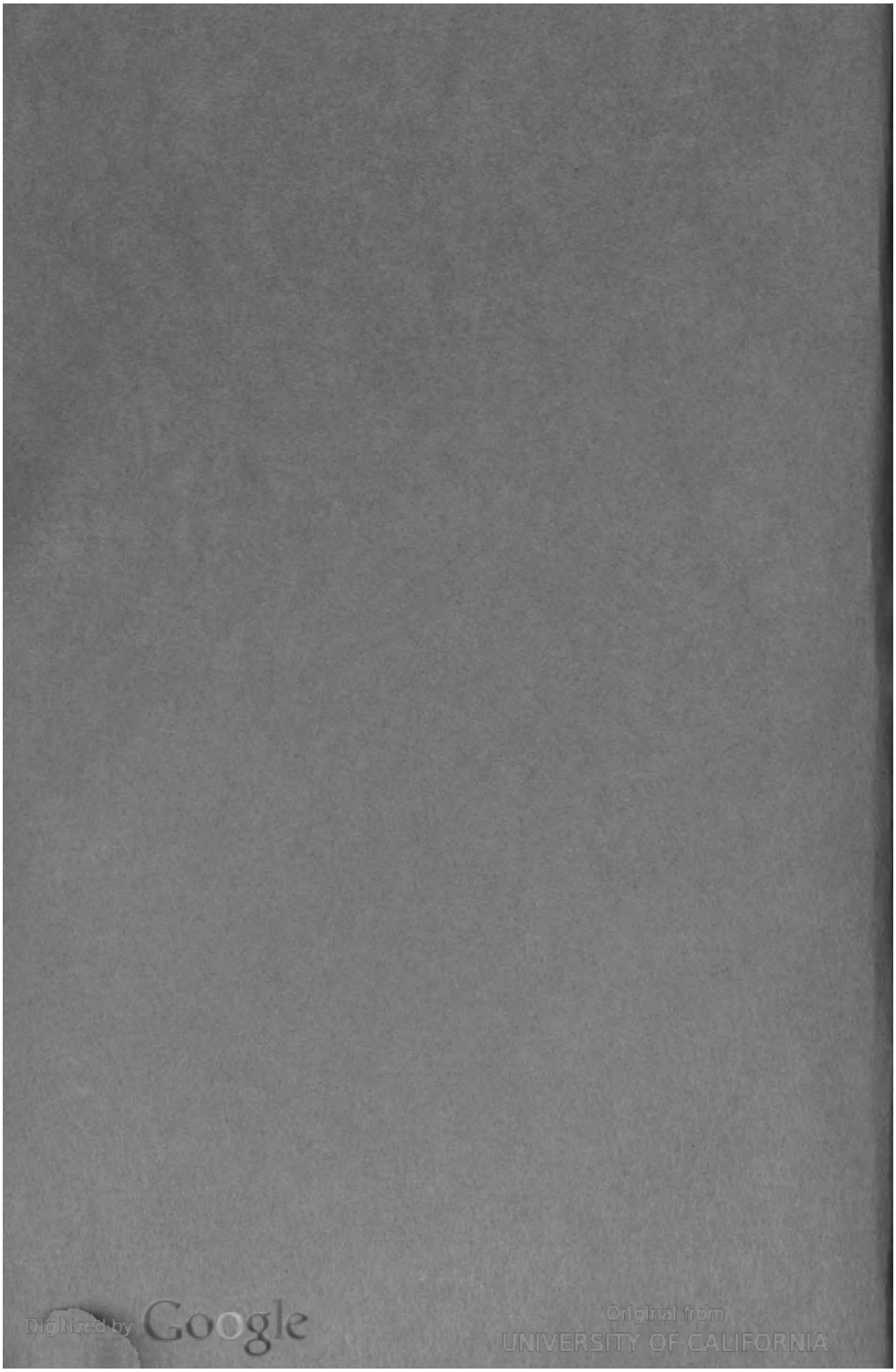
Voices on the wind; Polynesian myths and chants. Illustrated by Joseph Feher.

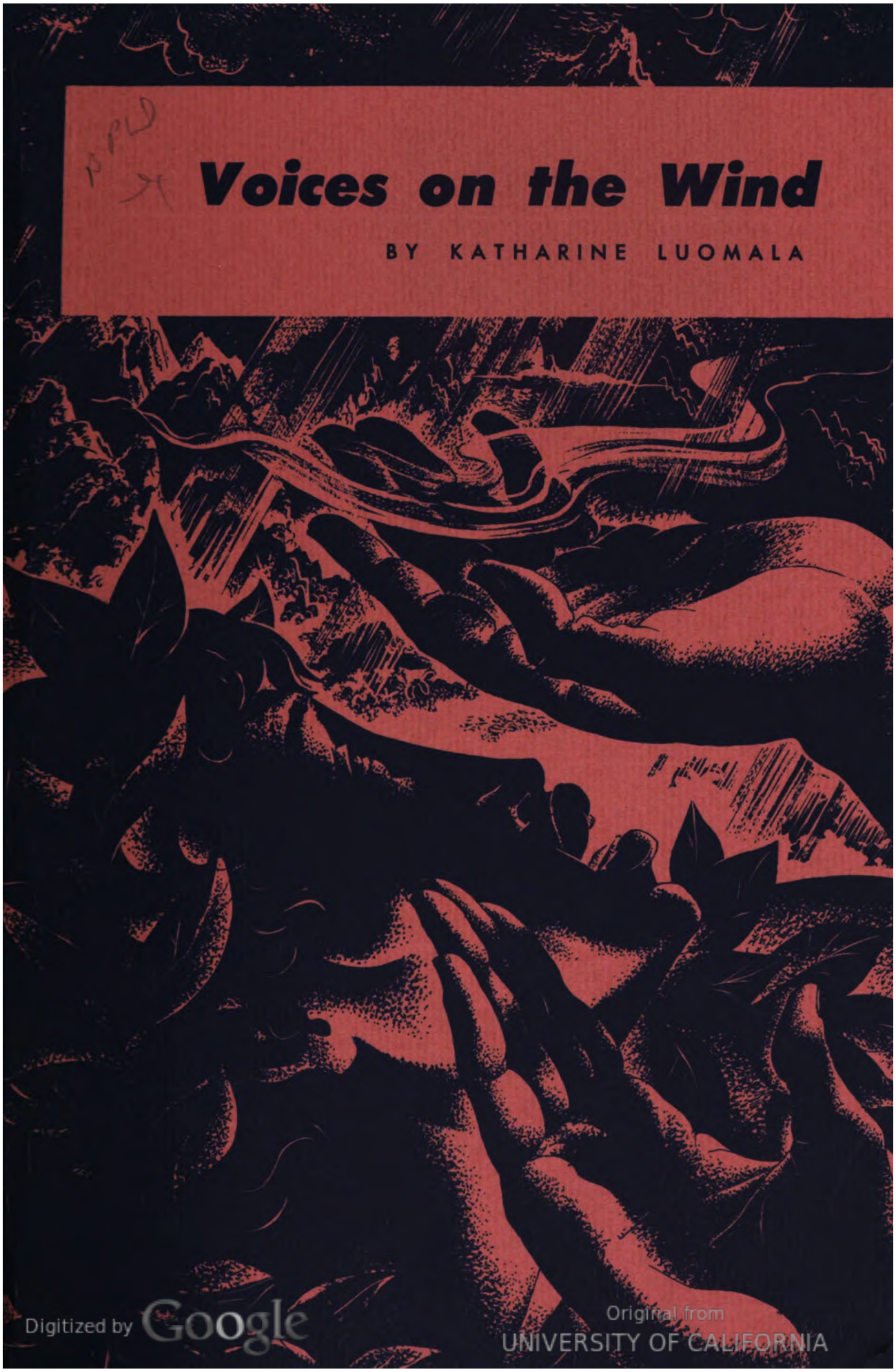
Luomala, Katharine.

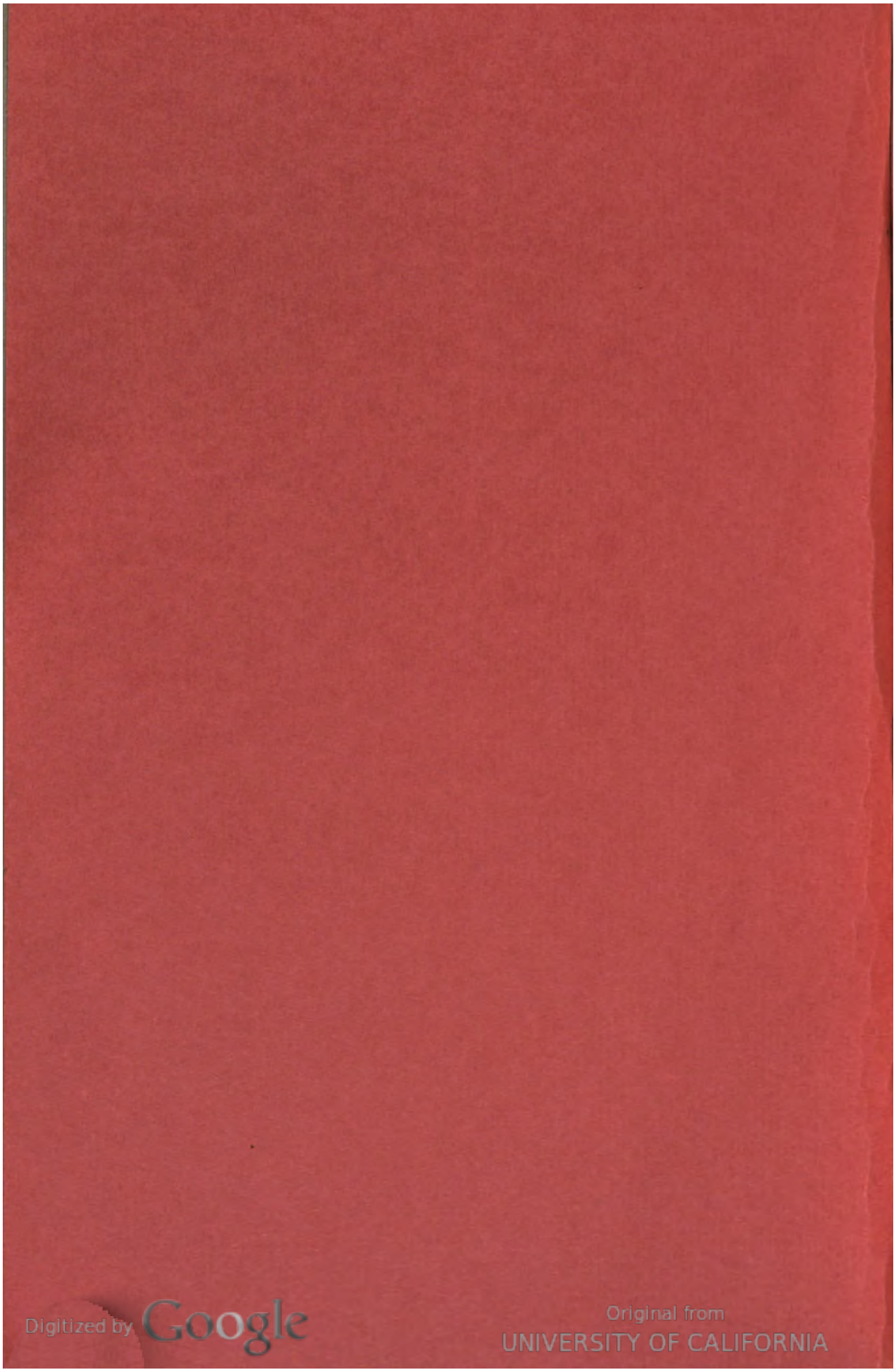
[Honolulu] Bishop Museum Press [c1955]



Voices on the Wind

BY KATHARINE LUOMALA





Voices on the Wind

POLYNESIAN MYTHS AND CHANTS

By

KATHARINE LUOMALA

Illustrated by Joseph Feher

BISHOP MUSEUM PRESS

THIS BOOK WAS PRINTED WITH THE FINANCIAL ASSISTANCE OF THE McINERNY FOUNDATION, TO WHICH THE TRUSTEES OF BISHOP MUSEUM WISH TO EXPRESS THEIR APPRECIATION.

To Martha Warren Beckwith,
friend and folklorist.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Chapter I

CHAPTER I

Voices on the Wind

Ino-ino mai nei luna,
I ka hao a ka makani,
He makani ahai-lono
Lohe ka luna i Pelekane.

Wild scud the clouds,
Hurled by the tempest,
A tale-bearing wind
That gossips afar.

That the winds themselves have voices which carry songs, myths, tales, legends, traditions, news, and gossip is a poetic notion of many Polynesians. But these Hawaiian lines add a modern touch which is appropriate here. The last two lines, translated more literally, say that the rulers in Pelekane (Britain) hear the tale-bearing wind. The composer means that the news has been carried even to the ends of the earth, far beyond the Hawaiian Islands.

A prince, so it is said, composed the chant from which these lines are taken as a love song to a princess. Their mothers, who were half-sisters, had planned a marriage for them since their birth, and the young couple were in love with each other. However, the court forbade the marriage because both were so highborn that their offspring would outrank the reigning monarch. Later the young poet and lover, Lunalilo, became king of the Hawaiian Islands through election, succeeding his sweetheart's brothers, King Kamehameha IV and King Kamehameha V. But although he reigned for a year and twenty-five days before his death in 1874, Lunalilo did not marry Princess Victoria Kamamalu, about whose romance with him the voices on the wind had gossiped.

Chatham Islanders, living at the opposite end of Polynesia from the Hawaiians, also believe that the winds bring them news. They divide their traditional history into two periods which they call The Wind Clouds and The Hearing of the Ears. The legends about the people and the events of the earlier period, The Wind Clouds, were wafted to them, the islanders

say, from Hawaiki, the ancestral home. In The Hearing of the Ears period, the traditions tell of life after the settlement in the Chathams, and these legends have been heard more recently and distinctly than those borne anciently from afar, from Hawaiki, like misty wind-swept clouds.

This book is another tale-bearing wind to carry beyond the islands the news about the favorite heroes and heroines of Polynesian tradition, characters who belong to the era of The Wind Clouds, or, as the Hawaiians say, to The Night of Tradition, the shadowy past. Storytellers have criss-crossed the southeastern Pacific with this heritage of tradition for the last two thousand years or more. It is so securely entrenched in the affections of narrators and listeners as to continue to be passed on orally and to survive into modern times. Wherever one goes, whether to Hawaii or to Tahiti or to New Zealand or to Samoa, one finds that most of these heroes and heroines are remembered.

How can one completely forget, even under the stress and fascination of modern civilization, all of the thousand tricks of that mischievous little abortion-boy Maui? Or the earnestness of elusive little people like the Menehunes? Or the nobility of a great and brave chief like Tahaki, the son of Hema? Or the unconventionality of Tahaki's burly grandson Rata, who defied tapus? Or the romance of handsome but fickle Tinirau with beautiful but capricious Hina? Or the quarrels of Tangaroa with his brother deities who were conquered by Man?

Chants, which are a part of the narratives or draw their inspiration from them, continue to instill courage, to soothe a troubled heart, or to lighten drudgery by recalling the marvelous powers and deeds of these heroes and gods, male and female, whom many families still proudly claim as ancestors.

Philosophically minded narrators, with characteristic Polynesian enthusiasm for organizing their knowledge systematically and finding relationships, have occasionally attempted to identify the native mythological figures with those of the Bible. Thereby they have invented new stories and swelled the Polynesian stock of narratives which is already overflowing with thousands of incidents and multitudes of remarkable characters.

These favorite characters of pan-Polynesian fame are those of whom the voices on the wind sing, and have been singing ever since, if not before, the ancestors of the Polynesians left their native land to strike outward into the Pacific to look for a new home.

Polynesia, a Western term meaning many islands, was one of the last, if not the last, of the major areas of the world to be occupied by human beings. The year A.D. 1595 has the same significance in Polynesian history that A.D. 1492 has in American history. In 1595 Mendaña, sailing under the

Spanish flag, discovered and named the Marquesas, which were the first islands, so far as is known, to have been visited by Europeans.

Perhaps it was about two thousand years before Mendaña came, no one is certain how long before, that Polynesian pioneer seamen, coming from the west, entered the triangular sector of the southeastern Pacific that they were to claim as their own. They had set out from some coastal region of southern Asia or Indonesia where their way of life had been superior to anything that they were to encounter on their eastern voyages. This western land they longingly thought of as home when they settled temporarily in islands which, for one reason or another, were unsatisfactory. They continued to explore eastward from island to island.

What was the name of the land from which the Polynesian Columbus set out? Frequently the answer is Hawaiki. Sometimes it is Kahiki. Occasionally it is Pulotu. Any of these names is about as meaningful for strict geographical identification as saying "Back Home" or "Back There" or "Out West Someplace." One needs to find out which Hawaiki or which Kahiki is meant in each instance. Unfortunately this is not always possible because Polynesians, who love to give names, both long and short, like old names almost better than new names. Whenever the pioneer voyagers sighted what they hoped was an uninhabited island they tended to name it for their homeland.

Weaker members of the few canoe loads of pioneers died along the way. Many were to lament, as did the man who buried his beloved daughter at sea. To the refrain of "I lowered thee down" he chanted:

1

Thou hast been lowered down to the deep,
Down to the depths, my loved one,
And I lowered thee down.

2

Our daughter, the Princess Who Plaited Precious Things,
She died on the open sea.
My darling, I lowered thee down.

3

A deep-sea fisherman I,
Storm-bound at night,
But the way was too long
For the gods to hear.
So thy body, my dear one,
I lowered thee down.

The healthier and stronger pioneers put their sorrow aside, for they nourished the longing for a new land as glorious as the one they themselves could recall only from hazy childhood memories. However, their elders had described the homeland and had trained them to follow its customs and beliefs as well as they could in the strange eastern islands, often already occupied by people whom they considered inferior to themselves. It probably was the children of these children, perhaps their grandchildren and great-grandchildren, rather than the original migrants, who were at last to cross the one hundred and eightieth meridian and discover the uninhabited southeastern islands. They found their new home occupied only by land birds and the wide-ranging sea birds—frigate birds, boobies, and terns—whose flight back to their shore bases for the night had guided the canoes to the island.

The Polynesians were the bravest and most knowledgeable seamen in the world at that time. No navigators anywhere on the globe could match their leaders in seamanship until Columbus crossed the Atlantic. But we shall never know who the Polynesian Columbus was whose great double canoe brought the first Polynesians through the unseen horizon into the circle of the sea where they were to make their home.

It does not matter what name the Polynesian Columbus bore.

Call him Rata, for the hero who defied the little people on land who tried to hamper him, as Columbus was hampered, with rules and regulations, tapus and red tape, about what could be done, what should be done, how it should be done, and what will people say, when he wanted a good ship built and launched. Rata won over this demonic bureaucracy, got his ship, and took some of the little people as crew to fight against Long Wave, Short Wave, Black Night, and other monsters who assail navigators in the Labyrinth of Islands.

Call him Ru, for the hero who ran head on into a storm with the boatload of men and women whom he had bullied into joining his expedition to seek their fortunes on some uninhabited island that he was certain they would find somewhere in the open sea. He laughed loudly above their screams of terror and the howl of the wind because, after all, didn't he, Ru, hold the sea and its ways in the hollow of his hand?

Call him Maui, for the insolent, ill-born youth who, dissatisfied with small fish, dragged up sections of the underworld homes of gods for his descendants to colonize.

Call him Tahaki, for the grand-mannered chief who did everything properly. Everyone admired him, especially the women, and all would have followed him to the ends of the ten heavens, using cobwebs, rainbows,

or vines hanging from the floor of the sky, if no other transportation was to be had.

That the pilot might have been a woman is by no means fantastic. The goddess Hina acted as pilot for her brother on a journey to see the world which the gods had just created. And when the volcano goddess Pele and her kinfolk set out to find a new home across the sea, the answer to the question, "Who shall sit astern and be the steersman, or captain?" was "Pele of the Red Earth!"

What was the name of the ship which brought the first Polynesians? Hina and her brother called their ship *The Hull*, a plain and good name, admired even by their descendants, who give their ships polysyllabic names. Tahaki called his ship *Rainbow*, and some people say it was a real rainbow. This was a good enough name for later day chiefs to reserve for their own canoes. One of the many names Pele gave her canoe is still widely used in Polynesia. She called it *Kane* to honor, and to win the support of, the god associated with forests, artisans, and beauty.

What a moment that was when the first Polynesian canoe sighted the first Polynesian island! Was it a sun-beaten, glaring coral atoll overhung with faintly greenish clouds reflecting the lagoon? Or was it a green and mountainous island with glistening waterfalls in the pleated folds of its steep sides? How the dogs on board, those who had escaped starvation or being eaten, howled excitedly as they smelled land and got as far forward as they could without falling into the sea! They were eager to step on land, but no more eager than the weary pioneer company of men, women, and children, who were short of food and water and already were making inroads on the precious stock of seedlings, slips, nuts, and berries they had brought to plant in their new home.

They wondered what dangerous ghosts might dwell on the island. These ghosts, shaped perhaps like human beings, might be full of menace and strange magic. They might weaken the courage and resolution of the travelers, whom they regarded as ghosts, by muttering against them the following incantation:

Whispering ghosts of the west,
Who brought you here
To our land?
Stand up and depart!

Whispering ghosts of the west,
Who brought you here
To our land?
Stand up and depart!

The old stories carried by The Wind Clouds tell us that voyagers were wise enough not to be caught napping by the spirits in a strange land. Those who were afraid that they might fall asleep put white shells over their eyes. They hoped thereby to deceive the ghosts, who, seeing the white shining in the dark, would think the shells were the eyeballs of their wakeful, unwanted guests.

Even if the pioneers survived the seen and unseen menaces of the land, there was the gnawing affliction of the heart, the full misery of which only the truly adventurous wanderer knows. Homesickness and longing for distant friends and relatives eternally battle with the craving for new lands and new faces. Like other Polynesians, the Maoris of New Zealand believe that the winds which blow from one land to another connect the two places. A person longing to communicate with a loved one in another land imagines that the wind blowing from that direction brings him messages. Many a pioneer would have shared the sentiment of one Maori chief who, in wailing over the loss of the ancestral lands, chanted:

He whakamaunga atu nahaku	The only tie which unites us
Te ao ka rere mai.	Is the fleecy cloud drifting hitherward.

A woman whose husband had left her in Hawaiki composed a lament which later was to be used by both those left at home and those who have gone away to appease their heartache. She chanted:

Just as eventide draws near
My old affection comes for him I loved,
Though severed far from me.

Now at Hawaiki I hear his voice far distant,
And, though far beyond the distant mountain peak,
Its echoes speak from vale to vale.

Her story had a happy ending, for the voice she heard was near. Her husband had returned to Hawaiki with a strange tale of his adventures. There were occasionally other travelers like him, and like Columbus, whose return fired the ambition of the stay-at-homes to see the new lands.

Not all who set out on voyages reached land. But if there were no castaways, there would be fewer heroes. How could Rata, Tahaki, and all the other Polynesians who follow their example have proved their heroism satisfactorily without lost relatives to seek?

Many a mother and father has looked up at the sea birds, who, like the winds, are thought to bring news, and called to them for news of missing relatives. One mother called to a frigate bird,

Attend, O bird that flyeth up above,
Hast thou seen my beloved son dead,
Who sojourned amidst the myriads of Kahiki?
Feathers on thy legs,
Feathers on thy wings,
Thy beak bends low.
O son!

The flapping wings, lowered feet, and bent beak gave her the answer. Her son was dead. She lamented,

Thou art a moon
That will not rise again,
O son, O son of mine,
O son!
The chill dawn breaks without thee,
O son, O son of mine,
O son!

Those who are lost at sea or are cast away on rocky shoals endure astonishing hardships, probably because they do not lose hope. They know that the moon goddess Hina is a special patron of seamen and that the sea is the temple of the voyager and the stranger. Not all the inhabitants of the sea will harm them, for everywhere the Polynesian finds kinfolk, and kinfolk help each other.

I know a man who knows a man, who is still living in the islands, whose canoe was wrecked at sea. A stingray came to him and indicated that he should climb aboard. Of course he knew that this was the patron goddess of his family and a relative. When they got to the reef of his home island, the goddess waited patiently as the man hurried ashore to get fragrant garlands and perfumed coconut oil for her. After rubbing her with the oil, draping her with the garlands, and singing to her, he watched her turn and swim slowly out to sea. "Isn't that a funny story?" I was asked. Before I could answer, the storyteller continued, "But it must be true because I saw that man many times, and I heard him tell this myself."

There is abundant mythological precedent for such an adventure. Many legend-bearing winds still sing of Tinirau, the famous lover of Hina, who had a pet whale, some say a turtle, which he loaned to travelers at times; and Hina herself often rode from place to place on turtles, sharks, and many other fish. To them she gave peculiar bumps and markings, proof enough, I am told, that the tradition is true. The legends also tell what happens to those who deliberately injure these helpful beings and do not honor them.

After the Polynesian pioneers had entered the southeastern Pacific, they began to spread out from the islands they had first settled. By

the time the Europeans arrived, the descendants of the pioneers had discovered and occupied most of the Clouds of Islands, to use for the entire region the name which the Tuamotuans in eastern Polynesia give to their own archipelago. Some Polynesian islands had been settled for only a short time before the Europeans came; others were colonized and then abandoned, or were occupied only temporarily. European explorers who went ashore in certain of the Phoenix and Line Islands, to be met only by rats and sea birds, guessed from the polished stone adzes, the bone fishhooks, and the tumbling walls of rock over which they stumbled that Polynesians had once been there. The lonely Polynesian wayfarers or castaways had perished on these dry and barren equatorial atolls or had abandoned them to take their chances on discovering a more fertile island or reaching some predetermined destination. One such atoll Captain James Cook named Christmas Island because he spent the holiday there. It was his last stop, and perhaps the last stop of many Polynesians in earlier times, before reaching the Hawaiian Islands.

Travel, discovery, and colonization of new islands within Polynesia were triggered by a variety of impulses and reasons. Minor chiefs, like the hero Ru who defied the stormy sea, left home because their islands were overpopulated. Then there were those adventurers who, like Maui, were younger sons and chafed at their slight prospects at home and the domination of their older brothers. The goddess Pele set out from Kahiki for the Hawaiian Islands with her family after a quarrel with a kinswoman over a man both loved. The women found it expedient to put the ocean between them.

Droughts leading to famines forced some families to take their chances on the open sea in the hope of reaching an island which had food. A Marquesan chant of a period of famine tells of a starving man who inquires about each island in the archipelago. He is told, among other things about them, for what kind of food each has won fame. The chant also describes the starving people who are being destroyed by famine sent from Havaii, here meaning the spirit world.

From Havaii comes the mother of famine,
The Red Wreath.
There she is clinging to the door screen.
She sees people sitting sickishly
without stirring,
Squatting with their hands upon their knees,
Cutting up small garlands to eat.
Who will feed the people's mouths?
She sees a brother-in-law thin and wasted.
She sees him staggering and dying.

Wars, most frequently caused by quarrels over women and land, often forced the conquered to leave the island if they wished to avoid extermination. A defeated warrior, according to traditions from Manihiki and Rakahanga Islands, settled these twin atolls. Escaping from Rarotonga with his wife, the warrior sailed to the island which his brother-in-law, Huku, had discovered earlier, while on a fishing trip. The warrior's name has been forgotten, but that does not matter. His descendants proudly call him Toa, Warrior. Toa's willingness to settle on a coral atoll betrays that he probably was not a high chief in Rarotonga. A more important man would have had a band of followers and enough self-confidence, even after defeat at home, to have lingered only briefly at the atoll and then gone on to find a more fertile, volcanic, or high, island as a permanent home.

Toa was no scholar either. He was able to teach his children and grandchildren only fragments of the sacred learning of Rarotonga. They were such scraps as an unsophisticated fighting man, uninterested in the speculations of the priests, might happen to overhear. However, Toa's descendants have polished these bits to glorify their founding family.

The people of Manihiki and Rakahanga do not wholly agree with the Rarotongan learned men that Maui fished up the islands from the ocean depths. Huku, Toa's brother-in-law, fished up their land. Toa's descendants have reconciled the conflicting versions of the origin of islands to enlarge their own ego. A native drama based on the revision is still much applauded when it is performed on the village plaza.

Huku, according to the new version, belonged to the pioneer period, as did Maui, but Huku fished up Manihiki and Rakahanga before Maui did. Because he thought it too small to take, he tethered it and left it to grow. Then along came Maui. With the help of a friendly mermaid goddess, the demigod fished up the land which had grown since Huku's departure. While Maui was inspecting his catch, Huku arrived. He had had a dream about his tethered fish:

> **It came as a dream while sleeping,**
> **A dream about Rakahanga, about Rakahanga;**
> **It has emerged and risen, and lies spread out.**

When he saw Maui, he boldly challenged his right to be there. The two began to fight. Famed as the demigod Maui is throughout the Pacific for his magic and cunning, Huku beat him so decisively that Maui took a standing jump skyward to get away. His footprints are still pointed out to show where he stood to make his jump; the stars above are made from his fishhook, which he took with him when he fled from Huku's anger.

When Toa arrived with his wife, he found that the duel had shattered Huku's discovery into the twin atolls of Manihiki and Rakahanga and a small fragment called Tukao. What an auspicious beginning for a new settlement! Its founder may have been beaten by human beings elsewhere, but his wife came of human stock unafraid to assert its rights against demigods and gods; ready, if necessary, to fight these divine beings. After all, they are the remote ancestors of earthly dwellers. The same divinity is part of the makeup of human beings. Do not the old men chant that the line of descent goes back to the god Atea, the god of the atmosphere?

The descent goes back to the very regions of the heavens,
The descent goes back to the line of Atea.
Bind it to hold firmly.
Let the tying be firm.
Let the knotting be firm,
That it hold.

The Polynesians expect their divine ancestors to assist them, and in the land-poor realm of the southeastern Pacific they will fight even a semidivine ancestor like Maui who attempts to claim land not properly his.

For centuries men and women like Toa and his wife, descendants of the Polynesian Columbus, ventured out from the cultural heartland within Polynesia. This was the Samoan and Tongan Islands in the west and the Society and Cook Islands in the east. No ambitious and courageous family defeated in war need remain ignominiously at home to be called rats by their conquerors. As long as Polynesia remained a pioneer area, a family could launch its canoe to seek a more independent, if harder, life on another island. It was customary to chant a song of departure as the last landmark faded from sight.

It is Hatu-mata, rock of farewell!
Deep gnaws the pain within me
For the loved one left behind,
O last rock of farewell.

Sail the canoe *Heke-tua-tinaku,*
Sail down the tide with the wind astern.

Wherever the later pioneers went, regardless of how highborn or lowborn they might be, they had in their double canoes the same few simple possessions: baskets of seedlings, cuttings, and nuts; a highly concentrated flour made of dried coconut, pandanus, or breadfruit; drinking nuts; coconut oil; a digging stick and crude spade; adzes of ground and polished stone or tridacna shell; and mats of tapa or of plaited leaves. Not even the greatest chief had anything made of metal or equipped with a wheel. He had no loom or plow or draught animal. Unless he were a Tongan who had

obtained pottery from the Fijians, he had only baskets, shells, and wooden bowls. Land was his most precious possession. The people of Mangareva Island in eastern Polynesia chant of a chief that

> If he becomes an owner of land,
> His people will jump with joy;
> For gatherings will be held,
> If he becomes an owner of land.

A landowner eats like a king, the chant continues. He has breadfruit, bananas, puddings of taro, and even

> Mixed puddings of breadfruit and taro
> With sauce of cooked coconut cream;
> Food fit for a king
> If he becomes an owner of land.

Such was the ambition of the man who set out to seek another island with his family. The meager possessions that he had flung into his canoe as he had hastily prepared to leave might be lost at sea if his canoe were swamped and wrecked. A grave loss but not a hopeless loss. For in their heads he and his companions carried the knowledge which would enable them to make new tools, canoes, mats, and baskets. When they reached land and set to work they would recite a chant something like that used by the Maori wise men:

> Here am I begging that the great knowledge,
> the enduring effort, may come to me;
> The supreme and complete knowledge
> such as possessed by thee, O Io The All Parent. . .

They would make new axes and canoes. They would make them in the same way as their pioneer forefathers Rata and Tahaki had made them. By being dedicated to these great leaders perhaps the new equipment would be as efficient as theirs.

> Whose then are my axes? Tahaki's!
> Whose then are my axes? Rata's!
> For what purpose are my axes?
> To fell the great forest of Tane!
> To lay low the tree with my ax,
> With occult and ancient rites,
> Rites appropriate to thee, O Tane The Life Giver!
> Accord to these sons the power of the great and exalted sons,
> Make them expert with occult knowledge,
> With knowledge such as the gods!

Three or four hundred years before Columbus crossed the Atlantic, storms of restlessness in central Polynesia drove many people to

seek new homes. Instead of a few fugitive canoes striking out, large expeditions went north and south to islands where other Polynesians had already settled. With them these later travelers carried the richness of the expanding cultural life of the heart of Polynesia.

About the midfourteenth century an expedition called the Great Fleet left the Society and Cook Islands to colonize New Zealand, where distant relatives already lived. Each family who went in the Great Fleet had very personal reasons for leaving home. One family had been involved in a quarrel about stolen breadfruit. A chronically unfaithful wife caused her husband to move his family. Was it the same couple of whom it is said that on the voyage the husband, when he had to be on deck away from his wife, tied a long string to her big toe and held the other end? When he felt the string jerking he knew that it was time to see whether his wife was up to more of her mischief. Of course, she found a way to outwit him! Underneath this spray of personal reasons for joining the Great Fleet was a strong unconscious impulse shared by many people.

Perhaps life in central Polynesia was too boring, or the islands too crowded. Perhaps too many children were being born into fixed classes beginning to freeze into castes, and too many men were mutely following chiefs whom they did not respect. Did some people feel smothered by the ritual and etiquette invented by priests who had forgotten the common good? Were too many families broken by servants of priests who snatched offerings for gods whom ordinary folk no longer worshiped? The brave life of subjecting the earth and the sea to the will of man, the life led by the ancestors who had lived in the pioneer era of The Wind Clouds, was being forgotten. Life now was a regimented series of petty and inglorious encounters with human beings instead of glorious battles with the gods and the elements. There was too much of the strangling protocol that had so angered Rata in the past. How furious he would be if he lived now! Even his grandfather Tahaki, who relished a certain amount of etiquette and ritual, would have hated the life now being led in the crowded central islands. The dissatisfied joined the Great Fleet to go to New Zealand. Earlier bands had already gone northward to the Hawaiian Islands.

People like Toa, the members of the Great Fleet, the Society Islanders, the Tuamotuans, and the Samoans and Tongans were all descendants of the Polynesian Columbus and his small band of companions. By the time Mendaña arrived in 1595, these descendants numbered more than a million.

Mendaña, like most European visitors who followed him, admired the good looks of the people. They are brown in coloring. Their large

round eyes are brown. Their long thick wavy hair is brown. Their skin is brown. They are tall, and in every way large; in weight, in bones, in features. To none of the later comers, whether Caucasoid, Mongoloid, or Negroid, have the Polynesians looked completely alien, for they are a mixed people. They are difficult to classify because they have characteristics of each of the three major races of the world. Perhaps the Caucasoid strain is most prominent. The mixture of races took place before the Polynesian Columbus and his band had crossed into the uninhabited islands of the southeastern Pacific. Family peculiarities have become pronounced because the small primary band intermarried. When their descendants scattered, like Toa and his wife, to the unoccupied islands, even more inbreeding took place. Because Toa and his wife had daughters only, Toa was the only male on his atoll. He followed the example of the god Tane, who created the first earthly woman and married his own masterpiece, until he had sons to insure the population.

Wherever the European explorers went in Polynesia, from the Hawaiian Islands in the north to the Chathams and New Zealand in the south or from Easter Island in the east to Samoa and Tonga in the west, they found a people who looked very much alike in appearance, spoke the same language (now called Malayo-Polynesian or Austronesian), and shared the same way of life. Such regional differences as time and local conditions have created between the Samoans and the Raiateans or between the Hawaiians and the Maoris of New Zealand are less striking than the resemblances which set them apart from natives of Australia and Melanesia to the south and to the west.

The unity calls to mind the war chant of a tribe in Mangareva Island in eastern Polynesia which Polynesians everywhere might use as a rallying call.

One people.
One war cry.
One god.
One man.
Death to the underworld!
Life on earth!

However, the Polynesians were never united into one nation. Even within a single island, tribes were usually independent of each other except in temporary alliances or through subjugation. Only when Polynesian warriors substituted European firearms for wooden clubs and swords and mass slaughter for ritualized attacks was an occasional archipelago, such as the Hawaiian Islands, organized into a monarchy.

With the coming of Europeans, Polynesian poets and storytellers found abundant raw material to work into familiar frameworks of style. Typical of the brief occasional poem is the Easter Island memory of the Chinese, who arrived wearing long queues and wristwatches.

They are wet, the joyful foreigners
With hair like women.
They landed here, with their watches
Riding on their hands.
It sounds! It sounds!

A longer modern poem tells of the arrival of Captain Cook's ships in 1777 at Mangaia in the Cook Islands. Captain Cook did not land, luckily for him as the people were ferocious warriors and cannibals. In the first peaceful interval after Cook's departure, Chief Poito sponsored a festival which took a year's preparation. This festival is a reminder to non-Polynesians that the poems and narratives which often read so tediously should be heard and seen, not read. Furthermore, Polynesians do not regard everything to which they give a rhythmic form as literary art. They find the rhythmic form helpful in memorizing long lists of names and events.

During the year before the festival, six poets—including a warrior named Tioi, who composed "The Visitor's Song" about Captain Cook—composed some twenty songs, trained the singers and dancers, and supervised the building of a pavilion roofed over with plaited coconut leaves. Worshipers of the god Tane and a shark god, Tiaio, who were being honored by Chief Poito, raised the food to be distributed to the guests. Parents and guardians groomed their favorite children for the beauty show of girls and boys, always a part of any festival. The children were cooped up in dark caves to protect their complexions from the sun, and stuffed with fattening food. If they refused to stuff themselves they were beaten and told they would be a disgrace to the family. What is more, they would not be permitted to hear the festival songs, some of which were chants praising their beauty. The family gained prestige and a child achieved a good marriage if he was acclaimed the handsomest at the party.

At Chief Poito's festival, only men performed. The women therefore held the torches to light up the pavilion. A master of ceremonies, who stood on a platform above the performers, acted as soloist and director of the choruses, who acted, danced, and drummed as the drama required.

Two hundred men took part in singing "The Visitor's Song." There were four major sections: an introduction, two calls to dance, and a conclusion. Only the last three sections, which were separated by brief rest pauses, were accompanied by drums and standing dances. Unusually

brisk in style, "The Visitor's Song" lacks the numerous allusions to peoples and places which make many Polynesian songs difficult to understand.

The introduction began with two hundred men seated before logs, each man with a chisel with which he pretended to caulk a canoe as he chanted. The chorus then invoked the wind god to smooth the reef so that Captain Cook could land. To convey the islanders' nervous excitability about the visitors, the chorus in falsetto jerkily directed the captain, "This way, this way. No, that way, that way!" The soloist interrupted with, "O that vast ship off Avarua Reef. Launch speedily a canoe!" Ignoring him, the chorus, still falsetto, now pretended to be the Beretane (Britons) and Captain Cook's native interpreter named Mai. They clipped their words: "E Bere, E Bere. Mai, Mai." Again they became Mangaians and seized real spears, with which they pretended to charge the British:

Ika! Kua rau, kua rau,	**Coming! Hundreds, hundreds,**
Te toa, te toa. Kua ta, kua ta!	**Warriors, warriors. Attack, attack!**
Kua ta Mangaia, kua ta te pai!	**Attack, Mangaians, attack the ship!**

With this war chant and dance, the introduction ended. Each of the two calls to dance that followed had seven solos and five choruses, often short. The introductory section to each call began with the soloist's announcement that "Tangaroa has sent a ship, Which has burst through the vault of the sky." The men danced until the soloist added, "Here is a stranger Mai." The chorus added the information, "Here is Tu" (Tute, meaning Cook). To the soloist's query, the dancers replied, "A boat full of guests is here. Ouaraurauae!" The last word is onomatopoetic, to imitate the strangers' gibberish. The soloist added, "Numberless are the boats. They are foreigners. Mai is from some other land."

Thus the song to honor Captain Cook's expedition continued. In one chant, the chorus imitated the British style of rowing, which they admired. They exclaimed, "Splash go the oars," and announced, "They are white-faced. They are white-faced and Britons." The last section began with a chorus, "A people of a strange tongue have arrived, From some distant land." The soloist asked, "Of what sort are they?" The chorus replied, "O! A godlike race." The soloist repeated, "Of what sort are they?" The chorus answered, "A great chief is off Avarua. The ship belongs to Tute and Mai." The last chorus ended with, "A people with white faces! An unheard of event!"

Topical dramas of this type are popular throughout Polynesia, and the subjects are drawn both from the period of The Hearing of the Ears

and from that period of the distant past of which the people know only through the winds.

It is with those ancient voices on the wind, however, that this book is most concerned. Those voices have whispered through the thousands of clouds that have passed over the islands since the first weary navigator asked, like the hero Honokura, "Is this a land occupied only by birds?" They have spoken to Toa although he was too much a man of action and worries to listen. They have spoken to the men and women and children who sailed in the Great Fleet, and to the Mangaians who stared in wonder at Captain Cook and his white-skinned crew, and almost more marvelous, at Mai, a fellow Polynesian who was to follow the path of his ancestors back to the west. Whatever was new and wonderful to these people of the era of The Hearing of the Ears and whatever became the subject of their songs, dramas, and narratives, none ever surpassed in popularity the gods and goddesses, the heroes and heroines, who belong to the era of The Wind Clouds. Captain Cook was a passing wonder, but Maui is not. Neither is Rata, Tahaki, Tinirau, Ru, or the Menehunes. The voices still repeat their names because the heroes who bear the names represent the qualities people throughout Polynesia admire. They see themselves in Rata and Tahaki, in Maui and the Menehunes, and in Tinirau and Ru. Polynesians idealize youth, vigor, energy, and an impassioned response to life. They are sensitive to the beauty of nature and of the human body. They seek order, but on achieving a classic simplicity of organization they embroider the pattern out of existence. Then wearied of their self-created complexities, they rebel, abandon them, and start again. Realism and reflection, softness and cruelty, touchiness and endurance unite in the favorite heroes, as in the people who created them.

What I have done in the following chapters, besides discuss some of the poetry and the training of the literary artists, is to choose certain of those Polynesian mythological characters who are generally regarded as having lived in the earlier period, in The Night of Tradition. To write about those whom both their Polynesian creators and I like best, and whose familiar biographies we never weary of hearing or telling once more, seems as good a basis as any for choosing from the thousands of Polynesian narratives which have been collected, translated, and published.

One or two colleagues who have particular favorites, which are known, however, in only one or two archipelagoes and are extremely popular there, have asked wistfully whether I was including them. But I have been reluctantly relentless and have even bypassed some of my own purely local favorites with little more than a word or two. Somehow, Pele and Hiiaka, though local Hawaiian goddesses, managed to get in by a round-

about way. They do belong to The Night of Tradition, however, even though dozens of people of many different nationalities in the Hawaiian Islands have met and talked with Pele in recent years and have even taken her into their automobiles, only to discover farther down the road that, like many another phantom hitchhiker, she has vanished. Ru—that Ru who discovered and settled Aitutaki Island—really belongs to a later, traditional period, but he stubbornly persisted in trying to get into every chapter. I finally let him stay.

On the whole, such bypaths have been resisted because one of the most discouraging blocks that a person faces in learning something about Polynesian oral literature is that there are innumerable heroes, heroines, gods, and goddesses who compete for attention. Because each character has not just one long compound name but several, a reader soon gets lost in a maze of syllables. Yet if led gradually into the maze, he may eventually acquire a taste for the catalogs of names that Polynesians enjoy. He may come to regard it as a happy discovery when he learns of a new sobriquet that sheds a new gleam on a favorite character's personality.

These names are often pronounced differently from one island to another. I use here whichever form I have been accustomed to apply in my own thinking. There is no conscious reason for my preference. The list below gives the names most commonly mentioned in this book and some of the local variations. The glottal stop, represented by an inverted comma, has been omitted in proper and geographic names, but it is included in the list below.

Hina, Hine, 'Ina, Sina
Hawaiki, Hawai'i, Savai'i, Havaiki, Havai'i, 'Avaiki
Kaitangata, 'Aikanaka
Karihi, 'Arihi, 'Alihi
Rata, Lata, Laka
Rupe, Lupe
Tahaki, Tawhaki, Tafa'i, Kaha'i
Tane, Kane
Tangaroa, Tangaloa, Ta'aroa, Tangaro, Kanaloa, Tanaoa
Tahiti, Kahiki
Tinirau, Tingilau, Tinilau, Timirau, Sinilau, Similau, Kinilau

Familiar Polynesian terms used in this book are:

hala, pandanus tree
heiau, temple
hula, dance
kava, a narcotic drink made of the root of *Piper methysticum*
kahuna, an expert in any activity whose skill involves the use of magic

kumara, sweet potato (*Ipomoea batatas*)
lei, garland of flowers, leaves, vines, or feathers
lehua, tree with red flowers (*Metrosideros collina*)
mana, power or prestige with a connotation of magical or divine support
marae or malae, temple, or sometimes a plaza
meire, maile, a green vine
tapu, forbidden with connotation of sanctity
tapa, cloth made from the bast of a tree
taro (*Colocasia*), an aroid, the root of which is used for food
ti (*Cordyline terminalis*), a plant, the leaves of which are used for wrapping food, making skirts, and other purposes

Chapter II

CHAPTER II

Within the Circle of the Sea

I arrive where an unknown earth is under my feet.
I arrive where a new sky is above me.
I arrive at this land, a resting place for me.
O Spirit of the Earth! The stranger humbly offers
his heart as food for thee.

This charm to appease the spirits of an alien land is said to have been recited more than twenty generations ago by a chief when he landed on The Long White Cloud (Te Aotearoa), now called New Zealand. Seeking a new home, he and his followers had sailed their great canoes from the old home, Hawaiki, an unidentified island somewhere to the northeast and perhaps nearly two thousand miles away.

As his people, the Maoris, express it, the chief "trod" the mountains, the valleys, the lakes, the rivers, and the meadows of his new land. When he discovered places that reminded him of Hawaiki, he named them in memory of home. Other names commemorate adventures, either heroic or trivial, which he and his followers had on that first tour of inspection. Still other places were named for parts of his body. Thus he united the past with the present, and both with his hopes for the future, when his descendants would fill the land.

Let anyone challenge the chief's identification with the land, or his descendants' rights on it, and the names and the adventures of the first exploratory trip are recited as evidence. Boys of later generations, as they trudge with their fathers and grandfathers over the land to set traps for edible wood rats and birds, are taught the names and the associated traditions. They are also told that when they travel inside or outside their boundaries and come to natural shrines—an unusual tree or stone or mound perhaps—they must recite their ancestor's charm and make a little offering, if only a wisp of grass. This will make them as safe as their ancestors were.

They need not fear, then, that they will be transformed into a mountain, which is what happened to a careless contemporary of their ancestor who neglected etiquette.

By such means the chief's descendants have orally preserved his potent charm and the story of his arrival in New Zealand. It is the same throughout Polynesia; all knowledge—whether of magic, religion, navigation, fishing, agriculture, or literature—was passed on by word of mouth or by example before Europeans introduced writing. The other charms, prayers, poems, and narratives to be presented here also represent the orally produced and maintained traditions of the Polynesians.

The charm which the chief recited is unusual in that it expresses the Polynesian newcomer's emotion upon arriving in a strange land. It is more in accord with native poetic convention for the voyager to look back longingly across the sea and to name and describe the beloved places of the old home. Or if a poem does mention arrival in a new land, it has been composed much later and uses the confident stereotypes of a settler who has already identified himself with the once unfamiliar landscape. Yet arrival as an apprehensive but hopeful alien who intends to settle on foreign soil is a theme often repeated in Polynesian history.

If he was like other Polynesian voyagers who have found a new home, the Maori chief who offered his heart so humbly to the spirit of the earth of The Long White Cloud soon lost it, and rejoiced in the loss. Whether it is a dry, barren atoll with broken and infertile coral glaring in the sunlight or a great and mountainous island with misted valleys and jagged green peaks, a Polynesian loves his home island and district and jealously defends them. One of the typical classes of poetry in this island area describes the beauties of nature and eulogizes the home island. Prose descriptions of landscape, on the other hand, are rare, although catalogs of place names, many with descriptive epithets, are very popular. When a patriotic eulogy seems called for in a narrative, the characters resort to chanting.

The people of the Tuamotus, an archipelago east and south of the Society Islands, call their patriotic poetry fakatara. Numerous fakatara have been collected, but unfortunately, few have been translated into English or even published in the Tuamotuan language. Although life is hard in these coral atolls, the Tuamotuans, except after droughts or hurricanes, get enough coconuts, pandanus (hala), and fish to eat; and the struggle for existence does not dull their senses so that they fail to see beauty about them. On each atoll the dwellers find something beautiful and distinctive about their island to extol and to set them apart from their neighbors on other islands.

Fakahina Island people pride themselves on their contrary winds and the shape of their atoll. Whether a canoe is sailed inside the lagoon or on the weather side, the winds will soon drive it out to sea. At times the winds build up such high waves that only at sunset, when the boisterous northeast gales temporarily abate, can the shape of the island be discerned. Fakahinans point out that then one can see that it is as round as the hoops into which their women roll the three-foot long leaves of the pandanus to store them until they can be converted into thatch, mats, and other articles. Like many another Polynesian poet, the Fakahina composer has interjected a remark about himself into the poem to say that his wind fails just as does the northeast wind. In singing about the island, he uses the old name, Niuhi, to his ears more poetic than the later name of Fakahina.

This is Niuhi, land of gales.
Sail the canoe outside—it is driven to sea.
Sail the canoe inside—it is driven to sea.
Mark, will you, the form of the land of Niuhi,
Like a roll of hala leaves,
When sinks,
When wanes,
The northeast wind.
(Fails my breath!)
O speed the fame of Niuhi
to the world!

Westward, in the Cook Islands, Aitutakians believe that their island is a fish that is tethered by a vine to the bottom of the sea so that it cannot drift away. When Ru, their ancestor, discovered the island he named certain sections of it after the parts of a fish. To describe an island as a fish and give it names of the parts of a fish is very common in Polynesian prose and poetry. Hundreds of versions are told of how the various islands were drawn up as fish on the hook of Maui-of-a-thousand-tricks. But only in Aitutaki have the poets elaborated the metaphor into a memorable chant that praises their island. It also serves a practical purpose because if it is recited when a rope is being made, the rope will be as firm and strong as the vine holding the island. The eulogy rises to a climax in describing what kind of fish is securely held by the vine:

Within the circle of the sea,
It holds a fish of fame.
It holds a dolphin.
It holds a whale.
It holds a fish that touches heaven.
It holds a fish the rainbow spans.
Within the circle of the sea,
It holds my land.

Northward from the Cook Islands and the Tuamotus, which are in central-eastern Polynesia, is the Hawaiian Archipelago, "a cluster of islands floating on the sea, Clasping Kauwiki, the trembling mountain" of the district of Hana, island of Maui. The largest island in the group, and the one from which the name of the archipelago is derived, is Hawaii. The name is a dialectical variant of Hawaiki. Whether pronounced Hawaiki, Hawaii, Havaii, Savaii, or Avaiki, the name, while less common in western Polynesia than in the east, is known throughout the area. It may appear as the name of an island, a place on an island, the spirit world, the ancestral home, and, occasionally, even as the name of an individual. Polynesians have a nostalgic devotion to old, familiar names and use them repeatedly for new places.

But as no Polynesian is content with a brief name, preferring long, descriptive epithets, the island of Hawaii in the northern archipelago is known as Hawaii of the Green Back. Some sections of Hawaii, however, are extremely dry, like the district of Kau. Proverbial sayings, which also appear as clichés in the chants, refer to this arid, dust-clouded region of the "eye-smiting Unulau" wind and the "scourging Ae" wind as "Great Kau of the Dirty Eyes" and "Kau of the Windblown Back." The ancient people of Kau, who were noted as fighters and rebels, included among their accomplishments the ability to extract every drop of water available, even that in the eye sockets of fish skulls, and to find poetry in the dust, the winds, and the dryness of their region.

One poem which glories in the hardship of the water shortage was composed as a Name Chant to honor a Kau chief named Kupakee. About three-fourths of the chant tells how the water which is available at Kalae, a place in Kau, is eagerly sought, how even sponges and tapas are wrung out for their moisture, and how the rain-bearing winds are awaited with longing. Besides learning to use carefully all the water that the god Kane sends and to extract it from fish skulls, a well-trained Kau child always carries a gourd to hold any water he may find. When the wind blows into the neck of the gourd, the sound is like that made by a lover softly breathing into his nose flute in the middle of the night. To the poet, the child's gourd is metaphorically both a nose flute and a whistle.

I do not care for Kona,
For Kau is mine.
The water at Kalae flows from dusk to dawn.
From tapas, from sponges, some water.
Renowned is this land as waterless.
From Mana, from Unulau, water is awaited.
From the fish eye socket is the water cherished;

Cherished is the water and guarded by Kane.
The child carries his whistle.
It flutes, it trills,
The tune of the wind in the water gourd.
Like the flute that wakens in the deep night,
The quiet call of the calabash sounds again and again.

Then with the sudden shift of focus typical of Polynesian composers, the poet changes the subject to announce obscurely that it is best to let the past go and look to the future. His final line, a conventional conclusion for this poetic class, is "A name chant for Kupakee," the signal for Kupakee to acknowledge the honor that the poet has paid him.

Compared with most Polynesian chants about the homeland, the three given here from Fakahina, Aitutaki, and Kau are brief and uncomplicated in structure and have only a few obscure allusions. A more ambitious poetic device, but also a common one, to develop the theme of the wonders of nature and home is to take the listeners on an imaginary sightseeing tour of beautiful, historic, or pleasant picnicking spots. The tour may be limited to a district or may cover as much of the world as the poet knows about. In Uvea, a small island west of Samoa, where songs praising the homeland are as popular as in the rest of Polynesia, the poets have incorporated the extended knowledge of geography which Europeans have brought them into a chant called "Song of the Map" which praises the glories of the whole world!

One of the many reasons why Polynesians set out on hazardous voyages to other islands is the restless desire to visit strange places, to go sightseeing. Often this is a reaction as much to an overwhelming boredom as to intellectual curiosity about the world beyond the home shores. Some wanderers never reach their destined ports but are lost at sea or make unscheduled landfalls. The custom of going sightseeing, to judge from a Society Islands tradition, goes back to the period immediately after the time of creation when the sky, which had hung suffocatingly low over the earth, had been pushed to its present height and people could move about more easily. According to this tradition, Ru, one of the company of divine heroes and gods who had helped raise the heavy blue stone vault of the sky, made the first world tour. This is not the same Ru who discovered Aitutaki, although narrators, either deliberately or through confusion, sometimes identify them as one. That Ru, who is the sky-propper, set out to see the world in a canoe which bore the elegantly simple name of *The Hull*. He was accompanied only by his sister Hina, who acted as pilot while he paddled.

Ru could not have chosen a more satisfactory companion than his sister, for Hina's spirit of adventure and curiosity about the world was as

great as his. She expressed it in her personal song which has the refrain, "Let the farsighted who dwell on land, Arise and see!" Her song first invites listeners to look inland to the settled mountains; then to look far across the sea which belongs to The Lord of the Ocean; next to behold above Atea, who is the god of the limitless firmament; and finally to gaze below at Te Tumu, god of the solid earth, and there to look

> At the jungles and the rushing streams,
> At the fountains of the deep,
> At the fountains of the surface,
> At the waves of the east,
> At the waves of the west,
> At the stable nooks, at the burning nooks,
> At the great development extending over
> the eight directions.

No more is told of the itinerary of Ru and Hina, the two intrepid explorers who wanted to see all eight directions of the newly created world, than that they went southwestward to Te Aotearoa, or New Zealand, and then headed back to the Society Islands.

A sacred poem, known at first only to the priestly artisans who supervised the building of sacred canoes and later to navigators, tells of their return. As *The Hull* nears home, Hina calls Ru's attention to each landfall. This gives Ru an opportunity to identify the island and to recite phrases reminiscent of its landscape or history. For example, the naval success of Borabora Island, where the warriors muffled their paddles to surprise their enemies, is celebrated in the same breath with the pink leaves of the island. The poem is largely in the form of questions and answers. It begins:

> Astern was Te Aotearoa, ahead was the vast ocean!
> Astern was Ru, ahead was Hina!
> And thus Ru sang: . . .
> "I am drawing, drawing to land
> *The Hull, O The Hull!*
> I am drawing, drawing thee to land,
> Now hold steadily on to Maurua."
>
> Then cried his sister Hina,
> "Upon the foaming waves,
> O Ru, land is looming up.
> What land is it?"
>
> "It is Maurua; let its watchword be,
> Great Maurua forever."

Ru then sings again his refrain about magically drawing *The Hull* to land, but this time he orders Hina to hold steadily on to Borabora.

When she sights land, she calls to Ru, in the same words as before, to identify it; and he replies,

> "It is Borabora. Let its watchword be,
> Borabora the great, the first born,
> Borabora of the fleet that consumes two ways,
> Borabora of the muffled paddle,
> Borabora of the pink leaf,
> Borabora, the destroyer of the fleets."

Next, Great Tahaa of the Peaceful Sky is sighted. Finally the voyagers see their home island, Havaii, now called Raiatea, where the priestly chanters of this song lived. The song concludes with an intense plea designed to inspirit any sacred new canoe so that, like *The Hull*, it will be successfully launched and navigated.

So insatiable is Hina's love of travel that later, on the night of a full moon, she sets out from Raiatea in her canoe to visit the sky. She likes it so well there that she pushes her canoe adrift and makes her home on the moon.

Travelers, over whom she protectively watches, even today, can look up from their canoes and see her sitting under a great banyan tree whose bark she beats into tapa and whose large branches throw shadows across the face of the moon. Once a branch from which she was stripping the bark slipped out of her fingers and fell to earth. It took root near the god Oro's famed temple at Opoa in Raiatea, where, residents claim, it was still growing during the early European period. All the other banyans now growing on earth sprang from seeds that Hina's pet green pigeon scattered from a branch he carried down from the moon. In mid-air he was attacked by a giant man-of-war bird who was jealous of the little pigeon for being the one to introduce the banyan to the other islands. However, with Hina's magical aid the pigeon successfully fought off his attacker; but his banyan seeds were scattered far and wide.

The people of many Polynesian islands other than the Society Islands believe that there is a woman industriously beating tapa in the moon and that her name is Hina. The white clouds are the tapas she has set out to air on the blue stone floor of the sky. People say that she worked so energetically even when she lived on earth—an example to earthly women—that the gods got tired of the noise of her mallet. Once when the god Tangaroa was suffering from the effects of drinking too much kava he became so angry about the eternal pounding of Hina's mallet that he sent his messenger to order her to stop. Hina ignored the messenger, who came more than once to carry Tangaroa's order, and told him that she would not stop. She then named a long list of gods for whom she had to

prepare tapa. Finally the messenger angrily seized the mallet and struck Hina on the head with it so hard that her spirit left her body. According to some versions of Hina's career, it was then that she decided to live in the moon, where she continues to beat tapa and to watch over the lonely voyagers on the ocean below.

From Uvea Island, in western Polynesia, comes a lyric called "Praise of the Moon and the Flying Birds" which might well be dedicated to this capable and protective goddess in her splendid home. The native text reveals the poet's obvious striving to combine a regular rhythm with beauty of imagery. The malae, above which the moon and the birds hover, is the open space before the chief's house where Uveans gather for ceremonies and singing festivals.

Si'i mahina ka alu ifo,	The moon will set,
Si'i mahina ka alu ake.	The moon will rise.
E-i-e!	O-ho!
Me'a fakaofa tana momoho,	A lovely thing its mellow color,
Me'a fakaofa tana hoholo!	A lovely thing its downward glide!
E-i-e!	O-ho!
Si'i manusiu ko te teiko,	The sea bird is the sooty tern,
Si'i manusiu ko te tavake.	The sea bird is the bosun bird.
E-i-e!	O-ho!
Me'a fakoafa si'ana lele,	A lovely thing its flight,
Me'a fakaofa ana ovi	A lovely thing its nearness
i te malae.	to the malae.

A chant from Mangareva Island, in eastern Polynesia, plays on the idea of taking the guests of a chief on a circular journey of song to places on Mangareva and nearby islets. The route of the happy excursion is to be the same as that of a great ancestor whose long name the poet abbreviates to Nua. In his refrain, which also serves as the introduction, the poet tells his chief's guests, "You and I will visit, The sleeping places of Nua. O present company, let us go." At each place the party will do what Nua's guests did—deck each other with leis and wreaths of flowers or fragrant leaves from a plant traditionally associated with the spot. Throughout Polynesia it is customary to identify an island or a place by a flower or some other outstanding botanical landmark and to use it as a synonym for the island name.

The Mangarevan composer of this chant was the leading native scholar of this tribe, a veritable human archive, but among his less onerous duties was the composition of felicitous songs to flatter his chief's guests by poetic and obscure allusions to their home districts or to their distinguished ancestry. Presumably the guests who imaginatively took the same route as Nua in the flower song had their home places included in the itinerary and

identified themselves with the great Nua and his friends. The first place visited on the journey of song was Mukotaka. As all the guests know it is in Mangareva, the poet does not mention the island name, but chants, "Oh, it was the people of Nua, Who bedecked themselves with meire, From the slopes of Mukotaka." Other verses may omit the place name to flatter the knowledge of the guests who recognize, for example, that when ". . . the people of Nua . . . decked themselves with aumea, In ancient days gone by," it was at the shrine on Taravai Islet, not far from Mangareva, where the banyan is a memorable landmark. (Aumea is the poetic name for banyan, aoa the common name.)

The people of the Tongan Islands, in western Polynesia, have been well known to Europeans for their love of beautiful places and their poetry about them ever since William Mariner's account was published. Mariner, who as a young man was a castaway in the archipelago between 1806 and 1810, observes that scenery and moral reflections, not love and war, are the popular themes of Tongan poetry. He describes with much feeling "the most romantic spot in all the Tongan Islands," which is the subject of many of their songs, a favorite excursion spot for young and old of both sexes, and the place where some young chiefs had fought off their enemies for six months. The cliffs surrounding the bay of this excursion spot provided the kind of lookout eminences which Tongans still love to climb in order to gaze at the panorama spread before them, to indulge in melancholy musing, and to find inspiration, if they are composers, for their plaintive chants. Mariner's "most romantic spot in all the Tongan Islands" is on the weather side of Vavau Island, beyond a fertile plantation which the king, at Mariner's urgent request, had given him to develop, free of taxes and other levies by the royal court (a specification suggested by this practical youth).

According to Mariner's careful directions, one reaches this most lovely beauty spot of all Tonga by following a road which runs the length of his plantation. At the end of the road is a grove of massive *Casuarina* and *Calophyllum* trees; beyond it the road abruptly becomes a winding narrow path which plunges downward for five hundred yards. However, the treacherous descent is part of the pleasure of the excursion, for the path lies between bushes of wild gardenias and myrtle "with the most delightful aromatic fragrance." Adding to the soothing effect of the perfumed air is "the soft and plaintive voice of the wood-pigeon calling his mate." At the bottom is a grove of coconut trees through which "a beautiful prospect of the sea, interspersed with small islands, suddenly bursts upon the view."

One now faces a little crescent bay; to the right and to the left are lofty ridges of rock. Those on the right soar at one place "like the

turret of some ancient battlement." This is where the young chiefs had made their valiant but losing fight for six months, tumbling rocks down upon those who tried to reach them. The few visitors who climb this pinnacle say, so Mariner reports, that it is worth the toil for the sake of the view and the philosophic reverie which is inspired by the panorama and the thought of the transience of life, as brought to mind by the memory of the young chiefs. Less athletic and more fun-loving visitors walk around the bay to gather flowers for wreaths, to bathe in the ocean, and to rinse the salt from their bodies in the fresh water that they find stored in the hollows between the branches and the trunk of the casuarinas.

Mariner memorized a song which tells about a proposed excursion to the bay. He states that it belongs to the so-called fakaniua style of composition, in which the recitative is unaccompanied by a dance and expresses lofty thoughts about earthly sites famed for their history or their beauty or about places in the spirit world. Fakaniua, which means to do in the style of Niua Island, are still composed today, as in Mariner's time, in Tonga and also in Uvea and Futuna Islands. Mariner points out that the song, or rather recitative (for such most of the poetry is), that he memorized has neither rhyme nor regular measure. Some Tongan songs have both, although this is unusual in Polynesia. Here is the recitative that Mariner remembered about the famed beauty spot near his plantation on Vavau Island in the Tongas.

Song About The Weather Shore of Vavau

We were talking about the weather shore of Vavau, when the women said to us, "Let us walk to the weather side to behold the sunset, to listen to the singing of the birds and the lamentations of the wood pigeon. We'll gather flowers near the precipice at Matawto. We'll stay and share the provisions brought us from Likuone. We'll bathe in the sea and rinse in the water of the roots, and anoint ourselves with sweet-scented oil. We'll string flowers and plait the ti we pluck at Matawto.

"While we stand upon the precipice at Bird Cave, we'll look down breathless upon the sea in the distance below. As our minds reflect, the great wind whistles towards us from the lofty casuarinas inland upon the plains. My spirit is elevated, beholding the surf below endeavouring in vain to tear away the firm rocks.

"It is evening. Let us go to the village. Hark! I hear a band of singers. Are they practising a hula to perform at the malae at Tanea? Let us go there. It will recall former festivals held there before war tore our land.

"Alas! It is a terrible thing, war. Behold, the land is unweeded and, how sad, many men are dead. Our chiefs are still unsettled; they are not yet likely to wander alone by moonlight to their mistresses. Desist our reflections! How can it be helped that our land is at war! The land of Fiji brought war to our land Tonga, and so let us act like Fijians.

"Desist our melancholy! We shall be dead tomorrow perhaps. Let us decorate ourselves with red dye and bind our waists with fine white tapa. We'll put on a crown of

very fragrant gardenias, and necklaces of hooni to show off our sun-reddened skins. Listen to the praises of the common people! Now the night dance is ended, and they are distributing the feast food. Let us go tomorrow to the village. Eagerly the young men beg for our flower wreaths, and thus they flatter us, 'How beautiful these girls look coming from the weather side! How beautiful their sun-reddened skins! A fragrance like the flowers at the precipice, at the lookout place!'

"I am anxious to go to the weather side! Let us go ourselves tomorrow!"

Two famed Tongan poets of the first half of the nineteenth century who engaged in contests of poetry before their patrons, the chiefs, often bitterly assailed each other's skill as bards with complicated and insulting metaphors laden with two or three strata of meaning. Once, Mamaeaepoto, a Vavau Island man with misshapen hands, who spent much time with Tongatabu Island chiefs, accused his rival Falepapalangi, a Tongatabu Island man who had deformed feet, of being so engrossed in insulting him that he neglected his duty as a poet. Falepapalangi, in the course of his poem to answer Mamaeaepoto, declared, "Thou knowest, I know, That we rose together like a flock of birds, In praise of the coast of Vavau." Actually, there was no reason to criticize Falepapalangi, for his are some of the most memorable lines composed about Tongan landscapes. In one of his journeys of song on which he took his listeners to beautiful and historic places in the archipelago, he chanted, by way of introduction,

Ah me, how intense the yearning,
Ah, the surging of remembrance
Of the lower isles of Vavau,
A land so excellent in beauty,
The theme of all praises.
When in the morn the mists lie,
A hundred hills are hidden—
Kafoa and Aloitalau,
Tuanuku and Teleki and Fau.

He did not recite the rest of the hundred names, although many a Polynesian would have been happy to have listened to them. So overcome was the poet by his long oral journeys that he probably often felt as deeply as at one last lookout eminence from which he had described the view. He chanted that he left his soul there, that only his body came away, weeping large tears at not being able to stay.

It was Falepapalangi also who chanted:

See the group of Haapai Islands:
When stormy they are hidden from view,
When calm they are in sight of each other.
Then we see them going hand in hand
Like friends who have met.

It is customary in these Tongan poems about making a tour to a famed place or around the island or through the whole archipelago to tell where the company of listeners would spend the night if they really went on such a journey, where they would bathe in the sea and find fresh water for rinsing, and where they would see the women picking gardenias to make wreaths for the travelers. Poets like to mention the "pitiable" falling gardenias and pandanus flowers which in vain have waited for the women to come to pick them. The fishing canoes on the sea and the bonito, either leaping for shore or scattering, are conventionally mentioned in the poems too. The poets also bring in cryptic allusions to mythological or traditional events which occurred at the various places, and they are always alert to the state of the weather and to the direction of the winds. Falepapalangi, on one tour of song, took his listeners to see a European vessel and a double canoe in a certain anchorage; then they visited two popular beaches, one of which the poet describes as spread out like a piece of black tapa. He states that as it is now nearly sunset, the coconut trees can be seen to stand out in the dimming light like masts of vessels.

Many Tongan composers favor a stereotyped introduction to their journeys of song: "Listen, you with the alto voices (or bass voices, or intelligent minds, or just 'you') while I sing of——" after which the place to be extolled is named. Falepapalangi is different, for he favors less conventional and more emotional introductions, such as the one quoted above. However, like other Tongan poets, he includes conventional stanzas of apology for any of his serious, though inadvertent, omissions, errors, and failures to do justice to the wonders of the landscape of Tonga.

An unknown Tongan poet explosively expresses his boredom with his low-lying home island of Lifuka and tells of sailing west to the high volcanic islands. He enters mistakenly the passage called Auhangamea but then goes on to Tofua Island to see the famous volcano there, which he seems to have found worth the voyage.

I dwelt in Lifuka and I wished,
O murder! how I wished for a change.
I mischievously lead to Auhangamea.
O volcano of Tofua!
O eradicating volcano!
O crater lake of Tofua!

The most outstanding Polynesian journey of song through an archipelago is that of the girl goddess, Hiiaka, who went on a mission for her oldest sister, the volcano goddess, Pele, and traveled from the southernmost to the northernmost of the Hawaiian Islands. For hundreds of years, this journey has inspired, and continues to inspire, the native

poets and the dancers and the chanters who perform the songs. Hiiaka is popularly regarded as the composer of the chants and dances because, in the course of her journey, she seems to compose spontaneously and because, in real life, the most notable composers and dancers are believed to be divinely chosen and inspired by the deities they serve; and Hiiaka has inspired many. Hawaiians call poets haku mele. Mele means song or chant, haku means to sort out feathers, as for a feather cape. Composers sorted, not feathers, but words for their songs. The names of few composers of poetry for the Pele and Hiiaka cycle have been remembered, but perhaps this is a tribute to the haku mele for so beautifully sorting out words appropriate for the two goddesses and their companions to chant.

Hiiaka's journey gives Hawaiian composers an unparalleled opportunity to pour into song their love of the islands and their keen observation of the changing weather and conditions of the landscape. Here, as everywhere in Polynesia, nature is believed to reflect the mood of the characters in the myths and traditions, as in real life; to communicate with them through omens; and to acknowledge the rank and beauty of highborn characters, male or female. Characters often communicate with each other through chants which outwardly describe the rain or the sun or the ocean but inwardly convey a personal message, usually intelligible only to the composer and to the object of his devotion. Other chants carry on the action of the plot and may conveniently refer to geographical places, to the state of the weather, or to the aspect of the sea. But, in addition to these chants which have symbolic meaning, there are many which are intended only to portray nature. All this is true of the songs incorporated into Hiiaka's itinerary. Hiiaka, because of what countless unknown poets have given to her in her name, is the greatest of all artists known in Polynesian oral literature.

The Pele and Hiiaka cycle, to give a connected summary of events, begins with Pele and her seven younger sisters and other kin having to leave their home on Kuaihelani Island to seek some "unknown land below the horizon" because of the bitter jealousy between Pele and Namakaokahai, who was either her elder sister or her cousin. Although Kuaihelani Island had three decks, or levels, the two quarrelsome goddesses would not stay on their respective decks and out of each other's affairs, particularly out of each other's love affairs.

Kuaihelani is a beautiful and mysterious floating island which is often mentioned in Hawaiian narratives. Old accounts state that it floats about in the mythological region called Kahiki. However, in historic times it has apparently extended its route to float around the Hawaiian

Islands, for a Hawaiian occasionally reports having seen it drift past his home at night, like a great ocean steamer. Because Kahiki is a dialectical variant of the name Tahiti, the floating island from which Pele and Hiiaka originally came is sometimes said, as in the poem given below, to have been in the Society Islands, in the neighborhood of Tahiti and Borabora (Polapola to the Hawaiian-speaking narrators).

This poem is a version of the first song in the Pele and Hiiaka cycle. It tells of the family group departing from Kahiki in a canoe which is manned by gods, some of whom are the brothers of Pele and Hiiaka. Kamohoalii is the eldest brother. The canoe is once referred to as Kane's canoe, a commonplace way to honor, and to win the protection of, the god Kane, who has a very high position in the Hawaiian pantheon. Like any hula relating to Pele, this opening chant, which is accompanied by a dance, should be performed only on important occasions to honor highborn people; and it must be preceded by an offering to the goddess, of salt crystals and a spinach made from a young unfurled taro leaf.

From Kahiki, the woman Pele,
From the land of Polapola,
From the red billowing cloud of Kane,
From the cloud blazing in the heavens,
From the fiery cloud-pile in Kahiki.

Eagerly desirous of Hawaii, the woman Pele
Hewed the canoe *White Earth*,
Thy canoe, O Kamohoalii.
They rushed to finish the work,
The lashings of the canoe of the god,
The canoe of Kane, Hewer of the Earth.

The tide rises.
Over it dashes Pele of the Red Earth;
Over it dashes The Heavenly One, encircling the island;
Over it dashes The Myriad Gods.
Malau is seated
To bail out the bilge of the canoe.
Who shall sit astern, be captain, O royal companions?
Pele of the Red Earth!
The splash of the paddle dashes over the canoe.
Those two, Ku and Lono,
Disembark on solid land,
Alight on an island shoal.
Hiiaka, Wise One, a goddess,
Stands, goes to stay at the house of Pele.
Thunderous belching in Kahiki!
Flashing lightning! O Pele!
O belch forth!

On reaching the Hawaiian Islands, the party tours the archipelago to find a suitable homesite for fiery Pele. During this search, Pele falls in love with Lohiau, a handsome chief of Kauai Island, and when she finally selects the volcano Kilauea in the district of Puna on Hawaii as her home, she sends Hiiaka, her favorite little sister, to fetch Lohiau. Hiiaka is the only one of her sisters whom Pele trusts for such a mission, and in return for Hiiaka's loyalty she promises to protect the girl's beloved groves of red-blossomed lehua trees from fire.

On her journey to Kauai, the northernmost of the major islands in the archipelago, Hiiaka travels through many sections of Hawaii, Maui, Molokai, and Oahu. Along the way she is often in great danger from evil magicians who assume many grotesque disguises to deceive her, but Hiiaka, like many younger sisters in Polynesian narratives, is as able a magician as she is a composer and a dancer, and she successfully wards off the magical attacks upon her.

One of the most memorable of her adventures is her eerie meeting with a lonely dancing ghost on a beach on Maui. When Hiiaka sees the ghost girl dancing merrily by herself, she tosses her a hala from a lei that she is wearing. The ghost catches the bright red and green fruit in her pitiful stumps, which are all that remain of her hands and arms, and she then sings and dances the "Song of the Lei," which dancers still chant today as they prepare wreaths to wear in a hula. The ghost sings about the little islets of Kaula and Niihau, about the thirsty wind called Drink-water, and about the hala which is associated with the place called Naue, just as Puna and Kilauea are places associated with Pele. Because Pele's name must not be casually mentioned, she is often spoken of merely as the woman, as in this chant. In its composition, the "Song of the Lei" illustrates, as does the chant above, the Hawaiian style of linking lines by repeating a key word. The English translation tries to maintain the style by repeating the words "calm," in the second and third lines, "drink," in the third and fourth lines, and "hala" and "Naue," in the fourth and fifth lines.

Kaula wears the ocean as a lei.
Niihau glitters in the calm.
After the calm blows Drink-water.
Then the halas of Naue drink in the sea.
From Naue, the hala; from Puna, the woman,
From the Pit, from Kilauea.

Wherever she goes and regardless of dangers and discomforts, Hiiaka has time to make many careful observations of the weather and

natural conditions. When she reaches Oahu, she suffers intensely from the bad weather and from nostalgia for her groves of red-blossomed lehua and for her dearest friend on Hawaii, a girl who can transform herself into a lehua tree. The rainy season is at its worst when Hiiaka visits the windward, or Koolau, side of Oahu. She notices the "lily-tufts of Ihukoko, Gnawed away by the water, Thrashed about by the wind, Beaten down by the rain," and, to judge from her famed chant about the Koolau rain, she herself is as beaten as the lilies. More than one version of her rain chant exists; and in one of them a poet, speaking for Hiiaka, identifies her mood with that of the weather. The wild rain lashes her as fiercely, says the poet, as does the unhappiness which storms within her and makes her eyes "into a bundle of tears."

Vile Koolau, vile Koolau,
Eat and drink a belly full of Koolau rain,
Raining at Maelieli,
Guttering out at Heeia,
Rain scooping forth into the sea.
The rain dances with joy, at Ahuimanu,
The bended knee dance.
The rain sways hips in a dance,
Making the coral piles spin.
Rain surrounds houses at Place-of-burdens.
I am burdened, O burdened,
With eyes a bundle of tears
Pouring down.

Another poet's version of the same experience merely describes the rain, a favorite theme of Hawaiian composers, without mentioning Hiiaka's mood.

'Twas in Koolau I met with the rain.
It comes with lifting and tossing of dust,
Advancing in columns, dashing along.
The rain, it sighs in the forest;
The rain, it beats and whelms, like the surf;
It smites, it smites now the land.
Pasty the earth from the stamping rain;
Full run the streams, a rushing flood;
The mountain walls leap with the rain.
See the water chafing its bounds like a dog,
A raging dog, gnawing its way to pass out.

The thundering roar of the ocean at Waialua on Oahu inspires Hiiaka, or the composer who speaks for her, to play upon the syllable *wa*, and secondarily upon the letters *k* and *l*, to describe the sound.

O Waialua, kai leo nui,	Waialua, great-voiced sea,
Ua lono ka uka o Lihue.	Resounds in the uplands of Lihue.
Ke wa la Wahiawa, e!	O it roars at Wahiawa!
Kuli wale, kuli wale i ka leo;	Deafened, deafened by the voice;
He leo no ke kai, e!	O the voice of the sea!

The depression which has afflicted Hiiaka in the rainstorms on Oahu begins to alternate now with moods of intense sorrow and rage, for even as she prepares to leave Oahu and to cross over to Kauai, she learns, through the power of her magic, that Pele has broken her promise and has covered the lehua groves with hot lava and, with them, Hiiaka's friend who can become a lehua. Pele behaves as she does because she is jealous, undisciplined, and violent-tempered. Not long after her little sister has left Hawaii, Pele begins to wonder whether she has been wise to send a pretty young girl like Hiiaka to fetch handsome Lohiau. The more she thinks about it, the more convinced she is that Hiiaka and Lohiau will find each other irresistible. Finally certain that her suspicions represent the truth, even though Hiiaka has not yet reached Kauai, where Lohiau lives, Pele pours forth her red lava on the lehua trees and Hiiaka's friend.

Hiiaka, who is too loyal to break her part of the agreement, goes on sadly to Kauai. She learns there that Lohiau is dead. However, her efficacious chants, knowledge of herbs, and magical ministrations restore Lohiau to life; and when she has nursed him back to health, they start the journey southward to Pele's Pit on Hawaii. Most of Hiiaka's chants on the homeward journey have a recurrent refrain of sorrow; many are wild laments for her dead friend and the trees. On reaching Hawaii after many adventures and after having delivered Lohiau to the brink of the Pit, her emotions go out of control. The long dangerous journey to Kauai and back, the sight of her fire-blackened groves, and the great love which has grown in her for Lohiau since their meeting on Kauai convince her that she owes Pele no more loyalty and that she should take revenge. In her own quiet way, the young goddess is as passionate and determined as Pele herself, and far more sensitive. So, as she sits on the edge of the volcano, she passionately throws her arms around Lohiau.

Pele's rage is now directed at Lohiau, whom she feels is responsible for Hiiaka's astonishing behavior. She orders her other sisters to kill him, but they attack the handsome chief so half-heartedly that she orders the male gods to kill him. Those gods who bear the family name of Ku refuse. Pele thereupon exiles them, and they flee to the forests for protection from her fire and become vagabonds, guardians of travelers, and patrons of canoe-builders and foresters. Other gods obey Pele and kill Lohiau. It is the second time that he has died within a short time.

Lohiau's spirit now flies to his friend Paoa and tells him the story of Pele's treachery and baseless suspicion. Paoa goes to Pele, who is astonished to hear the truth, and declares that Lohiau shall be restored to life. However, once he is alive again, she no longer wants him, for meanwhile she has fallen in love with Paoa. Lohiau leaves Hawaii, and soon after, Hiiaka, who is disgusted with Pele's capriciousness and infidelity, also leaves, intending to revisit Kauai where she first met the handsome chief. On her way north she stops at Kou (a district in present-day Honolulu) to visit a famous hula school. Like other Hawaiian hula schools it is a gathering place for visiting performers and any footloose and distracted traveler who is eager for news and companionship. At this school is another wanderer as unhappy and as weary as Hiiaka. It is Lohiau. And with their meeting, at least this version of the Pele and Hiiaka cycle ends on a joyful note. It also ends the greatest journey of song in Polynesian oral literature.

Awake, O rain, O sun, O night,
O mists creeping inland,
O mists creeping seaward,
O masculine sea, feminine sea, mad sea,
Delirious sea, surrounding sea of Iku.
The islands are surrounded by the sea,
The frothy sea of small billows, of low-lying billows,
Of up-rearing billows that come hither from Kahiki.

Chapter III

CHAPTER III

Talkers in the Night

If I give a mat it will rot,
If I give cloth it will be torn,
The poem is but bad, yet take it,
That it be to thee boat and house,
For thou art skilled in its taking,
And ever have I joyed
When the ignorant of heart have conned a poem
In companionship with the wise.

As he laid a small tapa mat before his friend whose father had recently died, a Tongan sailor and poet chanted a hundred-and-one-line poem from which these eight lines are quoted. The poem was his version of the gift which etiquette required that he present in making a formal call of condolence. He apologized for the quality of the poem because his friend was none other than Falepapalangi, one of Tonga's greatest bards and famed for his success in battles of song among bards. Etiquette required that Falepapalangi name each gift brought to him and thank the donor for it. Now he thanked his friend for the mean little mat. Then to show his appreciation of the contrast between it and the wealth as represented by the poem, he said, "Thanks for the ———" and recited the entire poem back to its composer, although he had heard it but once, a few minutes before.

The incident illustrates the value laid on poetry and the remarkable memories of the bards, not only in Tonga but throughout Polynesia. Over and over again, poems are given and received as precious gifts and feats of memory are described.

Narrative talent is admired and cultivated among all Polynesian classes but especially among men and women of highborn families. Before

the breakdown of the native culture, they were informally trained at home or formally educated at schools. George Vason, a missionary who in 1810 wrote of his four years in Tonga, tells of his delight at the shrewd observations and good sense of the "nocturnal confabulations" within the family circle of the chief who was his protector. After dark, if they did not wish to dance, the chief, his wives, children, and attendants stretched out on mats in his fifty-foot-long house. The chief would say, "Let us have some conversation." Someone would ask, "What shall we talk about?" Another might introduce a favorite subject, papalangi, the foreigners, whom they called men of the sky because they were thought to have burst through the distant horizon where sky and earth meet. Conversation would continue till all were asleep but would be resumed if anyone who woke up during the night found someone else wakeful. Vason adds, "The social intercourse and the ceremonial carriage, which were constantly kept up in the families of chiefs, produced a refinement of ideas, a polish of language and expression, and an elegant gracefulness of manners . . . as superior and distinct from those of the lower and laborious classes, as the man of letters, or the polished courtier differs from the clown. The lower orders used terms of a much meaner and coarser import: the higher orders were so much refined, as often, for amusement, to take off the vulgar by imitating their expressions and pronunciations."

In the large archipelagoes, many chiefs had companions who filled the role of jesters. Often the jesters were of high birth. In Tonga, for example, some were talking chiefs whose duties included orating and advancing the prestige of the superior chiefs. One such talking chief, who fancied himself a comedian, had himself trussed up like a pig for sacrifice and delivered to his superior. Fortunately, the high chief lacked the wit to see the joke through and to order the gods to accept the "long pig."

Neither jesters nor bards could predict royal temperament. A Tongan poet, too sure of his position at court, helped himself to a gift of kava root being delivered to his chief, Mumui. The chief, insulted, ordered the poet's house burned. Before anything more adverse could happen, the poet fled to a sanctuary where he composed a chant with a long prose introduction about his patron. After training a chorus to chant it, he got an important chief to request its performance. His former patron, Mumui, as was intended, heard about it and was sufficiently curious to order the poet to perform for him. The poet thereby won his way back into royal favor.

A poet faced other dangers than his patron's temper. Tongan poetry contests became so bitter at one time that they had to be forbidden until the poets were less belligerent. In Hawaii, during the time of Queen

Emma, there was a young, ambitious chanter whom all the hula teachers rejected because of his cross-eyes. However, he was determined to become a hula master, and won the sympathy of the gods of the hula who appeared in his dreams to teach him. When Queen Emma visited his district, the other chanters refused to give the ugly chanter a place in the welcoming program. He therefore violated the rules by chanting outside while the entertainment was going on under shelter. Soon the audience had deserted the handsome chanters to see and hear the homely man with the beautiful voice. The Queen herself ordered that this wonderful chanter be brought before her. Not long after her departure, however, the chanter died—poisoned, so the rumor was, by his jealous rivals.

Another sad story, a myth from Easter Island, tells of an ugly man with a beautiful voice who sang every night outside the house where several sisters lived. The girls fell in love with his wonderful voice. As he sang from "the depth of his throat and very loud," the girls invited him in "to sing more softly." Night after night he visited them but always left before dawn, until the girls hid his loincloth so that he could not leave. At dawn when they saw his ugly face, they spat at him "though his voice was wonderful."

Narrative ability acted in some measure as a leaven in the class-conscious society of the large Polynesian archipelagoes. Even individuals of lowly birth could win fame and prestige, gifts from audiences, and the patronage of chiefs, if they had talent as composers, chanters, narrators, or actors. Some artists were trained within their families by older performers or found other avenues leading to a public debut, as will be described. In the major eastern Polynesian islands from Hawaii south to New Zealand, formal training was available in schools for the gentry. Western Polynesia—that is, Tonga and Samoa and their satellite islands—had neither the priest-training schools nor the entertainment houses so prominent in the east. Much of what will be told next of the Marquesas, Mangareva, and the Society Islands represents variations of a pattern also found in New Zealand and in Hawaii.

In 1888, when Robert Louis Stevenson was in the Marquesas, the young people (who in earlier times excelled in all the arts of entertainment) apologized for their limited repertory of songs. Few, except among the old people, knew any songs. This contrasted with Tongareva (Penryhn Island) where even little girls of eight or nine sang one song after another for hours without repeating themselves. Marquesan dance performances, Stevenson declared, were inanimate, and the ability or the interest to compose new songs was vanishing as fast as the vitality of the once rugged and vigorous islanders.

However, conversation and formal speechmaking had not declined. And gestures, voice inflexions, facial expressions, and wit continued to be highly styled. Although Stevenson and his party knew but an occasional Marquesan word, native oral experts did not relax their techniques in trying to communicate with the visitors. But, one man, Mapiao, after several days aboard the *Casco* with the Stevensons, frequently lapsed into silent despair. Then he made gestures of contempt, directed either at his listeners' stupidity or at his own inadequacy to convey the subtlety of his conversation. He was as famed for it as for the skill for which Stevenson was paying—the working of human hair, that of old men's white beards, to be precise, into decorative head wreaths. For the wreaths Mapiao took pay. The studied conversation, monologue though it had to be, he contributed as a cultivated man and artist to a social group led by a fellow gentleman and artist-in-words.

Mrs. Stevenson was captivated by an "incurable cannibal grandee" whose favorite morsel was the human hand and who held her hand gently as he tearfully chanted a farewell speech in the falsetto voice that people of high position cultivated. The cannibal grandee's home on Hivaoa Island was in beautiful Atuona Valley. Stevenson, however, dubbed it Cannibal Valley, a place of "infamous repute." He was fascinated by its contrary charm and added that "framed in its theatre of mountains," it was "the loveliest, and by far the most ominous and gloomy, spot on earth."

Marquesans once called it Vevau, their pronunciation of the old Polynesian name of Vavau. They respected it as their outstanding source and center of learning, just as Opoa on Raiatea Island in the Society Archipelago was the realm of highest scholarship to central Polynesians. Because Vevau, now called Atuona, is the largest and most favorable of all the Marquesan valleys for human settlement, a large population sprang up there, causing the valley to become politically and culturally dominant in the archipelago. From Vevau, learning spread throughout the group. The gods, too, admired Vevau, for the top of Kei Ani, or Pierce Sky, a low mountain in the valley, was their temple and landing place. At certain times they flew in from all the islands for a great assembly.

The reputation of Atuona Valley as the home of the most learned men in the Marquesas persisted into modern times. In 1920 when Dr. E. S. Craighill Handy studied Marquesan native life for Bishop Museum, the man, Haapuani, then acknowledged the best informed master of native learning, lived at Atuona. He and his wife had been born there, and it had been the home of their ancestors also. Haapuani actually knew only a small part of the formerly rich stock of Marquesan lore, yet his knowledge was

far greater than that of anyone else alive. He had acquired his learning informally, though with conscious and diligent effort. As a boy he had listened carefully to old men as they reminisced about the past or narrated the adventures of tribal heroes.

As a youth, Haapuani had lived for a time across the island in Puamau Valley where he had gleaned what he could. "Puamau was anciently famed for its troupes of traveling singers," plainly states a narrator from Fatuhiva Island in telling about a chief named Tupa. Perhaps he acknowledged the reputation of this valley so frankly because he went on then to tell how a Fatuhivan troupe once carried sensational new songs to Puamau. It had thus reversed the customary route. Tupa's daughter had learned these songs while she was temporarily in Havaiki, the land of the dead. On her return, she had taught them to the living. Chief Tupa's delighted tribe declared that the residents of Puamau, who knew quality, must hear them. The chants were indeed a success, for the Puamau chief himself and his troupe joined the Fatuhivan party to carry the songs on to Nukuhiva Island. Haapuani, the present-day native scholar at Atuona, had thus lived in two valleys which since ancient times had been hailed either for scholarship or for entertainment. Back in Atuona, he married and acquired much additional lore from an older male relative of his wife's, a very learned man, an accepted master of chants.

In the old tribal hierarchy the master of chants was outranked only by the chief and by the inspirational priest. The latter was a shaman through whom the gods made known their desires. The master of all bards was also the highest ceremonial priest, the master of ceremonies, who supervised the preparations for the many important rituals and presided over them. He was also the principal educator. In a specially built and tapu-bound school he taught the chief's first-born son and those mature and able people who wished to study. Among them might be his successor.

Under the master bard were the specialists in various forms of narrative art and, even more important, the leading experts of all other arts and crafts. Each occupation had, besides its technical skill, a store of specialized spells, genealogies, and origin legends. This store dovetailed with the rest of the tribal learning. The most sacred portion, especially that about the origin of the world and the gods, was basic to all and the particular specialty of the master of chants. At those ceremonies which were vital to the entire tribe, all the master experts, whatever their occupation, constituted the chorus under the master bard's direction to intone these sacred incantations. Descriptions always refer to these experts as the "old men." These master experts tended to form almost a class apart in the Marquesas.

Their distinctiveness as a group, but not a formally organized one, was emphasized in many ways: by their publicly and climactically demonstrated cooperation in the chorus; by their interlocking dependence upon each other; by their material wealth derived from services to the community; by their frequent retirement from ordinary life to engage in sacred rites connected with their occupation; and by their prestige among all the people, including the young, who were flattered to serve them.

The master experts could not rest on the reputation of past accomplishments. The master bard, for example, was spurred to maintain, and to improve, his techniques and lore through competitive contests with fellow bards, tribal pride in his success, and fear of losing his divinely given talents, his mana. When master bards from all parts of the island, and sometimes from other islands too, assembled at a great religious festival, they found time to retire, busy as they were, to a special house to match wits. An expert could be declared wrong either by a formally recognized judge or by a body of his peers. His error might debar him from the right to the title of Master of Chants. Or his colleagues might kill him. Or he might die through having short-circuited his own mana.

Anyone could attend these intellectual contests, and laymen were interested in the outcome. Each tribe had its version of a class of chants called u'i. In form, it is usually a dramatic dialogue between two contesting bards from different tribes whose poetic skill is evaluated by a judge who presides over the contest. Naturally, the local bard is always the champion. This chant would later be recited to restore self-respect when a canoe carrying tribesmen who wished to visit another island was inhospitably turned away by the landsmen. As it was shouted loudly enough for the shore people to hear, the latter would recite a derisive chant as a reply.

A woman could never be a master of chants, a ceremonial priest. Her sex barred her from reciting the most sacred chant of all, the introductory part of the cosmogony. She could, however, acquire other learning and attend schools, even those conducted by the master bard himself. Dr. Handy tantalizingly mentions, but does not tell what happened, the time when an elderly female expert from Fatuhiva Island challenged his principal informant, a man, to an informal contest of wits. Perhaps she is the same woman whom Dr. Handy has elsewhere mentioned as bearing the title of Master of Legends and as having been taught in a consecrated school by her mother, who had thus been taught by her mother. This woman had tried to teach her daughter, but the girl had been too stupid to learn. All of the arts and crafts tended to be more or less hereditary. An expert's children acquired information from him about his occupation, and the expert wished, of course, to pass on his knowledge as part of his children's heritage.

In modern times, one old Puamau Valley man who judged his granddaughter Tahia-tia-koe the most able of his descendants and the most likely repository of his learning taught her even the chants which had formerly been tapu to women. An old Atuona Valley master bard taught his niece and her husband, Haapuani.

Education was a family-initiated matter. To give his son or daughter formal training, a well-to-do Marquesan man sponsored a class in the learning and reciting of genealogies and traditions. He first built a special house (to be destroyed when school was over) to serve as classroom, sanctuary, and residence of the bard whom he employed and of the thirty or so students of both sexes who were to be his offspring's classmates. The students, who had to be over twenty years of age, presumably could not belong to the ka'ioi, the name for the youthful, carefree age group. Instead they were settled in nature, interested in serious learning, and emotionally prepared for intensive study and careful observance of tapus. These regulations were reinforced by supernatural and other penalties. Disobeying the tapu on sexual relations during the school term resulted in the gods making the guilty couples blind; and a woman who came to class during her menses would be dismissed by the bard, who might even resign in a rage and close the school permanently. Two sessions a day, morning and evening, were held for one moon, or for a shorter or longer time, at the will of the bard. If his patron's offspring proved incapable or lazy, the bard would announce that further teaching was hopeless and the school was closed. If it continued till graduation, the pupils were honored at a feast, and they were expected to keep on improving their voices and adding to their knowledge. A drink of sea foam on the day of the graduation feast was believed to make the student wise. Also, if in one hand the graduate held a small goby and with the other hand patted first the fish and then his mouth, he would make no errors either with his hands or with his mouth.

A student who aspired to be a master of chants faced further study, many restrictions, and at least two solemn ceremonies at the tribal sacred place before he was qualified. When, through family ties or sheer brilliance, he found himself on the road leading to the title of ceremonial priest, his play days were over. Anything hinting of the pleasures of his young age mates was tapu. No more flower leis, no more perfumed coconut oil, no more saffron dye to enhance his tattooing, no more games, no women, no company at mealtime. These were only a few of the tapus of his training period. But if he gained the title, he would be next to the chief and to the inspirational priest in prestige. Like them he could look forward to honors continuing even after death. A tribal period of tapu would be followed by long, elaborate funeral services, and later by a festival to deify his spirit.

The many sacrifices which included human beings would insure his living in one of the better divisions, if not the best division, of Havaiki, the underworld. His tribe would call his spirit back to receive memorial tributes and to ask for counsel.

Like the master bard's apprentice, the chief's first-born son also had an arduous life. For him, too, compensation included prestige and wealth in this world and a place in the pantheon after death. A chief virtually abdicated when his first son was born. Acting as regent, he initiated a round of ceremonies which ended only after the son had married and fathered his first-born son. The first-born male was the spark of life to carry on the ancestral line that went back to the beginning of the universe. The welfare of the chief's eldest son was vital to the spiritual and physical health of the entire tribe. Therefore, all contributed to his maintenance and participated in the major public ceremonies for him. Tapus prevented his parents from profiting personally from the benefits showered on the sacred child. That the system had merit is suggested by Melville's references in "Typee" to the simplicity, humility, and democratic manner of the chief under whose protection he came.

By the time the first-born son had a tapu school built for him and a master chanter delegated to instruct him formally, he required only polishing. Since childhood he had been instructed in tribal knowledge and drilled in his ceremonial duties. The master expert of each craft was employed to make his ornaments, his clothing, his adz, his canoe, and his houses and to do his tattooing. They taught him as they worked. Their chants were both magical spells and mnemonic devices, for they listed the gods, the materials, and the processes connected with the craft and described them as personified pairs descended, like the sacred son, from the primal gods. Each important completed object required a tribal ceremony at which the ceremonial priest recited, in a house tapu to women, the most sacred part of the cosmogony. Then the party adjourned to a less sacred house. Here the female experts added their voices to the formulas which, like the cosmogonic chant, orally united the new object with like sacred objects of the past.

Not only traditional chants were recited over the sacred son. New songs, both religious and secular, were also composed. For instance, when the chief employed the master housebuilder, he also employed the expert composer of house-dedication chants. Both were provisioned with all that the dignity of their positions required. The composer worked in a tapu house over his chant and taught the chorus there. House and chant were ready at the same time. Many of the new compositions were paeans of

praise for the boy's personal appearance and abilities. Thus, to his pride and sense of continuity with the past were added faith in himself as an individual who could live up to, and some day would pass on to his son, the ancestral heritage. As social classes were not fixed in the Marquesas, any wealthy man could thus honor his first-born son; if the first born was a daughter, she was also honored but not as elaborately as was a boy.

Because the master bard frequently required additional help in the solemn rites, openings occurred for stagehands and extra choristers. And as ceremonies in Polynesia generally ended with feasting and secular entertainment, singers, dancers, athletes, actors, and clowns were needed. The aid came mostly from the ka'ioi, the youths and girls who ranged from preadolescence to any age reached by an individual where he had worked off his exuberance and was ready to settle down. Marquesan elders, as in other Polynesian islands, permitted the young much freedom but occasionally called on them for aid.

Although these young libertines, like the master experts, formed a distinctive yet unorganized group, they vividly contrasted with the experts in appearance, behavior, and social role. A master bard's apprentice, it will be recalled, eschewed anything reminiscent of the libertine way of life. Saffron dye, perfumed coconut oil, and crowns, necklaces, and ear ornaments of flowers and leaves, all used constantly and excessively, marked the young people and the older popular entertainers. The saffron dye, liberally applied, set off the bluish lacework of freshly acquired tattooing. The root of the turmeric provided the dye which was orange or yellow, according to its processing. (Marquesans led all islanders in tattooing and woodcarving. The artists of both crafts inspired each other in ornate design.)

When young people joined the informally assembled troupes of traveling entertainers, among whom might be a few older married people, they added to their usual ornaments yellow ti-leaf girdles and draped their wreaths diagonally over the chest. A troupe would travel to friendly tribes, singing, as part of the repertory, a hoki (also the word for a minstrel troupe). Such a song eulogized an individual. Flexibly composed, it was quickly adaptable to any customer who could pay to have his name publicly celebrated to the accompaniment of drums and flutes. A song composed specifically for an individual might bring the troupe an invitation to a feast at which to present the song and collect the reward.

Several legends tell of supernatural heroes who joined either such minstrel troupes or ka'ioi bands. One such hero, Ono, although prematurely born as an egg, developed into a handsome man who joined a Puamau Valley troupe and, on a tour of Atuona, won the heart of a chief's daughter at a feast honoring the singers. Pohu, another hero, traveled about

killing supernatural monsters and winning such contests as spinning tops, beating drums, and playing flutes. His success was due to the mana of his twelve older brothers and sisters, all of them undeveloped bodies, whom he carried with him in a basket!

Another wonder boy, Kena, is a kind of male Cinderella of whom youths and maidens still daydream. He first worked as a humble firelighter for a band of ka'ioi who shared a house. But wanting adventure, he left. Adventure and a wife he found, but after losing his wife and fighting with his father-in-law, he joined some ka'ioi in Vevau (Atuona) Valley, again as a firelighter, a slavey job. These youths had assembled for the tattooing of a certain wealthy boy. When the star fell ill from being tattooed, the expert worked, as was the custom, on the boy's companions. Kena's stronger mana and spells carried him through the ordeal with unimpaired health, and his tattooing was so beautiful that Vevau rocked with rumors about it. Kena became the star of the house, and the former star became the firelighter. At the feast marking the completion of this tattooing period, all Vevau gathered to see Kena, and "all the women were struck with admiration and desired him passionately." He chose the woman Tefio, but her uncooperative husband killed her with spells. Kena followed her to Havaiki and after many hardships brought her spirit from the underworld into his house in Vevau. Alas, he could not wait to embrace her and, therefore, lost her. Consolingly, his mother said that as he now knew the road to Havaiki he could easily get her back. Off went Kena. This time he was patient, and Tefio was restored to him in perfect condition. No wonder that even in other legends the heroines, when asked by a mysterious lover outside their walls to "guess who," hopefully and longingly first ask, "Are you Kena?"

Tanaoa (the same name as Kanaloa, Tangaroa, and Taaroa) is the Marquesan god of the sea, winds, and fishing, and a trickster. Once he was the cook for some ka'ioi who lived together. Their daily routine was to eat first, then anoint themselves with turmeric and practice love songs on their nose flutes, the favorite instrument for love songs. Later in the day they would bathe, dress in their finest ornaments and loincloths (perfumed and saffron-dyed), eat again, and go off for their day's, or rather night's, work —serenading till dawn a beautiful chiefess named Meto. She would not let them enter her house, so to disguise their failure, they used to scratch and pinch themselves black and blue to suggest the marks of an affectionate woman. Tanaoa, the cook, secretly courted her too, and the song he breathed through his nose flute was, "Oh, Meto, oh. Radiant like a whale's tooth, Oh, Meto!" Each verse likened her to some different beautiful thing. Entranced, Meto the next day went to the boys' house to seek her mysterious serenader.

Each boy performed, but none had the song right. That night when Tanaoa returned to Meto's house he was invited in. Next morning he blandly listened to his companions' lies about their night with Meto and merely smiled as they exhibited their scratches as proof of her love.

In all Polynesia, Marquesans had the most beautiful and dramatic settings for their principal ceremonies and the subsequent feasting and jollity. A level place near a spring and a stream or a natural amphitheater in the forested valleys was paved and equipped as the staging area. Stone seats were built for the venerable chanters, and structures for ceremonial equipment. Beyond the parapet around the pavement (Marquesans did some of the finest stonework in the islands) arose the hills, their lower levels terraced and fitted with seats for aristocrats. Standing out vividly against the forest gloom on festival days were the ceremonial costumes of the master experts and the priests, the gay splendor of the entertainers, and, beyond, the massed, restless, swirling audience clad in holiday tapa robes to keep off the sun and decorated with colorful flowers, feathers, and other ornaments.

Groups equivalent to the libertines, to the minstrel troupes, and to the master bards of the Marquesas also existed southeastward in Mangareva and Easter Island, two islands much influenced by the northern archipelago. The Mangarevan scholars, like the Marquesan, had securely and profitably entrenched themselves by becoming essential to the correct performance of sacred rites and even to the secular festivities which followed. The Mangarevan leader of intellectual experts supervised his colleagues, who sang and drummed sacred chants in such week-long major ceremonies as the ordaining of a new priest or the celebrating of the first ripe breadfruit of the season. The master chanter conducted single chants sprinkled throughout the ceremony and also had one or two full days assigned him to provide a sacred concert. Then his chorus chanted long sets of named sequences of chants. That he often edged the priest's repertory to absorb more and more of the chanting is hinted in the uncertainty as to who should recite a particular chant.

The Mangarevan master bard had many official duties pleasantly taking him to the side of chiefs and chieftainesses. While crowds lined the roads to shout with joy, he led the processions, chanting, "The Milky Way is on high. The Milky Way is on high." Or he walked beside the chief, the chorus following them. When the chief's wife traveled on land and on sea to and from rituals for her unborn or recently born child, the master bard escorted her and chanted over her. He taught the child and directed the many ceremonies for it. At gatherings of dignitaries, he recited his own

compositions (named rongorongo after his title), that extolled the names of the guests and their home districts. He charmed them, too, with the sweetest sound of all, an unfailing key to popularity, the recitation of their genealogies. Materially, bards did well. For example, when food was distributed at feasts, master craftsmen got merely "packages of breadfruit," the master bard, "a tableful of food."

The Mangarevan intellectual expert established the official, accepted versions of the myths, history, and ancient chants of his tribe. It was he, perhaps, who localized the legends heard from elsewhere and who interpreted their heroes as the kin of his chief. Specialists in popular entertainment checked with him on the correctness of their allusions to history and myth. By inserting bits of his erudite lore into popular songs, they helped educate their audiences. Unwittingly, the scholarly bards, by holding up standards for the popular entertainers, helped preserve some of their knowledge. After Christianity had destroyed the native religion and with it the role of the scholar, the popular entertainers still had a permissible role; and their songs were filled with allusions to the past.

When Peter H. Buck (Te Rangi Hiroa) surveyed Mangarevan culture for Bishop Museum in 1934, his chief informant on lore was Karara, a female poukapa. That is, she was a pou, or director of popular singing and dancing, who specialized in the class of chants called kapa, which is inspired by traditional lore. Highly respected throughout the island for her understanding of the allusions in her repertory, she gave Dr. Buck more than one hundred songs.

Nowadays, Karara, like Haapuani in the Marquesas, another French possession, directs singing and dancing troupes for Bastille Day celebrations. She helps choose the theme for her village's contribution, composes new songs or refurbishes the old, and selects and trains the performers. As of old, competition is keen. During the weeks before July 14, visitors from other villages are suspected of being literary and talent spies. Karara remarked to Dr. Buck that a clear head indeed is required to compose a new kapa. And a thick skin. Other experts seek errors in the allusions and criticize the standard of composition. Troupes complain that the words are rough and hard, that they can't be sung smoothly, that they aren't danceable. The composer-director bitterly counters that the troupe just does not have the voice or the muscular ability to meet the challenge of her song.

At a public gathering, a couple who want a favorite song from the chorus sing and act out the beginning and make an appropriate gift. The chorus continues it, but only for as long as it feels the couple's gift justifies. Then the singers stop dead, awaiting more largess. To insure a successful

party, a wealthy and thoughtful host has a reserve supply of gifts for the chorus to supplement those which the guests bring. Thus the singing and dancing continue without interruption.

Karara must know far more than a hundred songs, for in one story alone, a story about a hero named Tonga, she chanted over thirty kapa and several songs of other types. Many of her songs are memorable. A typical kapa contrasts Tonga's poverty and his companion's wealth as revealed at a beauty show of young people, a popular entertainment in Mangarevan life and a part of many Polynesian festivals. The opening refrain is followed by a "bundle" of eight verses, a favorite number. Only the first line of each verse differs in the native text. However, Dr. Buck has varied the translation of the second line to bring out its connotations. A troupe tolerates the verses mostly as an excuse to sing, again and again, a good refrain—singable, danceable, not "hard." Eight verses suggest that this refrain pleased the troupe.

REFRAIN

The well-beloved has been rejected
So I shall haste me afar
And beyond to my mother, ah me!
The well-beloved has been rejected.

1

Sit on the high stone seat,
Sit with high-held head,
The one with a wealthy father.

2

Put on the feathered headdress,
Sit with haughty glancing eyes,
The one with a wealthy father.

3

Hang round thy neck the ivory jewel,
Sit with proudly heaving breast,
The one with a wealthy father.

4

Grasp in thy hand the chiefly staff,
Sit with imposing dignity,
The one with a wealthy father.

5

Gird round thy waist the barkcloth kilt,
Sit with chiefly arrogance,
The one with a wealthy father.

6

Sit on the corner of the low house platform,
Sit with downcast head,
The one with a father in poverty.

7

Hold in thy hand the menial staff,
Sit with drooping shoulders,
The one with a father in poverty.

8

Tie round thy loins the ti-leaf kilt,
Sit with shame-bent back,
The one with a father in poverty.

Tonga did not know that his superior appearance was not hidden by his poor clothing. Every girl in the district admired his appearance and hoped that he would think her the most beautiful contestant. An ugly frizzy-haired girl, deeply in love with him, happily had a father who had enough magic to make her beautiful in time for the beauty show and the winning of Tonga's heart. They married, but misadventures separated them. Their last farewell song follows. In the native text only the next to the last line of each verse changes. The last line is always the same too; but the translator, who himself was a poet, has given a master's touch to the last line of his kinswoman's song.

REFRAIN

Joy turns to sadness.

1

I stretched out my hand,
O my beloved,
It touched below your waist,
Ah! joy will turn to sadness.

2

I stretched out my hand,
O my beloved,
It touched your sweetness,
Ah! joy will turn to sadness.

3

I stretched out my hand,
O my beloved,
It fell into empty space,
Ah! joy has turned to sadness.

Mangarevans used vast, open-sided, thatch-roofed assembly houses as theaters, guest houses, and council halls. The right side was for male

aristocrats and priests; the left, for the performers, the commoners, and the women. Young people assembled informally in special karioi houses (Mangarevan dialectical equivalent of ka'ioi). Unlike the Marquesas where bands of unattached young men seem to have lived together, the Mangarevan houses were occupied by young women who sang and danced for their young male guests. The domestic strife sparked by a married man's visit to one is hinted in a dialogue song. The refrain begins with the wife speaking, "Asking where the loved one has been, Where has the loved one been?" The husband evasively mutters, "High hills, low hills, flat land" (there roamed I). The wife completes the refrain with "The lips do not answer, Where the loved one has been." Four verses follow this refrain which is repeated after each. In each verse, which has but one line, the husband names a different karioi house on the island and refuses to tell his nagging wife which house he has visited. Other islands, such as the Cook group and New Zealand, also had special houses where the young people gathered to sing and dance without bothering their elders. None, however, was as institutionalized as the Mangarevan. In islands without special houses the young people gathered on the beach. This was also the setting in the atolls for massed groups of religious and secular dances.

In the Society Islands, training while at work was given members of a highly organized association of entertainers called the Arioi (a dialectical variant of karioi and ka'ioi). All ages and all social classes and both sexes were represented. Handsome and talented singers, dancers, athletes, and actors who longed to join would break into a performance and act as if god-inspired. If accepted and if they promised to destroy any children they might have, they became novices before being formally initiated into the lowest grade. Altogether there were eight grades, each with its peculiar costume and tattooing. However, the highest grade was not attained by promotion but by royal appointment.

Novices were called "flappers" because at a performance they had to stand and slap their cupped elbows as they recited their own names and information about the district where they were performing. They would name its rivers, mountains, harbors, and other notable features of its landscape; its temples and high priests; its chiefs and orators; the chief's jesters if he had any (Domesticated Imbecile was the name of one); its houses of wisdom and famed teachers; the Arioi houses, which were the vast entertainment halls where the members of the society performed; the hereditary titles of the chief positions in the Arioi Society; and many bits of poetry, history, and folklore about the district. They also sang comic songs. Thus they filled in gaps in the entertainment and educated themselves and their listeners.

On grand tours the Arioi traveled in splendor. Captain Cook saw a magnificently decorated fleet of seventy canoes preparing to depart to another island. The entertainers brought fine gifts to the chiefs they visited; and in return, the chiefs had their courtiers strip the peasantry of food and tapas for the Arioi. As in popular entertainments in other islands, the pantomimes, chants, and dances were sometimes obscene and ended with licentious revelry. The Arioi are said to have ridiculed and burlesqued solemn priests and chiefs without fear of punishment. Sometimes their ridicule led to improved conditions. At the end of a tour, a troupe disbanded until called to perform for a chief or until they decided to make another tour.

The highest grade was called The Red Girdle Arioi because the members wore loincloths of tapa and leaves which cunningly simulated the sacred red-feather girdle of the highest and most sacred chiefs of the archipelago, the Red Girdle Chiefs, who were the earthly incarnations of gods. The aping of costume had a serious element because of the strong *esprit de corps* among the Arioi and their pride in their society. To them, the Red Girdle Arioi were as eminent in their way as the Red Girdle Chiefs were in theirs. Both had the same god, Oro; and when a chief went to Oro's temple to be invested with the sacred red-feather loincloth, Arioi were in his procession. A high chief, an incarnation of Oro himself, had been the first Arioi and had originated the society. To his descendants went the privilege of appointing a man and a woman as Red Girdle Arioi. Regarded almost as gods, they did not practice infanticide like lesser members of the entertainment society. At performances they sat, like guests of honor, watching their colleagues at work.

Oro was one of the bloodthirstiest gods in an area of many man-eating gods. Moreover, his followers militantly forced his worship on those who still put Tane, Taaroa, or other older gods first in the pantheon. Although the Arioi entertained Oro's warriors on the battlefield, they contrarily interpreted Oro as a god of peace. Perhaps it was wishful thinking. When the land was at peace, the entertainers were more creative and received larger rewards than when warfare drained the wealth and vitality of the people.

The Arioi Society represented the apex of organized entertainment in Polynesia. It started perhaps from informal beginnings, as did the entertainment troupes found elsewhere. But, at Opoa district in Raiatea Island, the home of the worship of Oro, it developed and was systematized by the master minds who also made the schools of the district into what were known as Houses of All Wisdom. They had a large clientele from all over central Polynesia and created of Oro's temple a magnet to draw and

unite, though temporarily, representatives of many central Polynesian islands into a friendly alliance.

High priests assembled at Oro's marae, called Taputapuatea, from a reputed radius of more than five hundred miles to honor Oro at elaborate rituals and pageantry unsurpassed anywhere in ritual-loving Polynesia. The priests also discussed the friendly alliance of their islands and conferred on scholarly and religious matters in the House of All Wisdom in temple precincts. Ceremonies over, the visitors relaxed at gay parties held for them by Raiatean aristocrats. By the time of European discovery, the friendly alliance was only a memory. However, Opoa district continued to draw pilgrims who paid tribute to Oro and studied in the Opoa schools, the most advanced in central Polynesia.

Students came from the other islands of the Society group where they had received preliminary training in local Houses of Learning, or "Caves of Many Openings," as the schools of savants were also called. Men and women could attend, according to their interests, the secular schools to study mythology, genealogies, heraldry, astronomy, geography, and other subjects, including parau-piri. This was the study of enigmas and similes, which suggests that composition was also a subject. Obviously, all knowledge was taught orally with the aid of demonstration.

Elder sons of priests who were candidates for the priesthood studied in secular schools before withdrawing from the world to attend the priest-training schools located on sacred ground. To win the title of Inured Lips, the student passed a severe examination before a body of priests. Two Tahitian high priests told Reverend J. H. Orsmond, an early missionary, that if a priest's knowledge was questioned he would recite the names of his teachers and schools and tell the cost of his education: "I am no beggar. I am no eater of scraps. An invoker from Taere (god of knowledge) am I. Bark (for tapa) have I taken to the teachers. Fish have I chopped for the teachers. Finely braided clothes have I taken to the teachers. Mats have I taken to the teachers. Fruit batter have I pounded for the teachers. And family pigs have I taken to the teachers."

Any skeptic would be silenced with the names of teachers and schools at Opoa, or with those of Haapepe district in Tahiti where the school Sacred Cloud in the Sky had been established to dispense Raiatean versions of scholarship. Its founder was a Raiatean woman named Brave-hearted, who, with her brothers, had introduced the worship of Oro to Tahiti. She also taught in the school with another woman, Murmur of Voices, a specialist in heraldry. Other faculty members who taught aristocrats' children there included, so the story goes, the boy teacher Hiro, a favorite central Polynesian hero. A precocious, mischievous lad, who later took as his model the

god of thieves, whose namesake he was, he was considered too young to go to school with his four older brothers. But eager to learn, he hid in the ridge-pole of the schoolhouse for six consecutive days. After hearing the priests' chants but once, he knew them letter-perfect; and at graduation, he showed up his stupid brothers. Cook Islanders add that he remembered to pay his teachers. What is more he magically restored the eyesight of the blind faculty members.

Hiro's diet is not mentioned but it perhaps was limited to those foods believed to improve the memory. A famed Rarotongan priest declared that his father, also a priest, let him eat only sticky food, nothing slippery, in order to improve his memory. This Rarotongan scholar was the last to offer human sacrifices on Tangaroa's altar. He became a Christian deacon and in his sermons exhorted his listeners to bring heads to Jesus, that is, to win converts to the new religion.

The weariness with warfare and slaughter and the longing for peace which existed among the people is suggested in a Rarotongan mother's song to her son in which she urges him, now that he has fulfilled his duty and taken revenge for old insults to the family, to forget war and become a scholar. Her exhortation to the young chief seems strange in view of the fact that the native scholars and priests usually took a very active part in war.

Thou, O my son, art feared by war-makers.
Put down thy spear and leave it as a token
That thy posterity may behold it.
Go thou to thy grandparent, to Auruia,
That he may instruct thee in the ancient traditions.
Let there be no war, for a man of war can never be
satiated.
Let my son be, instead, a man of wisdom and learning,
A keeper of traditions of his house.
Let there be no war.
Plant deeply the spirit of peace,
That your rule may be called the land of
enforced peace.

Chapter IV

CHAPTER IV

Rebellion in Heaven and on Earth

Behold the gods
of Havaii, the birthplace of lands,
of Havaii, the birthplace of gods,
of Havaii, the birthplace of people!
Gods inside, gods outside,
Gods above, gods below,
Gods oceanward, gods landward,
Gods incarnate, gods not incarnate,
Gods punishing sins, gods pardoning sins,
Gods devouring men, gods slaying warriors,
gods saving men,
Gods of darkness, gods of light,
gods of the ten skies.

Can the gods all be counted?
The gods cannot all be counted!

All Polynesia would agree with this chant from the Society Islands. From Easter Island to Tonga and from Hawaii to New Zealand the gods are uncountable. So are the myths about how the gods originated, how they made the world and people, and how they should be worshiped. More than three hundred years of contact with Western civilization and world religions has not erased all of the infinite number of Polynesian gods either from memory or from activity. One soon learns this even today in metropolitan Honolulu, or Auckland, or Pago Pago.

Most of the gods are known only to a particular family or locality. Few, especially in Samoa, Tonga, and other western islands, are recognized beyond a single island. Gods whose fame has spread beyond one archipelago are located mainly in eastern Polynesia. Four of the most widely known from New Zealand and the Chathams north to the Hawaiian Islands are Tane, Tangaroa, Rongo, and Tu. Hawaiians call them Kane, Kanaloa, Lono, and Ku. Of the four, only Tangaroa, or Kanaloa, is familiar

to westerners. His name is a guidepost in their unorganized welter of local spirits, each of whom only a few people worshiped.

Eastern Polynesia, unlike the west, had not only formal schools of learning but also many theologians and philosophers. Almost as enthusiastically as ancient Vedic priests of India they synchronized and organized their religious beliefs and evolved concepts about the origin of the world, the gods, and mankind. In their remarkable cosmogonies, which they chanted in a rhythmic and fixed form, the eastern Polynesian priests gave to the four great deities the principal functions and greatest prestige. What endless meditations, discussions, and arguments the priests must have had to develop, just for these four gods, the endless variety of rituals with their myriad chants and procedures!

Dissension among the religious experts, the kahunas, is mentioned in a Hawaiian father's prayer to the four gods on behalf of his son. He is holding a ceremony to mark the formal transfer of his child from the stage of eating with his mother and other women to that of eating only in the company of men. The father chants the fixed words of the prayer as he offers a pig and other foods to an image of Lono. Around the god's neck is a gourd, symbolic of the world within which are imprisoned "the jealousies, the sins, the monsters of iniquity." The line about the quarrels of the religious experts is:

> It has been calm and free from disturbances into the night,
> O Lono,
> Free from the turbulent enmities and bickerings of the kahunas,
> hunters after men.

The four ancient gods built the world, fathered earthly chiefs, and assisted not one human family only but whole tribes and islands. They are the "classical gods of Polynesia," according to Peter H. Buck, who suggests that originally they were distinguished chiefs whom their kinfolk and followers deified after death.

A classical god's rank and duties varied from island to island and from period to period. His fame and prestige grew with the success and prosperity of his worshipers. He became a classical god, one known in many archipelagoes, because for generations he had brought his worshipers more successes than failures. He and his divine companions helped people in every part of their daily life. In war, a battle was as much between rival gods as between rival warriors. The victorious god shared with his victorious warriors the fruits of victory. The more victories, the more land, the more followers, the more leaning slabs. At the slabs in the temples, the worshipers knelt to make their petitions to the gods. The relationship of successful warfare, prosperity to the land, and increased honor to the helpful gods is

illustrated in a Tahitian's eulogy to war: "War is growth to the land . . . War is fertile soil, soil that will produce seeds, soil that will be verdant . . . soil for leaning slabs . . . soil for pavings (in the maraes or temples)." Of the hazards of war he advised, "If the eye gets pricked, relieve it! If the breast gets a wound, wear it! If a stone strikes you, bear it! If the skin gets a cut, it is a professional ornament!"

What if the god and his hierarchy of spirits fail with their human followers to win in war? Defeat might mean the partial or complete annihilation of a god's followers and, of course, with them the god himself. And if the defeated tribe was not completely wiped out, its survivors would formally cast off the god who had failed them. A Tahitian defeated in war or by continual misfortune called a priest or went himself to a marae to chant a casting off formula to divest himself of his useless god. He chanted as follows:

There is casting off!
I am casting thee off!
Do not come to possess my spirit again.
Let me not be a seat for thee again.
Let me not know thee again.
Do not thou know me again.
Go and seek some other medium for thyself in another home.
Let it not be me, not at all!
I am wearied of thee!
I am terrified of thee!
I am expelling thee!
Go even to River In Darkness unto Taaroa, thy father
Taaroa, the father of all the gods.
Return not again to me.
Behold my family, stricken with sickness.
Thou art taking them.
Thou art a terrible man-devouring god!

After the ceremony the man and his family tried new gods until their troubles ceased.

Typical of this pragmatic and independent Polynesian viewpoint toward the gods is a dirge from Mangaia Island. A bereaved father bitterly blasts Turanga, the god of his dead child's mother, the god whom he blames for the death of his favorite son. He chants as if speaking to his child:

Ah, that god—that bad god!
Inexpressibly bad, my child!
I am disgusted with thy mother's god.
Oh, for some other Helper!
Some new divinity to listen to the sad story
of thy wasting disease!
Thy form once so plump now has changed.

Presumably the chanter, a composer of several beautiful memorial songs to this son and to other children whom their mother's god had not protected, finally cast off the useless god and tried other deities.

From Mangaia also comes the most insulting song to a god by a former worshiper that has been published from Polynesia. The composer, another bereaved father, blames Tane for the death of his first born. He calls him a liar, a mere man, and as incompetent a protector as some people have found the god Turanga. The former worshiper of Tane laments:

> O, my god, thou hast failed me!
> Thou didst promise life.
> Thy worshipers were to be as a forest,
> To fall only by the ax in battle.
> Had it been the god Turanga,
> That liar! I would not have trusted *him*.
> Like him, *you* are a man-eater!
> May thy mouth be covered with dung.
> Slush it over and over!
> This god is but a man after all!

The composer, finishing this solo, exhorts the chorus, "Plaster him well, friends. Ha! Ha!" The women in the chorus shout derisively, and each new verse begins with "Dung is fit food for such gods!" The composer longs for the power "to stir up the gods, And cause the very dead to awake."

This freedom to rebel against incompetent gods, to cast them off, and to try other gods influenced many Polynesians favorably toward Christianity. Jehovah was one more new and reputedly powerful and successful god to try out, the answer, as the Reverend William Wyatt Gill, missionary in Mangaia, pointed out, to the plea for "some other Helper! Some new divinity . . ."

Man, the Polynesians believe, can dominate the gods and nature. By attributing their own human qualities to all animate and inanimate aspects of the world they create a framework of reference to make them confident of comprehending nature and the gods and of manipulating them to their advantage. Winds, clouds, waves, rains, rocks, plants, fish, birds, earth, and sky are personified and anthropomorphized. They have personal names, and, inevitably, each has many descriptive epithets to describe his manifold duties and qualities.

Not all personified beings belong to the era of The Wind Clouds or to the remote beginning of the period of The Hearing of the Ears. Some are the children, it is believed, of mothers who are still living, mothers who are earthly human beings. The fathers, however, are sun rays, winds, rainbows, or as is often still true in Hawaii, sharks. Supernatural relatives

recognize their obligations to these children; in turn they expect worship from them. A man is never alone, wherever he is. His friends and relatives among the nature spirits will find him and bring him messages of advice and courage. Or through his knowledge of incantations he can invoke his supernatural kinfolk and compel them by the power of the recited words to aid him. These divine kinfolk, family spirits, are more important to most Polynesians than the classical gods.

Polynesians believe in the kinship of nature and man and in the continuity of time and space. Chiefs and their families are the strongest and closest links between mankind and the natural and supernatural worlds. Poetry and prose, religion and government, and the duties and privileges of members of a tribe and a family reflect awareness of this unity and continuity. Over and over in poems and in prose, whether religious or secular, composers forge links between past, present, and future, and "tread" natural and supernatural regions to define their qualities and to name their occupants and localities. Chants the Hawaiian,

> **Kane wearies himself to death with care,**
> **Care for the government of his own heavenly kingdom.**
> **The earth is governed by Kane,**
> **Kane cares for the mottled cirrus clouds.**
> **Pray to Kane for life.**
> **Kane is the god of life.**

Another Hawaiian chants as follows:

> **Kane comes with the water of life.**
> **Life through the multitude of the gods!**
> **Sacred! Sacred! Life! Life!**
> **Life through the chief! Life through the gods!**

This search for integration and identification fosters formalization, even rigidity. Polynesians live within a closed world, like the gourd around the neck of the Hawaiian image of Lono, the gourd which symbolizes "this great world; its cover the heavens . . ." The chanter commands, "Thrust it into the netting," the netting to encase gourds and calabashes used for the storage of possessions. The netting adds strengthening bonds to the natural walls of the gourd and a means for hanging it high and tidily out of the way. Did the native philosophers want more bonds for their gourdlike world with its man-created intellectual and spiritual boundaries? But the chanter, after ordering the symbol of the great world encased in netting, issues a further command, "Attach to it the rainbow for a handle!" Perhaps, then, the netting symbolizes an extension of boundaries,

the unseen horizon which, Polynesians believe, exists outside the visible horizon.

The belief in a new frontier beyond that where the Sky Father seems to meet the Earth Mother inspired the ancestors of the Polynesians to migrate farther and farther eastward into the Pacific. The same belief inspired their descendants to seek out other islands in the regions where their ancestors had died. On each new frontier they recreated another closed world from the same pattern as the old. Always they made variations, often minute but doubtless essential to themselves. Circumstances often forced adjustments in that pattern. Dynamic counterforces, like adding a rainbow as a gourd handle, produced variety and prevented stagnation. Everywhere the urge to reproduce the basically same pattern is evident; so is the urge to polish and to perfect it. The static quality of Polynesian culture, as in art, for example, is more apparent than real. The impression comes from recognizing the urge for formality and pattern and ignoring the turmoil and emotion which is being channeled. The same composers who chant admiringly, "Orderly and harmonious is the prayer of the multitude to the god," know that the order and harmony were won only after the night-long bickerings and enmities of the kahunas. Polynesians swing between preoccupation with the arrangement of infinitesimal details within their circle of the sea and inquiry into the primal causes of a universe within the unseen horizon.

Counteracting rigidity, too, is the intensely competitive spirit of the people about land and about rights to symbols of prestige. Warfare, intrigue, and words establish and defend a rebel's claims to a specific position in the aristocratic hierarchy. The great gods, the classical gods, themselves set the example for human beings to rebel on earth. The primal gods fought each other and their parents, the Sky Father and Earth Mother, to break out of their narrow world. They lived squeezed together between their parents. Also in the universe in the very beginning of the era of The Wind Clouds were, according to the Maoris of New Zealand, abstract forces such as Cosmic Darkness, or Po; Cosmic Light, or Ao; and Cosmic Void, or Kore. Either they were brethren of the rebellious gods or the parents of the Sky Father. The rebellious brothers were dissatisfied with being unable to distinguish light from darkness, substance from emptiness. They went to war.

One god, to the Maoris, personifies both Man and War. He is Tu. Hawaiians know him best in that aspect in which he served King Kamehameha, who called him Kukailimoku, Ku the Snatcher of Land. Maoris most often call him Tumatauenga, Tu of the Angry Face. He represents Man the Fighter. Among the Maoris, his five most famous brothers are

Tane, god of the forest and all life therein; Tangaroa, god of the ocean and its life; Rongo, god of cultivated foods; Haumia, god of wild plants; and Tawhiri, god of tempests. Tu of the Angry Face got four of his brothers to rebel with him against the closed world in which their parents forced them to live. Only Tawhiri, god of the tempests, wished to remain attached to the Sky Father (Rangi) and the Earth Mother (Papa).

Typically, the style in the Maori account is abrupt, cryptic, obscure, and full of proverbial expressions.

Man's only ancestors are Rangi-nui (Great Heaven) who stands above us and Papa-tu-a-nuku (Earth Standing in Space) who lies under us. People say, "From Rangi and Papa are the roots of origin."

The sky and the land are still dark in these days. Rangi and Papa are still close together, unseparated as yet. Their children fruitlessly seek the essential nature of Night, of Day. They think about the many people, the multitudes, not yet in the light. It continues dark. Hence this saying, "There was Night to the First Night, even to the Tenth Night, up to the Hundredth, to the Thousandth." There is indeed no light. People are still in the dark.

Then the sons of Rangi and Papa consider: "We are trying to decide about Rangi and Papa, whether we want to kill them or separate them."

Tu of the Angry Face (Man) says, "Yes, let us kill them both!"

Then Tane-mahuta (Forest) says, "Don't! It is better to rend them apart, with one above, the other below. Let the first (Sky Father) be a stranger to us, the other (Earth Mother) a parent to us." They agree. Then the most loving of them, Tawhiri-matea (Storms), objects to the separation of the two. Five are willing to separate them, one loves them. Hence this saying, "Night, Night, Day, Day, seeking, searching, in the Void, in the Void." It concerns their efforts to decide whether to benefit their parents or to let mankind increase. This is true also of the saying, "The assembly, the length." The long-lasting assembly is to decide about killing their parents that man may live. They truly confer about this.

Lo, Rongo-ma-tane (Cultivated Plants) stands erect to separate them but does not divide them. Lo, Tangaroa (Ocean) stands erect to separate them, but does not divide them. Lo, Haumia-tiketike (Uncultivated Plants) stands erect, and it is the same. Lo, then Tu of the Angry Face (Man) stands erect, and it is the same. Lo, then indeed Tane-mahuta (Forest) stands erect, struggles. His arms do not quite reach, so he plants his head downward and his legs up. Well! Then Rangi and Papa are

divided, wailing, "Why do you mistreat us? What is the reason for this sin of ill-treating us, of separating us?" What does Tane-mahuta care? The one wails continually from above, the other wails continually from below. Hence then this boast, "By Tane were Rangi and Papa propped, divided, fiercely rent apart; then Night is separated, then Day is separated." Parted, entirely without attachments! O sin! Then indeed innumerable people are seen concealed inside the hollow spaces between the chests of Rangi and Papa.

Then the thought also springs up in Tawhiri-matea (Storms) that goodness might develop. Therefore he rises straight up to the very domicile of his father, clings there to the inside of Great Rangi's thighs. When he reaches that place, the two greet each other affectionately. Then at Tawhiri-matea's news, Great Rangi's idea develops. They come to an understanding. Next Tawhiri-matea's progeny are produced, they grow large. Then a certain one is ordered to the west, another to the south, another to the east, another to the north. At the same time, these children are given corresponding names.

Next go forth Squall Wind, Squall Whirlwind, Great Cloud, Long Cloud, Very Dark Cloud, Fiery Cloud, Black Cloud, Intensely Dark Cloud, Extremely Dark Cloud, Red-glowing Cloud, Bursting Cloud, Thunder Cloud, and Tawhiri-matea. Behold the concerted blast! Suddenly the noise explodes! He (Tawhiri) then places his mouth close to Tane-mahuta (Forest) who just stands there and is snapped off in the middle. Behold! Snapped off! He crashes down and his branches lie there on the ground. Behold! For the worm, for the grub, for the rottenness.

Behold his (Tawhiri's) chastisement of the ocean! Tuparimaewaewa, Urutira—behold!—Tangaroa flee to the ocean. But Tangaroa's progeny first consult together. By Tangaroa himself is Punga; by Punga are two—Ikatere, Tu-te-wehiwehi. The latter's name of Tu-te-wanawana is his second name. Because of Tangaroa's flight to the ocean those men (his progeny) contend with each other: "We to the land," "We to the ocean." Some decide this, others decide that. Some go with this subtribe, others to that subtribe. The subtribe of Tu-te-wanawana remains on land; the tribe of Punga goes to the ocean. (Hence this saying) "Tawhiri-matea's rendings apart." Hence this taunt, "Flee to the land, flee to the ocean."

Ikatere says to Tu-te-wanawana, "Flee to the ocean."

Tu answers, "Behold! Flee to the land."

Then Ika answers, "If thou stayest on land, thou wilt be singed in a fire of fern."

Then Tu replies to Ika, "If thou goest to the ocean, thou wilt be placed (as a garnish) on top the basket of cooked food. I, Tu-te-wehiwehi, Tu-te-wanawana, live on the land."

The two at once separate, scatter to the ocean, to the land. Therefore the quarrel still continues—Tangaroa (Ocean) with Tane (Forest), Tane too with Tangaroa—because of the desertion of some of Tangaroa's children to the land.

Tangaroa's children are killed by Tane, by means, for instance, of canoes, nets, spear points, hooks. Tane's children are also consumed by Tangaroa. Canoes are overwhelmed in the sea by waves. Lands, forests, houses are swallowed up by floods. The ocean still eats away the land, that of Papa-tu-a-nuku, really in order to wrest great trees out into the open sea, to destroy completely the lands of Tane. Hence the spell:

Fighting on land.
Fighting on sea.
Fighting with Tane.
Fighting with Tangaroa.
Power on land.
Power on sea.
Power with Tane.
Power with Tangaroa.

Alas! Then Tawhiri-matea girds himself against Rongo-ma-tane (Cultivated Plants) and Haumia-tiketike (Uncultivated Plants). But Papa seizes them, conceals the two, hides them, conceals them in her hiding place. Then Tawhiri-matea seeks them in vain. Papa has hidden her children.

Tawhiri next assaults Tu of the Angry Face (Man), completely unleashes his anger, violently shaking him, and everything. What does Tu care? He is the only child of the whole company that plotted to slay their parents. He is the only one victorious in the battle. His brothers are overcome by the attacks of Tawhiri and his sons. Smashed to pieces are Tane and his tribe. Tangaroa is in flight, some of his tribe to the land, others to the sea. Rongo, Haumia-tiketike are hiding in the earth. Tu of the Angry Face still stands on the thighs of his mother Papa-tu-a-nuku. Now at last the feelings of Rangi and Tawhiri are tranquil.

Death was brought to Tu by the birth of the children of Taranga and Makea-tutara—Maui-taha, Maui-roto, Maui-pae, Maui-waho, Maui-tiki-tiki-a-Taranga. Maui-tikitiki, by tricking Great Hina of the Underworld, brought death to man. Had it not been for this trickery, there would be no death. Man would live yet, forever and ever. By Maui The Youngest's trickery to Great Hina of the Underworld death now affects men of Ao, resounds above, resounds below.

Then Tu plots to set about to slay his brothers for their cowardice in the matter of Tawhiri's revenge for their father. He (Tu) alone has been victorious in the fight. Tu of the Angry Face broods over his brothers' weaknesses. He alone has been brave. First he seeks out Tane-mahuta for not having come to his aid, and he recalls that his progeny (the birds) are greatly increasing and might cause him trouble. So he prepares the *Cordyline,* twisting it to make it into a snare. That done he fastens and hangs the snare. O sin! Completely stricken, never to fly or anything else (Tane's children).

In seeking out Tangaroa's progeny also, he finds them scattered, mostly swimming. By cutting flax, making it into nets, and dragging them, he casts on shore (Tangaroa's children).

After that he seeks out Rongo and Haumia. O sin! He finds them by their hair (leaves); prepares a spade; plaits a basket; digs into the earth; casts Rongo and Haumia up on the surface to dry up in the sun.

Thus Tu of the Angry Face deposed his brothers. He consumed them as food in revenge for their desertion of him in the battle against Tawhiri and Rangi. All die. Man alone is victorious in the battle.

His brothers dead, he assumes his names—Tu of the Angry Face, Tu the Rager, Tu the Angry, Tu the Lover of War, Tu the Man-consumer, Tu of the Narrow Face—to equal those of his brothers. Four of his confederates have been deposed. Tawhiri is still altogether tapu. The youngest (Tawhiri) in the family is still left to battle him. His rage is equal now to his younger brother's rage.

The meanings of the names of the children of Rangi and Papa are: Tangaroa, fish; Rongo-ma-tane, sweet potato; Haumia-tiketike, fern root; Tane-mahuta, forest and birds; Tawhiri-matea, wind; Tumatauenga, man.

Tu of the Angry Face has many incantations to control these children: incantations for food, incantations for possessions, incantations for calm, incantations for the soul, and so on, and so on.

Also at this time are submerged certain parts of the earth through Tawhiri-matea's violent fury in battling against his older brothers. Great sections of Papa-tu-a-nuku are submerged. The names of the male ancestors who caused the earth to be submerged are Great Rain, Long-continued Rain, Hailstorm. And their children are Mist, Heavy Dew, Light Dew. Together they submerge much of the earth in the water. Only a little portion remains dry.

From that time on clear light greatly increases. All the people hidden in Rangi and Papa greatly increase. The people generated are Tu

of the Angry Face and his brothers, also those of the Darkness, of the Light, of the Void, of the Seeking, and of Runuku (earthquake god hidden in Papa). Thus it continues until the time of Ngainui, Whiro-te-tupua, and also to Tiki Ancient Chief. The progeny of Tu of the Angry Face are also born and greatly increase, greatly increase up to the generation of Maui-taha and his younger brothers, Maui-roto, Maui-pae, Maui-waho, and Maui-tikitiki-a-Taranga.

Unto this day Rangi dwells apart from his wife Papa-tu-a-nuku. The continued sighing of the wife with love for her husband is the mist of the mountain rising upward. Then Rangi's tears are poured out from above upon Papa-tu-a-nuku; it is the dew.

It was not the leader of the rebels, Tu of the Angry Face, who won the greatest worship from men in the expanding world. Tane, according to Captain Cook, was named first of all the gods in many eastern Polynesian pantheons. Tane is the divider of Heaven and Earth, the beautifier of the sky, the creator of woman, the dispenser of the waters of life, and the god of forests, of birds, and of artisans, especially canoe-builders, who work in wood. Tane is the god of beauty. Man the Fighter, from New Zealand north to Hawaii, poured into the concept of Tane his most beautiful thoughts and poetry. The Tuamotuans adore him, as the following verses show.

Hail, my chief, Tane! Hail, my chief, Tane!
There is not a god traveling the region of the sky,
Only one, Tane! . . .

He is the beloved one, the teacher of chiefs,
The whirlwind on land,
The crimson of the sky,
The glowing red of the sky,
The scarlet of the sky,
The clearness of the sky.
It is the sacred sky of Tane.

Tane here is the supreme ruler of the sky.
Hail to Tane!
It is the highest acclaim!
He is the trumpet, the drum, the kava leaves.
He is the maker of chiefs.

Come forth,
Come forth, rainbow-encircled, with lightning flashing
in the sky, with the multitude crowding around!
Hail to the chief!
Hail to the ancestor of chiefs!

The Hawaiians of Kauai Island chant of Kane as follows:

A query, a question,
I put to you:
Where is the water of Kane?
At the Eastern Gate
Where the Sun comes in at Haehae;
There is the water of Kane.

A question I ask of you:
Where is the water of Kane?
Out there with the floating Sun,
Where the cloud-forms rest on Ocean's breast,
Uplifting their forms at Nihoa,
This side the base of Lehua;
There is the water of Kane.

A question I ask of you:
Where, pray, is the water of Kane?
Yonder, at sea, on the ocean,
In the driving rain,
In the heavenly bow,
In the piled-up mist-wraith,
In the blood-red rainfall.
In the ghost-pale cloud form;
There is the water of Kane.

One question I put to you:
Where, where is the water of Kane?
Up on high is the water of Kane,
In the heavenly blue,
In the black-piled cloud,
In the black-black cloud,
In the black-mottled sacred cloud of the gods;
There is the water of Kane.

One question I ask of you:
Where flows the water of Kane?
Deep in the ground, in the gushing spring,
In the ducts of Kane and Loa,
A well-spring of water, to quaff,
A water of magic power—
The water of life!
Life! O give us this life!

In telling how Tane beautified the heavens, Society Islanders bring out the characteristics of this god. From these islands the ancestors of the Maoris took south with them the story of the separation of Heaven and Earth. But the Society priests modified the older, simpler story, though they still tell of the rebellion of the gods in the "shameful millions of nights of

darkness" between the upper and the lower shells of the world which are clamped together by an octopus.

The first to try to conjure to death the octopus is Tu, who fails. Later Great Spirit Rua, or Pit, slays the monster but cannot loosen its death grip on the world. Divine artisans, holding their baskets of adzes, stand terrified before the majesty of the sky or atmosphere, called Atea. Then they turn and flee to the shelter of the artisans' assembly hall. Demigods then try their magic to tear loose the octopus and raise the sky. Ru raises the sky to the top of the lowest arrowroot, then to the broader and longer leaves of another taller arrowroot, next to the flat leaves of a low tree, *Terminalia catappa,* and finally to the top of a tall tree coral. Humpbacked and ruptured, Ru stops. His intestines float away to the horizon as clouds. Two Bodies, an ocean spirit, tries and fails to lift the sky. Finally Maui of the Eight Heads pushes the sky up high. After anchoring it to mountain tops with ropes, propping it here and there with stones, and driving wedges in where sky and earth still meet, Maui flies up to the first sky, to the second sky, to the third sky, to the fourth sky, and on and on until he reaches the tenth and highest sky, where Tane lives. Tane and Maui greet each other.

Tane, who is playing with his pet birds and feeding them, says, "Is that you, Maui?"

"It is I!"

"You have a great errand?"

"I have a very great errand!"

"Tell me!"

"The dome of the sky is coming up, but it is still clinging to the tops of the mountains of the earth, and all is dark within. I have come to you for artisans to go and dig out, and completely sever, the confined sky from the earth."

"I will go myself," says Tane. He sorts out his shells for the work and puts them in his workbasket. A coconut shell will draw out the face of the sand of Atea to the morning star. A long *Turritella* shell will draw it out to the evening star. A prickly shell will draw it out to Castor and Pollux. A sharp-edged shell will draw it out to Mercury.

Putting his basket of shell adzes under his arm and taking his sky measure, Tane calls, "Where is my little pet white sea-swallow? Taifei Spirit, where are you?"

"Here I am."

"Come hither."

With his white bird on his shoulder, Tane leaves the open tenth sky and flies down through the nine skies to the dark earth. His pet bird says, "Tane of All Skill, tread in the little confined valley of huddling and panting, the valley of the unsettled and flashing shells." Tane obeys his guide. As he stands in the confined valley of flashing shells, he looks up at Atea to survey him and looks down at the earth. After hauling great logs as levers and props, he digs and bores upon the solid blue stone of Atea with his shells.

Atea is enraged! His voice resounds on high, "O Tane, withdraw your shells and the sky measure. I am in pain." But Tane digs, and bores, and pushes until Atea is detached and ascends on high! Atea is free! Light comes into the world!

The gods rejoice at their release from darkness and confinement. Says a priest, "There is tumbling and rolling over each other, in the ravines, in that department, and in this department. In what departments? In the assembly room and in the room to run from! They are all dispersed outside, shouting and clinging to each other! The host of gods from their departments first, and then the host of people from their departments a little afterwards. This is the ending of the millions of nights of the long night of Rumia."

The arms of the great octopus fall away from the sky and become islands. What unsightliness is revealed in the world by the light which now floods it! Unsightly dark persons, unsightly fair persons, and blind ones. Unsightliness of club feet, of elephantiasis, of phantoms, of albinos, of atrocious thefts and greediness; unsightliness in the stillness. Hideous old women appear who eat behind and before and whose umbilici are twisted round to their backs. But as Atea himself says, "Tane shall put an end to unsightliness so that all things may become beautiful."

Tane decorates the sky with twinkling stars, great stars, the moon, the sun, the lunar rainbow, the rains, the winds, the clouds. With other gods helping him, he puts everything—plants, people, animals, and fish—into their proper places. Tane and his helpers ask each other where each kind of being is to live and what its attributes shall be. One asks, "O Tane, who shall put stripes and patterns upon the fishes and the shells of the deep?" The answer: "Tohu, god of chasms in the deep, shall paint in perfect, gorgeous colors the fishes and the shells of the deep."

Scarcely have the first rays of light entered the world than the gods are sending in orders about what status they expect to have in the reorganized universe. Each demands to be first. They battle with physical violence, using parts of the universe and its contents as weapons. They hurl fierce incantations at each other. Tane himself battles with the other gods, winning sometimes, losing at other times.

The nucleus of the central Polynesian heartland was the marae Taputapuatea, in Raiatea Island, formerly called Havaii, in the Society Islands. The priests were the acknowledged superiors of surrounding priesthoods in political power, intellectual strength, and spiritual authority. To them Taaroa (Tangaroa) was the greatest of all gods until Taaroa, so they said, relinquished his primacy to his son Oro. The priests revised the cosmogony to make Taaroa the uncreated creator who broods for aeons in an egglike or bivalve-like place of confinement. Then he breaks out of it to create the world and the gods. Later the myth of Oro was added to this cosmogony.

The Arioi Society of entertainers supported the cult of Oro, Taaroa's son. The comedians were highly trained and expert in evoking laughter. The audiences assembled in vast, brilliantly lit entertainment halls or watched from the beach the performances taking place in the large double canoes of the Arioi Society. Many in the audiences had that day seen their gardens despoiled, their canoes confiscated, and their male relatives snatched as human sacrifices for Oro. A cloud of fear hung over every family, fear that its members might be clubbed from behind and seized for the altar at Taputapuatea or that their bodies might be used to pave the road from sea to altar as rollers for the large canoes loaded with human sacrifices, fruits, tapas, and other gifts for the gods worshiped at the marae by priests assembling from outer islands. No wonder the sacred trees, like the kamani (*Calophyllum*), were more luxuriant around the marae than elsewhere. The gods ate the spirits of the offerings, and the trees fed on the buried remains of the human sacrifices, metaphorically called "long-legged fish," the "birds," the "long pigs," or the "bananas." Families, tapued from claiming the mutilated bodies of their loved ones or mourning their loss, had, as an opiate, the frolicking of the comedians and, as a consolation, the knowledge that less sophisticated islands than their own vortex of cultural brilliance rarely had human sacrifice.

In the revised cosmogony old eulogies to Tane remained but with additional lines to credit Taaroa with having made Tane great: "Tane is a very great god. All Tane's work is beautiful. But Taaroa made him great. All his greatness emanates from Taaroa. Tane did not slay men in former times. It is only recently that he received the homage of human sacrifices, but they are not numerous."

The influence of Taaroa's priesthood spread to Tahiti. A Tahitian alliteratively and sadly exclaimed, "Toti, tota! All Tahiti will be crushed before the marae." However, Tahiti, a stronghold of Tane worshipers, never wholly accepted either Oro or Taaroa at the Raiatean evaluation. Loyalty to their favorite persisted. When King Pomare I, called Otoo

by Captain Cook, built in Papara District, Tahiti, a great marae, a stepped parallelogram with ten steps, set in an area shaped like a parallelogram, he asked, "To whom shall the marae be dedicated?" Tahitian priests would not accept the god favored by the Raiatean priests. The latter rejected the Tahitian preference. The marae commemorating Pomare's conquest of all Tahiti and Moorea was never consecrated.

Some Tahitians did reject Tane, but it is doubtful whether they swung over then to either Oro or Taaroa. They formally cast off Tane because they rebelled against his having become a "yellow-toothed god," a man-eater. The worship of Tane had been infected by the spreading fashion of making human sacrifices. His irate followers, ignoring Tane's loyal priest who had wanted Tane to have what the Raiatean gods had, put a bit of sennit, symbol of Tane as the Divine Artisan, into a coconut shell, plugged up the hole, and sent the shell spinning into the sea. The priest, seeking Tane from island to island, heard a chirp as he landed at Mangaia in the Cook Islands. Looking around, he saw the coconut shell containing the sennit! He renamed his god Tane the Chirper to commemorate the god's signal to him. Having nothing finer to offer him he gave him a minnow. Mangaian priests, who had an older Tane, or other aspects of him, derided the Tahitian's meager sacrifice. The insulted priest took his Tane and went to Aitutaki Island. Later, it will be recalled, at least one Mangaian cast off Tane for destroying his children with illness.

Tane's search for a wife is known to eastern Polynesians. He was lonely after he had separated earth and sky and had begun his lifelong work of beautifying the world. The pools, springs, trees, and birds he produced did not satisfy him. Earth, his mother, explained that she could not be a wife to him. At last, so the Maoris say, he took some soppy mud and went to the Long Sea Coast on Hawaiki to get sand to mix with it. This mixture he shaped into a woman. Laying her down, he breathed into her mouth and left her to sleep. Returning later, he found her moving and shaking and looking on this side and on that side, observing curiously all that she could see. When she looked behind her, she saw Tane and laughed. He put out his hand and took her to his village to feed her. Then he put his generating power, symbolized under the name of Tiki, to her eyes and created her eyeballs, to her nose and created mucus, and so on to each part of her body until she became pregnant and bore Hina the Earth Maid.

The Earth Maid, also called the Dawn Maid, not knowing that Tane was her father, became his wife. One day during his absence to seek beautiful objects to ornament the world she asked the villagers, "Who is my father?" A chant tells of her questioning:

Tane took Hina-titama to wife.
Then night and day first began.
Then was asked, "Who is my father?"
The post of the house was asked, but its mouth did not speak.
The side of the house was asked, but its mouth did not speak.
Smitten with shame, she departed. . .

Hina's query is asked by many, many heroes in Polynesian traditions, not only in the era of legend-bearing winds but in later eras too. Evasive adults tell the questioner to ask the house post and other objects. Finally they tell him the truth, that his father is a great chief. Hina the Earth Maid's query, one of the few from female characters, received the most tragic reply.

Overcome by the truth, she flees from Hawaiki to the underworld of darkness, Po. Tane later follows her, asking goblin after goblin about her. Then he hears her voice singing, "Are you Tane, my father?" He rushes to her but the department of Po, where she is hiding, is closed to him. Her song finished, she calls to him, "Go you to the world of light and foster our offspring. Let me stay in the world of darkness to drag our offspring down."

In a later generation when the tricks of Maui-tikitiki against her, now known as Great Hina of the Underworld, brought permanent death to mankind, the goddess sucked down men to the underworld. "Not so is it with the moon," says one Maori. "When the moon dies it goes to bathe in the great lake of Aewa, the living water of Tane, which renews life; and so it comes forth and is seen high in the heavens with life restored and strength renewed to travel again its path over the sky." Tane is Life, Hina is Death. Among the Hawaiians Tane's name has become the common word meaning man.

Men take, or are given, the names of gods and heroes who lived in the era of The Wind Clouds. If they perform wonderful feats, their descendants may identify them as being these gods and, to make the fiction firmer, reinterpret the time to project the heroes into the period before The Hearing of the Ears. Ru of Aitutaki Island, Cook Islands, is sometimes identified as the same Ru who set out with his sister to see the world after he had assisted the primal gods in separating sky and earth. Apparently all of his intestines were not lost in the mighty effort to raise the sky. Ru well represents the Polynesian ideal of a leader who courageously defies nature on land and on sea, and commands, not begs, the aid of a powerful god. Like Tu of the Angry Face, his divine counterpart, he defies the gods of the ocean and of the tempests who would destroy him and his canoe, the material symbol of Tane the Artificer. Ru of Aitutaki illustrates that Polynesians made their gods in their own image. One can see why perhaps the classical gods like Tane, Tangaroa, Rongo, and Tu may indeed have been, as Dr.

Buck suggests, distinguished leaders whom their followers deified after their death.

Ru was the chief navigator in Tubuaki, an unidentified island northwest of Aitutaki. Although not of royal blood, Ru was of good family and came of a long line of navigators. He was ambitious to be a leader and to improve his status. Tubuaki Island, though fertile, had become overpopulated because of a long period of peace, and people were beginning to suffer from a food shortage. And there were other troubles. The chief had died, and quarrels about succession to the title were disrupting the people. Ru decided to leave Tubuaki and find a new home.

He called his four younger brothers to tell them of his plans. They did not want to join him and asked, "Why leave our present home, where life is carefree and happy, to die at sea?"

Ru replied, "That is woman's talk. I, Ru, know the ways of the sea. The winds and the currents are open and known to me. Fear not and I will take you to a larger and better land than this."

At last his brothers agreed to go with him, saying, "If we live, we live. If we die, we die."

Next Ru told his four wives, who were childless, of his plans; and, like the four brothers, they were at first fearful of going with him, saying, "We are afraid that we shall be drowned at sea. Why leave our friends and relatives just to perish at sea?"

Ru answered, "I might have known that you women would prefer to stay at home and see your future children hungry. Don't you know that I, Ru, hold the sea and its ways in my hand and the heavens are my chart? Listen to me, my wives, I am going with my four younger brothers. Join us and all will be well. Stay at home and you stay alone in disgrace."

At last the wives said, "O Ru, we, your four wives, will go. If we die, we die; if we live, we live."

Then Ru told them, "Now, my wives, you are worthy of a great husband! Go into all the settlements and pick from the royal families twenty virgins, fit mothers for a new and strong race."

The wives selected twenty virgins who were eager to join the expedition. A canoe called *Little Flowers* was built with proper ceremonies which invoked Tane and Tangaroa. The canoe outfitted, the party set sail in a westerly direction.

On the third day heavy clouds began to darken the sky. A strong wind arose from the west, and the sea was rough. The *Little Flowers* struggled heavily because of her newness and her heavy load. As the weather became worse and the canoe harder to keep on her course, a brother who

acted as pilot advised Ru to turn and run home to Tubuaki before the wind. Ru refused, saying that they were experiencing only a passing squall. The squall got worse, and soon everyone in the canoe was in a panic and begging Ru to turn back. But he replied, "I, Ru, know all the secrets of the sea. I hold the sea in my hand and will bring you through safely. Don't be afraid. Put down the sail and paddle the canoe head on to the seas. Soon the worst will be over."

The men obeyed, but now great waves broke over the canoe and the twenty-four women had to bail constantly. There was wailing and shouting, but Ru's laughter and voice were heard above all the noise as he shouted encouragement and laughed at the thought of danger. However, when the fourth day dawned and he saw the terrific sea that was running, even he became a little apprehensive. His exhausted companions who could scarcely keep on bailing or hold the canoe on its westerly course, begged him again to turn back to Tubuaki. Again he refused.

Then one brother asked him to request help of Tangaroa. Ru was reluctant. Why should he who knew all the secrets of the sea, who held the sea in his hands and used the heavens as his chart, pray for help? But at last he did. His descendants differ a little as to exactly what he asked of Tangaroa, but all versions of his words sound more like a command than a petition. One version follows:

> Tangaroa who is here, Tangaroa who is there,
> Sweep away those angry clouds,
> So Ru's people can reach land.

Or did he ask that just enough cloud be swept away for him to glimpse a star so that he could get his bearings because after that he could look after himself?

Anyway, the west wind died down, a favorable wind sprang up, and the sky began to lighten. Ru checked his course by a star and set the sail, and on the third day after the storm the pilot sighted land and observed the sea breaking on a reef.

As they paddled in to land, the canoe got stuck on a coral patch. Shoving did not move the canoe, so the men went ashore to cut pandanus logs for canoe rollers. In doing this the brother who had been the pilot was accidentally crushed to death. The canoe was dislodged by means of the rollers and a magical chant directed at the waves. Ru's descendants still use this chant when their canoes are stranded on coral.

Even before reaching shore, Ru began to assign names to places, to the canoe passage, to the reef, and even to the waves off shore. To the land he gave the name of Utataki-enua-o-Ru-ki-te-moana, which means

A Land Searched for and Found Upon the Sea by Ru. Some Aitutakians claim that Europeans have garbled Utataki into Aitutaki; others give other explanations for the present name of the island. Noticing that the island was shaped like a fish, Ru gave the main divisions names which signify the head, the belly, and the tail of a fish. When his first wife bore him his first child, a son, Ru called him Ru Looking for Land on Sea. He divided the unoccupied island among the twenty virgins who, because of their high origin, had first claim on the land.

Ru's brothers quickly noticed that most of the names Ru gave honored himself. They protested. They told him that at least one site should have been named for their dead brother and that he should have named some places for them. They also complained that the twenty virgins got all the land and they got none. Ru told them that as the eldest brother he could divide the land and give any names he wanted. The angry brothers built a canoe and set out to sea. They reached New Zealand, where they found land and good wives and became honored men. Too late, Ru regretted his arrogant behavior. Subsequently his land was invaded by people of higher rank than himself, who, however, allowed him and his band to remain. Lesser chiefs trace descent from Ru who held the sea in his hand and used the heavens as his chart.

It is of Ru's island that the poet chants of a vine which "holds a fish the rainbow spans. Within the circle of the sea, It holds my land."

Chapter V

CHAPTER V

Maui, South Sea Superman

An irate Maori mother shrieks, "Ko Maui tinihanga koe!" at her mischievous and wayward son, "You Maui-of-a-thousand-tricks, you!" Not in the least dismayed, the boy swells out his chest at the flattering comparison although he suspects that his mother is exaggerating. What boy of the south Pacific can even hope to match a single prank of the demigod, the hero of innumerable adventures?

When the world was still new, Maui turned the already hidebound social order topsyturvy, and according to the insulted gods, he tried to dissolve the entire physical and social universe into its original chaos. His exasperated parents, who thought him a bad boy, called him with obvious restraint "that nasty joker" and "that revolting child." His lawlessness made him so unpopular in his village that he finally had to move to the underworld until gossip and anger died away. The gods, who had long since abandoned him, were as anxious as the villagers about what to expect next from this semidivine juvenile delinquent who tried to usurp their power and privileges and whose misbehavior was on a cosmic scale. The gods were disturbed because Maui had learned magic from them after they had rescued him, an ugly misbirth cast away by his mother with a prayer, and had tenderly reared him until he decided to return to the earth to seek his mother and other relatives. Maui spent his brief but eventful life in trying to prove to the gods that he knew more magic than they did and in trying to impress the homefolks by his adventures. Instead, he angered and alarmed everyone, until at last only a flock of silly, chattering little birds would have anything to do with him.

Later generations laugh at his tricks and are more appreciative, calling him a miracle man and a wonder-worker, names which in all Polynesia only a few solemn Maori priests deny him. Dismissing accounts of Maui's career as mere fireside tales of the common people, they refuse to admit that a castaway abortion, the youngest of several sons, could possibly have upset a universe created by the gods and thereby benefit lowly mankind and prove himself the superior of almost all gods. These patriarchs

recognize the danger of extolling the merits of a quixotic hero who, literally and figurately, was "born bad," an upstart who, though himself a descendant of gods, was a rebel against the existing order of a closely integrated society of gods and men which had the tapu and all its implications of restricted behavior as one of its fundamental concepts. To everyone but these few dignitaries, however, Maui is the south sea superman. Tuamotuans declare that he is more, that he is tupuatupua, super-superman.

Super-superman is a modest sobriquet for a hero of Maui's accomplishments. Consider just four of his exploits against his august relatives, the haughty, powerful gods of the sea, sky, earth, and underworld. He lassoed the skittery sun god with a rope of his sister's pubic hair and beat him with the magical club made from the jawbone of his grandmother, whom he had starved to death. As a result, the lamed sun now limps slowly through the sky and people have time to cook their food before dark. Next, Maui stole the secret of fire from the fire deity, and although he almost burned up the world, people now have fire to cook their food. It was Maui, many islanders claim, who, after other gods and heroes had failed, lifted the ten heavy skies high enough from the earth to let people walk upright instead of crawling on all fours like animals. It was Maui who, with his famous fishhook also made from his grandmother's bones, hooked and hauled to the surface, away from the sea god, many great fish which turned into islands. These four adventures are Maui's most widely known deeds.

No one has ever counted whether there are really 996 more tricks. To Polynesians the epithet tinihanga means that the tricks are uncountable. Who will quibble after trying to grasp the variety of Maui's meddling? He remade landscapes, put cranky winds into calabashes, added new stars to the sky, and invented many such diverse and practical things as joints for the human body and lids for eel traps. When he wished to travel, he transformed himself into a pigeon or a dragonfly. Monstrous eels, sharks, and carnivorous plants fell before his mana, his magical chants, and his marvelous weapon. For recreation, Maui flew kites and bounded after them over Hawaiian mountains, devised complicated string figures, and solved mechanical puzzles. Questions that the gods asked him, like "How many waves in the sea and how many grains of sand on the shore?" which drove other heroes crazy counting, did not baffle Maui. He also fought in many magical contests, either to fend off angry husbands whose wives he had stolen or to rescue female relatives stolen from him. Through these and other affairs, his name was added to genealogies throughout Polynesia.

Any story of Maui being a stickler for etiquette or being outsmarted by a mere human being is naturally rare, but a few islands have

one which is a special favorite. It tells about Eight Warts, Maui's greedy, lazy, boorish brother-in-law who slept on sunny hillsides instead of cultivating sweet potatoes, ate the fishing bait, and embarrassed Maui when they went visiting by gobbling up such delicacies as the birds potted in fat which their hosts set before them. One day Maui, his patience exhausted, asked Eight Warts to stretch out and relax while he deloused him. But when the man was comfortable, Maui, chanting a powerful spell, seized him by the ears and pulled them upward. Then he jerked his nose until it became a snout, and teased out the end of his spine into a tail. Finally, Maui plumped his brother-in-law down on all fours, and through his hypnotic, magical powers made him eat filth and howl "ao-o, ao-o" when people called "moi, moi" to him. This was the first dog known to the world, and people flocked to see the wonder. When Maui's sister saw her transformed husband, she committed suicide. Experienced Maori audiences do not weep for her because they know that she is magically rescued, marries a handsome sea god, Tinirau, and starts a whole new and exciting career.

Tuamotuans tell the story of the origin of the dog a little differently from the Maori version. They say that Maui's wife, a beautiful mermaid who had once been the wife of the eel spirit Tuna, told him that the man he suspected of being her lover was really her brother. Maui, recalling how she had left her first husband in order to seek him out brazenly, knew that she was lying but he did not really care about her affairs, so he said. What angered him was that the other man got the best food while he got just scraps, even though he was away from home all day working on his plantation while the stranger played with his wife. Finally, he turned the man into a curly-haired dog, a process narrators spin out to great length. The audience likes it so well that the storytellers invent a second "brother" who arrives to seek the first and meets the same fate.

The story is not known in many islands because few Polynesian islands had dogs before Europeans came. Both native varieties of dogs, the one with the long silky hair which was used for ornaments and the other, a short-haired variety, were eaten but usually only by men of rank. Maoris explain that women did not eat dog meat because Maui's desolate sister put a tapu on it. However, a famous Maori myth tells of a pregnant chieftainess who craved dog meat. While this delicacy ordinarily was tapu to her, a Polynesian woman's cravings during pregnancy must never be denied. The lady's husband stole two of her brother's dogs and then helped her eat them. When the brother came looking for the dogs, the couple denied knowing their whereabouts; but, alas, one dog hearing his master's voice began to howl "ao-o, ao-o" in the husband's stomach, and a clan war was started over the theft. In the Hawaiian Islands, pregnant chieftainesses were given Maui's creation as a delicacy.

Unable to imagine how one lopsided head was sufficient for a demigod of Maui's diverse accomplishments, priests of the Society Islands, the Polynesian intellectual and cultural center, take literally their own metaphor for wisdom. Maui, they declare, had eight heads, one large and seven small ones around his shoulders. In 1823, two native priests told a European missionary how sea gods had picked up from the waves a package a woman had flung into the ocean. The gods untied the hair headdress which was around it, took off a wrapping made from a breechcloth of breadfruit bark, and found inside an immature birth with eight heads. The boy had a faint spark of life, which the gods fanned so well that he grew large and strong. His foster parents often remarked to each other, "See those eight heads. What a reflective child! Does he know whence he came? But, of course, nothing can escape that sort of man, a man with eight heads."

They were right, for one day Maui set off to visit his mother, who had not known that her son had been born alive but had sorrowfully wrapped him up and thrown him into the sea with a prayer. Maui found his mother's cave and, said the priestly narrators unable to resist an affectionate and effective European touch, knocked on the door. His mother came and, so the story continues, "Behold there stood a man with eight heads! And the mother inquired, 'Who can you be?'

"The son answered, 'I am Maui, of course.'

"Then the surprised woman recited the names of her five children, four boys and a girl, who clustered about her staring at the stranger who claimed to be their brother, 'Here are Maui-mua, Maui-muri, Maui-roto, Maui-taha, and Maui-potii. Whence then comes another Maui?'

"The eight-headed stranger replied, 'This is I, Maui-the-abortion, Maui-of-the-hair-headdress.' Thus he reminded her of the hair-tied package. Because listeners never tire of the story, Maui then tells his mother, his little sister, and his brothers of his birth and upbringing and truly wrings their hearts when he stops with the complaint, 'And all this time my eight heads have been bumping upon the coral of that cave beneath the deep.' "

Perhaps this is one of the stories which Captain James Cook heard in Tahiti in 1769 but thought too absurd, as he said, to record. He heard the stories after inquiring about an odd Tahitian image he saw carried in a procession. He was told that the image was of Maui. Made of basketwork, it was trimmed with black and white feathers to imitate hair and tattooed skin. Knobs at the top of the image represented Maui's multiple heads. People did not worship the image, Cook learned, but used it as if it were Punch in a puppet show. A priest told him that Maui was not a first-class god but one of the second order, that is, a demigod, half man and half god. Most later writers agree that Maui is not worshiped.

To Maui, Polynesians give proper credit—but no worship, priests, or temples—for many blessings. Cooked instead of raw food. Dry, firm land under foot. A day with the sun in the sky long enough to catch fish, cook taro, whiten tapas, and cultivate fields. A sky clear enough of the earth to free the winds that blow away the smoke of village fires and high enough for even the tallest chief to stand up straight without bumping his head on the hard azure vault of the heavens. Yet, ambitious priests, even of the Society Islands, have not succeeded in encasing the mercurial and popular demigod in the burdensome religious protocol which invests the primary gods. Because Maui is a rebel and peculiarly a hero of the common people, honors paid to him are spontaneous and unregimented.

In European times, stories about Maui took a new lease of life. Because no one worshiped him or took him very seriously, missionaries did not bother to liquidate him. In fact, native preachers like Simeona (Simon) of central Polynesia introduced tales about the lad into sermons to interest and keep awake the congregations who sweated in hot European clothes as they sat uncomfortably on benches with their legs hanging down. To be a Christian one had to hear sermons; wear woolen clothes, not tapa; and sit on benches, instead of sitting cross-legged or stretched out on mats on the floor. To justify telling a pagan story in church, the preacher tacked on a strange new moral. The story entertained the congregation; and their battered egos, ashamed of their heathen ignorance but defensive of ancestral intelligence, were comforted to have the deeply hidden meaning of the ancient story revealed by the alchemy of Christianity.

One Sunday, Simeona told his converted fellow islanders that originally Maui had lived under the earth. Happening to notice above him a ray of light which came through a small hole, the hero tried to squeeze through the hole; but his eight heads prevented him. He plucked off one head and tried again. But in vain. Too many heads. Off came a second head. No success. He jerked off a third. Still no luck. Then he tore off one head after another until only two were left. Even then he could not get through the hole. Finally he pulled off one more head. Then with seven of his heads rolling about his feet, he tried again to get through the hole. This time he easily clambered up into the sunshine of the earth which he found so attractive that he decided to remain. Now all mankind, his descendants, follow his example and have but one head apiece and live in the light.

Simeona went on to tell his parishioners that, like Maui, they were poor sinners living in darkness who get a glimpse of the blessed light of the Gospel and long to enter the Kingdom of Heaven. But they fail because of the seven heads, symbols of their heathen vices which they want to enjoy along with their desire to serve Christ. Simeona warned his now

downcast parishioners that not until they had plucked off the seven heads could they hope to emerge into the light and peace of the Gospel and of Heaven.

One New Hebridean professed no surprise upon hearing of a country called England and a deity named Jehovah. This quick-witted storyteller asserted that England was a fish, like all islands, and that Maui or his grandson had hooked it in the Pacific Ocean. Unfortunately, the fishline had snapped and the momentum had sent the fish spinning halfway across the world. Maui's grandson, the narrator claimed, would not give up his prize but followed it to its present location, where the people living on the back of the fish begged him to stay as their god and renamed him Jehovah.

When, in 1898, the Hawaiian Islands were annexed to the United States, people said that at last Maui's efforts to unite the islands had succeeded, although not quite as he had originally planned. From his cave at Nanakuli Beach, he once went to Pearl Harbor where he met a sea goddess who offered to help him in his plan to arrange the islands into a continent. She wooed the one-toothed sea god who usually let his shoal of pet fish, the Hawaiian Islands, range freely through the ocean. When the goddess had flattered the god into opening his mouth to display his famous tooth, she threw Maui's hook into his gullet, spun the line around his tooth, and fled. Feeling the line jerk, Maui paddled quickly out to sea to find space for the continent. But his brothers, who were with him, disobeyed his command not to look back and thereby broke the spell and the line. The excited fish churned wildly until Mr. One Tooth got them under control again and securely anchored them forever where they now are.

The roster of Maui's deeds in an island is short or long, according to how inventive the storytellers are, what family interests they serve through revising the old myths, how much has been passed on to them by older generations, and how much contact they have with narrators of other islands. Maui's adventures can be, and are, told as separate anecdotes. However, several islands have united his exploits into a long, connected biographical cycle, a typical Polynesian literary form. Usually, versions of the Maui cycle consist of an account of the hero's genealogy, his birth, and his youthful escapades and end with an account of his death or formal departure to the sky from his customary haunts. More often than for other mythological heroes, narrators provide specific information regarding Maui's eventual fate.

One of the Maori versions has a very complex plot, almost like a novelette. An unknown narrative genius, dissatisfied with merely tying the adventures together by the biographical thread of describing the hero's career from birth to death, has inverted and telescoped events about Maui's

birth and early childhood in order to point more dramatically to a tragic incident which he has inserted into the cycle. The effect of this incident on subsequent action and on the mood of the cycle has produced a masterpiece of primitive literature. Merry as most of the hero's adventures are, and rollicking and defiant as he is toward gods and men, a cloud of impending tragedy hangs over him to create in the listener suspense and an emotional effect which attains a climax with the conclusion of the cycle.

The narrator begins his version with Maui already returned to his mother Taranga and puzzling over her mysterious disappearance each day at dawn. Maui asks his brothers where his parents live, but they do not know. However, Maui tells them that he will find out. They jeer at him but he does not care, for although he has been home only a short time, he has already learned something about his mother's daily disappearance. Before telling what this is, the narrator turns back to describe Maui's return home and the earlier event of his birth.

One night while the villagers were dancing in their assembly house, Maui crept in and hid behind his brothers, and when Taranga called her sons to form a line for a dance, he joined them. Taranga counted her boys, "One, that's Maui-taha. Two, that's Maui-roto. Three, that's Maui-pae. Four, that's Maui-waho. But where did this fifth one come from?"

Little Maui answered, "I am your child too."

Again Taranga counted her sons and said angrily to little Maui, "No, I have only four sons. This is the first time I have seen you. Go away!"

Then Maui answered, "I'll go then, but indeed I thought I was your child. I was born prematurely at the side of the sea and was thrown by you into the foam of the surf after you had wrapped me in a tuft of your hair which you cut off for that purpose. The seaweed tangled about me as the waves and surges of the sea cradled and rolled me from side to side. When breezes and squalls drifted me to shore again, jellyfish wrapped about me to protect me from the flies that buzzed over me and the birds that pecked me. My great ancestor, Great Tama of the Sky, found me and hung me in the roof of his house so that I might feel the warmth of the smoky fire. I grew up and heard of the dancing in this great assembly house and came to join you."

Maui's mother joyfully greeted him and named him Maui-tikitiki-a-Taranga, or Maui Topknot of Taranga. Although she petted him so much that his brothers became jealous, she sneaked away each day at dawn and did not return until dark, which greatly worried Maui-tikitiki. He began to spy on her. Maui discovered that she pulled up a tuft of grass and vanished into a hole beneath it. He had learned this by making her oversleep after he had stuffed up all the chinks in the house wall to keep out

any morning light that might awaken her; and to delay her and give him more time to spy on her when she at last woke up, he had hidden her clothing.

Now, he planned to assume a disguise and follow her down the hole. He practiced his many transformations, but one marvelous change after another only bored his brothers. However, when he became a colorful pigeon and they exclaimed in admiration, he kept that disguise and flew down the hole until he came to an open area where he saw his mother with other people working in gardens. He flew to a branch and threw fruit at the people to attract their attention. In vain they tried to catch him. Because the pigeon's antics reminded Taranga of her strange son, she repeated to the people the story of his birth, his rescue, and his return home, and proudly boasted that some day her amazing little boy would conquer the goddess of death and end her power over man. Maui then threw off his disguise, met his father for the first time, and prepared for the ceremonies of baptism and purification which his father was to perform over him.

Here the narrator introduces the incident giving this version of the cycle its tragic quality. In reciting the chants of purification, Maui's father inadvertently skipped part of them and omitted the name of a god, thereby negating their magic power for good and turning them into a destructive force which would cause Maui to die. This incident of the tragic error, which the father told no one about, and the mother's remark about Maui's future conquest of the goddess of death create apprehension for Maui's fate and longing for his success.

His escapades begin immediately. That he is a full-fledged sorcerer is established at once by his slaying the daughter of an agricultural god and destroying the god's crops by magic. After starving his old, cannibalistic, blind grandmother to get her jawbone as a magical weapon, he used it to beat and permanently cripple the sun god (sometimes described as a bird) after lassoing him and catching him in a very tender spot, a painful and insulting trick subsequent heroes remembered to use on their enemies. Later, when Maui's family, including a wife he had somehow won, complained of his laziness in getting food, he either struck blood from his nose or cut off his ear for bait and used a piece of the jawbone weapon for a fishhook to pull up a huge fish which became the islands of New Zealand. The hook caught in the subterranean house of Great Tonga, grandson of the ocean god, Tangaroa. While Maui went off to perform ceremonies relating to his catch, his brothers, violating his orders to leave the fish alone, began to carve it up. Had they left it alone, New Zealand would now have a smooth, flat landscape instead of mountains, hills, and valleys.

Maui's next trick was to extinguish all the village fires and magically make the servants disobey orders to go to the underworld to get more fire from Mahuika, the fire goddess. At this time people did not know how to make fire, but kept going the sparks that Mahuika doled out to them. Now, with all the fires out and the servants peculiarly deaf, Maui offered to go to Mahuika. His parents, all too familiar with his mischievous sorcery, were reluctant to send him on the errand and warned him to be careful not to tease the old lady. As she was very dangerous, they advised him to call out his name at a safe distance from her to let her know that he was a relative, because when a person proves to a god that he is a kinsman, the god is under an obligation to assist him. Maui knew this, but, of course, he always took advantage of the relationship and failed to pay the divine relative the respect due him.

Mahuika, like the other deities, welcomed Maui when he arrived and told her that he was a relative, and she graciously pulled out a fingernail full of fire for him. He walked down the path away from her, threw the fire into a pool, and returned crying for more, weeping that he had stumbled into the water. Mahuika patiently gave him another fingernail full of fire; the same thing happened, but she gave him one nail after another until all were gone; then she started pulling out her toenails, but when only one big toenail was left, she began to suspect that Maui was playing tricks on her. She drew out the last nail, hurled it in a rage on the ground and set fire to the underworld. Then the earth caught fire.

Maui, who had transformed himself into a hawk, was singed (that is why the hawk is brown) and finally had to dash into the sea for safety. Even the ocean boiled! It seemed that Maui was now to be punished for his father's fatal error, but he called on his relatives—the gods of dew, mist, showers, squalls, storms, and hurricanes—who saved him. The only reason any fire survived was because a few seeds of it hid in certain trees from which mankind now gets it. All Maui cared about was that he had destroyed the mana of the fire goddess just as he had humiliated the sun and ocean gods to prove his magical power greater than theirs. Any resulting benefits to mankind from his tricks seemed to matter less to him than the fact that he had won out in a contest of sorcery.

When he returned home his parents scolded and warned him, but he ignored even his father's oblique remark that Maui had just better listen or it would be the worse for him. It was after his next trick, when he transformed his beautiful sister's husband into a dog, that the angry villagers made Maui an outcast. He had to go to live in his father's land under the earth.

There his father told him that although thus far he had succeeded in many feats, great and small, there was one deity in the underworld who might overcome him. When Maui eagerly demanded the name so that he could prove his father wrong, the old man replied, "She is your powerful ancestress, Great Hina of the Underworld. Her hair is a tangle of seaweeds, her eyes are like red fire, her mouth like a barracuda's, her teeth like volcanic glass, and her body is as strong as a man's." Hearing this, Maui boastfully recited the names and described the mana of the gods and goddesses he had already vanquished. How could Great Hina be worse?

His father did not tell him that Great Hina's character was as violent and warped as his own, that she was one of the first women the god Tane had created when he was experimenting with making people. Because Hina was the loveliest of his creations, Tane did not tell her he was her father but took her as his wife. When Hina learned the truth, she fled in horror to the underworld with Tane at her heels trying in vain to catch her. Hina then became the hideous and cruel destroyer of men that Maui's father described, although some say that after destroying them she tried to keep their souls from falling to an even worse demon named Whiro. Maui's father did tell the boy, however, about the fateful error in the purification chant, but Maui paid no attention and went off to assemble a band of warriors for the journey to the horizon, where the glow of Great Hina's red eyes could be seen.

His warriors were pretty little birds, for only they would have anything to do with Maui since he had become an outcast. When the war party saw Great Hina stretched out asleep, they were terrified; but Maui told them not to be afraid, that soon they would see a sight which would make them want to laugh. However, he warned them, they must control their mirth, for fear of waking up Hina. He whispered to them that to kill the goddess he intended to crawl between her thighs into her body and come out at her mouth. Thus, he would become immortal and she would die.

As Maui prepared to do this, the narrator says, ugly, stunted little Maui with the lopsided head looked handsome. It is a serious and morally grand moment when even to ambitious, cocky Maui the significance of his deed seems apparent. The hushed birds watched him crawl between Great Hina's thighs and disappear until only his legs stuck out. It was a funny sight. Water Wagtail sucked in his cheeks and danced about trying not to laugh, but one clear rippling giggle rang out. The goddess woke with a start, squeezed her legs together, and crushed Maui. He died, and so does mankind. With the proverb, "Man makes heirs but Hina carries them off," the narrator concludes his story of Maui.

A cherished Maori poem, a widow's lament for her husband, mourns Maui's failure:

> Alas! my grief that gnaws within
> For you, O Beloved, no longer with me
> on the west coast of Te Koiti,
> Where was the fire for tattooing the lips
> of your ancestor Pawaitiri.
> Death is not a new weed!
> In ancient days death came to Maui
> because Water Wagtail laughed
> And he was severed within . . .

Modern Maori assembly houses depict on their carved wooden walls scenes of Maui's career. The snared sun dangles from a couple of ropes; a great fish lies supine with Maui, tongue stuck out defiantly as was the custom of warriors, standing over it; and Great Hina, mother of death, lies stretched out asleep with only Maui's legs visible between her thighs.

With adventures like these, is it any wonder that Maui's fame has spread over the Pacific? Four widely separated islands—Hawaii, Yap, New Zealand, and Mangareva—mark the tips of a quadrangle of some thirteen million square miles of sea and land where Maui's name is known. However, in Melanesia and Micronesia local favorites often compete successfully against him in popularity and get credit for deeds like his. Maui's true home is Polynesia. Thence come the most elaborate and numerous stories about him. The commonest interpretation of him as an uncontrollable, lawless adolescent whose deeds and motives, so seemingly at variance with what Polynesians profess to revere, has originated there and unconsciously illuminates the cultural and individual conflicts of the people themselves.

Maui is popular for many reasons. Most of all, it is fun to tell about a hero who performed familiar tasks of Polynesian daily life but on an exaggerated and fantastic scale. When his brothers-in-law, real or phony, annoyed him, what a revenge he took! He turned them into dogs. When he went fishing, his hook snagged nothing less than part of the undersea world. Out hunting birds, he snared the sun bird; and on a simple errand like borrowing a light he set the world on fire. The stories also explain how many things came to be, and who could ask for a pleasanter, more amusing education than through Maui?

Because he is the greatest of all Polynesian magicians, other hopeful practitioners still use his chants which accompanied every deed for their more mundane activities. His wiles and accomplishments are mentioned by poets, gamesters, dramatists, genealogists, orators, and politicians to display their erudition and to flatter and interest their audiences by assuming that

they also understand the references, veiled as they may be. In modern times, a high chief of Samoa using a double-barreled reference to eulogize the governor of his island compared him with Maui because, so the chief blandly explained, both leaders had benefited his people. Listeners smiled. Knowing that the governor and the high chief frequently disagreed, they wondered if the chief really had in mind the fact that Maui's benefits were often merely incidental to displaying his superiority and hoodwinking everyone.

Each island discovers new facets of the hero's versatile and malleable personality, and thereby enriches the cycle and enhances Maui's popularity. Tuamotuans and Marquesans like to exaggerate the erotic incidents relating to him and his mermaid wife into burlesques of married life. Tongans, who prefer tales about Maui killing monsters, multiply the number of demons he meets. The hero's career has universal appeal; it has something to engage the interest of persons of every age group, occupation, and social level in Polynesia. Small children like to hear of baby Maui cradled by the waves and taken into the arms of stern gods who treat him tenderly. They hold their breath as Taranga confidently counts off four sons and then pauses to exclaim in surprise at the peculiar-looking little fifth boy. Every age likes the story of Maui's return to his family, and obliging narrators repeat the account two or three times within a few minutes: first when Maui meets his mother; then when he tells her of his origin and return to her; and again when she tells her husband and friends of the new little boy. And as if that were not enough, Maui sometimes tells the story all over again to his brothers when they try to put him in his place.

Royalty in every island adds him to their genealogies. In the Hawaiian Islands, King Kalakaua and Queen Liliuokalani regarded him as an ancestor, and the Kumulipo, the genealogical and cosmological chant sacred to their family, lists Maui's "strifes" with gods as part of the distinguished history of family ancestors. Not all priests are like those Maori wise men who scorned the Maui myths as trivialities of the commoners. They just could not ignore him, and priests of the Society Islands did not try to. They gave Maui a coat of theological whitewash and converted the eight-headed prodigy into a loyal, cooperative citizen who snared the sun and raised the sky to give his oldest brother, the first priest on earth, time and space in which to build temples to the gods. Rarotongan scholars also revamped the popular versions to transform Maui into a weary avenger who traveled the world over to kill the shark god who had pushed Maui's foster father and the greatest god in the Rarotongan pantheon, Tangaroa, into the mud and slapped his face with his tail while the rest of the pantheon roared with delight. On his journey, Maui incidentally performed his

familiar deeds of getting fire and raising the sky but acted very solemnly in doing so.

That it is not essential to the plots making up the cycle to describe Maui as a trickster is demonstrated by these Tahitian and Rarotongan priestly versions. However, most accounts of his career portray him as a rebellious, adolescent misfit who defies social and religious traditions. Obviously, most Polynesians prefer that interpretation. By creating the personality of a nonconformist who flouts every tapu, narrators and listeners who, like Maui, live in a highly organized and conventional society find vicarious relief and pleasure through identifying themselves with the hero. What cannot be said seriously can be told through a comic tale. No bad example can result from telling about Maui's pranks, for he lived long, long ago when the world was different. Also, in the end, he died.

The explicit fate ascribed to Maui makes the stories additionally acceptable socially, for the rebel is punished or removed for his nonconforming behavior. After all, what would happen to society or to the world if a super-superman like Maui continued to do as he pleased, even if some deeds happened to improve conditions? Supposing every ugly man were like Maui and forcibly exchanged faces with his attractive wife, telling her that now that she had won a good husband like himself a nice face was of no use to her, whereas a man whose face had been scarred by the fire goddess, as his had, needed a more presentable aspect? Maui rebelled against little things and big things that did not suit him and against the order of the physical world and against society. He was a traitor to his class in an aristocratic society, an individualist who overrode cosmic and social boundaries, and misapplied his divine but distorted talent to remaking the world to suit his whims and prove his superiority.

Because he was caught in three great crossfires, Maui was a man of as many conflicts as of tricks. First of all, he lived in a truly pioneer era of Polynesian history when the first great burst of energy in creating the world had passed and the gods were relaxing, even though the stars were helter-skelter, when most of the land was beneath the sea, when the sun raced around with no regular schedule, and when the skies were dumped on the tops of grasses and shrubs. Earth-dwellers, who were still but a generation or so removed from the creative gods, accepted conditions because who but Maui could imagine things different? And, like any pioneer, Maui could turn his hand to most anything and be successful. This was partly because he had no alert competition and took advantage of his relationship to the gods to surprise and trick them.

Second, Maui was half man and half god, neither entirely human nor entirely divine. All his life he was torn between his two natures. Through

their tender rearing, his foster parents, the gods, had reinforced his godlike nature and developed his mana. Yet being partly human, and only a young boy when he made his decision, he wanted to join his mother and brothers on earth. He deserted the gods to throw in his lot with earth-dwellers, but he proved a misfit on earth. People were suspicious of him and frightened by his behavior. Maui's deeds might be regarded as those of a semidivine spirit working on the unfinished earth to benefit human beings, if it were not that most Polynesians skim over the practical results of his adventures and concentrate with devoted attention on the details of how he attacked the gods and tested his mana against theirs.

The third crossfire which warped Maui's personality was his birth as an abortion and as the youngest of several brothers. The youngest son theoretically has the least mana and therefore the least social importance. Misbirths or even the blood of a woman may develop into the most vexatious and dangerous goblins who plague the Polynesians. These imps prefer to lurk near home and relatives and play tricks on them. They are malicious and bitter because of having been denied the full nine-months of shelter within their mothers and the treasures of life and family devotion. Sometimes they are the offspring of a human mother and a shark or some other creature. Occasionally a sorcerer will capture such a spirit and use him as a familiar in his black magic or in foretelling the future. Maui had the potentialities of these goblins; but his mother's prayer or her tears over the hair-wrapped body which she thought dead, and his luck in being saved by the gods, softened Maui's nature from what it might have been. However, when he found, after deserting the gods to join his family, that he did not belong there either, his inborn hostility and waywardness typical of other demons cropped out. His supernatural energy was dissipated in juvenile delinquency on a cosmic scale until he encountered an even more warped and powerful personality than his own, that of the goddess of death.

Chapter VI

CHAPTER VI

Two-Faced Tinirau

Oil yourself and get yourself ready
in your new black kilt
And in your wreath of flowers
from the bara-n-renga tree,
Abundant on the weather side.
I take Timirau and Tangaro,
And at what land have we arrived?
Hurray! At Kauke in Karawa!

In 1948, I went to do anthropological fieldwork in the Gilbert Islands, which are in Micronesia, just outside Polynesia. I wondered whether I would hear any familiar Polynesian names in the Gilbertese stories. Maui-of-a-thousand-tricks was not there I knew. However, the Gilbertese credit a trickster named Nareau with adventures very much like those of the Polynesian troublemaker. It was the same with other stories in the brief collections which had been published of Gilbertese mythology. Many incidents recalled those of Polynesia but the characters' names were different.

While at Tarawa, the administrative center of the Gilberts, I visited the World War II battlefield which is on Betio, one of the islets making up the Tarawa atoll. There my guide pointed out historic places. Among them was a wooden barracks surrounded by scraggly, dusty shrubs which had been a dormitory for American nurses after the Allied conquest of the Gilberts. My guide remarked that so eager had the American men been to get even a glimpse of an American girl that protecting the girls' privacy had been a vexatious problem. That is, it was, he said, until a Gilbertese police officer named Timirau was appointed as watchman of the dormitory and had managed to get the situation under control.

"Timirau?" I repeated incredulously.

"Yes," said my guide. "It was Timirau. Have you met him already? He's a good man and he did a good job."

I began to laugh. "No," I replied. "I don't know the Gilbertese watchman. But the Polynesians have a character with a similar name who also happened to get himself a job as a watchman in a female dormitory. Only he wasn't a good watchman like his Gilbertese namesake."

The Polynesian watchman's name is pronounced Sinilau, not Timirau, according to a Tongan woman who told the story about him. Sinilau, she said, was a Samoan chief who sailed to Tongatabu Island with his brother to see whether Hina, the daughter of a high chief there, was as wondrously beautiful as he had heard.

When the two young men arrived at Tongatabu, they learned that because the girl's parents were determined to protect her virtue they had secluded her in the midst of a large park which at night was brightly lighted with many torches. Her house was surrounded by eight fences, and within the fences were one hundred watchmen. Hina slept within the house in a mosquito-proof room.

Sinilau and his brother stood in the park outside the eight fences and planned what to do. Finally Sinilau said, "Stay here. I'll find the girl and look upon her beauty. But if I don't come back by the second cock's crow you will know that I am dead. In that case return at once to Samoa."

His brother replied, "Very well."

Then Sinilau climbed the eight fences to get to the house. Inside the fences he heard a watchman complain to himself, "I'm absolutely tired of tending watchfires at night for the girl's protection."

Sinilau immediately stepped forward and said, "Please hand me your torch. I will attend the watchfire."

"All right," said the careless guard. "Come and take my place."

Sinilau took the torch and the guard went to sleep. Then Sinilau extinguished all the one hundred watchfires. (What happened to the ninety-nine other guards who should have been tending the fires is not told.)

Easily finding Hina's mosquito-proof room, Sinilau entered, and as he put out the torch which was kept burning all night long, Hina woke up. He sidled near her, but she kicked him. He went closer. Again she kicked him, and spat on him besides. Sinilau decided to try to approach her once more, but only once more, because, he told himself, "The flowers of Samoa are sweet and much more easily plucked." Again Hina kicked and spat at him. Sinilau immediately turned to leave. But Hina, catching a glimpse of his face for the first time, recognized him as Sinilau. She jumped up and ran after him, and begged him to take her with him.

Sinilau, still angry, cried out, "Stay here. I came across the ocean, and I climbed eight fences, and I extinguished one hundred watchfires, all for you. I entered your mosquito-proof room and I sidled up to you but you spat on me and kicked me."

Hina wept, saying, "I thought it was an ordinary man who approached me. I did not know that it was Sinilau of Samoa." But Sinilau ignored her tears, apologies, and pleas and sailed away without her. Whereupon Hina plunged into the water, swimming after his canoe, all the way to Samoa. Sinilau, however, did not see her.

When he arrived in Samoa he ordered that preparations be made immediately for his marriage to a Samoan girl whom he would soon choose. Not long after this Hina arrived in Samoa and fell asleep on the beach, exhausted after her long swim. (The Tongan woman who told the story said nothing of the many adventures that other storytellers say that Hina had during her swim to join Sinilau.)

Sinilau's mother, who happened to see Hina asleep on the beach, stopped to stare at her and to wonder whether the beautiful naked girl was a goddess or an earthly woman. Hina woke up just then and, seeing the old lady gazing at her in admiration, told her story. The old lady was sorry for her and offered to help her win Sinilau for a husband. After bathing and dressing the girl, she instructed her to juggle oranges to attract Sinilau's attention.

When Sinilau, who was still in a very bad humor after Hina's insult to him in Tongatabu, heard someone singing and juggling oranges he was furious. He had ordered complete silence around him on his return from Tongatabu. Now he commanded his servants to see that the noise was stopped at once. It stopped for a time but then began again. Now Sinilau himself went to see who dared defy him. On seeing Hina and hearing how his mother had helped her, he ordered that his mother be slain.

As to Hina, Sinilau's jealous older wives (now mentioned for the first time) told him that Hina was too beautiful and lovely to be a human being, that she must therefore be a spirit. Sinilau believed them and took their advice to banish her to a hut in the forest. Here she pined and wasted away until one day she saw Sinilau hunting near her hut and called to him. His heart was touched by her neglected, forlorn appearance, so he ordered his servants to care for her.

At the same moment a dark cloud appeared on the horizon. However, it was not a cloud but a fleet of Tongan vessels under the command of Hina's mother's brother who had come to look for her. Sinilau hospitably greeted the searchers. Then Hina came forward to greet them

and explained that her unkempt look was the result of illness. Sinilau, meanwhile, ordered a great oven to be prepared. When his old wives came to him dressed in their finest, he pushed them into the oven. And there they died.

Hina's uncle took the girl with him in his fleet and returned to Tongatabu, where she was again placed in her secluded house. Sinilau who followed the fleet in his canoe went humbly without a single attendant except for Hina's pet dog. Because the girl's parents would not allow him to see her, it was his turn to pine and waste away. Finally one day he sent a man to Hina with a basket of yams with the request that she chew them into a mash for her little dog. Hina did so and sent the basket of mash to Sinilau. Instead of feeding the dog with the mash, he ate it himself. At this sign of humility, Hina's parents relented and announced that he could marry their daughter, saying, "Let us get on with the wedding. A long time has elapsed." The wedding took place, and Hina and Sinilau lived together.

As I recalled the Tongan woman's story about Sinilau of Samoa as an untrustworthy watchman and cruel jailer, I thought too of the different ways that the Polynesians pronounce the romantic chief's name: Sinilau, Similau, Tinilau, Tingilau, Kinilau, and Tinirau. Without question the Gilbertese watchman's name of Timirau is the same as that of the Polynesian hero. Hereafter I shall refer to him as Tinirau and to his sweetheart as Hina, and ignore inter-island differences in pronunciation.

Polynesians tell a multitude of stories about the romance of Tinirau and Hina. The hero is irresistibly fascinating to the opposite sex, particularly to pretty, adolescent girls like Hina. They run away from their parents to travel across the sea by any available transportation—reef fish, shell fish, sharks, and turtles—or by swimming in order to reach Tinirau's home. The magnetic hero always lives on an island remote from that of his feminine admirers. Tongans say that he lives in Samoa; Samoans that he lives in Vavau, which is either a mythical land or Vavau Island in the Tongas; eastern Polynesians put him on a beautiful, floating island called Sacred Isle, or Motutapu. Sometimes, as in the Tongan woman's story, it is Tinirau and not Hina who first travels across the sea for a rendezvous. In competition with other suitors who are accompanied by their official matchmakers or talking chiefs he courts the pretty maiden but is rejected. Either she rejects him and then changes her mind and swims after him, or she falls in love with him but her parents force her to marry another suitor, ugly but wealthy, of course. Then she and Tinirau are eventually united after they outwit the ugly husband, who has eight ears and a bad complexion,

and his demonic sister, whose eight or nine eyes spy on the pretty young bride.

In his treatment of his young sweethearts, Tinirau, after the initial attraction has worn off, is often a fickle and thoughtless heartbreaker. But to his pet sharks, whales, turtles, and other fish he is a loyal and devoted master, and not merely because they so frequently provide his adolescent admirers with the ocean transportation necessary to reach him. The mythological hero was not given the name of Tinirau—which means innumerable, myriad, or infinite—because of his many sweethearts but because of his teeming shoals of pet fish.

Not only his personality but even his body is sometimes described as two-sided by those who regard him as no earthly chief but as a member of the pantheon associated with the sea. One side of his body is fish, the other side is human. He can take the form of a sprat, say the Mangaians in the Cook Islands, who put him high in the pantheon. No, he prefers the form of a whale, contend the Maoris of New Zealand who consider him the son of a sea god and the father of certain fish, including whales. They add that in his human manifestation he has "eight rings of fat around his neck!" By Polynesian standards then he is very handsome. In fact the Maoris call him the "handsomest man of his time." He lived, they say, in the period of the legend-bearing winds, long before A.D. 1350 when the Great Fleet left Hawaiki to colonize New Zealand. Tinirau has no false modesty. He would readily concede that the Maori description of him is correct. After all, the mirror pools which sparkle like jewels on Sacred Isle reveal the truth to him. He gazes rapturously into the pools at his pet fish and at his own reflection. When he looks up, there is Hina or some other beauty to gaze rapturously at him. The dual nature of Tinirau has led the Tahitians to call him Tinirau-ma-aro-e-rua, Tinirau with Two Faces or Two-Faced Tinirau.

When I left Tarawa to work in the southern Gilberts on Tabiteuea Island I again heard the hero's name, not this time as that of a watchman in a girl's dormitory, but in an equally delightful context. The happy dance chant, of which a few lines of translation are given above, mentions the hero's name together with that of another famous Polynesian character, Tangaroa, here pronounced Tangaro. If the Gilbertese girls heed the composer's instructions, they will get ready for the dance as they still do today. They will rub their bodies with perfumed coconut oil until they glisten, put on their brief black or brown grass skirts which have been processed and softened over scented smoke until they swing like silken fringe, and make wreaths from fragrant flowers that they gather across the island.

The Tabiteuean chant is old enough to have many obscurities which puzzle even those people who have the best knowledge of the old traditions. No one has ever seen a bara-n-renga; no tree of that name grows on Tabiteuea today. Tinirau and Tangaro are now remembered only as having been chiefs in Samoa when certain ancestors of the Gilbertese were living there. However, the composer could not have promised the girls more entertaining companions for a gay dance; Tinirau, according to the Mangaians, enjoys nothing so much as inventing and performing new dances with those seaborn companions and subjects to whom he reveals his better and kinder side. And Tangaroa, to the Maoris at least, is a sea god and Tinirau's father. Although the dancers are to join these two companions at Kauke in Karawa, the significance of Kauke as a gathering place has been forgotten. Everyone is aware, however, that Karawa is located in the sky. Karawa, Tarawa, Marawa (or Sky, Land, Sea) are localities where the Gilbertese people and the Gilbertese universe were created during that period of their traditional history which is equivalent to the Chathams' era of The Wind Clouds.

Although the voices on the wind have at least whispered the romantic Tinirau's name to the Gilbertese, they seem to have brought no more news about him than that he was a chief in Samoa and a charming companion at a dance. Further inquiry in the Gilberts may perhaps uncover more about him because Polynesians who have contact with Gilbertese tell many myths about him which they may have narrated to their visitors. For example, the Polynesians who live in the Ellice Islands, south of the Gilberts, and in Ontong Java, Nukumanu, and Kapingamarangi Islands to the west count Tinirau among their favorite heroes. Furthermore, the same stories, although told of other heroes, are familiar to those Micronesians who live north and northwest of the Gilberts. The Marshall Islanders, neighbors of the Gilbertese, describe the heroine of these tales as being of Gilbertese birth. This makes me wonder whether they heard the stories from Gilbertese who have since forgotten them.

In Polynesia, as in the Gilberts, the range and force of the tale-bearing winds have been uneven with regard to Tinirau. Certain islands off the main routes of Polynesian travel have forgotten his name. The aboriginal culture in these islands—Tongareva, Manihiki, Rakahanga, Pukapuka, Uvea, and Easter Island—had largely disintegrated before anyone wrote down much about it. Consequently the collections of myths are slim and incomplete. But the presence of a fugitive fragment of an episode or two, such as forms part of the legend about Hina and Tinirau in other islands, hints that these islands once knew the hero's name. Sometimes there is only the memory that Hina in crossing the sea on the backs of fish gave them their characteristic

markings, or that a certain man was punished for harming a friend's pet fish which had been loaned to him for transportation. In the Marquesas, too, hints of this kind are all that are now recalled of the story of Hina and Tinirau. In Hawaii, Tinirau's name is listed in a genealogy but storytellers appear to know nothing of his life.

Elsewhere in Polynesia the old stories about the couple continue to be told; and new stories are still being invented, particularly in the western islands in and around Samoa and Tonga. To catch and hold the attention of their listeners, western narrators pin the names of Tinirau and Hina to almost every sentimental tale that comes to mind. The names must have been very popular in ancient times, one storyteller facetiously remarked, because so many chiefs in the traditions are called Tinirau and so many heroines, Hina. Unlike most narrators, he apparently does not unconsciously identify every Tinirau and Hina as being the same. Westerners are more interested in his innumerable love affairs than in his innumerable pet fish. The Rotuma Islanders illustrate that it is the human rather than the piscatorial side of Two-Faced Tinirau which fascinates them. They call any handsome or very well built young man a Tinirau; of course any unusually pretty, young belle is flatteringly addressed as a Hina for Tinirau's favorite sweetheart.

Westerners are indifferent to what place, if any, Tinirau has in the pantheon. Among them a legendary hero or a contemporary male can become a wealthy and influential chief, the acknowledged leader of his village, and the husband of a beautiful and protected favorite daughter of a chief without being the divine or semidivine first-born son of a first-born son who derives his mana and prestige from a string of gods in his genealogy. Nor need he and his admirers, if he is not a first-born son, rationalize the supernatural reasons for his success. According to the pragmatic values of the west, the ideal young man is the favorite son or protege, the heir apparent, or manaia, as the Samoans call him, of a chief who has chosen him as his successor because of his industriousness, his good appearance, and the qualities of his leadership. Tinirau, unless a narrator imagines him already a chief, is called a manaia. When Tinirau courts Hina he competes with other chiefs or manaias.

Hina also has her counterparts in real life. Samoan storytellers call her a taupou, the term for the virgin daughter of a chief. She is the village hostess at important ceremonies until she marries. The beauty care lavished on her to keep her skin fair and smooth may win any taupou a flattering comparison with Hina herself. The name Hina, meaning White, is also given to the moon, who throughout Polynesia is personified as a

lovely goddess. The finest mats, called mats of state because they are distributed only on great occasions, are reserved for a taupou's dowry. Requiring years of labor to make, they have personal names, the most famous in tradition being called One Equal to a Thousand.

The fame of a maiden's beauty, modesty, virtue, grace, and bountiful dowry soon spreads among chiefs and favorite sons. Each village holds a council to plan a campaign by which the talking chiefs or orators will woo the maiden for their chief or manaia. Spies go to make sure the girl is all that gossip claims for her and to determine whether she might favor their candidate. Bearing gifts of pigs and taro, the orators go on their first official visit and hope the girl and her family will encourage their suit. After the prospective bridegroom has been chosen, an elaborate marriage ceremony, with both families exchanging and distributing gifts, takes place. Later, especially on the occasion of the birth of the first child to the couple, more ceremonies and gift exchanges occur.

In subject matter, the narratives about Hina and Tinirau are the most domestic of all Polynesian myths; and not only girls, women, and small children enjoy hearing about the romantic couple. Men like the stories too. This assurance comes from Krämer, a German ethnographer who worked in Samoa. The pretty, lyrical legends, he writes, are best told by the fire in the evening, or very late at night in the dark, especially when a band of men are camping in the forest and cannot sleep because of the mosquitoes. Once when Krämer was on such an overnight camping trip, an old chief started a storytelling session by singing a song which Hina sang to her kinsman who came to take her home from Tinirau's land. Because the song cryptically summarizes what has happened to her thus far, it is called a "solo." This is a native Samoan word for a chant which gives the essence of a plot that everyone knows. For the romance of Tinirau and Hina, Polynesians prefer a choric style. They thread together many chants with the conversations of the characters and a minimum of exposition. Repetition with slight variations in the conversations and incidents is a literary device that listeners enjoy. Samoans call this style of narration with its many chants and conversations a fagogo. Eastern Polynesians do not name this style, so far as I know, but they have it and also favor it for the legends about the couple.

One Samoan storyteller describes how Hina's parents rejoice when great chiefs of this place and that place hear of their exceedingly beautiful daughter and send matchmakers to arrange a marriage. Hina, however, rejects the courting party of the King of Tonga, saying, "Parents, I do not wish to marry just yet." The Tongan party goes away. The King of Fiji sends his matchmakers. Again Hina says, "Parents, I do not wish to marry just yet." The Fijian party goes away.

One day as Hina sits under a *Hernandia* tree meditating on whom she should marry, the tree's bell-shaped flowers all sing a message brought to them by the west wind from Vavau where Tinirau, a very handsome man, is the manaia. The blossoms sing the windborne message to Hina, "Tinirau is waiting for you." Standing up, Hina takes her mat of state, her comb, and her fan, and jumps into the sea. For a night and a day she swims, until she comes to Tinirau's land. Her skin, reddened by the sun and the salt water, is more beautiful than ever. On shore when she asks for directions on how to reach Tinirau, some women, jealous of her beauty, falsely tell her to take the Nau Path rather than the Fau Path which, they say, is dangerous. They, knowing that Tinirau is hunting pigeons on the Fau, or *Hibiscus,* Path, do not want him to see the pretty stranger. Hina goes along the Nau, or *Cassytha,* Path to Tinirau's district. Here she finds that the women's house is surrounded by a wall of human skulls. She wrecks the wall and scatters the women's possessions pellmell. The women who have been away return home and lament, asking who has caused the damage. Hina chants:

> Who is the pig that chatters here?
> Why does it not come into the house,
> That we may speak together?
> The west wind blew to me,
> It swept impetuously over my speaking *Hernandia.*
> Then I set out on my wedding journey.
> It became night; it became day,
> And I arrived at Savavau.
> The many women drove me away.
> When I asked about Tinirau,
> They said to me,
> "He is catching pigeons on the Fau Path."
> But I must not take the Fau Path. . .

The women warn her against their mistress, a cannibalistic witch. Tinirau also, it seems, is a cannibal. However, Hina by her magic overcomes the female cannibal and by her love wins Tinirau, who after a period of hesitation and doubt about the stranger, takes her as his wife and they raise a family.

Another Samoan fagogo, the one from which Krämer's friend, the chief, chose a "solo" to begin the storytelling session in the forest, skims over the first meeting of the couple and thereby makes the later events incomprehensible. However, the emphasis is on the married life of Hina and Tinirau. It thus can be treated as a sequel to the foregoing story. The narrator states that the day after Tinirau and Hina married their troubles began.

Tinirau has other wives, one of whom has two natures, demonic and human, or perhaps more correctly, she is more demonic than the others. At any rate nine baskets of fish mysteriously disappear. The villagers have made this fine catch with the aid of a leaf sweep that extended the range of their nets. The ringleader among Tinirau's demonic wives has secretly eaten the whole catch, baskets, leaf sweep, and all! Says Tinirau, "No one can have eaten the fish but Hina because this has happened for the first time since my wife Hina came to this land." His other wives agree, saying, "It is very true." Hina is exiled to the forest with only Stupid and Dextrous Cutters Off of Heads, Tinirau's servants, to care for her and to cut firewood. When she bears Tinirau's son, she begs for a mat and some oil for the infant. Her request does not come to Tinirau's ears; his other wives see to that.

Then Hina's brother Rupe, a name meaning Pigeon for such is his nature, learns of her distress. Rupe personifies the Polynesian ideal of a brother devoted to the welfare of his sister. He flies to her, and when he alights in a tree before her house his form overshadows Tinirau's land because he is loaded with many gifts, including one hundred and one fine mats of state, Hina's dowry mats. He shakes his feathers so that the shower of gifts rains down, and prepares to carry Hina and her son home. A servant rushes to tell Tinirau that Rupe is Hina's brother and has brought her marriage portion. Hina chants to Rupe the story of her life in Tinirau's land. It is the "solo" the Samoan chief sang. As Krämer says, one line follows another in the same monotonous form.

> Rupe, I came,
> I came to Savavau.
> Leaves were brought for fishing,
> And they obtained nine baskets.
> I was falsely accused;
> They said I had eaten them.
> Therefore I was led away
> Into the primeval forest.
> But although not at all too much,
> Firewood was cut and kindled.
> Still, the boy thrived.
>
> But, lad, what art thou doing then?
> Thou hidest from view the face of the sun!
> Rush away to the underworld.
> Rupe, let us go, let us go!
> I wish to go
> To the land where there is no smell. . .

The last line betrays that the chant comes perhaps from a version in which Tinirau casts his bride of a day into a pigpen in the forest.

On hearing his servant's news, Tinirau rushes to the forest. When he sees the houseful of fine mats of state he chants apologetically to Rupe that he has not known Hina's real name, that he has been calling her Pigeon Driven From the Sea, that he has come with nine mats to cover her and to acknowledge his son. Ignoring him, Rupe spreads his wings, snatches up Hina, and tries to get the child but Tinirau has him. When Rupe flies away Tinirau follows with the child.

In the land of Rupe and Hina, Tinirau watches unhappily as matchmakers and chiefs arrive to court Hina. He sends his son, quickly grown, to beg Hina to chew a piece of taro for him. At first Hina refuses, then agrees. Apparently she does not recognize her son. Tinirau eats the taro mash and even the banana leaf in which it is wrapped. Next he sends his son to beg his mother, "If you love me you will come and live with me and my family." Then love seizes Hina on recognizing her son and at the news of Tinirau's perpetual lamentations for her. She sends her suitors away and goes to Tinirau. Some of the chiefs beat their heads against the house posts, others break their heads with stones.

The story does not end there. Many islands go on to tell of the ceremonies, held after the couple's reunion, for the naming of their son. As the Maoris of New Zealand tell it, Kae of the Broken Teeth, a priest from another island, officiates at the rites. When the time comes for him to return home, he asks Tinirau for the loan of his pet whale, Tutunui, or Tutu the Great, to transport him. At first Tinirau refuses. However, when Kae promises to observe faithfully and carefully the instructions about the welfare of the whale, Tinirau agrees. He tells Kae that when his village is sighted Tutunui will shake himself, a signal that he is getting into shallow water. Kae must then get off his back and wade ashore. Otherwise the whale will scrape his belly on the rocks and get sand in his gills. Kae leaves on the whale's back, but when Tutunui signals that his village is near, Kae ignores him. Tutunui is cut to death on the rocks. Kae's people rush upon him, cut him up, and cook him.

Meanwhile Tinirau anxiously awaits his pet, who is overdue. After a night and a morning have passed, the northeast wind rises. Tinirau, sniffing it, catches the smell of roasting meat. At once he realizes what it is and cries, "Oh, the savor of Tutunui that the wind is bringing me!" For days he laments and howls and gashes himself in sorrow. So intense is his grief that it is now a byword for acute emotional distress. A Maori girl whose parents have betrothed her, not to her choice, but to another suitor, likens her sorrow to that of Tinirau.

The tears gush from my eyes.
My eyelashes are wet with tears.
But stay within, my tears,
Lest you should be called mine.

Alas, I am betrothed.
But it is for Te Maunu
That my love devours me.
I weep indeed,
Beloved one, for thee,
Like Tinirau's lament
For his favorite pet, Tutunui,
Slain by Kae. Alas!

Tinirau's own laments ended, he plans revenge on Kae. To lure the priest back to Tutunui's home, Tinirau sends a band of dancing girls. They will recognize Kae, he tells them, by his broken front teeth. In Kae's land the girls put on a performance of comic dances accompanied by chanting. Each dance is funnier and wilder than the last. Each dance makes more and more of Kae's people laugh. Only one watcher does not laugh, and the girls suspect that the sullen man is Kae. Redoubling their efforts at comedy, they at last make him laugh as hard as the other people. Not only does he have broken front teeth but plainly sticking in them are bits of Tutunui's flesh! Now the girls begin their incantations to put everyone, including Kae, into a deep sleep. Then gathering him, and sometimes even his whole assembly house of people, they transport him to Tinirau. How bewildered Kae is when he wakes up! What a shock when he recognizes that he is back in Tinirau's land! After enjoying Kae's reactions to the trick played on him, Tinirau sets fire to the assembly house. Kae and his people die. Tutunui's death is avenged.

The story may go on from here to tell how Kae's remaining people then took revenge on Tinirau by slaying his son. Then, of course, Tinirau's people go to attack Kae's people. And so on. No wonder Maoris sometimes say that the death of Tutunui was the first murder and the cause of the first war!

Not all listeners will tolerate the permanent death of popular characters. It is no surprise, then, to hear that Tinirau or his band of dancing girls pick up the remains of Tutunui and magically restore him to life. He is almost as whole as before. Then Tutu the Great rejoins Tutu the Little and the other pets in Tinirau's mirror pools on his Sacred Isle.

The narratives about Hina, Tinirau, Rupe, Tutunui, and Kae are comparable to a blend of radio soap opera and Grimms' fairytales. Wherever in Polynesia the stories are told the plots are essentially similar

and the characters typed in certain roles. Hina is the lovestruck, beautiful, and protected adolescent girl who runs away from home to find Prince Charming, handsome Tinirau. Her departure may be spurred by the whispered call of the west wind and the *Hernandia* blossoms or, more prosaically and realistically, by her misery when a sudden rain ruins all her dowry mats which she is sunning, or by her resentment when her parents beat her for letting precious heirlooms get wet or stolen. Whatever the immediate reason for her leaving home, she plunges into the sea. That her escape into the sea is an idealized account of suicide is no idle guess. One Maori narrator expressly treats it in this way, and the mournful farewell chant and invitation to the sea monsters which he has her sing befits a suicide. But, of course, the sea beings care for her, and she is cast ashore on Tinirau's Sacred Isle. The journey to Tinirau's country is often elaborated with many incidents about the fish, some of them sent by Tinirau himself, who carry her and to whom she gives characteristic markings.

The story of her unhappy life as Tinirau's wife is a fictionalized account of the homesickness and bewilderment of a young bride in a strange land, far from a protective family, among curious and often hostile aliens whose customs differ from those in her own land. Furthermore, Hina is an unknown waif, cast like driftwood on the shore, without dowry or kinfolk to give her status. Youth, beauty, and infatuation with Tinirau are her only advantages. Hina's difficulties with Tinirau's other wives are the problems of the newest and most beautiful bride in the polygamous household of an influential chief. Of Tinirau's two servants who attend her, one is always clever, the other stupid, and they may differ from each other in their treatment of her. The conflict which develops between Hina and Tinirau, fanned by the jealous wives, is the beginning of the boredom of the handsomest and most romantic couple in the world with each other.

The forest or the house of brambles or the pigpen into which Hina is shunted is perhaps only an exaggeration of a birth hut, frequent in real Polynesian life, but a form of lonely exile to a young wife bearing her first child away from home.

Rupe, the symbol of a devoted brother, arrives to transport her by air back to what now seems the idyllic state of immaturity and dependence in the parental home. A beating for letting mats get wet seems, in retrospect, minor suffering by contrast with life in a polygamous household and the problems of adult married life.

The story can be broken off at various stages. It can end, at least for one night of storytelling, with Hina's arrival in Tinirau's land and the honeymoon days of the couple. Another stopping place is with Rupe's rescue

of his sister from her vain and thoughtless husband and their return home. Most islanders do not stop there. They have a sequel to the account of Hina's partial regression to adolescent life. Her husband, overcome with loneliness and remorse, particularly now that he knows who Hina's family is and realizes their resources, follows her and succeeds in winning her family's favor and his wife's forgiveness. The child reunites them, and the three return to Tinirau's land. Finally there is the elaborate festival for the naming of the child and the miserable Kae's mistreatment of the creature for whom Tinirau has unswerving devotion. Hina and Tinirau travel the psychological path from adolescence to adulthood in the chronological series of stories that make up their romance.

Some narrators go farther. They portray Hina as eventually becoming the ideal mature woman of Polynesian tradition. They identify her with that Hina who lives in the moon and beats out tapa for the gods, protects travelers on the sea, and hovers over women in childbirth. An even later stage in the path of the development of womanhood is seen by narrators. It is that of the elderly blind grandmother. This malicious cannibalistic crone, often called Hina, lives on the road to the underworld. Here she putters clumsily over her cooking and swings her red-feathered fishhook wildly to catch unwary travelers. Maui, Tahaki, and other famous heroes, and even gods like Tane, dodge her fishhook nimbly and successfully, cure her blindness, and win her support. However, I know of no storyteller who clearly envisages Tinirau's bride, Hina, becoming in her old age this personification of an old, devouring female who eats up young men, literally and figuratively.

Narrators also carry the story of Tinirau beyond his reunion with Hina and his revenge for the damage to Tutu the Great. Certain eastern Polynesian islands give him an impressive role in the pantheon, frequently in association with Tangaroa himself. Tangaroa is Tinirau's father, the Maoris say; and the Society Islanders in their involved way agree. Taaroa, as they call Tangaroa, is the Lord of the Ocean and Tinirau's father, in that both roles represent different manifestations of Taaroa's pervasiveness as the primal creator of the universe.

In forming land after conjuring forth sea and sky, Taaroa commands, "Spread out, spread out, crimson sands, red sands." Then he shakes the spreading land and finds it stable. Shouting so that his voice echoes over the mountains and valleys, he asks, "Who is above? Who is below? Who is inland? Who is seaward?"

From each direction a deity who is a manifestation of himself replies. From above thunders Atea, or Limitless Space. From below comes

the rumble of Rua, or Abyss. From inland Tu, or Stability, answers. From the sea rolls a voice that recites its titles, "It is I! Lord of the Ocean, Lord Overturning Rocks, Growth in the Ocean, Rocks in the Ocean, Sharp Coral Pinnacles in the Ocean, Upright Stones in the Ocean, Lord of the Abyss, Two Bodies, Two Faces, Engulfer, and Myriads!" Myriads is, of course, Tinirau in the native language.

These oceanic manifestations of Taaroa emphasize the diversity of the shape of the sea and its inhabitants. Two Bodies, who has shark messengers, has a manlike, human form and a fishlike, divine form. Once, when he stretched himself to his greatest height above the water, he helped raise the sky a little nearer to its present altitude. Two Bodies, his worshipers at fishermen's maraes in Tahiti and Borabora claim, should be named first among the Lord of the Ocean's various manifestations.

However, others say that Engulfer is his superior. Engulfer's power over other marine deities is suggested by the hero Rata's prayer to him. Rata begs him to prevent Black Heron, personification of dark night over the sea, from resuscitating himself each time that Rata slays him while he voyages to rescue his lost parents. Engulfer heeds Rata's request, and Rata then uses Black Heron's wings for masts. Engulfer, who has whale messengers and sometimes takes the shape of a man-of-war bird hovering over the ocean, has a roaring voice but "no language to tell us what he wants. He lies with his head upward when the breezes come. The white foaming breakers are his jaws. He swallows whole persons and fleets of people; he does not spare princes. The polished hulls of ships he also swallows. He takes nothing, no relish, with what he engulfs and has not yet said, 'I have had sufficient.' When once a person puts to sea, he is not certain of returning to land."

Tahitian priests, in their greatest national ceremony, recite all night long one name after another of the innumerable gods whom they are inviting to attend the rituals. As day is about to break the priests imagine that the gods have assembled, so they call upon the dawn cloud and its company to rise from the ocean. There they have spent the night with Engulfer. The priests chant:

The cloud borders the sky.
The cloud awakens.
Behold the rising cloud,
rising in the dawn!
The clouds are wafted,
wafted, those dark clouds,
made perfect,
And lifted hither from Engulfer,
Lord of the Ocean, hither.

In shades of night
The rising cloud borders.
The cloud condenses, and
Forms an archway for the sun.
Wafted are the clouds,
betimes made perfect,
And lifted hither from Engulfer,
Lord of the Ocean, hither.

In shades of night
The rising clouds part,
Condense, reunite,
Into an arch of red clouds
For the sun rising hither
From Engulfer of the ocean,
hither.

The Lord of the Abyss, or Ruahatu, has a man's body joined to a swordfish tail. All fish are his potential wives. His offspring are so numerous that they cannot be counted. This majestic manifestation of Taaroa is sometimes grandly called Ruahatu-tinirau, God of the Ocean of Rank Odor, and King of the Cast-up Sea. Yet he sleeps in quiet pools which are also his mirrors. Once some fishermen inadvertently hooked the crown of Ruahatu's sacred head as he slept in a coral grotto. They dragged him to the surface and were terrified when they saw his noble head and his long hair floating on the water. As punishment for their error, he sent a flood to their island but first advised, most contrarily, that the fishermen and all the people take refuge elsewhere.

Tinirau, pretty Hina's sweetheart, is in this brilliant assemblage of Taaroa's marine manifestations. The royal family of Tahiti, in giving their version of the seaward lord's answer to Taaroa's question about who is in the sea, start out by saying, "Lord of the Ocean, Tinirau with Two Faces," and then add the many other names. Their sequence appears to make Tinirau the ruler of the sea. Tinirau's epithet of Two Faces connotes also "two fronts," "two presences," "two aspects," or "two natures." The epithet well brings out the complex character and roles of Tinirau.

The Mangaians in the Cook Islands give Tinirau the highest place that he holds in any pantheon. Also their story about Tinirau and Hina is the most charming of all Polynesian versions. It does not even hint of the harshness and selfishness so many other narrators find in his character.

Tinirau, the Mangaians say, was born in the second generation of gods. He preceded even Tane, Rongo, and Tangaroa who were born in the third generation. Tinirau's mother plucked him and five other fatherless children from her body where they had sprouted. Tinirau, a sprout on her

right side, received Sacred Isle, or Motutapu, a land in the middle of Deep Ocean which floats at Tinirau's command. When he is not at Sacred Isle, he is either in northern Mangaia or at Pa-enua-kore, which means No Land At All. On Sacred Isle he and his subjects, the fish, assume human or partly human forms to wreathe themselves with red and yellow pandanus leis and to dance and sing merrily. His pets live in numerous artificial ponds on the island. Mangaians are intrigued by an old chant which tells how, in later times, Tinirau's grandnephews, famed fishermen, kept the ponds stocked. Whereas many other islands, including Hawaii, had such fishponds, Mangaians have no recollection of ever having had them.

Hina is the only daughter of the wealthiest people in Nukutere. One morning when they are going away for the day, they ask her to air the family treasures in the sun and to guard them carefully from Ngana, a notorious thief, who always appears as soon as the sky is overcast. It is the first time Hina's parents have given her so much responsibility. She spreads out white tapa in the sun, lays out the white shell armlets, the finely braided human hair, and the headdress trimmed with black and scarlet feathers, and admires their beauty. Ngana, secretly watching her, chants a spell to cloud the sky, but Hina catches him before he can steal anything. However, he coaxes her into taking the treasures into the house so that he can try them on there. Even though Hina closes up every opening in the house he finds an opening for escape. Away he flies, wearing the treasures and calling back, "Beware of listening to vain words, O Hina, the fair and well meaning."

Soon the girl's parents come running. They have seen Ngana flying through the sky wearing their heirlooms. Hina weeps, "Your choicest treasures are gone."

"Is nothing left?" her parents ask.

"Nothing whatever," Hina replies.

Angrily her mother beats her with a green coconut leaf until it breaks. She breaks another and another. Then her father beats her. A spirit enters Hina and chants:

Most sacred is my person.
Untouched has been my person.
I will go to the Sacred Isle,
That Tinirau alone may strike it.

As her brother Rupe weeps over her, she plans her escape. She runs to the shore, where another brother asks her destination. So that he cannot betray her to their parents, she cuts off his tongue. Now he cries only, "Ku, Ku." Hence his name Tangikuku, or Cry Kuku.

As Hina wonders how to reach Sacred Isle, she notices a small fish in the water at her feet. Knowing that all fish are subjects of Tinirau, she asks it:

> Oh, Manini! Are you a shore-loving manini?
> Oh, Manini! Are you an ocean-loving manini?
> Come, bear me on your back
> To my royal husband Tinirau,
> With him to live and die.

When Manini touches her feet to show he will carry her, Hina climbs on his back. Halfway to the edge of the reef, he flops over, for he is too weak to go farther. Angrily Hina beats him and leaves stripes on his back called "Hina's tattooing."

Then she notices Paoro, a larger fish. She chants her request, and he carries her until he flops over. She gives him blue marks. The same incident is repeated with Api, whom she beats black, and with Sole, whom she stamps until his eyes shift on his body. Next comes Shark, who carries her halfway to Sacred Isle. When Hina wishes to crack one of two coconuts she has with her, Shark raises his dorsal fin for that purpose. Her second nut she roughly cracks on his forehead, giving him "Hina's bump." So great is the pain that Shark dives into the water, leaving Hina to swim by herself.

Now comes the king of the sharks, Tekea the Great, to carry her. Eight canoes rapidly approach them. Hina tells Tekea about the canoes. He says they are dangerous sharks come to devour her but that they will go away if she says, "Go away, or Tekea the Great will tear you to shreds." Hina repeats the statement and the sharks go. Then come ten more sharks looking like ten canoes. Again the threat frightens them away. Now Hina and Tekea are at Sacred Isle.

Going ashore, Hina sees many salt-water ponds full of all kinds of fish. Inside Tinirau's house she sees another fish preserve and in one corner is a great wooden drum. Tinirau is nowhere in sight. Hina gently beats the drum, and Tinirau hears the entrancing sound of her music in No Land At All. He returns home, but finds no one, so he returns to No Land At All. Now that Hina has seen Tinirau she does not want to lose him, so she beats the drum again; and this time she does not hide when he comes. She becomes his wife, and he tells her that it was his mana that caused a spirit to enter her and insure her safe journey over the sea to Sacred Isle.

Years later when Hina has two children, Koro and Ature, she happens to notice a bird fluttering on a bush outside her house. As she watches, the bird transforms itself into a man. It is her brother Rupe! After

a short visit with her, he returns home alone to bring news of her to their grieving parents. They prepare many fine tapas and much food as gifts for her, and then Rupe and his mother take them to Sacred Isle. A happy time is spent with Tinirau and Hina and their two children. Then the visitors return home while Hina remains with her husband and children.

Later, the family apparently spends so much time in northern Mangaia that Koro forgets about his childhood home on Sacred Isle. Tinirau disappears from Mangaia for two or three days at a time and then returns with a red and yellow lei. More than anything else, curiosity about the beautiful leis leads Koro to spy on his father. First he hides Tinirau's loincloth so that in the morning Tinirau has to awaken Koro to help him find it. Koro then secretly follows his father and sees him climb a coconut tree for nuts. He notices that Tinirau avoids touching the tree with his chest or his left hand. One-handed, too, Tinirau prepares and scrapes out the flesh of the nuts. Next he goes to a lookout place called Akatangi, or Calling Place, where he scatters the coconut flesh on the water, chanting all the while. Soon small fish swim up to Tinirau. Then come larger fish from farther out to sea. Then come even larger fish from Deep Ocean. Before Tinirau has said the last word of his chant, Sacred Isle itself slides over the sea and stops before him. Now all the fish with their chief, who is Tinirau, go on the moving island. They begin to dance gaily and gracefully the tautiti, in which hands and feet move at the same time. The name honors the patron spirit of dancing. Everyone wears pandanus leis, for the hala grows plentifully on Sacred Isle. Gradually, the island vanishes beyond the horizon, and Koro returns home. Two or three days later Tinirau arrives, wearing the pandanus lei, the secret of which Koro now knows.

The next time Tinirau prepares to leave, Koro again spies on him, and now certain of the routine, Koro goes through it himself. The fish and the island come at his command. When Tinirau sees Koro he says, "Son, so this is why you hid my loincloth!" He gives Koro a pandanus lei and invites him to join in the dance. On his return home Koro plants a hala tree close to Akatangi; it is the first in Mangaia. He also teaches the people the tautiti dance. For the rest of his life he spends half of his time on Sacred Isle and half in northern Mangaia, which is now called Divine Koro, or Atua-Koro, in his honor. His sister, Ature, also joins him on Sacred Isle, but every year in March shoals of silvery fish named for her come to northern Mangaia, to Divine Koro, and only to that place on the island!

Mangaian composers find the Tinirau romance a fruitful source of inspiration for their gayest dances and songs. Some of the songs use the theme of Hina's journey and conversations with the fish; others tell of her skill

in juggling. A favorite theme is that about Tautiti, the god of the dance, Koro, and the pandanus leis.

CHORUS
I am Tautiti.
O Tane, the fragrant pandanus on the beach is mine.
SOLOIST
Go on!
CHORUS
That fragrant tree was first planted by the divine Koro.
SOLOIST
Yes!
CHORUS
Tautiti's favorite wreaths grow in the gullies beyond.
SOLOIST
Yes, in those gullies grow
Red hala to adorn Tautiti.

The song continues about the first pandanus brought to Mangaia by Koro. Then:

CHORUS
What is yonder? What is yonder?
SOLOIST
At the seaside? At the seaside?
CHORUS
Yes! Yes!
SOLOIST
The god reveals himself!
CHORUS
Tautiti himself has come up from the spirit world.
SOLOIST
O Tane! He stands revealed!
CHORUS
Pleasure thrills through my body.
SOLOIST
I would I were
A dragonfly exulting in the sunshine.

Another pretty song tells about the drum music that Hina played to attract Tinirau's attention. This song is called a Day Song because it is composed to be the last of the series which is sung through the night. Just as dawn begins to appear the soloist announces that "the stars have all set, Behind the western hills," and the last three lines add,

Our sport is over.
The visit of Tautiti is ended.
The guests from Hawaiki are gone!

Chapter VII

CHAPTER VII

Menehunes, the Little People

Partly because the mythical little people of the Hawaiian Islands, the Menehunes, are reminiscent of pixies, trolls, and other little spirits of European folklore, the number of legends about them has snowballed in modern Honolulu during the last twenty years. More and more newcomers have arrived and become entranced with the local equivalent of brownies and elves. Stores now use figures of Menehunes to advertise candy, lingerie, and automobiles. Commercial artists portray them as wide-eyed, ingenuous, merry, miniature men and women completely lost in the task of the moment, whether pounding a native drum or climbing up a cocktail glass. For a football mascot, the University of Hawaii, located in upper Manoa Valley, a former residential area of the Menehunes, has a figure of a Menehune. He is reminiscent of their chief, Ku of the Loud Voice, who used to bellow for them at sundown to get ready to go to work, for Menehunes work only between sunset and sunrise.

Even though Menehunes are traditionally good and gentle if treated respectfully and not crossed, grade-school children on a sugar plantation near Honolulu told a teacher in 1948 that more than anything else they feared Menehunes, goats, and tidal waves. Children, regardless of racial origin, go through the stage of asking whether Santa Claus, God, and Menehunes are real. Menehunes are the bogeymen used to frighten children who stay out after dark when the Menehunes are prowling. Sometimes, more mature children, high-school age and older, do not outgrow their belief that there are Menehunes. At Waimea, Kauai, a teacher joined the children in hunting for a Menehune which they had glimpsed lurking near the school; the search lasted until the principal arrived and put an end to it.

The wholesome normality which characterizes Menehune life should neither frighten nor fascinate civilized people of today. Then what about the little people does? Perhaps it is the queerness of the idea of spirits, two feet high, who look something like Hawaiians except for their small size, carrying on the old native customs in the midst of modern, industrial Honolulu. It is like having a one-way screen through which self-

appointed seers spy on the Menehunes and report to the general public. The thrill of fascinated fear bubbles in the blood when the screen proves defective and the Menehunes watch the modern community and occasionally emerge to poke tiny fingers into its affairs.

Psychologists have analyzed the prelogical attitude which assails even a Freudian when he becomes annoyed at the cussed and ornery way that inanimate objects vanish when needed and suddenly reappear later in an obvious place. Although Menehunes are rarely blamed for lost objects or persons, they are the scapegoats for superstitious workmen who of a morning find their previous day's work mysteriously undone, especially when that work has to do with rocks, for the Menehunes are experts on stonework. Now largely retired from active labor, Menehunes nonetheless linger around construction jobs to act as "sidewalk supervisors" and alter the work at night. In 1951 dismayed workmen moving rocks in Diamond Head Crater quit because, said they, the Menehunes, to show their displeasure about something, tampered every night with what had been done during the day. In order that the workmen would proceed with the job, a foreman experienced with the gremlin habits of Menehunes advised calling in a native Hawaiian seer (kahuna) to find out what was annoying the little people.

Menehunes, if satisfied, are believed to hasten a job by lining up hundreds of their men in a double row to pass stones from hand to hand from a distant quarry to the site, until in one night they have finished the construction. This method of transporting boulders is not peculiar to the little people, for, according to anthropologists and historians, Hawaiian chiefs, who had an abundance of labor to expend, used the same method. Abraham Fornander, the scholarly investigator of ancient Hawaiian life, estimated that to build Mookini Heiau on Hawaii fifteen thousand workmen, three feet apart, were needed to pass stones a distance of nine miles from the quarry to the site. If the little people rather than full-sized Hawaiians built this temple, as certain native narrators declare, many more workmen would have been necessary unless the supernatural strength of the Menehunes compensated for their small size. Not all heiaus and walls of fishponds were constructed of boulders from distant quarries; many were built of rock quarried near the site. But, because it makes a better story, storytellers sometimes ignore the facts. Of course, it is far more dramatic, too, when the artisans are the grotesquely muscled, dumpy little Menehunes because of the contrast between their tiny size, the weight of the boulders, the great number of workmen needed, and the vast amount of heavy labor that they do before disappearing at the first ray of dawn into the forested cliffs in the valleys. Because they fear daylight and do not want anyone to see them, Menehunes never work more than one night on a job and always quit at

dawn. If the work is not finished by then, though this rarely happens, it is left. Of the little people it is said, "No task is difficult. It is the work of one hand"; and "In one night, and by dawn it is finished."

In their heyday, narrators state, Menehunes built in and about Honolulu nine or ten heiaus and two fishponds. On the other islands—Kauai, Maui, Molokai, Hawaii, and Niihau—are twenty-four more temples credited to Menehune workmen, and several fishponds and other stone structures. Only ruins of their stonework remain today, and not a trace is to be found of the wooden canoes which they and their friends of the woodlands built for demigods who wanted to journey in search of lost relatives.

Menehunes average two to three feet in height, although a child of Japanese descent who recently saw one near Foster Gardens in Honolulu said that the little man was about five inches tall. Menehunes are extremely stout, strong, and muscular. Opinions differ as to whether or not they have hairy bodies. Their faces are red and ugly; their noses short and thick; and their hair hangs down over a low, protruding forehead and tangles with their long eyebrows, which hang like crags over large eyes. Their arduous, rigidly disciplined work gives the little people a set, serious, and determined look which Hawaiians say is frightening.

Menehunes, however, are good people who rarely get angry or quarrel without cause. Silent as they are when toiling on a heiau, they make up for it off duty, for they play as hard as they work. They chatter and laugh merrily and endlessly, causing such a racket at times that fish in the sea leap into the air in fright and birds on neighboring islands are terrified. The little people know all the games that the Hawaiians play, and occasionally they organize a festival, when—like the Hawaiians at their Makahiki celebrations—they spin tops, throw darts, box, wrestle standing up and lying down, race around the island, slide down grassy hillsides on ti leaves, and play "hide the pebble." Their musicians imitate the Hawaiians by playing bamboo nose flutes, ti-leaf trumpets, mouth harps, and hollow-log drums. Yet Menehunes most enjoy the simpler, less organized, impromptu diversions, like carrying rocks from the mountains to throw into the sea and diving after them. They love to roll down hills, especially when the sea is at the bottom and they can splash into the water.

The little people lead a very simple life. When the shrimps and poi which their employers give them as pay are eaten, they pluck wild fruits and berries. Sometimes between jobs they suffer from hunger. Their clothing is so inconsequential that no one has described it; and when the rain falls or they get sleepy they crawl into caves, tree trunks, or under banana leaves. Hawaiians say that Menehunes are invisible to everyone but their own descendants, although others can sometimes hear the hum of their

chatter, which sounds like the "low growl of a dog." They are always ready to help relatives, friends, and those who have adopted them as their guardian gods. Their supernatural power enables them to do remarkable things. Their kindness is illustrated by the care they showed Eternal Fire, a Hawaiian girl who had been abandoned as a baby and adopted by a poor couple. Although Menehunes dislike people who carelessly despoil the woodlands of trees and flowers, they protected Eternal Fire when she wandered in the forests to pick flowers. When a Hawaiian chief's overseer saw her and fell in love with her, the Menehunes provided her with a fine dowry.

They are shy of anyone who is not a relative; but when their affections chance to be fastened on a Hawaiian, their intense devotion tends to make them forget their own band. It is not surprising that their leaders discourage intimate contact with outsiders, for Menehune survival as a distinctive and efficient group depends upon the close unity and loyalty of the members to each other. Long ago, when there were more than five hundred thousand Menehunes on Kauai (nine hundred and two per square mile), their king became dismayed by the increasing number of marriages between Menehune men and Hawaiian women despite the number of offenders he had turned to stone as a punishment. Assembling his people, he ordered them to prepare for an exodus from the island to an undisclosed destination, leaving behind their Hawaiian wives and all children except first-born sons. Only Mohikia dared protest (that is why his name is one of the few Menehune names known) and beg that he be left behind with his Hawaiian wife. He was scolded for putting a woman before his king, but no other punishment was meted out to him.

A few Menehunes managed to hide successfully, it is clear, for reports of their living on Kauai still continue. Also, sometime during the end of the eighteenth century or the early part of the nineteenth, a census taker for Kaumualii, the last Hawaiian king of Kauai, energetically and conscientiously carried his search for residents into the very heart of Kauai. He went to the head of Wainiha Valley within ten miles of Mount Waialeale. There he found a community well known to narrators which is called Forest, or Laau, and counted sixty-five Menehune residents. Later commentators have disputed not his figure but his identification, and have declared that the residents were probably Mus, not Menehunes. However, Mus are close relatives and look much like Menehunes, the major difference being that in side view "the abdomens of the Menehunes are very distended while those of the Mus are round." A jokester who in 1951 sent a photograph of what he claimed were Menehunes to a Honolulu newspaper made the error of showing some of the figures in side view. The shape of the abdomens revealed that they were neither Mus nor Menehunes but prob-

ably Hawaiian children. If the little people are carrying rocks in their hands, they are Menehunes, whereas Mus would have bananas. They are known as the "banana-eating bugs."

Although Menehunes have built many canoes of stone or wood for other people, they require no canoes when they travel. When a band of them immigrated to Oahu from mythical Kahiki to work for a chief there, his overseer, a magician said to have "stretching power," lay on the ocean with arms outstretched, and the Menehunes marched single file up one arm and down the other until they stepped off his fingertips onto Oahu, where the chief assigned them lands in the valleys now traditionally associated with them. Their Kauai relatives required no canoe either, because their divine leader owned Kuaihelani, the beautiful island which floats at night in the clouds or on the sea and is a former home of Pele, Hiiaka, and their kinfolk. Its name comes from its shouldering the sky or seeming at times even to support it. When the little people had work on the other islands, the island would gently fall from the atmosphere to the surface of the ocean and draw near shore for them to disembark. Then it would receive them at dawn if they did not care to go to the land they owned in the depths of the valleys.

Little is said about Menehune girls and women, but Analike, who is one of the few mentioned, was a beautiful and very petite Menehune maid of Kuaihelani who married a Hawaiian chief who had been lost at sea and rescued by the residents of the floating island. He tried for a year to domesticate Analike by teaching her to make fire and cook food, knowledge lacked by her people; but he finally gave up, and when Kuaihelani floated near Hawaii, he deserted Analike and took their son, Firelight, and waded ashore. The non-Menehune Princess of Kuaihelani has also been remembered because she refused to marry Ola, a high chief of Kauai, who fell in love with her beauty while he was arranging to employ some of her Menehune artisans.

Bands of Menehunes, Oahu narrators claim, formerly lived in the foothills of Honolulu on Punchbowl and in Manoa and Nuuanu Valleys, with a few scattered elsewhere. The different valley bands used to struggle with each other over unusually desirable rocks, as is obvious from the marks resembling tiny fingerprints on a boulder near Oahu Country Club. The Nuuanu Menehunes are infamous because they violated a tapu of silence when a tree equipped to furnish an unending supply of cooked fish and poi was being transported over the Pali, the precipice at the head of their valley. Fearing that Nuuanu was being invaded, the Menehunes shouted in terror and thus broke the tapu and the spell, with the result that the tree crashed down the steep sides of the Pali and its mana vanished forever.

The most courageous and energetic Oahu band lived in Manoa and was last heard from about A.D. 1700 when a non-Menehune band drove them from their fort and heiau to an unknown new home. Between the lines of the two brief references to the event can be read the fact that Menehunes stubbornly resisted to the last all attempts to evict them. One reference names their conqueror as none other than a chief famous for his passion for war and his success in it. This was Kualii, the chief whose reputation today is largely based on a chant composed by two ambitious flatterers who likened him to a god and ascribed to him mastery of the land, the sea, the sun, the stars, and the rains. Only such a chief, it seemed to the narrators, had enough mana to dispossess the little Menehunes. The other reference is just as much, if not more, of a tribute to Menehune courage and patriotism. It is known that they particularly fear owls and dogs, probably because they too are wanderers in the night. Their enemy, using psychological warfare, imported owls from Kauai, which is traditionally the major Menehune stronghold in the Hawaiian Islands. The Kauai owls, therefore, were more experienced than the Oahu owls in frightening Menehunes. Furthermore, by using an army of owls, the chief was employing the spiritual guardians of Hawaiian warriors, because to a warrior or to any person in danger, an owl spirit is the most effective protector and guide to be had. The shrewd leader was able to command Kauai support because he was king of the owls.

Despite the Menehunes' present popularity on Oahu and the old and new tales told about them there, they belong peculiarly to Kauai, which Hawaiians on other islands honor for its wealth of fabulous traditions and for feathery red lehua blossoms. Contributing to the aura of mystery and glamour which even yet surrounds the past history of Kauai are the many sacred sites and ruins associated with traditional and mythological events. Many of these places are linked with the Menehunes, and as time passes the number of connections increases as the older traditions are forgotten. For example, in 1920, young Hawaiians on Kauai were telling that the Menehunes had built certain structures which ten years before the older people had attributed to Hawaiian artisans laboring for their chiefs, whose names and places on the genealogies were known. During the ten-year interval, the elders who knew these more historical accounts had died; and the younger people, who had forgotten or had never learned them, did not have access to such traditions about Kauai as collectors had obtained from the old people and had published in scientific and historical magazines. There were many of the older generation, too, who had not been privileged to hear the learned narrators of their race and who knew only such scraps of lore as had come their way. As a result, even in the published traditions,

the information differs according to the status and knowledge of the storyteller.

To the uninformed elders, to the ignorant young people, and to the strangers who found Hawaiian names difficult and the published traditions prolix and tedious, the Menehunes provided an easy and ready explanation for the origin of the heiaus and fishponds. To the formula that the Menehunes were little people who worked only at night and were paid one shrimp each by their employers the storytellers added such knowledge of ancient Hawaiian culture as they possessed. Once the Menehune formula was fixed—one night of work, one job, one shrimp—the little people became a magnet to stories not only about the native stonework but about many an odd stone or peculiar feature of the Kauai landscape. The same formula has been adopted in the other islands of the archipelago to explain the origin of heiaus, ponds, and other constructions the traditional histories of which have been forgotten.

It would be hard to find on Kauai a single stone of any size or a group of rocks, whether assembled by nature or man, that is not named and linked with the Menehunes. Many single rocks represent Menehune men who were transformed by their leaders into stone for malingering on the job, for stealing, for boasting about being able to catch the legs of the moon and failing to do so, or for falling in love with a Hawaiian woman. Rocks at the sea shore are said to have been dragged from the valleys by Menehunes and used as slides and diving boards. Any hollowed-out boulder may be a Menehune food dish or canoe. The little people are also believed to have constructed walls, roads, ditches, fishponds, and causeways; excavated caves; and made many perishable things like wooden canoes.

Their most famous job on Kauai is a watercourse, an irrigation ditch with low stone walls, best known now as the "Menehune Ditch" although earlier Hawaiians called it "Ola's Water Lead" to honor the chief for whom the stories say the little people worked. The ditch diverts water from Waimea River to taro patches around the nearby mountainside. Sightseers will find the ruins of the ditch at the end of an unmarked country road leading from the town of Waimea past small rice paddies. Part of the side of the modern road is formed by a length of the low stone wall of the ditch, the rectangular stones of which are dressed and shaped with a jogged end to fit together in order that the top of the wall will be level. Though the Society Islanders, Marquesans, Easter Islanders, and Tongans had a number of constructions made of dressed and fitted stone, work of this type is either absent or uncommon elsewhere in Polynesia. In the Hawaiian Islands are but two examples, a temple of refuge on Hawaii and the Menehune Ditch on Kauai.

Like many famous sites on Kauai, the history of the water lead is unknown, and as a result fabulous stories have gathered about it to provide an explanation. So alien to Hawaiian culture is the stone technique used in the ditch that one anthropologist suggests, off the record, that perhaps its construction was inspired and directed by some chief who had come to Kauai from the Society Islands perhaps with his own artisans. The anthropologist emphasizes that this is a pure guess. Another anthropologist suggests that the Hawaiian builders of the ditch invented the technique independent of outside inspiration. Other guesses have been that the ditch was built in late historic times by Europeans. Since the specialists are baffled, those who want the story of the wonderful ditch, as the Hawaiians refer to it, must be content with the explanations given by Hawaiians on Kauai. None of these stories, however, even mentions the fact that the stones are any different from the crude, unshaped rocks used in other stonework in the Hawaiian Islands. A curious contradiction is that the Menehunes are credited with this unique and advanced type of stonework, although they are usually credited with having built only the simpler type of heiau structure.

Hawaiian narrators state that Chief Ola of Waimea got the Menehunes to work for him after his own people had failed to progress on the construction program which he had planned for the improvement of living conditions. For him, the Menehunes built the dam and the watercourse, a heiau, a fishpond, roads, and an earth oven. They even planted taro patches, although they themselves never practiced agriculture.

According to one narrator, the Hawaiians were building very slowly and with much difficulty a stone wall around an excavation to be used either for fish or for wet taro. One of the workmen, Pi, a man from the village of Hulaia, was lazy and slept all day. Naturally, the chief's overseer refused to give him the fish and poi that the other artisans received. Soon the nagging of his hungry wife and children became so intolerable that Pi had to bestir himself and go to work for the first time in his life. This is what he did. He made up many little leaf-wrapped packages of fish and poi and fastened them to the branches of a candlenut tree, which he then uprooted and set near the unfinished wall where the Menehunes would find it when they came at night to inspect the Hawaiians' work. When the Menehunes arrived and saw the gifts and heard from Pi, who was there too, that he was a relative of theirs, they immediately lined up and began to pass stones from hand to hand until the job was done before dawn. Then they sat down to feast, each with his own package, for Pi had considerately provided one for each of the little gods, as the storyteller calls them. Strangely enough, he had made a mistake about their taste in fish, although everyone knows

that Menehunes love shrimp. But the little people, delighted with the poi, forgave him for the error about the fish and found enough shrimp in a nearby stream to give one to each artisan.

The next day Pi's happy chief sent quantities of food and tapa mats to him, and High Chief Ola of Waimea asked him to bring his Menehune relatives to work on the watercourse and other projects which Ola had planned for the welfare of his people. Pi agreed but requested that a strict tapu be established on the night chosen for the work. Everyone must stay indoors and be silent, the dogs must be muzzled, and the chickens must be shut in calabashes to keep them quiet. Then Pi called those of his Menehune relatives who lived near a place called Puukapele to come to work. All night long they passed stones down a double line of workmen for a distance of five or six miles to the site chosen for the dam and the watercourse. By dawn the work was done and the Menehunes sat down to enjoy the feast of shrimp which Ola had provided. One storyteller says that Pi became Ola's principal magician.

Not all storytellers give the same account of how the Menehunes came to build the wonderful ditch for Chief Ola. Nor do they always name Pi as the magician and overseer of the work. Nor do they regard the Menehune artisans as residents of Kauai. One narrator declares that the high chief's kahuna, who had consulted the god Kane, advised him that not even if the chief were to put many more thousands of his Kauai Hawaiians on the job could it be finished. Only the little people of Kuaihelani could build the dam and the watercourse. Kane had recommended that the kahuna himself go to the divine ruler of Kuaihelani to request that he send his Mu and Menehune workmen to Kauai.

This ruler was Kane's relative and namesake whom Kane, with his companion deity Kanaloa, had banished to the floating island for making love to a woman of whom they did not approve. The two gods had built the triple-decked Kuaihelani for the exile and his sweetheart and had made him ruler over its residents, the most numerous being the two bands of Mus and Menehunes. The floating island also became the gathering place for spirits of chiefs and of the worshipers of its ruler, whom some Hawaiians regard as their guardian god. To distinguish him from his divine elder relative and namesake, the ruler was called Kane of the Hidden Isle, or Kanehunamoku. Often the entire island or just the deck on which the exile lived is known by his name. This Kane had the power of transforming himself into a shark and his island into a dog to terrify other travelers in mid-ocean.

At the same moment that Ola's seer appeared before the ruler of the hidden isle to make his request, the god Kane's messenger appeared with a beautiful branch of soapberry, which bears clusters of red, winged fruit, as a sign to the ruler that his divine elder relative considered the request a worthy one involving important work. As his ears had been ringing, a sign of important news being on the way, Kanehunamoku was not surprised at the request and agreed to send artisans accompanied by their princess to Kauai on a certain date. It was during this visit that Ola asked to marry the princess but was refused. The little artisans built the dam and the ditch, received their feast of shrimp, and just before dawn returned with the princess to the floating island. Two tired members of the Mu band, worn out from the work and the party, fell asleep under some banana leaves and were left behind.

As a high-ranking human sacrifice was necessary to dedicate the wonderful ditch, the good chief Ola himself lay down on the altar, and the narrator implies that he was drowned by a deluge of water. Listeners are left to hope that Ola was not reluctant to release his spirit that it might join those of other chiefs on Kuaihelani, where he could continue to woo the princess. She was a goddess named Kahai's Eyes, or Namakaokahai, granddaughter of Moon and elder cousin of Pele and Hiiaka, the volcano goddesses. She had the power to fly and to transform herself into fire, a cliff, or an ocean. So devastating was her magical skill that when one of her lovers deserted her for Pele, she drove Pele and her family from their home and sent them on the search for a new home which ended at Kilauea on Hawaii. A nineteenth-century narrator removes her from Kuaihelani to make her queen of a mysterious land that he says is Asia. But, although the dwarfish residents are not mentioned, the land of Asia is very like Kuaihelani, for like the floating island, it is guarded by supernatural beings with shape-shifting power. These beings assume the form of man-eating creatures—a dog, a lizard, a rat, and a bird—to test the mana, the royal birth, and the courage of travelers who fall in love with the queen.

Ola, whose name seems to be absent from the genealogies, is known almost entirely as the employer of the little people. One narrator says that Ola himself belonged to the Mu band, which the Menehunes later nearly exterminated. However, when the chief was born the Menehunes who had been in foreign lands returned to Kauai to be ready to serve him. Like many other Polynesian legendary heroes, Ola had been reared by his mother, with whom his father, the chief of Waimea, had left his loincloth, whale-tooth necklace, and other symbols of royalty to be given the boy at maturity, when he should go to his father to assume his rightful place as heir to the

chieftainship. One of the reasons for Ola's being hidden was fear that his father's enemies, the intriguing priests of his own court, wanted to kill the child in order to seize the power for themselves. When Ola came of age, he went to his father, who did not recognize him. Ola violated the chief's tapu, or so the unwitting court and his father believed, and was about to be slain when his mother, who had followed him, arrived in the nick of time with the tokens to prove Ola's relationship and to save his life. To commemorate the event he was named Ola, meaning life. Not all storytellers have him perish as a sacrifice for the wonderful ditch. Most have him continue his noble career of improving Kauai, of which they say he became king. Ola stands as the symbol of a chief who puts the interests of his people first and respects the craftsmanship of his artisans, toward whom he fulfills all obligations in the way of proper rituals and payment.

Narrators do not regard all the chiefs who employed the little people as being as considerate as Ola. A serial composed for a Hawaiian newspaper in 1893 wove together anecdotes about the Mus with detailed descriptions of Hawaiian customs which were rapidly disappearing at the time. These customs the writer attributed to the Mus. He wrote that seven Mus, four of them women and three of them men, were kidnapped from Kuaihelani by a Kauai chief to build a ditch at Wailua. For some unexplained reason the Mus refused to do the work. When the chief angrily abandoned them, they took refuge at Laau until they finally succeeded in returning to their beloved floating island. By that time they had multiplied greatly. The events of the story occurred, the narrator wrote, just a few years prior to Captain Cook's arrival, a favorite and convenient mode of dating tales, which means as much as "once upon a time."

As the Mus prepared to leave Laau, they composed a song telling of their arrival and departure and invoking two gods, their divine ruler at Kuaihelani and Kamehameha's famous war god, Kukailimoku, or Ku the Land-snatcher.

The cliffs whence we came
Walking a straight trail,
Climbing a steep one,
Falling with aching knees,
Exhausted, wearied,
Limping, looking askance,
Begging, bold, shameless.
A people coming where they do not belong
With roots hanging exposed
To become banana eaters
At Laau-haele-mai.

O Kukailimoku! O Kanehunamoku!
Ruler, chief of the whole island!
Dweller on the island!
Roller away of the island!
Thousands now leave Laau-haele-mai,
Bearing their burdens on their backs,
Carrying their babies in their arms,
And turn their faces to Kuaihelani,
The floating isle in the deep blue sea,
The dark blue sea of Kane.

Hawaiian mythology has besides the Mus and the Menehunes other mysterious bands of little people, among whom are the Was, the Waos, and the Eepas. The different bands have supernatural and human attributes in varying degrees, specialized magical talents and departments of activity, and certain localities as their homes. All the bands, however, have tended to merge into each other and to acquire each other's attributes, duties, and stories. Thus the Mus and the Menehunes may work together or compete with each other or unite against the Was and the Waos who are experts in forest activities.

While these little spirits can be helpful, they can also be so malignant and crotchety that a human being who has offended a high-ranking god would seem to have a better chance at success in his aspirations or survival than if he had angered a little imp. Even gods like Kane had trouble with the Mus, and the Eepas were the bane of everyone except those sorcerers who had cajoled one into becoming a familiar spirit. Peculiarly adept at shape-shifting, many Eepas originated, like Maui-of-a-thousand-tricks, from misbirths. (The mentally incompetent and insane were also called Eepas.) A band of them, who lived in Waolani in Nuuanu Valley, stole Chief Kiha's conch shell which he used to blow to control the "myriad gods," as the various bands of little people are collectively known. The Eepas blew the stolen, weird-sounding shell so much at night that the residents of their valley began to complain. A valley chieftain told a thief whom he had captured with his yellow dog, also an expert thief, that he would spare the lives of both if they removed the trumpet from the Eepas. The man and his dog succeeded, although in escaping with their trophy they chipped the shell a little. It is now in Bishop Museum. The human teeth set into the shell are said to have been extracted by Kiha from chiefs he slew in battle.

To avoid insulting even a single one of the innumerable little gods by unintentionally overlooking him in their invocations, Hawaiians add a formula which refers to them by ritual numbers involving the number four:

O the four hundred gods,
The four thousand gods,
The four hundred thousand gods,
The assembly of gods,
The rows of gods,
The groups of gods,
O come! Here is work.

Other Polynesian islands have comparable bands of spirits with similar attributes but different names. These bands are now believed to have almost completely disappeared since the arrival of Europeans. The few who remain occupy certain localities in isolated forests and mountains or in the sea; and they jealously guard their homes against intruders. They live underground or in caves and do not know how to make fire or cook food. They are short in stature, talk a strange language, love to sing, play tricks, and steal from human beings, to whom they usually are invisible. Sometimes they marry human beings. They have malignant moments when they magically enter people's bodies and cause illness. At night they travel about to make islands, canoes, and stone structures, or to rearrange the landscape. If dawn comes while they are moving a mountain or an island, they drop it wherever they happen to be and never return to the task. Daylight is dangerous to them. Every wanderer who falls into the clutches of these impish hobgoblins knows that if he can trap them into staying indoors until dawn he can kill them by letting in a flood of morning sunshine.

The Menehunes and the New Zealand Patu-paiarehe—who are the fair-haired, blue-eyed lovers of red objects—have become best known of all the bands to foreigners because of the many stories told of them. Also, both native and foreign scholars conjecture that these two bands, and perhaps some of the others, were the aborigines of the islands, whom later invaders of a different physical type and culture conquered and either exterminated or absorbed and then folklorized by exaggerating their physical and cultural peculiarities. The slender evidence offered as proof is insufficient to warrant adopting this hypothesis. The reliability of most of the evidence is on a par with the one Hawaiian tradition which refers to the Menehunes as aborigines. This tradition goes on to tell how the Menehune band (sometimes it was the Wao band) was oppressed by Chief Big-mouth (Wahanui) and driven over the Red Sea of Kane, which their divine guide struck with a staff to part the water and enable the people to cross dry-footed into the Promised Land. There, in gratitude, they made offerings of sheep and swine to their gods. That the tradition came from a Christianized native scholar during the nineteenth century scarcely need be added.

Occasional Hawaiians who have inherited some physical oddity which fits the traditional account of Menehune appearance explain their family peculiarities by romantically calling themselves descendants of the Menehunes. It is more distinguished, too, if one is not a descendant of royalty, to trace one's descent from the Menehunes rather than from the Makaainana, the Hawaiian name for commoners, or from the Kauwa, the slaves.

The work on the fishponds, the heiaus, the roads, and other projects was done by the Makaainana who were divided into many subdivisions according to their occupational specialties. In the Society Islands, the name Menehune, pronounced slightly differently (Manahune), actually is the term for commoners. Captain Cook and his crew saw in Tahiti the Manahunes of whom they wrote. Hawaiians have adopted the name but instead of applying it to the commoners as a generic term for serious use, they call the plebeians Makaainana and their storytellers have applied the name Menehune to the little people who are the romantic and glamorous symbol of the plebeians. Because most Polynesian mythology makes the chiefs and their wives the heroes and heroines of the plots, the myths about the Menehunes represent a remarkable literary development for the area. In them the workers are the heroes and their overseers dictate to the chiefs the conditions under which the artisans will work. Just as storytellers have exaggerated the height and beauty of the chiefs, so have they exaggerated the ugliness and smallness of the artisans. In real life these differences between chiefs and commoners occurred but were less exaggerated, although there were exceptional individuals in both social classes. As might be expected, the chiefs received good food and care from the time they were born, whereas the commoners got the food that was left, had to work hard, and were constantly exposed to the weather. This differential treatment affected physical appearance.

The Menehunes, then, are the glamorized common people of the Hawaiian Islands. Into the stories about them have been woven beliefs about the myriad spirits of the forests and about human beings who have escaped into the hills away from the dangers that threatened them in the settled areas. More about the way in which the Menehunes and the forest spirits, with whom narrators affiliated them in the course of time, were able to discipline great chiefs is told in the story about Rata and his amazing ship.

Chapter VIII

CHAPTER VIII

Tahaki, the Perfect Chief

Kiri kura o Tahaki,
E uru ki te kave
rongo.
Te rapauri ia o
Hapai nei, e.
Kiri kura o Tahaki,
ere, aui-i-e.

The red skin of Tahaki,
It's part of all the
news.
Oh my! The lovesickness
of Hapai.
Oh ho! The red skin
of Tahaki.

So chant the Tuamotuans of Tahaki, who is the son of a renowned chief named Hema and who is the epitome of all that a Polynesian aristocrat should be in appearance, mana, deeds, and character. Red, the sacred color, the color of chiefly possessions and whatever is most precious, is also Tahaki's color. His red skin which has driven more than one woman wild with a love like that of Hapai, is so distinctive that the reddish color of certain birds, fish, flowers, and even walking-stick insects is ascribed to their having acquired some of Tahaki's skin or blood to deck themselves. Men with reddish hair and skin, 'ehu coloring as the Hawaiians say, are called Tahakis in Mangareva, particularly if they are of high birth.

Tahaki-kirikura, the perfect chief, is an example to all who are born with rank; and to the gentry and to the commoners he provides a comparison with the chiefs who rule them. Duties, privileges, and titles of chiefs often incorporate the name of Tahaki.

That a Mangarevan chief, Te Hau-o-Tahaki, was worthy of the epithet attached to his name is certified in the question and answer of an old chant:

Who is the powerful noble affording
protection
Within the district of Kirihau?
The loved one is secure
beneath thy power.

Te Hau-o-Tahaki is the noble affording
protection
Within the district of Kirihau.
The loved one is secure
beneath thy power.

This eulogistic chant helps assure a commoner that under this chief he need shift neither his residence nor his loyalty to gain safety and bounty for himself and his loved ones. The implication is that Te Hau-o-Tahaki is a wealthy and landed aristocrat who has attracted to himself many followers who would fight loyally were any other chief to dare infringe on his authority or district. The use of Tahaki's name as an epithet also contributes to the chief's aura of royal distinction and noble character.

That Tahaki is a "chief's chief" is further brought out in the custom of a tribe in New Zealand of holding ceremonies to honor Tahaki when one of their chiefs has died. The services obligate Tahaki, whom the tribe has deified, to meet the dead chief's spirit and usher it to the proper place reserved for dignitaries in the supernatural world. Also, he strands a whale on the shore of the territory of a tribe which has lost a great man. Thus he expresses his sympathy for their bereavement and provides the sorrowing people with food.

To compliment a chief by calling him a Tahaki is to suggest that he is handsome and dignified and an authoritative leader of good birth and outstanding character. But to call anyone a Tahaki derisively and tauntingly is to mean, "You pretender and upstart! Do you think you're as handsome and chiefly as Tahaki? Or as wise? How many secret incantations do you know? Where is the proof of your mana? Can you climb to the sky on a spiderweb or on a rainbow? You, a Tahaki!"

"The happiest man in the world" is how a Mangarevan commentator on the hero's career describes Tahaki. He feels perhaps that to be, like Tahaki, of distinguished birth; to excel in every skill without having been taught; to be good-looking, courageous, and in harmony with the world; and to be respected by the gods, admired by men, and adored by women should bring a man happiness. Yet Tahaki had many sorrows and problems; he made mistakes; he had enemies, the most dangerous and malicious of whom were his jealous male kinsmen; and he could not always keep his sweethearts—or even his beautiful red complexion. The Mangarevan who called Tahaki the happiest man in the world knows this, of course. After all, there would be no story if Tahaki's life had always sped like an outrigger canoe over the lagoon with the wind in the sail just right. It is through his behaving like a true aristocrat toward his difficulties and through his proceeding to overcome them with superb confidence in his own ability, in his mana, and in the loyalty of his supernatural relatives that Tahaki has won the admiration of generations of Polynesians and has made the chants connected with his story the key feature in Tuamotuan ceremonies for imbuing boys with manliness of character.

Every major episode and incident in Tahaki's career has its parallels in stories told of other heroes. The episodes and incidents are the common stock-in-trade, the narrative clichés, of storytellers throughout Polynesia. Many real as well as mythological chiefs have, like Tahaki, contended with the jealous plotting of male kinsmen; humbled themselves to win back an estranged wife or sweetheart; and accepted as their finest duty and privilege the rescuing of a captured father and the avenging of insults to him. It is with these three themes—the jealous relatives, the estranged sweetheart, and the lost father—that Polynesian raconteurs have most concerned themselves in describing the apex of the careers of their favorite heroes, whether legendary, historical, or mythological.

Tahaki, although he may not always be more popular in a specific island than a hero who is known only locally, towers among his competitors, for his renown is not limited to one island or to one archipelago. While the most numerous and complex tales about him come from central Polynesia and New Zealand, his name and something about him is known over most of Polynesia and in islands to the west where Polynesian influence has been felt. He has awakened an emotional response in the minds and hearts of so many islanders that next to his reputed ancestor Maui, the hero of a thousand tricks, he is the best known mythological character in Polynesia. Only his grandson Rata competes with him for second place in pan-Polynesian fame.

In South Island, New Zealand, a wise man, who though not of first rank in learning was well informed about both Maui and Tahaki, drew a very strong distinction between them in talking to S. Percy Smith, a nineteenth-century scholar in Polynesian anthropology. The wise man told Smith about Maui with glee, but for some time he refused to recite the story of Tahaki. Then at last he did so with reluctance, and explained, "He is a god, and all about him is tapu."

Maui and Tahaki, as the elderly Maori's attitude implies, are on opposite sides of the shield in character, looks, and the kind of regard in which their earthly compatriots and descendants hold them. Despite Maui being earlier than Tahaki on the genealogies and, therefore, closer in descent to the primal gods, the aristocracy of his background is ignored except by genealogists; and his mana, although universally acknowledged as extensive, does not command the solemn respect that Tahaki's more limited magical power does. Maui-tikitiki-a-Taranga, a misbirth and a foundling, the youngest of several brothers, is the ugly black sheep who exploits, but flouts, his kinship obligations and grossly insults his elders and social betters to usurp authority and privileges not his by right of birth.

Tahaki, a direct contrast to the grotesque little social misfit, moves confidently and graciously in the society of this and other worlds and among people and gods of all ranks. No one can apply the Maori proverb, "A mussel at home, a parrot abroad," to Tahaki, for his is an integrated personality, and wherever he goes, he is happily and proudly received. Polynesian rituals and conventions come easily to him, and he fulfills his obligations and performs his deeds with splendid dash and poise. At times he encounters almost impossible standards of performance and shabby tricks. He faces them with proud patience; and when the deeds are done, he subtly rebukes the setter of the overly high standards by refusing the prize or himself sets a task in which those who have injured him meet their doom.

The best illustration comes from Tahiti where narrators tell about Tahaki and his male cousins' journey to a distant land to try their luck in winning the hand of Queen Teri. She set them the dangerous tasks of conquering a man-eating plant, a man-eating pig, and a monster whose upper jaw touched the sky while the lower rested on the earth. These are stock monsters for Polynesian heroes to slay. All the cousins perished in the tests, but Tahaki slew the three monsters, restored his cousins to life, and then scorned Queen Teri because he felt that the unnecessarily dangerous tasks were inhospitable and should never have been inflicted on strangers. However, on the journey home Tahaki, who had loyally stood by his cousins in the land of strangers, now took revenge on them because they had teased him ever since they were boys together. While the cousins were climbing a coconut tree which could stretch up to the sky, Tahaki ordered it to bend its head, which it did. Thereupon all the young men, except one, Karihi, who used to weep when the others teased and beat Tahaki, fell into the ocean and became porpoises. Many islands describe Karihi as being Tahaki's brother rather than his cousin.

Tahaki, the symbol of chiefly virtue and the spirit of *noblesse oblige,* is a well-born chief of magnetic personal presence and assured authority. He is the Polynesian beau ideal of an aristocrat who meets the ideal specifications which Maori elders described to A. S. Thomson, an early settler in New Zealand. A chief, they told Thomson, should be brave and able to suffer torture without complaint. He should be liberal, and he should be able to control his temper and never insult persons without cause. But he should avenge every injury and hereditary feud and uphold the tapus and the priestly office.

Harsh reality must be ignored to create a portrait of an ideal chief. Had an aristocrat adopted Tahaki's code too literally he would not have lived long in the fierce warfare, the treacherous intrigue, and the vicious sparring for position that were common in Polynesian society, where a man

of Maui's cunning temperament had a better chance to stay alive than had someone like Tahaki. Because narrators and listeners realize this, an important element in the plot is the magical power of Tahaki himself or of a female relative to restore him to life and manly beauty every time he gets killed or disfigured by his jealous male cousins. The latter symbolize the ingredients of hostility and resentment which are part of mankind's ambivalent attitude toward perfection of any kind in others and toward their success. While it is wondrous and self-ennobling to contemplate someone like Tahaki and to identify oneself with him, the ideal becomes burdensome in an imperfect world; consequently, the reaction is to destroy it and eliminate the contrast. The realistic, earthly cousins succeed, then, in killing Tahaki, with the subconscious approval of the listeners. But not for long. Repentant conscience sets up the pedestal again and replaces the statue.

Significantly, Maui gets killed but once and then only after having successfully evaded death many times through his malicious trickery. But once dead, Maui stays dead, and mankind must forever bear the burden of his failure to win his last trick and make himself and them immortal. Tahaki, however, is killed and resuscitated time after time, until the peak of his youth, the only period of life of much interest to the avid listeners, is past. Then having left a son, Vahieroa, who will have a son, Rata, to carry on the family tradition, Tahaki fades away from the earth although he continues to function from the other world.

Although the Maori wise man told Smith that Tahaki is a god, he is not a primal god by any means, but a minor deity and a later addition to the pantheon. Polynesians have an urge to deify Tahaki, to make sure that he is an acknowledged and full-fledged member of the pantheon, and to give him a status higher than that of even those earthly chiefs whose kinship to the gods make them semidivine. Indicative of this attitude is the remark of a Maori narrator that people felt that Tahaki must always have been a god even though they were not aware of it at first. The Hau tribe of New Zealand, for instance, says that it did not know he was a god until a wood-gatherer on a mountain saw him cast off the form of a human being to clothe himself in lightning like a god. Hearing this, the tribe ever after made offerings and petitions to Tahaki, whom it regards as a god of lightning and thunder. Because he dominated the strong winds of heaven which tried to hurl him into space as he climbed to the sky, the Maoris often propitiate him as the god of certain winds. Hawaiians metaphorically say of him that he is "the trumpet causing storms to flee!" Although he is widely acclaimed as a god who controls the elements, other worship comes to him because of his healing powers, for besides having the power to resuscitate himself and

others when slain, he taught people many healthful chants which he learned during his sojourn in the sky world.

Tahaki became a god only after his death, Tahitians say; that is, after his active career on earth as a man had ended. Presumably a psychic individual, perhaps a descendant, raised his spirit to the rank of a guardian god. That is his role in Tikopia Island, a Polynesian colony in Melanesia, where he and his brother, who are regarded as former earthly chiefs, have been elevated to the status of principal deities of their clan. After proper ceremonies and offerings have been made to them, they reciprocate by sending their mana to each successive living chief to enable him to bring rain, sunshine, food, fertility, and health to his people.

To explain Tahaki's remarkable mana and godlike attributes, Rarotongans state that his mother strongly desired that her children become possessed with great mana. When her sons, Tahaki and Karihi, had matured, she called Karihi, her first-born child, to come to her side. She asked him to shave her head and bite off a carbuncle at the nape of her neck. When he disgustedly refused to obey, she said angrily, "My son, you shall not become a high chief, but shall serve others." Then she called Tahaki to her and asked him to bite off the carbuncle and then to chew it. Tahaki obeyed.

By passing the test which his mother had set for her sons, he revealed his willingness to accept any duty, however loathsome, which accompanied the advantages of having great mana and of being a high chief. In the same way, a Maori warrior or a novice in witchcraft taking his final examination would bite the rail forming the seat of a latrine. Thereby he indicated his complete psychological acceptance of his role and gained the protective tapu always placed on this structure. Tahaki, through his service to his mother, confirmed his subjection to the duties of a high chief and gained mana from the carbuncle. Furthermore, Tahaki established that although Karihi was the first-born child and therefore superior to him on the score of birth, Karihi was not worthy of his inherited status. Their mother ignored the custom of primogeniture, therefore, as would be done in real life, in order to recognize the superior ability of the man who should have been born first. Most Polynesian storytellers regard Tahaki as the first-born, but the Rarotongan narrator revised the genealogy and the traditions to motivate more strongly the fraternal rivalry between Tahaki and Karihi and to contrast more distinctly the characters of the two men. Karihi, though nearer to the divine ancestors in physical birth, is shown to be only an ordinary man after all, whereas Tahaki proves himself to have inherited, instead of Karihi, the semidivine shell capable of receiving the additional magical power to be transmitted from his mother, a semidivine being from the deep sea.

The Rarotongan narrator continues, "Not long after Tahaki had returned to his home, great mana suddenly entered into him, and the news spread over the land that light emanated from his body, like the flashing of lightning. When Karihi heard of this he became very angry with Tahaki; great jealousy sprang up in him because Tahaki, an ordinary man, had become so elevated in position and in mana. He became very envious of Tahaki, the more so because their father, Hema, had turned his affections to Tahaki, instead of to him. On learning this, Karihi turned his rage toward his father, whom he carried off to the sacred temple as an offering in sacrifice to the many gods of the heavens for them to cook and eat. This accomplished, there remained the punishment for Tahaki, whom he determined to assassinate."

Karihi's first attempt failed; but with the aid of a sister, he and his army of assassins trapped Tahaki at his bathing pool. Tahaki slew more than one hundred and fifty assassins before he fell himself. Tahaki, although knowing of the plot through another sister who favored him, let himself be ambushed and killed. The devoted sister gathered up his remains in a wooden bowl and, through her magic, restored him to life and vigor. Thereupon he went to the sky on the magically stretching coconut tree, a standard prop in Polynesian myths, and rescued his father before the gods had totally consumed him.

Tahaki's courage is a joy to listeners. Tahitians tell of how their island, a fish, pitched back and forth in the ocean until Tahaki, "the victorious warrior," determined to cut its throat and sinews to stabilize it. Hero after hero had failed. When Tahaki stepped forward, one warrior, an elder, said, "Muster up thy strength! But what kind of strength hast thou? Should the hairs of thy back be plucked to subdue, to give pain, wouldst thou not cry?"

"No," was the reply.

"Should the hairs of thy beard be plucked to subdue, to give pain, wouldst thou not cry?"

"No."

"Should thine eyebrows, thine eyelashes, or the hairs of thy nostrils be plucked, would that not subdue, give pain, make thee cry?"

"No."

So then the elder gave him a magical name for his canoe and sent him to get a great and heavy fish ax named Te-pa-huru-nui-ma-te-vai-tau! Through magic, it became light in the hero's hands, and he stabilized the fish.

Tahaki's reputation as the Polynesian paragon is glorified, not tarnished, by any act apparently contrary to that reputation, which is, after

all, more than the sum total of what storytellers recount. What hero would become famous if he were always tediously pompous, dully virtuous, and completely self-sufficient? Gossips would not bother to spread news of a bore. Even if the hero were perfect, narrators would have to invent humanizing details to keep their listeners awake. It is easier to identify oneself with, and to love, the noble aristocrat if, like oneself, he is not faultless and is sometimes actually stupid. Then even a slave or a commoner has the satisfaction of feeling superior to the chief. What Polynesian youth would need the advice of an old witch on how to make love, as Tahaki did? She told him that if he wanted to catch her pretty daughter, whom he had admired bathing at Raindrop Spring in the sky, he should wait until she came out of the water and was ready to enter the house, for then her fingernails would be soft and she couldn't scratch him when he put his arms around her.

The narrative artist does not refer directly to Tahaki's virility; instead he tells of many love affairs. Tahaki's occasional bungling strikes a sympathetic chord, particularly as his ability to win the hearts of goddesses means that he must also endure their temperament. Earthly women sympathize with the goddess Hapai, who, busy preparing for the baptism ceremony of the daughter born to her and Tahaki, asks him to hold the baby, Arahuta, for a moment. The narrator posing as the hero gingerly holds a squirming infant at arm's length, then twitches his nose in disgust, and exclaims loudly, "Faugh! How the little thing stinks!" Sensitive, highly strung goddesses react quickly and violently. Snatching the baby from Tahaki's fingertips, Hapai flew to the ridgepole of their house; and while the curious neighbors gathered below, she sang a farewell before stepping upon the edge of a rainbow to walk home to her parents, who lived in the highest part of the sky. However, in a very practical aside to her already repentant husband, she murmured a hint of what he could do to make amends and bring her and the baby back from her parents' domicile.

Polynesians do not expect every romance to end happily, and obviously a hero like Tahaki is more likely to suffer from hurt pride than from a broken heart. But several versions of his life tell of a more lasting devotion to one of his wives or sweethearts. The Maori story about Hapai shows this aspect of Tahaki's character.

Tahaki was soon sorry that he had hurt Hapai's feelings, and within a month his loneliness for her and little Arahuta was so intense that, with Karihi as a companion, he set out for the sky to find his wife and daughter. His wife's last words, which revealed that she too was already sorry for her hasty action, had been, "Don't seize the loose root of the creeper which hangs from above and swings to-and-fro in the sky, but seize

the one which hangs from above and has anchored in the earth." Karihi, who by being impetuous and ignorant of magic makes Tahaki's qualities more apparent, saw the tendrils swaying in the air and caught one as it swung past. It was the unanchored one. Away he swung to the edge of one horizon and back to the opposite side of the world; then the winds swept him up toward the sky and down to the earth until at last Tahaki caught him as he swung past and unwound the tendril from around his body. Fearing for Karihi's life, Tahaki ordered him home, and Karihi, convinced of his own inadequacy, departed. Now Tahaki seized the anchored tendril and began the dangerous climb to the sky with the powerful winds beating him. Up he went, chanting as he passed the first heaven, the second heaven, and on to the highest heaven, the tenth, where Hapai lived.

There, disguised as an old man, he wandered to the forest where his brothers-in-law were building a canoe. Seeing him, they took him as their slave and ordered him to carry their axes home. Sir George Grey, in translating this story, wrote that no European can fully appreciate how witty the Maori listeners regard this episode of a sacred high chief being mistaken and used as a slave. And, of course, the thought of Tahaki disguising himself as an ugly, diseased old man adds to the thrill.

Tahaki lingered in the woods after the other men had gone and hastily, but beautifully, finished the canoe before going to the village. There, two elderly female slaves ordered him to carry wood for them to Hapai's house, and he obeyed! He became a slave of female slaves! Seeing his wife at the upper end of the house near a fireplace, he went straight to her, resisting those who tried to hold him back, and lay the wood near her. People marveled at the old slave who had thus let himself be tapued by going so near the chieftainess. The next day the slave again went to the forest, and events were as on the preceding day. The brothers-in-law, now curious as to who was building their canoes, hid in the forest, where they saw Tahaki throw off his disguise and assume his godlike appearance. Suspecting his identity, they ran to Hapai, asking her to describe her husband. Tahaki arrived just then, again disguised as an old man. "Are you my husband?" asked Hapai. Tahaki did not answer but took Arahuta into his arms. Then becoming more handsome than ever and with lightning flashing from his armpits, Tahaki performed the ceremonies suitable to a little girl of Arahuta's high rank, and he and Hapai were united again.

Narrators use hyperbole to describe Tahaki's wisdom and magical power, but incidents repeatedly show him requiring aid from a female relative skilled in magic. While traveling to look for his lost father, Tahaki with his brother Karihi (in this version, monsters, not Karihi, account for the father's disappearance) arrived at their sister's home. After a laconic

exchange of greetings, the two men left her to traverse the sea across their route. Says the Maori narrator, "They went without thinking and without the needful incantations to enable them to walk on the ocean, and so sank deeper and deeper at each step, till they had to return to land and to the house of their sister." Telling them to wait till morning when she would help them, she had them stay overnight with her. Then the next day, she instructed them, "Go, but do not let your feet tread in the hollows, but rather on the tops of the waves of the ocean, that you may be able to cross to the other side." Then as her brothers stepped upon the wave caps, she chanted to keep them from sinking and to protect them against enemy witchcraft. Scarcely a Polynesian hero can be found who within five minutes of a narrator's time is not being helped in an adventure and saved from failure or restored to life by his faithful and magically skilled sister, mother, or blind old grandmother. Tahaki, for all his wisdom and mana, is no different. It is, of course, a tribute to the hero as a respected expert himself that he can win their cooperation while other male relatives get no help.

Tahaki's beauty, an outstanding attribute, is essential to the story. A Tahitian narrates, "A great red man was he, modeled by the gods. He had bright curly auburn hair. His head and shoulders towered above all other tall men in Tahiti. He had penetrating brown eyes. His hands were large and strong, and his fingernails were long and pointed. Whenever he walked, his majestic tread left footprints upon the most hardened ground."

His long nails, now to be seen in the club moss called Tahaki's fingernails, once enabled him to seize his ailing wife before she took the last irrevocable step into the land of death. Long fingernails and great weight are the hallmarks of chiefs, showing that they have slaves and many loyal subjects to wait on them. Beechey, discoverer of Mangareva in 1824, wrote of a chief there, "Long nails and rolls of skin overhanging his hips pointed out his exemption from labour, and an indulgence in luxuries which in all probability were attached to him in virtue of his birthright." Tahaki, however, was not indolent like this Mangarevan chief. No other man could lift his weapons and tools, for they were on the scale of his twelve-foot long coconut spear; at times he used the whole tree. On one occasion a stamp of his foot split the hard pavement of one of the Maori skies to release a flood of rain on earth which destroyed his enemies.

Too sparkling to lose forever, his eyes are now stars in the sky. A recurrent but obscure phrase is "Eyes-of-Tahaki." Mangarevans, for instance, make images so named for the ridgepole of sacred and semisacred structures. In Hawaii, the phrase is the name of a goddess, Namakaokahai, whose quarrel with Pele, the volcano goddess, led Pele to move to the Ha-

waiian Islands from Kahiki, the land where she and Namakaokahai were born.

His skin, however, has given Tahaki his most distinctive epithet, Kirikura, or Red Skin. Kura means red; and some of its connotations must be mentioned, for they influence the attitude toward Tahaki's complexion. His red coloring, to quote a Mangarevan poet, made "sorrow the food of her who loves him," for, like Hapai, the girl fell in love with his complexion, and when she thought he had lost it she scorned him. "Let him come as husband for us, handsome Taaki whose fame has reached to Avaiki," chanted two Rarotongan goddesses as they watched him pass them when he traveled to the sky on the magically stretching coconut tree.

The shade of red indicated by kura is that of the feathers of a little parakeet found in only a few islands. The feathers are such a beautiful, radiant, gleaming red that a colleague who described them to me ran out of adjectives and finished hopelessly, "Oh! A wonderful crimson!" That was the color Tahaki's skin was supposed to be. A Maori would add, "It should be the same color as the feathers, because after the hero's enemies had slain him, his blood stained the bird."

Hoping to be the first to ask whether there were red feathers aboard, Mangarevans used to race out to meet any strange canoe. Because the glow of the precious feathers announced a chief even in darkness, the neck and the belly feathers, said to have a phosphorescent gleam, decorated a chief's staff of office. Learning on his first voyage how eager people of certain islands were for red feathers, Captain Cook carried a supply on his later voyages.

Gods as well as chiefs love red things. Mangaians informed the god Tangaroa that all red food was to be his at their rituals. The god was flattered until he saw what a small pile the red food made beside the dark food allotted to his rival. The Mangaians had thus subtly insulted Tangaroa, the principal god of the Rarotongans, their former rulers whose bondage they had escaped by immigrating to Mangaia. Tahitian gods entered, or sat on, red feathers placed in sacred places; and their images were clothed in them. When conquerors insultingly stripped the images of their feathers, the priests of the gods would ceremoniously reclothe them, wryly chiding them for their nakedness and capture. A high chief was invested with a sacred red-feather girdle. During the making of the girdle three human beings were sacrificed, one when the banyan cloth was perforated so that each feather might be placed in a hole, one when the needle was first thrust into the cloth to lockstitch the feathers, and one when the girdle was completed.

That Tahaki's complexion is godlike is clear from the Kumulipo, the Hawaiian creation chant and genealogy of King Kalakaua and Queen

Liliuokalani, "Very red are the faces of gods; dark those of men." Tuamotuans call Karihi black-skinned, the better to contrast him with Tahaki's admired red complexion. Kura is also a synonym for ipo, sweetheart; and poets chant of Tahaki-kirikura, the kura of all the women, wearing on his red hair a wreath of kura and carrying a staff trimmed with kura feathers. The wreath may be either of red feathers or red flowers, but it will be a style permissible only to a chief. A Tongan mythological chief, who is patterned after Tahaki but whose name is not reported, is so handsome that "women faint when they see him, for his hair is something wonderful, being the color of red pandanus fruit over his temples and wherever it shows under his turban; and when the wind stirs his hair, it is just like fire!" This hero also has a jealous brother.

The Mangarevans have been sufficiently entranced by the thought of Tahaki's beautiful red complexion to invent a story of how he once lost it. The story tells how Tahaki courted Nua, a girl who lived in his uncle Punga's village, and how, although he went only at night and left before dawn (otherwise he would be regarded as her husband), gossip leaked out as to who the girl's new sweetheart was. The villagers longed to see if Tahaki's red skin was as handsome as rumor claimed. They got the girl to let them stuff the chinks of her house so that Tahaki would not know that day had come, a familiar literary device. When at last he rushed out in the blaze of the midmorning sun, all the villagers were lined up on both sides of the path to see his famous red skin. Finding it surpassingly gorgeous, they became jealous that another village had such a handsome man, and they plotted to disfigure Tahaki.

They invited him to a diving contest at their village. He wanted to be the first to dive; but as this did not fit the plan, the villagers made him wait until the last. Each diver transformed himself into a fish or coral to lie under the water waiting for Tahaki. When he dived, each fish darted at him to get a piece of his skin. As he twisted away from them, the coral rubbed off pieces until at last all of Tahaki's red skin was gone. Unknown to the villagers and to the hero, Tahaki's maternal grandmother, who knew of the plot, was in the water with her basket, snatching each bit of skin from the fish and the coral. When she had it all, she went back to her home in the underworld.

Sadly Tahaki went to his village to tell his mother of the treachery. Because she was angry with him for having ignored her many warnings about his uncle's people, she let him suffer for a while before she suggested that he pay a visit to his grandmother. She protested in vain his taking as a companion Karihi (here his cousin, not his brother), who be-

longed to the enemy village. When the two young men arrived at the home of the grandmother, the old lady took down her basket and stuck back every scrap of Tahaki's skin until her basket was empty. But Tahaki's soles had no red skin! The wise old woman guessed that the walking-stick insects had stolen some of the skin to put under their arms, and though she demanded its return, she did not insist, saying to Tahaki, "Never mind, no one will notice the soles of your feet anyway."

The old lady wanted to take revenge on Karihi as a member of the enemy village so she befuddled his mind until he wandered far behind Tahaki on the path home. Then she caught him, took out his eyes, and prepared to bake him, but Tahaki's mother, who knew of her intentions, arrived in time to discourage her and to release Karihi. No storyteller, though willing to see Karihi humiliated, wants him to be permanently killed. He is too useful a character to lose as long as Tahaki is alive.

Tahaki, now as beautiful as ever except for the soles of his feet, determined to get revenge on his sweetheart Nua, who had been so treacherous and then had made fun of him and had rejected him after he had lost his red skin. Disguised as an ugly old man, he went to visit Nua and her recently acquired husband. While her husband was away fruitlessly trying to catch fish, Tahaki told Nua that he was Ira-a-Hema, one of his other names, but Nua haughtily replied that as far as she was concerned he was just a lying old man with bad breath. Her husband, thinking that the strange old man was the cause of his bad luck in fishing—and he was right about that—decided to kill him. However, before he got around to it, Tahaki threw off his disguise before Nua, who then was eager to resume her old relationship; but Tahaki, his revenge complete, was not interested. Nua's lament is a popular Mangarevan song.

> Tahaki, O Tahaki,
> Here is Nua, your beloved.
> Tahaki sleeps in the distant east,
> And sorrow is the food of Nua who loves him.
> Beauty and grace are with Tahaki,
> But I, yes, I did go astray indeed,
> Did go astray with Ganahoa
> Who stole away Nua the beloved . . .

That Nua learned her lesson is evident from another story. One day when she and her female companions passed a repulsive old man and her friends made rude remarks to him, she silenced them by a reminder of her sad experience with Tahaki-kirikura.

Tahaki's story as told in New Zealand, in central Polynesia, and in Hawaii is often part of a magnificent cycle which links together the adventures of several generations of heroes of one family. Kaitangata is

Tahaki's grandfather; Hema is his father; Vahieroa, his son; and Rata, his grandson. Hawaiians localize the adventures on the Hana Coast and in Iao Valley, island of Maui. In the islands to the south, narrators place them in Hawaiki, either as the vaguely identified ancestral homeland or as a definitely mythological land. The family's genealogy, which agrees considerably throughout the region, sometimes is grafted onto the genealogy of a historic chief or king. Hawaiians, for instance, regard tricky Maui as about seven generations earlier than his descendant Kahai, who is in the thirty-eighth generation back from A.D. 1900. Both are listed as ancestors of King Kalakaua and Queen Liliuokalani in their genealogical chant, the Kumulipo.

The myth about Tahaki's grandparents revolves mainly about his vigorous, cannibalistic paternal grandmother, for whom a variety of names is given. She came down from the upper world, often specifically the moon, to marry a man in the lower world. She misinterpreted his name of Man-eater (Kaitangata) to mean that he had dietary preferences like her own. The mutually disillusioned bride and groom, literally of different worlds, also quarreled increasingly on matters other than cannibalism. Narrators differ as to what last straw ended the marriage. Either Kaitangata revolted when his wife set the lungs of one of his relatives before him as a delicacy or the couple found domestic life a long, unpleasant round of cleaning up after their sons, Puna (Punga) and Hema, whose toilet-training was defective or who were too young to be trained. Sometimes Kaitangata leaves, unable to stand more; sometimes his wife deserts him. Hawaiians declare that she quit first and leaped to her home in the moon but not quickly enough to prevent her husband from seizing and breaking her leg. She is now called Hina-who-went-to-the-moon. She is also said to live in Kahiki, the land from which the Pele family came to Hawaii.

Tahitians and Tuamotuans apparently wanted to hear more about the cannibalistic woman from the sky, for the storytellers, in order to lengthen the myth, make her the grandmother, not the mother, of Punga and Hema. One Tahitian narrator, who disagrees with other storytellers about their interpretation of her character and of her history of cannibalism, defensively says that she was not an ogress until her husband deserted her; whereupon she expressed her violent frustration and hatred of all men by luring them to her cave, seducing them, and then gobbling them up. She ate all her children except two, a boy who thrillingly escaped from her over the sea and a daughter, Hina, who, after losing a lover to her mother's appetite, was saved by Noa-the-hairy who took her as his wife, slew his mother-in-law, and sired Punga and Hema. The Tahitian narrator states that before she acquired depraved tastes, the goddess bore the distinguished name of

Haumea, but people later called her Nona of the Long Teeth because two long fangs sprouted on her head after she struck it on the coral while pursuing her escaping son. There is a Hawaiian goddess related to Pele the volcano goddess, some say as her mother, who is named Haumea and who is obscurely related to, or identified with, Hina, the woman in the moon. The Hawaiians then appear to have tried to link the Pele and the Tahaki families as kinfolk.

Interest now shifts to the next generation of heroes, to Punga and Hema or to Hema alone. The principal function of this generation in the cycle is to portend what may be expected from the important generation of Tahaki and Karihi which follows. Some islands do not mention Punga at all in the cycle; in which case, Hema is described as the father of both Karihi and Tahaki. In those islands which keep Punga in the cycle as Hema's brother, Tahaki is the son of Hema while Karihi is the son of Punga. Then Tahaki is usually the only son in the family, but Karihi may have several brothers, who act as a band to bully Tahaki. The bad feeling between Tahaki and his cousins is foreshadowed by quarrels between Punga and Hema and by the hostility between their wives. The women chant boastful, taunting songs at each other, each claiming to have the handsomer and more potentially illustrious offspring.

But before the sons are conceived, another incident anticipatory of the future competition between Tahaki and Karihi occurs. This incident, which has been worked into the cycle in different ways, involves the discovery of a red louse and a black louse and the eating of them. This incident is really only a variation of that which the Rarotongan narrator used as the motivation for Karihi's jealousy of Tahaki and his slaying of their father, Hema. It will be recalled that the mother of the two young men asked them to bite off, chew, and eat a carbuncle on her neck, and that Karihi refused but Tahaki obeyed and was rewarded with great mana.

Outside of Rarotonga, the storytellers have a comparable incident taking place in the generation to which the boys' parents belong. Thus, according to these storytellers, the superior mana of Tahaki is determined before his birth and not by an event which took place in his young manhood. According to the Mangarevans, Punga and Hema were brothers and their mother asked them to delouse her, which they did, for in the past as today this is an affectionate gesture. No visitor to a native village need wait long to see it or to have this kindly service offered him by a child who has taken a fancy to him. When Hema found a red louse and Punga, a dark one, their mother asked them to eat their catch. In real life such a request is unnecessary, for the delouser always regards his catch as his reward, although if he has any manners, he will generously crack one for the host or for any-

one sitting near. But in the story the mother has to ask the boys. Hema obeys, but Punga, for some unexplained reason (except the needs of the plot), disobeys. Because of Hema's filial obedience, his wife bears him a red-skinned son, Tahaki, whereas Punga's wife bears Karihi, an ordinary-looking boy, "merely an earthly chief," unlike Tahaki who has both a human and a supernatural side. Tahitian narrators declare that the delousing incident took place before Hema and Punga were married, and that Hema as a reward for his devotion to his mother was given a goddess as a wife, whereas Punga got only an earthly woman. The goddess bore Tahaki, the earthly woman bore Karihi.

A Tuamotuan narrator, who has eliminated Punga from the story, tells the delousing incident differently. He states that Hema fell in love with Huauri, the favorite daughter of two supernatural beings of the lower world who regarded her as superior in rank to any man from the upper world. Huauri's father warned her about Hema, "That man is not well thought of; he is a man of the upper valleys; he has no good habits and is a loafer. Which of you two will nourish your babes at the breast when they are born? Which one will seek food for them as they grow older? You will find out, when the time comes, that your child will be overtaken with disaster seeking to rescue a worthless father." Huauri was determined, however, to marry Hema, and the two planned to live in Hema's valley because of the unkind words of Huauri's father. Before Huauri left home, her mother asked her to delouse her and to eat the red louse and the black louse that she would find, for they portended the nature of her sons, who would be called Tahaki and Karihi. Huauri obeyed.

In order to get on with the plot and provide the setting for Tahaki's greatest deed, which is the rescue of his father, Hema must be removed from the side of his wife and son. The Tuamotuan narrators have goblins get Hema for trespassing on "a desolate stretch of shoreland named Moonlight on the Sands," which "had been laid under a tapu as a gathering place where they could indulge in their demon practices. Human beings would not venture there, for any man who might go upon that shoreland would surely be slain by the goblins. Thus this place became the home of all kinds of crabs," and therefore a temptation to fishermen. Hema "was caught by the goblin myriads and carried off to the land of Matuauru where he became a privy-seat for the goblins, and his eyes were given to the daughters of Puna [a demon chief of the underworld] to serve as lights for their nightly occupations."

Hawaiians waste no time in removing Hema from the plot. Four months before Tahaki was born in Iao Valley, Hema sailed to Kahiki, a land far from the Hawaiian Islands, to get the expected child a birth gift

from his mother, Hina, the moon goddess. In Kahiki a giant bird seized him, gouged out his eyes for fish bait, and cast his body on a dump heap. A literal-minded narrator's interpretations of what happened is that Hema lost his mind on his journey and was captured and made into a slave to perform degrading duties in a latrine. A frequent epithet for Hema in some islands is Heap of Filth. His name is still associated today with ugly diseases. An obscure Hawaiian chant, part of which follows, mentions several terms usually translated as names which have double meanings.

Hema sailed for Kahiki,
Seeking the Apoula.
Caught was Hema, seized by the Aaia.
He fell at Kahiki, at Kapakapakaua,
Remaining at Ulupaupau.
There are the eyes of Hema.

The Apoula, which was to be the birth-gift, is a red circlet, specifically, a wreath of red feathers. Aaia has a double meaning of a giant bird and a befuddled mind. Kapakapakaua refers to a faked battle or treachery, while Ulupaupau, meaning inedible and discarded breadfruit, probably here connotes a rubbish heap.

Tahaki grew up and played with his cousins and other children, who are usually the ones who tell him what a degrading fate his father has suffered. Narrators say that the boys used to play together at many games at which Tahaki always won, often with the magical advice of his mother. This made the other boys jealous of him. Storytellers take the opportunity to stretch out their story here by describing the various games the children played, the favorite being the sailing of toy canoes. When Tahaki won a game, he would boast about it to the losers. This is good manners for a Polynesian victor, but Polynesian losers like it no better than any other losers. Tahaki also had the annoying habit of saying when he was invited to take the first turn at a game, "No use, the one that is going to be ahead will be winning anyway." Even if his toy canoe started out last, it always arrived first. The Tahitian boys, his cousins, wanted to beat Tahaki to death, but Karihi insisted that they should not harm him. Nonetheless they would proceed to beat Tahaki until they thought he was dead. Then they would bury him in the sand and go home. Afterwards Tahaki would rise and go home too, and his mother would say to him, "What has happened to you, Tahaki? O my darling, you look weary." But proud Tahaki would not say a word. The children, according to the Tuamotuan narrators, began to chant a taunting song at Tahaki whenever he boasted of his success at games, and through the song he learned of his father's fate and determined to rescue him. This is the song:

Ambushed—the ambushed one!
The dung-covered one, the dung-covered one!
Who indeed among our chiefs was defeated?
The dung-covered one, the dung-covered one!

Tahaki immediately prepares to go on his longest and most hazardous mission. He learns that the particular district in the supernatural world where his father is held captive is called Vaerota. When he tells his mother, Huauri, of his plans, the two of them realize that perhaps they may never see each other again. Tahaki may perish during his wanderings or Huauri may die of old age, without their having an opportunity to bid each other a last goodbye. "The tears of Tahaki's mother" is a recurrent phrase in central Polynesian chanting, the tears that Tahaki's mother shed when he left to seek his lost father. A Tahitian war chant tells how the relatives of brave dead warriors "weep as did the mother of Tafai." The Tuamotuans say that Tahaki and his mother composed and chanted to each other a lament. It is still chanted today by the Tuamotuans when the time comes for them to say farewell to relatives and friends. However, instead of chanting it as a duet, as did Tahaki and Huauri, the Tuamotuans usually chant it in a chorus or as a solo.

HUAURI
The son is a castaway, who wanders far and wide.
I am an old woman, an aged mother, alas.

TAHAKI
The son weeps for his parent, the old woman.
Ah, the son is a castaway, who wanders far and wide.
Oh, wildly calling out his love,
That he will not see Huauri when she dies.

REFRAIN
Wandering, alas, wandering.

HUAURI
I am an old woman, an aged mother, alas.

TAHAKI
The son weeps for his parent, the old woman.
For me there will be the sacred land, the sacred land.
For me there will be Vaerota.
I shall be weeping where the sun rises.

REFRAIN
Wandering, alas, wandering.

HUAURI
I am an old woman, just an aged mother, alas.

TAHAKI
The son weeps for his parent,
And here I am in the dark night of misery, alas, alas.

When Tahaki goes to seek his father, Karihi goes with him, again to serve as a foil for Tahaki's superiority. The transportation they use varies from narrator to narrator. If Hema is taken to the land of clouds, the men travel on the stretching coconut tree or on a spider's web or on the swaying tendrils of a vine. If the land is across the sea, they go on a rainbow (the more literal-minded say a canoe named *Rainbow*) or on a red shark who proves to be a relative. But wherever he travels or by whatever means, Tahaki saves or tries to save Karihi from disaster, and he meets his blind old cannibal grandmother who accepts him but not Karihi as a kinsman. Being merely mortal, unlike the semidivine Tahaki, Karihi hungrily steals the food of the old lady; and when she discovers the theft, she swings her great fishhook trimmed with red feathers about her to catch the thief. Fascinated to the point of hypnotism by the glorious red feathers whirling past him, Karihi seizes them and is caught. Tahaki threatens to send the red shark after the old lady if she does not release Karihi. She lets him go, whereupon Tahaki takes some very young coconuts and throws them at her eyes. Behold, she can see the two young men! In gratitude, she gives Tahaki much good advice about which road to take; and away he goes. Karihi somehow fades out of the story, usually to return home.

A Tuamotuan chorus chants of Tahaki's quest for his father.

Te tama hakarere ki Havaiki, rohi e,	The son speeds on to Havaiki with dauntless courage,
Nana noa, hipahipa noa, kimikimi noa.	Glancing above, ever gazing over the sea, ever seeking, seeking.
Tagitagi te tama ka hakarere.	Ceaselessly the son weeps as he speeds swiftly on.
Kua mate a pa te metua e.	Perhaps the father has perished long ago.

The Hawaiians chant about the journey as follows:

The rainbow is the path of Kahai.
Kahai arose, Kahai bestirred himself.
Kahai passed on, on Kane's floating cloud.
Perplexed were Alihi's [Karihi's] eyes.
Kahai passed on, on the glancing light,
glancing on men and canoes.
Above was Hina-who-went-to-the-moon,
"That is the road to seek Kahai's father;
Go on over the deep blue ocean,
And shake the foundations of heaven."

The gods' retainers are inquiring,
Kane and Kanaloa too are asking,
"Why has your great expedition,
O Kahai, come hither?"
"I am seeking for Hema,
There in Kahiki, there in Ulupaupau,
There where Kane pets Aaia,
Seeking to the farthest ends of Kahiki."

What a pitiful condition Hema is in! Blind, he cannot see Tahaki, and he doubts his ears that it is Tahaki speaking to him until Tahaki asks him to feel his foot on which is a memorable mark. Then noble Tahaki, who had not hesitated to bite off and chew his mother's carbuncle but had complained of his daughter's bad smell, gathers up his father from the dung heap and takes him to a stream where he carefully washes and clothes him. At midnight when all the goblins come to the latrine, Tahaki winds his net around the house three times and sets it ablaze, killing all the spirits, except two lame ones who have been kind to Hema. Next he goes to find his father's eyes. Taking the disguise of a leper, he creeps into the house where the daughters of the god Tangaroa are plaiting mats. But they know him as the handsome chief whose fame has reached them, and ask him why he has come. "I am here to see the nice things you have," he answers, and carefully looks at the walls and the ceiling covered with glowing human eyes. However, none are the eyes that Tahaki seeks. Then he notices the wooden board that one of the goddesses has on her lap as the base on which to do her plaiting. There on the board are Hema's eyes rolling about. She has been using them to light up her work. Tahaki seizes them and hurries away to restore his father's vision. Then father and son return home and become the ancestors of kings in Hawaiki.

And as the Tuamotuan chorus chants of "Tahaki who coursed the distant seas," who will begrudge Tahaki his boast?

There lie the curving sands, there breaks
the dawn!
Oh, shout with gladness! Oh, my
dauntless courage!
Success at last!

Chapter IX

CHAPTER IX

Rata, Irreverent Vagabond

Here is something handsome, here is
something lofty.
Paddle the canoe of Rata!

A young Tuamotuan seaman told me that his favorite hero was Rata, whom he preferred to Rata's grandfather Tahaki and their ancestor Maui. When in a group telling stories, he would tell about Rata and his wonderful ship, how it got built, and the hero's extraordinary adventures.

Agreeing with him would be many Polynesians from Mangareva west to the Ellice Islands and from Hawaii south to New Zealand. However, some islanders might debate whether to list Maui or Tahaki before Rata. Many women, and also many western Polynesian men, would call that handsome heartbreaker Tinirau the grandest of all. These four demigods—Maui, Tahaki, Rata, and Tinirau—are the best known heroes in Polynesia. When published records show that an occasional island lacks one of them, the story, or at least the name, of the hero is probably known there but has not been collected (or if collected, not published). Rata's name, for instance, occurs among Hawaiians, Marquesans, Tuamotuans, Mangarevans, Society and southern Cook Islanders, New Zealanders, Samoans, Tongans, Pukapukans, Niueans, Tokelauans, and Ellice Islanders.

That Hawaiian narrator who identified the Menehunes with the Jews whom Moses led across the Red Sea to the Promised Land regarded Laka (the Hawaiian form of Rata) as a vagabond, a wanderer, a bad man, who was the son of the first man and who, after killing his pious younger brother, became the progenitor of the irreligious and the godless. That narrator, ignoring Rata's origin as an only child who was born many generations later than the children of the primal Sky Father and Earth Mother, bases his evaluation of Rata's character on the most famous event connected

with his name, his irreverence toward the forest spirits who provide mankind with material for canoes.

Christianized narrators in Hao Island, Tuamotus, are kinder in their syncretism and overlook Rata's religious blunder, judging him by the cooperation in ship-building which he won from the spirits after they had disciplined him. To these Christianized Tuamotuans Rata is obviously the same as the man foreigners call Noah. Noah, like Rata, was a famous seaman with a wonderful vessel. Noah, unlike Rata, is said to have been very devout. Well, Rata, the Tuamotuans say, was too after the forest spirits gave him a lesson on how to build a vessel properly. They add that after Rata and his family had survived a great flood his three sons erected a high structure so that they could visit their god Atea in the sky. Atea, however, angrily destroyed the building and changed the language of the builders until all babbled in different tongues. Rata's sons later became the ancestors of the present races.

Unlike his grandfather Tahaki, who was a model chief, Rata started his career as an impulsive, stubborn, thick-headed blunderer in his relationships with gods and men. Narrators describe him as thoughtless, careless, slow to learn, and ignorant, but with a warmth and spontaneity which contrasts with Tahaki's cold and proper etiquette. Unlike Maui, Rata was not malicious or mischievous, so that the shock and anger which his ignorance or disregard of religious and social customs aroused did not last long. The likeable giant, unaware of his great strength and deficient in finesse and understanding, would have his activities obstructed by offended spirits and workmen only long enough to salve their hurt feelings and to express their indignation at his waywardness. Then they would joyfully help him build a ship to rescue his lost parents and seek renown by slaying demons in the ocean and in the islands located on the borders of the moon and on the coastlines of clouds.

That Mangarevans, Pukapukans, Tongans, Ellice Islanders, and some Tuamotuans do not, so far as I know, consider Rata and Tahaki as relatives is probably not a protest at the idea. It is more likely that modern storytellers have forgotten the kinship. In other islands, genealogists glory in the family line. Rata, a Rarotongan priest states, sprang as "a bud growing out from the branch of a tree," and his genealogy tells of the "growth thereof, and the branching out into many branches, and his descendants." From Papa, the Earth Mother, and her spouse, Atea, Limitless Space, the Rarotongan priest carries the long line down to the Maui family. About eleven generations after the Mauis comes Kaitangata, Man-eater, whose cannibalistic wife mistakenly thought that his name described his and her favorite food. Then follows their son Hema, who was flung into a dung heap

in an enchanted land and was rescued by his son Tahaki. Tahaki's son was Vahieroa, a name which to the Maori means "Long Firewood" and commemorates the load of wood which Tahaki, disguised as a slave, deposited at his wife's feet when he at last found her with their little daughter in the highest of several skies. Vahieroa and his wife, whose name was Tahiti-tokerau (North Tahiti), had a son Rata. Twenty-six generations after Rata came Tararo-ariki, a chief of Mauke, an island north and east of Rarotonga. Tararo-ariki died in 1909. Among Rata's other high-ranking descendants were King Pomare of the Society Islands and King Kalakaua and Queen Liliuokalani of the Hawaiian Islands.

Vahieroa, like his grandfather Hema, was captured by demons; and Rata, following his grandfather Tahaki's example, rescued him. Sometimes Rata's mother was also captured, paralleling the fate which sometimes befalls Tahaki's mother. Although the events leading to Hema's or Vahieroa's disappearance take more than an evening to tell, they are only valleys between the peaks of interest represented by Tahaki's and Rata's careers.

Ironically, the long disappearance from home of Vahieroa and Hema, both of whom were peaceful and homeloving men, devoted to their families, was the result of a very domestic errand. According to Maori, Rarotongan, and Ellice Islands narrators, the craving of Vahieroa's pregnant wife for forbidden or scarce food caused the trouble. This popular theme pleases both male and female listeners. For the women, it stresses their prestige as bearers of children. For the men, it suggests a socially approved alibi for a vacation from humdrum village life while they seek the desired food; and at the same time they hope that the hazards described in the story will make the women moderate their cravings during pregnancy. According to the Maoris the appetite of Vahieroa's wife for distant birds led to his capture by Matuku-tangotango, a fabulous cannibalistic sea bird. Ellice Islanders say that because North Tahiti, before Rata's birth, ate eels which are almost always tapu to women, a tidal wave which came after he was born swept off everyone on the island except Rata. The delayed punishment for eating the eels fell, according to Rarotongan storytellers, first on the infant Rata who got a rash in his groins and next on his parents, who, as they gathered a seaweed as a specific for the rash, were washed by a flood into the power of Puna, a sea god and father of the eels. The Hawaiian father was lost while seeking a birth gift for Rata. Tuamotuan and Marquesan narrators have the doting parents gathering certain varieties of crabs, excellent food for children, when Matuku-tangotango, Puna's chief henchman, abducts them. Matuku is a giant black heron, symbol of night.

Tuamotuans explain that Puna was seeking revenge because North Tahiti, a water nymph, jilted him and left her younger sister Huarei in her place in order to marry a land-dweller, Vahieroa, or Vahivero, who devotedly said of her, "Her cheeks are like the gleaming rays of the moon, and her hair is like the lustrous black feathers of the male frigate bird, and as for her eyes, they are like the eyes of the dove."

The Tuamotuan narrator makes the scene of Puna's attack dramatic. The happy young couple, carrying flaring torches, are on the reef at night with friends catching crabs for Baby Rata, who is at home with Kui, Aged Grandparent. They sing happily as they kindle fresh torches or strike off the burned tops of used ones. The first singer announces the intended action; the second voice starts to announce the completed action but pauses to let the chorus of companions finish the sentence. Then comes the refrain, the last line giving the cue for the second verse, which the first voice repeats. The name of the torch, meaning "Treasure Bound with a Spiral Twist," refers to a sheaf of coconut leaves bound from butt ends to tips with strips of bark.

FIRST VOICE
Make my sheaf into a torch.
It is Torino-te-ipo.
SECOND VOICE
Now my sheaf is made into a torch . . .
CHORUS
It is Torino-te-ipo O!
REFRAIN
O the torch!
It is the torch
Casting a red glow on the reef!
Let my torch begin to burn . . .
FIRST VOICE
Let my torch begin to burn!
It is Torino-te-ipo!
SECOND VOICE
Now my torch burns briskly . . .
CHORUS
It is Torino-te-ipo!
REFRAIN
O the torch!
It is the torch
Casting a red glow on the reef!
Let my torch be sharply topped . . .

Repeating the line, the first voice begins the third and last verse. Then just as the song ends, Matuku and his band swoop in from the dark, open sea, tumble the flaming torches into the water, and jostle Vahieroa off the reef,

where Matuku bites off his head. Two lizardlike monsters now seize North Tahiti and take her alive to Kororupo, which is a district in the region called Border of the Moon, a part of Little Vavau located in Lower Havaiki, the underworld beneath the couple's home in Great Vavau, which is in Upper Havaiki. North Tahiti's eyes are plucked out to become dancing lights illuminating the place where her younger sister Huarei, wife of Puna, plaits mats; and her head is stuck in the ground while her feet are turned up to serve as supports on which to hang her sister's baskets. At home, Kui, fearing to lose Rata also, lets him grow up without hearing his parents' names, their fate, or the fact that he even has parents. When he is half-grown he learns about them from his companions, who are jealous of his skill in games.

When a magic spell Kui has taught him makes his toy canoes skim past those of his companions, Rata sings a vaunting song:

> Be outsped, be outsped,
> Those multitudes, those myriads!
> The voyage of Rata has begun.
> The earthen boat speeds swiftly on!

One day his companions reply:

> Let your boat speed on ever so swiftly, O Rata!
> Never shall your father be avenged . . .
> Flung into the sea, swallowed by Matuku-tangotango.
> And as for your mother—
> Her legs swing to-and-fro in the winds,
> Beside the latrine of the woman Huarei!

Or they sarcastically taunt him for his delay in seeking revenge: "Thy skimmer does well in seeking vengeance for thy father Vahieroa, swallowed by Matuku-tangotango, and for thy mother Tahiti-tokerau, who lies on the latrine of the woman Huarei!"

According to the Tuamotuan narrator, Rata does not know he has parents, for Kui has never mentioned them. He goes to Kui and asks, "Who is my father? Who is my mother?"

Kui answers, "I am your father and your mother."

"How could you procreate me?" Rata asks.

Kui replies, "So it is. Don't ask any more questions."

Sometimes, he persists, and when Kui says that the housepost is his father, he digs until the house nearly falls down and Kui has to tell the truth.

Rata demands, "Why did you not tell me the truth before?"

"I love you," Kui answers, and anticipating his thought, adds, "You cannot do what you want. You will be devoured. King Puna has many

monsters. His warriors are Swordfish the Devourer of Multitudes, Great Mullet Sleeping in the Deep, Great and Unique Tridacna, Fakarava Reef, Black Cloud of the Horizon, and Fish of Gigantic Jaws."

Rata demands, "Tell me how to approach them. How do I get to where they are?"

At last Kui replies, "On a ship."

"How can I get a ship?" Rata asks.

Kui answers, "You must find a tree and make it into a canoe."

Rata asks, "Have you got an ax?"

As the first ax that Kui gives him is obviously inferior, Rata demands the ancestral enchanted ax called Great Helve of Hibiscus Wood, which Kui than tells him to grind on her back; and she tells him also to chant to speed the task.

Whetted indeed on the sacred back of Kui, O!
Now it begins to be whetted, whetted indeed,
Whetted indeed on the sacred back of Kui, O!
O Sacred Treasure! O Sacred Treasure, defying!
It begins to be whetted, O!

Now the blade which is of tridacna shell is ready.

Kui, still hoping to keep Rata at home, warns him not to go to Sacred Valley, but that is just where he does go; and when he has chopped down the finest tree there, he goes home, where Kui shouts at him, "O Rata! Go back! Your tree is standing—it has been replaced as it was before." Rata denies this, but at last Kui gets him to return to Sacred Valley. The tree has been restored.

"How can this tree have become erect again?" Rata exclaims.

"Why, the bole was severed, and the crown completely off!" He is furious. He cuts the tree down again; chops off the top, completely away from the trunk; and hides himself under the branches to see what will happen.

The narrator continues, saying that in a little while Rata observes a band of elves approaching. "Those are surely the goblin creatures who stood my tree up again!" he exclaims. Then he listens to the chattering of the elves and the song which they are singing. This is part of the song.

Fly hither, fly hither, the chips of my tree!
Right here to cling!
Right here to stick!
Fly hither, fly hither, the branches of my tree!
Right here to cling!
Right here to stick!

The elves also call the leaves, the bark, the sap, and the gum to "rere mai, rere mai, i ko mai iho ti, i ko mai iho ta," to give in Tuamotuan what has been translated above. Finally the tree is upright; only one thing more is needed, so they sing as before:

Fly hither, fly hither, the life of my tree!
Right here to cling!
Right here to stick!
Up with the tree, up! Up with the tree, up!

The narrator continues. Rata looks at his tree; it is standing upright. He looks around at the vast concourse of the elves; they are without number. Tavaka (Canoe-dubber or Gouge) and Tonga-hiti are their leaders. And their names are the names of all the birds, and insects, and beasts; and all the parts of the human body; and finally of all the implements and materials needful to build a ship.

Again Rata gazes around him in astonishment at the countless multitude of elves, and he feels a furious anger rising in his breast. Suddenly he shouts in a great voice, "Pa-a-a-a-a!" And at once they all tumble prone upon the ground in terror and consternation.

At last Tavaka and Tonga-hiti stand up and inquire, "Who can this warrior champion be? Who is the hero with such a terrible voice?" Wood elves greatly fear noise.

"It is I," Rata replies, "This is I, myself, about to set out upon an expedition of vengeance! That is why I have come to this sacred valley!"

Then Tavaka says, "Give me the twirled cord, the braided sennit, the fine cord for binding the battens; give me the mallet, the tamper, the drill; give me the oakum pick—give me every one of the ship-building tools."

Rata goes home and gets the objects whose spirits are already among Canoe-maker's band ready to put on their material manifestations. Tavaka tells Rata that he will build the ship and that Rata should go home to wait for it.

That night Rata dreams that his ship is outside his house, and he exultingly chants in his sleep about the ship and his ambition to be a champion among warriors. Kui tells him it is ridiculous to expect a ship to be finished in one night. But even then the elves are singing their hauling song which extolls Rata as a prince among men and invokes his god Swiftly Flying Heron, who is celebrated in another chant as that "bird far soaring, with energy, with energy, far soaring, that far-soaring bird of musical, musical darkness, O far-soaring bird!" Sometimes the elves slide the ship down to Rata's house on a rainbow or the birds of the forest bear it to his home on outspread wings.

Ignorant Rata sinks the ship immediately it gets into deep water and blames the spirits for giving him a poor ship. Kui then explains to him that a ship must "drink," or be baptized, and be dedicated. Rata takes Kui's advice, observes the rituals, dedicates his ship to kind old Tonga-hiti of the forest, and gives the artisans a memorable feast. The ship is baptized *The Cloud Overshadowing the Border,* a name predicting Rata's conquest of Moonlight Border, King Puna's land.

Finally Rata is ready to go to seek his lost parents. Looking back at the last visible bit of land, he sings farewell, begging the land to disappear completely from view so that his thoughts can be only of his mission.

> O my land standing forth, hide thy face!
> Be lost, lost to view on the voyage.
> Let me be lost to view in launching from
> my land with the marae.
> Let my land standing out be lost!
> Hide thy face as I bid farewell,
> And bid me conceal, hide my sorrow,
> As I say aloha, say aloha to the woods of
> my land till by and by.

His farewell is not only to the land as a whole, to the marae, and to the woods, but to the rock which is the heart of a marae, to the rocks of the land's end, to those on the village plaza, and to those in other familiar places.

Rata is not alone on his ship, but his crew is invisible. It consists of Tonga-hiti, Tavaka, and all the elves, who are stationed in the lashing holes! Now the elves begin to sing about *The Overshadowing Cloud* speeding on The Road of Winds.

The first voice sings, "O Rata! May thy ship sail gloriously over the sea!"

The second chimes in, "Give her to the winds! Let them drive her swiftly forward. Yo ho!"

Rata, now over his homesickness, joins in with the memory of his dream of the vessel: "I shouted with elation in my sleep, 'She is mine! There she comes!' "

Next the elves encourage him in song to attack Puna valiantly, and as a reminder name the parts of Puna's body that he should not miss: his chattering lips, his insolent mouth, his grinding teeth, and even his spittle.

The first elf sings, "O Rata, against his spittle . . ." and the second finishes with ". . . be valiant!"

All the elves chorus, "Bear off his spittle, his spittle gulped down in dismay!"

Rata, still marveling over the miracle of his ship, replies with his shouted verse of elation, "He has challenged me! Yo ho! Give her to the winds, give her to the winds! I shouted in my dream, 'She is mine! There she comes!' "

Overhead soars a tropic bird who neither speaks nor signals a reply to Rata's demand for identification, but Rata knows it is Kui come to guide him on the sea and to spy in Puna's land. This bird is indeed Rata's oracle and diviner while he is sailing over the remote regions of the sea.

To instruct the bird as to whom it should seek, Rata composes a song. The first voice sings, "Mine is the tropic bird winging afar over remote seas"; the second adds, "Ever pointing out the sea road leading to Matuku-tangotango," and the chorus sings, "It is the seaway sailed by Rata to unknown lands, O ho! Mine is the tropic bird———." With this as the pattern, Rata in each verse names another demon. Kui learns the song, and finds the demons in the order Rata has named them. As each demon attacks the ship, he is cunningly slain, chopped open, and a part of Rata's father Vahieroa is removed from the belly and tenderly laid in a lined basket Kui has forehandedly put aboard for that purpose. Then Tonga-hiti divides the monster's flesh among the elves. Each time that this happens Rata chants a lament for his father and a song of exultation over his successful weapons. Only two demons, Puna and Fakarava Reef, remain.

The enchanted reef called Fakarava surrounds Moonlight Border, but it is invisible until a ship sails near; then it pushes to the surface to encircle Puna's land protectively and wreck the vessel. Rata smashes a pass through this last monster with his great ancestral ax so quickly that Puna at first does not believe his rooster sentries' song, in which the first rooster calls, "Sail ho, sail ho!" while the second adds, "A ship is standing in to shore," and the chorus informs Puna that "There are one—two—three human beings on the ship now speeding hither." The first rooster sentry asks, "What is the name of the ship now speeding hither?" The second replies, "*The Cloud Overshadowing the Border* is speeding hither." Then verse by verse, they ask, "Why has the ship set forth? And who is the mighty warrior champion?" The final verses answer that "Rata is the name of this mighty warrior, Rata is the heron swiftly flying on the sea road to Little Vavau."

Soon thereafter Rata swims ashore from his ship and faces Puna, who exclaims, "O Rata! Your eyes are glaring, your head is shaking, your muscles are tense; perhaps you have come hither on an expedition of vengeance!"

Rata haughtily replies, "Assuredly I have not come here to look upon the fair landscape of Moonlight Border!"

Then after a ceremonial and inconclusive contest of trying on each other's magical loincloths and shouting incantations at each other, Puna hospitably sets food before the stranger. That night when he has returned to his ship Rata arranges that Tonga-hiti shall trickily prevent Puna's crab-catchers from returning to Puna's house before Tavaka has captured the rooster sentries and crowed like a rooster to fool the lizard doorkeepers that it is dawn and therefore permissible for him to enter Puna's house. Inside he is to noose the sleeping king and drag him aboard the ship. All proceeds on schedule. Rata kills Puna with his enchanted ax, gives the meat to the elves who excitedly hover like a cloud of flies and gnats around the masts, and keeps the head to offer to the gods on his marae at home.

Next Rata rescues his mother North Tahiti, whom he has not seen since he was an infant. Weeping, he sings to her as he stands her upright.

Edge hither, creep hither,
Until you cling to me,
Until you are close to me,
North Tahiti.
Overflowing is my love for thee,
North Tahiti.
Now I am greeting thee,
North Tahiti.

Mother and son then board Rata's vessel, *The Cloud Overshadowing the Border,* and sail from the land Moonlight Border back home to Great Vavau in Upper Havaiki, where Kui hails Rata, proudly saying, "You are no longer my grandson, you are a god!"

So ends Rata's story. There are many more songs, many more monsters, and many more details, but this outline suggests why the young Tuamotuan seaman admires Rata above all other ancient heroes. Although Rata is famous in Polynesia and known in parts of Melanesia, he particularly epitomizes the Tuamotuan mariner, who to Europeans and Polynesians alike, has long been rated as the most daring and successful navigator in the eastern Pacific. He acquired and has maintained his seamanship in the world's most difficult school of navigation. Admiral Roggeveen long ago called it The Labyrinth; other Europeans have named it Dangerous Isles; the Polynesians, the Deep-sea Isles, or Tuamotus.

Distance and danger have never deterred Tuamotuans from traveling within or outside their Cloud of Islands, over eighty of them

scattered northwest and southeast of Tahiti. Records of their journeys and adventures are as awe-inspiring as Rata's story. Literal-minded narrators who identify Moonlight Border with Mangareva or with a mysterious sunken island cannot diminish the wonder of Rata's journey, for the hazards of the visible islands are as great as any that can be imagined. The fanciful narrators cannot improve upon the real Fakarava Reef as a terrifying danger to mariners.

Though dour, ferocious, and feared as cannibals, warriors, and savages, Tuamotuans were eagerly sought, even in European times, as canoe-makers, particularly at Raiatea in the Society Islands, where the gods demanded the finest workmanship available for the canoes serving them. A few fortunate Society Islands chiefs obtained Tuamotuan vessels, of which Quiros, the first European known to have visited The Labyrinth, wrote in 1606 that "better could not have been built in Castille." He observed that because the Tuamotus lack large timber the vessels are "very subtly contrived" of many short, irregularly spaced lengths of wood, beautifully fitted together and laced with sennit braid, and caulked. Such vessels are safer in stormy, reef-studded waters than more elegant-looking craft because they adapt themselves to demons Long Wave and Short Wave. When Fakarava Reef savagely gnashes the hull, another patch is applied to the many-pieced hull.

Rata's vessel is a great canoe or what Tahitians call a pahi, a term they formerly reserved for their fine war canoes, for European ships, and for Tuamotuan double canoes. A Tuamotuan pahi like Rata's has keeled twin hulls of equal or approximately equal dimensions, joined and covered by a platform on which at an equal distance apart are two stepped and moveable masts. According to some storytellers, Rata replaces the finely plaited pandanus mats that serve as sails with Matuku's great black wings after he has slain the legendary bird who, like a storm cloud, has obscured the horizon; the other feathers are fastened over the masts and the ropes of the ship, which then looks so strange that Puna's people at first think it a god of the deep making himself visible as a monster seabird. Over the weather hull of a pahi is a lean-to shelter of matting which opens on the platform and has its back protected from the lop of the waves by a low weatherboard along the hull. Western Polynesians credit Rata with having introduced to their islands the double canoe with such a shelter.

No Tuamotuan mariner sails without companionship, any more than Rata did. Overhead soars his ancestral spirit, hovering with messages of advice and encouragement derived from his former earthly, and now divine, knowledge of The Labyrinth. Such a spirit was once a distinguished

and successful chief, warrior, and navigator whose mana led his relatives to ask him during his lifetime if he would become their god after his death and continue to aid them. When he died, his funeral ceremony, which extended over months, was also a ceremony of apotheosis. A prayer which a high priest recites during the ritual of deification addresses the ancestral spirit as kura manu, sacred red bird, and hopefully announces:

My kura abides everywhere in the remote skies!
Let the gloom gather, the clouds threaten,
the clouds storm,
Let the rain fall; let it be clear.
O! The god, the chief, stands forth in splendor.

Supplementing his ancestral spirit's protection, every mariner has Tavaka and Tonga-hiti standing invisibly beside him as if he were Rata himself. They direct him through Fakarava Reef and advise him how to attack the other monsters who personify the daily hazards and occupational nightmares of mariners—the reef, the black clouds on the horizon, the swordfish that impales a man, the gigantic tridacna clam that cripples and squeezes, and the shark that lacerates and devours. Tavaka is believed to have such great power over canoes that Tuamotuans invite him to the turtle feast, one of their most important ceremonies. They coax him,

Approach, partake of this food!
A god of the ship's stern ornament art thou,
Tavaka,
Approach, partake of this food!

If a mariner sees a sooty albatross roosting in apparently open waters, he knows it is Tonga-hiti who thus directs the seaman's attention to hidden isolated rocks. Big-eyed Tonga-hiti or Jovial-faced Tonga-hiti, as he is affectionately called, may also take the shape of a howling dog to warn a man of danger. In the forests, which are his special domain, he protects people who climb rocks and trees. He commands the spirits of birds, insects, crabs, flies, rats, and other small creatures of the woodlands. Tuamotuans think so highly of him that he gets a whole mat full of food at the turtle ceremony. They invitingly shout to him:

Behold! A feast mat! A feast mat for Tonga!
It is the platform for Tonga, the bed of Tonga.
Heap up that way, heap up this way.
Watch over that way, watch over this way.
Swing outward, swing inward, swing.
There where the pandanus swings,
There where the spirits fly for Tonga.
Now your feast mat is presented.
Let the feast mat be consecrated.
There is sacredness before. It is finished!

The last line is the equivalent of "amen." Tonga's forest spirits, who fly to serve him, and Tavaka's canoe-making elves go with their leaders aboard every vessel, not Rata's alone, and their brave song of The Road of the Winds, "Give her to the winds, the winds, yo-ho-ho!" can be heard in the creaking and straining of every vessel.

Even some of the boards in a vessel have personal names and identity, so that they are tried and faithful companions who have lasted through every storm thus far. So scarce is timber that Tuamotuans take old canoes carefully apart and use the good pieces—patched though they may be—in new canoes, built as in the past with the very chants that the forest elves are supposed to have recited as they chopped down the tree and built the canoe for Rata. The old timbers, reminders of the courage, endurance, and success of the respected elder mariners in the family, are evidence of the power of the incantations. Also they enable artisans and mariners to identify themselves with the mana, social importance, and ability of their predecessors. No wonder, then, that even the patches on the timbers have names!

A version of Rata's life from the Society Islands differs from the Tuamotuan version, mostly in giving a circumstantial description of the economic and ritual requirements for building and launching an important vessel in a populous and prosperous archipelago. The narrator, through his emphasis on detail, seems to betray that his audience is unfamiliar with the rituals and the hazards of the sea, perhaps because of the too great occupational specialization which developed within Society Islands culture and thereby isolated many inhabitants from direct knowledge of the sea. Perhaps he also hopes to win praise from King Pomare, Rata's descendant, by depicting the royal ancestor as a feudal king who lived in the district of North Tahiti, which is the "home and cradle" of the Pomare family and bears the same name as Rata's mother.

The version has a baroque quality that recalls James Hornell's words in his great work on Oceanic canoes that the Polynesian golden age was already long past when Wallis, Bougainville, and Cook arrived. Hornell believed that "the people of the Society Islands in particular, softened by generations of easy living in the nearest approach we can imagine to an earthly paradise, had no longer that overpowering love of the sea possessed by their ancestors in the days when communication was maintained with Hawaii on the one hand and with Rarotonga and far-off New Zealand on the other."

The Society Islands narrator tells how, when Rata was an infant, his father Vahieroa, his mother's brother King Tumu the Great, and the King's younger brothers—Long Rat, Short Rat, Dumb Rat, and Chattering

Rat—had been engulfed by Tridacna the Great That Opens Against the Sky, one valve of this monstrous clam resting on the ocean bottom, the other in the clouds. Even those large ones seen any day in the sea can kill a man, but the mythical monster engulfs whole canoes. The other heirs lost, Rata becomes king, with his mother, King Tumu's sister, as regent. Her name Courageous Frown, though but mildly descriptive of her discipline, is more apt here than her other, better-known name which is also that of her land—North Tahiti.

When Rata becomes old enough to rule, Courageous Frown announces that she and Tumu the Great's wife will seek the lost men and visit the Queen's married daughter who lives in the country called Border of Passing Clouds. Love for this daughter and longing to bring her and her husband back to Tahiti had led Tumu the Great on his disastrous voyage which had been followed by the failure of Vahieroa and Tumu's brothers to rescue him.

For the festivities at Rata's accession to the rule of his country, Courageous Frown schedules a boar chase to discover the bravest men of the land. They are to become her seamen, for they will fearlessly attack Coral Rock Standing Alone, Sea Serpent, Long Wave, Short Wave, Tridacna the Great, Shoal of Monsters, Beast of Heated Flesh, Stork Exalted by Taaroa, and even the demons who live in the land Moonlight Border. She cautions Rata, who as king is to be umpire at the games, not to get excited, not to take sides, and not to interfere with the hunters, for he is so strong, one blow of his hand will fell a man to the ground and disable him, and he will thus lose caste as king in the land. Despite his promise, Rata cannot control himself.

His mother scolds, "Rata, do not interfere with the pig catching! You are the king, sit still in your official place, and leave them alone!" But Rata joins the hunters, felling to the ground those he sides against, as they lay their hands upon the pig. Some whom he strikes die at once; others fall wounded. The hunt ends abruptly, and the weeping people, pointing to the men lying on the ground, sarcastically tell Courageous Frown that there lie her warriors and mariners.

For two days and two nights, Courageous Frown berates her son, comparing him unfavorably with his father and uncles, calling him an evil man, and climaxing her tirade with "Were you a worthy man you might eat pork [reserved for upper-class men] as did your father, but you are unworthy. Go then and eat globe fish [very poisonous] that you may die today. And if you do not die of that, go and eat dung. Eat not the food of the brave, lest the food of the land become blighted by you, you evil man!" She

feels that even the plants will die from the touch of a king whose mana is evil.

Rata begs that she beat him, for "no rod . . . hurts so badly as the voice of reproach and derision," and that she wait for him to build a ship to accompany her. Ignoring his pleas, she sails away at the first new moon, despite unlucky omens. She arrives safely in Border of Passing Clouds, but on the return trip to Tahiti she is eaten alive by Great Tridacna.

Rata's subjects finally soften toward him because of his mother's cold rejection of him and his sorrow over her disappearance and the dead boar hunters. When he talks of building a ship to seek his many missing relatives they listen. All are ready to obey when he orders food to be assembled for the artisans, as well as mats, red and yellow feathers, and other treasures for the workmen to present to their gods at maraes sacred to canoe-builders. When the supplies have been gathered, the king's orator at a ceremony enumerates each item as it is presented to the artisans and exhorts them to do no slovenly work which will endanger lives at sea. Because Rata provides more than any ruler before him, the artisans are enthusiastic at the prospect of helping him and prepare to begin at the traditional time, the day following the last night of the moon.

On the evening before the work is to start, the artisans who have many rituals to observe deposit their axes in their maraes for Tane, the god of artisans and of beauty, to be renewed spiritually. In "putting the axes to sleep," Tahitian artisans always ask the gods to "go and take hold of the ax in the niche in the marae" and to

> Hold!
> That it be taken out enchanted,
> made light;
> That it may produce sparks
> in doing varied work.
> It is whetted with fine sand;
> It is smoothed with coarse sand.
> It is set in a firm handle of sacred miro,
> United with many-stranded sennit of Tane.
> The ax will become sacred
> In the brilliant sennit of the artisan,
> Which touches and holds as a girdle for the ax,
> For the handle of the ax,
> The back of the ax,
> To unite ax and handle,
> To make light the ax,
> To consecrate the ax,
> To impel the ax,
> To complete the ax,
> To give power to the ax.

After this sacred lullaby, a communion feast of pork is held at the marae. The tail of the pig and a few hairs are set aside for Tane with the words, a motto of all who labor for him, "Work with wakeful eyes and with expeditious axes." When this offering has been made and red feathers have been given the other gods, the artisans sleep till dawn, when they take the axes to the sea and dip them, saying,

> The awakening of the ax!
> Let it travel a little seaward.
> Present it! Let it fight! Let it attack!
> Let the ax travel against the spray,
> inaugurating its flying girdle.
> Awake for Tane, great god of artisans!
> Awake for Taere of all skill!
> Awake for Te Fatu of hosts!
> Awake for Taaroa, father of all gods!

Led by Rata himself, the inspired artisans with their baskets of consecrated tools slung from the shoulder and gripped under the arm go to the forest home of the Myriad Spirits ruled by Split Nose. There they ritually greet a suitable tree which they then chop down. During a rest period, Rata walks deep into the forest, where he sees an immense tree which he wants cut down. His artisans, however, refuse to touch it, saying that it is a tree sacred to Split Nose. Rata, declaring that he does not believe in being intimidated about the numerous gods, chops away by himself while his artisans stand aghast and spellbound, looking to see what will happen. When Rata has the tree down, he tells them that as nothing has happened, they may as well chop off the branches for him and haul the log down the mountain side before they leave for the day. This they do.

But as soon as the men have gone home, Split Nose's artisan elves materialize from the air, cliffs, and trees. Their leader exclaims when he sees the fallen sacred tree, "This is the work of Rata, that king who fears not the host of gods or man; we must rectify this." Immediately they raise the tree until it stands as it did when Rata first saw it. The next day, finding the tree restored, Rata again chops it down by himself while his artisans watch in fear.

That night Rata guards his felled tree, and when elves fill the air to restore it, he seizes the hair of their two leaders and demands their assistance. Overcome by having their heads desecrated by the touch of a human being, the two tearfully offer to build the ship but complain angrily of Rata's disrespect for the gods and their property.

The narrator continues with a prolix account of Rata's appeasement of the elves and other gods with offerings pompously presented by his priests. After the magically built ship has been delivered on a rainbow,

Rata and his priests go through other ceremonies before they are ready to seek Tridacna the Great and the lost relatives.

This version emphasizes the importance of custom and ritual to artisans, who cannot work if their routine is altered, particularly after preliminary ceremonies have keyed them to a high emotional pitch at which any deviation from the remaining rituals paralyzes their morale. Rata's defiance, his artisans feel, spiritually and physically endanger them, himself, the future canoe, and its crew. A craftsman careless of ritual is also careless of workmanship. Serious trouble may develop, and seamen who know the vessel has been constructed of desecrated timber by desecrated and inefficient workmen may refuse to board her, or if they do their morale will be too low to try to save themselves from danger.

Rata insulted the entire guild of canoe-builders by denying the importance of the rituals and beliefs which make a man proud of being a kahuna, a tahu'a, a tohunga (all dialectical variants of the same word meaning both expert and priest) and of being asked to build a chief's canoe. The irreverent Rata put the building of a royal canoe on the same level as the twisting of a coconut leaf into a lagoon skimmer by a child.

Only a chief of very great mana can safely touch the sacred possessions of the gods. Rata believes that he is such a chief and that his mission is noble and urgent enough to justify his taking shortcuts through the maze of ceremony. (How often must a chief have envied this impatient ancestor!) And if the gods do not like his ways, then let them build the canoe. It is a nice point as to who wins the issue. The canoe is built with proper ritual after all, for the gods will not let it be made unceremoniously. On the other hand, Rata gets a magical canoe in a hurry.

Rata's story is a continuation of the ancient battle between the children of Earth Mother and Sky Father, a battle in which Man, god of war, plays his brothers off against each other for his own purposes. Man wins by forcing his brother of the forest, Tane, who is also the guardian of artisans and beauty, to unite and build a ship to carry on the battle against their brother, Tangaroa, the sea. Rata as the representative of mankind, that is of the Polynesians, and a relative of the gods, imposes his stubborn will upon nature and his fellow human beings to achieve a goal which he feels is lofty enough to justify any means of achieving it.

His story is also an artisan's nightmare and daydream. The tree, upraised after days of tedious chipping away with stone or shell tools, is the nightmare; the daydream is of tools which work by themselves and of parts of the human body which work without the artisan's conscious direction. But when tools and body rebel, there is the nightmare again. What tapu has

been violated? Must the task be abandoned rather than draw down more warnings and punishment from the gods?

The personified tools appear in several versions. In Hawaii, the Menehunes are the forest spirits who defy Rata but eventually help him; their two leaders are the chief deity of canoe-making and a spirit who is the personification of an adz or gouge like the Tuamotuan Tavaka. Hawaiians appropriately call this personified adz by the names Dust-eater and Eater of Superfluous Parts. The two leaders are manifestations of Ku, the god who protects and extends life. They were among the spirits whom torrid-tempered Pele banished for their refusal to help her destroy life by unloosing hot lava against her lover Lohiau. Pele banished the rebels who then became vagabonds and guardian spirits of all wanderers, especially those on the paths of the forest and the sea. Later, by extension, some became guardians of canoe-builders.

Polynesian narrators love to contrast Rata, the clumsy, irreverent human giant, with the tiny, conscientious gods. But because both Rata and the spirits are wanderers at heart, they resolve their quarrel and become close companions. Not only is the canoe built but Rata, sometimes at the end of his earthly career, joins the pantheon of forest spirits! Hawaiians, for instance, now equate him with Ku of the Undergrowth, who is also known as The Chipmaker. Cook Islanders make him a forest god, too.

But not the Tuamotuans, although like other islanders they recite his chants and tell his story when they build canoes. They believe, instead, that he is more mariner than forester and that he still sails The Labyrinth in a ghost ship. Some lonely voyagers have sighted him approaching through the Rifted Sky and have even heard his elf companions chorus:

Rata! There is none like Rata.
Rata! There is none like Rata.
O bravely beating heart!
Bravely beating heart like Ruanuku,
Ever seeking the destined land.
Let the beloved assume his place.
Let him stand proudly erect in his ship!
Rata! There is none like Rata!
Rata! There is none like Rata!

Notes and Acknowledgments

Chapter I. Voices on the Wind

"Wild scud the clouds" are lines from a chant given in Hawaiian and English by Nathaniel B. Emerson in his Unwritten Literature of Hawaii (Smithsonian Institution, Bureau of American Ethnology, Bull. 38, 1909), pages 108-110.

For a general discussion of Polynesian, including Chatham Island, periods of tradition, see Katharine Luomala in "Polynesia," an article in the Encyclopedia of Literature, edited by Joseph T. Shipley (vol. 2, pages 772-789, 1946, New York). Alexander Shand writes in The Moriori People of the Chatham Islands (Polynesian Society, Mem. 2, 1911) on pages 11-12, "In the long winter nights they varied the monotony by reciting *Ko Matangiao*, and all their legends, by way of keeping up the knowledge of their history and traditions, as well as for amusement, but this was generally done in houses set apart for the purpose; when once commenced, the songs and chants were frequently kept up till day-break, so no one could sleep . . . *Ko Matangiao* was the name given to all the legends and stories of Hawaiki, in contradistinction to *Hokorongo-tiring'*—hearing of the ears, which referred to events occurring after the canoes left and came to the islands (Chathams) . . ." Being away from Honolulu in 1945, I wrote to Dr. Peter H. Buck in Honolulu to ask if he would translate the term *Ko Matangiao* for me. In a letter dated September 18, 1945, he replied, "I do not know the exact meaning of *Matangiao* in the Moriori dialect, but I can guess as they do sometimes in 'Information Please.' *Matangi* means wind and *ao* means cloud, and the combination might mean 'the cloud bearing wind.' Now, if we rationalize, which is dangerous, we might say that the events after departure from Hawaiki belong to a recent period and so were heard *(hokorongo)* with the ears *(tiring')*, but the preceding period was so remote that the events, to use a figure of speech, were as distant as clouds *(ao)* swept across the sky by the winds *(matangi)*."

A general introduction to Polynesian anthropology is Vikings of the Sunrise (ed. 1, 1938, New York; ed. 2, 1954, Christchurch, N. Z.) by Peter H. Buck (Te Rangi Hiroa).

"Thou hast been lowered down to sleep" is given in Mangarevan and English by Buck in his Ethnology of Mangareva (Bishop Museum, Bull. 157, 1938) on page 356. Dr. Buck writes that he has translated the chant rather freely to catch the native sentiment.

"Whispering ghosts of the west" is translated from the Maori by John White in The Ancient History of the Maori (vol. 2, 1887, Wellington, N. Z.), page 32. The same volume also has the Maori version.

"The only tie which binds us" is given by Edward Shortland in Traditions and Superstitions of the New Zealanders (1854, London), page 175, with the Maori text and this rather free translation. His remarks about the winds and clouds linking widely separated persons and places could be paralleled almost anywhere in Polynesia.

"Just as eventide draws near" is from White's Ancient History (vol. 2, pp. 33-34). He also gives the Maori.

"Attend, O bird that flyeth up above" is given in Mangarevan and English by Buck (Mangareva, pp. 330-331). "Thou art a moon, That will not rise again" is from the same chant.

"From Havaii comes the mother of famine" I have rephrased from the Marquesan and English given by Samuel H. Elbert, "Chants and Love Songs of the Marquesas Islands, French Oceania" (Journal of the Polynesian Society, vol. 50, 1941), page 67.

For the story of Toa, Huku, and Maui and its significance in the culture of the islands, see Te Rangi Hiroa (Peter H. Buck) in the Ethnology of Manihiki and Rakahanga (Bishop Museum, Bull. 99, 1932), pages 14-27. References to versions published earlier are also given. The chant "It came as a dream" is on page 16.

"The descent goes back" is part of an introduction to a genealogy which a Tongarevan man recited at a Land Court. The native text with a partial English translation is given by Te Rangi Hiroa (Peter H. Buck) in the Ethnology of Tongareva (Bishop Museum, Bull. 92, 1932), pages 20-21. That the many archaic words are no longer understood by the Tongarevans themselves explains why the translation is incomplete. Dr. Buck writes, "That the meaning of words may be forgotten does not in any way detract from their value in an orthodox commencement. The reciter experiences pleasure and satisfaction in making the correct opening and his hearers are influenced by the mere sound of the words to regard him not only as a scholar, but to accept the veracity of the pedigree that he subsequently unfolds."

"It is Hatu-mata, rock of farewell!" is twice given by Buck (Mangareva, pp. 148, 228) in Mangarevan and English.

"If he becomes an owner of land" is also in Mangarevan and English in Buck's Mangareva (pp. 199-200).

"Here am I begging that the great knowledge" comes from S. Percy Smith in The Lore of the Whare-Wananga (Polynesian Society, Mem. 4, pt. 2, 1913), pages 189-191, 207-208. So also are the lines, "Whose then are my axes?" Both Maori and English are given.

For Maori traditions in English and Maori see John White in The Ancient History of the Maori (4 vols., 1887-1888, Wellington, N. Z.).

"One people. One war cry" in Mangarevan and English is in Buck's Mangareva, page 56.

"They are wet, the joyful foreigners" is given in Easter Island language and English translation by Alfred Métraux in the Ethnology of Easter Island (Bishop Museum, Bull. 160, 1940), page 355.

"The Visitor's Song," with Mangaian and English versions and much description, is in William Wyatt Gill's Historical Sketches of Savage Life in Polynesia; with Illustrative Clan Songs, chapter 31, "The Drama of Cook" (1880, Wellington, N. Z.), pages 180-185.

That "this isle is but the home of birds," Honokura, or Onokura, learns, according to the chant, "The Wanderings of Ono," given in Mangaian and English by William Wyatt Gill in Myths and Songs from the South Pacific (1876, London), page 86.

Chapter II. Within the Circle of the Sea

"I arrive where an unknown earth" is given only in English by Arthur S. Thomson in The Story of New Zealand (1859, London), volume 1, page 61. What may be the Maori version, with a more literal translation than Thomson's, and a discussion of the function of the chant is in Richard Taylor's Te Ika a Maui (1870, London), page 171. Also see Elsdon Best's "Maori Forest Lore," Transactions and Proceedings of the New Zealand Institute, 1907 (vol. 40, 1908), pages 192-195.

"This is Niuhi" I have retranslated from Hervé Audran, "Traditions of and Notes on the Paumotu or (Tuamotu) Islands" (Journal of the Polynesian Society, vol. 28, 1919), page 163, which has the Tuamotuan version, a free English translation, and an explanation. I extend thanks to Bengt Danielsson for taking a look at my effort at retranslating the Tuamotuan. His book, The Happy Island (1952, London), pages 32-33 and

48, has verses of the Raroia Island patriotic song, a beautiful chant about the white terns guiding the settlers to the island.

"Within the circle of the sea" is given with the complete Aitutakian text and English translation by Te Rangi Hiroa (Peter H. Buck) in The Material Culture of the Cook Islands (Aitutaki) on page 71. The monograph was published as the first volume of the memoirs of the Board of Maori Ethnological Research in New Plymouth, New Zealand, in 1927. Dr. Buck has occasionally republished parts of the chant, sometimes with slightly varying translations. I have also retranslated the chant in part, using his translations as a guide.

"A cluster of islands" appears in differing Hawaiian texts and English translations. See, for example, Abraham Fornander in the Fornander Collection of Hawaiian Antiquities and Folk-lore, editor Thomas G. Thrum (Bishop Museum, Mem. 4, pt. 1, 1916), page 28.

"I do not care for Kona" has been retranslated by Samuel H. Elbert and me from the Hawaiian text of Mary Kawena Pukui, "Songs (Meles) of Old Ka'u, Hawaii" (Journal of American Folklore, vol. 62, 1949), pages 251-252. Mrs. Pukui also has an English translation and a discussion of the chant.

"Song of the Map" is discussed by Edwin G. Burrows in Songs of Uvea and Futuna (Bishop Museum, Bull. 183, 1945), pages 70-71. He gives the music but no text or translation of the chant.

"Let the farsighted who dwell on land" is given in Tahitian and English by Teuira Henry in Ancient Tahiti (Bishop Museum, Bull. 48, 1928), page 460. "Astern was Te Aotearoa" is given in English and Tahitian on pages 461-462, but I have retranslated it. Hina's trip to the moon is discussed on pages 462-464. Her noisy tapa beating is described in a chant, given in Tahitian and English by Kenneth P. Emory, "The Tahitian Account of Creation by Mare" (Journal of the Polynesian Society, vol. 47, 1938) on pages 57-58.

"The moon will set" comes from Burrows, Songs of Uvea and Futuna, page 72. He presents the native text, an English translation, and music. I have rephrased some of the lines, trying to bring out in English a little of the assonance of the Uvean text. Instead of "downward glide" the phrase "sliding glide" or "gliding slide" might have been used to stress the assonance but, of course, neither sounds poetic in English.

"You and I will visit, The sleeping places of Nua" is given in Mangarevan and English by Buck (Mangareva, p. 392).

"The most romantic spot in all the Tongan Islands" is described by William Mariner, editor John Martin, in An Account of the Natives of the Tongan Islands (vol. 1, 1871, London), pages 301-308. The chant, "We

were talking about the weather shore of Vavau," appears with the Tongan text with both a free and a literal translation (vol. 2, pp. 333, 402-405). I have either retranslated or rephrased some lines, using Mariner's translations as a guide. John Martin, by the way, was the physician who obtained from Mariner the account of his stay in Tonga and wrote it down for him. Many references to "the most romantic spot" occur in the chants recorded by Collocott and Gifford (see below).

"Thou knowest, I know" is from a chant given in Tongan and English by E. E. V. Collocott in Tales and Poems of Tonga (Bishop Museum, Bull. 46, 1928), page 68. The rivalry of the poets is described, and their competitive chants given, on pages 65-73. "Ah me, how intense the yearning" is on page 106 in English translation only. Now I cannot find again the reference which makes me credit the poem to Falepapalangi. Thus my partisanship for Falepapalangi betrays itself, and the Mamaeaepoto partisans may tear me limb from limb. We can join forces against crediting it to a third, as "Who would wish to hear mentioned, The bards who are strangers to fame?" The lines just repeated are anonymous (see Collocott, p. 108).

Edward Winslow Gifford, in his Tongan Place Names (Bishop Museum, Bull. 6, 1923), pages 15-16, gives the Tongan and English of Falepapalangi's chant which has the lines, "See the group of Haapai Islands"; Collocott, page 104, gives a different translation. The lines about Falepapalangi leaving his soul behind are given by Gifford, page 17, in Tongan and English; by Collocott, only in English, page 104. Gifford, page 6, has the Tongan and English of "I dwelt in Lifuka." Beatrice Shirley Parker translated several of the Tongan chants for Gifford, who notes for many of these chants that they are from the Reverend Dr. J. E. Moulton's manuscript, made available by the Reverend E. E. V. Collocott and Reverend R. C. G. Page, of the Methodist Church, Nukualofa, Tonga. Her Majesty Queen Charlotte (Salote) translated the long lullaby, another journey of song, which Gifford gives on page 6.

"From Kahiki, the woman Pele" is from Emerson, Unwritten Literature, who gives the Hawaiian and English on pages 187-188. With advice from Mary Kawena Pukui I have retranslated the chant. "Kaula wears the ocean as a lei" I have also retranslated from the Hawaiian as given by Emerson, page 56, though he has an English translation. "Twas in Koolau I met with the rain" is from Emerson, page 59, English and Hawaiian.

Pele and Hiiaka by Nathaniel B. Emerson (1915, Honolulu) has been my principal source in retelling Hiiaka's story. "Vile Koolau, vile Koolau," from Emerson, page 90, who gives both the Hawaiian and English,

has been retranslated for me by Samuel H. Elbert; I have rephrased some of Dr. Elbert's lines. "The lily-tufts of Ihukoko" are mentioned in a chant on page 98, where both English and Hawaiian are given. Martha Beckwith in Hawaiian Mythology (1940, New Haven, Connecticut) has published the most extensive comparative material on the mythology associated with Pele and her family (pp. 167-213).

Several versions of the chant, "O rain, O sun," have been published in both Hawaiian and English. See, for example, Fornander (vol. 6, no. 3, p. 367) and Kepelino's Traditions of Hawaii, editor Martha Warren Beckwith (Bishop Museum, Bull. 95, 1932), pages 34, 184-185. The version I give is from Moolelo o Hawaii, the manuscript by Samuel M. Kamakau which Dr. Beckwith translated with Mrs. Pukui. It is stored at Bishop Museum.

Chapter III. Talkers in the Night

The chant with the lines, "If I give a mat," is given only in English by Collocott in Tales and Poems of Tonga, pages 81-82.

George Vason (Veeson), in An Authentic Narrative of Four Years' Residence at Tongatabu (1810, London) on pages 95 ff., tells of the nocturnal confabulations.

On Tongan jesters and poets, and Chief Mumui, see Collocott, pages 98-100; Edward Winslow Gifford (Tongan Society, Bishop Museum, Bull. 61, 1929, especially pp. 126, 153 ff., and Tongan Myths and Tales, Bishop Museum, Bull. 8, 1927); also Mariner and Martin (An Account of the Natives of the Tongan Islands, vol. 1, particularly pp. 296-352).

About the cross-eyed chanter of Kau, Hawaii, see Pukui, "Songs (Meles) of Old Ka'u," page 257.

Métraux (Easter Island, pp. 388-389) in "The Ugly Man with a Beautiful Voice" gives only the English translation.

The experiences of Robert Louis Stevenson and his wife in the Marquesas are described by him in his book, In the South Seas (1900, London); see particularly pages 32, 117, 139.

Most of the Marquesan material used here comes from E. S. Craighill Handy's The Native Culture in the Marquesas (Bishop Museum, Bull. 9, 1923) and his Marquesan Legends (Bishop Museum, Bull. 69, 1930). See also John Coulter (Adventures in the Pacific, 1845, Dublin), who has four chapters on the Marquesas. It would be difficult to cite every page used, but the story about Chief Tupa's concert tour is in Marquesan

Legends, pages 81-85; the story of Tanaoa is on pages 85-102; the story of Ono is on pages 104-107; and the story of Kena is on pages 117-120. Both the Marquesan texts and the English translations are presented. The frontispiece of the latter volume has a photograph of Haapuani, and page 3 is one of the many places in which Dr. Handy mentions him; page 20 tells of the "Manner of Teaching Legends," but I have also garnered much from The Native Culture, which, by the way, has a photograph of Tahia-tia-koe, the Puamau Valley savant's learned granddaughter.

Buck's Mangareva is the source for all the Mangarevan discussion. Here too it would be difficult to cite every helpful page. The section called "Literature and Art," pages 303-403, includes a discussion of Karara and other composers and narrators. The chant, "The well-beloved has been rejected," is presented in Mangarevan and English on pages 342-343. "Joy turns to sadness," page 350, is also in Mangarevan and English. The karioi pleasure houses, with the chant quoted, are described on pages 128-130.

On the Tahitian Arioi Society, see Henry (Ancient Tahiti, pp. 230-246) and William Ellis (Polynesian Researches, 1853, London), volume 1, particularly pages 229 ff. Both Reverend Ellis and Miss Henry use material collected by Reverend J. M. Orsmond, Miss Henry's grandfather. The material on education is scattered, but there is much on pages 153-156 in Henry's book, in the section on "The Priesthood," which includes the Tahitian and the English of the challenged student's summary of the price of his education. For material on the Haapepe school, see pages 74-75.

The diet of sticky foods to improve the memory was followed by Te Ariki Tara-are, whose career I have reconstructed from many sources for inclusion in my Maui-of-a-thousand-tricks: His Oceanic and European Biographers (Bishop Museum, Bull. 198, 1949), pages 160-167.

"Thou, my son, art feared by war-makers" is in Rarotongan and English in "Extracts from Dr. Wyatt Gill's Papers" (Journal of the Polynesian Society, vol. 21, 1912), page 59. I have slightly rephrased Stephen Savage's translation of the chant.

Chapter IV. Rebellion in Heaven and on Earth

"Behold the gods of Havaii" is from Henry (Ancient Tahiti, p. 394) who gives the Tahitian and the English; I have rephrased some of it. The creation chant starts on her page 336.

"It has been calm and free from disturbances" is given in Hawaiian by David Malo, translator N. B. Emerson, in Hawaiian Antiquities (Bishop Museum, Special Pub. 2, ed. 2, 1951), page 89.

For a summary of Polynesian religion and a discussion of the classical gods, see Peter H. Buck (Te Rangi Hiroa) in Anthropology and Religion (1939, New Haven, Connecticut).

"War is growth to the land" appears in English and Tahitian in Henry's Ancient Tahiti, page 307. "If the eye is pricked" is on the same page in the preceding chant.

"There is casting off" is given in Tahitian and English by Henry, page 178. I have rephrased it slightly.

"Ah that god—that bad god!" is presented in Mangaian and English by Gill in Myths and Songs, page 215.

"O my god, thou hast failed me!" is from Gill, page 281, in Mangaian and English.

"Kane wearies himself to death" is in Hawaiian and English in Malo, Hawaiian Antiquities, page 182.

"Kane comes with the water of life" is given in Hawaiian and English by Malo, page 184.

"This great world; its cover the heavens" is given by Malo (p. 89) in the same chant as has the line "It has been calm and free."

"Orderly and harmonious is the prayer" is also from Malo, in Hawaiian and English, on page 125.

"Man's only ancestors are Rangi and Papa" appears in English and Maori in George Grey's Polynesian Mythology (1855, London), the first myth. Grey's translation is free, with many interpolations, most of them descriptive of the characters, and has occasional omissions like the charm "Fighting on land." I have retranslated his Maori version, using his English translation as a guide and trying to be as literal as possible except to make the tense, which occasionally shifts, consistent. Whether or not the occasional shifts in tense are a deliberate stylistic device in Maori culture, as, for instance, they are in narratives from the Marshall Islands, I do not know. The translation of the chant "Fighting on land" is from Taylor's Te Ika a Maui, page 122.

"Hail, my chief Tane" is given in Tuamotuan and English by Kenneth P. Emory, "Tuamotuan Concepts of Creation" (Journal of the Polynesian Society, vol. 49, 1940), page 94.

"A query, a question" comes from Emerson in Unwritten Literature, pages 257-259, in Hawaiian and English. It is the most beautiful chant in Polynesia.

Separation of sky and earth is told in Tahitian and English in Henry's Ancient Tahiti, pages 409-413.

"Tane is a very great god" I have slightly rephrased from Henry's Ancient Tahiti, pages 398-399, where both the Tahitian and English are given. See also pages 364-369.

Casting off Tane as a yellow-toothed god is described in chapters 7 and 8, pages 32-40, "The Expelled God," by Gill (Historical Sketches).

Tane's search for a wife as told by the Maoris is in White, Ancient History (vol. 1, pp. 144-150, 159). White gives both Maori and English.

"Tane took Hina-titama to wife" is a chant given in Maori and in English by White (Ancient History, vol. 1, pp. 130-131).

"Are you Tane, my father" and "Go you to the world of light" are also from White (vol. 1, pp. 132, 146-147). "Not so is it with the moon" is on page 142. As usual, White gives both languages.

The story of Ru of Aitutaki is told mainly in English by Drury Lowe, "Traditions of Aitutaki, Cook Islands" (Journal of the Polynesian Society, vol. 43, 1934), pages 17-24. Some of the chants which are given in Aitutakian are not translated.

Chapter V. Maui, South Sea Superman

This chapter is based on my comparative study of the roles of Maui in Polynesian life and the native and European interpretations of him. See Katharine Luomala, Maui-of-a-thousand-tricks: His Oceanic and European Biographers (Bishop Museum, Bull. 198, 1949). Much of the research was done on a Bishop Museum-Yale University Fellowship, 1939-1940.

Chapter VI. Two-Faced Tinirau

"Oil yourself and get yourself ready" is a chant from my Tabiteuean field notes. My research was undertaken on a grant from the Viking Fund, Inc., now called the Wenner-Gren Foundation for Anthropological Research, Inc. The University of Hawaii, Pacific Science Board, and Bishop Museum also sponsored the work.

The story of Sinilau as the watchman is told by Gifford in his Tongan Myths and Tales. He gives ten Hina and Sinilau tales on pages 181-195, and also some stories about Kae who injures Sinilau's pets (pp. 139-152).

Much of the material on Tinirau used in this chapter comes from my unpublished study, "Maui, Tinirau, and Rupe; Variations on an Oceanic Mythological Theme," which centers about Rupe, or Pigeon, who rescues Hina from her oppressors. Many references to Tinirau stories are given by Martha Beckwith, "Polynesian Story Composition" (Journal of the Polynesian Society, vol. 53, 1944), pages 177-203.

For examples of the story about Tinirau rescuing Hina, often going to her in the form of a pigeon, and for other Tongan Hina and Tinirau stories, see Collocott, Tales and Poems of Tonga, pages 20-38, especially pages 23-25.

Tinirau in Mangaia is discussed by Gill in Myths and Songs, particularly chapter 6, "Ina, the Fairy Voyager," which tells of Hina going to Tinirau's land. Gill gives the chants based on the myth.

For many references to Tinirau in New Zealand, see White (Ancient History, vol. 2, pp. 121-146); Taylor (Te Ika a Maui, pp. 235-244); and Grey (Polynesian Mythology, pp. 81-89). Thomson, in The Story of New Zealand (vol. 1, p. 165), has the chant, "The tears gush from my eyes."

The Samoan material is principally from Augustin Krämer (Die Samoa-Inseln, 2 vols., 1902-1903, Stuttgart). An English translation was made under the auspices of the Government of Western Samoa in 1942. Volume 1, part 1, pages 58-70 of the translation, discusses the village taupou, marriage, and the social position of women; pages 50-57 give information on the social importance of fine mats. Volume 1, part 2, of the translation gives the Tinirau tales from Savaii Island. The story in which the singing tree figures is number 16, and that with the eater of nine baskets of fish is number 18.

From Henry's Ancient Tahiti, page 165, comes the chant "The cloud borders the sky," in Tahitian and English; I have retranslated it, using Henry as a guide. Pages 358-359 describe marine gods like Engulfer, Two Bodies, and others. Emory, in "The Tahitian Account of Creation," pages 53-56, gives the chant about Taaroa spreading out the sands; the same article has the royal Pomare family reference to Tinirau.

Chapter VII. Menehunes, the Little People

This chapter is based on my comparative study of the myths, beliefs, and scientific theories about the Menehunes and other little people of the Pacific area (Katharine Luomala, The Menehune of Polynesia and Other Little People of Oceania, Bishop Museum, Bull. 203, 1951). In the

monograph I did not anglicize the name Menehune as is done in this book, where I use as the plural the term Menehunes.

Chapter VIII. Tahaki, the Perfect Chief

To dissect the spider web on which Tahaki climbed from the earth up through the ten skies would be as easy as it now is to dissect this chapter of synthesis about Tahaki and the following one about Rata and all their noble kinsmen and companions, in order to cite references for every version or bit of information used.

Much research on the family of the two heroes was done in connection with my monographs on Maui, the Menehunes, and other Polynesian matters. The Dorothy Bridgman Atkinson Fellowship granted to me for research by the American Association of University Women in 1937-1938 enabled me to concentrate on studying the Tahaki mythology, which, of course, led to investigating the entire family cycle. Work has continued into the present, but I have not published a monograph on the subject. It is on this research that I have drawn for chapters 8 and 9.

The references to be given for the two heroes, as, really, for this whole book, can only be indicative rather than complete and can serve only as a guide to the casual reader of Polynesian oral literature. But I wish to express my heartfelt indebtedness to the unmentioned, but not therefore forgotten, work of "The four hundred authors, The four thousand authors, The four hundred thousand authors" whose collections and information have contributed to Voices on the Wind. Their specific contributions are noted in my research data. Other research workers will comprehend the nature of the close tie which unites us in a community of spirit with those collectors and analysts, many of past generations, whom we know only as names and only through their contributions in our areas of study. We no more work alone than Rata sails alone. Our helpers are always with us.

The most extensive comparative material thus far published on the noble family to which both Rata and Tahaki belong appears in Beckwith's Hawaiian Mythology, chapters 17 and 18, pages 238-275. She gives many references to versions of myths about both heroes and their relatives.

For Tahaki I have drawn most heavily on the following sources.

For the Tuamotus there is J. F. Stimson's Tuamotuan Legends (Bishop Museum, Bull. 148, 1937), pages 60-96, from which come the chants, "The red skin of Tahaki" (which I have retranslated), "There lie

the curving sands," and "The son speeds on." Also used was Stimson's The Legends of Maui and Tahaki (Bishop Museum, Bull. 127, 1934), pages 50-77. The lament, "The son is a castaway," I have translated from the Tuamotuan, with Kenneth P. Emory's help. Dr. Emory remarked that when he was in the Tuamotus the father of his informant, Reva, sang the lament to her when she was about to leave Fagatau for Tahiti. The Tuamotuan text which I used is given with music by Edwin G. Burrows in Tuamotuan Music (Bishop Museum, Bull. 109, 1933), pages 13-16.

For the Society Islands, there is Henry's Ancient Tahiti, particularly pages 552-565.

Buck's Mangareva, pages 318-326, provided much material. He gives only the English translation of the Tahaki story, but the chant "Who is the noble affording protection?" is in Mangarevan and English on page 144.

Much on Tahaki comes from New Zealand. Maori-language versions with English translations are given by Grey (Polynesian Mythology, pp. 59-80), and White (Ancient History, vol. 1, mostly pp. 53-67). Thomson's Story of New Zealand, volume 1, has bits about Tahaki in connection with chieftainship, pages 110-113. The assurance to S. Percy Smith that Tahaki is a god is in his "Notes on the Ngati-Kuia Tribe of the South Island, N. Z." (Journal of the Polynesian Society, vol. 26, 1917), page 116. It was Henare Potae, Tahaki's descendant, who provided the inside information about the great man's having to be told to catch girls when their fingernails are soft; see "The Story of Tawhaki" in the Journal of the Polynesian Society (vol. 37, 1928), pages 359-366. Some of the central Polynesian kinfolk tell about it, too.

For Rarotonga, see S. Percy Smith, translator, "History and Traditions of Rarotonga by Te Ariki-tara-are" (Journal of the Polynesian Society, vol. 30, 1921), pages 1-15; both Rarotongan and English are given.

The Hawaiian chant about Hema and Tafai has often been reprinted in Hawaiian and English in slightly varying versions. The version here is somewhat rephrased from Abraham Fornander's An Account of the Polynesian Race (vol. 2, 1880, London), pages 16-18. Fornander gives both Hawaiian and English.

The genealogy of Queen Liliuokalani and King Kalakaua is in The Kumulipo, translated and edited with commentary, by Martha Warren Beckwith (1951, Chicago).

Chapter IX. Rata, Irreverent Vagabond

The principal versions drawn on for the discussion of Rata are for the Tuamotus Stimson's Tuamotuan Legends (pp. 96-147), from which come most of the chants, many of which I have either rephrased or re-translated, usually to get a more literal version. Another Tuamotuan version is in Henry's Ancient Tahiti on pages 495-512. Her Tahitian version is on pages 468-495, and it is she, also, who gives the chant about putting the ax to sleep and awakening it (pp. 146-147), with information about canoe-building. Also discussing canoe-building are Ellis (Polynesian Researches, vol. 1, pp. 152-170) and James Hornell (The Canoes of Oceania, Bishop Museum, Special Pub. 28, 1936). On Tuamotuan religion and for the chants to Tavaka and Tonga there is Kenneth P. Emory, Tuamotuan Religious Structures and Ceremonies (Bishop Museum, Bull. 191, 1947). The chant "Here is something handsome" is from Buck's Mangareva, page 327.

Other Acknowledgments

My special thanks go to Mrs. Eloise Christian, Editor, Bernice P. Bishop Museum, and to Miss Joyce Wright, Reference Librarian and Instructor in Library Science, University of Hawaii, for assistance in preparing this manuscript for press; to Captain T. H. Miller whose reading and criticisms of certain chapters helped make them more readable; and to the University of Hawaii for the opportunities which, despite its limited budget, it has given me to do research, some of which is part of this book.