SNAKES, ADULTERERS, AND THE LOSS OF PARADISE IN KALIAI

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IN A PAPER published posthumously in *Oceania,* Peter Lawrence reemphasized his position--stated in the introduction to *Gods, Ghosts, and Men in Melanesia*--that religion dominates the intellectual life of the people of the New Guinea seaboard (Lawrence 1988). Using the people of southern Madang Province as his prototype, Lawrence argued that, although they are deeply religious, coastal New Guineans are also pragmatic and assume that gods and spirits are as real as human beings. They spend much time considering the meaning of both their own myths and Christian scripture, hoping to involve both deities and ghosts in human affairs in ways that are to their advantage. He thought other coastal people shared the Madang obsession with religion. To support this idea, he traced the spread of the Kilibob-Manup myth--a tale central to southern Madang cosmology and cargo belief--to areas far beyond southern Madang. Some versions of the story are traditional in content. These account for customary practices and explain the existence of items--such as promontories, mountains, and large boulders--in the local landscape. Other versions explain why Australians and North Americans have access to manufactured goods that are unavailable to Melanesians. These versions may legitimize cargo cults. Lawrence argues that the coexistence of both versions of a narrative such as the story of Kilibob and Manup suggests continuity of belief and an interest in religion "both as an explanatory mode and a technology" (Lawrence 1988:17). Our work in this volume extends Lawrence's thesis beyond Madang into Siassi and northwestern New Britain. It also supports the work of other scholars

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who report the articulation of oral narratives with social, cosmological, and physical landscapes throughout the Pacific (see, for example, Denoon and Lacey 1981; LeRoy 1985; Kahn 1990; Lindstrom 1990; Rodman 1992). These articles also lay the groundwork for other scholars to test Lawrence's thesis in other Pacific societies where narratives focusing on common themes both explore the origins of traditional society and explain the technological dominance of colonial powers.

When he wrote about Melanesian religion, Lawrence used the term "to mean man's beliefs about deities, spirits, and totems, whom he regarded as superhuman or extra-human beings living with him in his own physical environment" (1964:12). Melanesian religion explains how cosmic order began and assures humans that through ritual they can maintain correct relationships with spirits. These relationships enable humans to master their world. Lawrence considered myths to be both the repository of religious belief and the text that allows people to understand how the cosmos works and how they might turn these workings to their advantage.

Other scholars have found that oral narratives enable people to understand and interpret *all* their experience.[1] They help people to remember and comprehend the effects of important historic events.[2] They enable them to recover pre-Christian religious beliefs (Trompf 1981). The inter-textual dimension of related tales may disclose existential truths and force awareness of the paradoxes and dilemmas of human relations (Burridge 1969; LeRoy 1985:23).

As Edmond Leach noted almost three decades ago, the relationships explored in myth are often those that lead to conflict and tension. Myths identify contradictions that are not easily reconciled and relationships where social balance is tenuous. They permit people to explore areas of tension where society is most vulnerable (Leach 1966:80). The stories of the Lusi-Kaliai people of the north coast of West New Britain focus on the consequences of immoral behavior and on specific sets of problematic relationships (for location of Kaliai see Map 1 in this volume's introduction). These include the ambiguities inherent in relations between affines, the potential for rivalry and cooperation between same-sex siblings, and the results if parents and children do not meet their obligations to each other. Lusi-Kaliai myths also explore the paradox that people must cooperate with and marry outsiders if society is to survive.

In this article, I combine Lawrence's approach with one suggested by Stephen (1987:269): in the Melanesian world order, predictability and morality characterize human society. In contrast, these restraints do not bind the world of spirits and forces. As both Lawrence and Stephen argue, Melanesians try through religious ritual to impose order, predictability,

and morality on others and to establish reciprocal (moral) relationships with amoral beings. These relationships provide opportunity, power, and access to otherwise unavailable goods that allow humans to control their world.

It may appear that Stephen's approach contradicts Lawrence, who consistently argued that the Western distinction between empirical and nonempirical realms does not apply to Melanesian thought. However, the seeming contradiction may be a problem of terminology, The words "empirical" and "nonempirical" may inadequately describe the significant oppositions of Melanesian cosmology. Indeed, there may be no appropriate English term that does not distort Melanesian cosmology. The Kaliai recognize the existence of beings who are not human in the usual sense. These beings may take human form and interact with normal people, but they are not truly human: they are Other.

In Melanesia, humans share their world with an assortment of nonhuman Others, including spirits, animal/spirit changelings, and whites. The same natural and social rules that restrict human behavior do not bind these Others. They have superhuman powers and creative abilities. They can change both their own form and that of others. They do not behave in a moral, reciprocal, and predictable way in their interactions with each other or with humans. Finally, their control over life and death gives them an immortality beyond the capability of mortals. For instance, the villages where Kaliai spirits go after death exist in space. They are invisible, but they are not nonempirical. People who go to the top of Mt. Andewa can hear roosters crowing and smell the smoke of cooking fires from the spirit village there. These things exist, but humans cannot see them, and they are barred from entering the village.[3] Similarly, there are creatures with powers far superior to those of any human, snake, pig, or other ordinary animal. These Others are not *of* this world, exactly, but they are *in* this world, and humans may have to deal with them. The Kaliai do not perceive the boundaries between spirit and flesh, between human and nonhuman in the same way as do Westerners. For the Kaliai, these boundaries are permeable, shifting, and indistinct. This creates a problem for mortals, who may behave appropriately toward an apparent human or animal and then discover with horror that they are dealing with a spirit whose behavior they can neither predict nor control. It is truly a difficulty of mythic proportions.

Kaliai stories strongly suggest that moral behavior defines humanness. One is never sure where Others--whether they are affines, strangers, or whites--fit in. They appear to be human, but they may not behave morally They may be inhuman. They may be animal changelings, spirits, sorcerers,[4] or whites. Kaliai tales explore the nature and identity of beings whose

behavior is either immoral or amoral and the results of their behavior. For the Lusi-Kaliai, moral behavior is as follows:

1/ Moral behavior reinforces and validates ties of kinship and community. Immoral behavior causes strife among people, especially kinsmen, who should support each other. It leads to social chaos and the destruction of community. A man who seduces his brothers wife, for instance, risks intralineage conflict and the fission of his kin group. Lusi-Kaliai consider such adultery to be inhuman, animal-like behavior (Counts and Counts 1991). Its consequences are explored in "Aragas" and "Titikolo."

2/ Moral persons meet their social obligations. Mothers who neglect their children, fathers who fail to provide their sons with wives, villagers who refuse to feed and care for orphans and the dependent elderly are behaving immorally. The result is the collapse of social order.

3/ Reciprocity is the basis of moral behavior. It is the foundation of human society. Nonreciprocal behavior is immoral. Kaliai expect that people will reciprocate both good and evil, ideally with a bonus. Gifts, contributions of wealth and labor, and acts of kindness should be repaid with interest when the donor has need. Similarly, hostile acts should be returned in kind and preferably with abundance.

4/ Sociality and reciprocity require that people behave predictably. One cannot engage in reciprocal exchange or social intercourse with someone whose behavior is unpredictable. Such behavior is immoral behavior; immoral behavior is unpredictable.

All the myths analyzed here share assumptions about the origins of culture, the ways by which people gain access to new ideas and technology, and the processes of change. These assumptions are identical to those that underlie cargo movements. Scholars have supported Lawrence's insight that cargo belief expresses an epistemological system widely held in Melanesia. For instance, Wagner argues that cargo is a Melanesian metaphor for culture (1981:31-34). Counts and Counts discuss the similar assumptions made by both members and nonmembers of a Kaliai cargo movement about the nature of change (1976). McDowell says:

> Analyzing how cargo cults interpenetrate with a people's ideological or cultural construction of change yields more understanding than treating the cults as a manifestation of some cross-cultural category. . . . As totemism did not exist, being merely an example of how people classify the world around them, cargo cults too do not exist, being merely an example of how people conceptualize and experience change in the world. (1988:122)

Through myths, people explore how they can manipulate their relationships with nonmoral beings and control their world. In this article, I analyze four Kaliai myths that explore the behavior of amoral spirits and the consequences of their behavior for humans (see Appendix for the texts of the myths).

Kaliai Stories: Titikolo, Aragas, and Moro

According to Lawrence, the Kaliai tell the story of Kilibob and Manup to explain the presence and production of material wealth. I have recorded several Lusi-Kaliai stories containing thematic elements similar to those in "Kilibob and Manup." These do explain the origins of aspects of Kaliai culture. However, none is identical to the myths Lawrence summarizes in *Road Belong Cargo,* and none focuses on the specialized production of wealth items in the same way as do versions from the Siassi Islands, Kilenge, and Bariai (see Pomponio, McPherson, and Thurston in this volume). Two stories I analyze here--"Titikolo" and "Aragas"--are versions of the same story The third and fourth are about the adventures of Moro and his sons. They are similar to stories from neighboring societies analyzed by other contributors to this volume. Names are irrelevant. The hero may be called Namor, Moro, Ava, Titikolo, or Aragas. His son/younger brother may be Gura, Aisapel, or Aikiukiu. West New Britain raconteurs emphasize this point. Tuki, who told the story of Aragas, specifically changed the hero's name when he entered a new area. So Aragas becomes Ava, Titikolo, and finally Namor. Although the main characters have several names, and the legends recount different adventures of the hero or his son(s), my informants agreed that all are about the same spirit-being.

Although the four tales analyzed here are not identical to each other or to other versions told in the region, this fact does not disadvantage our analysis. One goal of the study of the oral literature of a society or a group of neighboring societies who share related languages or similar cultures or history is to gain insight into the paradoxes in their conceptual categories. Having this insight is to understand the "meaning" of myth. This goal can be accomplished by identifying common elements in different versions of one story--or in myths with similar themes from related societies--and discovering how these elements are combined (Lévi-Strauss 1963:210). These combinations of elements are, to use Lévi-Strauss's term, "relations." It is the "bundle of relations" organized and reorganized in different ways that, all together, produce the "meaning" of mythology (1963:210-211). By exploring the relationships in the myths of West New Britain and the Vitiaz Straits,

we may understand something of what these stories "mean" to the people who tell them.

Lévi-Strauss (1955) and others (Hammel 1972; Leach 1970) have persuasively argued that myths may identify the social contradictions that are not simple to reconcile and the areas where social balance is not easily maintained. They are preoccupied with those areas of strain where the web of the social fabric is weakest and where society is most vulnerable. These points may be particularly fragile because society places irreconcilable demands upon its members or because persons whose cooperation is essential for the survival of society may be put into situations where conflict is inevitable. The resolutions that myths seem to offer or the models of behavior that they propose are not the ones that the society instills in its members. Instead, myths may explore alternative ways of dealing with social paradox and, as a result, legitimize society's solutions to basically insoluble dilemmas by illustrating the disastrous results of other approaches (Lévi-Strauss 1967:24).

Oral literature is an important source of information about the Kaliai world view, because the people consider their stories to contain historical, cultural, or sociological truths. Their myths reflect and reconstruct experienced reality. Stories told around the fire after the evening meal introduce children to their social and physical world. The Lusi-speaking Kaliai have three named types of tales: *ninipunga, nasinga,* and *pelunga.*[5] A *ninipunga* does not contain historical or legendary truth and can be created by a talented raconteur. Some are told for entertainment, whereas others educate as well as amuse. A *nasinga* is a true account of historic events. *Nasinga* is derived from the verb *-nasi,* "to follow" or "to recount truthfully." The actors in a *nasinga* may have living descendants. Although people may hotly dispute the facts and the interpretation of events, they consider the stories to be history. The stories are subject to the same problems of accuracy as are participants' accounts of the atrocities of any war or political campaign.

A *pelunga* recounts incidents and persons who have no direct, traceable ties with living individuals or current events. The primary characters of a *pelunga* can be humans, spirits, culture heroes, or *pura,* "powerful beings" who take either human or animal form. Moro is a *pura* who has the body of a snake. White people are *pura;* the Kaliai who first met them thought they were inhuman. *Pelunga* are stories from the mythic past. Lusi-Kaliai believe them to be true stories told about a definite--whether real or fabulous--person, event, or place (see Jason 1972:134). Although it may deal with supernatural events, a *pelunga* contains truths about the experienced world.

Both *nasinga* and *pelunga* are germane to contemporary events and have

consequences for day-to-day life. Either, for example, can be evidence in a land dispute. Competing groups tell myths that support their claim to primary disposal and use rights in an area because their ancestors were the first to settle there. The stories discussed here are all *pelunga.*

Lukas Suksuk, an Anêm-Kaliai from an interior village,[6] told "Titikolo" and "Moro and Gura." Suksuk worked for many years at Iboki Plantation in Kaliai, he spoke Lusi fluently, and he was close kin to many people living in Lusi-speaking villages. Tuki of Lauvori told the story of Aragas. His version of "Titikolo" contains episodes missing in Suksuk's account. Aragas is a powerful trickster figure whose name changes to Ava, Titikolo, and Namor as he moves westward along the north coast of New Britain. Tuki's story explains how people discovered the proper way to have sexual intercourse and to chew areca-betel pepper-lime mixture. It also draws parallels between the hero and Jesus, As his account suggests, Tuki suspected that Jesus was another name, one known by whites, for the New Britain mythic hero.

Suksuk's "Titikolo" is less detailed than "Aragas," and both are shorter versions of Thurston's "Titikolo" (this volume). Like Thurston's version of the myth, Suksuk's account explains that during Titikolo's tenure the world was like the starry heavens, and humans got food without working.

Jakob Mua recorded "Moro," the adventures of Moro's sons Aikiukiu and Aisapel,[7] in 1967. He heard it from two Kove named Moro and Mopi who traveled down coastal northwestern New Britain in the mid-1960s telling the story while trying to organize a cargo cult. The final episode of "Moro" explains why Americans have superior technology and a superior standard of living.

All of these *pelunga* have common themes. In this article, I focus on their treatment of the permeable boundaries between human and nonhuman, between one's own group and others, and between Papua New Guineans and whites. The myths explore the difference between Us and Them and ask what kind of relationship is possible between Us and the Others with whom we must interact, trade, and marry if we are to survive. They suggest that nonhumans are nonmoral beings who are equivalent to Others (affines or whites), whereas humans are moral beings who are equivalent to me, my kinsmen, or the people of Papua New Guinea.[8] Thus: nonhumans (im- or amoral beings) = Others = affines = whites; humans (moral beings) = my kin(d) = kinsmen = PNG people.

The following discussion is in four sections: The Scene Is Set; The Problem with Sex; The Dangers of Marriage; and Snakes, Whites, and the Loss of Paradise. Each section analyzes episodes from the four myths. Translated myth texts are in the Appendix following.

The Scene Is Set

Episodes

Moro and Guru. Moro approaches a human settlement.

Moro. Moro was a solitary (nonhuman) being from Kove (see Map 1 in this volume's introduction). He moved west, married, and fathered two sons, Aikiukiu and Aisapel.

Titikolo. Titikolo originated in the Kaliai interior. Food appears without human effort.

Aragas/Ava/Titikolo/Namor. God sent Aragas to teach people how to give mortuary and firstborn ceremonies. Aragas lives with the big-man Sapulo.[9] Their followers eat the big-men's fish and then quarrel. Sapulo observes that conflict is the result when two big-men try to share space. Aragas leaves, and, appearing as a young boy, he goes to live with a big-man named Alu.

Discussion

At the beginning of "Moro and Gura," "Moro," and "Titikolo," the spirit-hero lives separately from humans.[10] In "Moro," he is a solitary figure who even refuses to eat the food people leave for him. The story of "Moro and Gura" begins with Moro approaching a human settlement. We are not told where he has come from, but we learn that he is not a member of human society. In "Titikolo," he lives at the headwaters of the Vanu River. Today a visitor can see the large, flat stone shaped like a bed where he slept and the carvings on the rock shelter where he dwelled. His presence there is coincident with and seems to be a precondition for the time of paradise, when people got food without working.

Only "Aragas" begins with the hero as a big-man who, together with his followers, shares a village with another powerful leader. This does not last. The big-men's followers quarrel, and Aragas leaves after Sapulo rightly observes that dissension results when two powerful leaders try to live together. Thereafter Aragas ceases to live normally in human society.

This view of spirits living apart from society (human or spirit) accurately reflects Lusi-Kaliai ideas about the spirit world. They recognize several, sometimes anthropomorphic, foci of power:

1/ The ghosts of the recently dead linger near their graves while their corpses deteriorate. They appear to relatives if the person met an untimely

and unavenged death. A ghost may participate in divination rituals and inform its kin of the identity of the person(s) responsible for the death.[11]

2/ The "ancestral dead," or *antu*,[12] are represented by masked dancers who participate in mortuary feasts and wealth distributions for important men. They live in villages located on mountaintops and in whirlpools and caves. A human who ventures too near a spirit village is in danger. The spirits may call up a fog or confuse the mind so the human becomes lost and wanders around until he or she dies. Spirits also sometimes take a fancy to a small child or attractive young person, especially if the youth has used love magic. They either lure the victim away or steal one of the aspects of the desired person's spirit, thereby causing illness and death.[13] Small children are especially vulnerable, but adults are also seduced into the spirit world, from which it is difficult to return (Counts 1980a).

3/ Bush spirits, *iriau*, are solitary beings who occupy natural formations such as large trees, reefs, sandbars, deep pools, and peculiarly shaped or large stones.[14] A "bush spirit" may steal the spirit of an individual who has annoyed it or for whom it feels lust. Also, it may enter a woman's womb if she copulates near its dwelling place. The result is a congenitally deformed child. In earlier days, people thought such an infant was inhuman and buried it alive at birth.

4/ "Foci of power" known as *pura* may take human, white, or herpetanthropoid form (I borrow this term from Thurston, this volume). They usually live alone on isolated mountaintops, beneath whirlpools, in caves, and near or in other unusual natural formations. Moro/Titikolo is a *pura.*

All of these creatures ordinarily take no interest in human affairs and, if left alone, are benign. Because they are inhuman, however, their behavior is amoral and unpredictable. It is the topic of many Kaliai myths.

The Problem with Sex

Episodes

Titikolo. Titikolo tattoos his design on the genital area of the wife of Alu, his mothers brother, Alu discovers the design is Titikolo's by comparing a design he paints on Alu's men's house center post. Alu then commissions Titikolo to decorate the men's house posts, planning to crush him in the post hole. Rat saves Titikolo by digging an escape tunnel and preparing a bloodlike mixture to fool the humans.[15]

Aragas. Aragas tattoos his design on the genitals of the big-man Alu's first wife and has intercourse with her. Alu discovers the owner of the design is Aragas (now called Ava) using the same procedure as in "Titikolo" and pre-

pares to crush Ava in the post hole. Wasp saves Ava, who taunts the humans with his escape. Then the hero (now called Titikolo) goes to interior Kilenge, where he lives alone briefly. Then, as Namor, he goes to a Kilenge hamlet. While the big-man of the hamlet is fishing, Namor asks his wife for crushed lime to chew. She offers her vagina. Namor teaches her the proper methods of betel chewing and sexual intercourse. The result is red spittle and menstruation. The big-man discovers his wife's bloody genitals and asks her for lime. She teaches him about copulation and the proper way to chew betel.

Moro. Moro is asked by his affines for his special, large pig. He agrees to give them the pig but insists that they return the head to him. Instead they eat the pig and then kill and butcher him. Moro's affines then trick his first-born, Aikiukiu, into eating Moro's liver, transforming him into a snake-man. Moro's vengeful spirit pursues Aikiukiu as his mother flees west to Bariai with him in a basket on her head. Aikiukiu destroys his father, then creates gardens, pigs, and chickens for his younger brother, Aragas. Humans have all their needs met without work. Then Aikiukiu marries two women. The first wife is obedient and does not demand to see her husband. The second wife, Aveta, is dissatisfied with the arrangement and insists on her conjugal rights. She ignores the warnings of her mother-in-law and husband and is destroyed when she breaks into Aikiukiu's house.[16] Concurrently, Aragas is on a trading voyage to collect pigs to hold a mortuary ceremony for their father. Aveta's disobedience aborts the ceremony, and Aikiukiu and Aragas leave Bariai.

Moro and Gura. Moro sees the woman Galue and desires her. She refuses his advances, and he turns her into a tree so she will agree to copulate with him. He forces her to leave with him, and, although she leaves a trail, her friends are unable to rescue her. Moro and Galue's son Gura reaches adolescence and goes to the village of his maternal relatives to participate in a ceremony, performing miracles on the way. Gura decorates his face with lime and dances at the ceremony. His mother's relatives recognize and honor him. When he returns home, he goes to his men's house to sleep. Moro finds him there, sees the lime on his face, and realizes he's been visiting his mother's kin. Angrily, he reminds Gura that he belongs to his father's kin group and charges him with breaking the rule separating spirits from humans. Then Moro turns Gura into a snake and Galue into a crab. The story explains that Anêm people offer food and valuables to any crab that enters their village because she is a kinswoman.

Discussion

Sex and lust are sources of grief for Kaliai men, who would appreciate the concerns of General Jack Ripper in the film *Dr. Strangelove.* General Rip-

per understood about vital bodily fluids. Lusi men say that sexual intercourse spills a man's essence. Profligate sexual activity causes weakness, desiccation, and premature aging. Exposure to menstrual blood results in respiratory disease and death. Menstruation is not a "natural" condition of women, but one created by the hero. According to "Aragas," women originally did not menstruate and their sexuality was not dangerous to men. It was safe for a man to place betel peppers first in a woman's vagina and then in his mouth. Today this act would cause a Kaliai man to die slowly and painfully.

As in other Melanesian mythology (see Burridge 1969), Kaliai myth associates sexuality and the areca-betel-lime mixture. Although it is not explicit here, Aragas's intervention introduced female fertility as well as sexual danger. The Lusi consider fertility to be a feminine attribute and sterility a female failure. Men reject any suggestion that the cause of a barren marriage may lie with them. According to Kaliai conception theory, any potent man can father babies; women, who may bar entry to the womb where the child is constructed, are problematic. The association between areca-betel-lime, red spittle, blood, and sexuality also occurs among the Tangu. In Tangu idiom, "areca-nut represents the curative and generative, areca-nuts resemble testicles, testicles and areca nuts are generative" (Burridge 1969:248). Furthermore, Tangu mythology notes that areca nuts chewed with lime produce bright red spittle. Red is associated with the menstrual flow--evidence of procreative capacity--and with blood and life.

Although Lusi-Kaliai men fear women's genitalia and sexual fluids, male sexuality is also dangerous to some categories of people. Intercourse with a nursing mother introduces sperm into her milk and weakens the infant. If the sperm is from a man other than the child's father, the baby will sicken and may die. Sexual fluids, even the smell of sexual congress,[17] are dangerous to vulnerable people such as the very young, the very old, and children whose penises or ears have been ritually cut in ceremonies celebrating their firstborn status. Old men warn young men of these dangers and urge them to limit their sexual activity and to sleep apart from their wives for at least two years after the birth of a child.

In spite of the dangers of sexuality and the warnings of their elders, Lusi-Kaliai expect people to copulate at every opportunity. Thurston says that Anêm men make themselves irresistible to women, who then seduce them (this volume), but it is my impression that seduction is a two-way practice among the Lusi. Both genders practice love magic and both use aromatic herbs, sweet smelling oils, and body decoration to seduce lovers. In both versions of the story of Titikolo, the hero, in the form of a young boy, gets the attention of his mother's brother's wife by throwing a decorated stick near where she is working. The beauty of his design makes her desire him.

Although there is no mention of love magic in the myths, the woman responds as though she has been bewitched. After they make love, she has him tattoo his design on the inside of her thighs or on her groin.[18]

In Kaliai the relationship between older and younger male relatives is critically important for the continuation of the patriline. It is also often characterized by suspicion and jealousy. A recurring theme in Kaliai myth is the social havoc that results when a man suspects that his younger kinsman (usually his brother) is seducing his wife and tries to kill the youngster in revenge. Alternative themes are the (attempted) seduction of the younger brother by the senior brother's wife or an older brother's attempt to kill his young kinsman in order to possess the boy's beautiful wife. Consequently brothers--whose unity is the basis of community--are divided. The warning is clear: sexual lust and jealousy cause chaos and destroy society.

Lusi norms restricting sexual relationships between certain categories of people recognize the dangers of sexual desire. These restrictions avert conflict between people who must cooperate if society is to survive. Goody observed that for some peoples incest and adultery may be equally serious breaches of the social and moral order. People react with horror and disgust to sexual intercourse with the wife of a fellow group member (Goody 1968: 32). The issue is tied to social structure. For societies with descent systems (such as the Lusi-Kaliai), illicit sexual intercourse with the woman who reproduces the group is the ultimate sin. It must be treated with severity. Goody's analysis is relevant to Lusi rules of avoidance. Close affines of the opposite sex should avoid each other. They should not speak to each other, look each other in the face, eat or refer to sexual matters in the other's presence, or call the other's name. A woman should refrain from all contact with her husbands father and brothers, and a man should avoid his wife's mother and her sisters. Adultery between these people is not human behavior. It is the behavior of "people who act like dogs" (Dorothy Counts and David Counts 1991). In Kaliai myth, adultery between affines violates moral order and invariably results in social chaos, fratricide, and/or suicide.

The relationship between mother's brother and sister's son has a special tension among the Lusi-Kaliai. Because he is his fathers child and a member of his patrilineage, a boy competes and exchanges with his mother's kin, particularly her brother and his sons. If, however, a father fails to perform the ceremonies affiliating his child with his kin group, the mother's brother may claim the child for his patrilineage. Children also have inheritance rights in their mother's brother's estate. Mother's kin have a continuing interest in her children's welfare. If a child is injured or killed, they demand compensation from its paternal kin for not caring for it properly. The presentation of wealth by a man to his wife's kinsmen during the firstborn cere-

mony affiliating the child with his group expresses this tension. Traditional marriage rules also recognize it. Before the Roman Catholic Church forbade it, the Lusi preferred that people marry their cross-cousins. This consolidated the interests of both patrilineal groups in the next generation.

When the hero copulates with his mothers brothers wife, he is not just cuckolding another man. He is violating the marital rights of a man with whom he has special and complex ties. He is creating hostility and strife in a relationship that should be supportive. He is violating the most basic of avoidance rules by copulating with a woman who is potentially his wife's mother. His behavior destroys community. It is profoundly immoral and, therefore, nonhuman. In contrast, the response of Alu is both predictable and reciprocal. It is moral, human behavior.

His acts identify the hero as one of the Others, a nonhuman whose behavior is unpredictable, whose powers are unknown, and who is potentially dangerous. As I have argued elsewhere (Counts 1980a:42), the Lusi do not consider animals and spirits to be mutually exclusive categories. They divide the nonhuman sphere into at least three groupings: ghosts, other spirits, and animals. Transformations occur between them without difficulty. Kaliai myth is replete with spirit-beast changelings who live in the forest but occasionally interact with humans. For instance, the Kaliai cargo movement called The Story was founded by a man who claimed to have been given the secret of cargo by a spirit whose daughter seduced him and who appeared to him alternately in snake and human form (Counts 1978).

In summary, one message of these four myths is that although sexual lust is a source of danger, it was the mythic hero who introduced female sexuality with its dangers and fertile promise. Now humans must control sexuality and not permit it to divide the men of a kin group. Society must prohibit sexual relations between certain people. Just as sexuality is fraught with danger, there is peril in the relationship between people united by sexuality. Affines are a particularly potent source of danger. It is to this message that we now turn.

The Dangers of Marriage

In the episodes discussed above, the myths explore the benefits and dangers of developing social relationships with Others, whose powers are unknown, whose languages and customs are different, and whose behavior is unpredictable, nonreciprocal, and amoral. We *must* establish relationships with them to marry and to have allies and trading partners. Intercourse with them may result in opportunity and enable us to reproduce our own society. If, however, we offend them, the result may be tragedy, loss of paradise, and

social extinction. Furthermore, because they are not moral beings and, by definition, not quite human, they may misinterpret our moral behavior. Proper behavior may be a product of cultural perspective. Human behavior may break their rules and cause insult. The result may be strife and the loss of the opportunities and wealth that led us to establish ties with them in the first place. Others are explicitly *pura* (powerful beings who may take either human or animal form). By analogy, they are those we marry and to whom we are linked by marriage.

Affinal danger is a common theme in Kaliai myth. Persons shamed by their spouses or affines commit murder or suicide, or destroy their closest kin. Fathers and sons destroy one another, and brother murders brother. At the very least, a man's affines remind him of his debt to them for his wife and sons, who carry on his line. Their very existence reminds him of his shame if he fails to meet his obligations to them.

"Moro and Gura" explores the danger inherent in marriage and the shame of a man who fails to meet his obligations to his affines. An enraged, humiliated Moro transforms his wife and son into animals. Gura's desire to know his mother's kin--and his mother's encouraging him to attend their celebration--are reasonable and expected. A young person has rights in certain maternal property, for he shares their blood, and they have an interest in his well-being and success. Indeed, if a father fails to affiliate his child with his patriline and distribute gifts that prove his ability to meet his obligations, the maternal kin may step in and claim the child. Recall, however, that Moro did not marry Galue. He forcibly abducted her from her husband, paid no bridewealth, and distributed no wealth for his son. He allowed Galue to return home only for the birth of her child. Otherwise, they lived in isolation and did not interact with her kin. Gura's visit to his mother's people is a direct challenge to his father. He is seeking to establish for himself the ties that a responsible, moral father would have provided for him. His son's actions underscore Moro's inhumanity.

The behavior of Gura's maternal kinsmen is exemplary. They welcome him, honor him, and send him away with generous gifts of pork. Their actions are in contrast to Moro's failure to engage in basic exchange transactions that define human relationships. Moro responds to his son's act by reasserting his paternal (but unlegitimized) claim and insisting that social intercourse is impossible between humans and spirits. One implication of this myth is that the boundary between human and spirit, between life and death, cannot be successfully bridged. Moro infers this when he transforms Gura into a snake, thereby permanently locating him in the nonhuman realm of animal/spirit where he belongs.

Moro also tries to separate Galue from her human origins by turning her

into a crab, but he cannot succeed entirely. She sometimes comes, albeit in her crab form, to her kinsmen. They affirm her identity by presenting her with valuables--pots, bowls, plates of food--things for which a crab would have no use. She in turn places her mouth on these things, presumably to affirm and express her tragically distorted humanity.

The theme of affinal treachery is reversed in "Moro." In this myth, it is the spirit-being who behaves morally, He responds correctly to his wife's relatives and agrees to give them his prize pig for distribution at their ceremony, with the proviso that they return its head to him. Moro's insistence on the return of his pig's head is reasonable. Men often ask this if it is a mature boar with recurved tusks. These tusks are valuable and are not usually given away when the owner contributes the animal to be distributed as pork. Moro's anger at being cheated is predictable and reciprocal. He responds violently to his affines' hostile and contemptuous act. Paradoxically, Moro the spirit acts morally, while his human affines are immoral and, therefore, inhuman. They do not reciprocate Moro's generosity by respecting his request. Their deceit in tricking Aikiukiu into cannibalizing his father is unpredictable and horrible. Their treachery destroys the peace and results in lost opportunity.

In both of the Moro stories, shameful or treacherous interaction between affines results in the father's death and war between father and son. Kaliai myth ponders this paradox. People must trade, marry, and form political alliances with Others. Those relationships are dangerous, however, and may destroy the human society that they are intended to sustain.

Snakes, Whites, and the Loss of Paradise

Episodes

Titikolo. When Titikolo originated in the Kaliai interior, food appeared without human effort. Because humans try to kill him, he abandons them. As he leaves, Titikolo tells humans that, because they have driven him away, they must work for their food and suffer endless troubles. Pigs will destroy their gardens. Their efforts to clear paths and villages of trash and weeds will be only temporary, for weeds and trash will quickly reappear. Even though they work hard, they will suffer famine. They and their children will sicken and die.

Aragas/Titikolo/Namor. Following Namor's adultery, the big-man declares war on him. The child Aisapel kills Namor with a sling. Namor is buried, but Sea Eagle predicts that he will arise after three days and join his father.

Moro and Guru. En route to his maternal kin's village, Gura enters a village, where he causes food to mature rapidly and cures illness. On their way home, Gura miraculously distributes food.

Moro. After devouring Moro's liver and destroying him, Aikiukiu provides his mother and brother with shelter, food, and domesticated animals. After Aikiukiu destroys Aveta and flees with Aisapel, the brothers live in isolation on a deserted island. Kilenge castaways discover them. Aikiukiu provides them with food, water, and--when they weep for home--a canoe and technology similar to an outboard motor. The men are warned to care properly for the new technology, but they forget and lose it. Offended, the two brothers go to America, where they meet an outcast who proves his acceptance and trust of the hero. He kisses him in his snake form, and he allows Aikiukiu to kill him. Aikiukiu rewards the American by giving him knowledge. The myth concludes: "So it was that schools were established in America. At first there were only a few, but the knowledge spread from one group to another, from America to Germany and England, and then to all countries. The schools that white people have came originally from us. We were the source of knowledge, which we gave you. You built many fine schools and brought the idea of schools and education back to us."

Discussion

Lawrence argues that the people of the Rai Coast did not believe in human intellectual achievement, the progressive evolution of ideas and technology, or the gradual advance from a simple to a more complex way of life. Deities were the sole authentic source of knowledge. He says: "All the valued parts of their culture were stated to have been invented by the deities, who taught men both secular and ritual procedures for exploiting them. The deities lived with men or appeared in dreams, showing them how to plant crops and make artifacts. They taught men to breathe esoteric formulae and observe taboos" (Lawrence 1964:30).

Kaliai mythology supports Lawrence's argument. Although only "Moro" explains why whites had schools when the people of PNG did not, all of these stories share assumptions about the origins of culture and the processes of change. These assumptions underlie but are not unique to cargo movements. The insight that cargoists share the same epistemological system as their noncargoist neighbors is one of Lawrence's many contributions to understanding the relationship between Melanesian cosmology and their response to change.

The four Kaliai myths explain origins of culture. The opening scenes of "Aragas" and "Titikolo" portray the hero as sent by God to teach humans how to perform the ceremonies that give Kaliai life its structure and mean-

ing. Utopian conditions are coincident with his presence. Furthermore, "Titikolo" explicitly states that the loss of paradise and the introduction of human misfortune follow directly from human folly in driving the hero away. Ironically, although it was a fatal mistake for men to try to destroy Titikolo, they were behaving morally Titikolo broke a basic rule restricting sexual behavior. His mother's brother behaved as a decent man should. He avenged his shame and responded to perfidy with violence.

One principal message of these myths is that humans face an insoluble dilemma. They are not the biblical story of original sin and the loss of Eden by wicked people who disobey God's law. Indeed, they are just the opposite. They are the story of moral people who lose Eden because they *do* follow the laws of their ancestors and behave as humans should. They are in a true double bind. People *must* behave morally if they are to avoid chaos and the destruction of order and society; but moral action inevitably prevents them from living in the same realm as do spirits. Those who have superhuman powers and knowledge and live by magic recognize neither the laws of humanity nor the requirement to live as social beings. Humans lose paradise and their hard work is rewarded by suffering and death *because* they are moral beings. Where, then, does this leave humans in their dealings with whites? The story that tries to explain the superior knowledge of whites suggests that whites are not predictable, social beings as are the people of PNG. They are spiritlike Others. This is why the spirit hero shared his secrets with them.

Consider the events in "Moro" that finally cause the hero and his brother to leave PNG and go to America, and the behavior of the American that leads the hero to share his knowledge. Aikiukiu and Aisapel rescue two castaways and provide them with food and water. However, the men are not content, even though their physical needs are met. They are social beings who weep for their family and friends. The hero accepts their humanity, provides them with miraculous technology, warns them to care for it properly, and sends them home. But the men forget. They make a basic human mistake, one that portrays them as moral men. They are overcome with joy when reunited with their families and neglect, briefly, to think of their property. Personal relationships are more important than are belongings. The cost is dear. Opportunity is lost. The hero departs for America.

In America, he meets an outcast. The hero tests him, and he passes by behaving in a way that no Kaliai would for a moment consider emulating. He demonstrates his acceptance of the spirit by embracing Aikiukiu and kissing him, in his herpetanthropoid form, full on the mouth. He shows his trust by allowing the hero to decapitate him. This is a disturbing scene--especially to the Kaliai, who loathe and fear snakes and who never publicly

kiss anyone, male or female, on the mouth. The willingness of whites to do this signifies that they are not like Papua New Guineans. Indeed, they may not be humans at all. There is really no contest, for whites are like Others. They win the knowledge that brings them superior technology not because they are more moral humans than are Papua New Guineans, but precisely because they are not. This is the message of "Moro." Papua New Guineans lost paradise because they were moral beings who valued society more than they did property, They lost the source of knowledge and technological superiority for the same reason.

Conclusion

The Kilibob-Manup corpus of myths is complex and encodes messages about the nature of PNG culture, belief, and life. There are undoubtedly at least as many different messages as there are contributors to this volume. I have focused here on the ways in which the myths permit Lusi-Kaliai to think about the dangers and promises of sexuality, marriage, and affinal relationships with unknown Others who may not be moral human beings. I have taken Lawrence's notion that myths are the repository of Melanesian religious belief and shown how, through myth, the Lusi use spirits to think about morality, humanity, and the implications of the need to interact with the nonhuman entities with which they must share their world.

APPENDIX

TITIKOLO

TOLD BY LUKAS SUKSUK OF BOLO VILLAGE, RECORDED AUGUST 1975

Titikolo came from a place near the headwaters of the Vanu River. His house is near the river, and his bed is a stone that lies there like a table. Above the river on the face of the cliff are the drawings that he made.[19] At the time when he first made his bed there, food appeared without being planted.

One day the women went to cut taro. While they were pulling the corms and removing the leaves, Titikolo went to the gardens and wronged his kinsman by having an affair with his wife.

Titikolo carved a spear and then threw it into the taro garden. His kinsman's wife was cultivating the taro by scraping around it with a bailer shell called an *oli,* when the spear landed nearby. When she saw what it was, she picked it up and hid it. Then she asked him, 'What are you looking for?"

"I'm looking for my spear. It came down somewhere around here, but where is it?"

Although she had hidden it, the woman pretended she didn't know where it was.

Titikolo searched and searched until finally the woman exclaimed, “Here’s something.”

“That’s my spear.” He took it and started to leave, when the woman stopped him.

“Hey, the design on this spear is really lovely. I want you to tattoo my body with this design.” So he tattooed the woman’s thighs and groin with the design on his spear. Then she returned home.

Her husband, Alu, who was Titikolo’s mother’s brother, saw that his wife’s body was tattooed and demanded, “Who has done this?” Although he interrogated her, she refused to tell him. Finally, Alu became angry and said, “I’ll build a men’s house.”

His followers cut the posts for the new men’s house. When they were finished, Alu said, “All right, decorate my posts.” The men painted designs on them, but when he looked at them, Alu said, “No, that’s not what I want. Remove them.” So the designs were erased, and another group of men came and tried their designs. Again Alu was dissatisfied and ordered, “Get rid of them.” Then he sent his followers to get Titikolo, so that he could judge his design. Alu said, “Everyone else has tried to decorate my posts, but their designs weren’t what I wanted, so I erased them. Now I want you to paint your design on them.”

When Titikolo decorated the posts, Alu saw that the design was the same as the one on his wife’s body, “That’s it,” said Alu. “Get rid of all other designs. I want this one. We’ll put it on the top of the posts and on their bases too.” Then he instructed Titikolo, “The posts are ready now. Come tomorrow and decorate them with your design.”

The next day he came, thinking to paint the posts, but Alu and his followers were deceiving him. They had dug deep post holes and intended to send him into a hole and then drop a heavy post down and crush him. Why? Because they were angry over the fact that he had tattooed the woman’s genital area.

Now Rat, who was also one of Titikolo’s kinsmen, heard their plans and burrowed to where the boy was working. “They’re going to crush you. They told you to come down into this hole so that they can crush you with the big post. I’ll dig a tunnel for you, and you crawl into it. When they drop the post, it’ll miss you.”

The boy heeded the words of his kinsman Rat and crawled into the tunnel Rat had prepared for him. Then Rat mixed a compound that was similar to red paint and placed it in a shell in the bottom of the hole. When they dropped the post into the hole, the paint splashed and the men said, “Ah, there’s his blood. We’ve killed him.” But it wasn’t so.

Then Titikolo climbed into a Lolo basket[20] and tied the basket to the limb of a tree with his rope, which was named Namor. He hung from the tree in the basket and circled above their heads calling out, “Ah, whom did you kill?”

The men exclaimed in wonder, “Ehhh, we killed him. What’s happening here?” They threw stones and sticks at him, but he circled high above their heads and they missed. Then he climbed into the top of an ironwood tree and hung there.

The people said, “We tried to kill him and there he sits. Let’s cut down this tree and him with it.” So Alu and his group began to cut the tree. They worked hard all day and returned home in the evening. After they left, the chips returned to the tree and it was as if they had never cut it. When they came back the next morning, they

saw that the tree was whole again, and they wondered, "Yesterday we cut this tree. How can it be whole again?" Again they worked all day and went home at night to sleep. The next morning it was as it had been before. There were no cut marks on the tree. Once again they spent the day working, but this time a young child took a chip of the wood to play with. That evening the child threw the scrap into the fire, and, in the night when the chips returned to the tree, the hole where the burned piece should have gone remained open. The next morning when the men returned to the tree, they saw the hole.

"What happened to this piece of wood?"

"Yesterday the child took it and threw it into the fire."

So this time they built a fire and burned all the scraps of wood cut from the tree until, in the late afternoon, the tree was about to fall. Then another of Titikolo's relatives, Red Ant, who lives on the leaves of trees and stings us, said to him, "Oh, Kinsman. This tree is about to fall. It is almost cut through in the middle, and it will fall soon."

"Oh dear, Kinsman, is it about to fall?"

"Yes, very soon now."

So Ant prepared a mixture that was like paint and placed it in a shell. When the tree fell, the paint spilled out and the men thought it was blood. "Ah, he's dead. Look! This is his blood. He has been crushed. The tree fell on him and killed him. Here is his blood smeared all over the tree. He is finally dead."

Now, as the tree fell, Namor flew upward and hooked onto a cloud, so that when the men were congratulating themselves on Titikolo's death, he was in fact hanging from his *natika* basket. Then he called down, "Whom did you kill? Who fell with the tree and was killed?"

"Aiii, look! There he is. We saw the blood coming from where he had been crushed by the falling tree, yet there he is. How can this be? There he sits circling and taunting us by asking, 'Who died when the tree fell?' Look at him!"

"So, you want to kill me? You want to kill me. If I were to remain, food would grow without being planted, and you would have plenty to eat. But you want to kill me. If I go, then you'll feel pain. You'll suffer when you plant gardens and the pigs eat them. If you make a fence, the pigs will break through it and eat the result of your hard work. Then you'll carry your axes and build your fences higher and stronger, but the pigs will break through again and eat your gardens. And you'll feel pain when you clear paths and sweep the village, for grass and trash will quickly reappear. One time you'll eat well, but another time the pigs will destroy your food and you'll go hungry. If you had allowed me to stay, you would have had plenty. But you want to kill me, so I'll go and you'll feel pain from work. And you'll sicken and die. Your children will sicken and die. If I were to remain, you would not die and your food would appear without effort, But you have driven me away, and I'll go."

Then he circled above them on his rope, and, as he disappeared, he said, "At night, look into the heavens."

At night when we look up, we see the moon and stars and the clear, clean heavens. Here on earth, brush and jungle and thorny vines block our way, And we suffer and work hard. But you can see that the sky is clean and clear.

THE STORY OF ARAGAS

TOLD BY TUKI OF LAUVORI, JUNE 1971

God sent Aragas to us to teach us how to live, how to prepare our mortuary ceremony--the *ololo*--and how to give the *vaulo* ceremony recognizing our children. His teachings were followed by our fathers and grandfathers.

One time Aragas visited a big-man named Sapulo who lived in Vokumu, and the two of them called together all the men of Vokumu to go fishing with nets. When they had filled their nets, Aragas told the men to clean and cook the fish. When the fish were done, the men ate and waited for Aragas and Sapulo to come and eat their share of the food. The men waited for a long time, but the two big-men didn't come, so finally Sapulo's followers said, "'Why don't those two hurry up? Never mind, let's not wait for them any longer. Let's eat their fish."

The followers of Aragas protested, "No, these fish aren't ours. They belong to the two big-men, and we shouldn't eat them." They argued, but Sapulo's men were insistent, so finally they ate the fish. A short time later, the two big-men came carrying taro for everyone. They put the taro in their house and then came to the men's house to eat. "Where are our fish?" they inquired. Some of Sapulo's men admitted that they had eaten them, but others said, "No, those followers of Aragas insisted that we should eat them." Aragas's followers denied it, and the two groups quarreled until a fist fight broke out. This escalated into a fight with spears.

Then Sapulo spoke. "This happened because the two of us tried to live together. When I was the only big-man here, we didn't have trouble like this." So Aragas changed his name to Ava and went to another place, called Supia. While he was living at Supia, a group of Kove went fishing and caught a sea cow, a *lui.* Ava heard the Kove shouting. He looked at the creature and said, "This is Lui Helo. It belongs to me. It is not yours." Then he took his fighting stick and broke off the outrigger of the Kove canoe, so that the canoe capsized, throwing all the men into the sea. Then Ava carried the sea cow to Supia, and, holding the creature's tail, he threw it on top of the stone. The impression of the sea cow's body is like a picture on the stone and can be seen there yet.

After a while Aragas/Ava left Supia and moved to another place, called Morous, where he lived with the big-man named Alu. This time, however, he took the form of a young boy.

One day when Alu's wife went to the gardens to weed taro, Ava carved a little stick. Then he went into the taro garden and threw the stick so that it landed right in front of Alu's wife. She picked up the stick, broke it off, and put it inside her skirt close to her genitals. When the little boy came looking for it, she asked, "Hey, what are you doing?"

"I'm looking for my little stick."

At first she said, "I haven't seen it." Then, changing her mind, she said, "Come here. I have your stick. Come and copulate with me and then leave the design carved on your stick on the inside of my thighs." The boy mounted her and did as she asked.

Later there was a big ceremony with singing and dancing that lasted all night

long. At dawn all the men and women of the village were exhausted and fell asleep. Alu slept in his men's house for a while. Then he arose and went to his wife's house, for he desired her. He found his wife sleeping soundly, her fiber skirt loosened, exposing her body, and he got a glimpse of the design that the boy had tattooed on her thighs. Seeing the tattoo, Alu tested his wife by telling her that he desired her, but she refused him. So he overpowered her and tore off her skirt, fully revealing the tattooed design on her body. He demanded to know who made the design on her thighs, so she told him that the boy had seduced her and left his mark.

That afternoon Alu said, "Tomorrow all the men will get together and put their designs on the big center post for our men's house." The next day all the men gathered to ready the post while the women prepared food for a feast. Each man drew his design on the post, but none was like the one on Alu's wife's body. Alu examined all of them and exclaimed, "None of these designs is any good. You, boy, you come and try." They all urged the youth to go ahead, so he drew his design on the post. Alu saw that part of the design was done correctly, but it was incomplete. So he said, "Erase all those other drawings because they aren't right. Then make your design properly."

So the boy made his design as it should be, and Alu said, "This is the one I want. All right, you paint the post, and I want you to dig the hole for it too."

As Ava was digging the post hole, the earth-boring insect that we call *vuvuvu* (wasp, dirt-dauber) came flying about inside the hole. Ava complained, "What is this thing that keeps buzzing around my eyes while I'm trying to dig the post hole?" The *vuvuvu* replied, "Ah, you scold me! What do you think this hole is for? It's your grave. When it's a little deeper, they're going to crush you under that heavy post." The boy replied, "Oh, Cousin, what can I do?" "Don't worry, Cousin," said the *vuvuvu.* "I'll find a way out for you."

Then Wasp bored a tunnel from the hole to the roots of a large *aiting* tree. This done, he found a vine whose sap is red like blood, filled a hollow bamboo tube with the liquid, and placed it inside the hole. When this was ready, the boy climbed out of the hole and asked Alu, "Is it deep enough now?"

"Go and make it just a little bit deeper, and then we can lower the post."

Ava climbed back into the hole, and the men lifted up the post to drop it in. Then the *vuvuvu* warned him, "Okay, come inside the tunnel now. The post is coming."

The post fell, crushing the bamboo, and all the liquid that was inside splattered to the top of the hole. Everyone saw it and thought that the post had killed Ava. Just as they were congratulating themselves on having killed him, they turned in shock to see him sitting in the top of the *aiting* tree. He taunted them, "You have killed Titikolo, have you?"

The men exclaimed in surprise, "Ah, we thought we killed him with the post. Very well, let's cut down the tree."

Then they got their axes, surrounded the tree, and began to cut. They worked until it was dark, but as they slept, the chips removed by the axes returned to the tree. The next day, when they returned to cut some more, they saw that the tree had repaired itself. So they began cutting again.

Now, there was a woman who left her baby with her husband while she went to the gardens. When he cried, his father gave him a wood chip to play with. The child played contentedly with the chip while the men worked cutting the tree. When it grew dark and everyone went home to sleep, the baby's father threw the chip into the fire. When they arose the next morning, they saw that the tree was whole again except for a hole where the burned wood chip had been. The people saw this, so the women brought firewood, and, as the men cut away the tree, they burned the chips. And so the tree fell.

While Titikolo was in the tree, he made a box called Karoro. Then he took a rope from Karoro and fastened it to a cloud. When the tree fell, he climbed the rope so that the tree fell empty Then he taunted them again, "So, you've killed Titikolo?"

The men threw stones and spears at him as he floated away to land on a small mountain called Susulu. He didn't stay on Susulu long, maybe a month, because the place was uninhabited. Instead he went to another hill named Koko, which is in the Kilenge interior, not far from the beach.

While he lived at Koko, the big-man of Ongaia, one of the Kilenge villages, said to his followers, "Men, let's go fishing. Then we'll cut ropes to tie up our pigs, so that we can give a feast." After they had gone on their canoes out to the reefs to fish, Namor came down to the village and played one of his tricks. He caused a light rain to fall and sheltered underneath a *balbal* tree. A wife of the big-man of Ongaia saw him sitting there and said, "Sir, come and sit here on my veranda." The roof over the veranda leaked, and he got wet, so the woman said, "Sir, the veranda leaks. You come in the house." He went inside and watched the woman preparing her oven to cook food.

"Lady, bring me some of your husband's lime, so that I can chew some areca nut."

"Wait, I want to prepare my oven first."

"That's all right. You can prepare your oven, but first bring me the lime so that I can chew areca nut." The woman insisted on completing her work first, then she went and lay down on her husbands bed. "All right, you can chew areca nut now."

"Lady, I don't know how to use this lime. You chew some, and let me watch you." So the woman chewed the areca nut. She took some betel pepper and placed it in her vagina, and then she put it in her mouth to chew. But the spittle was white, not red.

Then Namor took some lime made of powdered shell and put it in his mouth with an areca nut and some betel pepper and chewed, and his spittle was red. He explained, "Look, dear, this is how you chew areca nut, and this is how you do the other thing," and he made the gestures of copulation with his hands.

"All right," she said. "Show me what to do."

So the woman lay down, and Namor mounted her. He broke her hymen, and she began to bleed. When Namor got up, she cleaned up the blood with a leaf from the *balbal* tree and threw it into the ocean. The leaf drifted far out to sea to the large reef, and the sea gulls flocked around it. The big-man saw the gulls and said to the men paddling his canoe, "Boys, pull hard. Let's go where those birds are. They've found a school of fish." When they got there, however, they found only the *balbal*

leaf with the blood inside it. The big-man said, "This is from the *balbal* that grows by my house. Let's go. We've got enough fish."

As they went ashore, the boys and women came to get the catch, but the big-man's first wife did not appear. When he inquired about her, another wife replied that she was ill and sleeping in her house. He sent for her to come anyway and pulled his canoe out away from shore. When she lifted her skirts to wade out to it, he saw that her genitals were red with blood.

She took her share of the fish back to her house and made a fire, and her husband accompanied her, He sat on a mat on his bed and said to her, "Old woman, bring my lime. I want to chew some areca nut. I haven't had any all day." She replied, "After we build a fire and I put these fish on to cook." He insisted, however, so she lay down on the mat beside him so that he could chew areca nut. He looked between her legs and saw that she was bloody, and asked, "What have you done to my lime?"

At first she tried to lie to him saying, "A stick did that when I went to gather firewood." He persisted, however, until she confessed what had happened and offered to show him the new way to chew areca as well as the other things she had learned. But she insisted they must go inside the house first.

So they went inside and she lay down and told her husband to lie on top of her. She showed him what to do, and the two of them were busy for the rest of the afternoon. They were so busy that they forgot the fish they had placed on the fire to roast, and they were burned to a crisp.

That evening he struck the slit drum to call together his people, and when everyone had gathered, he said, "We are finished making rope now. Everyone tie up their pigs, because someone has used my lime (cuckolded me)."

They tied up their pigs and sent crotons to all the other villages as an invitation to the feast. When everyone had eaten and they had killed the pigs and were roasting pork to distribute, the big-man spoke. "Okay, while the pork cooks, let's go find the man who lives on that mountain. He has cuckolded me, and I want to kill him." They threw spears at him in an attempt to kill him, but they could not touch him. When he threw a spear at them, however, many (a hundred or maybe a thousand) fell.

There was a little orphan named Aisapel, who followed the men to the fight. They tried to drive him away, but the boy was determined, and when he saw his chance, he shot his sling and struck Namor in the face. Namor fell mortally wounded, and each of the men claimed that it was he who had killed him. In fact, it was the boy Aisapel who did it. Then they tied Namor onto a pole with a thorny vine and were carrying him, when his spirit left his body and stood before them. "Who are you carrying?" it inquired.

"This is Namor. He cuckolded the big-man of Ongaia, so we killed him and are carrying him back."

The spirit then said, "All right. Let's go along this road."

Namor was not really dead, and when they got to a river, he said, "I'm thirsty." He drank, and the others were also consumed with thirst, so that between them they drank the river dry all the way to Alingou ridge. Then they dug a grave across the ridge, but Manangunai (Sea Eagle) said to them, "Men, this was a great and powerful

man. You should bury him parallel to the ridge." So they did. Then Manangunai said, "Big-man, you sleep. After three days, you will rise and go to your father." After three days, he ordered, "Stones, move out of the way!" and the stones moved. Then he called him, "Big-man, arise." So he arose and went to his father, just as Manangunai had said.

THE STORY OF MORO

TOLD BY JAKOB MUA LAUPU OF KANDOKA, RECORDED APRIL 1967

This afternoon I'll tell the story of Moro. I've heard this story in several parts, so I've combined the segments that I know to make a complete story. There may be more episodes that the old men tell, but I only know the part that I'm about to recount.

There was a powerful man named Moro, who probably originated near the Mai Mountains. He left Mai and came to northwestern New Britain, where he settled on Kalimarime Island in the Kove area. This island was like a two-story house. Moro lived in the bottom part, while humans lived in the top. When the people who lived on the surface offered food to Moro, he refused, saying, "No, it's all right. You go ahead and eat without me." We cannot know whether he had a food supply of his own or whether he just didn't need to eat. He lived there for many years, until one day, for some reason, he decided to leave Kalimarime and go into the forest.

He went to live in a huge tree, the base of which sits in a hole that is big and round like a bomb crater. The tree sprouted from the hole and continued growing until it was very tall. This huge tree is still there today.

The tree was Moro's hiding place. Occasionally he would leave it and reveal himself to humans, hoping to seduce a woman to be his wife. Each time he tried this, the men of the community chased him with spears, and he returned to his tree to hide. After many years, his courtship was successful. The woman he seduced has many names, but I know her as Galiki. They married and the two of them came west down the coast to Denga, where they settled. Moro's wife gave birth to two sons. The older one was named Aikiukiu; the younger child's name was Aisapel. Moro made it a practice to visit villages where the people gave him shell money when he was ready to return home.

Now, Moro had a huge pig. One day some men in Mahua village near Denga decided to hold an *ololo,* a mortuary feast at which many pigs are killed. Moro's in-laws were among those who sponsored the *ololo,* and they sent word to him asking for his special pig for their *ololo.*

Moro replied, "Oh, so you'd like to include my pig? Very well, you may have him on the condition that, when he is killed, you cut off the head and return it to me, for me and my family." They agreed, and took it away for the ceremony.

They danced and sang until dawn. Then they grasped the hands of those who were to receive an animal. They did this until everyone had received his pig. Moro's pig went to Galiki's brothers, who butchered it.

The next morning Moro sent his wife with instructions to get the head of the pig and bring it to him. However, when she arrived, they told her, "We had just enough pigs for everyone. That pig was ours, and we've already butchered it and distributed it. There's none left." They found scraps from other pigs--a bit of leg from one, a leg from another, a piece of skin from still another, and the head from yet a different pig They gave these odds and ends to Moro's wife to take to him.

When she arrived home, Moro looked at what she had brought. "Hey, what's this? These are just scraps from other pigs. They distributed our large pig among themselves, but they didn't give you its head. Who's responsible for this?"

He was furious, but he didn't act immediately. He waited until the pork was cooked, and the longer he thought about it, the angrier he became. Finally, he grabbed his spear and went down to Mahua. When he got there, he asked the men, "Where is the head of my pig?"

They replied, "What? Why should we return the pig's head to you? We ate it ourselves!"

"On whose authority? I told you that the head of my pig was to be returned to me. Why did you keep it and eat it?"

Then they fought. We can't be certain, but it must have been that Moro no longer wanted to live and permitted the men to spear him. He fell, and they speared him again and again. So it was that Moro was killed! Then they sat and wondered, "What should we do with the body?" They discussed the problem for a while, until finally the big-man of the village said, "It's all right. I've got an idea. Put him up here on this stone." They lifted him so that he lay breast up, and they butchered him. They didn't use a knife or a piece of obsidian. Instead they removed a sliver from a piece of bamboo and sharpened it until it had a keen edge. They pierced his body with it and pulled, slicing him open and cutting out his liver. Then they covered it with leaves and placed it on the fire to cook.

Moro's ghost arose and returned to his men's house. There his blood spilled out and ran across the ground until it reached Denga, cutting a ditch, which became the course of Pisomasmasi Creek. The origin of this creek bed is the furrow cut by the flow of Moro's blood.

After a while, Moro's oldest son asked his mother, "Mama, when is Papa coming back?"

She replied, "Who knows? He must still be there. He hasn't come back yet." However, he would never return, for the men had already speared him.

Then Aikiukiu asked, "Mama, why did you two get meat, while I didn't get any? I'm really hungry for some pork. Go to your kinsmen and ask them for a little piece of pork for me to eat."

Moro's spirit heard this exchange. "So, my son asks for pork. All right, go and see your brothers and ask them to give you something for the child to eat."

Now the pork had all been distributed among the villages, so that there was none left. However, Galiki's kinsmen lied and told her that there was still some left. She said to them, "My oldest boy has been begging for pork, so I've come to ask you if you have a little that you might give me to take to him."

They answered, “There’s not much left; the pork’s almost all gone. But you can take this little bit here.” Now, the portion that they offered her wasn’t a small piece of meat. It was huge. And it wasn’t pork. It was Moro’s liver. She started home with it, but as she carried it down the trail, it began to disappear until, by the time she reached home, only a tiny portion was left inside the leaf wrapping. She put it down and said, “You were crying for pork, but they had none left except the liver. Here it is. You two boys divide it and eat it.”

The little boy, Aisapel, opened the wrapping and saw what was left. “Hey, Mama, there’s not much here. There’s just a little bit. Come and see.” His mother looked and said, “Oh, forget it, Son. You’re the youngest, so you do without. There’s not enough here for two. Give it to your brother.”

“Okay. He can have it.”

So the oldest boy ate his father’s liver. Before he’d finished his meal, his body had begun to change. His legs were no longer legs, but they joined and grew longer. The change crept upward along his body until he had assumed the true appearance of Moro from his breast and shoulders down. He had become a snake.

They carried him to the men’s house, but the building exploded. Moro’s eyes began gleaming like the beam of a spotlight, and he began crying for his liver. The mother realized what was happening and said to her sons, “Children, I think we’d better flee. This is the doing of a spirit. I think your father has been murdered, and this is his ghost. If we don’t escape, he’ll destroy us. Let’s go!”

The younger boy saw that his brother was no longer human and said to his mother, “Mama, maybe we should forget about him and leave him here. Let’s just the two of us go.”

His mother responded, “No, never! He’s my firstborn child. I can’t desert him. I must protect him.” Galiki put her older son (in a *tia* [coiled Lolo basket]) on her head, and, holding her younger child by the hand, she fled Mahua. They went along the north coast of West New Britain toward Bariai until they reached Iboki, where they stopped to listen. They heard the monster, who was no longer Moro, call out his new name, *“Atetegu”* (my liver). His liver, inside the boy’s belly, replied, “Huooah!”

When they reached Iboki, he called again, *“Atetegu!”* The boy, now at Lauvore, heard his father’s call, and they ran faster. They had passed Lauvore, Taveleai, and Ketenge, when once again they heard him calling, *“Atetegu!”* The thing in his son’s stomach answered each call, and they continued to flee. They passed Atiatu, Pureling, Karaiai, the mouth of Pilao Creek, Tamuniai, and Tamu, until they reached the mouth of the Eli River. There the older boy said, “Mama, let’s rest a while. Let’s stop so you can cook a bit of food for us to eat. We’re hungry.”

His mother replied, “If we waste time cooking, the spirit will devour us.”

“It’ll be all right. Put my brother and me down. We’ll wait here while you quickly cook some taro and greens. When we’ve had a good meal, we can go on.”

They had stopped on the far bank of the river’s mouth, when Moro called, *“Atetegu!”*

His liver heard him. “Huooah!”

He called, *“Aginigao. Ngalati”* (Wait for me. I’m coming).

They did not waste time, but quickly made a fire and cooked taro and greens. The food was done as Atetegu approached, and Galiki divided the taro between Aisapel and Aikiukiu. Then they waited for their father. When he reached the river, he called, "Hey! This water is deep. How'd you get across?"

The mother replied, "It's not deep. It's only up to my waist. Come on!" Then they waited while Atetegu entered the water. When he got as far as the middle of the river, he missed a step, lost his balance, and fell. When this happened, Aikiukiu threw a taro out past the mouth of the river into the sea and some greens upstream so that, as their father lost his balance, a crocodile came from the interior and a shark swam in from the ocean. The two of them picked Atetegu up and asked Aikiukiu, "What do you want done with this? Shall we turn it loose to accompany you, or what?"

Aikiukiu replied, "No, I don't want him. Kill him." So they tore him apart, and the pieces sank into the river.

They continued on a little farther, until finally Aikiukiu said, "Say, Mama, leave the two of us here while you go up onto that hill. There are parrots squawking and flying around up there. Go and look. Perhaps they're eating mangoes. If they are, some of the fruit may have fallen near the base of the tree. You can gather them for us to eat."

She left them while she climbed the hill. There she found a huge garden full of taro, sugarcane, and ripe bananas. She gathered just a little of the food, only three taro and a few ripe bananas, and took it down to her children. "Boys, you told me to go up there, and I found an enormous garden that belongs to someone. There must be a village near here. The garden is so large that there are entire patches of taro. It's huge. There are ripe bananas, sugarcane, and all kinds of food."

Aikiukiu replied, "Mama, of course! That's why I sent you. Why didn't you get plenty of food?"

"I would have got more if you had told me. As it was, I didn't understand, so this is all that I brought."

"Oh, that's all right, Mama. This is enough."

They cooked the taro, scraped it, and ate. Then they resumed their trek. They left Mait and passed Lulu, Kokopo, Gurisi, and finally rounded the point that marks the far boundary of Bariai. Then they reached Ulo Point and went along the curve of the bay. They continued down the coast until they reached Susulu. Then the older son said, "Let's stop here and wait while Mama investigates this hill. If it looks all right, we can go up to the top." She left the boys and climbed to the top of the hill, where she found good level ground. She returned and said, "Boys, it looks like an excellent spot. Let's go up there and the two of you can see how you like it."

As they started up the hill, Aikiukiu spoke. "When we get to the top, we'll look around and find a house made of permanent materials." Then there appeared a permanent house for Aisapel and their mother, and one some distance away for Aikiukiu. Aikiukiu said, "Mama, this is where I want to stay. There's a house for you and Aisapel over there, and there's another one for me. Put me in my house."

After a while, Aisapel began to wonder, "Mama, how can we live here? What are we going to eat?"

His brother overheard this and asked, “Mama, what did my brother say?”

“He just said, ‘We have houses to live in, but what are we going to eat this evening before we go to bed?’”

Aikiukiu replied, “Okay Go stand over there and look all around you.” His mother did so, and wherever she looked taro, bananas, sugarcane, and all other kinds of food appeared. The forest had become a huge garden.

This is how they lived. They ate, they slept, and they threw their food scraps about until the place began to stink. One day the younger son asked, “Mama, what are we going to do about all these rotting food scraps lying around here? We need something to help us get rid of them. If we had some pigs, they’d eat the scraps and keep the place clean.”

His brother overheard him and he asked, “Mama, what did my brother say?”

“He just commented that we need something to help us get rid of all these food scraps that are lying about the place. He said that if we had some pigs, they would eat our garbage.”

“Oh, all right. Take a clam shell and hit it.”

His mother struck a clam shell, and all kinds and colors of pigs appeared: white ones, black ones, red ones, big ones, and little ones. They kept coming until the place was full of pigs.

They lived contentedly for a while, until one day the younger brother said to his mother, “We have pigs to help us eat our scraps, and the place is now nice and clean. But I’d like to have something to awaken us at dawn. We sleep too late. What could we find to wake us at sunrise?”

Aikiukiu asked, “What did Aisapel say?”

“Your brother said, ‘We sleep much too long. We need something to awaken us at dawn.’ He’s wishing for something to tell us when it is morning.”

“All right. Scrape some coconuts and then throw them away.” She did so, and when she threw away the coconut scrapings, chickens appeared until the place was full of them. And so they lived without working for their food.

One day Aikiukiu said to his mother, “Mama, I want to call for a Bariai woman to come and be my wife.” So she sent word to Bariai and a woman came, and the two of them were married. I don’t know her name, but she was a good woman and was satisfied to know her husband’s brother, Aisapel. She respected her husbands wish to remain hidden, and she never saw his face. Instead she talked with him through the walls of his men’s house. She heeded the warning given by the boys’ mother: “You have come here to be married, but you must remain out here with me and never try to see your husband, for he must hide. You understand that it is through his power that we have all these things.”

She replied, “Okay, Mama. I’ve married your son and I’ve heard your warning. I understand. I’ll leave him alone.”

They lived in this way until one day Aikiukiu again said to his mother, “Mama, there’s only one woman here, and that’s not quite right. I want one more wife. I’d like you to summon a wife for me from the people of Lolo.”

She sent word to the Lolo people of the interior, and they sent a girl whose name

was Aveta to come and be his second wife. After they were married, Aveta was not satisfied with things as they stood. She wanted to know whom she had married. "Why did they send for me to come and be married? And to whom?"

As time passed, her curiosity grew She saw the good life that they led, and she knew that they had food without having to work for it. She realized that whatever they wished for came to pass, but she was so obsessed with her desire to see the man she had married that she wasn't satisfied with all the good things she had. Her mother-in-law warned her. "I know that you are curious about your husband and that you are constantly sneaking around trying to see him. I warn you! My son must remain in his men's house. We can only follow his instructions and hear his voice. Be content to stay outside, and do not try to see him. Follow the good example set by his first wife, the woman from Bariai. She doesn't act the way you do. She is satisfied with her lot. Why can't you be content instead of being restless and intrusive? Stop it! You may not see my son. He must stay hidden away in his house."

But Aveta gave no response.

One day Aikiukiu had an idea. "Mama, where is my brother, Aisapel?"

"He's here."

"Tell him to come to me."

Aisapel sat down near the door so that his brother could talk with him. "Look, my brother. We left our father and came here to live a long time ago. We're here a long way from home, and I've married two women. Why haven't we done anything to make a name for ourselves?"

Aisapel replied, "You're the oldest. You make the plans and give me instructions, and I'll do as you say."

"Okay, I'll tell you what. Tomorrow the women will prepare food for you and put it on the canoe. The next day, you go to Kove and Volupai to get pigs so that we can give a mortuary feast."

Aisapel agreed and said to his mother, "My older brother has told me of his plans. Today you and his wives are to gather food and cook it for me. Tomorrow it will go on the canoe, and I'll retrace our journey here in order to find some pigs."

"Oh, all right."

She spoke to her daughters-in-law, and they gathered food and cooked it all night. The next morning they put it on the canoe while Aisapel loaded paddles and poles.

The first place he stopped was Alaido, where he left a pole. At Mereka he left a paddle, at Namaramanga a pole, at Babat a paddle, at Mangaro a pole, at Kokopo a paddle, and at Gurisi a pole. In this way he made his way eastward down the coast. Finally he arrived at Bulu, where the people asked, "What have you come for?'

"I've come on behalf of my brother and myself. We want to sponsor a feast, and he has sent me to gather pigs."

"Oh, all right. You stay with us tomorrow, and the day after you can leave to go back."

The next morning they told him, "Let's make a box on the bed of your canoe." That day they cut limbs and made a box to fasten on the canoe platform. The next morning they caught and tied up two pigs while the women prepared food for his

trip. The following day they loaded the food on the canoe and put the two pigs inside the box, and he left on his return journey.

As he traveled west down the coast, he pulled in to each place where he had left either a pole or a paddle. At each place he received a pig together with the thing he had left. He stopped at each Kove village, and then he came to Maningamatai, just this side of Iboki. There he pulled ashore and found water for the pigs. He left after he had watered them, but he had gone only a short way when he heard an explosion coming from his brother. "Oh, what can that be?" He heard a second explosion and began to hurry, poling his canoe as rapidly as possible. He went ashore at Lauvore, and there he broke open the pig box and turned out the pigs, which ran off into the bush. Then he hurried on.

Meanwhile, at home, Aikiukiu's mother and two wives had gone to cultivate taro. The mother and the Bariai wife carried their hoes, but Aveta deliberately left hers behind. When they were nearly to the gardens, Aveta said to the other two, "Say, wait for me while I go back and get my hoe."

The old woman responded, "No, you must not go back. You can use mine to cultivate your taro."

"No, I must get my own."

The other wife supported her mother-in-law. "No, you mustn't go. These two hoes are enough for the three of us. We can take turns using them. After I've worked for a while we can change and you can use it."

The women argued with Aveta, but she prevailed. The two women waited while she ran back to the settlement. It was her actions that caused Aikiukiu's explosion.

When she got home, she called, "Aikiukiu, where are you?"

He responded, "Why do you want to know?"

"I want to take a look at you."

"Why do you want to see me?"

"Because I do! We are married, after all! Married people surely are allowed to see and know one another. Why did you bring me here, supposedly to be married, and then not let me see you for so many months? I have been here for months, but I am married in name only. I have never even seen you."

"My mother has already warned you about this. Why are you so willful that you insist on seeing me?"

She answered, "I'm tired of all this talk," and she opened the first door to the men's house. When she opened the second one, he told her, "Go back! You mustn't open these doors." She ignored his warning and opened the third door. Again he warned her, "I'm telling you. Go back! Why are you so obstinate?" She didn't reply, but opened doors four and five. Aikiukiu spoke again, "That's enough! Stop there! Leave me alone!"

"No! I intend to take a look at you."

She opened doors six and seven, and Aikiukiu said again, "I'm warning you. If you insist on this, you're in danger."

She opened eight, then nine, and only door number ten remained. He gave her his last warning. "Aveta, that's enough! If you go through with this, you'll die!"

She retorted, “I’m not afraid of you. There’s no rule of marriage that’s like that.” As she opened the final door, Aikiukiu raised his tail and--bang!--he killed her. The force of the blast tore apart the house, and part of it was thrown out to sea. Aisapel heard the noise and hurried home. His mother and the Bariai wife also heard and ran down the path. Aikiukiu waited for his brother. his tail in the water and his head up. When Aisapel reached the shore, he ran to his brother. “Brother, why are you deserting me?”

“I’m waiting for you.” Aikiukiu commanded, “You climb up.” Aisapel did so, and the two of them turned and went into the sea.

As they left the cove, their mother and the first wife arrived. Their mother called to them, “My sons, why are you leaving me?”

“You can’t come. You must stay here. Just the two of us are going.” Their mother began to weep, but to no avail. She and Aikiukiu’s first wife remained behind, and Aveta was turned into stone.

When they reached Kilenge, they went ashore on an islet named Kulukulu. This islet had no soil, but was made entirely of stone.

Now there was a Kilenge canoe that had gone on a voyage to Siassi. On the way back, it was caught in a cyclone and tom to pieces. Everyone was drowned except two men named Aikiukiu and Aisapel. These two were washed by the tide to Kulukulu. They swam around the island without finding anywhere they could come ashore. Aikiukiu was in his house, but Aisapel had gone for a walk. He looked down and saw the two men drifting in the sea, so he called to them. “Hoy! What are you two doing there?”

The man named Aikiukiu answered, “We were returning from Siassi when we were lost at sea. A cyclone tore apart our canoe and tossed us overboard. We don’t know what happened to our companions. Only the two of us were washed here by the currents.”

“I see. Wait here for a minute.”

He ran to tell his brother. “Aikiukiu! Two men have been washed to our little island. They’re drifting offshore.”

“Oh! Well, show them how to come ashore.”

He returned to the two men and told them, “Swim this way.” They did as he instructed and found a little sandy beach. After they waded ashore, Aikiukiu asked them, “What happened to you?”

They replied, “There were a number of us who had taken a large canoe to Siassi. We were on our way back when a cyclone hit us out at sea. It sank our canoe, and everyone went down with it. We don’t know what became of the others, but they’ve probably all been eaten by fish. We were the only two to survive, and we drifted until we came ashore here.”

“I’m so sorry. But it’s okay. You can stay here with us. Later we’ll find a way for you to get home.”

That afternoon Aisapel asked, “What are your names?”

“My name is Aikiukiu and this is Aisapel.”

"Really? Your names are the same as ours. You see, we're brothers. Aikiukiu is in his house, and my name is Aisapel."

"That's wonderful! The four of us share names, and we're companions on our little island."

The day passed and they slept that night. The next morning they were sitting around talking, when one of the newcomers asked, "Say, Aisapel. What is there to drink?"

Aisapel went to his brother and said, "Aikiukiu, these poor fellows are dying of thirst. They need water."

"Okay, don't worry, The three of you go find some coconut palms. Climb them and get some coconuts to drink and some to bring back with you."

Aisapel led them on a search to find a coconut palm. Then he sent his namesake to climb the tree while the other two waited on the ground. The human Aisapel climbed the palm and threw down some nuts, one, two, then three. He had dropped the third one when he happened to look toward Kilenge and saw smoke from the cooking fires. There was no wind and the air was clear, and as he looked, he could see the Kilenge villages. Sorrow overcame him as he watched the smoke, and he began to cry, for he thought of his family. His tears fell and hit Aisapel's shoulder. Aisapel put his tongue to the moisture and asked, "Are you crying?"

He replied, "No, I'm not crying."

"Yes, I think you are crying."

The two men argued until the Aisapel up in the tree admitted it. "I'm sorry, Brother, I'll tell the truth. I looked out and the sea is so smooth that I could see Kilenge clearly. I saw the smoke from the cooking fires of our home, and I thought of my children and their mother. So I wept."

"There, there. Never mind. Come on down." He climbed down and Aisapel husked the coconuts and divided them between Aisapel, Aikiukiu, and himself. The Kilenge men asked, "If we drink these coconuts, what will we take to Aikiukiu?"

"Don't worry about it. He was concerned for the three of us. He won't want any. Don't worry about him."

When they had finished drinking, they returned to the house, and Aisapel went to talk to his brother. "Brother, when we went to get a drink today, Aikiukiu and I waited while Aisapel climbed up a coconut palm. He saw his home from up there and he wept. I insisted that he come down, and I noticed that Aikiukiu's eyes looked sad too. They're both homesick and want to go home."

"Oh, that won't be hard to arrange. Tell them that they can go home tomorrow." He told them the news, and they responded, "But we don't have a canoe."

"No matter. You'll still leave tomorrow."

Early the next morning, a huge pile of food appeared from nowhere and a big canoe washed up onto the beach. Aikiukiu said, "All right, Aisapel. Give them their canoe and let them go home."

Aisapel informed them, "Here's your canoe. Your food is already aboard. It's time for you to go."

He led them to the beach, and when they were on board, he said, "Wait just a minute." Then Aikiukiu said, "Aisapel, get two *pisopiso* (a kind of cane that grows in clumps). Lash one to the prow of their canoe and one to the stem. Then instruct them as follows: 'When you go ashore, take good care of these plants. Take them with you, so that when the people come to pull the canoe ashore. they'll be safe.'"

Aisapel fastened the two plants onto the canoe and instructed them: "Aikiukiu, take care of the one on the prow of the canoe. Aisapel, you are responsible for the one on the stem. When you reach land, Aikiukiu, you remove yours and, Aisapel, you get yours. When your friends come, they'll be safe in your hands. When everyone comes to greet you and make a fuss over you and ask about your adventures, you'll be holding them and won't forget them. Then you'll have them to use on your canoes. That's all I have to tell you. Now just sit down on the bed of the canoe, and it will run by itself."

So the two men sat down on the bed of the canoe, and it began speeding over the water. It traveled quickly, and soon they were nearly to Kilenge. People there saw them coming and ran to the beach saying, "Hey! Where's that big canoe going? It certainly is moving fast." As it came closer, they recognized Aikiukiu and Aisapel. "Remember our friends that went to Siassi? Here are two of them returning. But where are the others? Is that them, or are they from somewhere else?"

"No, that's Aikiukiu in front and Aisapel in the rear."

As they came closer, the people could see that there were indeed just two of them. When they reached shore, the people clung to them, weeping and laughing, and the two men forgot about their *pisopiso.* The people held onto them and pulled them out of the canoe, and in the confusion they neglected to pull the prow of the canoe up onto the beach. The waves tugged at it and worked it loose from the beach. So the canoe drifted out to sea. Then the two plants fell over and worked loose from the canoe.

Finally, the two men remembered, and one said to the other, "Aisapel, those two things of ours! What happened to them?"

"Oh, no! That's right!" They ran to see, but it was too late. The canoe had drifted out to sea, and the two plants had fallen into the water and floated away. They tried in vain to reach them, but the wind blew the plants out of their reach. They waded out until they could no longer touch bottom and they had to swim, but still they couldn't get them.

A strong wind blew the plants back to Kulukulu. Aisapel saw them and exclaimed, "What happened that you two came back?"

"Papa, those men did not appreciate us. They left us behind while their friends rejoiced over them. We waited and waited but they didn't come, so we've returned."

Aisapel went to Aikiukiu. "The two plants have come back."

"What happened?"

"They say that no one remembered to get them. They waited and waited, and finally they ran away."

"All right. Bring them to me."

So the two brothers left the Siassi Islands and Papua New Guinea and headed for

America, the land of white-skinned people. There they found an orphan (perhaps he never had parents but just appeared one day). He had seduced the daughter of a big-man of America, so the people had driven him away and he was living in exile in the forest. He had cleared a path through the brush to the beach, where he found his only source of food, crocodiles.

As Aikiukiu and his brother came closer to the American, Aikiukiu said, "All right now, we've tried the different people of Papua New Guinea, and none of them respected us. Let's see how this man treats us. I'll stay here while you go and tell him about me. If he will accept me, come and get me."

So while Aikiukiu waited, Aisapel turned himself into a crocodile and swam into the bay He climbed up onto the beach and lay on the sand as though he were asleep. When the American saw the crocodile sleeping there on the sand, he crept back to his camp to get his axe. Then, looking carefully from side to side, he returned to kill it. But when he got close to where the crocodile had been, he found nothing. He searched for it, but Aisapel had turned himself back into a man and was hiding. Finally, as the American continued to search, Aisapel asked, "Brother, whom are you looking for?"

"I'm not looking for anyone. I'm looking for some game I saw sleeping here. I've brought my axe to kill it, but I don't know where it went."

"Well, Brother, that was me. Just me."

"What? Good grief! You? Where are you from?"

"Oh, my dear brother, I'm from Papua New Guinea. I've come a long way, and here I found you."

The American inquired, "Is there someone with you, or did you come alone?"

"No, my brother's with me."

"Where is your brother?"

"He's over there."

"What are your plans now? What are you going to do? Will you stay with me, or are you going somewhere else?"

Aisapel replied, "No. We've come from Papua New Guinea in search of a place that will accept both of us and let us stay. We've not yet found such a place, and so we've come here."

"Oh, that's too bad! Look, I'm alone here. Go and get your brother, and the three of us will live together."

"That's very kind of you, Brother, but I must tell you something. My brother isn't like us. He's quite different."

"How so? What's he like?"

"Well, he looks different."

"What does he look like?"

"Like a snake. The bottom part of him is like a snake, and the top part is human."

"Oh, that's all right. Go and get him, and let me take a look at him."

"Okay, stay here while I go get him."

When they got back, Aisapel said, "This is my brother." The American took Aikiukiu's tail and kissed it. Then he lifted his middle and kissed it. Then Aikiukiu

said, "All right, stand up." Aikiukiu coiled around him until he could lay his head on the American's shoulder and put his tongue in his mouth. The American said, "Very good. Don't think that I'm afraid of you. I like you." Then Aikiukiu released him and turned into a man, and the three of them lived together.

One day Aisapel asked, "Brother, do you really trust us?"

The American replied, "I do. I want the three of us to live here together." A little later Aisapel spoke again. "My brother wants to do something to you."

"What does he want to do?"

Aikiukiu brought out a knife and said, "I want to cut you."

The American responded, "Go ahead. You may cut me." He stood quietly while Aikiukiu slit his throat. His head was severed and fell from his body, and the blood poured out. When it was finished, the head rejoined the body and the American was whole again. Then Aikiukiu said, "That's all. You've passed every test. I'm very grateful. We are truly companions now."

One day Aikiukiu said, "I think I'll give you something that you can use in your big villages. You take it to the other Americans and ask them if they would like it. If they would, call the adults and children together and teach them all."

So he instructed him, and when he had finished, the two brothers waited while the American took the gift to his people. When his fellow countrymen saw him coming, they said, "Oh-oh! That man who ran away before has come back." Some of them hated him and wanted to kill him, but the big-men said, "No, don't kill him. What's done is past. He's one of us, and he has come to tell us about something. If we want to try it, he will teach us how."

He told them, " I learned about schools in the forest. I'd like to try them here and see if you think that they are a good thing." Their response was to bring together all of the children of America and to build a school, where they were given the first education. From the first school in America, the knowledge spread until everyone knew about it. Everyone agreed, "This is excellent. Where did you get the idea?"

He answered, "I'll tell you everything later."

For a year or two he waited while the idea of education spread. Then he told them, "This powerful thing that I brought you was taught to me by two men from Papua New Guinea who must remain hidden. You must follow their teachings."

So it was that schools were established in America. At first there were only a few, but the knowledge spread from one group to another, from America to Germany and England, and then to all countries. The schools that white people have came originally from us. We were the source of knowledge, which we gave you. You built many fine schools and brought the idea of schools and education back to us. Unfortunately, that's all of the story I know.

MORO AND GURA

TOLD BY SUKSUK LUKAS OF BOLO, RECORDED 1975

Once our ancestors lived in a place called Giu. One day, all the men went hunting while the women stayed in the village to cook food. While the women were alone in

the village, Moro came into the area, walking along a mountain ridge. As he stood looking down on the village, it began to rain, and the wind blew away the thatch on the roofs of the old houses. One woman named Galue climbed up on her roof to fasten down the thatch. As Moro watched, the wind lifted her fiber skirt so that he could see her body. So he approached the village.

While the women prepared the taro and other food for baking in the stone oven, Galue went to get some leaf coverings. As she broke the leaves, Moro stealthily approached, so that when she had finished gathering her leaves, he was close by. Then he turned himself into a *kapul*, a "tree wallaby."

The woman smelled the animal. Looking around, she saw him on the limb of a nearby tree, but when she broke the limb he sat on, he disappeared. "Where did it go?" she wondered. She searched without success but then looked up to see a man watching her. "What are you looking for?" he asked. She explained that she had seen a tree wallaby, but the creature had disappeared when she broke the limb it sat on. "That was me!" he told her. He had tricked the woman because he had seen her body and he desired her. When he told Galue of his desire, she refused him, and he said, "Don't you know who I am? I'm Moro. I'm a *pura*, a 'powerful spirit.' When I speak, you obey. What do you mean, you don't want to?" Then he turned Galue into a tree, and she trembled with fear. He let her stand there for a while, so that she would understand what he could do to her. Then he turned her into a woman again and warned her, "If you refuse me, I'll do it again." This time she agreed, and they copulated. When they had finished, he said to her, "You get your leaves and cook your food. I'll go home now, but in four days, you return here and I'll come for you."

"If you take me, what will my husband do?"

"Forget him. I want you and I'll have you."

Galue collected her leaves and went to cook her food, and Moro returned to his home. She spent four nights weeping with dread of his return. Every afternoon she mourned, and when the others asked her, "What's the matter? Why are you crying?" she responded, "I'm weeping for my husband."

After the four days had passed and it was time for him to come, all the women went to plant taro. Everyone went but Galue, who told her friends, "I'm going to gather firewood first." When her companions had left, she saw Moro coming and wondered, "What's going to happen now?"

"I've come to get you. Let's go."

So Galue was compelled against her will to go. Before they left, she collected her fiber skirts and red croton leaves. She insisted that Moro go first, and as she followed him, she dropped bits of her skirts so there would be a trail for the others.

When they reached the Vanu, Moro changed the course of the river by lifting its bed so that it fell in a waterfall as high as a coconut tree. Galue had dropped pieces of her skirts until they reached the Vanu, but now the waterfall blocked those who might follow them. In despair she tossed her skirts into the water, and they floated downstream.

When the women returned to the village, they saw the bits of Galue's skirts and wondered where she had gone and why she had thrown them into the water. One woman said, "She told me that she was crying because a man was coming for her. I

think he has taken her away." The others agreed, and they followed her trail until they reached the waterfall, where they could go no farther.

Moro took Galue as his wife, and they went to live on Vulu Mountain on the Talasea Peninsula [see Introduction above, Map 1]. Moro took snake form and lived in a men's house apart from Galue, so when she became pregnant, she had to go to Moro's house to tell him. When it was nearly time for the child's birth, she began to weep. When Moro asked her why, she said, "I'll soon give birth to this child."

"What do you want to do?"

"I want to go back to my village. I want to have my child at home."

"All right then, go home to your kinsmen."

So Galue went home to Giu and told the people there, "It's me. After you left, Moro came for me. We are married, and I am pregnant by him. I've come home to have my baby."

"What do you want to do now?"

"I want to go to Etiklau, where my family is."

"All right. Go to your kinsmen."

So she went to stay with her relatives in Etiklau until the child was born. This man of magic, Moro, saw that his wife had given birth to their child, so he went to get them. When Moro arrived, he asked her, 'What is the child's name?"

"Ai, I've not given him a name yet."

"My son's name is Gura."

The next morning they arose and returned to their home on the mountain. If we look hard we can see where they lived, at least that's what my grandfathers told me. They lived there until Gura was about six years old, old enough to play at spearing fish and such.

It was at this time that Galue's kinsmen began to confine their pigs in preparation for a big feast. Galue saw that her kinsmen were tying pigs underneath their houses and planning a celebration. She heard them say, "Tomorrow we'll have our festival and kill these pigs." When she realized that the feast would be the following day, she said to Gura, who was playing nearby, "Eh, you've grown up, but you don't want to go to visit my relatives. They are tying up pigs for a big feast. You are big, but you don't care to visit them so that they'll give you some pork to bring here for us to eat."

The child heard her and said, "Mama, what did you say? What did you say, Mama?"

"No, nothing. I said, 'What are you playing? That's all."

"No, I heard you. That's not what you said. What did you say?"

"No, that's all I said."

"No, what did you say about my going to see my relatives, your kinsmen?"

"I only said, 'You are big now. You should go see your kinsmen. Tomorrow they are killing pigs for a feast.' "

"Ah, so that's what you said."

They slept that night, and the next morning Gura put on a barkcloth loin covering. He went to bed a child, but the next morning he was a grown man. So he put on a loin cloth, and he started out. He traveled down the Talasea Peninsula and came

west until he got to the Aria River. He stood up straight like a tree and walked on the water across the big river. In Kaliai he found that everyone had left for the celebration but a woman and a man who was crippled with sores on his leg. The sores were gangrenous, and the man, near death, slept in the men's house.

The woman had carried her child, who was about two years old, to the gardens, where she made a bed for him. She placed him on the bed while she cultivated her taro with a baler-shell hoe that we call an *oli.* She had been working a long time when the child became hungry and began to cry. As Gura came down the trail, he saw the woman working and asked her, "Why is the child crying? Go see about your baby." She did, and he said, "Tell me. Why is the child crying?"

"It's nothing. He's crying because he's tired of waiting while I work. That's all."

"That's not so. He's hungry."

Now, the taro was just newly planted and still small, but he said, "Go on. Pull up a taro and cook it for the child to eat." The woman laughed at him, "Hey, this taro isn't ready to eat."

"You're wrong. It's ready. Pull some up and see." So the woman pulled up a taro, and it was as large as the base of a coconut palm. "You see. You thought I was teasing you. Cook it for the child to eat. I want to know where all the men went."

"They've all gone to the feast."

"Ah, who's here in the village?"

"Only one crippled man. He has a gangrenous, rotten sore that has nearly eaten through his leg. He's dying, and he's sleeping in the men's house."

"All right. Cook this taro for the child to eat. I'm going to follow the other men."

Then he saw a banana plant that had newly formed fruit on it. "See this banana? When I come back, its fruit will be ripe and I'll eat it. You stay here and weed your taro while the child eats. Then go back to the village. I'm leaving now."

Gura went into the village carrying a shield for the *murmur* or *apotongo* dance. The village was laid out so that the houses were lined up on either side of a central plaza with the men's house in the center. He looked inside the men's house and called out, "Who's sleeping in here, eh? Come on. Let's go."

"Everyone else has gone. I'm the only one here, and I'm lame."

"You're lame? I'll come inside and see." He entered the men's house and saw that the sore had nearly eaten through the man's leg and that he was near death. "Ah, so your leg isn't any good, eh? Go on, get your spear. It's standing over there, and here's your shield. This one's mine. Let's take our spears and shields and follow the other men. Go on. Get up! Get up! Go on and stand up." The man did as he was told. As he stood, the sore was gone and he was healthy again. "You see. You thought I was trying to trick you. Get your spear, put on your loin covering, and let's go."

So the man wrapped his loin cloth around him (this was the costume of our ancestors, a loin covering of barkcloth) and picked up his spear and shield. Then Gura said, "I told you what to do, and you followed my instructions. So you are healed. Let's go now." So the two of them followed the other men.

The village where the feast was being held was organized so that one row of houses had their backs to a river, while the facing line of houses was backed up to the

forest on the other side. Gura and his companion stopped on the edge of the village near the river and watched while the people danced and sang through the night. When morning came, they speared the pigs. Then Gura and his companion entered the village. All the others had finished dancing and were sleeping when the two of them came stamping the ground. As everyone slept, the two young men ran into the village, Gura carrying his spear and shield and pounding the ground as he ran. As he ran, the ground began to shake. Moro's son's steps caused an earthquake that shook the ground so that the houses of the village trembled. One man ran out shouting, "What's happening? Look! Gura has come. Our sister's son has come. Gura is here."

"Ah, it's so. Let's go see him."

His mother's relatives, the ones who were sponsoring the feast, came to greet him. "Ah, kinsman. You have just arrived, eh? Ah, sister's son, you come and the earth shakes and the ground wants to break open." This is how they greeted each other. When they had finished, they all entered the village together. Gura decorated his eyes with lime powder and then, carrying his spear, he and his companion with the sore entered the village dancing and stamping until the earth shook. The other villagers didn't realize who Gura was, and they asked, "Who is this man? Where is he from?"

His mothers relatives said, "Sisters child, come here and we'll distribute the pork now." Then they distributed many pigs until some had been given to all the villages and everyone had a share. The distribution took until evening. Then everyone took their pork and started home. When everyone had left, his relatives said to Gura, "Oh, sister's child, the others have taken their pork and gone, but you can't go yet. You haven't received your share. You wait. While we are sleeping, the women will cook your pork. Tomorrow it will be ready and you can go."

He agreed, and while he slept, the women cooked pork and taro for him. The next morning he called to his companion, "Come and stand here by me." They brought his food and placed it on a platform they had constructed for the purpose. When they had finished, the heap of food was as tall as a man. Gura took a small portion of pork and ate it with some taro, and then he slept again. The next morning he said to his companion, "My friend, you come and carry the pork." Then Gura put a small piece of meat together with a bit of skin and a covering for the meat and placed it inside a little basket. His companion took the basket and they began walking, leaving most of the meat on the platform. As they walked, Gura ate a jackfruit and planted the seeds from which the trees you see standing now were grown.

Recall they had taken only a little of the pork and had left most of it on the platform of the village. When they reached the lame man's village, Gura said, "Brother, take our pork and put it down there." They placed the little basket on the boy's bed, and it was covered with meat. Then Gura said, "I'm going to get my bananas." He found the woman and said, "Go cut the bananas that I pointed out to you yesterday. They are ripe now. Go cut them and bring them here, so I can eat them."

"Ai, they're still immature."

"No, I've worked [magic] on them." The woman believed him, and when she went to cut the fruit, she found that they were completely ripe. She cut a bunch and

returned with it. “You see. Did you think I was fooling you?” When he had eaten his fill, he said, “The rest are yours. You and the child eat them.” Then he said to his companion, “This pork is yours. I’ll take a little for myself.” He took a small portion and left a heaping pile of meat on the bed. “You stay here. I’m going now.”

Then he went to the Aria River, where he bathed. However, he neglected to wash under his eyes, so that a little of the lime powder that he had used for decoration remained.

As he neared his mother’s home, the chickens saw him and began clucking. “Who has alarmed the chickens?” his mother asked. “My son has gone to see my brothers and he hasn’t returned yet.” She looked and saw her son coming with some pork. He threw the tiny portion he carried down on her cooking platform and went into his men’s house, for he and Moro each had a men’s house, while Galue had a house of her own. As he threw the pork down, he said, “Hey, Mama. I put something on the platform.” She went to look and saw that the platform was covered with meat. Delighted, she gathered firewood and kindled a fire in her cook house, then she placed the meat in the stone oven. After she had put it in the oven, she went to get taro to cook with the pork.

Moro asked Galue, “Where has our son been?”

“He’s just sleeping in his men’s house.”

Moro entered the men’s house and saw the powder that Gura had left under his eyes. “You are of the lineage of Moro. You are a spirit, a *pura* (*pura* is what we call white people in Anêm), and we can’t go wherever we please. We must stay here. Why did you go to your mothers people? You deceived me and went to the ceremony and brought back the pork that your mother is cooking here. You knew that we cannot visit among men.”

Then, because he was angry with his wife and son, he turned Gura into a snake and transformed Galue into a crab. She still comes to us. When I was a child, if a crab came into our village, the elders would say, “Galue has come. Tie up a pig for her.” Then we would tie up a pig and place Sio pots, Siassi wooden bowls, pandanus mats, dogs, and pork before her. She would sleep with her mouth on our offerings, because she is our kinswoman who was turned into a crab. This story tells how that happened.

NOTES

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1. See Waiko 1981 on the people of Oro Province, PNG.

2. See Mai 1981 on oral narrative and the “time of darkness” in Enga Province, PNG.

3. The reason for this is discussed at length in Counts 1980a.

4. As Stephen suggests is true throughout Melanesia (1987), Lusi-Kaliai are ambivalent about sorcerers. Sorcerers are masters of life and death, they enslave the spirits of suicides, and they control the magical nonempirical world. However, they also may use their power to support the moral order, and they provide others an option to overt physical violence if they want revenge. They permit people the opportunity to express feelings secretly and to take actions that, if publicly acknowledged, would destroy social harmony.

5. The Sio categories of *taparinga* and *usi* described by Harding and Clark (see their note 1) overlap the Kaliai categories. As I understand it. Sio *taparinga* have characteristics of Lusi-Kaliai *nasinga* and *pelunga,* while the Sio *usi* shares characteristics with Kaliai *pelunga* and *ninipunga.* See Counts 1982:162-163 for a detailed discussion of the distinguishing characteristics of *ninipunga.*

6. See Thurston, this volume, for ethnographic information about the Anêm.

7. The story of Aikiukiu and Aisapel is a separate story on Mandok and not related to Namor at all (Pomponio, pers. com., 1990).

8. See my analysis of the myth of Akro and Gagandewa in Counts 1980a for an elaboration of this point.

9. In egalitarian Melanesian societies, a big-man is a leader who attracts followers and achieves renown as a result of a dominant personality, political astuteness, and conspicuous generosity. He may also be a war leader and/or a feared sorcerer.

10. On Mandok, Moro is a snake who lives apart (Pomponio, pers. com., 1990).

11. See Counts and Counts 1974 for an account of such a divination.

12. The term *antu* is not equivalent to the Christian concept of "God." There is a term that is used to refer to a powerful creator being, but this deity is not a figure in any myth of which I have knowledge and was mentioned by only one informant, who said he was told about it by his father.

13. Humans have two spirit aspects: the *ainunu* (shadow, reflection, or dream) and the *tautau* (the individual's essence, personality, will). One of these aspects can be separated from the person's body by a ghost or mischievous spirit, and, unless the problem is properly diagnosed and the spirit-aspect returned, the person will die.

14. Kahn points out the importance of stones in Melanesia as physical monuments that serve as visual reminders of mythical characters and their actions, and as details of knowledge and records of past events. In Melanesia, she observes, the past is primarily marked by objects on the ground, and "the intellectual emphasis is on how an event is anchored to a physical and visible form in the landscape" (Kahn 1990:61).

15. This theme, also in the story of Aragas, is found throughout the Pacific: among the Arapesh, the Kiwai, and the Bilibili; in the Solomons, Malaita, and San Cristobal; and as a motif found in stories about the Micronesian trickster Olifat (Poignant 1967:76, 98-99).

16. Compare with the Bariai account of the activities of Moro's wife Rimitnga Pelarei in McPherson, this volume.

17. Lusi-Kaliai consider qualities associated with the body--such as heat and smell--to be substantial. The smell of sexual congress can cause illness. A sorcerer can collect residual body heat from a bench where a person has been sitting and use it to ensorcel that individual.

18. Variations on this theme are widely found in the Madang-West New Britain-Siassi area. See Thurston and McPherson, this volume; Pomponio 1992:32; and Lawrence 1964:22.

19. This site is a rock shelter that lies above the river and is associated with a large, flat stone and cliff face that are incised with petroglyphs. The site lies on ground belonging to Anêm-speaking people. Lukas Suksuk was a member of this group.

20. A coiled basket made by the Lolo people, who live in the interior of the Kilenge area of West New Britain on the slopes of Mt. Talawe. It is called a *tia* in Lusi-Kaliai, a *natika* in the Kilenge language.