibwala, curiously, but in the forthright way of the Boyowans was told by a young man who, on the evidence of his companions, had been well roasted by its telling and retelling, for he was at the moment the notorious philanderer of his district; and he was not from Wawela, This should be in its proper form a horror story for the kiddies, to give them gooseflesh. They love that sort of thing; and grown ups see no reason why they should not be indulged. But in the telling this story became almost uprooted as an animal fantasy and an almost transparent tale of human lechery. This was the result no doubt of the preoccupations of the story teller.

The Boyowans have a horror of snakes as keen as that of anyone. They particularly detest the python whose cunning and stealth, second only to that of the crocodile, they have good reason to appreciate. There is no way of knowing when they will strike; there is no way of preventing their dirty work. They will kill, usually fowls, far more than they can eat, and leave even the ones they cannot eat all slimed over. There is no way of tracking down an animal whose path is through the tree tops. For the purpose of making philandering hideous and hateful a more potent example could not be found.

Gilibwala is not credited with bringing any wealth back with him; only sago. His trip was not meant to be a glorious affair. In stories there is far more reference to sago than to VAIGUWA or jewelry; in fact, as far as reference in stories is concerned, the KULA is on a par with the Motuan pot-sago trips by LAKATOI into the gulf of Papua; besides the stories are still addressed to the young folk and these are more interested in sago.

The nobility of the Tabalu clan could claim priority on mullet catches so giving the head of the python to the mullet is a sly poke at the Tabalu. There may be a hint at black magic; but the python is not venomous so it seems rather pointed at their slyness and devious ways as the Boyowans fancy a man is influenced in character by what he eats. The name Gilibwala is a sort of symbol for sudden death like the gun man in Wild Westerns.

The Gilibwala story:

There was a man named Gilibwala living at Wawela who was making himself a boat. Just as this was finished his wife had a baby. But Gilibwala had spent too many days

dreaming of what he would do with his boat when it was finished to let this event make any difference to his plans, He said to his wife;

"In a few days I will be sailing away; tomorrow you must start to prepare food for my journey."

When the day to go came he loaded his boat and gave his wife some careful instructions;

"I will be going to Dobu. If the north-west wind blows you must remember not to burn any scented posies; and if the North-east wind blows you must remember not to burn any either.

He had forgotten to mention the south-west wind and this did blow and his wife did burn some love charms. The python smelt this and started to have dreams. These went all night till it was time for daybreak. It was then he fell out of the tree he was sleeping in and came tumbling down to earth.

The woman heard the thud and in her dream she said,

"Oh my firewood. Just what I want to keep me warm."

The snake crawling round outside the house happened to hear the woman talking in her sleep. He set up a conversation with her from the threshold, suggesting,

"What a heavy sleeper. Its time we made a few calls; its time we boiled some water."

Said the woman,

"You're garbling your words; I don't know what you are talking about."

Said the python,

"Who's garbling his words?"

He opened the door and went inside saying;

"Give me a fire stick."

The woman sleepily gave him a fire stick. The snake lit the fire and blew on it till it blazed and then he said,

"Let me have that warming stone to hot up."

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When the stone had been warmed he said,

"Let me have some water to boil for a bath."

He poured some water into a tub saying,

"Come on, get up and take your bath."

The woman sleepily took her baby and bathed it. When she had done that the python said,

"Let me have it to nurse."

She gave it to him and he nursed it saying to her,

"Now take your bath."

While she was taking her bath he licked the baby all over. When the woman had finished her bath

he licked her too all over. They stayed together all that day. Only after dinner that night did he go on a round of calls. While he was away the woman sang;

"The boat you made my lordling mate To keep a tryst and set a date. The while a slimy python spites you. You gaily sail away to Dobu."

The python heard and was provoked; saying,

"Oh Chant a spell for help would you? Well cap your spell with this;
"A paramour breaks in upon;
With betel charms your little one
So let this sharpen ruddy ire
And set ablaze your jealous fire."

The woman went to sleep in the house with her baby and the python went up in the tree to sleep. But near daybreak when he was still asleep he fell down to earth;

"Thump!"

The woman murmured in her sleep;

"Nice of you to get me firewood. Just what I need to keep me warm."

The python crawling down the street heard her and started to talk to her in her sleep;

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"The raw night breeze is chilling you; but never mind; just go to sleep."

When the village began to stir with daybreak he suggested;

"Its time you woke up and boiled some water."

He opened the door and went in, saying,

"Give me a light while I make up the fire and boil some water."

She handed him a light and he heated water for her and poured it into a tub, saying,

"Bathe the baby and then give it to me to nurse."

She bathed the baby and gave it to him to nurse. He licked it all over. When she had had her bath he licked her all over too. Then they cooked breakfast. In the evening he went up into the trees to sleep and sang again;

"A paramour breaks in upon;
With betel charms your little one
So let this sharpen ruddy ire
And set ablaze your jealous fire."

That night the husband down in Dobu had a dream. He said;

"The snake has found my little ones."

He set sail in the morning and when he arrived home at once asked his wife;

"What have you been doing while I was away?"

She said,

"Oh the python has been with us!"

Said he,

"Has he now! Well just carry this sago."

After the sago was all carried in they went to bed. During the night the woman told her husband,

"When the time comes for the village to stir from sleep you'll hear him fall."

Then the roosters crowed and there was a thump. The man's wife said,

"Did you hear that?"

Said he,

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"Wasn't it a branch of a tree?"

Said she,

"No it was the python. Just listen and you'll hear him talking."

The snake was coming down the street saying,

"The cold night wind Is chilling you. Wake up sleepy head; its time to boil your water and bathe."

The husband was sharpening his machete. He was standing by the door when the python opened it

and said;

"Give me a light."

The woman said,

"You are a pest."

Said the python,

"Oh what have I said wrong now."

When he rested his head on the doorstep the husband with one quick stroke cut it off. He marked off sections along his back and cut him into lengths. He fed these to scavenger fish. The tail lengths went to KISOSOPUNA, TOBUSA and LEUMIDU that eat every kind of filth; but the head he gave to the mullet. And that is how it was in the end; he and his little ones were able to sleep in peace.

4. TOPUPWANADA or Mr Cockles

Proverb: SONU SOSONU KASEMOLENA
"Seduced by the softness of seduction."

PUPWANADA the large white cockles found in mangrove mud are edible and in fact eaten, but they are the least esteemed of sea foods. Red Ochre or O-Lumwaluva, of which Omarkana is the corrupt form, is the seat of the paramount chief or senior Tabalu. Making him a Cannibal is just a joke, a

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flippancy given more bite by the KAVAGINA or crawl, the obeisance, demanded of old by the protocol of more serious occasions; it is not 'documentary' proof that the Tabalu were Cannibals. Here again we find the motif of the worthy and the worthless brother, itself in association with the Tabalu, an allusion to Tudava and Dovana.

The story

There were two brothers living happily together; the elder active and a great gatherer of cockles; the younger an assiduous chewer of betel nut, who stayed at home to keep the fire alight; so there should be always a bright fire to roast the cockles on; and on which they would dine before they went to bed. But after some time, as idle people do, betel chewer became forgetful and his brother came home to find the fire out. This was shameful of him and he exclaimed;

"Please sir, just wait while I run and fetch some fire."

The betel chewer ran to Red Ochre where he passed its lord training his vines and who wanted to know;

"Where would you be going?"

"I came to get fire for my brother."

"Oh well take some of this pork and vegetables along with the fire. Give some to your brother."

On the way home thinking all by himself, as he usually did, he grew suspicious, saying to himself;

"I had better throw this pork and these vegetables away; they might be poisoned. If I give them to my brother he might die."

So he threw them away and went home with only the fire. He told his brother what he had done; and his brother well used to him accepted this, saying,

"Oh yes, perhaps its as well you did; its not as though

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we had no cockles."

So the cockles were cooked and dined on and the brothers went to bed. But this sort of thing happened over and over. The lord's wife was a flirt and she made the most of these opportunities. The lord's men overheard and told the lord about it; so he gave orders;

"Get your spears and go kill that fellow."

So they chased him back to OBowada and through O-Bowada to O-Bwelia; then through O-Bwelia to the main road again. He arrived home covered with blood and crying;

"Oh brother; the lord's men want to kill me."

"Do they? Well tomorrow we are going to go and kill them."

And the lord likewise was telling his men;

"We are going to kill that betel chewer and his brother."

So that is how the lord's men and the brothers and their friends met at Kuleya or Stodge, and fought a battle which the brothers won. They drove the lord's men back to O-Yusali or Held Off where they piled their weapons, saying they would burn Red Ochre the next day. But the next day things did not go so well. The lord of Red Ochre had given the order;

"Mine the road and cover the pits."

This they had done and when the fight began next day, and the brothers as before proved too strong, the pursuit began. Then it was that the betel chewer, heedless of pits, fell straight through the covers into one. There he was captured, taken and shown to the lord with the words;

"We got him; but his brother got away."

The lord said,

"Good; keep him here while you get firewood and we can cook him."

The elder brother went home grieving, and he did not sleep at all. Very early in the morning he went to bathe, and after anointing, painting and combing himself, he scattered gristings in his hair and got himself up to look like a Kaileula

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man. Then taking his spear and his adze, like an official visitor from another island he set out for Red Ochre. When he appeared in O-Bwelia the villagers set up a cry to announce to all that an official visitor from Kaileula was passing. The elder brother knowing he would not be believed protested;

"Oh I'm not really from Kaileula; I'm just going to see this fellow they captured."

They told him,

"Oh you had better be quick; they are getting ready to cook him right now."

He took off along the main road, running. In O-Bowada he was proclaimed again; and again he denied being a stranger, saying,

"I only want to see the chap they took yesterday."

"Be quick then, they should be cooking him already."

Going through Wa-Kalilluva it was the same; no one recognised him; while he still protested;

"Oh I am just sorry for the chap they caught; I only want to see him."

They told him,

"You had better hurry; they have lit the fire."

He ran to Red Ochre and was proclaimed there as an official visitor from Kaileula and greeted with the words,

"Why have you come?"

"Oh only to see the fellow they are talking about."

They told him,

"You're just in time; they have the fire hot enough to cook him."

The lord gave his own invitation,

"Come up here where you can see better."

The elder brother went up on the platform and sat chatting there with the lord of Red Ochre. At the right moment he seized the lord's spear, threw his own to his brother and jumped down, saying,

"Quick!"

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They killed the lord and his men, and leaving the ladies to mourn their dead, went back to Lumwala.

5 The Navavila and Momovala Stories

Tovileu

Proverb: MEKOMA KALA PWASA TODEDEKWA

"The lustful must live on his own corruption."

Comment

Navavila and Momovala are two versions of one and the same story and must be considered together. Behind their telling, in less recent times at least, there was a medical problem and a scandal» leading on even to an enquiry on the part of the District Office. The topic was still a lively one in 1937, when the vernacular version was written down, and involved someone much closer to the scene of the discussion than that convenient character, the man from Wawela. It was a very explosive subject when Malinowski was in Boyowa. The KWATAKEKWA of ordinary parlance is the length of stick with tapered ends that is used in the tip-cat game that children play. So far as adults are concerned there is much more to this story than is detailed in this simplified version. In fact the topic seems shaped to heading off inquisitive youngsters who would know the scandal away. The story or stories are meant to evoke horror. The VINAVINA of Navavila only hints at bleeding that will not stop, TETE BIYOU TETE BIYOU; while the VINAVINA of Momovala goes further.

Navavila is a name taken from a by-word and can be rendered in English as Prowler, while Momovala means living, a sardonic description. By the fact that both these versions were given by

Is used to stories being revamped for location, updating etc and is appreciative of versions other than his own. The mood is too ferocious to be funny and belong rather in the area of grouch sessions; they are pointed very much at the wife. Mallnowski would not have been so puzzled at the offensiveness of the obscenity he speaks of on page 106 of *Sex and Repression* if he had been familiar with these stories; and if he was unaware of the scandal they would have been kept from him.

The daughter's name, Pwasamaluya, means 'our rotten nuts', an allusion to idle or shiftless living and Mogwa means 'old ...' and you can supply your own description of him. It is a story casing a problem and a situation rather than an event or any definite person. It is meant to be a stereotype; like the traditional carvings of the human figure, so like those of Easter Island, it deliberately eschews personal delineation. The problem was a very large and prevalent one in Boyowa, contrary to what the old men assured Malinowski. It was perhaps the Boyowans biggest worry, morally speaking, after the breaking of the brother-sister incest TABU, and was seemingly of far less rare occurrence. The drastic candour leaves no doubt about the public regard for those who do such things, and the moral courage that such a relation evinces must redeem the disedifying aspects of the story.

The Navavila Story

Navavilla lived at Wawela with his wife and daughter. The daughter was keeping company. One day when they were going to the garden Navavila said to his daughter;

"If you bring the taro plants I will put them in."

On their way to the garden he said,

"Oh daughter, look that BUTIA tree is in bloom; you can make yourself a wreath."

His daughter said,

"Yes, just wait while I do that."

So Navavila waited under the tree while his daughter up in the tree went stepping from branch to branch gathering blossoms; he just stood watching, fascinated. She asked him,

"What are you looking at?"

"Oh a • • • a lory; I just saw a beautiful lory."

Said she,

"Where was that?"

"Oh it just flew away; it is not there now."

"Well see if you can catch it for me; I'd like it as a pet."

Said he,

"But it has gone."

Then Navavila went on watching his daughter; and she did not like it.

"What are you looking at this time?"

"Oh it is a devil bird; a beautiful one; I must get it for you as a pet."

This is what went on all the time she was in the tree; stepping from branch to branch and gathering her blossoms. Navavila was fooling with her and finally said;

"Come down now and weave your wreaths."

When the girl was back on the ground Navavila went to her and took hold of her and outraged her. She cried;

"Oh how could you take liberties like that."

Her father tried to make light of it;

"String your garlands while I put in the taro."

But the girl would not be pacified. She went home weeping to her mother; who wondered;

"That sounds like my daughter crying; what can have happened to her?"

When the girl arrived she asked;

"What has happened? Why are you crying?"

The girl was rude to her;

"Find out from your husband. Go to him; go to it. I cleaned out. It was you who told me to go to him."

The girl dressed herself with care; put on all her jewelry; put posies in her armlets. She packed her sleeping mats and all her things and made ready to go. Her mother was concerned;

"What are you doing?"

"I am clearing out; taking my shame with me."

"In that case I must go with you. We will go together."

"No you stay here; stay with your husband. I go alone and I will not be back."

As she passed O-Bulaku on her journey she was crying;

"Child from father speeding

Navavila left unheeding

Lory red her bleeding

Tip cat maiden grieving

Home and mother leaving

Sharks her shame receiving."

The O-Bulaku folk said to one another;

"How could he bring himself to do it? Do men couch their own daughters? No this fellow is right out on his own."

They said to the girl;

"Come and rest a while."

She refused;

"Oh, no, I must go to Kilivila."

She turned and left. Coming to Kwabula she was still crying;

"Child from father speeds

Nor Navavila heeds,

Lory red she bleeds,

Tip-cat maiden grieves

Home and mother leaves,

Sharks her shame receives."

The Kwabula folk said to one another;

"What a fool! Does a man go with his own daughter?

Is a sister more sacred than a daughter?"

They said to the girl,

"Come into the village and rest."

But the girl said,

"No, I must go. I am going to Kilivila; I am clearing out."

She passed through Ilailima and was heard crying the same sad refrain. The same comment was made; the same sympathy tended; but the girl went on without stopping. Her mother was hurrying after her. Going down by Yalumgwa the refrain was still the same;

"Pierced, from father speeds,
No more the Prowler heeds,
Lory red she bleeds.
Tip-cat maiden grieves
Home and mother leaves
Sharks her shame receives."

The Yalumgwa folk were concerned and Said;

"Oh come into the village and rest."

But She said,

No I must keep going."

After her came her mother saying;

"Have you seen my daughter?"

They told her,

"She has just left."

The girl on her journey came to Kaulagu and took the road to Luveikwau or Thrown-to-the-Sharks. She crossed the coral ridge, right to the cliff top that looks down on the ocean. Her mother caught up with her there and they sat and cried together. When their grief had eased a little the mother

said'

"Groom me child."

Her mother was pleading that they fondly comfort each other. So daughter lay her head on her mother's lap to have her hair done; and like that she slept. Then it was her turn to do the same for her mother. She watched her mother go to sleep and start to snore; then to make sure she was really sleeping, woke

her up; but she was soon asleep and snoring again. This time the daughter did not wake her, but gently laid her down. Standing up she dressed herself, putting on all her finery and jewels. She climbed out on a limb of a tree and standing there called down to the sharks;

"Sharks, I send you my skirt to eat."

The sharks conveyed their welcome;

"Send on."

She dropped to them her posy first, a few shreds at a time; but the sharks ignored them. She took off her dress. The sharks were more interested. When she threw it down to them they ate it at once. Then she threw down her petticoat and they ate that at once. Then she said;

"Sharks, I am dropping my whole self to you; eat me."

The sharks showed their eagerness;

"Drop away I"

She let herself fall. Morsel by morsel the sharks ate her. The sound of their thrashing woke the mother. Seeing that her child had been eaten she threw herself to the sharks; and they ate her too. With this the Wawela man had neither wife nor child; all that was left to him was mourning for the dead.

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The Momovala story

It would seem that Momovala lived at Silaketa in the hamlet known as Budauwa. Her husband's name was Mogwa and she had a daughter called Pwasamaluya. When Pwasamaluya grew up her mother made ointment for her and charmed it with love magic. She steeped a posy in it and left it hanging under the eaves. Later the girl's father going under this got some of the charmed ointment in his hair. Next day he suggested;

"There are some bananas ripening; I am going to the garden for them."

This he duly did and took his daughter with him. On the way up he noticed the GUMBUTIA was in bloom and made another suggestion;

"You could climb that tree and get yourself flowers for a wreath."

His daughter followed his suggestion and climbed up in the tree and round through the branches gathering blossoms. Her father stood watching her highly diverted, even to the point of acclamation. When she got down again to stow her blossoms he went to her and forced her to lie with him.

Afterwards Pwasamaluya was inconsolable. She went back to her home at Budauwa for her personal belongings. When her mother asked what was the matter she abused her rudely. With her things on her head she left, going round by the outskirts of O-Labema; and this was her dirge;

"Alive today but dead tomorrow,
Before as gay as now by sorrow,
Heartbroken, leaving shallows stench,
Where father crazy raped his wench

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while egrets, Herons stood dumbfounded
At daughter's error sire compounded.
Goodbye from me, Our-Rotten-Nuts,
To savage depths my twisted guts,"

Molaya the garden leader of the people of O-Labema said to his wife;

"Lass, there is a girl on the road bent on running away; you must stop her."

His wife went out along the road and waited. She spoke with Pwasamaluya and saw her dress all soaked in blood. But the girl refused to stay and the garden leaders wife went back to him in tears saying;

"Oh Garden Leader, her dress is soaked in blood."

As Pwasamaluya passed Bwadela the people there also heard her dirge; and the lord of Bwadela at once told his wife, Kalakavea;

"You must stop that girl running away."

His wife went and tried; but the girl would not be brought in. Migawaya, another wife, came back saying,

"Her dress is soaked in blood and is already stinking.

When Pwasamaluya arrived at Gilibwa she went straight to the top of the cliffs. She called to the sharks;

"Sharks, sharks, eat me!"

She threw herself into the sea and was eaten by the sharks. Straight after her came her mother who did

as she had done, and was eaten likewise. Then came Mogwa who did the same; and he too was eaten.

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6. The Dugawina and Tokabibogwa Stories

Proverb; LELIA ISIGA KOLEKU GINE
"Plague sets off migration."

Comment

The story of Dugawina and the story of Tokabibogwa both characterise the professional mourner and reveal an attitude never in evidence at the obsequies themselves. Dugawina as told by Mwalova was the most ribald and disreputable piece in this collection. The name is descriptive of a weathered hag of easy virtue, a figure of singular gracelessness; but the notable Boyowan zest for the humour of such stories is itself a tribute to their appreciation of the good form implied by these travesties.

Tokabibogwa is not a name but a description. Old Snatcher, meaning body-snatcher. It is not a tale told to amuse the folk in Omarakana or their enemies in Bwoitalu. In fact it is a tale well calculated to evoke sardonic rejoinders from both communities; but particularly that of Omarakana whose pretensions to a paramount chieftaincy is impugned by the mere mention of a GUYAU in connection with Bwoitalu, because the Malasi, apart from the Tabalu, are commonly regarded as the scruffiest of commoners with Bwoitalu their whipping post. The description of Toilelami is also an oblique description of the Omarakana chiefs as represented by their critics.

The male professional mourner is rarer than the female, but apparently has his place in folk consciousness and needs to be ridiculed. The VINAVINA is almost the same as that in Dugawina. The type of Cannibalism has been well detailed for the New Guinea mountains and this story shows it was not so far beyond the

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Boyowan horizon in the past that they could neglect to form public opinion against it.

The Dugawina Story

Mwalova

Dugawina was a person who once lived at Sineketa; a professional mourner who just lived for these occasions. When someone died, say at Bwadela, people always knew what she would say;

"Would. I be going to the garden? Not at all. To mourn I go; a sob, sob sobbing I go."

With her rain mat on her head away she would go to Bwadela; and arrived there this would be her dirge;

"A foe we poison, plague and vex,
A child, a nobody of either sex,
A KULA worthy we do not hex,
Who builds a boat to navigate
The seas to bring us wealth and great
Renown, enhancing our estate."

People would take her a mourning payment saying;

"Your comfort, Dugawina, to dry your eyes, Dugawina I" but she would just cry harder than ever;

"Woe! Woe! Woe!"
"Oh bring a basket; fill a basket for Auntie."

This she would disclaim;

"Not at all. I'll just take a scoop."

But what Dugav/ina could stow under her ample petticoats was more than anyone could put in a basket. Arrived home she would let it tumble to the floor;

Boom! Boom! Boom!"

The villagers would want to know;

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Oh Dugawina, what is that rumbling?"

And she would say;

"Oh just the noise of our or anybody's silly nonsense, our rivalries and philanderings, that you hear echoing in my house."

There came a time when she heard of a death at O-Kayaula, the home of so many savoury things. The suggestion of going to the garden was rejected most scornfully;

"Go to the garden indeed. Would I ever? No! to mourn I go. A sob, sob, sobbing I go."

With her rain mat on her head she went off to O-Kayaula to wail her dirge;

"A foe we poison, plague and vex •••• "

They took her some comforts which included a mud crab, saying,

"Your solace Dugawina. To stem your sobbing Dugawina!"

But she just cried harder than ever,

"Woe! Woe! Woe!"

Someone said,

"Oh fill a porter's basket for Dugawina."

But she disclaimed saying,

"Oh not at all; I'll just take a scoop."

When she stowed her load, as she well knew how to, she also took the mud crab as a savoury. But on the way home the mud crab managed to free one of its great claws and pinched her. She was obliged to walk straddle-legged along the road; and all the time she was struggling with it and saying,

"Drop! Drop!"

But the mud crab in its struggle had fouled the stowage and nothing would drop; Dugawina was forced to go home straddle-legged all the way. She went into her house and tried again;

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"Drop! Drop!"

But the struggle had exhausted her and though she struggled on and tried again and again she got weaker all the time and her voice grew fainter and fainter till she died; and the mud crab had bitten right through his pinch.

The curiosity of the villagers became impatient; her brother was reminded;

"We have not heard the news from Dugawina about the wake; go and see her and get the news; we want to hear."

When a woman did open the door she saw that Dugawina was dead and said;

"But she's dead."

So Dugawina was cut free from all her entanglements made presentable for her last appearance and buried.

The Tokabibogwa Story

The man's name was Toyanowa and he lived at Butumavava with his sister. When one day the news came that let us say Bugwabwaga, the big chief of O-Marakana was dead Toyanowa would be saying to his sister;

"Now you may do better staying at home but I must go off to O-Marakana to mourn for Bugwabwaga."

When he came into the village and took his place among the mourners this would be his dirge;

"A pig we hex,
A man we hex,
A worthy man
I must confess
We do not hex
Or bite me dog.

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"Not mighty shipwright Bugwabwaga"
From craft and magic now choked off;
Oh bite me dog."

When they thought he had mourned enough they brought him his grief quelling present saying;

"The grief quelling present for Toyanowa!"

But he would be going on with his mourning, saying,

"Put it down. I am not finished grieving for Bugwabwaga; he was very dear to me."

Grieving gave him time to pack up his large grief quelling presents with care. They asked him;

"Sir. wouldn't you be needing a carrying pole."

"See fellows, our honourable friend is not well bring him a carrying pole."

Carrying his burden on the pole he went back to Butumavava and put his burden down. His sister was curious;

"What sort of a present did you get?"

"Oh Sister how could you ask? They are Tabalu; my grief quelling present was two outs of pork and vegetables and betel nut more than you would dare to expect."

He gave his sister some pork and some vegetables saying;

"Here is some for you to eat. The rest we will keep for planting and to eat later."

So food was prepared for the oven and when it was cooked they ate it all. Presumably it was pork they ate; but Toyanowa said absent-mindedly to his sister;

"Let me have some KWEGA leaves to chew; Bugwabwaga was a stout man."

That evening he went off to O-Marakana's main store and waited there, watching the villagers till it was very dark. When he saw everyone was asleep he dug up the corpse and ran off with it to Butumavava; where he would eat it.

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Early one morning he heard that Toilelami of Bwoitalu was dead. He was at once full of questions to his sister;

"What happened?"

But all she could tell him was;

"Toilelami has Just died."

He was heard talking to himself;

"Oh Toilelami, you were a great eater but a mean one. I did not eat so well; but I will now. You were not hospitable, but now I am going to be right at home where you are; we are going to be right together."

He told his sister;

"You lass would do better to go to the garden; but I must go and see Toilelami and mourn for him."

He hurried off to Bwoitalu where he took his stand near the store house to mourn with the others. This was the theme of his keening;

"A pig we hex,
A man we hex,
A worthy man,
I must confess,
We do not hex
Or bite me dog.
Not mighty shipwright Toilelami
Prom craft and magic now choked off,
Oh bite me dog."

When the criers came to quieten him saying,

"Your grief quelling presents, Toyanowa;"

he said,

"Oh just put them there while I take my leave of Toilelami. If you had only summoned me yesterday I would have come and Been him; and my grief would not be so sore."

But his hosts protested;

"No sir, it is enough; you must pack your presents;

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and you will need a carrying pole."

Someone quickly did him this further honour;

"Yes give your honourable friend this spear as a carrying pole."

"That would be good of you to give me that spear as a carrying pole so I can look at it and ease my grief."

He took his burden and went off to Butumavava. Arriving very quickly and dumping a heavy burden made his sister curious;

"Toyanowa, what presents did you get?"

Said Toyanowa,

Oh Sister, how can you ask? You know what to expect of the Kalugulabi of Bwoitalu. Just to quell my grief they gave me two portions of pork. Here is a bit for you to cook and eat; and later I will bring seed for planting of and more new vegetables to eat."

Then he went to prepare an oven inside his house and was busy with cooking all that day. In the evening he said with sleepy satisfaction to his sister;

"Get me some KWEGA leaves to chew; Toilelami was a fat man."

That night he went to Bwoitalu where he waited on the approaches till midnight; till he thought everyone was asleep. But the Bwoitalu people were aware that he had taken some of the body of Toilelami and eaten it and they had decided to catch him. As soon as the women were asleep the men left the village. They were already watching from the bush when they saw Toyanowa arrive; and they were saying,

"Well Toyanowa, you think you can get away with it; but by daybreak you will have been caught."

Toyanowa went to the grave to dig up the corpse. He dig till he could squat down beside it and take it first onto his legs and then onto his shoulder. The corpse

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was out of the grave and he was ready to trot off with it when the Bwoitalu men were upon him. Talking like Cannibals themselves, in husky voices from the back of their throats, they wanted to know;

"Kor! And who do you think you are? Would you be taking our lord now? Would you be going to eat him?"

Toyanowa said to them,

"Stand back, I only want to mourn a little for Toilelami, to ease my grief."

"Kor, no! You are the one who digs up lords to eat.

You take them home and eat them. You eat them, don't you, Kor?"

They attacked and killed him; then they threw him and Toilelami into the same grave and burled them together.

Toyanowa's sister now on her own had been told;

"The Bwoitalu men have killed your brother."

But her only comment was;

"Fair enough. He won't be tempted any more."

So the reburial of Toilelami ended the business.

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CHAPTER XI **Gnomes and Ghouls on KULA**

Proverb; NELIWAGA IBUBUSI NELIWAGA IBUSI
"Frequent voyages make permanent voyager."

1. The Ambiguous KULA Malinowski's final chapter on the KULA is lost now, but here I would like to put forward what I am sure would have been part of it. Though the KULA is a large ingredient in traditional Boyowan living it is only at rare intervals and for a few weeks that it takes on the importance described in Argonauts of the Western Pacific. It is only during that short carnival period that it is the grand and interesting, universally favoured diversion; when derogatory remarks are out of place. Malinowski was welcomed in this carnival atmosphere quite early while he

was still in the period of lively first impressions, and it left him in a state of wondering ever after if he had got his feet back on the ground. That anyway is the feeling I have from reading him.

I must say at once that I do not want to decry in any way the Homeric side to the KULA; rather I want to confirm Malinowski and at the same time remove a sense of lack of understanding. After living a few years in the KULA's centre and having from the outset the advantage, which he himself did not have, of his careful formulation and familiarity with its relative importance in a work-a-day regard at the same time, I came to realise that this feeling is intrinsic to the KULA. It is a feeling the people themselves

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have. The KULA springs as it were from nature itself; and so has a mythical or magical warrant. Why people run amok and why people KULA may have its dark side and so it is proper to clothe it in the mystery of poetry and adventure, to be discreet about it or equivocal. It is something the Boyowan finds natural to shun and avoid while at the same time being drawn to it because of a signal lack. It is rather an elaborate excuse, a pretentious cover for a daring escape. It is not just an expedition to borrow jewels for a dance. Its charter transcends the merely material. Quite apart from any exchange or acquisition of valuables it is necessary as an escape, a relief from humdrum Boyowan living, from good and plentiful but good and tasteless Boyowan vegetables, from that Robinson Crusoe type of existence so often touched on in these stories. It is escape from boredom, the prescribed therapy that helps to safeguard against social strife and decadence. It provides an insurance of surviving the periodic droughts and famine; people have boats with which to go and trade for sago. It opens a door to life, to a larger world; it caps this profound need for escape with a rare challenge.

Where the behaviour of human beings are concerned one should not approach the study like a physicist or a mathematician, eager to trace out the equation of the function itself. This gives a misleading expectation of resolution. Men are imaginative and humourous animals with a predeliction for the fanciful. The way to understand the KULA is to start like a novelist with the KOYA. The mountains of KOYA Tabu, Moratau and Morata stand like Bali Hai, the symbol and the challenge, the invitation and the promise of a different world, a fresher life. There is the spice of danger from voyaging over open ocean, of contact with Cannibals in those KOYA; any adventure in this

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setting is at the outset Homeric, its own warrant and its own reward. These mountains dominate the peoples of the KULA ring and the Coral Sea. The KITLA as a performance may be jejune, but its spirit is an indomitable response to a call for adventure, the spirit that has peopled the islands of the Pacific.

As the villagers traffic to and from along their shores and across their lagoons this chain of mountains to the south, a perpetual reminder of that call, forever rides along with the restrictions of their village existence, the treadmill of the unending gardening round, the frictions of village life, where each community is just like one over large family of a hundred or two or three hundred people and the

essential necessity is Just to break free, with or without excuse. It is indicative that the name of a sea going craft of adventure is MASAWA, a sporting boat, with the notion of sport very nearly that of the English word. The very name admits taking chances, risking hazards, being committed to accept loss. Kiu's uncle forfeited all rights when he infringed that gambling rule. It is the democracy of the open arena, where free from village handicaps, prejudice and inhibitions, each is on a level footing with just himself, his present resources, the luck of the day and a clean opportunity to prove a new worth, his rightful place among men.

Its essential function and meaning is not material but spiritual. Getting armshells or necklaces is incidental, like picking up a bargain fur coat on a trip round the world and getting home with it duty free. That part of it is just bonus and souvenir. Feasting on sago, or tasting the exciting flavour of vegetables and fruit grown on granite or volcanic soils are congruent symbols for conversational reference. The mythology of the KULA and the magic of its rituals are all concerned with its

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recreational aspect in a very primitive and radical sense. Once again it is the freeing of the heart and mind that is important. The fascination is in the people who come back, and in the people who welcome them back, seeing each other with new eyes. It reminds me of a pastoralist of my acquaintance, with whom I was talking just after he had returned his son to boarding school. He was chuckling over a remark of his son's that his father and mother's personalities had bloomed while he was away. They had been thinking the same about their son. It is not for nothing that Tokosikuli, the tutelary deity of the KULA, was a legless, pocks-pitted travesty of human comeliness. This simply makes the KULA itself a symbol to rally round for all who would hear the clarion call of its TAGINA TAUYA, and make use of it to cure or escape, sublimate or transcend their defects or sickness, apathy or malice.

This of course is the perpetual subjective preoccupation of the Boyowans. The occasion of the KULA is only one of those conspicuous events like the MILA MALA, the WOSI, KOVEISA and KAYASA that is arranged so something signally effective can be done about it. Whatever the material benefits, the KULA's effect for the individual is therapeutic and vacational. I don't know how the name KULA derives; though for Boyowans all names in a cultural context are semantic; but KULA does not need any specific derivation to be a symbol, "Go!" Nor does Kasabwaibwaileta, the Dobuan reference to the tutelary deity that the Boyowans know as Tokosikuli, need, whatever its possible Dobuan meaning may be, any expounding to a KULA worthy as a description, "the one who gets his recovery started."

It's a pity Malinowski's final chapter on the KULA is lost. It would surely have been one of his most interesting but I doubt if it would have transcended the KULA's fascination

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for the Boyowans themselves or reveal more clearly their essentially quizzical attitude towards it than does their folklore. The KULA is the resolution of the antinomy that stood between Tudava and his brother, that stands between the Boyowan in his serious and religious role as the disciple of Tudava and his inescapable role as the slave of the Cannibal. This is a situation that remains paradoxical to all men however civilised, that has not been resolved by any philosophy, that is as synthetic as

life itself and can only be worked out in the drama of actual living, can only be encompassed by the tribal tradition as a whole. That this has been done by the Boyowans is worthy of particular notice.

To be convinced of this we must know that the Boyowan is aware of, uses and appreciates paradox.

2. The Paradoxical Tokosikuli

Proverb; SIGILI BWAU SIGILI MAMA SIGILI MAMA SIGILI PEULA

"A big crew is a weak crew a small crew is a strong crew."

(One boy's help is half a man's; two boy's half a boy's; three Boy's no help at all.)

In Boyowan Cannibal stories the name always given to the Cannibal's sad sack slave is Tokosikuli, Warts or Pocks. Since I am sure there are people who would regard this as too paradoxical to be an allusion to the KULA deity I want to say that for people like Tovileu it is just that; and if anyone should object that this would make the KULA itself paradoxical I could, with a sense of relief, only agree. Paradox does not worry the Melanesian. In the Kiu myth it is part of the manipulation of the story; and it is

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the profound implication of the Tudavan tradition that in the very abandonment by Tudava of his people, and by his renunciation, he made his blessings irrevocable. A story I heard in one of the hill-top villages behind Milne Bay closes with the chief of the lower hill-top village lamenting over the bones of his friend, the chief of the higher hill-top village, "If only you had accepted my invitation and come down to me when I warned you of the flood." The lower hill was in wider, shallower flood water.

No Boyowan needs the explanation that KAPARI NAGA says "Spider Now; what would excite him more would be to see in English the more appropriate meaning in the given text, "Instant web Or Magic web; though in the face of the Boyowan preference I prefer the other NAGA, royal or splendid; so we might wonder for whose benefit do anthropologists make their literal translations? Raymond Firth's translation of the first line of the spells cited in the Work of the Gods is a more stark example. From the lyrical allusion to the devotion of a mother cat and the cleanliness of kittens its rendering would distract a doctor of letters. Since we can so blithely overlook the fact that this sort of thing can be, to use a Boyowan concept, a ruinous influence; let's illustrate after the Boyowan manner:

"Wasn't one MAU Mau hell enough?"

"Meaning?"

"If you foster a consensus of opinion that our island peasant is only a savage in time of despair he may lapse into savagery."

"But these studies are made so everything possible may be done to make him a citizen of the

world of the twentieth century."

"You handicap and undermine that effort when on every page of every study you make of him you portray him as a sub human species."

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"Nobody does that. The understanding given is the one the people have of themselves."

"Not if you quote their myths without their emotional relevance; if you cite their lyrics but do not attempt to evaluate their artistic expression. The ideals we inculcate in our idiom won't shine if those same ideals in their own idiom have been ignored or at best translated into outlandish or infantile expressions."

This brings us to the role of Tokosikuli and its importance for understanding the Boyowan. Like the Cannibal stories, like the Tudavan cycle it is a subdued but potent theme in the Boyowan ensemble. He is more than the tutelary deity of the KULA. He belongs in that carnival spirit; but he belongs too in that anti-carnival spirit that prevails for most of the rest of the year. He is Everyman on the Boyowan landscape in that self-deprecatory attitude peculiarly Papuan. He is the younger brother in the Wawela Story of the Two Brothers. His self deprecation must not be mistaken for Christian meekness and humility. It is the recoil of a spring already under powerful pressure. Pressed too far it breaks with the phenomenon of running amok. But short of that it is a cult and a discipline and its manifestation is a patience and control that is not just a Boyowan trait, but has been remarked as a characteristic of Papuans generally.

That Malinowski took sapient note of this is clear from the penetration of his suggestion that the Kula might be a surrogate for the missing initiation rites and training; though I am not persuaded that that element is entirely lacking. I saw young aspirants for the office of GUYAU who over a period of years were never allowed to go alone and unattended. The surveillance was discreet and unobtrusive; but it was relentless. The constant reference to Tokosikuli in the stories is significant and Tovileu's nudge or chuckle at the mention of his name was unailing. This role could be a guide

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rail to an avenue with a long perspective, not only for Boyowa but for Papua; and the double aspect of his character must be kept in mind. He is on the two sides of the coin; the Odysseus of the KULA and the slave of the Cannibal who ordered up the coconut tree by the casual visitor obediently climbs.

However I am not so much concerned with tracing the larger outline of the Kula or of Tokosikuli as with warning the reader that in this selection of Boyowan folklore there is more than meets the eye; just as anyone at a village telling would know that there is more than meets the ear. After the carnival of the KULA is over, the comment in life as in the stories is disparaging rather than otherwise. Individuals have had their chance and established or failed to establish all that the KULA could do for them; and just

because of the exaltations I have mentioned, the people in the aftermath have the feeling that it needs cutting down to size. Though for the relatively few snobs that are in the ring the KULA might be a sort of perpetual carnival for the great majority of the folk outside it needs to be closed off; because its fascination would otherwise fret in the way of village life. Tokosikuli must have his day; and Tudava must have his. Or we might put it this way; if an educated Boyowan were to mix around with our commercial travellers, book makers, with men sporting with cars, horses, yachts, dogs, with gamblers of all descriptions: he would very likely tell his friends when he got home, that he had met Bovana's descendants, the Dimdim KULA men; and add the comment, "They are just like us."

Even if one should live for a year or two years and never hear the KULA mentioned and any reference might bring the observation that it is now a discarded institution it will not die. Like the ups and downs of

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story telling and folklore this quietus has happened before. The KULA will be back, perhaps under a guise that the readers of Malinowski would not recognise. Meanwhile, to the knowledgeable eye, valuables circulate as much or more than the lapsing dancing occasions call for. A suit case is a very discreet thing and it is easy to pay a dollar or two and ride the deck of a passing trawler. But a new chapter is about due, when the boats have nylon sails and outboards, and a thousand mile trip is only a run to town to sample the delights of modern civilisation.

To evoke the essential synthesis of the KULA and the Tokosikuli cult I would like to quote my own expression of its paradox given in the Wawela Story of the Two Brothers. The younger brother is now returning after having shed the incubus of his elder, at the elder's repeated insistence in the face of every warning, to continue in his own right towards his blind and foolish mother, the role he has fulfilled all along:

"Now he was free for the first time to study the treasures his gotten man had given him. Unbinding the waterproof wrapping he took from their basket the cassowary feathers that he, his children and his children's children would wear at the dance. He stroked with gentlest caress the Bird of Paradise plumes, brilliant in the golden sunlight of the setting sun. He turned the jewelry from the sea a thousand miles away this way and that in his fingers. With these and his own reformed character - his so marvelously" reformed character - he must console his mother for the loss of a son without peer, endowed with every social grace and charm, with every manly virtue and skill, who had provided for her with all the tenderness and care of a mother for her child. Here too was comfort for himself. Here was proof of his own admission

to the ranks of the BADAs, that masonry that included many a rascal and sorcerer, even murderer and black magician, an order in fact in which most lived with a guilty conscience, or at best an uneasy casuistry, but an order too that kept the social frame of things together, for they were men of a code who faced their responsibilities. Unknown in an alien land without an introduction he had been recognised by his peers for what he was."

3 Vinaya

Proverb: KWATUYEGU LIVANA TOUNATA NEWAMAPU BIGA
"A lover responds to a mere hint."

Comment:

On the occasion on which the story of Vinaya was written down some disparaging comments were made, possibly invidious and against the Kavataria community. In spite of its effective VINAVINA it was regarded as mere narration or the least pretentious form of KUKWANEBU; without proper names as in myth or the wonderland quality of real KUKWANEBU. Tobumyou is a classical allusion that can come into any story, and Vinaya or Girlie may be legion too like the Cannibals and the story does in fact have a bare and skeletal feel; so there may be a fuller and better version somewhere. PIPI is a tomtit. Birds like PIPI and POSISIKWA, a tiny honey eater, are regarded by Boyowans as the last word in erotic cuteness and there is some allusion to the plucking of eye lashes in love making.

Vinaya or Girlie

Vinaya was a beautiful girl who interested men living at Kavataria. They agreed together;

"Let us each first build a house."

When they had done that the eldest said;

"I am sailing off to the mountains to see Vinaya."

He sailed away and in time came to an island where he went ashore to bathe and anoint himself. It was the place where a witch called Tobumyou or dust lived. People are very careful to please this witch because the dust haze is very useful to hide in when the witches are out and the wide open ocean has to be crossed. Tobumyou said to the man;

"When you have anointed yourself and you have finished with the coconut scrapings would you let me have them to anoint myself with?"

But the man said;

"I will not; I wouldn't embarrass myself."

Then the witch said;

"I hope you get the mumps."

Being a witch this was a curse and the man did get the mumps; but he had sailed on to the mountains where the girl's mother saw him and said;

"There is a man coming."

The girl watched him approach and said to her mother

"Mother, he has the mumps."

Then she said to the man;

"Why have you come here?"

"I have come to see the famous Vinaya. I have heard about you and want to marry you."

But she said;

"I couldn't do that you have the mumps."

So he went back to Kavataria where his brothers

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remarked as soon as they saw him;

"Handsome is back and he's got the mumps."

His junior said to him;

"Well now you're here it's my turn, so I'm off to see the beautiful girl."

He sailed away and came in a day or two to an island where he went ashore to bathe and anoint himself. He had broken a coconut and made scrapings to anoint himself when Tobumyou approached and asked for some of the scrapings to anoint herself with. But he refused her; and as he sailed away she cursed him. Vinaya's mother had arranged things so that she was at the foot of a sago palm while her daughter

was up in the spathes; so she was the first to ask the young man;

"Why have you come?"

The young man said;

"I have come for Vinaya."

Vinaya broke in;

"I couldn't marry you; you have the mumps; go home."

So the young man went back to Kavataria; and the next brother was ready to go; which he did, saying,

"Well perhaps you are an ugly fellow; so I had better try. Goodbye."

He sailed away straight to the home of Tobumyou; where he bathed and broke a coconut. When he was anointing himself Tobumyou came up to him begging;

"Give me a few scrapings to oil my body."

But this young fellow said;

"Here, don't use leavings; take the whole nut."

Tobumyou then said;

"Your brothers did not treat me so well. Come, I will charm the mother of pearl and scrape you with it."

So he stayed with her while she scraped his body down; getting rid of all that was ugly. She made a very handsome

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fellow of him; before he too, after saying goodbye to her went on his way. He sailed right on to the landing of Vinaya's mother; who greeted him;

"Man, you have come; you must marry my daughter."

Marry her he did; and Vinaya's mother was gracious;

"You must not be in a hurry to go. Let us finish the celebrations."

And when the time did come for them to go and Vinaya's things had been packed up for her they caught a pig, gathered a supply of betel nut and stocked the boat with supplies for a voyage. They were given a ceremonious farewell; for Vinaya's mother had said;

"Tomorrow we must take them on their way and leave them."

So Vinaya came to live in Kavataria. But it was soon discovered that she was a hopeless betel addict. She became very unhappy. Her husband told her;

"That is too much fuss to make about betel nut."

But he got out a piece of jewelry and took it to Lobuwa or Gone-to-Betel where he bought fifty bunches and brought them back for his wife to chew. But they only lasted a short time and then she was restless and unhappy again. Her husband said;

"Well, I'll take another piece of jewelry. With this he went to Bwoitalu and bought another fifty bunches of nuts and brought them home for his wife to chew. Chewing night and day it was not long before she had finished the lot and was in misery again. In her misery she sang a plaint that was very hard to take;

"Vinaya is a PIPI bird
And stricken is the PIPI bird;
The PIPI bird is flown.
Our love was measured in betel
"Down on my boat today;

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Not for the nuts you own,
Not for the betel given,
Not for this are you amiss
But for the cut unknown."

She cried till she was exhausted and then she slept. It was midnight when she woke up. She at once got up went down to her boat and on board; she was going back where she came from. She went paddling off all the way to Mmwa or Departure Island. Her husband, missing the sound of her plaint, looked for her and found she was gone;

"Oh my wife has gone back where she came from."

He went paddling after her, overtaking her on the high seas. When she saw him she said to herself;

"I had better stop; here comes my husband."

Her husband urged her to return;

"Let us go back."

But she refused;

"No I will not. All my things are here; let us go on to the mountains."

The husband gave in;

"So, let us go."

When they arrived in Dobu the Dobuans exclaimed;

"Vinaya is back!"

They were less enthusiastic about her husband, asking;

"Is your husband staying?"

Vinaya said;

"Yes, we have both come to stay."

At this the villagers went for firewood. When they came back they took the husband and roasted him. Vinaya cried;

"You have outraged my husband, you have outraged me!"

She ran to him and throwing herself on him in the flames clasped him and died with him.

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Biyalelo or Mr Drag-Along

Tovileu

Proverb: KAIVAULA IDA WAGA NAWEYA TAU 0 BWANITA
"Our boat must be new to take folk to sea."

Comment

Tovileu's satisfaction at the writing down of this story was quite marked. Boyowans are hardy folk and rib one another unmercifully over idiosyncracies and personal appearance; and this story is a vehicle for that. The description in the VINAVINA fitted the lord of Tukwauukwa so exactly that it was foolish to question it; and Tovileu sang it with gusto a truly inordinate number of times. The name of

the incumbent at the time, Mosilibu, recalled such illustrious ancestral figures that it was in itself synonymous with Tukwauukwa chieftaincy. But that was the only feather the poor fellow had to fly with, and the antithesis of this was so irresistibly comic that Tovileu could not forebear underscoring the moral of this story; "Why wasn't he traded for someone more handsome."

The story

There used to live in Kaileula a father and a son; and the son was a very handsome fellow. He was so handsome that his father was always very watchful and suspicious of evil overtaking him. This handsome fellow did in fact die. His name was Blyalelo and his father mourned him inconsolably, for he was utterly devoted to the boy. When he could stand his loss no longer he assembled all the wealth he could get together, thirty baskets full. This was put aboard his

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boat. It would be the ransom of his son; the purchase price of his substitute. Setting off on his voyage his first stop was at Kaisiga where he chanted the aim of his mission;

"Remark you, hail you Sail oh!
To win a Biyalelo,
Another Biyalelo
I come a price to pay,
Replace a son and lay
His ransom dear this day."

The son of Lilewaga was adorned for presentation. After he had bathed and been anointed, outfitted with the trappings of a handsome youth, he was ushered down to the sea and stood waiting on the sands while his escort asked;

"Is this the likeness of your son?"

The man looked up and having seen chanted his reply;

"Take back the son of my lord
He does not come aboard.
Too wide his mouth, his Jaw
Too flat, his youth too raw."

This same performance was repeated over the son of Teyakayaka of Bwalasi or Sneeze; over the son of Bakoya of Kauteyava; over the son of Molubida of O-Yuveyova, of Kaiwayugwa of Makuwa, of Mosilibu of Tukwauukwa, of Tobibila of O-Bulaku, of Media of Oilibwa, of Monayewa of Kitava, of Deyoigu of Iwa, of Bwoigelu of Kwewata, of Yolaba of Gawa. Not one of them approached the appearance of his son, and by now he was getting to the other end of the chain of islands that sort of reaches to the other end of the world; and things that cannot happen anywhere else can happen there,

especially in stories. So the inconsolable old man finally comes to look for the land of Myuwa or Woodlark a mere black dot on the horizon After paddling there and singing again his sad refrain they present to him the son of Kwalisalesa or Mr Beat-All as their most handsome youth; and after looking the boy over he was

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satisfied; this was indeed the likeness of his son. He took loads of wealth to the boy's father where it was divided between uncles and aunts and all the kinsmen. When this had been done the boy's father said;

"Now we will confirm the transaction."

Pigs were slaughtered, puddings were prepared and put in the oven to cook. When the feasting was over the father of Biyalelo put his new son aboard and paddling night and day for many days they came back to Kaileula where they settled down and lived together.

5. Gumasila-Laya the KULA broker

Proverb: DOYUMILA BUNITA DOIMANEIGU YAGILA MESISI WOUGU
"Counter sea and wind I chill with fright."

Comment:

This is a story in the KULA setting which is not about the KULA. No name of any valuable is mentioned. There is complete discretion about its real purpose. A feast of sago is just a joke, conjuring up the picture of a grubby infant with its face all covered with goo nibbling at the hard tack in the centre of a sago dumpling. It is a good example of how incomprehensible a story can be if the background is not known. But after an acquaintance of Argonauts of the Western Pacific the inhuman single mindedness of Gumasila-Laya comes into focus. We see it as an acute awareness on the part of the people who know of, and look on but are not in the KULA of how inhuman it can make people; particularly older men for whom this traffic in treasure becomes a be-all and end-all. The nick-name of the character in this story

suggests a KULA scout.

At the time the story was dictated it was remarked that the incident of the TOKWALU can be acted out in the village as a puppet show; so it seems that, with no restrictions on obscenities in this connection, and with the old men whose fanaticism is being pilloried glowering in the distance, the occasional telling can be quite lively. Incidentally the TOKWALU, a feature on the ridge pole of a number of Boyowan houses must come into a number of stories.

The Story:

Sail of Gumasila was said to be his name and that he lived at Mulusaido where they cut a boat for him which he named "Blossom." When all the construction was finished and the boat was launched he went off with it one day poling along the shallows to Kaibutu. This was the proclamation he made;

"Oh Kaibutu, would there be any lad or lass free that I could take with me to a sago feast in Dobu?"

But the answering call said;

"No, there are only married folk here; but coast along to O-Yuveyova.

This performance was repeated at each village till he came to Kokowa where he asked again;

"Is there any lad or lass that I could take with me to Dobu?"

A lad replied;

"Yes, me and my brother."

Gumasila-Laya said,

"Come on then; get aboard."

The boy said,

"Oh but just wait while I take some water for my

brother."

But the man said;

"There is water in the boat."

Said the boy,

"Well just wait while I get his pudding."

The man said;

"There is pudding in the boat; we must be on our way."

Without more ado away they went. Poling along the shallows off Kaikawa on the far side of the lagoon the little fellow said to his bigger brother,

"I am thirsty."

The man asked;

What did he say?"

"He said he's thirsty."

Then the man said;

"Well give him this cane to chew on till he forgets about it."

When after a while the bigger brother went to take the cane out of the little fellow's mouth Gumasila-Laya said;

"Don't take it out; let it stay there."

Much further on when poling past Kaulasi the little fellow said;

"I am hungry."

The man said,

"What did he say?"

"He said he's hungry."

The man held out a pebble saying;

"Give him this to suck on till he forgets about it."

Whenever the boy would put the pebble away he would be reminded;

"Take a look and see how far it is."

Passing the sandpit the small boy said

"Brother, can I have a chew of sugar cane?"

When big brother went to break off a length Sail of

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Gumasila said;

"Tell him just to hang on till he forgets about it."

So the sugar cane was put away again. But when they were poling past the VADILA tree on Mmwa the little boy fainted and his brother said;

"I must get off, my brother has fainted."

The man said,

"Oh throw him overboard; get rid of him."

He threw his little brother overboard; and then forcing back his tears went overboard himself; saying when he surfaced;

"Oh I fell; but it doesn't matter; you go on."

Clasping his little brother to him he made for the shore and for the VADILA tree. He called to Sail of Gumasila asking;

"When will you be back?"

"Oh, in a few days. I will be making a deal and in a few days after that I will be back."

Big brother then took little brother under the VADILA tree. Then he climbed for some of the fruit. He cut these in two and squeezed the juice out of them and gave it to his little brother to drink. The boy revived at once. Then they cut themselves some spears from the KWEBAKWEBILA tree and when they found a shoal of mullet went after them. They both spended five strings of fish. As they were

taking these ashore they noticed the dust haze was very thick. But this was really the back of the witch Tobumyou. Mistaking the haze for smoke the elder said to his brother;

"Go and get some coals for a fire; we must roast ourselves some fish."

Taking half a coconut shell to get the coals in the boy met the witch, who asked him;

"Who are you?"

He said;

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"Oh there's only me and my big brother. We came ashore because Sail of Gumasila was abusing us; just came to get some coals for a fire to roast our fish."

The witch said;

"Well go and get your fish and bring them to me and I will cook them for you and your brother."

They did that; and after they had eaten the witch cut a statue out of wood. Then she asked the boys;

"When will the man be back?"

They said,

"In a few days."

The statue was put out at the end of the spit for Gumasila -Laya to see as he came by. When he did come by the statue burst into acclamation;

"Oo! Oo! Oo! Oo!"

This was followed by a burst of the most insulting and insufferable obscenity. The man was beside himself with fury. He jumped out of his boat and chased the statue yelling;

"Just you stand up to me and say that."

But the statue was quickly pulled back into the jungle out of sight and reach. While the man hunted for it the two boys got quickly into his boat. When the man saw them he said;

"Lads, bring the boat in; I want to get on."

But the lads said;

"Not us; this is where you get your deserts for the way you treated us. Goodbye!"

They sailed away. Sail of Gumasila went to the home the witch Tobumyou who said to him,

"You can camp in the store."

But the man rudely rejected this kindness; so the witch took her drum and idly started tapping. With this along came five little Cannibals with fifteen sets of

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teeth between them, all complaining;

"Mother, we haven't had any man meat; we haven't had any pork; we want to eat man meat, we want to eat pork."

They clambered up on her verandah pressing round her urgently; so she said;

"Alright, not so close; I have speared you a dish. It is to the right of the store."

The five little Cannibals then took Sail of Gumasila and ate him till nothing was left.

6. Kawal'okuva or Mr Grab-All

Proverb: TAU YEWAYEWA O YEGA TOLIGITO GITOI
"A man yawing in a gale is shipwreck bound."

Comment:

Kawal'okuva is a less formal more nondescript piece for which the dignified description KUKWANABU was disallowed; rather it was VALU EI-UTUSI WALA BIGA or an anonymous narrative without title, names or patron. Kawal'okuva was only a heading suggested for the purposes of the moment and is merely the comical sounding expression of one of the characters in the story, a mispronunciation of KU KWAWALEIWOKUVA "you took the lot" which sounded like the protest of a disgusted hen. It is surely not the relation of an actual event but rather an exercise of the preemptive function of Boyowan story telling to forestall the night of the long knives with the catharsis of a good grouch and the injection of some basic understanding. The VIKAVINA, being itself bottom rung, does not elevate this story's status; it is uncomfortably pertinent even for hardy Boyowans. Yet the story has a notable style and form of its own.

It is a masterpiece of ambiguity like a mental drill for parliamentarians learning the avoidance of personal names. Almost every reference employed points in two or more directions; a village, a fellow, LULETA or brother-sister; IVALETA or brother-in-law/sister-in-law; TABULA or grandparent-grandchild; father's sister-brother-in-law or their children, It is a kind of mental pat-e-cake game played with kinship terms. The telling in the original hardly makes plain which of the two protagonists was Grab-All; and it is of no importance; there was little to choose between them. By the common sentiment of both villages both of them could well be dead. Even the story teller, if he is interrupted, does not explain; he just starts all over again. In the liberal education of tribal life it is a well underscored hint that you have to be smart to live; that story telling is not all idle.

The humour is ferociously sardonic. The manners pilloried, so prevalent in Melanesia generally, are much rarer in Boyowa where people are usually much more spry. But this sort of excoriation might be one good reason for the difference. The allusion to the KULA is one of blistering contempt. This is quite a neat little study of the cleaving interests and loyalties of the familiar and matrilineal groups and of the interplay of their varying interests. It is a deft Boyowan ploy to let the story, however savage to non-matrilineal people, make the point that the affair has gone full cycle according to tribal logic, and can now rest. Upholders of their code can glare at prospective offenders with a there-let-that-be-a-lesson-to-you look.

Both protagonists were merely assertive, gratuitously officious about other folk's business; each was very likely farming his wife's land in a community not his own. Their wives and their children could not thank them for an unnecessary assertion of their rights against that of their father's own kin. So this is

a classic example of an unnecessary quarrel. It lays bare an area not of strength but of weakness in the matrilineal system. The psychological insight is acute. It is indeed just such stakeless individuals who most out-Herod Herod; and stir up trouble by their self assertion over rights not in question and not their own.

The Grab-All Story

Grab-All, who lived in one village while other folk lived in the other, was one day measuring his clearing when along from the neighbouring village came the owner of the adjoining clearing. They at once got into an argument over boundaries, and into a fight, and in the end both villages lined up to do battle against each other. In this battle, which Grab-All had started, a man was killed. The man who had done it tendered a head price in atonement. He tendered treasure and more treasure, saying each time;

"The head price of the dead man."

But Grab-All was implacable; only a death in revenge would satisfy him. But this was only his cunning, because he wanted to get the fellow's sister as his wife. This he succeeded in doing; and he took all his brother-in-law's wealth as well. So Grab-All now had two wives to help in his garden: which they did, even in very hot weather when So-Grab-All he would allocate the work like this;

"Tomorrow we will rest. You can take taro to plant while I take my leisure chipping the village."

By midday he would be bored with chipping the village; and it was then he would go into his wife's lodge looking for betel nut. When he had found himself, say four from a cache of his wife's he would chew them all so nothing was left. His wives would protest;

"Why did you tip out our personal baskets?"

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He would say;

"I was looking for betel nut. I found some in the basket of one of you."

This finally set off a quarrell in which the man, living in his wife's village and apart from his own kinsmen, had the worst of the argument; for it was true as his wife said;

"Why take the trouble to find my cache; am I not to refresh myself? You are just a betel glutton; a Grab-All is all you are! Dazed be your eyes, betel glutton."

Grab-All was quite outfaced. He stayed by the store house till it was dark. Then taking his personal pouch and spear he turned his back on the village and went elsewhere. He went and stayed with his sister and brother-in-law and nephews. When his brother-in-law looked up and saw who it was approaching he said softly to his brothers;

"A KULA bird has come to stay at my place; one night we are going to lay out on the road and kill him."

The nephews wanted to know,

"Why have you come?"

The facts of the case were public; the story was no secret; Grab-All simply said;

"Because I chewed my wife's betel nut and she set to and scolded me; "Go chew your own betel nut. Dazed be your greedy eyes. Get out! I have come for betel nut."

His nephews went off to get it. One got five bunches and the other got five bunches. They brought these to their uncle and left them all with him to chew. They went for spice; and one nephew got a basket full and so did the other; and this too they handed over to their uncle for him to chew. His sister cooked

food for him and served him with it. She even made puddings; and while these were cooking and while her brother was stretched asleep and snoring she tried the influence of an appropriate chant;

"Oh greedy shark come wide awake,

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Go south to eat and betel take,
Go roam the wilds with Cannibals
Give safer trust to animals.
Too weak your own to live among
your own undoing has begun."

She even tried to insinuate a more direct warning, a more explicit suspicion in a nightmare;

"Wake up shark! A betel nut for Grab-All! In the storehouse your brother-in-law and his brothers are plotting your murder."

Her brother would wake up but only to chew more betel nut. He would bite off a piece of nut, plunge the spatula into the lime, spread the lime on his tongue, bite off a length of spice and after giving all a good chewing spit out the rest. Then he would go to sleep again and while he slept and snored his sister in tears would continue her chant;

"Oh greedy shark"

But all her brother would do was wake up, go through the same performance and to sleep again, while his sister went on crying even into the midnight hours and his nephews continued to bring betel nut in bunches of five till it came to the point where the end had to be and she said one morning to the boys;

"Wake up, we are going to take your uncle home."

When all was ready sister and nephews loaded themselves with betel nut and walked off with it. While they were doing this brother-in-law's party went ahead to lie in wait. When the parties met brother-in-law and his party attacked Grab-All and killed him. The nephews at once said to his enemy;

"Let your fellows go, but you wait and help us make A LITTER FOR YOUR for your brother-in-law. So the followers left and the nephews with their father made a litter and laid the dead body of Grab-All on it. Then the nephews made another suggestion; asking their father;

"Would you go and take our mother's carry-all and fill it with betel for Grab-All's people. We want to give some to our cousins and uncles and aunts. We are going to bury Grab-Ail by the forked tree behind his house."

They called on their mother to join her brothers in mourning for Grab-All;

"Go and mourn with your brother-in-law; we are going there to live; we are breaking with our father."

They went out along the main road with spears and axes and waited for their father. They waited till the afternoon; till they heard him coming. He was perspiring and exhausted with the load he was carrying. They attacked him forthwith, one brother hitting him on the chest and the other in the middle. They knocked him down and killed him. Then they sounded their cry to announce what they had done; and so went back to the village, the village of Grab-All. They went there to live and made the proper disposal of their affairs. Grab-All's recent bride was dealt with first and her property was put in safe keeping; then that of the elder wife; the older brother saying to the younger;

"You take the younger bride. I will take the older, and our mother can cook for us. Tomorrow we will deal with the gardens; you will take your wife's gardens and I will take charge of my wife's gardens.

CHAPTER XII

Gnomes and Ghouls and the Shrine of the Family's Faith

Proverb: YAKUBUKUBU ITOYA MIBWNEM BOMATU

"Counter sea and wind all men worry."

(MIEWENEM, 'when you are climbing to' BOMATU or Cape Dennison tide and wind are against you and making a landing is impossible).

1. The Altar of the Tribal Faith O-KAUKWEDA.

Melanesians generally are perpetual colonisers and exodus is a powerful classical allusion with monuments to it like that of Lot's wife; usually figures in the sea, one facing the land and one facing out and commemorating the division of the tribe when part went on and part stayed; a symbol of escape from oppression, like that of the Boyowans from Kalu-wawa, like Pilgrim Fathers or like Tudava to L'O-Myuwa. WAWA, 'rubbish' is a symbol with a wide application; but its importance here is its paradoxical

flavour. It may refer simply to what is common, cheap or merely superabundant like fish on their run, to blessings not properly appreciated. The alien oppressor is the Cannibal and he may not be so foreign. Their stories insist that theirs is a permanent homeland, that, since there is no better place, their salvation is not in flight but in fighting the Cannibal. Surrounded as they are by TOKITTANA or barbarians the refuge of KAILI, wilderness or primeval jungle, is no longer for them. They have to come to terms with their problems, with the paradox of life, and the paradoxes of living. In stories like that of Grab-All and the three pieces in this chapter, behind a curtain of diversion for the

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little ones, they grimly do that; though what they cherish is not defined and must be deduced from their scorn of what impugns it.

Malinowski became acquainted with this theme before he ever set foot on Boyowan soil and it influenced his point of view from the outset. Those who study him can appreciate this; but the casual reader seems to miss it. He speaks in a sense that was not read by my friends in Papua; or by those who do not know the Boyowans. It has been proclaimed to me on his authority, that they have no notion of romantic love, that there is no morality in the matter of sex. I have been warned that any gainsaying him in the face of the prevalent let-go-all on the part of so many Boyowans was futile; his authority should not be questioned; it would only raise a drowning outcry from his disciples. It was as though some regarded his authority as sacred while the repute of the people he maligned by lack of statement on their dreams meant nothing. So one rather compelling reason why I have gone to such pains with this folklore is the hope of laying open a view, to those who would welcome it, which showed that there was for many Boyowans a carry through of the sublimating pattern of folklore particularly into the realm of love and sex. Statistics and sociological patterns are of no great interest if they do not reveal the spiritual vision that has sustained the tribal existence. Yet the catalogue of their exchanges and their misfortunes has been detailed to exhaustion; their antics have been described with ornithological fidelity; and not one love song has been given its equivalent expression in English. To remedy this omission forthwith, lei me for the sake of a luminous illustration, quote a lovesong from the tribal anthology.

This is a spell given me by Monakewa in 1948. Monakewa was then trying to establish a connection with me like the one I had had with Tovileu, like the one he had had with Malinowski.

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Unfailingly he unreeled a chapter or two of *Sexual Life of Savages* each time we discussed, so I dubbed him in my own mind author of that book. I took this spell reluctantly after being sworn to secrecy and heavily impressed that it was most serious magic. Studying it between visits, and finding it just three key words, SELU quickened; SOLU, 'soft' and KALITAVILAMA, 'reciprocate' with a mention of the commonest love signals, I suspected it of being tailored to my understanding. But it was in true lyrical form, and, by the usual punning illusion of magic, carried a double load of meaning. I told Monakewa

it did not impress me being almost as slight as a VINAVINA. He suspected I had been comparing it with other spells with the help of some other expert, and charged me with betraying confidence. But I have only two such spells and the other is also from Monakewa and identical with the one discussed by Malinowski, the pain of love one, LOU. This one is simpler. Avoiding any jungle of untranslated metaphor this is it;

"Always of me aware,
Always to me alert,
Asleep of me adream,
At home to me a tune,
Abroad on me intent,
Always alert, alive,
always atune, assured,
To my appeal aglow
A love returning tide.
So be your love to me,
So be my love to you.
To pity come again,
To passion come again,
By fancy come again,
Affection come again,
Always of me aware,
Always of me alert,

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Asleep of me adream,
At home to me a tune ,
Abroad on me intent,
Always alert, alive,
Always atune, assured,
A love returning tide."

But in one respect it is a serious spell. It is not a wenching bent philanderer's charm. It is a prayer or love lyric of married people who are in love and want to stay that way. Artistically it is a round without beginning or end that can just go on, like a Tibetan prayer wheel, the change ringing of bells, or the unbroken beat of drums; KALIBOM, KALIBOM, KALIBOM. . . It is not magic to capture a heart fancy free or excite libido. It settles like a blessing on an accord already established, the happiness of assured possession already achieved. It tells us that this unsuspected idealist does not take his blessings for granted, that he intensifies his realisation of them by singing of them. It employs the mint, the SOLUMVVOVALA LABAI. By the implications of its form and method it invokes the beneficent good, will of all the holders of the Labai cultural tradition. Because it is magical and religious it is like a renewal of marriage vows, a pledge of fidelity. It is serene and exultant, content to ponder the magical state of being in love. Its yearning is subdued to a proud possessiveness of the glory it contemplates. It

is evidence enough of a romantic spirit very little studied among people such as these. It is the epitome of song and dance.

Leave expression like this out of the overall picture and the result on the Boyowan side could only be to feel that he has been exhibited as some kind of monkey; and since he has his own better founded idea of his own kind; the real effect must be to see us in that light. Even confreres have proved

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irksome; telling me;

"You are wasting your time. These people will never make converts. They will become extinct. Bau is a jungle now; Sinaketa is dying; and so it will go on."

My own different conviction was that the first nuns, brothers, priests, doctors and political leaders of Melanesian Papua could come from Boyowa. In 1940 I had Father G Norin MSC helping me with translations. He took the occasion to read the books of Malinowski and to check up on them with all and sundry. He was a talented linguist, who in a matter of days began to follow conversation; had already made translations in many Papuan tongues. Malinowski, particularly on sex set him in an uproar; he was an uproarious man. He vehemently insisted that I demolish Malinowski. But my concern was elsewhere. The ethnologist was welcome to his insights and the fields he studied were his own business and his point of view however surprising must have some importance to occasion so much study; I was simply grateful I had him to quarry from.

Then came the war when all sorts of cupboards flew open. An untempting digression about which books have been written, explaining for instance the speed of the take over in South East Asia and Indonesia, but a revelation that, coming so swiftly on the heels of my association with him, riveted in my mind things that Norin had said about no priest volunteering for work in French colonial possessions. Under pressure of war time fear and harassment I heard my own flock express themselves in ways that filled me with consternation. I was grateful that I had a balance that did not depend on one leg, that I could draw on their own as well as the Christian mystique to reassure them, especially where one confirmed the other. In recent years I read Jomo Kenyatta for any help to understanding the massive despair in Kenya. I had a three months contact with the outbreak of Vailima madness at Inawaia in the Mekeo, and I kept my finger discreetly on the pulse of the Cargo Cult flickering

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in the Boyowan area.

Norin had put into words what I had already sensed, that the tenor of the Christian message inevitably raises fantastic expectation of mundane glory in the minds of people meeting it for the first time. The messianic movements, catalogued by Vittorio Lanternari in his book *The Religions of the Oppressed*, are just one result of the working of a brighter vision, a new hope unsurely grasped and influenced by

the lack of response on the part of so many and involving a danger that needs to be foreseen and met.

Norin had insisted that we suffered from myopia in our view of tribal culture; not seeing the wood for the trees. He instanced Father Fastre ISC who had worked eighteen years with the Fuyughe and who only realised that he had never seen them, as he then did on his return to them after years away; only then did the integral view come into focus.

I did not at the time connect this with the work of Malinowski or see why his concentration on the minutiae of village life should exasperate Norin. I was myself myopic. Besides Norin did not put it in words that what was irritating him was that this was straining out gnats and swallowing camels; defending Malinowski only made him insist the more that our views were fundamentally different. This was rather a red herring at the time, and I never had a clear idea what Norin had in mind, but it does seem now that what he had missed in Malinowski was the indications of the tribal religious orientation on Tudava. It has been my experience that the general reader does not pick it up either. Therefore, my citing Malinowski now is mostly to vindicate him, by giving expression to what he sensed and what I read in his record but which, it seems to me, he did not put in clear enough words. It is just because he went so far that I wish he had gone a little further. His "puritanism" shuts out too much as not belonging in the phenomenological context he was working in; my impatience is not so much with him

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as with the general slewing towards the trivial and the gross and away from the humanistic on the part of the whole realm of anthropology.

Norin would not do for any area he had worked in, or even entertain the idea of doing, what he asked me to do for Boyowa; what he repeatedly and emphatically insisted I should do. Because the Vailima Madness, when I came to it, looked like something that should have been expected and therefore prevented, I have had the same suspicion about the Mau Mau. My ever increasingly strong conviction is this that the innocently pagan cannot make contact with Christian civilisation without spiritual stir and a growing vision of hope. This same vision of hope is accompanied by a struggle with a lack of faith. A sense of dispossession is inevitable. The faith that preserved them for thousands of years in the tight family circle of family life is gone before they know they had it or have lost it. No makeshift will serve. Return to the cramped circle just does not work. The net result is at least some sense of grievance. By revulsion from tribalism, and from an inevitable Pharisaism, the manifestation of the 'tribalism' of the civilised, and pivoting on love's corollary, hate, two sides can mistakenly be fighting each other, on their own and each other's behalf, for what both sides want. As for Viet Nam since no given explanation ever seems to explain the situation, I suspect none does, that the real state of affairs is what if I have just said, for that is reflected in the views of men working in those parts whose ideology I can follow, fellow missionaries.

There is something to be done in this connection, which is in the power of the missionary to do above all others, which he can do as part of his missionary endeavour, and which will not be additional to his labours but alleviating and will multiply his effectiveness. If de Gaulle's sense of the United States Government's intervention in Vietnam was anything

like Father Norin's appreciation of the French Colonial Government's influence in Indo-China, his attitude was reasonable. If it takes a generation to remove the suspicion, that all the expenditure of the United States treasury, all the awesome assembly of military might and sacrifice of lives was only to keep the country divided and deprived of its spiritual heritage, it only means this, that the secular world has to learn over and over the hard way, that not all the misery and sacrifice in the world, nor all the material benefits either, have power to weigh the scales against spiritual freedom once glimpsed. With the possibility of such purblind misconception on all sides, seeing the Christian ideals and those of the traditional religion in each other's light and, in areas of deepest concern, complementing and confirming each other is an aid to salvation that must not be discarded; not-can we leave the traditional culture to its chances of keeping its identity and not being ground away by the miscellany of modern civilisation.

Boyowan folklore, being that of Papua generally, is more important now than ever just because this traditional discipline is still alive and able to account for itself and so be a stepping stone to deeper understanding. It has stern lessons even for the civilised. Being at once the wrappings and the redress of the shortcomings of a primitive faith it is as exhortatory as Christian asceticism and as minatory as sorcery. It is addressed to metaphysical realities and intuitively aware that it is so. This art form, refined by the authority of a thousand impacted generations, and guarded by the guide rail of a thousand contemporary thresholds of story telling, is more sensitive to the essential spiritual reality of culture, the involvement of aspects of goodness, truth and beauty in their village lives. Boyowans live their stories; their stories are alive in them.

This interconnection of concern, perception and expression is simply a matter of experience. The Boyowan vitality and power in this has been felt and is undoubtable. Stories in literature generally are about people of consequence or characters created by inspired authors. If anyone had told me beforehand that I would be as absorbed by a Boyowan tale as by any in literature I would have been scornfully incredulous; but that did happen, not once but four times.

Unfortunately these recitals were never taken down; they were not stories but personal musings by comparison with which the pieces in this collection are mere sparks in the grinding mill of tribal life; but brighter from having been so close to the flints from which they were struck. In the next two chapters we must see something of tribal philosophising and some of the tribal philosophers whose expression was perfected in the school of folklore and whose personal histories were of the stuff that makes it.

2 Topulupwalala or Mr Contagion

Proverb: D'ILA VILAMWEIGA WA LAI
"Ship wrecked on a reef! Of course I cried."

This ferocious story of unremitting hatred is full of interest and humour. The humour saves it, given a little primitive hardihood, from being disgusting. It is not meant to be edifying, though it is a fierce lesson in good manners; it is rather in the nature of a release after the strain of prolonged good behaviour. It is not a realistic story, realism or credibility being quite irrelevant. To-pulupwnlala is not a real name; but a description or peg for the story and means 'pusmaker.'" The story is not told against O-Bulaku; it is just hung on that locality for convenience; O-Bulaku being

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a little like Bwoitalu, a convenient whipping post. In the popular consciousness of the 1930s the epithet referred to a chief who was already dead several years, Mitakata of Gumilababa. He was a nasty character in any case and leprosy had not improved his dispositions. Mmwa, a contraction of MWAMVVA, 'departing', an island standing like a gatepost at the main entrance to the Trobriand Islands has a fresh water lagoon in the centre and the mosquitos that breed in it in millions are very aggressive; invading at times boats anchored half a mile off shore. The euphemistic references to them, birds, fliers, girls, witches are curious. People who have noticed that different types of mosquitos seem to attack at different times in the night may be glad to see this confirmed. The XULA is really outside the context of this story and VAIGUWA comes only into the last line. TOBUMYOU or dust is a natural phenomenon which fascinates the Boyowans. It may not be seen for many long years and then more than once. It is a milk white haze which, like the dust storms in parts of Australia, can limit visibility to a few feet. The references in this story are quite explicit and should delight the admirers of Sir James Frazer. Tickling the nose of a skeleton to make it sneeze is a joke funny enough to plop into mşy a story

The Story:

Topulupwalala is said to have lived at O-Bulaku with a wife and five sons. He was a leper and had holes in his body so that when he took a drink water was likely to spill in the most extraordinary way. It was worse when he ate food, particularly peas, which he liked; there was no telling which way they would go. This was more than his children

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could cope with; though they knew they should not, they could not help themselves, they laughed. There came a day when their mother after cooking and serving dinner and calling them and their father to it served their father with peas. His performance became so diverting they could not stop laughing and he got so angry that his mind became made up; he said;

"I am tired of gardening. Tomorrow I am going to start to build a boat; we are going to sail to Dobu to buy up sago."

He cut down a tree, barked it, shaped it and hollowed it. He went for lashings and brought them home for curing. Later he cut combing boards and tenoned a prowboard. He lined up his strakes and lashed them and when the boat was all set up he took it to sea for trials. The trials over the boat was left at anchor and his wife told;

"Prepare food for a journey; I must stock the store compartment. We are leaving in a day or two."

Next day his wife got busy preparing food for the journey. She brought vegetables and cleaned them for cooking. She pounded dumplings and wrapped them for cooking in the oven. Only when the oven was closed did she rest. The day after all had been put aboard the father said;

"Which of you will be sailing with me?"

The eldest said eagerly;

"I will."

As they were sailing past Mrawa the father saw some flowers on a tree and said;

"Look son, you could get yourself a garland there to take to Dobu for the girls to admire. You might even get married and live there."

The lad went ashore for flowers for a garland; but his father moved out again at once into deep water. When his son called;

"Father, bring the boat in; I want to get on;"

His father said;

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"Not I; this is where you get what you deserve. You laughed at me when I ate and drank; this is where you lose; where you have been outwitted."

His son said;

"But Father, what will I do?"

His father said;

"You are not coming with me; you will have plenty to do fighting the fliers of the evening, the midnight fliers, the dawn fliers; you will be thrashing yourself all night."

His son gave up;

"Is that how it is."

When his father had sailed away and he was on his own the boy went gathering firewood. He cut a bundle and put it on one side of his camp; and then he went and cut another and put it on the other side of his camp. As soon as it was dark the fight was on. It lasted till midnight and then another fight was on with the midnight fliers. He fought these till dawn when he was worn out and the dawn fliers came and killed him and the witches ate him. His father carried on down in Dobu for a while, but eventually came sailing past Mmwa on his way home. He stopped off the BUTIA tree and came ashore saying to himself;

"I must go and see my son."

When he found him he saw that he was already dead and had been eaten; so he got back in his boat and sailed on to O-Bulaku where he landed quite unconcerned. But his wife was deeply concerned;

"But where is your son? You both went away!"

The man was disconcerted;

"Well, no. I ran out. Well he got what he deserved. The Dobu women came out and got him and took him off. Now he is married to one of them and staying there; I had to come back alone. I will rest now; but soon you can prepare on

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more hard tack for I will soon be sailing for more sago."

His wife was soon busy again preparing food for a new voyage. When all the peeling, cooking, baking, setting out, packing and stowing had been done the father asked;

"Which of you is coming with me?"

One of the brothers indicated that he would go, So they went on board, cast off and made for Mmawa; and there looking at the BUTIA tree the boy's father said;

"That is the tree your brother got his garlands from to take to Dobu. The Dobu women snatched for them. He's married now; so that's the tree for you to get your garlands from."

Getting off the boat the boy went climbing the BUTIA tree. While he was doing that his father put off into deep water. When the boy noticed and said;

"Father, bring in the boat; I want to get on."

His father said;

"Now you get what you asked for when you laughed at me while I ate and drank. You'll find your brother's bones lying around if you look for them."

The boy begged;

"Father, turn back; scold me if you like but don't leave me."

"Goodbye. You can fight the evening fliers and the midnight fliers till you are worn out." Said his father.

The father sailed away and the boy went into the jungle for firewood; cut a bundle and came out again. In the evening came the little ladies and he was warding them off till midnight when he was smothered in them and eaten. His father arrived in Dobu and spent some time there. Later sailing on his way home he went ashore at Mmwa to see if his son had been eaten. Finding that he had indeed died he got back on his boat and sailed on to O-Bulaku. His wife came down to the beach to meet

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him and asking at once;

"Where is the boy?"

His father blustered;

"Oh when I took him to Dobu he got married and stayed there; I had to come home by myself. The girls down there are all asking how many sons I have. I said there were three more and when I came again I would bring another."

When all the sago had been taken in the remaining eons wanted to hear more about their brothers; so their father said;

"As I said, they went with me to Dobu. They have married and are staying there so I had to come back alone; but I can take one of you with me next time."

The story was repeated all over again in the case of the third son; his bones too were left under the Butia tree on Mmwa. Then came the father's fourth voyage with his fourth son when only the little one was left at home with his mother. But this fourth son when he was outwitted and left behind, cut not one bundle or two but five bundles of firewood so he could screen himself with smoke and get a little sleep and not wear himself out swatting himself all through the night; when the dawn ladies came he was able to deal with them and drive them off. In the morning he got some sleep. The rest of the day he spent making preparations for the second night, to wear down and exhaust the strength of the witches. All through a second night he kept them scattered and driven off.

By this time he was very hungry so he went wading for sea food. Then he went to his brothers bones and set them up in proper order. He made magic over some shiver grass. He tickled first the skull of his eldest brother and made him sneeze, and so brought him back to life. Then he did the same for the others and brought them back to life. Then they all went wading in the shallows for sea food. When they had

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enough they went towards some smoke to get a light for a fire. But it was not fire they found but dust, the back of the witch, Tobumyou. Stumbling on her from behind like this she was taken by surprise and tersely asked;

"Who are you?"

They said;

"We are all brothers who have been outwitted by our father."

The fourth brother went on;

"These brothers of mine all died. It was only after I had driven the women off and survived I was able to come to them and set them up. Fow we are all alive a^ain we want to roast the fish we have caught. We saw your back and came looking for fire; we didn't know it was you."

Tobumyou asked;

"When will your father be coming by."

The fourth brother said;

"Soon. He will not be staying long this trip."

Tobumyou then set them to work on a scheme to avenge themselves on their father, saying;

"Well get some timber and bring it here and cut out a statue."

So they went off and got timber, brought it in and started carving. They made a complete statue with mouth, ears, arms, nose, eyes and legs. They bedecked it with armbands and ribbons. Tobumyou told them; "You must take it to the beach near the point and stand it there." Another day they took it to the point and left it standing there. When their father arrived back from Dobu he came past the statue and saw it all aflutter with ribbons. To mark their father's strangeness to them they had made up a puzzling ditty for the statue to tease him with, singing;

"We go Iwa
We so Gawa.

"Hell's where you go
So you stay there."

Said Topulupwalala;

"Man! Stop your song; just say it in words I can understand."

Out of the jungle came the taunt;

"What is there to say to you? Your wife is the sport of the O-Bulaku men; they are killing her."

Topulupwalala went mad with rage;

"Just you stand up to me and say that?"

He got off his boat and chased the statue which was hoisted back into the jungle and out of sight. By the time he had given up his search for it, got back on his boat and gone sailing on it had been set up on the next point. Topulupwalala seeing it there said to himself;

"That fellow won't talk any sense."

But the teasingness of the puzzling chant was too much for him; he protested in spite of himself;

"Fellow, leave off that singing; just tell me are your brothers there; are they still alive?"

But the only answer he got was more taunting;

"Man, your wife is the sport of the O-Bulaku men; they are killing her; you are just in time to see the final orgy."

Topulupwalala was beside himself;

"Now you just say that again when I get to you."

Said the boys;

"Well here's some of your foulness; feast yourself."

He chased the boys with their statue and they led him on and on through the jungle, baffling him till he was so full of rage he could not see properly or know what he was doing. There upon they left him, ran down to the sea and got on his boat and set sail. When they came sailing by he had come out on the beach; and he called to the steersman,

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"Son, bring the boat here for me to get on, and let ~~3~~ go home."

His son replied;

"You outwitted my brothers and brought them here to die so you stay and try being smothered while I go home with my brothers."

Said Topulupwalala;

“Son, how can you treat me like that??”

Said his son;

“I only know you are not coming with us; that you can stay and try sleeping here.”

The sons went and the father stayed. That night the ladles came and ate him. His sons arriving home delivered the sago, Jewelry and cooking pots to their various owners and went on living In their village of O-Bulaku.

3. Tokunubeibai or Tenderhead

Proverb: TAKUMDU GUNE WAGA BIKOLISASA TUWADA

“My boat will thunder through the fleet.”

(TUWADA, (boats) ‘of our elders? that is, will not always lead).

Comment

A story for KULA men to tell about the KOYA; no place is named nor any person but the boy. It is a lesson in good manners taught with ferocity tempered by humour. Shaved heads have at times been almost the universal rule in Boyowa. The people have a horror of the scalp condition known as KUNUPKETINA. Besides being cruelly painful it is unbearably smelly and

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humiliating. This can give colour to such people’s sensitivity about being touched on the head, and edge to the cover explanation in the case of men of rank about bad luck and indignity. The hunting method well known in New Guinea but not usual in Boyowa is that of surrounding a herd of pigs located in an open patch of long grass with rope netting. The net is set up like a fence by being tied to trees and stakes and when the herd is surrounded the pigs are driven into the net. It is a principle in the poetic sense at least that magic once invoked must not be lightly interfered with; so the story goes on relentlessly to its conclusion. This is wonderland magic; in the spells for more sober minded and every day affairs the invocation for action and counter action are both common.

The Story

It seems there were five brothers living in the mountains with their mother, and the littlest was Tokunubeibai. It was Tokunubeibai and his mother who did most to provide the family with hunting nets. Tokunubeibai’s own net was quite a small one. One day his brothers said:

Tomorrow we are going to net wild boar.

The eldest brother went first and set up his net according to his preference; then the rest in order down until they had enclosed the lurking tusker and his herd; and the last of them Tokunubeibai was chanting as he strung up his net;

Whose is the little?
Mine is the little.
This is the net of
The greenhorn standby
Tokunubeibai

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Strong as our spice is
Keen as our betel
Net of the little.”

When they began the beat and pigs were driven out of their lurk and into the nets the tusker plunged into the eldest brother's net and burst through. The second brother's net failed to hold and so did those of brothers three and four; but when a pig plunged into the net of Tokunubeibai it was held and killed. The brothers arguing blame wanted to know;

Who tied the meshes of this net?
Each was compelled to admit;
I tied the meshes of this net.”
But Tokunubeibai said;
I and my mother tied the meshes of this net.”

This shamed his brothers and made them angry; they said

“Who is he to catch a pig; thrash him.”

They took sticks and trashed him till he bled. They busted his net and threw it away and left him to cry by himself. Trussing the pig they took it away and roasted it. Tokunubeibai was left alone to cry and then go home to his mother; who wanted to know;

“Why have you been crying?”
“Because the pig was caught in my net and my brothers have taken away and cooked it.”

His mother said;

“Well let them; they'll only roast it; it's only a snack for them. Meanwhile bring your net and let's mend it.”

The boy mended his net while his brothers roasted the pig and ate it all, neither Tokunubeibai nor his mother getting any. When the hunt was on again and as before the brothers set up their nets according to their preference and Tokunubeibai was left with none; so he set up his net where he must chanting the while his spell for good luck;

“Whose is the little?...”

As before the pigs broke all the nets of the

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big brothers while one got well and truly tangled in that of Tokunubeibai. There was the same wrangle about who had tied the meshes and how; but the result was the same; they turned on Tokunubeibai and thrashed him with sticks; raising blisters on his scalp which later turned to fiercely painful evil smelling sores. They busted his net and threw it away and left him to cry by himself. Trussing the pig they took it away and roasted it. When Tokunubeibai had finished crying he went home to his mother who again wanted to know;

“Why have you been crying?”

“Because the pig was my catch and my brothers have scoffed it; they thrashed me and made me cry.”

His mother said;

““Well give me your net while I mend it.””

This all happened over and over many times till one day, while the bigger brothers were roasting their little brother’s catch as usual, their mother said to Tokunubeibai;

“There is a tree in the jungle you must go to.”

It was a tree she had worked on, that she had specially prepared with magic spells. She gave these spells and how to work them to Tokunubeibai. So there came a day when he went after his brothers and came upon them as they were gathered round the oven, closing it. He circled round the KILIMO tree giving it the command;

“Snap open”

The tree burst wide open around the brothers and then closed up again with all except Tokunubeibai inside it. When the pig was cooked enough he took the pig from the oven loaded it into baskets and went home with it to his mother. They had a feast. The next day she said;

“You must visit your brothers.”

So he went off to the big KILIMO tree where his brothers were imprisoned; and as he came near it this was the ditty he was singing;

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“Stench of the ebb tide
Day after day as
Night after night he
Smells his own smelling,
The greenhorn standby,
Tokunubeibai I,
Babe to his brothers,
Scorn of his elders
Now at your dwelling.”

He greeted them;

“Brothers, how are you?”

They pleaded with him;

“Oh Tokunubeibai, Oh little brother, get us out of here.”

But their little brother reminded them;

“It was you who brought the pig here every time; who left me out every time from your feasting. Now I am free and you are not; now it is my time to feast. Goodbye.”

He went back to his mother who asked;

“How are they?”

Said Tokunubeibai;

“They are all held fast inside a tree; they can't get out.”

Some days later his mother suggested;

“Wouldn't you be going to visit your brothers?”

He went off to the KILIMO tree and as he came near it he was singing;

“Stench of the ebb tide . .

He greeted his brothers;

“How are you?”

They said,

“Just alive. Oh brother, get us out of here; two are dead already; there's only two of us left.”

But Tokunubeibai just left them and went back to his mother who asked;

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He told her, wondering;

“How can they still be alive?”

But she did not answer that but suggested he put it out of his mind.

Three days later he went visiting again and only one was alive; and then two days later again. Just as before he approached the KILIMO tree singing;

“Stench of the ebb tide . . .

There was no response. He called and repeated his call and still there was no response. He went back round the tree and gave the magic command;

“Open up”

The tree opened and let out a swarm of flies. Tokunubeibai could see that the corpses of his brothers had already rotted away. Since there was nothing more to do he just went back to his mother and told her;

“They are all dead and their tomb is the KILIMO tree.”

They caught their own pigs ever after and feasted one another.

4. Kaitaki the Faithless Husband

Proverb: KAM KWALALA BWEMWALA KAM LIMWANA VIVINA

“With charming blooms bedecked you are bound to charm.?”

Comment

Magic among the Boyowans being a vector of understanding is a variable quantity. It is for the astute and the sophisticated very much more a matter of psychological insight, discreet knowledge and intuition than ritual. If magic is to bring good luck the magician needs most of all to be knowledgeable and use

good judgement. Rites and ceremony are the least of it. In this story magic is the wonderland, dramatic kind, “Open Sesame.” The RAIBWAGA or wilderness is the venue for weird adventure; falling into pits, getting trapped in caves, lost in caves, and emerging again. Most stories soon forget about the magic because it is only a story telling device to them like a joke or an expletive; so if a Boyowan sees an entrance to a cave, which could be blocked by slashing through the root of a tree supported slab, he could likely exclaim, as one one day did, “Oh Kaitaki”

Burial and other caves abound on these islands; Labal, Kwaibwaga, O-Marakana, Tilakaiwa, Kaulagu, Moligilagi (Mr Caves), O-Kaiboma, Kaituvi, O-Bulaku, O-Kayaula and Kumllabwaga. People hid there during Cannibal raids; various bats, prawns and fish are caught there; fish and prawns and snakes turn red in them. They are places for bogey men and wishfully out of bounds, especially to the young; but all the main caves have well worn tracks leading to them.

This story cases a looming problem for the tribes; the transition from wild youth to sober citizenship. We have again the motif; husbands should not settle in the village of their wife; too much is put upon her. The so psychologically true recognition of the clinching contribution of the child is worthy of note. It seems that Kaitaki’s wife fed him in the cave while his son grew to be a child of five or six years; a course of marital education no civilised counselling would dare to prescribe.

The story

Kaitaki was living away In the village of the wife he had married. while he was living there his wife had a child, a son. Even while she was still nursing the baby and in need

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of warming Kaitaki was wenching; going to trysts in the jungle and joining in the gathering there of savouries and relishes all the while his wife kept the village as a young mother should. Of course he soon fell In love with another lass and took to spending his days In the jungle with her. Every day he would be off to the jungle stayed home to mind their son; who had started to crawl. He was even so reckless as to let his wife see the thumbnail marks and the missing eye lashes of his lovemaking. There came a day when she said to him;

“Tomorrow you must come with me when I go for water.”

In the morning with her basket of water bottles on her head she went for water to the water hole.

She said to her husband;

“You have to sit over there on the man’s stone while a woman bails her water.”

After she had finished bailing her water she got up and said magic words over the stone;

“Ladies of the Dawn Store House open up and lock up the fellow.”

Suddenly the rocks gaped open and then shut and her husband, as locked up inside. The woman with her basket of water bottles on her head went back to the village where her mother asked suspiciously;

“And where is your husband?”

“Oh somewhere in the jungle. I waited; but he did not come; I got tired of waiting and came without him.”

He had not come by late that night when everyone went to sleep. Next day they set up a search for him; this search went on for many days; but while the villagers searched his wife merely filled her basket with water bottles and went for water. While she was bailing her water she was singing this plaint;

“Kaitaki my poor dear you must

Stay on.

My heart is broken; trust is gone.

Too long, too eager were your wenchings.

The marks of her Who loved too deep, too wild, too plain,

Too brave your strut, your vaunt too vain,

To Harvest—Glory BWAIMA’s teeth

Entombed I you bequeath.”

Kaitaki’s response rumbled like thunder deep in the rock; but he was stuck there as his name implied. His wife taking her water bottles on her head said;

“All you can do is stay. Goodbye”

On an evening after a day—long, vain search Kaitaki’s mother-in-law would come to her daughter with the question;

“What are you doing to us? What have you done to your husband?”

Her daughter was unconcerned; suggesting;

“Perhaps he has taken a girl into the wilderness. You know how I go all alone for water; how I was deserted there.”

So day after day after she had cooked her meal and eaten it, she would take her water bottles and go off to visit her husband. Coming to the water she first bailed the water and filled the bottles; then she would stand up and chant her plaint;

“Kaitaki my poor dear you must stay on

Kaitaki could only respond by the mysterious rumblings in the rocks, which he did, especially when she teased him;

“Goodbye now! My boy friends are coming; I must go; I have savouries to get.”

Leaving her husband in the rocks she would heave the basket of bottles onto her head and go and dump them in the village where her mother would ask suspiciously;

“Why do you take water so early?”

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Kaitaki’s wife having no answer to this her mother drew her own conclusion;

“She’s persecuting him. But how is she doing it? Tomorrow I must spy on her and find out.”

This rescue was long overdue. Kaitaki was by this time exhausted by confinement and at the point of death. His mother-in-law watched while his wife prepared one last meal, ate of it, loaded her bottles as usual and went for water; she followed her as she went off with the bottles on her head; ready to crouch in the bushes if her daughter were to look round. She saw the water bailed and the bottles stacked and the girl sit on the stone to sing her plaint;

“Kaitaki my poor dear . . .

Kaitaki’s response by now had faded to nothing so his wife bade him one last goodbye and went off to the village with the water bottles on her head. Kaitaki’s mother—in-law had come near enough to see and understand. But she too had a magic plaint to sing;

“Ladies of the Store—House of the Pawn open up; I must take my son—In—law.”

The rocks gaped and puked the son-in—law for her to take. Putting him over her shoulder she took him to her own storehouse and hid him there while she went off to cook something for him. When it was cooked she served it to him where he lay; telling him;

“You must force yourself to eat; to drink a little soup.”

He did force himself to eat and drink a little; after which he lay down again; his mother-In—law keeping the secret that he was lying there. Day after day she cooked for him and made soup for him so that he gradually got his strength back, became once more his accustomed self and even got fat. While Kaitaki’s wife worked in the garden their son would stay at his grandmother’s. There were lizards there the child

was used to chasing. He chased one into the store one day and there came on his father; and now he knew his grandmother's secret; he greeted his father;

“Father, is this where you are?”

The boy went into the store and stayed with his father till the afternoon; till it was time for his mother to come back from the garden; when he ran to meet her, saying;

“Mother, I went to my father; I have been with him.” She did not believe him;

“And where would your father be?” The child said;

“We were together at my grandmother's.”

But his mother contradicted him;

“You are telling lies; your father is dead.”

But the child said;

Oh but you can go and see for yourself.”

So he and his mother went to the store and opened it. There the man was; they went in and there was much wrestling. Later they moved to their own village and made their home there. Kaitaki gave up wenching and settled down to cherish his wife and family.

CHAPTER XIII

Gods and Demons

1. The Mythologist, Tovileu

Proverb; ILUSA KAISAI ITETA O PITAPATILA

“To shoot a breaker one must keep one's balance.”

The Wawela Story of the Two Brothers, though they were nameless, is on the main theme of the Tudavan legend. From Malinowski, previous study and constant daily reference and allusion I was in contact with the effect of this tradition from the first weeks of my life in Boyowa; but it was not till 1967 that I came to the

fuller understanding I am now concerned with; and I want to make this apology on behalf of my informants; they are wishing that the matter of Tudava had not come up. Not that they are unwilling that the story should be more widely known; but just that the presentation is not worthy. Intuitively and subconsciously they are aware of a much bigger story: if an Omnibus of Boyowan Folklore existed they would unerringly pick out the motifs that enlarge the picture; but they can not be expected to put it reflectively in words that the full story is only encompassed in the totality of their tribal life and culture.

My introduction to the depth of Boyowan culture came from Tovileu and the story, also the subject of a WOSI or song and dance, of Gumagabu. In my own actual experience this was the greatest of all Boyowan stories, as it was to Tovileu. Antinomy was its basis. Tovileu began his story

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with the childhood of Tomakam and his lifelong revolt and that of his own mother against the destiny foisted on him by his worldly and politically minded clan mother and the cortege of her BALOMA. It is the voice of revolt against vendetta and necromancy; the tyranny of the dead over the living. Like the story of Romeo and Juliet that of the sensitive and gentle Tomakam and his mother is the story to end all feuds. I wrote down this story in 1937 and it made the deepest impression on me of all Tovileu's stories up to that time. It was a great disappointment to find recently that it had been lost. Tovileu's tale, as I remember it, stressed a lifelong hounding by all Tomakam's friends and familiars with a message relentlessly dinned in his ears that he had a grudge to settle. Tomakam, under dementing pressure, accepts his destiny in the end and kills Tolaya; but only after a life—time work out of the antinomy between loyalty to his personal friend of this life and to his clan mother's familiar among the dead. It parallels the Wawela Story of the Two Brothers, in which we have a life—time work out of the antinomy between the principles, you do not murder your own blood brother, and neither do you let any man defraud you of the common heritage of all men. Facing the resolution of the Issue between absolute principles in head—on collision is courageous story telling by any man's reckoning.

Unfortunately for this study Tovileu was also the TOWOSI for the Song and Dance of Usituma; and we took to the easier task of writing down poetry, of which I have about 6,000 lines. We never came back to prose; though he had told me it would take years to write them all down; and at that time I was taking one a week. He appreciated the fact that once written down they could be kept for ever and that nothing

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would be changed. He kept proving this to himself by asking for certain passages to be read back to him and his response was like the delight of a child. For a time he had the idea of trying to recapture with the help of my pen half remembered half forgotten magic spells, his own or of others, and that, though I was all in favour, was never done. The books of Mallnowski were always on the nearby table during my language learning sessions. People were always asking for spells to be read or to see pictures, and I overheard Tovileu telling people, much to my surprise and without any such intimation from me, that he thought the stories he was giving me would one day appear in print. He was always far more eager to dictate than I was to write. As the pressure of work increased this pursuit got crowded out and he was frequently disappointed and I felt rather miserable about it. This, belatedly futile what he would have wished and is my tribute to him for whom I have had a high and fond regard. He died during the war.

The fact that I could repeat the very turn of a phrase which gave the story its bite, the artistic perception he was concerned with was enough for Tovileu. It never occurred to him that my lucid performance, based on the mechanics of reading was more seeming than real. His allusion to a flight of fancy right out of this world was KAPAWAEGA DAKUNA, 'by way of the riven rock' a through the looking glass metaphor. Once when shown the stone that had featured in one of the stories I looked for the crack. There was a shout of laughter from the children with me and the explanation that it was KALA BIGA WALA, only a 'metaphor' Tovileu used the word KALITAVILAMA, a key word in magic, In reference to some stories. The raceme may mean 'turn', 'change' or 'transform' but it is a figure eight evolution as the word is built up and they gesture it and so a symbol of reformation, or reconciliation. To take Kimsi Nunuli for illustration sake:

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there is the break off from scolding which only woodens; there is the twirl in the meat tub, continued as long as required for the break up of the old situation; then the make—up of the new; a gestured figure eight disengage—readdress—reengage formula. For Tovileu story telling had a magical flavour, a religious or miracle play kind of sanction, something more than mere entertainment or art, but more not less entertaining by reason of that same ingredient.

Knowing people like Tovileu it is a matter of deliberate effort for me to try to realise how gnomish these people were to Malinowski at the time he started his field work; and how much is due to him for raising the level of the world's appreciation of them. But it is still far from the essential parity that these people have, in their power of expression of the more meaningful way of human things, even with the civilised. It is only like half way. Read a piece like Kwaroto and then read how De Prado in a book written to edify his monks describes how a man, he should have controlled, took an aquebus and shot down a defenseless old man out of a tree with no more concern than if he were a monkey; and you will be shocked; but not half as shocked as Tovileu would have been. Papuans should not see collections like those in the Australian Museum. They will see that aspect of themselves with which they are themselves at war under the symbol Cannibal, is presented there simply as our idea of them. It makes our thought look sick, and is destructive of any confidence that our Intentions are well meant.

To me Tovileu is not just one of the so called nature's gentlemen, but a product of his own life time's devotion to the tribal culture. The esteem his fellow villagers had for him was evident; It was reverential. His address and restraint, his perception and sensitivity would mark him for what he was among gentlemen anywhere. He knew for instance that Mr Auerbach

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on Mmwa was in debt for more than his plantation was worth, that his ration of tobacco was never enough. The rough members of his fishing syndicate knowing what a soft touch Mr Auerbach was for him rather forced him to pay Teddy a visit; but he was embarrassed receiving four sticks of tobacco when half a stick would have met the situation; and he asked me to tell Mr Auerbach.

If I had come like an anthropological field worker to find Malinowski's missing chapter on the KULA, the social welfare resulting from the gardening drill and TABUs, a bit more of the emotional appeal and

edification of Song and Dance, of magic and story telling, I would not have been led to Tovileu or he to me. In a group of ten or more he would be the last to speak. Malinowski insisted that a field worker must come to his field work with his head full of fully formulated theories, not to prove or disprove them, but just so he has a system of reference, something to work off; so that his short allotment of time isn't gone before he gets started. This way the inquirer would not have interested Tovileu whose one and only concern was with the quality of the tribal classics. Rigidly confining myself simply to the acquisition of a mass of 'literature' on which to work later I gave Tovileu an impression of discreet and sagacious appreciation much to his delight; I was after the same refinement of expression that he had guarded and cultivated so jealously all his life. He watched while a number of stories were written down before volunteering himself. He had already coned himself into a story telling pace adjusted to the speed of my pen, a technique easier and quicker if you can get it that using a tape recorder. I was a demonstration model to inspire his acolytes; they were often there. He was didactic as a dominie. His remarks usually twice as long as the story itself were a spontaneous contribution that was never written down. He understood and was happy with

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cross reference which I used continually to anchor my understanding of the situation in the story. This was usually a one word interjection like SAGALI! 'social occasion' MEGUVA 'gardening, fishing or other ritual' SOLUMWOYA cosmetic, dancing, love making or ceremonial connection; VATAI disagreement; YOWAI! 'quarrel'; GIBURUWA! 'tension'; and so on. He responded just as briefly to correct or expand without breaking the flow of the story or the effect of its style. No suggestions were ever made as to type of story; he came primed and ready from a village recitation of a piece he had chosen.

My lack lustre expectations after the other islands were ingrained from the start; it was Tovileu who sharpened and refined my perception; and the evaluation of this is my main concern in this work. It is frankly one-eyed or special pleading. It pursues an elusive element not much treated in anthropology generally; but a happy and inspiring vein of thought and cautions that Malinowski left important metaphors untranslated; what children accept or informants emphasise for reasons known to themselves. It is not all that the TOWOSI is saying in the formulas used; it is only one side of a double understanding. For instance the significance of Labai is the Tudavan tradition. Boyowans would not know and could not care if there was people about before Labai was founded. What concerns them is that all the more important clans holding the Tudavan traditional culture came from there; or at least that the present state of things is tantamount to that. Before their coming there was no one of their kind in Boyowa. SUNAPULA Labai or Labai 'origins' simply insists that they came there as from another world.

Down the ages Boyowan villages have crept over the landscape leaving monuments behind and carrying others with them; communities have emigrated and returned, movements of

one kind or another have happened everywhere; but in the midst of all this Labai has remained the Mecca of their pagan faith; its monuments have not moved. Malinowski's insistent use of the juvenile reference to this betrays a subconscious worry; he rightly sensed there was much more to be said. Evidence of this runs right through his Interpretation of the spells. NAGA in the heading of spells 17,18,21,25, 27 and 28 of Coral Gardens is an instance. Only in spell 17 could NAGA mean 'now?', and there it is surely by way of a pun. NAGA like LALASI may allude to 'sharing with princely liberality.' It is quite likely a reference to the Tabalu from a time before they ever settled in O-Marakana. It gives authority to the spell and invokes the influence of various spontaneous and munificent things. In the case of the noxious glow worm, which being slow as a snail yet disappears with surprising speed when disturbed, it is the speedy and sure departure of this archetype of blighting influences that is prayed for in this exorcism.

The spells are addressed to Tudava. Nearly all the classical allusions are to his story. In KULIYAWA NAGA KULIYAWAM, 'A Royal Dolphin Your Dolphin; the possessive is for intrinsic possession and therefore means "your Dolphin Spell!" For me all the second person morphemes in these spells are referable to Tudava, giving them a unity and cohesion lost otherwise, and invoking the driving force of Tudava's fanatical dedication for the success of the garden. Construed this way, YAGAVAM TAITU KWAIBWAGINA ILOVA simply means "The glow worm leaves your taitu leaves;" IBASIKAYEM GINUVAVARIA LOPOLA ULA BUYAGU means "For you my garden is riddled with roots." Given poetic licence and the same mystic identification of Tudava with his gifts, an idiom not unknown even in colloquial expressions, v.g. AVAKA PEM? "What's the matter with you?" — that the courtesies and

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ceremonies of the MILAMALA or Harvest Festival celebrate, and we have the simple, immediate and stately meaning. How luminous this is is not revealed in Coral Gardens, where for the sake of a too deferential compliance with an informant's explanations, often detached statements that took the true understanding for granted, the rendering is somewhat forced into a MUMBO-Jumbo. This runs counter to the spirit of the occasion, the royal hospitality and courtly etiquette prevailing at the MILAMALA and one in tenor with the rituals that grace them. The virtuosity of this can only be appreciated by those who have met it; but for such it argues an inspiration both powerful and explicit.

2. LILIU and LIBOGWA, Myth and Tradition

Proverb: GE SALA MENAGUVA MIMEMGWA WEMA BOMA
 "Our early settlers have no equal. ";

If we ask which is the most serious and important kind of story telling the Boyowans come up at once with LILIU or myth. It has to do with the mysteries of life, good and evil, suffering and blessing, strife and salvation, and pushing out in its story telling devices to cosmological limits and the reason things are as they are. But there is nothing in the style, except perhaps this cosmological note, to distinguish it from LIBOGWA or legend, from KUKWANEBU or folk tale. There is only one prose style, predominantly dialogue whatever

the theme; exhibiting, the same qualities of pathos, humour, beauty, excitement — all the emotion of actual living — and formulated in the wonderland idiom the smaller children. Difference of category rests entirely

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on the understanding of the listener. LILIU comes according to the Boyowan sense of things from outside the present shape and performance of creation. It is something all people have which is always the same in itself, if not in the telling of it, and so is not really any man's invention, in spite of the fact that some folk not very far away are telling a number of irreconcilable versions. It is simply regarded as a temporary or peculiar perversion of those others; a perversion the present company would never be guilty of, and which the common understanding will later correct.

Though LILIU comes first, LILIU and LIBOGWA are co—equal terms both derived from LIWA or LIVA, 'say'? LILIU simply says 'saying.'?LIBOGWA is 'old saying'?and the outsider's appreciation of the relative value of these expressions must stand corrected by Boyowan idiom, in which the simpler form has usually the more absolute or superlative meaning. LIBOGWA has a more legendary or historical meaning, being more applicable to those stories which give the pattern of rites and ceremonies and etiquette; whereas LILIU establishes rights and duties, TABUs and privileges, the more elemental things. Viewed on the plane of their origin they converge and become synonymous; viewed on the horizontal plane of their applicability here and now, each is more Important in its own sphere. LIBOGWA favours aspiration, idealism, the charter of dynamic movement; LILIU favours rights and legalities, the charter of the status quo; viewed from the standpoint of their more usual social association LILIU is found with WOSI and story and the deposit of pagan faith; LIBOGWA with magic rituals, monuments, protocol and the tribal tradition.

Myth in a society such as the Boyowan substitutes for the whole code of law, that all the forces of law and order in a civilised society have to work with; and it

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substitutes for the philosophy itself according to which civilised codes are formulated. By the logic of the anthropologist's own principles the entire form of the story is important; not just the skeletal frame but the whole context of tribal understanding.

The maturing of this can not be done in the usual short period of anthropological field work; It cannot be combined with the tracing of a story of detection, unearthing ethnological data. Traversing such a wide field of fragmentation the writer is less alert to relative importance and the coherence of the tribal mentality; fragment fits awkwardly with fragment in his reconstructions because the whole he is building his own mental scheme of things, not that of the tribal philosopher. Gumagabu is, as far as my experience goes, the greatest tale evolved in Boyowa. Malinowski discusses it at greater length than any other; so it might serve as a good illustration of the unsuspected depth that may lay behind a seemingly simple tale. The six stanzas given in Argonauts of the Western Pacific is only a sampling of the whole Song and Dance; perhaps less than five per cent of it. Not one of my own chance caught dozen stanzas is the same. The quote from Toulawa is only a quick reference. The story Tovileu told me took two hours to write down. His brother Mokasoka's account of the final expedition and killing would not repeat more than a paragraph of Tovileu's story, and It took another two hours to hear out at the break neck speed of Boyowan recitation. The O-Marakana version was

different ground again, being the fascination of that political harridan, Tomakan's clan mother. All variants of the Gumagabu story are saturated with the poignancy of that Boyowan self deprecation; of men caught in the web of a moral problem of admitted but inescapable guilt. The poignancy of the main Tudavan theme is that of the hero himself caught in the same web and breaking

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his own code. In the Wawela Story of the Two Brothers, where all the characters are nameless, the theme is simply contemplated as the problem of Everyman; nearly all the KULA tales do the same. With this the sufferers in real life were all of a piece; the life long mourning and bewilderment of Namwana Guyau over his forced abdication from practical kingship and his break up of the O-Marakana community; the lifelong disgrace and bedevilment of Mitakata over the death of his nephew Numakala.

This kind of study makes a plateau with a view in a number of directions. Given this view, contradictory manifestations like the high hopes, religious fervour and demonic self—destitution of Cargo Cult or Vallima Madness fall into place, are more construable or less confounding. Given contact with the intensity of mental suffering in case histories such as these the wonder is not that Cargo Cults start up; but that they are not more frequent, more ferocious. One wonders at the restraint; one marvels at the perspicacity of the villagers who themselves claim that their 'literature' is therapeutic and salvific.

Gumagabu, being a complex of stones and a Song and Dance or WOSI at the same time, is perhaps the best example available of the interweaving and complementary roles of Song and Dance and story. The mode of versification continuing the dialogue of story telling, but keyed to the aphoristic level of expression of the VINAVINA, opens wide the gates to paradoxical expression. Opposing themes and contending points of view can be given their fullest and most blatant expression, corrected and balanced as they are against each other, in the endless medley and pantomime of the WOSI. This combination of story and WOSI is a convenient carry—all for the Boyowan culture; no one's say need be left out. It is a tribal safety valve.

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Findings by casual Inquiry are not sufficient for complete understanding. Gaps and inconsequence raise too many questions. Giving a relentlessly receptive attention to word masters like those just mentioned I was never aware of any lack of comprehension. In fact the problem was so absorbing that I lost any awareness other than that of the contemplation of the theme itself. I had astute friends to warn me not to expect an abstract level of thinking from such simple people. Universal principles *were* beyond their ken. They could only cope with the concrete and the sensible. The very simplicity of their language was proof of this. But my attention was riveted by these men more completely by their spell binding than I have been by any play or film. Reflecting on this I realised that what had held me so completely was a mental problem, an abstraction. Presented with virtuosity and a concentration almost obsessive, and thought through with a passionate concern for the truth of the matter, there was no mistaking that detachment, that excluded from its attention everything but the problem's terms in the shape of a nameless character role. The underlying concern was sheer philosophy, the resolution of the antinomy of absolute principles in head—on collision. Both Namwana Guyau and Mitakata were talking about the problem that had long been a standing torture to both of them, rather than any mere story presentation. They admitted their crucial involvement in the most notorious scandals of their day. The manner of their recital in turn made MOKASOKA's relation of Tomakam's murder sound like a confession disguised as a story. It had the same surcharged sense of oppression, a tragic sense as keen as any in literature.

These men speaking to me privately were treating their theme more fully than they would in a village telling.

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Aware of my more complete comprehension and driven by their own consuming concern, they were reaching for my sympathetic understanding and endorsement. As for me, all this evinced just one thing: on the level of their deepest concern, men of whatever culture language or history are essentially equal.

This is spiritual and authentic vision; something I am jealous of because it is testimony to the character of the people I was privileged to work among; I could not bear to see such insights ‘fortune—ed?away to brighten the panes of?mere ethnological travelogue; not something that confronts the mystery of life with passionate concern; pleads vehemently for compassionate understanding such as one looks for, but finds notably lacking In most books of ethnology. Why this discipline should be so chary of the flourishing of creative genius In the past, perhaps thousands of years ago should be worth study. Arnold Toynbee accepts it quite simply. The history of?art, law, religion, politics and philosophy can all provide examples where heights were reached in one generation or two which the next thousand years somewhat vainly struggled to maintain. Perry in his ideas of the archaic civilisation no doubt tried to prove too much with too little, but this is no reason for proscribing the whole subject. I find the intrusions of the amateur theologisers into the field of comparative religion as frustrating as any agnostic possibly could, but I am still interested in the primitive faith, and particularly its more sophisticated expression In the tribal conditions.

I have been so wearied that I simply must protest that, whatever the validity of evolutionary theory, it is a wrong perspective in this study. It is removed by a geological or biological age from any practical relevance

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with these stories. Food gatherers in this area were garden thieves banished to the jungle. Armchair preoccupations of a Darwinian flavour in this connection are as stale and unreal as the Tudavan Inspiration is fresh and persuasive. The first monkey to be seen on the Trobriand Islands fascinated the people and gave rise to one sizzling, shame—faced question, "What kind of half-caste?" Whimsically humans bearing non—humans or non—humans bearing humans is familiar enough in a miming role as In the Kadawaga dance, where dancers don beaks, wings and tail and as birds act out the performance of a Rashomon type of story. Traditionally and linguistically the Boyowans came by way of the Sunda Straits. On their more cultural side they are of Indonesian stock. In that area there are monuments ancient enough and NAGA enough to match the exalted memory of the Boyowans.

3. Kiu In Village Politics

Proverb: TALIA NELUPOLU GANA IMWAGEGA KAISAI NEWWEYA BAGISI KAIKWABUGU
“Where foam swirls, rocks quake and surf roars I?I see my shadow.”

The Kiu myth is quite the most worthwhile item in this collection; so it is worth detailed study. From the

moment of writing down it was evident that here was something of greater substance and wider general interest than the rest. Young people particularly were excited and passed the word around to one another that it had been written down, “yes all of it” had been written down. The excitement was not as

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though this belonged in the arcana and should not have been divulged, the nervousness related to the present state of Denmark, and for the pupils of the central Methodist school it was something good to have done and done by me. Tovileu Ignored the Interest of the young folk, simply remarking that a story was like a man taking his stance In alignment with the stare so he could point to places he was interested In; the story was a window, or grid or frame of reference for seeing some things from the right angle.

The story divides into four parts; Kiu’s life at the pool; of interest to small children, girls and poetically for women. Kiu’s life as a youth growing up; preparing for the KULA expedition; the charter of those preparing for full Boyowan citizenship. Kiu’s expedition on KULA for those interested in local politics; the making and undoing of a chief?

Kiu’s sojourn in the lone wild, the cosmological extension to bring back the supernatural solution of his problem; the charter of revolution for the overthrowing of the Boyowan essentially tyrannical form of government when the tyrant becomes unbearable.

To understand the poetical allusions of the first part it must be borne in mind that the story begins with a whimsical confusion as to whether or not KIU is a prawn. There is a king—sized and very splendid type to be found in the caves of the RAIBWIAGA. Villages adjacent to the RAIBWAGA have pools; one for men and boys and another one for women folk; both different from the one where women draw water. The men and boys more sport minded have small bows and arrows with which they hunt the prawns. The women feed and make pets of them. Everyone is familiar with them. When one

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of these darting, translucent creatures rises from the inky black depths and appears suddenly in a shaft of sunlight in all its vital freshness and colouring it is powerfully suggestive of a miraculous, instantaneous act of creation, the Boyowan name for which is LILUVA. LILUVA is the poetic equivalent of SUNAPULA ‘appear’ or ‘originate’ to which it gives some colour by inevitable allusion, the same that excited the anthropologist’s informants and was not explained by them; so this statement should be appended as a note to that ‘hole in the ground’ reference.

That these pools connect with the caves and the sea is known to all. Sometimes the pounding of the surf a mile away can be heard as though but a few feet. The RAIBWAGA in many places rests on coral masses like inverted pyramids. Galleries run in all directions. Ligiveaka or main cave at Tilakaiwa is an example; a party can and did walk through gallery after gallery for hours. The Wawela story tells of a man who cut his boat in a cave in of such an area and took his boat to sea via the underground river, the only way he could alone and unaided have got it out of such a crater.

Kiu it seemed was also the name of a star, Altair or a constellation. The VINAVINA or lullaby, perhaps the most treasured in Boyowan folklore, is a kind of charm or blessing to evoke those qualities of lightness and

speed, sureness and strength that they most desire in their children; that is exemplified by the prawn and was the glory of Kiu later in the story. It is the charter of the mother's right to her baby, even possessive love, even exclusive possession. But it also says that this love and possession in time must bow before the necessity of growing up.

The second part is noteworthy because it strikes a note that is largely missing otherwise in the tribal life of the Boyowans. By comparison with local cultures in other parts

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of New Guinea there is almost a total absence of that military discipline of seclusion and indoctrination that goes with initiation into manhood. There is hardly any fuss or ceremony. The tribal life is so urban, so tightly controlled and organised that there is not the same need of it. Lads are zealous junior farmers before they reach their teens; they can hardly remember when they first took part in the techniques of sailing, fishing, building and so on. But ideals still need to be formulated and there is need of a system of reference. Kiu's obedience would do credit to a Jesuit novice; as a soldier he could not be faulted. This is not to say that every teenager resembles Kiu; just that they all know what is expected of them.

Kiu's labour's are not meant to be taken in all seriousness as labour's of Hercules. They are familiar tasks with tough and extraordinary conditions attached which, for older children are just a joke inviting their scepticism and tolerant of it. There are other points to be made; a touch of sick or sardonic humour, keeping to the fore the exacting and inimical role of the uncle against which Kiu's hardihood is to be developed; the insinuation that addressing himself to these tasks he developed his gumption and aplomb, the charm of meekness and dignity. It is a projection in terms of normal living of the aspiration of the VINAVINA; the poise and dynamic stillness of the prawn.

At the time of the telling, the spice was in the third part and not as it concerned Kiu; that was just for the story. What listeners had in mind was the case it presented of Mitakata of O-Marakana and his nephew Numakala. Here there was reason for excitement; the matter was explosive. Numakala was dead several years, but his friends and admirers

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were everywhere and their feelings were still passionate and bitter. Mitakata's terror of the sea precluded trips overseas; Numakala revelled in them and his success was like Kiu's. He died in full health poisoned by something that, from all indications, could have been strichnine. Malinowski presents the KULA as it was to Kiu and to Numakala. But after Numakala the KULA was never the same again; neither was the preeminent of the chief of O-Marakana.

This intrusion of local politics into the story of Kiu makes for a rather loose articulation with the fourth part of the story. Some morals and motifs have only an incidental bearing on the preceding tale. Perhaps it needs something as stirring, as something of a national import, as the death of the heir apparent to the overlord, to warrant appeal to the more usually underlying cosmological myths. Possibly there was for the listeners, since the Numakala—Mitakata situation had been resolved in the opposite sense to that of Kiu and his uncle, a wistful mental excursion into what might have been. The Methodist scholars at least were in revolt against the

prevailing matrilineal system by the fact of harking back to this ancient precedent and exception; current events had made clear to them the unnatural position of a man of consequence torn between the interests of his legal heirs and those of his own children; the theme was aired for hours in the chants of Usituma. No one is clearer than the Boyowan on the defects of the matrilineal system and no one is more stuck with it.

Boyowan society, so largely dominated by women folk is passionately devoted to the office and culture of the GUYAU. The office itself is a goose that lays golden eggs; making it for the members of the harem a vested Interest. It must be preserved at all costs. Kiu was not warranted in

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resolving his impossible situation until his uncle had destroyed for himself the aura of his lordship, and Kiu had acquired it by his sojourn beyond the ken of the rest of men. This is the point of impinging upon the Olympian order of things. It is something apart from the incidents detailed in that reference; it is to the story what the trance is to the Bong and Dance; It sanctions what is resolved.

The incidents however are still congruent to the story; a note of never despair in Kiu's trusting himself to his shield; the power of the charm in his mother's VINAVINA to curb even the ruffian Sun. The injunction; "Pronounce your names" is curious. Would just one story such as this explain the difference in Boyowan folk ways to the rule in all the rest of Papuan Melanesia? A Patrol Officer in the early days could patrol through villages for a thousand miles and never be out of the woods in the irksome matter of getting personal names; but in Boyowa always names were forthcoming as easily and promptly as from boarders at a convent. The preoccupation of the story is still to refine away the natural churlishness of youth, and establish the charm of a mannered address, the hallmark of a GUYAU. For scholars who might look for this note, I remark that the story did suggest that Kiu's mere presence had power to tame the Sun.

The humour of this section is worthy of note. The whimsical fancy of something as obvious as the sun not being recognised is something to delight all from tiny tots to the old and seared; the paradox of the most important things being forgotten simply for being the most obvious. The joke turns on the Boyowan concept TAKAINOWA 'failure to recognise'; the actual expression used in the story TAKAINAU is active, 'to ignore'; and lest the point be missed, two parentheses are put in by the story teller to alert the listener to the deeper

biting significance of the word; Kiu has to prevent the ruffian Sun from forcing a quarrel. Much as many would doubt such wit, on the part of an island peasant, it is there; and it would be good to know more of such a school of philosophy. G.K. Chesterton could only have been glad to see again this same vein of thought that so influenced his own style from the days of his own youthful research into folklore. Merely being intent on intensifying a realisation of truth is to aim at classical expression. Boyowans are more concerned with the sun's gifts than with those of water; droughts come once or twice in a hundred years; rain is excessive always. Yet they are very frequently irked, rudely complain and meanly excuse themselves because of the hot sun, even though none know better its life giving influence; to apply all this to the BONALA or charisma of a chief is clever.

4. Kiu, the Myth

Proverb: NIWAILUVA VALU NEUTUSI WOSI
 "In stillness are songs composed."

Kiu and his uncle both lived at Silaketa. But the uncle was a very jealous man and Kiu was very handsome. So when his mother gave birth to him she kept it secret. Kiu was taken and reared in the wilderness; in a cave whose entrance was hidden under a pool of water. The uncle was a mighty gardener who pushed his gardens right out into the wilderness. Kiu's mother used to cook for her brother, so it was easy to take food to her baby; she had only to say to her brother's wife;

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my poor baby abandoned at the pools How lonely he must be; I must go to him."

She would load her basket with water bottles, port them on her head and taking a good look round and go off to the pool while brother's wife stayed on look out. At the pool she would put down her water bottles and Kiu's food and sitting by the pool to draw water she would sing her lullaby;

"My darling caveling baby Kiu
 Your mother anxious comes to feed you,
 So show your gracious form so light
 And swift, from night escaped so bright.
 I draw my water craving such caress
 Caress your fingers gentlest touch."

Kiu came up from the inky black depths and stayed with her eating the food she had brought. Then having drawn her water and he having eaten well she would send him back to his home in the cave by way of the

pool; and only after he had done that would she port her bottles and go home. Naturally his uncle's wife wanted to see him and so after his mother had left he heard again the lullaby his mother had just sung to him;

“My darling caveling baby Kiu . . .

Mu would say to himself;

“My mother has just been here singing her lullaby; who can this be acting like this; I must go and see who it is.”

He would come out of his cave by the entrance hidden by the pool, come up to the surface where the woman was waiting. There came a time when the woman at once took hold of him and started to make love to him. Kiu was embarrassed and fought to get back to his cave; while the woman said;

“I only want to weave my claim that I am yours and

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you are mine. After that you can go.”

Kiu said;

“You must not do that.”

But the woman would not be denied. She clung to him there in the pool till she had seduced him. She said as she left;

“Your mother will come as usual tomorrow and sing to you; but after her I too will come and sing and when you hear me you must come up again for I too will be bringing food for you. Every day the woman cooked food for him and followed his mother's visits with her own. His mother grew ever more uneasy and wary during her visits with him. When he rose up out of the pool to sit with her and eat she would already be drawing her water, and as soon as she had drawn it she would be going, saying;

“Goodbye now; keep a very careful watch or you will be discovered.”

As soon as his mother was gone his uncle's wife would arrive. When Kiu heard her sing he would come out of the cave again. They would spend the day together at the pool. Only when night came would Kiu go back to his cave and his lover go home to her village. The chief had begun to brood, he said to his watchman;

“Tomorrow you must stay at home and keep watch.

Her ladyship is always at the pool; she is not doing any gardening; she is always sleeping.”

After this when Kiu's mother went to the pool and was followed by the chief's wife the watchman went too; but keeping out of sight in the cover of the jungle. He saw the mother put down her water bottles; heard her sing her lullaby; saw Kiu appear and sit beside her eating while she drew her water; saw her bid him goodbye

and wait while he went inside his cave. He heard too the voice of his master's wife singing; saw Kiu

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reappear. He watched while they spent the day together. Then he went home to report to his master;

"My lord, you'll hardly believe it but your sister has a son, your nephew. He has been hidden and reared at the pool; and is a most handsome fellow; so handsome her ladyship is helplessly in love with him."

The next night his lordship issued an edict. Addressing Kiu's mother publicly he said;

"Woman you have to explain why you took my nephew away; why you have kept him hidden at the pool. Tomorrow you will go and fetch him. He must come home; for he is a lord; he must not be left in that damp place; his health will be ruined. Tomorrow he must come home."

Just one more time Kiu's mother cooked food to take to her son at the pool. She took the trappings of his noble status, his belt, arm bands, necklet, pendants and cowries. She took all these to the pool and there for the last time she sang her lullaby;

"My darling caveling baby Kiu
Your mother anxious comes to feed you;
So show your gracious form so light
And swift from night escaped so bright.
I draw my water craving such
Caress your fingers gentlest touch."

"Come and eat your food while I draw my water. You must come back with me to the village; our secret is out."

Her son rose from the pool and sat and ate the food she brought. She said again;

"Dress yourself now. We must go home; you have been discovered. You must not refuse to do that or your uncle will kill me."

Kiu then dressed himself with care and went home with his mother. When they got there they found that all the people

of all the Silaketan villages were assembled. They all admired Kiu's stature and bearing. When they had become sufficiently acquainted, Kiu's uncle presented the betel nut he had gathered, and everyone settled down to make this event a memorable social occasion.

Afterwards when the festivities were over Kiu's uncle had a task for him; and if you will pardon his sardonic humour it was quite true what he said;

"I have a bitter taste in my mouth."

But Kiu was all goodwill so the uncle became bold in his wickedness; he said;

"Tomorrow I would like you to get me some fruit of the MENGMI tree; I want very much some fruit from the outer tips."

Such requirements were quite a likely way of getting one's self killed. But this did not bother the nimble and resourceful Kiu. He gathered the fruit his uncle wanted and presented it saying,

"Here uncle, is the fruit from the outer tips."

The wickedly jealous uncle soon had another scheme. He said one evening to Kiu;

"I'd like to eat clam. There is a big one you could get. I don't want you to use a lever when getting it out; just tear it out with your bare hands.'

Though this was surely a fool's way of suiciding by getting oneself drowned in the tides by powerful and relentless clam, Kiu just went quietly off and brought back the unspoiled meat that his uncle wanted. But this did not appease him. He had a new and harder task. He said;

"Tomorrow you will go for the crocodile. Dive for it and do not spear it; take it in your bare hands."

So Kiu went for the crocodile; subdued it with his bare hands and brought it home. Tired by his dangerous and

arduous tasks and with having eaten Kiu was ready for sleep; but not his uncle who gave himself up to thinking and scheming more deeply than ever. By evening of the next day he had another scheme for getting rid of this too handsome too popular rival for the position of overlord of the Silaketan villages. Kiu already had his following; so his untie said;

"Kiu, you and your party must make a boat. It is time to go overseas. Tomorrow you must fell a tree.

When you cut it it must not fall free; you must catch it as it falls and lay it down so the log does not split."

When the tree was cut and beginning to fall Kiu went and took hold of it to ease it gently down. They trimmed off the branches and barked it. When it was ready for hauling to the village and the night before the haul Kiu's uncle said;

"Kiu, I want you to stand by the log and watch it while it is being hauled over the rocks; see that it does not crash down and split. You must be ready to catch it and take its weight."

Kiu did that; catching it and taking its weight whenever there is danger of its slamming against the rocks. In this way it came into the village where it was hollowed out, shaped and planed smooth. Combing planks were cut and planed. They gathered bundles of vines for lashing and brought the prow board and sheerwater to Kiu to shape and decorate. When all this had been done the uncle gave orders for the next step. Scheming more desperately than ever he said;

"Tomorrow you must cut the outrigger; it must be that tree on the hill crest; it must be brought home for seasoning."

He gave further very personal instructions to Kiu; instructions so designed that he must inevitably be crushed;

"When you cut this outrigger it must not be weakened by strain. As it begins to fall you must catch it and ease it down."

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But when the tree was cut Kiu contrived to catch it and ease its fall so it came gently to rest. When his men had stripped off all the bark and were preparing to take it on their shoulders he said;

"If you would all take one end you could leave the other end to me."

This is the way the outrigger was brought into the village and set up for curing. While that was going on they cut more trees for lap strakes; and each tree must be caught in its fall and laid gently down. The lapstrakes were cut out there in the jungle and then brought home to the village where holes were made in them for lashing into place. The tines for lashing were now well cured so they were ready for another stage and Kiu's uncle accordingly gave the order;

"Tomorrow you must go looking for knees."

So they all went to the jungle looking for natural bends to shape the framework of the boat. When these had been cut and shaped and brought to the village the boat was assembled and aligned and all lashed secure. They were ready for yet another stage. Kiu's uncle ordering;

"Tomorrow you must get decking." "The stage after that it was;
"Tomorrow the boat must be caulked."

And so on till finally it was;

"Tomorrow we will have the launching."

Almost as soon as the boat was launched they paddled off on a challenge round. They went punting down to O-Bulaku and stopped there. The O-Bulaku folk were ready to concede a victory without more ado and a pig and some valuables were presented and presented to Kiu; the uncle got nothing. They poled on to Tukwauukwa and stopped there. The Tukwauukwa men more sporty brought out the new boat of Mosilibu and they raced against that. Again Kiu won pigs and valuables while

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his uncle got nothing. At Kavataria they raced against the new boat of Pulltala and again Kiu won pig and valuable and the uncle still got nothing. Then they went back to Silaketa where they put on a feast and had a party. In due time the uncle said;

"I am off to Kitava; we must gather valuables for the KULA. Then we get back from Kitava it will be time to prepare for a trip to the mountains."

The day they embarked and set sail they made Vakuta where Kiu got pigs and valuables, while his uncle got nothing. By now he was thoroughly exasperated. But they went on to Kitava and to Kumwagea and again it was Kiu who got pigs and jewelry while his uncle got nothing. After they had embarked and sailed back to Silaketa they had a feast; Kiu celebrating for he had a big basket of jewelry to take on KULA. He made jolly with his men, feasting on pork till late in the evening when at the end of the feast his uncle gave directions for the expedition;

"Tomorrow we will spend packing our baskets and loading the holds. The day after we set sail. We sail for Dobu."

The first night out they anchored at Mmwa. Setting sail again in the morning they had sailed on to Teula by nightfall; from there they reached the outer beaches of Dobu on the third day. Kiu and his uncle both went ashore. Taking his stand in the centre of the village Kiu was presented with ten items of KULA exchange, which made his score twenty with the ten he had picked up at Gumasila. His uncle got only one, which made two with the one picked up on the way. Leaving the outer coast they entered the straits and went ashore to the strait-side villages. There Kiu raised his score to thirty while his uncle got another two. By the time they got to Tuutauna Kiu's total was fifty and his uncle's ten. Calling again at these villages on the way back they shipped sago and

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coconuts. Sailing on the way home they arrived at an island and anchored there for the night. The uncle said to his nephew;

"Kiu, go and get some firewood; the crew must cook something to eat."

When Kiu stepped off the boat taking his pouch and personal armshells his uncle objected;

"You are only going to get firewood; leave your pouch."

But Kiu replied;

"It won't hamper me; it's clasped."

While Kiu was ashore his uncle gave orders;

"Hoist the sail; we are leaving. You can forget that fellow; he is being abandoned."

A friend of Kiu's acted promptly. He threw overboard one of the shields; calling to Kiu;

"Here is a life saver; we are leaving without you."

Kiu was on his own; but that night he set himself adrift on the shield. He went drifting on to the world's end where the sun goes down at night. He was cast up there alone right at the place where the sun lived. When he met the sun's mother who also lived there she said to him;

"What on earth are you doing here?"

Kiu explained;

"I was on KULA with my uncle. Because I beat him, getting more pieces than he did, he became exasperated. So when we reached an island he told me to go and cut firewood. Then he and his crew raised sail and went off home leaving me marooned."

The sun's mother said to him;

"Well you can live here."

She tidied up under her house and made a place where Kiu could live. She said to him;

"Well there you are; you have somewhere to live."

When Kiu went in there to lie down she said to him;

"Get in there and keep quiet; my son's a terrible

fellow; he'll eat you if he can."

Kiu would be resting there in the evening when Sun arrived home crying;

"Oh Mother, oh my burning eye! Oh the pain of my burning eye! Mother sprinkle some water on it; sooth it. Why don't we have man to eat or at least some pork?"

His mother would insist;

"Man meat is not for us; pork we may eat; but man meat is not for us."

She would then serve him a dinner of pork and vegetables. Sun would have his meal and then go to bed. When it was daylight his mother would wake him saying;

"Up you get Sun; it's time you took their lordships the sunshine they need to dry out their clearings. You must not sleep in."

When Sun had gone she came to Kiu and said to him;

"You had better dress a pig and bring it to the oven."

Kiu caught a pig, killed it and dressed it. He ate the giblets himself; but gave the pig to his new mother to put in the oven. When it was cooked and ready to take out she called to him;

"You must come and have your meal quickly; then you must go to bed; Sun is coming."

While he was doing that the Sun would arrive crying;

"Oh my burning eye! Oh the pain of my burning eye. Mother sprinkle water on it so I can eat."

His mother took water and pouring it on his eye soothed it.

Sun then said;

"Now give me some pig to eat-"

She gave him a whole dishful. While he was eating he was looking at the spear and noting that it was a splendid one. He said;

"Mother, own up; you have a young man hidden around somewhere, haven't you?"

His mother denied it. But Sun said;

"Go and tell him to come and eat with me; don't hide him."

His mother had to give in; but she was angry about it;

"What an obstinate fellow you are. Yes, I will tell him to come; but I am not forgetting your terrible manners."

The Sun said;

"Oh get on with it; tell my brother to come; I want to see him."

She went to Kiu and said to him;

"You will have to come out and meet your brother."

Kiu got up and came out to meet Sun. Sun was full of admiration;

"Oh I say, why on earth would you want to hide him? We could have slaughtered him and eaten him long ago."

The two men sat down together to eat. When dinner was over Sun said to his mother;

"Get my bed ready; my brother and I will sleep together."

Their bed was prepared and they went and lay down and very soon Sun started acting silly, asking;

"Who do think I am?"

"You are Sun, I am Kiu your brother."

"In fact now! I didn't think you would recognise me; forgive my playfulness."

Next morning Sun went off as usual and Kiu stayed home with his mother. He caught them another pig, and ate the giblets as before. Their mother baked the pig with vegetables in the oven. In the evening Kiu said;

"Here comes Sun and his eye is all crabby."

Then Sun arrived with his usual fuss and calling loudly for attention;

"Oh mother, bathe my burning eye so I can eat with my brother."

His mother bathed his eye and soothed it. She served their dinner of pork and vegetables. They ate their fill and

gave the leftovers to their mother. When they had gone to bed Sun asked;

"Kiu, where would your home be?"

To show him Kiu took up a posture and pointed saying;

"Then at noon you are right above Boyowa like this Silaketa is here."

Said Sun;

"Then it was your mother I heard; she was singing a message for you. It went like this; I sing to my son, I sing to Kiu, pronounce your name."

Kiu begged of his brother the sun;

"Please take me with you. Tomorrow we must go together."

This Sun agreed to do, saying,

"Very well, but you must sleep well first; you must first catch two pigs for me. Then I will come and eat them and another day we will go."

Kiu caught two pigs; his mother got vegetables and cleaned them. One pig was prepared and put in the oven to bake until evening, the other kept for baking later. Then Sun arrived in his usual state and demanding attention;

"Oh my burning eye; oh the pain of my burning eye!" Oh mother bathe my eye; I must have dinner with my brother."

Kiu's mother bathed his eye and he had dinner with Kiu; then he said to his mother;

"You must bake the other pig with puddings and other good keeping food for a journey."

It was midnight before she could close the oven. In the dawn when they were getting ready packing their food and their things their mother said to Kiu;

"Don't imagine he has given up. On the journey he will hurry on ahead of you and play tricks. He will wait in ambush and come at you with his mouth open."

This indeed was just what Sun did do; hurrying on ahead and taking cover and waiting to try and take Kiu by surprise; rushing out on him and saying;

"Who am I?"

With his mouth open he would come at Kiu to eat him; but Kiu was not to be taken by surprise and would sternly say;

"Stop it. You are Sun. I am Kiu. You are my big brother. I am your little brother." And Sun would say;

"Oh brother, and I thought you would not recognise me."

All along the length of the journey Sun kept trying his trick till Kiu lost patience;

"Stop this who-am-I business. Just let's go along together. You are my elder brother. I am your junior."

When they reached Silaketa Sun more sober now was saying;

"That is where your mother was crying. When I heard her voice I felt very sorry for her."

They embraced and cried a little at saying goodbye. A coconut tree had grown taller and taller, reaching right to the sky world. Kiu said to Sun;

"Hand me my things while I stack them on the coconut."

When all his things were on the coconut tree the sun went on waving goodbye as he went. Kiu then made the tree curve over so that its head came right down to the ground. He stepped off and took his pork and personal things; and the tree returned to its proper size and stance. Kiu was at home once more in his own place and he went to wake his mother who asked;

"Who are you?"

"I am Kiu."

His mother said;

"Go away; I am mourning for my son. When you came hawking I thought it was Kiu."

"Yes it is; I am Kiu. Open the door while I come in."

She opened the door and he went in. They talked for a long time about all that had happened. He told his mother he had come to kill his uncle; and he asked her to help.

"Go on with your mourning; while you mourn curse him. Curse him insufferably. I can't wait to get my hands on his throat to throttle him."

His mother went on with her mourning, and as she cried she abused her brother and cursed him insufferably. At the last cock crow before the dawn the uncle could stand it no longer. He got up saying;

"I'll kill you; I will cut your head off."

Kiu whispered to his mother to stand close to him. She went on abusing her brother. When he opened the door and came in Kiu was standing there. He brought down the axe and cut off his uncle's head. Without a word his uncle just shuddered and died and the news went round the world;

"Kiu is back. He has cut his uncle's head off."

Kiu gave the orders for his uncle's funeral;

"Take him and bury him. I will be lord of the Silaketan villages; and my seat will be at Mmwa."

Kiu took over all his uncle's wives and property and lived the rest of his life at Mmwa.

5. Kalasia, the Sun

Proverb: KILIVILA BA GUYAU BULUGAI O YAMAGU
"I will lord it over Kilivila by sheer strength."

Comment

This is the story again under other names of Kiu's

sojourn in the dream world. It was told by a man from Kapwani near Bomatu Point, whose name has been forgotten and who has been dubbed for present purposes Yawala Mailuba or Mailuba's brother-in-law. He was as diffident as he was determined to get the little he knew recorded; as a note perhaps or a correction on the story given above. His references to Teyava, the village of Mailuba, are surprising and may be spurious; as a visiting stranger he could do for that village what no TOKAI or commoner villager would dare to do facing the Tabalu of Tukwauukwa. Moleilawa is not a name so much as a description, "the man who

was taken away"; and from the story it would appear he represents Kiu; though by the theme, warring against drought and flood, he could be Tudava, or Tudava's counterpart in the outer cosmos. Moleilawa is a figure in a number of other stories of the Kwaibwaga community. Impatient people will be tempted to think that a few questions would quickly clear up uncertainties here touched on; but it has been a mile followed without exception to accept the story without any hint of cross question: the conviction remained that anything else would send the source of stories underground for keeps.

The Story

Moleilawa and Sopi or Water lived at Teyava with their mother; and once when they were cutting paddles from an ULAMEKU tree Sopi said to Moleilawa,

"Why would you be cutting a paddle? You are no seaman; you have never made a voyage; a landlubber is what you are."

Moleilawa protested;

"Oh come off it."

It was a long standing difference between them. One

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morning when the boat was being launched for an overseas voyage, and Moleilawa was standing by the breadfruit tree at the ocean beach determined not to be left behind, Sopi was particularly assertive, saying,

"I am taking charge; I will do the paddling; you will just go inside the deck house."

They paddled away to the land of Soddewet. It was there that Sopi played a trick on his brother, saying,

"Stay where you are. I am going for a look around."

He dived overboard and disappeared. When he came up again he held up his hand saying;

"Look, here is mud; I have just found land."

He got back in the boat and sat down. Moleilawa not to be outdone and thinking he too could find land dived overboard too. But he was not able to swim, and the water was up over his head and ears and he drowned. Sopi abandoned him and went back to Teyava. But Moleilawa came to the surface again and floated. The end of the drift was the beach at Mtawa which was the home of Kalasia or Sun into whose house he was taken. It all happened like this; the osprey had seen him in the water and taken pity on him and fed him with fish; so that he was able to get ashore on the Mtawa ocean beach. He was naked when he arrived there, having lost even his belt while drifting in the sea. It was the mother of Kalasia or Sun who found him and provided for him. When Moleilawa saw her he said;

"Who are you?"

She answered;

"I am the mother of Kalasia; but who are you?"

"I am Moleilawa."

She said then;

"Let's go to the village."

He went with her to live at her place. In the evening when Kalasia was arriving she would caution Moleilawa;

"You must go and hide under the house."

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Kalasia when he came was full of complaint;

"Oh mother, I must have man to eat or at least pig."

She would insist as always;

"We do not eat man; but we can eat pig."

Said Sun;

"Very well then* bring me some pig to eat."

His mother had put Moleilawa's spear beside the store where Sun kept looking at it; then he said;

"Mother, would you be hiding a young fellow somewhere?"

Moleilawa down under the house was saying to himself;

"No I am your brother* Moleilawa."

After Kalasia had finished his meal he said to his mother;

"Mother, you must catch two pigs for me tomorrow. I'll be very hungry when I get home."

After Kalasia had gone to sleep and his mother and Moleilawa were by themselves she said to him;

"I will have to own up about you."

When Kalasia got home again he set up quite a clamour;

"Woe and misery to Moleilawa I simply must eat him. I must have man meat; it's not as though I had

pork to eat when I would not be tempted like this."

His mother protested strongly;

"Son, we never eat man, only pig."

Kalasia sitting by the store said;

"Very well mother, bring me some pig to eat."

But he still kept on looking at the spear and thinking what a fine one it was and insisting;

"Mother, you have a boy hidden here somewhere. You will have to give him up; we simply must eat him."

His mother owned up;

"Yes, it is true; I now have another son; but he is your little brother."

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So Moleilawa had to come upstairs and meet Kalasia, who eagerly wanted to know;

"Where might your home be?"

"My home is at Teyava by the high coconuts."

Sun said;

"Yes I know the place. As I was coming by today I heard your mother crying. Tomorrow we must take the journey back there together."

When they did make the journey Moleilawa was always getting behind and Kalasia was always running on ahead and hiding. When Moleilawa caught up he would call from his hiding place;

"Hi there! Who would I be?"

Moleilawa would answer;

"You are Kalasia; I am Moleilawa."

Then the journey would be resumed, Kalasia saying;

"Come on then; let's go."

But he went on ahead relentlessly and kept setting his traps for the time unwary; but he did not catch Moleilawa off guard before they were over Teyava where Moleilawa said;

"Kalasia if you went down by the tops of the coconuts you help me off."

Kalasia went down by the tops of the Coconuts at Teyava; and there he helped Moleilawa to get off the sky and onto the top of a coconut tree. Then he hurried on. Moleilawa plucked a nut and threw it down beside a woman who was there. It broke in two and this let his mother know he was there. She looked up and recognised him;

"Oh Moleilawa, that is you there in the top of the coconut. Come down; come back to earth. How do you come to be alive."

He went down to his mother and to their house; where they had a good cry and finally he said;

"You can tell Sopi to come home; I will not fight him any more."

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6. Tobutatala, the Lone Challenger

Proverbs GIGILA MAMA GASISI PEULA
"Giddiness is weak, dourness is strong!"

Comment

This is not a story but some references to one told by a child; and not worth recording except for the clues it affords. It is clearly a LILIU. Tobutatala seems to be a LILIU or mythological co-relative of what Tudava is on the level of the LIBOGWA; a cyclopean character to boot, the equivalent of Kalasia in the previous piece and in Kiu. This story is repeating the motifs of the story of Tudava. Perhaps mistakenly but according to the child the Cannibal in this story was called Tokosikuli because he was so fearsome people were afraid to describe him as what he was; he had not three but five sets of teeth top and bottom all like tusks on a boar; he could take a man in one bite so nothing stuck out; he was as big as an ox. These details may be a mere childish view not born out by the form of the story if the master story teller could be located.

The Story

There was a mother with two children and there was Tokosikuli with five wives. The mother and children lived in the wilderness and were always asking their mother;

"Why do we live in the bush."

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"Because the Cannibals are man-eaters."

Tobutatala then split himself a spear, fashioned it and lay it aside. One day he went down to the village when the Cannibals were building a store. He hurled his spear at its head plate. Tokosikuli protested;

"Who are you?"

"I am Tobutatala. Hurry up and climb that tree and get me a drink. I must not waste time or the noon day glare will come and dazzle me."

Tokosikuli meekly climbed the coconut tree right to its growing tip, where he nipped off a green nut. Tobutatala said to him;

"On your way down just drop; I'll catch you."

So persuasive were his words that Tokosikuli did that; but Tobutatala drew back his hands and let him thud to the ground. He picked up his nut and having husked it, drank it and went off home to his dinner. Another day he let fly with a two pronged spear which went right up in the sky and came down where Tokosikuli and his wives were. This started a war between Tobutatala and Tokosikuli which Tobutatala won and Tokosikuli acknowledged saying;

"Thanks to you I got both prongs in me."

As his son explained; when he heard the two prongs of the harpoon he thought there were two spears and he did not know which way to dodge; and so he got a prong in each eye and was killed with his wives around him. Tobutatala and his mother and sister now came to live in the village with the Cannibals wives.

CHAPTER XIV

Tudava Paramount Prophet of the Tribal Faith

Proverb; MANU TOPILETA KOKOLA MIGIMAI

"Before the majesty of God who is unabashed?"

1. LIBOGWA or Sacred Tradition

It is quite in line with the prevailing antithetical twists of Boyowan culture that LILIU, or their most ancient and cosmological myths, should round up on mere politics while their most monumentally commemorated and quasi-historical figure should sound the depths of tribal faith. Confronted with this a Boyowan may doubt if LILIU really is the more important form. He is a most practical person; intensely interested in the nature of things, in the challenge to penetrate their meaning, and to formulate a scheme of their associations. He has built up these traditional patterns of poetic expression and practical design, that we are now studying, quite knowingly. Since he has no discipline of pure speculation he does not pretend that his formula-tions are history; only a tribal understanding. When he assert-ively claims that these things are true it is the underlying mystery of the mystically and religiously evocative realities he is concerned with that he has in

mind. He does not appeal to any authority; he merely asserts. There is no concept of revelation or any inspiration other than that of the shaman whose claims he habitually accords a sceptical and grudgingly astute recognition only at the bar of the open forum. But his profession of a tribal faith is perpetual and simply the expression of a religious attitude as affirmative as Christian faith.

The purpose is self assurance. It is spurred by that need

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to declare their respect for powerful influences on their material and spiritual security that is characteristic of all men. That their myths are stamped with the character of the people who made them is emphasised by the burlesque of their visitors. That these formulations, vivid and formal as they may be as stories, are deliberately mere adumbrations of underlying realities is the sense the tribal member himself has. He is an all time natural existentialist. That his faith should be responsible for the structure of its expression seems natural and inevitable to him. That these simple stories are meant to enshrine and propagate it is expressly stated. The mere suggestion that this is only wishful thinking is scorned by the tribal believer. In spite of the publicly professed aim of religious practice to align the other fellow his appreciation is that this affirmation of tribal faith is itself sacramental, and its efficacy for salvation as self evident and undeniable as that of the will to live.

At the same time it is not in a myopic following of the details of these stories that men are safe. Stories are only stories. As the ancient Juvenal said for Europeans, "When it comes to the departed, the underground kingdom, the black frogs of the Styx and a ferryman with a boat hook who transports on a single vessel so many thousands of dead a child could not believe it." On Boyowan performance no child ever did; it is all KALA BIGA vVALA a so-so story. Simplistics are the worry not of the mystic but of the mythophobic.

It is right here that the so indefinable and perhaps unexempli durable LIBOGWA is a handy peg for observations. We are in an area where civilised pundits are less wise. Malinowski could well say; We could take Prazer's own evidence and the main outlines of principles contained in it, and we could

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formulate a theory of knowledge, magic and religion fundamentally in accordance with his intuitive handling of his material rather than with his stated views." But then his own words, "His knowledge (the Boyowan's) is limited no doubt but as far as it goes it is sound and proof against mysticism." is a startling conjunction of terms after what he says elsewhere. The story teller is not clouding understanding but deepening it. As in separating cream from milk he uses story to extrude what belongs less from what belongs more, to emphasise the more applicable, to sharpen our vision, to strengthen our comprehension. In spirit he is one with Albert Einstein, "The most beautiful and profound emotion we can experience is the sensation of the mystical. It is the sower of all true science. He to whom this emotion is a stranger, who can no longer wonder and stand wrapt in awe is as good as dead."

Given a little patient attention the Boyowan's old faith is seen simply as an organised effort to hold on to salvific truth, the life and well-being of self, family, clan, tribe and the BALOMA beyond. His sensitivity to this is extraordinarily keen as though the frailty of his faith, language and culture, the narrow margin between not only personal but family and tribal extinction gave so many things a more vivid and vital concern; to be

fostered more directly than the faith of Europeans or the faiths of India, China or Japan. The address of this discipline is implicitly theistic, an innate force as evident and undeniable as the aptitude of humans for speech. As Nietzsche lamented this is an appreciation of the wonder of things that has passed beyond the ken of the stale Christian.

That the notion of a supreme being is not stated does not mean that it never occurred. It is just too close to the surface of things Boyowan for it be possible to believe no one

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ever thought of it. Neophytes find it so natural they just can't believe grandfather was ignorant. The Boyowan use of cardinal words often makes it a transparent reference. BALOMA IKEIBIGA, 'the spirit says as an oath confirming a statement expressly invokes Spirit in its most authoritative sense as the highest grade of being, BALOMA. Citing the credits of spells the TOYOSI invokes KADAGU 'uncle', BILOMAVAU, 'newly ancient,' and TUBUGU, 'ancestor.' Only the latter, four generations back, are BALOMA in full hewn honour with tutelary deities and named heroes of the past. This is the main thoroughfare of the BALOMA, the dynastic litanies of the spells. One spell cited over thirty nine generations. The place of the elephant deity Tokilupalupa and the non-human Topileta are in the context of mime and dancing; their monuments are by the beach at Bomatu and on the island of Tuma; they review, one the passage and the other the arrival at Tuma of the recently dead. Apart from this connection any freewheeling reference after the style of European classical allusion was curtailed by the exercise of a rigorous agnosticism.

But it is not the agnosticism of the student of comparative religion or philosophy but that of the fearfully involved, of one who wants to believe but who stops short of that all too wild surmise. Emotionally it comes much closer to the idea of God than do the professed agnostics. It is just because they want to preserve their faith in the face of tribal weaknesses, insecure social environment, exiguous tribal domain and all the bogeys that threaten them that they stop short where they can keep in perspective that conglomerate whole wherein somewhere, somehow are contained the saving spiritual realities. Obeying an instinct bred into them by folk history they eschew too explicit statement just because of their greater closeness to necromancy and all the crazy aberrations of the fanatically religious, excesses not exclusive to the religious history of the greater cultures. LIBOGWA is not really a form of story telling but rather

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a domain which includes in its purview certain types and motifs found in stories. Monuments and their informal explanations, magic rites and spells, simples, hunting, fishing, games and any practical element in tribal living with traditional associations, all village protocol, names, artifacts, customs and techniques go under the yoke of LIBOGWA. It is preeminently the domain of Tudava, the personification of Boyowan tribal worthiness. His title TOLIBOGWA, 'the ancient', is a powerful and inescapably punning allusion to this. By the very contrast of LIBOGWA to LILIU Tudava is all human even to fratricide and incest. But he was hero too and by his dedication and fidelity to the sacred tradition of Malitu invoked and enjoyed, as in the Boyowan sense all men should, powerful supernatural backing. In the village setting this religious sense is so obvious and inevitable that visitors who miss it are for ever disconcerting to the Boyowan in the questions and the suggestions they put. All peoples have looked back to golden days in the past. All men look to the future; hope is universal. Cargo Cults cropping up all over New Guinea and in the islands of the South Seas only advertise dramatically what may be found in quiet conversation in any village, a messianic

expectation like that among the Jews. It is the stuff of tribal faith, a prophetic sense of what was, optimistically still is and is to be. Once attuned to this so abiding and pervasive sense of things one can only read St Peter's appreciation of the Hebrew prophets vision of Christ's sufferings and the glories that would follow them as wood of the same tree. Once the missionary's message has been heard and understood, then at least, these people can find in their own myths the same bearing and the same cogency that the Jews found in their own prophecies. Coping with this expectation is not by the prophets virtuosity or miraculous inspiration; the genius is Christ's. So if the missionary neglects this system of reference he will be inviting the intervention of the local reformers.

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This tradition is no preparation for communism or for civilised agnosticism. There is revulsion from both aspects of presumption and aspects of despair. To substitute such aridity and dogmatism for the classical poetry is no alluring temptation. The adherent of the old faith has one kind of innocence left that the lapsed Christian has lost. A sense of the spiritual and the mystic is part of his make-up; though this does not mean that atheism is new to him; there has always been the TOMDEBI- TOWOSI or psalm rubbisher. Such manifestations in the detribalised and cosmopolitan circles of the emerging countries will be surely of matter of particular interest to him and may present to him an aspect evil, beyond the power of the civilised to appreciate. While he may sympathise most fully with the drive to abolish poverty and pain, honour the aspiration for peace and security his eyes will be most of all on the community and its social accord that makes or fails to make these things a feasibility. Any attempt at force will rouse his opposition or at least passive resistance, because he cannot be unaware that desperation is the hallmark of all the crazy and futile explosions of the past. With all the herders and planters, with all who foster living things, he knows that the magic of salvation is never so unobtrusive.

LIBOGWA is the witness and proof of this simply by being the keynote, flavour, colour or shape of everything in village life. LIBOGWA could be the name of their religion. The vertical preoccupations of LIBOGWA are as predominant for the immemorial villager as are the horizontal ones for the transient populations of modern city life; he is as busy relating things to yesterday as the modernised is to relate them to everywhere else. It is the only complement known to him for his own inadequacy and that of his familiars, and he uneasily and unwillingly dissociates from it. By comparison the world wide European civilisation seems simply lacking in the LIBOGWA ingredient as though

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the very use of letters had made it wither away, as it seems to have withered away, comparatively, even from the ancient Roman and Greek cultures. The story of Tudava given in this chapter was written down twice; once from Tovileu and once from Dabugera the sister of the paramount chief Mitakata. Both versions were identical. Besides this, less formally and adequately I have heard the story possibly a hundred times, retailed in all sorts of ways by a whole spectrum of the Boyowan people. This archetype of DQKINIKAN stories looking at its subject, Tudava, is pure LIBOGWA, as paradigmatic for the Boyowan way of life as Exodus was for the Jews; but as an art form it is just a story, no different from all the rest. Treating it as history makes the villager uneasy. That is not its orientation. It is a parable for the little ones in line with all the rest an induction

into tribal understanding and its warrant the continuity of that understanding.

Even the little ones know that relating to Tudava on the realistic level is quite a different context. In this he is no figure of fantasy but a real presence, the personification of his gifts and identified with them. His Invocation is by magic over practical matters here and now. The return of the spirits at the MILAMALA or Harvest Festival is preeminently his. The very harvest itself stored ceremonially in the BWAIMA is an ULAULA or oblation to him, an atonement to this fanatical Salvationist, who strove in vain to save his people while he yet lived, whose gifts were only accepted and his ways adopted after his banishment. Village life itself and the whole gardening round of the year becomes a morality play with its climax the MILAMALA and the full expression of the tribal glories in festival and WOSI. Malinowski understood this and made the gardening spells the spinal column of his study in Coral Gardens. He realised the flavour of the spells but

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refrained from recreating any artistic expression of what he saw; but without this essential part we may know much about, but we do not directly know the mystique of the Boyowan gardener. For the sake of this and a proper insight into the one official version of the Tudavan story we must have another look at the spells.

2. Fertility Rites

Tudavan Vindication in the Ritual Consecration of Gardens

Proverb: GIGI-GIGILA MWASA-MYA8ALA VILUMiA TAYOYUWA
"All laughter and play like a village at harvest."

Folklore, admittedly a forest or a jungle, still has its indestructible fascination because it is the stuff of tribal understanding and its continuum. The traffic of thousands of rationalisers, like detectives on the scene of a crime proliferating a profusion of theories has not helped, but more significantly has failed to destroy that fascination. No theme in Greek mythology, no doubt because of its rustic simplicities, is more comprehensible and exciting than that of Dionysus or Prometheus. The theme of Tudava is like a Boyowan translation of that collection of motifs, a complex story, a portfolio of paradoxes. This is possibly the clearest vision of tribal understanding to be had today simply because the rare Boyowan mental disciplines, categories and polarities are not dead. The Boyowan's rigid separation between story and song, magic and argument is there because he is not concerned to integrate his perceptions and so-so mental

constructions in a philosophic scheme of objective realities; he is only concerned that subjectively in himself holding tight to the continuum his understanding works and is vindicated in the tribal well being. Here then is my attempt to supply the artistry of the emotive core of Boyowan fertility rites so closely studied in Coral Gardens I and II.

Formula 1. The Tudavan story reflected in the gardening rituals is as ebulliently realistic as the children's version is whimsical. This opening spell is an avowed consecration of the entire year to the BALOMA; proximately one's own near and dear departed, but ultimately in the liturgical sense of these civic events a kind of mystery play in honour of Tudava as the protagonist of fertility and its most efficacious influence. Matriarchs Vikita and Iyavata are possibly ancestral to Tudava since it was his revolution that sanctioned the place of men in Boyowan affairs. Reference to the point of the Boyowan's penetration into the Trobriands from the direction of the Rai Coast, where detritus of Boyowan speech may still be heard invokes the optimism of the original adventure.

Formula 2. his spell regarded by Malinowski as the most important may well be the second most important. With the VILAIMLIA dedication it brackets all the gardening rituals; but it and they are only preamble to the climactic VILAMALIA. That spell alone deserves a separate chapter.

VATUI the opening word of this spell is a good example of how abstract a word can be when, shorn of attending morphemes, it is used as a sign like a beacon. The determined form of VA*TUVA, 'make whole' may mean 'heal, establish, found, create, set up, institute' etc. This is what the vernacular formula invoking the Tudavan epic says to me;

"The slogan is 'create';
By process abound.

The slogan is 'dedicate';
By method secure.
With all my forebears to undertake my garden,
To begin my garden,
To fell it and till it, till it fine
To grow like a pregnant thing.
I wipe away, I rid it of grubs and blight,
Of locusts, beetles and spot,
Of mealy bugs and wire worms,
Of leaf curl and powdery mildew.
I reduce to dust I blow away all these pests.
I oust you absolutely;
I send you absolutely;

Get lost absolutely.

I open for you a passage to the stinking mudflats of Kadilaboma,

To your home at Labai, to your reef Ituloma.

With a float for boat, with a stalk for paddle - Get!

I will not take you aboard, you're not exciting-,

You will not swim with me, you have no colour,

You are no sister of mine to shame me,

You will not stay with me by taking cover."

To ignore the classical allusions in this spell is to miss all its poetry. The spell is an exorcism, a list of blights and pests and an order to be gone; but if that were all it would be no more exciting than a medical prescription. The reader who reads the story in this chapter should come back to this spell and read it again; when he will see that it alludes to the Boyowan's treatment of their major prophet and the conveyor of all his magic, his mother; that the pests referred to are mere metaphors for the insensibilities and ineptitudes that made for the fight between the prophet and

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is people; a fight that the TOWOSI as his current champion must carry on.

Formula 3. This spell, also an exorcism, explicitly names Tudava. It was seen in chapter X.

Formula 4. is merely an exclamation marking a ritual step in the gardening program.

Formula 5. Refers to Tudava's departure and the change of heart of those who came after.

Formulas 6, 7, 8, and 9 simply announce stages in the ritual of gardening.

Formula 10 is the same as 29.

Formulas 11 to 16 are inaugural directions giving formality to successive operations.

Formula 12 continues the theme of formula 2 and is addressed to Tudava. It goes like this:

"Even you had poisonous pests on Monument Cape;
But you threw them off Monument Cape right back to Dulata.
Even you had poisonous pests at Dulata;
But you threw them off Dulata right back to Monument Cape.
And the pests were gone.
The pests were gone from the head of your TAITU,
From leaves and laterals,
From shoots and roots,
From the plant entire the pests were cast.
You cast them from the TAITU vines increasing them manifold
You raised them high, dense and densities on densities.
You kept them all gathered up together."

Formula 18 identifies Tudava or at least his magic with the magical web weaving of the spider. We have seen this spell.

Formula 19 is a powerful evocation of the spirit of Tudava, and all like minded Boyowans as an influence for fertility. The spell sounds like this;

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"There was abundance to fill my one boat, then for two, for three, four, five; for ten, twenty, thirty, forty, fifty.

You produced TAITU day and night, endlessly.

Your vehement impatience was for TAITU;

Your insufferable assertiveness was for TAITU;

Your sweating was for TAITU;

For abundance of TAITU; abundance on abundance.

Abundance on abundance of every kind of TAITU;

for NAKOYA, SAKAYA, NABUGWA, KWOIMA.

Tokuwabu cherished your TAITU dressed for you on the Broadway.

Formula 20 is only an excerpt of the evocation of formula 19;

"Impatience for TAITU, your vehement impatience."

Formula 21 is a prayer in reference to the scrub hen and the influence of tith on fertility; but otherwise practically the same spell as formula 27.

Formula 22, an explicit reference to Tudava's onward journey was seen in chapter three.

Formula 23 announces the VAKUWALI BAGULA, go jolly the garden period when there is nothing left to do but gloat over the garden and acclaim its growth.

"Break out, burst right and free;

Free of the seed, free of the tuber.

Mount TAITU, hunch your head, unreel.

Let out your vine, unreel your root,

Beget your spuds in my garden.

My garden is solid like a pounding block."

Formula 24 is a repeat of the above theme in other words.

Formula 25 is a good sampling of the yeasty humour which is the

hallmark of all the spells. Identifying Tudava with lunar splendour invokes the MEGUVA of that solitary, insuperably austere figure over the TARO. Taro is much less plentiful and so much more of a treat in the Trobriands. The sardonic touches are not incongruent to the sacredness of magic but its warrant, the touch of matriarchal wisdom, mother talking plain and terse in the mother tongue. If there are any rationalisers like comparative religionists who would want to make this spell a deification of Tudava, it is my fervent hope that they would lay off, at least until the tribal treasures have been salvaged in their primitive freshness. For me the lunar motif in this spell is a poetic allusion to the lonely vigil of the TOBUBIBWALA BAGULA, the garden sentinel, the fidelity of whose watch was betokened by the fact that of all the hundreds of unfenced gardens and thousands of nights I never saw or heard of a garden eaten by pigs. The mention of a cairn is a reference to the shape of the heap them yams are cured in. The spell goes like this;

"With a royal fullness the moon is full, your moon in the east.
 You filled it in the east and fuller still in the west
 You filled it in the west and fuller still in the east
 So swell the taro!
 Swell the taro like the wide horizon.
 So swell my taro. Make big its furl, its stalk,
 its spathe, its leaf unfurled.
 Let them eat taro, make feasts of it to satiety,
 till their eyes are bunged with it, their
 minds witless; till they burst like the
 pods of the medicine weed or the PUPUTUMA,

Let my garden be solid with taro like a carding board, the ground solid with their roots like a pounding block.
 Goodbye.

Formula 26 is only a ritual exclamation, "Gentlemen, out with the old, in with the new!" at the storing of the new harvest.

Formula 27. demonstrably, was completely understood by Malinowski, so it is a good point at which to observe that if any linguist, despite reference to him, doubts whether the original says all I say it does, let me recommend to him my manuscript dictionary and grammar in Mitchell, Fisher or Australian National library. The spell says;

"A royal dolphin is your dolphin, your dolphin in the east.
 Your emerging and submerging dolphin.
 You bound when you emerge and again when you submerge,
 Bounding dolphin.
 Bounding dolphin bound among my saplings, props, stumps
 and grids; among my leads, stays, stakes and

supports; along my ridges, plots, beds, garden
pillars and guards.

My garden was undertaken and begun, cleared, tilled
and made neat. It came up sturdy like an iron
wood palm or a cairn.

It has grown like a pregnant thing.

Gentlemen we can now leave off our rituals."

Formula 28 marks the use of that piece of harvesting equipment, that circlet of rattan that fixes the circumference of the cairn of tubers and makes the height of it an exact index of performance for comparison with other growers and other years. The spell goes;

"A royal rattan was your rattan, your rattan in the east.
When you flourished in the east I perished in the west.
When you flourished in the west I perished in the east.
But now my homestead is founded like basalt blackened
with generations of living;
My store is established now like a rock outcropping and massive.

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Its fullness throws a shadow like a house overgrown
with creeper, a shadow black as the abyss.
My store is established now.
Tudava may go now for it is fully established.
May the acclaim of my store rumble after him to the east

The name Tudava is not in the original of this spell; but a name is to be supplied, mentally at least, and in the context of all these spells whose, if not Tudava's? The worthiest current exemplar of Tudava's BWAIMA is that of the paramount chief at Omarakana, and its name is DUBLIKWAYAI, Dusk of Evening. The opposition of Tudava on the one hand and his disciples on the other is a motif common to the peoples of the KULA ring. Among some of these Tudava's counterpart is the Monikiniki or Great Snake. This they salute when they go on KULA. Their awesome regard for gardens high on the mountain side is also a flattering tribute to their opposite numbers, the TOKWAIBAGULA or Master Gardeners of the KOYA.

Formula 29 completes the preamble to the ULAULA or grand oblation, the dedicatory spell of which is the VILAMALIA used in the celebration of the tribal mysteries known as the MILAMALA. Understanding the Boyowan colouring of this may help the understanding of this festival throughout the Far East. This liturgical proclamation is as follows;

"The foundation is settled now, the doctrine taught;
the foundation of Tudava, the doctrine of Malitu,
Tudava can pass on now, can leave his throne behind.
What is it I must carry on? I must carry on my home
stead's foundation. The founding of my land,

corner stones, basement, crates, with sprouts
and spreader; of my lintels, eaves, ridgepole,
struts, rafters, battens, thatch and ridge
capping; of my beams and figure head.
It must be founded? My home is founded - like an

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outcropping rock, massive, basic,
It is founded. Fully so.
The acclaim of it, heaven confirmed, resounds to the east.

3. Tudava as the Accepted Saviour

Proverb: GUYAU KWALISALESA KUYOLISA GUYAU
"To depose a lord you must outlord him"

Comment

This is the Tukwauukwa version of the most important myth that makes sense of the pretensions, magic and protocol of the Tabalu chiefs. In this and the Omarakana telling Tudava is not a Tabalu, or even a Malasi, but a Lukwasigga of the Kweinama clan. This is a note of some importance in folk ways and a cue for much discussion; discussion of long standing, with a patrilineal bearing. The Labai set of monuments to Tudava are the ones that belong to this version of the myth, and include a set of footprints in the solid coral, sundry marks of his person and the cave of Bolitukwa his mother. Her first name was Natigisi and ancestral to her was Malitu. The name Bolitukwa became hers in reference to the virginal conception of Tudava. Obukula, the site of the original Tabalu settlement, is at Labai; whereas the site of the original Kweinama settlement, Bweidaga, is between Labai and Mwatawa. Obukula, at*you*may*go, as a Tabalu monument avows the substitution of the Dove people's ascendancy over that of the Parrots; a motif reflected by tribes all round the

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KULA ring.

Mwatawa has a rival and separate set pf monuments, including a set of footprints two feet long and a foot deep in the coral sandstone above the middle beach. There is a tree crowned rock above the Ikulataj'he stiffened! landing where a stick, thrown in the fight with his brother, Dovana, landed. There is the petrified skeleton of his dog. In this Mwatawa version Tudava was possibly a Malasi, earlier and different from the Kweinama man. But such hesitancies are not important. Tudava is no patriarchal figure; he took his family with him. The emphasis is on matriarchy and the authenticity and rightful succession of their lore and magic right down from the great mother, Malitu.

The Tabalu Malasi have adopted the Kweinama man by marrying preferentially only Kweinama women; a factor tending to divide the Boyowans into two major moieties and weakening the other two phllae or separate

human races that in their sense constitute mankind. That this present state of affairs could also be ancient is the fact betokening the extinction, matrilineally speaking, of one human race as far as the Trobriands are concerned is that the Lukulabuta totem GEGILA and the Lukwasisiga totem KALAGA us both lores. Be that as it may the Tabalu unconcernedly confirm by their approval this possibly more recent myth against the more widespread acceptance of differing versions. According to these Tudava quarrelled with his younger brother Dovana and killed him, or in a fight with him killed another man, or by a partitive reading of the expression, many of them; or in yet other traditions an elder brother. Tudava suffers from every story teller trying to steal a bit of his cloak. But in any case he repented at once, and felt so bad about it that he baked the remains and offered them for eating to villages of all the districts of the main island and Vakuta. Some say they were accepted, here, there and in Dobu; others say only in Dobu or Kaili. The sense of this eating is expiatory, in sympathy with Tudava; and symbolic, eating or repudiating the folly that had brought about the death.

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The renunciation was double; Tudava's by his acceptance of banishment, his people's by their correction of error. How charming to find a tribal philosophy more conciliatory than modern international politics.

Kaili is said to be, not an island, but a big VALU or land to the west or north of west of the Trobriands and very much more distant than Dobu. This is the New Guinea mainland near a place known as Kaluwawa, the Dump. The Kweinama tradition claims that they landed at a beach near Bau in the Kaulakoki Strait and made their first settlement at Bweidaga, beautiful steps' about a mile from Obukula.

With so many story tellers getting onto the stage to grind their particular axe the cause of the quarrell is almost a matter of anyone's preference. There is however in recent times a certain embarrassment. Tudava, the founder as it were of their civilisation, an almost divine figure and foremost benefactor, was a hard man to love. His problems are basic, the problems of the Boyowan living the Boyowan life today; and there each individual's personal adjustment is full of stresses. Possibly, confronted with the Christian ethos, there has been some retreat, a kind of fade out by way of a discreet silence on certain aspects of the story. But if this is so it is a mistake for the most fascinating part of the Tudavan tradition is that it faces the crucial test of social compatibility on the Boyowan village level with alternatives stated wisely and with courage.

Both Daniel Monsiuwa and Tolosi, the blind man of Labai were quite frank about the cause of the quarrel being real in the sense that they were still the preoccupation of earnest Boyowan gardeners. For Monsiuwa the highlight was improvidence; stealing from the garden freshly planted tubers, a doubly ruinous practice. This stealing he expressed as due to a prolonged dancing period. Tolosi with his eye on Tudava's dour and vehement character the highlight was flirtation with Tudava's wife. Monsiuwa's understand-

ing of the settlement was that Tudava went east while his surviving opponents in the quarrell went west back to New Guinea "that stealing (and its recrimination) might disappear from Kilivila." One thing is sure; the lesson of this renunciation is deeply felt in Boyowa, and the TABU on dancing and drums while the crops are in the ground, in my time was absolute; Bolitukwa's and Tudava's long sojourn in the jungle could have been that of their father or grandfather.

The Tudavan complex of stories is common to all the peoples of the KULA ring; even perhaps to all the Melanesians of Papua; even, most strikingly, to the non-Melanesians of Rossel Island. There Tudava is Podowo (Porowo or Pohowo - Kossel has the RBH factor), and the reason he fled Sudest was stealing and dancing. Tudava corresponds with Maui of the Polynesians, as Boyowans have known for some time from Polynesian mission teachers, and they will even volunteer a second name, Maui la. With such a large field to gather from in Papua the story could be filled in and deepened quite a lot, and since it goes back to a general Oceanic stratum, could in turn deepen the perception of the same figure in many and far distant places and traditions.

It is the depth of the perception that needs to be appreciated most of all or we will underestimate. We might be tempted to regard themes like resignation, renunciation and sacrifice as mere expressions of necromancy, that any notion of these themes as a fruitful or rewarding influence in themselves would be reading more into the record than was there. But I was aware of this mentality among the people long before I came to see it expressed in their stories. It was a matter of perpetual notice in the ordinary contacts of daily living, in their very expletives and obscenity and at first I disregarded it as accidental coincidence. But when that would not wear it was nice to find it documented in folklore.

Folklore springing like language itself from below the level of awareness and forged in the mind of men desperately holding on to sanity under dementing social pressures carries its own hallmark of brilliance and its assonance with the intrinsic ordering of human thought. This anyway is the oracle and assembly point for the standard bearers of men fending for their lives. Both Daniel Monsiuwa and Tolosi, engaged in tracing out the larger outline of the Tudavan tradition in the presence of the Labai monuments were aware of the curious lack of statement about Tudava's gifts to Boyowa. As in Malinowski's day the explicit statement was all in relation to strangers and secondary. But this did not bother them. The whole cult of Tudava, every rite and spell relates to his gifts and their preservation. For Tolosi the pagan with his leaning towards Cargo Cult the greatest gifts ere still to come, while for Daniel Monsiuwa the greatest gift was moral integrity. He added a curious phrase, BAVATIVAU, I should restate it. 'VATU, 'set, build, trim' is used of dresses or houses and VATIVAU does not mean mend, but make a new dress, build a new house. So forgotten myths can be set up again even though any current formula is sacrosanct and must not suffer change even of a syllable or only at the hands of grandmaster of story telling.

The number, importance and the very fact of the existence of the monuments to Tudava mark his central position. The outline and highlights of his story are found in many clans and tribes attributed to a variety of names but all cults of the same salvific charisma. The three mile long Snake Passage, the monument to Podowo's flight from Sudest, points to a cosmological wrath; and Tudava's ire, marked psychologically by

his renunciation, is not less telling for toeing more subtle. All villages have for him a

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religious rather than a classic regard; the common mould of the Boyowan character, looking from the standpoint of the tribal conscience, their concern with morality and solidarity for the common good, with the prophetic vision that warrants their faith, the common mould of all this is that of Tudava. Thanks to the notable Boyowan tendency to keep their polarities distinct all this can be over the horizon, in another world, for the casual sojourner in the Trobriands. So, for those who visit Boyowa, and have read the story of Tudava, a visit to Labai and the various monuments, could be a memorable excursion into primitive folklore. The composition of landscape and seascape proclaims the Ultima Thule, and just beg to be poetized. If Neapolitans still bake bread the way it was done in Pompei, the people of Labai could have been catching mullet in their Gumam, when the first Amhotep was king of Egypt.

4. The story of Tudava

A paradigm for the understanding of folk ways

Proverb; KAM SIYAWAI KAGU SIWAPU

"Oysters for you mussels for me."

(Some people relish but are allergic to oysters)

Tudava would have been living at Labai when the Cannibals were at home along the slopes of the wilderness with their centre at Mtawa. What had happened was this: they had eaten all the people of the villages and only a few at Labai were left. These were in hiding and keeping fearful watch. They were five brothers who set about building themselves five boats. These they outfitted for a voyage and had taken their wives and children

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when their sister, who had decided not to be left behind, came down to the beach. With her belongings already packed in a basket she appealed to her eldest brother;

"Wait for me; take me with you."

But he said,

"The boat is at the point of sinking. When younger brother comes along ask him."

She said to the younger brother;

"Oh bring your boat here and take my things."

But he said,

"No, it is ready to sink with your nieces and nephews; ask number three to take you."

Number three then came by poling along the shallows near the beach; she asked him;

"Please take me aboard."

But he said,

"There is no room; try number four."

He poled straight past, so she stood waiting till another brother came punting by and asked him;

"Take me with you."

But he said,

"The boat is full; get the boy to take you."

So she waited and begged of her youngest brother;

"Please take me with you."

As he ground ashore he said;

"We can try if you like but there's a lot of us."

He was right to be doubtful for when she got aboard with her things the boat went under. She said,

"Oh well I'll have to go back to the caves."

As they were saying goodbye to her and she was taking her axe to get firewood they warned her again;

"When you have a fire be sure there is little smoke or the Cannibal will see it. Be careful not to burn more than two bits together. You must only warm yourself at night

when the smoke can not be seen."

This is how It happened that in all the Labai country there was no one living except this girl. Her five brothers had gone off with their wives and children to the land of Kaili and made their farms there. She was abandoned because none of them had thought to provide for her, or cared enough to come back for her.

If it was raining she csmpted in the caves though they were damp and full of stalactites. It was from the drip of one of these th?t she became pregnant. She gave birth to a son; and for the wonder of it she called him Tudava or Sonny. All the time she was suckling him, when he could walk, when he could run steadily, even port a spear, she waited in vain for rescue. All through his childhood she still waited. As he grew to sporty youth they were still alone. Even when he had filled out to the full stature of a man and was all grown up they were MI alone in the Labai lands; the shameful story could be secret no longer. He asked;

"What are we doing here in the bush?"

Fearfully she told him;

"Not so loud, the Cannibal will hear us and come and eat us."

But Tudava had pondered long and deeply; he said to his mother;

"What timber is this?"

"KAIBOMA. Folk split it for spears."

But when he had felled the tree and split it into spears they failed in the test. When he Bhook them to test their toughness and resilience they snapped in two. He wanted a spear that would match hie strength. He complained to his mother;

"You did say It was tough."

His mother next suggested ebony;

"Then split some ebony."

But that was no better. Tudava was insistent;

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"Now just what timber is tough? What timber is that?"

His mother exclaimed;

"That is KWEBAKWEBILA. That is the timber our nobles use; if you must be a lord."

He felled a tree and made spears of it; curing them carefully in the flames; tested and retested. This time they were tough; he told his mother;

"This is the spear for me."

His mother was studying him. One day as he was setting out for a walk she asked him;

"And where would you be going?"

"Oh just for a walk."

He took his spear and went off. When he found a wallaby in the bush he killed it and took it home to his mother;

"Mother is this the fellow?"

"That's a wallaby, a wild thing; throw it away."

Another day when wading along the shore he met with a shark. He killed it and took it to his mother;

"Mother, is this the one?"

She was not encouraging;

"No."

"Can we eat it?"

"No. Throw it away."

Another day he took his spear and went off and came on a wild boar and killed it. He took it to his mother asking;

"Mother, is this the fellow?"

His mother was more interested;

"That is a wild boar; but its forbidden food for the nobility; we will not be eating it so you can throw it away."

But Tudava wanted only to get at the enemy;

"Then mother, where does this fellow live?"

The time had come when he must know. His mother said;

"You will have to go into the wilderness beyond Mtawa."

So Tudava did his scouting there. One day he stood at

Hesitance where the roads fork. He hesitated conning his choice;

"Would I be taking that road or would I be taking this one?"

The road he took was the road at last that lead to the Cannibal's place. In relief Tudava hurled his spear. It flew right at the house of the Cannibal; and this was the way of things. The Cannibal himself had gone off foraging in the wilderness; only Pocks was left to guard the house. When Tudava's spear hit it it rocked the whole building. Pocks was shocked; he exclaimed;

"Woe. who would you be daring to upset the house even of the Cannibal himself."

Tudava came into the village and straight over to Pocks who asked;

"Just what would you be doing to strike the house of the Cannibal himself."

"Nothing much, just wandering around; thought I would have a look. Where has the Cannibal gone."

Said Pocks;

"He's foraging."

Said Tudava;

"Then just fetch me down a green coconut to drink and I'll be going."

Pocks was distressed;

"Oh but you can't do that; you must sit down and wait till the Cannibal comes and sees you; then you can go."

Said Sudava;

"No, I'll be going straight away."

After drinking his green coconut he drew his embedded spear, put it over his shoulder and went on his way. Pocks called after him;

"Goodbye."

Said Tudava;

"Oh, don't worry; I'll be along again tomorrow. When my friend comes you might tell him to wait for me. I'll be along in the morning early."

When the Cannibal came he was curious about what he saw:

"Who's been entertaining? What are all those coconut husks doing lying around."

Said Pocks;

"There was a great big fellow here just now; you'd scarcely believe it."

The Cannibal was excited;

"Where did he go?"

Said Pocks;

"It's all right; he'll be back. I said to him, wait till your friend sees you; then go. But he wouldn't do that. He just left. He said you were to wait for him tomorrow at the time appointed."

Said the Cannibal;

"Did he now; just like that?"

Said Pocks;

"Yes, and what's more, when he comes you should have a good look at his spear. When he came today he stood back on the road there and threw. It struck your mainstay and sent it flying yonder."

The Cannibal said;

"By my eyes I'll be gnawing your knuckles."

Tudava told his mother;

"I know where he lives."

His mother said;

"Very well; tomorrow we will first charm all your herbs."

This way the way of her spell binding. As each item was heated and put aside they heated some KWEGAPANI for posies and put them aside; then some

MILUKWEBILA was bundled and laid aside; then two bouquets of croton, one for Tudava and one for the Cannibal. Tudava said to his mother;

"If you see my crotons waving I have killed the Cannibal; but if you see mine drooping and the Cannibal's waving he has killed me. Now you take care of yourself while I go to it."

Forthwith he left. On the way at Hesitance he stopped and let fly with his spear and the length of his throw is still shown; where he withdrew his spear. Porting it again he went on to the vicinity of the village where he again let fly. The Cannibal was standing by the lintels of his house which were decorated by precious white cowrie. The spear of Tudava struck them and knocked them to the ground. The Cannibal said to Pocks;

"He has come; but does he have to announce his arrival with portents?"

Pocks full of the liveliest expectation said;

"Oh yes, he has cornel"

When Tudava went to retrieve his spear the Cannibal said;

"My oh my! But you do have to let us know you are here."

Tudava was curt;

"I am."

The Cannibal wanted to be hospitable;

"Well take a seat on the stand."

But Tudava had his own preamble to the solution of this encounter. He said;

"No, I'll just be standing."

"Well wait while Pocks gets you down a green coconut to drink."

"No, I must be going back."

When he withdrew his spear and porting it turned to go the Cannibal scrambled to his feet saying;

"In that case, my friend, we must go together."

But Tudava, though wary of the Cannibal, had turned his back and was on his way. The Cannibal, disconcerted by this

offhanded treatment so new to him protested;

"I said we must go together."

Side by side along the road they went, the Cannibal swerving and trying with his fabulous teeth to snap off the arm of Tudava. While he was intent on doing this he was fed a packet of charmed herbs. Further along the road he was fed a second packet and so intent was he on his swerving and snapping that he failed to notice; he thought he was getting the mint on Tudava's arm; that it was the posy he had eaten. Finally Tudava fed him a packet of KWEGAPANI leaves and he became really muddled. By now they were in the wilderness and Tudava flipped him a fourth packet of leaves. They were now among the dense PILIPALI vines and Tudava making passes and feints kept cracking his pennant like a whip so distracted his opponent that he weaved in the wrong direction and snapped at the wrong time, the trail of his quarry becoming sheer confusion. He would striving and gasping like this;

"Oh that's where you are, behind up there and I thought you were down here in front."

"No, that was only the creeper moving."

"But I was sure it was you; just you dare try it again."

"Oh yes, I saw you pass behind me eh, but how do you come to be in front while I was wondering where you are.?"

"Oh well, if you must know, put out your left leg for me to stand on and you'll really know if I have passed or not."

Tudava feinting and cracking his pennant contrived to make the Cannibal so confused and furious that, with his extra rows of sharp teeth, he snapped off his own arm;

"Eh, that was my hand. But I must know what you did."

"Alright, put out your right leg."

Tudava did as before and the Cannibal lost his other arm. But such was the headlong fury of his drive he ended up snapping off both his own legs and falling helpless to the ground

Tudava cut off his head saying;

"You made too many mistakes,"

He took the head home on the point of his spear. His mother had been watching the crotons. The Cannibals were drooping while Tudava's were waving; she exclaimed;

"Oh my son has killed the Cannibal; his leaves are perk while his enemy's are drooping."

His mother was waiting for him when he got home;

"Mother is this the fellow?"

She wanted to know everything;

"How did you do it?"

But Tudava had only room for one thought right then;

"I killed him; here's his head."

His mother said;

"Well put it aside now, but tonight we must put it in a bathing trough and rig the trough like a boat to take it where your uncles are. You must take the biggest of the troughs."

That night Tudava and his mother rigged the trough like a boat with a sail set exactly and with a special outrigger float as a drag to keep the sails before the unerring trade wind. The Cannibal's head was set in the trough and sent off on its voyage down to Kaili with the help of some magical instructions;

"Burden tour gone, crew none sail on,
Mother's other brothers bother.
Pinking, pink in pink out pink in
Stop at doorstep stub or drub."

It sailed straight on down to Kaili and there went inshore. As it drifted in and out of the waves lapping the beach its rig stubbed first on the doorstep of the eldest brother. But when he came out to look it had drifted back into the dark away from the beach. When he was asleep it came in again and stubbed on the doorstep of the next eldest.

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But by the time he had roused himself enough to go and look It had drifted away again in the dark and the man looked about in vain. It was the same with brothers three and four. But when it stubbed on the doorstep of the youngest brother he came out at once to find the trough on the sands. He took the Cannibal's head and putting it away in his house went back to sleep. Recognising a portent he gave early next morning some very brave instructions:

"Elders, today you will cut my clearing, the clearing for my new garden; and I will not be there. Afterwards there is some boat building to do. We are going to go and visit our sister.

"But to begin with you will cut my clearing."

But the brothers in their turn had recognised a portent; so they meekly got out their axes and went off to cut the clearing of their junior brother. Junior meanwhile stayed home to direct some cooking, particularly of mashable yams. When these had been, diced he used them to cover the Cannibal's head in the cooking pot.

When his brothers having finished cutting his clearing returned to the village he served them first with whole vegetables, saying;

"Here, serve these to your little ones, then come and eat your mash from the pot."

Taking their spoons they sat around the pot eating from it. When they reached down for the soup at the bottom of the pot they of course came upon the toothy head of the Cannibal. There was a fearful scatter. But the time had come for them to overcome their cowardice and make amends; junior recalled them sternly;

"Come back here. You have to eat the head. We have found our sister again. In the night when there was drubbing on your threshold this was it. When you looked in the dark and saw nothing it was adrift by your house. When it drifted on down to me and drubbed on my threshold I woke at once and found it. I put it away in my house. That is why I put it on you to

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cut my clearing; I wanted you to find it like this. Now this is done we can think about boat building and going to see our sister."

So they set about their boat building and sail making. All five of them prepared for a voyage and sailed away. Their nephew was sitting on the beach watching when they came up over the sky line He asked his mother;

"How many brothers did you have?"

Five."

"Well five boats have just come in sight."

He went bathing and then coming back sat on the platform combing his hair. He watched the boats running before the wind straight for the beach of the Labai landing. Then he turned his back and faced the jungle. After crossing the shallows his undies laid aside their paddles and became very interested in the nephew their sister had found for them. It was the lively appreciation of their junior that warned them;

"We must not go ashore without tribute. He has saved our lands."

So when they went ashore they took precious axe blades with them. They put them down on their nephew's threshold saying;

"Your tribute Sir; we want to come home again."

Tudava did not even look up. When they had gone he asked his mother;

"What did they bring?"

"Axe blades. Most noble stones."

Tudava disdained them as nothing saying;

"Could you perhaps use them for carding the stuff of your dresses."

The brothers on their boats waited in vain for any sign of recognition. Again it was their junior who prompted them;

"Look fellows, we will have to take armshells."

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They went ashore with these; the eldest going first and putting them down in turns with the words;

"Your tribute Sir"

Tudava was disdainful. Only after they had gone did he ask his mother;

"What did they bring?"

"Armshells, precious, noble armshells, the kind we make KULA exchange with."

Like one willing to find what pay off there might be for all those lonely years in the jungle he suggested;

"Could you take them to make pole pads to use when you carry on your head?"

Again his uncles waited in vain for sign of recognition; junior had to prompt them again;

"Take necklaces."

They went ashore with these and announced;

"Your tribute Sir."

Tudava even more disdainful asked when they had gone;

"What have they brought?"

"Necklaces. Precious, noble necklaces, the kind we make KULA exchange with."

Tudava was not impressed;

"Could you even use them to bind up your carry all."

So the brothers waited anxiously for sign of recognition. But there was none. It was junior again who counseled the last desperate throw saying;

"Let's take him all the tribute we have; let's take him our tusks."

They went ashore with these, made their presentation and left. Tudava asked his mother;

"What this time?"

"Tusks. Tusks worthy of the nobility."

Tudava was more disdainful than ever his suggestion more unhelpfully likely;

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"Then perhaps you could make target hoops of them for your spear game."

Meanwhile the brothers waited and waited. They finally sent Junior ashore to ask their sister;

"What more? All our wealth is given; what more does your son want?"

She went to her son;

"Your uncles have given all their wealth. They must go back now; but you have not given them one word of recognition. They want to go; what can I tell them?"

"Ask them how many daughters they have."

She went and asked them and brought back the answer;

"We each have a daughter he could marry."

She told Tudava this and at last he gave his recognition;

"Go now; outfit your daughters and bring them to me to be my wives. When they are living with me you can come home again."

So they went and outfitted five daughters and brought them to settle there. Tudava told them;

"You are all brides, but I choose the daughter of my youngest uncle to be my lady and your mistress."

They brought their goods and settled there. Tudava said to his uncles;

"Fathers, take up your homesteads; I will be your lord."

They said;

"It is for you to command; we have just come home again. We have paid tribute to live here; you will give us security for that tribute."

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CHAPTER XV

Tudava the Banished, Archetypal Sinner and Hero

1. Culmination of the Tudavan Epic in the MILAMALA
Proverb: GALA KAYOM KAYO"! LOU GALA KATOIM KATOIM MLEBASI
"Your wooing and your love was as painful (and true)
as the sting of sea urchin and stone fish."

With the story in the last chapter we have finished a traverse of the world of story telling for Boyowan young folk. From here on out we are in a grown-up's world to which the stories are a mere introduction. It is a world known really only to Boyowans; and not just a missing chapter from Coral Gardens but a subject for an equally large and important study, the classic poetry of the WOSI. The light of this shines on the story and is reflected there. The WOSI itself serves the MILAMALA as one of its props. But we can easily overlook this if the MILAMALA is looked on as a mere date, like year's end or New Year: and this nearly all the time, except for a few token rituals, is what it is. Perhaps only once in a hundred years will the MILAMALA, in any given set of villages, be the grand focal point of everything in tribal life.

MILAMALA may be MA*LA**MALA (MALA is MANA in other Austronesian tongues)'has become MANA;' or it may be a mere reduplication of "MANA and so an apologetic or deprecatory use of that sacred symbol. The matriarchal Malitu may derive her name as MALA*TA, 'the MANA one'; and this in turn would suggest why some tribes have used this name as a reference

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for God in the Christian sense. Be all this as it may, there is this deep religious sense of things in the MILAMALA or Harvest Festival and it does not depend on mere semantics, mere congruent, punning or poetic associations like harmonics in music. As the motifs and facets of Boyowan stories focus on Tudava and the MILAMALA; as the gardening program and its rituals focus on Tudava and the MILAMALA; as all the social to do of the Boyowan women's world, the rites of the BALOMA in mourning rituals etc, stems from and returns again to the MILAMALA; so the wosi would, mounted on these foundations as on a tripod, give a new proclamation of the tribal glories in the form of a supreme celebration of the tribal religious faith.

This pattern is repeated all over Melanesia and where else not; so the "Sing-Sing" of these parts is a needed and neglected study. It is too big a subject to be part of this work, but it does relate and a few references are necessary, particularly in view of the singular service rendered by Tudava to the MILAMALA. This pattern, perhaps not necessarily that of all "Sing-Sing" but widespread enough, was in my mind before I ever set foot in Boyowa. In 1936 I was on sick leave at Ononghe in the Vanapa valley and saw the dancing at Kambasi when Fuyughe tribes, settled over three thousand square miles of the Owen Stanleys, danced there. My mentor was Father Dubuis; just back from a three month's stint with three hundred of the leading performers. He was naturally full of the subject of this dance and it is indicative of the powerful carnival spirit it generated that on two successive days we had not left the eight o'clock breakfast table before four o'clock in the afternoon. The philosophy of the Song and Dance there, enunciated has remained with me over a thirty year association and concern with the WOSI. The immolatory aspect of the Kambisi performance

particularly alerted me to that aspect of the MILAMALA: all the more cogently did it do so by the fact that the oblationary courses of the two types of performance

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were not the same. The Kambisi villagers did not dance. With thousands of guests to provide for for a fortnight or more they were exhausted merely rendering service; only guests performed. This service was a belated acquittal fifteen years overdue. Children grown to full human stature were still running naked because initiation rites that depended on the dance had not been performed. The Kambisi had been foolish. Fifteen years or more before they had stopped a murder investigating patrol at the Arun Gorge and, overimpressed with their own rock rolling, had defied the Piritani (British) to enter their territory. But the patrol returned in force and the Kambisi domain returned to jungle and the villagers to jungle nomads cadging off in-laws. For five years they had worked and husbanded their resources for this dance. When it was over they would be reduced to the jungle again, but happily this time, because, along with Austronesians generally, they had been all worthy, if only once in a life time.

Besides the oblationary aspect, more the part of the providers, the older generation, there is the all important expression of the joy of living. The ballad for this, the technique and tunes come from the elders but the action is from the young. On all alike there is a rather cruel compulsion: the intolerable staleness, that tribal life inevitably lapses into, must be relieved or the tribe dies. There are few ways to get relief. One is exodus; like Pilgrim Fathers make a new start in a new world. This, in the land of a slash and burn agronomy where all tribes are colonial, is an immemorial pattern. Another relief is war. But war was stopped by the pacification of the governing protectorate. At this point the bitter lament, heard over fifty years and so puzzling to Europeans, that this interdiction was wrong may be understood. The spiritual renewal that war, their war, meant was denied to them. This makes the contribution of WOSI to their life and culture so much the more important.

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The first thing one notices about WOSI is how serious it is. However absorbed people may be it is not mere entertainment, as most "Sing-Sing" are regarded, it is as sober and mandatory as being in church. The very form is a psalmody; its authority, politely at least, is the BALOMA; its function therapeutic, the catharses of all the trivial, stale, unworthy or noxious. The words are nothing by themselves, they are only WOSI when joined to the full orchestration of the Song and Dance with drums, dress, pantomime and the gear that goes with it. By its subordination to the MILAMALA it proclaims jubilee or amnesty, the end of mourning and all penalties, the cessation, in the present instance at least, even of hate itself; the assumption, as by an act of faith or magical induction, of that joyful living normally counseled with sardonic scorn. It is as though the BALOMA, the reputed authors of the WOSI, should say;

"You want personal glory? Bedeck yourself with the sunset

"You want to mourn? Let the classic expression of all men of all time outcry you."

"You want bathos? Well here you have it; the BALOMA blasphemes the BALOMA.

Whatever your problem cast it among the medley of voices, the endless weaving of the waters lit by the sunset glory that the WOSI is."

The drums beat on forever; the recitative is endless; hour after hour, all day all night, day after day through suites of tunes and sagas of hundreds of stanzas sung over and over the WOSI goes on. Its therapy is that you give yourself to it as to hypnosis, consign the past to the dead, so preparing for the moment, when at the voice of command, you snap out of it to begin a new life in a new world.

"Is vanity your foible? To the pillory with you and let this be your song;

YAEGU BWAINA MIGIGU	I am a handsome man,
ITOPELA MIGIGU	Incomparably so

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ITOKESA MIGIGU	Extravagantly so
ITOYASIMA O BAKU	And perfect is my dancing
YASAMEIGU YAEGU	The dancing of the handsome
KAITAKIVI	Very handsome One-Baton? Or you would grieve? What of the dead you neglect?"
PAPALOMA LITUGU	"Lost on the wide ocean
BAYOVASI BUNITA	Among the buffeting waves
UTUPEGU KAISAI	Where the tormented scream
MINUPOLU VALAM	And tides carry me away
KAPWAYATA NUBOGWA	While my heirs ignore me
NUPESIGU KADAGU	The children I cuddled.
SOPI GUNAPEPA	By nephew smothered
KAYOVASI BUNITA	Undertowed, adrift at sea." "Or you have a problem? Air it ! Dispel it!
NAULIWELI YAEGU	"A scold am I,
NAULIWELI DOGAYEWA	Dogayewa
NAULITUMA USITUMA	To very heaven itself,
KUMA KUYABWEIGU	To very heaven denied
KUYABWEIGU WA MOI	Your couch,
YAEGU TUGWA	I your little one
NAULIWELI YAEGU	For a scold am I."

WOSI, capable, it would seem, of endless reworking from a treasury or common stockpile of poetic phrases, is even so rare enough in Boyowa. Possibly less than ten communities out of a hundred have mounted a new song and dance in the last hundred years. But the hall mark is on those who have done so. There is no need to ask who they are; though the effects of this classic achievement are shared by all communities. The WOSI re-establishes even creates tribal tradition and culture. Three women, authors of Guma-Gabu, Usituma, and Kadaguwai have set the form of modern Boyowan ballad; they all pleaded in the body of the WOSI itself that those who implemented it would become lords and powerful magicians. It is official recognition of the

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spiritual renewal that this effort brings; the charter of new leadership which it establishes and, by claiming the decree of the BALOMA, sanctions and, by the public acceptance of the WOSI, civically confirms.

The Kambisi dances had been Homeric and on the scale of army manoeuvres. I keep a thrill from them as a life long memory that a millionaire might travel the world for for a life time in vain. Sixty warriors in full panoply had halted on a knoll above the road near the mission station to put on a round of their performance for our benefit. To hear the singing better I went to stand under the knoll and listening turned to take in the grandeur of that seventy mile long valley with sides rising in one sweep to eight and nine thousand feet. So absorbed I heard a sudden hissing, fluttering whoosh with a familiar note to it, that I recognised as by an instinctive racial memory even as I reacted to its galvanising terror. By the time I had looked round there were sixty glistening, pennanted war spears standing besides me in the soft peat. The warriors, giving a triumphant war cry that rattled through the gorges, swooped to recover their spears and go happily on their way well pleased with themselves. By comparison anything I ever saw of the WOSI was as fuggy as a Sunday in bed; but not the words; they enshrine a vision like Bali Hai or that cinema spectacular the Ten Commandments, not history as it should have been but a worthy embodiment of the traditional memory. Since the brilliance of the villager's dream stage is an inverse ratio to the drabness of the actual scene an effort should be made by tourists and such to feel it out; otherwise it is the visitors who are dull, who earn the Boyowan comment;

"TADOKI TOMOTA."

Which says literally,

"Imagine they're human."

But means,

"Don't imagine they're human; they're not."

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The same vertiginous depth between the polarities of Boyowan thought that makes them colorful also gives their paradoxes freedom and power to reconcile. A Boyowan's surprise or cavilling at Christianity's divisions could only be cant and humbug. Their culture is not the monochrome thing that Malinowski, despite all his appreciation of their colorfulness, made it. With burial caves everywhere Bolitukwa's had to be special to be all important. That unconstrued 'hole in the ground' could not be an autochthonous note; for such a thing to the Boyowans, in so far as they could understand it, was one about which they could not possibly care less. Tudava is not mentioned nor, I believe, alluded to in 6,000 lines of Boyowan verse though WOSI is the proclamation of the MILAMALA and Tudava's the presence that makes it. The Tudavan religion is the antithesis of the religion of the KOYA, the shrines of the Great Snakes, the Monikiniki: but Boyowans on KULA worship these in their MWASILA rites. Their regard for these being what it is, their action can only be a reflection on their hope of arrival at the beach O-Gegela in paradise and an exploitation of an opportunity for an effective corrective of their prevailing hubris, with the lesson; "You don't walk into heaven as though you owned the place;" or as the song has it;

KALA KWADUDU TAU

"By uncle well adorned,

KWADUDULA BOYOWA
KUSIPALEIGU O KIBAU
YOMWASINA TUWAGU
KUSIPALEIGU GWAILLA
IKOLBUGU KADAGU
YAPONUGU NUBEIGU
PWESI KAWEYALA
MOSINEGU UWOGU

By elders met and screened,
Though shy, converted quite
I landed on that shore,
With friends around me there,
With well filled pouch
Despite my finery, I
For all my commonness
Was overcome with shame."

WOSI itself, much as it eschews other polarities is not homogeneous. It is a chaos of scrambling, inversion, mixed up

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references and allusions. The TOWOSI is not oriented like the comparative religionist on the mythical background, he is merely appealing to that understanding in the tribal consciousness for the sake of a worthy social performance at the present moment. He is an artist concerned with a recipe. He does not mind how much the things he lumps together are at sixes and sevens so long as they make a dish. It is the overall overriding pattern that is all important. The overriding pattern for the KOVESISA, ULAULA, WOSI, YOBA, and VILAMALIA is the MILAMALA. This is a most interesting concoction. Malinowski knew all the ingredients; he never assembled the collation. Formulas 28 and 29 given in the last chapter refer to the KOVEISA, the Display and to the ULAULA, the Oblation, not to the VILAMALIA. He mistook his informants as referring to what he was at, while they were talking about v/here they thought he was going. This will be clear from my translation of Formulas 30 and 31 about which he made so many apologies that I will not add mine, except to say that I translate in such a way that I make explicit by conventions known to us what in these spells is explicit to the native by conventions known to him. The VILAMALIA spells signal the YOBA or banishment, conclude the MILAMALA and the old year and address the new.

If there is any grand culminating spell to the gardening rituals other than these, or if it has been lost or has never been divulged to white folks it does not matter because something has so moulded the protocol of the Harvest Festival itself that any further magic is hardly needed. In fact I am skeptical of even Boyowan virtuosity being able to fill the void that the mould proclaims; though some exciting items are tucked away for sure. The Master Spell, the climactic magic of the MILAMALA is the WOSI itself and I am not pursuing WOSI or even the MILAMALA; I suggest it as the subject of a book, the most worthy, the most exciting, the most fruitful yet to be made of these

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parts; what I am trying to set out is the contribution of Tudava, the impersonation of every earnest Boyowan gardener. Aware of the rigour and duration of the gardening discipline I am not surprised that inhibitions are swept away; knowing the filthiest of Boyowan songs practically by heart I can appreciate a Fuyughe remark about the GABS, the WOSI of the Kambisi, "the filthiest invention that Tsidibe could have given us." As the ethnographer remarked, it is the idiom of the situation. What Tudava did was to reconcile a sort of keep-your-cake-and-eat-it situation. WOSI gets its absolute right of way for one month; then at the apex of its performance while the moon was still full it was cut dead, like the Mardi Gras by Ash Wednesday.

This is the positive side of the festival, the affirmative thinking that, story-wise, Tudava fought for in vain. His decree only became effective with his renunciation and banishment; is only kept effective by the YOBA, the re-enactment of his banishment as the climax of the MILAMALA in every Boyowan village. Others can mount his throne as TOWOSI, perform the magic of Bolitukwa his mother, of his ancestress Malitu, can vaunt a fidelity greater than his and not even Malinowski bothers to ask or was told who they are, as in Formula 5;

"Who has been converted in Yema?
I yayabwa and partner Gagabwa,
We have been converted,
We are the anointed ones,
We are performing now in Yema."

The Boyowans have no limitless jungle to forage in; no inexhaustible sago swamps. Oblationary celebrations of the tribal mysteries like those at Kambisi would mean tribal extinction So the compromise is made; at the height of the performance the command for the YOBA is given and in the presence of BWAIMAs As packed with the prime quality of the harvest Tudava and all attending BALOMA are driven out again. The oblation is to them

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and villagers and guests alike make it. The proclamation of their concurrence is the racket of the YOBA And this on Boyowa, the main island, may, at its widest and most densely peopled, be heard everywhere at the same moment.

The word VILAMALIA is built up VA*LA*MA*LIA,' cause to become proliferated', the raceme LIA used by itself is mostly in reference to weeds. Misreading the key words of these spells, as Malinowski did, makes nonsense of the whole performance. BIBILA may be used only in magic, but a woman will say to a dawdling child; TAGA KUYOBIKI! "Don't keep holding back!" The list of landmarks in this formula define, from the standpoint of the villagers of Kaituvi and O Bulaku, the sea route by which all fruits and vegetables, fondly regarded as Tudava's children as it were, came to the Trobriands. These sailing directions are in reverse order, but that is the way the Boyowans seem to prefer them. This, the VILAMALIA spell in Formula 30, is a solemn injunction to keep away from the pantry;

"The slogan is; Refrain!
Refrain from starting; refrain from holding out your hand.
The slogan trumpeted is; Refrain!
For fear of obesity, constipation, breathlessness
the warning trumpeted is; Refrain!
For fear of depression, craving, shiftlessness the • • •
For fear of thriftlessness, extravagance, improvidence ••
To privacy and secrecy by oven, hearth and hobs • •
To rafters, ridge and figure head • • • •
To grid, shelf, doorstep and threshold • • •
To square and street • • • .

To midden, lane, and highway • • • • •
To seaside, beach and shallows • • • •
Refrain from starting; refrain from holding out your hand.
Your own wind, the monsoon,
Your own sea road, the royal route

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Your own hill Coconut Mount,
Your own landing Upper beach,
Your own inlet, Kalabaku,
Your own Strait, the Kaulakoki
And then by Lema, Kawala and Turns.
You will not be frittered away,
You will not die and be lost,
You will not be wasted.
I sweep for you inside my village.
It is festive, wealthy and plump.
It sweats of it."

The motifs of Formula 31, no matter when or where the spell may in practice be provisionally applied, are focused on the lean months or MOLU; and their purpose is to protect Tudava's children, the crops half grown, in the womb as it were, from hungry raiders. The allusion is made by the choice of terms for broaching the KUMKUMLA or baking oven, itself a symbol of pregnancy and feasting, and the intact, creeper covered BWAIMA. The variety of bakings alludes to the manifold excursions of that season, such as the KULA, such as the hunts for dugong, turtle or shark; for bird nesting; foraging for oysters, mullet, lams, turtle eggs etc. There is not a syllable of Mumbo-Jumbo in all this. PA on DUDU and WOYA and PA on GOLU of the spell allude to anything that will rattle or resound and to the racket of the YOBA or banishment. The reference to yams as a life line or umbelicus seems to me, pace Malinowski, sufficiently nutritional. Your or five months at least of gardening effort to establish the new gardens intervene, like a period of gestation, between the invocation of this spell at the YOBA and the holiday to which it refers. This is the ritual end of the Tudavan epic every motif of which is bent to persuade to the weal of this spell. Tudava's gift was the survival of his people.

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Formula 31, the concluding spell of the gardening rituals, the sublimation of the Cannibal theme;

"Beat it out; pound it out on the drums !
Your mother was none other than the matriarch;
Your father was none other than the patriarch.
Break the interdiction, burst apart the restriction
For oven fern lined and spa the lined
In gravel, loam, sand and clay.
Go proclaim it thunderingly; go to it Boom! Boom! Boom!
Boom for the end of interdiction and restriction;

For the end of deep sleep, of quickening sleep of waking;
For the end of sanction.
Boom for the chocks, long beams, cross beams;
For spreader, rafters, ridge pole and floor;
All planed, compartmented, wind-broken and thatched.
Boom along street and backyards for the life line of my village;
The crackle, the rumble, the movement of its living.
I sweep for you in my village.
It is festive, festooned and fattened.
It sweats of it.

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2. The TOWOSI discusses Usi-Tuma*

Tovileu

Proverb; TUAU KUKUNABEIGU KAPOKA NITUMAI VALAM O KWAEDEWA
"By driving me out you doomed ray little ones desoletes on the shore."

Translator's Comment

In so far as they lay down guiding lines for the individual's thinking on the conduct of tribal affairs WOSI and LILIU are all square with each other, dove-tailing and complementing each other. The initiative in tracing out the basic theme of Usi-Tuma from all the trivia and addenda, that any Boyowan Song and Dance accumulates as trimmings, was entirely that of Tovileu. Uncle-nephew rivalry was the theme that made Usi-Tuma as far as the Tabalu of Kaileula, Kavataria and Tukwauukwa were concerned; while Mitakata's liquidation of his problem in Numakala made it a sizzling polemic for the whole of Boyowa. Not that any community is over much concerned with the politics of the others; each is concerned with its own and with its conciliation with the intertribal public opinion. Dancing is for the young and vigorous, for the co-evals not of the ruling lord but of his successor elect. Their dancing is not so much the dramatising of some ancient story as the establishing of their own image in the patterns tribally canonised. Tobesaula could prance and posture as lord before Kuwenaya because he was that in the eyes of his co-evals and to many of the Spirits; as witnessed by his medium mother and her trances. The successors elect of Pulitala and Kaboka could prance and posture to the name of Tobeso because that was the pattern sanctioned by the WOSI and LILIU of their own personal standing.

* An account was given in Oceania of March 1945.

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The WOSI has many facets and reflects a glory in more directions than one; its appeal and sanction is fortified in various ways because it constitutes tribal living at its most integral and cultural level. The ruling lord is as

eager for its performance as any of his following. It has the excitement of a contest, each party pushing its claims to the utmost and holding any gains made. Because the WOSI frame of reference includes the dead as well as the living, maintains the abiding glory of myth and legend, looks to the past as well as the present and future and is withal such an exhausting tour de force in itself, displayed before the widest possible public, it makes futile and sheer anticlimax any calling in question of what has there been countenanced; it brings down for these primitive communities a settlement between contending parties as final and formal for them as is that of the judiciary for less primitive communities.

Since a new and really worthwhile Song and Dance might occur only once in a long lifetime for any cluster of village communities; since apart from the people actually concerned the only outsider likely to be very much aware is the missionary, particularly the missionary who has been many years in the same district, who knows what concord is effected, it is natural for him to be on occasion the protagonist of this institution. He does not need confreres to tell him it is an occasion for licentiousness; he is concerned, that at his people's level of existence, so shorn of material glory, and of their more urgent need for it in that setting, there should be something of the homeric spirit. A story is the way to the spiritual values they are searching for; but no one can command the muses; inspiration is a fortuitous thing and is very much shaped by the problems and the anguish of them that has made their lives. It is only to be expected that those who have realised in themselves some authentic inspiration should want, their situation

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being what it is, to back up their muse by invoking the authority of the dead and the hereafter. They may do this in the first place merely to gain a hearing. But the competence of the composer must be real; otherwise the trance or pretense of trances is sheer embarrassment. Ambition withers. For the Song and Dance that succeeds there are many abortive attempts that die somewhere along the long trail to final success. But once the Song and Dance is established there is an effort on the part of many to get rid of the necromantic element. They will tell you that this tune really came from such a place and this stanza from somewhere else; this incident is only a rehash of such and such.

The effect of Bible stories is to send people scampering for a closer more intent look at their own myth and legend. It is wonderful time to collect stories. Because of a very general scepticism the gimmick of the trance and the tiresome inquisition on the way of things in Tuma that follows it is a weakness and a bugbear. It is mostly disbelieved and seems to have been a sickly business at any time. It intrudes an unwanted association of stale necromancy and humbug that the Song and Dance is better without because it has to stand on its own worth in any case. If the syntheses for which the Song and Dance is a formula does not achieve its own glory, does not exalt with its own truth and beauty it is a failure. The missionary has no need to flog the dead horse of necromancy. Since this vector of tribal life is the most integrating and sublimating he cannot afford to denigrate the WOSI at the time of its greatest challenge in the period of its most effective response; otherwise the emotional reaction to all secular and religious education from contact with civilisation will be stifled and its proper indigenous evolution deformed.

If still alive Tovileu would be over a hundred years old, and Usi-Tuma was composed, the original parts at least, before Ms time. Gumagabu could be as old again.

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Notes on Usi-Tuma recorded at the Request of the TOWOSI Usi-Tuma or Tuma Song is a Song and Dance owned and danced by the people of Tukwauukwa. This is the way that I, Tovileu, heard that it came about. I am saying this conversationally, not as one reciting a story, and it is just ray own idea of the way of it.

It all began on the island of Kaileula. They were filling a yam store there, the store of Kuwenaya - incidentally, this is what the section known as O-Guvagava is about. The village forebears were saying;

"It is not up to the people of O-Kaiboma to be composing Song and Dance for us."

We, the people of Tukwauukwa have composed portions of Usi-Tuma but not that portion which begins;

"Whom we have comforted in marriage."

That was given by the Spirits. So the people of Wakanawakana filled the store of Kuwenaya and after it was done the Spirits gave that portion where it says;

"This man was living by the brown daw."

The Spirits were there too when that portion was composed which says;

"I will stand by the brown daw, you will hear my voice"

The following portions all quote the Spirits;

"That figure head taken down by Tobesaula."

"Come down out of that."

"He shall not come down; a man of clear speech, of rare mind is he."

"He is a very scurvy man. Let someone handsome take his place, take over the figure head."

But he is a man of very clear speech; he must pass this off; we like a laugh when speeches are given."

This is the main theme of the Usi-Tuma Song and Dance.

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Tobesaula's mother Bolapasa went into a trance. During this trance she went and danced with the Spirits. There she learned the BISILA, the dance of the streamers. She watched the drumming till she knew it by heart. When her spirit arrived in the land of the Spirits (only the spirits of people in a trance go and stay in Tuma) the Spirits asked Bolapasa;

"Have you been here long?"

"No, I only just came."

They let her stay on; but in the evening when they were cooking for dinner she bade them farewell and coming back to her son Tobesaula said;

"You must cook me something to eat; your reward will be Usi-Tuma?"

This said nothing to Tobesaula; he wanted to know;

"What song is that?"

"Usi-Tuma, the Song of the Sunset Isles. Just cook me something to eat; you will see."

When dinner was cooked his mother said;

"Tomorrow, if you see me lying in a trance, just wait till evening. You must get my little pot and cook a meal in it just for me. I will come out of the trance and eat it."

Every day his mother would be in a trance till evening and he, her guardian, would have her little pot of food ready. He would wait till the sun went down when she would come out of her trance. She would sing the verses of Usi-Tuma and while she sang he would listen, lie watched while she waved her pennants and sang the song all through when she would say;

"Now give me my dinner."

After dinner was over his mother would say;

"Son, the bonus for your kindness and attention will be Usi-Tuma; you will have power to deal in magic and pigs, Continue to be good to me and the song I give you will be your song."

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The routine became a fixed one which lasted all the time Usi-Tuma was being composed. Whenever she went into a trance her son would prepare her food, and she on coming out of her trance would confidently come to it. The first dance type and the first of the suite of tunes to be completed was the BISILA, the Dance of the Pennants. Before starting on a new dance type and a new tune she warned him;

"Tomorrow my trance will be longer; I have to meet my brothers and go with them into their houses because this variety is danced there."

When Tobesaula's mother went into her brothers' houses in Tuma she would take her place in the inner room while her brothers would be performing near the entrance. The Spirits would come in carrying their drums and beating them. Their standing plumes and their trailing plumes would be arranged and they would don their dancing dress and start the performance of the sections known as Vesali, O-Vatoi, O-Luwalewa, Usi-Wawaga, Usi-Kabilia and Salibu. All would be rehearsed and the performers would go while the Spirits who were left would become curious about Bolapasa; with possessive jealousy they would ask;

"Have you been here all the time?"

"No, I just came as the dance finished."

This did not seem right, but they were not sure so they said;

"Did you ever? Well perhaps you did."

They let it go and left while Bolapasa came back to her son. The rehearsals now were long ones and it would be night before she came out of her trance and had her dinner, and so it went on till she said;

"Now I know the whole Song and Dance of Usi-Tuma. Tomorrow you must go into the forest and clear a space where the dance that I will show you can be established."

The trances were over. Instead Bolapasa and Tobesaula

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went into the forest and there rehearsed over and over all the dance types and all the tunes of Usi-Tuma. They rehearsed till everything was known by heart to perfection, till it was time to bring the dance to the village. Even while they were doing this other people had been spying on them just as Bolapasa had spied on her clansmen in Tuma. These people in their turn went and cleared a spot in the forest where they rehearsed what they had seen and heard. So it went on, Bolapasa and Tobesaula exchanging roles and one dancing and miming while the other drummed and sang till everything was perfect.

The word was given;

"Now you can bring the young people to Bee your dancing'.

The whole troupe came to rehearsals in the forest till they had all perfected their performance and Kuwenaya who had been spying on everything all along finally went to the speakers rostrum in the village and made it official;

"Now you can use your feathers and do the dance in O-Bwelaki."

With the dance in its final form people who came to see it saw it through to the end. Mother and son were very happy; visitors were told;

"This dance is my mother's invention; it was she who brought it to us."

When the dance was established at O-Bwelaki a visitor who became very interested was Pulitala, the lord of Kavataria. To say that he must have equal partnership in all this, be the cost what it may, he filched the dancing pennant of Tobesaula saying;

"I have stolen the pennant of Usi-Tuma, I must have this dance in Mlusaido; some day soon you must bring this dance and establish it at my place."

So the round of feasts began. Pigs were caught, food was baked, and betel nut gathered for feasting in O-Bwelaki.

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When it was over the performers left to train the dancers of Mlusaido. As each dance type and tune was mastered

Pulitala rewarded the ballet with suitable gifts. When the whole Song and Dance of Usi-Tuma had been danced to its finale in Mlusaido more pigs were slaughtered and the Kaileula folk were returned to the village with boat loads of gifts. Pulitala was now an owner of Usi-Tuma and this was how he had done it. But while this was going on Kaboka, lord of Tukwauukwa had also become interested. He approached Tobesaula saying;

"Tobesaula, this is a most fascinating Song and Dance. I hope a further extension is possible and that I can be an owner for Tukwauukwa."

Tobesaula was agreeable and Kaboka later made it official from the speakers rostrum in Tukwauukwa;

"Kadomala and Kailagega, you are to take a precious belt, a gift of inducement, to bring Tobesaula to Tukwauukwa, to teach us the Song and Dance of Usi-Tuma so we too may own it."

When they did go it was secretly by way of Lobuwa and the Lobuwa landing beach in the Kaulakoki Strait. This was to avoid friction with the possessively jealous people of Kavataria. To alert his people to the situation Tobesaula made his greeting a pertinent one;

"What are you doing, coming here?"

Said Kailagega;

"Kaboka wants you to come to Tukwauukwa and dance for him. He wants to own your Song and Dance."

Tobesaula said;

"Yes, I will so come and eat."

When the Kavataria people heard that Kaboka in Tukwauukwa was catching pigs they set about staving off any such extension. When Tobesaula approached Kavataria on his way to Tukwauukwa he was confronted and chased back

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to Kaileula. So Kadomala and Kailagega went to Kaisiga and learned the dance there and so brought it to Tukwauukwa. But this did not satisfy Kaboka who said;

"No you sail right back to Kaileula and bring Tobesaula'.

"But the Kavataria people wouldn't let him pass."

But that was their problem; Kaboka just said;

"So what?"

This time Kaboka gave them a precious axe blade to take to Tobesaula. When they went ashore at Kaisiga with their presents the dance was still going on and when they gave Tobesaula Kaboka's message he just said;

"Yes, go we must."

On their way to Tukwaukwa they were met, as they had expected to be, by the Kavataria people who had many nasty things to say about ownership rights, about the assertiveness and ugly persistence of Kaboka in getting the Song and Dance to Tukwaukwa. The party went ashore to an enclosure where they first slept and then began dancing in the early hours of the morning. Every day of the rehearsals a pig was killed to make tasty dishes for them. When the Song and Dance had been perfected Kaboka gave the order;

"Now you can put on the show."

Every day the dance went on fishermen made hauls of barracuda to regale the dancers. On the day of the finale two pigs were killed for the visitors and they were sent on their way home with ceremonial crates of food. A prestation of five pigs was made to Tokwaiyelu and Tobesaula who had led the dancing. Such was the rivalry between the people of Kavataria and Tukwaukwa for the showing of Usi-Tuma.

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3. TOWOWSI Quotes Bolapasa's Notions on Tuma

Tovileu

Topileta is the Master of Tuma and he lives in the Land Of Song, Madawosi. Madawosi is the other world where Topileta is the one who cares for those who have just died and sees that they are entertained. They eat before he asks them;

"Why have you. come?"

If they say;

"We were hexed."

He will at once. say;

"Come let's go."

He will tell his people to gather round the newcomers, to string garlands for them, to show them the way to the celebrations, to see that they are happily settled. They will. tour the great places of the land, the store houses and palaces of Mnava., O-Gegela, O-Luta, O-Yowita and Kwemilawosa; they will become residents of Topileta's country. Topileta is tall and fair like the grand chief Toulawa and very handsome with a great presence. Eaubada. the master of heaven; Topileta of Tuma. He takes all the cases of the recently dead, all gardening cases, cases of sickness, fighting, accident, murder and suicide. But Tuma is a place only of celebration. end happiness; We will be transfigured. There will be no labour or war or rivalry. We will do no evil but just keep on celebrating. When people are trans-figured they shed whatever sores or blemishes they have. When the KAIDOGA magic is done it will be the end of dirt and the vulgar appearance we now have and our new, me will be permanent because, with our earthly flesh scraped away, only our beautiful souls will be left.

When men die their souls go and stand on the rocks at Dawosi. From there they go down to the world beyond where they dance to the tune of Katupotepwa. Then they move on

to dance, to the tune of Dikupwala, Opened Rock and on again to dance to the tune of Dikumeyoyu or Under Awnings Stone. Then they will dance Dikupwala again and maybe, to prove their initiation certain they will dance the circle round through Yaloma, O-Tutuna, Kalatubwa, Kwemilawosa, Kadavakaiwa, Sisiyogwa and Gilela. When they have bathed and washed their faces, blown their noses, dried themselves they will find their paints, red, and black have disappeared; their faded bouquets and posies; all the appearance that was theirs on earth has been done away with. They will cover their bodies with Jewelry. As new comers they will be asked to take their last look whence they have come;

"What land is that?"

They will answer;

"That is Kiriwina."

Then they will be told;

"Now face about and look on your mother and father in their dwellings in the land of good hunting, the land of palaces. Take off the signs of mourning, do not shave your heads again or blacken your bodies. Go on your celebrations in the world you came from originally.

Topileta's home is in Grand Tuma which is beyond the Tuma we see. It is, closed to the living. Topileta's son called Chief of Tuma and he has a younger brother called Tuma Man and a Sister called Tuma-Girl. They live in Tuma and do their dancing. there.

When the people in Tuma who were from Kaileula were dancing Tuma-Song the people in Topileta's country were saying;

"Let us go and see this dance called Tuma-Song."

After they had seen it they told their father Topileta;

"Father, it is a lovely song."

Topileta said;

"If you like it you must tell them to come and dance it.

So the spirits in Tuma took the messages to the Kaileula people living in Tuma.

"Topileta wants you to take your song and dance to his little ones.

The Kaileula people were eager to make the most of it, asking;

"Would there be any pig to eat; would there be a feast?"

"Two stores have been filled for you."

Topileta gave the order;

"Let them come in a few days time. In the meantime make preparations. Cull a pig of each kind, a dappled, a black, a red and a white. They a white, a black, a red and a striped pig. When they took their selection

Topileta said;

"Leave. them be till tomorrow."

Next day the Kaileula people got busy and put on all their finery and even brought their hobs to the threshold of Topelita. There were five pots along one wing of hobs and five pots along the other wing. The men were ready to peel the vegetables with their wives and. one vegetable was big enough to fill a pot but Topileta insisted they peel two for each pot. He put. one vegetable on the board, said a magic word over it and all the vegetables shed their skins entirely. He charmed the trumpet, the savouries and the pigs from which all bristles disappeared; then with all the Kaileula people assembled, he said to his sons Tuma Chief and Tuma Man;

"Blow you trumpet' and your brother will strip off their hides."

The elder brother blew the trumpet and the younger threw off their skins with a single flick. The pigs yelped and lay still. Kaileula people danced and feasted and the pork and vegetables were served to them by the wife of Topileta himself. When they had had all the food they could possibly eat they were teased by Topileta;

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"What was it you Kaileula folk, were saying, would there be any pork,, would there be a feast? Wasn't there more than enough?"

On the day of the grand finale Topelita had fifty pigs caught. He opened his own store, which was full. Pigs were slaughtered and they were all free to take as much as they wanted or the produce. They were taking it away all day and all night for two whole days carting breathlessly. Topileta himself bade them farewell as they left his village and went back to their own while Topelita's people took over and danced the Kaileula song.

4. A Complementary Note on Topileta's Eastern Counterpart.

Yawala Mailuba

Tokilupalupa, the Uplifter, is not a human Spirit but one like Topileta. She has a huge head and a nose reaching down to her feet and ears reaching down to her hips. Topileta said to Tokilupalupa;

"Would you go and live at Bomatu and watch over the ways of those who have just died; take charge of those who have trances, who commit suicide, have been killed by black magic, or were children born dead. Do not molest them but help them to come to a proper land in the end."

Tokilupalupa lives at Bomatu but on the underside like Topileta. She is the guardian of the souls of people who have died, who must be shown their way. The wicked do not find their way easily. Tokilupalupa is non-human and unmarried.. Her monument or 'house' stands near the village. of Kapwani, on the shore called Bomatu. There is one road there for the spirits of who have suicided by throwing themselves from a tree top or the top of a coconut. Another more arduous road is for those who have

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killed by black magic. There is another road for the stillborn. These are the ways of those who are stood off as sorcerers are. Others are waived off for thieving, for quarreling over pigs of produce. Only later are they beckoned to their true way by those who try to light their way, by the welcoming spirits who ask as it were;

"Can you see anyone?"

"No it is all dark. I could not recognize anyone properly."

5. A Quotation from the Author of Kadagowai.*

Igali

I am Igali and my husband is the first of the headmen just as Mitakata is the first of the lords. Our village is Tobowada. I am, the author of the song and dance called Kadaguwai. The spirits gave it to me. The occasion was the death of my child Kolaleu. I was in mourning and covered with black. It was then that the spirits spoke to me. I was stricken and taken to the Sunset Land and given the Song and Dance of Kadaguwai. Later with Uweilasi's consent it was performed publically after we had privately rehearsed what the spirits had given me. I had been having trances day after day for a whole month. All the nights I had lain stricken I had been dancing with Kadalail and Dubiligaga. It was their wish that the celebrations be put on and the mourning ended.

The kadaguwai performance comes first and is followed by O-Kubelisa, Usi-Guyau, Usi-Lauma and last Usi-Kayelu.

*See "Kadaguwai in Oceania for June 1950

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Kadaguwai is the name of Uweilasi's store house; Usi-Pukoya is just a title and O-Kubelisa is the name of Uweilasi's personal dwelling. The Song and Dance was done at Bwaitavaya and then at Tobowada. I allotted Kadaguwai to one person, O-Kubelisa to another, Usi-Guyau to a third, Usi-Lauma to a fourth and Usi-Kayelu to a fifth. I was, rewarded with heaps of good things and jewelry and my kinsfolk likewise; they were entertained with pigs, feasts and jewelry; puddings were made for them

6. A Quotation from a Performer of Gumagabu*

Madake

Guma-Gabu grew out of the Bulakwa affair. Tokalamwa (sic) was trying out a new boat. When it did well in its sea trials people began to scold him;

"When are you going to carry out your revenge against the mountain people; the barbarians who killed and ate our uncle?"

Tomakam duly sailed away to the mountains and when he had arrived there and the barbarian had come

down even onto his boat he cut off his head, and, putting it on a spike like a trophy, brought it home to Bulakwa. The deed is commemorated in the Song and Dance called Guma-Gabu, the Man from Burn-Off.

The earlier affair was like this; Tomakam's kinsman had gone among the mountain people and been killed by them and roasted and eaten. His sister later had a child who grew up to make himself boats and made many voyages. All his life the Kaisiga people had dinned in his ears;

"You have a feud to carry out. They killed your uncle."
That is why when he did go for his revenge he said his mates;
"You go and give token gifts; I will be staying on the boat

*Malinowski gives an account in Argonauts of the Western Pacific

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Tomakam then lay hidden peeping through some matting. When the barbarian came he cut off his head. He had warned his crew beforehand;

"Just cut the rope; leave the anchor; put instantly to sea"

When they arrived at Nubiyam they lit a signal to let the people know. They arrived at Bulakwa the next day. Tomakam having got his man was now chief.

7 . A Quotation from the Author of Kasesaveaka.

Mwalova

I am Mwalova a villager of Teyava. I am its guardian and oldest inhabitant. I am too old; my son Tabagoni is already an old Man. When my people are out fishing and I am not with them I easily forget and start singing spells against them to abort their fishing. I am on amusing myself, but they get nothing all the same. When they land back they scold me, saying I put counter spells against them to abort their fishing.

Palavala is the eldest name in the line of my ancestors. His sister had a bad hand who sojourned in Teyava and was cured there decided to settle. The boat they traveled on at the time of 'their immigration was a hollowed out teak log. Palavala was a Lukwasisiga man by totem and his house and clan was named Videka. The sister Wadamata had first settled in O-Yuveyova but finding life in Teyava moved there where she a son called Mwalova. Mwalova's sister, Viupona had two daughters Isivata and Bovayausa. I and my grandchildren with these names are our ancestors' namesakes.

In my time as guardian of the Teyava lands, but a long

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time ago Mtawa was a mighty village; and so was Kasanai. Topilaveaka was chief in Kasanai and after Mtabalu, then Kwaiwaya. During the same times in O-Marakana Pulayasi was lord, then Numakala, then Taulisa-Guyau, then Toulawa, then Mitakata. During the same time period Tukwauukwa Mosilibu was chief, then Mlauma, then Monagoi, then Kaboka, then Mosilibu. Long ago in Sineketa Moyadudu was chief, then Moniyoyua, then Mokaikima, then Moniva - a lot of chiefs have died in Sineketa - then Touduwada, a man younger than me who died recently (1936). Touduwada's nephew Saulasi is the present chief. Moyadudu paid tribute to Pulayasi and so did Kaibola; Pulayasi was the greatest of the chiefs in my time.

I composed the song Kasesaveaka not as a real song but just as an amusement (a skit): It was just to make people laugh. They did take it to another village; but now only Teyava dances it. My time is finished. When I die my children and grandchildren will not mourn for me because I am old and my time is over; my death has been slow in coming; they will just bury me. I will go and see my family who have gone before me and are now living in the land of Tuma.

8. Reply to a Question

“Why did Tudava Hawk His Brother's Remains?”

Tolosi

Proverb KALU VILUTU BILUTU KALA VILELA BILELA",
"The effort will go on, the growth will be multiplied."

Translators' Comment

Tolosi. the blind man of Labai who gave this account of Tudava's a rejection by his people was rather apologetic about it. He emphasized that he was giving me no formal LILIU or

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myth but only a statement of his personal understanding. The last paragraph has a Cargo Cult flavour was given with a quizzical whimsy and a hint of impudence that pointed in more ways than one, This story, by way of exception to every other item in this collection, was specifically asked for. It is not something that a story teller would spontaneously choose to tell an outsider and, there being no village incident to evoke it, its telling was un related to the present, and Tolosi was feeling for the point of interest. Yumsalema is meant for Jerusalem.

Questioned about Buduwelaka and Wawela versions that made the victim an elder brother Tolosi just brushed such details aside as unimportant saying that his own statement was KALA BIGA WALA. or so it goes. This hesitance or detachment is general. and typical. Mitakata in his heyday scorned the idea that the megaliths in Kwaiwaya gardening area, in spite of their title, Dikula-Kwaiwaya or Stone Monuments, were a Boyowan thing. He argued they obviously the work of intruders. Daniel Mosiuwa thought they had been transplanted there from Labai as their name

suggests, and as Mitakata himself lifted one of the Dikula-kwaiwaya and transported it to O-Marakana as a door-step to his' LISIGA or personal dwelling. At the time he did this, 1941, Kiriwina was suffering one its third-of-a century recurring droughts and the stone; represented as an influence for a bountiful, harvest. was a needed token of good luck.

The point of Tudava hawking his brother's remains is not that Boyowans should be cannibals. It sanctions, the contrary and that the people of the KOYA or mountainous area may be. What was done in the myth is the charter for what is or idealistically should be. It recognizes that there is a certain necrophilia or unnatural ritualism among

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the highlanders that is rightly repudiated by the more Urban Boyowans; but at the same time it has the same colouring as, the Domei myth in Milne Bay where a famine stricken couple-killed their ever crying baby; and then, too weak to dig a grave, planted it by small portions in a burnt out corner of the forest; afterwards gathering a bountiful and varied harvest. Boyowans are aware of this sort of thing and, little or much as may be part of their own tradition, they make their bow to it as part of that continuum of culture of which their own traditions are a part.

In the spate of words that followed Tolosi's extemporary performance it was clear that the misbehaviour of the younger brother and the ferocity of the alder had been lightly touched upon. The poignancy of Tudava's thwarted effort to better his people, a betterment made good retrospectively by his renunciation in accepting exile for the murder of his brother and so influencing his people's acceptance of the gardening tabus, received a much greater highlighting than was given in the story. As a note to Tudava's brother's whitening the village with wasted food I would remark that I remember seeing villages so whitened with grated coconut or lime and being told that spells had been performed to exorcise rancorous spirits; that item should be an interesting one.

Another point made clear in the village dialogue; no cosmological extension may be intruded into the relation of Tudava's doings. The purely mythical theme of Kiu was regarded, as trivial by comparison; so Tudava dominates the realm of LIBOGWA or folk history. He belongs on no Olympus; he is demi-god or hero but an authentic Boyowan as well.. He had as many faults as virtues. He is saved, as his people's regard for him was saved, as they in turn must look to be saved by fidelity to Malitu, to tribal piety. He saved his people. not by the compulsion of his own will and presence but by persuasion, by

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recognising that his overpowering drive raised a bow wave as big as itself.

The anomaly of the YOBA or Banishment is that historically Tudava's departure was to the east while at the MILAMALA that of the dead or BALOMA is to the west. The address of the gardening rituals is mostly to the east, to Tudava as one of the living or as representing the descendants of the hardier folk who left with him. This is in tune with that notable Boyowan endeavour, already noted, to keep. their categories polarities separate; and, by the same token it would be more natural and productive to see ancient themes so like the Tudavan through Boyowan eyes. The old. tales of fratricidal strife, of a god dying and resurrected by the piety of his followers and in turn saving them has more emotional and intuitive zip for the Trobriander because that is the bearing of his own cults. The stories of Gilgamesh and Enkidu, Cain and Abel, of Isis and Osiris, the Syrian Adonis, the Asiatic Attis, the Persian Mythra are nearer the Boyowan idiom than to ours; but they are only idle tales compared to that of Tudava.. The Boyowans, believing like Melanesians generally, that where you have identity of expression for "what" and "who" there you

have kinsmen would be much more excited by finding AVAKA and AVEILA in the New Hebrides, because that would be a discovery and a token of truth to him that Tudava had indeed gone that way. Vao would sound like "Newfoundland" in his ears and he would equate the menage of Hev-Hev with that of Tokilupalupa without a moment's hesitation and the scope of his understanding would not be encompassed by a chapter in a book.

Tolosi's reference a giant whirl-wind or cyclone which did in fact occur and for him did terminate the second world war, is a euphemistic allusion to that event something of which we are all, according to his understanding thoroughly ashamed.

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Tolosi's Statement

Tudava's home was at Labai. It was at Labai that he became irreconcilable. with his brother. It could have gone on like this; Tudava liked to catch, fish and was always preparing something round his house.. Once when he was spinning thread he asked his brother to bring a light from wife, busy at the moment with her cooking. Tudava was suspicious, and his brother could not help teasing him. When he went inside the house he took his time getting a stick from the fire and Tudava made suspicious, started to hustle him;

"Man, bring me that stick:"

He was so oppressive his wife intervened;

"Oh be patient do! Give him time to pick one; don't be so assertive."

This was not helpful; Tudava only got madder still when opposed, even to reaching for his spear to kill; and in the end that is just what he did. Once his brother had had to fly the village taking the road to the ocean beach, misleading him at every possible turn but making Tudava the more implacable the longer the pursuit , continued. So the young man had come out. on the beach at Tukwai and had gone wading round to the boat landing where Siketawaga who was lord of Mwatawa was working on their boats with his men. The boy appealed to him;

"Sir, you must protect me."

"Oh, what do you mean? From what?"

"Oh just keep me safe."

"Yes; but tell us."

But by now Tudava had caught up, shouting;

"Stand aside while I kill the fellow."

"No! Leave him alone. You can't kill a child."

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"Can't I? Stand' aside and I'll do just that."

Arguing like this and milling around they came to the turn off from the beach where Tudava made his demand;

“Give me my brother.”

“No.”

“I insist; give me my brother.”

And so it went on. His footprints are still there in the stone; the half print where he trudged and the stone broke in two. The bog has been at Tubwewa ever since he wiped off his sweat there. After climbing the ridge they had come down to the village again and the incident was ended.

Another time when Tudava said;

“Give me 'something to drink.”

His brother handing him a bowl tipped it all over him. Once when he was being served with dinner his brother threw food at him till the village was white with it as though it had been limed. So it came about that Siketawaga was appointed to make settlements of their disputes; who laid it down;

“You must take no action till you have seen your father.”

It was Tudava himself who proposed;

“My, brother and I must go away together,”

“No, you must not do that; you will surely kill him.”

“No, I would not do that.”

But in the end he did; faced with his brother's defiance he drew his spear and killed him. There had to be a formal settlement. They came together for it on the boundary of the village lands. There Siketawaga cut a branch from a SIBULAVETA tree and planted it. It afterwards grew into a tree to mark the event. He gave a ruling between Tudava and his rebellious following; saying to Tudava;

“You must leave; you must never again set foot in

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Labai lands. Because you cut off your brother's life in his childhood I now cut you off from Labai.”

Tudava pleaded his case;

“But he took liberties with me.”

But Siketawaga would not be swayed;

“I have given a judgement that is equal for all parties. For you it is just this; since you cut off the life of your brother I now cut you off. You have nothing whatever to do with us; otherwise we will kill you and there will be no head price. On the other hand, if we take liberties with you, you can kill us and there will be no head price.”

So Tudava took his dead brother's remains and baked them in an oven. He potted them, preserving them in fat, and calling together his wife sisters and mother left with them on his travels. In passing Mwatawa he called out an

invitation;

“People of Mwatawa, come and eat some of my brother.”

They had replied;

“Oh no, we couldn’t do that.”

For this he left them with certain idiosyncrasies in the their speech to mark the event. Punting on past Kuluvitu he did the same and same again at Siviyaquila and Lobuwa. At Bwoitalu they were rude in their refusal;

“We couldn’t do that; his flesh will be rotten.”

“No, I have preserved it in fat.”

“Nevertheless we will not eat it.”

They suffered his displeasure;

“Well for you your fish will be stingrays, your shell fish, mussels. You and the people of Kuboma district will be untouchables; no one will eat from your pots. Your red meat will be bush pig, your language a mumble.”

Going by Kavataria his invitation was not accepted there either and the people were told in consequence

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they would be indifferent gardeners and would have to live by barter. His passage by O-Yuveyova, Teyava and Tukwauukwa left peculiarities in their speech and the people of O-Kupukopu for their refusal, were left with a distortion. Similarly he passed through 'Kaituvi, O-Bulaku, Silaketa O-Kayaula, Bwadela, Gilbwa, and Vakuta the last of the Boyowan villages. At the final embarkation point, Kadiligulaguva, Tudava and his company made a new oven and rebaked his brother's remains, potting them in fat. Then they went overseas past Simalaketela of Lust Island where Tudava remarked;

"Shell fish are plentiful here so you had better dive for some."

It was while they were doing this that Tudava let eyes rest on something they should not. Telling the older women to rest on their canoes he went with his sister to the island where he seduced her; so the island got its name. With the remains carefully preserved, they went on to Gumasila where the invitation was again refused and Tudava declared;

"You Gumasila people will have to live by making, pots; you will have no gardens; 'your food will have to come to you from Boyowa."

He made the same declaration at Koyawewa and Dumdum. At the gateway to the mountains, Suyaoaya, he declared that people there would hunt with bows and arrows for snakes and bandicoots and other animals that are found only where there are granite and basalt rocks. They would have fled in fear of him only he reassured them saying;

"Don't put yourselves to any trouble; I will not be staying; I only invite you to come and eat my brother."

"Yes? Could we see."

The remains were shown to them. They said;
"Oh yes, we can eat them. You can be sure we will."
They went off with the remains and ate them. When they had finished Tudava said;

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"Now you have finished there is something I must do for my brother; I have to disburse some benefits on his behalf. These benefits you must cherish. You will have abundance of betel nut; the trees that grow from this seed will bear abundant fruit; this because you did not refuse to eat my brother. These yams that I giving you must be set to grow and you get a great harvest; the hard yams very great, the soft yams not so great. The hard yams will be your staple. The soft varieties, TAPISALUTU, UDAWEDA, TAITU-DOBU particularly will do well; but your main crop will the hard yams. This I will do for you. because you were not too dismayed to eat my brother. My gifts are made on my brother's behalf."

Having dealt with yams he went on to deal with sago.

"This is the seed of the sago palm; you must plant it; for sago will be a good food supply for you in these islands and you will be great makers of it. Those people in Kilivila refused to eat my brother so some of my gifts are lost to them and that is why I am here giving you these things; you will always have betel nut, yams in abundance and sago in plenty for ever. People, in Kilivila or the islands anywhere will come to you for sago to take home and make their feast with; or come here to eat it because they have none at home; I cannot give you more."

He went on to the east, to Woodlark and beyond and settled there. He married his sister and had children by her and they became numerous people. They made two kinds of boats; one kind were steamers such as white people have, others were made by lashing such as we have. Tudava fled away but it

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was to send to send back his gifts to us in the end; to send us every kind of skill such as white people have.

The things that Tudava was fighting for, for which his skin was shed and his blood spattered among the caves, are now coming faster and faster; even though the grandfather of all whirlwinds came and took hold of those steamers and twirling sank them all; just as it had previously sunk the windjammers. But something has surfaced and come to land where I and the Kiriwinians generally still make our boats and homes by lashing them. You white people should bring back to us the skills that were denied us and taken away to Yumsalema.

9. SUNAPULA Labai, The Rise of Labai

Proverb: KALA BUBULA MINANA BILA BIBUBULI LEIMA GWADI
"If only the departed would endow with her beauty the child, to come."

Translator's comment

Tolosi, after giving an account of Tudava's travels, went straight on to comment, on clan origins. This followed on conversation several days previously but otherwise was not prompted; it represents points he himself wished to make. Though only informal, casual remarks they are too interesting to omit. It had already been agreed that people from the four totemic divisions had originated at Labai: the Malasi of White Pigeon family represented by the house of O-Bukula with the clan name of Tabalu; the house of Waibitu with the clan name of Kalaguma; the Lukwasisiga or Lory people by the

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House of Bweidaga and the clan name of Kweinama; the Lukuba or Hawk People, represented as from Waibitu (mother and children of the original family could not have been Kalaguma), and the clan name of Mwauuli; lastly the Lukulabuta or Lesser Lory People represented as from O-Bukula and the clan name of Kwewoma. This does not say that all Boyowan people trace their origins back to Labai. Another important first settlement of commoner Malasi was at Bwaiteta, between Idealaka and Luebila, the Wanineta clan who are strongly represented in all the villages adjacent to the swamp. A very important first settlement for the Lukwasisiga People is Sakapu and Wa-Bali where the airport is now. There are a number of others without going into the traditions of the Kaileula, Kwaibwagina, Vakuta or Kitava people. But Labai is the most important SUNAPULA because the ruling clans Tabalu and Kweinama came from there.

There is a multiple significance in the mention of the snakes; the Boyowans are in fact free of the poisonous ones. This reference means the Snakes or Snake People or aboriginal. Papuans; their totemic emblems, the Monikiniki or tutelary deities; the official representatives of these, their headmen or the guardians of hill top villages, or their ancient sites, very restricted areas as far as the Boyowans are concerned and quite outside their cultural sphere. This disclaimer of adherence from their folk history is consonant with many linguistic indications that the Boyowans are a purer less mixed Melanesian stock. An opportunity to keep the ruling Tokulabuta of Tobowada in their place is not to be missed so, despite the fact that Kwewoma people came from Labai, the prestige of coeval origin is denied them; they belong to a later migration.

Tolosi's summary on death duties, despite his embarrassment with the topic and slight incoherence, is too revealing of his earnestness and honesty to omit. Before the

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demands of modern hygiene these sacred duties and intimate beliefs are in trouble. The statement here is exact but not pretty; In fact looking back over the full period of European familiarity with things Papuan it looks like the least common denominator traditionally exacted. Something in the nature of a doctor's death certificate would become a very important institution for the future.

Tribally there is a very active partnership in death between the living and the dead; discreetly between parent and child and ceremonially between spouses-and-in-laws. The one who most depends on the good offices of the loved one will reward that loved one like a guardian angel or tutelary spirit or, contrariwise, dog his footsteps with bad luck.

The Boyowan DOLI and BALOMA are distinct references like the ancient Egyptian KA and BAI. Though DOLI is telescoped into BALOMA in casual references in funeral practice it is not. It is only during the period when concern with the DOLI is mandatory that the dread of the KOOSI or spiritual manifestation of the dead person is dominant. A notable or untoward death practically stalls all village activity for a week, subdues it for a month, and

sometimes for months. For a more frivolous look at DOLI, see the story so named or Togatu. The BALOMA at the MILAMALA are welcomed as-intimate friends and honoured with all the display of wealth and good things that can be gathered or borrowed and the KULA exchange can achieve.

Boyowans have been, perhaps may still tend to be, over preoccupied with death; but their tendencies are best known to themselves and a field. worker digging up masses of necrophilia would not serve any beneficent purpose. Confrontation with death there has to be or there is no adjustment. Psychologically it is necessary for that, apotheosis that the primitive. man is intent upon. From familiar practice he knows intuitively that this is true and no wit of any pundit can

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persuade him otherwise. Patience, sympathy and a common knowledgeable understanding is what Tolosi is groping for and his appeal should be well noted. Intensity of mourning practice is in fact highly variable as though, like fashions, the more there was of it the more there tended to be; and the less there was of it, the less there tended to be. It is when there is much, of it that the snobbish and mercenary side of mourning observance shows most clearly. But this open to ridicule as is evident from pieces like Dugawina and Tokabibogwa. This should be remembered so that aversion from the unseemly does not prevent us from seeing this ancient injunction as a sublimation, a valiant affirmation of a wonderful truth that life as life is immortal.

Tolosi's interpolations on the Rise of Labai and care, of the dead.

I, Tolosi, a commoner Malasi of the Kalaguma clan have this understanding about my origins and the origins of my forebears an understanding, such as it is, common to each totemic division; we all came from the Waibitu site at Labai. The Malasi came first and then the Lukulabuta and afterwards dispersed all over the country; but wherever they went this is where the clans they belong to originated. The first. man had no sooner arrived than the Great Snake approached with much ado; only to be challenged immediately;

"Who are you?"

"We are the Monikiniki."

"Well you are not coming here. You are aggressive and poisonous; you can go to Dobu. Here I will have harmless snakes; the dangerous ones are being kept out; I will kill them."

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This how it is that there are no poisonous snakes in Boyowa. The arrival of the first Uweilasi was much later but very sudden. He too was challenged;

"Who are you?"

"We are the Red Ocre people."

But their prowess in war was already known. The people said;

"Don't let them come here; they will only add us to their possessions."

So they were denied access to the Labai uplands and settled at Bali near Kuluwa. So much for the first comers to Labai lands.

Our forebears gave these instructions to their children;

"When I die you must start my reincarnation. I must wait under the house five days and you must watch over me noting my condition; boiling water if necessary to keep body warmed so that it begins even on the first or second day. Even then the stench should fill the house. By the fourth day I should be unrecognizable. This must be done without showing any repugnance; for my ghost would take you to task, saying;

"What are you spitting for?"

"Oh sir, I did not."

"Yes, you did; I saw you; you showed me repugnance. Go and husk a coconut and bring it to me."

That done my ghost could say;

"Now break it in two."

That done, this could be said;

"Give me the upper half; you keep the bottom while I hold it pay attention. By the sixth day my envelope should be shed like the husk of the coconut and should be duly buried
Only when our envelope is shed are we free to live our new

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existence. Like the DOLI, the germ of life, in the coconut must the beginning of our new life be."

This is our most anciently established tradition for the way we should respect death. It turns on the word;

"You showed me repugnance."

As though loved ones should say to one another;

"I hate you; you hate me. I who have died have eyes; will be watching you while you cannot see me. No matter how long you live you must die; you must come to me in the end; I must prepare you for your entry into the great land of Tuma, I your dead and Topileta who is with the dead, and his sister Tokilupalupa who stays at Bomatu in the east while he remains at O-Gegela in the west. These are the ones who make it possible for loved ones to live together again in the great land of Tuma; and this, so far as we can say it, is how it is. Only if the living respect the dead can the DOLI be freed and man's mortal development be so shucked off that the DOLI can be readied by the sixth day to make its journey by the surface of this world to the world down under."

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Epilogue

Here I end my account of the Boyowan's telling of his own story. It is only a haphazard sampling but sufficient to show the way of its type and allegory, its aim and motivation, so didactic and religious as well as amusing, it

predominant figure of so unmentionable a name but a depersonalized personification of everyman. This looming presence out of the timeless past stands on every path to Boyowan folk ways like an Easter Island statue. As hero or victim he waits like an Elias to be reincarnated and live some of his story over again in every living Boyowan.