Trobriand Tales, *Kwanebuyee Kilivila*

Folktales and Mythical Stories from the
Trobriand Islands of Papua New Guinea,
Collected by Jerry W. Leach and Held at
the National Anthropological Archives,
Smithsonian Institution

Edited by
Sergio Jarillo

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FRONTISPIECE. A group of people gathered around a fire in Kutoila hamlet (Yalumgwa) for storytelling on a full moon night in April 2010. (Photo by Sergio Jarillo.)

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ABSTRACT

Jarillo, Sergio, editor. Trobriand Tales, *Kwanebuyee Kilivila: Folktales and Mythical Stories from the Trobriand Islands of Papua New Guinea*, Collected by Jerry W. Leach and Held at the National Anthropological Archives, Smithsonian Institution. *Smithsonian Contributions to Anthropology*, number 53, xxiv + 330 pages, frontispiece + 234 figures, 2 maps, 2021. — This volume comprises an edited compilation of traditional oral narratives from the Trobriand Islands of Papua New Guinea obtained by Jerry W. Leach from 1970 to 1973, which are held in the Smithsonian Institution's National Anthropological Archives. The narratives encompass key aspects of Trobriand cultural heritage as well as insights into the Kilivila language, regional cosmologies, and past and present social practices. The narratives constitute an elaborate but fragile system of knowledge that is threatened by rapid social change. The book is the culmination of a research project begun in 2011 through the auspices of the Recovering Voices Program at the National Museum of Natural History. Traveling to the Trobriand Islands with copies of the Leach narratives, the editor worked with communities to select the most culturally important and prevalent narratives, 79 of which are presented here. Trobriand communities proposed that those narratives be printed in Kilivila and in English to help preserve traditional knowledge for future generations. Each narrative is categorized in local terms, preceded by details regarding the storytellers and a summary, as well as links to other stories when narratives are related, and many are followed by a list of key words and expressions that are defined in a section on vocabulary. Further explanations and illustrations help clarify and complete the stories, providing examples of traditional objects and techniques as well as their uses.

Cover image: Detail from Figure 11, storyboard portraying Yolina's dream in the folktale *Imdeduya*, carved in 2015 by Giyoulawala from Yalumgwa Village; currently at the Massim Museum and Cultural Centre, Alotau, PNG. Photo by Sergio Jarillo. *Mapawenaga, ebuburisa Yolina evakhana Gumasila e, lekalamimiga pela Imdeduya. Mapawena mtona Giyoulawala lewai, 2015 e, besa tuta lekanukwenu olopwa Massim Museum and Cultural Centre, Alotau.*

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Foreword

The relics of the past, the only ways in which the past survives,
are cargo to all the present moments that follow.
—Greg Dening (1991:359)

This book is a cargo of sorts, containing the legacy of a set of encounters between Jerry W. Leach and numerous Trobriand interlocutors during 1970–1974. If my experiences in the Purari Delta of Papua New Guinea are any proxy, these encounters involved talk, cups of tea and instant coffee, food, cigarettes, and betel nut, as well as laughter, silences, and some tears. Transformed from orations into audio recordings and then into handwritten manuscripts through the labor of Trobriand students, these materials traveled to Cambridge and then to the United States before coming to rest in the Smithsonian Institution’s National Anthropological Archives (NAA) in 1988. The largest anthropological archive in the world and the fourth-largest archival repository at the Smithsonian Institution, the NAA holds a vast set of inscriptions of people’s worlds and experiences in manuscripts and audiovisual recordings in various formats obtained from the eighteenth to twenty-first centuries. This archive is a place brimming with cargo and thus the potential for reclamation, revitalization, documentation, and research. As with all cargo, these materials—once reengaged with by Sergio Jarillo and numerous Trobriand Islanders between 2011 and 2018—have proved to be profoundly generative. The results of these engagements are in this volume.

It was with the generative capacities of collections in mind that, in 2008, a group of anthropologists, botanists, and mineral scientists at the National Museum of Natural History (NMNH; Larry Dorr, Ives Goddard, Robert Leopold, Michael Mason, Tim McCoy, Bill Merrill, and me, led by Igor Krupnik) and staff at the National Museum of the American Indian (NMAI; Fred Nahwooksy, Emile Her Many Horses, and Doug Herman) and the Center for Folklife and Cultural Heritage (Marjorie Hunt) began what would become the Recovering Voices Program. Although these conversations were driven by the NMNH-led process of locating the museum’s next set of “big ideas,” they also built on earlier work done historically and more recently at the Smithsonian that was collectively predicated on engagement with communities and collections (i.e., the Arctic Studies Center, the Smithsonian Folklife Festival, and the work of NMAI; Isaac and Bell, 2013). What made these conversations unique was their pan-Smithsonian nature, on the one hand, and the focus on the intersection of language and knowledge, on the

other. With the critical addition of Gabriela Pérez Báez (2009) and Gwyneira Isaac (2010), Recovering Voices became a signature initiative of NMNH and a pan-Smithsonian project that has continued to grow (Bell, 2009, 2011).¹

Recovering Voices seeks to address the global decline in linguistic and cultural diversity through partnering with communities to help document, revitalize, and sustain endangered languages and knowledge systems. This is done through the trifecta of collaborative interdisciplinary research, the growing and digitization of collections, and public outreach. Although this work has taken a variety of forms over the years, at its heart Recovering Voices is predicated on the power of connecting communities to museum collections in all their forms (archival, biological, and cultural) with the understanding that doing so can help activate dormant knowledge and generate new understandings that heritage communities can use towards their own ends.

I mention this history and the ethos of Recovering Voices because they formed the background of Sergio's predoctoral fellowship at NMNH (2011–2012) and my support of his work. Leach's folktale collection is the largest corpus of stories from Papua New Guinea in the NAA; as a result, it has been a corpus of particular interest. Indeed, this volume is part of a concerted effort on my part to help connect the Smithsonian's Melanesian collections to the communities from which they were obtained. It is also part of a wider effort by scholars working with museum collections in the Pacific (and beyond) to engage in old and new forms of community collaborations (see, for example, Poignant and Poignant, 1996; Kwa'ioloa and Burt, 2001; Sully, 2007; Christen, 2009; Hess et al., 2009; Geismar and Herle, 2010; Nombo and Leach, 2010; Salmond, 2012; Bell et al. 2013; Bolton et al., 2013; Bonshek, 2017). Part of a long lineage of work in the Trobriand Islands (see Introduction), this volume demonstrates the value of bringing materials back. It reminds us of the generative capacities of written words and photographs for present and future readers. For Trobriand Islanders, the project, and I hope this volume, marks a new phase in their relationships with researchers and the information they collect and have collected. The book, as editor Sergio and Trobriand Islander and scholar Linus S. digim'Rina have remarked, is a challenge—a challenge to keep stories, such as the ones collated here, in circulation between and within communities in the Trobriand Islands and beyond.

No foreword would be complete without thanking Jerry Leach for his generous engagement with Sergio and his support for this project. His recognition of the value of his initial work for subsequent research is an example to us all. I also thank Linus for his support of this project and his Afterword. This project could not have been done without Sergio's persistence and his long-term commitment to returning these stories to Trobriand communities anew. This volume is a testament to his passion and commitment. As the curator for the Melanesian collections at

NMNH, I believe this volume not only serves as a distinct model of the work that Recovering Voices seeks to promote but is also the beginning of many more projects that connect communities to Smithsonian collections in ways that are productive and useful for communities in Oceania.

On a final note, I am deeply grateful to Whitney and Betty MacMillan, whose initial generosity endowed the Recovering Voices Program and whose subsequent donations have greatly facilitated this and other work carried out with our collections.

Joshua A. Bell

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1. For more on Recovering Voices, see <https://naturalhistory.si.edu/research/anthropology/programs/recovering-voices> (accessed 13 October 2020).

Preface

This book began as a collaboration between the people of the Trobriand Islands of Papua New Guinea (PNG) and the Smithsonian Institution in Washington, D.C. The result of that collaboration is a collection of stories and myths—*kwanebu* and *liliu*—in the Kilivila language of the Trobriands and in English, so that those who do not know Kilivila can also read the stories. Although this is not the first collection of Trobriand tales ever published,² it is the first one that has been made largely for a Trobriand audience. This book is the result of a collective effort. It involves several generations of Trobrianders spanning almost 50 years. *Kwanebuyee Kilivila* came into being thanks to the hard work of the women and men from Bweyova (the local name of the islands),³ who are passionate about their own cultural heritage and who think Trobriand myths and tales should be taught in schools—such is the relevance of the knowledge they carry. That is why the book’s targeted readership is the future generations of Trobriand Islanders who are eager to keep learning about their ancestors and their ways of life, their customs, and their traditions, which continue to influence their present-day existence in a changing world.

It is appropriate for a collection of tales to tell many stories. One of them is its own history, how the collection was born back in 1970 when anthropologist Jerry Leach started asking storytellers around Kiriwina to spin tales and recite myths for him while an audience congregated around his recording device. This is the story of how Jerry worked with high school and university students from Bweyova back in Port Moresby, having them listen to the recordings and transcribe those tales. It is also the story of how I took the stories back to the Trobriands, sparking new interest in an old activity to make a final selection of 79 tales out of the original 364 collected by Leach. In telling this story, the book is also an account of collaborations between academic anthropologists and village

2. See, for instance, the classic by Bernard Baldwin (1950), *Kadaguwai: Songs of the Trobriand Sunset Isles*, with Kilivila texts of the song cycle and its free English translations. Baldwin was a Catholic priest who first arrived in Kiriwina in 1937 and stayed there, on and off, until 1967. See also Baldwin’s (1971) *Dokimikani: Cannibal Tales of the Wild Western Pacific. A Translation of Two Hundred Pages of Vernacular Text* (with English text only). More recently, Gunter Senft published a collection of 22 *kwanebu*; see Senft (2015), *Tales from the Trobriand Islands of Papua New Guinea*. Senft provides the tales in a morpheme-interlinear transcription with comments and analyses. Giancarlo M. G. Scoditti (1996), *Kitawa Oral Poetry: An Example from Melanesia*, is to date probably the most comprehensive compilation of Trobriand oral poetry (in the Nowau variant of the Kilivila language spoken in Kitava Island) and its analysis in English. John Kasaipwalova, a Trobriand playwright and poet, published three traditional Trobriand songs in 1978: *Yaulabuta*, *Kolupa*, *deli Lekolekwa: Pilatolu Kilivila Wosimwaya*.

3. Bweyova (also spelled Boyova or Boyowa) is the Kilivila name for Kiriwina Island and oftentimes, by extension, for the Trobriand Islands in general. *Biga Boyova* (the word of Boyova) is also used to indicate the Kilivila language.

anthropologists, the familiar history of people trying to work together on how things work out. As such, this story is a celebration not only of Trobriand storytellers but also of those local researchers (truly cultural experts) who helped Jerry understand all things Trobriand and those who helped me understand those same things decades later.

The book is also a celebration of the partnerships to come. Because we all learned new things during the process of bringing this book to fruition, we want to share those things with all the people in Bweyova and beyond who are interested in Trobriand culture. By making readily available the *liliu* myths and the *kwanebu* tales that were told half a century ago, new generations of Trobrianders will be able to understand how the old relates to the new. The new is partly represented by an educational model that is no longer limited to the village: nowadays, children and teenagers learn things at school, and there they learn in English. But it is also true that after school they go back to the gardens with their parents and acquire skills that are still essential to the Trobriand livelihood. Therefore the folktales and other sections of this book are in both English and Kilivila, to link two ways of learning that go back and forth between the classroom and the village, between the schoolteachers and the

storytellers. The book establishes a lifeline between past, present, and future, connecting Trobrianders across generations and helping transmit the knowledge contained in the stories.

Other than the bilingual narratives, the book also highlights elements that Trobriand commentators thought were most important, those that carry crucial information about Trobriand society and culture. These are found in the Comments and Relevant Vocabulary at the end of most stories. The first two appendixes contain botanical and animal species mentioned in the stories and their uses. Many are illustrated and identified through their taxonomic names, making the appendixes excellent field guides for anybody interested in Trobriand flora and fauna. The third appendix has a number of Trobriand proverbs (*bigivakala*), collected during the making of the book and reflecting the parlance and wisdom of the ancestors.

The names of places on maps do not always reflect the correct spelling. This is further complicated by the fact that villages and places are oftentimes spelled differently by Trobrianders depending on the variant of the Kilivila language they speak. For example, “Kuruvita” in Map 1 is commonly spelled as “Kulu-vitu” in central and northern Kiriwina Island (Map 2).

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MAP 1. The Trobriand Islands, including the main island of Kiriwina and Kaileuna, Vakuta, and Kitava Islands, as well as the smaller Tuma, Kuyawa, Munuwata, and other islands and reefs. (Map reproduced with permission of CartoGIS Services, ANU College of Asia and the Pacific, The Australian National University.)

MAP 2. Details of northern (A) and southern (B) parts of central Kiriwina Island. (Credit: National Mapping Bureau, Kilivila, Sheet 9180, Boroko, Papua New Guinea, 1979. © Commonwealth of Australia. Map is not suitable for navigational purposes.)

Acknowledgments

This book comes together as the result of many felicitous encounters between people and between people and things—audiotapes, documents, photos. If we were to order these encounters chronologically—just because any arrangement seems better than no arrangement and because the encounters are all equally important and therefore no hierarchy among them should prevail—the first one takes place in New Orleans in 2010 when I met Joshua Bell, curator for globalization at the National Museum of Natural History (NMNH) and then director of the Recovering Voices Program. Josh suggested I look at the Trobriand material at the Smithsonian Institution. One year later, I finally got to see this material, the Jerry W. Leach Trobriand Folklore Collection (1970–1971), during a nine-month predoctoral fellowship (2011–2012) under the supervision of Josh and Dr. Adrienne Kaeppler.⁴ While studying the collection, Josh and I started considering the implications of taking copies back to the Trobriand Islands. A vocal proponent of the return of collections and their surrogates (Bell et al., 2013), Josh was aware of the many challenges such a project would entail and the potential rewards for Trobriand people, should they be interested in getting back in touch with some instances of their own folklore. Other people at the Smithsonian, including the then director of the National Anthropological Archives (NAA) Jake Homiak, also supported the idea. For almost nine months Gina Rappaport, Leanda Gahegan, Rose Chou, and Pam Wintle, who are staff at NAA and Human Studies Film Archives, assisted me in my daily study of the collection. Later, Jerry Leach himself took an interest in the project. Despite having been away from Papua New Guinea (PNG) and from the Trobriand Islands for over four decades, Jerry was keen to see the stories he collected travel back to Kiriwina.

In 2012, I also met Allan Darrah, a lecturer in anthropology at California State University in Sacramento and one of the most knowledgeable persons on all things Trobriand outside PNG. Together with his colleague Jay Crain, Allan had been putting together an archive of Massim-related materials for more than 30 years.⁵ Among these materials

4. These materials have been digitized as part of a grant from the Arcadia Fund and can be accessed online at <http://sova.si.edu/record/NAA.1988-38> (accessed 23 September 2020). I am grateful to the Smithsonian Fellowship Committee and supervisors for their advice and support.

5. Known as the Digital Ethnology Project (or DEPTH), the archive is the result of many years of hard work collecting and scanning published and unpublished documents relating to the Trobriand Islands and the Massim region (Milne Bay Province) in Papua New Guinea. The materials are too vast to be listed, but an up-to-date (2019) bibliography can be obtained from Allan Darrah and Jay Crain's website (<http://www.trobriandsindepth.com/Bibliography.html>, accessed 20 May 2018). The website itself is an invaluable source of information, and researchers from around the world consult it in search of hard-to-find articles, unpublished documents, dictionaries, and many more linguistic materials, including unreleased Trobriand narratives (see <http://www.trobriandsindepth.com/index.htm>, accessed 12 March 2012).

were scanned copies of the originals at NAA he had obtained a few years prior. In early 2013, equipped with all these files and a lot of printer toner and with funding provided by Josh through Recovering Voices, I returned to Kiriwina, where I had spent 18 months doing fieldwork between 2008 and 2010. The oral narratives Jerry had collected in the early 1970s started circulating again, this time in written form, through the printouts of their handwritten versions. In 1971, a team of Trobriand students in Port Moresby listened to the audiotapes with the stories and transcribed them. In 2013, I distributed these original handwritten printouts, at first in Yalumgwa Village and then beyond, as far as Kaibola Village in the north of Kiriwina Island and Kaisiga on Kaileuna Island. A growing group of people came to discuss the stories, and the idea of making a book together started taking shape. This group included Camillus Mlabwema Mkwesipu, John Kasaipwalova, Claire Bomlabwaga, John Tosiyeu, Steven Milamala, Tomdebi, George Mwasaluwa, Gumwemwata Okwala, Justin Gumwemwata, Tosibwada Mwasapila, Pulayasi Daniel, Nagia Toyagena, Kadatalu, Kuleleku Tomdia, Inaliguyau Mkwesipu, Kenneth Kalubaku, Tabini, Moses, Dorothy, John Maiwori, Gerald Beona, Jeffrey Uridoga, Gumkwaradu, Tolawaya, Tomanum, Labagula Gai, Bau, Mwasiguyau, and Kalubilabeta, to name but a few of the many people who participated in communal readings of folktales and retellings of stories in those three months in 2013.

I returned to Port Moresby with a preliminary selection of tales and just as many pages of notes that were to become the book people in the Trobriand Islands expected to have soon. Back in Port Moresby, my friend Dr. Linus SilipolaKhapulapola digim'Rina, a professor of anthropology at the University of Papua New Guinea (UPNG) and a Trobriand Islander himself, agreed to help me type some of the selected stories and double-check the correctness of the written Kilivila in the book, a monumental task since there are no official conventions for an otherwise oral language. Linus digim'Rina's contribution to this publication was key, as he examined the property of many translations and offered additional comments where needed. Through Linus, I met Pius Piskaut at UPNG, a professor whose outstanding botanical skills and knowledge of the species found in PNG proved to be crucial for the book. Pius identified almost all the botanical species I brought him, adding Latin names to their Kilivila ones.

One of the most awaited encounters took place in 2015 when I finally got to meet Jerry Leach in Washington, D.C. With

time, Jerry became more and more involved in the project. In 2016, shortly before I returned to Kiriwina to do more fieldwork through the auspices of funds from my fellowship at the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York, Jerry brought his collection of field photographs to Josh's office at NMNH. Thanks to the effort of Josh's research assistant Emily Cain, the 1,000 plus photographs were digitized in time for me to take them back to the Trobriand Islands, so that people there could get a glimpse of the 1970s and see (some for the very first time) friends and relatives who are no longer with us. Nine years later, all these encounters have materialized into a book, one of the many possible repositories for what is, essentially, an uncontainable coming together of people, stories, images, and trajectories. This project stretched beyond its initial scope and funding. A book of this magnitude could never have grown out of a nine-month predoctoral fellowship at the Smithsonian if it were not for the efforts, sacrifices, and generosity of many of the people involved in it. As mentioned, this work could not have been completed without the support of the staff of the NAA, NMNH's Department of Anthropology, and the Recovering Voices Program. A special thank-you goes to Ginger Minkiewicz, director of the Smithsonian Institution Scholarly Press, for seeing the publication through; her guidance and professionalism throughout all the years the project took to materialize into a book are the best any author could expect. Likewise, the dedication and attention to detail that Meredith McQuoid-Greason, publications specialist at Smithsonian Institution Scholarly Press, and Tshawna Byerly, copyeditor, have put into improving this book deserve much praise. I am also deeply grateful to Jenny Newell, John Flynn, and Paul Sweet at AMNH and to Maia Nuku at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, where I had postdoctoral fellowships (2014–2016 and 2016–2017) that took me back to PNG and allowed me to keep on working on this book while carrying out other projects. My gratitude also goes to the many people who have always helped me in Alotau and Port Moresby when I was on my way to or from the Trobes: my sister Pepaya, the van Boven family, Julius Violaris, Tony Kuwabu and his family, Chris and Barbara Abel and Susan and Owen Abel and their families, Andy Connelly, and Annie Kwai. Finally, I thank my family in Madrid (Mariló, Pierre, and Oliver) and my partner, Erin, for their unrelenting support. More than any other book I will ever get to write, this one is the result of many voices, many hands, and many friendships. Thank you all for making it possible. *Kadatokisi*.

Kadatokisi

Mapana buki yegu lagini mitaga gala mokwita titolegu. Sena tobidubadu tomota ipilasegusi, davavagisi deri. Manakwa tetu 2010 labwadi tetala yagala Joshua Bell, elukwegu olopola lamuseum ambese ipaisewa guguela Kilivila isisu elukwegu balakai bala bagisi. Ala agisi wamuseum yagala “National Museum of Natural History (NMNH),” Washington, D.C., esisu, lakapital pela Amerika. Avetuta ala labani mapasine kwanebu, yagala “Jerry W. Leach Trobriand Folklore Collection” pela uula matowena anthropologist ikokeula yagala Jerry Leach, 1970s ila isisu Kilivila ivagi lavalu Kaibola ikariyaisi laboala minakaibola usosola lakwava latula natana nakekita isisu Jerry odavalusi.

Lanigada matosine wa museum sita ibwadi balau mapasine kwanebu pela magigu tomota odavalusi bigisesa bikalawasi. Yegu pikekita anukwali Kilivila taga gala mokwita, gala makala tolivalu, uula besa magigu bigisesa ambese bwena kwanebu ambese gaga, kena ambese mokwita ambese sopa. Ipilasegusi, tetala yagala Jake Homiak toyamata museum. Teyuvela yagala Allan Darrah, toyamata guguela Kilivila, sena tokabitam pela biga Kilivila gala inukwali mitaga Kilivila kalagulagula bogwa leinaku.

E, lalau mapasine kwanebu Kilivila manakwa tetu 2013 lataina deri. Bakasisusa okaukweda ulavalu Kutoila Yalumgwa olopola. Yam yam bilolasi tomota bimesa okaukweda magisi bikalawasi kwanebu bilivalasi ambese mokwita ambese gala mokwita deri avaka sitana kalabwena mapasine kwanebu. Ipilasegusi Camillus Mlabwema Mkwesipu, John Kasaipwalova, Claire Bomlabwaga, John Tosiyeru, Steven Milamala, Tomdebi, George Mwasaluwa, Gumwemwata Okwala, Justin Gumwemwata, Tosibwada Mwasapila, Nagia Toyagena, Kadatalu, Kuleleku Tomdia, Inaliguyau Mkwesipu, Kenneth Kalubaku, Tabini, Moses, Dorothy, John Maiwori, Gerald Beona, Jeffrey Uridoga, Gumkwaradu, Tolawaya, Tomanum, Labagula Gai, Bau, Mwasisiguyau, Kalubilabeta, e avela avela sitana tuvela – soli wala kidamwa alumwelai wa yagami mtaga yokwami deri.

Lakeita ala Mosbi anigada doketa Linus SilipolaKhapulapola digim’Rina bipilasegu deri mapasine kwanebu pela magimasi bakaginesi bibwena gala bakaginesi gaga.

Khapulapola ilukwegu tetala tomota wa University ipaisewa yagala Pius Piskaut lakabitam avetuta bigisi pilatala pikisila kaitala kai Kilivila itota ibwadi bidau yagala dindim osibiga.

Leokwa, 2015 alakai Jerry Leach, kasisusa Jerry olaboala istori pela amakawala latuta Kilivila esisu. Matowena Jerry itaguala isakagu lapikisi ikokeula olatuta ila Kilivila isisu Kaibola gala yomala pikisila. Natana tomota yagala Emily Cain ipaisewa

pela pikisila ilosa walaptop. Lalau ulalaptop 2016 pela tomota Kilivila bigisesa pikisisi sedayasi kena veisia meimirisi bo ikarigasi gala kaikwabusi igisesa.

Mapana buki sena paisewa, itoula paisewa manakwa tetu 2011 kwelima kwevasi tetu tuvela pela ila kalaginkoula paisewa. Balivala kadatokisi sena kweiveka yokwami minakilivila pela

mapana buki gala pela yegu titolegu lagini mitaga yokwami komwedona lokuginisi, mikwanebu olopola deri milivalela. Sena ulamwamwasila pela lokupilasegusi. Mapana buki lakavagisi pela yokwami, besa kamibobwelila.

Kadatokisi.

Introduction*

In 1973 George Mwasaluwa was one of a group of Trobriand Islanders at Sogeri Senior High School in Port Moresby (now Sogeri School of Excellency). At the time, Sogeri was the only government-run high school in the country. Every Saturday morning, anthropologist Jerry Leach would pick George and other Trobriand students up in his old Volkswagen and drive them to the campus of the University of Papua New Guinea (UPNG; Figure 1).

At UPNG, they would meet with some of their older peers who were already enrolled there, one of the first generations of bright Trobrianders studying in the recently established university. More than 40 years later, George Mwasaluwa recalls from Obweria, his village in the Trobriands, how Jerry would distribute the sound tapes he had been recording in Kiriwina the year before among them. The tapes contained hours of myths and tales collected from the island's storytellers. The students would first listen to the recordings and then transcribe and translate the stories. Gathered in one of UPNG's audiovisual labs, the students alternated transcription and translation, avoiding the job's repetitiveness and double-checking their colleagues' work (Figure 2).

"Listening to stories from our home place while we were away was good," George remembers, "it was a way for us to keep in touch with the Trobriand Islands" (G. Mwasaluwa, in discussion with the author, March 2013). For each narrative, the students noted the name of the story and the storyteller; the village, gender, and age group; and the person from whom storytellers learned the tale.

Sometimes George and his colleagues offered commentary on the stories, registering the meaning of some obscure expressions or clarifying linguistic particularities. They often explained the customs and uses found in the stories, trying to clarify them for a non-Trobriand audience unfamiliar with these customs. At times, they also left some words untranslated, guessing as best they could—being in Moresby they could not ask their Trobriand elders—that these might refer to idioms, places, or things unknown to them (for example, the mysterious *dumu* in story number (SN) 172 *Tokasikuni* by Touvasigi). All this material, in substance, would end up constituting the Jerry W. Leach Trobriand Folklore Collection at the National Anthropological Archives in Washington, D.C.

The stories ranged from popular, funny, and dirty ones (*pilanagoa*) to educational, moralizing tales, from *kwanebu* folktales about heroes, Kula expeditions, romance, and supernatural beings to fragments of matrilineages' (*dala*) foundation myths (*liliiu*). "Some of them we already knew, having heard people tell them in our own villages, but some were new to us and we enjoyed learning about our own culture and heritage," George recalls (G. Mwasaluwa, discussion with author, March 2013). "At the end of each working session—from Saturday morning to Sunday afternoon—Jerry paid us some pocket money, I can't remember exactly how much but it was good for us, being away from

* Figure captions in the English Introduction were translated into Kilivila by Linus SilipolaKhapulapola digim'Rina, Anthropology, Sociology & Archaeology Department, School of Humanities and Social Sciences, University of Papua New Guinea, Port Moresby, PNG; dlinusk@upng.ac.pg; kwebila@gmail.com.

FIGURE 1. Part of the translation team in Jerry's car. From left: Martin Monumwetola, Veronica Lepani next to him, and Theresa Patterson right behind her. Lawrence Mwayubu (Bernard Mwayubu's brother) is in the trunk with Henry Lupovalu. (Photo by Jerry Leach, 1973.) *Tokivila kwanebu mtosi, okikiwama bilaga okhakhata: Martin Monumwetola, Veronica Lepani e, otubololaga Theresa Patterson. Olui, Lawrence Mwayubu (Bernard Mwayubu sola) olopiwa bokesi usola Henry Lupovalu.*

FIGURE 2. From left: Martin Monumwetola, Henry Lupovalu, and George Mwasaluwa transcribing the tapes at UPNG. Theresa Patterson can be seen behind them, with Veronica Lepani to her left. (Photo by Jerry Leach, 1973.) *Mtosina opikisi yagasi makhala: Martin Monumwetola, Henry Lupovalu e, George Mwasaluwa eginipelasi kwanebu metoya wa tape mpasina. Otubulasi mtosi lusitaya, Theresa Patterson usola Veronica Lepani.*

FIGURE 3. Part of the translation team posing in front of the Faculty of Arts and Law at UPNG. From left: Veronica Lepani, Lawrence Mwalyubu, Martin Monumwetola, Raymond Kariyawagatetu, Jerry Leach, and Henry Lupovalu. (Photo by Jerry Leach, 1973.) *Tevilesi tokivila mtosi omatala kwetala Uni skuru yagala Faculty of Arts and Law. Okikiwama e bilaga okhakhata makhala: Veronica Lepani, Lawrence Mwalyubu, Martin Monumwetola, Raymond Kariyawagatetu, Jerry Leach, deli Henry Lupovalu.*

home in Moresby, money was always useful. Then he would drive us back to Sogeri, until next Saturday. Sometimes we took the bus and Jerry refunded us.” George had met Jerry through another Trobriander, John Kasaipwalova. John was enrolled at UPNG and living at Talaigu house at the time, together with Gerald Beona, with whom Jerry had already started collaborating while doing preliminary work ahead of his research in the Trobriands. It was John and Gerald who put Jerry in touch with the rest of the Trobriand students who would eventually form the *kwanebu* team (Figure 3). George says they were all fond of this crucial work: “Even at the time, we felt it was important to preserve all these stories in writing. I only wish we’d had a chance to look at the final result, with all the stories put together” (G. Mwasaluwa, discussion with author, March 2013). Almost half a century later and after many journeys that took the

protagonists of this book beyond the Trobriand Islands, Sogeri, and UPNG, George can finally look at the outcome of his work.

COLLECTING STORIES

One of these protagonists is the anthropologist who started collecting the tales. Jerry Wayne Leach is best known for organizing the first Kula conference that took place in Cambridge, UK, in 1978 (Leach and Leach, 1983) and for filming, together with Australian director Gary Kildea, the much-acclaimed 1976 classic documentary *Trobriand Cricket: An Ingenious Response to Colonialism*. Prior to that, Jerry lived in Papua New Guinea (PNG) from December 1969 to September 1973. During that time, he became one of the first faculty members

of the Anthropology Department at UPNG and visited the Trobriand Islands several times to do research on his Ph.D. thesis on political movements. Yet PNG was not Jerry's first choice as a field site. While completing his master's degree in Berkeley, California, Jerry had intended to do research in Turkey, where he had already spent time in the Peace Corps. The closing of the country to foreign academic researchers left Jerry stranded in the United States until a series of coincidences opened the gateway to PNG. Dr. Ralph "Rafe" Bulmer, Foundation Chair Professor of Anthropology at UPNG since 1968, had tried in vain to convince his colleague Dr. Hortense Powdermaker to return to PNG to teach at the newly opened university in Port Moresby. Powdermaker was one of Jerry's university advisers at the time. Knowing he could no longer do fieldwork in Turkey as he had intended, Powdermaker advised Jerry to take up the lecturer position at UPNG that had been offered to her.

Jerry, his wife, Marianne, and their firstborn daughter, Liesl, settled in PNG, "a place about which I knew almost nothing," Jerry confessed, "except for the work of Malinowski,"⁶ who had been Powdermaker's mentor at the London School of Economics some 50 years earlier. Perhaps it was because of this connection from Malinowski to Powdermaker to Jerry that Ralph Bulmer suggested Jerry do his research in the Trobriands. Jerry first visited Kiriwina with Marianne and Liesl in December 1969. Although he was still unsure about his research topic, Jerry liked Kiriwina and its people. During his many visits to the island, Jerry started collecting myths and folktales, following the recommendation of another one of his mentors at Berkeley, the prominent folklorist Alan Dundes. After a lot of back and forth between Port Moresby and the Trobriands in 1970 and 1971, Leach and his family finally moved to Kiriwina in 1972. From September 1972 to August 1973, the Leach family (now with a second daughter, Lachie) lived in Kaibola Village on Kiriwina. Jerry's time in the Trobriands coincided with the rise of the Kabisawali and Tonenei Kamokwita self-help organization movements, right before PNG's independence from Australia in 1975, on which Jerry ended up writing his thesis (Leach 1978). Throughout those years, John Mwakwabuya (Figure 4), Bernard Mwayubu, and Gerald Beona were Leach's closest assistants in the Trobriands, helping him with his research and with the shooting of *Trobriand Cricket*.

Beona (Figure 5) still remembers Jerry from his early Kiriwina trips: "He taught me how to ride his motorbike so I could help him collect stories and information," he recalled in 2013. "He was also interested in making a dictionary of Kilivila but I think he ended up abandoning that project" (Gerald Beona, in discussion with the author, March 2013).

Leach, nonetheless, carried on with his folktale project. With his assistants, Leach collected 365 stories during his Trobriand stay, mostly in the northern part of Kiriwina Island, between 1970 and 1973. He started working in his own village of Kaibola, letting people know he wanted to hear Trobriand folktales. Villagers would momentarily abandon their daily activities

FIGURE 4. John Mwakwabuya, holding a pump drill. John was instrumental in convincing a then reluctant Jerry to attend his first Trobriand cricket game, eventually persuading him to shoot one of the most influential documentaries in anthropology. (Photo by Jerry Leach, 1971.) *John Mwakwabuya leiyosi khetala khepam khena giwa. Kuluwvai John Mwakwabuya olakhominimani e lagela mpana girikiti pikisi tagigisa pela valu watanawa komuwedona sena wala ikavisisa. Eseki gola giniginila anthropology bo makhala wala, iyagi wala luginola. Bukuninamsi mokwita, Jerry ikapikokue mwada bisimwa, gala bila igisa girikiti pela mwada besa muwasawaokuwa wala e, gala dikweyala. Kiletawa John Mwakwabuya ola khariyeya e, lesimatiri nona lagela.*

and gather around Jerry and his recorder, taking turns to narrate stories to please him, as one of the storytellers, Nunuwotu from Tukwaukwa Village, declared before starting his telling of SN 56 *Tokoyawewa* ("Lakamesa bakabwatasi mitaga taubada magila kwanebu"⁷). Jerry gave the storytellers—men and women—total

6. Jerry Leach, interview with the author at the National Museum of Natural History, 25 October 2016.

7. "We came here to go net fishing, but the white man wants storytelling." *Kabwata* is an old expression (*bigatomwaya*) meaning "to fish with nets"; nowadays, the verb *pola* is more common.

FIGURE 5. Gerald Beona, working on a Kilivila dictionary in his house in Yalumgwa, Trobriand Islands, 1971. (Photo by Jerry Leach.) *Gerald Beona olakhaukweda, Yalumgwa, ekivila biga Kilivila.*

freedom in choosing the stories they wanted to narrate. Although he did not discriminate between genders and age groups, elder and middle-aged men are significantly more represented in the collection. Leach generally allowed anybody to come forward and tell their favorite myths, interpret *kwanebu* tales, or give succinct accounts about *dala* matrilineages' origins, sometimes collecting more than one version of the same story (Figure 6).

STORYTELLING AND STORYTELLERS

Some of the narrators already had a good reputation in the Trobriand Islands for their superior storytelling talent, their creativity, and their knowledge of Trobriand folklore and culture. Good storytelling is a challenging activity that requires high specialization and calls for many skills, including the memory necessary to remember not just the narrative but also the people in it and the names of particular places, some of which may be entirely foreign to the storyteller. The art of storytelling also requires impersonations, the recitation of *megwa* (magic spells),

FIGURE 6. Henry Motukwei from Idaleka tapes storyteller Kaidoga in Kuluwitu Village. (Photo by Jerry Leach, 1971.) *Guma Idaleka, Henry Motukwei lekokeula khegala Kaidoga olopwa Kuruwitu. Mapana kwanebu "Bau" e, matona tomwaya Kaidoga ekwanebu.*

FIGURE 7. Motukwei records one of Sebwagau's stories in Kabulula Village. (Photo by Jerry Leach, 1971.) The fame of Sebwagau is enduring, and most Trobrianders, including the younger generations, know his songs and keep on performing them many years after his death. *Sebwagau lekwanebu pilata khala kwanebu e, Motukwei ekokeula khegala, olopwa Kabulula.*

and the singing of songs (*wosi*), poems, and chants (*vinavina*), at times in languages other than Kilivila.

The role of the storyteller is almost as important as that of the story. Good storytellers are said to possess a particular type of magic known as *kwegivayelu* that opens up their minds and helps them memorize and perform the story in a way that captivates their audience (Jarillo, 2013). When storytellers enact a tale or a myth, they are “calling” the past into the present, “bringing back” those who gave them the story. In this way, storytellers are not only pulling memories and drawing mental images; they can be rightly considered “connectors of things.” They associate people with places far and near, supernatural beings with real ones, things that once existed and things that were imagined. They can also add new elements to the stories through their inventiveness, with particularly good storytellers being able to create new tales that reflect on current affairs (as in Mokousi's *Tonamakava*, where a poor man turns external elements introduced by the colonial system to his own profit).

Among some of the excellent storytellers Leach worked with in the Trobriands, the figures of Sebwagau from Kabulula Village and Tolosi from Labai Village stand out. Sebwagau was a notorious poet, composer of songs, and storyteller, perhaps the last one of his kind in Kiriwina (Figure 7). He features prominently in Les McLaren's 1979 documentary on Trobriand music, *Kama Wosi* (Our Songs; McLaren and McMillan, 1979). Sebwagau told Jerry the story of Imdeduya, the interisland love epic that Leach published as “Imdeduya: A Kula Folktale from Kiriwina” in 1981 (Leach, 1981; see also Senft, 2017). The late Tolosi too contributed his vast knowledge to Leach's collection. As the chief of Labai Village—a center of power in Kiriwina, close to the place where many matrilineages (*dala*) in the island are said to have originated, Obukula cave—Tolosi was the custodian of many myths of origin, some of which he shared with Jerry (Figure 8).

Tolosi and Sebwagau provide two examples of how Trobriand stories are more than oral narratives and their written

FIGURE 8. Tolosi from Labai. Despite being blind since birth, Tolosi was an accomplished gardener and fisherman; he would often go to the bush by himself to collect plants and herbs. Tolosi was also a renowned storyteller and singer with the rare ability to beat the *katunenia* and *kesosau* drums at the same time. (Photo by Jerry Leach, 1971.) Tolosi. *Tomwaya khala khau ogwadilo lemeya. Nasila goli tokwau taga pola kharitovagi, tokwebagula e, khai khetala khetala inukwari iwokuwa e, titolela wala biyoudila. Tuwela tomwaya tokhegabwela, tokwanebu e tokhataraki wala pela isala tomwaya, ave tuta birigai khetuneniya deli kheula okhesosau (kupi) biwogwari wala.*

renditions. As composers, singers, storytellers, and custodians of genealogies, magic spells, and esoteric knowledge, Tolosi and Sebwagau epitomize the creative engagements involved in the memorization and enactment of *liliu* and *kwanebu*. This corpus of knowledge, as exemplified by those two key Trobriand figures, can hardly be contained in the category of “folktale.” Trobriand tales extend beyond words, materializing their many voices

into the actions, songs, dances, and objects that form the cultural breadth of Trobriand society (Figure 9).

Not only are these stories encompassments of traditional knowledge and the vehicles to apply that knowledge to the Trobriand way of being in the world, they also constitute a direct link to the ancestors and their teachings and an inspiration for future understandings in a world in flux. The story of Imdeduya is a perfect example. It encouraged Trobrianders like John Kasaipwalova to reflect upon the changes that colonialism and independence had brought to the islands, prompting a creative reaction to those changes. In fact, Kasaipwalova based his folk opera *Sail the Midnight Sun* on the story of Imdeduya and Yolina (Senft, 2017). Rooted in Trobriand tradition but inclusive enough to encompass some of the issues the rest of the young country was facing, *Sail the Midnight Sun* enjoyed long-lasting success. This poetic drama was adapted by the Goroka-based Raun Raun Theatre company under the directorship of Greg Murphy, touring internationally together with the PNG music group Sanguma (Kaepler, 1981; see also Murphy, 1985).⁸ Furthermore, if Imdeduya inspired plays, songs, and dances, it also stimulated innovative material interpretations like those made by a group of local carvers who turned the story of Imdeduya and Yolina into 14 painted storyboards (Figures 10, 11), a new format at the time that has now been passed on to a new generation (see SN 187 *Laudinedina* with the illustration of Yobwita’s storyboard). Yobwita, a master carver from Kwebwaga Village, was among the carvers who designed the first *Sail the Midnight Sun* panels. He has since passed on his carving knowledge to his nephew Joseph Toyalaka, making sure the recent tradition of carving storyboards in Kiriwina stays alive.

If the voice of Sebwagau is still heard today, repeated in the retellings of his stories and carried through songs, carvings, and dances, so is the voice of Tolosi. Tolosi’s words too are traveling back and forth under new shapes, making things meaningful for new generations and helping them build their Trobriand identity by connecting material forms to myths. In one story—that of Kalaguma, one of the *dala* matrilineages of the Malasi clan (*kumila*)—Tolosi gives us the origin of *Bomyoyewa*, a mythical yam house built by his ancestors on one stilt that was said to be able to spin and change orientation following the wind (see SN 139 *Tabalu*). Tolosi claims *Bomyoyewa* was still up in his youth, and his description made it into a study of Trobriand architecture (Costigan, 1995).⁹ Tolosi’s witnessing and description of *Bomyoyewa* provide a precise type of rare architectural knowledge that can now be preserved for future generations through the architect’s interpretation of the myth.

These examples show how the creative depth of Trobriand *gulgula* (custom) cannot be fully explored unless one follows the many ramifications—material and immaterial—that extend beyond the stories. In fact, the stories themselves are just part of

8. For a new version of *Sail the Midnight Sun*, see Jarillo (in press).

9. A replica of *Bomyoyewa* was also built near the airstrip in Kiriwina in the 1990s.

FIGURE 9. A group of dancers from Yalumgwa Village rehearses the adaptation of *Kibi* (see SN 18), a popular Trobriand love epic, evidencing the circulation of Trobriand tales beyond oral narratives. The dance was performed at the closing ceremony of Kiriwina High School in Losuia. Photo taken in Mwadaosi hamlet, 5 December 2016, by Sergio Jarillo. *Min Yalumgwa emrimwerisi pilata wosimwaya yagala Kibi. Mpana wosi livalela ulatila e, kwanebu ekivirisaga emilawosi. Besa uula kwanebu gala pela bigaokuwa wala taga bo ebwadi bimlawosi. Mpana ikewosisa gugwadi avetuta Kiriwina High School ekatubodasi, 5 December 2016. Tonogwa ekeula khekwabu.*

FIGURE 10. One of the storyboards carved to illustrate *Sail the Midnight Sun*, illustrating the marriage of Imdeduya and Yolina in Muyuwa (Woodlark Island). National Gallery of Victoria, Melbourne. *Mapasi tokwalu leweyasi pela Sail the Midnight Sun e, pilata mpawena ebu-burisa pela Imdeduya usola Yolina levaisi oM'yuwa. Mapana tokwalu besa tuta lekwanukwenu besa National Gallery of Victoria, Melbourne, Australia.*

FIGURE 11. Another rendition of the story of Imdeduya portraying Yolina's dream in Gumasila. Carved in 2015 by Giyoulawala from Yalumgwa Village, currently at the Massim Museum and Cultural Centre in Alotau, PNG. (Photo by Sergio Jarillo.) *Mapawenaga, ebuburisa Yolina evakhana Gumasila e, lekalamimiga pela Imdeduya. Mapawena mtona Giyoulawala lewai, 2015 e, besa tuta lekanukwemu olopuwa Massim Museum and Cultural Centre, Alotau.*

a much larger whole that includes the mythical and the everyday, the profound and the anecdotal, the common and the esoteric, all constituents of the rich fabric of Trobriand society past and present.

BEGINNING THE JOURNEY: THE LEACH COLLECTION AT THE NATIONAL ANTHROPOLOGICAL ARCHIVES

The project that brings *Kwanebuyee Kilivila* into existence is part of an ongoing exploration of Trobriand society. It constitutes an attempt not only to preserve the stories in written form but also to revive and discuss the elements that make the Trobriand universe. The journey of this book begins when the Leach Collection ended up in the National Anthropological Archives, thanks to Dr. Adrienne Kaeppler, the curator for Oceania at the National Museum of Natural History. It was Dr. Kaeppler who convinced Leach to donate his Trobriand collection to the Smithsonian in the 1980s.

The first step toward the making of *Kwanebuyee Kilivila* was to assess the materials. The Jerry W. Leach Trobriand Folklore Collection at NAA contains 34 magnetic audiotapes and 285 written documents, one for each transcribed and translated story. Transcriptions of stories 305 to 365 (plus an additional 20 of the indexed stories) are missing from the NAA collection. These were likely never transcribed. The lengths of the stories vary from a few sentences to more than 100 pages. The index of

the collection also lists 64 jokes (*yosokana*, all transcribed and translated). Additional material includes two more tapes with a number of recorded (but not transcribed) songs: *Kamwemuya* (see the two different versions of the *Kamwemuya* story: SN 31 *Togiliwakuma* and SN 212 *Kamwemuya*); *Diyaapani*, an apocryphal love story between a Massim woman and a Japanese soldier set during World War II, most likely based upon the real fate of a Japanese fighter pilot downed near Iwa Island and killed by the Allies in Kitava Island; *Gumgum*, a song said to have originated on Woodlark Island; and *Kawai*, all of them performed by Sebwagau. The other songs were interpreted by people from the Simsimla Islands and Liluta and Kaibola Villages and include traditional and more humorous, modern compositions (like the series *obatulum*, "the bathroom"), as well as Christmas carols.

The first analysis of the collection took place over an initial period of nine months. During that time, it became obvious that the stories made sense only in a Trobriand context and not in some distant archive. The best way to understand them fully was in conversation with Trobrianders, through a dialogue that would help explore in detail each tale. Since Trobrianders have different degrees of expertise and knowledge about different areas of traditional life (gardening, fishing, carving, weaving, magic, Kula, the history of clans and subclans, ancestors, etc.), it was necessary for various people to assess the stories and the information contained in them.

The idea was to have the stories circulate back and forth between several people, exchanging their viewpoints to bring

out all the important elements mentioned directly or alluded to indirectly in the *kwanebu*. After this primary assessment, two considerations took shape: (1) The stories had to be put together in a book, a format that would make them accessible to those living in the place where they originated. As of 2019, access to the internet in the Trobriand Islands was severely limited, even for those who have both a device and money to pay for data. The internet can be accessed only via mobile phone, and the connection speed barely allows for emails to be downloaded, let alone the scanned PDF files with the stories found on the Smithsonian's website. With mobile service down for months at a time, the only way to take the stories back was in a book. Printed materials can easily be consulted and passed around, and in a tropical environment they keep better than memory cards or electronic devices. (2) The other consideration was that the book should be circulated widely in Trobriand communities to see what kind of response it prompted among Trobrianders.

Some Trobriand Islanders consulted at this stage of the project voiced concerns about the viability of Trobriand folklore in a setting where orality is consistently giving way to written and digital media in the shape of books and films, respectively. Although exchanging stories was still possible, in 2013 and going forward, the way these exchanges would take place required new paths. When asked about it, most Trobrianders were eager to establish a partnership with the museum where Trobriand *kwanebu* were kept.

This collaboration was seen as a new path (*keda* in Kilivila), a potentially fruitful avenue to benefit from all the Trobriand cultural items that are found everywhere in collections around the world and with which the inhabitants of Kiriwina and the other islands would like to reconnect.

In a way, this correspondence would reproduce the exchange of Kula valuables between partners: instead of *veiguwa* (shell necklaces), the *dimdim* anthropologists and their Trobriand colleagues would trade conversations, ideas, projects, images, and, of course, stories. As someone in Bawai Village put it while we were discussing the project, we gave you the stories, you give us a book.

The voyage of the stories—from their Trobriand storytellers to Leach and now from America back to the Trobriands—creates an ongoing relationship and lays the groundwork for future consultations and collaborations. This correspondence is very similar to the Trobriand tradition of *katulogusa*.¹⁰ At the end of the *kwanebu* tale, the storyteller has to name somebody in the audience, challenging them to tell a better story and therefore “passing it on” to keep the storytelling alive (see SN 232 *Baloma* by Tokumbobu or SN 287 *Kuru* by Tomdia).

THE FIRST TRIP BACK TO THE TROBRIANDS

Like a written *katulogusa* or a printed *veiguwa*, this book was projected to keep the exchanges going and the stories circulating.

Many years had passed since Leach collected the stories. The time had come to invite new partners to join in and expand the storytelling circle. Bringing the stories back was a way to engage the Trobriand youth at a time when they could themselves add yet another skill to those of the old-time storytellers: the capacity to read and write and therefore to make the stories travel through new paths. In January 2013, I took copies of the Leach Collection back to Kiriwina. This was the second step in a project that had among its initial goals the consolidation of the knowledge attached to stories and the revitalization of the practice of storytelling. To achieve these goals, it was crucial to make use of these new paths that linked the spoken and written words.

Once again, I based myself in the Yalumgwa-Obweria ward where I had spent most of my fieldwork during 2008–2010. Before starting the circulation of the stories around the villages, I publicly stated the purpose of the project. I gave background information on Jerry Leach and the Leach Collection—what was in it, when and how it was collected—and summarized the project's goals: getting additional information on the stories, prompting a local reaction to and, if possible, a reflection on Trobriand oral narratives, and, ultimately, publishing a book in Kilivila with the stories chosen by the people of Kiriwina, to be distributed freely in the islands and used as a teaching tool in schools. People generally agreed with the need to preserve and strengthen what they considered important instances of their cultural heritage. This positive attitude toward the project resulted in the enthusiastic collaboration of many Trobrianders. We soon went from having a handful of people reading and commenting *kwanebu* to much larger and more inclusive gatherings (Figure 12). Old and young Trobrianders participated with growing curiosity.

Young people listened to their elders and enjoyed explanations about things they did not know, like the wild foodstuffs that people used to collect in times of hunger in the past, before there were trade stores (see SN 216 *Iyada* by Toweyana), and the full inventory of traditional Trobriand body decorations and which *dala* matrilineages are allowed to wear these decorations—a conversation sparked by the discussion of what constituted an adequate *katubayasi* (personal preparation) in traditional Trobriand society. Everybody exchanged their viewpoints and expertise on the various things that could be related to the tales. People also volunteered to tell their favorite stories, recalling those heard in the past from relatives and friends and trying their finest singing and their best impersonations of the stories' characters.

One of the questions asked most often was, What had changed in the Trobriands since 1970 and 1971 when the original stories were collected by Leach? And why isn't storytelling as popular as it seemed to be almost 50 years ago? The twenty-first century Trobriand Islands are not very different from the place where Jerry Leach, Mwakwabuya, and Motukwei collected the stories. Most Trobriand customs and practices are still intact. If some of those have been abandoned along the way, there is no way of knowing when they will come back—in 2018 the Yalumgwa youth started playing Trobriand cricket again every two weeks, after many decades when cricket was hardly played

10. First mentioned in the literature by anthropologist Bronislaw Malinowski (1963 [1935], vol. 1:156).

FIGURE 12. Reading tales from the Leach Collection in Kutoila hamlet, Yalumgwa Village, in 2013. (Photo by Mwasisiguyau.) *Ekikalaawasi kwanebu mpasi Leach lasolukula, Kutoila, Yalumgwa, 2013, pikisi Mwasisi ekau.*

at all, save for the occasional game put on for tourists (see MacCarthy, 2012). In the Trobriand Islands *gulagula* (customs)¹¹ are still all-important. Gardeners still spell magic on their yams. Master carvers, poets, and dancers still use magic when they initiate a young apprentice (Jarillo, 2017). In fact, magic is used daily for almost everything (Mosko, 2014). Women still go out of their way to obtain bundles of banana leaf currency (*doba*) to exchange at *sagali* funerary rites (Lussu, 1992).¹² Even when things change, old traditions are still followed (see Weiner, 1982). Breaking *kaila* (the rule of the ancestors, what the ancestors established) has dire consequences.

11. In their dictionary, Edwin and Dona Hutchins have *kaigula* as “thing saved for posterity.” See Hutchins and Hutchins (n.d.).

12. Luciana Lussu’s Ph.D. thesis is one of the most thorough and least known studies of *doba* making and use.

So why isn’t storytelling as widespread as before? The availability of films (*pikisi*) is the short answer. In 2008–2010 it was relatively common to see fenced-off spaces at night in some villages. Within the coconut-frond enclosure, somebody had hooked up a TV set and a DVD player with a small generator and was charging a few toea (sometimes a couple of *yagogu* yam seeds or some *doba* leaf bundles) to willing filmgoers.¹³ In 2019 the occasional laptop serves that purpose—until the batteries run out; there is still no power in Kiriwina outside Losuia station (and only for a few hours a day). Yet despite the competition from action films, there are still famed storytellers in the Trobriands.

13. Almost always the movies are action films, but people are equally fond of documentaries shot in the Trobriand Islands. See Andrew Connelly (2015): “*Pikisi kwayiai!* (Pictures Tonight!): Screening and Reception of Ethnographic Film in the Trobriand Islands, Papua New Guinea.”

Even young adults know their names, and people were quick to point them out as soon as the *kwanebu* book project got underway. Within a few weeks in January 2013, more and more people volunteered their stories, at times improved versions of some that they had just read on the Leach printouts I was circulating. Some people offered to record songs and asked for financial and material assistance to carry out similar projects in their villages. What this eagerness to preserve songs and stories shows is that people in the Trobriand Islands still recognize the value of their oral narratives and that they are intent on preserving them despite lacking the resources to do so.

The buzz caused by the daily storytelling in the hamlet of Kutoila also left its imprint on the youngest ones. Children started making up their own stories, imitating what they heard from adults and confirming the extent to which tales stimulate creativity and imagination and also the mechanisms employed to memorize key knowledge necessary to live in the Trobriands.¹⁴ Many people came to me asking for copies of the *kwanebu* to take back with them. They wanted to read them and memorize particular passages, songs, ditties, or magic spells and share them with people in their villages. After some time, this circulation pattern became the base of a process of correspondence in the field in which the anthropologist and locals exchanged continuous information.¹⁵

We all listened to each other's suggestions, building up a communal effort of reflection and elucidation to find answers to the most common questions: What are these stories saying? Why are they important? What can be done with them?

EXPLAINING STORIES

The stories in the collection were originally classified as either *liliu* (foundation myths) or *kwanebu* (folktales).¹⁶ This initial classification was revised during the examination of the stories that took place in Kiriwina in 2013. At that time, most people agreed that *liliu* include true facts from the past, whereas *kwanebu* are folktales that tend to be ordinary or fantastic stories aimed at producing wonder or amusement. Whereas *kwanebu* have no historical relevance, *liliu* have long-lasting consequences that are felt nowadays. One example is SN 185 *Muluveka, Togega* by Boikota, in which the origin of several fish species is traced back to the slaying of a giant snake, each part of the snake becoming a different fish. Other examples are those

myths that explain the current distribution of *dala* matrilineages throughout the islands or the possession of a particular type of magic by some people (such as in SN 22 *Ikulasi* by Dubalagala). In addition, some of the events described in *liliu* are likely to be repeated in the future.

They are part of the traditional life and constitute some of the elements necessary to reproduce Trobriand culture, for instance, the extraordinary *leleala* (supernatural signs and events) described in SN 135 *Topilaveka* by Mekalai: endless rain, trees and rocks catching fire, and domestic pigs running into the bush. It is acknowledged that those prodigious events really took place after the death of a chief, as *leleala* events normally take place when powerful chiefs die. This is a result of their vital energy (*momova*) and magic (*megwa*) being released after the encapsulation in which they were contained (the body) breaks apart (*karigeyai*).¹⁷

Liliu also explain why some customs came to be, like in the story of *Boupata, Bovakuila* by Dogana (SN 154), in which we are told why net fishing was traditionally done only in the villages of Labai and Libutuma. Or why some people in the Trobriands eat wild pigs and others do not (see SN 23 *Todubwaga* by John Modigavala Banyan). But even more importantly, some *liliu* constitute the historical antecedents of the current social state of affairs. If a *dala* matrilineage is entitled to some decorations or if another one has lost some of its privileges (see SN 139 *Tabalu* by Tolosi) or if some people have some rights over parts of the islands or the sea or if they possess a determined type of magic (like the evil *silami* spell *kebulitauya* in the story with the same name by Bokawau, SN 25), the reasons can all be explained by the right *liliu*.

Each *dala* matrilineage possesses a *liliu* explaining its *sunapula* origin—how the very first ancestors of their matrilineage emerged from a place of origin in Kiriwina. *Dala* matrilineages are grouped into three categories, depending on the paths taken by the first ancestors when they came out of the ground. Thus, *totowawaga* are those who came out of Labai and then went around the islands by canoe, claiming a landing and the *dala*'s subsequent rights to that beach and to other places farther inland. *Tovatilawa* are those who tried to come out of the ground in Labai but had their way blocked by others, so they moved underground until they were able to emerge from the ground elsewhere, establishing their land rights in those places. And *tovakaewa* are those who came out of Labai and started walking straight from there, laying claim to the places where they took up residence. These *liliu* trace the steps of the *toulema boala* (house openers, those who “opened” the ground to come out), the places where they rested during their journey around the islands in search of a site to settle down, and the relations they established with people from other *dala* along the way (see SN 261 *Mlabwema* by Yari-tau and SN 271 *Toliwaga* by Kuyabesa). Because these particular

14. On the importance of memorizing long strings of words and expressions, be they magic spells, poems, or songs, see Giancarlo M. G. Scoditti (1996): *Kitawa Oral Poetry: An Example from Melanesia*.

15. For a view on the potential outcomes of a more engaged, collaborative anthropology, see Joanne Rappaport (2008): “Beyond Participant Observation: Collaborative Ethnography as Theoretical Innovation.”

16. Strictly speaking, *kwanebu* is a name and translates as “folktale” or “story,” whereas *kukwanebu* is the verb indicating the action of storytelling (literally “you tell a story”). Storytellers normally announce which folktale they are about to narrate using the form *kwanebuyee* followed by the name of the story, akin to saying “I will tell the story of...”

17. Those signs are also known as *kariyala*, glossed by Malinowski (1963[1935], vol. 2:146) as a “magical portent” seen in nature, a “by-product of magic.” Only people who possessed special types of magic would produce these signs at their death, something also reported in Woodlark Island; see Fred Damon (2017), *Trees, Knots and Outriggers: Environmental Knowledge in the Northeast Kula Ring*.

types of *liliu* sometimes contain privileged information that is owned exclusively by a given *dala*, it is hard to find full versions of them. Everybody in Kiriwina agreed upon the facts that (1) the Leach Collection had few *liliu* foundation myths and (2) they were always incomplete versions. Fieldwork served the purpose of ascertaining that the different matrilineages' foundation myths (*dalela liliula*) are still kept secret nowadays and are very unlikely to be told to anyone in full (even less so recorded and made fully accessible to the public), as they are, indeed, the source of the *dala*'s power. *Liliu* establish a dynamic link between the matrilineage's ancestors and the present uses in terms of land occupation and the rights over material and immaterial elements such as *koni* (personal and house decorations) and *tukiwa* (*dala*-specific magic spells). They are powerful instruments of control and domination, used to support land claims and endorse hierarchic privileges, as well as granting access to a series of entitlements to resources (Hutchins, 1990). Trobrianders keep foundation myths within the *dala* as part of an inalienable heritage; whenever they recount *liliu* to outsiders, they purposefully leave key elements out of the narrative, giving, in most cases, an abridged version. Land disputes are resolved in village court cases, where the rights over a plot of land are granted to their true traditional owners according to whether their recounting of the myth is accurate or not.

The shortened *liliu* foundation myths in this book, however, are not entirely without value. Through them, one can still partially trace the most important steps of the matrilineage's ancestors, from their *sunapula* place of origin to their current location. As such, these fragments can be used to reconstruct clan distribution throughout the Trobriands.

Discussing these partial *liliu* in the Leach Collection also helped clarify obscure aspects such as names of landmarks and people, names of things, incomprehensible wording—often related to magic spells—and unaccounted-for or difficult to understand actions. Despite our best efforts, many of these things remain unclear. One of the purposes of this book is to clarify these obscure and little-understood passages by bringing them to the light: the more people read them or hear about them, the more likely we are to find possible answers.

But if *liliu* myths are the narratives of the sociohistorical precursors on which the foundations of Trobriand custom lie, *kwanebu* folktales are no less important. Their often fantastic, hyperbolic, and unrealistic aspects do not prevent *kwanebu* from communicating many true characteristics about Trobriand society, even though this is often done through metaphors and allegories (Senft, 2010). In Ibaya's *Daleka* (SN 40) a newborn baby survives on the body fluids of his deceased mother. When the boy grows up, the skull of the mother continues to talk to him, giving him advice and preparing him for life, so that he is able to get married. The talking skull stands as an image of the nurturing figure of the mother, who is able to look after her offspring even after her death, reminding us of the constant presence of ancestors in the Trobriand universe and their guiding role for the living (Jarillo et al. 2020a, 2020b). Other *kwanebu* transmit practical details that are constitutive of local knowledge. Many of these are related to animal and

botanical species (see Appendixes A and B). Folktales transmit useful information about trees, plants, and crops; their provenance; and their practical and ritual uses. *Kwanebu* also teach us particulars about birds, fish, and other animals found in the islands.

Stories about animals are very common in Trobriand folklore. Sometimes they account for the origin of a species: it is well-known that the shark was born to a woman in eastern Kiriwina (see SN 213 *Momovala* by Mekilawaga) and that the dugong was a human being who went to live in the sea (see reference in SN 179 *Kiwali, Pupusa* by Katuloka). Some of these stories explain the behavior and characteristics of a particular animal (like the newly acquired diurnal habits of the lizard in SN 234 *Kenavasias* by Kwailesa). People and animals in the Trobriands share the same world. As some *kwanebu* show, they interact in many ways that prove that there is not a divide between the two. This coexistence is why Kamwemuya can ask several fish for help when he is chased by an angry Dokanikani ogre (see SN 212 *Kamwemuya* by Mwadayana). Occasionally, people and animals engage in closer relations, like the needlefish man and his lover in SN 150 *Tomnalova* by Kabeyou (Figure 13) and the chief's wife and the snake in SN 202 *Togega* by Mogisaboda.

These close relationships between humans and animals are evidence of a type of traditional knowledge that is embedded in the local environment, allowing people and other species to share many characteristics. Hence, the *pwasisikwa* bird is small but brave, and like the human heroes of other *kwanebu*, he too outsmarts his foes through cunning (Figure 14).

These attributes are shared back and forth between people and animals and often become the distinguishing characteristics of individuals or groups, like the *kabwaku* bird, said to be as fierce as the Toliwaga *dala* who have adopted it as their bird (see SN 166 *Kariva* by Mwakwabuya).

FIGURE 13. Kabeyou from Kabulula Village. Kabeyou was the elder brother of the famous storyteller and composer Sebwagau. (Photo by Jerry Leach, 1971.) *Tolukuba Kabeyou, tolela Kabulula, Sebwagau tuwala.*

FIGURE 14. A *pwasisikwa* bird in Kaibola. (Photo by Sergio Jarillo, 2016.) *Minana pwasisikwa, Kaibola.*

The value of *kwanebu* is not only found in the “things” they contain but extends to the ways in which these things are explained. During the exchanges that took place while discussing stories in the Trobriands in 2013, 2015, 2016, 2017, and 2018, a wealth of additional information resulted from questioning narratives, sentences, and expressions. For instance, Tokumbobu was praised for using old expressions that are no longer understood by most youngsters nowadays. When I and other Trobrianders enquired about one of these expressions (*dubilikwayai*, “twilight”), we learned that the storyteller was actually referring to the name traditionally given to the yam house of the Tabalu matrilineage in Omarakana, which was so big it was said to obscure the sun, hence the name (see SN 3 *Toyanu* by Tokumbobu).

Most untranslated words found their meanings when taken back to Kiriwina, like the mysterious *seyakwa*, a scented resin brought from Muyuwa (Woodlark Island) from which a black pigment is extracted to obtain *soba* facial paint (see SN 157 *Ila-komwawa* by Bunuvagola; see also Malinowski, 1987[1929]: 238).¹⁸ While these unclear expressions were being examined, some were found to be old *vinavina* (chants or ditties that are often part of a magic spell, especially in the context of storytelling) and *kaninikula* (cat’s cradles). This realization inspired a sudden revival in the making of cat’s cradles, with young children and women competing with each other to see who was able to reproduce more *kaninikula* string figures and remember more songs associated with them. Moreover, if older women were able to bring back memories of traditional *kaninikula*, the younger generations showed they too could create new ones, yet more evidence of how Trobriand tradition keeps getting readapted and carried forward.

Other words were found to have fallen into disuse, substituted by their English synonyms, like *kiwali* (to deceive, to keep secret), nowadays replaced by the Trobriand pidgin “*tiriki*” (from the English “to trick”). In some other stories what was noted was

not so much the content or the meaning but the form of the expression. As many people in Kiriwina put it, *bigatomwaya* (the parlance of the elders or old ways of speaking) evidences the wisdom of past generations of Trobrianders, able to communicate things and convey images and ideas in highly poetic and abridged ways. Thus, a canoe does not simply disappear in the distance but has the lower part of its sail “wrapped” in the horizon instead (*kenaya ikapatu*; see SN 19 *Kabasai* by Monikou). In the same story, one of the characters does not simply “see the canoe” but actually “throws his eyes on the canoe,” an action that is conveyed through a single word (*mataguvaga*). As some Trobrianders explained, “the older generations did not need many words to get their message across. Their phrasing was concise and those in the know would understand the meaning of some of these highly metaphorical turns (*kalaiseiki*)” (Steven Milamala, conversation with author, February 2013). Digging further into these examples of “old words,” we soon came up with a number of *bigivakala* proverbs,¹⁹ another example of the concentrated symbolic wisdom conveyed by these highly imaginative sayings (see Appendix C). This discovery evidenced the direct relation between the elements in the story and the ways of telling it, between the expressions and what is expressed. As we can see, much like *liliu*, *kwanebu* too serve the purpose of bringing things and words from the past into the present and preserving them from disappearing completely.

But *kwanebu* stories are not only important because of the animals, plants, things, or expressions found in them. Trobrianders highlighted that even those ordinary tales that are apparently only funny or dirty might carry a message too. Elders were quick to point to the moral of the *kwanebu* that lies beyond its humorous characteristics, as in the famous story of the handicapped man and his blind friend who team up to help each other out, with the blind man carrying the handicapped man on his shoulders and the handicapped man guiding the blind man so they can both attend a feast (SN 165 *Tokwau, Topem* by Kavalogusa). Another example is the newly married woman who gets help from her “excrement” brothers (SN 168 *Popu* by Tokumbobu). The message here indicates the need to support your relatives, in-laws, and friends to fulfill your customary duties and find your place in Trobriand society, lest you lose it—as is the case in SN 24 *Tomitugaga* by Dubalagala, in which the wife leaves her husband after realizing he had been mistreating her brother. Some other *kwanebu* stress the need to respect your elders and be generous. In SN 158 *Buriwada* by Touvasig and in SN 217 *Vivi* by Toweyana, the heroes succeed in their quest only because they are kind to the old *nunumwaya* women who ask them for some favor. But in Trobriand culture deference and respect are also owed to the younger ones, as SN 238 *Mlagugula* by Towalawa shows us. An elder brother ultimately gets punished for being mean and trying to kill his younger brother, instead

18. Malinowski spelled it “sayaku.”

19. Despite some researchers’ affirmations that there are no proverbs in Kiriwina (see Senft, 2010: 277), I have collected well over 100 *bigivakala* in the past few years—many of them as a direct consequence of commenting on the *kwanebu* folktales in this book. A selection of them can be found in Appendix C.

of looking after him as is customary. If these stories explain the social order and customs, others deal with the cosmological and the supernatural like SN 169 *Itona* by Katuloka, a story that enumerates a series of evil spirits and gives instructions on how to summon them. Commenting on *Itona*, people attempted an explanation and a classification of some of these supernatural spirits, evidencing how knowledge can also be communally assembled when a group of people try to find answers to questions that are seldom asked and articulate representations of the esoteric in the Trobriand world.

Yet if there is one character who truly stands out in Trobriand folklore, that has to be Dokanikani (see Baldwin, 1971). A giant man-eating ogre who terrorizes the Trobriand population to the point of making everybody leave the islands, Dokanikani has its origin in the well-known myth of Tudava (see SN 1 *Tudava* by Mwakwabuya). Ever since then, despite having been outsmarted and killed by the hero Tudava in the original myth, Dokanikani lives in Trobriand folklore. It has become a true *kwanebu* character, introduced by storytellers wherever a stereotypical antagonist is needed. Sometimes these cannibal beings are scary and sinister,

like the Dokanikani we find in SN 226 *Nakauriya* by Wenama. At other times, Dokanikani ogres are thick-headed and funny and fall prey to their own stupidity, like those found in SN 210 *Keyuyu* by Diyaiki. Storytellers have a characteristic impersonation of Dokanikani, a type of slurred speech that is immediately recognizable when they enact its part in a story. Dokanikani the antihero has been evolving ever since its original appearance in the myth of Tudava; it has now become a woman, a couple, or a family. Dokanikani is short for a generic, fear-inducing cannibal ogre that threatens the characters found in Trobriand folklore. In the classic story of *Tobwetalu* (see Towalawa's version, SN 239), Dokanikani and his wife play tricksters to a little boy to steal his food, until the villagers find out and set their hunting dogs on the Dokanikani couple. When they try to escape by climbing a hut and hanging on to the ridge pole, they are finally reached by the hunting dogs and killed. The standing dogs that reach out for the hanging Dokanikani are a common motif of the carved stools and tables made in Bwetalu, another example of how stories and objects, the material and the immaterial, are closely associated in the Trobriand Islands (Figure 15).

FIGURE 15. A stool, carved by Topupayoyu from Bwetalu Village, depicting the folktale *Tobwetalu*. (Photo by Sergio Jarillo, 2009.) *Khabosisu, Topupayoyu Gumbwetalu letatea eyekurisi "Tobwetalu" kwanebula.*

The story of Tobwetalu and its carved representations highlights the importance of taking the Leach Collection back to Kiriwina and circulating the stories among Trobrianders. This experience uncovered many of the elements associated with tales: dances, songs, funerary dirges (*valam*), objects, plants, and animals are some of the things that accompany Trobriand stories and storytelling. Taking the Leach Collection back to Kiriwina brought all these expressions to light. Overall, the narratives in this book span as many aspects of Trobriand culture as it was possible to find within the Leach Collection. They were chosen by people in Kiriwina who labeled them “good stories” for a series of reasons, but mostly because they communicated what people thought were essential aspects of Trobriand custom that needed to be preserved.

One of these aspects is the act of storytelling itself, a traditional practice that, despite being mentioned quite early on in the literature (Malinowski, 2013[1926]: 99–119; see also 1963[1935], vol. 1: 21, 74, 104, 156–158),²⁰ has not attracted the same attention as the Kula, yam gardens, or Trobriand woodcarvings, notwithstanding the fact that storytelling is related to all those activities (see Scoditti, 1996). What this selection of stories evidences is the rich storytelling tradition that exists in the Trobriand Islands and how these oral narratives link together all sorts of social and cultural practices in Kiriwina and beyond. They go from the recounting of Kula exploits to the origins of a *dala* matriline, from epic poems to song series, from magic spells to the memorialization of people, facts, and places.

The tales and myths chosen were selected with this rich storytelling tradition in mind, a confirmation that oral narratives (and how they link to sociocultural practices) are as important in the Trobriand world as all the things anthropologists and researchers have been writing about in the past 100 years.

THE BOOK

After the initial selection was made in Kiriwina in 2013, the stories traveled back to Europe and America with me to be made into this book. This book does not hand over a definitive version of Trobriand folklore, mostly because Trobriand folklore is not immutable. The same story has different versions and different ways of telling it and is often open to new interpretations. These variations obey the very nature of Trobriand *kwanebu*: spoken words are not fixed, and storytellers can add things to their stories as they wish or as they remember. It is part of their skill. Their inventiveness also allows them to incorporate elements from other stories into theirs. As we can see in the book, there is a constant borrowing of elements across myths and folktales that is in tune with the shared nature of the Trobriand world, where

exchanges include not only narrative plots but also the strategies, tricks, and objects used by the characters in the stories. Some of these actions are found in several stories, like the relatively common way to magically banish people from one place by throwing a bespelled stone in the water while somebody is swimming, making them resurface in a distant island, as in SN 260 *Leilei* by Sebwagau and in SN 60 *Mriyava* by Bunuvagola. Another ploy to get rid of unwanted characters involves asking somebody to dive for giant clamshells (*militabu*), expecting them to die in the attempt, like in Toweyana's *Iyada* (SN 216) and in SN 174 *Kaveyega* by Katuloka.

Stories can also vary depending on the storyteller's assessment of the audience. *Kwanebu* can be rightly seen as performances, which is important not only because the same tale can be told differently—making us question whether it is really the same tale—but also because the true format of Trobriand *kwanebu* is precisely that oral performance of the storyteller; this aspect is much more important than its written rendition in a book. In fact, during the return of the Leach Collection, people were quick to point out how some stories were imperfect: the ending was too sudden or something was missing. This sparked many debates on whether new, improved versions of the stories collected by Leach should replace the originals (something that was partially done for clarity's sake in SN 199 *Yagagali*, *Yausi* by Ikunaka). But beyond the appropriateness or not of the versions in this volume, it is precisely this motivation to remember, tell, and share stories that this book is trying to achieve. The book, then, can be seen as a vehicle to keep on reflecting on the stories and on the act of storytelling. It is a departing point to question what is in it. It is expected that under this temporary form, the stories will circulate in different ways, but circulate nonetheless.

In present-day PNG, schoolteachers have become the gatekeepers of culture, educating future generations about their place in the world. Teachers work together with parents and relatives in the village to develop the young, showing them the importance of their own culture in terms of forming their identity. To help achieve this goal, the book needs to imitate the correspondence process that produced it: people getting together to ask questions and find answers. Thus, the book's primary audience is the Trobriand community, and for that reason, we would like this book to circulate between the Trobriand Islands' classrooms and villages, between the older and younger generations. It is very likely that the book contains mistakes. It could not be otherwise, given that one of its initial motivations was to create a debate about all the elements that surround the stories, some of which are obscure, some of which are contested, unclear, or incomplete. In fact, these stories are here to be discussed.

Corrections to the book will also be part of its journey: they will help us learn new things and change our perception of those things we thought we knew well. They will teach us that knowledge is a changing thing that can assume many different shapes and that it is often put together not by one single person but by many in a communal way.

20. For a review of the importance of oral literature in Trobriand society and an attempt at classification, see Allan Darrah (2011), *Boyowan* (Trobriand) Oral Literature, Digital Ethnology Project.

The following are some tips on how this book can be used to help preserve Trobriand knowledge. The stories are arranged by following the original consecutive numbers that the transcription team gave them while working at UPNG. Each story is named SN (story number), followed by a number (from SN 1 *Tudava* to SN 287 *Kuru*). The original numbering system has been retained to make the correlation between the transcribed stories at the National Anthropological Archives and the ones in this book easier. This connection will help readers consult the original handwritten documents and download the audio files through the Smithsonian's Online Virtual Archives (<http://sova.si.edu/details/NAA.1988-38?s=0&n=10&t=C&q=Folklore&i=1>). Throughout the book, each story is presented in the same way: first comes the title in Kilivila and its approximate meaning in English (in parentheses). Some basic information about the storyteller is provided (name, gender, and village) and, if known, from whom the storyteller obtained the story. This information is followed by the names of the original transcriber and translator of the story back in the 1970s. A short summary of the story is given in English. Stories are cross-referenced with related ones and alternative versions of the same story. Pairing stories allows comparison and analysis of variations. Next is the story proper, first in Kilivila, then in English. Some stories are followed by a section of comments that were obtained during the discussions in the village and after reviews of the abundant Trobriand literature. Some comments can be ascribed to a single individual; others resulted from conversations among several people. Listed at the very end of most story sections are relevant vocabulary words and expressions that commenters thought interesting and important. Their definitions are given in the Vocabulary List along with SN references for all stories in which they are featured.

Further references to publications by researchers, scholars, and missionaries who were in the Trobriands at different times are also included wherever it is thought that they bring something different or new to the discussion of the story. Those who want to learn more can investigate the sources detailed in the References to advance their own research questions.

The information found in other Trobriand publications is a supplementary tool. When used in association with the knowledge provided by village elders, it offers alternative understandings and constitutes a good starting point for further debates, allowing new connections between expressions and things at various levels (semantic, historical, ontological, etc.). In that sense, it is necessary to point out that some of the expressions included in the Vocabulary List remain obscure; in such cases, the Kilivila word is followed by a question mark (?). The meanings of these terms could not be determined when asking people in the villages during 2013, 2015, 2016, 2017, or 2018, nor were they found in the Trobriand literature, pointing out the need to keep on asking. It is expected that circulation of this book will eventually result in some clarification of these unknown expressions. Thus it is useful to remember once again that the book can be a good starting point for additional investigations: researching

untranslated words or unexplained expressions can be proposed as homework studies, connecting teachers and students at school with relatives in the village and thereby bridging the generational gap between the young and their elders.

Throughout the book are many photographs that illustrate relevant aspects of Trobriand history, life, and culture such as people, places, and things. Many of the photos were taken by Jerry Leach during his time in the Trobriand Islands (1969–1973). They show how Kiriwina was in the 1970s and how people lived then. When I took copies of Jerry's large collection of more than 1,000 photos back to the Trobriands to show them to people, it was very clear that they were an invaluable source and as such needed to be incorporated in the book. The photos sparked memories about the turbulent preindependence times when the members of the Kabisawali and Tonenei Kamokwita movements competed through their self-help projects to bring changes to the islands (Figures 16–19; Kasaipwalova, 1975; Leach, 1982). Those were the days of chiefs Vanoi, Weabadi, Narubutau, Mweyoyu, and Puritala, a time of generalized optimism about the kind of development that an independent government could bring.

Some of the photos illustrate practices that have now disappeared in the Trobriand Islands, like the mullet (*kalala*) fishing that was done in some villages on the north coast (Figure 20). Nowadays, the magic used to call the mullet ashore has been lost, and people no longer make the *iyagam* aerial nets used to catch the *kalala*, but thanks to Jerry's photos, new generations of Trobrianders can learn about this fishing technique and the objects it employed.

Many Trobrianders helped with the identification of people and places on Leach's photos. John Tosiyeu was able to recognize most of the protagonists of Jerry's slides. A native of Kailbola, where the Leach family lived in Kiriwina, Tosiyeu shared many moments with Jerry.

Thanks to Tosiyeu's spectacular memory and visual skills and to his patience in sharing those with me over many hours, the people in Jerry's photos do not remain anonymous. Their stories reemerged from the photographs to accompany the tales of the storytellers and help us see who their protagonists were and how they lived their lives more than 40 years ago. And just like the narratives in the book, the photographs must be continuously interrogated by their viewers, their captions questioned as they produce new interpretations while keeping the memory of those in them alive.

George Mwasaluwa also contributed greatly to the identification of the members of the translation team in Port Moresby. Not only was he able to name all his peers in the photos, but more than 40 years later he also remembered many details and anecdotes of those days (Figure 21).

George's testimony was also evidence of how the paths of Trobrianders keep on intersecting and how relationships extend over time and space. He not only relived moments from the 1970s, but he also recalled what every single one of his friends and colleagues from those times went on doing and achieving

FIGURE 16. A public meeting in Kiriwina. From right: Chief Narubutau, Chief Mweyoyu, Reverend Ralph Lawton, Chief Vanoi, Chief Puritala, Chief Kwewayaya. (Photo by Jerry Leach, 1972). *Olopwa kwetala kheyaku, Kilivila. Okikiwama bila okhakhata: Guyau Narubutau, Guyau Mweyoyu, Reverend Ralph Lawton, Guyau VanoiKilivila, Guyau Puritala, Guyau Kwewayaya.*

later on, even as their paths took them away from Kiriwina and, in some cases, overseas. The role of photographs in retracing these paths has not been exhausted yet. As this book is, primarily, a book of folktales, all of Jerry's photographs could not be included. Only those that relate more closely to the tales and to the stories of the people behind those tales are in this book. But Jerry's photos need new circulations to elicit more stories about the peoples, the places, and the things they portray.

The last pages of the book contain two illustrated appendices, one for animal species and another one for plants, listing them with their Kilivila names and the English and scientific ones when possible. Some of the knowledge associated with these species has already been recorded: which stories mention what animals, flowers, plants, trees, and vines and what their characteristics and uses are (Figures 22, 23).

Teachers can encourage their students to get more information on these plants and animals. Students can enquire about alternative uses for plants in magic or medicinal preparations, about the names of other known crops and foodstuffs, where they can be harvested, and how they can be prepared. Students can ask in the village about different edible seaweeds and seashells and

how to distinguish them from inedible ones; whether there are other things to know in relation to some species, such as other origin myths that explain where fish, birds, and other animals come from; and what objects can be associated with them. Because the appendices are by no means complete, it is also hoped that in its successive circulations the book will incorporate the names of more species and information related to why they are important in the Trobriand physical and cultural environment.

Finally, Appendix C lists a selection of *bigivakala* proverbs, another Kilivila genre that is perceived as being in danger. *Bigivakala* epitomize the parlance of ancestors, who did not need lengthy phrases to express ideas. Their advice is encompassed in a few "dried-up" words (*vakali* means to "dry in the sun").

FUTURE JOURNEYS

This book must be considered a preliminary result, an ongoing journey rather than its arrival point or a finished work—a journey that seeks to encourage people to continue commenting on these *kwanebu* and inspires them to tell new tales. Additional

FIGURE 17. Members of the Kabisawali movement sitting on John Kasaipwalova's veranda. From left: Toriyowa from Okaikoda, Chief Mweyoyu from Kabwaku, Chief Narubutau from Yalumgwa, Gerald Beona from Yalumgwa. (Photo by Jerry Leach, date unknown.) *Mtosi Kabisawali laboda esisusa olakhaukweda John Kasaipwalova. Mpana okikiwama bilaga: Toriyowa, Okaikoda; Guyau Mweyoyu, Kabwaku; Guyau Narubutau, Yalumgwa; Gerald Beona, Yalumgwa.*

FIGURE 18. A Kabisawali movement-sponsored distribution of betel nut and loafs of bread on Miraiwa, the first truck acquired by Kabisawali, in Kiriwina. The vehicle was purchased on a tender by John Kasaipwalova, one of the leaders of the movement. (Photo by Jerry Leach, 1973.) *Kabisawali epakhapakha buwa deli pwarawa kwemdala odaba turaki "Miraiwa," khematala Kabisawali laturaki. Ikayaisa pela gimwala e, lewa John Kasaipwalova, igimwali matolela tetala tokugwela Kabisawali.*

FIGURE 19. Left: Mkwesipu from Kapwapu, wearing the “Black Power” T-shirt characteristic of supporters of the Kabisawali movement. Right: Chief Vanoi presiding over the Local Government Council, near Losuia, sitting on a chair carved by David Mweiluvasi from Bwetalu. (Photos by Jerry Leach, date unknown.) *Okikiwama: Mkwesipu, Kapwapu esisikoma yatala “Black Power” T-shirt kidamwala khekwebula silutu Kabisawali tobwakuri. Okhakhata: Guyau VanoiKilivila ekugwai Local Government Council, Losuia opapala. Makwa khabala lesikela mtowena David Mweiluvasi etai.*

commentary must be carried out by the next wave of researchers, Trobriand schoolteachers, students, and elders working together to preserve and expand what is known about Trobriand life.

Publication of this book, thus, will produce new information. In its next phase—at the time of assessing what additional knowledge needs to be incorporated into it—the book will be more complete. Or even better, it will engender new books altogether, with additional stories collected from 2013 to 2018 in response to the Leach ones. Future additions could include a comprehensive list of *bigivakala* proverbs, poems about Kula journeys and the quest for named *veiguwa* shells, and *vinavina* chants and ditties accompanying games.

The authors of this new circulation will be the new generation of Trobrianders who have given another spin to the stories and added new ones, so that the storytelling can go on endlessly. Another possibility discussed in the field during the 2013–2018 period was to have a storytelling competition in the Trobriands to celebrate the distribution of the present book. After all, storytelling is about performance and interpretation, and its natural environment is the spoken word and the actions of the storytellers, their interactions with the audience, and how the public responds to their efforts and skills.

Some of the things that are missing in this book await to be part of these future journeys. The vast collection of Trobriand

FIGURE 20. *Kalala* (mullet) fishing with traditional nets at dawn on Mwegu beach, off Luwebila Village. (Photo by Jerry Leach, 1970.) *Buibuisiga khala epwapolasi, Mwegu okwadewa, Luwebila.*

FIGURE 21. Henry Lupovalu (left) and Raymond Kariyawagatetu (right) joking around at the UPNG campus in Port Moresby. George Mwasaluwa recalls the photo was taken around Christmas in 1971. (Photo by Jerry Leach.) *Henry Lupovalu (okikiwama) e, Raymond Kari (okhakhata) ekukoilasi Uni olopola, Mosbi. George Mwasaluwa elivala besa 1971 kurisimasi.*

FIGURE 22. A *kwada* rattle, used in dances. Made with the seed-pods (*sasani*) of the *lawa* tree. (Photo by Jerry Leach, 1973.) *Kwada pela pakiteri* (igao Koitaki “rubber factory” otutela) khewosila, *lawa wetuna kwavigela, sasani e, igayuwelala*.

songs, for example, is in need of its own compilation, with its many different genres, ranging from the old songs of the dead (*wosi Tuma*; Baldwin, 1945) to the newest compositions, some of which are nowadays played by string bands (*wosi gita*), to songs about Kula epics, Christian songs, and the funny tunes that people in the Trobriands still make up to comment on some event, much like Sebwagau did a while ago when he famously improvised a song about the *motatana* taro caterpillar for Les Maclaren’s camera in the film *Kama Wosi*.²¹ A new book could also include *yosokana* jokes as well as *kaninikula* string figures, also a fundamental part of Trobriand culture.²²

Almost half a century later, the Trobriand stories collected by Leach are still alive and ready to be told again. Each time they are remembered and retold is a new performance, a reinterpretation of the original. With each storytelling performance Trobriand *gulagula* custom gets reinforced and renewed by the Trobriand people who make it and are part of it. Sebwagau, Tolosi, and their contemporaries got the stories from their elders. George Mwasaluwa, William Mwenunuva, Leslie Stephen, Daniel Topaleku Stephen, Theresa Bosamimla Patterson, Bernard and Lawrence Mwayubu, Martin Monumwetola, Mwangawa Mwawesi, Veronica Lepani, Stanley Antonio Bunaimata, John Kasaipwalova,

FIGURE 23. A *kulupepi* wig worn by dancers, made with a plant known as *pwapwana bumukwa*. Ornamental feathers are stuck in the wig to prevent them from falling off during dancing. (Photo by Jerry Leach, 1973.) *Tokwewosi khasi kulupepi pela khetakera dugulela bikarisa e, biyosi bikesai. Pwapwana bumukwa kheuvala, yapikipaki*.

Sety Antonio, John Dindillo, Rex Kalubaku, Joachim Taugwaga, Norbert Tuyega Dilou, Gibson Bagidou Henry, Emmanuel Giyomatala, Henry Lupovalu, Gerald Beona, and “Rise”²³ transcribed and translated them, and thanks to their enormous work and dedication, successive generations will be able to enjoy the tales. Camillus Mlabwema Mkwesipu, Claire Bomlabwaga, Tomdebi, Kwenama, Gumwemwata Okwala, Inaliguyau, Uridoga, Tosi-bwada, Pulayasi, Tolawaya, Steven Milamala, John Tosiyeru, Tomanum, Labagula Gai, Nagia, Kadatalu, Valaosi Tobigaveka, Kenneth Kalubaku, and many others commented on them and selected the ones featured in this book. Some of them even added new ones, evidence that Trobriand folklore is alive and well. More stories will come soon, but they all look back to the ancestors who set the stories and the world they describe in motion. The *kasiyena* yams will break forth, and somebody else will take over and carry on with the storytelling as the Trobriand world keeps on moving.²⁴

21. Mary MacDonald (1995) comments on this episode in “Magic and the Study of Religion.”

22. On Trobriand *kaninikula* (string figures), see Eric Vandendriessche (2015), *String Figures as Mathematics? An Anthropological Approach to String Figure-Making in Oral Tradition Societies*. For its equivalent on Woodlark Island, *kananik*, see Damon (2017).

23. “Rise” is how one of the transcribers at the time signed himself on the written sheets of paper of the Leach Collection. None of the people I consulted remember his real name or who he may have been. George Mwasaluwa seems to recall he was from Kitava Island. My apologies to him and his family for being unable to find his real name.

24. The *kasiyena* is the customary formula used by storytellers at the end of each tale, when a member of the audience is called by name by the storyteller, who challenges her or him to tell an even better story. Malinowski (1963[1935], vol. 2:179–180) claimed people used to believe the telling of *kwanebu* helped the yams grow in the gardens, hence the mention of the *kasiyena* yams.

Kaboitoula*

*biga dimdim eginì Tonogwa, ekiviri biga Doketa Linus SilipolaKhapulapola digim'Rina***

Makhasana 1973, mtona George Mwasaluwa deli sala iginiginisi Sogeri ai skuru, Mosbi. Makuwa tuta kwetinidadesi wala ai skuru, gabane oyamala isisu, Sogeri. Sadada khaukwau kwetala kwetala e, mtona todimdim anthropologist yagala Jerry Leach bisila ola turaki khetala khekekita wala e, bila ididagi mtosi toginigini Sogeri e, bivabugwa bimeya Uni, Mosbi olopola (kugisesa khekwabu mpana; Figure 1).

Bimesa Uni bimekisa deli tuwasiya mtosina bo leginiginisi Uni e deli biginiginisi kwanebu. Mabudana Uni toginigini besa kwematala tubwa gudisi Kilivila lemesa iginisi. Matala tau, matala tau lesuisi, gala pela khatudewa. Khe, kweluwavasi tetu bo lemwa e, lesisu olopwa Obweriya eluwaiga amakhala todimdim Jerry biviri mpasi tapes ekikau tom'muwaya khasi kwanebu ovalu. Olopola mpasi tapes, gala pilayumuwa kwanebu deli liliu. Bikugwa bilagisa mpasi tapes, olui beginisa e. khalaigimkoila bikidumwalusa khalakhatumiki. Bilosa olumolela kwetala Uni bwalela e, bivirisaga paisewa; tetala bigini e, teyuwela bikivila olui bikatumpasi paisewa. Besa iyogigibari sipaisewa deli goli isebwelakisa sesiya sikipwasau metoya oginipela o khena okivilavau. E kugisesala olopola khekwabu (Figure 2).

"Pela khasipilatalasi mapela bitaligalega kwanebula valu sena wala ikiminum deli ikimilasi nona," eyokewa George Mwasaluwa, "ivagi makhala ibiya ovalu imeya sitana khatitekina." Tokwanebu yagasi tetala tetala, deli goli lavalu, besa ivitokumisa wala mtosi toginigini. Lavalu, tau khena vivila, kwevila khala tetu e, deli goli am'mekoweyala o khena mesaula mpana kwanebu.

Mimilisi tuta, George deli sala bikim'msisa e, bikimigileusa biga kwetala kwetala olopola, khena bigabogwa o, khena khoila, matuwa. Tuvela goli ikimigileusa Kilivila khala gulagula pela binukwarisa bibwena sedayasa khakhoya, makhala koyakoya o, khena gumanuma avetuta bikalawasi. Mimilisi tuta kwevilesi biga birigemwesa wala pela gala inukwarisa amakhala bikivirisa. Deli valu sena milotala pela bikatukwayaisa tobuboma, khena makwa bigivakhala, koila, bigabogwa, bigitumwaya (makhala Tokhasikuni makhena khala dumu, Tomdawa lekwanebu; onanakha wala besa toginigini). Vakhela mpasi kwanebu lekinukuri todimdim anthropologist Jerry Leach, iualutusi wala ivalapulasi wabwala National Anthropological Archives, olopola Washington, D.C., Amerika. E, ledokhesa magulana kwanebu yagala Jerry W. Leach Trobriand Folklore Collection—Jerry lasolukula!

Mpasi kwanebu migawelu migawelu: pilavilesi sena iyebwerisa tomota, pilavilesi khoila, yosokhona, matuwa o khena pilaninagowa. Pilavilesi pela khetavivisa bwena, khaegila pela Kula, ulatila, tokwai, bilubaloma deli goli pilavilesi isukwea kwevilesi dala khasililiu. "Pilavilesi bo lakhanukwarisa ovalu ekwanebusi tobuboma, taga pilavilesi pilavovau wala besa yakhamesa e, sena wala khayebwerisa pela ikeitusi valu khesisula ibwena deli goli khada gulagulasi," ekebiga George. "Biwokuva kivila paisewala e, Jerry

* Introduction translated into Kilivila by Linus SilipolaKhapulapola digim'Rina.

** English translation of subtitle: "Written in English by Tonogwa [local name given to Sergio Jarillo], translated by Dr. Linus Silipola-Khapulapola digim'Rina."

isisakhemasi kwetala peni kwetala verina mapaisewasi taga gala baluwai kwevila mokwita. Taga pela khasipilatali besa veimayasa mapela kwetala peni bakhabanisa besa senawala ipilasi. Olui idadegemasi e ikeimalemasi Sogeri. E, bila kweyuwela Sadada khakeitavausi.” George ekebiga sitana makhala iteya ninasi makuwa paisewa, sena iyebwerisa pela ivagi makhala kwenatola paisewa. “Makuwa tutela khamalamkolasi magimasi bakhayamatisa deli bakhaginisa makuwa paisewa bibwena. Taga sena ula pikwakumagigu bakhagisesa amakhala besa komwedona mapaisewasi bimilabuki,” George layenona. Khe, pikekita wala bibwadi kweluwaimela tetu e, George lapikwaku pela mpana buki levalapula. Kugisesa pikisi (Figure 3).

KWANEBU KHARISONUKULA

Vakhela tomota enukwarisa mtona Jerry Wayne Leach metoya kwetala khayaku lekabutu pela wala livalela Kula. Vakhela mtosina anthropologists leginisi Milne Bay olopola ilosa iyadisa Kula livalela olopola Cambridge University, England, 1978 olopola. Tevilesi gala ililotalasi Kilivila o Milne Bay taga pela sena iyebwerisa Kula livalela e, ilosa wala. Tuvela Jerry pilatala pikisi ivagisa usola Gary Kildea, mtona kharitovagi khookela pikisi, livalela girikiti mina Kilivila sikabikabi. Yagala pikisi Trobriand Cricket: An Ingenious Response to Colonialism, 1976 olopola ivagisa mpana pikisi. Iga olui bila Kilivila, Jerry mesikeyala Uni Mosbi olopola, makhasana 1969 ilaga 1973 Makuwa tuta mtona ivagi tetala tomatala toituloki olumolela Anthropology Department, Mosbi Uni.

Ivituloki taga ititowa Kilivila e ititomwa Mosbi pela uula magila binukwari e bigini khegiya la doketa livalela kharewaga olopwa Kilivila. Itomwa itomwa, iuvalutu wala ikogala ila Kilivila e, iwa ila isiwa Kaibola usola lakwawa Marianne e, deli sikuluta litusi Liesl. Kweyu tetu isisusa, 1972 ila 1973. Makuwa tuta ibudaki tutela Khabisawali deli Tonenei Khamokwita esunapula sipoisivisi pela kharewaga olopwa Kilivila. Makuwa tutela Papua New Guinea evabiribiri bikeula Independence, 1975. Makhasawena goli, John Mwakwabuya, Bernard Mwayubu deli goli Gerald Beona ivagisi makhala yamala Jerry Leach, khalatopilasi mokwita. Sena ipilasisa lapaisewa deli goli paisewala mapana girikiti pikisila (pikisi; Figure 4).

Iga omtuvala, Gerald Beona tetatala khalatopilasi mokwita Jerry. “Ivitulakhegu motubai khalasisila pelala batitaina akhokeula kwanebu deli goli avakha avakha livalela,” Gerald eluwai. “Mokwita magila bigini bigela Bweyowa o khena Kilivila taga iwa iwa ikalugwasi makuwa nanamsa” (Figure 5).

Makuwa tutela esisu Kilivila olopola, 1970 lemaga 1973, Jerry lekau khalabawa 365, lakhatutolu-luwailima luwatata-lima, kwanebu pilatala, pilatala khalabawa. Vakhela mapilana wala Kudouya, Tilataula e, Kulakhewa. Ivisiula wala olopwa Kaibola, pela mesikeyala, ikwatukwayaya besa tomota magila kwanebu bilega. Makhlapata goli tomota bisiurisa Jerry bisipatusa deli la goneta makwewena ekokeula khegasi e, ikwanebu tetala

imwa e, itola tetala ikwanebu. Khe, mtona Nunuwotu medikora gumTukwaukwa eluwai kweta tuta e, lekebiga makhala. “Lakhamesa bakhabwatasi mitaga taubada magila kwanebu.” Jerry ikilova wala iloki tokwanebu oyumasi, tawaula vivilela, sikarewaga avekwanebu wala magisi o khena inukwarisa e, bila wala. Gala sitana khala silaboda. Taga khalaigimkoila bitagisi vakhela tokwanebu tom’mwaya deli vavegila tawau elaga orakhewa. Gala tona gugwadi deli vivila. Nasila goli Jerry gala ivakhasi makhala, vakhela itugwari wala bimesa inagasi khasi kwanebu titolesi, ikivilasi, ikatumikisi e, avela goli magila khala liliu biliu, iliu wala. Kwevilesi tuta, kwanebu mapana wala e bisivayugwa khena bisivatolu khala rekodi (Figure 6).

KWANEBU DERI TOKWANEBU

Khailela biga, tevilesi tokwanebu tokhaegila, pela sena khasitovagi kwanebu deli mina nintalapula, minaiyosokhana e, pela sena mina khateta pela Kilivila khegulela. Khala pona mokwita kwanebu iloki tokwanebu sikabitam, sinukwari deli goli sikikuri tomota igasi, khatuposula kwetala kwetala, valu wakoya igasi e, besa bikikurisa wala bilausa. Biwe-eya kwanebu bilala e, bisalau khala lega. Tuvela tokwanebu bikibodasi khevasaki pela bikeisakisa mtosi okwanebu olopola bubunesi desi sibigatona, bonasi, bikeulasi meguva, biwosisa wosimwaya, deli goli bivinisa vinavina. Mapela tokwanebu gala pela khatuyawana, tonukwari yokwa, totuvaluwa yokwa e, tokwabitam yokwa bukuvagi. Iloki mpana kwanebu e, iloki gola makhala tokwanebu. Kham tau wala bukuvagi. Livalela goli makhala, mtosi tokwanebu ikipwarisa khasi sopi, gudisi kwegivayelu. Besa uula mina nintalapula, ninasi yeluyelu e, avetuta bikeulasi kwanebu sena wala khetayala nona. Taiyakhaula sikabitam, taiyakhaulaga sikikuri vavagi kwetala kwetala. Pela avetuta bikeulasi e, bilosaga ibiyasi omitibogwa e, bimeyesaga besa tuta tagigisa, taligalega e, tagigila o, khena tanokhapisi. Tadoki wala dimdim sipikisi, taga besa tokwanebu sisim’ri. Omitibogwaga, ah besa baloma o tubusiya idodousi oigasi avela matosina lesakhesa kwanebu o khena liliu. Mapela bitagisi tokwanebu mokwita gala pela iyoluluwaisi wala o, khena iutu-utusi wala taga ivagi mtosina ivakulatisa saila bilubaloma deli saila tosikela valu yakidasi tom’mwamova. Tokwanebu isaedasi deli baloma o khena, tokwariga tubudayasa. Kugisa bidausa tomotela ovalu, tomotela wakoya o khena obwarita, tokwaila valu deli olaodina e, vavagi goli kwetala kwetala—omitibogwa lema besa tuta. Mtosina sena khasitovagi bikatusaisa tadoki gola bogwa okhabala e, tevilesi biutusi wala piluwovau kwanebu (makhala mpana tomwaya Mokousi edoki Tonamakava, esivila lemwa ikivilavau gumanuma siguguwa ikatumkulai laesaesa).

Vakhela tokwanebu khasitovagi imekisa Jerry ikwanebusi mitaga sena ikugwewa khasitovagi senela tolukuba Sebwagau, Khabulula tolela e, tomalasi tokwaugwa tomwaya Tolosi, gumLabai. Sebwagau sena kharitovagi rimwatu, tobutuwosi pela simwa khaluBwayawa e, kwanebu mokwita khala popu.

Khalagigisa gala tetala tuvela bibwadi makhala Sebwagau—itokesa. Pilatala pikisi yagala “Kama Wosi,” todimdim Les Maclaren levagi 1979 pela Kilivila wosila deli muwasawela e, vakhela besa Sebwagau lakhewala. Sebwagau wala matolela ikwanebugwa Imdeduya, livalela Yolina lapwenaga, besa Jerry e legini emilabuki yagala Imdeduya: A Kula Folktale from Kiriwina, 1981. Emweki tomwaya Tolosi bo makhala wala, sena vakhela lakhataraki eseki Jerry olasolukula. Tolosi, guyola Labai, opapala dala komwedona sikhaposunapula, Obukula. Tolosi toyamatela dala liliusi e, pilavilesi ikau e, irekodi Jerry (kugisesa pikisi; Figures 7, 8).

Kwanebu deli liliu, gala pela bigaokuva wala. Ivagi makhala wabuki takkhalawa, pela mtosi teyu tom'mwaya, Tolosi usola Sebwagau, mtosi pela liliu khaboiseki. Pela ikausa khala numla ikewarisa, ivinisa, imigaisa, ikeisakhesa e, iliyasi imilitomota. Bweyowa khala kwanebu isunapula wabiga ivakilewaga imilawosi, ikewosisa e, guguwela goli gulagula deli vinegabua isunupuleya—ileya migila Kilivila, obweyowa (Figure 9).

Kwanebu gala pela lakhabotota Kilivila khala gulagula wala o khena, biuri kedala nanamsa bimilitomota e, biweeya bitakheisaki wala. Taga avakha tubudayasi sivituloki, sisim'ri, sinukwari e, bitabani isisu olopola kwanebu. Besa sitana ipilasi tubwa makhateki amakhala sikesisu deli goli sikabikabi pela kwewovau nanamsa deli kharewaga esusu. Khabogigisa mokwita Imdeduya. Mapana kwanebu iuri nanola John Kasaipwalova avetuta egigisi gumanuma sikarewaga deli sikabikabi besa yakidasi e, ewe-eyaga eninamsi amakhala PNG bikau Independence. Besa uula avetuta Kasaipwalova egini pilatala khevasaki yagala Sail the Midnight Sun, ah gala, ivatowa wala odubasi Imdeduya usola Yolina. Kugisa mokwita goli Imdeduya metoya Kilivila, taga avetuta ekiviri Kasaipwalova ibiya PNG ilomwedona isui olopola. Tadoki wala ikanabogwa. Sail the Midnight Sun ivagi PNG khala kwanebu e sena wala iyebwerisa tomota. Igisemwa todimdim Greg Murphy ibiya mapana kwanebu isui ola boda yagala Raun Raun Theatre, Goroka mesikeyasila. Ikeisakisa e, itainisa olopola PNG lewokuva ivapelasi oilovekha itainisa deli kwetala kwevekha PNG band yagala Sanguma. Mapela mapana kwanebu Imdeduya iteya ninasi towosi, tokwewosi, tokwevasaki deli goli totaila tokwalu. Silovala wala (2015) tevilasi khataraki yakidasi Kilivila leweyasi pilaluwatala pilavasi (14) khalabawa tokwalu livalela wala Yolina usola Imdeduya. Makwa kwevau mvada tamatula, gala goli lekikola wala leluwapela eloki gudiwovau khataraki makhala mpana kwanebu Laudinedine leweya Yobwita oluiga eyekuri Toyalaka, ivai wala²⁵ (Figures 10, 11).

Kidamwa makhala Sebwagau khagala igau wala kwemvamova lekatuwevoi olopwa khevasaki, otokwalu e, makhalapata goli Tolosi khagala. Tolosi khagala etitowa etitoma, mimilisi migila ikiviri, kwewovau khatumiki ikatusunupuleya e, ikatupewari

tubovau bubunesi deli ikayoki e, ikim'moi khasi liliu. Mapana liliu Kalaguma, kwetala meMalasi dalesi—Tolosi eliya amakhala Bomyoyewa lakhaposunapula. Makwa bwema makhala tobuboma sibulagweda, Tolosi tubula, eulaisa taga kokolela khetanamwedi wala.²⁶ Avetuta yagila biwai e bisigiruwai o, biuwayewa bwemala e, besa uula ledokhesa Bomyoyewa (bwema-yoyewa). Tolosi ekebiga iga otubovaula igisi makwesi bwema tom'mwaya iulaisa. Todimdim Kenneth Costigan igini Kilivila siulai bwala e, metoya ola study “The Patterns of Structure” igini sitana Bomyoyewa livalela deli ikau khekhabula. Kiletawa Tolosi olakhamtabubula pela Bomyoyewa khala ulai e, sitana evitulakhedasi makwa khabitam kwemitawasi pela tubwa makhateki, deli goli Costigan lakhatumiki mapana Bomyoyewa liliula.²⁷

Mapasi kwanebu deli liliu esunupuleya Bweyowa khala gulagula e, eleya mokwita gala pela wabiga wala bitaitusi. Mitaga isisu okhevasaki, otokwalu, oulai deli goli waga khala vakhasi. Tuvela goli mapasi kwanebu deli liliu besa mailatala wala Bweyowa khala gulagula—mwada liliu bo lemwa mitaga otasigwarisa wala, makhala lasim'ri makhalaga lakhoila, omilakhatina e, makhalaga oseyum, komwedona wala ivaputumi Kilivila laesaesa, omitibogwa lema besa tuta.

KHABOISEULA KHEKOKEWA: LEACH LASOLUKULA OLOPOLA NATIONAL ANTHROPOLOGICAL ARCHIVES

Makwa paisewa “Kwanebuyee-e Kilivila” lasunapula metoya kwetala nanamsa pela Kilivila khala savivila. Olumolela makwa nanamsa topaisewala magisi beginisa kwanebu deli goli bisivigurisa e, biyolalisa Kilivila khala gulagula. Mapana buki leiseula avetuta Leach lasolukula mpasi kwanebu levalapulasi besa National Anthropological Archives. Yakileta goli minana numwaya Dr. Adrienne Kaeppler, toyamatela Pacific gugumwaela olopola National Museum of Natural History, Washington, D.C., Amerika. Kuluwai minana numwaya Dr. Kaeppler ekominimani Jerry letagwala e lekasari mpasi kwanebu lasolukula esui olopola Smithsonian Institution. Jerry lasolukula gala pela kwanebu wala mitaga pilavilesi tapes pela makwa Kula livalela leyadisa besa Kings College, Cambridge University, England, July (Khaluwalasi) 1978. E, deli goli sitana vakhela pikisi lekikausa ogirikiti taga besa gala isunapula tagisesa.

Igau wala. Pela mapana buki Kwanebuyee Kilivila, ikugwa iga khaluvatusi e, khaluvesei mpasi kwanebu bibwena. Jerry W. Leach Trobriand Folklore Collection (lasolukula) ikanukwenu NAA olopola khalabawa pilaluwatolu-pilavasi (34) tapes e,

26. Makhasana 1999, Tolosi eluki Limus digim'Rina Bomyoyewa kwematala latumila Odubekoya e, pilayuwelaga keda, khatuposula yagala Sibukubaku. E, bitavabusiga bilola orumata, besaga supolela okhakhata e, Obukula.

27. Makhasawena 1980s khalagimkoila bilaga 1990s khaboiseula, igau toulatila William Ebenosi Moyola member pela Kiriwina-Goodenough e, ikabutu kwetala Bomyoyewa iulaisa omatala kwevekha terminal, Losuia okheyoyowa. Terminal bwalela ledokhesa yagala Pulayasi Daniel Terminal, guyola Kilivila.

25. Yobwita, tokhakitam deli takhataraki, gumKwebwaga. Mtowena tomwaya tetala towai mapasi tokwalula Sail the Midnight Sun. Lakhakitam tomwaya bo leseki sitana khadala, Joseph Toyalaka pela bikimmoi makwa khabitam, taga iwau.

lakhatuyu-yaluwalima yaluwatolu-yalima (285) *pwepe deli giniginila e, khala kivila*. Pilavilesi kwanebu nambela 305 bila 365 (*deli pilaluwayu*, 20 kwanebu) bo letamwauisi olopola NAA. Khalagigisa mpasi gala wala khena khala ginipela deli khala kivila. Mpasi kwanebu, pilavilesi sena pilu-uwanoma makhasana lakhatutala (100) pages e, pilavilesi bo bwena pilakkukupi, makhala khasayu wala. Okhalabanena mpasi kwanebu, yosokhona kwanebula khalabawa pilaluwalima pilaluwatatala-pilavasi (64)—*ivigimkulaisa wala ginipela deli kivila*. Tuvela goli pilayu tape irekodi wosi taga gala khala kivila: *Kamwemuya* (*pilabiweki erekodisa* SN 31 “*Togiliwakuma*,” SN 212 *deli* SN 221 “*Kamwemuya*”), “*Diayapani*” (*livalela ulatila olatuta khabiriyi kwevekha*), “*Gumgum*” (*mwada oMuyiwa metoyala*) e, “*Kawai*”—*komwedona wala Seb wagau ekikewala*. Pilavilesi wosi *miSimsimla ekivilisi, miLiluta, mina Kaibola—wosimwaya o, khena wosibaloma, khoila deli goli piluwovau piluvilesi* (*makhala obaturum*) *deli goli kurisimasi wosi tapwaroru*.

Kaboitoula kwanebu khala kimimisi paisewala ikau makhasana narima navasi (9) tubukona. Makwa tutela ileya mokwita makhala kwanebu khala bwena oiluwela wala Kilivila e, bimigileu. Bitasikeri wala mina Kilivila, bitakhatukwayi e bikimigileusa pilatala pilatala kwanebu bibwena. Pela uula mina Kilivila sinukwari deli sikabitam pela khesisula valu (*makhala bagula, pola, tokwalu, lelai, waola, meguva, Kula, kumila deli dala liliula e, tubudayasa goli*), ituwari ituwari. Besa uula bitasikeri tetala tetala e, bitanakhagari amakhala sigigisa deli sinanamsa besa pilata kwanebu pilatala.

Kharinanamsa makhala tasekemwa tasekemwa mpasi kwanebu e, tetala tetala bivitusisa ambesa khanagila kwanebu e, ambesaga khena khala gewagewa. Avetuta besa khatukwayaya deli sinavila lewokuva e, levalapulasi kweyu nanamsa; (1) khala gini mpasi kwanebu bimilabuki e, boda mitilabi bikalawasi, (2) mapana buki bikeita bila Kilivila pela oulela besa metoya lema. Mokwita goli mtosi mina Kilivila deli lepaisewasi mapana buki sitana ivagi khexasi makhala liliu deli kwanebu metoya wabiga sena nanakwa letitamwau avetuta skuru ginigini, computer deli tereponi evalapulasi. Nasila goli rimwatula kwanebu igau wala letota taga makhasana 2013 lemaga sena wala ileya magila khadawovau kedala kwanebu bisunapula. Okhatukwayaya besa tevilesi mina Kilivila e, vakhela eninanamsisa mwada kwanebu bisukwewa Museum obwalela—*lakhabotota besa*.

Mapana buki bivagi makhawala sitana Kula taga veguwa bitomwa e, mtosiga dimdim anthropologists deli lubesiya mtosi mina Kilivila bikulasi obligatona deli nanamsa, paisewa e, deli goli kwanebu. Bukuitusi mokwita bibwena pela lakeda mpasi kwanebu metoya besa mina Kilivila tokwanebu iloki besa Jerry Leach, ila Amerika itowa lekeitavaugwa lema Kilivila. Leuri kedala Kula deli khalubela, bititowa wala bititoma.

Gala idaila taga iyori Kilivila bubunela pela kwanebu katulogusa. Kwanebu khalaigimkoila, mtona tokwanebu binagi tetala mtosi toligalega e, blai khala khetaela bikwanebu pilata tuvela e bimweeya kwanebu bisisetaula wala (*makhala mapana kwanebu* SN 232 “*Baloma*,” Tokumbobu lekwanebu).

KWEMATATA TUTELA KWANEBU LEKEITAVAU SI KILIVILA

Bo makhawala katulogusa giniginila o, khena veguwa khekhabula, mapana buki pela bitaiviyai makwa khalubela biweeya kwanebu bilala wala. Sena vakhela militela tetu bogwa lemwa avetuta Jerry Leach lekau mapasi kwanebu; khe, lema besa tuta bitadousi tuvela khada murisi bitolasa e, bimweeya bitobiwekisi tokwanebu. Mpasi kwanebu lekeitasi lemesa pelala tubovau bisevasi e, bikatumkoilasi tobuboma khasi kwanebu: bikalasa, beginisa e, bilolasa keda khaduuvovau. Olopwa Yavatamwa (January) 2013 akhau mpasi kwanebu Jerry lesonukuri e, alau Kilivila. Besa khala nobwakuri makwa nanamsa pela khala khatukikita mpasi kwanebu livalesi deli goli khaluvaguri kwanebu livalela. Pela bimilitomota, khala bwena khala simalaula makhadasi keda khaduuvovau, metoya wabiga elokiga isai makwesi biga wabuki.

Avetuta lavilobusi aloki wala ogu tumila asiwa, Yalumgwa-Obweria Ward. Bogwa makhala lilobogwa igau lavavagi ula study makhasana 2008 elaga 2010. Ikugwa aluki tomota ibwena avakha uula lataini mpasi kwanebu besa tomota tetala tetala. Akhatumigileu livalesi mpasi kwanebu Jerry Leach lasolukula—avakha mokwita olopola, avetuta ekau, amakhala esonukuri—tuvela goli akham’mwati avakha mokwita makwa paisewa lepupwai: khala khatumkoila mpasi kwanebu livalesi, balumkwari amakhala mina Kilivila khasilamkola o, khena sinanamsa e, khalaigimkoila bagini pilata bukila kwanebu mpasi mina Kilivila titolesi lenagisa e, mapana buki khala katupata besa tomota tetala tetala, gala gimwala e, biloki goli oskuru pela bipilasi toginigini bikalawasi. Vakhela tomota sena wala ikabwerisa makwa nanamsa pela ivagi isiviguri livalela Kilivila khala gulagula mokwita. Metoya tomota osikabwela esupekemwa sena wala tebiweki etolasa ipilasisi olumola makwa paisewa. Mwada teyu wala tetolu etolasa okhaboitoula, gala mwamwai boda igugulasi pela wala kwanebu mpasi livalela. Tom’mwaya ila gugwadi itolasa wala pela bogwa sena ekau ninasi makwa paisewa (khe, kugisesala okhekhabu, Figure 12).

Tubovau imanumsi wala iligalegasiga tom’mwaya ekwanebusi. Sena iyebwerisa tobuboma siketavivisa amakwesi vavagi gala inukwarisa makhala khelaodila khaweluwela molu ekavaisa oluiga gumanuma khaweluwela evalapulasi (*makhala mpana Toweyana ekwanebu yagala “Iyada”*). O, makhala goli livalela dala kwetala kwetala sikoni avetuta bikatubayyasi pela ilowosi. Besa sitana ilala bigitonela pela koni khena ibudaki o, khena sena vakhegaga. Khalabawa tomota ibigatonasi avakha sigigisa deli sinukwari besa pilata kwanebu pilatala. Tevilesiga iyosesilasi wala khasikwanebu mapasi sena iyebwerisa e, iwisekisaga amakhala elagibogisa besa veisiya o, khena sesiya. Ikwearisa deli goli ikeisakhesa mtosi okwanebu bubunesi. Sena wala nanakwa iyoyu butula kwanebu lepulupolu Kutoila olopola e, iguti gugwadi uwasi. Gala mwamwai gugwadi bo leutu-utusi khasi kwanebu titolesi, ikeisakhesa tautora e, tuvela wala ikamokiti amakhala kwanebu ibubasi nintalapula, tamatula deli goli khala simri pela bitaluluwai kedala valu khala khesisu deli khala ginola. Gala teyumwa tomota

lemesa inigadegusi magisi baseki mpasi kwanebu wapwepu bilausa. Magisi bilausa ikalawasi titolesi e, bitakutusa mailatala mailatala deli wosila, vinavinela o, migavala desi sesiya osivalu. Emwemuvai makiwa pitapata kwanebu iuri kedala khatumapu nanamsa besa anthropologist e, deliga ovalu tomotela.

Ivagi makhala mitilabi paisewala khaligalegasi, khakhananolasi deli goli khakhatukwayayasi: makhala, avakha mokwita mpasi kwanebu ekeitusisa? Avakha dikweyasi? E, avakha sita bitaigakhesa?

KHALATANEKU KWANEBU

Iga omituvaula mpasi livala mwada edokhesa liliu o, galaga kwanebu. Makwa kimimisi, liliu deli kwanebu, tuvela khasebwelakisa e, khaigivewesa, 2013 olopola. Vakhela tomota makwa tuta ikabwerisa makhala liliu besa khamokwita iguri tobwabogwa e, kwanebugwa makhala rimwatu wala deli khoila, khatubwabwawa pela khegiya yosokhana e, pela bitaiyakhaula taga gala simwa libogwa. Khala tuwari mokwita, elivalasi mina Kilivila, liliu simwa dimlela deli livalela bo ebwadi bitalamkwari deli bitaitusi lagela—nasila goli libogwa. Khalaiseki makhala mpana liliu Muluvekha sosola Togega, Boikota eliu (SN 185). Vakhela iyalela bwarita laga etitoki valu uula wala isakhese mtona lekatumati minana kheuna natabwabogwa mwada khala puwaya. Pilavilesiga liliu ikamtububuri dala kwetala kwetala silola olopola Kilivila o, khena amakhala siyayosa pilata meguva (makhala “Ikulasi” mtona Dubalagala eliu SN 22). Mokwita goli bukuitusi, kwevilesi vavagi ekamtububuri oliliu bo emati bivalapula omitadesa. Besa oBweyowa khagulela e, kwevilesi ninamsela deli khabitamla oliliu bo ebwadi bitaigivewa pela Kilivila khesisula. Khalaiseki makhala, makwesi leleala khalagigisa Mekalai ekamtububuri olopola mpana liliu “Topilaveka” (SN 135): kunaboda, eseki khai deli dakuna ikobelulusi, esekewa goli bulutuvalu ibutusi isuninisi olaodila.

Livalela makhala avetuta guyolaKilivila ekariga, makwesi vavagi mokwitala ivalapulasi. Mapela avetuta giyovakhavekha bikarigasi makwesi vavagi bo emati bivalapula pela besa khariyasi gweguya, makhala sikipotariya. Tuvela goli liliu ikamtububuri kwevilesi gulagula am’metoyala lema, makhala mpana liliu “Boupata usola Bovakuila,” mtona Dogana eliu (SN 154). Mpana liliu elukwedasi khabewota toliuula mokwita mkwesi kweyu valu, Labai e, Libutuma. E, makhalapata goli avakha uula tevilesi mina Kilivila ikamkwamsi bwalodila e, tevilesi bomasi (mpana yagala “ToDubwaga,” mtona John Modigavala Banyan eliu, SN 23). Taga mokwita, mwada olibogwa livalela taga bo tagigisi besa tuta. Makhala kwevilesi dala sikoni eguri tobwabogwa igau wala eiyosisa o, khena bogwa lesupela oyumasi makhala mpana “Tabalu” liliu Tolosi eliya (SN 139) o, khena kwevilesi dala siyayosa simla, kwadewa, pwepwaya o, khena bogwa lesupela o, khena leiyosisa pilata migavala silami o, bulubwalata makhala mpana “Kebulitauya,” minana numwaya Bokawau (SN 25) eliu. Bitayosi wala pilu-uula e, bisimatiri mokwita.

Dala kwetala kwetala simwa khasi liliu pela tubusiya sikabosunapula wabwala lemesa. Mpasi liliu ikamtububuri amakhala “ulemwa bwala” lesunapulasiga, deli itekuri silola wakeda, siwewasi deli goli aveboda tuvela lebwadisa otapiwa keda, siveyawa (makhala mpasi liliu “Mlabwema” mtona Yaritau leliu, SN 261 deli goli mpana “Toliwaga,” Kuyabesa eliya, SN 271). Mpasi liliu sikium dala, toliu, mapela gala ibwadi bikoumkulaisa bima omilakhatila pela komwedona. Komwedona mina Kilivila elivalasi makhala: (1) Leach lasolukula vakhela kwanebu e, gala tona liliu, (2) e, vakhela mpasi liliu sobwaga wala. Metoya ogubanena deli tolivalu, elivalasi vakhela liliu igau wala okhotupwana e, khala gigisa gala wala iboda bisunapula bima omilakhatina pela besa dala lapeula deli lakharewaga metoya oliliu. Liliu ikwari dala deli tubusiya emwe-eya siyayosa pwepwaya ikikulati, deli goli sikoni, dala igalela, khala sekuku e, lakhabotota. Liliu u-ulela kharewaga, peula, vayayola oliliu e, tuvela idagi siyayosa valu deli baleku, kwabila e, deli goli sikoni deli khasi igitaota. Dala khala liliu bikanukwenu wala wadala, khagulela sikarewaga; mapela avetuta bitagwalasi bikeulasi pela khakhoya bilegasi, gala komwedona bisunupuleyesa. Sekumwaga ambesa khanagila bitumasi e, odabala wala bikausa. Mokwita goli livalela makhala, khalamvaleta wala guyolaKilivila, Tabalu dabala, Omarakhana esisu, inukwari komwedona dala khasi liliu iwokuva. Besa uula avetuta dala kwevilesi bikominimanisi pela valu, baleku, kwabila o khena kwadewa, bidousi guyolaKilivila bila inakhegila, ikimigileu e, bisela kharewaga. Taga tokwarewaga wala liliu bitasebwelaki—gewagewa rusi.

Taga mpasi sobwaga liliu wabuki mpana olopola gala pela gala dikweyasi—simwa dimlesi. Mpasi mwada sobwaga liliu taga bo lebwadi bitatekuri tubusiya silola biuvalutu wala bima besa tuta makwa dala lakhabosisu. Mapela mpasi sobwaga bo lebwadi bitakhatuilatu kumila lakharigeyai oBweyowa. Obigatona wala deli tolivalu pela Leach lasolukula lemwe-eya latanukwarisa kwevilesi khatuposula, igasi tomota, kwevilesi vavagi, bigitumwaya deli kwemitawasi biga makhala makwesi esukwewa meguva o, bubunesi tobuboma. Taga gala bitasopa, vakhela goli pwetukula deli tawau taga kwevilesi vavagi gala wala sena imigileu—igau wala onanakha. Sekumwelaga mpana buki lapwai kwetala makhala; sitana wala bisimitari makwesi vavagi onigonigwa deli onanakha: avetuta tomota biyosilaua khala khakhalawa deli goli bigitonela e, bimwe-eya bimigileu tuvela besa yakidasi, khadai? Taga liliu mokwita wala khaboitutisula libogwa e lemaga isepituki khesisula valu besa tuta, deli u-ulela Kilivila khala gulagula. Kwanebu gala makhala. Vakhela goli lakhatubau, lakhatubwabwawa, lakhaila deli goli lautupoi taga kwanebu isimitari Kilivila khala khaila deli migila nasila goli vakhela biga wala viseki ibububula. Minana Ibaya ekwanebu mpana “Daleka” (SN 40) livalela mwada magudina wewayu mwada isusus wala besa nakhariga inala tiriyela e, imova. Avetuta letovekha makwa wala inala pwanetala mwada itakedi wala imilatau ivai.

Bitagisi makhala, makwa pwaneta besa inalala yaluwela levitubwi wala latula letovekha, nasila goli bo lekariga. Besa

ekatululuwaedasi pela bilomasi veidayasa deli tubadayasa otasigwarisa wala Obweyowa e, tuta tuta ivagisi makhala dakhetavivisi. Pilavilesi kwanebu ikeitusisa dakhesisusa besa tuta. Vakhela makhala mauna deli goli khai khetala khetala (makhala makhesina latakhasi opwepwaya). Tuvela kwanebu isimitari khai deli khawelu livalesi e, am'metoyasa lemesa e, deli avakha sipaisewa. E, makhalapata goli mauna deli yena.

Sena vakhela mauna livalesi isisu okwanebu. Mimilisi livalesi amakhala mauna emilamaunasi: vakhela tomota bo lekatetasi pela minana kwau natala numwaya eunai mapilana oBomatu, Kilivila (mapana kwanebu "Momovala" mtona Mekilawaga lekwanebu, SN 213); e minana tomadawa tomtala elaga obwarita isiwa (mpasi kwanebu "Kiwali usola Pupusa" mtona Katuloka ekwanebu, SN 179). Pilavilesiga ikamtububurisa bubunesi minasi mauna (makhala mapana "Kenavasia" mtona Kwailesa ekwanebu, SN 234 pela amakhala khelavasiya ekiviri bubunela ela itoyam). Mapela bitagisi oBweyowa bubunela, mauna deli tomota sivalu kwetala wala. Bo makhala pilavilesi kwanebu eitulakhedasi mauna deli tomota gala khala daila. Besa uula sena khalagagabila besa "Kamwemuya" enigada pilasi besa yena natala natala avetuta Dokanikani elepi (Mwadayana ekwanebu "Khamwemuya," SN 212). Kwevilesi tuta tomota deli mauna sena yuviyai sivakhatu, makhala mtona Khavai usola lubela ("Tomnalova," Kabeyou lekwanebu, SN 150) e, makhalapata goli guyau lakwava usola kheuna (mapana "Togega" mtona Mogisaboda lekwanebu, SN 202, khekhabu; Figure 13). Makwa vakhatu mauna deli tomota besa ivagi khabogigisa pela makwa nanamsa Kilivila olopola mwada tomota deli mauna komwedona bubunedasi kwetala wala. Bitagisi makhala minana pwasisikwa mokwita nakekita taga sena natuvaluwa, bo makhala mtosi tomota sena minatuvaluwa e, matolela ikatuyuwani wala khala laiya metoya olakhabitam (khekhabu; Figure 14). Makwesi bubuna isusuki tomota deli mauna e, mimilisi tuta ivagi wala khabotuitusila tevilesi tomota o, khena kwevilesi boda, bo makhala minana mauna khabwaku kidamwala sena nagigasisi emwe-eya makwa dala Toliwaga eigakhesa simauna—sikabotuvatusi (mapana "Kariwa" mtona Mwakwabuya lekwanebu, SN 166). Ponela mokwita kwanebu, gala pela avakhawaya ekanukwenu olumolesi mauna khena tomota taga bitanakhagari amakhala tokwanebu elakhasisa bigela. Obigatona deli okhatukwayaya ovalu makhasana 2013, tuvula ponela lesunapula metoya okhatukwayaya bigela, khala numla deli goli kwanebu pilamwedona. Khalaiseiki makhala Tokumbobu sena ikamwanisa deli ikabwerisa pela bigabogwa deli bigitumwaya ekilai okwanebu pela vakhela gala wala inukwarisa. Kwetala biga makwa "Dubilikwayai" e, avetuta lakhatukwayai lemuwa isimitari besa elivari makhena gweguya khasi riku etobilabala Omarakhana, yagala "Dubirikwayai." Pela sena khewanoma ivabudibwadi lili emwe-eya edokhesa maigana (mpana "Toyau," Tokumbobu lekwanebu, SN 3).

Omituvaula makwesi biga gala khala kivila e, avetuta kwanebu ekeitasi elosa Kilivila isunapula khasikatumiki, makhala makwa biga seyakwa—kwetala khola sena bweikwana maina

khegiya soba metoya oM'yuwa lema. (mpana "Ilakomwawa" mtona Bunuvagola lekwanebu, SN 157). Avetuta ovatusi makwesi biga kwenigonigwa kwevilesi khamwakheyasa pilabubogwa vinavina deli khamnikula vinuvina o, khena wosila. Mapasina wala vinavina emwe-eya itokhoweya ninasi gugwadi deli nunumwaya e, kwetala wala seuvalaku avela mokwita bikaninikuri deli goli bivini vinuvina o, khena biwari wosila. E, kidamwa nunumwaya bikatululuwaedasi pela khamnikula esupekemwa tubovau bo makhala wala iutuvau piluvovau e, tuvula wala ikamokwiti pela gulagula iutuvau tuta tuta, taga bitamwau. Kwevilesiga biga bo mokwita lewau e, lemema biga dimdim ikemapu wala, makhala "kiwali" (sinapu) e besa tuta tubovau leutusa "tiriki" (dimdim "trick") lekemapu "kiwali." Pilavilesiga kwanebu eleya mokwita gala pela khatumikila taga amakhala lebigitonisa. Mitaga vakhela mina Kilivila ekebigasi bigitumwaya (tomwayabogwa bonasi) tuvula wala isimitari tomwayabogwa sikabitam deli sisimri. Bigitumwaya isunupuleya khekhabula o, khena simrila tubwabogwa e, sena wala madori khala lega. Makhala, makhena waga gala bitalivala mwada bogwa letamwau omilaveta taga "bogwa lekapatu sibula laya" ("khenaya ikapatu," mtona Monikou lekwanebu, SN 19). Mpawena wala, tetala ekebiga gala pela "igisi waga" taga "ilai matala wawaga"—kwetinitesila wala biga ikilai, "matagu waga." Mina Kilivila elivalasi, "tomwayabogwa gala bidubadu biga bilivalisa," kweyu wala e, bo emigileu.

Osinavila wala makwesi bigitumwaya khamwekisa kwevilesi "bigi vakhala," bitalivala makhala biga viseki. Tuvula wala khaboitutisila tomwayabogwa sikabitam pela biga khala utu deli khala khatuduvadi e, makhala gola madagila. Besa tuvula eleya kwanebu khala kimimisi olopola e, amakhalaga tokwanebu bilakhasisa e, oluiga bilivalisa e, bikeisakisa. Mapela bo makhala liliu, kwanebu lapaisewa bo lebwadi bibiya uvagila deli bigela omitibogwa e, bimeyaga besa tuta e, lemwe-eya gala nanakwa bitamwau gulagula.

Taga kwanebu gala pela mauna, khai, yena, vavagi kwetala kwetala livalesi wala. Mina Kilivila elivalasi mpasi mwada khoila o, vinavina gala dimlesi taga olumolesi iboda bitabani kwetala khevatusi bwena. Tom'mwaya makhala wala, sibiga kwanebu gala pela khatuyawana. Iga kugisi mpama kwanebu tokwau topem, tokwau ipapi topem e, topem ikevatusi keda pela wala bilosa wapakha e, ilosa ("Tokwau, Topem," Kavalogusa ekwanebu, SN 165). E, makhalapata goli minana vegilavau eveyasi gweguya e, amakhalaga lule-ta, mtosi Popu, letokhewasi lebasisa lagiyovila ("Popu," Tokumbobu lekwanebu, SN 168). Mpasi kwanebu sivituloki sena migileu. Iboda wala bitakhoyawasi e bitapilasisa veidayasa, sedayasa, vevai, pela kidamwa gala igau bipakhedasi sedayasa o, veidayasa (makhala mpama "Tomitugaga," mtona Dubalagala ekwanebu, SN 24). Tomitugaga lakwava itokhewa pela uula isisigi o, khena ikomgagi lubola.

Pilavilesi sena ikatulolutasi pela tom'mwaya deli nunumwaya khasikamayaba (makhala mpama "Mriyava," Bunuvagola ekwanebu, SN 60, deli go mpama "Buriwada," mtona Touvasigi ekwanebu, SN 158, khadaga mpama "Vivi," mtona Toweyana

ekwanebu, SN 217). Mtosi tawau ikalotasi osilola pela uula ikamiyabisa, imitukwaisa deli iuwarisa khasinigada besa minasi nunumwaya ebubwadisa otapiwa keda. Bitamweki gola Kilivila khala gulagula, khamayaba besa tubovau deli gugwadi bo makhala wala besa tobuboma (makhala mpana “Mlagugula,” Towalawa ekwanebu, SN 238). Mpawena, tuwala-bwadala taga itokhewasi tomota isakhesa lagigisa tuwala pela uula evavagi mwada bikatumati bwadala tatola—ah, bwadala wela! Kidamwa mpasi kwanebu eguri khesisula valu deli gulagula, pilavilesi goli tuvela iritakhesa kharewagela ogawata, Tuma e, deli goli tokwaila (makhala mpana “Itona,” Katuloka ekwanebu, SN 169).

Mpawena itakhasi tokwai, yoyowa o, khena mulukwausi e iseki khasikarewaga. Pela livalela Itona, sita vakhela tomota ivigikwarisa ilivarisa amakhala lapaisewa deli lakhabotota—e, makhala goli tuvela wala eleya amakhala makwesi nanamsa bisunapula metoya okheyaku wala deli tomota. Taga mpasi kwanebu komedona bogwa wala bogwa, pelaga Dokanikani, mokwita wala isala pela bubunela. Tokwam’la tau, ivabutubutu mina Kilivila pikekita wala bisilaisa Kilivila e, biwausi. Dokanikani uula bitaloki wala Tudava liliula, eguri gulagula (“Tudava,” Mwakwabuya ekwanebu, SN 1).

Libogwa elivala Tudava isinapu Dokanikani e, iweya ikatumati, taga pela khala kwanebu gala bitamwau. Mimilisi kwanebu Dokanikani ivagi tau gaga e, sena kokola woula (makhala mpana “Nakauriya,” Wenama ekwanebu, SN 226). Kwevilesi tuta Dokanikani ivagi makhala tokwabu, tobonebona, makhala wala gugwadi ninasi (mpana “Keyuyu,” Diyaiki ekwanebu, SN 210). Tokwanebu vakhela bo enukwarisa amakhala bikeisakhesa Dokanikani labigatona, makhala sitana tokhegimomwau e mayela ikatubiri kugisa biga gala sena migileu bitalagi. Taga Dokanikani bubunela olibogwa e besa tuta isisu wala mimilisi tuta ididaila sitana, makhala imluvivila, ivai e, ileya lakhaukweda. Maigana wala Dokanikani mina Kilivilaga bogwa bikau tegasi bisekemwa mtosi kwanebu makokolela wala (mpana “Tobwetalu,” Towalawa ekwanebu, SN 239), Dokanikani usola lakwava ikatudeusa teta gwadi pela bivelosa khala e, avetuta tomota ebanisa, iigwarisa wala khaukwa isekerisi. Isakhaulasi isuisi kweta bwala, imvenasi okhekulumwala gala wa, lewesa khaukwa ikamatisa. Manasi khaukwa leyoyowasi pela biritakhesa Dokanikani ikasiyeyukwa, besa tuta minuBwetalu sitokwalu bukigisi manasi wala khaukwa mwada etomalaluwasi biyosisa Dokanikani. Khe, kwanebu lemaga imilitokwalu besa tuta e, legimwarisa dindim (Figure 15). Mpana goli Tobwetalu tuvela wala esimitari lapeula magulana kukwanebu Leach lasolukula avetuta lekeitasi elosa Kilivila. Besa wala e iulemwa tuvela sisila gulagula makhala: khewosi, wosimwaya, valam-makhala kheyelu, vesari, gugumwaya, khai e, mauna gola. Besa komwedona kwanebu deli liliu esunupuleya khekwebula oBweyowa. Mapela Leach lasolukula lela ovalu itayuviyai makwesi nanamsa, metoya osinavila deli okheyaku deli mina Kilivila. Mpasi kwanebu mina Kilivila lenagasi mwada pilamanabweta pela uula ivitobusi Kilivila bubunela bwena deli khala gulagula. Avetuta olopola 2013 ekirisa mpasi kwanebu leokuwa akhau alau Europe, olui Amerika apaisau pela bimila buki.

MAPANA BUKI

Mapana buki gala bitalivala mwada Kilivila khala kwanebu mamigila, pela Kilivila kwanebula gala sena ileya migila, ididaila deli ititopela. Mimilisi, kwanebu mapana wala taga tetala bikwanebu ituwari, khena bikatusai e, avela goli magila bikatumiki kweta kwevau bivavagi wala. Mokwita gola Kilivila kwanebula mamigilala, bigela ititopela e, kidamwa tokwanebu bikatusaisi besa bo bwena wala. Pela ituwari tetala laligalega, tetala. Ituwari lakhabikabi ituwari, mimilisi ibibiuisi nanamsa besa pilatala e, bimeyesaga ikatusaisa khasikwanebu. Mpana buki iyekuri makwesi khabikhabiki kwetitopela e, ilolaga ila ikatuilatu. Sitana vakhela kwanebu isisu makwesi nanamsa deli khabikabi, makhala bivabutusa tomota e, bisilaisa Kilivila. Dakuna bimigaisa bilaisa biweki ave tomota ekekayasi bimwe-eya binoutulasa wala bivalapulasi milota simlela (makhala mpana “Leilei,” Sebwagau ekwanebu, SN 260 deli gola mpana “Mriyava,” Bunuwagola ekwanebu, SN 60). Khadatalaga keda pela bitayabi mtosi mina kukoloda, talukweyewa wala biluwesa kweta miritabu pela khalawenakusi mwada bitubwa luposi bimatasi (makhala mpana “Iyada,” Toweyana ekwanebu deli mpana “Khavayega,” Katuloka ekwanebu, SN 174). Mapela mpana buki ivagi makhala iulemwa nona pela bitaluluwaisi mapilasi kwanebu deli amakhala lekwanebusa tomota; buki gala ikatukwayaya avakha olumolela o, khena ama uula. Lagela emila buki, khala gigisa kwanebu bilolasa migawelu keda migawelu, taga bogwa emati bitainasi valu valu.

Olopola Papua New Guinea besa tuta, mokwita toyamatela gulagula mtosina toituloki oskuru, pela ivitulakhesa gugwadi pela valu valu khesisula. Toituloki ippaisevasi deli gugwadi veisiya ovalu, pela siginigini, valu khala gulagula deli goli bikatetasi avela mokwita mtosi. Mapela mpana buki iboda binovau makwa kheyaku deli torivalu emwe-eya emilabuki: bisiguguri tomota e bikatukwayayasi tuvela, bineisi nanamsa bwena.

Besa uula mpana buki gala bukila anthropology bilola bila wa library isiwa—nasila goli Uni toituloki bigisesa bo bibwadi ninasi. Mokwita magimasi mpana buki bititaina wala e, bititowa olopola skuru bititomwaga ovalu, tubwa kwetala kwetala. Sula goli mokwita gala bitayakhari olumolela mpana buki. Pela iga omituwaula mpana buki magila bisiginigini komwedona livalela mpasi kwanebu, mimilisi gala sena ileya, mimilisi isisu khominimani e, mimilisi wouya deli sobwaga. Mokwita goli mpasi kwanebu ula emilabuki pelala tuvela khala kheyaku. Besa uula kiduwosisiya besa paisewalala: bimwe-eya bipilasemasi bakhasevasi kwewovau nanamsa e, bakhemitubwelakhesa kwevilesi vavagi, makwesi mwada bogwa sena lakhaukwarisa, taga gala, khakhananolasi wala. Tuvela goli bivitulakhemasi bakhaukwarisa pela khabitam ididaila, mimilisi migila migawelu e, mitilabi wala bitakibwelaki, pela khadumwaleta gala ibwadi.

Pela besa tuta buki khalagigisa makhala. Besa khevatusi otiniku pela bipilasi tokwalawa amakhala mpana buki bikalausa bibwena. Kwanebu komwedona khala takhasa bo makhala wala omituwaula lema: bikugwa wala kwanebu yagala biga Kilivila,

olui biga dimdim, olui yagala tokwanebu; mpana kwanebu tuvela bibiyema bikitusi amapasina kwanebu makhala sitana khalaligalega o, khena sitana isukwewa.

Bitasepituki kwanebu pela bipilasi khalavatusi deli khalakimimisi. Olui, iutupi khawatala biga dimdim livalela mapana kwanebu. Olui mapana kwanebu pilumwedona bisunapula, bilobogwa wala biga Bweyowa e, olui biga dimdim. Khalaigimkoila, kwevilesi biga khalatakhata deli khatumiki pela bikimigileu bibwena. Okheyaku deli tomota ovalu isunupuleya sitana khatumkoila deli goli metoya wabuki mpasi leginibogisa mtosi dimdim lewesa ovalu makhala anthropologists, mesinari, toginigini mina Kilivila, pela Kilivila livalela. Otubolola goli mpana buki tuvela khala takhasa igasi mpasi buki, toginigini igasi e, besa pela wala bipilasi avela magila tuvela khakhalawa deli sinavila. Makwesi nanamsa metoya wabuki mpasi eginibogisa besa pela khatumkulavala nanamsa avakha bogwa torivalu elilivalasi e, avakha dimdim o, khena toukoukwa sivatusi deli sinukwari. E, besa tuvela wala ikatumkulai nanamsa deli khatumikila gulagula. Bitaitusi gola mokwita, kwevilesi bigatona wawouya wala e, besa bukugisesala “question mark” (?) opapala makwesi biga. Makwesi biga o, khena bigatona gala khabanisa khasikatumiki otutela sinavila makhasana 2013, 2015 o, 2016 deli goli olumola mpasi buki eginibogisa. Mapela sinavila deli khatukwayaya bitota wala e, mapana buki lataina khalawenakusi bibasila tuvela sinavila. Makwesi khatumiki gala isisusa wabuki deli goli makwesi wawouya, besa bogwa ebwadi bitaigaiki toginigini oskuru khegiya si’homework’ toituloki bisakhesa e, biwe-eya bibiyema toituloki deli toginigini veisiya bimesa poulatala pela khabitam kharisavari—tuvela goli makwa sasa besa tubwabogwa deli tubovau bikiyumari e, sitanaga yawesala. Olumolela goli mpana buki, gala pilayumwa khekhabu. Besa khekhabu Kilivila khala liliu, khesisula valu e, khala gulagula, makhala tomota, valu deli goli vavagi kwetala kwetala. Vakhela mpasi khekhabu tomwaya Jerry Leach lekokeula igau ovalu lesisu. Mpasi khekhabu ikeitusi Kilivila migila makhasana 1970s deli goli amakhala tomota sikesisu. Makwa tutela lakhau mpasi Jerry lakhekhabu (khalabawa ikarisau lakhatuluwatala, 1,000) lalau Kilivila pela tomota bigisasi, sena wala nanakwa ileya makhala kwetala youdatola mapela iboda wala bila wabuki. Mpasi khekhabu ibisiviguri ninamsela poisivisi makwa tutela, oluiga Independence, makwesi kweyu boda Khabisawali deli Tonenei Khamokwita sipoisivisi pela kharewaga bidaila. Besa osituta mtosi gweguya o, tom’muwaya makhala VanoiKilivila, Webadi, Narubutau, Mweyoyu e, Puritala. Sena ipikwakusi senela amakhala valu bidaila e, bilaguva kharewagela bila oyumasi (khekhabu; Figures 16, 17, 18, 19). Pilavilesi khekhabu isimitari kwevilesi paisewala gulagula taga bo letamwau, makhala polela khalala mtosi miKudouya sipola (khekhabu; Figure 20). Migavala khalala pela bitadawema bima okwadewa bo letamwau e, tomota gala tuvela ikakhosasi iyagam pela khala kola khalala. Taga kiletawa Jerry lakhekhabu e, lagela matubona gudisi Kilivila bivitusisa amakhala iyagam khala khabi deli khala khosa. Sena vakhela mina Kilivila ipilasisi khevatusi mpasi khekhabu. Tetala tau John Tosiyeu, mtona vakhela

tomota okhekhabu inukwari e, ikeitusi mtosi Jerry khala topilasi iwokuva. John Tosiyeu tetatala medikora, guma Kaibola e, Jerry deli litula mesikeyasila e, John sena wala inukwali Jerry. Sena migileu matala deli nanola kugisa vakhela lapeulaki eiyosi wala lagela mtosi okhekhabu igasi enukwarisa mina Kilivila. Bogwa kweluwavasi tetu leokuva e, livalesiga evalapula okhekhabu esegwari deli mpasi kwanebu emwe-eya lataitusisa avela mtosi e, amakhala sikesisu. Bo makhala mpasi kwanebu wabuki, mpasi khekhabu khala togigisa bikhatukwayaisa wala, avakha giniginila tuvela wala bikatumikisa. Kiletaga George Mwasaluwa pela vakhela mtosi toginigini deli tokivila Uni Mosbi olopola mtona wala ekevatusi. Bo makhala John Tosiyeu, kweluwavasi tetu leokuva taga khasi koila, igasi tetala tetala okhekhabu e, avakha goli tuvela ilekumi wala (khekhabu; Figure 21). Ola khamatula wala George esunupuleya tuvela amakhala mina Kilivila sikekokewa esusubobutasi deli goli sivakhatu omitibogwa lema besa tuta leluwapelaga elola valu ituwari. Okhekhabu wala igisiveva osituta igau 1970s deli sala komwedosi avakha euvagisa, sipwetukula e, lekaugwa elau valu valu makhala goli oilovekha. Taga khekhabu lavayelu makhadasi keda gala itobu, igau wala. Pela uula mapana buki mokwita bukila kwanebu besa uula gala ibwadi komwedona Jerry lakhekhabu mpasi lekikau bitavapu bila. Mesinaku wala mpasi esukwewa pilavilesi kwanebu deli goli tokwanebu e, lesuisi. Taga mokwita magila Jerry lakhekhabu iboda bilolasa pela bisunupuleya livalesi tuvela.

Khalaigimkoila mokwita mapana buki bitagisi gulayu khekhabu—gulatala pela mauna deli yena e, gulayuwela pela khai—itakhasasi deli igasi biga Kilivila, olui biga dimdim e, igalela science evaboda nim. Navilesi mauna deli khai livalesi bo khalagini: mpasi kwanebu ekamtububurisa ave mauna, ave lala, ave kai (khekikekita deli khevakhavekha), ave wotumu e, deli goli bubunesi o, khena avakha giyela (khekhabu; Figures 22, 23). Khalabwena mokwita toituloki oskuru iboda bikatululutisa toginigini bineisa tuvela livalela makwesi vavagi. Bikatukwayaisa ituwari ituwari khai paisewala, khena pela meguva, galaga khetwela pakula, lelia, pwasa o khena gidageda. Tuvela goli igasi khawelu, bagula kweluvula deli khala simri. Galaga, khala khatukwayaya pela wetunesi khai, khekamkwam khena gala, vigoda e, amkwesi kwewawai amkwesi gala; avevagi goli tuvela, makhala mauna natala natala am’metoyasala. Magulasi khekhabu gulayu (appendixes) gala tona besa uula avetuta bitaina mapana buki bisunupuleya deli bibiya igasi e, livalesi tuvela mauna, khai e, tomota goli. Biwe-eya bileya mokwita khabasi, khabitamla deli sipaisewa makwesi vavagi olopola Kilivila.

LOLELA TALATOVA

Khalabwena mokwita mapana buki bitagisi makhala leiseuri savivila, iga lelilola, gala pela bo levalapula e, bitayaga. Lalola mokwita pela bisemweni ninasi tomota tuvela bikwanebusi deli goli biutu-utusi piluwovau. Makwa wotetila mokwita bikana odubasi towovau tosavari, skuru toituloki, toginigini e, deli goli veisiya pela bikatumkulaisa avakha danukwarisa pela

Kilivila khala gulagula. Mapana buki bo lemati bibasi tuvela livala, bigatona, nukwari. Ave tuta biloyuwela—tagigisasiga pela okibwaga besa tuta—mapana buki bo bikiboda. Galaga, khena kwabwabwelaga bibisimwari pilatala tuvela buki bima bikubwari mapana besa. Khena bikamtukulai pilavilesi mpasi kwanebu tomota lesakahegusi makhasana 2013 deli 2016 avetuta legisesa mpasi Leach lasolukula. Toginila mpana pilavau buki taga maiwowena tubovau gudisi Kilivila, pela makhasinaga besa bogwa biutuwevesa khena bikatusaisa mpasi pilabubogwa kwanebu. Galaga, biutusi wala piluwovau khasi kwanebu bimwe-eya kwanebu bisisetaula wala; gala bikakuwosi. Okwanebu wala deli kheyaku makhasana 2013 elaga 2016, kwetala nanamsa esunapula makhala. Makuwa tutela mapana buki otaginisa bisunapula olopola Kilivila e, takhausu khayasela kwanebu pela bilola mapana buki.

Gala makhau mabogi, kwanebu uulela khevasaki deli khatumiki e, lavalu mokuwita tokwanebu olabiga, lakhevasaki deli lakharimwala e, amakhalaga tomota bisekewasi tokwanebu. Bikabwerisa o, khena bikagagisa lakhabikabi, bikamrigibusa pela tosekhava khena kharitovagi?

Kwevilesi vavagi gala ila wabuki e, letomwesa khalatututula pela oliloyumila. Vakhela wosi makhala sena magila khala kinukula bibwena pela ituwari wosila ituwari. Aom wosituma e, lekabiga lema piluwovau sibtubutu, lagela lerogitisa. Ituwariga wosila Kula, wosi tapwaroru, pilavilesi khoila wala makhala bikoirisa kwevilesi mwasawa, pilavilesi Sebwagau lekwari. Mapana buki pilavau iboda bisela yosokhana, bigi vakhala, khaninikula, e makwesi gola khegulela Kilivila kwanebu. Kidamwa Kilivila khala kwanebu livalela biutuwevesa deli gola bigitonela, khala sosewa deli wala bidaila gala makhala Leach olatuta. Kwanebula lagela bo lebwadi bitakhau khekwabula deli bitapaisau otereponi makwesi kwekikekita. E, sena nanakwa wala bilolasa olopwa “internet,” “memory cards” deli “flash drives.” Wabogi bimsausa Kilivila, birekodisa bila wa “internet” e, biwitarisa, gala mwamwai bo bisuki wala valu watanawa.

Kweluwailima tetu bo lemwa e taga mapasina Kilivila khala kwanebu Leach lekau igau wala pilam’mwamova pela bikwanebusa. Avetuta pilatala bikausa besa bo lekwanebuvasa, tuvela wala kwewovau khatumiki bisusuisi e, tuvelaga itaiviyai deli ikatupewari Kilivila khegulela. Sebwagau usola Tolosi mekeulasiya besa tom’mwayesi. George Mwasaluwa, William Mwenunwa, Leslie Stephen, Daniel Topaleku Stephen, Theresa Bosamimla Patterson, Bernard and Lawrence Mwayubu, Martin Monumwetola, Mwangwa Mwawesi, Veronica Lepani, Stanley Antonio Bunaimata, John Kasaiipwalova, Sety Antonio, John Dindillo, Rex Kalubaku, Joachim Taugwaga, Norbert Tuyega Dilou, Gibson Bagidou Henry, Emmanuel Giyomatala, Henry Lupovalu, Gerald Beona, “Rise”²⁸ iginiperisa, ikatumikisa deli ikivirisa ila odimdim. Vakhela sipwetukula lagela tubovila bitayubwenasi khaligalega mpasi kwanebu. Camillus Mlabwema Mkwesipu, Claire Bomlabwaga, Tomdebi, Kwenama, Gumwemwata, Inaliguyau, Uridoga, Tosibwada, Pulayasi, Tolawaya, Steven Milamala, John Tosiyeu, Tomanum, Labagula Gai, Nagia, Kadatalu, Valaosi Tobigaveka, Kenneth Khalubaku e, sena goli vakhela tomota ibigitonisa, ikairivirisa e, ikirisa amapasi ebwadi ninasi lagela ela wabuki. Tevilesi ikatumkoilasi pilavilesi piluwovau eleya Kilivila khegulela gala itamwau. Igau tuvela kwanebu bivalapulasi taga komwedona wala ikeita iloki tubudayasa amakhala leutusa kwanebu livalelaga otasigwarisa yumyambwata. Puripuri khasiyena e, tetala bitola ikwanebu pela oBweyowa khegulela biiluyelu wala.

28. Tetala mtosi togini deli tokivila kwanebu mpasi Leach lasolukula lesaini yagala wapwepu “Rise.” Komwedosi wala mtosi sala lakhatukwayai iyakharib-wabwelasi wala gala inukwarisa yagala mokuwita o, avetaula matona. George Mwasaluwa elivala mwada tolela Kitava. Sori wala besa matona deli veyala pela ilapegu e, gala abani yagala mokuwita.

The People Who Made This Book Possible

Storytellers, Story Gatherers, Translators, and Commentators (1970–2018)

People normally do not keep records of exact dates of birth and death in the Trobriand Islands, so they could not be provided. The information given in the following short biographies was compiled through conversations with contemporary Trobrianders who offered what they knew from memory, as well as some of the details that Jerry Leach remembered about his time in PNG and about his collaborators. Jerry's photographs played an important role in eliciting information, prompting people in the Trobriands to recall the details that are reported for each person named here. At times, only the village and the matriclan (*kumila*) of the storytellers could be supplied. People in the Trobriand Islands usually have both a Kilivila and a Christian name, and they usually take one of those two from the father as their surname, although this is not a rule. Some people are also referred to by nicknames. Names in **bold** below indicate how people commonly refer to listed individuals (e.g., **Mwasaluwa** for George Mwasaluwa).

STORYTELLERS (AND STORIES TOLD BY EACH)

Figure 24. John **Mwakwabuya**, from Kaibola Village (Lukwasisiga clan), was one of Jerry's closest friends during his time in the Trobriand Islands (photo by Jerry Leach, 1971). Bright and patient, Mwakwabuya helped Jerry with the language and directed his attention to the many important aspects of Trobriand culture, including Trobriand cricket. If it were not for Mwakwabuya's insistence, we would never have had *Trobriand Cricket: An Ingenious Response to Colonialism*, perhaps one of the most quoted ethnographic films of all time. SN 1 *Tudava*, SN 166 *Kariva*, SN 177 *Imokaiboma*.

Figure 25. **Dogana** presents Jerry with a carved pig at Kiriwina's airstrip on the day of his departure (photo by Jerry Leach, 1973). Originally from Kuluvitu, Dogana moved to Kaibola and lived in the house next to Leach's. Jerry remembers Dogana for his cheerful jokes and being a never-ending source of funny stories. SN 154 *Boupata*, *Bovakuila*.

Figure 26. **Tokumbobu** (the man with white hair sitting in the middle left of the photograph) from Kaibola (Lukwasisiga clan). **Togineta** from Kaibola (Lukuba clan) is the second one to his right, sitting right above Meguyosa, who is holding a blue object (photo by Jerry Leach, 1973). SN 3 *Toyanu*, SN 18 *Kibi*, SN 168 *Popu*, SN 231 *Kingumegu*, SN 232 *Baloma*.

Figure 27. **Towalesa** from Kaibola (Malasi clan), sitting on the yellow bucket outside Jerry's house in Kaibola (photo by Jerry Leach, 1972). SN 6 *Tomunawela*, SN 16 *Sopi*, *Kova*.

FIGURE 24.

FIGURE 25.

Figure 28. Tomdawa from Kaibola (Malasi clan), carrying an *iyagam* fishing net used for mullet (photo by Jerry Leach, 1970). SN 11 *Keli*, SN 31 *Togiliwakuma*, SN 126 *Tokasikuni*.

Figure 29. Bunuvagola from Luwebila (Lukwasisiga clan), holding the glass during a church service held by Mwakwema, a minister from Oyabiya in the United Church (photo by Jerry Leach, 1973). SN 17 *Tapanaya*, SN 60 *Mriyava*, SN 127 *Kwanepa*, SN 157 *Ilakomwawa*, SN 178 *Kidoka*, *Lakum*, SN 269 *Irigayasu*.

Monikou from Kaibola (Malasi clan). SN 19 *Kabasai*.

Dubalagala from Kuluvitu (Lukuba clan). SN 22 *Ikulasi*, SN 24 *Tomitugaga*.

John Modigavala Banyan from Bwetalu (although he also lived in Kuluvitu and in some other places). He had a problem with his eyes and was nearly blind. SN 23 *Todubwaga*.

Bokawau from Kuluvitu (Malasi clan). SN 25 *Kebulitanyaya*.

Boikota from Kuluvitu (Lukwasisiga clan). SN 39 *Momovala*, SN 185 *Muluveka*, *Togega*.

Ibaya from Kaibola (Malasi clan). SN 40 *Daleka*.

Nunuwotu from Tukwaukwa (Lukuba clan). SN 56 *Tokoyawewa*.

Igiyotata from Kapwani (Lukulabuta clan). SN 74 *Kutu*, *Beba*.

Figure 30. Piyakeda from Kaibola (Lukuba clan), getting yams from her husband Kaipam's yam house in Kaibola. Kaipam's fishing net, "Kalisumwaketakwila,"²⁹ can be seen in the background (photo by Jerry Leach, 1971). SN 82 *Tetumonogu*.

Galabuwa from Dayagila. SN 85 *Urigova*.

Kwayaila from Kaibola (Lukuba clan). SN 105 *Bolu*.

Figure 31. Gwatuma from Kaibola (Lukwasisiga clan) is the woman in the yellow and white flowered dress walking right behind Marianne Leach in the shorter white dress toward the center right of the photograph (photo by Jerry Leach, 1970). SN 121 *Bisalolovesa*, SN 184 *Budibudi*.

Mekalai from Kabulula (Malasi clan). SN 132 *Tokwavataria*, SN 135 *Topilaveka*.

Tolosi from Labai (Malasi clan; see Figure 8). SN 139 *Tabalu*, SN 225 *Bomilikilaki*.

Kabeyou from Kabulula (Lukuba clan; see Figure 13). SN 150 *Tomnalova*.

Touvasigi from Idaleka (Lukuba clan). SN 158 *Buriwada*, SN 172 *Tokasikuni*, SN 181 *Kikoni*.

Figure 32. Yaukota from Luwebila (Malasi clan) is the woman squatting to the right of Piyakeda, the woman with the red *doba* fiber skirt. Mwakwabuya is standing next to Jerry Leach's house while Jerry (in the red shirt) talks to an unknown *dimdim* (photo from Jerry Leach collection, date unknown). SN 161 *Mwanita*.

Karibewa from Kaibola (Malasi clan). SN 164 *Pepekwa*.

29. It is typical for certain objects such as a yam house or a canoe or even a fishing net to be named as a proper noun. Although these fishing nets are no longer made, some people still remember the names of nets belonging to chiefs. Preserving such names when known is one of the main goals of this book.

FIGURE 26.

FIGURE 27.

FIGURE 28.

FIGURE 29.

FIGURE 30.

FIGURE 31.

FIGURE 32.

FIGURE 33.

Kavalogusa from Kaibola (Lukwasisiga clan). SN 165 *Tokwau*, *Topem*.

Katuloka from Mwatawa (Malasi clan). SN 169 *Itona*, SN 170 *Nauliuli Nabukubwaku*, SN 174 *Kaveyega*, SN 179 *Kiwali*, *Pupusa*.

Towalawa from Kapwani (Lukuba clan). SN 176 *Muluveka*, SN 238 *Mlagugula*, SN 239 *Tobwetalu*.

Figure 33. Naulabu from Kaibola (Malasi clan), in the blue skirt and green top, during a *sagali* mortuary distribution (photo by Jerry Leach, 1972). SN 187 *Laudinedina*.

Mokoba from Idaleka (Malasi clan). SN 195 *Katakera*.

Mokousi from Kapwani (Lukuba clan). SN 196 *Pwanet-okwa*, SN 200 *Tonamakava*.

Ikunaka from Idaleka (Malasi clan). SN 199 *Yagagali*, *Yausi*.

Mogisaboda from Idaleka (Lukuba clan). SN 202 *Togega*.

Kedamwana from Mtawa (Lukwasisiga clan). SN 208 *Bwagau*, SN 227 *Kwita*, *Suvatu*.

Diyaiiki from Osapola (Malasi clan). SN 210 *Keyuyu*.

Mwadayana from Mtawa (Malasi clan). SN 212 *Kamwemuya*.

Mekilawaga from Mtawa (Lukwasisiga clan). SN 213 *Momovala*.

Mwapwaya from Mtawa (Malasi clan). SN 215 *Nabubulaveka*.

Toweyana from Yuwada (Lukwasisiga clan). SN 216 *Iyada*, SN 217 *Vivi*.

Galedou from Yuwada (Lukwasisiga clan). SN 220 *Suta*.

Figure 34. Wenama from Kaibola (Malasi clan) at a *sagali* mortuary distribution of food for the death of an infant in Luwebila in 1972 (photo by Jerry Leach). SN 226 *Nakauriya*, SN 249 *Bubuna*, SN 263 *Imdaleka*.

FIGURE 34.

FIGURE 35.

Monigawa from Kudakabilia (Lukulabuta clan). SN 229 *Mogunugonu*.

Segawa from Kapwani (Lukuba clan). SN 233 *Dokanikani*.

Kwailesa from Kapwani (Lukulabuta clan). SN 234 *Kenavasia*.

Figure 35. Sebwagau from Kabulula (Lukuba clan) (photo by Jerry Leach, date unknown). SN 260 *Leilei*.

Yaritau from Kabulula (Lukuba clan). SN 261 *Mlabwema*, SN 285 *Boi*.

Kuyabesa from Wakaesa (Lukwasisiga clan). SN 271 *Toliwaga*.

Tomdia from Kabulula (Malasi clan). SN 287 *Kuru*.

TRANSCRIPTION AND TRANSLATION TEAM

Much of the information for the biographies of the transcription and translation team was provided by George Mwasaluwa, one of the students who collaborated on the original project. George's prodigious memory allowed him, more than 45 years later, to recount many details about his peers at Sogeri and UPNG and their work with Jerry. George also remembered the careers

FIGURE 36.

and life events of his fellow students and was keen to share those, allowing me to expand on that information with other contemporary Trobriand commentators to provide accurate life stories.

Figure 36. Bernard Mwayubu, from Wagaluma. Bernard was among the third batch of graduates from UPNG, where he graduated with a BA in education (photo by Jerry Leach, 1971). Bernard was one of the most active elements within the Kabisawali movement, and Jerry Leach credited him as one of his main collaborators in the field and during his study of micro-independence movements in the Trobriands. He also assisted Jerry in the making of *Trobriand Cricket*, where he can be seen discussing the particulars of the game with Chief Puritala.

Bernard features in Jane Oehr's 1975 documentary *Reluctant Flame* on grassroots independence movements in PNG, where he is seen acting in a series of plays with Theatre Niugini. After graduating, Bernard Mwayubu was sponsored by Bougainville Copper Limited to travel to Bougainville and work there. Bernard left Bougainville after the beginning of the civil war there in 1989 and moved to Lae, where he is currently working at the Lae City Council.

Figure 37. John Kasaipwalova (right) and his friend Leo Hannett, a Bougainvillean secessionist, advocate of the Black

FIGURE 37.

Power Movement at UPNG, and later on, premier of the North Solomons Provincial Government and governor of the Autonomous Region of Bougainville, on the road to Losuia in May 1973 (photo by Jerry Leach). John Kasaipwalova, from Yalumgwa, is a historical figure in PNG. He was the main leader of the Kabisawali independence movement that took off in the Trobriand Islands as the Kabisawali Association in 1972 to promote self-government and development in the islands in the years preceding PNG's independence from Australia. A chief from the Kwenama *dala* matrilineage, John Kasaipwalova was educated in Australia, where he spent six years before going back to PNG in 1969 to enroll at UPNG. Owing to his deep involvement in the creation of the new political movement, John left Port Moresby and his studies to participate in the organization of Kabisawali in Kiriwina. For this reason, his contribution to the transcription and translation of the folktales was very limited.

Yet Kasaipwalova was instrumental in helping Leach in shooting *Trobriand Cricket*, where he can be seen discussing the game with his uncle, Chief Narubutau, and Chief Puritala. A true Trobriand intellectual and a recognized poet, playwright, and writer (see, for instance, his *kesawaga* epic *Sail the Midnight Sun*, based on the traditional Trobriand folktale *Imdeduya*), John also features prominently in many documentaries on the Trobriand Islands such as Jane Oehr's *Reluctant Flame* (1975) or Tracey Holloway and Liz Thompson's *The Last Magician* (1994). John continues to write and lives in Port Moresby.

Figure 38. John Kasaipwalova (right) storytelling with other Trobrianders on board the MV *Genevieve Maria* during a three-day journey from Alotau to the Trobriand Islands in December 2008 (photo by Sergio Jarillo).

Stanley Antonio **Bunaimata** from Omwesosu. Stanley graduated from UPNG with a BA in magisterial studies and started

FIGURE 38.

his career as a magistrate. As of today, he is still serving as a magistrate in Milne Bay Province.

William **Mwenunuva** from Teyava. William was one of the first Trobrianders to go to secondary school in Australia, together with John Kasaipwalova and Emmanuel Giyomatala.

Raymond **Kariyawagatetu** from Okaikoda, known to his peers as Raymond Kari. Became a schoolteacher at Omarakana school and Dobu, before coming back to Kiriwina, where he taught at Wapiipi Primary School until he retired.

Veronica **Lepani** from Oyabiya. At the time, Veronica was in school at Sogeri. Later she went to UPNG and earned a BA in education. She taught at the University of Goroka for several years. She's still a teacher, currently at Kiriwina High School. Veronica was Lepani Gumagawa's *kadala* (niece). Gumagawa was a United Church Minister credited as being the originator of the *Katupela Guguya* sermon exchanges modeled upon the Kula.

Mwagawa **Mwawesi** from Kwebwaga (deceased), graduated from UPNG with a BA in law and worked as a lawyer and also taught at Unitech.

Sety **Antonio** from Kitava Island, graduated with a BA in philosophy, tutored philosophy at UPNG, joined Foreign Affairs for almost a decade, and then rejoined teacher services and became a high school teacher, teaching at Wesley High School and Cameron High School in Alotau and currently serving as a principal at Manga High School in New Ireland.

Figure 39. Martin **Monumwetola** from Kapwapu (also known as Martin Kelimatala; Monumwetola was his father's name) (photo by Jerry Leach, 1971). Martin was a student at Sogeri at the time he worked on the Leach folktales. He then went to UPNG and graduated. He currently lives in Alotau.

Rex **Kalubaku** from Wapiipi (deceased 2014). He was a project officer with Eda Ranu in Port Moresby.

Rise is probably a nickname. Although some of the original members of the translation team were asked, nobody could

remember his real name. George Mwasaluwa thinks he was from Kitava but does not know much else.

Daniel Topaleku **Stephen** from Oyabiya, graduated in dentistry at UPNG and served in the PNG Defense Force as a dentist until his death.

Figure 40. Gerald **Beona** from Yalumgwa (photo by Jerry Leach, 1973). Gerald was one of the main figures of the Kabisawali movement and Jerry's student at UPNG until November 1972, when he went back to the Trobriands to participate in local politics there. Gerald helped Jerry during his fieldwork in Kiriwina, assisting him with the compilation of a dictionary of Kilivila words. He is also credited by Jerry as one of the main contributors to the making of *Trobriand Cricket*. Later Beona was elected MP for Kiriwina in three consecutive elections, serving as minister in various PNG governments. He currently lives in Yalumgwa.

Figure 41. Gerald **Beona**, back from the garden, stands in front of his house in Yalumgwa in 2010 (photo by Sergio Jarillo).

FIGURE 39.

FIGURE 40.

FIGURE 41.

Joachim Taugwaga from Kapwapu. Joachim went to the police academy and is now a sergeant in the Royal Papua New Guinea Constabulary in Alotau (Milne Bay Province).

Theresa Bosamimla Patterson from Orabesi. Theresa was schooling at Sogeri in 1971. Theresa died in a tragic car accident in Port Moresby while she was still a student at UPNG in the mid-1970s.

Leslie Stephen from Orabesi.

Henry Lupovalu from Kapwapu. Henry attended the MSC-run Primary School Teachers College on Yule Island.³⁰ Henry taught as a primary school teacher until his death.

Gibson Bagidou Henry from Tukwaukwa. Gibson graduated from UPNG with a BA in education and taught at a high school until his retirement.

Lawrence Mwayubu from Wagaluma. Lawrence did not graduate and became an electrician, working at UNITECH in Lae. Lawrence was Bernard Mwayubu's brother.

Emmanuel Giyomatala from Teyava. Together with William Mwenunuva and John Kasaipwalova, Emmanuel was one of the first Trobrianders to go to secondary school in Australia. He graduated with a BA in law from UPNG and became a specialist in constitutional law, working on the draft of PNG's constitution. He spent his career working in Parliament until his death.

John Dindillo from Gusaweta. John attended teachers' college and was a teacher in East Sepik Province until his death.

Norbert Tuyega Dilou, from Wagaluma. Despite not graduating, Norbert worked as a bank manager at Bank South Pacific and for South Pacific Breweries.

Figure 42. George Mwasaluwa from Obweria (photo by Jerry Leach, 1971). George obtained a diploma in accounting and another one in international relations from the International Correspondence School in Melbourne. He worked for a private company and traveled to Japan, Hong Kong, the Philippines,

30. Missionarii Sacratissimi Cordis (MSC), Missionaries of the Sacred Heart, is a French congregation founded in 1852. The MSC arrived on Yule Island in 1885. From 1967 the facilities there were used for training primary school teachers from all over Papua New Guinea (now the Sacred Heart Teachers' College at Bomana).

FIGURE 42.

FIGURE 43.

Nauru, and Guam, among many other places. He currently lives in Obweria Village in Kiriwina.

Figure 43. George Mwasaluwa in August 2018, holding the *beku Tumila Toyumatela*, a highly prized valuable belonging to the Lukuba clan (photo by Sergio Jarillo).

COMMENTATORS (2013–2018)

Figure 44. John Tosiyeu, identifying photos from Jerry Leach, Kaibola, November 2016 (photo by Alan Lunghusen). John is only slightly younger than Leach and remembers many details of Jerry's life while he lived in Kaibola. John was able to identify many people from all over Kiriwina in Jerry's original field photos from the 1970s. This was the first step toward making further identifications as it became possible to take the relevant photos back to their original villages to have his identifications verified.

Figure 45. Camillus Mlwabwema Mkwesipu, Kutoila hamlet (Yalumgwa), January 2013 (photo by Sergio Jarillo). Camillus is a member of the Mlabwema chiefly matrilineage. He read the tales in the Leach collection and confirmed the popularity of some of them. He provided a first classification in terms of which stories were *kwanebu* folktales and which ones were *liliu* myths and indicated where some of the stories originated from. He explained the meaning of old expressions and clarified aspects of the stories that were obscure or hard to understand, pointing to the relevant people to obtain further information. His expertise and familiarity with Trobriand traditions were invaluable throughout the whole discussion process.

Figure 46. Gumwemwata Okwala (in the yellow shirt) shares his comments on the story of Mriyava in Osesuya hamlet (Yalumgwa) in February 2013 (photo by Sergio Jarillo). Gumwemwata belongs to the Sakapu *dala* matrilineage. He is a most

FIGURE 44.

FIGURE 45.

FIGURE 46.

FIGURE 47.

knowledgeable elder in Kiriwina, respected for his expertise in folktales and origin myths and his mastery of magic. He was able to identify many spells among the stories and explain their significance. Gumwemwata also knows the many uses of all the plants and herbs mentioned in the stories in terms of traditional Trobriand medicine and magic spells.

Figure 47. The author (SJ, left) speaks with Tomdebi (center) and Isaac Saluwai (right; known also as Labagula Gai), discussing folktales in Bawai hamlet (Moligilagi) in December 2016 (photo by Bau Mlabwema). Tomdebi is a local Kweinama chief and an accomplished Kula man. This expertise allowed him to identify which stories within the Leach Collection were Kula epics and sort out the most important ones from the collection.

Isaac (whose nickname Labagula Gai literally means “his garden is ebony”) is one of the most famous carvers of Kiriwina. He and Tomdebi singled out and explained many of the objects that are part of the Trobriand material culture mentioned in the stories.

Figure 48. Claire Bomlabwaga reads the story of Mlagugula in Kutoila hamlet (Yalumgwa) in December 2016 (photo by

Sergio Jarillo). Claire commented on many of the practices that are mentioned in the stories that are considered to be women’s knowledge, such as weaving practices, *kaninikula* string figures, and the identification of bush foodstuff used in times of hunger and plants employed for dyes, weaving, etc. She also helped identify important parts of Trobriand material and immaterial culture as they are mentioned in the stories, such as the different names of traditional cooking pots and magic spells that are known exclusively by women.

Figure 49. Nagia poses in front of his garden in Mwadaosi hamlet (Yalumgwa) in December 2016 (photo by Sergio Jarillo). Nagia Toyagena is a chief in the Kweinama *dala*. He is a Kula man and a composer of traditional Trobriand songs (*wosituma*). His input was key in ascertaining the provenance of the songs and *vinavina* ditties in the Leach Collection.

Figure 50. After discussing a number of stories from the Leach Collection, Tomanum gives his version of Imdeduya in Kutoila hamlet (Yalumgwa) in April 2013 (photo by Bau Mlabwema).

FIGURE 48.

FIGURE 49.

FIGURE 50.

Notes on Spelling and Pronunciation

Kilivila, the language of the Trobriand Islands, is an Austronesian language (West Melanesian, Oceanic) belonging to the Papuan Tip cluster (Senft, 1986). It is also known among locals as *biga Bweyova* (the language of Bweyova, yet another name for the Trobriand Islands) or *biga yakidasi* (our language). There are only a small number of texts written in Kilivila authored by Trobrianders. Most of the publications in Kilivila are authored by anthropologists, linguists, missionaries, and other nonnative speakers. As of 2018, Kilivila remains primarily an oral language, used mainly in its spoken form.

There are no official conventions when it comes to writing Kilivila in the Trobriand Islands. Trobrianders have their own ways to render a word through spelling. This lack of consistency in spelling can be seen in the original 1970s transcripts, where members of the Leach team transcribed the audiotapes trying to stay as faithful as possible to the speech of storytellers. When going over the stories with Trobrianders during 2013–2018, some of the original spelling was amended. What some local collaborators on the project saw as a spelling mistake in one of the original transcripts, others saw as correct. Spellings used in this book reflect a consensus among the Kilivila speakers who assisted throughout the project. The majority of these speakers hail from central and northern Kiriwina Island, areas where the original stories were collected. These speakers specifically rejected the spelling found in Ralph Lawton's translation of the Bible, as it reflected a variant of Kilivila that is spoken only in the coastal village of Kavataria and is therefore unrepresentative of the Kilivila spoken by the majority of Trobriand Islanders.

Variants in pronunciation that can be perceived when listening to Kilivila depend upon many different factors, ranging from geographical to those that are specific to a particular register of speech. Oral narratives have a specific poetic quality, and it is not uncommon for a storyteller, when enacting a tale, to alter the pronunciation of a common word (sometimes even making up what she or he thinks is the accent and pronunciation of a place outside the Trobriand Islands where the storyteller has never been before). Because pronunciation is variable, so too are spellings. Thus, even though the village in Kuboma is commonly known as Bwetalu it can be also rendered as Bwetalo in a storytelling context. Other spellings of the same village can be Bweitalu or Boytalu, for example. Likewise, *kikoni* (mouse, mice) is sometimes also pronounced *kokoni*. These alterations are even more common in songs (*wosi*), proverbs (*bigivakala*), and chants/rhymes/ditties (*vinavina*), some of which contain magic spells that oftentimes carry words in unknown languages, hence the difficulty of transcribing those (let alone translating them).

Despite a desire for consistent spelling, this was not always possible, especially because individual characteristics given to the tale by the storyteller would have been lost through this homogenization. The people I consulted in Kiriwina for this project

nearly always decided it was best to respect the original stories collected by Jerry Leach in the 1970s. In some cases, however, the interlocutors working with me on a given day could occasionally encounter spellings in the original transcripts that they believed were utterly wrong and might make reading the stories difficult, hence the need to change some spellings. Changes were considered carefully and were well-reasoned; for example, it could sometimes be argued that the original 1970s transcriber, being from a different part of the island, had not quite understood what the storyteller was saying and therefore misspelled the word). All changes to spellings were agreed upon by consensus of the group working on the stories with me that day.

A characteristic of Kilivila is the similarity of the sounds /l/ and /r/. Some authors appear to follow an old convention found in anthropology books that indistinctly spells all these sounds with *L*. Together with some of my Trobriand collaborators, I have decided against this, except for those words where the sound is exclusively /l/. A proficient speaker can tell whether the pronunciation of a word is /l/ or /r/ upon seeing the word written, but someone without a good knowledge of Kilivila cannot.

There are cases in which spelling a word with *L* could convey the wrong impression that pronunciation with an alveolar approximant, trill, or tap (as with the Italian words *carta* and *porto*) might also be correct; however, nobody “in the know” would actually say they have been on a “Kura” expedition (instead of Kula). For example, Trobrianders know that the word *kulu* (owl) is never pronounced with the alveolar lateral approximant /l/ whereas *kulu* (hair) is; hence the decision to spell owl as *kuru* and not *kulu*. Using the indiscriminate *L* spelling throughout the book could lead to confusion for readers who do not know Kilivila. Therefore I chose the *R* spelling except for those words in which the sound is clearly /l/ as in *kulu* (hair).

Furthermore, Jerry Leach collected most of the stories in the northern part of Kiriwina, in or near the coastal village of Kaibola, where he was based. Known as Kudouya, that northern region of Kiriwina is characterized by its slightly different pronunciation of some words, mostly the use of /n/ instead of /l/ (e.g., *nuya* instead of *luya* for coconut). The Kudouya spelling has remained unchanged in those stories in which the original storyteller employed it.

Vocabulary List

The following words and phrases were emphasized by Trobrianders when commenting on the stories. Some are old expressions, technical words, and proper names (of people, spirits, places, objects), whereas others pertain to plants, crops, and animals. Trobriand commentators thought it worth clarifying the meanings as they felt the words might otherwise be lost with time, and the cultural knowledge associated with these terms needs to be preserved. Relevant stories in which certain words are used are indicated in that term's entry.

Phrases set within quotation marks typically are observations and comments offered by Trobrianders when they were explaining and discussing a particular story. The quotation marks do not indicate text reproduced from a published source. The speakers and authors of these observations were rarely noted at the time, especially when in a group setting; rather, they are typically a synthesis of several remarks given during discussion of a tale, making it impossible to ascribe them to a certain person or persons.

badiyeta: a fragrant plant, used in the preparation of magic of attraction.

baluluwa: a type of long yam (*Dioscorea alata*; *kuvi* or *kui*).

bebai: a type of triggerfish, possibly the titan triggerfish, *Balistoides viridescens*; much appreciated for its white, delicate meat; known as *kaisep* in Misima-Panaeti.

beyawa: a type of large *peta* woven basket; a large circular basket for carrying belongings (SN 19 *Kabasai*, SN 269 *Irigayasu*).

bidakavava: a type of red clay or soil, considered to be fertile. A red pigment obtained from this clay was used to manufacture the red color applied to wooden boards known as *malaka*. Also the name for the grains of soil over which garden fertility spells are uttered; i.e., taken in fistfuls, spelled over, then thrown on the ground to make it fertile (SN 216 *Iyada*, SN 261 *Mlabwema*).

bisiya: an edible green or flower, the root is eaten by people who are mourning a deceased relative (*ekaweluwa*, "s/he eats mourning food").

boada: see also *bowada*; a type of wild yam, consumed in times of hunger (SN 263 *Imdaleka*).

bobau: a light piece of wood that has a hole in it or is hollow (*kaipwanana*). Used mostly to designate bamboo, a plant that does not grow in the Trobriands but is sometimes found there among the flotsam that drifts from other islands. "*Gala wala tola*," it is not a heavy piece of wood. Edwin and Dona Hutchins, in their dictionary (Hutchins and Hutchins, n.d.), claim it is a smoking pipe—often made of bamboo—but "pipe" in Kilivila is *paibu*. See SN 126 *Tokasikuni*; SN 19 *Kabasai*, wherein one of the characters travels in what appears to be a magic *bobau* vessel, and the waves hitting

the hollow wood/bamboo make a noise similar to people whispering; and SN 25 *Kebulitauya*, where the evil spirit/ogre woman Namusasela also travels inside a *bobau*.

Bobayawa: the former chief of Mloseda Village at the time that SN 166 *Kariva* was told.

Bodulela: an evil spirit (SN 169 *Itona*); Senft (1986) gives “ghost; evil minded spirit,” as does Ralph Lawton’s (n.d.) unpublished Kiriwina to English dictionary. Some people in the Trobriands claim that Bodulela is a woman from Tauwema who eats people (similar to the Namusasela in SN 25 *Kebulitauya*; this could be the same spirit with two names). People in Yalumgwa also mention Iluyiwola, “a cannibal woman from Togaku Village.” Another man-eating woman is Bomilikilaki in Kwebwaga Village (see SN 225 *Bomilikilaki*).

boi: eastern reef egret or Pacific reef heron (*Egretta sacra*); features in the iconography of canoe prow carvings, where the emblem that represents it is also called *boi* (SN 285 *Boi*).

bokatakewa: a type of flower wreath, used by young boys and girls, often imbued with *mwasila* magic of attraction. The wreath has two sets of face-to-back flowers, broken in the

middle by a back-to-back flower division, and the same set of four flowers at each end as the *bomurimuri*. In Kiriwina, there are four types of wreaths; they each have different meanings and different patterns, determined by the position of the flower buds when strung together. According to the patterns, the *butia* wreaths are called *bomkarimapu*, *bose-taula*, *bomurimuri/bomurimuri*, and *bokatakewa*.

Bokiyau: the name of a specific landmark on the shore, a canoe landing spot on the coast of Kiriwina (SN 150 *Tomnalova*). Not a Kiriwina word; in the language of Budibudi *bokiyau* is a type of edible shell (*Conomurex luhuanus*, the straw-berry conch).

bolu: a container, made from a coconut shell with the top removed for scooping water (Figure 51); similar to *lukwava* (*lukwava* containers are also made from a coconut shell, but unlike *bolu*, only a hole is poked through the shell, and then it is plugged after the container is filled with water to prevent spillage, so it can be carried around) (SN 105 *Bolu*).

bom: a rhythmic blowing of the conch shell.

bomiyoyeva: see *bomyoyewa*.

FIGURE 51. These coconut shell containers at the Smithsonian Institution are likely *bolu*—vessels used to scoop water from caves and store it in the house. (Photo by Sergio Jarillo.)

bomkarimapu: in the past, the traditional style of wreath worn by men on Kula expeditions. The faces of the flowers face each other. They are said to “marry,” like valuable shells do. The flowers face each other so they can share ideas and things and try to marry, to attach. Nowadays, women also wear *bomkarimapu*, the making of which can also be a matter of practical economy: if you have no time to go looking for plenty of flowers and you have only a few, this is the only wreath you can make. *-Karimapu* means “to meet,” “to join” (the wreath is an incitation to reciprocate).

bomrimuri: see *bomurimuri*.

bomurimuri (sometimes abridged to *bomrimuri*): a type of *butia* wreath, specifically for women who have recently given birth. The flowers all face the same direction, each flower arranged “mouth to base” like in the *bosetaula*, except the *bomurimuri* has four flowers at each end of the string that are arranged in pairs and facing each other (SN 220 *Suta*). In Kiriwina, there are four types of wreaths (Figure 52); they each have different meanings and different patterns,

FIGURE 52. Four different types of *butia* wreaths. From left to right: *bomkarimapu*, *bosetaula*, *bomurimuri*, and *bokatakewa*. The stages of the *butia* flower are *baia*, early bud; *luwaya*, where it begins to show some color but some whiteness shows through the bud; and *bwelala*, where the flowers are fully open. (Photo by Sergio Jarillo.)

determined by the position of the flower buds when strung together. According to the patterns, the *butia* wreaths are called *bomkarimapu*, *bosetaula*, *bomurimuri/bomurimuri*, and *bokatakewa*.

bomyoyewa (also spelled *bomyoyeva* or *bomiyoyeva*): a type of yam house built on only one stilt post as opposed to the customary four (Figures 53, 54). Some of the elders in Labai remember one (said to be the original one) standing in the middle of the village. The house was able to rotate on its post depending on the wind's direction (SN 139 *Tabalu*).

borogu: a plant (*Cordyline terminalis*) with red leaves and many magic connotations. In some *liliu*, it is said to have been born to Bolitukwa/Metigisi, the mother of the hero Tudava, who slaughtered Dokanikani, the man-eating ogre (SN 1 *Tudava*). A *borogu* pointed Tudava in the right direction in his quest to find and kill Dokanikani. *Borogu* is often anthropomorphized in Trobriand cosmology, and there are villages that have *borogu* plants to protect them against evil: “If you know

FIGURE 53. Conjectural illustration of a single-post yam store, by Kenneth Costigan. Reproduced with permission from Costigan (1995:56).

FIGURE 54. Detail of the decorations of a chiefly yam house belonging to the late Samungwa (Kwenama *dala*) in Mwadaosi hamlet (Yalumgwa), December 2016. (Photo by Sergio Jarillo.)

the right magic, at night *borogu* can turn into a red-glowing spirit and walk around the village, protecting it against *bwagau* sorcerers or *yoyowa* flying witches. It can also cause harm if disturbed,” said Camillus Mlabwema Mkwesipu. In some stories, the *borogu* plant is able to talk when bespelled with magic (e.g., SN 82 *Tetumonogu*, SN 176 *Muluveka*).

bosetaula: from *bo-*, “sacred,” and *-setaula*, “to go straight,” “to carry on”; a wreath usually put on the head of a newly deceased person as part of their preparation (*katubiyasi*) for the funeral. The flowers all face the same direction, each flower arranged “mouth to base.” Its uninterrupted pattern conveys the idea that the *baloma* of a newly dead person must go straight to Tuma, and to facilitate that, it is very important that the deceased’s relatives prepare her/his body in the right way.

bowada or *boada*: a type of wild yam. Malinowski (1963 [1935], 2:342) wrongly classifies it as a fruit. Not eaten normally; it is considered a “hunger food” (SN 263 *Imdaleka*).

bubuna: generic for pigeon; the most commonly sighted one in Kiriwina is the Torresian imperial pigeon (*Ducula spilorrhoa*); the totemic bird of the Malasi clan (SN 166 *Kariva*; SN 199 *Yagagali*, *Yausi*; SN 249 *Bubuna*; SN 287 *Kuru*).

bubwaketa: a type of wild yam found in the bush (a wild form of *Dioscorea alata*), similar to *kui* but tabooed for some people (like wild pigs) despite its good taste.

bubwaluwa: saliva, drool; also, the lymph oozing from corpses; body serum. “Like a baby, or when you chew betel nut and you drool before the mix goes red and it’s only transparent. *Bubwaluwa* is clean, as opposed to dirty phlegm/spit – *giu*.” (SN 126 *Tokasikuni*).

bulitowala: unclear; Senft (1986:204) gives *bulिताula* as “ritualized competitive display of food to finish a severe quarrel, avoiding war-like action.” *-towala* means “to stand in the midst, stand between.” (SN 150 *Tomnalova*).

buneyova: see *bwema*.

buriburi: a type of bird of paradise (curl-crested manucode, *Manucodia comrii trobriandi*) endemic to the Trobriand Islands (SN 234 *Kenavasia*, SN 287 *Kuru*). According to Seligman (1910:679), the *buriburi* is linked to the Malasi *kumila* clan, although nobody could confirm this in Kiriwina.

huriwada: moray eel (family Muraenidae; SN 158 *Buriwada*).

busa: a large tree (*Alstonia scholaris*) with soft wood; the trunk and larger branches can be used in garden magic (see Malinowski, 1963 [1935], 2:304); the leaves are used in some concoctions; the tree signals changes in seasons (*kaila kwe-luwa*, a calendrical tree): when it flowers, the *katakaela* (thousand-bone fish) is said to be fat and ready to eat (“*ah, maina busa, katakaela bo e napupusa*”); the *busa* is also one of the trees used to display long yams (*kuvi*) because of its straight and soft, easy-to-carve wood.

butia: tree (*Fagraea berteriana*) with white flowers; wreath made from these flowers; see also *bweta*, *bwetia*.

bwabwau: “black or dark blue”; also a type of black stingray.

bwaera: a type of yam (*kuvi* or *kui*; *Dioscorea alata*).

bwatutu: a tree (*Trema orientalis*); used to make canoe hulls.

bwebweria: a hue of red color (*bweyani*); in the text (SN 216 *Iyada*), the expression *kalabwebweria* is used by the storyteller to refer to the menstrual blood of the elder sister.

bweidudubila: another type of soil, a very black one (*dudubila* means “darkness”) (SN 261 *Mlabwema*).

bwema: a rectangular hut with no walls, used as a secondary yam storage (usually on a platform built on top, under the roof) and as a resting platform. Also known as *buneyova*.

bweta: wreaths of flowers; sometimes used in substitution of real shell valuable necklaces in mock-Kula games played by adolescents at some festivities.

bwetia: a tree (*Fagraea berteriana*) with white, fragrant flowers, used in making *butia* (or *bweta*) wreaths (the tree is also known as *butia*).

dadam: a plant (*Hornstedtia scottiana*) in the ginger family with a soft, fleshy, long, and straight stem; used by children as fake spears; its large leaves are also used for flavoring and wrapping food (SN 19 *Kabasai*).

daga: a step or stepping ladder; said of something (a stone, a log, a tire, etc.) laid on the floor to help climb up a veranda, a hut, a yam house. According to Edwin and Dona Hutchins (n.d.), the term is borrowed from Dobuan. It can also be used in a metaphorical sense when talking about a person (*Agudaga* = s/he is my stepping help). Hutchins and Hutchins (n.d.) also give *getana* as a synonym (SN 105 *Bolu*).

damuwau: a drinking trough for animals; in the Trobriand Islands, giant clam shells (*militabu*) are often used for this purpose. Salvaged buoys cut in half also do the job (SN *Tudava*, SN 239 *Tobwetalu*, SN 269 *Irigayasu*).

dauta: a type of frigate bird (SN 234 *Kenavasia*).

Darya: the sea between Kitava and Kiriwina Islands (SN 260 *Leilei*).

debadeba: green humphead parrotfish or double-headed parrotfish (*Bolbometopon muricatum*); also known as *togoba* in Misima-Panaeti (SN 185 *Muluveka*, *Togega*).

dedepia: an aromatic plant (*Alpinia* sp.) used in magic preparations; smells of anise; also used to fight pests in the garden.

dila: a type of cicada.

dimdim: a nonlocal. *Dimdim* is now a widespread term for white people in the Massim region (SN 200 *Tonamakava*).

doba sagali: fiber skirt worn for *sagali* feasting; also worn by men in certain circle dances. It is longer than the *doba sikam*. See also *doba sikam*, *dubesi gweguya*, *sekeula*, *senuya*, *sepiyopiya*, *seulolu*, *seyoyu*, and *tagimikosi*.

doba sikam: the fiber skirt worn daily by women. See also *doba sagali*.

domweti: a type of mustard leaf. Scoditti (1996:191) has *domweta*, “a synonym of *lobida*, the fruit and leaf of the betel pepper. According to Siyakwakwa it belongs to Muyuwa, although it is not recorded by Lithgow and Lithgow.” *Lo-bida* and *domweti* are also short for the act of chewing betel nut. Mustard in Budibudi is called *damwet* (SN 220 *Suta*).

dubasimla: a fish; very popular in local fish markets.

dubesi gweguya: chiefly fiber skirts used by chiefs' wives only; they are a sign of privilege; *dubesi gweguya* are worn by only some *dala* matrilineages (those that were accorded that privilege by chiefs).

dubilikwayai: the traditional name of the yam houses of Tabalu chiefs in Omarakana. It literally means "twilight" (SN 3 *Toyanu*).

dubwadebila: (sometimes spelled as *dubwadebula*) the name given to big rock shelters, usually found by the beach, on the eastern side of the *rebwaga* limestone cliffs (*odubwadebila* means at/in the *dubwadebila* cave) (SN 1 *Tudava*, SN 25 *Kebulitauya*, SN 170 *Nauliuli Nabukubwaku*, SN 210 *Keyuyu*, SN 212 *Kamwemuya*, SN 226 *Nakauriya*, SN 233 *Dokanikani*).

dubwadebula: alternate spelling for *dubwadebila*.

dududu: Baldwin (1936) defines *dududu* as an indiscriminate noise; also to go off pell-mell. It may also refer to a hissing sound, in this case that of the python (SN 202 *Togega*).

duku: name of the rope used to pull canoes ashore (SN 260 *Leilei*).

dumu: a mysterious object that makes a charming noise. Of it, people in Kiriwina said, "it could be a tree or a plant with a *tokwai* inside, or a magic object." In folktales, the *dumu* can be heard but cannot be seen; it usually exists in remote places and has a somewhat mythical status. Some other people claimed the *dumu* is a thing from the past: "*Bo etamwau odavalusi*, it has already disappeared from our villages." Other people stated that *dumu* is wood with something inside that makes it sound in a particular way: "*makala bobau*, it's like hollow wood, like bamboo. *Kai-pwanana*. *Olumolela bisuisi tomota, baloma, mauna, tokwai, yoyowa*. It's a hollow piece of wood. Inside there are people, spirits, animals, flying witches." See SN 172 *Tokasi-kuni* and also SN 25 *Kebulitauya*. Camillus Mlabwema Mkwesipu said, "*Balagi dumu kaigala*, I'm hearing the voice of the *dumu*." Used as a metaphor for a *dumu*-like noise, a mesmerizing sound with no clear origin that makes those who hear it desire it.

duwaku: a plant (*Cordyline* sp.) used in the past as a precision painting brush to apply color to carvings.

esaesa: rich, affluent, wealthy; antonym of *-namakava*. Possibly borrowed from the Dobu language (see Fortune, 1932:214) (SN 200 *Tonamakava*).

eulatila: to reach sexual maturity in males, "to be old enough to go looking for girls." *Toulatila* is also another word for bachelor (*totubukwabuya*) but is more sexually explicit (Figure 55). *Eulatila* can also be translated as "to go looking for girls, to have one's first sexual experiences." (Baldwin, 1936, gives "to go on a lovemaking expedition.") *Kapugula* is the equivalent for women who go looking for men (SN 1 *Tudava*, SN 199 *Yagagali*, *Yausi*, SN 238 *Mlagugula*).

FIGURE 55. Trobriand artist Martin Morobubuna depicts a sexual encounter between two young Trobrianders in this painting called *Toulatila – First Touch*. Oil on canvas. (Photo by Sergio Jarillo.) "Young people in the Trobriands feel it's a very important moment in their lives and they are often shy. I wanted to represent this moment and show the gentleness of this first touch," Martin Morobubuna, interview with author, Port Moresby, April 2013.

evitali: he greeted; *vitali*, "to say hello," "to greet" (SN 200 *Tonamakava*).

gabuwaina: possibly a type of evil spirit; no one was able to identify it properly. *Yaboaine* is a male/female deity of the south Massim often identified with *yoyowa* flying witches (see Newton, 1975:11) (SN 169 *Itona*).

gai: ebony tree. People in the Trobriand Islands identify two types, striped ebony (*kagegai*) and full black ebony (*gai*).

It is used in traditional Trobriand carvings (*tokwalu* sculptures, *kena* lime spatulas, etc.). Both types are now scarce because of oversourcing for carvings. Samples of ebony wood are imported for carving from other islands (Vakuta, Kaileuna, Woodlark, Rossel, etc.).

ganogwa: a tree (*Cordia subcordata*) with soft wood and orange flowers; its wood is often used for carvings; it is good firewood (also known as the kerosene tree).

gegila: purple-bellied lory (*Lorius hypoinochrous*); the totemic bird of the Lukulabuta *kumila* clan in the Trobriand Islands.

gidewebeu: a tree (probably *Ficus bernaysii*); its round fruits, known as *mwegiuya*, are used as toys by Trobriand children to make rolling tires for toys; also used in traditional medicine to improve blood circulation.

gigiku: a tree (*Flacourtia zippelii*) producing a small, edible fruit, red when ripe; also used in magic preparations (magic of attraction); known as *gagit* in Budibudi, where its hard wood is also used to make clubs employed in shark hunting.

giliwakuma: the name given to a valuable stone axe (normally referred to as *beku*) when used in particular exchange contexts, such as a payment to a *bwagau* sorcerer or in a marriage exchange (SN 31 *Togiliwakuma*).

ginupunapu: a type of gourd; when dried and emptied, it can be used as a *yaguma* lime container, the smallest of the two normally used for this purpose. *Yaguma* lime pots are made in Yalaka Village in central Kiriwina.

gogowa: a type of *Ficus* tree (Figure 56); mentioned in Malinowski (1963 [1935], 1:427, spelled *guvagava*); used by the garden magician; also used in the spell to attract mullet fish (*kalala*; see Malinowski, 1916:210; SN 60 *Mriyava*, SN 184 *Budibudi*, SN 249 *Bubuna*).

gugula: a heap; the man's name Mlagugula is linked to a heap of rubbish in the story of the same name (SN 238).

gumanuma: a nonlocal; literally, people from (*gum-*) the open sea (*luma* or *numa*), probably used in former times to indicate foreigners and non-Massim people before the term *dim-dim* became more common (SN 31 *Togiliwakuma*, SN 200 *Tonamakava*).

gumgwam: a tree (*Melochia odorata*); women weave its fibrous bark into the *wetabula*, the string on *doba* skirts (see Figure 69) used to tie them up (SN 231 *Kimgumegu*).

gunemwa: perhaps a poetic rearrangement of *mwanege*, my husband (SN 18 *Kibi*).

guvagava: see *gogowa*.

gwadina: a large tree (*Terminalia megalocarpa*) bearing a small green fruit; when ripe, the fruit falls to the ground, and the flesh rots away; the kernels inside are gathered by women and soaked in freshwater caves for a couple of weeks, after which they become edible (mentioned as *gwadila* in Malinowski, 1963 [1935], 1:160). Strictly speaking, *gwadina* is not a hunger food as it is eaten readily whenever available, despite other crops being plentiful.

gweda: a tree (*Rhus taitensis*); people distinguish male (red) and female (green) varieties; it has a sticky sap (SN 285 *Boi*).

ikamtakuku [?]: an obscure term; its definition could not be determined (SN 215 *Nabubulaveka*).

ikatupaleku: he decided not to stay anymore. To turn away from something; Hutchins and Hutchins (n.d.) have *topala* as “to stand aside.”

ikavepayasi [?]: an obscure term; its definition could not be determined (SN 215 *Nabubulaveka*).

ikikipwana: *kikipwana* is to “open” the house a little to see who is inside; in olden times (before there were real doors in houses) this would entail looking through a hole in the coconut-mat woven wall of the house to peep inside (Baldwin [1936] and Lawton [n.d.] in their dictionaries reported the verb as *mitikipwana*, with the root *miti*, meaning “eye”). Peeping inside the hut (SN 22 *Ikulasi*, SN 24 *Tomitugaga*, SN 170 *Nauliuli Nabukubwaku*).

ikiwalegu (from *ikiwali*): he deceived me (*ikiwali* is “to deceive,” “to trick”). Nowadays, people use an English loanword, *tiriki*. Very few people seem to know the old expression (SN 165 *Tokwau*, *Topem*).

ilaveka: possibly a type of evil spirit or the name of a particular one, although nobody seems to recognize the name. Commentators argued that *Ilaveka* sounded like a woman's name. The adjective *-veka* means “big” (SN 169 *Itona*).

ililapi: to collect, to pick up; might be related to *lupa*, “to lift.” Compare to *Togilupalupa*, the spirit who guides the *baloma* of the newly dead at Bomatu Point, said to be *Topileta*'s wife or sister. This spirit's name could be translated as “the uplifter” (SN 3 *Toyenu*).

ililigai (from *ligai*): to play the drums for the sake of it, as entertainment or practice, not as part of a dance (SN 31 *Togiliwakuma*, SN 212 *Kamuwemuya*).

FIGURE 56. The flower of the *gogowa* or *guvagava* tree.

ilumtuma kaipwepwaya: a plant (*Graptophyllum* sp.) with flowers that can be different colors (SN 238 *Mlagugula*).

im: thin fiber strings; made by twisting together strips peeled off the aerial roots of pandanus trees; used mostly for making fishing nets (SN 1 *Tudava*).

imwali: he painted it (the drum in SN 212 *Kamwemuya*).

inavana or *vinavana*: a fish, probably the silver biddy (*Gerres abbreviatus*); usually caught with nets on the lagoon side of Kiriwina. It is similar to *dubasimla* but all white (SN 261 *Mlabwema*).

inekudu: a type of aromatic herb used in magic preparations; hard to find nowadays.

igisisaga: he saw the sail of the canoe opening up in the distance (SN 19 *Kabasai*).

isumuri: he applied a *simuli*, a personal combination of techniques and procedures, often involving magic; in the context of SN 220 *Suta*, *Suta isumuri* means he made magic on the reef passage to reverse his previous magic spell on the chief's daughter.

itabuteta: "he was hesitant; he wanted to take it, was hesitant then grabbed it all of a sudden," explained Camillus Mlabwema Mkwesipu. To act on an impulse when one is not sure (SN 3 *Toyanu*, SN 158 *Buriwada*).

itona: evil spirits (as one commentator put it, "*Itona baloma gaga*," the *itona* are evil spirits, bad souls) (SN 169 *Itona*).

iyada: the verb *yada* means to rub or to smooth out; it is also used to denote the action of rubbing two sticks to make fire, to make fire by friction; the name of the woman in SN 216, *Iyada*, could be translated as "she makes fire" (SN 216 *Iyada*).

iyoseda: a small crab, found in coral reefs.

(i)*yuvisa*: to counter magic; *yuvisa* is a healing magic spell used to counter a *silami* spell (evil spell). See also *vivisa*, "a magical term for cooling a sick person, bring down fever" (see Baldwin, 1936:376; see also Malinowski, 1987[1929]:196). *Yuvisau* is "to blow away" (Hutchins and Hutchins, n.d.). In the Trobriands, it is said that each *silami* spell has its healing *yuvisa* counterspell, but for the counterspell to work the healer needs to know which *silami* was used (SN 25 *Kebulitaunya*, SN 126 *Tokasikuni*).

kabokabwaku: harlequin or many-spotted sweetlips (*Plectorhinchus chaetodonoides*).

kabudaka: the side logs of the *liku* yam house; also the sides of a *baleko* garden plot (as opposed to the *kalagim* side, the "front" of the garden). *Budaka* is also the name of the side planks of *masawa* Kula canoes (SN 168 *Popu*, SN 199 *Yagagali*, *Yausi*).

kabuliyoyu: a fish (*kabula* means "nose," *yoyu* is a plaited coconut frond used to make the walling in houses) (SN 208 *Bwagan*).

kabwaku: a black-and-white bird (likely a type of butcherbird, *Cracticus cassicus*, or the hooded butcherbird *Cracticus cassicus hercules*, a bigger subspecies of *C. cassicus*). It has a reputation for being fiercely aggressive (*nagasisi*), and they

are known to attack people (SN 166 *Kariva*). As people in the Trobriands say, "*simauna Toliwaga, gasisi*" (the bird of the Toliwaga clan, aggressive). Like the bird, the Toliwaga matriline are considered to be fierce. The Toliwaga chief traditionally resides in Kabwaku Village; their decorations are mostly black and white (like the bird's colors) and tend to be soberer than the more colorful decorations of other chiefly clans.

kadawaka: an unidentified fish.

kadinaka: a type of edible seaweed; abundant in the shallow waters near Wawela Village in Kiriwina. Because it usually grows in reef passages, it helps sailors find the way through the reef. Edible seaweed is known generically as *yeya* (SN 25 *Kebulitaunya*).

kaduguwai: the decorated sticks that protrude from both ends of the roof's apex in a chiefly house.

kadumalaga: the village entrance. "The main entrance to the village [*kadumalaga*] is located at the point where the pathway from the most important neighboring village meets the hamlet of the *tolivalu*" (hamlet leader; Costigan, 1995:26). There is a type of protective magic known as *vaboda kadumalaga* (literally, "closing up of the village entrance") that "seals" off the village to hunger and disease.

kaetaola: a tree, used mostly in home construction (for the *kavalapu* or the *pou* of the house, for example); the male specimen is taller than the female one; not great for firewood (SN 287 *Kuru*); also spelled *ketaola*.

kaewagina: a fragrant herb (*Plectranthus* sp.), similar to mint; spelled *kaewiwagina* on Kaileuna Island; used to wash and perfume the hands; leaves are sometimes used as toilet paper. Also used as an anti-inflammatory in wounds. There is a *kwanebu* story about a *kakawaku* grub who eats all the plants and trees until it tries to eat the *kaewagina*. When it does, its teeth fall out, and the grub dies. *Kaewagina* plants come in two colors; one is green with blue and white flowers, and the other one has red flowers. Some people in Kaisiga Village say the red type used to be planted in gardens to scare the wallabies off because "that plant is like people" (SN 287 *Kuru*).

kaibibila: a magic cure; particularly, a restoration, restoring a previous stage (e.g. restoring abundance after food scarcity and hunger). *Bibila* means "to exorcise."

kaibwibwi: the tallest variety of various pandanus trees (*Pandanus tectorius*) that grow in the Trobriand Islands (known generically as *vadila*); usually grows near swamps or in places where there is plenty water; its dried leaves are collected after they fall down and are used in the thatching of a hut's roofing and walling; can also be made into different types of mats (*moi*) by sewing the leaves together; one of these varieties of *moi* is made by weaving the leaves instead of sewing them and is known as *moipiti*, probably owing to its Fijian origin (*piti* is the Trobriand pronunciation of Fiji); may have been introduced by the first Methodist Fijian missionaries who arrived in the Trobriands in the late nineteenth century. Nowadays,

many different types of mats and baskets are made from different varieties of pandanus leaves, each of them requiring different treatment and weaving or sewing techniques.

kaikaula (pronounced “kekaula”): literally, tree (*kai*) food (*kaula*). Generic name given to the original firewood trees, those from which fire was said to have been born; can burn for a long time, hard to put out.

kailepa: the magic stick or wand used by the *towosi* garden magician who strikes the ground with it when a new planting cycle starts (see Malinowski 1963 [1935], 1:93).

kaimagu: a type of mud crab, abundant in coastal mangrove areas in the Trobriand Islands, where it is readily collected and eaten (SN 22 *Ikulasi*).

kaipwakova: a plant with a white flower, burned under the platform bed of new mothers while they are nursing their newborn. Its smoke is believed to make the skin of the mother whiter (see Malinowski, 1987 [1929]: 197).

kaisapi: the wristlets of *buna* egg cowrie shells that are the province of only high-ranked matrilineages.

kaisili: a newly dead tree that still has its branches. Also used for any tree that stands taller than any other tree. Compare with Lawton’s (n.d.) dictionary: *kaimatutula*, fully developed, mature tree; Lawton gives *kaipwaila* and *kaisili* as synonyms. Used as natural yam sticks for only some type of yams (e.g., Mosbi, Tomwaguba).

kaivariu: a very sharp knife, used in former times exclusively as a shaving razor by men since its sharpness made it unsuitable for anything else.

kaivisi: a fan. Usually made from woven pandanus fiber; in SN 135 *Topilaveka*, Topilaveka also uses one of the broad leaves of the breadfruit tree as *kaivisi*.

kaiwa: an unidentified fish.

kaiwota: a tree, much appreciated as firewood; the father or the husband of a pregnant woman collects it to burn in the house of the new mother because it never goes out and gives the warmth needed by the newborn; also used in canoe construction (SN 216 *Iyada*).

kakanuwa: a small type of sand crab.

kalabiga: an interjection used in old parlance, especially when telling a story. Nowadays, people use “Eh” instead in everyday parlance. It is a conjunction found in *kwanebu* and other stories, and it can be translated roughly as “and.” Found in many of the narratives recorded by Leach.

kalala: a type of mullet fish; an important seasonal staple fish found on the northern coast of Kiriwina, where it was “summoned” ritually using a specific type of magic and fished collectively at dawn using aerial nets (*iyagam*). Nowadays, the *kalala* no longer visits the coast, and people claim this is because the magic to summon it has been lost.

kalipuya: yellow-spotted emperor (*Lethrinus kollopterus* or *erythracanthus*); known as *ahiat* or *garsawa* in Misima-Panaeti.

Kalukuba: a beach next to Wiya (Omarakana’s beach), on the *luma* side of Kiriwina (the eastern side of the island where the open sea is) (SN 157 *Ilakomwawa*).

kanadu: a small fish, caught with nets; could be a juvenile tuna (SN 263 *Imdaleka*).

kane-: a pet (*kanegu*, “my pet”); Hutchins and Hutchins (n.d.) give *wanela* (his/her pet) as a synonym.

karaga: eclectus parrot (*Eclectus roratus*); one of the totemic animals of the Lukwasisiga clan (*kumila*); *karaga* have a reputation for ruining crops in the garden.

karavanatau: a type of *kuwi/kui* long yam (*Dioscorea* sp.), white inside.

Karisiyai bunukwa: stone that marks a spot near Labai; the literal meaning is “the bristles of the pig,” which is an expression used to indicate gooseflesh or goose bumps (SN 170 *Nauliuli Nabukubwaku*).

kasiyena: a type of wild yam (*Dioscorea bulbifera* L.) consumed in times of scarcity (*molu*). *Kasiyena* yams are mentioned in the *vinavina* ditty that storytellers chant to urge somebody from the audience to tell the next tale once they have finished (SN 232 *Baloma*; SN 285 *Boi*).

kasiyonasigwa: see *khasiyonasigwa*.

katakaila: a small fish, found mostly on the lagoon side of Kiriwina; known locally as the hundred- or the thousand-bone fish; one of the most appreciated fish in the Trobriands despite its many bones; similar to *ninibula* and also in the silver biddy family (*Gerres* genus). *Katakaila* is a taboo food in certain *dala* matrilineages.

katakera: sulphur-crested cockatoo (*Cacatua galerita*; SN 195 *Katakera*).

katukweibobu: to cower; to tremble from fear or cold (SN 127 *Kwanepa*).

katuvira: exchange of valuables after *vevai* (marriage). The bride’s parents bring food (even a pig if they can), and the groom’s relatives reciprocate with valuables. Malinowski (1987 [1929]: 75) breaks up the details of marriage exchanges, of which *katuvila* is the opening one (“*katuvila* – cooked yams brought in baskets by the girl’s parents to the boy’s family”). The expression suggests an image: *katuviri* literally means “to break open.”

katuyausa: an amatory expedition where women go looking for partners (SN 132 *Tokwavataria*).

kauiya: from the root *kavi* (to bite in half, like a betel nut); *kauiya*, as in *kavi bua*, an old expression meaning “to chew betel nut” (SN 168 *Popu*).

Kaunamawa: a beach past the *rebwaga*, the coral cliffs on the eastern part of Kiriwina Island. Compare with *Kaunamayo*, the land of old eagles, the place where old eagles go to die (sometimes featured in a story called *Tokasitagina*) (SN 238 *Mlagugula*).

kaveyega: a small cooking pot or frying pan for reheating food; not used for exchange and generally old; sometimes even a clay pot shard is called *kaveyega*, “a broken pot that can still be used for cooking.” Lawton’s (n.d.) dictionary has *kavaiyega* as a verb: “to use large shard of broken pot as a cooking vessel. *Tavigaki paraipani*, we make it into a frying pan.” Many traditional cooking pots in the Trobriands are made

in the Amphlett Islands with clay from Fergusson Island and are known as *kwelamola*; clay pots are also manufactured on Ware Island; a generic cooking pot is known as *kuria* (also spelled *kuleya* or *kureya*). Trobrianders classify clay pots according to their size. From smallest to largest, they are *kwelabulami*, *kaveyega*, *kwelimaisi*, *kwelamola gugwadi*, *walata*, and *kwelamola tomwaya* (SN 174 *Kaveyega*).

kawalawa: a landing or anchoring place for canoes, often on a beach; can be used as synonym of beach or shore (see also *kwadewa*); usually designates the landing place of a named *dala* matriclean when they first arrived in Kiriwina.

kayabu: see *kwayabu*

kayauri: a type of *Ficus*; used for garden magic; its wood is used to delimit blocks of land in the gardens (*tula*); also used for protection of one's own garden, as it prevents other people's evil magic from damaging one's crops.

kayusesa: spotted blubber-lips (a fish, *Plectorhinchus flavomaculatus*); known as *mwayap* in Budibudi (Laughlan Islands).

keli: a small, sand-digging crab; similar to *kakanukuwa*, another type of small, sand-digging crab (SN 11 *Keli*).

kenaya ikapatu: *kenaya* is one of the booms holding the sail. The sail "closed," meaning it disappeared on the horizon (SN 19 *Kabasai*).

ketaola: see *kaetaola*.

keyuyu: coconut crab (*Birgus latro*); a large land crab, much appreciated for its sweet flesh (SN 210 *Keyuyu*).

khasiyonasigwa or *kasiyonasigwa*: a type of grass.

kibakwali: to grope, to feel one's way, as blind people do (SN 19 *Kabasai*).

Kibi: name of a constellation or group of stars. According to Leo Austen (1939: 240), *Kibi* is within "the three stars of Aquila, the central one being Altair." The name is the same (and so is the star) in Muyuwa (Woodlark Island; see Damon 2015), whereas other authors such as Jutta Malnic and John Kasaipwalova claim *Kibi* is the big star in the belt of Orion (see Malnic, 2000). *Kibi* is also the name of the title character in SN 18 *Kibi*.

kidoka: a type of stick insect; eaten by children. People claim it is hard to find nowadays (SN 178 *Kidoka*, *Lakum*).

kidonatu: a shell; used in the making of *nununiga* (banana leaf bundles). Before the advent of the engraved *kaidawaga* board after 1977, *kidonatu* shells were used to make the geometric pattern in the banana leaves (SN 1 *Tudava*).

kikimali: pinching the skin and leaving love marks with the fingernails (SN 215 *Nabubulaveka*).

kilakila: a type of sea hawk (SN 176 *Muluveka*; SN 287 *Kuru*).

Kinivinai: Kilivila, as pronounced by the people of Iwa in their dialect (SN 260 *Leilei*).

kirimwa: a tree (*Endospermum medullosum*) that grows high and straight; young branches are hollow, and a type of black ant nests in them, living in symbiosis with the tree; the *kirimwa* tree inhibits the growth of other nearby trees and plants through a chemical that is also absorbed by the ants living in its hollow branches, giving them a painful bite.

Tall, good looking people are compared to the *kirimwa* tree; Ikulasi and Kaimagu sail in a canoe made from *kirimwa* wood (SN 22 *Ikulasi*).

kiriri: a leaf-shaped locust.

kisi: stingray skin used to polish and smooth out carvings by the Bwetalu people. Bwetaluans are among the few people in the Trobriands (together with Vakutans) who eat stingray, otherwise considered inedible (taboo). Strictly speaking, *kisi* is a type of stingray (*vai* is the generic name for stingrays); *kisi* are medium to small. Other types of stingrays are (as named by people in Bwetalu) *vekolokula*, *vebuwabu*, *bwabwau*, *siboeki*, *konepa* or *kwanepa*, *veuyedi*, *vaipulou*, *velela*, and *tonadanada*.

koleku: to prepare for a sea journey by assembling together the different canoe implements such as the sail, rudder, paddles, etc. (SN 6 *Tomunawela*; SN 16 *Sopi*, *Kova*; SN 82 *Tetumonogu*).

kokulumwala: on the ridgepole on the roof of the hut, the spot where the ogres were hanging from. Also, *kulumwala* is the ridgepole between two plots in the garden. At each end of a hut's *kulumwala* (especially if it is a *liku* yam house) there can be a gargoyle-like sculpture with human features known as *mwamwala*. The *mwamwala* is said to guard the *liku* (Figure 57).

konepa or *kwanepa*: small stingray with a knifelike barb (*nepa* = machete) (SN 127 *Kwanepa*).

koyawewa: literally means "the farthest mountain" (*koya* = mountain, *wewa* = farthest). Seen from Kiriwina Island, *koyawewa* refers to Nabwageta, one of the Amphlett Islands. *Koyawewa* is pronounced *koiwewa*. Compared to other islands in the area, the Trobriand group is flat; people from foreign islands are called *tokoyakoya* ("people from the mountains"). Outsiders from other parts of the Massim region or the rest of Papua New Guinea are also called *tokoyakoya* (SN 56 *Tokoyawewa*).

kubila: an aromatic plant (*Kaempferia galanga*), used in the preparation of *bulami* (coconut oil-based concoctions that are the base of many magic philters); *kubila* leaves are not themselves worn for personal decoration but are used to make *bulami* oil to be put on the body as part of *katubayasi* preparations. *Kubila* is also used in a special type of magic formula to stop storms (SN 1 *Tudava*).

kudubuwa: a type of emperor fish (maybe the orange-spotted emperor, *Lethrinus kollopterus* or *erythracanthus*); the name in Kilivila literally means "betel nut teeth," referring to the fish's red mouth; mentioned in Malinowski (1987 [1929]: 252) as *kudubwau*; *gigivemutu* may refer to the same fish; known as *tagum* in Budibudi (Laughlan Islands).

kukuu: a small black ant (SN 238 *Mlagugula*).

kulasi: generic name for several types of coral trout/grouper of the Serranidae family, the most common of which is possibly *Epinephelus malabaricus*. *Kulasi* is the fish that is said to have brought a type of black magic to Kiriwina, in particular the black magic used by the people from the Bau area

FIGURE 57. The *mwamwala* gargoyle of Kelai's *liku* yam house in Kaurigova hamlet, Yalumgwa Village, seen from below. (Photo by Sergio Jarillo, 2009.)

of Kiriwina (SN 22 *Ikulasi*, SN 31 *Togiliwakuma*, SN 261 *Mlabwema*). Trobrianders distinguish several species within the *Epinephelus* genus (*kulasi*), including the *Epinephelus fuscoguttatus* (the brown-marbled grouper, known locally as *kelopala*) and the *Epinephelus caeruleopunctatus* (the white-spotted grouper, known locally as *mitapukuna*). Another type of *kulasi* is known as *kulukwata*.

kulumwala: ridgepole on the roof of a hut (see also *kokulumwala*); also the ridgepole between two plots in the garden. At each end of a hut's *kulumwala* (especially if it is a *liku* yam house) there can be a gargoyle-like sculpture with

human features known as *mwamwala*. The *mwamwala* is said to guard the *liku* (see Figure 57; SN 239 *Tobwetalu*).

kum: the breadfruit tree (*Artocarpus altilis*). Trobrianders refer to the soursop (*Annona muricata*) and the jackfruit as *kum dimdim* (the white person's breadfruit).

kumeu: generic for frog (SN 1 *Tudava*).

kunoriga: blue snake weed (*Stachytarpheta jamaicensis* (L.) Vahl), an invasive species, said to have appeared first in Yausana's garden in Dayagila; because of this, some people still call it *Yausana*; used as a traditional medicine and to increase appetite in sick people.

kusikela: shut up, shush, speak no more, *bigatomwaya* (or *bigitomwaya*), old people's parlance, big words from the past. *Alagi asikela*, "I heard it and I shut up, I shall speak no more, I shall forget it." (SN 126 *Tokasikuni*).

kusivakiya: to look out, to scan, like the *vakia* kingfisher does (SN 150 *Tomnalova*).

kutuva: green jobfish (*Aprion virescens*); also known as *kutia* in some parts of Kiriwina (Kavataria Village); known as *utul* in Misima-Panaeti (SN 185 *Muluveka, Togega*).

Kwadalauiwa: the name of the corpse-eating woman in SN 177 *Imokaiboma*. A *kwada* is a rattle used in dancing, made from the fruit of the *lawa* tree. A man with no relatives is known as *togumalawa* (literally man from the *lawa*).

kwaduva: a type of barracuda fish (*Sphyraena*). *Bayoyu* is the generic name for barracuda, whereas fishermen and coastal people are able to identify specific types, among which are *kudawaya* (the giant barracuda, *Sphyraena barracuda*) and *kalubatuma* (the chevron or sawtooth barracuda, *Sphyraena putnamiae*; SN 31 *Togiliwakuma*, SN 212 *Kamwemuya*).

kwanada: a type of wild yam (*Dioscorea pentaphylla* L.); grows mostly in the bush but can also be found in gardens; used to play an important part in times of hunger (*molu*). There are a number of "wild foods" (not cultivated) commonly eaten in times of scarcity. People maintain that some of these wild foods cannot be eaten in the village and must be consumed only in the bush. It is believed that eating them in the village would bring hunger (SN 216 *Iyada*, SN 263 *Imdaleka*). See also *bowada/boada*, *bubwaketa*, *kasiyena*, *noriu*, *seuseu*, *sibwadiga*, *vedaveda*, *waworu*, and *wetabu*.

kwanepa: see *konepa*.

kwarota: a type of bush/scrub hen or fowl, possibly the orange-footed scrubfowl (*Megapodius reinwardt*; SN 85 *Urigova*, SN 234 *Kenavasia*).

kwasi: a plant used to weave the traditional armbands worn by women and men in the Trobriand Islands; the armbands are also called *kwasi* for the ones worn above the biceps and *mituwetuwa* for the slightly longer ones worn on the forearms.

kwatukwatuya: tattooing, tattoo. (Note that Baldwin [1936] in his dictionary translates *kwatukwatu* as "bruise.") Tattoos are not very common in the Trobriand Islands, other than the recent, Western-influenced trend of tattooing one's names and/or initials, usually on the forearm. As a Trobriand tradition, only some women have facial tattoos (for instance, one or two lines across the cheek, a dot and/or lines on the chin). In the past, tattoos were also made on the breasts. Ellis Silas (1926:165), in his book *A Primitive Arcadia*, wrote, "Tattooing is not very fashionable among the Trobrianders, although a little ornamentation is often seen on faces and chests, and some of the girls tattoo their breasts." In all cases, tattoos are said to be just a decoration, "to look nice." No other explanation, such as a meaning or different-named pattern, is provided. Some anthropologists (e.g., Seligman, 1910:733) reported how in Trobriand

folklore Topileta, the guardian of the underworld of Tuma, is said to be covered in tattoos. Malinowski (1987 [1929]: 257) wrote that "girls at the time of their first menstruation are tattooed round the vagina. This tattooing is called *ki'uki'u*, and is done, according to my informants, for aesthetic purposes." This custom is no longer practiced in the Trobriand Islands. In Budibudi (Laughlan Islands), the designs carved in sailing canoes are said to originate from women's tattoos (SN 226 *Nakauriya*).

kwau: generic name for shark; other species include *gebageba* (hammerhead shark), *yuboila*, *mitayu*, *kwaumwaya*, *sekela*, *kalubu*, *kwaukuyu*, *kwautukutaku*, *kaluta* (tiger shark, *Galeocerdo cuvier*), *kwaumasisi* (literally, "sleep shark," likely a type of nurse shark), *kemoli*, *kwaulelesi*, and *kwautubutuba* (SN 227 *Kwita, Suvatu*).

kwayabu/kayabu: the action of picking a fruit from a tree and bringing it down gently instead of throwing it, so that it does not break (SN 174 *Kaveyega*).

kwebila: an aromatic plant (*Evodia* or *Euodia anisodora*) used for personal decoration and magic purposes. *Kwebila* is one of the ingredients of the *kwegapani* magic preparation (SN 1 *Tudava*). According to many people in Kiriwina, *kwebila* is the "number one plant in terms of its magic applications; it is used in the *kaeyausa* magic of invisibility, in the *katakavata* magic of protection from *bwagau* sorcerers, giving you courage and preventing fear, and in the *lovalova* magic (the art of throwing spears)."

kwega: a tree with small green fruits (also called *kwega*) that become red when ripe; probably in the *Ficus* genus. In former times, the unripe fruit used to be chewed whenever betel nut was not available; also used in traditional magic such as in several initiation ceremonies (SN 3 *Toyamu*).

kwelabulami: the smallest clay pot, used to make *bulami* (coconut oil-based concoctions used in magic spells).

kwelamola gugwadi: children's *kwelamola* pot, slightly smaller than the normal *kwelamola*, the clay pot exchanged at funerary ceremonies.

kwelamola tomwaya: the elder's *kwelamola*, the biggest and most valued of all the clay pots, used in exchange ceremonies and funerary rituals (Figure 58).

kwelimaisi: slightly larger pot used for cooking. The root *-lima* means "five."

kwiga: generic term for lobster; also spelled *kuwiga* or *kuviga*.

kwita: octopus (SN 227 *Kwita, Suvatu*).

lakapu: skin blisters. Mentioned in Malinowski (1963 [1935], 2:283) as the outer skin of the yam that blisters and peels off (SN 169 *Itona*).

lakum: a type of land crab; only those found in the bush are eaten, versus the ones found near villages and paths (*lakumkeda*, the "road" crab), which are said to be unclean and not fit for human consumption (SN 178 *Kidoka, Lakum*).

FIGURE 58. A *kwelamola tomwaya* [most valued clay pot] on the veranda of a house in Mwadaosi hamlet, Yalumgwa Village, in 2016. (Photo by Sergio Jarillo.)

lalamuya: a tree (*Cananga odorata* Hook.) with very small, strongly scented flowers, used to make wreaths.

lawā: a tree (*Pangium edule*) with large brown edible fruits; people say it is not abundant nowadays. *Sasani* are the seeds within the fruit of the *lawā*. *Kwada* rattles used for dancing are made with the *sasani* seeds (SN 177 *Imokaiboma*). *Sasani* are also attached to *mwali* shells to make a pleasant sound when carrying them. Rattles for babies were also made from *sasani* in the past. The large fruit of the *lawā* tree is edible but tasteless. Incidentally, a man with no relatives is called *togumalawa*, literally, “man from the *lawā*.”

lelawā: the name of the *natu* fruit once it is roasted over fire (SN 174 *Kayevega*).

leleala: a series of “signs” or “reactions” as observed in the environment, taking place after the demise of a person of high rank in the Trobriand Islands (or a person prominent in the Kula). *Leleala* are said to be the result of the uncontrolled magic powers that are liberated from the body of a deceased person who had accumulated such power throughout his

or her life. The most common sign is the beginning of a period of *molu* (hunger) due to poor harvests, heavy rains, drought, etc. In SN 135 *Topilaveka*, the *leleala* for Topilaveka’s death include “trees and stones catching fire.” According to Lithgow and Lithgow (2007), *leleyana* means “for,” “because” in Dobuan.

lelekoya (also spelled *rerekoya*): a type of lemongrass (*Cymbopogon citratus*); used in magic preparations; also used for food flavoring.

lidadiga: a type of tree; grows in the *rebwaga* (rainforest-covered coral cliffs and outcrops on the eastern side of Kiriwina Island); Tudava made his spear from this tree (SN 1 *Tudava*). Hard to find nowadays.

liga: see *riga*.

lokwai: a wild bush with edible leaves and fruits (*Gnetum latifolium*), very common in the Trobriand Islands, with edible leaves and seeds; *lokwai* and *unonu* are often cooked together with yams, taros, sweet potatoes and other crops to provide *guaba* or *gwaba* (greens to be mixed with the

rest of the food). *Lokwai* is a taboo food to some highly ranked *dala* matrilineages, such as the Tabalu, who are not supposed to eat it or even come into contact with cooking utensils where *lokwai* has been prepared (SN 170 *Nauliuli Nabukubwaku*; SN 179 *Kiwali, Pupusa*; SN 269 *Irigayasu*).

lova: needlefish or long tom in the Belonidae family. A big *lova* fish is known as *topusa* (Lawton, 1993:190). *Pusa* (which means “cat” in Kilivila) is also the name of an emblem carved on the tip of dugout canoes (SN 11 *Keli*; SN 150 *Tomnalova*; SN 185 *Muluveka, Togega*).

Lubowa: a former chief of Omlamwaluwa Village, next to Omarakana (SN 85 *Urigova*).

lukwava: water containers (for saltwater and fresh, drinking water alike), usually made from hollowed-out coconut shells with only a small hole on top plugged with banana leaf stoppers. Their use is now discontinued, owing to the ubiquity of plastic bottles. Two *lukwava* vessels are said to be part of the dugong’s anatomic features in the myth that explains how the dugong (*tomadawa*) used to be a human person who went into the sea with his water bottles and was turned into a sea creature who, nonetheless, kept the *lukwava* bottles (still visible in the dugong’s body) so that he could still drink fresh water (SN 179 *Kiwali, Pupusa*).

luluboda: the two anklets of buna shells worn by high-ranked matrilineages (SN 39 *Momovala*; SN 139 *Tabalu*; SN 260 *Leilei*; SN 261 *Mlabwema*).

luluva: longnose or smalltooth emperor (*Lethrinus elongatus* or *microdon*); also known as *tobowa*.

luma: a small fish, probably a type of sardine; usually caught on the lagoon side of Kiriwina Island; it is known as *luma* in Kuluwitu in northwest Kiriwina, where the storyteller in SN 154 *Boupata, Bovakuila* is from, and *wama* in the rest of the Trobriands. *Luma* is also the name of the open sea (as opposed to the lagoon, *kabidumdom* or *dom*). *Waluma* literally means “at the open sea” but could also mean “where the *luma* fish are” (the deep blue sea).

lumi: heaps of uncooked food (yams, taro, bananas; Figure 59) and betel nut allotted to the mourners at funerals (usually for singing at night during the wake or digging the grave). (SN 3 *Toyanu*).

madolu: a type of trevally (*Caranx* genus; e.g., *Caranx papuensis*), most appreciated in the Trobriands for its taste and delicate meat with almost no bones. Trobrianders distinguish different types of *madolu*, including the *mosa* or *madoluveka* (big *madolu*, perhaps the bluefin trevally *Caranx melampygus*); a small *madolu* is known as *popoka* (SN 24 *Tomitugaga*).

mamili: humphead wrasse, double-headed Maori wrasse, or Napoleon fish (*Cheilinus undulatus*); known as *Gamategawaliya* in Misima-Panaeti (SN 212 *Kamwemuya*).

Mamugula: a small island after Muwa Island (SN 238 *Mlagugula*).

mataguwaga: “*Elai matala egisi waga*.” He “threw” his eyes and saw the canoe. This is old people’s parlance (*bigatomwaya*) (SN 19 *Kabasai*).

matala mabulubolela: big eyes; wide-open eyes, usually associated with supernatural beings such as *kosi* (ghosts) or *baloma* spirits of the dead (SN 232 *Baloma*).

mawa: black surgeonfish (*Acanthurus gahhm*); similar to *kai-soba* (whitemargin unicornfish, *Naso annulatus*); both fish have razor-sharp spines near their tails; in central Kiriwina, the yellowfin surgeonfish (*Acanthurus xanthopterus*) is also known as *mawa*; also known as *malawi* in Misima-Panaeti (SN 208 *Bwagau*).

meku: a large tree (*Intsia bijuga*) with reddish wood; used in traditional Trobriand woodcarvings and house construction; also used in *silami* evil spells; known in the rest of Papua New Guinea as “*kwila*” (SN 271 *Toliwaga*).

menoni: golden apple or amarella (*Spondias dulcis*), a tall tree, yields a sweet, oblong-shaped fruit also called *menoni*; yellow when ripe. Unripe fruits are green and also edible, although slightly more acidic and much liked by Trobriand children (SN 216 *Iyada*, SN 238 *Mlagugula*).

militabu: giant clam shell (*Tridacna gigas*). Also the general name given to giant clam shells, of which there are several types. *Militabu* meat is much appreciated among Trobriand Islanders (SN 233 *Dokanikani*).

minulai: feathers worn only by chiefs. They are the tallest feathers in all feather ornaments (SN 157 *Ilakomwawa*).

mitakuku: removing the eyelashes and hair from eyebrows in traditional Trobriand lovemaking (SN 215 *Nabubulaveka*).

mitugaga: an evil act; a bad deed. In more recent times it has been identified with the Christian notion of “sin.” Evil spells proper are known in Kilivila as *silami* (SN 22 *Ikulasi*, SN 24 *Tomitugaga*).

mitukorona: pink eye. Mentioned in SN 169 *Itona* as one of the illnesses that are part of an epidemic as it often strikes many people in a village (it is a highly contagious infection).

mitukunapula: humpnose big-eye bream (*Monotaxis grandoculis*); sometimes spelled *mitukunabu*; known as *mwayabu* on Kaileuna Island; known as *mayamul* in Misima-Panaeti.

mlologa or *mludoga*: a seagull, according to Mosuwadoga and Beran (2006). Some people thought it might be a Dobu word (SN 126 *Tokasikuni*).

modogu: the black mangrove tree (*Bruguiera gymnorhiza*), much appreciated for its strong timber; used in house construction; also used in traditional medicine to treat wounds (SN 3 *Toyanu*).

mogwa: generic name given to tuna fish, especially to small-sized juveniles.

moiligalegsa: a pubic leaf, made of a special type of pandanus; usually worn only when going on Kula expeditions (unlike the daily pubic leaf, *yobua*, made of betel nut palm) (SN 157 *Ilakomwawa*).

mokakana: Malay apple (*Syzygium malaccense*), a tree with edible red fruits (SN 1 *Tudava*).

FIGURE 59. Distribution of raw yams, grouped in *lumi* heaps, during a funeral in Bulakwa, Kaileuna Island, Trobriand Islands. (Photo by Sergio Jarillo.)

mokoru: a tree with edible red fruits.

montatetu: a type of porcupine fish or blowfish of the Diodontidae family (*Diodon hystrix*?, *Dicotylichthys punctulatus*?; SN 31 *Togiliwakuma*, SN 212 *Kamwemuya*).

morobau: a lily plant (*Crinum asiaticum*, Asian poison bulb) with big, pretty, scented white flowers; the flowers are used for personal decoration and are called *rereni*; also used as cough medicine for pigs (SN 18 *Kibi*, SN 196 *Pwanetaokwa*).

munuveka/muluveka: a type of sea eagle (possibly the white-bellied sea eagle, *Haliaeetus leucogaster*); sometimes spelled *muluveka*; totemic bird of the Lukuba *kumila* clan (SN 176 *Muluveka*; SN 185 *Muluveka*, *Togega*; SN 233 *Dokanikani*).

musimwesi: a type of grass (SN 287 *Kuru*).

mwadeu: a climbing vine (*Merremia peltata*), used to tie things up. “the longest string you can find in the islands and probably also the strongest.” Named and used profusely in magic

spells. “Used in spells for *kabitam* [intelligent, wise, master] because it grows very straight, like the *tokabitam*’s mind should be.” Also, “before planting long yams the seedlings are washed in young coconut juice with *mwadeu* creepers so as to make the *kuvi* yams grow long and straight” (SN 174 *Kaveyega*; SN 179 *Kiwali*, *Pupusa*).

mwamwa: according to some people, this term could refer to an island, but nobody is really sure about it (SN 231 *Kimumegu*).

mwamwala: gargoyle-like sculpture with human features, said to guard the *liku* (yam house). See also *kokulumwala* and *kulumwala* (SN 239 *Tobwetalu*).

mwanemu: a variation of *mwanegu* (my husband); from *mwala*, husband; sometimes spelled as *mwanemuwe* (SN 18 *Kibi*).

mweki: a sensual dance in which dancers slap their buttocks and thrust their hips forward rhythmically. Usually performed

during harvest celebrations (*milamala*). (SN 132 *Tokwavataria*, SN 158 *Buriwada*, SN 213 *Momovala*).

nakataraki: an expert woman (compare to *tokataraki*, an expert carver) (SN 215 *Nabubulaveka*).

napai: a type of flounder; not commonly found and eaten in Kiriwina.

natu: a tree (*Burckella obovata*); yields an edible, green-colored fruit (also called *natu*); the sweet fruit can be eaten raw and is a favorite among Trobriand children; the leaves have medicinal purposes and are used to treat wounds (SN 174 *Kaveyega*).

ninibula: Pacific silver biddy (*Gerres oyena*), a small fish found mostly in the lagoon side of Kiriwina (SN 261 *Mlabwema*); similar to the *katakaila* (thousand-bone fish).

nipawa: a type of grasshopper; also the name of an emblem of a stylized grasshopper carved on the tip end of dugout canoes. Not to be confused with *dila* (a cicada) (SN 238 *Mlagugula*).

noku: a very common tree in the Trobriand Islands (*Morinda citrifolia*, also known as *noni* elsewhere in PNG); also, name for the edible fruit of this tree. It has many uses; a red dye obtained from the fruit or roots was used in former times to color *doba* skirts, mats and other woven products, wooden panels, etc., as well as in facial paint (*soba*). Although commercial dyes have now replaced the natural versions, these dyes are still referred to as *noku*. The *noku* fruit was consumed in times of famine in the past despite its pungent smell and bitter taste; some people claim it is a strong medicine (see Lawton's [n.d.] dictionary: *noku* is "a small bush the leaves of which are used in a preparation for pneumonia. Fruit is also edible. Roots when boiled give a red dye used in colouring skirts, mats."). Campbell (2002:114) wrongly has it as *Bixa orellana* (achiote), citing Paijmans (1976). It could be that Campbell confuses *noku* with *malaka* (achiote or a related species), given *malaka* was also a source of red dye, although one mostly used by men, as opposed to *noku*, women's dye used in the dyeing of mats and skirts (SN 178 *Kidoka*, *Lakum*).

noriu: a type of wild yam, similar to the *kasiyena*. Malinowski (1963 [1935], 1:304) described it as "a plant from the *odila* [bush] which is eaten during *molu* [hunger], because it bears abundant fruit even in the worst and driest seasons." Imdaleka, who has no gardens of her own, is forced to look for *noriu* in the bush to survive (SN 263 *Imdaleka*). Also considered a hunger food to be eaten only in times of scarcity. Lawton (n.d.) described it as a creeper bearing green fruit, and Baldwin (1936:261) said it is "a wild fruit eaten in *molu*."

nunuria: a tree with edible fruits (SN 82 *Tetumonogu*).

obulalibu: the house used for the reclusion of the mourners after a burial (SN 177 *Imokaiboma*).

Okaikela: name of a place (SN 150 *Tomnalova*); also, a type of fishing net. Literally, "on her/his feet."

Okaradu: name of a place on the coast (SN 150 *Tomnalova*).

okatukulu: on the bow of the canoe (SN 164 *Pepekwa*); can also be expressed as *omatata waga*, "on the eyes of the canoe"; was initially wrongly translated in English as the back of the canoe (*omwewaga*). Occurs in Malinowski's (1922:43) *Argonauts of the Western Pacific*.

okebudi: a very big taro; usually planted near a tree stump; it is left to grow as big as possible, rather than being harvested. It makes the garden look good (*migila bagula*, "the face of the garden") (SN 161 *Mwanita*).

okibobau: the place where the canoe touches the sand, meaning the canoe has arrived at the beach (SN 19 *Kabasai*). Lawton (n.d.), in his dictionary, gives *kibobau* as "sandy beach."

okulumwala: on the ridgepole on the roof of the hut, the spot where the ogres in SN 239 *Tobwetalu* were hanging from. *Kulumwala* is also the ridgepole between two plots in the garden. At both ends of the hut's *kulumwala* (especially if it is a *liku* yam house) there can be a gargoyle-like sculpture with human features known as *mwamwala*. The *mwamwala* is said to guard the *liku*.

ovikulula lopogu: the fury inside my belly; another expression to convey anger (*leya*). "Ovikulula lopola = *bo ekaleya*," "he's already angry." Claire Bomlabwaga uses Dokanikani as an example to explain the expression to indicate the degree of fury one can reach when somebody's behavior is highly annoying. The expression *ovikulula* could be translated literally as "getting on somebody's head" (SN 31 *Togiliwakuma*).

paninita: a plant (*Ailanthus integrifolia* Lam.) with aromatic leaves; used by dancers in magic preparations (especially *kaimwasila* magic of personal attraction and seduction).

pepekwa: saddle butterfly fish or saddled coralfish identified by Scoditti (2012) as *Chaetodon ephippium*, one of the several small, colorful reef fish (SN 164 *Pepekwa*) Admired for its color, which is compared to *soba* facial decorations (Figure 60). (Some of the patterns painted on human faces are said to imitate those of fish.) Other small, similarly colorful reef fish are also known as *pepekwa* in central Kiriwina (Figures 61, 62). *Pepekwa* means "butterfly/large moth" in Dobuan (see Lithgow and Lithgow's [2007] Dobu-English dictionary).

pilipari or *piripari*: a shrub (*Derris* cf. *trifoliata* Lour.) with climbing stems that are used as lashing in construction, particularly for the *pou* and *kaitaula* elements of *liku* yam houses because of its toughness and capacity to hold together the biggest trunks (SN 210 *Keyuyu*). Considered one of the longest-lasting and strongest lashings in the Trobriands.

pilipari: see *pilipari*.

popoka: a small *madolu*.

posakaraga: yellowfin or king parrotfish (*Scarus flavipectoralis*); a very common fish in the Trobriands; literally means "fat parrot"; known as *alawa* in Misima-Panaeti.

Pulula: a place near Labai (SN 1 *Tudava*, SN 170 *Nauliuli Nabukubwaku*).

FIGURE 60. Children in dancing attire with different patterns of *soba* facial decoration in red, black, and white pigments. (Photo by Michelle McCarthy.)

FIGURE 61. A type of *pepekwa* fish photographed by Jerry Leach in Kaibola.

FIGURE 62. Another type of *pepekwa* fish photographed by Jerry Leach in Kaibola.

pusagala: where the branch of a palm or a banana tree meets the trunk (SN 231 *Kimgumegu*, SN 269 *Irigayasu*).

puya: a small cowrie shell, “like *buna*.” Senft (2011:3) also has it as a type of *sagali* or a part of one, a small distribution of food. Montague (1974:167) says *puya* is the cooked food distributed during a *sekokwau* skirt *sagali*. Baldwin (1936) says it can also mean “smooth.” (SN 220 *Suta*).

pwadau: sore-covered person (see Malinowski, 1987 [1929]: 404, “full of sores”). Lawton (n.d.) in his dictionary gives *pwadau* and *suta* as synonyms (SN 220 *Suta*, SN 285 *Boi*).

pwanosi: black pigment used when decorating wooden panels (e.g., yam houses). Often obtained from a mixture of charcoal and clay or mud. *Pwanosi* is archaic for black color and in this particular context (SN 60 *Mriyava*) may refer to “colors” in general, meaning the three colors (black, red, and white) traditionally used in the decoration of

woodcarvings in the Trobriand Islands. In SN 60 *Mriyava*, the chief asks the men to dive in search of *pwanosi*, probably indicating the white coral used to make one of the colors, white pigment.

pwapwana bunukwa: a plant; its flowers are used to make *ku-lupepi* wigs, worn by dancers to stick feathers and other decorations in them.

pwasisikwa: black sunbird (*Leptocoma aspasia christiana*; Figure 63); one of the smallest birds in the Trobriands, with a reputation for being also the smartest (*nakabitam*; SN 166 *Kariwa*, SN 287 *Kuru*). Features in several *kwanebu*, often playing the part of the smartest bird.

pwateri: a type of parrotfish (Scaridae genus).

pweya: the largest of all the Trobriand baskets, hand woven from coconut fronds (Figure 64). Its principal use is to store bundles of women’s banana leaf currency (*doba*). *Pweya* baskets

FIGURE 63. Keibi holding a *pwasisikwa* bird and a nest in Kutoila, Kiriwina, in 2013. (Photo by Sergio Jarillo.)

FIGURE 64. Different-sized *pweya* baskets at a *lisaladabu* mortuary distribution of *doba* (banana leaf bundles) in Kabwaku Village, Kiriwina, in 2010. (Photo by Sergio Jarillo.)

are taken to *lisaladabu* (funerary exchanges of *doba*), carried by women on their head (SN 285 *Boi*).

rebwaga: the tree-covered, raised coral outcrop found throughout the eastern shores of Kiriwina Island.

reyava (sometimes spelled *leyava*): *Calophyllum* sp., probably *Calophyllum inophyllum*. Properly speaking, *reyava* is the name given to the seed of the *kweisila* tree and, by extension, to what Trobriand Islanders consider to be the female (seed producing) of the male *kweisila* tree; the flowers are called *kakamwa*; *kweisila/reyava* wood is used in the construction of canoe hulls; its fibers can also be made into ropes. Some use the leaves as *kekakaya* (a spongelike leaf used for personal hygiene). *Butia* (flower garlands) are also made of these flowers, especially on Kula trips. Leaves are also used as stoppers for water containers. It is also widely used in magic spells. Baldwin (1936) has *moleyava* in his dictionary as a

mat, likely made from the *reyava* bark, although this mat is no longer made nowadays in Kiriwina (SN 74 *Kutu, Beba*; SN 179 *Kiivali, Pupusa*; SN 238 *Mlagugula*; SN 260 *Leilei*).

riga or *liga*: a fast-growing tree (*Falcataria moluccana*) in the legume family; considered one of the best types of firewood in the Trobriands; used in canoe construction; when mature, the small leaves turn yellow and are rubbed onto the oiled bodies of dancers as decoration on special occasions.

sakau: helmeted friarbird (*Philemon buceroides*); the bird that sings to bring the morning, announcing dawn before roosters do (SN 166 *Kariva*, SN 234 *Kenavasia*). One of the *maunelakalu* (from *mauna*, “animal,” and *kalu*, “time”), the time-reckoning animals, so called because when they sing, people know what time it is. Malinowski (1916:185) claimed it is the leatherhead (spelled as *saka’u*). In Lawton’s (n.d.) dictionary it appears as a “jay” (with a question mark).

- sakita*: a climbing plant (possibly *Scindapsus* sp.), used in traditional Trobriand medicine; a preparation with *sakita* leaves is said to stop the bleeding in wounds and calm the pain.
- sakowada*: a plant with broad leaves, very similar to banana leaves; used as a food wrapper when banana leaves are not available (SN 233 *Dokanikani*).
- samani*: another variety of *kuvilkui* long yam (*Dioscorea alata* L.), purple inside. Named after a well-known brand of canned tuna in PNG.
- saveva*: a belt with only one row of *kaloma* red spondylus shells (SN 39 *Momovala*, SN 231 *Kingumegu*); a type of shell valuable, used to be exchanged in the Kula. Senft (1986:360) glosses *saveva* as “betelnuts worn on a string across one’s breast as a special decoration.”
- sebabali*: a stinging insect, most likely a type of *segusegu* (sand fly) (SN 18 *Kibi*).
- seba*: a tree (*Terminalia catappa*) with edible kernels (SN 176 *Muluveka*).
- sedabala*: a string of red shells worn in the forehead by only high-ranked *dala* matrilineages (SN 139 *Tabalu*, SN 157 *Ilakomwawa*, SN 261 *Mlabwema*, SN 263 *Imdaleka*).
- segadula*: a headband ornament made of red spondylus shells that hangs down the back; its length depends on the rank of each matrilineage; the higher the matrilineage, the longer the *segadula* (SN 39 *Momovala*, SN 139 *Tabalu*, SN 157 *Ilakomwawa*, SN 260 *Leilei*, SN 263 *Imdaleka*).
- sekeula*: the cape worn on the shoulders by first-time mothers. They are also supposed to wear a *tugebi* head cover (nowadays, a piece of calico fabric) and a *moi* rain mat made of large sewn pandanus leaves.
- seniseni*: the smallest fragments found when a cooking pot breaks (SN 174 *Kaveyega*).
- senuya*: a fiber skirt worn by women when working in the garden or on rainy days; made with the dried yellow/brown leaves of “ripe” banana leaves (*monogu*); also worn by women when swimming or bathing (SN 172 *Tokasikuni*, SN 213 *Momovala*).
- sepiyopiya*: a type of fiber skirt used for dancing and caring for yams.
- sepwana*: a type of banana leaf fiber skirt, longer than the fiber skirts worn by unmarried women (SN 132 *Tokwavataria*). *Sepwana* is the type of fiber skirt exchanged in *sagali* funerary ceremonies of the same name. Strictly speaking, *sepwana* are worn by widows. Other types of fiber skirts include the following: *doba sagali*, *doba sikam*, *dubesi gweguya*, *sekeula*, *senuya*, *sepiyopiya*, *seulolu*, *seyoyu*, and *tagimikosi*. All of these (except for the *seyoyu*) are made with the leaves of a special variety of banana tree known as *wakaya*. These leaves are a shade lighter than other banana leaves. They are worked with a *kaisena* made with the teeth of a fish or the “horns” of a type of stick insect known as *kidoka*. For more images and details of the different type of *doba* skirts, see Lussu (1992).
- seulolu*: a fiber skirt used for dancing as an alternative to the more common *doba* (Figure 65).
- seuseu*: a tree (*Ficus copiosa* Steud.) that yields small, edible green fruits known as *rikorikwa*. Eaten in the Trobriand Islands in times of scarcity; people say the more you harvest it, the more it grows.
- sevalea*: a large fish, probably a type of marlin or sailfish (SN 212 *Kamwemuya*).
- sewega*: a relic (usually the personal basket of the deceased, together with her or his most personal belongings) kept by mourners until the last feast for the dead person is carried out; it is usually burned after that (SN 269 *Irigayasu*).
- seyakwa*: an aromatic black resin; people say the tree from which it is harvested is found only on Muyuwa (Woodlark Island). Mixed with *bulami* (coconut oil), it is used for face paint (*soba*). *Seyakwa* is very scented and is often associated with love magic and beautification. Some people say it is the equivalent of *pwanosi* for people (*pwanosi* is black paint obtained from burnt wood or charcoal, the soot used to decorate wooden panels in yam houses, etc.) (SN 157 *Ilakomwawa*).
- seyoyu*: a type of fiber skirt worn by women in the village; unlike the ones made with banana leaves, *seyoyu* are made with coconut leaves; not made in Kiriwina, but typical of Kitava Island; also worn by men for dancing (SN 157 *Ilakomwawa*, SN 260 *Leilei*).
- siboeki* (from *subwaiki*, “red ant”): a small stingray.
- sibwadiga*: a tree (*Timonius timon*) with close-grained, hard wood; one of the original *kaikaula/kekaula* trees (great wood for burning, does not die out); has edible fruits that look like wild apples. One of the *molu* hunger foods consumed in times of scarcity; also used as medicine, mixed with two other plants for stomach aches.
- sigau*: two-spot red snapper or red bass (*Lutjanus bohar*); known in Misima-Panaeti as *Sikusiku* or *Enipola* (SN 24 *Tomitugaga*).
- sigwa*: a type of grasshopper, similar to the *vegu*, but this one does not bite (SN 1 *Tudava*).
- sikula*: a snare, used for hunting wild pigs (SN 23 *Todubwaga*, SN 233 *Dokanikani*).
- sikumla boarita*: a type of clownfish.
- sikwekwa*: a small black bird with red eyes (probably the span-gled drongo *Dicrurus bracteatus* [*carbonarius*]; Figure 66) said to come to the *bwagau*’s (sorcerer’s) veranda and play there. Its arrival means the *bwagau*’s spell has worked, and the targeted person has died. Baldwin (1936) has it as *sik-waikwa*; said to give a short call before sunrise (SN 1 *Tudava*, SN 166 *Kariva*, SN 234 *Kenavasia*, SN 287 *Kuru*). May be featured in *vayola* shields (Beran, 2011).
- Silipupwaka*: location on the island of Mamugula (a small island south of Muwa Island, in the Kiriwina lagoon) (SN 238 *Mlagugula*).
- sina*: metallic starling (*Aplonis metallica*).
- sisigeru*: a wild creeper that yields small, edible watermelon-like fruits of the same name (“big as a toe”), eaten in the past in times of hunger; now hard to find, said to grow after new garden plots are slashed and burned (SN 263 *Imdaleka*).

FIGURE 65. Piyakeda from Kaibola holding a *seulolu* fiber skirt. (Photo by Jerry Leach.)

FIGURE 66. Hartson holding a *sikwekwa* bird in Budibudi. (Photo by Sergio Jarillo.)

sokwepa: a small *liku* (yam house), used by people who are not of chiefly rank (SN 3 *Toyano*, SN 19 *Kabasai*).

soluguvo: same as *tabugu* (my grandfather/grandmother, my father's sister, or my father's sister's daughter). In the context of SN 216 *Iyada* it could be translated as grandmother or grandchild.

subwaiki: see *siboeki*.

sudawaki: to move aside so other people can sit. Lawton (n.d.) has "to spread out sitting." Camillus Mlabwema Mkwesipu said, "this is old parlance. Nowadays people say *kusikitewa*, move aside" (SN 170 *Nauliuli Nabukubwaku*).

sulumweya: a type of basil (*Ocimum basilicum*) used in many magic preparations. Widely used in making *bulami* oils. *Sulumweya* is worn by dancers tucked in armbands. People in the Trobriand Islands distinguish between different types of *sulumweya* according to their strength and properties. The types are the following: *yadurera*, *semkulukulu*, *sem-tamata*, *sempwakau*, and *sembwabwau* (SN 1 *Tudava*, SN 287 *Kuru*).

suru: rainbow runner (*Elagatis bipinnulata*); a large fish, valued for its flesh; also known as *tomesubu*; also known as *ma-talagarasi* (swimming goggles' eye) among young children; known as *suwa* in Misima-Panaeti. Note that *sulu* may also be the name given to a shooting star.

suvatu: a small and very territorial reef fish; could be a type of damselfish (SN 227 *Kwita*, *Suvatu*).

suwaya: to put something or someone inside (a basket, one's mouth, a canoe, etc.) (SN 18 *Kibi*, SN 19 *Kabasai*, SN 121 *Bisalolovesa*, SN 166 *Kariva*, SN 172 *Tokasikuni*, SN 181 *Kikoni*).

tabala: the *soulava* necklace worn across the chest by high-ranked matrilineages (SN 139 *Tabalu*).

tagimikosi: a type of fiber skirt worn in the village.

talu: a red fish (SN 24 *Tomitugaga*); there is also a red fish known as *tala* (on the lagoon side) or *tagila* (on the open sea side), the spiny squirrelfish (*Sargocentron spiniferum*); it could be the same fish. Likewise, it is unclear if a fish named *talubu* is the same one or a different species.

talutaluna: an expression used to convey love for someone (SN 18 *Kibi*).

tataya: a type of praying mantis, green in color (SN 82 *Tetumonogu*).

taubada: an old title of respect used to address nonlocals, borrowed from Motu (literally, "great man," from *tau*, "man," and *bada*, "great"). The equivalent of "sir," this term is not often used now (SN 56 *Tokoyawewa*, SN 200 *Tonamakava*, SN 285 *Boi*, SN 287 *Kuru*).

tauvau: evil spirits. According to Malinowski (1987 [1929]), they come from the southern islands to cause illness. Literally means "new man" (*tau* = man, *vau* = new). According to Baldwin (1936:6, 332), *tauvau* are "inimical spirits who take on animal forms, especially that of snakes to hurt people." Baldwin also indicates that *tauvau* is a "variety of taro." Lawton (n.d.) says *tauvau* are "epidemic-bringing spirits." Also, a variety of taro. Ignatius Ketobwau (1994:96) defines them as "malignant beings who bring upon the inhabitants of the Trobriand Islands epidemics. These beings are invisible, and their place of origin is unknown." *Tauwau* (a phonetic cognate of *Tauvau*) is also mentioned by Fortune (1932:136): "Tauwau is the mythological creator of the white race and of European artefacts. Tauwau placed a devil of his, a supernatural being, in the hot springs of Dede in Bwaioa. When this supernatural being emerges from the hot springs a wave of introduced epidemic disease strikes the country. . . . Dr. Malinowski refers to the tauwau as tauvau." The association between heat and *Tauvau* is an obvious one (SN 169 *Itona*).

tawaga: a club with a sharp end (SN 208 *Bwagau*).

tetumonogu: a yellow praying mantis. *Monogu* means "ripe, mature." The ripe praying mantis. (The green mantis is called *tataya*.) People say that *tetumonogu* are found toward the end of the harvest season. They turn yellow and lose their

strength; as they become weak, children can easily find and catch them to keep as pets (SN 82 *Tetumonogu*).

todidi: albino (also *bubuvou*) (SN 126 *Tokasikuni*).

togega: a constrictor snake, most likely a type of python; the largest snake found in the Trobriand Islands (SN 185 *Muluveka*, *Togega*).

togumalawa: a man with no relatives. Such people are considered outcasts in Trobriand society (SN 196 *Pwanetaokwa*, SN 260 *Leilei*).

tokasikuni: an ugly man with many sores on his body, dirty. An outcast (SN 126 *Tokasikuni*, SN 150 *Tomnalova*, SN 172 *Tokasikuni*, SN 216 *Iyada*, SN 263 *Imdaleka*).

tokekai: house where tools and objects used for navigation are kept (like paddles, canoe bailers, etc.; SN 18 *Kibi*).

tonadanada: unidentified stingray; "the largest of them all," probably a manta ray (Figure 67). *To-* is the male or human classifier, and *Nada* is an old name for Budibudi, after *anad*, meaning "village" or "place" in the Budibud language. *Tonadanada* would literally mean "the man from Budibudi." Long ago, people in the Trobriands believed the inhabitants of remote Budibudi were half people, half fish.

tonamakava: a poor man; *-namakava* indicates someone (usually a child) with no father and/or no kin to provide for them. They have no knowledge, no valuables, no food, etc. (SN 200 *Tonamakava*).

topinila tegila: a type of lizard; its name literally means "winds around the ear"; Baldwin (1936) calls it *topiniki teogila* and identifies it as a frill lizard in his dictionary.

toulam: a type of mullet fish (could be the blue-spot mullet, *Moolgarda seveli*); its flesh is much appreciated by Trobrianders; *kalala* is said to be a small *toulam*, probably a juvenile of the mullet fish (SN 185 *Muluveka*, *Togega*).

towosi: garden magician (literally, "singing man") (SN 271 *Toliwaga*).

Tububuna: the old name for Yalumgwa Village, a traditional seat of power in Kiriwina (SN 212 *Kamwemuya*). There is a saying about Yalumgwa: "*Kasuvari, sena kweveka karewaga*," Yalumgwa is a place of great authority, it holds *kasuvari*, the cassowary (meaning a lime spatula made of cassowary bones, an object reserved for high-ranked chiefs). Another saying about Yalumgwa is "*Yalumgwa militabu*": Yalumgwa is the giant clam shell, it is closed on itself and needs nothing outside of itself, but when it opens, there is plenty in it, and people stand in awe when they see how much Yalumgwa has. It also denotes the dangers of trying to get things from Yalumgwa: like the giant clam shell, Yalumgwa has "teeth" (one of the two valves of the shell) on one end (the area of Yalumgwa known as *Wemwata*) and on the other (the land known as *Tububuna*); when those two snap close you can lose your life, which sometimes happens to people who go diving for *militabu* giant clam shells (e.g., SN 174 *Kaveyega*, SN 216 *Iyada*).

tubukelavasi(a): According to Tolawaya, "a place named after the *ulema boala*, the 'house opener,' as the first ancestor to

FIGURE 67. Photograph of a stingray from the J. Fitzpatrick Collection, for which the caption reads “Four fishermen wearing loincloths and with ornaments carrying large stingray on shoulder yoke near water; corrugated tin building in background 1947.” The place is most likely the wharf at Losuia. The stingray could be the one known to Bwetalu villagers as *velela* or *tonadanada*. J. Fitzpatrick Collection, DOE Oceania: Massim: Trobriands: Australian Department, 05030700, National Anthropological Archives, Smithsonian Institution.

emerge from a hole is called for each of the matrilineages. *Kalavasia* [the lizard] ‘opened the house’ [emerged first] for the Malasi clan. Bolotalota and Pakalaki were the first matrilineages [*dala*] to come out after the lizard. These two are now extinct.” After this place, the main characters of SN 139 *Tabalu* go on to Oluwalawosi (a village near Liluta), then on to Toulua, Kunuvariya, and Kelita (caves). All these places are “resting places” (*wewasi*) for those matrilineages. Then they moved on to Omlamwaluwa, Ilekumila, and Kaduwaga Kasanai.

tubuyusapi: a type of black hornet that inflicts a most painful bite (SN 238 *Mlagugula*).

tupakaniku: a small, circular type of *peta* basket used by women to put *doba*-making tools in (SN 269 *Irigayasu*).

Tutauna: a place in Dobu. John Kasaipwalova (in Malnic, 2000) names it as being part of a Kula district linking Dobu and

Fergusson to Sinaketa in southwestern Kiriwina. Together, they are known as the Tutauna group, famous for their “elaborate hospitality.” Lawton (n.d.), in his dictionary, gives *Tutuauna* as the Bwaiyowa, Dobu, area (SN 19 *Kabasai*).

tuva: a poisonous root (*Derris elliptica*) used in traditional fishing to stun fish in shallow waters and reefs. Although still widely used in parts of the Trobriands, some communities are now limiting its use because it kills all the fish in the reef and its continuous use is unsustainable (SN 158 *Buriwada*).

tuwatau: a type of plant with yellow flowers, also spelled *tuwatawa* (SN 287 *Kuru*); very common along the roads and paths of Kiriwina; used by the sea eagle to build its canoe in SN 287 *Kuru*, although this is poetic license of the storyteller since it is not possible to build a canoe with this plant. Other birds in that story also build their canoes with improbable plants (for example, *kaetaola*, *kaewagina*,

khasiyonasigwa/kasiyonasigwa, and *musimwesi*), reflecting the fact that birds can, indeed, build nests and other structures with plants and other bits of wood and light material and that, despite the light materials, the final result can be strong, sturdy structures (in this case, seagoing canoes).

tuwetuwa: armbands made out of woven ferns; they are worn on the forearms by only chiefly matrilineages (SN 139 *Tabalu*).

ubwala: a type of wild yam, possibly *Amorphophallus paeoniifolius* (the elephant foot yam); not very common and eaten only in times of scarcity.

ugwewa: part of the *vinavina* ditty in SN 121 *Bisalolovesa*. No explanation; might be an expression from the Simsimla Islands.

ulai: building something; usually refers to a big construction project, such as a yam house, requiring several people and carried out on behalf of a *guyau* chief (SN 139 *Tabalu*).

umakata: a body decoration made of two red feathers stuck together to make them longer than a normal feather; worn on the head on special occasions by high-ranked matrilineages. *Umakata* feathers stick out over the white *katakera* (cockatoo) ones that anyone—even *tokai* commoners—can wear, whereas *umakata* are the prerogative of only chiefly *dala*. People from the Mlabwema matrilineage have the right to use a maximum of eight, more than any other matrilineage except for the *Tabalu*—they can use any number they want (SN 260 *Leilei*, SN 261 *Mlabwema*).

unonu: the generic name of a family of edible leaves grown in Trobriand gardens; known as *aibika* in other parts of PNG (most likely *Abelmoschus* sp.).

uriya: a vine of the Piperaceae family (the same family as the mustard (*Piper* sp.) used in the betel nut chewing mix throughout PNG); *uriya* vines were formerly used to blacken one's teeth by chewing on their stem. Black teeth are a marker of wisdom and beauty among Trobriand Islanders, usually achieved after many years of betel nut chewing. Linus digim'Rina observes that it is not only the dark color that is sought after but also the shiny gloss that prolonged betel nut chewing gives to one's teeth (SN 127 *Kwanepa*, SN 226 *Nakauriya*).

uriyuwa: a noise coming from a crowd, usually undistinguishable because of the distance; mostly applied to shouts (could be of joy or warring) (SN 231 *Kimgumegu*).

usari: a tree (*Premna serratifolia*) used for firewood and in construction; the leaves are used in traditional Trobriand medicine to treat colds and reduce pain. *Usari* is one of the original *kaikaula/kekaula* firewoods together with *kaiwota* (the first firewood) and *liga* (or *riga*). These species are especially good for making fire according to people in the Trobriands: “they burn for a long time and don't go off.” *Usari* is burned close to taro to free it from pests and diseases. Both taro and *usari* are said to have originated in the village of Moligilagi in Kiriwina (SN 216 *Iyada*).

utila: a large coastal tree (*Barringtonia asiatica*); used in canoe construction; also used in traditional garden magic; a

preparation including the scraped bark of *utila* is used to wash yam seeds before planting them to make the tubers abundant. Its poisonous seeds are used for delousing.

uyaya: a type of edible clamshell (SN 132 *Tokwavataria*).

vaipulou: a small stingray. Scoditti (1996:287) identified it as *Amphotistius kuhlii*, bluespotted stingray.

vakia: one of the kingfishers that can be found in the Trobriands; when represented in yam houses, it is called *udawada*.

vana: generic name for a series of aromatic plants with ritual and magical uses (mostly magic of attraction and beautification). People tuck *vana* leaves in their armbands for this purpose.

vasilaki (*matam*): to throw one's eyes toward somebody or something; a metaphor to indicate to look for something in one particular direction (SN 132 *Tokwavataria*).

vataga: a type of woven basket. Usually large, used to carry produce from the garden (SN 154 *Boupata Bovakuila*, SN 168 *Popu*, SN 179 *Kiwali Pupusa*, SN 181 *Kikoni*).

vatotuwa: something deeply embedded. Camillus Mlabwema Mkwesipu said, “when a spear gets stuck deeply inside something” (*gala ibwadi talulu makaina kayala*, “it is not possible to take it off”). *Vatotu* is also the name of the sticks driven into the canoe's outrigger, part of the system employed to join it to the main dugout (SN 233 *Dokanikani*).

vaya: a small fish, perhaps a type of sardine or anchovy; compare with *taninua*, another seasonal small fish that comes closer to the shore once a year; fished with fine mesh nets (SN 215 *Nabubulaveka*).

vayola: a tree (*Albizia falcataria*) with light and strong wood; used in the past to make shields (also called *vayola*); also used in canoe construction because its wood does not rot. Trobrianders consider *vayola* and *riga* (*Falcataria moluccana*) to be two different trees despite their similarity.

vebuwabu: a medium-sized stingray.

vedaveda: a plant that grows in the marshes; eaten in the past by people living near the swampy areas where it grows when no other crops or wild foods were available; people think the edible part is the white root (once the bark has been peeled off), although nobody is sure of whether it was eaten raw or if it needed to be cooked (some people claim it was only something to chew at when hungry and not really edible).

vegu: a type of insect with long feelers that looks like a grasshopper or a small type of cricket (SN 238 *Mlagugula*). *Vegu* is the one that bites, as opposed to *sigwa* (does not bite). Identified by naturalist Mike Christensen as a small cricket (see Beran, 2011) (SN 238 *Mlagugula*).

vekolokula: a stingray with no barb.

velela: a very large stingray.

veyedi: a type of stingray (unidentified).

vevelo: girls; archaic form, used in storytelling (*vivila* = girl, *vevelo* = girls) (SN 170 *Nauliuli Nabukubwaku*).

FIGURE 68. Making *doba* (*wakaya* banana leaf currency); fresh banana leaves are scraped against an incised board (*kaidawaga*), leaving a pattern that will stay after the leaves are sundried and turn white. They are then put together in bundles. (Photo by Sergio Jarillo.)

vinavana: deep-bodied mojarra or silver biddy (*Gerres abbreviatus*); a small fish, caught with nets on the lagoon side of Kiriwina (SN 261 *Mlabwema*). Also spelled *inavana*.

vivi: Polynesian or Tahiti chestnut (*Inocarpus fagifer*), a large tree with long leaves; bears a hard seed kernel or chestnut (also called *vivi*), edible when cooked (SN 217 *Vivi*).

vividu: a tree (*Vitex trifolia*) with a sticky resin; often used to glue mother-of-pearl decorations on woodcarvings; also used for medicinal purposes, to lower fever in children (SN 285 *Boi*).

Waboum: name of the place where the two characters of SN 139 *Tabalu* (Kalaguma and his *Tabalu* brother) rested.

wageva: a shrub (*Macaranga* sp.) with wide, soft leaves, known as *kwekwesi*, used as toilet paper. The *wageva* plant is also used in *kaimwasila* magic of attraction.

wakaya: a type of banana tree; its leaves are used to make *doba* bundles (Figure 68; SN 139 *Tabalu*, SN 231 *Kingumegu*).

walata: possibly the name of those *kwelamola* pots manufactured on Wari Island (south Massim), as opposed to those made in Gumasila in the Amphlett Islands.

wari: a climbing vine (*Flagellaria indica*); used for lashing things together, especially in house construction; also used in garden magic and in *kaimwasila* magic of attraction and seduction.

wasesi: plural for *wosa*.

watabu: the equivalent of *osisuna*, the space at the back of the house or toward the outskirts of a village where rubbish is thrown and little children defecate. Literally, “inside the taboo,” signifying an unclean place. “Tabu”/“taboo” is not an original Kilivila word but was incorporated from the first missionaries in the late nineteenth century. The original

Kilivila word is *boma* or *bomaboma* (*bomala* = his/her/its taboo).

waula: a type of rabbitfish or spinefoot (*Siganus* genus, possibly *Siganus puellus*), very common throughout the Trobriand Islands; also known as *bilawawa* in the lagoon side of Kiriwina (its name changes depending on its seasonal size) and *kavai* on the open sea side; also known as *videvide* in Misima-Panaeti (SN 154 *Boupata*, *Bovakuila*).

waworu or *wawolu*: a creeper (probably *Eriostemma peekelii*) with an edible green fruit. Ants are sometimes put inside the fruit and cooked together with it in a typical Trobriand dish, but eaten only in times of hunger (*molu*) (SN 263 *Imdaleka*).

webitu: a thorny vine (*Smilax vitiensis* A. DC.); said to be the very first *sunapula* (those human, animal, or botanical entities that first emerged from caves to give rise to the lineages found in the Trobriand Islands). Camillus Mlabwema Mkwesipu said, "Little is known from the times before the *sunapula* emergence. Some claim that our ancestors lived in darkness in caves, until *webitu* poked a hole in the surface and the others managed to climb out of the cave following *webitu*." Some people maintain that this is just a metaphor and that people came to the Trobriand Islands on canoes from elsewhere and took refuge in the many limestone grottos found in Kiriwina before exploring the islands, hence the reference to caves. *Webitu* vines are used as lashers (SN 56 *Tokoyawewa*) and also in magic preparations. *Webitu* are also used in fishing; before going fishing, one talks to the vine and asks it to come along. "You must tell *webitu* where and when you are going fishing, for there is a *tokwai* spirit in it that will help you get the fish. You should tell *webitu* only one destination, otherwise it will get tired and refuse to accompany you, even if you're going somewhere else too," said Gumwemwmeta Okwala. *Webitu* also works for long yam (*kuvi*, *Dioscorea alata*) magic and other types of garden magic.

wetabu: a type of long yam (*kuvi* or *kui*); usually found in the *rebwaga* elevated rocky outcrops of the eastern part of the island of Kiriwina, although it can also be grown in gardens.

wetabula: the string on *doba* skirts used to tie them up; woven by women from the fibrous bark of the *gumgwam* tree (*Melochia odorata*; Figure 69).

weyugwa: a type of vine, the strongest one, used for lashing *masawa* canoes; it does not rot and does not need to be replaced; left to dry in the sun until it becomes softer; the leaves are used for medicinal purposes.

wonu: generic for sea turtle; also spelled *wolu* (SN 126 *Tokasikuni*).

wosa (plural, *wasesi*): people from the Malasi clan (*kumila*) who are in charge of managing land resources for Tabalu chiefs. *Wosa* are those who emerged from the ground together with the Tabalu (like Kalaguma himself) but who are not of the highest-ranked Tabalu *dala* matrilineage themselves. As they walked around with the Tabalu, *wasesi* stayed in a given village or land and were given the task to look after

the resources there. Tolawaya explained, "when I [a Tabalu chief] need coconuts, or fresh water, or betel nut, pork, etc., you [*wosa*] will bring it to me." Thus, a *wosa* is a subject who works for the Tabalu by giving them resources as payments (*bopokala*). In exchange, *wasesi* are granted privileges by Tabalu chiefs and counterpayments (*takola*). Kalaguma's *bopokala* resource consists of seasonal mullet fish (*kalala*). There are some instances when a *wosa* belongs to a *kumila* other than the Malasi (SN 139 *Tabalu*).

Woveka: name of a place; also, a big bunch of something, an abundant bunch (*-veka*, "big") (SN 150 *Tomnalova*).

yabwau: humpback red snapper (*Lutjanus gibbus*); very common throughout Kiriwina.

yaguma: a type of gourd used to make lime containers in Yalaka Village for all the Trobriand Islands (the biggest type, see also *ginupunapu*) (SN 287 *Kuru*).

yaila: a fish, unidentified.

yakaye/yakayo: an onomatopoeic expression of pain, commonly found in *kwanebu* tales (SN 24 *Tomitugaga*, SN 166 *Kariva*, SN 208 *Bwagau*, SN 220 *Suta*, SN 263 *Imdaleka*).

yaku: a tree (*Dracontomelon dao*, Pacific or New Guinea walnut) with round, small yellow fruits (green when unripe); the seed inside is black and very hard but edible; its sap is used in the preparation of black *soba* (traditional face paint); also used in traditional medicine (e.g., the bark is burned and scraped and applied to wounds; SN 174 *Kaveyega*).

yakwala: a tree (*Pipturus argenteus*); after being seasoned in salt-water, its bark used to be rolled and made into strings for fishing nets; Hutchins and Hutchins (n.d.) report in their dictionary that the tree is also known as *dibi* or *dibidibi*, probably a Dobuan word. It is the tree where the lizard gets speared by Tudava (see SN 1 *Tudava*, SN 220 *Suta*). The leaves are used to rub against one's body for personal cleansing.

yaluwa: another name for the spirit of a dead person, in particular, *yaluwa* defines a newly deceased person who is transiting to Tuma shortly after death. *Yaluwa* are met by the *tovaori*, the name given to the *baloma* who come to greet the newly arrived dead on the beaches of Tuma. Another synonym given by Lawton (n.d.) is *kuweisala* (*kuwasala*). All these names may have in common the "age" of the spirit, connoting a more or less recent *baloma*, as opposed to the spirits of the ancestors, those who died a long time ago, the *bilibaloma* or *bilubaloma* (also the name of the first part of a *megwa* magic spell when one "invokes" her or his ancestors by name, one by one, to come stand behind her or him to help her or him make the magic efficacious) (SN 232 *Baloma*).

yaseasa: a plant (*Cordyline* sp.) with magical properties, used in the preparation of some types of *megwa* magic; *yaseasa* used to grow in the Trobriand Islands, but according to field partners (Trobriand collaborators) in Kiriwina, it is no longer to

FIGURE 69. A woman works on the *wetabula* of a traditional *doba* fiber skirt in Bwetalu. (Photo by Sergio Jarillo.)

be found there; nowadays, some people bring *yaseasa* leaves back from Muyuwa (Woodlark Island), where it still grows.

yasila: cliff in the *rebwaga* part of Kiriwina Island, the raised coral cliffs covered with thick vegetation on the eastern part of the island right before the beach. Also found in Malinowski (1963 [1935], 2:267), *yasila* may refer to a particular rock or cliff identified in some previous legend, myth, or magic spell (SN 226 *Nakauriya*).

yatinalale: a vine (SN 210 *Keyuyu*).

yeyetotu: another word for armbands (*kwasi*; SN 187 *Laudinedina*).

yeyetou: see *yeyetotu*.

yokalala: a bush or tree with soft wood and urticating leaves (*kalala* also means jellyfish in Kilivila; SN 74 *Kutu*, *Beba*).

Usually not employed to make canoes.

yolala: a plant (*Leea indica*) with black seeds (*wetunela*) used to make mourning *pegala* necklaces.

yomwegina: a tall tree (*Paratocarpus venenosus*); yields large, irregular, orange-colored edible fruits, very sweet in taste.

yonawawa: a tree (*Sterculia schlechteri* Mildbr.) with medicinal uses; used to stimulate the appetite of sick people; also used

as support for growing mustard vines; easy to care for (can be grown from a branch) and fast growing.

yosiyala: a thorny vine; normally used to tie sugarcane together (*semwam*). (SN 210 *Keyuyu*).

yotumavevila: sometimes spelled *yotumavela* or *yatumavela*; a vine (*Tinomiscium petiolare* Hook. f. & Thom.) used to tie up sugarcane while it is still growing in the garden because it stays green and does not dry out (SN 210 *Keyuyu*).

yovai: a tree (*Hibiscus tiliaceus*) with medicinal properties; used together with *megwa* magic to help women expel the placenta after giving birth. Known as *atupis* in Budibudi, where it is also used in canoe making.

yudawada: a large fish (yellow-tailed emperor, *Lethrinus hypselopterus*); its red, black, and white colors are the same ones applied on the *udawada* emblem of yam houses (representing a kingfisher), sometimes leading to confusion when trying to explain whether the *udawada* painted in chiefly yam houses is a bird or a fish (SN 24 *Tomitugaga*).

The Tales

SN 1 TUDAVA (THE NAME OF A TROBRIAND HERO)

A *liliu* myth told by Mwakwabuya from Kaibola Village. He obtained the story from Matoya and Moyamakusa in Labai Village. Originally transcribed and translated by William Mwenunuva.

SUMMARY

A man-eating ogre named Dokanikani forces people to flee Kiriwina in fear; they all manage to get in canoes, except for one woman, Bolitukwa. She hides in a cave, and the dripping water of a stalactite makes her pregnant. She gives birth to a boy, Tudava, who grows up and, helped by his mother, manages to outsmart Dokanikani and kill him. The mother bespells the ogre's head and sends it across the sea to let her brothers know that it is now safe to come back to Kiriwina. Tudava kills his uncles and their daughters and marries the daughter of his mother's younger brother; he then sails away with her and his mother and they settle down in Budibudi, in the far northeast corner of the Massim.

Liliu Tudava

Besa tuta balivala livalela pela Tudava. Matona Tudava, gala pela Tudava isisu Labai wala mitaga inala deli luleta Kemwamwala mesisikesa. Tuta Dokanikano iwai tomota isakaulasi ilosa Labai. Ilosa Labai, luleta iteyasi waga iwokuva isilasi deli sikukwava, litusiya ilosa Keli, lusita ikasewa waga isimwa okwadewa. Isimwa okwadewa, matona molagwadi, ivilam luleta ikeita idoki biuni mitaga waga bogwa ekasewa, ivilam luleta iligemwa iluki isisu, "Kidamwa bukwariga gala avaka, bakalosaga deli litugwa, bakawakeyasi wala tuwagwa bogwa lekugwasa." Ilosa, ilosa Keli isisusa, minana vivila Bolitukwa isisu, isisu kalamwaleta isuma, gala tanukwali kalapilasi ambesa metoya mauula gwadi ebani. Isuma ivalulu tau, yagala Tudava idau. Sena toveka, towanaku matona tau, kalumalola gala bitanukwali, bawela wala tagigisa wakeda, bogwa tanukwalisa kekedasi gala ibwadi ibwadi kekela sena kweiwakanu iwa yakidasi sena kweikukupi. Matona tau ila ila bogwa eulatala ikatupoi inala ikebiga, "Inagu avaka uula dasisu okwadewa?"

Inala ekebiga, "Tetala tau Dokanikani isisu besa, iwaweya kadamwa, tubumwa e deli luguta kasakaulasi. Kamesa iyowagasi kadamwa waga iwokuva ikewasi ilosa deli sikukwava, litusiya e yegulaga gala waga bogwa ebeku asimwa odubwadebula, luguta

molagwadi ivilamwegu iwokuva asisu elukwegu bakariga gala avaka e mitaga lavilulem yoku lagela."

E mauula Tudava ekebiga, "Inagu adoki balokeya agisi."

Iga inala ekebiga, "Adoki gala bukulokeya pela sena gwadi yokwa. Iga bitasisu pikekita bukutoveka e bukulokeya bukugisi. Mitaga bukula bigisem bukuma yoku tautom bukusakaula yegu bogwa biwegu bikomegu."

Ekebiga, "Inagu tomota ikamkwam?" Ikebiga, "Tomota ikamkwam! Biyosi bilau bikatumati bikumuli bikoma, kena bisulu bikoma."

Latuta bogwa etoveka ikebiga, "Inagu balokeya." Igau inala ikebiga, "Bwena mtuta nabweya bukula." Tuta wabogi, minawena vivila yagala Bolitukwa, inala Tudava, ikatubiyasi vavagi tukunabogwa meguva. Imigai kwegapani sulumweya avaka avaka ikatubiyasi iwokuwa eyam kaukwau iluki latula ekebiga, "Kulokeya, kulukoya bukugisi. Bukula bukutoli giluwakewa bukulai mkweyala biyowa bila ambesa bitobu e bukulola bukula kukwau."

Tudava itoli giluwakewa ilai lakeyala iyoyowa ila okubilela Tubowada yagala Bokenavasia. Iwokeya minana kelavasiya itota oyakwala wala ikapusiya deli keyalela ilau ikaniyewa opwepwaya. Ililola oluvi ewekeya ekanugwari deri keyaalela, ikatikeu ikemaili iyaki inala. Ekebiga, "Inagu matona, bogwa lameya?" Ekebiga, "Gala minana kelavasiya. Avetua vilowosi, kenaina tanini dakesosau/dakupi bitakewosi." Ekebiga, "O ki, bakeita."

Ililola abesa kenavasia ebasi itoli ilai lakeyala iyoyowa ila abesa kadukumeu iwokeya natana kumeu ibasi ilau ikopituki pwepwaya. Ililola oluvi ilokeya lakeyala iwokeya minana kumeu ikoputuki pwepwaya ikau iketikeu ikemaili Labai. Ewokeya inala ekebiga, "Ina kugisi kena matona?"

A ekebiga, "Gala minana kadakaweluwa, kadasigwa. Avetuta bikatuboda avaka avaka, minana kadisigwa olawodila bitala tayayosa bitakapwakapula bitakakabwasi bitakamkwam gubala kada, tokuluwala yakidas kadakarewaga makala."

Ikeitavau tuvela ila itota besa ilai iyewa ila (besa tuta valu medikola etota) Kudukwadoya besa ibasi minana kwadoya ikapusiya ilau wala ikaniyewa opwepwaya

Ilola iwekeya minana kwadoya iketikeu wala minana kwadoya ikeimali Labai iyaki inala. Ekebiga, "Inagu kugisi minana."

Ekebiga, "Gala, minana kadamauna. Kudunya bwalodila gala bikamsi taga kwadoya bikamsi, yakida takamkwam."

"O ki, inagu bakeita"

"Kweita."

Ikeita ila ililola wala itoli besa kwadoya ebasi ilai keyala iyoyowa ila valu mesinari. Mutawa yagala Kwepakoya. Iyoyowa itoli keyala mekena, kewokuwa wala. Oluvi ilola iwekeya lakeyala kewokuwa wala gala natala mauna ibasi, itoli ininanamsa, yagala ledausa kwepukeya, pela Tudava besa itoli ipupukeya nanola ininanamsa ambesa Dokanikani mesisiki.

Bogwa inala iyopwi miyana bisisila sekupakwapa, bogwa eluki inala makawala kedala evagi, ikatuyau miyana bisila ila Mutawa ikeita ima iwai okukula, ikatuvili ima Liluta ikeita

mayana bisila ima iwai okukula, tuta ikatuyau ila orebwaga miyana bisila ikatuitoi wala ikatuni iyowa wala ila oplopola udila miyana bisila.

Eyokewa Tudava, "O besa Dokanikani esisu." Besa bogwa ekevitusi miyana bisila e besa ililola Tudava oluvi.

Ililola ila itoli e igisiga esisu. A mwada bibasi, gala ininanamsa gala. Ekebiga, "Bwena gala babasi iga akatudeu."

Besa isisu iyaula imu, laimu ouula mekewena kai yagala mokakana, ewaga Tudava itola iyowetaula ila odogina kai. Iluklli mauna ibutusi, Dokanikani isisu ikululu ilsgi mauna ibnutusi, deli lavatai ivitaki mauna pela kalakaweluwa iyomadasi. E ikuya kwetala ikamali iwokuwa e ilai ikapusi ima watanawa ikenu okekelo Dokanikani. Dokanikani gala idumi, idou mauna wala, gala inukwali tomota, pela tomota bogwa ebutusi, emituli esakaulasi. Iyaula imu imitbilibili igisiga manakwa vavagi ikikimsi Tudava. Mesinaku wala labiga ekebiga. O ikamsi kasipopu iyomadasi kagukwawelu. E tudava tuvela kweyuwela ikeuya moka kana ikimali osikwekwela bidubadu ikilai ima besa wala okekelo ambesa imu eiyaula ima iwai. Isisu idoki minasina mauna tga imitbilibili igisi yumasi tomota ikimalisa makwa vavagi e ikalakova ikau makwa vavagi igisi. Igigisi besa tomota yumasi, ikowana orekewa imwekeya matona etota.

Mesinaku ekebiga, "Sogu ambesa mokusisiki?"

Igau Tudava ekebiga, "Gala besa wala tasisu kaditeyu tasisu."

"E bwada kutota wala igau amweya waoala daim."

"Kuweya batotaga."

Tuta isui waboala Dokanikani iseli imu idoki bisunapula taga Tudava bogw leyowetaula etobusi lemwa etomwa opwepwaya. Ikowana imwekeya kwewokuwa imokweyaga etota, bogwa opwepwaya.

"A bwada kutoli igau sitana tabigatona, sena toveka yokwa."

"A gala lamalala agisem, pela elivalemsi kuwawai tomota e lagela lama agisem." Dokanikani labiga mesinaku ekebiga, "Ambesa bukusuki bukula?"

Ekebiga, "Besa tuta balola bakeita Labai."

Dokanikani ilukwemwa pwepwaya ikapwagega isalili ila olumolela idoki kidamwa bilitutuli matala Tudava bila ikayayi omatala ikalobusi. Taga tudava bogwa igesi pwanetala egubililivi ikau, keyala mekena mwada biutobolu kuluwatala gala, iyosi wala keyala.

Tuta kunana ivilobusi, vana inala eyopwi, kununa ikalobusi ilai mawadola wala ikanuwaya, lusa kwegapani Bolitukwa eyopwi. E ekebiga, "Bwada kutoli iga ulaguyau yokwa akoma pwam."

"Gala, kuma, kuma bitala."

E ilola Tudava iyokewa Dokanikani ilukwemwa pwepwaya ikapwagega isalili otanawa otanawa iila idoki bivilobusi omatala Tudava, idoki bitobwadi matala.

Mitaga Tudava elilola evitusi egibililivi kulula, mwada bukulami gala, iyosi wala keyala. Ekebiga, "Gala, taga akeilugi, desi wala igau alau."

Ikasu kwapwayuwela vana besa ilai iweya wala okeyola Dokanikani e bogwa enagowa. Nanola makawala iniya bitatuvi wavatu bisuuvilasi bitubutobusi olidalada, bilolosa wayuwela itubutobu dubasi, e makala Tudava eigaki Dokanikani.

Iuvakoma iuvakoma bogwa ivakamati, lusa ivakoli wala, ivakoli ilau. Ambesa mekesi keyala elilai etubutubusi ewaweya mauna, besa wala mesinyaki. Kaukwau eliloya, etitaini, ititaini itovila lilu, Dokanikani wowola bogwa emoleu, bogwa etola wowola bikariga makala.

Mwada biweya wakeda gala igigisi, igau bavakoli balau.

Ivakoli ilau, ilau ilau, iteta gilluwakewa Tudava, Dokanikani giluwatilawa etota, Labai bogwa lelau okedala kwadewa.

Mesinaku ekebiga Dokanikani, “Muwa amamkeda bukumwa?”

Taga Tudava ekebiga, “Bukutota wala batola gola ovilam makawagu bala.”

“O bwena kumwa.”

Iyuvetaula Tudava ikapiyoya yatal a wotunu yagala pilipali iwa wala iwoli kekela ilavala igigili kekela iaklitavila gola ikalakai yamala kweyatala itomwa Ikoma idoki gola Tudava kekela ekatuni, mitaga yamala titolela, pela euvakoma enogowa.

Ikamkoma ivinaku ikeita Tudava Imwa itomwa. Mesinaku ekebiga Dokanikani, “Ambesa bukumwa?”

“Gala, bukutota wala bawa gola batola kweyayuwela yamam, oilavam batola bala.”

“O nani kumwa.”

Iyosali kekela iwa iwoli yamala kweyayuwela igilil kekela, iaklitavila ikalakai kweyayuwela yamala. Itapopul a ikamkoma ivinaku idokiga Tudava kekela ekatuni kweyayuwela, tga yamala titola, besa bogwa enagowa. Mesiniku gala gala ilumkwari kalammayuyu ikamkoma titolela, tuvela ekebiga, “Ambesa Tuvela mkeda bukula?”

“Kutota wal batola gola okuvalim bala.”

Iyosali kekela Tudava iwoli kuvalila, igili kekela, ikalitavila gola ikatuni kekela titolela kweyatala, ikoguguwa ila ikanawa opwepwaya, gala amakala bivigaki. Ikasu maikawena damwau, Tudava lakema, besa tuta ekanukwena Labai, bogwa letamwau, iga tokekita yegu agisi e bogwa letamwau, mesiniku wala pwanetala ekanukwenu lakema ikau makaiwena damwau Tudava medinaku ekebiga, “Lagela mtuta bakapituni keyomu, pela kumtuli kadagwa, veyagwa e deli tomota komwedona kumtuli, lawa lakiwalem lokuma besa lagela bakapituni keyomu.” Mesinaku Dokanikani ekebiga, “O bwadagu uloguyau taga kweimlugwegu.”

Imekegiga Tudava bogwa evenoku, itowa ikapituni keyola, ibwabu. Ibubwabu kununa ivinaku tomotela ikanukwenu ikauga lakeyala ikeli matala ikelivisuya ikatikeu.

Itola Pulula ilai kwetala tilekiki, mitaga minana Bolitukwa itatai doba Oboalatudava okwadewa sena kammwata sikwekwa, avemauna, avemauna, kwebila makawala inesisi imwagegasi wala, kalala ilupalupa wala obwalilta, mesinaku Bolitukwa labiga, “Desi kammwata balagi latugu avaka elilivala.”

Bogwa elagi latula taga idoki mauna, e ibuyoyu mauna komwedona ikapatusi, ilai kweyuwela tilekiki e bogwa elagi latula kegala mokwita.

Mesinaku Bolitukwa ekebiga, “Bogwa latugu kegala mokwita.”

Ivilobusi Tudava iketikeu makwa kununela Dokanikani iselli ikebiga, “Inagu matona?” Ekebiga, “Matona, gala avela tuvela! Bogwa matona lokuweya!”

Makwa kununa isisiyesa sola inala ekebiga, “Inagu amakala bitavigaki?” Ekebiga, “Igau ikanukwenu igau bawitali bilokeya kadamwa Keli bigisesa. Ibogi bawitali bila makwa vavagi.”

Ebogi ekau mekewena keluya iseli, ikau makiwewena kununa isewaya itowa iyopwi ivinaku iseli wala okunawotu mekena keluya titolela wala isakaula ila Keli itobu ikokuluwi obwalita igau latuta bibogi, besa yam ila bogi bogi iyam Keli ivilobusi, ikukuluwi tuta bibogi makena keluya isakaula ikuluwi taliya makwa, kesai mekena ikawoula ila iwai olalaba matona molitomwaya. Iweya laba, molitomwaya bogwa elagi isunapula ima inenei, mekanaga keluya ikeita ila ikukuluwi obwalita. Pela matosina uula gala ikenu osikaukweda uula iyogagisa minana numwaya, iyalusa gala itovilakesa, uula mekena keluya ekekeita. E ila itota tuta kesai keyuwela ikawoula ila teyuwela moluwala iweya lalaba, bogwa elagi esunapula ima inenevi gala ikeitaga ila igigiyami obwalita. Mesinaku ila tetolula ila iweya lalaba ikeita ila obwalita ikukuluwi isunapulaga ima inenei isomata, imokeyaga pwatutu lakaukweda.

Imweki lopola laboala sopi bogwa esolui, ininamsa, iloki tevasila makawala wala ivagi ila iweya lalaba makena keluya ikeita nanakwa ila isunapulaga luleta imwa inenevi. Ila telimela matona kalavigimkoila matona luleta evilam okwadewa eligewa minana Bolitukwa ekewasiga, makena keluya iwai olalaba molagwadi matona ikanukwenu makena keluya. Isunapula lema igigisi ilupi makena kaboma; ilupi makena kaboma ivisuya waboala iyuvi kova imokeya ituwali migila. Ekebiga, “Matona tau bogwa matona bogwa eweyasi.”

Ininamsa lakabitam metoya odabala gala takatetasi lananamsa ambesa metoya ekebiga, “Adoki luguta bogwa evilulu tetala tomota, e besa bogwa matona eweya Dokanikani.”

Makwa kununa ekatupwani gala iluki sala, litula gala iluki, lakwava. Ila ilau olitegalu lakwava ivisuya ila ikanawa, imamate kaukwau iluki tuwala ekebiga, “Tawa magigu deli litudayasa bukulosu kuteyasi ulakevatam e bapakapakaga ovalu bukukmesa bukukwamsi.”

E itokewasi tuwala, “Bwena!”

Ilujkwesa litusiya illosa ikevatamsi, itowa isulu towamata makwelana.

Isulusulu wala ikenei ivokuwa, iuli wala ilupa makwa kununela Dokaikani ivisililiya ila osibula kuliya ikanawa.

Ila makwa kununa ikanukwenu, ibugubagulasi gala lemesa wala bogwa wala lekamolusi itoli ipaka ovalu, iseli isidadelisi, ikambogisa wala towamata makwelana maliyaga, buwa deli avaka avaka igugula wala.

Ikamkwamsi, ikamkwamsi, ikamkwamsi, latuta bogwa bisekelesa ilai tetala lakaniku ikagwau okudula Dokanikani pela kudula makala puluta, ititola imwemwa ititola imwemwa.

Ikagwau bogwa ilagi ikomaga towamata, ititalisa iyagigila, itodayaisi ikeyasa ituwali migila matona tomota, ikatukwapusa imokeyasa. Tawa bogwa latakamsi tau, bwena wala bitakamsi bogwa ekiwaledasi. Makawa kununa?

Ekebiga, “Makwa kununa bogi, bogi lema. Bogi lema iwai ogukwaukweda amwekeya ekanukwenu.”

Igau ekebiga molitomwaya, “Yegu iwa bogwa bwadagwa taga amwa anenei gala.”

E sola ekebiga makala, tetolula ekebiga makala, tevasila makala, telimela evigimkulavi matona. Matona molagwadi ekebiga, “Uula ekenu ogukaukweda ulananamsa bogwa ekalobusi. Uula wala ludetasi avilam iwokuwa, anokapisi mesinaku ulabiga katotila: kidamwa bukukwariga gala avaka bukukwanamwa wala, bwenma gola bakawekeyasi sedayasa. Besa wala uula makwena vavagi ekenu ogukaukweda. Ludetasi bogwa evilulu tetala tomota ulananamsa. Kumesa takatubayasasi, makwa kunnuna bita unisa bitakausa bitakeimalisa bitalausa bitagisasa avaka kalagigisa ludetasi kena ekariga kena esisisu.”

Iyowagasi iwokuwa ikewasi. Isisakaulasi ivaknasa Dedaya inala ekebiga, “Adoki kadamwa mekesi lemesa, pela kelima wala.” Tudava gala tuvela ikowana igisi bwalita, pela inala bogwa eluki avaka levigakesa. Mesinaku wala esisu oboalalatudava, kapoulaga ilokeya kadala; e esisu iluki inala, “Kugigisi, ambesa mevakanasa?”

“Bogwa Obombom mevakanasa.”

Esisusa bogwa kweta mvamwai eluki inala, “Kugisi ambesa mevakanasa?”

“Bogwa lemesa katitekina dakuana bwevakaveka, Labai mapana lewewa, yagalala Olakeidawaga.”

Besa mina Keli isuisi, luleta Bolitukwa. Idudilasi iluki, iluki, “Kugigisi.”

Ekebiga, “Bogwa lemesa Osapola.”

“Sogu adoki bamtuli lumta lagela, gala tetala bisisu.” Iluki Bolitukwa ivalam. Deli wala lavalamioluki latula, “Ulaguyau yokwa akoma piwam, gala bukuweya kadamwa, luguta tatogu. Taga eyogagegusi besa, desi desi wala avaka mnanamsa bikeitasi wala, gala bisisusa besa.”

Ikotasi okwadewa, ikowanasa igisesa matona tomota esisu, sena totabwabogwa senela, ikukolisa, sena ivagi kasikokola kadala.

Mesinaku wala Bolitukwa ekebiga, “Kumanumasi wala kukotasi kususasa besa, kubigatonasi avaka oninami e bukukweitasi wala lagela, gala bitasisusa lagela kena bikwayavi, kena nabweya, besa wala tuta.”

Mesinku molitomwaya itagina tauya iluiya latula matona, deli kwetala veguwa ilai, “Tudava mkwava minana, mveguwa manakwa.”

Mesinaku wadola iluki inala, “Inagu, avetau?”

“A molitomwaya.”

“O besa veguwa kusewa, minana vivila kuluki bimwa opilakakata itomwa, gala bila okikiwama.”

E ibiya esekeli matona latula, kawala tuwala evagi, makawala matona. Tetala lakwava kadala, kwetala veguwa ilai. Ikatupoi, “Inagu, avela matona?”

“Moluvala.”

“O biloki sola bitotasa.”

Esekeli tetolula, iluiya latula itagina tauya, ikasali lakwava e ilai veguwa. Eluki inala, “Kuluki wala bilokeya tetolula.”

Tevasila makawala wala. Ibiyasi wala ilokeya tevasila itotasa. Tutala kalavigimkoila matona, ekebiga, “Matona avaka?”

“Matona ivilamwegu iwokuwa, asisu, e ilubusisiga deli litula ilosa.” “O minana vivila kuseli okikiwama kamiteyu kutotasa.”

Itotasa, itotasa, ikatubayasasi kadala iwokuwa ikewasi wala ivakanasa wala mowa, isivilaga iluki inala ekebiga, “Minasina.”

“O minana ulakwava keseli; kuisu kamiteyu makwa veguwa tamala elai, kuyosi bikesai. Minasina navasi, mankwesi deli veguwa, kwatubiyasi kugigi ouvasi.”

Ikatubiyasi Bolitukwa minasina navasi iwokuwa, eluki, “Inagu kuisu, bavakoliga bawa akapituni keyasi.” (Besa tuta totuwasi esisu. Ula story besa kulosa kulukwesa Tolosi, kulosa kugisasa totuwasi vivila minasina.)

Okemmigavi wala lakema, ikapituni ima wala natala ikakapituni ila omlopu, navasi wala ilosa omlopu, ikeitaga imeki inala ikebiga, “Ina bogwa alamtuli lewokuwa, besa tuta usom ulakwava minana magigu besa tuta bitatokewasi bitasilasi odawagasi bitasuvesa Lomyuwa, Lomyuwa Luwebila, Luwebila Idalekava, Idalekava Kapwani, Yuwada bitataina bitawa bitala wala bilola ambesa valu nanogu bitobu e besa bitasilasi.”

Mesinaku Tudava isila, itotolasi inala, lakwava matona itotolasi, itotolasi itabusisi Kiluwa itolaguvasi Lomyuwa, ilei Kaibola ikakidonatusi Siya, okepapala kwebweyani dakuna manakwesi, titolela wala, ivakanasa Kadumyelu ilukwemwa wala puwala likuta liu ikatitaki wala ikatudewa, puwala kwetabwabogwa likuta liu ikasewa wala.

Minasina vivila igisesa manakwa puwana wawaga ekasewa, igigigilasi, e ekalisesila lewa tuvela ekatupoi, “Avaka kugigigilasi.”

“Gala kagigigilasi wala deli litumayasa, kakukoilasi.”

“Gala bogwa lanukwari. Kugigigilasi pela yegu kugigilegusi. E balukwemi, kabogigisa yokwami, dakuna kekemi, kulumi bweyani. E tubovila, tubovila agulitetila bikamwagasi ilemi Kaibola. Litumiya okupupapisa, bipepa dakuna otupwami, kweyuwemi, bukumiladakunasi.”

Imiladakunasi mayuwona ilei Kebola, gala matona ima ovalu.

Itola itaina lela lela lela Bomatu itaini, ila mutawa, katitekina Mutawa okwadewala, itomwa Yuwada Mutawa itopwagega ipopu, wapwalatobwabogwa. Kekekela bakwela kweyatala kweyayuwela, epopu dakuna kwetala makawala Siyakakita vakela pwala ilukwemwa imiladakuna kwetabwabogwa. Besa etaina ila oluwalela, ela besa Omarakana, gala bakateta Kwebwaga gala banukwali kalalitetila, taga Tudava anukwali ila ila ila Nadili besa mesisiki.

Tudava toulawola kwau tokulakola kalala gala ikola, kwau mina Nadili bitalokeyesa, mina Muryuwa, makala wala lakauvagisa mina Kaibola e makala euvagisa.

E matona tomota lasimla manakwa igisiga tuta latuta eluki inala, lakwava, “Bitasuisi masimla simla bitasilisa davalusa bivagi.”

Isili, simlana simla, ilukwemwa iguyugwayu gala wala bitagigisasa, mitaga biyosi bunukwa bigilagela bitalilagi wala, biweya kalayaguma bitalilagi wala, biboku bitalagi wala, mitaga masimlana simla bitagisi gala, besa Nadilil ila isili bogwa ekaili.

*Mina Nadili kasiluya wala.
Besa wala ulabiga mekeita, ulastori pela Tudava.*

ENGLISH TRANSLATION

Now I will tell you the story of Tudava. Tudava's mother was living by herself in Labai. Her brothers lived in Kemwamwala Village. When Dokanikani, the man-eating ogre, began killing people, the brothers ran off to Labai, looking for shelter. At Labai, Tudava's mother's brothers built canoes to escape Dokanikani. When they finished building the canoes, they loaded their wives and children into them and left for Keli. Their sister was left behind on the beach as the canoes were filling up.

Tudava's mother's younger brother wept for his sister when he saw her alone at the beach, so he turned back to pick her up, but his canoe was already full, so he cried over her and told her, "My sister, I am sorry for this. By staying here you might die, but I need to take my children away, and we must catch up with the older brothers who have sailed ahead of us." They sailed to Keli and lived there, while that woman, Bolitukwa was her name, remained alone and got pregnant. No one knows how this good fortune of hers came to happen, how she managed to conceive a baby all alone. But she got pregnant, and eventually, she gave birth to a boy and named him Tudava.

This boy grew very big; he became a very tall man. In fact, his exact height is not known; one can only guess his size from his footprints left until today in the paths of the island, and clearly, his big feet are no match to our small feet. Tudava grew up big and strong, and when he was a teenager, he asked his mother, "Mother, why are we confined to this beach area?" His mother replied, "This ogre, Dokanikani, lives around here. He has killed many people. My brothers, your maternal uncles, together with their children, fled their villages and came here to Labai. From here, your maternal uncles built canoes and sailed with their wives and children, leaving me behind when the canoes were full. I stayed here in the rocky outcrops, hiding in these cliffs. My younger brother, however, wept for me. Unlike the others, he said he would be sad for my death. But for the time being we are alive, and you are with me now; I have given birth to you." Tudava declared, "Mother, I think I will go and see this Dokanikani." But his mother disagreed, "Perhaps you should not go, you are still too young. Let us wait until you are old enough, and then you can go and see him. Otherwise, he might follow you back here; he would kill you and eat me too." He said, "He eats humans too?"

She said, "Oh yes, he eats humans! He captures people, kills them, and cooks them in earth ovens or boils them and eats them."

When he was old enough, he said again, "Mother, I shall go after this Dokanikani." Then his mother said, "Fine, your time to go is tomorrow."

During the night, Bolitukwa, mother of Tudava, prepared some traditional plants and bespelled them with ritual incantations and magic charms. In the morning she said to her son,

"You go, you go, you go," and she uttered the magical words for the *kwegapani* charm and the *sulumweya* basil and prepared everything for Tudava. That morning she said to him, "Now you go and look for him! You go and stand at Gibwakwa. From there, throw your spear, and it will fly, and it will spear something; then you go and get it, whatever the spear pierced!"

So Tudava went to Gibwakwa and threw his spear; the spear flew to that land Tubowada people call Bokenavasia after the monitor lizard. The spear flew and pierced a lizard in a *yakwala* tree, and it fell to the ground. Tudava went next to the tree and found the spear with that lizard, and he carried it back to his mother. Tudava asked his mother, "Is this the one, have I killed him?" She said, "No, this is a lizard. When the season for dance comes, we'll skin the lizard and use the skin to make our drums and dance."

"Oh well, I'll go back and keep on trying then," he said. Tudava walked and went to where he killed the lizard and stopped. From there he threw his spear, and it flew to Kadukumeu and speared a frog against the ground. He went and found his spear with the frog and carried it back to his mother in Labai. He went to his mother and said, "Mother could that be him?"

"No, this is our food, our animal. When there is a drought and no food, this becomes our bush animal, we go and collect frogs, wrap them up; we roast them and eat them. We are from Tokuluwala; that's our custom."

Tudava went back again and threw his spear, and this time it flew to Kudukwadoya, where it speared the cuscus and fell down to the ground with it. He went along and saw the cuscus and carried it back to Labai to his mother. He asked, "Mother is this the one?" His mother answered him, "No, this is our food. For the people from Kudouya side this is forbidden bush food, they can't eat it, but for us this is fine, it's our food."

"Alright, mother, I'll go back!" Tudava said. "Yes my son, go back," she replied.

So Tudava went back; he went back to where he killed the cuscus, threw the spear, and it flew to where the missionaries are living now at Mutawa; the name of the land is Kwepakoya. The spear flew, but it didn't spear anything. Tudava walked and found that his spear hadn't speared anything, so he stood there and thought, and that is why they call that place Kwepakoya, because that was where Tudava was thinking about where Dokanikani's place could be. He had with him a decorative pandanus leaf (like the ones used for dancing) that had been magically prepared by his mother. Tudava threw the pandanus streamer in the air following his mother's instructions; he threw it, and it went to Mutawa and came back to his chest. He threw it again to Liluta, and again it came back to his chest, but when he threw it toward the cliff, it flew and broke the string and went into the bush. Then he said, "That is where Dokanikani lives." The pandanus leaf had shown the way, so Tudava followed it. He walked and walked until he came to a stop. Tudava saw Dokanikani and wanted to spear him, but he gave it a second thought; he had an idea. He said to himself, "I can't really spear him, he's too big and strong, but I'll play a trick on him instead." While

Dokanikani was twisting the thin *im* strings to make his fishing net, Tudava came quietly and climbed up that tree that gives red, sweet fruit, the one they call *mokakana*. He climbed it and went to the top and told the birds to fly away. Meanwhile, Dokanikani was bowing his head, making the string, and when he heard the birds cry, he got angry at them because they were finishing his food, eating the fruits of the *mokakana* tree. Tudava got one of the fruits and dropped it on Dokanikani's legs. Dokanikani believed that the birds did that. He did not know it was a man who did it because all the people were gone; he had already finished them all off or they ran away. The fruit fell near him, and he took the fruit and said, "May they eat their own shit, these birds; they are going to finish all my fruit."

Tudava let loose more of the fruit, and it fell near Dokanikani's legs. For a while he thought it was birds, but when he glanced above, he saw it was a human being, and he took the fruit and looked at it and saw that it had human marks. He looked up and said to Tudava, "My friend, where do you live?" And Tudava answered him, "Nowhere, the two of us live here." Dokanikani said, "My small brother, you stay right there; I'll just go and put away these strings." Tudava said, "You take it away; I'll be right here."

Then Dokanikani went into the house and came out and found out Tudava was already on the ground. He said, "My small brother, you should stay here so that we can chat; you are very big!"

"Oh no," Tudava said, "I came to see you because I heard that you kill people, and today I just came to see you."

Dokanikani said, "Which way are you going?" Tudava answered, "Now I'm going back to Labai." Dokanikani said, "Fine," and he went ahead of Tudava.

As he was walking ahead of Tudava, Dokanikani talked to the ground; he used a magic spell and told the ground to open up, and he went down in the hole, hiding and expecting Tudava to go past in front of him so that he could ambush him from that hole. But Tudava had seen his head poking out of the hole; he wanted to spear him in the head, but instead, he held on to his spear. When the head came out, he threw the wild basil that had been charmed with the *kwegapani* spell by his mother, and Dokanikani ate it. The magic basil had already started to work, and Dokanikani's mind was getting confused. He said, "My small brother, you stay above, you are my chief, I humbly request of you."

"No, you come, you come, you come, and we go," Tudava said. While Tudava was walking, Dokanikani told the ground to open up again, and he went down intending to ambush Tudava. But Tudava was walking and looking at the spot from which the head poked out; he was going to spear the head, but he held on to his spear instead. He said, "I can't spoil it; I'll take him away with cunning." He took the second package of charmed wild basil and put it in Dokanikani's mouth because Dokanikani was already going out of his mind from the bespelled *kwegapani*. His mind was stunned like that of the reef fish that get poisoned and confused by the derris root. They swim aimlessly and bump their heads on the coral, and they come swimming to the surface;

that was what Tudava did to Dokanikani. He was feeding him charmed herbs, and Dokanikani was already full of them. Tudava just led Dokanikani farther away, to those places where he had previously speared some animals, that's where he led him. He started walking with him in the morning, and when the afternoon came, Dokanikani's body was very weak and looked as though he was going to die. Tudava was going to kill him on the road, but when he saw him, he said, "Wait, I'll take him away." He took him to Gibwaku, where Tudava stood and Dokanikani stood on Gibwatilawa, in Labai. Then he took him to the shore. Dokanikani said, "Which way are you going?" Tudava said, "You just stand here; I'll stand on your shoulder when I come down from this tree." Dokanikani said, "Alright, you go." Tudava jumped and hung onto a vine called *pilipali*, and with his legs he touched Dokanikani's shoulders but then removed his leg. Dokanikani turned his head and tried to bite Tudava's leg, but he bit off his own arm instead, thinking he was eating Tudava's leg.

This is because he was already out of his mind due to the herbs he had eaten. He ate his own arm and finished it, and Tudava started to come down from the tree again. Dokanikani asked, "Which way are you going?"

"No, you just stand there; I'll come down and stand on your other shoulder so that I can get down."

"Oh, hurry up and come down."

Tudava hung his leg and touched the other shoulder, and Dokanikani turned around and bit his other arm off. He started eating and finished his own arm, thinking that he was eating Tudava's leg. He was very confused. He didn't feel any pain from eating his own body. "Where is the next way you are going?" he asked Tudava.

"You stay there, and I'll stand on your hips so that I can go down." Tudava touched Dokanikani's hip and very quickly pulled his leg away. Dokanikani turned to his own leg and bit it off. His body fell on the ground as he was now helpless. Tudava got hold of his clam shell knife—that knife was still in Labai until fairly recently, but it is now gone; I saw it during my youth. Taking his shell knife, Tudava said, "Today, your time has come, Dokanikani. I'll cut your neck off, because you killed my uncles, my relatives, and also other people. I came and tricked you, and you came here, and I'll cut your neck." Dokanikani said only a few words. He said, "Oh, my small brother, my chief, don't berate me!"

Tudava cut Dokanikani's neck off and left the body there; then he took his spear, put it through Dokanikani's eyes, and carried the head away. He stood on that land they call Pulula, and he let a cry of happiness out, but Bolitukwa was making banana leaf bundles of Trobriand currency *doba* in the house of Tudava near the shore and didn't hear it.

There was plenty of noise made by different things, birds and many other animals and the leaves of the *kwebila* used for decoration flapping in the wind. The fish were jumping in the sea, and Bolitukwa said, "Stop making noise so that I can hear what my son is saying." She had heard her son, but she thought it was only birds. Bolitukwa told the birds and the other animals to stay quiet. Tudava shouted again, and this time she heard him.

Then Bolitukwa said, "That is my son's voice." Tudava came to the village carrying Dokanikani's head and asked his mother, "My mother, is this the one?"

"He is the one and no other; you have killed him!" They were still keeping the head, and he asked his mother, "Mother, what can we do with it?" She said, "I'll send the ogre's head to your maternal uncles in Keli, and they'll see it. Tonight, I'll send it, and it will go."

When night fell, she took a bowl and took that head and put it in the bowl and said some magic words into it. Bolitukwa put the bowl with the head in the sea, and the current took it away. It floated away to Keli.

Night fell, day came, and night fell again and day came once more, and that bowl floated with the tide. A wave came and carried the bowl, and it bumped into the door of the hut of the eldest of Bolitukwa's brothers. It hit the door, the eldest brother came out and looked for it, but the bowl had gone back to floating away in the sea. The bowl goes back to the sea every time it bumps the door because these brothers neglected their sister Bolitukwa. It went back to the sea, and the next wave came, carrying the bowl, which went to the middle brother's hut and bumped it; the brother came out looking for the bowl, but the bowl was back floating in the sea. The head then went to the third born, floating by itself, and bumped the door. He came out searching for it. He found that the hut's floor was wet, but he had no idea what had hit his door. The bowl went to the fourth brother's hut and did the same; it went to the door, bumped it, and floated back to the sea when the brother came out looking for it. It went to the fifth brother, the last one, the one who cried for his sister when she was left on the shore at Labai. The head bumped the door of the last born. He came out and looked at it and picked it up and took the bowl into his house; he blew the fire and found it was something unusual. He said, "That ogre Dokanikani has been killed." Thoughts came into his head; we don't understand where he got the idea from, but he knew, "I think my sister has given birth to a human being who has slain Dokanikani." He hid the head and the bowl. He didn't tell his brothers; neither his kids nor his wife knew about it. He carried the head and put it in his wife's basket for banana leaf bundles. He woke up the next morning and told his brothers, "Guys, I want you and our sons to go cut some yam sticks for my yam garden. I'll prepare the special food, and you'll come and eat when you're done." His brothers stood up and said, "Good!" They told their sons and went to cut some yam sticks; he stayed and cooked the mashed yams. After cooking the mashed yams, he took the head of Dokanikani and put it right at the bottom of the cooking pot. The head went down and stayed there.

After work, they were all tired and hungry, so the younger brother made food for the workers, and they sat around and ate the top part. Sago, betel nut, and other things were abundant. They ate and ate and ate, and the time came when they reached the bottom.

One of them put his shell ladle in and banged it against Dokanikani's teeth; it sounded like when you bang a shield. It made

a strange noise, and they heard the noise, but they ate the food; they ate the food, and it went down as they ate. They looked inside and found something different in appearance that was, in fact, a human being. They lifted Dokanikani's head. "Guys, we ate a man; that is his head!"

The youngest brother said, "That head came last night. Last night it came, and it bumped into my veranda; I went out, and it was there."

The eldest brother started talking. He said, "It hit my door first, brothers, but when I went to look for it, it wasn't there." The other brother said the same, the third one said the same, the fourth one said the same. The youngest said, "I know the reason why it came to my veranda and stayed; I think I have an idea. Because I cried for our sister, and I got sad and said my last words to her. I told her, 'If you die, it won't matter to many, you'll lie here, but we'll go with our friends, but I'll cry for you.' That's why that thing—the head—came to my veranda. Our sister has given birth to a human being, I think. Now you come, we'll prepare the skull, we'll clean it, and we'll take it back and see how our sister is, whether she is dead or alive."

They prepared their canoes and sailed away, and when they came to Bedaya, Tudava's mother said, "I think your uncles are coming because there are five canoes out there." Tudava didn't look out at the sea because his mother had told him what his uncles had done to her. He was inside his hut; he turned his back to his uncles. He only asked his mother, "Can you see them? How far are they now?"

"They already came to Obombom." Mother and son stayed quiet for some time until Tudava asked his mother again, "Do you see them, where are they now?"

"They already came to the big stones just a bit farther than Labai and Siliya; the name of the place is Olakedawaga." That is where the Keli people hid when Dokanikani was still alive; these were the brothers of Bolitukwa. When they were closer, he told his mother, "You look," and she said, "They already came to Osapola."

"I think I'll kill your brothers today; none of them shall live," he said to Bolitukwa.

While crying, she said, "My chief, I beg you, don't kill your uncles, my brothers. They did something wrong back then, but leave aside your bad thoughts; they will go back, they will not stay here." The uncles sailed to the shore and looked up and saw a man sitting; he was very big. They were very scared; his uncles were very frightened. Bolitukwa only said to them, "You come quietly and sit down; you talk among yourselves. You'll go back today; we can't all stay together today or this evening or tomorrow, this very moment only." The eldest brother blew the conch shell and took one of his daughters and a valuable Kula shell necklace and threw it at his nephew. He said, "Tudava, she is your wife, and that is your Kula necklace." When he was done, Tudava whispered to his mother only, "Mother, who is this man?"

"The eldest one," she replied.

"Put the necklace aside, and tell the girl to go to the right, not to the left."

The second brother pulled his daughter like his elder brother had just done and threw a necklace at Tudava. Tudava asked, "Mother, which man is that?"

"The middle one," Bolitukwa answered.

"His daughter will go and stand with her friend to the right."

It came to the third one; he pulled his daughter, blew the shell, handed her over, and threw a Kula necklace at Tudava. Tudava told his mother, "You tell her to go with her friends."

The fourth one did the same. When it was the last one's turn, Tudava asked his mother, "Who's that man?"

"That man is the youngest brother; he cried for me and then went with his family." "You put that girl on the left with you."

His uncles prepared themselves to go back and sailed as far away as Muwa Island when Tudava turned around and asked his mother, "These girls, where are they?" "They are over there."

"You keep that one; she is my wife. You stay with her and hold on to the necklace her father brought. The other four will take the necklaces and tie them to their bodies."

Bolitukwa prepared the four daughters, and then Tudava said, "Mother, you stay; I'll go and cut their heads off." And so he did, and nowadays, their bones are still there. This is my story, and you can see it for yourselves. You can go and ask Tolosi, the old man at Labai; you can go there and see the bones of those girls for yourselves. He brought them up to the land, cut their heads off, and threw them into the deep holes in the cliff. Then he came back to his mother and said, "Mother, I've finished them off. Now you and my wife, I want us to sail on our canoe, go through Lomyuwa, from Lomyuwa to Luwebila, from Luwebila to Idaleka, Idaleka to Kapwani, Yuwada; we'll go around to where I think is a good place, and that is where we will stay." That was it, and Tudava, his mother, and his wife punted their canoe and came to Lomyuwa, where the women of Kaibola were collecting *kidonatu* shells at Siya, where you can see those red stones.

There Tudava, as a joke, bespelled his own testicles, and they swelled and became very big, filling up his canoe. One of the girls saw the testicles, which filled up the canoe, and they all laughed, so Tudava punted his canoe toward them.

"What are you laughing at?"

"We are just having fun, me and my sisters, and laughing."

"No, I know it. You are laughing at me. I'm telling you, I'll make an example of you; you will turn into stone, and your hair will turn red. Generation after generation it will be like this with you women of Kaibola. Your sons and daughters, the ones you are carrying on your backs, they too will turn into stones; you'll be turned into stones."

They turned into stones as he said; all these women from Kaibola who were looking for shells, none of them came home. And nowadays, you can see those stones over there. Tudava punted his canoe and went to Bomatu and Mtawa. Close to the Mtawa shores between Mtawa and Yuwada, he spread his legs apart and defecated; his shit turned into a stone as big as Siyakakita. His footsteps can still be seen on the rocks, and his

shit turned into stone. Then he went halfway to Omarakana, I don't really understand how, via Kwebwaga I guess; I don't really know which route he took. But then I know he went; he went to Nadili [Budibudi, the Laughlan Islands] and stayed there. Tudava hunts sharks but not jellyfish. If we go to Nadili, we'll find they do the same things we do here in Kaibola as far as sharks are concerned; they too hunt sharks. That man Tudava stopped crying and said to his wife and mother, "We'll go to that island and make it our home." He stayed on that island, Nadili, and made the air thick with fog so we can't see him, but when he kills pigs, we still hear the screams. When he rattles his lime pot, we can hear the noise. When he coughs, we can hear it, but we can't see the island; he went to Nadili and changed it. Nowadays, Nadili people eat only coconut.

These are my words, my story of Tudava.

COMMENTS

Tudava is probably the most famous story in the Trobriand Islands. There are many different versions, and elements in them tend to vary. The cannibal ogre Dokanikani is found in many Trobriand narratives, not as the individual from this particular story but as the generic incarnation of a fear-inducing (mostly for children), man-eating being. From other versions of this story we know that Tudava's mother's name is, in fact, Metigisi; Bolitukwa is a nickname (*litukwa* = water dripping).

RELEVANT VOCABULARY:

borogu
im
kidonatu
kubila
kwebila
lidadiga

SN 3 TOYANU (A MAN'S NAME)

A *kwanebu* folktale told by Tokumbobu from Kaibola. He obtained the story from Kuleyai in Bwetalu Village. Originally transcribed by William Mwenunuva and translated by Theresa Patterson.

SUMMARY

Toyanu attends burials around Kiriwina whenever he hears about a death in a village. He mourns exaggeratedly, and when the food distributions are announced, he claims he does not want any but would like to have some personal item from the deceased instead. He uses that as an excuse to dig up the grave, smuggle the corpse back to his village, cook it in a pit oven, and eat it. Eventually he gets caught and killed.

Kwanebuyee Toyanu

Baitoula kwanebu Toyanu yagala e isisusa usola luleta Butumavava, ikariga Kalubwaiya Yalaka emesa minayalaka bikavaisi ikatupoi Toyanu, “Kwalai?”

“A, kariga Yalaka.”

“Ave tau?”

“A, Kalubwaiya.”

E iluki luleta, “Kusisu, balaga aalam.” Ipwesi kalakaunya iwa tubolola, ikau laveguwa ivatubolola. Ivalutu Yalaka okadumalaga itoli, iseki, “O bwagwadegu Kalubwaiya, bwagwadegu Kalubwaiya bwagwadegu.”

“O lumi Toyanu ke?”

“O kutetayasi wala igauga aalam Kalubwaiya kaluvalam bilatalegu.” Ekausa lumi, kaula, kuvi, tetu, uli.

“E mitaga kwetala wala bwadagwa, kusakegusi sitana aguvilavila kutemvalela Kalubwaiya valam olopolo Butumavava.”

“O bakatavilisi liku.” Itavilisa ikausa ketaula isakesa, kaula bidubadu ivagi wala ila makena ketaula ikau ilau Butumavava.

Isisusa ilagisa ekariga Bugabwaga Omarakana. Eluki luleta, “Kusisu, balaga.” Ikatupaleku ila. Iwalutu wala Omarakana, isusui wala osikwawela Dubilikwayai ila isiwa. Nani kubutusi bakaugwa Toyanu. Ikanukwenu bogwa elubulatola kalabiga, iluisisi tomota ilosa—“Nani kubusisi bakauga tilawa balau.” Ikanukwenu wala bogwa olileyam, itabutetaga ilitaki. Iilitaki kalabiga, iutupeni laka ivinaku ikeula isela okeyola ivitubolola. Okokeula ilai Butumavava—tu—evavaviga luleta, “Mwa, avaka butula?”

“A butula lumuta kalakasesa, bagulugwalugwa agotomata.” Ikamkoma ivinaku. “Toyanu kumokeya yatala kwegu, tau Bugabwaga gumdubudubu kukwamga sitana bukudubweni nanom.” Iilitaki mweya, kwegu iyayosa wala kakau iyamu, e isimwa. Isisuga ilagiga ekariga Kalakadova Gumilababa. Eluki luleta, “Kusisu balaga aalam Kalakadova Gumilababa.” Isakauli. Isakaula, isakaula okadumalaga itoli, “O bwagwadegu Kalakadova, bwagwadegu Kalakadova, bwagwadegu Kalakadova.”

“O lumi Toyanu, ke?”

“O kutetayasi wala, igau ga aalam kaluvalam Kalakadova bilatalegu.”

“E kumesa kuvilasi bwadagwa.” Ivilavilasi, “Ketuivalela wala Kalakadova makwena modogu kusakegusi balau, e komwedonaga likula, venguvala lukudemvesa wala bwadagwa.”

“Kuigilisi nani lakaetaula kulau.” Igilisa emesa ididagisa kaula, usi, kuvi, tetu italumteta ilitaki ikeula. Ikokeula ila ilai Butumavava. Ikatupoi luleta, “Bogwa lokuma?”

“E, bogwa lama.”

“Avakaga butula?”

“E, kwemakava kwemilewau.”

“Kumeyaga sitana kwetala kagu.”

“O ambese lokubani, kweya lumta kwapwasa kampo, kusisu wala.” Isimwaga iwati kai. Iwati kai ivinaku, ikikeli

kumkumla iwokwa, ikikasi iwokwa e ikanukwenu—Toyanu kumokeya yata kwegu, tau Kalakadova gumdubudubu, kukwamga sitana bukudubweni nanom. Itabuteta, bogwa lewa lilu, ila ililipi kwegu imeya, imakeya matamna mweiyadoga wanatu litota ililepi wala imeya wakauya. Isisu wala bogwa esipulupulu kalasiya—Toyanu, kula kwau tilawa iyamwemga, isakaula. Isakaula wala Gumilababa, isusui wala osikwava ila isiwa wabwema. Isisu wala bogwa edagusi tomota—“Nani kudagusi bawaga akam tilawa iyamweguga.” Isisusa wala bogwa edagusi kalamwaleta wala.

“Toyanu kwau tilawa nani iyamwemga”—isiwa iyeni makwa laka. Iyeni ivinaku itabuteta ilitaki ikau. Ikikau wala ima Butumava[va] ilai. Evavagi luleta, “Mwa! Avaka butula?”

“Kusisu wala kweya lumuta kwapwasa kampo, butula gola agutomata bakamkwam.” Isiwa wala ivakati. Ivakati imenu eyeya, isili wala okekela ilaga okununa ila okumkulai. Imeki kalakwega bogwa okalakau ikeula wala isumwa ikau. Ikikau wala iyamu, isimwa, leyamga ikariga Butupalala Bwetalu. Imesa mina Bwetalu bikavaisi kaula, katitekina Butumavava ikatupoi, “Tawa, ave tawau yokwami?”

“A, yakamesa mina Bwetalu.”

“Kwalaisi?”

“A, Butupalala ekariga.”

“O kusisu balaga aalam.” Isakaula. Isakaula wala okadumalaga Bwetalu ikau eseki valam. “O bwagwadegu Butupalala, bwagwadegu, o Butupalala bwagwadegu.”

“O lumi Toyanu, ke?”

“O kutetayasi wala igauga aalam kaluvalam Butupalala bilatalegu.” Ekausa kaula, uri, tetu, usi gala yomala.

“E kumesa bwadagwa, kwanewagusi.”

“Kamluya makena ke.”

“A gala magigu luya bwadgwa. Mesinaku wala makena modogu ketuvalela Butupalala bukusakegusi balau bavata gia agusokwepa.”

“O nani kutavilisi liku.” Itavilisa ivinakusa ikau katukweyuwa katukumgwa imaga ilai Butumavava. Ekatupoi luleta, “Bogwa lokuma?”

“O, kwemakava kwemilewau—gala uula bitayomada wala mitalogi. Nani kulogi.” Esisu wala bogwa wala lewa kalasiya besa—Toyanu kumakeya yatala kwegu. Tau Butupalala gumdubudubu kukwamga bukudubweni nanom. Ila ililapi kwegu lewokwa, lemeki matamuna mweya waluya ililapi wala isela okalakauya ilau. Imeya isemwa itomwaga iwati kai. Iwati kai iwokwa ikikeli kumkumla iokwa itowa ikasi. Isikasi iokwa isela dakuna olumolela isimwaga. Isisu bogwa lewa kalasiya besa ikatupaleku. Toyanu kutomalaula kukwau tilawa iyamwemga, isakaula. Isakaula wala ikikila wala ila wala itokewa mina Bwetalu e desi gala ivalamsi Butupalala yaga si guyau mina Bwetalu. Ivalamsi wala bogwa wala emisidagusi. Ikanukwenu gala oubilagwa lemmata wala lema. Toyanu—kwau tilawa iyamwemga. Isipopula wala isili itowa iyeni makwa laka. Iyiyeni wala lewokwa, ikikisi wala moi lewokwa etitainasiga mina Bwetalu.

"Bogwa wala yokiwa okukokeula gweguyela valu. Kukwau Omarakana, kukwau Gumilababa, kukwau Yalaka e laga lukukwau Bwetalu guyola."

"A, gala wala, avalu wala Butumavava e gala lama bayeni Butupalala bavalam bitagam lopogu bawa basiwa." Lewesa wala kutateyasi wala kwatumatisa wala e ikekugwalisa wala deli Butupalala Bwetalu olopolo. Ivinakusi gala luleta lema wala ikatupoi, "Kwalai?"

"O lumuta bogwa lebakusa Bwetalu."

"O karigewa, tokamla tomota bikamkwam wala."

ENGLISH TRANSLATION

I will start telling you the story of this man, his name is Toyanu, and he lived together with his sister Butumavava. Kalubwaiya had died in Yalaka Village, and the people of Yalaka were looking around for food for the mortuary feast when Toyanu asked, "Tell me, what is going on?"

"Ah, somebody died in Yalaka," they said.

"Who died?" asked Toyanu.

"Ah, Kalubwaiya."

Toyanu told his sister, "Stay here, I'll go and cry at the funeral." He carried his basket and his shell valuables and went to Yalaka. He went to the entrance of the village and started crying, "Oh, our little brother Kalubwaiya, our little brother Kalubwaiya!" Until somebody said, "Oh, Toyanu's grieving, let's bring his heap of yams."

"Oh, not yet, you just put it there," Toyanu said, "I'm still crying for Kalubwaiya." They brought different types of food, long yams, short ones, taros.

"But just one thing, my brothers, give me one of the poles of Kalubwaiya's resting house, the one that was used to prop his dead body, so I can take it to Butumavava as a keepsake; she's mourning for him back in our village."

"Alright, we'll take the pole from the hut." They took apart the deceased's resting house and gave the pole to Toyanu. Toyanu then took the pole and the abundant food to his sister Butumavava. Later on, they heard Bugabwaga had died in Omarakana. He told his sister, "Stay, I'll go to the funeral." He took his things and went. He walked to Omarakana and sat in the veranda of a house next to Dubilikwayai, the chief's yam house. "All of you, you can go away, and I'll accompany the dead in the wake," Toyanu told the people there. It was late in the middle of the night; the people had left their verandas and gone to sleep. "Hurry and go down, and I'll hold the wake for him," repeated Toyanu. He stayed there, and it was near daybreak when Toyanu went down and started digging up the grave. He dug up the grave, took the body, and tied it to the pole he had brought back from the other funeral in Yalaka. He put it on his shoulders and smuggled the corpse away. His sister Butumavava heard the noise of the pole and the corpse when Toyanu dropped it near their house and asked, "What is that noise?"

"That noise is your sister's clitoris; I gulped it with my food," he swore at her. Toyanu then ate the body of the dead man.

When he finished eating the corpse, he said to himself, "Toyanu, get a *kwega* and chew it; this man Bugabwaga had such a good, greasy body, finish it off by chewing some *kwega*." He took his *kwega* and mustard and chewed until it was daybreak. Then he stayed in his village; he stayed there and heard that Kalakadova had died in Gumilababa. He told his sister, "You stay here; I will go and mourn for Kalakadova at Gumilababa." He ran and ran and came to the entrance of the village and started mourning, "Oh, my brother Kalakadova, my brother Kalakadova." When they heard him crying, the people of Gumilababa said, "Oh, let's bring Toyanu's heap of food. Toyanu, here is your food."

"Just put the yams down; I'll keep on mourning for Kalakadova until I can cry no more." Then he said, "Come and share the yams my brothers." So they came and shared the yams. Toyanu then said, "My brothers, you give me the pole of *modogu* wood that was in Kalakadova's mourning hut; I want to keep that as a memento of him. But as for the food and other valuables, you can keep them; I don't want them."

"Fine then; hurry up and take his pole." Taking the food, the bananas, the long and short yams out of the basket, Toyanu carried the pole home. When he came home, his sister Butumavava asked him, "You came home already?"

"I came home already."

"What was that noise?"

"A feast for nothing."

"Oh, give me something to eat."

"And where do you think I have something to eat? There's nothing. Fuck your brother, and eat your own shit; you're staying here." He then went out and collected his firewood. After collecting his firewood, he went out and dug the ground to make a pit oven. He put the firewood inside the earth oven and said to himself, "Toyanu, go get some *kwega* leaves. Kalakadova's flesh is probably hard; after eating him, you'll chew your *kwega* to clean away his taste." And so he went and picked some *kwega*, and when he came home, he saw a big mustard flower up in a tree; he plucked it off and brought it and put it in his basket. It was already sunset, and he said to himself, "Toyanu, you need to get moving; otherwise, the sunrise will catch you here. You still have a lot of work to do," and so he went out. He ran to Gumilababa and crawled under a veranda, and from there he crawled under the yam house. It was already time for people to sleep, and he said, "Hurry up, all of you go to sleep, and I'll hold this dead man's wake; the day is coming." They were all asleep, and he was by himself. He said to himself, "Toyanu get up, it's almost daybreak," so he went and dug the grave. After digging the grave, he got hold of the body and carried it using the *modogu* post. He carried it to Butumavava and put it down. His sister asked, "What was that noise?"

Toyanu swore at her again, "You stay there and fuck your brother and eat your own shit; it was the sound of my human corpse, and I shall eat it." And thus he cooked it in the pit oven he had prepared earlier. When it was cooked, he started eating from the legs and moved on toward the head until he finished it all. He got his *kwega* leaves and started chewing them. He chewed until

it was day. A few days later Butupalala died in Bwetalu Village. The Bwetalu people came to get some yams from their gardens near Butumavava's house, and she asked them, "Who are you?"

"We are the men from Bwetalu," they said.

"And what's the matter, what happened?" Toyanu's sister asked. "Butupalala died," the Bwetalu people said.

Toyanu said to his sister, "You stay; I'll go and mourn." He ran and came to the entrance of Bwetalu and started his crying, "Oh, my brother Butupalala, my brother Butupalala."

The people of Bwetalu gave him his share of food, "Here is your heap of food, Toyanu." "Yes," he said, "Just leave it aside; I'm still crying for Butupalala." They brought bananas, yams, taros; there was plenty of food.

"My brothers, come and think about what you're going to give me as a keepsake, so that I can remember Butupalala," said Toyanu.

"Your coconut tree is over there," they replied.

"Oh, my brothers, I don't want coconuts. I only want that *modogu* pole where Butupalala was lying to use it on my own yam house, so that his memory stays with me."

"Then hurry up and get the yams out of the basket and take it." He carried the *modogu* pole home and dropped it on the ground. His sister asked, "You're here?"

"It is not worth wasting our tears; hurry up, it's getting dark. There is a lot of work to do." It was already late afternoon, and he thought "Toyanu, go and pick some *kwega* leaves for you; Butupalala's flesh might have a hard taste. You'll wash it away by chewing your *kwega*." He went and picked some *kwega*, and on his way back he also got some mustard leaves. He brought them home and left them there and went to collect some firewood. After collecting the firewood, Toyanu dug a pit for the earth oven and put some firewood in it. After stacking the firewood, he got some stones and put them on top. The sun was already beginning to come down when he started to get ready. He told himself, "Toyanu, start walking before it gets too late and the day comes." He ran and went into the middle of Bwetalu Village. The people there were still crying because Butupalala was their chief. They finished crying and finally went to sleep. Lying near the yam house, Toyanu said to himself, "Now, Toyanu, get to it, it's almost day." He came down and started digging the corpse out of the grave. When he reached the body, he started taking off the wrapping cloth, and at the same time the Bwetalu people came behind him. "So it's you! You're the one who steals the corpses of the recently dead people! You took one from Omarakana, one at Gumilababa, one at Yalaka, and today you were going to take the chief of Bwetalu."

"Oh no, I was crying for Butupalala; I came to dig him up and cry for him and say my last farewell to him and then go back to my sister Butumavava." They came onto him and cut him up and killed him; they buried him with Butupalala in the middle of Bwetalu. When they finished, his sister came and asked, "What's the matter?"

"Your brother was buried at Bwetalu," they said.

"Oh forget it, he was a man-eater!" she replied. And that was my story.

COMMENT

Commentators praised the storyteller for using old expressions many people would not be able to understand today.

RELEVANT VOCABULARY:

dubilikwayai

ililapi

ikatupaleku

itabuteta

kwega

lumi (see Figure 59)

modogu

sokwepa

SN 6 TOMUNAWELA (THE WALLABY MAN)

A *kwanebu* folktale told by Towalesa from Kaibola. He obtained the story from Giyovakuli. Originally transcribed by Bernard Mwayubu and translated by John Kasaipwalova.

SUMMARY

A lazy man sleeps during the day and goes to the village gardens at night to eat all the crops. Nicknamed the wallaby man for his behavior, he keeps getting chased from every village where he settles because of his gluttony. One day, after the wallaby man goes fishing with some other men, Imlulabuma (the woman from the sky) nets them all and takes them to the sky while they are sleeping. She asks them to clear new garden plots for her, and the wallaby man does it alone, knocking down trees with his tail. Then, while she is lowering them down to the earth again, they pull the net, making Imlulabuma fall and die.

Kwanebuyee Tomunawela

Isisu matona Tomunawela elaga ibuguli bagula Modulatila. Alukwemu gala yomala kui, uli, tetu. Isui waboala imumasisi isunapulaga Tomunawela bogwa elubulatola kulokeya. Kutoli wala kunumisau, kutoila kunumisau kweita kuma kumasisi. Ewaga Modulatila, "Ei! Bogwala matowena, galaga teluwayu."

Ivalapula okodumalaga ikatusilaki, "Taga kweta valu bukusususa gala kweta valu bukusususa Labai." Eyokewaga wakwala, "Tawa eseki yokwami kweya mitukwawa komasi kamipopu gala makuwa basikeli." Ikau lamoi Kaibola ewakeya tomwaya Wenama esisu.

"Kwalai."

"Oi! Ekaliyabegusi modulata toya sala."

"O, mutumila makakwa." Ikau lamoi iseli ikalipolaga itomwa iloya bagula. Iloya bagula kumwekeya tomwaya labagula bogwa makakwa. Imasisisi kwatubololaga kukwakeya

kutota kumiwa kunumisau kukiweita kumiwa kumasisi. Ewaga tomwaya kalabiga kusakauli kutoli onotatala kugisiga.

"Oi! Bogwala matona ikeya luleta ikapwasa kalapopu." Ikeita lema okodumalaga kwaitau. "Gala kweta valu bukususisa laga bukulosa wala."

"Keseke yokwami kweya mikiwava komasi kamipopu." Igigi woyai Dayagila isili. Ikawota Piliuula, "Kwalai!"

"Oi, ibwakaillegu wenama lanei valu lama."

"Ke, mutumila makwa mboala manakwa."

Iseli lamoi kwatubololaga obuyagu. Kulaloya buyagu kwinaku lokweita lokuma kusukelasi boala kwitubololaga. Itoli ila onotatala, itoila onotatala ikeita ila imasisi. Itokeyaga tomwaya Piliuula kukwali obuyagu kutoli wala okelapisila kumwakeya, "Oi! Ikeya lakwava ikomakalapopu." Okodumalaga kwaitau, "Ta, gala kweta valu bukususisa laga bukulosa wala."

"Tawa, eseki yokwami kweya mikukwava komasi kamipopu mavalu gala basiki." Igigi woyai Kabulula kusikeli. Isili kalabiga ikelipola wala. Imwakeya buyagu migatala Budiya. "Ei! Makwa. Kuvi." Isukelasi bala kwelisulaga kutoli kutolapula kuma kumasisi.

Imamataga Budiya kusakaula kutoli okelaipisila kugisi, "Oi! Bogwala matona." Okodumalaga ikaitau, "Gala kweta valu bukususisa laga bukuneneisi wala valu." "Eseke yokwami kweya mikiwava komasi kamipopu." Igigi woyai kala biga kusili Kulakewa.

"Kwalai tomwaya?"

"Ai! Ebwakailegu Budiya lanei valu."

"O, mutumila makwa mboala makwa." Iseli guguwa kuvatubolola otawodila. Ila ililola igigisi buyagu ikeita lema kalabiga isukelasi boala kuvatubololaga. Itola itolapula itoila itolapula ikeita ima imasisi. Imamataga tomwaya iwakeya migatala. "Oi! Bogwala matona ebokailisa makalala labubunela." Okodumalaga ikaitau, "Mwa, gala kweta valu bukususisa laga wala bukuneisi valu, tawai!"

"La eseki yokwami kweya mikiwava komasi kamipopu mavalu gola makwa basikeli." Igigi woyai Tukwaukwa isili. Iwakeya Mosilibu esisu, "Kwalai?"

"Oi ibwakaillegusi mikulakewa. Sivelao ikoguna kegusi gola."

"Ke mutumila makakwa muboala."

Ivisui laguguwa kwatubololaga olawodila. Ilaboya buyagu kumwakeya Mosilibu makwa gala yomala. Isukelasi boala kwatubololaga. Lela itola imwa onotatala itoila imwa onotatala ikeita ima imasisi. Iwakeyaga Mosilibu bagula migatala. "Oi, gala teluwayu bogwala matona ebwakailisa bogwala makala labubunela." Okodumalaga ikaitau, "La, gala kweta valu bukususisa lagela wala bukulosa kuneisi mivalu."

"La eseki yokwami. Keya mikiwava komasi kamipopu."

"Nabweya bwadagwa bitalosa tapolasi." E yamu ekolekusi Bwemapou. Ipwapolasi ikikabwasisi toya bwada kukenusisi kumasisi. Okutobusi Imlulabuma okuma kugugubi wala kulau walabuma. Kulau kusiyewa. Imumasisi igau bwadala emumasisi emamataga lemwakeya, "Wa! Awevaluya makakwa?"

"Gala mavalusa toya bwadagwa makakwa makwa eseki avela lavalu ke mawagasi." Eyamu wala ekebiga Imlulabuma, "e Tomunawela, lagela bukusayasi deli bwadagwa avela bivenoku takewa. Kena yokwami kena bwadagwa ebamapumi." Isimatasi kemaivatubololasi kweta Imlulabuma bwadala kwetala Tomunawela toya bwadala. Iluki bwadala, "Kutabaisi." Itabaisi bwadala isekiga italapulasi itailasi italapulasi. "Yakamesa bwadagwa tapilasisa."

"Kutabaisi." Itabaisi yeyuna gola iseki imutuli ikanawesa Imlulabuma bwadala. Ikeitasi lemesa, "Kwalai?"

"Bogwa lakavenokusi lakamesa."

"Nani kukwamusi." Ikamkwamusi ivenokusi Kalabiga igubiga, "E, lavabwemi bukulosa toyabwadamuwa." Isisalili ikekiga bwadala, "Peula, peula bitatobusisi biwokwa bitayosisa makwa wota bitaikusa bikapusi bima ikatumati bwadala bogwa atakatumatisa." Iiwalu wala Bwemapou okunawotu idoki wala bilisi makwa wota kutabutetasi kuyosasi. "Galaga kuyosasi."

"Yo! Yo!" Sivatala iyegasi sivayuwela iyegasi minawena lema ima ikelimutumutu keyola opwepwaya. Bogwa lewokuwa lekeita kadakwanebusi.

ENGLISH TRANSLATION

There once was a man by the name of Tomunawela (the wallaby man). Tomunawela used to stay in the village of Labai. Every day, Tomunawela stayed in his house while Modulatila went to work in his garden. In Modulatila's garden, there were plenty of long yams, taros, and many other crops. One day, Modulatila came back to his hut to sleep, and that same day, at midnight, Tomunawela went out to Modulatila's garden. He ate up everything. When he was done, he came back to the village to sleep. The next day, Modulatila went to his garden, "Hey! How did this happen? It must have been him, that glutton Tomunawela. There are no other twenty that could have done this in only one night!" Modulatila went back to the village and told Tomunawela to leave, "You shall not stay here in Labai anymore, you have to leave!" Tomunawela replied from his hut, "Oh boy! Why blame me? Maybe you did it! May you all fuck your wives and eat your own crap," he swore. "This is not the only place to stay; I'll find a new home in no time." He picked up his sleeping mat and went to Kaibola Village. He went straight to see chief Wenama. Wenama asked him, "Tell me, what's the matter?"

"Ah, Modulatila and his friends chased me away from Labai," Tomunawela replied. "Never mind. You are welcome here. Take that plot to settle down." Tomunawela put down his mat and went into the bush and through the gardens. He walked around the gardens until he came to the biggest one, Wenama's garden, and said to himself, "This one will do!" That same night, when the people were sleeping, Tomunawela made for Wenama's garden. He ate up everything in one go and then went back to the village to sleep. The next day, the chief came running to the corner of his garden and saw how all his crops were gone. "Hey! Who did this? It must have been Tomunawela! May he fuck his sister and eat his own crap!" Wenama came back to the village

and shouted, "This is no place for you stay, Tomunawela. Today you shall go somewhere else!"

"Bah," replied Tomunawela. "Maybe it was yourselves who did it; may you fuck your wives and eat your own shit." So he tied up his bundle and went to Dayagila Village. The old chief of Dayagila, Piliuula, asked him, "What's the matter?"

"Well, Wenama chased me from Kaibola, and I came looking for a place to stay," Tomunawela replied.

"Fine. This shall be your allotment, that one there shall be your house," the chief granted him. Tomunawela put down his sleeping mat and started walking toward the gardens. He walked around all the gardens, and when he was done checking them all, he returned to the village. After dinner, the villagers went inside their huts for the night, and after they were all asleep, Tomunawela went back to the gardens. He stood there and ate it all from one corner to the other. Then he came back to the village to sleep. When the old man Piliuula woke up, he went to his garden. He stood close to the fence and saw everything had been ravaged. "Hey! This must have been Tomunawela; who else could have eaten everything in one go but him? May he fuck his wife and eat his own shit!" He came back to the village and yelled at Tomunawela, "This is no longer your place! You must go today!"

"Oh boy! Why blame me? Maybe you did it yourselves!" Tomunawela answered. And he swore at them, "May you fuck your wives and eat your own shit!" Tomunawela tied up his bundle and came to Kabulula Village. He sat down and went through the bush, until he came across Budiya's garden. "Ah, this one! It has such fine long yams," Tomunawela said to himself. When all the villagers had tucked themselves in for the night, he went back to the gardens and ate everything from one end to the other. When he was done, he went back to sleep. Budiya woke up and went to the gardens as usual. As he was getting close, he ran to the fence and saw all the damage. "Hey! This must have been Tomunawela; it can be no other but him." When he came back, he chased Tomunawela from Kabulula. "You will not stay here any longer. Today you must go look for another place to live."

"Bah!" Tomunawela said. "Maybe you did it yourselves. May you fuck your wives and eat your own shit." After cursing them, he tied his bundle and came to Kulakewa Village. The chief there asked him, "What's the matter, Tomunawela?"

"Well, Budiya chased me away from Kabulula; I am looking for a village where I can settle down."

"Fine. That one there will be your land and that one your house," the chief told him. Tomunawela put down his things and went into the bush. He went to see the gardens and came back to the village. When they all went to sleep that night, he went to the gardens and ate all the crops, and when he was full, he came back to the village to sleep. The next day, the chief woke up, and his face changed when he saw the gardens. "Oh! What happened here? Who ate it all? It must have been him, Tomunawela!" When they learned about it, the villagers of Kulakewa chased Tomunawela away because of his wicked ways. They shouted at

him, "Boy, there is no place for you here. Today you must go and look for another place to stay. We don't want you here."

"Bah! Maybe you did it yourselves, and you're blaming me for nothing. May you fuck your wives and eat your own shit." He tied up his bundle and came to Tukwaukwa Village. He came to Mosilibu, and the chief asked him, "What's the matter?"

"The people of Kulakewa chased me away. They accused me of stealing their crops, but I'm sure they themselves did it."

"Fine," the chief of Tukwaukwa said. "This will be your land and that one will be your house." Tomunawela took his things inside and went into the bush. He walked around all the gardens until he came to Mosilibu's, which was the biggest and most plentiful one. Later on that night, when everybody was sleeping in their houses, he went back to the gardens. He ate everything from one corner to the other and then came back to the village to sleep. When Mosilibu woke up the next day, he walked to the gardens. As he approached his plot he saw there was nothing left there, and his face changed. "Ah! This could not have been the work of another twenty but him, that fat-bellied Tomunawela. I know it, it's him. He came to our village because he has been chased away from all the other villages already; people know he is a big eater and he destroys all the gardens." Back in Tukwaukwa the chief went straight to Tomunawela's house, "Hey! There's no place for you here. Get out immediately. Today you must look for a new village."

"Bah, what do you know? Maybe it was yourselves who did it; may you fuck your wives and eat your own shit." As he was leaving, he gathered some of the villagers and told them, "Tomorrow, my brothers, we'll go net fishing." Somehow he convinced some people to join him, so the next day they hurried to Bwemapou Point. They fished, they roasted the fish on the fire, and they laid down to sleep. While they were sleeping, Imlulabuma, the woman in the sky, came down and netted them with their own fishing nets and took them to the sky. She took them there and kept them there, for she needed workers to help her cut her new gardens. Tomunawela and his brothers slept and slept throughout as they were being lifted up. Then he woke up and noticed they were in a strange place. "Ah! What is this place? My brothers, this is not our place! And where are our canoes?" The next day Imlulabuma announced, "Tomunawela, today you are going to compete with my people to see who is the fastest in clearing the bush for the new gardens. Maybe it will be you, maybe it will be my people. There shall be a reward for the winner." They sharpened their axes and started, one plot for Imlulabuma's workers and one for Tomunawela and his friends. Then Tomunawela told his friends, "Stand aside!" Tomunawela started knocking down trees and bushes from one side to the other of his assigned plot. He destroyed that bush with the same fury he used to dig out and eat up all the crops in the garden. He then said to his friends, "My brothers, I'm done here; let's go and help Imlulabuma's people to clear their side! Stand aside!" His followers stood aside, and with his wallaby tail he knocked down trees and bushes. He also knocked dead all of Imlulabuma's followers. Then Tomunawela and his friends went back to her.

"So, how was it? Who won?" she asked.

"We finished, and we came back here," Tomunawela replied.

"Fine," she said. "I've prepared your food; you must be hungry. Hurry up and come eat." They ate all the food she had prepared. After they were done, Imlulabuma told them she was going to return them back to their village. She netted them all and told them, "I am going to lower you down, so you can join your people." As she was lowering them down from the sky, Tomunawela told his people, "Be strong my friends, be strong. Once we touch down, we will hold on to the net and pull hard, so she will fall down and be killed; we have already killed all of her people, so she has nobody to help her." Imlulabuma lowered them down as far as Bwemapou beach, and just when she thought they would release the net, they grabbed it and yanked it really hard. "Hold on to it. Fast. Yo! Yo!" They pulled once, they pulled twice, and she fell down and broke her neck into pieces on the ground. And that's the story of Tomunawela, the wallaby man.

COMMENTS

Imlulabuma literally means "the woman from the sky." She is not found in other stories. The wallaby has a reputation for being a glutton in the Trobriand Islands. Although the wallaby population is much diminished nowadays, wallabies used to break into gardens and eat the crops. People see the wallaby's pouch as a potbelly and therefore a synonym of gluttony. Wallabies are sometimes associated with Dobuans, for Trobrianders believe there are many wallabies in the Dobu area; they also see Dobu as a more fertile land than Kiriwina and associate it with abundance, claiming that people there have potbellies "from too much eating."

SN 11 KELI (THE SAND CRAB)

A *kwanebu* folktale told by Tomdawa from Kaibola. He obtained the story from Mokawau. Originally transcribed by Bernard Mwayubu and translated by John Kasaipwalova.

SUMMARY

This is the story of a race competition between a crab and a needlefish. The crab tricks the fish with the help of other little crustaceans, but the fish finds out and eats the crab. This story explains why *keli* and all the other small crabs are nowadays eaten by fish.

Kwanebuyee Keli

Mapawena kwanebu Keli deri bwadala makala kakanukwa, kakavasila, lakum, mesila, kaimagu. Matosina makala kabulatala. Lova, inia komwedona esakaula emakaya Lova. Matowena lova lavalu Kaelawa mesiki. Minawena Keli lavalu Bwemapou mesiki. Tuta komwedona ikewakewasi wala ivataisi kidamwa ekeibigasi,

"Yokwami Keli deri samwa gala kweta kamyewau. Kuteasi waga gala bisakauli, yokwamu menimwamwau. Yakamesa lova deri bwadagwa sena minigagabila yakamesa. Bakateasi waga bisakaula." Evataisi igau ekebigasi, "Bwena, nabweya bitawitalisa tomota avela bimesa bigisedasi bitakurisimasisi Kaelawa bitatotasa bitalosaga Bwemapou." Ekeibiga besa minana Keli, "Oh bwena, gala awaka desi wala bitayokolasi nabweya."

Ilosa imasisisi manana Lova. Minana Keli ikikeli veiguwa ililaku bua iyosi bunukwa iuyaki matosine Kaelawa Keli iseki ikamsi, "Oh bwada! Nabweya karewaga balukwemi makala. Agutosayia bakavinasi wala bakapusi wala bakanawa galaga bama. Kululuwaisi ulakelola gala ikwani besa wodila wala talulukwesa mitaga bikarisawedasi. Eyokwami igau bukugisese bima nani wala bitagina kamitauya e kulosa orakaewa bukutowesa e bukululukwesa minasina oboarita."

Ekanukwenusi wala leyam gabogi, ipuporenisi Keli leokwa ipuporenisi Lova ikapusisi wala. Ikapusisi wala ivina tuwasi Keli, "Wo Keli Keli wai Keli wai Keli mai Keli mai vakota babawa bagisem."

Eyokawa minana Lova ipela wala.

Minanaga Keli ivagi wala makala babawa iwasopu wala ikanawa.

Minasinaga Kelila Bwemapou iyamwasisi egisesa wala. Egisesa ipepela oboarita eyamwasisiga ikomwenaguvasisa: Wo pu-u-u-u! Pi-yo-yu-yu!

"Avela kaimatala, yakidasi Keli kaimatala."

Ikomwenagwa ila orakaewa itigatagina sawila, minanaga Lova epepela tata ipwina matala.

Etamwau silisilila evalutu bogwa lebosa lopola, "Pu-u-u-u. Avela kaimatala? Yegu Keli kaimatala."

Iyokewaga minana Lova, "Ah bwadada, bogwa lasomata. Igau, igau bitakatuyau. Lameia kabulatala bitakatuyau bitagisi."

Ekamkwamsi leokwa emwalisa kaula iokwa itoilasi wala evinasi Bwemapou bikeita bima Kaelawa. Ivinasi leokwa itokayaga Keli ikapusi, "Oh Keli Keli wai, Keli wai. Keli Keli mai, Keli mai. Ivakota babawa bagisem."

Isamwula minana Lova orakaene wala epepela.

Iyokewaga minana Kelila Bwemapou wasopu wala kwanawa.

Iyokewasi minasina Kelila Kaelawa igisesa bogwa lema katitekina ekosunapoulasi wala, "Pu-u-u-u. Avela kamatala? Yakida Keli yamatala."

Iyokewaga minawena Lova, "Ei, bwadagu, epwina matagu lebosa lopogu. Galaga amakala bitaigaki? Bogwa ekarisawedasi."

Ekipatu biga natana kakavaku, "Ah yokwa Lova, yokwa kwaduwa, yokwami inia wala komwedona. Ke kugisesa? Ivinavinasi tasakaulasi tasomatasi, minasinaga iwasopusi wala ikanawesa."

"Bogwa lagisi. Nabweya bikebigasi tuvela uwalaku tuvela kukwapusisi kulosa itowesa kukweitasi kumesa bigisesa ambesa ewasopu."

Eyokewasiga Lova deri bwadala, "O bwada kulivalasi bibwena. Sinapu katudada ebusabusa lula ebweyani matila

evakodaledasi makawala. Bitatoilasi tagisesa. Bikanukwenu gala natana bisusu. Bitatoilasi bitakomasi wala.

Emwalisa kaula ekamkomasi leokwa.

"E nabweya ambesa ambesa bukumesa kugisemasi bakaigimkoilasi uwalaku."

Eyam gabogi ivinavinasi leokwa ekapusisi wala.

Itoila matona Keli, "Wooo. Keli Keli wai, Keli wai. Keli Keli mai, keli mai. Vakota babawa bagisem."

Ipela minana Lova inia gola isakaulasi orakaena. Iwasopu obabawa.

Mapula minana Lova ikapusi lewa olopolu valu.

Igau itovila, "Awa agisi kaena isasopa minana kakavaku?"

Ekeita wala lema imawala ikauwala yeyuna emutitani wala babawa magala emweki wala ikanukwenu. Etoila edau wala sala bikeitaisi, "Kumesa!" Lemesa wala, "Ah yokwala! Kukiwalemasi. Ebusa lupomesa ebweyani mitamesa besaga kuvakodali wala igau lagela bakakomemsi wala!" Kugisa inia komwedona kasimauna mesila, keli, kakanukwa, ave mauna ave mauna e maula besa ikomasi mauna kugisa evigaki makala kasimauna wala. Bogwa mesinaku agu kwanebu.

ENGLISH TRANSLATION

This is the story of Keli the crab and his crustacean brothers *kakanukwa*, *kakavasila*, *lakum*, *mesila*, *kaimagu*. These ones are one team. Lova the needlefish and all the other fish are on the other team. Lova's village was Kaelawa Creek, and that's where he lived. Keli's village was Bwemapou's Island. They used to quarrel when sailing, and Lova and the other fish would say, "You, Keli, and your friends are not good for anything. You make canoes that don't sail, you are too heavy. Us, Lova and the other fish, we are very light. We cut our canoe, and it sails fast." They argued and argued until Lova said, "Fine, tomorrow, we will ask people to come watch us race, a Christmas competition, we will race from Kaelawa to Bwemapou." Keli replied, "Oh, that's fine, not a problem; we will try to compete tomorrow then." Lova and the other fish went to sleep. Keli took some shell valuables, pulled off some betel nut branches, killed a pig, and took all of this to the people of Kaelawa and gave it to them to eat. Keli said, "My brothers, these are my directions for tomorrow. My competitors will get ready and start off the race, and I shall stay put instead. Remember, my movements are no match for their speed; I am only bragging to them, but the truth is they will beat us. When you see him coming, quickly blow the conch shell and go to the surface and from there warn those ones that are under the sea." They went to sleep, and when the new day came, in the morning Keli and Lova lined up, and after the count they jumped in the water and took off.

Keli said, "Wo Keli Keli wai Keli wai Keli mai Keli mai; I shall anchor at the ocean floor, and I will see you there."

Lova started racing, jumping in and out of the water. Keli the crab buried himself in the mud on the ocean floor and stayed there. Meanwhile, the other keli crabs at the finish line in Bwemapou were ready to come out. They were watching the lova

fish racing toward them, jumping in and out of the water. They timed themselves and came out of the mud and to the surface. The conch shell blew: Wo pu-u-u-u! Pi-yo-yu-yu!

"Who came first? Me, Keli. I came first."

Keli came out of the water onto the beach and celebrated with screams of joy while Lova was still jumping toward the finish line, his eyes bulging from the effort.

Lova's fish scales peeled off as he continued forward, his stomach gasping. "Pu-u-u-u. Who came first?" asked Lova.

"Me, Keli, I came first." And Lova said, "Ah, my brothers, I am tired. Later, later on, we shall make for the other end. I made it to this end; let's race to the other end, and we shall see."

They finished eating and shared food with the onlookers and got ready to turn around to race from Bwemapou Island to Kaelawa.

After the countdown, Keli jumped in the water, and Keli chanted, "Wo Keli Keli wai Keli wai Keli Keli mai Keli mai; I shall anchor at the ocean floor, and I will see you there." Lova raced forward, jumping on the surface of the sea. The Keli crab of Bwemapou stayed put under the mud in the ocean floor. Meanwhile, the Keli crab that stayed buried in the mud in Kaelawa saw Lova coming closer and got out of the mud and floated to the surface. "Pu-u-u. Who came first? I, Keli, I came first." Lova arrived at the finish line, "Ei, my brothers, my eyes are bulging, and I am gasping for breath. There is no way to do this. They have defeated us."

At that point, one of the onlookers, a *kakavaku* wood grub, spoke, "Ah, you, Lova, you *kwaduva*, you, all the fish. Did you see that? They count down, you run until you get tired, while the sand crabs bury themselves in the mud at the bottom."

"I see," replied Lova. "Tomorrow when they call for a race again, once I start running, you go back to the starting point and look where the sand crab buries itself."

All the fish, Lova's brothers, said, "Oh, our brother, tell us the right thing. Because of this big trickery our eyes are red with anger; this is how we have been deceived. We will stay there, and we will see. If they do it again, not one crab shall remain. We will stay there and eat them all."

They distributed the food among the onlookers who came to watch the race and ate it. Then they announced, "Tomorrow, come from everywhere and watch us finish the competition."

The next day, in the morning, they counted down, and Keli and Lova jumped in the sea. Keli turned around and chanted, "Wooo. Keli Keli wai, Keli wai. Keli Keli mai, keli mai. I will anchor myself, and I will see you."

Lova and the other fish jumped on the water's surface. Meanwhile, the sand crab buried himself in the mud. Lova was already halfway. He stopped and thought, "I will go and see; maybe the *kakavaku* grub was lying?" Lova came back to the starting point and shook its tail on the mud, uncovering the sand crab.

Lova turned around and called out to his friends, "Come!" They came and said, "Oh, so it was you! You tricked us. We are mad, and our eyes are red with anger; you deceived us, but today, we are going to eat you all!"

You see, nowadays, all those crabs are food for the fish; the *keli*, the *kakanukuwa*, all the small crabs get eaten by the fish, they are fish food. That's the end of my story.

COMMENTS

The coast around Kiriwina's lagoon, from Bomatu to Tukwaukwa, is littered with the shells of these crabs because, people say, "they tried to trick the fish. From that time onward, the needlefish and his friends started preying on sand crabs; that's why you can see so many crabs' shells along the coast."

SN 16 SOPI, KOVA (WATER, FIRE)

A *kwanebu* folktale told by Towalesa, a man from Kaibola. Originally transcribed and translated by Veronica Lepani.

SUMMARY

Water and fire argue until water puts fire out. This is a popular story, mentioned by Malinowski in *The Sexual Lives of Savages* (1987 [1929]: 339). People commented, "Water is more ancient than fire, more powerful; that's why it quenches fire. Fire is very fiery, but the one with real strength is water."

Kwanebuyee Sopi, Kova

Isisusa sosola lubela ivataisi kasiteyu taga sena bwena sisusu. Ekebiga sola, "Bagabwem!"

Ekebiga sola, "Wa balouwem yegu tobwabogwa yegu balouwem. Yokwa gwadi yokwa."

"A gala bagabwem."

Isimwesa eyam. Emasisisi eyam gabogi sosola ivakapulasi kasi ikamkwamsi iwokuwa imesa wabwema isilisa itomwesa ivataisi.

Kawala sola, "Bagabwem!"

Kawala sola, "Balouwem!"

Iuvalutusi wala bogwa ikomnigaga sopi kulouwa kova kukwaliga isimwaga sopi. Iyosi valu isiyem.

ENGLISH TRANSLATION

Fire and water lived together, and though they quarreled often, they seemed to be happy together. Fire would say, "I shall burn you." And water would answer, "I shall put you out, for I am older and bigger, you're younger."

"No, I will burn you," fire would say. This went on day after day.

They went to sleep, and the next morning, after eating, they went to the resting house, and they started arguing again. Fire said to his friend water, "I am going to burn you!" And water in turn threatened to put its friend fire out, "I will extinguish

you!" This argument continued until one day water was fed up, and being stronger, it overpowered fire and put it out. Water prevailed and became the chief of the place.

SN 17 TAPANAYA (A WOMAN'S NAME)

A *kwanebu* folktale told by Bunuvagola, a man from Luwe-bila. Originally transcribed by Veronica Lepani and translated by John Kasaipwalova.

SUMMARY

A group of women take off their clitorises to work in the gardens. Each clitoris is individualized and personalized in the story (they have decorations, wear necklaces, etc.). A man from Bwetalu steals Tapanaya's clitoris (the biggest one), but with the help of her friends Tapanaya manages to recover it by going from village to village, dancing, and calling out loud for it.

Kwanebuyee Tapanaya

Kwanebuyee Tapanaya deli budala. Ikausa mgogula pwakova. Okupukopu mesisikeyasa. Sibagula katikinela sivalu. Imasisisi e kaukwau imamatasi ikakayasi ibowabowasi itokeyasi. Iuvalutusi wala kasikatunigula ilosa isiwesa. Isisusa iluki bwadala etolisa ekiluwesa kasikasasa. Ikikiluwesa ikogugulisa. Ikugwala ikiluwa Tapanaya, ila osibula.

Itokeyasiga bwadala ikikiluwasu wala ilovalovasi wala otapwala iyosi sala idubalisa. Iligemwesa igugugula ilosaga ibagulasi. Ibugubagulasi wala ekwayai lemesa ekamkwamsi iuwewasasi iwokuwa. Itokeyala Tapanaya itoli ikolovai. Ikau ketala ikolai. "Avelo mekeno?"

"Agubwaledima simwa!"

Ikau wala ikatuwilatu ima isimwa ilitakiga ketala. "Avelo mekeno? Simwa kala bowa!"

"O yegwe tuwada."

Ekatuwilatu emwa isimwa, elitakiga ketala. "O avela mekeno? Elupagega pilatala!"

"O yegwe tuwada."

Ikolai iwokuwa wala ilokeyaga sibula mekena ekanukwenu. "Tapanaya! Tapanaya! Kutokeya kuma."

Itokeya ima ilupi wala ivitau. E galaga tavitubololasi. Ivatubololasi ilosa osivalu deli bwadala. Emasisisi kaukwau etokeyasi. Ibowabowasi iwokuwa ikolekusi. Iuvalutusi wala okasikatuniguri ilosa isiwesa. Ikakuleyasi iwokuwa itolisa wala kiluwa makesina mna kasesa. Ikikiluwesa iligiyemwasi ogugulela igugugula ilosaga ibagulasi. E bugubagulasi ekwayai lemesa ikamkwamsi evenokusi itoli kolova tuwasi.

"O avela mekeno? Kalakuwekuwa otapwala wala esipusa!"

"O yegwe tuwada."

Keulala imwa ikatuwalatu elitakiga ketala. "O avela mekeno? Kalabowa bweyani."

"O yegwe tuwada." Ilitaki wala ikatuwilatu imwa isim. Eiyosi evinaku edau lema mekena manana m makawala dowala store ilupi wala ivitau ivatubololasi Ilosa osivalu.

E matonaga Tobwetalu Bwetalo mesisiki. Ilagi bulagala Tapanaya deli bwadala ekausa mgogula kayasa itokeya wala, "Bala ayuusi." Iligalega rekorekwa itokeyaga.

Ibakwabakwa wala oyosewa ila itowa. Ibugubagulasi wala ekwayai ilosa o valu. Emmasisisiwa emamatasi ikakayasi iputumaputumasi ibowabowasi lemesa. Ilosa isilisa okasikatunigula. Itotaga igigisi. Itolisa wala kiluwa ikikiluwesa ivenokusi e ikogugulisa igugugula ilosaga ibagulasi. Ibugubagulasi ekwayai lemesa. Ilosa ibugubagulasi lemega matona tobwetalu. Ikosau wala bwadala kekikekita lemvesa ilokeyaga mekena osibula Tapanaya ilupi wala isewayi oyavila keda. Isakawali mekena kasesa isakawali wa Bwetalo ila isiyewa. Ekwayai evenokusi bagula. Ikolova budala. Ikukolova iwokuva. Edou minawena makewena idodou wala itubwa lopola. Esisalisa tuwaga esilakopwisa, esisalisa yogilamwesa esilakopwisa, esisalisa woma esilakopwisa. Gala wala bogwa wala etamwau gala ivatakula ibukusi deli bwadala emema si valu ilosa. Elosa ikamkwamsi ivokuva itoli iluwawala, "Eh bwadagwa, nabweya bitaseyemwasi kamnumonu. Nabweya kaukwau bitamasisisi bitamamatasi bitauvalutusi odabala kekwa kukwalaisi biwokuva bitamilamalasi wala Tukwaukuwa." Imasisisi kaukwau imamatasi emwesa ikatubayasasi emesa odabala kekwa ikikalaisi ivokuva ivilobusisi deli bwadala ikalipoisi wala ikikewosisi ititainago olilagavalu.

"Tapanaya! Tapanaya!" Gala. Itoli katupotalavalu, "Tapanaya! Tapanaya!" Gala. Itaini Tukwaukuwa itapatu. "Kualovasi bwadagwa. Milamala keta udiudila yata bwenwaila. Talosa Teyava." Ivatubololasi Teyava. Itagina kesosau ikikewosisi ibwadala itainago olilagavaluitoli katupoi, "Tapanaya! Tapanaya!" Gala. "Tapanaya! Tapanaya!" Itaini Teyava itapu. "Kualovasi bwadagwa milamala yata bwebwaila keta udiudila."

Iseyeli wala Oyuveyova, Kapwapu, Kudukwekela, Gumilababa, Wabutuma. Iuvalutusi wala Bwetalu ivilobusisi ikalipoisi bwadala. Ikikewosisi itainago olilagavalu itoli ikatupoi okadumalaga. "Tapanaya!" Gala. "Tapanaya!" Gala.

Itainala Bwetalu lela iuvalutu isekela manikwa boala omatala ikatupoi wala, omatala mkwena ekanukwenu. Iyokewala ikanumwelisa mekwena youdila oyavila mtowena Tapanaya. Itowadenigo itola idouga, "Tapanaya!"

Eyokewaga ikanukwenu okalamwebuwa Tobwetalu, "U! U! ekatu u." Iseyewa tumtum gala iseyewa tumtum gala mekotuniya yavila mekwena ekosunapula lema ilupema ivitau. "E galaga kualovasi bwadagwa! Kualovasi bitalosa bogwa labani." Ivatubololasi osivalu.

ENGLISH TRANSLATION

This is the story of Tapanaya, a woman, and her fellow women followers. Back in the day, Tapanaya and other women decided to have a gardening competition. These women were all from the village of Okupukopu, and their gardens were near the village. During the gardening competition people worked

communally in the gardens. Tapanaya and her followers woke up every morning, washed, decorated their faces, and set off to the gardens. They walked to their favorite shade tree and sat down to rest before starting their work.

While they rested, Tapanaya told her sisters to take off their clitorises. They took them off and heaped them together. Tapanaya took hers off first and put into the basket at the very bottom. They left them lying about in that basket and went to work the new garden plots. They gardened until evening, and when they finished, they started heading back to the village.

After they had rested under the tree, Tapanaya stood up and started distributing their respective clitorises from the basket. She took them one by one and called out the owner, "Whose is this, the one with the colors?" "Hey, that one is mine, my big sister!"

The woman took it, put it on again, and sat back under the tree. Then Tapanaya picked up another one, "Whose is this? This one too is painted!"

"Oh, that one is mine, my sister," another woman said. She took it, put it on, and went to sit down under the tree. Then Tapanaya picked up another one, "Whose is this one? One side is bigger than the other!"

"Oh, it's mine, my sister!" Tapanaya distributed them all, until at last she came to the bottom of the basket. Her clitoris was sleeping there.

She called her clitoris, "Tapanaya! Tapanaya! Rise and come to me." Her clitoris rose up; she lifted it and put it on.

"Let us go now," Tapanaya said. They stood up and went back to their village. They slept, and in the morning they rose and started getting ready for another day of work in the gardens. They washed, decorated their faces, and set off. They came to their shade tree and sat down to eat. After they had their breakfast, they started taking off their clitorises. They took them all off, heaped them together in that basket, and went to work in the gardens. In the evening, after they had finished working in the new plots, they returned to Okupukopu to have their meal and rest. After they had eaten, their leader Tapanaya began distributing their clitorises, "Oy, whose is this one? The one wearing a necklace on its back!"

"Oh, that's mine, my sister!" The owner took it and put it on while Tapanaya picked up another one. "Whose one is this? The one with red decorations!"

"Oh, it's mine, my sister!" The woman picked it up, put it on, and sat down.

Tapanaya finished distributing the other clitorises and finally called up her own. It was as big as a store door. She lifted it up and put it back on. Then they each walked to their house and went to sleep. Meanwhile, in Bwetalu Village lived a man called Tobwetalu.

He heard the name of Tapanaya and her followers and how they were holding a gardening competition. So one day he rose and told himself, "I must go and see them!" The roosters were singing when he left his village. He walked in the darkness and came to the limits of the garden. There he stood hiding. When

the women of Okupukopu woke up, they washed themselves; they oiled their bodies and put on all their decorations. When they were ready, they came to the garden. They walked and came to their favorite shade tree and sat down. Meanwhile, Tobwetalu was hiding in the bush, watching them. The women started taking their clitorises off and heaping them together. When they were done, they went to work in the garden. While they were working, Tobwetalu came to their heap of clitorises. He threw aside the small clitorises of Tapanaya's followers and finally came to the bottom of that basket where Tapanaya's big one lay. He picked it up and placed it inside his *yobuwa* pubic leaf, near his penis, and headed for his home. He ran and ran with that clitoris to Bwetalu, where he kept it. In the evening, the women finished working in the garden and gathered around the tree. Tapanaya started distributing her sisters' clitorises. When she was done, she called out for her own. She called and called until she ran out of breath. They searched under the rocks, they searched under the leaves, and they searched the topsoil. But they found nothing. The clitoris was lost. They didn't say a word, and they walked to their village in the dark. After eating, Tapanaya stood up and spoke, "My sisters, we shall put aside the weeding in the gardens. Tomorrow morning, when we wake up, we will go to the shade tree. You will don feathers in your hair and put on all your decorations. We will go to Tukwaukwa Village for a festival dance." They woke up the next morning, washed, and went to put their feathers and their decorations on at their usual shade tree. When they finished, they walked toward the village. They made their entrance in Tukwaukwa, and Tapanaya and her followers began dancing. While her sisters danced, Tapanaya walked around the limits of the village calling out for her clitoris, "Tapanaya! Tapanaya!" But there was no answer, and she moved on. "Tapanaya! Tapanaya!" Nothing. She circled the whole Tukwaukwa Village. After realizing her search was in vain, she said, "My sisters, stop dancing. The prizes in this festival are small. All they have is a bunch of bananas and some green coconuts. Let's go to Teyava Village instead."

So they turned toward Teyava. While the drums were being beaten and her followers danced, Tapanaya went around all the houses calling out, "Tapanaya! Tapanaya!" Nothing. "Tapanaya! Tapanaya!" No answer. She walked around all of Teyava Village. She then came up to her sisters and said, "Stop dancing my followers; this festival is so lame, the prize is only one green coconut and a bunch of bananas."

Tapanaya and her followers went from festival to festival. They danced at Oyueyova, Kapwapu, Kudukwekela, Gumilababa, and Wabutuma. They finally came to Bwetalu. Tapanaya's followers danced while she went around the houses. She started asking in the farthest corner of the village. "Tapanaya!" No answer. "Tapanaya!" Nothing.

She eventually came to the house next to Tobwetalu's house, and she shouted, "Tapanaya! Tapanaya!" The clitoris stirred inside Tobwetalu's *yobuwa* pubic leaf.

She came closer and called, "Tapanaya!" The clitoris replied from Tobwetalu's *yobuwa*, "U! U! U!" Tobwetalu tried to hold

it down. He tried and tried, but he could not hold it. The clitoris tore his *yobuwa* and came out. Tapanaya lifted it up and put it on.

"Stop dancing, my sisters. Stop dancing! I have found it!" Tapanaya and her sisters returned to their village in triumph. And that's the end of my story.

COMMENTS

According to Malinowski (1987 [1929]: 337), "The clitoris is a favourite subject for jokes, stories and allusions." This story is not the only one in this collection to feature a removable clitoris (see SN 195 *Katakera*).

SN 18 KIBI (A MAN'S NAME; NAME OF A CONSTELLATION)

A *kwanebu* folktale told by Togineta, a man from Kaibola. Originally transcribed by Veronica Lepani and translated by Stanley Antonio Bunaimata.

SUMMARY

Karawata, the daughter of the chief of Mloseda in Kiriwina, hears about the beauty of Kibi, a man from Muyuwa (Woodlark Island). Kibi has also heard about Karawata's beauty, so he sails to the Trobriands, and after she fails to recognize him, he paddles back to Muyuwa. Karawata swims behind Kibi's canoe all the way. She hides on the beach until Kibi's mother helps her beautify herself, and she marries Kibi in Muyuwa.

Kwanebuyee Kibi

Matona tau guyola Mloseda. Isisusola lakwawa Ivalululu litusi vivila. Edokasi yagala Karawata. Isisusa Isisusa bogwa inaveka minana, vivila e komwedona deri sala bilolasa bimwasawasa. Matona Kibi omyuwa mesiki. E mapela iyoyu bulagala sena tominibweta. Iyoyu bulagala ima ilagisa e mapela minana Karawata esisu Mloseda mitaga bulagala ikaribusi kelilagwa. Ilokeya Kibi omyuwa elagi. E mapela bilosa deri sala bimwasawasi tuta komwedona makala sita ikaponaisi pela Kibi. E tuta bikeitasi bimesa deri bisisusa inanamsasi mtona wa tomota. E mapelaga Kibi ilagisa bulagala Karawata deri sala bilosa bimwasawasi e bilivalasi pela Karawata. Avela sita bigisi Karawata kana bikabikwani wowola. E mapela esisu kwetala tuta matona Kibi eluki inala, ekebiga, "Ina! Adoki biboda bwena bala bagisi minana vivila sena eyoyu bulagala ema. E bala agisi minana." E inala elivala, "O latugu gala bibwadi, sena kaduwinoma lavalu." Ekaibiga, "Gala inagu, igwadegu wala balaokaya." E tabusi matona Kibi iwola iwola kalayam kalabogi. E iselaguva Mloseda. Mapelaga minana Karawataderi sala ilosa imwasawasi bogwa elubulatola ekeitasi bimasisi e ibodaga etalagwa matona. Esui Karawata ikanukwenu okabala

evalagulaga Kibi. Ima ivaguri besa minana. Kwayai kana makala olubulatola ivaguri. Ivaguri bogwa elagi etota okwaukweda. “Karawata yegu Kibi, kumakeya.” Karawata ekai biga, “Avela yokwa kusasopa? Migim makala Kibi.”

Omyuwa esisu. E itomwa imwamwai ivaguri. Ivaguri makawala elivala, “Karawata, yegu Kibi latota, kusunapula kumakayeagu, tabigatona bala.” E Karawata gala itaguala ekai biga, “Avela yokwa kusasopa? Makal migim Kibi! Omyuwa esisu eyayoyu bulagala.” Mapela itota ivaguri ila bogwa eyam eh, katitekina bogwa ekatubayasa bivabusi.

Mapela inanamsa manana Karawata ekai biga, “Bwena basunapula bawa agisi kana mokwita Kibi kana ave tomota?” Esunapula Karawat itoli osikaukwenda deri veyala egisi kapoula tau. Bogwa evabusi okawalawa. Mapela ekai biga, “Bogwa kana matona?” Iwokeya itoli kudula kawalawa igisi bogwa eritaki lawaga ebia. Ebia bogwa lewa idou, idou itovila egisi gala avaka tuvela eluki ibia lawaga isila. Isila itabusi isilabusi igau minana Karawataitoli idou besa matona, “O Kibe-e, Kibi Kibi talu taluna Kibi Kibi you you! Mwanemu e mwanegu! Gunemwana Kibi sinapweguya.” Esivila matona Kibi eluki, “O Karawata! Napiyeyem napiyeyegu. Kweita kula omelu bala oguvelu. Amebogwo sena kwayai, igadegu nim, ibwesigu segu segu, epunikegu moanita. Nagela kuyuma kuyuma. Kibi simwala ilesi Muyuwa.” E ivola ivola ikayaga minana. Eulaola ikakaya minana. Isomata idou, “O Kibi, Kibi Kibe-e, Kibi Kibi talu taluna Kibi Kibi you you! Mwanemu e mwanegu! Gunemwana Kibi sinapweguya.” Esivila matona, “O Karawata! Napiyeyem napiyeyegu. Kweita kula omelu bala oguvelu. Amebogwo sena kwayai, igadegu nim, ibwesigu segu segu, epunikegu moanita. Nagela kuyuma kuyuma. Kibi simwala ilesi Muyuwa.” E mapela inala isisu eturi latula, “Ois, latugu sena nabwenigu rewa kena bogwa eveyasi minakilivila kana ekatamatisi.” Esisu mapelaga iulaola bogwa e katikeninila lasivalu sola inala mitalagwa e vivilaga ekekaya wala ekau iseki, “O Kibi, Kibi Kibe-e, Kibi Kibi talu taluna Kibi Kibi you you! Mwanemu e mwanegu! Gunemwana Kibi sinapweguya.” E italagwa matona ibibia lawaga osivalu sola inala ila orakaena.

Ikeula lagugua ikomwenagwa kayala guva minawena. Bogwa ikakeya wala itaritururi dabela itamwau. E bogwa ibasi numta otapwala komwedona namigaga. E mapela iwokaya tau bo ekomwenaguva. Iyekuli lawaga ebibia ikeibiga, “O bogwa lela.” Imakeya gala amakala bila ovalu iwa iuri morovau. Iuri ilaga isiwa. Mapelaga evalagwa iwa olaboala inala ivaguri ekaibiga “Ina!” Ekau biga inala, “Avela yokwa?”

“Ah inagu yegu Kibi.”

“Kwaturi.”

“Oh bogwa lama. Atalawa lawa, awokeya ikanukwenu. Latomo kwayai, avaguri, kalayam yam kweyu. Eyam kaukwau esunapula lema egisegu. Awola lakugwa ekakaya oluvi. Edodou wala baridagi. Gala wa. Ekakaya wala lavilutu wala lama. Kena bogwa latalagwa odakawalawa e lemaga kana bogwa ikomasi kwau kana eseki.” Isuvi ila imasisi ekanamwa inala. Ekanukwenu eyam kaukwau ekebiga, “Bala agisi latugu velina eweya wowola lela.” Ivabusi lema ima iyekuli latula bakwela

lawaga bakwela matona eokwa imakeyaga kweyuwela bakwai iyekuri. Euri morobau imokaya esisu. Ekeibiga, “Me!”

“Weee, yegula! Ewala Kibi ekolegu ewola wala ekugwa lakakayaga oluvi. Ladodou wala gala. Iwola lewa e lasisuga.”

“O yegulaga inala yegu Kibi.”

Elivala, “O bwena kuma bitala ovalu.”

Ekebiga, “O gala. Galaga bitala ovalu. Kugisa wowogu sena gaga kalagigisa.” E mapela elivala wala epeki. Isiwa ekomwenawuwaga ema ovalu. Imokayaga latula emasisi. Gala iviguri, emasisi wala. Ikeulaga kaidobu, doba ikeita. Ila ikarisi wowola itamwau besa kala numta kala kilauwa avaka avaka komwedona. E lelelia gola iloki Karawata isimwa. E imaga iviguri latula ekebiga, “Muwa! Kutokaiwa. Kukeula mgugua. Lakatubiyasi wala larigewa okwadewa. Kula kukeula lasuwaya obuneyova ekanukwenu. Mkaikela, mkawala e kula kukeula.” E bogwa eivinaku talilisi minawena ila isiwa obunatolu. Bwena esisu. E elivalaga latula, “Ois, kula wala kukwau, bogwa lasomata.”

“Gala, kuvabusi wala kukeula mgugua.” Kominimanisi wala sola inala bogwa ekomirigaga inala etobusi wala ekabi evabusi okwadewa. Ilola iwokeya lawaga kaiokwa ekebiga, “Ambesa mesikiya numwaya ula gugua?” Etadoya igau obunatolu ekowana igisi lagugua bikeula. Ikululu imokeya esisu Karawata. Gala kweta kokeula gugua ilai gugua besa ikanukwenu. Ivegaga ila kanikela vivila itanawesa wala. Ikanawesa kaukwau ikanukwenu gola ibugiki wala e ibugiki eyam. Etulaga inala gala isulusulu kaula ikeula ivabusi. Evabusi lela ewa elivala bikam epeki. Epeki wala gala magila kamkwam. Gala wala magila bikanukwenusi sola vivila. E isisu isisula kalatalasi okwadewa ikalayusa ikeita lema keya lamwala iluki, “Latuda bogwa lewakeya minana talivalisa elivalisa gola deri sala ebogwala lemeya okwadewa esisusa.” Itori tamala eluwawala. Ekeibiga, “E bwadagu kabulatala kabulayu valu nabweya kuwolasi yabwaya ogukaukweda wala bitobu kuivayobasi gola obuneyova sogu latugu e bisunapula latugu bilakori lakwava bimesa.” Eyam wala itolisa eseguyesa yabwaia. Ewolisa leokwa eyowasi osibunatolu sola latula. Etokaiwa tamala sala tetala ekeibiga, “Kusunupwali mkwava bitalau ovalu bigisesa tomota.” Kabikaula itokaiva. Sola tamala minawena etola tamala itowala minana ivaboda nim matona. E lemesa wakeda ilolasa avetuta ivilobusisi ovalu gala yomala kala yakaula minana vivila pela sena naminibweta. Lakawalisa e ivakolisa iweya isiyegwa. Iweya isiyegwa omyuwa.

ENGLISH TRANSLATION

That man is the chief of Mloseda; he lives there with his wife. They were living in Mloseda when the chief's wife gave birth to a child, a baby girl. They called that girl Karawata. The years passed, and that girl grew up. Karawata enjoyed playing with all her friends. At the same time this story takes place, there was a boy named Kibi. Kibi lived in Muyuwa (Woodlark Island). He was still young, but his fame was already spreading widely across the islands. Kibi was said to be a very handsome young man. News about Kibi eventually came all the way to Kiriwina.

Karawata too had heard about that famed Kibi of Muyuwa. And the truth is, stories about her beauty were also spreading far and wide across the islands. But Karawata just stayed put in her village; only her renown traveled around. One day word about her beauty reached Kibi at Muyuwa. Back on Woodlark Island he heard about Karawata.

Day after day, when Karawata goes to play with her friends, they talk about how much they like that Kibi. They all joke about how one day they will marry Kibi from Muyuwa.

When Karawata goes back to the house, she cannot help but to think about that boy Kibi. And meanwhile, the same goes for Kibi, back on his island. When he goes to play with his friends, they all talk about Karawata and how one day they will marry her. Kibi then goes back to his house, and all he can think about is Karawata. He wants to see this Karawata who has become his obsession.

One day Kibi makes up his mind and says to his mother, "Mother, I think it is alright for me to go and see that girl; her news is spreading far and wide, and I am resolved to meet her in person." Kibi's mother replied, "Oh! My son, that's not a good idea. She lives in Kiriwina; her place is too far."

"No, mother, I've made up my mind. It is fine for me to go to her," Kibi said. And so Kibi got his things ready and paddled into the sea. He paddled and paddled. He paddled for nights and days until he reached his destination. He pulled up his canoe in Mloseda Village one late evening. Karawata was playing with her friends, and late in the night they all came back to sleep. That was about the time when Kibi was just pulling up his canoe at Mloseda. Karawata went inside the hut and lay down while Kibi was walking around the empty village, for everybody had gone to sleep already. Kibi came to her house and woke her up from her sleep. Karawata didn't know if it was early in the morning or very late at night when he woke her up. He woke her up, and she heard him talking, but she didn't know if she was still sleeping and dreaming it. She heard Kibi talk outside the house. "Karawata, I'm Kibi. Come out, come to me." Confused, Karawata replied, "Who are you, and why are you trying to deceive me? Why are you borrowing a face like the face of the real Kibi? I know he lives in Muyuwa, so who are you?" And Karawata went back to sleep, convinced this was just an impostor. Kibi was standing there, standing outside her hut and trying to wake her up again. He repeated, "Karawata, I am Kibi; it's me, standing here. You come out to me, let's talk, and I will go." But Karawata refused and said, "Who are you, trying to trick me, with a face like the face of the real Kibi whom I know is in Muyuwa? His fame is spreading around, but he is not here in Mloseda." Kibi tried to convince Karawata all night long that it was really him. He went on and on until it was nearly daytime, when he finally packed his things up and started walking back to the beach. Karawata woke up once again and thought about it all when she finally said to herself, "Alright, I will come out to see whether it is Kibi or somebody else." So Karawata came out in front of her house and saw the back of Kibi going down to the beach. She said to herself, "He looks like a stranger. Maybe that's him after

all?" She followed him, and when she reached the beach, she saw him clearly; he had already reached his canoe, and he was pushing it into the sea.

Kibi pushed his canoe into the sea as Karawata was coming behind and calling him.

She called, and he turned around. He saw her but said nothing; he pushed his canoe and got in. He got in, and he paddled away into the sea. Karawata jumped in the water and stood there calling him, "Oh, Kibi, Kibi with reddened lips, Kibi! Kibi! My husband, my husband, he deceived me!" Kibi turned around and told her, "Oh, Karawata, you deceived me, you did. I was sitting behind your house, waiting for you, and mosquitoes bit me all night long. I was sitting behind your house, and sand flies bit me all night long. I was sitting at your place, and I got stung by all the bugs. Today, I turn my back on you and go back to my place. Kibi is the husband of the Muyuwa girls!"

And thus, Kibi paddled ahead, and Karawata swam behind, trying to reach his canoe. As the boy paddled in his canoe, Karawata was swimming behind. She was swimming, swimming, and she got tired of swimming, so she called out, "Kibi Kibi Kibi! Kibi Kibi! My husband, oh my husband, he deceived me!" He turned and sang, "Oh, Karawata, you deceived me, you did! I was sitting behind your house, and mosquitoes stung me! I was sitting behind your house, and sand flies bit me! I was sitting at your place, waiting for you to come out, and all the insects of your village bit me! Today, you shall turn around, and I will go back to Muyuwa; Kibi is the husband of the Muyuwa girls!"

And he paddled on; he paddled with Karawata in tow. He paddled, paddled, and paddled, and Karawata swam behind. She was getting tired, so she called out again, "Oh, Kibi Kibi Kibi! Kibi, Kibi! My husband, my husband, he deceived me!" And once again Kibi turned around and sang his reply, "Oh, Karawata, you deceived me, you did! I was sitting behind your house all night long, and the sand flies bit me! I was sitting behind your house, and the mosquitoes stung me! I was sitting at your place, and all the bugs of your village bit me! Today, you shall turn around, and I will go back! Kibi is the husband of Muyuwa girls!"

Meanwhile, Kibi's mother was waiting for her son back in Muyuwa. "My son is very late. He went to Kiriwina, and maybe the people of Kiriwina killed him, and he is just lying there, far from home." She waited while Kibi was paddling. He was getting close to his place, and the girl Karawata was swimming behind him, reaching for him and holding on to his canoe. "Oh, Kibi Kibi Kibi, my husband Kibi Kibi! My husband, my husband, he deceived me!"

He replied, "Oh, Karawata, you deceived me, you! I was sitting behind your village, and mosquitoes bit me! I was sitting behind your house, and sand flies bit me! I was sitting at your place all night long, and all the bugs of your village bit me! Today you must turn around and go back to your place; Kibi is the husband of Muyuwa girls!" He paddled up and pulled his canoe up on the beach, close to his village.

He collected his things from the canoe and went up to the village as Karawata swam ashore. While she was swimming, her fiber skirt had fallen off and gotten lost. And marine fungus and algae were growing all over her back. Seashells had stuck to her, and she looked ugly. When she came to the beach, she found that the boy had already gone up to the village; she followed the prints of his canoe and said, "Oh, he's already gone." Karawata realized that she could not go to the village and show herself naked and covered in algae and shells, so she opened the big lily leaves of a nearby plant and she sat on them. Kibi went to his mother's house and woke her up; his mother said, "Who are you?"

"My mother, it is me, Kibi."

"My son. How did it go?" she asked.

"Oh, I came back. I paddled and got there, and she was sleeping. I tried to wake her up early in the night. I insisted until daybreak. In the morning, she came out to see me. I paddled ahead, and she swam behind me. When she called out, I refused to pick her up. She swam, and I carried on; I don't know if she made it or if sharks ate her, I do not know." Kibi went inside to sleep, and his mother stayed there, thinking. The next morning Kibi's mother said to herself, "I shall go and see what made my son want to go see this girl so badly." She went down to the beach; she followed the marks of her son's canoe and his footprints on the sand, and she found Karawata sitting on the big *morobau* lilies. She said, "Woman, who are you?" Karawata replied, "I swam behind. I called him, but he kept on paddling all the way here, and now I am staying here. I have no place to go."

"It's alright. I am Kibi's mother. Come, we will go to the village."

But Karawata replied, "No, we cannot go to the village. You see, my body looks very bad. I am ashamed!" So she refused to come up to the village. Kibi's mother came back to the village alone. Her son was still sleeping, and she did not wake him up.

While he was still sleeping, Kibi's mother grabbed her *kai-dou* shell scraper and a fiber skirt, and she went down to the beach. She shaved off the shells and the algae that were clinging to Karawata's body. The beauty of the real Karawata came out as Kibi's mother scraped her body. When she was done, she left Karawata there on the beach and came back to the village. She woke her son up and said to him, "You go and get your things. I prepared them and left them on the beach. You go and get them, so I can put them in the shed, your paddles and your poles for punting the canoe. Go get them." Once Karawata had been shaved off from the marine weeds and shells, she went into the shed for the canoes. Meanwhile, Kibi argued with his mother, "No, you go and take them; I am tired."

"No," his mother insisted, "you go down and get your things."

They were arguing this way until Kibi's mother won, so he had no choice but to go collect his things down at the beach.

He walked, and when he reached his canoe, it was empty, and he thought, "Oh, where did that woman put my things?" He peeped into the shed and looked up and saw his things, and he was about to take them when he looked down and saw

Karawata sitting there. He was immediately overcome with love for her. He threw the things down and fell onto the girl, and they lay there. They lay there from the morning until it was night, and then they stayed there yet another day. His mother was waiting for them back in the village, but seeing they were not coming, she cooked some food and went to the beach. She went down and told her son to eat some, but he refused. She told Karawata to eat, but she, too, refused. They were not hungry; all they wanted to do was to lie in each other's arms. They stayed there for one day and a second day, and the mother went to her husband and told him, "Our son went to the girl that he and his friends were talking about, and she came back with him, and they are staying at the beach." His father stood up and commanded the villagers, "My brothers, from one to the other end of the village, tomorrow you will weave coconut fronds and spread them from my house to our veranda. This is for my son. And my son shall lead his wife out." The next day they cut down the coconut leaves. They wove them and started to spread them on the ground until they reached the platform. Kibi's father went to see him, saying, "Son, bring out your wife, and we shall take her to the village and let the people see her."

Kibi agreed and went with his father and the girl, his father leading, the girl in the middle, and him behind. They walked on the road, and when they arrived in the village, the people praised Karawata because her beauty was unmatched. They never stopped praising her. Kibi led her to the chiefly platform; they stayed in the village. He married her, and they lived happily there at Muyuwa.

COMMENTS

Kibi is a very well known Trobriand folktale. It is so popular that there are songs and dances that enact Kibi (Figure 70). One of them was performed in December 2016 by a group of dancers from Yalumgwa at the closing of Kiriwina High School in Losuia. Karawata is one of the most common names in Kiriwina.

RELEVANT VOCABULARY:

gunemwa
Kibi
morobau
mwanemwe
sebabali
talutaluna
tokekai

SN 19 KABASAI (A MAN'S NAME)

A *kwanebu* folktale told by Monikou from Kaibola. He obtained the story from Moigibwela. Originally transcribed by Veronica Lepani and translated by Emmanuel Giyomatala.

FIGURE 70. Dancers rehearse Kibi under the guidance of Rachel Ibwedoga in Mwadaosi hamlet (Yalungwa). (Photo by Sergio Jarillo.)

SUMMARY

The story narrates a Kula epic in which a man from Kitava is marooned in Dobu by his jealous in-laws. There, he meets a blind man with a magic bamboo canoe who helps him get back to his village.

Kwanebuyee Kabasai

E Kabasai lavalu Novau [Kitava]. Tiliabogwa lavalu Tutauna [Dobu], tokwau. Esisu Kabasai Novau. Tiliabogwa Tutauna esisu. Ivai Kabasai. Ikau isikelasi bagula ibugubagulasi lela ivai iyokwa e ikavatamsi bogwa leokwa ekapusi siwaga itakubila bikulasi deri lavevai. Ilausa mapilana omyuwa, epilipalisi lavevai pilatala pilata iuvayola evakasau tala. Iluwelepelasi kwetala valu epilipalisi pilatala valu lavevai iuvayola evakasau yuwela. E iluwelepelasi sivalu kwetala makawala. Ipilipalisi pilatala lavevai pilatalaga iuvayola. Evakasau tolula. Ekeitasi lemesa isakaulasi Novau ikotasi.

Ibilagwasi igitenigesi Kabasai vasi mwali evakasewa beyawa. E isekela takaewa Dobu takulasi soulava. Etitapusa kaula lavevai ekumkumlasu iyokwa eyam edadodigasi usi, tou ila bisilasa Dobu wala. Isakaulasi Dobu ikotasi kalabiga ipiriparisi pilatala lavevai, pilatala iuvayola. Ivakasau tala Bagidou. Eselisa wala emeyasi. Iyosisa wala Tiliabogwa olavalu Tutauna. Imokeyasa kasisopi bimomsi gala, bogwa elomatala bikewasi bimesa. Lima Kabasai, lima luvatala iboda Bagidou. Lavevai iagu wala, memirisi kwetolu, kweyu, kwetala. Igibuluasi lavevai kalabiga ipogisa Tutauna. Ikomenawasi lavevai ikilikilisi kasisopi iyokwa.

“Kukwausa kadasopisi, kalasopi gala bukukwausa.”

Ilosa ikilikilisi kasisopi leokwa ekedodigasi ikululu igisi ogebobwa kalasopi. “Ah, agusopi avaka pela gala kukwausa?”

“O kutobusi bwena kula kugola.”

Elosaga ipwapweyasi manakwa sopi imigisa gala wa. Ikau kalasopi isilabusi ikomenaguwa wala ivalaguwa wala itausa kai. Ivatuwasi kai iyokwa ekaderisa silaya ikanukwenu. Ekirikiri gola evabusi okibobau. Kalabiga omataguvagava egisisaga evasilakasa matala. Emema tapwaima kenaya ikatupatu

kaidawa. Esiwa wala Kabasai. Esisu wala elagigu makena bobau lema. “E katala katala katala katala. Yovasi Yovasi. Esilaga waga awa amkwu dabam.”

“O, ta makaena bobau wala taga tomota gala.” Itomwa wala, itota wala ilagiga, “Katala katala katala. Yovasi yovasi yovasi esilaga waga awa amkwu dabam. Gulu-gulu-gulu!”

“Bwada! Ave valuga takota? Tutauna?”

“Oi nagula, nagula bima. Kubia waga bima.”

Isilabusi e ulemwa makaena bobau kalabiga ilokibakwari wala nagula. “Lema lelai kubia. Tabiasi waga.”

“Avaka kaesai? Muluboyuwa.” E biritaki kalabiga

“Igala bagisi. Bagisi kalumwaleta wala.” Ima kalabiga egisi kalumwaleta ibibia ekaturigai lawaga kalabiga.

“Kuvatisa yabia, karikula bimwa nakuwa tamweyesa ikikirisa bisulusa nanakwa.” Moluboyuwa vakaelo Pilolu litameyesa. E isui kwetinigesi yabia ikau ikatusunapula keda wala.

“Bogwa tabiasi waga bikanukwenu tavalaguvasi tawesa takikilisa yabia isulu takamsi.” Isivila kalabiga isui olaboala ikikiri yabia leokwa.

“Tolem luya tau kukurikwari. Kai kuoataota. Kailagila kuwawai?”

Moluboyuwa bwadagwa bogwa lalivala. “Ke Pilolu kwevekala takaveyesa tayayosasigu tabilagwasi.”

“Igala bagisi ave solaya.”

“Gala bogwala kala mwaleta. Tau matala bwena kana tokwau.” Iwa kalabiga egisi, “O, gala, tokwau.” Isusulu wala yabia leokwa. “Kulupa nanakwa bitakam Moluboyuwa. Pilolu kwevekalo tasakawari tameya tayayosa gola takota moluboyuwa.”

Ewala etumtuma ekanukwenu kalabiga elupi kalakuria emeya. E galaga, kusuwikelasi kaniku. Esui olaboala kalabiga ekatuturi lakaniku isiliwa.

“Ah-a-a! Evalam latum. Kuwakeya iga kalakaboma kumeya kuteya kuweya ikamkwam kumaga bukukwakwam.” Ikamkwam kalabiga pilatala pilatala.

“Ah-a-a! Latum, latum evalam! Kwau kumeya kalakaboma kutai kuweya ikamkwam oluviga bukukamkwam?” Mtaga bogwa etomwademi lemwa opososiwa egigisi.

“O tokwau.” E kalabiga bogwa igidimuntumutu kalamolu Kabasai. Emwala ikau kaitala kalabiga tiginenepi osisuna. Esili wala pilatala ikamkwam toriabobo pilatalaga ikamkwam Kabasai. Itari lekoma edumwani etomwademi lemwa itom okaipapala iga egigisi.

“Mwa bogwa lakoma mapilana basimwadeniga bawa pilayuwela kuria. Kusiwademi kusiwademi kusiwademi. Bitasiwademi tawesi pilayuwela kuria.”

Esiwademi kalabiga ikamkwam wala ilai Tiliabogwa kaniku iweya. “Wui! Bwada! E mapilanaga yegu avelaga ikamkwam?”

“Tawa! Gala bogwa yegu wala lakamkwam.”

Ikamkwam kalabiga pilatala kuria Tiliabogwa etainaga Kabasai emwa pilayuwela. E ikamkwam wala. Osiwademi osiwademi. E topala Kabasai etomwa okapoula. Kalabiga elai wala kaniku, “Wui! Tau. Avela ekamkwam? Katubwada mapilana lakamkwam lasivilaga bakam pilayuwela kuria lalai ula kaniku esona.”

O ikitakwa wala kaniku Tiliabogwa esimwa.

Kamikuna ritala kari yabia ima igegegila itokeyaga Kabasai etariri wala pilatala kuria goli. Ekaturipi tegala elilagi. Elilagi kalabiga bogwa leokwa itala Tiliabogwa itala Kabasai ilaga lugumriri. Eyokemwala kalabiga ilai kaniku olopolo kalakuria ilabutetagu matapwala Kabasai iyosi.

“Wui, bwada! Ke mveiguwa bukutala bukuyokwetala sukwepala kamsoulava kweyu kamyabia. Kwetala kweyu kamyabia wala. Akulakulasi wala lakamesa ommalu eluwemwasi agusopi wawaga. Ekanukwenu ekeulasiga kasisopi lelosa igulagolasi wala ipwapweyasi manakuwa sopi imigisa wala gala. Tuta bogwa bakatolasi bakaribusisi amweke agu sopi gala. Avalaguvala lagulagola lavabusi lama lamakeya bogwa ekewasi tuwada agumwaletagu.”

“E bwada! Tata bogwa layosem. Esisusa esisusa sola bwadala kalabiga ommalu. O Novau.”

“Ke sitanaga bitala?”

“A mtaga yokwa tokarewaga. Yokwa magim bitala?”

“Gala bwadada balawem wala, gala avaka waya. Gala avela biyosa balawem wala.” Eyam kalabiga imasisi sola tuwala ekilikelisi kasi yabia ekamkwamsi.

“Ke, takam bogwa leokwa nabweya bitala. Balawem. Kweripola tou, bunukwa kuyayosa yabia kusulusulu kuvakata. E kutasau mveiguwa manakwesi sokwepala kamyabia kukwedodiga wala. Nabweya kaukwau bitasilai bitala Novau.”

Eyam kalabiga ikikedodigasi sola tuwala iyokwa. “Bakakau kulaga kuisi olopolo.” Eyam kalabiga ebibiyasi waga okuduna gana. Esipelasi sola tuwala esilasi. Isui Kabasai ila olopolo waga isibwadiga kalabiga bobau mapweninawena Tiliabogwa. Okwadewa ikaribusisi wa iseki, “Katala katala katala. Yovasi yovasi yovasi. Isilaga waga awa amkudubani.”

Ituli, “A bwada! Kwevekala Pilolu.”

“Katala katala katala. Yovasi yovasi. Isilaga waga awa amku dubani.” Gulu-gulu-gulu!

Bogwa lemesa Yaga. “Ave valu tuwada?”

“Bwada, Yaga bogwa tama. Ke, amakala bitala wadom kana bitala waluma?”

“Ah bitala waluma.” Ewala kalabiga, “Katala katala katala. Yovasi yovasi. Isilaga waga awa amku dubani.” Eteri gala.

“Ah bwada. Kwevekala Pilolu tasakawari. Alukwem kam, kam bua, kam bunukwa kwamkwam wala bakamkwam bitasakaula.”

Evabusisi lemokeyasa kalabiga bobauokwa. Bigisesa tomota gala. Bogwala esulakosi. Esakawala e “Katala katala katala. Yovasi yovasi. Isilaga waga awa amku dubani.” Evabusi inala Kabasai. Evabusi lewa bikayona. Ilagiga makaena bobau emwagegasi olopolo.

“O! Ivagi gola latugu makawala. Emwagegasi bima.” Bogwa ekilisala wala latula migila ekilisaki matala minana. Evabusila lema eseki kalabiga.

“Katala katala katala. Yovasi yovasi. Isilaga waga awa amku dubani.” Gulu-gulu-gulu! Novau okadaula.

“Kutobusi kutobusi bwadada. Kubia waga. Nagula bima nugulasipi tabia waga biwa.” “Ta avelaga?” Etobusi wala

imwakeya ikibakwari wala matona tokwau. Ikibakwari wa ilai nagula etobusi lema Kabasai.

"O! Matona latugu." Ibibiya waga kalabiga leokwa.

"E katubayasa." Euri lala wala kalabiga inala Kabasai ikepapala oyamala, "O latugu! Kidamwa bogwa eluwewemsi ekomemsi minadobu lemesaga. Mkwawa bogwa lesui waribu. Eriburibu wala." Ema kalabiga, "A-a-a! Bwada! Ke okuweke inam, sita bimakeyagu bukusiipapegu silipala inada silipapagu bitawesa okwadewa." Ekabikaula Kabasai inala lewa esilipapi Tiliabogwa.

"Ke, lakaibigi besa." Isisu ekatuyasasi wala igebilaga yona Kabasai inala isakaula. "Nakakau! Mwala bogwa ikota. Okwadewa usola Tiliabogwa. Siwaga bobau. Kurigewa valam kusubusi kuma kwakaya kusikam dabem bwena. Mwala bogwa ikota." Ewa kalabiga ema ekakaya leokwa evabusi lewa lakwawa Kabasai. Iyosa, "A-a-a! Avaka minana ke bwada?" "A ulakwawala."

"O kumesi bima silipapala silipapagu bitalolasa bitalosa ovalu. Waga gola besa bikanamwa wala. Yabia, bunukwa, tou, veiguwa bikanamwa wala igau bimesa itasewasi bigogebilasi biweyasi ovalu, takugwasaga ovalu bwadada." Imesa kalabiga silipapala Kabasai silipapala Tiliabogwa. Etowala Tiliabogwa, "Ke lakaibigi bwada besa?" E komwedona guvasi lelosa ovalu eyam. E elosa itapelasi usi, bua, tou bunukwa lemeyasi wala elupisaua makaewena bobau ekarigiyaki wala Novau.

"E amakawala, bagabu sita kammona bukukwam?" "Ave monaga bwadada bakoma?"

"A igau bavagi bukukamkwami." Igabu kalabiga eyam bwadala igigabu wala imenu ilupi wala.

"Mwa! Tiliabogwa kuma kukwam."

"Avekaulaga bakoma? Mona? Galaga sita bwadada bakamkoma okumeyegu wa besa bakamkwami." Ekau kaetala kalabiga isuwaya wadola.

"A bwada. Bakamkoma laga bainaku."

"A taga, bukukwam kammonala lagabu. Kukoma bukuinaku." Ikamkwam wala ilapi Tiliabogwa.

"O kusemwaga bimweya bwadam bikapwari kammona bikumuri." "Ke mwadaga bukukomasi wa?"

"Gala bikumuri iga nabweya kaukwau bikakuria bukukwam."

"O bwena bwada." Eyam ekumuri wala, eyam iyai wala Kabasai lakwawa kalabiga, "Tiliabogwa kuma kukwam."

"Avakaga bitakoma?"

"Besa lova ke lagabu kammona. Ekumuri gola emenula bukukwakuria." E utupeni wala kapwatata kalabiga ekatuyaina wala dadam maina. Ekatuguri ekatupwi kabulula.

"A bwada! Lova lakoma gaga. Lagelaga tabwa lautupeni katubukwalela igeda dabagu busubwasagu. Sena bwena maina! Bakamkoma wala bainaku."

Lekam Tiliabogwa ekamkwam wala elapi. "A kwamkulai!"

"Gala bwadada bogwa lakam. Oguvalu gala sita bakamkoma makwesi kaula. Besa wala lokuwagi lakam. Taga oguvalu gala wala, yabiala bakamkwam. E bunukwa, bua bakakau. Lokumeyeguga besa okutamturi manakwesi lakamkomala bogwa leokwa. Adoki

bwadada nabweya bukuvagisa kagu bukumrisa bimenu nabweya basilavemi bala." Eyam kalabiga iyosi bwadala kala bunukwa ekumurisa kala. Kala tou, kala bunukwa, kala bua ikedidagisa makaena bobau. Iweya tuwala, "Tabiasi ulawaga." Ebiasi lawaga kalabiga okuduna gana esila wala ekatusileki.

E "Katala katala katala. Yovasi yovasi. Esilaga waga awa amku dubani." Desi wala esuulaposi makena bobau isupiniki wala. Itota bwadala ivitoli gola. Isakaula wala itamwau wa. Ituri gala ituri gala. Gala bogwala Pilolu kwevekala. E "Katala katala katala. Yovasi yovasi. Esilaga waga awa amku dubani. Gulu-gulu! Kasilamaka."

"Ave valuya? A bogwa tamesa Kasilamaka bitadolaisa bitakewasi igau oduvalusa wala kala mwaleta wala." Iyokwa kalabiga ekeribusi wala, "Katala katala katala. Yovasi yovasi. Esilaga waga awa amku dubani." Ekeripwala manakwesi valu komwedona.

Etota wala kaituta, "Gulu-gulu! Ke maduvalu." Etobusi wala ibia lawaga iyokwa ibakwalala ila. E irisilai kalayabia emeya ekeuwari leokwa egigabu ikamkwam.

"E tam tatapelasi kukwesi." Ela itaperi. Kalabua, kalabunukwa, kalatou, kala menu, goyata, kalausi. Idiki labwema.

"Ke bogwa leokwa bukukwam biokwa nabweya bukukilali bukukula. Gala bukusu avaka waya."

Ekilai kalabiga emasisi wala kaukwau kala kala sopi bisilali Dobu wala. Ila ikula ikula kula ikeita lema isivagasi wala Tutauna lavalu Tiliabogwa.

ENGLISH TRANSLATION

Kabasai's homeplace was Novau, on Kitava Island. Tiliabogwa's home was Tutauna, on Dobu. Tiliabogwa was blind. Before Kabasai got married he called for a gardening competition. Everybody worked in their gardens until Kabasai got married. Once they had finished cutting yam sticks, they built a canoe, and Kabasai, together with his in-laws, set off on a Kula expedition. They sailed to Muyuwa Island, and his in-laws took gifts left and right. Kabasai collected Kula shells until he filled one basket. They went to another village, and he collected shells from one side of the village while his in-laws took shells from the other side. They went to another village and did the same. His in-laws collected shell valuables on one side, and he collected and he collected them on the other side, until he filled his third basket. When they returned to Novau, they pulled the canoe ashore, and all the villagers cheered and praised Kabasai, who had filled four big baskets with *mwali* armshells. They stayed at Novau for a while until Kabasai decided to prepare another Kula expedition to Dobu in search of *soulava* necklaces. Kabasai and his in-laws prepared food for the voyage. The next day, they loaded bananas and sugarcane and left for Dobu. They sailed and eventually came to Dobu. His in-laws collected valuables on one side, whereas he collected a full basket of valuable shell necklaces of the Bagidou type. After that they set off and headed back home. They sailed until they arrived at Tiliabogwa's home,

Tutauna. When they got there, they realized they had no drinking water for the rest of the journey. Kabasai had collected five Bagidou necklaces, and so did his in-laws. They had ten in total. Some of his in-laws had three, some had two, some had only one Bagidou, and some had no necklaces at all. Kabasai's in-laws were jealous of him when counting the valuables at Tutauna. His in-laws went ashore and got their drinking water there.

The in-laws plotted against Kabasai, "We will take our water supply, but we won't take his." When they finished fetching their drinking water, they prepared to sail off again, and Kabasai found out he had no water in his canoe compartment.

"Why didn't you fetch my water?" Kabasai asked his in-laws.

"You can go fetch your own water," they replied. But when the in-laws had gone to get their water, they had soiled it with their excrement, and the water was now dirty.

Kabsai went ashore and walked to get his water. Meanwhile, his in-laws were putting up the mast in the canoe. After they set up the mast, they prepared their sail and waited. When Kabasai returned to the shore, he saw his in-laws had pulled up the sail already. The sail ate the wind, and it swelled, covering up the horizon. The canoe sped away, and Kabasai was left behind on the shore. He stayed on the shore and heard a bamboo vessel approaching, "Turn right, right, right! Left, left, left! I will get on the canoe and break your skull." But when Kabasai went over he noticed, "This is only a piece of bamboo; there are no human beings on it." He stayed there for a while until he heard again, "Turn right, right, right, right! Turn left, left, left! I should go on the canoe and break your skull."

Then the canoe came past the reef and into the shallow water: gulu-gulu-gulu. The voices in the canoe said, "My brother, which place is this is?" "This is Tutauna." "Bring the rolling logs so that I can pull the canoe ashore."

They got off the canoe, opened the bamboo, and searched for the logs inside. They placed them underneath the canoe and started pulling it ashore.

The canoe voices continued talking, "What's taking so long? Is it too hard? Moluboyuwa!" Kabasai went to see what was going on and realized that there was only one person on the canoe and he was talking to himself as if there were more people on board. "Oh, he's by himself; no wonder he cannot pull the canoe."

The man finally pulled the canoe ashore and continued having a conversation with himself as if there were more people on his canoe. "Make a container so that we can take the sago cakes home; we will cook the ones that are starting to go bad. Oh, Moluboyuwa, we have traveled such a long distance through the sea of Pilolu." He went to the canoe and got a sago cake and brought it back. "We have pulled the canoe, and now we must go and cook some sago to eat." He went to his house and put aside the sago that was going off because it got wet during the journey. Kabasai went close and realized that the man was talking to himself because he was blind; he thought he was sailing with his friends, but he was all alone. Tiliabogwa kept on cooking

and talking to himself. He finished cooking and lifted the pot. He said, "Get your shell spoons ready and start eating," and as he was saying that, he started eating himself. He kept on talking to himself, "Ah, your child is crying; give him some food and come back and continue to eat." He kept on eating and he said again, "Oh, your child is still crying; go give him some food and come back." Kabasai approached and confirmed his suspicion, "Oh, he's a blind man indeed." Kabasai was so hungry. He went behind Tiliabogwa's house and took a shell from the ground. He went close to the cooking pot and without Tiliabogwa's noticing, he started eating from it. When he was done eating his part, he silently started taking food from Tiliabogwa's side of the pot. Tiliabogwa said, "Oh, who ate my part of the cooking pot?" Kabasai said, "I did." Tiliabogwa kept on checking the pot and noticed that there was more food missing. He asked again, "And this side of the pot, who ate this share?"

"Oh, I did," said Kabasai, pretending he was another person. Tiliabogwa went around asking, and Kabasai kept on pretending. But Tiliabogwa was suspicious, so he stood up and went around the pot, and as Kabasai was busy eating, he grabbed him from behind. Kabasai offered, "Oh, my brother, take your *soulava*, and take two sago cakes. We were doing Kula, and we arrived here in your village. My in-laws didn't fetch my water, and when I went to fetch it myself, they had spoiled it. By the time I managed to get some water and walked back to the beach, they had already sailed away and left me behind."

Tiliabogwa said, "I have caught you." They kept on talking, and Tiliabogwa asked, "What's your village?" Kabasai replied, "Oh, it's Novau." And Tiliabogwa said, "Should we sail there?"

"Oh, it's up to you; if you want, we will go," said Kabasai.

"That's fine, my brother; I am going to take you back home." The next day, they woke up; they took their sago cakes and ate them. Tiliabogwa said, "We shall eat, and when you're ready, I will take you back home." Tiliabogwa brought some sugarcane and more sago. He grabbed one of his pigs, and they cooked it all. They loaded the canoe with all the food and the *soulava* shells. Tiliabogwa announced, "Tomorrow we shall sail to Novau." The next day, they prepared for the trip. They pushed Tiliabogwa's bamboo canoe into the water. Tiliabogwa said to Kabasai, "Go inside the canoe, at the end of it." As they were leaving, Tiliabogwa uttered a spell, "Right, right, left, left. My canoe, avoid the reefs and keep going." They sailed and sailed; the sea of Pilolu is a long trip.

Tiliabogwa kept on chanting, "Right, right, left, left. My canoe, avoid the reefs and keep going." And that way, the canoe with Tiliabogwa and Kabasai kept on pushing forward. They arrived on Yaga Island, and Kabasai asked, "Where are we?"

"Yaga."

Kabsai asked, "Which way should we go, through the lagoon or through the open sea?" Tiliabogwa chanted again, and the canoe chose the way. He said to Kabasai, "It's a long trip; eat and chew, and we'll keep on going." They kept on going, and they were close to Novau, Kabasai's place. Meanwhile, Kabasai's mother had gone down to the beach to fetch some saltwater for

cooking. As she was filling the saltwater containers, she heard some voices. She looked up and saw only a piece of bamboo floating. "Oh, that sounds like the voice of my son," she said. The canoe kept on going and finally arrived on the beach of Novau. Tiliabogwa said, "Get off, my brother. Throw the logs on the sand and pull the canoe ashore." Tiliabogwa jumped off and groped his way around.

Kabasai's mother saw her son getting off and ran toward him. She said, "Your in-laws came back and told us that the people of Dobu had eaten you. Your wife mourned you and became a widow."

The blind man said, "Tell your mother to come and show me the way." Kabasai's mother held Tiliabogwa's hand and showed him the way. She left them on the beach, and she carried the saltwater containers on her head back to the village. When she got there, she went to see Kabasai's widow. "Your husband has arrived; he's down at the beach with Tiliabogwa. Forget your mourning. Wash away the black ashes from your body; put on your fiber skirt and go meet him." She washed and went down to the beach to greet her husband. When Tiliabogwa heard her talking, he asked, "Who's that talking?"

"It's my wife," Kabasai said.

"Tell her to guide me back to the village," said Tiliabogwa. "Forget the canoe, let's leave it here. Take all our things, and let's bring them to the village." With Kabasai on one side and his wife on the other, Tiliabogwa was guided by both to the village. They took the pigs, betel nut, sugarcane, and bananas off the canoe. They kept on unloading the canoe until the beach of Novau was full of things. They couldn't believe that a small piece of bamboo could carry so much stuff.

Kabasai asked, "Do you want me to make some *mona* [taro dumplings with coconut oil]?"

"What is this *mona* thing?" Tiliabogwa asked.

"Let me cook it, and you will try," Kabasai said. He made some *mona* for his friend, and he took it to him. "Hey, Tiliabogwa, try this."

"What is it? *Mona*? I never tried this in my life," Tiliabogwa said. He put some in his mouth, and he said, "Oh, this is so sweet, I am going to eat it all!"

"Eat all you want; I made this for you," Kabasai said. Tiliabogwa ate and ate until he was full. Then Kabasai took what was left, and he baked it in the earth oven. "Here, tomorrow, when I open the earth oven, you will try it baked."

The next day, Kabasai's wife served the baked *mona* to Tiliabogwa. "Here, come eat." "What are we eating?" Tiliabogwa asked. "Do you remember that *mona* you tried yesterday? Today, we baked it." Tiliabogwa opened the *dadam* leaf with the baked *mona* inside. When the smell hit his nose, Tiliabogwa said, "Oh, that stuff I ate yesterday was almost bad compared with this! This thing has almost knocked me off my feet. Such a good smell! I am going to eat it all!"

"Indeed, finish it all," said Kabasai. Tiliabogwa said, "We don't have this type of food where I come from. This is the first time I have eaten this delicacy. In my place we eat sago. Pig,

and betel nut for chewing, those are the things we have. Maybe tomorrow you can bake my food for the trip. I shall get ready to leave you." The next day, Kabasai grabbed a pig, sugarcane, and betel nut and filled the bamboo canoe with all those things. When they were ready, Tiliabogwa said, "Push my canoe in the water." When the canoe was floating in the water, he sat on it and chanted his spell, "Right, right, right. Left, left." With these instructions, the canoe started sailing away. Kabasai saw the canoe disappearing on the horizon. The canoe sailed and sailed until it reached the great sea of Pilolu.

Tiliabogwa reached Kasilamaka. Tiliabogwa said to himself, "Where are we now? Oh, we're passing Kasilamaka. Let's keep on going until we reach our place." Tiliabogwa chanted his magic instructions one more time, "Right, right, right. Left, left. Don't take the wrong direction and take me home." He sailed and sailed until he reached his place. He got off and pulled his canoe ashore. He walked slowly, feeling his way, taking his sago cakes back to his place. He took his food to the house and made a fire to cook it. When it was ready, he ate it. Then he said to himself, "Let's go back to the beach and unload the canoe." He walked back and took his pigs, his sugarcane, his betel nut, his cooked food, his raw food, and his bananas and filled up his resting house with all those things.

Then he said to himself, "Now that you're done eating, tomorrow, I will leave again; I will not stay here long." He went to sleep, and the next day, he woke up and fetched his water. He got ready to go on the Kula again. This was Tiliabogwa, the blind man from Tutauna.

COMMENTS

This story is full of old *bigatomwaya* expressions, and it also has a *vinavina* rhyme: *Katala katala katala. Yovasi yovasi yovasi esilaga waga awa amkwu dabam. Gulu-gulu-gulu!*

RELEVANT VOCABULARY:

bobau
igisisaga
kalabiga
kenaya ikapatu
kibakwali
mataguwaga
okibobau
Tutauna

SN 22 IKULASI (A MAN'S NAME, ASSOCIATED WITH KULASI, THE CORAL TROUT)

A *liliu* foundation myth told by Dubalagala from Kuluvitu. He obtained the myth from his father Lovaga. Originally transcribed by Bernard Mwayubu and translated by Stanley Antonio Bunaimata.

SUMMARY

This is a fragmentary rendition of some elements of the *liliu* foundation myth of the Mlabwema *dala* matrilineage, part of the Lukuba totemic clan (*kumila*). In this version, the storyteller narrates how a brother (Ikulasi, the coral trout) and a sister (Kaimagu, the mud crab) came from Liwabu to the Trobriand Islands. In Liwabu, the siblings had met a man called Dimomo, to whom they gave the *tovabubuila valu* magic (“lighting up the village”—a type of magic that protects a village from evil spells). The siblings finally settle down in Bau, from where they purport to practice black magic and send the souls of the dead to the underworld of Tuma. Ikulasi gives his evil magic spells to a man called Monumwamwali in exchange for food. The magic is handed down from Monumwamwali through his lineage until it reaches the storyteller.

Liliu Ikulasi

Liwabu! Liwabu sivalu isisusa isisu minana Kaimagu liwaliu matona Kulasi sena kasimolu. Sola luleta ima Kulasi ovalu Misima. Ima imvelau kaula olabwema matowena Dimomo. Ila ilau ikamkwamsi sola luleta manakwa Limwa. Iyosi kaula besa iyosi lewe leweya ivinaku. Imweyaga pikekita isisu kaula. Egisemwa matona Dimomo Misima lavalu Iyausa. Iyuyausa lema matona Kulasi. Ikota lawaga ikomwenaguwa lewa ikikipwana kaula. Etaina kuyosi.

“O yokwua kuvelau kagu yokiwa. Bakapituni keyomu?”

“O uluguyau!”

Ekebiga matona Dimomo, “Ambese muvalu?” Ekebiga Kulasi, “Liwabu. Kamamolu sosogu luguta lama lakokeula kaula lalilau kakamukwamu.”

“Laga bakapituni keyomu.”

“O uluguyau kampuwa tovabubuila valu.”

“Obwena.” E isimwa isau megiwa matona Dimomo ivinaku.

Ekebiga, “Kusisu. Balaga.” Iwa lewakeya luleta isisusa siwaga kirimwa. Isilasa ikopuwi. Ikopuwi leiyosi lemeya lemeya lemeya ekatuligai Niwakiki. Isisusa Yuwegili sosola luleta igalasi. Ikabi kabisi Tuma. Kiau makadana waga kiau ilosa isiweya. Isisusa ikamkwamsi kasikuleya ivenokusi ekebiga minana Kaimagu, “Luguta! Nata mauna yabau minana leme.”

“Kulunewoi.” Ekebiga matona Kulasi, “Kena bitamwa Okieta kena bitamwa Tuma?”

“Galo. Ke bitala bauwe? Bitala tasuwa. Bitavalaga mitugaga bwagau bitavala bitauwilaki bima Tuma.”

“O bwena.” Isisakaulasi isilisa yagala Doutubau manakwa. Isisusa isola luleta odubwadebila manikwa. Emesa mina Bau. Isemwesa kasi kaula. Ilosa iwawaisi vai ikausaga imweyasa ikomasi. Ikamkomasi ivinakusa imakeyasa kuleya iyenakusa imesa. Imesaga leyam iwesa isewesa kasikuleya. Ilosa iwawaisi ewesaga ikausaga imwesa ikomasi. “Tawa, amakawala kuyausisa.” Leyam leweyasa isewesa ilosa sala iwawaisi itainaga matona Monumwamwali kumuwa kusimwa odebwadebuli. Yagala Monumwamwali. Isisuwala odebwadebuli esunapula lewa Kulasi adoki bikeula kuria iyosi.

“O yokwa okukokeula kamakuriasi, laga bawem.”

“O uluguyau, taga kuwegu kamamolu sogu luguta.”

Ekebiga matona Monumwamwali, “Ambese tolemu?”

“Misimo tolegu lama uluvalu Liwabu. Lama wala lama asimwa omu kawalawa lakokeula kuria lama akamkwam.”

“O, bwena.”

Imeya sala isimwesa Bau ekeita lewa ilau kaula iseki iwakamusi. Isewa mitugaga mitaga Monumwamwali isisewa matona Monumwamwali ikariga Monumwamwali iseki Toupaua. Isisiya matona Toupaua iseki Tomageva. Isisiya matona Tomageva iseki Tobwetoka. Isisiya Tobwetoka ikariga iseki Mesiyabam. Isisiya Mesiyabam ikariga iseki Mokadayawa. Isisiya Mokadayawa iseki Tobunayawa. Tobunayawa ikariga iseki Tomudaweta. Ikariga Tomudaweta iseki Toupaua. Isisiya Toupaua ikau iseki Tomageva. Isisuya Tomageva iseki Tobwetoku. Isisiya Tobwetoku iseki Mosiyabam.

Isisiya Mosiyabam iseki Tokwebibila. Ikariga Tokwebibila iseki Mositatawa. Ikariga Mositatawa iseki Maleutau. Maleutau isisu iseki Legona. Legona isisu ikariga Legona, Mosilologa. Isisiya Mosilologa ikariga Mosilologa iseki Meolina. Meolina isisu ikariga Meolina iseki Mwaimwaya. Mwaimwaya isisu ikariga Mwaimwaya iseki Mokaladakula. Ikariga Mokaladakula iseki Motagesi. Ikariga Motagesi iseki Lovaga. Ikariga Lovaga isakegu yegu Dubalagala. Ke bogwa kuowka mitugaga lakeda lema.

ENGLISH TRANSLATION

Liwabu. Liwabu is their village; that is where they lived. Kaimagu, the mud crab, and her brother Kulasi, the coral trout. They were very hungry. Together with his sister, Kulasi came to Misima. They came to Misima, and he stole food from the house of that man, Dimomo. He took the food, and together with his sister, they took it to their *kirimwa* canoe. They took the food, and they ate it all until it was almost finished; only a little bit was left. Dimomo, the man from Misima, saw them eating his food. He chased them while they were trying to take the leftovers into Kulasi's canoe. Dimomo went around and grabbed Kulasi. “Oh, you stole my food. Should I cut your neck?”

“Oh my chief!” Kulasi begged him.

Dimomo asked, “Where is your village?” And Kulasi replied, “Liwabu. My sister and I were so hungry that we came here to take food away and eat it.”

And Dimomo said, “Today, I shall cut your neck.”

“Oh my chief, don't. I promise I'll give you this magic, *tovabubuila valu*, the magic of lighting up the village to protect it, so nobody can come in to do any harm.”

“That's fine,” said Dimomo. So Dimomo listened to the magic formula until he learned it. Then Kulasi said, “You stay; we shall go.” Kulasi went to his sister Kaimagu, who was sitting in their canoe. That canoe was made with the *kirimwa* tree. The current seized the canoe, and it went, it went, it went and went until it reached the beach in Niwakiki. Kulasi and his sister stayed there in Yuwegili. Then that stream they call Kiau was

taking them to Tuma Island. They floated away in their canoe and ate their leftover food. When they finished, Kaimagu spoke, "Brother, this bird here came flying!" Her brother said, "Forget it. Shall we go to Okieta, or shall we go to Tuma?" "No," she said. "Let us go over there to Bau. From there we will send people to the underworld of Tuma with our *bwagau* sorcery spells."

"Agreed," said her brother. "Let's use our *sin* magic to push the canoe, so that we can get to the Bau coast over there then." So the magic helped them sail, until they reached a place called Doutubau. They stayed there on those rocks; they made those rocks their place. Until one day, the people of Bau came by to fish. The villagers had brought their own food. While they were going around spearing stingrays, the brother and sister went to the place where they had left their things. The siblings stole their food and ate it. They ate it all up. When the people from Bau came back, they saw their food was gone, and they left. The next day, the same thing happened: The people from Bau went spearing stingrays, and meanwhile, Kulasi and his sister ate all their food.

When the people of Bau came back, one of them said, "Guys, one of us needs to stay here and guard our food." The next day, they went spearing stingrays, and one of them stayed back and hid between the rocks. His name was Monumwamwali.

When Kulasi came out to steal the food of the Bau people, he was caught. "You're the one who has been stealing our food! I will beat you up!"

"Oh my chief! Don't hit me. My sister and I are hungry," Kulasi replied. Monumwamwali said, "Where are you from?"

"I am from Misima, my village is Liwabu. We drifted away until I reached your beach, and I took your food and ate it."

"Fine." Monumwamwali went back to Bau with his fellow villagers; he got some food and went back to the beach. Kulasi gave his evil magic to Monumwamwali to thank him for the food. When Monumwamwali died, he gave the magic to Toupupa. Toupupa kept the magic and then gave it to Tomageva. Tomageva passed it on to Tobwetoka.

Tobwetoka gave it to Mesiyabam. Mesiyabam gave it to Mokadayawa. Mokadayawa gave it to Tobunayawa. When he died, Tobunayawa gave it to Tomudaweta.

Tomudaweta gave it to Toupupa. Toupupa gave it to Tomageva. Tomageva gave it to Tobwetoku. Tobwetoku gave it to Mosiyabam. Mosiyabam gave it to Tokwebibila.

Tokwebibila gave it to Mositatawa. Mositatawa gave it to Maleutau. Maleutau gave it to Legona. Legona gave it to Mosilologa. Mosilologa gave it to Meolina. Meolina gave it to Mwaimwaya. Mwaimwaya gave it to Mokaladakula. Mokaladakula died and gave it to Motagesi; Motagesi gave it to Lovaga. Lovaga gave it to me, Dubalagala. And this is the end of the path that brought these evil magic spells to Kiriwina.

COMMENTS

Ikulasi and his sister, Kaimagu, are credited for bringing the series of evil *silami* black magic spells to the Trobriand Islands. People from the Mlabwema *dala* say that with time, the potency

of these spells has faded away, but many generations ago their power was so great that venturing into the Bau region where Ikulasi and Kaimagu first settled would mean death.

RELEVANT VOCABULARY:

kirimwa
mitugaga

SN 23 TODUBWAGA (THE MAN FROM DUBWAGA VILLAGE)

A *liliu* myth told by John Modigavala Banyan from Bwetalu. Originally transcribed by Bernard Mwayubu and translated by Stanley Antonio Bunaimata.

SUMMARY

A woman gives birth to two pigs and two humans. One of her children sets up traps and ends up catching his own pig sibling. Out of shame, the whole family moves to a new village, explaining why nowadays people still eat wild pigs in some places but not in others.

Liliu Todubwaga

Yegu Modigavala Kuluwitu lasisu. Balivala bwalodila liliula. Tamagu isakeguga lakaeyala. Lagela balivala livalela bwalodila. Minana Ilagauma ilela Dubwaga. Nakubukwabuya. Gala lamwala. Isisu Dubwaga isuma ivalulu bunukwa navivila latula. E isisu isumavau ivalulu tau tomota. Isisu isumavau sivatolula iuni bunukwa navivila. Olui iuni vivila tomota. E isisusa matona monagwadi bogwa letoveka sitana iwa ila isikula.

Lewa manana bunukwa iwai tuwala wala. Iweya. Iluki inala, "Inagu, manana bunukwa laweya minana." Ekebiga Ilagauma, "Bogwa lokuweya tuwam! Bogwa lokuweya tuwam!" E imumwa silasi deri litula igalasi. "Okuweya tuwam kuseyewa kasibunukwa minaLuba. Bikamsi bwalodila. Bitakoluluisi bitalosa taneisi valu." Igalasi, Ililolasa isilisa Kwelubwela. Edokesa sivalu bisilisa Kwelubwela. "O Dubwaga katitekina wala. Talosa taneisi ituwari valu kwetala." Isupelasi isilisa Bubutagila. Idokesa bisilisa Bubutagila taga Dubwaga katitekina. "O bitagalasi bitalosa taneisa valu." Itokeyasi imvalutusi Bugwaitu imesa isilisa. Idokesa sivalu pela kidamwa katitekina Dubwaga. Eineisi valu. Imvalutusi isilisa odabala Gugoula edokesa sivalu ekebigasi, "Kedala Dubwaga." Itokeyasi ilosa osisuna Bwetalu isisusa. Isisusa lewa teta tomwaya yagala Mweimwaya. Tolela Bwetalu. Bila Kavataria ilagi ebigatonasi ikalipola ila igisi. Ekebiga, "O, avela yokwa?" "O yegu Ilagauma deri litugwa. Kasisusa Dubwaga ilai sikula matowena molitomwaya iweya tuwala kamumwasilasi kamesa kasimwesa besa."

Ekebiga, "O bitala ovalu." Iwakoli ilau. Ekebiga, "Bitasimwa. Kuma yokwa, ulakwava yokwa." Iwai minana Ilagauma isiwa Bwetalu. E igau ilevau sikula iwai luleta navivila.

Iwai ekebiga, “Bogwa lokuweya lumuta! Kuweya kamibunukwa deri samwa!” Kugisa mina Bwetalu minakamkwam bwalodila. Pela Ilagauma litula mina Luba minakamkwam bwalodila. Pela Ilagauma litula besa makawala mekeita.

ENGLISH TRANSLATION

I am Modigavala, and I live in Kuluvitu. I am going to tell you the myth of the wild pig. My father gave me his spear. Today, I shall tell you the story of the wild pigs. There was a woman named Ilagauma; she was from Dubwaga. Ilagauma was single; she did not have a husband. She was living in Dubwaga when she became pregnant for the first time and gave birth to a female pig. The second time she became pregnant, she gave birth to a human boy. After that, she gave birth to yet another female pig. And then she gave birth to her last born, a human girl.

When the boy was big enough, he went into the bush setting traps for wild pigs. One day, a pig was ensnared in one of his traps, and the boy killed the pig without realizing that that pig was, in fact, his elder sister. The boy announced to his mother, “Mother, that pig, I killed that pig!” And his mother Ilagauma replied, “You killed your elder sister! That was your elder sister!” The mother was so ashamed that she took all her children away from that place. As they were leaving, Ilagauma said to her boy, “Since you have killed your elder sister, leave her here with the people of Luba. From now on, these people will eat wild pigs. As for us, we will gather our things, and we’ll look for a new place to live.” They left and walked until they reached Kwelubwela.

When they reached the village, Ilagauma said, “Oh, Dubwaga is still very close. I can still feel the pain for my dead daughter. Let’s go and look for a different village, far away, so that I’m not reminded of her.” They took their things and went to Bubutagila, but that was still too close.

“Oh, we’ll leave here and go look for another place,” the mother said. They kept on walking until they reached Gugoula and sat on top of the ridge. From there they saw the path that went to Dubwaga, and because they were ashamed and didn’t want to be reminded of their home village where the elder sister was killed, they kept on walking, until they reached the bush that surrounds the village of Bwetalu. They were staying there when one old man from Bwetalu by the name of Mweimwaya who was on his way to Kavataria heard voices and went to see. “Who are you?” he asked.

“It’s me, I am Ilagauma. I am here with my children. We were living at Dubwaga, and this one here, my eldest son, set some hunting traps and killed his elder sister by mistake. We were so ashamed that we left the village and came here.” The old man said, “Oh, let us go back to the village,” and he led them to Bwetalu. “We shall stay here,” the old man said. “You, Ilagauma, you will be my wife.” And he married her, and they stayed in Bwetalu. Later on, Ilagauma’s boy went hunting again. He set some snares, and his other pig sister was caught and killed.

The mother said, “You killed your other sister! You and your hunter friends killed your sister pigs!”

You see? This is why today the people from Bwetalu and the people from Luba, where Ilagauma and her children were from, eat wild pigs. It is because of Ilagauma and what happened between her children. And that’s how the story goes.

COMMENTS

Camillus Mlabwema Mkwesipu said, “This story explains that some types of food are relatives and why some people cannot eat them. It’s a *liliu* because the story describes how the people went to several places before settling down in one place, and it also explains why some people eat wild pig in those places.”

Dubwaga is a village on the eastern coral ridge of Kiriwina Island. The village was eventually abandoned after many of its inhabitants were said to have died because of sorcery killings owing to land disputes between the matrilineages that lived there.

RELEVANT VOCABULARY: *sikula*

SN 24 TOMITUGAGA (THE BAD MAN)

A *kwanebu* folktale told by Dubalagala from Kuluvitu. He obtained the folktale from his uncle Kaulawaga. Originally transcribed by Bernard Mwayubu and translated by Leslie Stephen.

SUMMARY

Tomitugaga has a magic spell that makes Tokwenunubwa, his maimed brother-in-law, grow back his arms and legs, but he uses it only when he needs his help to go fishing. Tomitugaga keeps on being cruel to Tokwenunubwa until his wife finds out and abandons him.

Kwanebuyee Tomitugaga

Tomitugaga. Lavalu Okaedawa mesisiski. Esisu ewakeya Libutuma esisusa Tokwenunubwa sosola luleta. Evakori luleta Tokwenunubwa imeya Okaedawa. Esisusa akukumuri kuria.

“Nabweya bawakeya tau bakala kapola.” “O taga koluware lubom.”

Amumgwa makwai amayamila. Mitaga? Gala etepotepwa wala. Bititapipina.

“O kumuwa kuyakuria.” Ekumuri leyam kaukwa. Ikeula ekokeula iwokeya ikanukwenu. Edou, “Tokwenunubwa?”

“O!”

“Kuma tamwa tapola.”

“Adoki luboda koluwaregu.” Simwaga yamila simwaga kwai bitalola.

“A! kusunapula kuma.” Ema wala, “Sona yamam, sona kaikem, sona sinsonana sona. Kuma kukeula kadakuria.” Ikabisi wala Tomuna ilobusisi, “Sekupa yamam, sekupa kaikem, waleletu.”

Itapipina wala ikarisali makaena waga eyakayeiyei, “Lubode! Yakaye! Itakogwe! Kupeula, kupeula, kupeula. Bikayabusi dawaga.” Ekapusi lewa, “Sona yamam, sona kaikem, sona sinsonana sona. E kusila bitamwa bitapola.” Esipela isila. Ikelibusisi wala Dukwemolu wala etapa wala sisiwa minana lema kulasi.

“Kukota!” Evavagi wala matowena Tokwenunubwa, “E luboda agutoyapila.”

“A, mitaga kalulubwau lumuta bitaweya bikam.” Ekarisesilasi kawala etapisisuwa wala minana madolu ikola, “E luboda! Agutoyapila.”

“A, mitaga kalulubwau lumuta bitaweya bikam.” Ekarisesilasi wala esivila ikola minawena youdigaga.

“E luboda! Agutoyapila.”

“A, kala bobwelila lumuta minawena.” Bogwa emwakulu waga. Ekeilivilasi ekeilumilasi ikota matowena. Ekomwenagwa matona Tokwenunubwa, “Sokupwi yamam, sokuwpi kaikem waleleletu!” Ekerisari wala makaena waga lewa esekikila tadoki italu wowola. “Yakayeeee!”

“Kupeula! Kupeula biwa dawaga.” Ekerisali ila isimwaga ikipwari minasine inia. Ima lubola ikipwari kalapwana iyokwa.

“E kukweula.” Ikeula Tokwenunubwa ilosa. Ikabisi Libutuma wala okadumalaga.

“E tokupi yamam tokupi kaikem.” Itapulupulu lubola ikau makapwana pwana ilai iwa okailagila. Ikokeula ivilobusi Okaedawa imakai lakwava, “Waaa! Ina inia navekaveka bidubadu! Matowenaga? Kwalai lubom? Sita kalainia?”

“E, bogwa lanukwali, bogwa lanukwali, matona toyoulaveka. Ituwari kalatoyapila ituwari oselaveka lalai.”

“Kusewa bikam lubom. Kuma kukwevala balauga lubom kala.”

“Ai, kusulusulu kukwevala bakeula gola.” Igogebila wala odubilakoya itowa ikoma. Ikamkoma makaena kaula inaku. Iywalugwa dakuna igebila. Igogebila ivilobusi. “Mwa, lewa kam.” Ikowana wala Tokwenunubwa, “Oi, taga kukoilegu.” Irigabu ikanukwenu ivitubololaga ivilobusi imakeya lakwava, “Kwalai lubom?”

“Bogwa kunukwali. Isulusulu ekikwala gala. Gala kudoki.” E leyam kaliyuwela.

“Kukumuri kuria baloki tau bakala kapola.” Iyeyai lakwava eyam ikewa. “Tokwenunubwa kuma bitala tapola.”

“Gala luboda, esapila wowogu. Bogwa ewokikilada dakuna, bogwa ekapwari gala wala.” “A! Kutokaewa bitala tapola. Sona yamam, sona kaikem, sona sonaga sona.” Ewesa evabusisi orumata.

“Sokopuna yamam, sokopuna kaikem. Waleletu.”

Ibia, “Aiayakaye! Luboda bogwa ekawari isiyagu.” “Kupeula kupeula!” Ekarisariga.

“Sona yamam, sona kaikem, sona sonaga sona.” Ikelibusisi kalabiga evaila itaginenepega minana sigau ikola. “E luboda, agu toyapila.”

“Mitaga bitayaki lumuta kalabobwelila minawena.”

Ekerisalisa gola Okumyayala wala itaginenepe manawena kwau ikola. “E luboda, agu toyapila.”

“Kalabobwelila lumuta takariyumila bogwa emwakulu waga.”

Emeya lubola, “Sokupwa yamam sokupwa kaikem. Waleleletu!” Ikerisari kalabiga bogwa ikabinini kapoula iyokwa isiyala itakola. Iwai ikikipwala ivenokusi katubayasi.

“Yamam sona, kaikem sona, sona sona sona.” Ikeulasi ikokeulasi ivalapulasi okadumalaga.

“Sokopuna yamam, sokopuna kaikem. Waleletu.” Ilai makaena katakewa ikanukwenu. Ikeulaga ikokeula ivilobusi imakeya lakwava.

“Kwalai.”

“Wei, kugisaga lameya taga lumuta gala bitakai biga, kalatoyapila sena tonagaga.” Eyam kalabiga, “Kugabi kala lubom kulau.” Igogebila kaula odubilakoya ikamkoma wa ivinaku. Ivilugi igau dakuna isakawari.

“Mwa, Tokwenunubwa lewa kam.”

“Kusewala besa, kusewa.”

Ikabi ila, “Kwalai tau?”

“Lawakeya ekumuri ekikeri kumkumla minasina navekaveka.” Esulusuluga. “O kusewa bikam lubom.” Ikamkwamsi leyam.

“Ah balakeya tau bakala kapola.” Isakaula Tomitugaga ilakeya Tokwenunubwa.

“Kuma tamwa tapola.”

“Galaga luboda sita bitala. Bogwa epwasa wowogu. Galaga sita balola. Kugisa ke!”

“O kuma bitamwa?”

“Galaga bitala luboda sita bwena. Kula kupola basisu.” Ikabi ila ipola isimwaga. Lakwava, “Iga ala agisi kaboma, ekamkwam bimeya esewaga ekanukwenu.” Ila ililola ivalapula okadumalaga.

Wuuuu mdawali. Isala Tokwenunubwa itadoyai iulemwa boala.

“Mei, kweya mmwala! Kwapwasasi kamipopu, kwamkwamsi kami popu, kukwausaga dakuna kumeyasi.” Ivalamsi usola luleta iyokwa, isisu luleta isakaulaga. Ikatubayasi ivenoku imakaya luleta. Kalabiga bogwa lesau lamegwa, “Sona yamam, sona kaikem, sona sona sona.” Ekabikabisi evabusisi okwadewa. Evakakai luleta isikomi yavila evayalisi, evayalisi ewakayasa epwapola.

“O minawena ulakwava. Ke matona lubogu? Minana ulakwava. Me! Ambesa usom tau bukulosa?”

“Gala bogwa okukomgagi luguta senela ekapwari. Kukomgagi kumeya dakuna ikamkwam bakalokeya veimaya.”

“A kutolisa ke! Kugisasi ke iga atali bawinisau mitugaga barigemwa. Kumesaga bitawesa.”

Itali sopi ivinisau wowola gala goli bogwa levatubololasi. Etari gola, “Ke bogwa lawinisau mitugaga. Barigemwa bitakeitasiga usom lumuta.” Ekugwasa etotolaga oluvi iyosisago ekomwenaguvasi. Sosola luleta ilosa Oiriyasi, sivalu Oiriyasi. Ekatupoi tomwaya Meselaisaguyau, “Amakawami usom lumuta?”

“Oi, eyogagi Tomitugaga lakama lakama.”

“O kumesa usom lumuta.” Ipelasi isilasi okubudoga. Esili lakwava e isili lubola. Itota ouula meku.

“Ke esimwa ulakwava esimwa lubogu? Evisaviga kabagu ke bavalapula? Bavalapula, bavalapula, bavalapula. Kana bavalapula kana amakawala? Bavalapula wala. Bavalapula galaga

sita baninayuiwa. Gala bogwa esasegu, esimwa lubogu, esimwa ulakwava, ke bavalapulaga? Bavalapula bavalapula bawa wui-wui-wuiiiiii.” Kalabiga, “*Bavalapula kana amakawala?*”

Ikeita imwa itomwa. Itotaga bogwa emwamwai “*Bavalapula lagela gala baninayuiwa bavalapula wala. Bavalapula wui-wui-wui-wuiiiiii, kana bavalapula amakawala.*”

Evavagi lakwava, “Aaa! Kuwesa kuweyasi.” Eigirisa kayala iwaueyasi wala ikatamatisa. Isiwesaga usola luleta.

ENGLISH TRANSLATION

This is the story of Tomitugaga, the bad man. He lived in the village of Okaedawa. Tomitugaga went to Libutuma Village and saw Tokwenunubwa and his sister there. Tomitugaga married Tokwenunubwa's sister and brought her back to Okaedawa with him. One day he said to his wife, “Cook some food; I'm going fishing with your brother.” “Fine, but don't fool your brother-in-law. He has no legs and no arms, and he has to roll himself around,” she said.

“Alright, prepare us some food,” Tomitugaga said. She cooked the food, and the next morning he took off. When he arrived at his brother-in-law's place, he found him lying down.

“Tokwenunubwa, come! Let's go fishing.”

“Ah, my brother-in-law, don't make a fool of me. I have neither arms nor legs; I cannot work.”

“Never mind, come out.” Tomitugaga spelled magic on Tokwenunubwa, “Give birth to your arms, give birth to your legs. Grow, grow, grow!” he said, and Tokwenunubwa's limbs grew. “Come and carry our food,” Tomitugaga said. Off they went to Tomuna, and they came down to the beach. Tomitugaga cast his spell, “Shrink your arms, shrink your legs. Shrink, shrink, shrink!” and his brother-in-law's limbs shrank. Tomitugaga put Tokwenunubwa on the ground and used him as a rolling log to push the canoe on the water from the beach.

“Ouch, it hurts, my brother-in-law, my chest!”

“Be strong, be strong while I push the canoe in the water.” Once the canoe was in the water, Tomitugaga said again, “Give birth to your arms, give birth to your legs. Grow, grow, grow! And now hop on into the canoe and let's go fishing.” Tokwenunubwa got on the canoe, and they went past a place called Dukwemolu. A coral trout came swimming toward them. “Stop the canoe,” said Tokwenunubwa, “I want that fish, that fish is mine.” Tomitugaga caught the fish and said, “Oh, but that's for your sister's fish soup, that's the one we're going to take to her.” They went farther, and along came a trevally, and it got caught in the net. “My brother-in-law, that's my fish,” said Tokwenunubwa. “That's your sister's favorite fish for making soup; we're going to take that one for her to eat,” replied Tomitugaga. They went ahead and made it to Loisiwisi where the youdigaga fish came along and got caught in the net.

“My fish, that's for me, my brother-in-law.”

“That's a gift for your sister,” replied Tomitugaga. They turned back from there as the canoe was already laden with too many fish. When they arrived on the beach, Tokwenunubwa

jumped out of the canoe, and Tomitugaga said, “Shrink your arms, shrink your legs. Shrink, shrink, shrink!” Tomitugaga pulled the canoe ashore using Tokwenunubwa's body as a rolling log, his body red with bruises.

“It hurts, it hurts!”

“Be strong, be strong so that we can pull our canoe ashore!”

Once the canoe was on the beach, Tomitugaga cleaned the fish and threw the entrails away. He parceled the fish, made Tokwenunubwa's limbs grow back, and demanded, “Carry our fish.” Tokwenunubwa took the fish, and when they came to Libutuma Village, Tomitugaga said, “Your arms are short, your legs are short. Shrink, shrink, shrink!” The load of fish fell on the ground and Tomitugaga picked it up and carried it himself to his wife in Okaedawa. She said, “Waa, so many fish, and all so big. Tell me, did your brother-in-law get any fish at all, did you give him his share?”

“Oh, you know your brother, he's a real glutton. He claimed many fish for himself, and I made a separate share for him.”

“Let your brother-in-law eat them. Come smoke our fish while I bring him some food to eat with his share of fish.”

“No, you do the cooking and the smoking; I will take the cooked food to him myself.” Tomitugaga carried the food until he came to a small hill. He sat there and ate all the food that was for his brother-in-law. Once he finished the food, he filled up the tray with stones, and he kept on going. When he arrived, he called out, “Tokwenunubwa! Here is your food.”

“Oh, do not tease me,” Tokwenunubwa said. Tomitugaga dropped the stones and went back to his wife. She asked him, “Tell me, how is your brother-in-law?”

“Oh, you know him; he is cooking his fish and smoking the leftovers.”

Two days later, Tomitugaga said to his wife, “Cook some food; Tokwenunubwa and I are going fishing.” The following day, Tomitugaga set off to his brother-in-law's. “Tokwenunubwa, come, we're going fishing.”

“No, I can't, my brother-in-law. My body is swollen from all those scratches the stones left me.”

“Oh come on, stand up, let's go fishing. Grow your arms, grow your legs. Grow, grow, grow!” They walked down to the beach, and Tomitugaga said, “Shrink your arms, shrink your legs. Shrink, shrink, shrink!” Tomitugaga rolled the canoe into the sea on top of his brother-in-law.

“It hurts, my brother-in-law, and I can feel my ribs breaking.”

“Be strong, be strong while I push the canoe in the water.”

Then Tomitugaga uttered the spell once again, “Grow your arms, grow your feet. Grow, grow, grow,” and off they went toward Waida when a red bass came by and got caught in the fishing net.

“Hey, my brother-in-law, that's my fish!”

“But that's the fish we're taking to your sister; it's her present!” They pushed on until they reached Okumyayala when a shark came along and got tangled in the net. “Hey, my brother-in-law, I want that one; that's my favorite.”

“Oh, that's a present for your sister; you cannot have that one. Let's go back; our canoe is already full of fish.” Once they

made it back, Tomitugaga said, “Shrink your arms, shrink your legs. Shrink, shrink, shrink!” so that he could use his brother-in-law’s body to pull the canoe ashore. Tokwenunubwa’s stomach and back were badly scratched. After cleaning the fish, Tomitugaga said, “Grow your arms, grow your feet. Grow, grow, grow,” and they walked toward Tokwenunubwa’s village. Right before reaching the village, Tomitugaga uttered the spell, “Shrink your arms, shrink your legs. Shrink, shrink, shrink!” The load that Tokwenunubwa was carrying dropped as his limbs shrank, and Tomitugaga picked it up. He carried it into his village and left Tokwenunubwa lying there. He came up to his wife, and she asked him, “So?”

“Well, you see I brought you some fish, but your brother, words are wasted on him; he keeps on claiming every fish as his.” The next day, the wife told Tomitugaga, “Take this food up to your brother-in-law.” He took it, but when he was on top of the hill, he ate it all. He then filled up the tray with stones.

“Hey, Tokwenunubwa, here is your food.”

“Leave it there, leave it,” Tokwenunubwa said. Tomitugaga dropped the stones and went back. “How’s your brother-in-law?”

“I went there, and he was digging the earth oven, preparing it for those big fish and cooking his food,” Tomitugaga replied.

“Good, let him eat his share,” she said, and they ate their food. The next day, Tomitugaga said, “I’m going to see my brother-in-law; we’re going fishing.” He walked to Tokwenunubwa’s village. “Come, let’s go fishing.”

“No, my brother-in-law, we are not going. My body is full of sores; I cannot come.” “Oh come on, let’s go,” insisted Tomitugaga.

“No, my brother-in-law, let’s not go; there’s nothing good in it for me. You go fishing, and I’ll stay behind.” So Tomitugaga went fishing alone, and Tokwenunubwa stayed behind. Meanwhile, Tomitugaga’s wife thought, “I’d better go get the food trays back; they should have been brought back after eating, but they’ve stayed at my brother’s place.” She walked to her brother’s place, walked to the village’s entrance, and approached her brother’s house. Wuuuu! Flies flew out of the house when she opened the door and peeked inside. Tokwenunubwa swore at her, “Fuck you and your husband! May you eat your own crap; you took stones and brought them to me to eat!” When his sister found out what had happened and how Tomitugaga had been deceiving them both, they cried together. She then left him there and went back to her house to collect her belongings and brought them back to Tokwenunubwa’s house. She told her brother, “I have stolen my husband’s magic. Give birth to your arms, give birth to your feet. Grow, grow, grow!” Then they made their way down to the beach, and Tokwenunubwa washed and put on his fiber belt. They walked along the beach until they came to the spot where Tomitugaga was fishing.

“Oh, that one looks like my wife, and is that my brother-in-law? Yes, that’s my wife,” said Tomitugaga. “Where are you two going?” he asked them.

“You are a greedy man, and you hurt my brother; look at all these sores on his body. And you brought him stones to eat

instead of the food I prepared for him. I am leaving you; I’m going to live with my relatives.”

“Oh no, wait,” said Tomitugaga while he was punting his canoe along the seashore. “I will wash away my bad deeds; I will make up for my bad actions. Come with me, and let’s go back to our house.” He took some water and washed his body as he was talking, but Tokwenunubwa and his sister were already walking away. He insisted, “See? I have washed away my sins. I will get rid of my bad behavior so you and your brother can come back and we can all stay together.” But they kept on walking while he punted his canoe behind them. Brother and sister walked until they reached the village where they were born, Oiriyesi. When they arrived there, Chief Meselaisaguyau asked them, “What happened to you?”

“Tomitugaga mistreated us; that’s why we came here.”

“Fine,” Meselaisaguyau said. “You and your brother come stay here.” Brother and sister sat on the chief’s raised platform, while Tomitugaga stayed below watching them from under a kwila tree. Tomitugaga thought, “They are sitting apart from each other, one on this side, the other on the opposite side. Are they leaving a space in the middle for me? Should I climb up and sit with them? Should I show up and sit there? I will climb. Or maybe I can’t climb after all? Should I go there and sit in the middle? I think I need to climb there and sit in the middle. But what will happen if I go there and sit in the middle?” He was going back and forth like that when his wife said to the villagers, “Go and beat him up!” So the villagers took their spears and killed Tomitugaga, and Tokwenunubwa and his sister stayed in Oiriyesi.

COMMENTS

This is a popular story in the Trobriand Islands, with several different versions. The people of Obweria Village have composed a song based on this story.

SN 25 KEBULITAUYA (AN EVIL MAGIC SPELL)

A *liliu* myth told by Bokawau, a man from Kuluvitu, originally transcribed and translated by Bernard Mwayubu.

SUMMARY

Namusasela, a child-eating woman from Misima Island, gets chased away by the villagers there and turns up in Kaileuna Island. There, she enters a woman’s womb and makes her pregnant immediately. The woman gives birth to Namusasela and then keeps on having babies. Namusasela keeps on eating her baby siblings every time her mother goes to the garden and the father goes fishing. When the parents finally find out who she really is, they try to get rid of Namusasela. All their attempts fail, until they use the evil spell of *kebulitauya* on her. A big hunger follows, and the villagers are forced to scatter, looking for other

places to live. The myth explains how a woman from Kabulula Village named Nakilikili received the spell of *kebulitauya* owing to all these events.

Liliu Kebulitauya

Minana Namusasela Misima isisu iuvalutu, iuvalutu, iuvalutu ikamukoma gudisi Misima iyosi, iyosi, iyosi ilai kasisilami mina Misima ikamkoma gugwadi. Iuvalutu, iuvalutu, iuvalutu ibwakailisa mina Misima isipela isila lawaga bobau. Iyamu ima ikatuligai Sinya. Sinya Wawela osisuna. Isisu ibanisa mina Wawela imwakeyasa sena ikamukoma kadinaka ikamukoma iyosi bogwa bikomiligi okwadewa. “Labwakailisa mitaga bogwa bivinaku kamukwamu kwadewa bikomusasi wala ovalu.” Ibokailisa isakaula iuvalutu wala ivigili mkwesina iuvalutu Yuwegili. Ima isimwa, yagala valu Momuluwekila. Isisu Namukilawawa ivabusi lema bikayona okwadewa Tauwema. Esakaula lema bikili yona iyokewa Namusasela isunapula obobau makewena isui olopolo Namukilawawa.

Iyokewa minana Namukilawawa mesuma okwadewa ilaga ovalu Yuwegili. Ila iwakeya lamwala ekebiga, “A, amakawala yokwa kwekekita lopomu lukumaga vakela?”

“A taga lasuma okwadewa lailobusi ovalu.”

Isisu bogwa ekwayai eyokewawala ivalulu. Ekapusi minana Namusasela ewa isiwa nabigatona wala. Ebigatona ekebiga, “Kumeya sitana akamu?” Eyokewa lamwala, “Amakala wala ekapusi minana gwadi gudibigatona?”

Esimwesa. Isisia, isisusa iuvabutu isumavau minana Namukilawawa, uini vivila wala. Vivila, isisu bogwa sita enaveka iluki lamwala, “A, ke, bikanukwenu magudina gwadi biyamata tuwala kulalaga kukwawai kadagwabasi balaga apola kada iliyasi ameya bitakamusi.” Isakaula ila ikavai gwaba minana vivila ila ipwapola tau isuiga waboala imwakeya magudina gwadi emasisi imumwali wala ima ikoma. Ikamukoma ivinaku emesa sala, “Kweitasi, besa ayamata bwadagu inamesa igau ila ikavai kamasi tamamasi ela ipola.” Ikeitasi umiwesa isisu gola esunapola lema okaukweda. Esisu lema inasi itaya guguwa, “Mitaga gwadi?”

“A, wa boala emasisi.”

“Gala tetala!”

“Ekanukwenula.”

Eyamu. Isisusa esumavau minana Namukilawawa iuni tau.

“Nabweya kaukwau bala apola, inami bila ikavai kaula, yokwa bukuyamata lumuta.” “Oh-ob.”

Eyamu isalili ila ipola ila ikikavai gwaba minawena isuiga wakwala imwakeya ekanukwenu magudina gwadi ilupi wala imeya ikoma. Ikamukoma ivinaku. Ilagola obuyagu imakeya, “Taga bwadamu?”

“Awaboalala. O gala wala tetala bogwa etamwau. Aemumasisila kamwesaga kamumwasawasi.” Gala wala. Ineneisi wala isomatasi. Isisu iviluluvau Namukilawawa. Bogwa epeula wowola magudina gwadi iluki lamwala ekebiga, “Bala apola, inami bila ikavai kadasi yokwa bukuyamata magudina gwadi.” Itokeya ila ipola. Ila ikavai kasi inasi iwa gala ila itowa wala

osisuna. Emasisi magudina gwadi ivalamu wala isui imwakeya bikopoi magudina gwadi iyokewa tegala ininenaya pilayu itabudaki boala. Ikeita lema ilai wala guguwa imwakeyaga bogwa letapopula bikoma. Ekebiga, “Yokwa kwamukwamu gugwadi!”

“A gala. Evalamula lamakeya bakopwila.”

“Gudisi Yuwegili etitamwau bogwa yokwa.”

Ekebiga, “Nabweya kaukwau kumesa kuunisa kadami kuwesa kulausa kwemwaga bikamukwamu iniya.” Bwemwaga besa budubadu sagaga dakuna besa mesisiki. Uunisa ilausa isisu Bwemwaga, “Kusisu, bakalosa kapolasi bakameyasa bukukwamu.”

Iwesa gala ipolasi otapana itapatetasi imesa. Isisu gola itulatula isomata ivatilawa wala ima ivilobusi Tauwema. Iulawolasi mwada kikitasi imwakeyasa esisu.

“Bogwa okumesa?”

“Bogwa.” Gala ikomiligaisa ilausa ovalu. Ekwayai eluki Namukilawawa, “Nabweya yuwayoula bukulisikwalisa keyola dakuna bukulausa otilibwabwau bukuisiliesa.”

Eyamu kaukwau ilapusa yuwayoula ikausa kwetakwabogwa dakuna ilisikwalisa iuwalisa otilibwabwau ilosaga ivisililiyasa. Isalili ila itobu obabawa ikeitasi imesa ilili gola miyana wotunu inotilawa gola ima ivilobusi Tauwema. Iulawolasi imakeyasa esisu.

“Bogwa okumesa?”

“E, bogwa.”

“Amakala bitaiyigakesa?”

Eluki ekebiga, “Bukusausa besa megwa kebulitauya biokwa ala asisu Momuluwekila bukuisisanga Yuwegili.” Isimwesa isausa. Isisausa. Isisausa ivinakusa iyokewaga itokeya molu kwetakwabogwa Yuwegili. Isakawali. Ibutubusi imwemwesa imwemwesa isakaulaga Kelasaku ila Okaiboma Mukebola besa mesisiki. Emaga guma Kabulula. Ema ilela kabulala mwada bikayona emakeya esisusa.

“A, amakawami?”

“Oisi ebokailemasi molu. Deli litudayasa lakamesa lakasisusa manakwa dubwadebula.” Eyamu ikeita imeya kaula iseki ikomasi. Eyamu, eyamu, eyamu iokwa isimwa isau besa Kebulitauya. Isisauwala ikatutuli ilau Kabulula. Yagala Nakilikili. Ilau Kabulula lagela ekababusi Kebulitauya olopolo Kilivila. Makala ekebiga, “Kapaisi kapayou viviluwa yokulamwesa tubu Kelasaku tubu Nakilikili, tubu Nakilimweya tubu Nakilimutu, tubu Towewai tubu Tolewasi tubu Pwawau tubu Pwabogwa tubu Sidoga tubu Toitadoga tubu Kaliyadoga tubu Bivela tubu Biyausila tubu Balutu, tubu Ibualutu tubuila tububuiula valu tubu Ginukweutu tubu Dabowota tubu Toilouya gumaokwa kadagu kaulawaga tubusila kadagu mose ise ise ibutu iyausa.” E besa bilubaloma Kebulitauya. Bogwa mekeita.

ENGLISH TRANSLATION

There once was a woman by the name of Namusasela who lived in Misima Island. She used to take the children of Misima and eat them. She would bewitch the inhabitants of Misima, take their children, and eat them. One day, the people of Misima

managed to chase her, so she picked up her things and got on her canoe made of bamboo. The next day, Namusasela reached the beach of Sinya, in the bushes that are near the village of Wawela on Kiriwina Island. The people of Wawela saw her and noticed that she was eating plenty of *kadinaka* seaweed. Namusasela was hungry and kept on eating the *kadinaka* until there was almost none left at the beach. The people of Wawela chased her away. "We chased her because she had nearly eaten up the whole beach, lest she kept on eating her way to our village," they said. Somehow, the people of Wawela managed to chase her, and she sailed around on that piece of bamboo, leaving other places behind, until she arrived at Yuwegili. She came to Yuwegili, and she stayed at place they call Momuluwekila, on Kaileuna Island. One day, a woman called Namukilawawa came to the beach of Tauwema to get some saltwater. As she was getting in the sea to get her salt, Namusasela came out of her bamboo and went inside Namukilawawa. This is how Namukilawawa became pregnant right away, at the beach. When she went back to the village of Yuwegili, her husband noticed the changes.

Namukilawawa's husband asked her, "How come you had a small belly when you left for the beach this morning and now you come back and your belly is swollen?"

"Ah," she replied. "I got pregnant at the beach, and I came back to the village." That same evening, Namukilawawa gave birth. More than giving birth, Namusasela fell out of Namukilawawa's womb. From the very beginning, she was unlike any other babies. She was able to speak right after being born. In fact, she was very talkative. She said, "How about you give me something to eat?" Namukilawawa's husband was surprised. He said, "How come that little newborn girl is so chatty?" Soon thereafter, Namukilawawa became pregnant again. She gave birth to another girl. After some time, when the girl was a little bit older, the husband said, "Our little baby will stay here and sleep while her elder sister watches her. You go to the garden and get some food; I shall take my fishing net and get us some fish, so we can have a full meal tonight." Namukilawawa went to the garden to get yams and taro for their meal, and the husband went fishing.

Namusasela went inside the house and saw the baby sleeping; she lifted the baby and ate her. When she finished eating up her little sister, Namusasela's friends came by the hut, and she told them, "Go back; I'm looking after my little sister. Our mother is in the garden, and our father went fishing." Her friends went back, and she stayed in; then she came out of the house. She was sitting outside on the veranda when her mother came and put her things down. Then she asked Namusasela, "And the baby?"

"Oh, the baby is sleeping inside the house" was her reply.

Namukilawawa went inside the house. "There is no one in here!" she said.

"Yes, she is lying there," Namusasela insisted. But of course, the baby was not there. The next day, Namukilawawa became pregnant again and gave birth to a boy. Then one day the father said, "Tomorrow, I'm going to go fishing with my net. Your mother will go to the garden and get food; you shall stay home

and look after your baby brother." "Alright," Namusasela said. The next day, the husband woke up early, and Namukilawawa went to the garden. Namusasela stayed in the house. When both her parents were gone, she lifted the baby and started eating him up until she finished him. She then went to the garden and came back to the village with her mother. Her mother asked, "Where is your brother?"

"He's in the house," Namusasela lied. Her mother went in. "Oh no, he's not here! He disappeared!"

"He was sleeping, and I went playing with my friends," Namusasela lied again. They went looking for the baby until they got tired and had to give up. It wasn't long before Namukilawawa gave birth to another baby. When the baby was strong enough, her husband said to Namusasela, "Tomorrow, I will go fishing, and your mother will go and get some food while you look after that baby." The next day, he got up and went fishing. Namukilawawa went out, but instead of going to the garden she hid in the bushes behind the village. The baby was sleeping, woke up, and started crying.

Namusasela went inside the house and held the baby up. Her ears started growing until they covered the house. The mother ran back to the village, threw her garden things outside, and went in right in time to see Namusasela leaning over the baby and getting ready to eat it. Namukilawawa said, "You are the one who eats the babies!" "No! The baby was crying, so I came in the house to hold it."

"All the children of Yuwegili that have gotten lost, you ate them!" Namukilawawa said. Then she told Namusasela, "Tomorrow, you will go fishing with your uncles. They will take you to Bwemwaga, and you can eat plenty of fish over there." Now, as you know, at Bwemwaga there are a lot of very sharp coral rocks. This was a plot to get rid of Namusasela. The next day, they loaded their canoes and went to Bwemwaga. They dropped Namusasela on those sharp rocks and instructed her, "You stay here; we are going fishing. We'll come to pick you up when we're done, and then you can eat your share of fish." The men of Yuwegili went away, but instead of fishing, they paddled back to the village. Namusasela stayed there and waited until she got tired, and she started walking on the seabed along the sharp coral edges, and eventually, she came back to Tauwema. When the men came back, they saw Namusasela was already at the beach. They were surprised. When they came next to her, she asked them, "You're just coming back now?"

"Yes, we're done," they said. Since they had failed in this attempt, they had no choice but to go back to the village with Namusasela. In the afternoon Namukilawawa said, "Tomorrow, you will bring some rope and tie her neck to a stone and go throw her where the dark blue sea is deepest." The next morning, the men put a rope around Namusasela's neck, and they tied it to a big stone; they paddled to the dark blue sea, and they dropped her there. Namusasela sank all the way until she reached the sand bed. The uncles paddled back to Tauwema. Meanwhile, Namusasela loosened the rope and swam underwater until she reached Tauwema. When the uncles reached the

beach of Tauwema, they saw her sitting there, waiting for them. They were surprised.

She asked them, “Already you came back?”

“Already,” the uncles said. They all went back to the village. That evening the men asked Namukilawawa, “What are we going to do with her?” She said, “We have no choice now; you shall use that evil magic spell, *kebulitauya*. Bespell her, and when you’re done, I will go and stay at Momuluwekila while you stay at Yuwegili.” That same night the uncles recited the magic spell of *kebulitauya* and stayed in the village. Once they were done, a period of hunger in Yuwegili ensued. It continued for a while; for a long time there was no food in the gardens. The people had to go away and stay in different places. Kelasaku sailed and stayed in Okaiboma Village where Mukebola lived. Other people left for other places where they had relatives. One day, a woman from the village of Kabulula went to the beach to fetch saltwater. While she was there, she noticed there were some people on those rocks down at the shore. “What are you doing here?” she asked.

“Oh, the big hunger came and chased us away. We had to come here and live on this rocky shore with our children,” the women answered. The next day, that woman from Kabulula Village came back and brought them some food. Namukilawawa and her children ate it all. The woman from Kabulula fed them for several days, so Namukilawawa and her relatives ended up giving her the evil magic spell of *kebulitauya* as a token of gratitude for her help. When that woman received the whole spell, she went back to Kabulula with it. The name of this woman was Nakilikili. And this is the spell [what follows is a fraction of a magic *yuvisa* spell to counter the evil *kebulitauya*]: “*Kapaisi kapayou viviluva yokulamwesa tubu kelasaku tubu Nakilikili, tubu Nakilimweya tubu Nakilimutu, tubu Towewai tubu Tolewasi tubu Pwavau tubu Pwabogwa tubu Sidoga tubu Toitadoga tubu Kaliyadoga tubu Bivela tubu Biyausila tubu Balutu, tubu Ibulalutu tubuila tububuiula valu tubu Ginukweutu tubu Dabowota tubu Toilouya gumaokwa kadagu kaulawaga tubusila kadagu mose ise ise ibutu iyausa.*”

Nakilikili took it to Kabulula, and now *kebulitauya* has arrived in Kiriwina. This is how it went.

COMMENTS

Namusasela enters the womb of Namukilawawa and is born out of her. This recalls two similar instances: One is the way Malinowski claimed the rejuvenated *baloma* enter women’s wombs in Kiriwina after they “die” in Tuma, to make them pregnant (Malinowski, 1916). This is an occurrence that few people acknowledge as being true in Kiriwina as of 2018 (Jarillo et al., 2020a, 2020b). The other one involves so-called flying witches (*yoyowa* or *mulukwausi*). *Yoyowa* feed on people by stealing and consuming their innards, which makes them sick and eventually kills them. *Yoyowa* are said to pass on the knowledge of their trade to others (mostly young female relatives) by swallowing them whole and expelling them through the anus. A young girl who undergoes this procedure magically acquires the capacity to

become a flying witch instantly. Namusasela giving birth to herself echoes this procedure, as she is reborn and becomes big and powerful almost immediately thereafter. Unlike in Misima or in Wawela, the people of Kaileuna are unable to chase Namusasela as easily, perhaps because she has been “born again” and is now stronger.

The way the story is narrated, with Namukilawawa asking her brothers to use the magic spell *kebulitauya* to get rid of Namusasela and the ensuing “big hunger,” leads to the misconception that *kebulitauya* might be a “hunger spell,” bringing famine upon a village. Some people commented *kebulitauya* can also be a spell used to drive away unwanted evil spirits or ghosts; it is recited in this story to chase Namusasela away. The ensuing big hunger in the myth is not the direct consequence of the *kebulitauya* spell.

Some people explained that there are several ways of bringing hunger to a village through magic spells such as the *kotubumyou* spell (from *tubumyou*, “ashes”). *Kotubumyou* brings about a severe heat wave that burns the crops in the garden. Another evil spell for hunger is called *kaisusua* after the wooden fork used to poke yams and other tubers while they are cooking to see if they are ready and to serve them. The forks can be bespelled to make the food rot and the people who eat it sick.

Conversely, *kaisusua* forks can be bespelled to make the food very filling and nutritious and those who eat it satisfied with only a small portion, making food reserves last longer.

The most accepted version considers *kebulitauya* (also spelled *kabulitauya* or *kubulitauya*) to be a specific type of evil magic spell (generally known as *silami*), normally used by *bwagau* sorcerers. It makes the target’s nose rot away and fall off (and eventually die), leaving a “black hole” that resembles that of a *tauya* conch shell, hence the name. It is worth noting that yaws was once a common disease in the Massim area. In its tertiary stage, yaws provokes extensive destruction of the bone and cartilage of the nose (rhinopharyngitis mutilans).

Namusasela is a cannibal ogre or an evil female spirit, in the same vein as Itona or Tauvau (see SN 169 *Itona*), cited with alternative spellings: *Namsasaila* according to Ollier (1975) and *Namsasela* according to Senft (2008). According to Senft, Namusasela is “a spirit woman who may harm people if they disturb her or do not respect her.” Namsasela lives in a freshwater grotto known as Buyaku near Tauwema village in Kaileuna Island and can be compared with another evil spirit, Bodulela (see SN 169 *Itona*). According to people in Kiriwina nowadays, Namusasela lives in the sea near Kaduwaga Village (Kaileuna Island).

The *bilibaloma* (also spelled *bilubaloma*) are the spirits of the ancestors from a given *dala* matrilineage. They are summoned at the beginning of magic spells to help the summoner’s magic to be effective through their intercession. The spell found at the end of the myth was identified by Gumwemwata of Osesuya as the *yuvisa* magic to counter the *kebulitauya* evil spell and heal those affected by it.

RELEVANT VOCABULARY: *kadinaka*

SN 31 TOGILIWAKUMA (A MAN'S NAME)

A *kwanebu* folktale told by Tomdawa, a man from Kaibola. Originally transcribed by Bernard Mwayubu and translated by Mwangawa Mwawesi.

SUMMARY

Togiliwakuma beats the drum constantly, irritating a big crocodile. The crocodile starts hunting the boy. The boy runs away, asking several fish to help him; they all try, but they fail because the crocodile is too powerful, and they all get scared of it, until it's the porcupine fish's turn.

For a similar *kwanebu* folktale, see SN 212 *Kamwemuya* by Mwadayana.

Kwanebuyee Togiliwakuma

Togiliwakuma ivalulu inala edoki Togiliwakuma. Toliligai yam bogi biligai wa. Gala lawewasi, isisu biligai wala. Bimasisi biligai. Bila ililola bima ililigai. Bila ibagula bikoungwari katunenia, biyayosa ligai yam bogi, yam bogi. Matona Togiliwakuma eseki inala ikugwa ivalulu ineneisi tuwala tau e oluvi evalulu borogu. Ikau oyopam ila ibaku. E makaena kai gala avaka bitaigaki. "Desi wala balau bikanawa." E oluvi evilulu matowena Togiliwakuma tomota. Eluki kalakarewaga makala: toliligai wala. Esisusa esisusa ekariga inala, ekariga tamala e matowena Togiliwakuma biyayosi ligai yam bogi, yam bogi. Minawena urigova wawaya ekanaki, mitaga ikanukwenu, ikanukwenu itubwaki lopola inisi tegala. Yam bogi, yam bogi isakaula, "O! vikulula lopogu, tau gala kabomasisi, gala kabowewasi, katubwada kidamwa yam bogi, yam bogi ligai wala bitota. Bala agisi." Ekatusunapula wala etokaewa isakaula okadumalaga, "Kutori mwa! Avakapela gala kabowewasi? Sitana kabokwam, kabomom, gala wa. Besa kuyayosa wala ligai, yam bogi, yam bogi. Kutokavata bawa agisem." Kuliluwa wala kumweya kutoyemwa ovalu kumweya kutoyemwa kadatala. Kulupeli kadatala kadumalaga kumweya kutoyemwa kumweya kutoyemwa. Emema orumata kuvabusiya. Etokaewa minana urigova magila bikoma wala matona Togiliwakuma. Isakaula isakaula tata wala bogwa isomata. Bogwa ipolu wadola, emata wowola, kusakaula kulakai minana kulasi esisu. Matona Togiliwakuma, "E tuwada kuma kukwalegu."

"Avaka pem?"

"Pela wala ligai aliligai ekakai wowola urigova e bokailegu, e bokailegu emeyegu wala." Iyokewa minana kulasi, "A kuma kuma besa kusimwa. Bimaga som bagisi. Yegulaga gala sita teta bakalau. Ambese tolesi, ambese ambese gala sita anukwali. Kaboseliu yegu kulasi. Kuma, kuma tasisu bimaga soda tagisi. Yokwa kuwakayau samwa." Esisusa, esisusa ikukululu wala Togiliwakuma ikowana kulasi igisi urigova lewa. Kudula tadoki buna.

"A bwada kuma. Kusunapula kuma kugisi. Makaena lema tadoki tadobu, lema gala kudoki. Yakaula ekaitau deli kalapolu lemeya."

Etadoyai wala Togiliwakuma, "A tuwagu gala kudoki. Tadobu makaewanala lema." "Ai lumuta kweya. Kusakaula! Kusakaula! Galaga bitatokeya. Botumwaya kudula, kudula lema."

Kusakaula kulasi, kusakaula Togiliwakuma. Kusakaula iwa ikanupwepuni matona isakaula isakaula ewokeya minana kwau Siya wala mekanaki.

"Kwalai."

"A gala tuwada urigova ebokailegu, ebokailegu bikomegu wala. Lamakeya kulasi kasisu mwamwela evalapula gala ebulukukoli isakaula e lasakaula."

"Kuma, kuma. Kusimwa besa. Kaboseliu yegu kwau. Babilobusi tomota bikaibigasi lema kwau! Ke yegulala, mitaga matona mwada nasatolela. Kuluki bima, kuma tasisu igau bima, kuma kuma odaboala kumasisi. Igau wa basisu." Isui olaboala kwau ikanukwenu sola itadoyai minana kwau. Mitailaga igisi okabulula Mwegu, ikaitau kudula lemeya.

Ipwakaula tadoki waga gumanuma kaitala isakaula.

"A bwada, kusunapula, makaena gumanuma supidi isakaesa gala yomala." "Ambese makaena?"

"A bogwa bidolagwa Koyagela odabala. Kugisem bwada. Tadoyai wala kugisi."

"A tuwa gala kudoki ave wagala, matowenala besa kudula pwakaula, adoki gola avaka." "A mitaga avaka pela mwadaga gala tokeita okulivala tatokemwa? Kula kunei kambwena ambesa, basakaula bamwa oboarita." Isakaula kwau boaritaveka lavalu bila ambesa ambesa.

Kusakaula, kusakaula, kusakaula kulakai minawena kwaduwa Siya mekanaki. Ekanukwenu wala, "Mwa, kwalai!"

"E tuwagu lameki kulasi ekokola, adoki bikwalegu, ameki kwau adoki bikwalegu gala ikokola ibokailegu urigova magila bikomegu wala."

"A mwa nasagola tolela som. Kaboseliu yegu kwaduwa. Ke bimesa asivila makawagu bogwa lalasi. Gala kudoki. Kuma wa tasimwa." Esisusa esisusa imwamwai elepu bwadala, "So, avekalatuta bwadada bima?"

"Gala wala tasimwamwa wala biguvalapula. Agu kapwaesi bogwa bimada. Tasimwamwa wala bivalapula." Wala wala matala Togiliwakuma itadoyai igau kwaduwa, "A bwada! Kusunapula igau kugisi. Tadoki makaewena tadobu ivaotu deri polu lemeya. Kumwa kumwa tuwada igau agisi."

E tadoyai wala igisi, "A sogu, makaena tadoki tadobu. Besa matona lema besa kudula pwakaula."

"O nakwa tasakaula. Kusakaula, basakaula. Mwada pikekita bitatokeli. Bwena kula kunenei kambwena lasakaula." Kusakaula kwaduwa kusakaula Togiliwakuma. Besa kulepi wa kumeya. Kusakaula kusakaula wala minana montateu wawaya wala bikanaki. Kugisa bukupowaki yam yam wa waya wala bogwa montatetu bukuweyasi. Ema sivalu besa. Ikanukwenu waboala minana montatetu kusunapula. Ikau laim lemeya iseli iyaula laim. Mautuvena yeyuna gala pitupitula emautuna ela iyaula. Ekebiga eluki, "Mwa!"

"O tuwada bogwa lainau yalela valu. Matosina matosina tovekaveka ebokailegusi urigova ebokailegu lama, lama

lamakeyam yokwa. Urigova ebokailegu magila bikomegu wala. Gala pela biwegu.”

Ekebiga matowena montatetu, “Ke? O bwadada gala ikwani kabolivala. Matosine tuwamwa tautosi, yegulaga gala tautogu. Bo mesinikwebu wala. Bwena kuma igau tasili e igau bima bitagisi. E bikomegu oluvi yokiwa. E kugisaga ulapeula bitokaewa besa urigova.” Esisusa esisusa esisusa mapelaga ekai biga montatetu, “Bima bikatubayasa baluki kwatubayasa basuiga. Mapela nanakwa boala ikasewa im igau avaka bakatubayasa viduvidu bakasunapula. Bukusisu gola. Bikugwa bikomegu oluviga yokwa.” Esisusa esisusa itadoyai matona montatetu, “A bwadada kusunapula kugisi. Gumanuma makaena gala bitakai biga waga.” Isisakaula gulapolai. Eyokewaga matona Togiliwakuma esisi, “A matona?”

“A makaiwena lema. Gala tuwada bogwala matona lema.”

“O bwadada galaga kabolivala. Bwena tasisu bima. Igau bitagisi mitaga balukwem wala.” Ekeimari labiga ila otubokawala iluki, “Besa balukwem wala bima galaga nasa tolela. Bima bakominimani wala bikambogegu e ula peula bisunapula besa matona bigisi.” Isimwesa isakaulasi, isikaula emeki ikatupoi, “E lubeda matona? Tau lema, kana gala tetala?”

“Ave tau?”

“A Togiliwakuma.”

“A matona? Waboala esisu.”

“Ambesa adodou ulakova bimeya elivalaga sena turi tegala. Labokaili adoki baitulaki. Bagimsisu katanei binukwali.”

Ekeibigaga waboala, “Gala tuwagu, isasopa wala bikomegu, gala kudoki. Pela eninisi tegala laligai ebokailegu. Bikomegu gala pela biwegu.”

“Kurigewa besa gwadi.”

“Bisunapula bima okwaukeda baweya binukwali. Bakatuvisi nani. Gala kidamwa okubwakaili wala esekila lubeda karewagegu.”

“A galaga,” ekebiga montatetu. “Galaga bukukoma gwadi. Gwadi bisisu e bukukomegu. Bukukomegu biokwa e bukukomi bwadagu.”

“Avela ekebiga lubegu? A bogwa latagwala.” “Ke bogwa kutagwala?”

“Bogwa okarewaga bwena.” Esisu igau amweya im waboala. Esisu okaukweda emvaga waboala isui ikau makuduna im isagi emokeya magulana kiriri ilasi matala yam yam bisisau bimeya bikuguri wala. Isui wala magulana kiriri ilokewa isanana wala viduvidula. Ikanitaila, ikanitaila iyadi wala iyokwa ekusunapula wala, “Mwa! Katubayasa, kapwagega bawaga.” E egila minana urigova lewa. Kuditilawa eseli odola kudakawa esagi okulumwala. E kanamwa. E taboda kulola wala. Kusui wala kalabiga otobula ela otobula ekanitavila makaesine opwanetala kawanogwa montateu eninaniga tovasusu eyokewa ikapatu minawena urigova. Edoki bidumwani, eyokewa minana montatetu olopola urigova iyokaewa iyoviyoila kuyoviyoila iyokewasi makaesina lakayala uwawau kaita kulola oluwasosu kaitala kulola olopola, utupwali bukulebala kuseyewa minana urigova bidomla esewa gala. Kusesesila wala kumwa kukatamati. Kukwariga minana urigova kumwaga kwanamwa. Iyokewaga minana montatetu

pusawaga. Pusawaga bogwa lema katitekinila ekouri wadola kusunapula. Kusunapula kuma kusimwa imaga minana uridoga ibogi. Iluki igau bwadala, “E yokwa kwadubumi samwa.”

“Yegulaga gala wala uladubumi. Gala adubumi kwau, gala adubumi urigova, gala ave mauna. Yegulaga montatetu tokekita wala yegu mitaga towaigu tomata,” eluki bwadala. “Bogwa laweya matona tomota eadoki bitasisu wala.”

“A gala igau tasisusa bogwa okatumati matona tomota kuisu ommalu e bala oguvalu basiwa.” Emaga esiwa oboarita laga inia takamkwamsi.

ENGLISH TRANSLATION

A boy was born, and his mother named him Togiliwakuma. Togiliwakuma was a drum beater; he used to beat the drum day and night. He never rested; he beat the drum endlessly. He beat the drum while sitting, and he beat it while sleeping. Before Togiliwakuma was born his mother had given birth to his elder brother, a *borogu* plant. After she gave birth to the plant she took it to the kitchen garden and planted it there; she had no use for it. “Never mind this useless plant; I will plant it so that it will stay here.” And after that she gave birth to Togiliwakuma, a real human. When he was born, she told him, “This is what you will do. You will be a drum beater.” Togiliwakuma lived together with his parents until his mother and his father died. Togiliwakuma kept on beating the drum during the day and at night, night and day again. There was a crocodile living in a creek nearby. Night and day, the sound of the drum filled the crocodile’s ears until the crocodile was full of anger.

“My belly is full of anger; because of this kid here we cannot sleep, we cannot rest. He doesn’t care if it’s day or night; night and day he stands there and he beats the drum. I will go and see,” said the crocodile. The crocodile went to have a look, and as he was approaching the entrance of the village, he shouted, “Boy! Stay there! How come we don’t get any sleep? We can’t get a quiet moment, we can’t eat in peace, we can’t drink in peace because you keep on beating the drum. Stay there, I’m coming to see you boy.” The crocodile started chasing the boy from one corner of the village to the other, and the boy eventually took the path down to the beach. The crocodile wanted to eat Togiliwakuma. The boy ran and ran, and he was getting tired. Togiliwakuma was sweating from the effort, and his body was getting worn out when he came across *kulasi*, the coral trout. Togiliwakuma begged the coral trout, “My big brother, please protect me.”

“From what?” said the coral trout. “Because I’ve been beating the drum, and it was upsetting the crocodile, and now it wants to eat me.”

“Oh, don’t you worry,” said the coral trout. “Come stay here with me. When the crocodile comes, I will go see him. I fear no one, no matter who they are, no matter where they come from. I’m the coral trout. Come, come stay with me; when the crocodile comes, we will go see him.” Togiliwakuma and the coral trout sat there waiting. Togiliwakuma sat down with his

head down, but the coral trout looked up to check. When the coral trout looked up, he saw the crocodile coming with rows of teeth as big as large cowry shells. "Oh, my little brother, come and see. Get out and check this out. This crocodile here looks like a large seagoing Kula canoe. Look at the foam forming in its mouth." Togiliwakuma peeped out and said, "Oh, my brother, you are right. It's as big as a Kula canoe."

"May you fuck your sister," cursed the coral trout. "I thought it was a smaller crocodile. Run, run away. There's nothing else to do; look at those teeth approaching." Off goes the coral trout, off goes Togiliwakuma. The boy ran and came to Siya, where he found a shark. The shark asked Togiliwakuma, "What's going on?"

"Oh, my big brother, the crocodile is chasing me. He wants to eat me. I was staying with the coral trout, but when the crocodile came, we both ran away."

"Come, come sit here," the shark said. "I am the shark; you know my fame. You know what happens when I show up; people say, here is the shark! I am the shark; indeed, he is a nobody. Tell him to come. Meanwhile, stay here; this is our house, come have a rest. I'll stay here." Togiliwakuma went into the shark's house and lay down. The shark went out and peeked toward Mwegu Point. He saw the crocodile's teeth approaching, breaking the waves like a European ship at full speed.

"Oh, my little brother, come out and look at this ship running at full steam." "Which ship?" asked Togiliwakuma.

"That one getting close to Koyagela. Come have a look," said the shark.

"Ah, my brother, that's not a ship and that's not white steam; that's him, the crocodile with those huge white teeth, his mouth white with froth," said Togiliwakuma.

"Why didn't you say so from the beginning? Go look for a safe place; I'm going to run away to the open sea." The shark ran to his place, wherever that is in the deep sea. Run, run, run, Togiliwakuma made it to the other side of Siya and came to the barracuda's place. The barracuda was resting and, upon seeing Togiliwakuma, asked, "Hey, what's the matter?"

"My big brother, I came to you because the coral trout was too scared to protect me. Then I thought the shark would protect me, but he too was scared, and the crocodile is still chasing me; he wants to eat me."

"Those friends of yours, they don't have what it takes. I am the barracuda; I have a reputation. When my enemies come to me, all I have to do is swing my mouth, and I have already sliced them. Come with me; we'll stay here." So they stayed at the barracuda's place. The barracuda was growing impatient, and he asked Togiliwakuma, "Tell me, when is our friend the crocodile going to show up?"

"Oh, he will come by soon. I bet you he will arrive even before my sweat dries; you'll see." After a little time the barracuda peeked out of the house. "Oh, my little brother, come out and have a look. This thing approaching is as big as a Kula canoe. It raises wave after wave of white foam as it speeds forward. Come, come have a look at this," said the barracuda.

"Oh, my friend, this looks indeed like a big Kula canoe, but it is, in fact, the crocodile with its big white teeth," said Togiliwakuma.

"Hurry up, run away," urged the barracuda. "You run, I'll run. Go look for a good place to hide!" said the barracuda. Off goes the barracuda, off goes Togiliwakuma. The crocodile was chasing Togiliwakuma once again. He ran and ran and ran until he came to a tidal creek where the porcupine fish was resting. See, every time we go spearfishing, we catch porcupine fish in the tidal creek because that's where they like to stay. That's the village of the porcupine fish. The porcupine fish was resting in his house. When he saw Togiliwakuma approaching, he went out. He was busy making strings from pandanus leaves for his fishing net. But his tail is not smooth, like that of other fish; it has spikes, and with those he was rolling the leaves to make a net. When he saw the boy, the porcupine fish asked, "Hey, what's going on?"

"Oh, my big brother, I have tried all the fishes at sea; I've sought out the biggest and toughest ones for protection because the crocodile is hunting me, that's why I came to you. The crocodile wants to eat me, not just teach me a lesson but actually eat me!"

"I see," replied the porcupine fish. "It is not going to be easy; all those fish that tried to help you, they are all strong. As for me, I'm small and not strong at all. But come and stay with me; when the crocodile comes, we shall see. I will tell him to eat me first and to eat you afterward. And only then will you see my real strength facing the crocodile." So they stayed there and waited for the crocodile to show up. The porcupine fish said to Togiliwakuma, "When the crocodile comes, I'll tell him to wait outside of the house. I'll tell him that the house is full of pandanus fibers for making nets and that there is no space for him to come inside. I'll take my thorns out with me, and I'll ask him to eat me first and to eat you afterward." They waited for the crocodile, and when the porcupine fish looked up, he saw him approaching. "My little brother, there's a big steamship approaching."

"Where is it?" asked Togiliwakuma.

"Over there."

"No, that's him, the crocodile."

"Fine. This is not going to be easy," said the porcupine fish. "We'll sit tight for the time being. I'll tell you what to do later. I'll tell the crocodile he is a nobody. I will toughen up and provoke him. I'll insist he eats me first." So they waited and waited until the crocodile showed up and asked, "Where is our friend? Did he come here?"

"Which friend?" asked the porcupine fish. "Togiliwakuma," replied the crocodile. "Oh that one? Yes, he's in the house."

"Oh, I found him at last. I asked him for fire; I called him and called him, but he must not have heard me; I think he's ignoring me. I'll get the coconut broom and teach him a lesson," said the crocodile.

"Don't listen to him, my big brother," replied Togiliwakuma from inside the house. "He's lying. He wants to eat me because I filled his ears with noise with my drum beating. He wants to eat me, not beat me with the broom."

"Forget it, he's only a kid," urged the porcupine fish.

"He cannot challenge my authority. Tell him to come out, and I will beat some sense into his head," replied the crocodile.

“No, don’t eat the kid. Eat me instead,” said the porcupine fish. “Eat me first, then you can eat the kid.”

“But who says I should eat you?”

“I do,” affirmed the porcupine fish.

“So you are willing to be eaten?” insisted the crocodile.

“Yes.”

“Well, if that’s what you want, so be it then.”

The porcupine fish went inside the house to leave the pandanus fibers he was twisting and grabbed the heap of thorns he had been collecting every day. He picked the thorns up and sharpened them all by rolling on top of them. He came out and said to the crocodile, “Hey, get ready and open your mouth as wide as you can.” The crocodile placed his lower jaw on the door threshold and his upper jaw on the roof of the house. The porcupine fish went inside, down the crocodile’s throat, and all the way down to his stomach, holding the longest thorn on his forehead.

The crocodile closed his mouth and tried to swallow, but the porcupine fish started to expand. He grew and grew and grew until the porcupine fish’s spears pierced the crocodile. They pierced him everywhere, his throat, his lung, his insides. He tried to swallow, but he couldn’t. The crocodile groaned and died. The porcupine fish contracted and contracted until he came close to the crocodile’s mouth and came out of it. It was dark outside. The porcupine fish said to his little brother Togiliwakuma, “You were concerned, but me, I’m never concerned. I’m not scared of the shark, I’m not scared of the crocodile, I’m not scared of any animal. I am small, but I can be a slayer. I already slew the crocodile, so we can stay here in peace.”

Togiliwakuma said, “No, you have killed him; you stay at your place, and I will go back to mine.” And because the boy went back to his village and the porcupine fish stayed in the sea, that is why to this day we still eat porcupine fish.

COMMENTS

This story explains how the blowfish got his thorns. The very popular SN 212 *Kamwemuya* (part of the *Kamwemuya* cycle; see the *Kamwemuya* songs by Sebwagau in the Leach Collection, Tape 31, tape counter 451 to 765) has an almost identical premise, except that in that story a Dokanikani man-eating ogre takes the role of the crocodile.

RELEVANT VOCABULARY:

giliwakuma

ovikulula lopogu

SN 39 MOMOVALA (A WOMAN’S NAME)

A *kwanebu* folktale told by Boikota from Kuluvitu. She obtained the story from Kadedaguyau from Kuluvitu. Originally transcribed by Martin Monumwetola and translated by Mwagawa Mwawesi.

SUMMARY

Momovala and her father go together to the garden. Momovala climbs a tree to get some flowers to make a wreath. As she’s climbing down the tree, her father disrespects her, and Momovala is deeply hurt. When they go back home, the mother understands something is wrong, but Momovala refuses to answer her mother’s questions. Momovala walks into the sea and gets eaten by sharks despite her mother’s repeated attempts to convince her to go back.

For another version of this *kwanebu* folktale, see SN 213 *Momovala* by Mekilawaga.

Kwanebuyee Momovala

Minana Momovala sisusa sola inala tamala e kataisi doba inala. E, tamala elivala, “Tamwa tavaula dauli bitataiga inamu doba.” Ikabisi ilosa olebwago.

Ilosa iviluvaulasi sola tamala imitaila tamala igisi makewena bweta.

“A inakelala bweta makwena. Kuwa kuwaweya kamubweta babiluvaulaga dauli.”

“Amu makewena?”

“Makewena, e.”

“O kuviluvaula balaga awai tamada agubweta.”

Imwena imwemwena ila isiwa iwawai kalabweta iviluvaulaga tamala.

“Ina gola kelala kamubweta kutopela kuweya sisitala kutopela kuwea sisiyuwela e kubusi kuma bitala.” Iwaweya makena bweta ivinaku itobusi lema iluluki tamala ivalamu. Ivalamu wala ikugwa gola imeki inala esisu. Ivalamu gola imeki inala esisu.

“Me avaka pemu okuvalamu okuma? Kena ivitakemu tamamu?”

Gala wala iluki imu mwasila wala ikau kalabuna ipali ilubwadi kekela, ikau kalasegadula isipu, kalisaveva isipu ivatubolola ivalamu.

“O Momovala, Momovala, sini sinegu tumi tanagu, nakwekuye kuvilo nanogu kuviluvilu ninoguye!” Iyokewa inala itokeya isakaula otubolola iyokewa, “Me kutovila kulukwegu avaka uula lokuvalamu lokuma? Kutovila kulukwegu kena ivitakemu kena iwemu?” Gala wala iluki inala. Isisakaula ikukugwa isisakaula inala oluvi. Iuvalutu iuvalutu bogwa levakana olebwaga ivalamu. “Momovala, Momovala, sinisinegu tubutamagu nakwekuye kuvilo nanogu kuvilu vilu ninoguye.”

“Me, kutovila kulukwegu, avaka uula okuvalamu okwa lasisakau laga otubolomu? Kena ilukwemu kena imutokemu bukukwegu banukwali?”

Gala wala iluki inala, isisakaula ikugwa oluvi ililola.

Ivabusi okwadewa ivabusi wala obwalita, “O Momovala, Momovala, sinisinegu tumutamagu nakwekuye kuvilo nanogu kuvilu vilu ninoguye.”

Isilabusi wala inala iwekeya wala. “Latugu kutovila sita kulukwegu avaka ivigakemu kena iwemu kena ilubwemu biga

gaga kulukwegu banukwali.” Gala wala itovila iluki inala. Odeyaga ivakana idou. Idou kwau, “O kwau-o, kwau o, kwau o, lewa kamubuno, kwau o lewa kamululuboda o kwau, o kwau lewa kamusavevo.” Lemesa wala kwau inu mwasiwala ikomasi. Iyokewa inala ikayaila imwa odeyaga iuvalamu isomata isilalaguwa ikabi ima ovalu.

ENGLISH TRANSLATION

This girl was called Momovala, and she lived with her mother and her father. One day, Momovala was making fiber skirts with her mother when her father said to her, “Momovala, we shall go and plant taro while your mother stays back and makes fiber skirts.” They went to the cliffs by the ocean. They were planting their taro shoots there when her father looked up and saw flowers on a tree and said to his daughter, “Ah, look how many flowers there are on that tree. Why don’t you go and pick them; you can make a wreath for yourself. Meanwhile, I’ll stay here and finish planting our taro shoots.” “Which tree?” Momovala asked.

“There it is, that tree over there,” her father replied.

“Oh yes,” she agreed. “You plant our taro shoots while I go and pick my flowers, father.” She climbed up and sat on a branch and was picking the flowers for her wreath while her father was doing the planting.

“There are plenty flowers for you; pick them from one branch and go to the next, and when you have finished, climb down and we’ll go,” her father said.

When Momovala finished picking the flowers, she climbed down the tree. As she was doing so, her father peeked under her skirt and made a dirty comment. Momovala started crying. She walked ahead crying, and her father walked behind her.

She came crying to her mother, who was still working on the fiber skirts. “My girl, why are you crying? Maybe your father scolded you?”

Momovala did not answer because she was ashamed; she took her chiefly body decorations, her knee-high wreath of cowrie shells, and she tied them around both of her legs below her knees. She put her headband with the hanging string on the back of her neck, and she put on her round head piece that hung down to her cheeks and went out and started crying, “Oh, Momovala, Momovala, mother of the mind, father of the mind, I’m alone, and my mind is heavy with concern.”

Her mother got up and ran to her and asked, “Girl, turn around and tell me the cause of your crying. Turn around and tell me if your father has been scolding you or has beaten you up.” But she didn’t say anything to her mother. Momovala started walking. She was running ahead, crying, and her mother was trailing behind. She went on, and she came to the cliff forests near the beach. She chanted, “Momovala, Momovala, mother of the mind, father of the mind, my mind is turning and turning, and it is heavy with concern.”

“Girl, turn around and tell me; you came running ahead, and I came running behind you. If he has scolded you or sworn at you, tell me, so that I can know about it,” her mother said. But Momovala did not say anything to her mother. She kept on

going, and her mother followed, walking behind her. Momovala arrived at the beach, but she didn’t stop walking; she went straight into the sea. She chanted again, “O Momovala, Momovala, mother of the mind, father of the mind, I’m alone and my mind is turning and turning around, and it’s so heavy with concern.” Her mother went with her into the water.

“My daughter, turn around just a moment and tell me if he has beaten you or if he has used bad words with you; tell me, and I’ll understand what’s going on,” her mother begged. But Momovala did not turn around to say anything to her mother. She went to the edge of the reef and called. She called out to the sharks, “Oh sharks! Oh sharks! Oh sharks! Here is your wreath of cowrie shells, sharks. Here is your necklace, sharks. Oh! Here is your anklet of cowrie shells, your belt of red shells.” The sharks came and ate all her belongings and ultimately ate Momovala. Her mother couldn’t do anything about it. She swam back to the edge of the reef and went home crying.

COMMENTS

This is a popular story throughout the Trobriands, mentioned previously by Malinowski (1987[1929]), although in Malinowski’s version it is the father who is named Momovala and at the end he is so ashamed of his incestuous actions that he severs his own penis and dies (see Malinowski, 1987 [1929]: 346). The other version in this book is more explicit.

SN 40 DALEKA (A WOMAN’S NAME)

A *kwanebu* folktale told by Ibaya from Kaibola. She obtained the story from her grandfather, Tokibwaya. Originally transcribed by Martin Monumwetola and translated by Sety Antonio.

SUMMARY

A newborn baby survives on the body fluids of his mother’s corpse after she dies. As he grows up, the boy is able to converse with his mother’s skull, the only thing left after the rest of the body decays. As the boy grows into a young man, the skull-mother gives him advice and helps him decorate himself when he goes to the village dances. There, the boy meets a woman and marries her. Upon returning home, he finds out his mother is gone for good, after which the boy collects her bones and buries them.

For another version of this *kwanebu* folktale, see SN 263 *Imdaleka* by Wenama.

Kwanebuyee Daleka

Kwanebuyee Daleka. Isisusa sola latula ivalulu. Ivalulu isisusa osiboala sola latula iwa luleta iweya inala ikatamati wala ikaliga. Isisusa sola latula besa ikanukwenu wala bogwa nakaligo. Imomomu gola tiliyala inala binunu magudina gwadi bogwa bikomata bila okatagela kai ikanawa. Inala bogwa ikaliga

wala. Isisusa iivalutu bogwa ibiyagila iwokuwa kwetinigesi wala pwaneta bibigatonasi sola latula. Bogwa etoveka.

Inala pwanetala wala ikanukwenu matona gwadi isisu wala. Ila ilagi wosi Omarakana ima iluki inala, "Inagu bawekeya kagisasi wosi."

"Wii! Eli iyosemusi, biyosemusi bukusiwa batula gola gala bawa wala basiwa wala." Eyamu wala minakaibola bilosa igisasi wosi. Ila iweya kalabweta yayu wala. Isuya inala iwokuwa isikamu isakaula ilo otapwa keda isukupweni. Iwesa minakaibola ikugwasa ilaga itowala. "Ina tomanabweta mutowena tau. Amu besa mokusiski?"

"Bese sogu inagu kasisu omavalu."

"Tawesa kuligewesa katukwayaya." Ikabisi ilosa. Iwesa ilosa tomota olopo valu igigisasi wosi imwena gola kwetala bwema osimwa wala. Minana latula guyau ikatubayasa isunapula bila ikewosi igisiga tau esikamu kalabweta esisu.

"Kuwesa kulukwesa mutowena tau bimeya agubweta asikamu bawa akewosi."

Iwesa elivalasi elivalaga.

"Kuwesa kuwawaisi kamibweta. Iwai inagu Idaleka isakegu lama bagisa wosi." Igigisasi wosi pwala mitasi isakaula goli imakeya inala. Isakaula wakeda idou, "Inagu Idaleka o inagu Idaleka o." Ivavagi makwa pwaneta, "Woo." Imakeyaga ikatupoi, "Kwatuli?"

"Kawesa ilosa igigisasi wosi, asiso gola wabwema lasakaula lama." Eyamu ilagi minaluwebila bilosa igisasa wosi. Ila iluki inala ila iweya kalabweta liputolu. Imeya isuya iwokuwa isikoma ila itowa okabala lova. Iwewa minaluwebila itomwesa welui ilaga itowala. Sedayasa ilivalisa lova mutona tau tomanabweta mutowenala. "Lawesa kuligewesa katukwayaya." Iwesa ilosa sala imwena gola makwa bwema isimwa wala. Ikatubwayasa minana latula guyau bila ikewosi igisiga tau, "Kuwesa kulukwesa matowena tau bimeya agubweta basikamu bawa akewosi."

Iwesa ilukwesa eyosi. Bogwa ewanisa imesa ilebogisa kalakabiliya wakeda. Ila leyasi wala uvokuwa wala tomota. Ima wala isisu wala idoki bisakaula bima emakeya tomatala minaomarakana wakeda elaleyasi kalakabiliya iyosisa. Iuvalomu wala gala ibibiyasi ilausa inyakesa latula guyau iveya. Itulatula gola inala gala ila Tuma isiwa wala makwa pwaneta. Isisu sola lakwava eyamu elivala, "Tamwa tagisi inagu."

Ikabisi imesa. Imesa wakeda iligewa lakwava ililola ivalam gola ikugiva wala. Idou, "Inagu Idaleka o inagu Idaleka - o. Gala wala bogwala lela."

Iluki lakwava, "Kunanakwa bitala tagisi inagu bogwa lela."

Isakaulasi imakeyasa ikatupoi wala gala wala, bogwa lela. Imwa ikatubiyasi inala totuwanela imwesa ibakusa sola lakwava ikeitasiga.

Mesinaku wala agukwanebu.

ENGLISH TRANSLATION

This is the story of Daleka. There once was a woman who gave birth to a baby boy. The mother was living with her newborn child when one day, her brother came to her house and killed her. The mother was lying dead inside the house, with her

newborn lying next to her. The baby stayed alive by drinking the body fluids from his mother's corpse. He would feed on the body secretions of his dead mother's corpse, and once he was satisfied, the baby would go and lie down on the firewood heap. Needless to say, all this time his mother was dead. The child kept on feeding this way until his mother's body had completely decayed; the only thing left was the dry bones, including the skull. As the boy was growing up, he and his mother's skull used to talk to each other. With time, the child grew into a young adolescent. Even then, his mother's skull was still with him. One day, he went out and heard that there were dances at Omarakana Village, so he told his mother, "Mother, I want to go with other people and see the dances."

His mother's skull replied, "Oh! My son, be careful. I'm afraid that if you go, the villagers of Omarakana might find an excuse to hold you there; they won't let you go, and the only way for me to see you again would be to come to Omarakana and stay there with you." The next day, the people of Kaibola started walking to Omarakana to go and see the dances. The boy left the house with two *bweta* wreaths of scented flowers. His mother had made those wreaths for him. The boy wore them on his head; he walked to the path that leads to Omarakana and hid there, waiting for the villagers of Kaibola to come by. When the people of Kaibola went past him, he joined them at the back of the group. Some of them noticed him. "Look at that handsome man. Where are you staying?" they asked him.

"I am staying with my mother in our village," he answered.

"Let's hurry up, enough with the questioning; we have to get going, or we'll miss the dances," somebody else interrupted. They kept on walking until they reached Omarakana. Most people went right to the middle of the village to get a good spot from which to watch the dances. The boy, instead, sat on one of the resting houses that surround the central space of the village where the dancers were performing.

Meanwhile, the daughter of the chief of Omarakana was getting ready to dance. As she was leaving the house wearing all her decorations, she noticed the boy sitting by himself on the resting house and his two wreaths. She ordered, "Go to that man and tell him to bring my *bweta* wreaths of flowers; I want to wear those when I dance." So they went and told him, but he replied, "Hah! Tell the chief's daughter, why doesn't she make her own *bweta*. My mother Idaleka made this one for me, so that I could come watch the dances." While the people were distracted watching the dances, the boy ran back to his mother. He was approaching his village when he called out to his mother from the road, "My mother, Idaleka, my mother, Idaleka," and the skull answered, "Woo." He came into the house, and his mother asked, "What's the matter?"

"I went to the dances; we were all watching the dancers. I was staying on the resting house, and then I ran back here."

The next day, the boy heard that the people of Luwebila Village were going to Omarakana to watch the dances. He went home and told his mother he wanted to join them. His mother then made him three *bweta* wreaths of flowers. The boy put them on and went to the path that leads to Omarakana. When he heard

people approaching, he hid in the same place where he had hid the day before. When the villagers of Luwebila walked by, he joined the end of the line. Some people noticed his presence. "Oh, here is the man everybody is talking about, the handsome one."

"Ah, enough of this gossip," somebody else cut short. "Let us get going and stop asking all these questions." When they arrived at Omarakana, everybody looked for a central spot from which to watch the dances. The boy, instead, stayed away from the center, sitting on the same resting house where he had sat the day before. The chief's daughter was getting ready to dance when she saw him sitting on that resting platform. "Here's that boy again. Go and tell him to bring my *bweta* wreath. I want to wear it while I dance." They went and told him, but he refused to give his wreath to the chief's daughter.

The people of Omarakana hatched a plan; some of them left the village before the dances were over and hid in the bushes next to the road. Because they didn't know which way the boy was going to go, they hid along all the roads leaving Omarakana. When the boy thought that it was time to go back, he started walking on the way home. The Omarakana villagers ambushed him and caught him. The boy tried to resist, but they were holding him down. He cried and tried to run away, but they carried him back to Omarakana, and the chief's daughter married him. Meanwhile, his mother was waiting in vain for him back in the village. She waited and waited until she could wait no more. The mother's soul departed for the underworld of Tuma and stayed there. The boy was living in Omarakana with his newly wed wife until one day he said to her, "Let's go back to my village; I want to see my mother." They walked back to the boy's village. As they were approaching the path that led to his house, the boy started crying. He went ahead of his wife and called out to his mother, "My mother, Idaleka, oh, my mother, Idaleka, oh!" But there was no answer; she had already gone.

He urged his wife, "Hurry up, let us go and see my mother; I think she may have already departed." They ran to the house, and he called out again, but she was already gone.

The skull was now lifeless. The boy collected all of his mother's bones and prepared them for the funeral. After he and his wife buried them, they both went back to Omarakana. And this is the end of my story.

RELEVANT VOCABULARY: *bweta*

SN 56 TOKOYAWEWA (THE MAN FROM NABWAGETA ISLAND)

A *kwanebu* folktale told by Nunuwotu, a man from Tukwaukwa. Originally transcribed by Henry Lupovalu and translated by Mwagawa Mwawesi.

SUMMARY

This is the story of a man from Nabwageta Island, in the Amphlett group, who has two daughters. After he dies, the

crying from the daughters catches the attention of a Dokanikani ogre, who pretends to mourn the dead father to approach the daughters. He marries them both and fathers a child with the elder; then he eats the baby while the sisters are working in the garden. The girls eventually manage to outwit the ogre and get rid of him.

Kwanebuyee Tokoyawewa

Lakamesa bakabwatasi mitaga taubada magila kwanebu. Pilatala kwanebu yagala Tokoyawewa. Matowena Tokoyawewa isisu wa koya koya yagala Kayaveka. Litula teyu, vivila. Iuni minasi vivila isisusa lamomova bogwa biwokwa ikariga Tokoyawewa. Litula ivalamusi Dokanikani gala inukwalisa wa koya odogina esisu. Isisu Dokanikani ilagi valamu etitokeya ibusi ivalutu imakeya matosi vivila kasiteyu euvalamusi gala ikatupoi itoli valamu, "O yawagu Tokoyawewo-o-o-o. Yawagu Tokoyawewo-o-o-o. O yawagu Tokoyawewo-o-o-o." Bogwa ku nukwalisa Dokanikani gala lakwava matosine magila biuesabu wala matosina vivila. Ivalumu tuvela, "O yawagu Tokoyawewo-o-o-o. Yawagu Tokoyawewo-o-o-o. O yawagu Tokoyawewo-o-o-o." Matosine vivila bogwa lekokolasi. Igau Dokanikani ikapatu valamu matosina vivila itamapusi ikebigasi, "Avela elukwemu valamu peula elagi lagela lema bogwa biyogageda."

Ikebiga, "Gala bu ku kokolasi kamiteyu wala bwadamu ula kukwava yokwami" ekebiga Dokanikani. Ekebiga minana ilitomwaya, "Bwadagu bu ku veyu, yegulaga mitopaisewa bu ku vegakegusi."

Gala wala kasiteyu wala lakukwava ku nukwalisa minimani wadola Dokanikani. Tutala bogwa lesisusa ilitomwaya isuma ivalulu latula tau. Ilukwesa Dokanikani, "A kusisu bakalosaga kavagisi kada kawelusa obuyagu." Dokanikani eyamata gwadi ilosa matosi vivila evagisi kasi kawelu obuyagu. Ikeitavilaga imwakeya okevasasa ekanukwenu matona gwadi ikau wala ikomutumutu keyola ikamukoma ivinaku gala buyai totuwana. Obuyagu gala emakeyasa gwadi bogwa etamwau. Ikatupoi gwadi, "O avaka yakida vivila ke, bitagigisa gwadi bakavagina gala. Lasimwa wala lakiluyimu layayosa okaukweda."

"Gala gwadi bogwa letamwau," vivila ekebiga. Eyamu isisusa usola bwadala ininamamusasi amakala bivagesa. Ekebigasi, "O bwena kuyaula imu bakalaga kakavigoda." Ikabisi ilosa. Ilosa wala ikavigodasi lekeitasi lemesa kwetala ginareu lemayesa ikapitunisa pwanetala iluvemwesa pwaneta isilasa isulu. Isulusulusi iwokwa iyeyasi isakesa Dokanikani ikatupoi, "Avaka besa? Beikwanela kamuwenala sena posa." Ekebigaga, "Gala, bwadagu kalaneneu. Kala gola lakama kaigili lesulu lokukoma."

"O-o, olukukwava mesikamuda mesikamuda. Lagela lokwagisa gala akomukwami lagela wala. Eyamu kweitasi kwavigodasi kaduwigodasi." Elosa, elosa ikavigodasi emeyesa kweyuwela lemukusa ekapitunisa pwanetala esulasa pwaneta esakesa ekamukwam. "O ulakukwava avaka besa?"

"Tuvagu lova yegu neneugu lakaigili lagelaga tuvagu neneula lakapini lakameya lakasulusulu bu kukwam." Ekamkwami ela itutu keyola.

"Gala mesikamuda laga lokwamudisa bwaikwanela. Ke bogwa leokwa nabweya keveka makena yegu ketabwabogwa makawala vakela luya bukuvagisa bisulu bitakamusi. Nabweya gabogi kwelamola kwausa bukuigilisa neneugu isulu takamusi." E yamu gabogi isakaula ilitomwaya ikapituni webitu lemeya.

"Amakalaga baigaki."

"Gala bukuyosa omukubudoga bukukuweni pwadomu bakakeisuyesaga." "O kuvagisaga bibwena."

Ikeripwadumu wala ikeisuyaga makena webitu lela, "A taga senemu veyoda."

"Gala, besa pikekita wala kupeulaki igau bila besa kavagisa bima kebweni kemagaga gala posala."

"O kuvagisaga tuvela tagasenemi."

Lekeisuyesa lekeisuyesa lela lela ela ibisituni polala leigilisa lemuwa letataba Dokanikani imwa ikanamuwa ibiusi usola bwadala ilosa ilaisa isimwesa sola isigagasa. Bogwa mesinaku kadakwanebusi yagala Tokoyawewa.

ENGLISH TRANSLATION

We came here to go net fishing, but the white man wants us to tell stories instead. There is this one story called Tokoyawewa, the man from the Amphet Islands.

Tokoyawewa lived on a mountain called Kayaveka, the big mountain in Nabwageta. He had two daughters. When his two daughters were born, this man was already frail. His vital spirit was almost finished, so he died shortly after, while the daughters were still young. His daughters were crying loudly, and they didn't know that Dokanikani, the man-eating ogre, was living at the top of that same mountain where their village was.

Dokanikani heard them crying and came down the mountain as the girls were still mourning. Without asking any questions, Dokanikani started crying too, "Oh Tokoyawewo-o-o-o, my father-in-law, Tokoyawewo-o-o-o, my father-in-law!" And as you know, Dokanikani wasn't married to any of these girls. But through his mourning he was making a clear statement: he very much wanted to marry the two girls against their will. The ogre mourned again, "Oh Tokoyawewo-o-o-o, my father-in-law, Tokoyawewo-o-o-o, my father-in-law!" The two girls were very scared. The giant ogre stopped crying, and the girls said to each other, "Who told us to cry out so loud, he heard us crying, and now he came down here, and he will no doubt ruin our lives!" Dokanikani said, "Don't be scared; the two of you are my wives."

The elder sister said to him, "You shall marry my younger sister, and I will work for you." But Dokanikani said no. "The two of you shall be my wives." And you know how strong his will is. So he married the eldest, and they all went to live together. While they were living together, the elder sister got pregnant and gave birth to a baby boy. The sisters told Dokanikani, "You stay here; we'll go to the garden to get our food." The ogre stayed back, looking after the baby as the two sisters went to the garden. Dokanikani turned around and saw the baby sleeping. He lifted the baby up, wrung his neck, and swallowed him, leaving neither blood nor bones. The two sisters

came back from the garden and could not find the baby. They asked Dokanikani, "Where is the baby?" "Oh, I don't know; I'm not a woman that knows how to look after crawling babies. I was sitting on the veranda working on my pandanus strings" was his reply.

"There is no more child; he has made the baby disappear," the girls said to each other. The next day, the two sisters were thinking what to do. They told Dokanikani, "Alright, you stay here twisting your pandanus strings; we will go and look for seashells." They went down to the beach and gleaned seashells. On their way back, they found a little hermit crab; they cracked open its shell and cut its head off. Then they put aside the soft part of its back, which is where crabs keep their eggs, the most delicious part.

They cooked it and gave it to the ogre. He tasted it and said, "What is this? It is very delicious, and so greasy." The elder sister said, "Well, it is my younger sister's anus. We cooked it for you to eat it."

"O-o my wives, what you cooked today, I never tasted anything this delicious before. Today, I tried it for the first time. Tomorrow, you shall go and look for shells again." And that's what they did; they found another hermit crab, cut off the soft part where the eggs are kept, cooked it, and gave it to him to taste. "Oh, my wives, what is this?" Dokanikani asked. "Ah, that's my anus; yesterday, we cooked my sister's anus for you, and today, it is my anus that we cooked for you to eat." He tasted it, and it pleased him greatly, for it greased his throat and tasted really good. After he was done eating, he said to the two sisters, "Nobody else but you ever came up with this good recipe. Today, you invented a delicious food. Too bad it is already finished. Tomorrow, we shall take my anus, which is big like a coconut palm tree. You'll cook it, and we'll eat it. Tomorrow morning, take the biggest cooking clay pot to cook my anus."

The next day, in the morning, the elder sister went to the bush and collected a thorny *webitu* creeper and brought it back to the village. "How are we going to do this?" Dokanikani asked.

"You just hold on to the veranda and bend over, and we'll pull your anus out with this vine," the sisters said.

"Oh, do the pulling properly," he said. Dokanikani bent down, and they tied the vine and started pulling. Dokanikani screamed, "Ah! No, this is too painful, my wives!"

"No way, this is only a small price to pay for such a delicacy," the sisters said. "Just bear the pain; if we don't do it right, it won't be as greasy. We could ruin it, and all this effort would have been for nothing."

"Oh, well, do it again, then, keep on pulling but not too hard," Dokanikani said.

The two sisters inserted the thorny creeper into Dokanikani, and it pierced the ogre's intestine, so when they pulled, the ogre died. They threw his body away, and the two sisters stayed there and lived together. And this was our story; it's called Tokoyawewa.

RELEVANT VOCABULARY: *koyawewa*

SN 60 MRIYAVA (A MAN'S NAME)

A *liliu* folktale told by Bunuvagola, a man from Luwebila. Originally transcribed by Veronica Lepani and translated by John Kasaipwalova.

SUMMARY

Mriyava, a handsome young man, is bespelled and magically cast away to Muyuwa (Woodlark Island) by his jealous friends. While in Muyuwa, he meets the old woman Tubumyou (ashes) and her son, Kalasia (the sun). At first, the sun tries to eat Mriyava, but convinced by his mother, he ends up taking him back to his village in Kiriwina on his daily ride westward.

Liliu Mriyava

Matona Mriyava Kwebwagatola mesisiki. E natala ilela Guyola Ketagava latula ebubwasisi deri sala komwedona. Esisusa esisusa bogwa eyosi matona Mriyava minana vivila e sala komwedona ipogisa Mriyava. Ikowalisa bilausa biyosasi bunukwa. Elukwesi, "Yokwa Mriyava bitalosa ekebiga yawamu bukuyosi nata bunukwa. Bidelisa bimesa minana kaladoga makala guvagava minana bukuyosi." Ikiwalisa elausa lema bunukwa ikikilisa wala evilobusi okadatutu minana iyosi iutu kaladoga.

"Tamweyesa ovalu bogwa okukugwa okuyosi bunukwa." Ilobusiyesa imesa ovalu. Eyamu ikemilivausa. Ekebiga guyau, "Bitaluluwasi sipwanosi tommwaya. Avela biloki otukutaku bikau pwanosila tomwaya tokunabogwa tubudayasa elausa e bogwa matona ikugwa."

Elosa bogwa ebigautusi sala itakaila okalawakala lapwanosi itakaila. Matowenaga gala inukwali ekikewalisa magisi bitamwau Mriyava. Elosa ekalikwisi sala ilolosa iloluvasi ikounapulasi oluwiga matona. Ikatutuwalisa ikali wala ila omyuwa. Ivalutu wala ila isilalagwa omyuwa. Ewakeya Tubumyou esisu. Tubumyou omyuwa mesiki latul lilu.

Evakoli ilau olaboala isiyewa iluki, "A latugu, ambese lokutoya lokuma?"

"Oi ikewalegusi sagwa inada. Lakamesa kalowusa kidamwa sipwanosi tommwaya ikounapulasi ikatutuwaregusiga lavalutugola lama. Lavilobusi omalu."

"O bogwa lalagemu tuda. Tau tobuligaga igau lela ililola olowpwa Kilivila."

Ila iuli katagala kai ilaiga ila olumolela katagala kai ikanawa. Ikanukweni bogwa ikwayai lema. Isisusa ilagisa lema.

"Yakayai matagu yakayai matagu yakayai matagu. Bakam tau bakam tau." Ekwayai inala esisu.

"Wa latugu! Ambesa tau tabani? Kambunukwa layari laisapu okumkumla bukukwam." "Ai! Bogwa laskwani mainela tau."

"Ai, gala wala tuta ambesa tabani tau."

Emwa wala isimwa isisu bogwa lebogi iluki, "Latugu lokuskwani maina tau teta bwadam labani. Lawala lavayari

labani ekatupisau lavakoli lameya waboala. Lauri kai katagala lalaiga ela ikanawa."

"O kuluki kula kusau bima bwadagu bogwa kamateyu bakala akukwedadina." Ilivali ililaga livalela iyokwa ekebiga, "E bwena kusususa usomu inada bukuilayala agubunukwa bala gola akukwedadina olopwa Kilivila."

Isisiya makala bogwa emwamwaisi iluki inala, "A nabweya bukulu bwadamu. Kuma igau sita kuvagi kala, kugabu biokwa nabweya bukulu oluvalu." Eyam kaukwau wala ikatubiyasisa iyokwa ipela isila okeyola ilukiga, "Luya kaitala isusina olopwa Kwebwaga. Isusina ivalutu wala ila isikela labuma." Bogwa ipela lilu lema eketibau matona gwadi lema isipela isila makena luya. Itabai lilu iwa iyagigilaga makena iyagigilaga lema lema itobusi Mriyava ima isimwa olopwa Kwebwaga.

Eyam itomwa itagina luwawala tamala, "Kabulatala kabulayu Kwebwaga, nabweya bitamesa." Eyamwu ikenei towamata tamala elupi elau olopwa valu eluki vivila tawau, "Bukumesa olopwa valu bukukwamsi kadatowamatasi. Bogwa lema latugu takamkwamsi takeyakusi igau." E emesa gugwadi, tommwaya, nunumwaya emesa wala esisusa olopola valu. Ekamkwamsi makuwelana towamata. Ikamkwamsi ilaga iyopwi tamala ligogu waboala esunupwali emeya bogwa ekamkwamsi etasilaki kaetaula itabutu iyowasi itomwa igelagela itomwa ilosa imagiewedasi orakaena minakwebwaga ilukwenaga Mriyava iyoli valu isimwa. Bogwa mesinaku yagala Mriyava.

ENGLISH TRANSLATION

This boy, Mriyava, was from Kwebwaga Village. At the time, there was a beautiful girl, the daughter of the chief of Ketagava Village. Mriyava and all his friends were enraptured by this girl. After a while, Mriyava managed to befriend the chief's daughter, and all his friends became jealous of him. They deceived Mriyava by telling him they were going to kill a pig. They told him, "Mriyava, the one who is to become your father-in-law has asked us to tell you that you are to kill a pig. Not just any pig, but a big wild one with tusks as big as the *guvagava* tree." So that's how they tried to trick Mriyava to put his life in danger; they let the wild pig come at him, but he held it down and avoided the pig's sharp tusks. "Let's go back to the village," Mriyava's jealous peers said. "You have already defeated everybody by killing the biggest pig." They all went back to the village, carrying the wild pig with them. The next day, they tried to deceive Mriyava again. They told him, "The chief said to dive in the sea in search of the stones to make paint for decorations. He said that whoever gets the stones from the seabed, the colors of our ancestors, that one should be the winner over the others." But his friends had already planned it all, and each one of them dove with a piece of black stone already in their belts. Mriyava knew nothing about it; his friends wanted him to disappear for good. They went to the sea, and they all dived, but his friends went only halfway and came back to the surface while Mriyava kept on going down. Then they threw a magic stone over him. When the stone fell in the water, Mriyava magically dived right through the sea, all the way to Muyuwa.

When he surfaced, he was on the shores of Muyuwa Island. He walked until he saw ashes lifting up from a fire. The ashes were, in fact, Tubumyou, a woman from Muyuwa, the mother of the sun. He followed her to her house, and when she saw him, she asked him, "Son, where did you come from?"

"Oh, our mother, my friends tricked me. They told me we were to dive in the sea to get our ancestors' colors, but they resurfaced and threw that magic stone over me while I was still diving. When I came out of the water, I was on these shores," Mriyava said.

"Oh, I hear you, my son, but see, your bigger brother, my son, is a bad person. He went for a walk westward, to Kiriwina Island," Tubumyou replied. This is why the woman hid Mriyava under her pile of firewood, and he stayed there until the evening. The sun eventually came back, and they heard him approaching. "Ouch! My eyes! Ouch, my eyes! Ouch, my eyes hurt! I want to eat human flesh, I want to eat a boy!" But the sun's mother tried to distract him, "Oh, my son, there is no boy to eat anywhere near! Don't get strange ideas. Come eat this pig instead; I have cut it open and put it to cook in the earth oven. Come eat your pork."

"No. I can smell human flesh," replied the sun.

"What are you talking about," she said. "There are no humans around." The sun stayed there with his mother until it was late at night, and Tubumyou told him, "My son, that smell of human flesh, you were right; that's a young boy I found wandering around. I was walking on the beach, and I found him, and I brought him home. I put him to rest under the firewood pile. But you shall not eat him."

"Oh, go and bring my little brother, mother, so that the two of us can walk around together bringing small gifts." Mriyava came out when he heard this, and he told the sun about his troubles. The sun said to him, "Fine, you will stay back here with our mother preparing my pig while I walk around Kiriwina bringing my small presents." Mriyava stayed with the sun and ashes for a length of time until she finally told her son the sun, "Tomorrow you will take your small brother with you. You will take him West, back to his village. Burn his food to take along the way, for tomorrow he will come with you and go back to his place." The next morning, they prepared for the journey. When they were ready, Mriyava jumped on the back of the sun and held on to his neck. The sun told Mriyava, "I made a coconut palm grow in the middle of Kwebwaga, your village. I made it grow very high; it has reached the sky." Mriyava rode on the sun's back, and when they reached that tall coconut tree, Mriyava jumped on it. As the sun moved away from the coconut palm, the tree shrank and became shorter and shorter until Mriyava climbed down. He was in the middle of the village. The next day, his father asked the conch shell to be blown to make an announcement. "People of Kwebwaga Village, all of you, from one end of the village to the other end. Tomorrow, we shall celebrate the return of my son." The next day, Mriyava's father cooked a pot of yam dumplings in coconut oil. He brought the pot to the middle of the village and told everybody, "Come, come to the middle of the village and eat our dumplings." So they all came to the center of the

village, women, men, children. They all came and ate the yam dumplings. While they were eating, Mriyava's father went back to his house and grabbed his adze and spelled magic on it. He bespelled his adze and struck it against a log in the middle of the village, and everybody turned into flying foxes and started flying away. Mriyava became the chief of Kwebwaga Village and stayed there. That's the story of Mriyava.

COMMENTS

Gumwemwata (Figure 71), from Osesuya hamlet, commented, "This is a *liliu* myth from Kwebwaga Village. In some versions of the story only the jealous men of Kwebwaga who had sent Mriyava to Woodlark are turned into flying foxes when he returns. This is why the people of Kwebwaga eat flying foxes, as a punishment to the descendants of the jealous ones who tried to get rid of Mriyava. In the past there was no smoke, only ashes." In other versions of the story the sun keeps on trying to eat Mriyava as he carries him westward across the sky. Gumwemwata remarked, "When you stand too long in the sun, your skin starts burning and hurting. That's because the sun is trying to eat you."

Strictly speaking, *tubumyou* is not the ashes proper but the dusty particles lifted up by the wind that can be seen from a distance, indicating a fire (like in the burning of newly cleared fields before the planting of new yam gardens).

RELEVANT VOCABULARY: *pwanosi*

SN 74 KUTU, BEBA (LOUSE, BUTTERFLY)

A *kwanebu* folktale told by Igiyotata from Kapwani. She obtained the story from her grandfather, Mosiyesa. Originally transcribed by George Mwasaluwa and translated by Leslie Stephen.

SUMMARY

A louse and a butterfly build a canoe to go on a Kula trip. While paddling away, the louse farts; the butterfly warns the louse that if the louse farts again, it will fly away, leaving the louse at the mercy of the waves. The louse does it again, and the butterfly flies away, while the louse hangs on to the butterfly's hair. When the butterfly wails about its lost friend, the louse replies, "I'm not dead, I'm here," so the butterfly eats the louse.

Kwanebuyee Kutu, Beba

Kwanebuyee Kutu, Beba. Iteyasi siwaga yokalala. Iteyasi silamila yokalala. Lagela ivagisi kasikureya bilosa wakula. Iulawolasi wala usola lubela ilosa.

"Mwa, kumanakwa, bitawa."

"Igaula."

FIGURE 71. Gumwemwata tells the story of Mriyava in Osesuya hamlet (Yalumgwa Village) in 2013 as Tosibwada listens. (Photo by Bau Mlabwema.)

"Kunanakwa." Iyokewa gola sola wapwala "pu-u-u."

"Mwa! O kupiu, ayowaga kusimwaga."

"A, kuyowa bayowa."

"A kaya?"

"A kukwaya, bakaya."

"A nutetilaga."

"A kunutetila banutetila."

Iwolasi, iulawolasi wala. Iulawolasi wala elivala, "Mwa, kunanakwa bitawa." Iyokuwaga, "Igaula mwa!" E iwolasi, iulawolasi wala iyokewa, "Kunanakwa bitawa." Iyokewaga sola wapwala "pu-u-u."

"Mwa! Lo kupiu. Ayowaga kusimwaga."

"Wa kuyowa bayowa."

"A kayaga?"

"A nutetilaga?"

"Kunutetila banutetila . . ."

Iyowa Beba. Iyokewa wala minana Kutu kutopela wala kutola okulula sola. Iyoyowa wala keveka leyava ila itowa. Itota isiwa bwena inavina wala nubegu, inavina wala, iyokwa.

"Lubegu Kutu, lubegu Kutu." Eyokewa, "Mwa, avaka kwilam."

"Mwa, matowenala lubegu Kutu."

Iyokewa, "Wa, mitaga miyegu lagigisem."

"O, iga gala ayosem agusem."

Isiwa wala iyosi igusi. Bogwa mesinaku.

ENGLISH TRANSLATION

This is the story of Kutu the louse and Beba the butterfly. They built their dugout canoe out of *yokalala* wood. And they also made the outrigger of the canoe out of the *yokalala* tree. One day, they prepared their food and got ready to go on a Kula

trip. The two friends started paddling away in their canoe. The butterfly said, “Hey, you, hurry up, let’s go.”

“Hang on,” said the louse.

“Hurry up,” insisted the butterfly. The louse at the back of the canoe went “pu-u-u!” “Did you just fart?” asked the butterfly. “That’s gross. I will fly away and leave you on your own here on the canoe.”

“Ha, if you fly, I’ll fly,” said the louse. “And swimming?” asked the butterfly.

“If you swim, I’ll swim,” replied the louse.

“And diving under water?” again asked the butterfly. “If you dive underwater, I’ll dive underwater.”

They kept on paddling away, and Beba the butterfly said, “Hurry up, so we can get going. We’re too slow.”

And Kutu the louse replied, “Hang on, wait.” They paddled and paddled, and the butterfly said once again, “Hurry up, let’s get going.” And all of the sudden, his friend on the back went again “pu-u-u.”

“Did you just fart again? Mind you, I’ll fly off, and I’ll leave you here on the canoe on your own,” the butterfly threatened.

“Ha, if you fly, I’ll fly,” replied the louse. “How about swimming?” asked the butterfly. “If you swim, I’ll swim too,” replied the louse. “What if I dive under water?”

“If you dive, I’ll dive,” said the louse.

Fed up, the butterfly flew away, and the louse jumped on the butterfly’s hair, as lice do. The butterfly flew to a big *reyava* tree and stood there. While it was standing there, the butterfly, thinking the louse had stayed behind on the canoe, was regretting having flown away and kept on mumbling, “My friend Kutu, my friend Kutu the louse.”

The louse replied from the butterfly’s head, “Hey, what’s wrong with you, dick?”

“I’m crying for my friend the louse,” said the butterfly. The louse said, “But here I am, I’m seeing you right now!”

“Oh, in that case I should just catch you and swallow you,” said the butterfly. And it caught the louse and ate it. That is all.

COMMENTS

This brief story is one of the most popular throughout the Trobriand Islands. A slightly different version is mentioned by Malinowski (1987[1929]:339; 2013[1926]:104). In Malinowski’s version, the louse and the butterfly are not sailing but flying instead, with the butterfly carrying its friend the louse. The louse falls off the butterfly’s back after farting and drowns at sea.

RELEVANT VOCABULARY: *yokalala*

SN 82 TETUMONOGU (THE YELLOW PRAYING MANTIS)

A *kwanebu* folktale told by Piyakeda from Kaibola. She obtained the story from her mother, Itutuya. Originally transcribed by Martin Monumwetola and translated by Bernard Mwayubu.

SUMMARY

A little girl has a praying mantis as a pet. One day, after she comes back from the garden with her parents, she finds out the pet mantis has disappeared. The girl is inconsolable, and her parents sail away, fed up with her constant crying. The girl charms a fruit and manages to make her parents come back, but her endless crying drives them away again. The crying also gets the attention of a Dokanikani ogre, and the girl has to use magic to avoid getting eaten by the ogre.

Kwanebuyee Tetumonogu

Agukwanebu tetumonogu bakwanebu. Ilosa itakewasi deri tumasi lemesa. Imwena ila waboala itowa. Eneiga. Enenenei wala minana gwadi imwakeya minana mauna itamwau. E ivalam, “Inago! Waneguwa?”

“Kugisila.”

“O gala bogwa letamwau.”

“Gala igau bukunei.”

Enenei minana gwadi isomata, isomata wala isiwa valam, “O-o-o wanegu tetumonogu, O-o-o wanegu tetumonogu, wanegu tetumonogu.” Ivalutu wala ibogi wala ivavagi ikaiki wowola tamala. Ikoleku lakaikela. Kaikaila woula gwadi ivalamu.

“Lagela bawa batamwau wala gala basisu.” Evabusi wala isipela isila olawaga. Ikugwa wala isakaulaga lakwava oluvi.

“E lawa wala tarigeyemwaga.” Bogwa ekaiki woula valam.

Etabusisi inala tamala eolaolasi oboarita itau leyesa wala lewaga. Etori wala egisi bogwa lelola otilibwabwau. Imwena, emwemwena itori onunuria. Ekau makwena nunuria ikimusi, “O! Kimusi nunuria, kimusi nunuria. Inanota inagu, inanota tamagu. Kweitasi kumakeyagusi.” Ivavagi inala etapopuri eritaki makiwa nunuria, “O kapisila latuda! Sukwekwela takeita.” E ikebiga matona, “O takeita, takeita bitaloki latuda bitalau.” Ekeitasi imakesa evalam. Itobusiyesa, “Tamwesa, tamwesa kurigewa valam. Gala, bogwa laga leokwa. Talosa wala bitasiwesa wala.”

Imesa ililolasa wala ikasobusisi deri inala, tamala isuisi osiboala. Ikowana imweki kabala minana mauna itamwau. Evilumuvau wala, “O wanegu tetumonogu, wanegu tetumonogu, wanegu tetumonogu!” Ivalutu wala ebogi. Evavagi tamala, “Ikaikaila wowogu, lawa bala bukusikemwaga latum. Awa kusakaulaga oluvi kweimalegu lokumeyegu gala kabomasisi.”

“Mokwita lagela bitakatotila bitawa bitala bitarigemwa gola.” Ikeula lakaikela tamala ikugwa. Isakaula inala oluvi. Iwesa isilasa itabusi ila tamala, inala oboarita. Iulaolasi wala bogwa bitamwau. Evabusiga. Itori wala egisiga, “O inagu tamagu, matosine!” Imwena. Imwemwena ikiuya kwetala nunuria.

“O kimusi nunuria, o kimusi nunuria. Onanola inagu, onanola tamagu. Kweitasi, kumakayagusee!”

Etapopula inala eritaki, “Ui mwa! Kapisila latuda sikwekwela. Takeita tamweki euvalam. Kweita, pwapusi kweita kuloki.”

“Taga bogwa lama, gala wala. Gala, kabwarila matila gala tamasisi. Kidamwa bitavalam, tavalam bibogi, tavalam iyam.

Taga gala sitana bakeita, gala wala. Besa tuta bitala bitauvalam gola. Ekebiga wala ipeki wala tumasi.

Ikabisi ilosa ivalam gola minana. Itotila nanola ikeita. Ikeita ima isui ila osiboala ikanawa isiwa wala ivalam. Ivalam wala lemaga Dokanikani ililola itori ilagiga kaigala ivalam. Ilagi, "Wi! Kwetala vavagi evagi makwena boala." Itadoyai imweki, "Ke ave som" ikatupoi.

"Gala yegu, inagu tamagu elosa obuyagu elukwegusi layamata maboalasi."

"O ke? Kusisu balaga." Ekeita ila imwaga. Eninanamsa iweki makaena borogu esiwa ikalawa, "Laga ladau miyana leta leokwa, nabweya badau, bogiyu badau biokwa basakaula, taga bogwa bikomegu." Ilaga imasisi ikanukwari valu ikeita. Itori wala ilagi igau ivalam.

"Mi, avaka kuvilamu?"

"Gala, eviligegusi inagu tamagu elosa obuyagu. Lavalam gola."

"O kudau igau balagi." Idou wala, "O inagu tamagu." Evavagisi miyasina borogu yayu wala ikapusisi.

"Ke etamasi. Kusisu kuyamata miboala balaga." Ila. Iwaga ikalau, "Ke nabweya bima badau. Yayu wala bikapusisi bilola wala basakaulaga." Ila wala ikanukwenuga imimi. Imimitotu. Magila gala inala, tamala, kalumwaguta wala. Bogwala egigisi. Ikanukwenu wala bogwa ekanukwari valu, etokaiwala. Itori wala ilagiga evalam. Eulemwa wala boala, "Mi avaka kuvilamu?"

"A pela inagu tamagu evigilegusi elosa obuyagu. Lavalam gola."

"Kudaugwa balagi." Idou, "Inagu, tamagu!" Evavagisi makaena borogu bo yayu wala italekavasi. Iyokwa ikabi ila isunapulaga "Basakaula mitaga bila nabweya bima badau bogwa leokwa makaena borogu bogwa bikomegu." Ke mesiniku wala agukwanebu.

ENGLISH TRANSLATION

This is the story of the yellow praying mantis. One day, a family went to clear the fields to prepare a plot for the new yam gardens. When they came back to the village, the little girl of the family started looking for something inside the house. She was looking for her pet mantis, a yellow praying mantis, but her pet was nowhere to be found. She started crying, "My mother. Where is my pet?"

"See if it's there," her mother replied. "No, it's not; it's missing," the girl said.

"No, it's not," the mother said. "Look for it." The little girl looked for it until she was tired of looking. She was tired, and she started crying again, "O-o-o my pet the yellow mantis, my pet the yellow mantis, my pet the yellow mantis!" She carried on with her wailing until it was night, and her father was growing concerned. He grabbed his canoe paddle and prepared for a sea journey. He announced, "Today, I will go and disappear. I'm no longer staying here." He went down to the beach and sat in his canoe. His wife came behind him and joined him inside the canoe. "I'm coming with you," she told her husband.

"I am fed up with all the crying." The mother and the father paddled away into the sea. The little girl watched from above and saw them paddling away; they were already far away in the deep blue sea. She climbed on top of a *nunuria* tree, she plucked a fruit, and while scratching it, she chanted, "Scratch, scratch, scratch, on my father's mind, on my mother's mind. Scratch and change the minds of my parents, make them come back. Come back, come back to me. Come back, come back to me." She threw the *nunuria* fruit down into the sea. Her mother saw the fruit with all the scratches and broke down crying, "Oh, these scratches are our daughter's. Turn around the canoe and let's get back." The father, also charmed by the daughter's magic spell, said, "Let's go back to our daughter." So they turned around and went back, and the girl was still crying. The father and the mother said to her, "We came back; don't cry. We're here now; we are not leaving anymore. We will stay here." The girl stopped crying, and they all went up to the village from the beach. Upon entering the house, the girl saw the place where her pet mantis used to rest, and she started crying again, "O-o-o my pet *tetumonogu*, oh my pet *tetumonogu*, my pet *tetumonogu*!" She cried until night fell. Her father was fed up. He called up to his wife, "I am fed up. You can stay here with your daughter. I tried to leave, but you brought me back, and now there's no sleeping." His wife agreed, "True. This is enough. Today, we shall leave for good." The man grabbed his paddle with his wife following and made for the beach. They got into the canoe and set out across the sea. They paddled until they were close to disappearing on the horizon. The girl came to the beach and saw them in the distance. "Oh, my mother, my father, that's them over there!" She climbed the *nunuria* tree and picked one of the fruits. She chanted out her spell, "Scratch, scratch, scratch, on my father's mind, on my mother's mind. Scratch and change the minds of my parents, make them come back. Come back, come back to me." The mother leaned over and grabbed the fruit. She said, "Oh, our poor little daughter, these are her scratches on this fruit! Let's go back to her; she's crying!"

"I already came all the way here," said her husband. "I am not going back. No. With all her crying there's no sleeping." The father refused to go back. They kept on paddling and left her crying. Seeing her parents were not coming back, the girl returned to her house. She was crying when Dokanikani, the people-eating ogre, came by. He had heard the crying and was curious to see who was weeping. "Something is going on here," he said to himself. He peeped inside the house and asked the little girl, "Girl, who is with you?" The girl, realizing the danger, lied to Dokanikani, "It's me. Both my parents went to the garden and told me to look after our house." "Oh, is that so," replied Dokanikani. "Fine, stay here. I'm going back." After Dokanikani left the girl thought, "I need to put magic on the *borogu* plant. I will charm the *borogu*, so that when I ask, the leaves reply, so that Dokanikani thinks it's my parents answering my call." Each magically bespelled leaf could answer only once. The girl counted, "Today, these two leaves will fall off after answering, tomorrow those one, and the day after there will be only two left. After that, I will need to run away; otherwise, Dokanikani will eat me." She

went to sleep, and the next day, Dokanikani came by and heard her crying. “Girl, what’s the problem?”

“Nothing,” she said. “My parents went to the garden, and I’m crying.”

“Call them so that I can hear their voices,” Dokanikani said. She called out, “Mother, father!” Two *borogu* leaves replied “Wo!” and fell off. “Oh that was your mother and your father’s voice. Stay here, I’m going away,” the ogre said. The girl went up to the *borogu* plant and counted the leaves. “Tomorrow, when he comes again, I will call out to the plant. The last two leaves will fall off, and after Dokanikani goes away, I will escape.” Dokanikani went to sleep, and he dreamed. He dreamed of what was going to happen. He dreamed that he was coming by the girl’s house and that there was no mother, no father, and that she was all by herself. Dokanikani had that vision in his dream. He dreamed until it was day, and he woke up. He stood up and walked, and as he was getting closer, he heard the girl crying. He opened the door to her house, “What’s the matter girl?”

“I’m crying because my mother and my father left me here and went to the garden, so that’s why I’m crying.”

“Call them out so that I can hear their voices.” She called out, “Mother! Father!” The last two leaves replied and fell to the ground. When he heard that, Dokanikani left, disappointed that the parents were still around. When he left, the girl ran. “I have to run away; tomorrow, when he comes, I will call out, but there will be no answer, and he will eat me.” So she ran away, and that’s the end of my story.

COMMENTS

This story is similar to SN 164 *Pepekwa* by Karibewa, but in that one the little boy has a pet fish instead of a mantis. It is common for children in the Trobriands to have pet animals (*kane* or *wane*); almost anything can count as a pet, from insects to fish.

RELEVANT VOCABULARY:

borogu
koleku
nunuria
Tetumonogu

SN 85 URIGOVA (THE CROCODILE)

A *kwanebu* folktale told by Galabuwa, a man from Dayagila. Originally transcribed by George Mwasaluwa and translated by Stanley Antonio Bunaimata.

SUMMARY

A girl gets trapped on a rock at the beach. She keeps on asking for help by singing a song, but she gets eaten by a crocodile

that was born the same day she was. Later on, the crocodile gets speared and eaten by the girl’s family.

Kwanebuyee Urigova

Pilayuwela mapana akwanebu Lubowa wala eitulakegu. Omlamwaluwa mesikeya guyola Omlamwaluwa. Ilayawa tomwaya lukwava tetolu, teyu nakariga, tetala navalulu. Ivalulu latula vivila makwena tuta lesuma e manakwa tuta isuma manana urigova oboarita lesuma. E lela lela tutala levalulu minana lakwava guyau e minana urigova evalulu oboarita. Leinunu lela lela bogwa lenaveka latula e bogwa makala ikapugula e imwasawa bogwa tetala lubela iyosi ilola imwasawa. Tuta tuta manikwesi wala bogi ilau wala ikanukwenusi. E manakwa tuta elivalasi sala bilosa ikayonasi, e ilukwesa, “Bitalosa takayonasi.” Ivalugwa kalayona leokwa ewekeya sala. Makwenaga dakuna okwadewa euri itori okwadewa e besaga iyowa ila oboarita. E makawala biwesa bisemwesa yona e bitetasiga bilosa bikokuwasi deli sala. E manakwa tuta lewesa bimwasawasi gola bogwa egisesa kalasia avetuta mwada bikeitasi ibusisi sala imemesa minanaga ibubusi wala okuvalila manakwena dakuna mwada bikayopela biwa okanikenua e vavagi wala minana urigova ililuva lema etobwadi egisemwa ikeita ila odabala dakuna itowa. E sala gala igisesa. Ikabisi lemesa ikilisi kasiyona ikilisi evalagwasi igebilasi imesa ovalu. Minanaga bogwa evakulati minana urigova esewa wala okwadewa. E elaga esisu odabala dakuna eluwai lema magila bimakeya sala. Ilai kaikela edoki biluwapela bimakeya sala. Evavagi minana urigova iyuwetaula biritaki gola ekeita ima isimwa odabala dakuna e ikau iseki:

“Inagwe, tamagwe, siropura okesai, kwarota neneigu, kwarota minuyegu, kwarota menuyegu taigoigo kwarota kei ya-ke-ke-ke!”

Evalam kalavalam inala tamala. Ekeita ela isewa odabala dakuna. Esisu bogwa edudubila ebusi gola lema, lema okuvalila makwa dakuna idoki biyuwetaula bima okanikenua evavagi minana urigova iviyuwetaula biritaki, ikeitavau ila isiwa odabala dakuna, ikau iseki:

“Luguta, bwadagu, siropura okesai, kwarota neneigu, kwarota minuyegu, kwarota menuyegu taigoigo kwarota kei ya-ke-ke-ke!”

E ivalutu wala bogwa kabomisidagu ebusivau ibubusi wala lema okwariva dakuna, edoki wala biwetaula bima okanikenua. Iyuwetaula minana urigova kuritaki kalabiga kusewa kukoma. Ikamkoma einaku ikapeliga kanainela opwananela dakuna imwa toya buyaila ikatogina, e itulagola inala bogwa elubulatola isakaulasi ilokeyasa tau.

Ekatupoisi eyakala, emakeyasa sala ekatupoyesa eyakala, “A bogwala lakamesa mitaga kadokesa bogwa lakamesa taga kana bogwa esimwa?”

“Bogwa wala kulosa okwadewa.” Emesa emwamusa kaidagi bogi wala okwadewa. Itupatapasi wala itubwa loposi. Ikanawesa okwadewa. Eyam kaukwau lekabisi minana bakwela ineneisi gala wala. Etetasi odakuna lelola lebanisa kanainela ututani deri buyaila.

“Wo, bogwa lekomasi kwau vivila.”

Keigiga minana urigova evagi gudikolola, ekabisi lemesa etomwesa keisoi valam. Ivalamsi kalabiga ebwagi wa. Eyam isimwesa isagalisi iyokwa iyoudila inala ilisasidabu leokwa. E manikwa yam ekeita tamala ila okwadewa evabwadi minana urigova. Itasi kalakeyala ibasi minana urigova ikau imeya. Kusiwesa kukomasi toya lakwava manana urigova. Pela kalatoneuya latula. Ikamkomasi inakusi esiwesa olopuwa Omlamwaluwa.

ENGLISH TRANSLATION

This is another story told to me by Lubowa, the chief of Omlamwaluwa. This man had three wives. Two of them were infertile, and one was fertile. At the time the woman conceived, a crocodile living in the sea also became pregnant. The woman gave birth to a girl, and right at the same time that crocodile also gave birth in the sea. The mother breastfed her daughter, and the girl grew up. Time passed, and she became a teenager, and together with her friends, the chief's daughter started seeing boys. After a while, she befriended this boy, and they started sleeping together at night. One day, her girlfriends went to fetch saltwater, and they asked her to prepare her water containers and join them. When they came to the beach, she stood on that rock that juts out to the sea.

Down at the beach there was this rock that jutted out toward the sea; the girls used to jump into the water from that rock. So they went down to play there as usual. When they saw the sun was setting in the late afternoon, the girls started getting ready to get back home. The chief's daughter was the last one on that rock. As she was making her way toward the beach, right when she was about to jump down from the rock, she saw the crocodile blocking her way, so she walked back to the middle of the stone and stood there. Her friends were back on the beach and didn't notice her absence. The other girls submerged their containers in the water and fetched the saltwater for cooking. They carried the water containers on their heads, and they went back to the village. Meanwhile, the chief's daughter was sitting on top of that rock. It was getting late, and the girl was growing more and more desperate: she wanted to join her friends. She started putting her foot down on the beach, but the crocodile tried to grab it from below, and she had to retreat back to the rock. The girl stood on the rock and chanted, "My mother, my father, I am alone on the waves. Bush fowl come looking for me, bush fowl, my bird, let's fly together, ya-ke-ke-ke!" The girl cried for her mother and her father. She walked back to the top of that rock and waited there until it was dark. She tried to get back to the beach, but every time she tried to climb down on the beach, the crocodile was waiting for her, waiting to grab her from below. So the girl went back to the very top of the stone, and she chanted again, "My brother, my sister, I am alone on the waves. Bush fowl, look for me."

It was already late at night when everybody was sleeping, and she thought it was safe to climb down. She tried to climb down that rock; she thought she could jump on the beach. But the

crocodile was waiting for her, and this time the crocodile managed to grab her and ate her. The crocodile ate the chief's daughter. The only things that were left were the skin of the girl and some of her blood that had pooled in a crack on the rock. Later on, in the middle of the night, the girl's mother ran to her daughter's boyfriend. "Where is my daughter?" But he didn't know. She ran to her daughter's friends but they said, "We came back from the beach, and we thought she was with us, but maybe she stayed behind?" The chief ordered the villagers, "Look for her at the beach." They prepared coconut torches and went looking for her on the beach, but their search was in vain, and they were very anxious. That night, they all slept on the beach. In the morning they found the girl's footprints but not the girl. But when they came close to that rock, they found the girl's skin and her blood on the crack. They thought, "There, sharks have already eaten this girl." But the truth is, the crocodile, who was born the same day as her, ate the girl. They cried for the girl and made all the customary funerary arrangements. The next day, they made a *sagali* funerary feast for the girl, and her mother prepared the banana leaf bundles for the *lisaladabu* ceremony for her dead daughter. And one day, after the funerary rituals were over, the girl's father, the village chief, went back to the beach and found that crocodile. He sharpened his spear and pierced the crocodile and brought it back to the village. The chief and his wives ate the crocodile. This happened in Omlamwaluwa Village.

COMMENTS

People praised the *vinavina* ditty in this story. It is thought that when somebody is attacked and eaten by a crocodile, it was her or his fate because the crocodile was summoned by a *bwagau* sorcerer to kill that particular person and no other. In this case, the fate of the girl was sealed by the crocodile being born the same day as she was.

RELEVANT VOCABULARY: *Lubowa*

SN 105 BOLU (A COCONUT SHELL WATER CONTAINER)

A *kwanebu* folktale told by Kwayaila, a man from Kaibola. Originally transcribed by Rex Kalubaku and translated by Veronica Lepani.

SUMMARY

News about the beauty of Bolu, a girl from Iwa Island, spreads all the way to Omlamwaluwa Village in Kiriwina. The son of the chief there makes a new canoe to go in search of Bolu. Once he gets to Iwa, he is informed that Bolu is, in reality, a big coconut shell. The chief's son takes the coconut back to Kiriwina and uses it as a stepping aid to climb up onto his veranda. Unknown to everybody, at night, while everybody sleeps, a

beautiful girl comes out of the coconut shell and sits on the veranda chewing betel nut. After seeing the red stains of betel nut, the chief's son's grandmother grows suspicious and spies on the coconut at night. The grandmother finds out Bolu's secret and tells her grandson about it.

Kwanebuyee Bolu

Minana vivila yagala Bolu. Isisu muno makakwa Iwa mesikiya. E matona guyau latula Omvamwaluwa mesiki. Iyoyu bulagala minana Bolu. Ikebiga, "Bwena kuteyasi waga bitalokeyasi taunisa lakwava latula guyau."

Iteyasi makena waga iwokuwa isilasa toya bwadala ivolasi ilokesa igisesa. Iulawwolasi italagunasi, iwakesa, "Aminana Bolu?"

"A gala vivilatola, ke makwaina viga ke."

"A bwena kumeyesa bakakedidagisa bakalausa." Ekausa makweina viga ididagisa imeyesa. Imeyesa ikotasi osikowala deli bwadala, "Wi," eluki bwadala, "Kulaisa biwa ikatupilipili. Mwadaga vivila bitalausa." Iwa ikatupilipili emwesaga isimwesa.

Isisusa deli bwadala iwewasisi iwokuwa. Isiwesa ikoyasi kebila. Ikakoyasi kebila ikausa makweina bolu imeyesa. Imeyesala olakaukweda iselisa ikebiga, kuselisa bavigaki uladaga. Iselisa ivigaki la daga. Bila ivakola lauvila bima bimeya wala imeki makweina bolu itopela itola imenasi ilosa imasisisi ekanukwenuga. Bibogi bima masisisi bipelaga bogwatubukena isunapula minana vivila bimwa isigili wala valu. Gala inukwali mtona pela isusunapula minana vivila, idoki viga wala. Ima masisisa imamatasi ilosa lauvila isimwaga. Eyam makala wala. Bikwayai bila ivakoli lavivila bimeya, imeki makweina viga ekanukwenu itola imwenasi ilosa imasisisi bikanukwenuga. Bimasisisi isunapulaga bimwa okaukweda ikeula kala kauya kala buwa, kala mweya bima isili ikau. Isisuga minana tabula igigisi.

Isisu bima itau lakaukweda, "Mwa, yokwa mkubudoga besa buwa wala giu. Masigavila akuma okukwau?"

"A gala sita buwa." E inanamsa ikebiga adoki makweina viga igau ibogi bagisi. Ebogi wala ila ivakola lavivila imesa imwenasi ilosa imasisisi olaboala. Isunapulaga tabula ima isimwa. Isisu ilagiga ekakupwanu makweina. Isunapula igisi eseki valu isigili wala minana vivila.

"Wo, tawa, minana vivila mala boala besa tadokesa gola vigawokuwa wala." Immasisi tabula imamata, ilesa lauvila imamataga. "A yokwale kuma ibogi bukuyuisi mukwava." "Ambesa?"

"Ke makwelana viga ekutokela, igau bukugisi. Ibogi bukuyuisi bukugisi."

"O bwena." Immasisi wala ebogi gala ivakola lauvila. Isunapula iweki tabula olaboala ivesa isiwesa. Isisusa wala ipela tubukona iyokewala makweina viga ikakupwana wala. Isunapula wala ikeula kala kauya, kala buwa, kala mweya lewa ipela isila otokekaya makakwa esila ekikau. Ikikau wala bogwa itaina tau ilitaki lewa.

"O nasinapu yokwa, latamesa noni bukuibebusi bitagisemsi."

"O galala okumeyegu lasisu okuvakolaga m vivila kumweya ku masisisi. Lasisugo gala laninanamsa bukeita baloki veyagwa."

"O gala wala kuma bitamwa tamasisi." Isiusi ilosa waboala gala sunapula. Ekanukwenusi wala eyam ikanitolaulasi. Ekanukwenusi wala eyam ikanitolaulasi. Iyokewa tamala e ilomgwa yoyu. Buku yovasi okaukweda biuvalutu gola bila obukubaku. Bisunapulasiga latugu sesiela lakwava nabweya. Itolisa wala wawola yabwaya.

Iwawaielasi yabwaya iyuvayovasi iwokuwa, ekatubayasasiga waboala ewokuwa, kalabiga minana vivila veguwa gala yomala owowola. Elivala tau kusunapula, eyokewaga minana vivila a gala kusunapula, eyokewaga minana vivila a gala kusunapula yokwa. Yegulaga bavaboda nim. Ikominimanisi gala bogwa ekemiligaga vivila isunapula tau. Eyokewa minana vivila kalabiga isunapula olui. Emeki mabudana okaukweda gala desi wala ilububwesi esisusa. Pela ituwali kalagigisa evagi makawala tubukona. E ivaisi wala wala isimwesa esola tau. Ilegesa biga veyala a bogwa eyesi lamwala evaisi wala esiyewa.

ENGLISH TRANSLATION

This is the story of Bolu. There once was a young woman named Bolu. Bolu lived on Iwa Island. In my story, there was also a boy, the son of a chief who lived in Kiriwina. He was from Omlamwaluwa Village. News about Bolu's beauty traveled far and wide. One day, the chief said to his people, "Listen up, we are going to make a new canoe. We will sail to Iwa and bring Bolu back. Bolu will become my son's wife." They made a new canoe, and the chief's son sailed it with his crew. They journeyed to Iwa to see that girl Bolu everybody was talking about. As they approached the island, they paddled and paddled until they finally arrived on the shores of Iwa. They climbed up to the village and asked, "Where is that girl, Bolu?"

"Ha, there is no such thing; Bolu is not a real girl. Look, there it is, Bolu is only a coconut shell."

"Is that right," the chief's son answered. "Well, never mind. Bring me the coconut shell; we will load it in the canoe and go back to Kiriwina." They took that coconut shell, put it in their canoe, and sailed back to Kiriwina with it. When the son's chief arrived in the village with his crew, he said to his friend, "You. Throw that coconut shell over there; let it lie down there on its own." And so they did. They tossed that coconut shell away. The chief's son and his crew were tired from the trip. When they finished resting, they built a platform. They built the platform for the chief's son. When they were done, he said, "Grab that coconut shell and put it there on the ground. I will use it as my stepping shell, to help me climb up the platform." They took the coconut shell and put it in front of the platform. That was the only use they could find for that shell. The chief's son would go out, bring his lovers back to his place, step on that coconut shell to climb up on his veranda, and sleep with his girlfriends. And all that time, the coconut shell was just lying there. But what nobody knew was that at night, while everybody was sleeping, after the moon had risen,

a girl would come out of the coconut shell. That girl was Bolu. Her beauty was such that when she came out of the coconut at night, her radiance would shine on the whole village. The chief's son had no idea that the girl was living inside that coconut shell. Night after night, he would sleep with his girlfriends. Before daybreak, the girls would wake up and go away. The chief's son would stay in his house and sleep.

This happened every night. In the evening, he went out to bring girls home. He came home with a girl, approached that coconut shell, stood on it, and climbed up on his veranda before entering his house. While they slept, that girl Bolu came out of the coconut shell, got her basket, her betel nut, her mustard, and sat down chewing. One day, the grandmother of the chief's son was sitting and looking. Her grandson's veranda was surrounded by betel nut husks, so she went to clean it. When the grandmother was sweeping around the chief's son's house, she said to him, "Hey, your veranda here is stained with red betel nut spit. How come? Have you been chewing betel nut around here?"

"Ah, no, I don't chew there!" he replied. The grandmother was suspicious. She thought, "Maybe this has to do with that shell. Tonight, I'm going to sit over there and observe it carefully." When the night came, he went on one of his amatory expeditions. He brought a girl back to the house, and they went to sleep together. Meanwhile, his grandmother came to his house and sat on his veranda. She was sitting there when she heard that coconut shell cracking. The grandmother saw how the bright rays emanating from that girl were shining upon the village at night. She said to herself, "Oh my! And we thought that this shell here was only a vulgar shell." They next day, when the chief's son woke up, his grandmother said to him, "You shall stay up tonight, so that you can see your wife."

"Where? What wife?" he asked, confused.

"There," his grandmother pointed. "That shell you use to stand on, later on tonight you'll see. Tonight, stay up and watch and you'll see," she insisted.

"Alright," the chief's son replied. The boy slept until it was night, and this time he brought no girls into the house. He came out and went to his grandmother's house, and they sat there together, watching his own veranda from the distance. They sat there, and when the moon rose, that coconut shell cracked. The girl, Bolu, came out of the shell. She took her basket, her betel nut, her mustard, and she sat on the platform chewing. She was still chewing when the chief's son went behind her and held her hand. "Oh, you tricky girl, now you have to come out from the shell during the day, so we can all see you."

"Oh, no," she replied. "You always bring girls to sleep with them, why would I? I'd rather go back to my relatives" was her reply.

"Ah, no," the boy insisted. "Come with me, and we'll stay in my house together."

They went inside the house and did not come out for a whole day. They slept until it was evening. They slept until the morning of the next day, and they slept on until the boy's father said, "My people, weave coconut leaves. Put the woven fronds

right outside my house and spread them all the way to the center of the village. My son will come out with his wife tomorrow." The villagers went on weaving. When they were done, they put the leaves on the ground. Meanwhile, the newlyweds dressed up with their best decorations. Bolu had plenty of shell valuables and decorations on her body.

When they were ready, the boy said to her, "You go out," and Bolu replied, "No, you go out first because this is your village, and I will follow you." They urged each other until the girl won, so the boy went out first, and the girl came after him. When they came out, they went to take a piss behind the village. Then, they came back and sat down on the platform. Her face was unlike anybody else's, as beautiful as the moon. They got married, and she stayed with the boy. Back in Iwa, her parents heard about the wedding, "Oh, our daughter found her husband." They married, and they lived together in Omlamwaluwa.

COMMENTS

People in the Trobriands associate full, round faces with the full moon. Both are considered to be radiant and beautiful.

RELEVANT VOCABULARY:

bolu (see Figure 51)

daga

lukwava

SN 121 BISALOLOVESA (A MAN'S NAME)

A *kwanebu* folktale told by Gwatuma from Kaibola. She obtained the story from her grandmother or grandfather. Originally transcribed by Veronica Lepani and translated by Mwangawa Mwawesi.

SUMMARY

This story tells of a man who travels to the remote Simsimla Islands to marry a woman there.

Kwanebuyee Bisalolovesa

Bisalolovesa Wawela mesiki. Ineya Simsimla mesiki. Isisusa iyoyu bulagala minana Ineya sena naminibweta. Itobusi Bisalolovesa iloki Simsimla. Iulawola italgawa Simsimla. Ilivalisa Ineya ila ivakoli imasisi. Eyam kaukwau imamatasi ikedodigasi iokwa ekebiga inala, "Igau ayopwi makwa tauya." Iyopwi manakwa tauya iokwa isuwaya osiwaga itabusisi lewolasi iulawolasi otapwala boarita iseki matona, "O Bisalolovesa bisalela ugwewa. Waga ilemi kuyobala kubala dayowe. Taloki yawam, taloki yavamuta. Ebugubagulasi mbagula ekilikilisi kamsopi, eotaotasi mkai, kariyaga mboala olopolo Wawela ikelivigawata ikelipusagi biga." E iuwolasi iulaolasi ikau vivila

eseki, "O Ineyo Ineyo Ineyo! Toneyo Toneyo basilalagwa, baulaola kunugu. Ugwama ugwatele. Yegulaga inagu tamagu yowana Giliwa kumakaga binei bimeki." Ewolasi, ewolaoasi bogwa otapwala boarita eseki matona, "O Bisalolovesa bisalela ugweu. Waga ilemi Kuyobala kubala dayowe. Taloki yawam, taloki yavamuta. Ebugubagulasi mbagula ekilikilisi kamsopi kariyaga mboala Wawela ikelivigawata ikelipusagi biga." E iwolasi ilawolasi ikau eseki manana, "O Ineyo Ineyo Ineyo! Toneyo Toneyo basilalagwa baulaola kunugu. Ugwama ugwatele. Yegulaga inagu tamagu pwasona yowana Giliwa kumakega binei bimeki." Ekebiga tau, "Mi! Bayuyu tauya?" "Kuyuyu tauya avaka?" E iwolasi, ilawolasi ilawolasi. Ikau tau iseki, "O Bisalolovesa bisalela ugweu waga ilemi Kuyoba bala kubala dayowe. Taloki yawam taloki yavamuta ebugubagulasi mbagula eotatasi mkai ekilikilisi kam sopi. Bakariyaga mboala olopolo Wawela ikelivigawata ikelipusagi biga." E ilawolasi okarikeda ikauga vivila iseki, "O Ineyo Ineyo Ineyo! Toneyo Toneyo. Ugwama ugwatele. Yegulaga inagu tamagu pwasona yowana Giliwa. Kumakaga binei bimeki." Bogwa bisalili lilo italagwasiga. Italagwasiga imasisisi okwadewa eyam kaukauw ilosa ovalu. Ilosa esisusa ekeibiga tau, "Bayuyu tauya?"

"O kuyuyu." Eyuyu wala tauya Bisalolovesa eyokewasi itodadelisi pela egotagotasi bunukwa saleku lalava tadoki avaka. Ineya kalakatuwila.

ENGLISH TRANSLATION

Bisalolovesa was a man living in Wawela Village. Ineya was a woman who lived on Simsimla Island. The fame of Ineya's beauty spread far and wide. Bisalolovesa went to Simsimla to meet Ineya on his canoe. He paddled and paddled, and when he arrived at Simsimla, he asked about Ineya, and when he found her, she took him, and they slept together. The next morning, they loaded their canoe, and Ineya's mother said, "Wait, I shall bespell magic on the conch shell." She spelled magic on the conch shell, and she put the shell in their canoe. They left and paddled out, and when they were in the deep sea, Bisalolovesa chanted, "Oh, Bisalolovesa, this pandanus leaf streamer we share as a couple. Oh, my canoe, you girls of Kuyobala come, and we fly on my canoe. We shall go to your mother-in-law, your sister-in-law, we shall work in your gardens, we will fetch your water, chop your wood, and I'll build your house in the center of Wawela Village, its beauty like the red in the eastern horizon splitting the world." And they paddled on and on out into the sea. And the girl chanted, "Oh, Ineyo Ineyo Ineyo! Toneyo Toneyo. I sit on the canoe, I paddle over my head. Our canoe, our canoe in between the beach and the sea. Myself, my mother, my father, come look for me in Giliwa." They paddled and paddled and paddled on and on, and they were out in the middle of the sea when the man chanted, "Oh, Bisalolovesa, this pandanus leaf streamer we share as a couple. Oh, my canoe, you girls of Kuyobala, Kuyobala come, and we fly on my canoe. We shall go to your mother-in-law, your sister-in-law, we shall work in your gardens, we will fetch your water, chop your wood, and I'll build your house in

the center of Wawela Village, its beauty like the red in the eastern horizon splitting the world." They paddled on and on, and the girl chanted again, "Oh, Ineyo Ineyo Ineyo! Toneyo Toneyo. I sit on the canoe, and I paddle over my head. Our canoe, our canoe in between the beach and the sea. Myself, my mother, my father, come look for me in Yowana Giliwa, its navel, you will come and look for me." The man said, "Woman, should I blow the conch shell?"

"You want to blow the conch shell, what for?" she said.

And they paddled on and on and on, and the man chanted again, "Oh, Bisalolovesa, this pandanus leaf streamer we share as a couple. Oh, my canoe, you girls of Kuyobala, Kuyobala come, and we fly on my canoe. We shall go to your mother-in-law, your sister-in-law, we shall work in your gardens, we will fetch your water, chop your wood, and I'll build your house in the center of Wawela Village, its beauty like the red in the eastern horizon splitting the world." And they paddled on and on, and they came to the passage in the reef near the beach of Wawela and the girl chanted, "Oh, Ineyo Ineyo Ineyo! Toneyo Toneyo! I sit on the canoe, and I paddle over my head. Our canoe, our canoe in between the beach and the sea. My mother, my father, come look for me." The sun was already setting when they arrived. They arrived, and they slept on the beach, and the next morning, they went to the village, and they stayed, and the man said, "Should I blow the conch shell?"

And she said, "Yes, you can blow it now." Bisalolovesa blew it, and suddenly there appeared a line of baskets full of yams and pigs with their hands and feet already tied up and mature red bunches of betel nut like you have never seen before, and this was the girl's dowry.

COMMENTS

There is a nice exchange of *vinavina* rhymes that, according to some, may contain fragments of magic spells. This story features a flying canoe, like the well-known myth of the flying canoe of Kudayuri or Kodeuli (Malinowski 1922: 311–321; 1963 [1935]: 209–210).

RELEVANT VOCABULARY: *ugwewa*

SN 126 TOKASIKUNI (THE UGLY-LOOKING MAN)

A *kwanebu* folktale told by Tomdawa, a man from Kaibola. Originally transcribed by Veronica Lepani and translated by Mwagawa Mwawesi.

SUMMARY

The ugly outcast Tokasikuni uses his magic to heal the chief's daughter, whom he had made sick for disrespecting him because of his looks.

Kwanebuyee Tokasikuni

Matona tau Tokasikuni todidi, topwasa, tososou, topanunu tomigaga wala. Mitaga lavalu isisu wala yam yam oluvalu. Pwakiya mesisiki yam yam, yam yam. E mtosine gweguya Omlamwaluwa mesikesa Tabalu matosina. E mtaga latula guyau, kadala guyau makawala ituwasi matosina kasiteyu. E makalaga imwalisa kaula ikausa kayasela makala kompogi yam yam yam. Isakesa gugwadi kaula yam yam bimesesila orumata ikakayasi. Bimesa, bimeyesa kaula, bunukwa, bua, imwalisa ikamkwamsi nunumwaya, tommwaya okwadewa bikayabusinga bikompolusi. Ikakayasi makala gabogi biyosisa iyosisago ikwayai ilosa. Kweivila yam lemesa, igau kwetala yam ikanukwenu matona Tokasikuni itokaewa opareda okabala ikotati wala potagala kalapwasa, kaladidi.

Tomwedola tobogina tomdawali tobogina wala matona tomota. Mitaga ikanukwenu olaboala ilagi lemwagegasi lemesa isunapula isila olakaukweda. Ikatupoi, "Veve, ambese bukulosa?"

"A bakalosa bakakayasi kakompolusi."

"Ke, okulukwewesaga latula guyau kana sita tala kalaga kwetala isakemi kumeyesa adubweni nanogu kulosa kukwakayasi." Ikebiga matona igaga ikebigasi bwadala wala minawena latula guyau, "E! Kewabogina latula guyau wowola. Kamboda bukubwadi makala lokunigada ke?"

"O bwena kulosa."

Imesaga bikakayasi bigogi bikeitasi bilosa makawala. E bikanukwenusiga biyam gabogi bikeitasi makawala bimesa ikakayasi. Igau etokaewa matona Tokasikuni, "Adoki nabweya bimesi iga bibanisa mipuki sitana."

Imesa ikakayasi iwokwa ikeitasi lewesa bilosa osivalu. Ikatupoi Tokasikuni, "Veve! Nasalaga bukuvakopeulasi makawala mikompolu bukumesi?"

"A bogiyu."

"Ke kulosa." Ikalatala ikanukwenu e kaliyuwelaga makwena yam gabogi bimesa ikakayasi. Ikanukwenu waboala bogwa elagi bimesa itokewa ilai silami. Ililai silami okwadewa lewokwa ekeita lewa ovalu. Ikanukwenu lemesaga. Mapelaga idau kwau, urigova, wonu, vai ave mauna, ave mauna, ave mauna, maunela boarita imesala ikanukwenusi odayaga. E evalapulasi ovalu ekatupoi, "Veve! Kulukwesa kadala guyau bima sita kweta kalabua kakau kuwesaga." Ekeibigasiga sala, "A, gala galaga sitana kamboda bibwadem gala wala. Kweita kuwa kusiwa taga kuvabugabogina latula guyau wowola."

"O kulosa." Ikeitasi ilosa evabusisi deri bwadesia isakaulasi isilisa orumata. Kabokokuwa makwena Iletau yam yam, yam yam. Bimwenasi bilosa makwena iletau e bitokaewasi bilolosa oboarita bineisi kabala kabala kabala e pela bikompolusi. Igau ikugwa minawena latula guyau ikapusi lela igau isakaula iwekea minasina kwau, urigova, ave mauna ave mauna. Kusuisi wala owowola. Kusuisila kulosa olopola minawena vivila tadokiwala isuma. Esagalisi makala kabala kabala ikompolusi.

Ikompolusi ikompolusi bogwala manasina mauna makala eyowaisi olumolela egedageda lopola. Esewa oboarita eyayosa gala esewa gala ekayalaguva ikompolusiga bwadala. Eluki

tabula, "A-vi! Kompolusi deri bwadedaya bamwaga iga okwaudewa. Lopogu sena igedageda." Ikompolusi tabula deri bwadesia minana ikomwenaguva ima orakaena iyayosi iloluwa isewa gala isewa gala edousi, "E yokwami kumesa, kumesa eseki avakapela latula guyau." Emakesa esewesa gala evatisa kebila ekausa. "Nanakwa bitalausa latula guyau. Tayakesa iyuvisisa olavalu." Ivatisa kebila iwokwa ekausa minana vivila. Ikokeulasi isakaulasi imakesa Tokasikuni ikanukwenu.

Ikanukwenu olaboala, "Veve avaka?"

"Eseki avaka pela latula guyau. Kalosa bakakampolusi kakayasi komwedomasi sena igedageda lopola kasewesa gala kasewesa gala kavatisa kebila kausa bakalaua." "Woi! Kulaua kuayakaesa tamala imegwa."

Isakawalisa isakawalisala iwokeyasa tamala, "Avaka pela?"

"A gala wala. Kakakayasi wala igedageda lopola ekebiga ima okwadewa. Esewa gala, esewa gala lakamakesa kaseswala gala wala lakavatisa kebila lakasakaurisa lakameyesa."

Ikalatala ikanukwenu iweweya wala. Yam bogi iweweya wala. Sitana bimasisi bisili gala. Kaliyuwela makala. Ekebigasi veyala, "A, okulosa avaka sitana kunukwalisa avaka avaka. Kena avela ekatupoyemi kana avaka okulivalisa?" Iga ekebigasi, "A gala, makwesi yam bakalolosa, kasakaulasa kawakeyasa matona topwasa tomdawali tobogina Tokasikuni. Binigada kamabuasi kamamweyasi gala wala kasakasa. Kakabisi kalosa isimwaga. Kweivila yam lakaolosa makawala. E lagela lakawesa ikatupoyemasi."

"O gala wala, bogwala matowena ilova silami." Itokaewa tamala kutoli wala kukwabi lotutu. Makwesila valu matosina tomegwamegwa toyuviyuvisa isusukila ivinaku. Ilobusi matona imegwala gala imisim. Tamala ikabikabi veiguwa, bua, bunukwa pela kasilotuvi tomota. Minanaga lakerawaga ikebiga, "E kuneneila agutomota ave tuta bimegaegu matona baveya. Gala bukunanamsa avaka pela kalinanamsa matonala bimegaegu matona baveya." E ikabi nei olopola Kilivila. Iwala matona tau imegwa gala ikeita.

Eyangwa ikabi ilotui tetala imegwasi. Igau ikebiga minana latula guyau waboala eyosisi, "Gala kumesa, kumesa kulokesa Suta. Kulukwesa kulukwesa kawami."

"A ekebiga latula guyau lakamesa wala bitalosa. Bitalosa kumegai bibwena e mkwava wa. Galaga bukunei nata vivila."

Ekebigaga waboala ekanukwenu, "Ke, okulosa okulukwesa avaka uula bitawa takabugabogina latula guyau wowola. Ke topwasa, tososou, topanunu e bitawaga takanekela latula guyau takabugabogina wowola. Kulosa kwatulakesa. Igau biwa inei teta tominibwena kalayuvisa biwa iyuvisi."

Ikeitasi ilomungwa isakaulasi elukwewesa, "A, kakaibigasi ekebigaga, ah, avaka uula tawa takabugabogina latula guyau wowola? Ituwari wala topwasa matowena, tobonebona, topanunu, tososou, tobogina bimaga ikabogabogina wowola latula guyau." "A gala wa kulosa kulukwesa bogwala matona wala. Kulosa kulukwesa wala bitagwala bima. Imegaegu bavea."

"Galaga mmmmm."

Ikatuweyasala ilomgwa isakaulasa imesa ilukwesa, "Tokasikuni! Tokasikuni!" "E!"

"Gala kawakesa guyau ekebiga gala wala. Lakamesa wala bitalosa. Minanaga waboala ikanukwenu eweweya wala yam bogi. Elivala bitalosa wala. Kumigai biokwa bukuveya wala mkwava bukuveya."

"Eis! Kulosa kwatulakaesa galaga bawa akabubwabogina wowola. Ituwalila topwasa yakida tobogina yakida bitawaga takabugwabogina wowola latula guyau."

Ikeitasi iuyukaesa biga ikatubayasaga, ikatubayasa itokewa ikau kalabobau, lakaitukiwa, lapareda mapasina bogwala ekapikiki deri kalupwadau okuwalila. Kusimiliwala kumeya okwaukweda kusiye. Kawalaga mdawali u-u-u-u esisiya. Esikaiwesala biga ekatuyewasi wala.

"Galawala, kukweitasi kulokasa bimalaimigai." Ikatuwoyasala lemesa elukwesa eseki minana waboala ikanukwenu, "Tabudosuto tabudosuto! Kuma kubibiu kambuna kuweya mauna mlologa mlologeyo."

Iyokewasi, "Mwa bokulilagi edodou latula guyau?"

Eyokewaga waboala esimalaula, "Eis! Bwadagwa bogwala bitalosa mtaga galaga kaguboda. Ke topanunu yakida, togweluwa yakida, taweyaga takabubwaluwa wowola latula guyau."

"A gala wala kusunapulala kuma bitalokeyasa. Kusunapulala kidamwa kwatuwakedasi.... Kusakaulasi gola kuwalutusi. Dayagila kuilobusisi kusekiga minana waboala ikanukwenu sutubudu tubudusuta, kuma kubibiu kambuna kuweya mauna mlologa mlologeyo."

"Mwa bokulilagi? Besa waboala ekanukwenu."

"Gala bwadagwa bitawakesa tasiwesa okaukweda mtaga bitasui bitaweki waboala. Kadaboda legisa bitawakeya."

Isakawalisaga biga, "A bogwa lemesa Dayagila biluwepela Kabulula lakameyesaga biga."

"Nanakwa binanakwa bima. Yokwami nunumwaya ke bukugisesa bivalapula Tokasikuni komwedomi bukusunapulasi. Galaga teta bisisu waboala. Avela yokwa atasisusa besa. Bivalapula Tokasikuni bima bimegwa bisili okaukweda komwedomiga bukusunapulasi. Bisuiga bimakayagu waboala."

Kutitakeligo kuwalutala kuwalapaula Kasanai.

"A bogwa evalapula. Nanakwa kusunapulasi kuwewesa okaukweda." Bimagwa bisili okaukweda iga amakala bikatupoi, "Kwalaisi?"

"A gala wala eweweya waboala. Gala sitana bisili etitowa wala otatom etitowa wala walaba."

"Kulukwesa bogwa lama."

"Mwa Tokasikuni! Kuma kulivala sitana bilega amakala livalela."

"Gala lewesala kaikivi elilotalasi eliloyusa elilotalusi lakatulakila lememesa. Topwasa yakida tososou yakida tobogina yakida bitamaga takabugwabogina wowola latula guyau. Lama lalukwem lakatulaekam otegam bakaitaga bala. Bogwa lokulilagi."

"Gala kulukwesa komwedomi wala kusunapulasi kulosa okaukweda. E kalamwaleta gola bikanukwenu." E bisui biwa waboala ekatupoi, "Kuyokewasi kalabiga kalatoyamata mabudawena kusunapulasi wala. Kusunapulasi kumwesa okaukweda kusususa. Kulukwesa kwatubwadisa boala."

Ikatuwadisa boala mapulaga ikau kaikela pilatala pilatala kavalala piliyuwela piliyuwela kavalala. Kulasagi wala kwanam.

"A elivala magila bukuloki wala waboala. Gala magila leya, sopi."

"A gala, galaga aguboda baweiki ligisa. Kwausa leya, sopi kumeyesa okaukweda amegwa e awali guyau labiga verina ekabutuki wadola. Bakeitaga bala."

"Galala epekila minana, magila bukula waboala."

"Kugisemiga bwadagwa bawa agisi waboala." Kugila wala kweisuya kalubobau lapareda mapasina ekapikiki wala okuwalila etokoweya eliloya. Kwitau kaitukwa makaiwena kuyokewasi mdawali kawala u-u-u-u. Togi egigiusila okaukweda mabudana.

"Kusui wala kuwa waboala." E isila odolaba. Minanaga ikanukuvatala otatom ekaugwa esakameki olopolo boala kusikikilaga kuwa olopolo boala matona. Tomalaula wala. "Kwantaila kwantaila bakabukwani lopom." Ikantaila bikabikwani lopola ikanukwenu lopola nawowolagola kukigigeya wala.

"Sopi ambese? Leya? Ambese sopi, leya?"

"A leya kasewesala ogugulela ototouya." Sopi okuwalaliga wala. Ikanukwenu leya ikanukwenu sopi kusikikilaga makuwalila vivila kusikela. Kuseyewa kuseyewa gala kudimikini kuyeya wala kovalasi. Kukovalasi kuvanowasi etomalaula eritaki sopi. Esisusa eligelagelasigola sopi eyosi. Imigai sopi lemwa ikanamwa imigai leya emwa ikanamwa. Esekewasi, "Kukwam." Emwam leinawu esekewasi leya ekoma einaku.

Isimwamwasa elagisaga tadoki tauya etitokaewa olopolo boala eweweyaga. Egisemwesa lesuisi.

"E, kusuisi, kusuisi kumesa tautomi kuyosisa latula guyau." Gala sita biminumki. Lekoma leya sopi gala itokowakela eyayosa wala. Isisiyesa mwamwela ikwayai ekapulaiga evilobusiga manasina wolu, urigova, vai olopolo. Ivilobusisi ivalutala iuni wala ikatumwesi wala urigova, vai, wolu, ave mauna ave mauna. Bogwa leokwa ebogi elai ela ikanawa kayagigila. Ekarewaga wala, "A gala bukula kusikuvata wala. Tasisusala babwena e bogwala malolela lokuma bivagisala katuvila bikatuvilasi bitalosa oduvalusa. Talosala omalu. Tala tavai bitasiwa."

ENGLISH TRANSLATION

This man, Tokasikuni, was an albino, covered in sores, with gray hairs and wrinkles. A very ugly looking man. He used to stay put in his village, Pwakiya, day and night. He stayed there all the time and usually never went anywhere. In my story, the other people were from Omlamwaluwa, the village ruled by the Tabalu people. Now this young woman, the chief's daughter, used to go collecting *tuwa* shells together with her aunt. One day, the chief put aside plenty of food and decided to sponsor a several-days-long swimming competition. Day after day, the chief gave food to the people to take to the seashore to sponsor the swimming competition that was taking place there. People came to the beach in great numbers; they brought food, pigs, betel nut, and they all ate and chewed while they watched the competitors swim out to the open sea. They swam every day,

from early morning to late afternoon until it was time to get back to the village. The swimming competition had been going on for a number of days when, one day, Tokasikuni, who had been lying down all this time, suddenly lifted himself up from his sleeping mat. As he stood up, the mat stuck to his back, and the scabs peeled off his sores. His body sent out an awful stench, and flies were all over him. But because every day he heard people passing by on the way to the swimming competition at the beach, he finally came out of the house and sat on his veranda. As the chief's daughter's friends walked by, Tokasikuni asked them, "Girls, where are you going?"

"We're going to the beach to watch the swimming festival and play."

"Oh, could you tell the chief's daughter on my behalf, if she has any leftover betel nut for me, can she give it to you so that you can bring it to me before you go swimming?" The chief's daughter's friends replied to him, "Eh! Don't you dare smear the chief's daughter's perfumed body with your foul smell! Ask for a betel nut from your own people if they come by!"

"Oh, that's fine then," he said. "Off you go." The girls went to the beach and bathed and played until it was dark and it was time to get back to the village. On their way back, he asked them again, and they gave him the same reply. The girls slept in the village until the next morning, when it was time to walk to the beach to watch the competition and play. Tokasikuni woke up and told himself, "Maybe today these girls will come back, maybe today is the day when they get punished for their insolence." The girls went to the beach and bathed. In the evening they walked back to their village. When they walked past Tokasikuni's house, he asked them, "Girls! When is the closing day for the swimming competition?"

"The day after tomorrow," they replied.

"Alright, off you go." He slept that one night; he slept the second night and woke up the morning the girls said they were going back to the beach. He was lying inside the house when he heard the girls approaching. He went to the beach, and he threw his evil spell there. He cursed the spot where the girls went to bathe. In his spell he summoned sharks, crocodiles, sea turtles, stingrays, and all sorts of sea creatures. He called them all and ordered them to wait near the beach. He then went back to his house, and when the girls entered the village, he said, "Girls, tell the chief's aunt to bring me a betel nut so the two of us can chew while you go to the beach." The girls answered, "No way. You're unfit to chew with her. Go back inside your house and stay there, lest you stink up the chief's daughter with your foul smell."

"Off you go then," Tokasikuni said. So the girls went to the beach. They went straight to that spot called Iletau, the same place where they used to go day after day. They climbed that Iletau stone to dive from it into the sea. They chanted, and they each took their position, getting ready to dive and start swimming for the competition. The chief's daughter dived first, right into that spot where the sharks, crocodiles, and the rest of the sea creatures had been summoned by Tokasikuni's magic, and as she did, all those creatures entered her body. They swam straight into

her stomach, which grew as big as that of a pregnant woman. All the others dived and started swimming, racing each other. They swam and swam, and it wasn't long before all those sea creatures inside the chief's daughter started struggling inside her and she felt pain in her stomach. She tried to control the pain in the water but she couldn't hold it. She came back to the beach while her friends were still racing. She told her cousin, "You keep swimming with our friends; I need to go out and lie on the beach. My stomach is really hurting." While her cousin and the rest of her friends were still swimming, she fell sick, and her friends called out, "Eh, all of you, come here, something's going on with the chief's daughter, she's not well." They all came to the beach; she couldn't control her pain. They made a stretcher with bush materials, and they carried her back to the village.

"Hurry up," they said, "let's take the chief's daughter back to the village so that they can perform healing magic on her." As they were carrying her on that stretcher, they went past Tokasikuni's house. Tokasikuni was lying there. When he heard people coming, he stood up and asked, "Girls, what's going on?"

"We don't know what happened; it's the chief's daughter. We were swimming and playing in the sea, and all of a sudden she felt this uncontrollable stomach pain, so we're taking her back to the village."

"Wow, take her back to her father so that he can cure her with his magic," Tokasikuni said. They rushed her to her father's place, and he asked, "What happened?" "We don't know. We were swimming, and all of a sudden she told us her stomach was hurting. She came ashore; she couldn't bear the pain. We came to her aid, but we couldn't do anything, so we made a stretcher and brought her here."

The chief's daughter lay down for a full day, and for a full day she was screaming with pain. Day and night she screamed with pain. She couldn't sleep; she couldn't sit up. On the second day nothing changed. Her relatives inquired of her friends, "When you went to the beach the other day, did anybody ask you anything? Did you talk to anybody? Tell us what you know."

"The other day and the days before, on our way to the beach, we came across that sore-covered, fly-ridden, stinking man, Tokasikuni. He asked us for betel nut and mustard to chew, but we didn't give him any. How many days, the same thing," the girl's friends explained.

"Tokasikuni," the chief's daughter's relatives said. "He's the one who has thrown the evil *silami* spell and cursed our daughter." Her father, without hesitation, sent out payments to all those people famed for their healing magic. All those magicians who knew their trade came and tried their counterspells to heal the girl, but they had no success. As payment for their services the girl's father gave away traditional valuables, betel nuts, and pigs. The sick girl told her father, "Keep on searching, look for the one who will heal me. The one who cures me, that one I will marry. Don't give it any thought; never mind who he is or what he looks like, I will marry my healer." The father searched for a healer throughout the central part of Kiriwina, but none of the people there could cure the girl.

And still, every day, the father paid those who tried to cure his daughter until one day the girl called her friends, "Enough. Go fetch Suta"—Tokasikuni's real name. "Go and recite this to him as I'm telling you now."

So they went to see Tokasikuni, and they repeated the chief's daughter's words as she had told them. "The chief's daughter wants you to come over and heal her; if you do, she will marry you and become your wife. You don't need to look any further; she will be your wife." Tokasikuni listened to this while lying down in his hut and answered, "Go back and tell the chief's daughter, why should I come to her and stink her up with my foul smell. I am covered in sores, full of gray hairs, and all wrinkled up. I am not worthy of the chief's daughter; I cannot come close to her, lest I soil her. Tell her she should find a good-looking healer to cure her." The messengers came back and reported Tokasikuni's words, "We passed on the message, and he answered why should I come here and offend the chief's daughter's nostrils with my foul smell? I am full of sores, stupid, wrinkled, and full of gray hairs, foul smelling. I dare not touch the body of the chief's daughter. I will stay here."

"No," insisted the chief's daughter. "Go back and ask him again. It has to be him. Convince him. Tell him I will marry him." So they ran back to his village, "Tokasikuni, Tokasikuni!"

"Yes?"

"We reported your answer to the chief and his daughter, and they said they don't accept it. We came here to bring you back. That girl is lying down, and she doesn't stop crying from the pain, night and day. She told us to convince you. Let's go. Use your magic to heal her, and she will marry you, she will be your wife."

"Bah! Go away. Go tell her I'm not coming to sully her with my disgusting smell." The messengers went back. After they were gone Tokasikuni grabbed his bamboo smoking pipe, his walking stick, and his sleeping mat, stuck to the sores on his back, and came out to his veranda. The swarms of flies followed him, wo-o-o-o! Meanwhile, the messengers reported back to the girl, but she insisted, "No, you must go back and tell him to come and do his magic!" So once again, the messengers returned to Tokasikuni. In the meantime, lying down in pain, the girl chanted, "Cousin Suta, cousin Suta, come pull away your cowrie shells, come strike away the nasty seagull creatures." The messengers made it to Tokasikuni's village. "Hey, didn't you hear the chief's daughter calling?"

"Alright, alright, I agree to go, my little brothers, but I am unfit to see her. I am a wrinkled fool; I shouldn't let my saliva touch the chief's daughter's body as I speak," Tokasikuni said.

"Forget it, just get out of the house and come already." So he came out of the house, and they started walking. They walked past Dayagila Village, and the girl chanted again, "Cousin Suta, cousin Suta, come pull away your cowrie shells, come strike away the nasty seagull creatures."

"Did you hear that?" the messengers asked Tokasikuni. "She's inside the house, lying in pain."

"No way, my brothers. We will go, and we will sit on the veranda, and I will stay there. I am unfit to enter a chief's

house," Tokasikuni said. One of the messengers went ahead and reported, "Tokasikuni is on his way; he's passing Dayagila now and crossing over to Kabulula as we speak." When she heard this, the chief's daughter spoke to the women who were tending to her, "You, ladies, as soon as you see Tokasikuni coming, you will go outside and get out of the way. No one should be around the house when he comes. When he comes to the veranda to perform his magic, all of you need to go out. He needs to come inside the house."

Tokasikuni was already entering Kasanai Village, close to Omlamwaluwa, walking like a crab. When they spotted him, they said, "Hurry, everybody get out of the house, come out to the veranda."

He finally arrived at the house and sat on the veranda. He asked, "So?"

"Oh, she's inside the house, screaming with pain. She is unable to sit still; she paces from the back of the house to the threshold."

"Tell her I have arrived," said Tokasikuni.

"Tokasikuni, come tell her what's going on," they implored him.

"Oh, there's not much to tell," he said. "The messengers came three times to me. See, my body is covered in sores, I have plenty of gray hairs, and I stink. I am unworthy to touch the chief's daughter's body. I have come to tell you that, and after a while I will return to my village. Allow my words to sink into your ears. You have already heard it."

"No, no! Tell them all to go away," the girl's father said. "All the attendants shall leave. Leave my daughter and Tokasikuni alone, so that he can come in and be alone with her." So they left them alone. As Tokasikuni went in, he told them all to wait outside. The girl asked them to shut the door as Tokasikuni went in. They closed the door, and the girl put one leg on top of one of the shelves in the house, the other leg on the other side.

From outside the attendants told Tokasikuni, "Close the door. She doesn't want ginger root, and she doesn't want water." But Tokasikuni said, "No, maybe I should come out after all. I am unfit to be inside a chief's resting house. Bring the ginger root and the water to the veranda, and I'll chant my magic spell over her from there."

"No," the attendants replied. "The chief's daughter wants you to be inside the house." "Fine," Tokasikuni said. "My brothers, I shall have a look at her here inside the house." Tokasikuni grabbed his bamboo pipe, his sleeping mat stuck to the sores on his back from top to bottom. He put down his walking stick, and swarms of flies flew around, "wu-u-u-u!" Those on the veranda spat in disgust. He sat on the threshold. The girl was lying down at the back of the house in that position with her buttocks facing Tokasikuni. He stood up and moved toward her and said, "Turn around, turn around, and let me touch your stomach." She turned around, but instead of feeling her stomach, he touched her in between her legs.

"Where is the ginger root? And where is the water?" he asked.

"There is ginger at the back of the house. And there is water in the bucket," the girl said. But instead of getting those things, Tokasikuni lay on top of the girl. From there, he wriggled in search of water and the ginger root, but he claimed he couldn't find any.

When they finished, he stood up and grabbed the water container. Tokasikuni chanted his spells over the water and the ginger. Then he gave it to her and said, "Eat and drink." The girl ate the bespelled ginger root and drank the charmed water. Not long after, they heard a loud noise, as if a conch shell was blowing from inside the girl's stomach. The girl screamed out loud, and the people who were waiting on the veranda entered the house to see what was going on. Tokasikuni urged them, "Come in, come in, you strong men, and hold down the chief's daughter." The girl couldn't stop wriggling.

She had eaten the magic ginger and drunk the bespelled water, and she was struggling. They kept a watch on her all day until, finally, in the evening, all those sea creatures, the turtles, the crocodiles, and the stingrays started pouring out of her stomach. They came out one after the other, crocodiles, turtles, stingrays, sharks, and all the other sea creatures. It was already dark when she expelled the last one, and she finally could stop screaming with pain and get some rest. Then, the chief's daughter stuck to her word and said to Tokasikuni, "Don't go back to your place; stay with us. I will get better and regain my strength. Then we'll perform the marriage exchanges. After that, we'll go back to your village as husband and wife." And that's the end of my story.

COMMENTS

This is a popular story with different versions (see also SN 172 *Tokasikuni* by Touvasigi and SN 220 *Suta* by Galedou).

RELEVANT VOCABULARY:

bobau
bubwaluwa
(i)yuvisa
kusikela
mlologa or *mludoga*
todidi

SN 127 KWANEPA (A MAN'S NAME; ALSO A TYPE OF STINGRAY)

A *kwanebu* folktale told by Bunuvagola, a man from Luwebila. Originally transcribed by Daniel Stephen and translated by Rex Kalubaku and Gerald Beona.

SUMMARY

A man gets fed up with two girls who keep on asking for his mother's share of fish whenever he comes back to the beach

from a fishing trip, so in accord with his mother he fakes his own death to lure them inside his hut to mourn him.

Kwanebuyee Kwanepa

Kwanepa Labai misisikisa sola inala. Yamyam bilola wala ipwapola orumata. Inalaga bisisu. E matosinaga vivila ilei Kaibola teyu, tetala Okunebobu mesiki tetala Otuwatawa. Isisusa bilagisa bivabusi ipola, bivabusisi orebwaga wala bitetetasi ekauriyasi. Ekauriyasi bivabusisi osikawalawa. Ikarigai inia ekausa emeyasa, e, nayuga ikeula iyaki inala. Biwa ikatupoi inala, bikeibiga, "Gala bogwa wala mesinaku inia."

"O kulobogwo kaukwau, ke inia mesinaku wala?"

Eyam, emasisi bivabusi e ivabusisi matosina vivila. Ikauriyasa orebwaga ivabusisi osikawalawa sola inala iwokeyasa ekarilaguva ikausa inia imeyasa ikomwenagwagoli. Iwa ikatupoi inala, "Mwa! Inia mesinaku wala?"

"E bogwa wala mesinaku, gala ikam valu."

"O kulobogwago kaukwau! Kuyosigola ebogi okumeyaga nayu wala." *Eyam, emasisi kaukwau evabusi, ipola ivabusisi igau matosina vivila. Ekauriyasa wala ivabusisi osikawalawa sola inala, iwokeyasa ekarilaguva. Ekaturiyasi inia bikeula, eyokewasi igau usola, "Ah, kumeyaga natana kamainia."*

"Gala, balau kamainia sogu inagu. O kidamwa bitalosa tamasisi basakami inia. Taga okupakasa bwena wala kulosa." *Ikominimanisi wala gala ila matona tau, ilukwesa, "Igau nbweya kukweita." Ila iluki inala, ekaibiga, "Ina! Lala apola, lokulukwegu inia nayu lapwapola teyu vivila ilei Kaibola, bimesa wala ikauriyasa orebwaga, bisunapulasi odakawalawa, bimakeyasa latalaguva, ekausa inia elausa nayuga ameya."*

Tau ekebiga, "Ke besa tuta adoki bwena bavitoki bakariga, e bimesa matosina vivila bukuvalam, bilagisa bimesa. Banotubwa e bimesa bisuisi waboala, kusunapula, kwakoya boala biokwa, kula basiyemwagola ulakokwava."

"O bwena." *Eyam kaukwau, gala wala ila ipola isimwa wala waboala. Isisuwala bogwa iluki inala, itoli wala ivalam. Itetetasi orebwaga ikauriyasa ilagisaga iivalam. Ekebiga minana inala lavalam, "Oh natugu Kwanepo, natugu Kwanepo, natugu Kwanepo, natugu Kwanepo. Kwanepa Kwanepawayo, Kwanepa Kwanepamayo, natugu Kwanepa." Itotusa orebwaga ilagisaga, "O so! Tau bogwa ekariga! Bwena bitala tavalam." E ilolosa. Ilolosa wala otapwa keda ilagisa inala ilumuvau, "Oh natugu Kwanepo, natugu Kwanepo, natugu Kwanepo, natugu Kwanepo. Kwanepa Kwanepawayo, Kwanepa Kwanepamayo, natugu Kwanepa."*

"Oh bogwa wala mokwita ekariga damwala." *Ilolasa ivanapulasi okadumalaga iyokewa inala, "Mwa, bogwa evanapulasi." Ilolasa olopo valu ivalamsi wala kasiteyu ilokeyasaga waboala. Eyokewa natana lavalam, "O yegula soda ilegu Otuwatau, ulamwale Kwanepa, Kwanepa, Kwanepawayo, Kwanepa Kwanepamai, ulamwale Kwanepa." Eyokeaga nayuwela evalam, "O yegula soda, ilegu Wayoya, ulamwale Kwanepa, Kwanepa Kwanepawai, Kwanepa Kwanepamai, ulamwale Kwanepa." Ipelasi walaba iyokewa wala inotubwa.*

Tadoki wala bogwa takarigamolila. Isuisi wala, isilisa olopwa boala, iyokwa inala isunapula, ikakoya boala iyokwa. Isimalaula iritaki nayu wala ikanieri.

Eyosisa kaukwau eyosisa ikwayai, ikikariga tau ikikarigasi vivila.

ENGLISH TRANSLATION

Kwanepa and his mother lived in Labai Village. Every day, Kwanepa walks to the shore and goes fishing while his mother stays in the village. Now, there were two girls from Kaibola Village; one lived in Okunebobu hamlet, whereas the other one lived in the hamlet of Otuwatawa. Whenever these two girls hear that Kwanepa is out fishing, they climb down the cliff that goes to the beach and search for *uriya* vines there. They go looking for the vines and then wait for Kwanepa to be back down at the beach. When Kwanepa finally comes back, these two girls get all his catch and leave him with only two small fish to take back to his mother. This happens every time Kwanepa goes fishing. When he gets back to the house, his mother asks how come he only has two fish, and he replies, "That's all I have, mother."

And every time she asks, "You left early in the morning, and you spent the whole day fishing, and all you have is two fish?"

The next day, early in the morning, Kwanepa goes down to the beach. As soon as those two girls spot him, they climb down the cliff and follow him. They collect those vines while he's out fishing, and when he paddles back to the beach, they wait for him to take all his fish but two. Kwanepa then brings those two fish back to his mother, and she asks, "Hey, is that it?"

"Yes, mother, that's all. The fish were not biting today."

"But how come you went early in the morning and spent the whole day fishing and you only have two fish?" his mother scolded him. Kwanepa had no reply. He went to sleep, and the next day, he woke up early as usual and went down to the beach. The girls were following him. They collected their *uriya* vines until Kwanepa came back. Kwanepa was cleaning the fish and getting it ready to bring it back to the village when the two girls came by. "Oh, Kwanepa, give us our fish!"

"No way," he replied. "I'm taking the fish to my mother; this is our fish. Only if you sleep with me will I give you some fish, but every time I ask you, you refuse me. So I'm taking all the fish; you two go home." They argued, and the girls ended up having their way and getting Kwanepa's fish. As they went away with his catch, they scorned him, "We will see you again tomorrow when you come back." Kwanepa went back home and told his mother about the girls. "Mother, I went fishing again. You always ask me how come I only have two fish every time. Well, there are two girls from Kaibola Village. Every time I go fishing, they climb down the cliff looking for *uriya* vines. When I come back to the beach, they come out of the forest and get all my catch, and that's why I only bring a couple of small fish every time. But next time," Kwanepa said, "I'm going to pretend I'm dead. We will fake my death, mother. Weep as if I were truly dead, and when those two girls hear you crying, they will come

over. Let them inside the house. I will hold my breath as they enter; you will go out and lock the door from the outside so that I can hold them captive and make them both my wives."

"Good idea," his mother replied. The next morning, Kwanepa didn't go fishing. He stayed in the house, and his mother started singing the funerary dirge. The girls were going down the cliff when they heard Kwanepa's mother weeping, "Oh, my son Kwanepoooo! Oh, my son Kwanepo! Oh, my son Kwanepo, Kwanepa Kwanepawai Kwanepa Kwanepamai! Oh, my son Kwanepoooo!" The girls heard the dirge from the cliff and said, "Oh, my friend, it sounds like that man, Kwanepa, has passed away! Let's go join his mother and cry for him." Walking on the road, the girls heard the mother crying, "Oh, my son Kwanepoooo! Oh, my son Kwanepo! Oh, my son Kwanepo! Kwanepa Kwanepawai Kwanepa Kwanepamai! Oh, my son Kwanepoooo!"

The girls said, "Oh, it's true; our man is really dead!" As the girls were approaching, Kwanepa's mother told him, "That's them; they're coming in now." When the girls reached the village's entrance, they began crying as they approached the house, "Oh, my friend, here I am. It's me, your wife from Otuwatawa. Oh, Kwanepa, my husband, oh, Kwanepa, my husband!" The other girl joined her, "Oh, here I am, my friend. Your wife from Okunebobu, oh, Kwanepa, my husband, Kwanepo Kwanepawae, Kwanepa Kwanepamae, my husband, Kwanepa." As the girls reached the entrance to the house, he took a deep breath as if he were really dead. When they sat around him, the mother went out and locked the door. Kwanepa then sat up and started making love to the girls. They slept together from morning to evening; they made love and never left the house. They forgot to eat and drink, and in the end, Kwanepa and the two girls got exhausted and died.

COMMENTS

This story is very popular throughout the Trobriands; people enjoy the different characters' impersonations. *Kasolukula* is the singing of a dirge or mourning lament, sang by individuals related to the deceased. Funerary dirges follow a scripted model in the Trobriand Islands. The words used in the ritual crying vary depending on the relation of the mourner to the deceased. During the *kasolukula*, the mourner praises the deceased's exploits, for example, as a gardener or as a great Kula player if the deceased person was a chief or a person of high lineage. The relative will recall through *kasolukula* singing the times when the deceased brought her or him the best crops from her or his garden, taking good care of her or him. Other than calling her or him *ilakapugula* or *toulatila* if the deceased was unmarried, the singer would often refer to the deceased person as *agubeluma* (my seaweed) and *agukipatu* (my thing concealed in a closed hand). The same lament is uttered by the widower when his wife dies and by the widow when her husband passes away. In these cases, it is called *karamwala* (the widow's lament) and *karakwava* (the widower's lament). Although each has its specific formula when it comes to

the utterance (with a high degree of personalization, depending on the exploits of the deceased in the eyes of the singer), *kasolukula*, *karamwala*, and *karakwava* are always done inside the house. *Kasolukula* is not to be confused with *lakula*, the fake crying performed by *bwagau* sorcerers in mockery after they have killed somebody.

RELEVANT VOCABULARY:

katukweibobu
kawalawa
kwadewa
uriya

SN 132 TOKWAVATARIA (A MAN'S NAME)

A *kwanebu* folktale told by Mekalai from Kabulula. He obtained the story from his father Tokwavau. Originally transcribed by Daniel Stephen and translated by Joachim Taugwaga.

SUMMARY

Tokwavataria goes fishing, and when he comes back, he complains to his two daughters about their mother for not greeting him at the beach and taking the catch back home.

Tokwavataria's wife is concerned about her love-making prowess, so she goes to Mloseda and asks the women there for a vagina to entertain her husband when he comes back from fishing. The women reply they have only one each and they need it for themselves. She then goes on asking around the next villages, following the coastline from Kavataria, until the women of Kwabula, in southern Kiriwina, help her out.

For a similar story, see SN 215 *Nabubulaveka*.

Kwanebuyee Tokwavataria

Kwanebuyee Tokwavataria. E ila iloluwa tomwaya lemesa toyo sala. Ikota e ewesaga litula nayu. Itorisa, "Taga minawena nanamakavapopu bima itapela inia biwa ibobu ikamakava. Taga simwa dimlela, simwa verina."

"Ah ekanukwenu."

"Kulosa kulukwesa bima itapela." Iwakaesa ilukwewesa, ewesa itapela inia imeya ibobobu ikamkwam. Bogwa ikaiki wowola numwaya. Leyam ilosa iloluwasu toyo sala, igisemwaga kalabiga ikatupaleku isakaula wala Mloseda eiyounapula.

"Ilemi Mloseda, kumeya kwetala kusakaegusi bamweya sita bikabani tomwaya. Sena ikariyeya kamwata."

"Avevilago kwetala, kwetala, lakasisiyesa. Ewesa mamwalasa ikaigodasi bimesa ibogi sita bikabanisi. Kuvasilaki matam Oyabia." Isakaula Oyabia eiyounapula, "Ilemi Oyabia, tolegalega kumeyesa kwetala mna bamweya."

"Kwetala kwetala kayamatasi pela tolegalega kasikaweluwa." Ilosa ikamwagulusi bimesa ibogi bikabanisi.

"Kuvasilaki matam Losuia." Isakaula Losuia eiyoulapula. Iwakeya isisusa ilesi Losuia.

"Veve! Kumeyesa kwetala sagwa kusakagusi bamweya."

"Kwetala kwetala kayamatasi polisimani iporenisi imesa bikabanisi ibogi. Kuvasilaki matam Oyuveyova."

Isakaula Oyuveyova eiyounapula, "Ilemi Oyuveyova! Kumeyesa kwetala bamweya." "Kwetala kwetala kayamatasi. Lelosaga mamwalasa ekatuyausasi. Imesa bikabanisi ibogi. Kuvasilaki matam Teyava."

Isakaula Teyava, "E ilemi Teyava! Kumeyesa kwetala bamweya."

"Kwetala kwetala kayamatasi. Mamwalasa ewesa ikavatusisi. Imesa ibogi bikabansi. Kuvasilaki matam Tukwaukwa." Isakaula Tukwaukwa eiyoulapula, "Ilemi Tukwaukwa. Kumeyesa kwetala."

"Kwetala kayamatasi, mamwalasa ilosa, imesa ibogi okatuyausa bikabanisi. Kuvasilaki matam Okupukopu." Isakaula Okupukopu eiyoulapula. Elukwewa, "E! Kumeyesa kwetala bamweya."

"Kwetala kwetala kayamatasi. Kuvasilaki matam mina Ilalima." Isakaula Ilalima, "E! Kumeyesa kwetala bamweya."

"Kwetala kayamatasi. Emwesaga mna ikakaimagusi imesa ibogi bikabanisi mamwalasi. Kuvasilaki matam Osapola."

Isakaula Osapola, "Veve ilemi Osapola. Kumeyesa kwetala bamweya."

"Kwetala kwetala kayamatasi. Mamwalasi ilosa ekamwagulusi. Bimesa ibogi bikabanisi. Kuvasilaki matam Ketuvi." Isakaula Ketuvi eiyoulapula, "Ilemi Ketuvi. Kumeyesa kwetala bamweya."

"Kwetala kwetala kayamatasi. Mamwalasi ilosa ikanasimlasi imesa ibogi bikabanisi. Kuvasilaki matam mkwena Kwabula." Isakaula Kwabula itori, "Ilemi Kwabula. Kumeyesa kwetala bamweya."

"Ke kugisi." Tadoki mna ekapiwagegasi tadoki uyaya. Isakaula iweki kalabiga etotasa kalabiga minakwa oluwala, ikiuya kalabiga iseli omdula. Itorilavau ikiuya kweyuwela isela okalapikweta, itorilavau ekiuya kwetolula esela okalapikweta pilayuwela. Minakwa sepwana e ilola, isagaga wala ikauga ilau. Isagaga eiyoulapula, "Nomwaya kwatulem." "Bogwa wala budagwa, kugisisa sepwana ekikau ilau orakaena."

"Kulau."

"Kuseli bamweya bikabani tomwaya ibogi." Itakeri wala kalabiga ikasubusi igagola ololuwa tomwaya ekasubusi eiritoni wala kalabiga ila ikanawa otatom. Iloluwa tomwaya lema wala, "Taga minawena nanamakavapopu bima itapela inia biwa ibobu?" "Ekatoula ekanukwenu wala," litula elivalasi.

Ikau wala wota tomwaya imeya iseli wala e ulemwaga boala. Imweki tadoki kova elupalepa.

"Wa! Veyo! Amkubaniya"

"Ave tau gola? Kweyu matam bikapusi mabaniya." "We kurigewa veyoda taga kuvagi amkubaniya?" "Mabaniya kweyu kebila kuvasikili."

"Ve me! Kurigewa itakuvagi."

Bogwa ekeisuya kalabiga itota minakwa kwetabwabogwa iyori militabu. Ekukovala, "Numwaya! Amokubani?"

"Mabaniya kweyu matam bikapusi."

"Kurigewa itakulivala veyoda, Kulivali bibwena veyoda. Ambese kubaniya?"

"Mabanila kedada kwarisikili."

"Ta kulivala veyoda. Iga bukulivali balagi bibwena."

"Mabaniya mna kumkumla okukwarisikili."

"Ita kulivala veyoda." Iyosi wala ilulugo ikau iseki kweyuwela. Iluluvau gola iseki kwetolula.

"Wei veyogu, amokubaniya?"

"Mabaniya kweyu matam bilisalau."

"Kurigewa itakulivala veyoda. Kuyayosa wala."

Ikariga nomwaya, ikariga mtowena, ikarigasi wala ikanawesa olopolo boala.

ENGLISH TRANSLATION

This is the story of Tokwavataria. Tokwavataria went spearfishing with his friends. When he came back to the beach with his catch, his two daughters came out to see him. "Where is your mother? She should come here and take the fish, clean it, cut it, and smoke it. Yet she's not here, she's totally useless," Tokwavataria said.

"Oh, she's lying down in the house," the daughters said.

"Go and tell her to come take the fish back home," he said.

So the daughters went back to the house and told their mother what Tokwavataria said. The wife came down to the beach and took the fish back to the house. She sliced it and cooked it, and they all ate it. The fact is, Tokwavataria's wife had been worrying a lot for the last few days. The next day, the men went spearfishing, and Tokwavataria's wife walked away from Kavataria and into Mloseda Village. Once there she asked, "Women of Mloseda, give me one of your things, so that when my husband comes back home from fishing I can keep him entertained. He's been grumbling a lot lately."

"Sorry," the women of Mloseda said, "but we only have one each. Our husbands have gone to collect seashells, and when they return at night, we want to keep them busy. Look toward Oyabia." So she ran to Oyabia Village and asked, "Women of Oyabia, listen to me, and bring me one of those, and I'll bring it back to my village."

"We only have one each, and we zealously look after it, so that our husbands can play with it every night. Throw your eyes toward Losuia, the government station." So she went to Losuia. The women of Losuia were staying there, and she asked them, "Girls! Bring me one of them, and I'll take it back."

"We only have one each. When our husbands, the policemen, finish their drills tonight, they will come back, and we will have fun. Try your luck further in Oyuveyova." Tokwavataria's wife continued her trip along the coast to Oyuveyova. "Women of Oyuveyova. Come and give me one so that I can take it home with me," she pleaded. "We only have one each. Our husbands have gone away looking for partners, and when they come back, we will sleep with them; we need to keep them. Throw your eyes toward Teyava." So she went to Teyava. "Women of Teyava. Come and give me one." "We only have one each. Our husbands

went fishing, and when they come back, we want to have a good time with them. Try your luck in Tukwaukwa." She ran and came to Tukwaukwa. "Women of Tukwaukwa, come and give me one!"

"But we only have one each. Our husbands have gone away, but when they come back, we will arrange an amatory expedition, and we'll have a good time. Go to Okupukopu."

Tokwavataria's wife went to Okupukopu. "Women of Okupukopu, come and give me one!"

"We only have one each. Try Ilalima." She ran further until she reached Ilalima and asked the women there, "Please give me one, and I'll take it back to my village!"

"We only have one each. Our husbands went looking for crabs; when they come back, we will put it to work and enjoy ourselves. Throw your eyes to Osapola." She went to Osapola. "Girls from Osapola," she said, "give me one, and I'll take it back with me."

"We have but one each. Our husbands went diving for sea cucumbers. Once they're back tonight, we will have fun. Try in Ketuvi." So she did go to Ketuvi and asked there, "Women of Ketuvi, please give me one."

"We only have one each. Our husbands have gone to the island, but when they come back, we will have a good time. Try Kwabula." She went to Kwabula, and she stood there. Tokwavataria's wife asked, "Women of Kwabula. Give me one of those, and I'll take it with me."

"Have a look; see if any of these suits you," the women of Kwabula said. They were big and as wide open as *uyaya* clamshells. Tokwavataria's wife turned around and picked one; she placed that one between her legs. She turned around and picked another one and put that one on her thigh. Then she picked a third one and placed it on her other thigh. They were so big that when she walked around her *sepwana* fiber skirt was bulging. The women of Kwabula asked her, "How does it feel?"

"I'm already sorted, my sisters! See how my *sepwana* fiber skirt bulges?" she said. "Take them all with you," the women of Kwabula told her.

"I will, so that my husband can have a go at them tonight." So Tokwavataria's wife walked back home while her husband was still out fishing. When she got home, she entered the hut and reclined herself in the bed at the back of the house. When Tokwavataria came back from spearfishing, he asked, "Where is that good for nothing woman? She should be here to take the fish back to the house and slice it up."

"She's sick," the daughters replied, "she went back to the house, and she's resting there." Tokwavataria took his fishing net and carried it back to the house. When he opened the door, he saw these things throbbing and thrusting like a dancing flame. "Wa! Where did you get those?" he asked.

"I found them in the same place where your two eyes will fall off soon," she replied. "Stop teasing me, wife, and tell me, where did you get these wonders?"

"I found them in the same place where you will ruin two floors," she said.

"Don't mention it, wife!" and he jumped straight for that big one that looked like a giant clamshell. Tokwavataria asked his wife again as he wriggled up and down, "My wife, where did you get these great things?"

"I got them at the place where your eyes will fall off."

"Don't tease me; these are great. Tell me, where did you get them?" he asked again. "I found them where you forced the edge of the bed to collapse," she replied.

"Wi, my wife, tell me about it!" Tokwavataria jumped from one to another, then into the third one. He kept on asking, "Wi, my wife, where did you find these?"

"In the same place where your two eyes will fall off soon!"

"Don't even mention it my wife!" And the two of them kept on going until they exhausted themselves, and they died there in the house.

RELEVANT VOCABULARY:

doba sagali
dubesi gweguya
katuyausa
sekeula
senuya
sepiyopiya
sepwana
seulolu (see Figure 65)
seyoyu
tagimikosi
uyaya
vasilaki (matam)

SN 135 TOPILAVEKA (A MAN'S NAME)

A *liliu* myth told by Mekalai from Kabulula. He obtained the story from his uncle Bwaideda. Originally transcribed by Daniel Stephen and translated by Joachim Taugwaga.

SUMMARY

Topilaveka and Bugabwaga are two high-ranked brothers of the Tabalu *dala* matrilineage and the Pakalaki branch living in Kasanai (a former center of power in Kiriwina before nearby Omarakana took over as the site of the Tabalu paramount chieftaincy). The story recounts the *leleala* (a set of "signs" observed in the environment when a powerful person dies) after Topilaveka's death. In this particular case, it rained for a month, the pigs ran into the bush, and rocks and trees were set ablaze until the magic spell to counter the *leleala* was cast and all the extraordinary events came to an end.

Liliu Topilaveka

Topilaveka, Bugabwaga bwadasi. Mtabalu. Isulapulasi ibokulisa ilesi Kasanai. Kasanai isisusa, Pakalaki dalela. Isisusa,

ikariga Topilaveka. Ililola wala Topilaveka, kaeta kevisi, yata yokum eliloya olopo valu. Itoyema Kudouya, ikeimavi Tilataula. "A tawa, Topilaveka bogwa ekagweila."

Amgwa yokwa, leyam Kasanai ikanukwenu iyopwi makena kevisi, iyopwi mapana yokum ivalilola. Ivalutu Luba ila iwabwadi, Topilaveka. Manakwa liliu imeyemi taga bogwa esula.

"Ta, Topilaveka avaka, besa bogwa ekagweila wala. Gala dakala bivisivesi makena kevisi, miyana yokum."

Isisi ikariga Topilaveka, itokeya lagwagu. Ikunakuna natana tubukona ivalowa wala. Ivalovau, ivalovaki lagwagu kalabiga Topilaveka. E minasina ekikadoga esisokosi oluno udila, wadumia, warakewa. Imomonsi imamatasi, ikanukwenusi wala, ikatupwagi.

Lewesa gweguya, giyovila, otilawa, orikewa, imtutumtusi seidaweda leyala Topilaveka. E ibudubudumasi minasina bwalodila ilausa ikamsi. Ilausu ikamsi, leyam makawala.

Eutusiga seidaveda matosina, bwanawa yagala, litusiya iweyesa. Imamisa, igigabusa, imamisa iwokwa ivagisa isekewasi ikamkwamsi pela Topilaveka kariyala. Iwoku mna lakuna, lagwagu, etokeya lawegigi. Mno minakwa mna-Giribo mekataya. Mekataya Giribo lawegigi Topilaveka, igigabu wala kai, dakuna ivakamkumku wala, iyosi ima ivakasuwali Ilouya, Topilaveka laboala, e, lawegigi. Ebesa ekeita.

ENGLISH TRANSLATION

Topilaveka and Bugabwaga were brothers from the Tabalu matrilineage. At the beginning of time, when people came to people Kiriwina, they emerged from the ground and went to Kasanai following the women; they settled at Kasanai. Both brothers belonged to Pakalaki's branch of the matrilineage. They were living there until Topilaveka died. He was walking around the village with a woven fan and with a breadfruit leaf. Topilaveka kept on walking around, from Kudouya to Tilataula, back and forth. People used to comment, "Guys, Topilaveka has gone mad." But mind you, the next day, he was at Kasanai chanting his spell over that fan and that breadfruit tree leaf. With these he walked until he reached Luba. The myth of Topilaveka has already spread, but that version that circulates is wrong. The one I'm telling you now is the right one. People used to say of him, "Guys, what's with Topilaveka? He surely has gone mad. There is no reason for him to fan himself and hold that leaf of the breadfruit tree." Nobody could find an explanation for that strange behavior. One day, Topilaveka died, and after he died, his magic power rose and followed his wanderings. It rained for one full month after that. When that month passed, Topilaveka's magic power finally went away with him.

Those pigs with big, rounded tusks started running away; they ran into the bush, to the swamps, and even in the air, and they became wild. The pigs drowned themselves and lay dead there. The chiefs and the women of high rank came and started beating *seidaweda* and ginger root to make magic and stop Topilaveka's magic power from causing more damage. The chiefs then killed the pigs that had gone wild, brought them to the village, and ate them. They did the same the day after that: they

brought the pigs and ate them. The chiefs beat the young yams to make pudding; they called their children and asked them to come. They put the cooked mashed yams and ginger in their mouths to try and stop Topilaveka's magical powers from running uncontrolled. After the uncontrolled power of Topilaveka's rain magic had ceased, his magic essence moved south to Gilibwa. At Gilibwa, his magic power burned down trees and stones. It caused them to burn to ashes. The magic power then went to Ilouya, Topilaveka's home. Such was Topilaveka's power, its signs were everywhere after his death. And this is how my story has come to an end.

COMMENTS

This story is credited as being a *liliu* myth. According to the Tabalu chief Tolawaya in Omlamwaluwa, this myth describes some observed facts after the death of Topilaveka, and it is assumed those facts are true. Before he died, Topilaveka walked around with a breadfruit leaf fan to show off his magic power (although it is unclear from the text whether it's him; commentators in Kiriwina have suggested the man walking around with the fan could also be Topilaveka's ghost), the same magic power that manifests after his death through supernatural happenings. Claire Bomlabwaga, one of the daughters of former paramount chief Weabadi, said that when her father, Weabadi, died, "there was hunger (*molu*) in the island for a year. There were plenty *motatana* (taro-eating caterpillars) all over the place, very big ones, a real plague. The crops were no good; you would dig them up in the gardens, and you'd get a fistful of *motatana* instead. Plus, there was no way to feel satisfied after eating; no matter how much you ate, you were never full."

Bugabwaga is also mentioned in SN 3 *Toyanu*, where he is referred to as a recently deceased chief in Omarakana.

RELEVANT VOCABULARY:

kaivisi
leleala

SN 139 TABALU (THE NAME OF A CHIEFLY MATRILINEAGE)

A *liliu* foundation myth told by Tolosi from Labai. He obtained the myth from Matoya and Moguwaga (his father and uncle). Originally transcribed by Theresa Patterson and translated by Bernard Mwayubu.

SUMMARY

This tale presents a fragment of the foundation myth (*liliu*) of the Tabalu *dala* matrilineage, with details about the emergence from the ground of the first ancestors (*tosunapula*), their wanderings, and the origin of some of their privileges, including bodily ornaments and buildings' decorations (*koni*) and rights over land and other matrilineages and the seasonal fishing of

mullet fish in northern Kiriwina, narrated from the perspective of the Kalaguma *dala* matrilineage.

For other *liliu* foundation myths, see also SN 261 *Mlabwema* and SN 271 *Toliwaga*.

Liliu Tabalu

Kalakarewaga Obukula, kwetala Iluwa, kwetala Kweoma, kwetala Mwauri, kwetala Mlabwema makwesi Obukula deri kasubusisi. Iluwa, Kweoma ipaisewasi Bomyoyewa, itomiluwalisa paila deli katubayasa kaduguwai. Mauna: tataba, kaisikalu, kalubilabeta, puluwewa deri bugolesi ekomgwalisa emeyesa olokewa. Ekatubayasasi e oluvi eyayegu akasobusi ama vitakola mwari vitakougu lakasobusi lakama. Kamaitovila tomwaya isapi kalakalaguma olokewa e idovilisa ikebiga "Muwa kusipisapi kamukivalaguma." E isapi kalakalaguma, e idovilisa Kalaguma. Mitaga otanawa lameya Tabalu wala kwetinidesi. E Kalaguma imesa isilisa, iwaisi kumila makwesi iwokuwa emesa waisi. Yagala, iwaisi iwokuwa iluluwaisi ilolasa Tubukelavasi. Ikasobusisi, iluluwaisi ilolosa Oluwalawosi. Iluluwaisi ilolosa Toula, illuwaisi ilolosa Kunivariya.

Ilolosa Kelita itoyasa imemesa. Eyayegu Tubugwa isetaulasiimesi Bomyoyewa ekelitaua makwena bwema. Ekalitaua bwema Labai wala kalamwaguta. Gala bikeriyeysi Mwauri, gala bikeriyeysi Tudava, gala bikeriyeysi avela avela. Tabalu makwesi kelela ambesa gala. E besa Labai wala kalamwaleta bitoli. Ikaliyesa makwa bwema itoli. Itoli yagila sena kwetabwabogwa lema itovila, itovila, e igisesa, ekebiga, "Sogu kuvitoki tolosila davalu bitabusi bitawekeya otanawa deli kadavilomugwa tasiwesa."

"O kusewa goki yagada Tolosivalu."

E ibusisi emesa Labai isilisa. Isilisa ikaliyesa makwa bwema itota, itota, itota ekebigasi, "Sogu adoki bitanei valu. Gala bitasisu besa. Bitanei valu. Bitalagi sita gova, sawila, tauya bitala tasiwala e bitanukwali." E besa ilolasa wala ilosi kasiteyu. Gala bisimwa sola e bila sola. Iweyesa Tokwamu dalela isiwa Kuwakaya. "E yokwa kusili besa bukuviluwala kamawakaya sogu tau, e bukumwemwena kami sopi, bukugubugabu kamakabwasi e bakama bakakamkwam." Isiwa Tokwamu Kuwakaya. E iwapwalisa Obulabula Tomaku isiwa, "Yoku bukusili pela avaka kena kamasopi, kena kamamweya, kama, kamabuwa, kamabukubagula, bukubagula wala." E ilukisa Tomaku isiwa Obulabula.

Isiwa Obulabula e emeyesa Yaubisila dalela Kobagatola isili, yagala Buna dalela. Isili, "Ke, yokwa kusili besa kuyamata wala pela kamamweya pela avaka." E isili.

Ikipelisa matona gumawakelua veyoma ila isiwa. Isiwa pela biyamata mweya, bua, pela kaula bibugubagula bubwatau wosa e makala bibugubagula. Ilolosa tomwaya. Ilolosa iwakesa Pakalaki dalela, ka silovala lakavagisa livala Pakalaki, Bolotalota dalela bogwa etamwau gala teta bisisu. Ewakeyasala esisu igisi lewesa veyala kasi koriyariya kasi katubayasa isibusi isili otanawa.

"Avaka pela o kusibisi o kusili otanawa?"

"Ah, gala bogwa lokumesa sena tovekaveka yokwami kusiwesa orakena basimwaga otanawa."

"O bogwa kusula." Isiliyolisa valu tubugwa yagala Kaduwaga Kasanai e lokenuga laga Kasanai, Kasanai lakanuvagasi taga yagala Kaduwaga, Bolotalota dalela sivalu. E isimwesa matona bogwa evagi makala gala kaluvatala gala kalakawau, gala kalakavagina, Bolotalota dalela gala bogwa lavagi tokai. E isimwa wala ikausaga tomwaya ulai iseyelisi itoli makena bwema isiwesaga. Isisusa, isisusa, isisusa ekebiga, "Sogu, adoki bakeita bala odavalu." Ekebiga, "Ke? O, bwena kukuweita kula kuyamata davalu e yegu basisu besa." E besa kalakatubayasa tomwaya imeya wala. Imeya imeya isiyela kalabiga Labai iwokwa e ema kalala ikola. Ikola ikasikula kala segadula. Ekau makena segadula ekeimali, ekeimali emeya ekebiga, "Avaka?"

"Lameya kadakatubayasa makena kadakuwa kusiyemwa balaga babutabwata. Sena itasikula."

Ikeita, ikeita ima isisu iyaula laimu. Igigigi makwa tuwetuwa. Ikeimali. Ikebiga, "Avaka?" "Kadatuwetuwa makwa kadakwasi kusemwa e sena ayaula ulaimu igigigi."

"O, bwena." E isili. Lema ibububula lapola lema bisui Okakawaga. Bisui igisi kalala muna ekaripasi itaputubodi. E leyamu ekeita makala. Isuvi gala itaputubodi.

"O bogwala besa kaisikalu, kalubilabeta, bomlelai bwena bakatudidemi bameyaki tau isewa omabwema, waboala bikatubiyasi."

Ikatudidemi. Ikatudidemi ilau isekewa, "Avaka pela okumeya?"

"Gala pela abububula ulapola emaga ekeli pasala. E besa lameya bomala Labai gala kalabisuki pela kalubilabeta, kaisikalu, puluwewa, bomlelai. E besa lameya bukusemwa dagugua." E isimwa. Isisu iwokwa ela ibwata lema ekipwasa popu, pwala bunukwa, e ikipwasa pwala bunukwa e igau ikeimali minana bunukwa ikopwi, ikopwi.

"Avaka pela okumeya bunukwa?"

"Gala, besa lameya e bitomwa balaga namwala minana etowa bayosi bakama barigewa bulukwaga buk toyemwa e bayayosa bamigamegiwa kalala bima bakulakola e bapokapokala besa yoku bakamukwamu."

"Agubunukwa bukukwatubiyasi. E besa dagugua kada katubayasa kwetinigesi. Mituwetuwa, segadula, e makwa buna, e avaka kwetala tabala kwetala e bakewosi bakakau wala komwaidosi biokwa. Kadakatubayasa kwetinidesi. E balapula e bikeita dagugua bima. Besaga luluboda, kaisapi, sedabala e kaduguwai mauna besa Labai wala bikanukwenu."

ENGLISH TRANSLATION

This is the rule and authority of Obukula, how things came to be from Obukula [the cave said to be the place of origin of many of the matrilineages in the Trobriand Islands]. One of these people, the ones who came out of the cave, was Iluva. Another one was Kweoma, another one was Mwauri, and yet another one was Mlabwema. These are the people who came with us when we came to Obukula.

Iluva and Kweoma worked together on the decorations of the yam house known as Bomyoyewa. They erected it with

decorated sticks at each end of the roof. The *mauna* emblems they used in the decorations were the canoe prow, the horizontal carved and decorated boards and their vertical equivalents in the gable board, and the suspended pairs of egg cowrie shells. And these decorations, together with their gardens, were some of the things they brought with them when they came to the land. After that, I, Kalaguma [Kalaguma stands for "my people," the Kalaguma matrilineage], came facing the stomach of Mwauri right under my chest, for we came out of the cave together. We came, and he took his top decorations off, and this is why he has a different name; it's because they told him, "Take your decorations off." Because of that, they call him Kalaguma. From the beginning, Kalaguma was under the rule of the Tabalu matriclan. Kalaguma then intermarried with other matrilineages and came to live here in Labai.

The Kalaguma matriclan remembered that after marrying, they had to go back to Tubukelavasi. They also remembered about yet another place, and this is why some of the members of the Kalaguma matriclan went to Oluwalawosi. Some went to Toula, and some went to Kunuvariya. Some went to Kelita, and some came here to Labai. My ancestors came to Bomyoyewa and built a yam house there. That was the only yam house here at Labai. They didn't build the yam house for Mwauri, nor did they build it for Tudava, nor for anybody else. That yam house was only to be found in Labai. After they built the yam house it stood here. One day, a very strong wind started blowing; it blew the yam house from side to side, so Kalaguma told his friend, "My friend, see? The wind is too strong up here; we shall come down and live among our lower-ranked vassals."

"Then we should use as one of our matrilineage names Tolosivalu" [the village of Tolosi].

And this is how they came down from the ridgetop to live in Labai Village. They built their yam house there, but because he was not fully satisfied, Kalaguma said to his fellow clansman, "My friend, maybe we should look for a new place; let's not stay here. Let's pay attention to the *sawila* harvest shouts and the sounds of the conch shell blowing, so that we know there are people living in the place where those come from." And that's how the two of them started walking. Not one stayed and the other went; they both walked together. They arrived at Tokwamu's place at Kuwakaya and told Tokwamu, "You shall stay here, grow bananas for us, climb our coconuts, and roast food for us whenever we are here." And that's why the Tokwamu matrilineage stays at Kuwakaya and does those things for the Kalaguma matrilineage. Then they came to Obulabula and left Tomaku there, telling him, "You shall stay here and provide us with our water, our mustard and make gardens for us." And that's how Tomaku stayed at Obulabula and pays tribute to Kalaguma.

Then they came upon the Yaubisila's matrilineage that lived in Kobagatola; this one is known as the matrilineage of the *buna* [cowrie shell]. They told Yaubisila, "You shall stay here and watch over our mustard and whatnot, right?" And so Yaubisila stayed there and looked after their mustard.

Then they told their relative from Wakeluva to stay there to look after their mustard and their betel nut and to make food gardens for their matriline. Thus, the two respected men kept on walking. They walked until they met the Pakalaki matrilineage. By the way, the day before yesterday, we had a court case about the Pakalaki matrilineage, and it was established that the Bolotalota matrilineage has now disappeared; there are none of them left.

Anyway, when they came to the Pakalaki matrilineage, Ewekeyasala was there sitting on his veranda. He saw these two men coming with their decorations and their emblems, and he came down from the veranda and sat on the ground. They asked him, "Why did you come down and sit on the ground?"

He replied, "Well, you came here, and you are such big, important men, you should stay on top, and I shall squat on the ground."

"Oh, you made a mistake by lowering yourself," they said. "Too late for you." So that's how they took over that place. They stayed there, and the man who had humbled himself by coming down from the veranda told them, "My grandparents called this place Kaduwaga Kasanai, although today we call it only Kasanai, but its real name is Kaduwaga, and it used to be Bolotalota's matrilineage's village." And because he had come down from the veranda and squatted on the ground, there were no more privileges for him, no more shouts of happiness from others to celebrate the Bolotalota people, no more respectful bowing in front of them. The Bolotalota matrilineage had become a matrilineage of commoners.

The two respected men stayed in Kasanai and built their resting houses there. They stayed there until one of them, Kalaguma, said to his fellow Tabalu clansman, "My friend, maybe it's time for me to return to our village of origin."

And the other replied, "Will you? Well, good, go back and look after our village then; I shall stay here." Thus, one of the brothers went back to Labai with all his ornaments and body decorations. At the time when the mullet fish came close to the shore, Kalaguma—the brother who had gone back to Labai—went fishing; he went fishing with all his decorations. But his *segadula* shell headband got tangled while he was fishing, so he walked back to Kasanai with it to return it.

"What's the matter?" asked the old man in Kasanai when he saw him coming back with the head ornament.

"I brought back our ornaments," said Kalaguma. "You take care of our necklaces; they bother me while fishing, they get tangled. Take them; I will adorn myself with wreaths of flowers instead." He went back to Labai and was making ropes when he noticed his woven wristband was too tight, so again he walked back to Kasanai to return it and he was asked, "What's the matter?"

"Our wristbands and our armbands, keep them; they are too tight on my arms when I work."

"Fine," said the other man, and he sat there while the other went back to Labai. He went back to Labai, and he made his fishing nets. When he got them sorted, he went fishing, and he

entered Okakawaga; he tried to encircle the mullets with his net, but they split up. The day came, and he didn't manage to get any mullets as they split up and escaped when he was trying to round them up with his nets. So Kalaguma came back to Labai and said, "This is it; it is time for me to tear down the various decorated boards from the yam house and bring them to Kasanai, so that my brother can decorate our house there with them." He tore them down from his yam house in Labai and took them to Kasanai.

"Why did you bring these?" his clansman asked.

"Because I cannot catch any fish; these boards are tabooed, and they prevent me from getting any fish." As he was walking back to the village, he stepped in some pig's shit, so he picked up the pig and returned it to Kasanai.

"Why did you bring this pig?" the other man asked him.

"I brought this male pig here so you can keep it and raise it and it won't interfere with my magic whenever I summon the mullet, so in the future I'll fish the mullet and bring you some, and you can give me some pork; we'll exchange fish for pork. But whenever I will dance, I'll come here and get all our decorations I left in your custody and put them on for the dancing. We'll share all our decorations, and they shall stay at Labai."

COMMENTS

Like other *liliu* foundation myths, the story recounts the steps of ancestors from their emergence of the Obukula cave, near Labai, to their settling in one area or village (in this case Kaduwaga Kasanai, the old names of Omarakana).

According to Tolawaya (the youngest brother of Weabadi, the former paramount chief before Pulayasi, spelled "Waibadi" by Annette Weiner (1976)), in *liliu* myths the storyteller does not call people by name but refers to them by their clan affiliation, "Tolukuba," etc. That's why here the storyteller says "one Mwauri, one Mlabwema, . . ."

Kweoma is a Lukulabuta matrilineage (*dala*). Omarakana, according to Tolawaya, is a Lukwasisiga name. The Lukwasisiga *kumila* (totemic group or clan) were those who were in Kaduwaga Kasanai prior to the arrival of the Tabalu but stepped down when the Tabalu arrived, losing their privileges to the latter.

RELEVANT VOCABULARY:

bomyoyewa / *bomyoyeva* / *bomiyoyeva* (see Figures 53, 54)
kaduguwai
kaisapi
luluboda
sedabala
segadula
tabala
tubukelavasi(a)
tuwetuwa
Waboum
wosa (plural, *wasesi*)

SN 150 TOMNALOVA (THE NEEDLEFISH MAN)

A *kwanebu* folktale told by Kabeyou from Kabulula. He obtained the story from his uncle Mesilaisaguyau. Originally transcribed by Raymond Kariyawagatetu and translated by Joachim Taugwaga.

SUMMARY

This is the story of a chief's wife and her man-fish lover. The woman summons her lover to the beach every day until one day their affair is uncovered.

Kwanebuyee Tomnalova

Moigibweri Karawata. Tomnalova. Tomnalova tolela oboarita esisu. Ikabi lema ivai Moigibweri Karawata lakwava. Tomnalova iyalela boarita, oboarita mekanukwenu. Isisu isisusa Karawata Moigibweri ila oboarita. Evavagi manana giyovila, "A bala abagula." E ila ibagula. Lema, "Amakala giyovila?" Imapusa, "A ela ikayona." Emeya lakai erigemwa elaga ekayona. E isakaula itori odabala Bokiyau. Ivina, "Tomnalova lewai Tomnalova lemai. Kuliluwa kuliluwa. Kuliluwakela mkwava Karawata." Etota odabala Bokiyau.

Esisuva esisuva emakeya silupapala kalabiga Karawata itowesa ikanukwenusa. Ikwaiyai lemaga. Letulasi, "O giyovila, gala sitana ima."

"Ohime!" "Lokounapula," elivalasi.

"Ala kayona ikoma lopogu niwaila. Kasai asiwa wala lasisu wala okwadewa" mapu. Kaegiga kwetala vavagi giyovila evavagi okwadewa. Leokwa leyam ikeita ilakaya lakwava Moigibweri, lakwava tau, Moigibweri lakwava vivila Karawata. Itokaewa minana Karawata ila ibugubagula. Ima irigewa kai itainaga, "E kumeyesaga aguyona bala bakayona." E isakaula eitori odabala Bokiyau e itori ivina, "Tomnalova lewai Tomnalova lemai. Kuliluwa kuliluwa. Kuliluwakela mkwava Karawata." Etota odaba Bokiyau.

Esisuva lema oboarita. Tolela oboarita. Esisuva kalabiga emakeya silupapala. Karawata sipapala Tomnalova ikanawesa. Ikanukwenusi iwaya lili lemwamwai lema. "O giyovila gala ima."

"Gala wala ikikayona wala."

"O ikoma lopogu kaisai, niwaila, asiwa wala akayona okwadewa," mapu kawala. Lema wala evavagi guyau Moigibweri: "Yokwa Tokasikuni kuweya yausela giyovila. Ila wala iwawau wala lebogivau lemema," elivala Moigibweri.

"Bwena," elivala Tokasikuni.

"Tokasikuni nabweya bikugwa giyovila oluvi bukulilola." Ikugwa wa Karawata olui Tokasikuni. Iotaota lakai imeya isemwa, "Kumeyesaya yona bala akayona." Lesakaula lesakaula, itori odabala Bokiyau itupwepuni Tokasikuni pilatala dakuna itori ivina, "O Tomnalova lewai Tomnalova lemai. Kuliluwa kuliluwa. Kuliluwakela mkwava Karawata etota odabala Bokiyau." Esisua oboarita esisua wala lemakeya Karawata.

Esisu, silupapala tau silupapala vivila. Kalabiga Tokasikuni lepopopu letatatuwa lebwabwesi, "Oi adoki maguyausi Moigibweri? A gala, itubuguyau tolela boarita. Tomnalova, yagala tomnalova. Irigewa giyovila ekipatu gola biga isakaula. Isakaula wala imakaya Moigibweri."

"Oi kudoki makaetubwatubwa tolela tau boarita. Tau tolela boarita yokwa kudoki makaetubwatubwa. Kutubwa," Tokasikuni elivala. "Matonaga yagala Tomnalova, giyovila etaki nanola, yagala Tomnalova tolela boarita." Moigibweri emapu, "Ke!" Elivala Tokasikuni, "Lema apopopu atatawa abwabwesi. Uluguyau yokwa kudoki kutubuguyau, gala kudoki. Matona tolela boarita etubuguyau."

Emesa ekwayai ekanamwesa ekwayai ekatuvagwaguguyau, "Nabweya tolemi Okaikela, tolemi Okanadu, tolemi Oveka, kulilibusisi wala biokwa bitalosa. Bitalosa tapolasi. Yokwami nunumwaya kai, sopi." Elosa kalabiga ikikapusi wota ikapusisi lala lelosa matona Tokasikuni lawota pwaim. Letumasi Woveka okarikeda. Itumtumsi wala Odeyaga, iluibwadisa Okanadu itori. Imokaya Opwaim Tokasikuni ododom imwa ilai. Itolisa ivinasi. Ililagi wala kaigasi gala wa. Itulatula wala Tomnalova gala wa. Itori wala Tokasikuni, "Igau bavinikwari." Itori wala yaga bogwa letokupweni ilagi lavinavina, "O Tomnalova lewai Tomnalova lemai. Kuliluwa kuliluwa. Kuliluwakela mkwava Karawata etota odabala Bokiyau." Esisuva Boritowala lema esisuva esuvaki imakeya boritowala imakeya oveka eitupwali eitupwali Okanadu eitupwali bweketoki imakeyaga Tokasini Opwaim eiyuwari. Kaikela yamala isepiri. Iweya ikaniyewa.

"O matona! Yokwa guyau giyovila etaki nanola yokwa. Kasobala kasobala!" Ikausa ivitubwalolasi ilekiki sawila imeyasa.

"Kwapekwatizi talagisi Okadumalaga! Elosa epwapolasi ilomumgwa," Mogibweri elivala. Ekasobusisi sawila gova.

"E matona yalela boarita yagala Tomnalova etaki giyovila nanola."

"E bwena, kusakwalisa bima bila otokekaya. Bila isiwa." Isakawalisa otokekaya ila isiwa. "E kumwenisa guyau kalamweya, kalabua, ikabi guyau ilau otokekaya." Ilau otokekaya itowa ikau kaisupa kai ivigadisa otanawa. Kabala makala kaivalela. Kova otanawa isisu, orakaewa bwena igiyagila kena. Ikauga iseki, "Tomnalova lewai Tomnalova lemai. Lagela Karawata siripapagu egabwegu kova. Miogwegwesi tirimuya yogwewesi."

"Oi yokwalo kusunapu lakwava guyau kuburivau okwadewa. Lagela lokuma kabitetau lemakeya kova." E lemakeya pilayuwela kova erisala wala ema wakova. Ivavagi wala minana giyovila, "Tagisesa, tagisesa." E mema wala osilipapala Tomnalova Karawata kubugugwari wala wakova.

"Kuyosisa!" E bogwa wala legabu guyau lakwava. Lewewa Tomnalova guyau lakwava bogwa legabu wala wakova.

ENGLISH TRANSLATION

This is the story of Chief Moigibweri; his wife, Karawata; and Tomnalova, the needlefish man who lives in the sea. One day, Moigibweri went fishing, and his wife said, "I'm going to

the garden." When Moigibweri came back, he asked, "Where's is the chieftess?"

"She went to the beach to get saltwater for cooking," the villagers replied. Karawata, on the way back from the garden, put her firewood aside, took her saltwater containers, and walked to that place on the beach they called Bokiyou. From there Karawata chanted, "Oh, Tomnalova, come away; Tomnalova, come here. Tomnalova, emerge, emerge, and come meet your woman, Karawata." She summoned Tomnalova from the top of the Bokiyou stone. The needlefish man darted through the waters and came to lie next to Karawata, and side by side, they lay down. It was not until late in the afternoon that Karawata came back to the village. The villagers were wondering, "The chieftess hasn't come back yet."

"Ohime!" she exclaimed. "I'm here."

"Oh, you appeared all of a sudden," they said.

"Yes, I just got back. I went to get saltwater, and it was so calm and peaceful down at the beach that I didn't realize how late it was," Karawata answered. Little did they know that there was one thing the chieftess was busy doing at the beach. The next day, Karawata went to work in the gardens again. When she finished gardening, she walked toward the beach, put aside her load of firewood, and ordered the women, "Give me those saltwater containers. I'm going down to the beach to get some salt." She went down to that same spot on the beach, Bokiyou, and she chanted, "Oh, Tomnalova, come away; Tomnalova, come here. Tomnalova, emerge, emerge, and come meet your woman, Karawata." It wasn't long before Tomnalova came gliding from the sea, for the sea was his real home, the needlefish man. He came out of the water and lay next to Karawata. Next to each other, Karawata and Tomnalova. They lay together until the sun was going down, and only then did she walk back to the village.

"The chieftess is not back yet." "No, she's fetching saltwater."

"I'm here; I just got back," Karawata said. "I went to get water, and I was captivated by the waves." But Moigibweri was getting suspicious. He ordered, "You, Tokasikuni, follow the chieftess. She has been wandering around and coming back only in the evenings." "Fine," said Tokasikuni.

"Tomorrow, when she goes to the garden, let her go first and follow her," said the chief. The next day, Karawata went to the garden, and Tokasikuni followed her. Karawata chopped some firewood in the garden, she brought it back, and on the path to the beach she told the women to get her the saltwater containers, "Bring those to me; I'm going to get some salt." Karawata ran to the beach and stood on top of the Bokiyou stone.

Tokasikuni was hiding behind another stone and spying on her. Karawata chanted, "Oh, Tomnalova, come away; Tomnalova, come here. Tomnalova, emerge, emerge, and come meet your woman, Karawata, standing on top of the Bokiyou stone." Tomnalova came shooting over the waves and jumped out of the water. He came side by side with Karawata, and he lay down with her. Tokasikuni was so astonished that he crapped and pissed himself and stood there shivering. "Is our chief

really Moigibweri? I don't think so. This one is better, this one comes from the sea. His name is Tomnalova; I must remember: Tomnalova." The simpleminded Tokasikuni left them both at the beach and ran back to the village with the news. He came up to Moigibweri, "Chief!"

"Yes?"

"You should see this needlefish man, how good-looking he is. He comes from the sea, and he's really big and strong. I heard her calling him; his name is Tomnalova. This is the one who turned away the mind of your wife. His name is Tomnalova."

Moigibweri said in astonishment, "What?" And Tokasikuni continued, "When he came out of the water, it was such a wonder that I crapped and pissed myself, and I couldn't stop trembling. My chief, you are a fine man, but this man from the sea, he is much finer than you." Later on, when everybody was back in the village from their daily work, the chief spoke, "Tomorrow, you men of Okaikela, Okanadu, Oveka, all of you, you shall go fishing. You women, all of you, you shall get the firewood and the water ready." So the next day, the men went fishing and threw their nets in different spots. Tokasikuni threw his at a place called Opwaim, among the seaweed. They placed nets at the reef passage known as Woveka and also at Odeyaga and Okanadu. After they placed the nets, the men tried to chant the song to summon the needlefish man. But Tomnalova heard those voices and noticed they were not Karawata's, so he didn't show up. The fishermen waited and waited, but the needlefish man was nowhere to be seen.

Tokasikuni said to himself, "Let me try chanting." He stood on the Bokiyou rock and, while impersonating Karawata, repeated word for word the chant he had heard from her the day before, "Oh, Tomnalova, come away; Tomnalova, come here. Tomnalova emerge, emerge, and come meet your woman, Karawata, standing on top of the Bokiyou stone." Upon hearing this, Tomnalova rushed from Boritowala, darted past the nets set at Woveka and Okanadu and some other smaller nets, but when he came to Tokasikuni's at Opwaim, he was caught. The needlefish man got entangled; both his legs and arms were unable to move. "Hey, that's him!" screamed Tokasikuni. "You are the one who seduced the chief's wife. Bring the carrying pole, bring the carrying pole," Tokasikuni urged the rest of the villagers. The villagers carried Tomnalova back to the village, shouting and chanting. As they were approaching, chief Moigibweri, who had stayed behind, ordered the people in the village to shut up, so that he could hear what was going on, "Shush! Let me hear who's coming. It sounds like the fishermen are coming back." The fishermen carried Tomnalova into the village amid loud shouting, celebrating their exploit, "This is the man from the sea who charmed the chief's wife and convinced her to be his lover."

"Well done," the chief said. "Put him up there on top of the chief's platform," he ordered. They brought him up and left him there on top of the platform so as to mock him. "Bring the fish chief his betel nut, his mustard," Moigibweri said. Meanwhile, they started bringing firewood and dry coconuts and placed

them under the platform, as is usually done when smoking fish. Tomnalova chewed betel nut while the villagers kept on building up the fire underneath him. He chanted, “Oh, Tomnalova, come away; Tomnalova, come here. Karawata, you used to entangle me in your arms; now I’m caught on this platform, waiting for the fire to burn me.”

“Hey you,” the villagers told him, “you are the one who seduced the chief’s wife. Today, you will meet your fate in the form of fire.” And they brought more fire and put it all around that platform. Karawata ran toward the platform in flames, “Let me see, let me see!” And as she approached the platform, she jumped into the flames to lie side by side with her lover for the last time. Tomnalova and Karawata burned alive together, and that’s the end of my story.

COMMENTS

An extended version of this story was told to me in Budibudi in 2015 by Salome Negum. In that version, the man-fish is given a sharp seashell by his lover when she hears her husband’s plan to catch him with nets. The man-fish manages to cut all the nets placed in succession in the tidal creek and escape, but not realizing the simpleminded Tokasikuni has thrown his net in an unexpected spot in the open sea, he gets rid of the net-cutting seashell too early and gets caught in Tokasikuni’s net. After he is brought back to the village, the woman breaks a lime pot against a canoe, creating a cloud of lime that blinds the villagers while she sails away with Tomnalova.

RELEVANT VOCABULARY:

Bokiyau
bulitowala
kadumalaga
kusivakiya
Okaikela
Okaradu
Woveka

SN 154 BOUPATA, BOVAKUILA (THE NAMES OF TWO WOMEN)

A *liliu* myth told by Dogana from Kuluvitu. He obtained this myth from his father. Originally transcribed by Bernard Mwayubu and translated by Leslie Stephen.

SUMMARY

Two sisters, Boupata and Bovakuila, live in Labai. Boupata has two children, Kalala (the mullet fish) and Luma (a type of sardine). Bovakuila has one child, Waula (another type of fish). The children-fish have lived at a pool (Kabulayakaukwa) since their mothers gave birth to them. While their mothers make *doba* fiber skirts, the children-fish keep on playing around, ruining the

doba, until the sisters decide to move the children elsewhere. To do so, they make baskets and take the fish to a tidal creek known as Kotava. Yet whenever they try to pick up their children, all their things get soaking wet and ruined. Eventually, the sisters arrange to give up Kalala to Siketawaga, the chief of Mwatawa, in return for his help to relocate the other fish. They leave Waula along the shore, whereas they tell Luma to go far out to the deep blue sea and come back to the shore in the right season, so that it can be fished. On the way back, Bovakuila turns herself into a stone at a place called Ousali, whereas Boupata goes past Kotava and also turns herself into a stone.

Liliu Boupata, Bovakuila

Omitibogwa pola kweyu wala valu Libutuma Labai. Kuluta Boupata gwadi Bovakuila. Boupata litula nata Kalala nata Luma. Bovakuila latula Waula mesisikesa Kabulayakaukwa. Avetuta evalulusi sosola bwadala. Bogwa sopi makwa kadudayukaukwa esisi minasi iniya tuta komwedona tuta komwedona imumwa sawasi. Sina itataisi doba isisakaulasi ilupasi doba itotina. Inanamusasi sosola bwadala. “Eketiga sogu litudaya tasupeli.” Itomwesa ivolisa vataga matasina. Iuvolisa matasi vataga iokwa ivaputaisa iliya manasina. Isakawalisa iselisa Kotava waya makadana kasiwaya minasina. Gala uligova, gala weta, gala avaka kadada kenakenuva wala.

Iselisa inia manasina itataisiga doba sosola bwadala. Itataisi mwamwa laga bilupasi inia minasi nayu youdila komwedona pwatutu wokuwa wala. Iyoudilasi inimanamusasi sosola bwadala. Omitibogwa yagala Siketawaga olatuta pola Libutuma ikausa emeyesa Mwatawa olatuta Siketawaga. Ekebigasi, “Ah! Kuma. Kuma ba kasakemu kalala bu kulau. Minasinaga ma ilia sogu tuwagu ba kavaputa ba kweya ba kaweya minana nakapatata. Bo vakuila latula bakaseli okwadewa biwayali minana. Minanaga ba kawali ba kaweya otilibwabwau kasewa iyalesi kweluva.” Minasine nayu eitomwesa ivaputaisa sola bwadala. Ivaputaisa eweyesa eluki Bovakuila, “Ku ligabu besa.” Iligabu Waula okwadewa vivila, luma ivalisa sosola bwadala iweyesa omatatilibwabwau ilosa iligabusa. Elukwesa, “Kamikweluva iyalemi kweluva. Iyalemi kweluva bu kumesa kidamwa mi valu bwena ebuyomatilisi bigisemi bikwalemi. Kidamwa bu kumakeyasa mwalu gaga wala bigisa kolasi.” Ilupisaua ekeitasi lemesa bwadala esiwa Ousali imili dakuna esiwa Bovakuila e Boupata ema Kotava mupana ewewe imili dakuna esiwa.

Matosina vivila iwalesi pela omtibogwa ikominimanisa pela giligali toluunai iliya matosina kasiteyu bwadala. Ekalalaga Siketawaga isakesa imeya Mwatawa. Mitaga omitikogwa pola kweyu kweta libutuma kewta Labai gala ambesa tuvela.

ENGLISH TRANSLATION

In the olden times, fishing nets were made in only two villages, Libutuma and Labai. There lived two sisters, Boupata and her younger sister, Bovakuila. Boupata had two children; one was Kalala, the mullet fish, and the other was Luma, the sardine.

Bovakuila had one child-fish, Waula. They all lived together at Kabulayakaukwa, a pool in the north of Kiriwina. When they gave birth to their fish children, the women left them in that water pool, and that is where they stayed all the time. Meanwhile, the two sisters used to make fiber skirts, but with all those fish rushing around the pool and through the skirts, the skirts always ended up getting all messed up. So one day, they thought about it, and the elder sister said, "My sister, I think we'd better move these children elsewhere." They started making some baskets for their children, and when they were ready, they put the fish inside and ran to the tidal creek known as Kotava. The creek was very good; it had no crocodiles, there were no fishing nets in it, and it had very good sandy riverbanks. That is where they left them as they went back to making fiber skirts. But whenever they tried to lift the fish out of the creek, all their weaving fibers got wet.

They thought about that while they kept on working. In the old times, when Siketawaga, the old chief of Mwatawa Village, was still alive, fishing nets were brought from Libutuma Village to Mwatawa Village. The two sisters said to Siketawaga, "Come, come, and we'll give you Kalala for you to take away, whereas the rest of our children-fish we shall keep with us. We'll leave Bovakuila's child Waula along the seashore. This other one instead, Luma, we'll take it where the sea is dark blue and deep and leave it there for when the right season comes." So the two sisters put these two fish in their baskets. As they were paddling out, the elder sister said to Bovakuila, "Drop that one here." So she dropped Waula along the seashore, and then they kept on going farther until they reached the deep blue sea and dropped Luma there. They told Luma, "You are the fish that marks the calendar season changes. You will come out only when that part of the sea where you live is calm, so that you shall be caught then. If, instead, your place is not good, if the sea is rough and the weather is bad, you shall not come out, and they will not be able to catch you."

The two women went back, and the younger sister, Bovakuila, turned herself into a stone at Ousali, while Boupata went past Kotava and also turned herself into a stone. In the past, the people talked about the story of the two sisters for a long time and about the reasons that pushed the two sisters to give birth to those fishes. As for the Kalala fish, they gave it to Chief Siketawaga, who took it with him to Mwatawa. But the truth is that in the old days, fishing with nets was done in only two villages and nowhere else, Libutuma and Labai.

COMMENTS

This story explains why in the past net fishing (*pola*) was done only in the villages of Labai and Libutuma.

RELEVANT VOCABULARY:

kalala
luma
waula

SN 157 ILAKOMWAWA (A WOMAN'S NAME; LITERALLY, "RUBBISH EATER")

A *kwanebu* folktale told by Bunuvagola, a man from Luwabila. Originally transcribed by Rex Kalubaku and translated by Leslie Stephen.

SUMMARY

A woman gets fed rubbish by her elder sister-in-law and then gets pregnant, and her son is raised by a cuscus. When her son is big enough, he gets revenge and kills his cruel aunt and her husband.

Kwanebuyee Ilakomwawa

Ilakomwawa luleta geyola Kaduwaga. Ivai lakukwawa teyu. Sibubunela gaga. Minana iritomwawa bivakapula ikikewbana bisulusulu biyai kala ikamkwam iwokwa elupi igau lawawa ikoekula eweyaki ivaleta esisu olaboala pokwanada wa Itoli wala idou, "Ilakomwawa! O kumeki kamwawa." Ekeita ima ima ivaleta ikeula kalawawa ilau ikam. E nayuwela minana lakwawa geyola Kaduwaga iyagwadi labunela bwena.

Bikikebwana bisulusulu kala ikamkwam bivilugi lawawa bila otinawa bikau kala ivaleta isela odabala. Ikeula iwa erigabu lawawa idou, "Ilakomwawa! O kumeki mapasina kamwe! Minana emeya bogwa sitana kam?"

"Gala wala, wawa wala ima ikatusau lawa akeula lama akam." Iseki ikamkwam ikeitaga ila. Eyam makawala. Ikikwebanasi kasi ivakapulasi, iyaisi ikamsi minana iritomwawa iviliguwawa igabi, igogebila wala oduwawa itori, "Ilakomwawa! O kumeki kamwawa lakatusau."

Ima ikeula ila ikam. Iyai ivaleta minana ilagwadi ikam isiwayaga kala igabi lawawa iwa katusau lawawa idou, "Ilakomwawa. O kumeki kam mapasina." Eyosisa wala ivakosusumisa ivasi. Osiwawa isumwa esisu wala, bogwa ikweveka lopola bivalulu. E minawena wala kwadoya omyuwa mesiki. Makawena lawa olapososiu wala minana Ilakomwawa metota. E lema minana kwadoya imwena. Ila esiwa odogina lawa bwena ikamkwam lawa. Igeragera gola rekorekwa ivalulu. Ivalululu isiya latula gala kutou, gala memetu bikapituni pwasola. Bogwa leyam esunupwari wala iseli owula lawa imwaga inenei memetu. E minana wa kwadoya isimiwa igigisi ikanukwenu. Etobusi lema ekatuni pwasona. Kulupi kulai okapoula kusakawari. Isakawari wala omyuwa. Kula kuseyewa ima inenei wala itubwa lopola. Ikeita ila isiwa. Ilay itugwi matona gwadi bogwa etoveka. Esiwa evagi livalela pela matona gwadi iwokwa elilagi eluki, "Ke, bukusisu bakewaga wakoya. Bala akau kwetala kamsoulava, bama batea mwaga e bukweita bukukulu inam." Ikewa wakoya ikau soulava imeya. Ikanukwenu eluki, "Ke, igau batea kaetala mwaga." Etatea lawaga latula einaku esisiya ekeibiga, "Nabweya bukula." Itoli ikatubiyasi latula. Ikatubiyasi likutala ikididagi likula mwali. Likuyuwela

likula wala seyoyu, likutolula likula wa seyakiwa. Likuvasila likula moiligalegisa. Likulimela likula wala beyawa. Evabusiya sola lakwawa isisusa itomwaga ikatuvisi. Ikatuvisi ililagi wala iwokwa itabusi. Matona monagwadi itabusi italagwa itapela italagwa, itapela italagwa. Kitava ivakana. Iulaola egigisi avaka tamala bogwa eluki. Tabusi iulaola etalagwa Mweuya itagega ima. Iulaola igisi makaewena kaiboma kaeveka Kaulukuba kwadewa. Eulaola italapula igisi Bomatu. Ekaibiga, "O tamagu ekeitusi besa Bomatu." Ivina, "O seluwegu, seluwegu, seluwegu seluwegu. Semwanegu tamagu kwadoya bala aguyau oguvanugwa Kaduwaga." E igisi Mwegu ekalititevi ekaibiga, "Besa Mwegu. Miluwebila sikawalawa tamagu elukwegu. Bavakanaga Mwegu makapupuna mapanaga ewewa minakaibola sikewalawa." Iuola, iulaola wala okabulula Mwegu ikaibiga, "Besa Mwegu." E ivina, "O-O seluwegu, seluwegu, seluwegu seluwegu, seluwegu. Semwanegu tamagu kwadoya bala aguyau oguvanugwa Kaduwaga." E igisi Siya. Igisi esesila kabulula Dugulata. Ekai biga, "Besa Dugulata. Minlabai sikewalawa." E iulaola italapula mwegulata igisi igau kabulula ekalisela ekei biga, "Besa minkuluvitu sikewalawa. Elukwegu tamagu besa batabusi bala talagwa besa esesila kabulula. Kabunukwewayi sikowalawa minatauwema. Bataina mapana ewewa e bagisi makwena mlula Kumkwalala. Bataina mapana ewewa minikwesi dakuna mlula Kaduwaga inaguwa lavalu makabulane ewewa." Iuola, iualola Kumkwalala isalili lilu. Iualola lewa ekelilagwa. Itomwa ikatubayasi. Esipu kalasedabala iwokwa, isipu kala segadula, isipu kalawopoi, kalakwasi isipu, kalakaisapi kweyu kalamimulai, bogwa edudubila itola ila. Itotola ila igisi makaena lawa. Ikaibiga, "Besa inagu laposoiu." Ikeligai makaena waga, ekotakota ikomenagwaga. Igisi inala lakova elululu olaboala. Ekebiga, "O inagu laboala makena." Esisuga inala waboala ilagi ikomenagwa. Ekimugwali kalakatubayasi idoki inala tetala topola bila ipola eleku lawota eweya. Ekomwenagwa elola wala euri kalayoyu inala. Emokeya esisu olopola boala. Ekowana wala egisi isimwa wa. Esuisi itakanau wala kalagigisa. Isili ibigatonasi gala ikukwali pela matona latula. E itokaewa latula eluki, "Me! Sitana kunukwalegu?" "Gala wala."

Ekebiga, "O makwena tuta lokuvalulu gala kutou, gala memetu, bikapituni pwasogu ekulupegu ekulawegu wowula makaena lawa isaligu minawena kwadoya wala esisu egiseda. Kuma wala etobusi igau lema ekapituni pwasogu. Ilayegu kapoula isakawalegu omyuwa. Lakala evituwegu evagi livalegu leokwa ewitalegu lama." Kanawesa sola inala ekanukwenusi. Leyam kaukwau leमततसि igau iovaleta.

Etomwesa isulusi. Isulusulusi wala mina iritomwaya iyai ikamkwamsi sola lamwala iwokwa igebilaga lawawa iualutu wala oposoiu ivaleta itori, "Ilakomwawa! O kumeki kamkawelu." Ikeita ima ilaga ikeula ilau ikam. Kamkwamga iyai ivaleta ilagwadi. Ikamsi wayaga lawawa ivilola itori, "Ilakomwawa! O kumeki kam mapasina."

"A kuma, akatoula, kumeyakagu wala waboala." E ililola wala iualeta itori wadoa ekaibiga, "Ke!"

"A gala, kuulemwa kumeyekagu waboala." E ulemwala emokeya migatala. Matona tomota. Esiwesa, esisusala ikau ikau biga minana ilagwadi ikokeula wala lamwala, "A lawakeya

lumuta, tetala tau kasiteyu esisusa. Ekaubiga kidamwa latula." Ewokeya lamwala, "O kugisesa ivamuta. Makwa susuma evagi, amakawala? Tatakainowasi, gala tetala gwadi." Obogwa mokwita esimwa etokaewaga luleta elakaya ekatukwayaya.

Ilivali wala leokwa ekeita lema esisu lebogi itori wala luwawala.

"E kabulatala lomungwa kabulayuwela nabweya kukariyesa kadagu laboala. Bisogugua bima ovalu asimwa." Eyam eyomungwa etaripolasa kalatau kokola, kalatau kaetaula, kalatau katuwa, kivi, temba, yamtivigesi wala einakusa. Ila isogwugwi kadala imeya ovalu. Ikekyakusi wala ikebiga kadala, "Bitakanawesa deri inamwa."

"O adoki gala. Minana ilagwadi pela nasusuma bikeita bila iyamata laboala. Yokwaga iritomwaya minana takanamwesa." Ekeita minana ilagwadi ila iyamata laboala ikekeyakusi, ikekeyakusi, ikekeyakusi bogwa elubulatola. Epwasa mitasi ikenusi wala imasisi. Itokaiwa kadala ima iluki inala: "Kusunapula" e ibisikivili boala iwokwa ivakarati kaitapa itori wala ititapi manakwa boala. Ivikauri wala ivakapaki. Ikanukwenusi sola lakwawa elagisi wala butula kova. Etomalaulasi imokayesa bogwa eutulapola omdaweta. Gala wala amakala kabusunapula, igabu wala ivakasau. Iguyauga kadala kwadoya Kaduwaga isiwa.

ENGLISH TRANSLATION

Ilakomwawa was the sister of the chief of Kaduwaga Village. The chief had two wives. One of them was very unkind. That first wife, she used to peel the tubers, cook them, eat all the food, and take the peels and the leftovers to her sister-in-law, Ilakomwawa. She would call out to her, "Ilakomwawa! Come and collect your rubbish." And Ilakomwawa would come, pick up that rubbish, and eat it. But the second wife of the chief of Kaduwaga was a kind woman. She would peel the vegetables, cook them, and eat them, but she always used to put some on top of the leftovers. She would carry the rubbish out on a tray, throw it away, then take the food to her sister-in-law. She would call out to her, "Ilakomwawa! Come get your food. Did the first wife bring you any food at all?" she would ask.

"Nothing," Ilakomwawa replied. "Only rubbish; she threw it over there. I picked it up and ate it." So the second wife gave her the food and went back to her house. And every day it was the same. The first wife would peel the garden food, cook it, and eat it, then take the rubbish and carry it on her head and stand in front of the rubbish pile at the back of the village where Ilakomwawa lived and call out to her, "Ilakomwawa! Come get your rubbish; I have thrown it there on the pile." And Ilakomwawa would come and get it and eat it. The second wife instead always brought some yams to her sister-in-law. She carried them together with the waste, threw the rubbish away, and called out, "Ilakomwawa! Come eat some yams." One day, Ilakomwawa was pregnant. Her belly was swollen, and she was close to giving birth. At the time, there was a cuscus who had come from Muyuwa Island. That cuscus was living on top of a *lawu* tree behind Ilakomwawa's house. The cuscus was eating the *lawu* fruit from the treetop. As the rooster crowed, close to daybreak,

Ilakomwawa gave birth. She gave birth, but she realized she had nothing to cut the umbilical cord. Ilakomwawa carried her baby out of the house and put the newborn down under the *lawa* tree while she was looking for a sharp object to cut the umbilical cord. The cuscus looked down and saw the baby under the *lawa* tree. It came down and chewed off the umbilical cord with its teeth. Then it picked up the baby and carried it on its back. The cuscus carried the baby all the way back to its Muyuwa Island. Ilakomwawa searched for her baby but couldn't find him, and she panicked. She looked and looked for her baby, but it was all in vain, and in the end she had no choice but to stay there alone, because her baby was gone.

The years passed, and that baby grew up. When he was old enough, the cuscus told him his story. When he finished, the cuscus said to his adoptive son, "Stay here; I'm going to sail away. I'm going on a Kula expedition. I'm going to get you a *soulava* necklace. When I come back, I will make you a new canoe, so that you can go back to your mother." The cuscus went to the mountain islands and exchanged a *soulava* necklace there. He brought it back and told his son, "Now I will cut you a canoe." And so he did; he cut his son's canoe and said to him, "Tomorrow, you will go." The cuscus prepared his son for the trip. He set apart a space in the canoe for *mwali* armshells, another one for *seyoyu* fiber skirts, another compartment for the *seyakwa* scented black resin used for body decoration. Another compartment was filled with *moiligalegsa* rain mats, and a last one carried big *beyawa* baskets. The cuscus and his wife took the boy down to the beach and gave him the last instructions. The boy listened to the cuscus' advice, and when he was done, he started his journey. He went and went and went until he reached Kitava Island. When he saw Kitava, he recognized it and remembered his father's directions. From there he kept on paddling until he reached Mweuya beach on Kiriwina Island. From there, he followed the coastline all the way to the big *kaiboma* tree that stands at Kaulukuba beach. He paddled some more until he saw Bomatu Point and said to himself, "Oh, my father explained this to me; that point over there is Bomatu." The boy then chanted, "Oh, my pride makes me stand up, my pride makes me stand tall. My father cuscus, I'm going home to be the chief of Kaduwaga." And he saw Mwegu and said out loud, "That's Mwegu over there. The landing place of the people of Luwebila. My father told me that. I shall paddle and leave it behind and get beyond the landing place of the people of Kaibola Village." He paddled and paddled until he went past Mwegu, and he chanted again, "Oh, my pride makes me stand up, my pride makes me stand tall. My father cuscus, I'm going home to be the chief of Kaduwaga." And from there he saw Siya and the point they call Dugulata. He said, "That must be Dugulata. The landing beach of the people of Labai." He kept on going, and when he saw the point, he realized, "That's the landing place of the people of Kuluvitu Village. My father told me from here I must go to the place where the land protrudes into the sea, to Kabunukweway, the shores of Tauwema. Then I go around it until I can see Kumkwalala. If I paddle around Kumkwalala, I will finally see the stones inside the bay of Kaduwaga. My mother's home is on the other

end." So he paddled; he paddled until the sun was going down. The boy finally reached the bay at dusk and prepared his things.

He put on his chiefly headband of red shells, the headband that dangles from the back, and he fastened his belt around his waist. He put on his fern armbands and the wrist bracelets ornamented with cowrie shells that only highly ranked people are allowed to wear and the *minulai* feathers. It was already dark when he started punting his canoe. He punted it toward the *lawa* tree from which the cuscus had come down to pick him up when he was born. He said, "Oh, this is the *lawa* tree that stands behind my mother's house." He pulled his canoe ashore and went up to the house. He saw his mother inside through the holes in the coconut frond-woven walls of the house. "That's my mother there!" When Ilakomwawa heard the noises made by all the shell ornaments of the boy's dress, she mistakenly thought it was a fisherman carrying his fishing net with the attached shell sinkers. The boy walked to the entrance of the house and opened the door mat. He saw his mother sitting there. Ilakomwawa saw him, but she said nothing.

She remained silent while the boy walked in and sat next to her. She could not recognize him because she had only seen him as a newborn. They remained silent until the boy finally stood up and said, "Do you know who I am?"

"No," Ilakomwawa replied. The boy said, "That time you gave birth and you had no knife, no sharp shell at hand. The cuscus on the *lawa* tree saw me and came down. He cut the umbilical cord and picked me up. The cuscus carried me away to Muyuwa Island and adopted me. He looked after me and brought me up until I was big enough and prepared all my things to send me to you." That night they slept in the house, and in the morning Ilakomwawa's eldest sister-in-law woke up and cooked some food. As usual, she ate the food together with her husband, the chief of Kaduwaga, and brought the tuber peels and the waste to Ilakomwawa. The chief's first wife stood outside the house and called out, "Ilakomwawa! Come get your rubbish." The wife walked back to her house while Ilakomwawa gathered the yam peels and took them back to her place to eat them. Later on, the younger chief's wife cooked her food and ate it. When she was done, she took some yams she had put aside and carried them to Ilakomwawa. "Here, come eat these yams," she said.

"Come closer," Ilakomwawa replied. "I don't feel well, and I cannot come out; bring me the food here to the house." The younger wife came closer and stood by the door. She called out, "Here."

"No," replied Ilakomwawa from inside the house. "Open the door and come in." She opened the door and saw that young man there, and she didn't know who that was. When she went back to her place, she told her husband about that stranger in Ilakomwawa's house, "I went to see your sister today, and there was a young man staying with her in her house. She told me it was her son!" Her husband replied, "It is true that my sister was once pregnant; we all saw that, but we never saw her baby." The chief of Kaduwaga walked to his sister's house and questioned her, and he realized it was indeed true, she had a son. Ilakomwawa told him everything, and the chief went back to his place.

He stayed there, thinking, until it was dark. In the evening he finally stood up and addressed the people of Kaduwaga, "My fellow villagers, tomorrow you will build my nephew's house." The next day, the villagers of Kaduwaga went out to the bush looking for construction materials to build the house. They cut the boy's house posts and beams and the leaves for the roof and everything else, and they finished the house in one day. Later on, the chief took his nephew to his new house, and the two of them had a conversation. The boy said, "My uncle, why don't you and your two wives come and stay here in this new house with me and my mother, your sister?" The chief replied, "I don't think so. You see, my youngest wife is pregnant; she must stay at our place and look after it. But my first wife and I, we can come and stay here with you if you want?" So the young wife went back to her house while the chief and his first wife, the unkind woman, stayed in that new house with their nephew. After dinner they talked and talked and talked until it was late at night. Their eyes were heavy with sleep, so they went inside the new house and fell asleep. All except for the boy; he stood up and woke his mother up. He told her, "Get out of the house." Once Ilakomwawa had left the house, he locked the door from the outside. The boy lit several dry coconut fronds. The chief and his first wife were lying inside the hut when they heard the roaring fire. By then it was too late for them: the house was already going up in flames, and they couldn't get out. The fire engulfed them both. And that's how the son of the cuscus became the chief of Kaduwaga.

COMMENTS

This story has a good description of the coast of Kiriwina with many details. The story is similar to SN 161 *Mwanita*. Seyakwa, the scented black resin used for decoration, is mentioned by Malinowski (1987 [1929]: 417), who spelled it *sayaku* in *The Sexual Lives of Savages*. After consulting with anthropologist Fred Damon, who works on Muyuwa (Woodlark Island), ANU-based anthropologist Robin Hide (personal communication) suggested the resin might come from a tree of *Canarium* sp.

RELEVANT VOCABULARY:

beyawa
Kalukuba
lawā
minulai
moiligalegsa
seyakwa
seyoyu

SN 158 BURIWADA (THE MORAY EEL)

A *kwanebu* folktale told by Touvasigi from Idaleka. He obtained the story from a man named Kulala. Originally transcribed by Rex Kalubaku and translated by Joachim Taugwaga.

SUMMARY

A woman, Buriwada, gets a moray eel inserted inside her body by her Dokanikani ogre aunts. The woman's beauty lures many suitors, and when they have sex with her, the eel bites off their penises, and they bleed to death, so that Buriwada's aunts can eat the corpses. A man is warned by an old woman to whom he had been kind. The man lures the eel out with fish, kills it, and marries Buriwada.

Kwanebuyee Buriwada

Buriwada mesikesa Omlamwaluwa. Luwatata kalabawa Dokanikani matosina. Esisusa minana ilagwadi isuma ivilulu tomatotola. Ivisuyesa deri tuwala minana buriwada ila olopola ila ikanawa minana vivila litusi. Ivitubisa bogwa inaveka litusi ilosa itakaewasi. Iyoyu butula buriwada elegasi biga kalabiga emesa igisesa Buriwada. Lema tetala tolela Kaduwaga emeya lawaga Lomyuwa ibiligai ikanukwenu kwetalaga lamoi, lakaikela, lakawala, ivalagwa Omlamwaluwa iwakeya minawena nomwaya esisu, "Me, Buriwada! Ambesa deri inala?"

"Lelosa itakaewasi deri inali komwedosi wala. Meaga sitana kambua bakaui." "Gala wala inada."

"O kuwa." Ivatubolola kalabiga ililola obaleko ewakeya etitakaewasi deri inala. "Vevela! Taga Buriwada?"

"O kuma wala." Lewa wala. "Ke minana esisu tabum okapupu kulokeya." Iseli moi, kawala, kaikela ekeibiga ilokeya okapupu isikewa."

"Kuvagi takau." "

"O bua besa." Ekausi eokwa. "Kuyomamalu nani bukuwa."

"Igaula."

"Kunanakwa bukuvagi bukuwa nani bowekeyaga inagwa."

Itaneku wala kalabiga yavila iseli isipelaga isikela. Isikela kalabiga ivisuya wala bogwa gola elata minana buriwada ikapituni wala makena kusi. Itataba wala imwa ikanawa. Iyokewasiga inala eketakewasi, "Kwalai Buriwada."

"Kumesa bogwa ikanukwenu." Iwakeyasa ikanukwenu ilupisa kalabiga, "Galaga kumkumla nani bwadagwa," minana naveka elivala."

"Kumkumla nani kuyomamalusi bikumli kadatausi."

Itolisa ikumlisa kalabiga. Ikumlisa ikwayai ikamkwamsi ivokwa ilosa ovalu. Eyamungwa ema matowena tolela Yuwegili. Ikota Lomyuwa egiligai lawaga, lakawalaga, lakaikela, lamoi, kalakauya ivatubolola."

Ivalutu wala evilobusi Omlamwaluwa, "Numwaya. Taga Buriwada toya inala? Ambesa sibola?"

"A, kulakeyo, ilosa itakaewasi. Meyaga sitana kambua akaui."

"A kweta bua manakwena."

"O kumeya tuda." Isuwila lewa."

"Sogu balukwem ke?"

"Kulivala inada balagi."

"Ke minana tomota Buriwada yagala tomota uulaga edokasa Buriwada. Eiululusa inasi igisesa sena naminibweta ikausa minana buriwada ivisuyesa ila olopola litusi ikanawa."

ENGLISH TRANSLATION

Teivila tomota imemesa ikapituni kwisi. Ekikaligasi ekamkoma inisiya. E laga lalukwem bukuwa bukukuwasi biwokwa gala bilivala kala kumakeyagu bukutagwala gala. Kupeki wala, besa kupeki wala."

"O bogwa."

"Tominibweta yokwa. Kidamwa wala bilivala kawala kumakeyagu nani kudoki bukumakeya bogwa bikapituni myoudila bogwa kukwariga."

"O kwapatu inada." Ililola omatala itori idou wala, "Buriwada!"

Eyokewa kalabiga tuwasi minana naveka Dokanikani, "E tabum minana okapupu esisu. Bukukwalipola kuloki kubigatonasi, kuwauisi, bakatakaewasiga." Ekalipola kalabiga tokinana, "Ve!"

"E, kuma." Iwa wala kalabiga isili. Eseki bua ikauisi iwokwa.

"A igau tapwaiki."

"Gala kuyomamalu nani bukuwa." Isewa gala kalabiga kualova wala etineku dabela vivila erigemwa naokwa gola esisu. Isewa gala wala nanola sita tau bimweki. Makwesi katudewa kalabiga ikenu gala. Eritaki tau wowola esewa gala wala. Makwesi katudewa esewa kalabiga bogwa wala epeki tau. Gala wala. Itulasi gola inala, "Gala wala. Ekowalova." Itulisa gala. Bogwa ekwayai.

"Kumesa som mmwala bitalosa ovalu." Isunapulasi lemesa ilausa ovalu kalabiga. Ebogi wala eyobali tau itaneku gola dabela ikenu kalabiga ekatumwala wala, gala wala.

Itabuteta iritaki wowola tau esewa wala, gala. Bogwa wala epowalova. Itulisa inala gala. "Amakala Buriwada?"

"Gala wala inagu. Bogwa ikowalova, gala wala." Ekebigasi, "Bwena kuvea mmwala." Isiwa kalabiga ivea. Isisusa makawala kwetolu yam, isisusa kwevasilaga e iluki, "Sogu! Bitala orumata takipoi agukwasi. Sena bogwa itai."

"A bitala."

Ikabisi ilosa. Itaina osisuna, ikotiteli yatala tuva ilau. Iwa wala ikikipoi vivila kalakwasi okuduna gana. Ewaga ililoluwa ekibwadi natana kuga kalabiga imeya. Ekikupali lemeya, ekikipoi kalakwasi vivila makawala ima isimwa besa. Ikipwani pwana elai ewa omatala. "Kusikilewa, bulubulu wowogu." Gala wala iyosali minana inia lewa. Eseli isintumumtu. Gala wala kalabiga bogwa isukwani minana buriwada besa bikounapula biwa ikam.

Eseli simtumumtu isiminimani sipatu gala wala. Elivesa minana buriwada lewa, e iwa wala ikam pwana. Igili wala kalabiga nepa itoli wala ibwabu.

"A sogu, bogwa kuyogagi inagwa sikekula. Ivilulegusi igisegusi sena naminibweta yegu ikausa minana buriwada ivisuyesa olopogu. E pela kastitau inagwa. Bimemesa bikamkoma buriwada ebikamkwamsi."

"O sogu! Lokuyogagisa tomota. Lagela lama labwabu ewokwa balai bila. Bitalaga ovalu."

"Gala wala kusuya, kusuya bitayaki inagwa kasi inia." Esuya kalabiga emeyakaesa inala itolisa egisesaga suya.

"O bogwa ekapituni." Imeya iseki kalabiga ivakatisa ebogi ekenusi gala wala misipwasa kwayai iyam gola.

Buriwada (the moray eel) was the name of this woman from Omlamwaluwa Village. Buriwada had at least ten aunties; they were those man-eating ogres they call Dokanikani. But one of the ogres, the youngest one, gave birth to a human being, a beautiful baby girl, and that was Buriwada. Her mother, with the help of her evil ogre sisters, inserted a moray eel inside Buriwada when she was still little. This was part of the Dokanikani aunties' plan. They brought her up until she became an adult. One day, the girls and her aunts went to the bush to cut plots for their new gardens. The beauty of Buriwada had become renowned by then, and her fame had spread far and wide.

Buriwada had many suitors who traveled long distances to come see her and try their luck. That day Buriwada had gone to cut new gardens; a man from Kaduwaga, on Kaileuna Island, came to see her. He beached his canoe at Lomyuwa; he took his sleeping mat, his paddle, and his punting pole and walked toward Omlamwaluwa. He saw an old woman in the village, and he asked her, "Hey, where does this Buriwada live?"

"She's out in the bush, cutting new gardens with her mother and her aunties," the old woman told him. She then asked him, "Do you have any betel nut for me? I'd like to chew some."

"I've got nothing for you, mother," he replied.

"Off you go then," she said. The man walked out to the place where they were cutting new gardens and found the women clearing the bush. He asked, "Women, where is Buriwada?"

"Oh, come here, come here," the aunties welcomed him. He approached them, and they pointed, "There she is, that's Buriwada over there sitting at the edge of the forest. Go to her," the aunts urged him. The man put down his mat, his paddle, and his punting pole and walked to Buriwada. She asked him, "Do you have any betel nut? Let's chew."

"Oh, here is our betel nut," he said, and they chewed together. When they finished chewing, the girl said, "Hurry up, get on with it and leave."

"Not so fast," the man protested.

"Hurry up, I need to go back to my aunties," she urged him again. The man took off his pubic leaf and climbed on top of Buriwada, but the moment he entered her, the moray eel inside the girl bit off the man's penis. The man bled until he lay there motionless. The ogre aunts approached her and asked, "So? How did it go?" And Buriwada answered, "You can come now; he's lying dead." The aunts came and lifted the lifeless body. The eldest one said, "Hurry up, my sisters, and start preparing the earth oven. Dig the oven so that we can cook him up." They cooked the man in the earth oven, and in the afternoon they ate him all up and went back to their village. Nothing of him was left. The next morning a man from Yuwegili came. He arrived in Lomyuwa and beached his canoe there. He took his punting pole, his paddle, his mat, and his basket and started walking. When he arrived at Omlamwaluwa, he asked that woman, "Old lady, that Buriwada girl and her aunts, where is their house?"

"Go over there; they're clearing new gardens. But before you go, can you give me some betel nut?" she said.

"I only have one betel nut here," the man replied. "Oh, give it to me," the woman said. He came close to the woman and gave her the betel nut. "My son," she said, "do you want to hear the truth?"

"Yes, my mother, tell me, I'm listening."

"That girl Buriwada," the old lady started, "she is a human being alright, but her aunts are all Dokanikani ogres. The reason why they named her Buriwada is because when she was born and her aunties saw how beautiful she was, they devised this plot: they inserted a real moray eel inside her. How many men already have come here and have had their penises bitten off by that moray eel inside the girl. Once they die, the girl's aunts cook them up and eat them. But today, I've told you the truth; you've been warned. When she says come to me, refuse her advances. Do not have sex with her." "Understood," the man said.

"You're a fine man. If she tries to seduce you and you cave in, your private parts will be chopped off, and you will die."

"Say no more, my mother." The man walked to the corner of the new garden plot and called out, "Buriwada!" When they heard the man calling, the aunts answered, "Your cousin is sitting over there, at the edge of the forest. Go to her and talk in privacy; you two can chew betel nut together while we work on this new garden clearing." So that stranger walked to her. "Hey," he said.

"Come here," Buriwada told him. He sat next to her and offered her some betel nut. They chewed together. Then he said, "Let's also have a smoke."

"Boy, you are too slow," she said. "Don't waste my time. Just get on with it, hurry up." But seeing he was refusing her advances, Buriwada stood up and stripped off her fiber skirt. She came closer to him, fully naked. Buriwada thought that would do, but the man was still ignoring her. She lay down next to him and tried to seduce him. The aunts, who were watching from the distance, told themselves, "Nothing. He doesn't want her." It was already late in the afternoon. The aunts came by and told Buriwada, "You and your new husband, come to the village; it's getting dark." So they all walked together back to the village. It was dark when Buriwada and that man were in the house alone.

She took off her fiber skirt again, but the boy was taking his time to undress. She lay down again and tried to seduce him, but the stranger from Yuwegili, following the old woman's advice, stayed firm and refused to let Buriwada get hold of him. Buriwada tried to touch him, but there was nothing to do. He was determined to resist. The Dokanikani aunties were hungrily waiting outside Buriwada's hut. They asked, "What's going on Buriwada?"

"There's nothing to do, my mothers; he's disregarding my wishes," she replied from inside. The aunts insisted, "Marry him, marry your husband!" And married they were, but he still wouldn't touch Buriwada. They stayed inside the house for three days, and on the fourth Buriwada said, "My husband, let's go to the seashore and gather some plants to make me a new pair of armbands; these ones are old and all worn out."

"Let's go," her husband said. But before they walked down to the beach, the man went behind the house and cut a vine of

derris root, the poisonous creeper used to stun fish, and took it with him. While his wife was collecting ferns for her armbands, the man went diving with the derris root until he caught a *kuga* fish. He took the fish to the spot where Buriwada was sitting weaving her new armbands. Hiding it from her until he was close enough, he cut the fish up and threw its innards right at Buriwada's feet.

"Can't you clean the fish somewhere else? You're going to soil me, and I'll stink of fish!" she protested. But her husband carried on with his plot and threw the rest of the fish in between his wife's legs. Buriwada jerked and wiggled, but it was too late; the moray eel inside her had smelled the fish and was poking its head out, trying to eat it.

Buriwada moved sideways, closed her thighs, and tried to hide the moray eel, but it was already half way out, grabbing that fish the man had tossed in front of his wife. The man took his knife, and with a swift move he cut the moray eel in half. "Oh, my husband," Buriwada said, "you just ruined my aunts' livelihood. When my mother had me, she and her sisters saw how beautiful I was; they took that moray eel and put it inside me, so that when men come to me, they die. That way my mother and my aunts don't go hungry." "My wife," the man said, "that livelihood of your aunts has caused the death of many people. Today, I've put an end to that. I've cut that moray eel into pieces and thrown it away. Come, let's go back to the village."

"No," Buriwada said. "Before we go back, go fetch the pieces of moray eel and string them all. We'll bring those back for my aunts to eat." When they came back to the village, the aunts saw the string the man was carrying and said, "Oh no, he has killed the moray eel and chopped it up!" The man gave them the eel, and the aunts cooked it. In the night, when they were lying down together, there was neither rest nor sleep for the two of them until it was day again. And this is the end of my story.

COMMENTS

The photos in Figures 72 and 73 were taken as part of an Australian nutritional survey in Papua New Guinea after World War II in 1947 and show how *tuva* is used for fishing. Figures 74–76 show more recent use of *tuva*.

SN 161 MWANITA (THE MILLIPEDE)

A *kwanebu* folktale told by Yaukota, a woman Luwebila. Originally transcribed by Henry Lupovalu and translated by Leslie Stephen.

SUMMARY

A woman gives birth to two boys; when they grow up, the elder marries a woman, whereas the younger stays single. The younger goes to the garden with his mother and asks her to sit

down and turn herself into a big taro. The elder brother's wife cooks for her husband but feeds tuber peels to her brother-in-law. The younger brother complains about this, so the elder brother chases away his wife and marries a new one, who nonetheless resumes the previous wife's bad behavior, feeding her brother-in-law the worst portions. One day, the elder brother advises his wife to go to the garden and collect a big taro; when the wife pulls the taro out and cuts the top, blood starts flowing, for that taro was, in fact, the two brothers' mother. This results in the elder brother chasing away his new wife.

Kwanebuyee Mwanita

Kwanebuyee Mwanita. Isisu ivalulu litula teyu. Isisiya bogwa etovekavekasi ivai matona toveka matonaga tokekita isimwa. Isisu isisu iluki inala, "Adoki bitala obuyagu?" Ikabisi ilosa obuyagu. Ilosa eluki inala, "Bukula bukusili ouula makena kai,

FIGURE 72. Fisherman wearing loincloth, armbands, and goggles pounding derris root with a knife in an outrigger canoe in 1947. J. Fitzpatrick Collection, DOE Oceania; Massim: Trobriands: Australian Department, 05030100, National Anthropological Archives, Smithsonian Institution.

FIGURE 73. Fisherman netting derris root-stunned fish in Kiriwina's lagoon in 1947. The nets are called *guba*. Formerly, a type of white fiber called *giula* was used in its manufacture. Nowadays, industrial netting or salvaged material (e.g., old basketball nets) is used instead. J. Fitzpatrick Collection, DOE Oceania; Massim: Trobriands: Australian Department, 05030300, National Anthropological Archives, Smithsonian Institution.

FIGURE 74. Kavataria village fisherman pounding derris root (*tuva*). The root oozes a white sap that is held by hand by divers, who put it inside holes in coral reefs or under the boulders where fish hide to force them out and then catch them with nets and spears. (Photo by Sergio Jarillo.)

FIGURE 75. A Kavataria diver puts derris root in the coral crevices. Note the white strings in the water, known in Kilivila as *kudula taria* (“the tide’s teeth”), a concentration of urticating organisms that usually takes place in the afternoon. (Photo by Sergio Jarillo.)

FIGURE 76. A Kavataria fisherman netting the stunned fish with a *guba* net. (Photo by Sergio Jarillo.)

bukumila uliwala yagamu okebudi. E yegugwa bakeita balokeya tuwagu ovalu ivakapula lakwava bakamukwamu.” Ikeita ilokeya tuwala ovalu. Yam yam minana vivila bisulu bikamusi sola lamwala bikebwaniga wawa bilau iseyewa osipwasosisu bidau bwadala bila ikamu. Eimumasisisi eyamu kaukwau ila lakwava tuwala ikavai kasi imeya ikikebwana isulusulu ikamkwamusi sola lamwala ikaugewa wawa tuwala ila ilai odubilawawa ikeimali ima opososui idau bwadala ila ikamu. Ivalutu kweta yamu ima isimwa wabwema ekebiga, “Tuwago gala magigu minana nabogwa mukwava sena gaga labunela wawa wala isisakegu akamukwamu. Bimeya gala ila ilai odubawawa ikau isewa opososiu awa akamukwamu amaeyamu. Magigu bukunei nata navau.” Isisau laguguwa ilai ima okaukweda igabila ila ilaga ivakoli nata navau imeya. Imeya imasisi eyamu kaukwau. “Kula kwavai kaula kumeya kusuli kadasi somu bwadamu bitakamusi.” Ila ikavai imeya isulusula iyeya kala bwadala pilamagaga isisiki pilamanabwetaga sola lamwala.

Ikamukwamusi imasisisi eyamu kaukwau eluki lamwala, “Kula obuyagu.” Ila obuyagu iwa ikanukwenu kekikekita bilulu ila makena okebudi inasi esisu. Ilulu wala makena inasi imeya imeya iyasi ibusiga buyaila inasi imeki lamwala ovalu. “Oi, keya tamala ikamu kalapopu, itagudi keyola inagu!” Ema wala iwaweya isoguwi la gugwa ila ovalu. Mesinaku.

ENGLISH TRANSLATION

This is the story of Mwanita, the millipede. There once was a woman who gave birth to two boys. The two boys grew up, and the eldest got married, whereas the last born stayed with his mother. One day the boy said, “Mother, maybe today we should go to the garden?” So they got ready and went to the garden. The young boy said to his mother, “Mother, go and sit down under that tree. You will turn into a taro, and your name will be *okebudi*. As for me, I shall go back to my elder brother in the village; his wife will cook, and I shall eat.”

So the young boy went back to his elder brother in the village. Every day, the elder brother’s wife cooks food and eats it together with her husband. She then takes all the tuber peels and the rest of the rubbish to her brother-in-law and calls out to him; she tells him to come and eat the rubbish. Every day it’s the same thing; the elder brother’s wife goes to the garden to get food; she brings it back home, cooks it, eats it with her husband, and takes the rubbish peels out to the backyard for the younger brother to eat them. One day, the younger brother went to the resting house to have a chat with his brother, “My elder brother, I don’t want this woman you married to be your wife anymore. Her ways are very bad; she only gives me rubbish to eat. Instead of throwing the rubbish into the rubbish heap, she goes around the backyard, calls me out, and feeds it to me. I want you to find yourself a new wife.” Upon learning this, the elder brother collected his wife’s belongings, threw them outside of the house, and went in search of a new wife.

The following morning the elder brother said to his new wife, “Go to the garden and bring some food for me and my brother.” When she brought the food and cooked it, she gave the worst

pieces to the younger brother while she and her husband had the best ones. After eating, they all went to sleep. The next day the elder brother told her again, “Go to the garden and get some food.” The new wife went to the garden, but instead of pulling out the smaller taros, she went and pulled out that *okebudi* one. She cut it out with her knife without knowing that the taro was, in fact, the two brothers’ mother. As she pulled it out, she cut the top shoots, and blood started spilling all over while she was walking back to her husband’s village. “Oh no!” said the husband when he saw what had happened. He cursed his new wife, “May she fuck her father and eat her shit; she cut my mother’s neck!” So the elder brother packed her things up and took her back to the village where she came from. That’s the end of the story.

COMMENTS

The title of this tale is very misleading as there are no millipedes at all in the story. This story is very similar to SN 157 *Ilakomwawa*.

RELEVANT VOCABULARY: *okebudi*

SN 164 PEPEKWA (A TYPE OF BUTTERFLY FISH)

A *kwanebu* folktale told by Karibewa from Kaibola. She obtained the story from her father Meyodiya. Originally transcribed by Henry Lupovalu and translated by Mwagawa Mwawesi.

SUMMARY

A boy cries because his brother eats his pet fish. Their father is so annoyed by all the crying that he gets on his canoe to go to Dobu to get eaten by Dobuans. This story is very similar to SN 82 *Tetumonogu*.

Kwanebuyee Pepekwa

Agukwanebu yagala Pepekwa. Esisusa deri tamasi deri inasi. Ilosa obuyagu inasi tamasi. E matonaga tau usola bwadala ilosa orumata ipolasi. Ipwapolasi ikwalisa natana pepekwa. Ikau matona bwadala ilau okatukulu isewa. E italagwasi okwadewa. Eluki bwadala, “Kuwati kai kumeya, takasili.” E bwadala ila iwota kai ikaugwa minana pepekwa tuwala isela igabu ikoma. Kamokoma iwinaku ema bwadala ikatupoi, “Tuwago, kanei ugwa pepekwa avela ikeula?” Eyokewaga, “Kugisa maselila okatukulu.”

“Kanegu pepekwa laseli okatukulu.” E ivalam matona gwadi. Ikau iseki, “O tuwagu kanegu pepekwo, kanegu pepekwo, maselila okatukulu, masekelo tuwagu kanegu pepekwo.” Esisusasi tumasi inasi ilagisa matona gwadi ivalam ekatupoi, “Avaka pela bwadam?”

“O bogwa kunukwalisa labunela, kidamwa wanela pepekwa, mitaga yegu gala bakau.” Elivala bwadala, “Bogwa

lekoma." Eyam ilosa ipolasi, ipwapolasi imwa iluki bwadala, "Kula kuwota kai." Iwotawota ikau minana pepekiwa ikoma.

"O kanegu pepekiwa, kanegu pepekiwa. Amasekiyo okatukulu, masekiyo kanegu." Ivalam wala ivilobusisi. E tamasi bogwa egibulua ekeibiga eluki deri inasi, "Kusisusa laga bala bikomegusi minadobu pela sena valam bidubadu. Yam yam, pepekiwa wala vilamula." E ivola tamasi ila oboarita e lewaga bwadala iluki inala ilosa ipolasi.

Ipwapolasi sola tuwala lemesa ikoma minana pepekiwa bwadala ikaugwa iseki, "O tuwagu kanegu pepekiwo, kanegu pepekiwo, masikeo okatukulu, masikeo tuwagu kanegu pepekiwo." E ivalutusi elukwesa tuwala ivalamsi wala deri inasi. Gala ilosa obuyagu e iwolaga tumasi bogwa lerigewesi iwola bila ikomasi minadobu. Emaga imwena ila onunuria odogina. Ikau makwa lalona ikau iseki. Itatea makwa lalona iwokwa iluki ilai makwena lalona, "Tai lalona, tai, tai tai lalona. Itailuwa nanola tamagu bikeita bimakeyagu." Ikau tamala minikwena lalona igisi, "O kapisilaga latugu sikwekwela. Letatea elai lema. Igau akeita balakeya." Eulaola imakeya. Eyam evalutu imwemwena onunuri. Ela ikau makwena lalona, "Tai lalona, tai tai lalona. Itailuwa nanola tamagu bikeita bimakeyagu." Ipeki wala tamala iuolaola ila Siyawawo iwakeya minadobu ikatumatisa, igabusi, ikamkomasi. Ivalamsi deri inasi wala isimwesa.

ENGLISH TRANSLATION

The name of my story is Pepekiwa, the butterfly fish. It's the story of a family, a father, a mother, and their two children, two boys. One day, the mother and the father went to the garden. The two brothers went to the beach instead. They went net fishing. While fishing, they caught a butterfly fish. The younger brother took the fish and put it in the water that usually sits at the bottom of the canoe, so that it could stay alive. When they were done fishing, they came back to the beach, and the elder brother told the younger, "Go fetch some firewood, so that we can roast our fish." And while his little brother was gathering firewood, the elder took that butterfly fish, roasted it, and ate it. He ate it all up when his little brother came by and asked, "My big brother, that butterfly fish I put aside, my pet, do you know where it is?"

"Did you check the bottom of the canoe?" the elder brother replied.

"Yes, that's where I put my pet fish, but it's not there anymore," cried the younger brother. He cried and cried, "Oh, my brother, where is my pet, the butterfly fish, my pet butterfly fish. I put it at the bottom of the canoe, where is my pet, brother, where is it?" The father and the mother heard their last born crying and came to see what was happening. They asked their elder son, "Why is your little brother crying?"

"Oh, you know his ways," the elder brother replied. "He's crying about his pet, a butterfly fish, but I didn't take it."

"He did," protested the younger brother. "He has already eaten it."

The next day, the two brothers went back fishing, and the same thing happened. They caught a butterfly fish, the younger brother kept it alive at the bottom of the canoe, and when they

came ashore, the elder brother told the younger to go gather some firewood. While the little one was away, his brother took the pet fish, roasted it, and ate it.

"Oh, my pet, the butterfly fish, my pet, the butterfly fish," cried the small brother. "I put it in the canoe, and it's gone!" He cried and cried, all the way back to the village. The father couldn't take all this crying anymore. Full of anger, he told his family, "You stay here; today, I'm going to get on my canoe and go all the way to Dobu. I'll go to Dobu, and I'll get eaten by the Dobuans. I'm tired of all this crying. Day after day crying because of the butterfly fish pet . . ." So he got in his canoe, and he paddled away. The boys' mother told them to go fishing, so that they would have something to eat. The two brothers went fishing, and the same thing happened. The elder brother ended up eating the pet fish, and the little brother cried, "Oh, my brother, where is my pet, the butterfly fish, my pet butterfly fish. I put it at the bottom of the canoe, where is my pet, brother, where is it?" The boy cried and cried, and their mother joined in, and in the end they all ended up crying. The next day, the three of them went to the garden. By then their father was getting close to Dobu, where he was going to get eaten by the Dobuans. The younger boy climbed on top of the *nunuria* tree and grabbed one of the *lalona* seeds. He split the seed in half, spoke some magic into it, and threw it into the sea, "Cut the seed, cut the mind. Swing around my father's mind, so that he may come back to me." The seed floated away and reached the father. He picked it up and examined it. "Oh, my poor son, he sank his nails into this black seed. I better go back to him." So he turned his canoe around and started paddling back. But on the way the father remembered all the crying and changed his mind again. The boy climbed the *nunuria* tree again, and again he chanted his magic, "Cut the seed, cut the mind. Swing around my father's mind, so that he may come back to me." But this time the enchantment didn't work, and the father kept on paddling toward Dobu, until he reached Siyawawo, where the Dobuans were waiting for him. They grabbed him and roasted him and ate him. The little boy came back to the house and wept for his dead father together with his mother.

COMMENTS

Dobu refers both to Dobu Island proper and to nearby islands where the Dobu language is spoken. Despite being Kula partners, Dobuans had a reputation as man-eaters in the past. Going to Dobu to get eaten by Dobuans is common in Trobriand folklore, almost like a form of suicide or of punishment in which a father threatens his children if they do not stop bickering. Another common Trobriand feature is for children to have pet animals (*kane*); almost anything can count as such, from insects (see SN 82 *Tetumonogu*) to fish.

RELEVANT VOCABULARY:

kane-
okatukulu
pepekwa (see Figures 60–62)
pepekwa

SN 165 TOKWAU, TOPEM (THE BLIND MAN AND THE CRIPPLED MAN)

A *kwanebu* folktale told by Kavalogusa from Kaibola. He obtained the story from his teacher. Originally transcribed by Henry Lupovalu and translated by Joachim Taugwaga.

SUMMARY

A blind man and a disabled one team up to overcome their mobility problems, with the blind man carrying the disabled man, who then guides him, so that they can attend a feast together and eat.

Kwanebuyee Tokwau, Topem

Teyu tawau isisusa bilagisa paka ambesa itokeyasi tomatatola ilosa wapaka makwa. E matosinaga bisewesa amakala bivigakesa, gala wala bisimwesa wa, yam kwetala bo makala wa. Itokaewasa tomota ilosa, isisusaga inanamasa. Elivalasi, "Amakala sedaya bilosa ikamkwamsi, ikikeitasi, yakidasi kadamolu wala tasisu?"

Elivala matona tokwau, "Kugisa yegu tokwau, yegu kaikegu kweyamanabweta, yokwa matam bwena kaikem kweimagaga. Bwena bukusila okeyogu kugigisa dakeda. Bogwa tobari yokwa, matam kwemanabweta. Yegulaga kaikegu bwena balilola, kulivala ambesa bitala."

Elivalaga sola, "O bwena." Itokaewa ikau sola ilolasi. Ilolasa, ilolsasa wala ivalapulasi isakaulasi tomota imesa ilupisa kasiteyu wala ilausa ikamsi. Kamkwamsi bogwa ikomatasi, igisesa lilu bogwa itovila elukwesa, "Kutolasa yokwami kukugwasa kulolasa, yakamesa igau bakawesa." E ikau sola ilolasa. Ilolasa wala imekeyasa kweta dakuna, eluki sola, "Keda makadana bitalakeya." Isuwesa lewesa ikapusi wa sola, igigigilasi leokwa, ivalam sola. Ewokwa iketikeu sola, ilosa isiwesa sesiya ikatupoisa, "Avaka pela som?"

"A isila okeyogu, kama, ikiwalegu akapusi alai lewa etobu matala lamwa itutu kwetutugu."

"O bwena, gala pela mipakula kamiteyu wala."

ENGLISH TRANSLATION

There were two men. One, Tokwau, was blind. The other one, Topem, was disabled. These two men were living in the same village. Every time there was a feast somewhere, the rest of the villagers would stand up and go to the feast. But those two had to stay behind because how could they possibly get there? There was no way; they had to stay put. This happened to them all the time: people heard about a feast, they would get ready and leave, and Tokwau and Topem had to stay behind. One day Topem said, "How is that possible that our friends go to all these feasts and eat until they're full, whereas the two of us have to stay behind and go hungry?" Tokwau replied, "You see, I may be blind, but my legs are working. You instead have good eyes, but your legs are no good. You can sit on my shoulders and guide me on the right path. You cannot walk,

but you can certainly see, right? My legs are good, I can walk alright; all you have to do is tell me where to go." His friend Topem replied, "That's good!" So Tokwau stood up, lifted up his friend Topem, and sat him on his shoulders. And that way they started making their way to the feast. For the first time, they walked among the other villagers and made it to the feast. They ate and ate until they were full. Topem saw the sun was already coming down, and he told the people from his village, "You start making your way back home. Go ahead, for it will take us longer to reach the village." Tokwau picked Topem up again, and the two of them started making their way back home slowly. They were walking in that awkward way, with Tokwau carrying his friend on his shoulders, when they came upon a stone on the road. Topem warned his friend, "The road goes that way, that's where we should go." They took that path, but the blind man tripped, and people started laughing at them while the two men were crying. The blind man picked up his friend from the ground, and they kept on walking. When they saw them approaching, the people of the village asked them, "What happened to you?"

"Oh," replied the blind man, "I was carrying my friend on my shoulders, and he didn't tell me there was a stone. I tripped, and as I fell down, he jumped above my head, and I landed on my knees."

"Oh well, that's your worry only!"

COMMENTS

This is one of the most popular stories in the Trobriand Islands and a children's favorite.

RELEVANT VOCABULARY: *ikiwalegu*

SN 166 KARIVA (A TYPE OF SEA CUCUMBER)

A *kwanebu* folktale told by Mwakwabuya from Kaibola. He obtained the story from Toilavau. Originally transcribed by Henry Lupovalu and translated by Joachim Taugwaga.

SUMMARY

The small but smart *pwasisikwa* bird helps the chief of Mloseda to get rid of a very annoying sea cucumber that keeps on eating birds until the *pwasisikwa* outsmarts it.

Kwanebuyee Kariva

Minana Kariva ikamkoma utauta lavalu ikomgigeya. Utauta wala ikamkwam. Ivalutu wala ima Kavataria ima iwai kalauta. Iwawai wala ila ikanawa. Kwetinigesi kununa leyayaya. Kalineneu kabilayuwela emwa iyayaya. Ikau wala iseli kayagigila, "O lopogu yakaye-e! Lopogu!" Eyokewa minawena kabwaku iyowa. Iyowa wala, iwokeya ekayagigina eyayosa lopola.

"Mwa ave tau yokiwa kukwamwata? Gala subusabwa katudada avaka bogi okutomwa pelaga guyola Mloseda Bobayawa. Ave tau yokiwa?"

"Lopogu igedageda."

"Yegula kabwaku, sena kamwata, tegala guyau ekamwataga. Lasakaula lama agisi." "Kutaina bwadada kutaina kutaina kuma. Okapowogu kutekwai lopogu." Itaina minana kabwaku okapoula, itaina ginepwagu kouyeya. Emema lopola kouyeya minana kabwaku.

"Oi yakaye lopogu!" Kutowa kuyayosa weya. Itulasi gala, itulasi gala.

"Mwa yokwa sakau, kuma tagisi tau avaka kawula. Ewaga gala ilukwewa, kulega gala sita kabolegala biga." Eyowa sakau. Eyoyowa wala, "Mwa ave tau yokiwa? Kukwaninisi, tegala guyola Mloseda bo bayawa."

"Ave tau yokwa?"

"A yegu sakau."

"Kutaina bwadada, kuma olopogu otekwei, lopogu igedageda, lopogu latoma wala lakayagigila."

Itaina okuvalila, itaina oginipwagu, ouyeya. Emema mapwala Kariva kwanuwaya. Isakaula kuwakaya minana kabwaku itota, "Ave tau yokwa?"

"A yegula kabwaku."

"Ke okuma gala kuwa? Lokumala olopola?"

"Kaigiga elukwemegu lamala olopola atomwa. Yokwa lokuma, lokuma wala."

"E bogwa latasopa kaditeyu wa." Ekaugwa iseki outawata, "O yakaye! Lopogu, yakaye lopogu!"

"Mwa yokwa bubuna, kuma kuyowa kuma kugisi samwa. Kasaila ivigakesa. Elobogwasi bilukwesa sasi birigewa tobudaki tegala guyau." Eyowa bubuna, kuyoyowa.

"Mwa ave tau yokwa? Bwena kaninisi, tegala guyola Mloseda Bobayawa, bwenaga kaninisi."

"A yegula bwadada, lakaye lopogu! Kutaina, kutaina ginupwapwegu kouyeya. Mapwala wala kuwaya."

Kuweki sakau, kabwaku, "We, ave tawau yokwami?"

"Yakama usogu. Elukwema lakama olopola katota. Yegu bogwa wala lama, bogwa latasopasi emturi maunela valu minasina bogwa edumkoluvasi mauna."

Kuyokewa minawena pwasisikwa inukwali. "Bwena igau amiwa anei kweita kweilulusa osisuna bakau bala agisi minasiwena mauna, avaka kasaisi tomota bogwa ekeulasi tubukona ewesa ikanigagasi. Kana ikamkoma kana amakala ewesa ekekarigasi wala." Kutaina osisuna, kwau kaeta memetu, ikapatu minana pwasisikwa, kwau isuwaya wadola memetu makaina kuyowa.

"Igau bala agisi guyau."

"Kuwa kugisi taga ikamwata katudada gala sita kabolegala biga. Kuyoyowa kutori. Kukululu kugisi."

"O kariva wala etomwa ekamwata."

"A avela yokwa? Bwena kukwamwata. Tegala guyola Mloseda Bobayawa. Bwenaga kaninisi kariyeya."

"Ave tau yokwa?"

"Yegu pwasisikwa."

"Kutaina bwadada, kutaina kuma olopogu, kutekwai kuwarigu." Itaina wala ima okapoula. Kutaina ginipwagu kuwaya. Mapwagu wala kuwaya. Ewa gola olopola. "Ave tau yokwa?"

"A yegula kabwaku. Yokwa?"

"Yegu sakau."

"E yokwaga kuisu?"

"A yegu bubuna."

"Yokwa?"

"Yegu sikwekwa."

"Bogwa wala lakamesa."

"O tawa! Yokomada kasaini makala gola."

"Idailaga lakamesa lakalivalasi elukwemasi gola mapwala wala lakawayasi. Lakamesa wala kasimvesa olopola."

"Avaka sita kuyosisa?"

"A gala wala, besa gwadi. Avaka takau tameya? Lakamesa tobuyoyu lakamesa."

"Kaita memetu makaina lakapatu. Bwena kutolasa, bataikwariga lopola." Ikalai makaina memetu, itori ikuyari lopola. Iyari wala mekapulai wala makwena lula isigawai itoma iyoyowa itoma, iyoyowasi itomasi ilosa itowesa ikaritanaga kariva ikariga.

ENGLISH TRANSLATION

There once was a *kariva* sea cucumber who ate all the *utauta* seaweed there was in its village. That sea cucumber ate all the *utauta* up and moved to Kavataria Village to keep on eating seaweed. It ate so much *utauta* that its belly hurt. The sea cucumber buried itself in the sand, leaving only the head and the anus out, and cried out in pain, "Oh my stomach, aaaa my stomach hurts!" The *kabwaku* bird heard all the crying and went to see what all this noise was about. The *kabwaku* flew and landed next to that *kariva* sea cucumber, who was holding its stomach and moaning in pain. The bird asked the sea cucumber, "Who are you, and why are you so loud? You've been making a racket since last night; you're so loud that the chief of Mloseda's ears are aching with noise! Who are you?"

"My tummy hurts" was the only thing the sea cucumber managed to say.

"I am *kabwaku*," the bird said. "You are too loud; the chief's ears cannot take it. I came here to see about this."

"Oh, my brother, I'm in so much pain," the sea cucumber complained. "Come around. Come around my back and rub my stomach so that the pain goes away." The *kabwaku* bird went around to the back of the sea cucumber. When it tried to jump on its back to ease its pain, the *kariva*'s anus opened up and swallowed the bird whole. "Oh, my tummy, my tummy hurts," the *kariva* started again. Back in the village they waited for the *kabwaku* bird until they grew impatient, and the chief of Mloseda ordered the *sakau* bird, "You, *sakau*! Go have a look; see what is taking the *kabwaku* so long. He went there to make that noise stop, but the noise is now even worse; we can't even hear ourselves." The *sakau* took off and flew until it reached the sea

cucumber. He landed next to the *kariva* and asked, “Who do you think you are? Bobayawa, the chief of Mloseda, has had enough. His ears are about to fall off from all the noise you’re making.” Half buried in the sand, the sea cucumber asked, “Who are you?”

“I am the *sakau*,” the bird answered. “Please, my brother,” the sea cucumber moaned, “come around my back and rub my belly. Help me out so that I can stop moaning.” The *sakau* walked around, and when it was close to the sea cucumber’s rear, its anus opened, and the *sakau* fell all the way in. He came up to the *kabwaku* bird who had been swallowed before him and asked, “Who are you?”

“I’m the *kabwaku*,” the other bird replied.

“Oh, that explains why you never came back. . . . You flew here, and you were swallowed inside,” the *sakau* bird said.

“Yes,” replied the *kabwaku*. “The sea cucumber insisted I go around its back to ease its pain, and I ended up trapped inside. Just like you, you too came around, and you too ended up inside the *kariva*. We are both trapped now.” Meanwhile, the *kariva* was still complaining, “Aaaa my stomach, yakayeee my belly hurts!” The chief of Mloseda ordered *bubuna* the dove, “You, *bubuna*. Go see what happened to your two friends. They’ve been gone for hours, yet that awful noise hasn’t stopped.” Flies, flies *bubuna*, until it came to that noisy *kariva* and asked it, “Hey, who are you? You’re making a hell of a noise, you know? Bobayawa, the chief of Mloseda, is really fed up.”

“Oh, my brother,” the *kariva* said, “it’s my belly. My belly hurts so badly. Come around, come around and rub my back; it will make me feel better.” And so *bubuna* did, and it was swallowed whole and went inside the sea cucumber, joining the two other birds there. Groping in the dark in *kariva*’s stomach, the dove asked, “Who are you?”

“It’s us, the *kabwaku* and the *sakau*. That cunning *kariva* tricked us, and we ended up here.”

“Oh, and now I’ve joined you,” the dove said. “That *kariva* is trapping all the birds. What will we do now?” Good question. I bet you the *pwasisikwa* bird has an answer. In fact, all this time the *pwasisikwa* was thinking, “I need to go see what happened to those birds; it’s taking them so long. How many moons have gone by, and they haven’t returned. Maybe they were eaten, or maybe they just died. But before that I should go looking behind the houses of the village, where people throw away the broken stuff. I need to find a sharp glass shard from a broken bottle.” The *pwasisikwa* found a piece of glass and put it in its mouth.

“Chief, I’m going to see what happened to those birds,” said the *pwasisikwa*.

“Yes, go and check what’s going on because I can’t hear myself talking any longer from that loud noise.” The *pwasisikwa* flew above the *kariva* and realized what was going on. “Oh, it’s that sea cucumber, that’s the culprit who’s making all this racket.” The *pwasisikwa* landed next to the *kariva*. “Who do you think you are?” the *pwasisikwa* asked. “Do you think it’s fine for you to make all this noise? The chief has had enough of you!”

“And you, who are you?” the sea cucumber asked. “I’m the *pwasisikwa*.”

“Oh, thankfully. Come around, come around my back, my little brother. Come around and rub my belly so that the pain goes away and I can stop complaining.” The little bird went around and stood on the sea cucumber’s back. But just like what happened to the other birds before him, the sea cucumber opened its anus and in went the little *pwasisikwa*. He groped his way in the darkness of the *kariva*’s stomach until he came to the other birds who were there. “Who’s there,” he asked. “It’s me, the *kabwaku*.”

“And you?”

“It’s me, the *sakau*.”

“And who are you?”

“It’s me, the dove.” And with them was also a *sikwekwa* bird who had also been swallowed. “Oh my! That’s why none of you had come back,” the *pwasisikwa* said. All the birds said in chorus, “That’s right; we all tried to stop the *kariva*, but the sea cucumber very cunningly told us to go around its back, and that’s how we all ended up inside its stomach.”

“Did you bring anything with you?” the *pwasisikwa* asked the other birds.

“We have nothing with us; we came empty-handed. All we brought with us was the intention to stop the *kariva*, and we ended up here,” all the birds said.

“Well,” the *pwasisikwa* started, “I instead brought a piece of broken glass with me. I have it in my beak. Stay where you are; I’m going to slice open this sea cucumber from the inside.” The *pwasisikwa* took that shard and started cutting through the *kariva*’s stomach. When he cut through, there was almost an explosion; the sea cucumber deflated, and all the birds trapped inside it flew away while the *kariva* died. And that was my story.

COMMENTS

People commented how important it is to always take tools with you when you go somewhere: “You should never walk around emptyhanded; you never know what’s going to happen. Always take your bush knife, your axe. Be smart like the *pwasisikwa*, who didn’t leave his house without a useful tool because that can save your life.”

RELEVANT VOCABULARY:

Bobayawa

kabwaku

pwasisikwa (see Figure 63)

sakau

sikwekwa (see Figure 66)

SN 168 POPU (POOP)

A *kwanebu* folktale told by Tokumbobu, a man from Kai-bola. Originally transcribed by Henry Lupovalu and translated by Joachim Taugwaga.

SUMMARY

A woman gets married to a chief, and her brothers, who are all excrement (*popu*), have to contribute to her dowry. The brothers have to garden for their sister and build things (a hut, a yam house). They are so good at it that the chief ends their curse and turns them into humans.

Kwanebuyee Popu

Yagala agukwanebu Popu. E ivililu wala inasi, Poula, Pwautukwaki esekila Pwasasolu. Esekila Pwadedededa, esekila Pwaututu. Euni siwasiwa mauna evilulu tomota e isimwesa deri lusita. Ibugubagulasi osivalu kala wala inasi. Ebugubagulasi, ebugubagulasi etokaewa lusita ila orebwaga ekauriya. Ekauriya wala ibani wala kaetala bua, guyau kumwena wala kulaku. Ilaku bua. Esiwa wala ikau orebwaga. Esisuga matona guyau, "Igau ala avakawali makaena bua orebwaga." Eweki bogwa elaku eseli ikau, "Mi! Avaka uula okulaku ulabua?"

"Wi! Guyau ula guyau akoma pwam. Lama wala akauriya lamakae makaena bua, adoki avela labua, lalaku wala, laseli wala lakau." "

"O gala wala avaka, bogwa wala okulaku, bitasili wala takau. Takau wala biwokwa, bavakolem balawem ulakwava yokwa."

"O gala ulaguyau, yokwa bwena kula balaga."

"O gala, balawem wala." Ikausi wala bogwa lebogi usola tau ivakoli wala lemesa. Itaneku laboala guyau ilosa ikwanuvagasisi wala wa boala. Kwanukwenusi wala leyam, kwanitotaulasi. Evavagisiga giyovila, "Kuvagisi igau guyau kuigurisa. Avaka evagi, kana ikatoula? Kana avaka ivagi?" E iwesa lakukwava eigurisa wala, "Gala tugwa, akatoula wala." Ikanapopulasi wala waboala, gala kamkwam, desi kakaui pwaiki sosola vivila kuvalutusi. Ebogi kalabiga ikanukwenusi wala, itainasi lukukwava nabwabogwa itokwalisa. Emwakesa ibigatonasi. Eyam kaukwau esedadelisi giyovila komwedona, "Damwalasi teta vivila esisiya olaboala. Kuvagisa bisunapula bima tagisesa avevila?" Emwesa elikusa boala emwakesa, "Veyalaga ambesa?" Ekebasisi, "Gala wala. Lagumalawa."

"Kusunupwali bima okaukweda, bigisi kamalikusi, kamasi. Minanaga gala kaula, gala avaka, gala wala." E elukwesa Popu, siwasiwa, "Kula kunakaigali vivila kana ikapusi orebwaga, kana bogwa ela eveya guyau ilau." Isakaula siwasiwa. Iyoyowa wala, "I-i-i-i-iiii!"

"Bogwa wala lama evegu guyau. Lama elulukwegusi wala sagwa kweimali biga kuyaki tuwamwa inadasi." E isakaula siwasiwa. Isakaula wala, "Tawa! Kwalai!"

"O ludetasi bogwa levea guyau." E evavagi Poula, "E bwadagwa nabweya takatuvilasi." Eyam ikanukwenusi isalili lili esimwesa ikelisi sikatuvila. Ekilikelisi iwokwa ibogi wala bogwa ledudubila kudelisi. Kudadelisi wala olakaukweda lusita kalabiga ilosa isiwea. Euvavila Pwakitutina bogwa inunupila matala ikanawa. Ikanukwenusi. Leyam kaukwau lemakayasa migatala kaula, bua, bunukwa. Imesa ivilavilasi wala, "O epweyasi tadeu." Esunapula lusita lema. Ekelisiga, "Avaka kutuvidaki wala besa?"

"Gala, inunupila matagu ludeta akeni wala."

"A bogwala gala sita yam tagisesa bukulosi deri tuwamwa. Bukuluki, nabweya bogi bukumesa kukwariyasa ulaboala."

"O bwena." Isakaula.

"Tawa! Nabweya yam bukutaudilasi ibogi bitalosi. Takariyasa laboala vivila. Ilukwesa sala: gala laboala, gala avaka, esimakava wala." Bogwa eninagisa kalasia, bogwa isalili ikwatupalekusi toya tuwasi ilosa itaudilasi lemesa, "Siwasiwa! Nani kula, kuloya valu. Bimasisisi bitalosaga takariyaisi laboala ludetasi." E ima ilaloya iwokwa, ema ilivila bogwa lewokwa ikolekusi wala deri tuwasi. Imesa ikelivitausa uvatala, uwayu, uvatolu kaevalapu. Ikariyasa iwokwa isisagisa katuwa ivinakusa ebasisa pwasosiu, laba ivagisa bogwaleokwa.

"Nabweya bisui ludetasi. Bitalosasi."

Kuvavila Pwasasolu ikanawa waboala. E ilosaga. Inasi ikatupoi, "Taga Pwasasolu?" "Bogwa enunupila matala ikanawa wala waboala." Emasisisi wala kaukwau emakeyasa epwayasi boala. "Oi mi! Kumamata kuma kuvesa pwasi veyamwa bukulu." Imamata lema ikarisigi leweya odubawawa.

"Avaka besa kutoidaki wala."

"A gala kayoudilasi deri tawau enunupila matagu lakenu wala."

"Kuluki samwa bukugousa aguliku. Gala aguliku, gala kagu." Ewa iluwawala kalabiga, "Tawa! Bogwa kulilagisa. Nabweya bukukwalipolasa bidudubila wala bitatapelasi bitalosa tatakasasi kalaliku ludetasi." Ikanukwenusi bogwa esaliu lili itokaeyasi ilosa wala inodilasi lemeyesa uvatala, uwayu, kabudaka, uvatala kalagega.

"Yokwa siwasiwa nani kula kuloya valu, bogwa lemasisisi bitalosaga." Ema itomwa ikeita, "Bogwa leokwa nani kutapelasi." Itakesa yuletala, yuleyu, yuletolu, yulevasi kalaliku lusita. Imasisisi wala kaukwau, "A! Vakaelaga liku! Amakalaga bitadidagi?" E bogwa lewokwa ekilipola Poula uvalima, uwayu etutu. Pwautukwaki uvalima uvatala. Pwasasolu uvalima. Bwadasigola uvavasi uvatolu. Eluwawala, "Nabweya bitasisiyasa bisaliu kalasia bitagebilasi." Esiyasa wala isalili kalasia kalabiga esiwea ewutusa vataga. Eutuwtusi iwokwa kalabiga itapelasi. Itapelasi wala eivinakusa itainasi lusita labwema eivinakusa eimasisisi. Evaila tuvasi kalabiga kwanamwa ovalu oililaguva.

Kanukweni wala leyam gabogi, "Ina gulagakaveka tetu ke! Yokwamila kulukwesa kuyogagisa yegugwa lasisu lagisi."

"A bogwala gala sitana yamu bimesa bitagisesa migisi. Besa siwasiwa wabogi imesa. Eyamu isisusa wabogi imesa." Emesa kalabiga eluki minana, "Mi! Avaka lumuta?"

"Oi, taga mu!"

"Kulivali banukwali."

"Luguta komwedona wala popu. Yegu vivila euilulegu inamesa. Komwedosi popu wala. Yam popu, bogi tomota." Esakaesa keupu upu makaewena iyari wala ila ikopituki pweppwaya.

"O bitaloki tawau." Isui wala olaboala guyau kalabiga ikau manikwena wakala gililima wala giliu, inini mwebua, yalima wala yayu isakawalisa.

"A guyau, bukuma?"

"A bakama kagisi minana veyala budami."

"O kulosaga kugisesa." Imwesa ilosa. Ilolasala kasubusisi ila ovalu elivala, "Ambese?" "Kugisi lubomwa matosine eiyali kaupuwopu ela ikapituki pwepwaya." Ililola wala itoli owuwula kaeopuwupu evavagisi mdawali, "wu-u-u-u!" Emigai igau makaena kaidogu kalabiga, "A matona moritomwaya? Bibusi bima."

Ebusi lema kalabiga itai pwanetala isigigila imwa ipopu, "E lewa, lewa kamwakala magiliwena lewa yavim kuwa kusikam." Ikubusi tetala. Lebusi tetala ikau makaena kaidobu itasilaki wala isalili popu imwa imilitomotaga, "Lewa kamwakala, yavimu, kuwa kusikam." Italilisi kalabiga eivinaku wala bogwa lewokwa isikamsi ivalapulasi ilokesa inasi.

"Kumesa kumwenasi bua, kuyosasi bunukwa, bitalosa kudodigasi." Imwemwenasi itumtasi okaboma iyayosasi bunuwa, igebilasi deri lusita, inasi, lubosi imesa idodigasi. Idadodigasi bwema ilosa ikalibwadisa. Itokaeyasi kalabiga minana kalapisi labwema edidagisa ilosa ikalibwadisa.

"Ei tawa! Odaba wala tawau. Evagisa bagula."

Esisusa wala ubugwausa lusita iyolasi isiwesa. Bogwa mekeita.

ENGLISH TRANSLATION

The name of my story is Popu [poop]. A mother gave birth to five children. Their names were Poula [turd], Pwautukwaki [big shit], Pwasasolu [diarrhea], Pwadedededa [shitty squirts], and Pwaututu [dripping poop]. They were all excrements. After she had given birth to them, she also birthed a *siwasiwa* bat, and after the bat was born, she gave birth to a human being, a girl. They all lived together and worked in the gardens growing food for their mother. One day they were working in the gardens, and the girl decided to go to the coral cliffs and look for *uriya* vines. While she was looking for the vines, she found a betel nut palm. She didn't know the palm tree belonged to a chief. The girl climbed the tree and got herself a bunch of betel nuts, and she sat down there chewing. Meanwhile, the chief said to himself, "I should go to the cliffs and check how that betel nut palm tree is doing." The chief walked to the cliff and saw that the girl had taken a bunch of betel nuts from his palm, "Girl! Why did you take my betel nut?" "Oh chief, sorry, my chief. I came here looking for *uriya* vines, and I saw that betel nut palm tree. I thought it was a wild one with no owner. I climbed it and got myself some betel nuts, and I sat here chewing," the girl said.

"Well since you have already brought a whole bunch down, we might as well sit down and chew. We will chew, and when we're done chewing, I will take you to my village and make you my wife," the chief said. "Oh no, my chief, you go your way, and I'll go mine," the girl protested.

"No," the chief insisted. "I should take you home." They stayed there and kept on chewing until it was dark, and they finally made their way to the chief's village. They went straight to his house, he opened the door, and the girl walked in. They stayed inside the house until the next day. The other wives of the chief, seeing it was already late in the morning and he had not come out of the house, said, "Where is the chief? Wake him up.

What is he doing? Is he sick? Or what else could he possibly be doing in there?"

The wives came to wake him up, and he said to them, "My wives, I don't want to get out of the house; I'm sick." The chief stayed in the house with the girl. They didn't eat, they didn't chew, they didn't smoke. They stayed in the house and slept together. In the night, as the chief and the girl were lying down together in the house, the wives approached the house quietly to try to spy what was going on in there. They came close to the house and heard the chief and the girl talking. The next day, early in the morning, the wives gathered together and said, "Our husband has a girl with him inside his house. She needs to come out so we can see who she is." The wives unlocked the door of the chief's house and said to him, "Where are this girl's relatives? When are they going to come here and make gardens for the chief?"

The chief replied, "She has nobody; she's an orphan." But the wives were not satisfied. They said, "Bring her out, so that she can see our yam houses and how full they are. This woman has no garden food; she has nothing to show for her."

Meanwhile, back in the girl's village, her brothers were anxious to know what had happened to her. One of them said to their sibling the *siwasiwa* bat, "Go see what happened to our sister, whether she fell off of the cliffs or whether she married a chief." The *siwasiwa* flew away, "i-i-i-i-i," and came to see his sister. She told him, "I came here, and the chief made me his wife. Since my arrival, the other wives have been shaming me because I have no relatives to help me make gardens for the chief. Fly back and bring this news to our brothers and our mother, go tell them." *Siwasiwa* flew back and reported, "Our sister has married the chief." Poula said, "My brothers, tomorrow we will take our marriage gifts to our sister." The next day at sunrise they went to the gardens and dug all the yams they needed for their sister's dowry. They dug and dug and dug until it was dark. At night they took the yams to the chief's village and heaped them all up nicely in front of their sister's house there, together with betel nut bunches and pork. One of the brothers, Pwakitutina,³¹ was very tired and lay down behind the house; he fell asleep in the chief's village and stayed there. The next day, the villagers woke up to a big surprise. They wondered who had left all that food and betel nut there. They were dividing up the marriage gifts when they noticed, "Eww, somebody took a crap next to the house, gross!" When she heard that, the girl came out of the house and whispered to her brother Pwakitutina, who had fallen asleep, "What are you doing here?"

"Sorry, my sister," said the excrement brother. "My eyes were heavy with sleep, and I lay down here for a while, but the morning caught me!"

"Fine," she whispered. "Remember, nobody must see any of you during the day. Now walk away when nobody's watching and tell our brothers, tomorrow night you must come back to build my house."

31. The introduction of this new brother, Pwakitutina, cannot be explained, but it may be that midway through the tale, the storyteller simply forgot the names originally given for the five excrement brothers.

"Alright, we'll do it," said her brother, and he ran back when nobody was watching. He told his brothers, "Guys, tomorrow in the morning we'll go to the bush and collect building materials for a house. In the evening we'll bring them to the chief's village and build our sister's house there. The other wives told our sister, 'you have no house, you have nothing, you are a nobody.' We must help our sister." The next day at sunrise, the excrement brothers went out and collected construction materials in the bush. When they were done, they told their brother the bat, "*Siwasiwa*, fly ahead of us and check that everybody in the chief's village is already sleeping. Come back and let us know, so that we can go there and build our sister's house." The bat flew to the chief's village and when everybody was fast asleep, he came back and told his brothers that everything was clear. The brothers walked to chief's village and built a big house with fine rafters and pandanus leaf roofing. They completed the back wall and the door, and the house was completed. "Tomorrow, our sister will go into her new house. Let's go now." But Pwasasolu was feeling tired and fell asleep inside the house without anybody noticing. When the brothers came back their mother asked, "Where is Pwasasolu?"

"Oh, he must have felt tired and stayed behind. Maybe he fell asleep inside the new house?"

The next day in the village the people woke up and saw that fine new house. When they went inside they saw somebody had taken a shit there. They called the girl, "Hey you, the new wife. Wake up. One of your relatives must have relieved himself inside your new house; go clean it." The girl woke up and carried her brother turd to the bushes behind the house. When they were alone, she said to him, "Pwasasolu, I told you guys you must not be seen here during the day!"

"Sorry, my sister," Pwasasolu said. "We were collecting materials all day and building your house all night; my eyes were heavy with sleep, and I lay down inside the house."

"Alright," the sister replied. "Now go back and tell our brothers I need a yam house. I have no yam house and no yams."

Pwasasolu went back and told his brothers, "Guys, listen up! Tomorrow, we shall get all the building materials ready to construct our sister's yam house. As soon as the night falls, we will take them to the chief's village to build our sister's yam house." They went to sleep, and the next day, at the break of dawn, they went out and collected two arm spans of long logs and one arm span of logs for the front of the yam house. They instructed their brother the bat, "Now you, *siwasiwa*, fly above the chief's village and see if everyone is asleep and come back to let us know."

Siwasiwa flew in and out of the chief's village and reported back, "That's it, everybody's asleep. Hurry up and take all the things to the village." So they went and built a tall yam house with four lots of four longitudinal logs.

The next day, when the villagers woke up, they were impressed by the size of that yam house, yet the chief's jealous wives objected, "That's one big yam house, but where are the yams to fill it up though?"

But the girl's brothers were hardworking gardeners. When the harvest season came, Poula heaped the yams until the yam mound reached seven arm spans in circumference. His brother Pwasasolu's yam heap was five arm spans in circumference, and the rest of the brothers harvested from three to four arm spans of yams. Poula stood up and said, "Tomorrow, at sundown, we will carry the yams to our sister." The next morning they started weaving the baskets to carry the yams. When they were done, they brought the baskets laden with yams. They filled their sister's huge yam house while everybody else was asleep. After completing the task the eldest brother fell asleep.

When the villagers woke up the next day, they contemplated that house full of yams with admiration, "Those yams are so big!"

The chief spoke, "I've been watching you. Some of you have said such harsh words toward my last wife and her relatives." The jealous wives replied, "Well, they never come during the day, those relatives of her. We've never seen their faces; they only come by at night, at the time when the small bats fly around, when everybody is sleeping. How can we know they exist for real?" The chief asked his young wife, "What's with your brothers? How come they never show up during the day?"

"Oh, I don't want to talk about it," the girl replied.

"Tell me so that I know," her husband insisted.

"All my brothers are excrements. I am the last born; my mother only gave birth to one full human being, that's me. All of them are poop. During the day they are excrements; at night they become human."

"Oh, let's pay a visit to your brothers," the chief proposed. He went into his house and looked for pubic leaves with fine decorations on them. He took seven of them. When he came out of the house, the villagers asked him, "Chief, where are you going?"

"My wife and I are going to visit her brothers."

"Yes, go and see who they are!" So they left and walked to the girl's village, and the chief asked, "Where are they?"

"Over there," she said. "Your brothers-in-law are sitting on that branch over there, the one that bends down all the way to the ground with their weight." He came close and stood under the tree. Swarms of flies were hovering around, "wu-wu-wu-u-u." The chief chanted a spell over a sharp shell and asked, "Who's the firstborn? Come down." The eldest came down, and the chief made a cut with his bespelled clam shell in what was supposed to be the head of the turd. Immediately, his appearance changed, and he went from excrement to human being. The chief said to him, "Here is your pubic leaf and your loincloth. Put them on." Another brother came down from that tree, and the same thing happened; the chief cut him with his magic shell, and the excrement changed its appearance and turned into a human. He did this to all his wife's brothers.

When the chief was done, the brothers appeared before their mother, who said, "My sons, go catch our pigs, go climb our betel nut, and let's bring it all back to your sister's village." They put all the things on trays and took it all to the girl's new house.

The yam house was filled to the brim with fine yams. There were so many yams, the brothers also filled up the chief's other wives' yam houses. All the villagers conceded to the girl's brothers, "Guys, you are all such excellent gardeners." The brothers lived there with the chief until one day their sister was killed by sorcery, and they were forced to leave the village. And that's my story.

COMMENTS

There are several versions of this story, highlighting the importance for women in the Trobriand Islands to have their brothers' support, whether they are commoners or high-ranked people. Commentators suggested that beyond the scatological humor, the lesson is that hardworking gardeners are essential in Trobriand society, for their labor is what ultimately supports chiefs. In this story, the chief acknowledges the hard work of his brothers-in-law by lifting their curse through his magic, effectively sanctioning their status as full members of the community.

RELEVANT VOCABULARY: *kauiya*

SN 169 ITONA (EVIL SPIRITS)

A *liliu* myth told by Katuloka, a man from Mwatawa. Originally transcribed by Henry Lupovalu and translated by Leslie Stephen.

SUMMARY

The storyteller recounts how in the past chiefs and leaders would summon these evil spirits to establish their authority. The spirits would bring hunger, sickness, and death. An excerpt from the magic spell used to summon the spirits follows.

Liliu Itona

Ilaveka, Itona, Bodulela, Tauvau, Gabuwaina. Besa mutosina uula pela makwena katoula omitibogwa tomumwaya kalakarewaga esilasa bogwa makala. Kuboselui kidamwa bikebiga tetala yokwa Itona. Bikebiga kweta valu kariga lagela. Omitibogwa tomumwaya yakamesa kbaselui makawala. Elagaila besa tuta lema evilutu karewaga kwevau Yaubada laga bokwarewaga uulela Yaubada ila ibani. Omitibogwa tomumwaya ebubulisa. Itona, Ilaveka, Bodulela, Tauvau ematosina tokwarewaga. Pela bimeguvasi bikebigasi bwaima, bwena, bimeguvasi bikubigasi kariga, kariga. Bidousi Webadi sosola Vanoi sivalu bibilasi ebisivesa. E bikebigasiga biulemwasi valu. Bakavagisi pela molu bivilobusisi, Itona, Ilaveka, Bodulela, Tauvau, Gabuwaina mutosina bimeysa katoula deli molu tomota bikatoulasi uula besa. Kilivila uula besa mutosina sikarewaga. Bidou Weabadi sola Vanoi bimeyesa bitaneisi valu molu

bakabanisa, kaula biyosisa bikemalisa e vavagi komwedona bikeita bakakatoulasi bakakarigasi bivatowasi kaliyasi Gweguya makwenala. Yakamesa madodousi omitibogwa "Yokwa Itona, yokwa labuma" e matosine tokwarewaga Itona. E simegua bakau mapawena pela bibibulasi valu:

"Binigu valu sawegu molu, sawegu valu binigu valu, bini binisau, bini binisau binisau gutagweta binisawa bini binisau, lukiloki bini binisau bini sau bini sau bini sau. Kasikuni bini bini sau, mitukorona binisau bini bini sau. Boduvelobu bini sau bini bini sau. Keribasi bini sau bini bini sau, lakapu bini sau bini bini sau bini bini sau. Kesala, kesala, kesala, kesala, kesala, kesala, kesilamuga. Tubumwa Modubilerei, tubumwa Mosesai isekwa tabugu Morenei, isekwa tabugu Kauguya, isekwa tabugu Pulayasi, isekwa tabugu Bonumakala, isekwa tabugu Mutabalu, buremamuga tabugu tabugu Moidou, bulumavau kadagu Yaulai. Kuma kubinigu valu kusawegu molu kuma kubinigu valu kusawegu molu. Kamukwelikeda ikepwagemu wadomu muvau ikapwagega wadogu ikapwagega muwai ikapatimu leleya kuvatilawa. Omukwalikeda Kuyawa komukwawasasa maola mainamu Bolubaola matamamu Topileta kuvapupulu leleya kuvatilawa leleya kuvapulupulu. Wa-a. Wa-a wa-a."

Besa pela kasiyoba. Yabala katoula deli molu e besa kasiyoba mapawena megwala mapana yegu Katuloka lakeula.

ENGLISH TRANSLATION

Ilaveka, Itona, Bodulela, Tauvau, Gabuwaina. These are the spirits responsible for the diseases that afflict us. In former times, the respected old leaders established it this way through their authority. If Itona the spirit said that there was going to be a death in a given village today, then somebody died in that village, just like the spirit had said. In the olden days those were the ways of us, the elder leaders. But nowadays, there is a new authority, God's authority, and it is God that rules these days. In the olden days, though, the elder idolized Itona, Ilaveka, Bodulela, and Tauvau, as they were the ones that ruled. This is because the elder of the olden days used magic, and these spirits decided whether things should be prosperous and abundant or whether there should be hunger and death. People would call Weabadi and Vanoi, the two Tabalu chiefs before the time of the current one, and ask them to come to their village to "open up" the village for the spirits. Then we would make magic to bring hunger. Itona, Ilaveka, Bodulela, Tauvau, and Gabuwaina would come and bring sickness and hunger, and people would get sick. This is because we summoned them. In Kiriwina, that's the reason why these are the spirits that rule. Weabadi and Vanoi would call the spirits into the village, and we would get stricken by hunger. They would seize the food and make it disappear; people would get thinner, and we would get sick and die because the chiefs had ordered it. In the olden days we would call, "You Itona, you are superior," and all those ruling spirits like Itona would come and strike. And thus I grasped the chiefs' magic to call on the spirits: [spell follows].

I, Katuloka, seized this type of magic to bring disease and famine.

COMMENTS

According to commentators in the Trobriands, the storyteller, Katuloka, was known for being able to summon these evil spirits, "He knew the Itona spell alright." In the story, he says, "*Yakamesa madodousi omitibogwa* 'Yokwa Itona, yokwa labuma'" ("In the past we would call them [the spirits] 'you Itona, you are high above, you are superior'"). This is an old saying: *labuma* means the high sky; hence, saying somebody's name followed by *labuma* means "you are too high," acknowledging their superiority and implying submission. Missionaries identified *labuma* with the Christian heaven, and with time it has come to signify that, so in a contemporary setting the proverb loses its meaning: Itona are *not* heaven but, rather, the opposite, evil spirits.

RELEVANT VOCABULARY:

bodulela
gabuwaina
ilaveka
itona
kaibibila
lakapu
mitukorona
tauvau

SN 170 NAULIULI NABUKUBWAKU (THE WOMAN WHO COUGHS THE ECHO)

A *kwanebu* folktale told by Katuloka, a man from Mwatawa. Originally transcribed by Henry Lupovalu and translated by Gibson Bagidou Henry.

SUMMARY

The dead aunt of two girls tries to feed them her own flesh. Only one of the girls eats it, and as they run away from their aunt, her flesh keeps on replying from the girl's stomach whenever she calls out. The aunt's spirit has been refused entrance to Tuma; she tries one last time to enter the underworld with the help of her brother, the father of the two girls.

Kwanebuyee Nauliuli Nabukubwaku

Kwanebuyee Nauliuli Nabukubwaku. Mesikesa Silakwa. Esisusa wala deri tumasi, inasi. Esisusu ikariga tubusi. Ikariga inasi, ikariga tamasi. Kasiteyuga sola bwadala esimwesa. Esisusa ekeibiga tubusi, "Vevelo!" Minana Nauliuli Nabukubwaku idou, "Vevelo! O lamamate!"

"E lakamamatasi sogu bwadagu."

"Vevelo!"

"O!"

"Latanei valu."

"E lakatanei valu."

Itaneisi iwokwa, idou minana nomwaya, "Vevelo!"

"Uuu!"

"E bala obuyagu. Lakatubayase."

"Bakakatubayasa bakalu obuyagu." E ilosa obuyagu itowesa ekavaisi kasi lemesa isulusulusi ikamkwamsi iwokwa ebogi imasisisi. Mapulaga imesa ikamkwamsi wala isulusulusi itaina tubusi imwa otadeu ikikipwana wala viliyonela oyamala owowola ilovalova ilola makweina lokwai kuyalela. Iwaki kalalokwai. Ikipwani wala pwananawokwa viliyonela.

"Vevelo!"

"O!"

"Layeyai."

"O lakayeyai sogu bwadagu."

"O kumakeyasa kamilokwai." Eweyesa wala eluki bwadala, "Kuloki kukwau." Ela ikau imeya egisi wala tuwala, "Kula kulai olaodila." Ivataila gala ilai olaodila watabu wala itoli bwadala ikamkoma wala iwokwa. Ekaliyuwesi makawala wala. Igisemwesa ebogi.

"A! Bitasakaula ibogi." Isakaulasi usola bwadala. Ikanukwenusi wala lubulatola itokeiwasa. Igiuisa besa giu ilukwesa, "Bidou tabum bukutama." E ikau mapana ikebiga, "Tutu tuvalela lela, kwadodou kuyamata bidou tabum taga bukutama, badou bukutama ke?" E ikanukwenusi besa giu isakaulasiga. Isakaulasi gola iwarkanasa Kudakabirira.

Imamataga tubusi, "Vevelo! Lamamata."

Ekebiga besa giu, "E lakamamata." Itaneiga valu imwamwai, "Vevelo! Bogwa lakatubayasi."

"E lakakatubayasi." Meluwai wala e iulema boala. Emakaya giu wala.

"Ina kweta sopa. Desi wala bakombogi." Isakaulasi evalutosigo Dayagila. Mevakanasa itoliga Silakwa. Idou, "Oi viriyogu, viriyogu." Evagi bwadala bogwa olopola Dayagila evakanasi.

"O-o" etovila tuwala. "Kweita taga kudubakasala. O lokuweya bukulai lokwai." "We tuwagu, olopogu etumatama."

"Wai! Lalukwem kula kulai."

"We tuwagu, olopogu etumatama." Iyokewa isakaula minana. Dokanikani isakaula ivakana Kaemwamwala. Bogwa evakanasi Lusibwada. Ikau iseki, "Oi viriyogu, viriyogu." Okawalaga olopola bwadala, "Oooo." Isakaulasi isakaulasigo ivakanasi Osalai.

Ivakanaga bogwa Dayagila. Ikau iseki, "Oi viriyogu, viriyogu, ooo." Kawalaga olopola bwadala, "Uuu!"

"Kweita kuwakeya bikomem, balaga."

"Wei tuwada olopogu!"

Isakaulasi, isakaulasigooo ivakanasa Pwalakakavaku. Ivakanaga okarigei iseki, "Oi viriyogu, viriyogu, ooo." Kawalaga olopola bwadala, "Ooo!"

"Kweita kuwakeya bikomem, balaga."

Isakaulasi ivakana Bokailavasiya. Bogwa ivakana Pwalakakavaku. Ikeu iseki, "Oi viriyogu, viriyogu, ooo." Kawalaga olopola bwadala, "Ooo!"

"Kweita kuwakeya bikomem, balaga."

"Wei tuwada olopogu etumatama. Yegu gala batama owadogu." Eseliwala ilau. Ivalutusi gola ivilobusisi Lobwanogwa

evakanaga Bokailavasiya. Ikau iseki, "Oi viriyogu, viriyogu, ooo." Kawalaga olopola bwadala, "Ooo!"

Eveperisi Labai iyosisa Obwanogwa ikau iseki, "Oi viriyogu, viriyogu, ooo." Kawalaga olopola bwadala, "Ooo!"

Iyosisa wala Labai. Iyosisa bogwa lelalogasi Kabulakwa. "Oi viriyogu, viriyogu, ooo." Kawalaga olopola bwadala, "Ooo!"

"Kweita kula bikomem bogwala lema biyosedasi."

"O tuwagu olopogu." Ivakanasaga Karisiyai bunukwa. Bogwa ilagwa Kabulakwa. Ikau iseki, "Oi viriyogu, viriyogu, ooo." Kawalaga olopola bwadala, "Ooo!"

"Kweita kula ikomem balaga."

"O tuwagu, ula giyovila yokwa, olopogu etama." Ibokairi wala bogwa ivilobusisi wala okwadewa. Bogwala ivakana Pulula. Ikau iseki, "Oi viriyogu, viriyogu, ooo." Ikaubiga olopola bwadala, "Ooo!"

"Kweita kula ikomem balaga."

"Oi tuwagu bogwa bitasila." Itoli ibiasi waga iwokwa isipelasi isilasi. Ivabusisi odayaga wala ivabusisi.

"A nanakwa mitami. Kutolisa akomemi." Ikelibusisi sola tuwala ilosa wala otilibwabwau. Idou, "Velelo! A kulosa kusiwesa kulukwesa tumami komasi kamipopu kawami." "Ekai biga tubumesa esisu wala okawalawa Labai. Ebeku waga lakamaga. Kulosa kulukwesa bima iunegu." Ikabisi ilosa. Isiwesa e ilukwesaga tumasi lema iulaola italaguva wala itota okwadewa ikota wala. Idou, "Nauliuli Nakubukubwaku. Kuma." Minana esisu Odubwadebula esepituki namwedona, napwanana wala gala tagisi migila tomota.

Luleta egigisa tadoki wala dakuna kalagigisi minana esisu. Isipela wala isila. "O kusiwadewa sita basila."

"Wa! Kana mekapusi matagu. Matam, matagu bitasisu."

"Kuvagi kusiwadewa ludeta taga kuyokaikai. Avaka uula etatatuwa kaigam? Kuvagi bipeula kaigam. Kusiwadewa sita bakatuyala yamagu. Baolaga mitaga gala amakala." Ikatuyala wala, "Avaka besa? Ambesa?"

"Makweyanala yamagula."

"Adoki bakoma, sumwakenia. Kuwitukwali kaikem basila." Itukwadi mwada bisila okwetutula isimagea ekai biga, "Mmm igau sena mmayuyu."

"Avaka lasikela?"

"O kusipelaga agumwebua."

"A! Avakaga olumolela?"

"A kuweya. Lugutala yokwa." "Kwebigi ayavagiya, ayavagiya." "Taga kweyu puwagu."

"A! Adoki bakoma, gunugunu bwen." Ivilai keli, ilau iluveyegwa luleta ikamokomasi munukwau. Ilaga oluvalu isigwa.

ENGLISH TRANSLATION

This is the story of Nauliuli Nabukubwaku. There once were two sisters who lived in Silakwa. They lived with their mother and their father until they both died. Their grandparents had also died, and the two sisters were living alone with one auntie, their dead father's sister. Her name was Nauliuli

Nabukubwaku. One day, after the girls' parents had died, she called out, "Girls! Girls, I already woke up." And the girls replied, "We woke up too." Then Nauliuli Nabukubwaku called out again, "Girls!"

"Yes?" replied the girls.

"I'm cleaning the village," said Nauliuli Nabukubwaku.

"Same here," said the girls. "We're cleaning the village too." When they were done cleaning the village, their auntie called again, "Girls!"

"Yes?" said the girls.

"I'm getting ready to go to the garden," said the auntie.

"Same here," said the girls. "We're going to the garden too." They went to the garden and collected food. They brought back the food and cooked it. After having their dinner, they went to sleep. While the girls were sleeping, their auntie went behind the houses of the village and cut off some of her own flesh with her hands. She took her flesh and mixed it with some greens; she put it all in a big cooking pot. She removed big chunks of her flesh, until her body was full of holes. Then she called out, "Girls!"

"Oh," answered the girls.

"Food is served," she said. The girls replied, "Oh, we have eaten already."

"Oh, never mind," said the auntie. "Come get your greens." The elder sister asked the younger one to go get their greens and bring them back. When she did, the elder sister had a look in that pot with greens and told her younger sister, "Take this and throw it all away in the bush." The younger girl picked up the pot, turned around, and walked toward the bush, but instead of throwing it away as she was told, she sat down behind the last houses of the village and ate it all. The next day, the exact same thing happened. The elder sister was getting scared of their auntie, with all those holes on her body, and that same night she told the younger one, "Let's run away. Tonight." So that same night the two sisters ran away. They made as if they were going to sleep, and at midnight they stood up. They stood up in the house and spat on the floor. They gave instructions to their spit, "When auntie calls, you reply." And adding to that, they chanted the following spell: "*Tutu tuvalela lela*, she will call, you pay attention, she will call, and you will reply, she calls, you reply, right?" So they left the magic spit there on the floor and ran away. They ran and ran until they reached Kudakabiria. By that time, their aunt had woken up and was calling out toward the girls' house, "Girls! I already woke up!" And the magic spit replied, "Same here, we just woke up." The auntie was sweeping the village and called out again, "Girls! I'm already done cleaning the village." "Same here, we're done already," said the magic spit from inside the girl's house. The auntie went to the girls' house and opened the door to see it was empty, there was only some spit on the floor. "Ahh, such liars! Today, I will eat them both," said the auntie.

Meanwhile, the girls were running away and had reached Dayagila. The auntie stood at the crossroads between Dayagila and Silakwa and called out, "Oi my flesh, my flesh." When she did, the flesh that was inside the stomach of the younger sister

answered all the way from Dayagila, "O-o." When she heard that, the elder sister turned around and told the young one, "Get back to her if that's what you want, you stubborn girl! Don't you see she has evil intentions? Didn't I tell you to throw away that pot of cooked greens?"

"Sorry, my sister, it's not me; it's something inside my belly, that's what's answering our auntie's call," pleaded the younger sister.

"Argh, I told you! I told you to throw it away!" replied the elder sister with anger.

"I'm sorry, my sister; it's inside my belly, it's answering from there!" offered the young one. The two sisters kept running away, but their auntie was on their track, reaching Kaemwamwala. The girls had passed Lusibwada when the auntie called out again, "Oh, my flesh, my flesh," and as she said that, the flesh inside the young girl's belly replied, "Uuu!"

Angry, the elder sister said to her younger sibling, "Go back, go back, and let her eat you; I'm going away."

"Don't be mad, my sister; it's inside me, I'm not answering with my mouth. I can't do anything about it." They kept on running on the Lobwanogwa path until they reached Bokailavasiya, that stone were Tudava speared the lizard. The auntie called out again, "Oh, my flesh, my flesh," and the flesh inside the young sister answered once more, "Oo." When the girls reached Labai, the auntie called out from Obwanogwa, "Oh, my flesh, my flesh!" And one more time the flesh inside the younger sister replied, "Ooo!" They passed Labai and reached Kabulakwa. The auntie called again, and her flesh replied, and in that way she was able to track down the two sisters as they were trying to escape. More and more scared, the elder one turned around and said to her younger sister, "Go back and let her eat you; she's almost upon us; she's going to grab us!" "No, my sister, it's in my tummy," said the young one. They ran until they came to that rock they call the pig's bristles and the auntie was in Kabulakwa. She chanted again, "My flesh, my flesh," and her flesh replied from inside the younger sister. "Go back and get eaten; I'm going," said the elder one. "Please don't," said the younger sister. "You are my chieftess. I can't do anything about it." They ran until they reached the beach of Pulula. The aunt chanted again, her flesh replied, and the elder sister tried to tell her younger sibling to stay back.

"No, my sister, please; look, there's a canoe there; let's take it and paddle away, the two of us." They pushed the canoe in the water and punted it toward the open sea.

Enraged, the auntie called from the beach, "Ah, not so fast. Come back here, come back and let me eat you!" The sisters paddled the canoe out until they reached the deep blue sea. The aunt, wishing them to die, shouted from the distance, "Girls, may you go away and join your father in the underworld of Tuma. When you do, tell him: after I died, I was trying to reach Tuma on my canoe, but the canoe capsized, and I never made it there. Tell him I'm waiting at the beach of Labai. Tell him to come pick me up and take me to Tuma." The girls found their dead father in the underworld and passed on the message to him. The girl's father

got on a canoe in the underworld of Tuma and paddled back all the way to Labai to pick up his sister. He paddled and paddled until he reached the shore and from there he called out, "Nauliuli Nabukubwaku. Come." She was waiting for him under the cliff shelter at the beach. Although she was still in her full form, her body had started to decay; she was full of holes and her face was barely recognizable.

The girls paddled and paddled and reached Tuma. The aunt walked toward her brother and sat in the canoe. "Move over, turn around, and give me some space," her brother said, maybe also because he was scared of her looks and didn't want her to be too close. "No," she said, "let's sit face to face. I'm scared my eyes will fall off."

"No way," said the brother, "I need some space to paddle the canoe; if you're too close, I won't be able to paddle properly, and we'll capsize. And why is your voice trembling? Speak up. And allow me some space for paddling, move farther." "What's that," the sister said, pointing at her brother's hand. "That's my hand," her brother said.

"I think I'm going to eat it, it looks so sweet. Move your feet over and let me sit down," the sister said. As she was trying to sit down in the canoe, she got caught in her brother's pubic leaf. He screamed, "Ahh, it hurts!"

"Why, where did I sit?" she asked.

He said, "Move over; don't you see you're sitting on my pubic leaf?" "Oh is it? And what's inside," she asked.

"Get off, you're my sister; you shouldn't ask those questions," replied the brother.

"But what is it, what is it?" insisted the sister.

Her brother had enough, "What do you think, my two balls!"

"Oh, maybe I'll eat those; I'm sure they're crunchy" she said. Fed up with her inappropriate behavior, he left her behind, and the *munukwau* flying witches ate her corpse while he returned to Tuma.

COMMENTS

A very unusual story, it seems confusing at first. The aunt is obviously a dead person. It looks like she has been refused entrance to the underworld of Tuma and has come back to Kiriwina as a *kosi*, a spirit or ghost with a decaying body full of holes, something that would explain her strange behavior, trying to eat her own nieces. People in Kiriwina believe that *baloma* have *nanamsa* (intellectual capacity), whereas *kosi* do not. "That's why Nauliuli Nabukubwaku behaves so strangely," Bomlabwaga and Nagia agreed. In a rare moment of lucidity within the story, Nauliuli Nabukubwaku tries to get her brother to come back from Tuma, where he lives as a *baloma*, to help her enter the underworld, but her erratic behavior causes him to abandon her to her own luck. "A living person or a *baloma* will never behave in such a shameful way with a different-sex sibling. Only a *kosi* with no brains would say such things," Bomlabwaga commented. The end of the story has the woman

eaten by *munukiwasi* (also spelled *mulukiwasi*), a type of flying witch or sorcerer who feasts on people and is particularly fond of corpses.

People in Kiriwina believe that Topileta, the guardian of the underworld of Tuma, sometimes rejects those who have not been prepared properly at their funeral. When this is the case, the spirits of the dead do not become *baloma* but return to Kiriwina as *kosi*. Unlike *baloma*, *kosi* have rotting bodies that keep on decaying as time goes by. If a *kosi* cannot enter Tuma, it is believed that it will eventually disappear.

According to people in Kiriwina, *Nauliuli Nabukubwaku* is an invisible woman who repeats your words when on the *rebwaga* (coral cliffs). Lawton's (n.d.) dictionary has the following: "Nauliuli Nabukubwaku: idiom: the thin woman coughing up an echo."

In the story, the girls spit on the floor of their house and then spell magic on it. The spit replies from the ground whenever the dead aunt asks the girls if they are still there, giving them some time to run away. In Trobriand folklore, it is common to have nonhuman elements with humanlike personhood. In other stories, a plant (often a *borogu* plant; see SN 82 *Tetumonogu*) acts as if it were a person. People claim this is possible because plants and animals, like humans, *tokwai* spirits, and *baloma* souls, have *nanamsa* (ideas), *lunkola* (feelings), and *momova* (vital essence or breath). With the right magic, those elements shared by the inhabitants of the Trobriand world can be mobilized in one's favor, including a detachable part of the self—i.e., the spit of one of the girls. This detachable part can act as the whole, responding to danger and providing a safe escape for the girls under threat.

According to Camillus Mlabwema Mkwesipu, "the spell in this story is not a fragment of a proper magic spell; it's a children's game similar to hide-and-seek called *katubalela*. The storyteller uses it instead of a real magic spell." In a similar process of imitation, children in Kiriwina used to make Kula "valuables" with flower wreaths to "play Kula" like adults do.

Senft (2015:95–106) reports a different version of this story called "Naulivali Nabukukubwabu."

RELEVANT VOCABULARY:

ikikipwana
Karisiyai bunukwa
Pulula
sudawaki
vevelo
watabu

SN 172 TOKASIKUNI (THE MAN COVERED IN SORES)

A *kwanebu* folktale told by Touvasigi, a man from Idaleka. Originally transcribed by Henry Lupovalu and translated by Gibson Bagidou Henry.

SUMMARY

The ugly Tokasikuni is successful at finding the magic *dumu*—an undefined singing object that makes you covet it when you hear it—on the island of the mice-eating women. Tokasikuni tricks the women and manages to bring back the *dumu* to Kiriwina, so he can marry the chief's daughter.

Kwanebuyee Tokasikuni

Tokasikuni mesikeya Omarakana. Esisu esisu tuta makwena wabogi, ikenu minana vivila latula guyau. Elagi gola egeragera makaiwena dumu. Eyam bimwasawasi sala; bilosa bimasisisi e biwaga bikenu osikubudoga usola tamala ilagiga igeragera makaiwena dumu. Eluki tamala, "Tamago! Magigu kuluki tomota bineisi makaiwena vavagi. Avela bibanela bimeia ulavavagi bavavagi tuta komwedona balegalega."

Eyam iluki tomota komwedona, "E gugwadi avela bibanena makaina vavagi dumu latugu biveia, e bimeya bivavagi bilegalega." E tomota komwedona itokaewasi eneneisi avela bibani makaina dumu. Eyam teivila tomota etabusisisi eneneisi oboarita. Kaena wasimla bibanisi, bimeakasa latula guyau. Kaula, sopi, ekedidagisa wawaga ilausa oboarita. Eulaolasi, Eulaolasi, kaula sopi ewokwa ekeitasi. Eyam budatala tuvela elosa. Eulaolasi otapwala boarita eneneisi, sopi, kaula iwokwa wala ekeitasi. Eyam tuvela budatala, ineneisi isomatasi wala, tominibweta, kana tautola e kalamwaleta matona Tokasikuni eluki inala, "Ina! Magigu kagu sitana bukuvakapuli e baneikwali makaena vavagi."

"O gala ibwadem tuda, tautola bogwa isomatasi kalanenei besa vavagi. Iwokwa kasi, iwokwa kasisopi oboarita ikeitasi. E kidamwa yokwa bukunei bukubani."

"O desi wala inada, baigikwali kaina babani kaina gala." Itagwala inala ivakapuri kala deri kalasopi iseri. Eyam kaukwau pikekita ekedodiga itabusi oboarita. Eulaola eulaola evilagi makaena dumu egeragera. Iyekuli iyekuli iviluki wala iviluki bila ibani ambese. Esisiesa matosine vivila evinasi egeragera okatikenila osisuna bitalagwa eweki kweitala simla simlela wala kokoni. Itoli ivaputai besa kokoni, ivaputai iboda wala lakatutala kalabau. Pwatai ikedidagi besa kokoni elai wawaga. E eyuvali iwokwa ikoya ibwena isuwaya wawaga ikedidagi ikanukwenu evalagulaga eloki matosine vivila eyosisa makaiwena dumu evalutu wala, itaina itaina ila itowa okatikenila matosine vivila eyosisa makaena vavagi ela itowa osisuna inakagali inenei lakeda amakala bivigaki bikau makaena vavagi emeyaki latula guyau. Inenei inenei inanamsa matona Tokasikuni ibani nanamsa makaewena, "Adoki baigikwali senuya basikam." Itoli iguli miyasina usi, iguli iwokwa etoli ivisi. Ivisi iwokwa iseni oyamala iwokwa ipari okuwalila itota makwaina evinasi, "Avelo bikeula kaladumu guyauuu!" Enanamasa bivinasi wala e bataina wala bawa bavalapula yegu bakeula kaladumu guyau. Inanamasa makaiwena lananamasa tutala ivina minawena tuwasi eyokewa avela bikeula kaladumu guyau eyokewa Tokasikuni evalapula wala, "Yegu bakeula kaladum guyau." Itaina iwokeya

kalabiga iyosalisa ikeula Tokasikuni makaewena dumu. Ema wala ikedidagi wawaga iwali itovila imokeyaga matosine vivila siwaga ikatubolu wala ivinaku tabusi ivola ila. Eulaola eulaola otapwala boarita etulasi matosine vivila tuvela bigera makaena vavagi gala wa. Iyokewa Tokasikuni ivina oboarita. Ilagisa wala matosine vivila, "Avela ikeula davavagisi?" Imokeyasa siwaga bisilasi ibiasi kaetala ebwabiwabula wala ila isikwataula. Ebiasi kaeyuwela bogwa makala, ila itowa. Ebiasi kaetolula ebwabiwabula. Ela ikutawa.

Kaivasila makawala wala. Kalimela makawala wala. Kaluwatalela makawala wala. Gala wala ikau biga tuwasi, "Bwena bala akumubwadi dawagasi. Bukuwolasiga tala kayasa." Ipela wala tuwasi ila ikanubwadi mipwenana pwanana iwalisa wala imeyasa ebokairisa Tokasikuni. Ivalutusi katitekina minana okabununa biyosi Tokasikuni ilail igau tala kokoni. Elai imwesa ikamkwamsi iwolaga Tokasikuni. Iyokewaga tuwasi, "Bwadagwa, meyasa sita akam, bogwa lakamolu."

"Gala, bwena kupeulaki, igau pikekita wala. Tayosisa tau e bukukwam."

Ekamkomasi gola eivinakusa kalabiga isakasa wala kaikela. Ivalutusi wala eulaolasi bogwa wala biyosalisa yumasi biritakasa wala Tokasikuni ilai tayuwela pwatai kokoni. Itovilasi ikibutubutusa wala. Iyokewa tuwasi, "Bwada! Kumeyasa sita akam?"

"Gala kupeulaki, pikekita wala. Tayosisaga matona tomota e bukukwamkwam. Bwena wala kupeula." Eulaolasi, eulaolasi pwatai kala ginkoula tanigesi esisu e biwokwa.

Biritakasa wala iwokeya Tokasikuni ikau matana pwatai ilai. Imwa oboarita iwetaulasi iwesa ikamkwamusi iwolaga Tokasikuni tuwasi bogwa ikamolu, "Bwadagwa lopogu bogwa wala ipapa. Gala sita avaka bakoma. Kwamkwamsi yegu gala wala sita akoma."

"O kupeulaki, pikekita wala bitatabusisi tayosisa Tokasikuni ebukukwam."

"Gala bwadada bo lakamolu." Evavagi tuwasi ikayabusi bikam kalabiga sitana iwokeya waga ibwabui ila ikutawa. Isivila Tokasikuni igisi isimwa ikekaya, isimwa ikekaya lekeita lema ekoweya kaikela makaina ekapituni wala keyasi ikasonasi. Ivilutu wala iwokwa iwali makaina dumu Tokasikuni imeya osivalu. Iwali otapwa boarita ilagiga latula guyau bogwa egera makaina vavagi. Ikanukwenu osikubudoga usola tamala elagiga igera makaina vavagi.

"Adoki makaena vavagi bogwa emema sitana lalagi. Sitana kalalega omema wa. Gala makala omitibogwa sita owewa. Besaga tuta bogwa omema. O Kulagi, kunei avela ela inei pela bogwa tomota komwedona bogwa eneneisi esomatasi. Ave tau ela inei?"

"Keseke, igau bitalagi igau bima. Bima bitanukali mokwita ave tau lebanem." Besa makawala wala levina lema. Ivalutu wala katikenila bogwa okwadewa ekebiga, "Tamagu! Bogwa wala mokwita emeyasa okwadewa." E isisusa sola tamala eyam makala ebogi eluki tamala, "Ibogi gala bukula bukumasisi. Kuma kaditeyu bitasisu kulagiga bigera makaina vavagi. Bogwala okwadewa lema." Esisusa ebogi, "Kuma bitasili kulilagiga. Pikekita bioulapula odavulu." Isisusa usola tamala ikikausi ilagisa Tokasikuni evina. Bogwa wala igera makaena

otapwala keda. Kwadewa erigewa wakeda gola igera makaena vavagi.

"Tamagu bogwa okulagi makaena vavagi egera ema?"

"Bogwa lalagi." Ekikausi gola imwamwai egisesa bogwa okadumalawa eseki Tokasikuni.

"Tamagu, bogwala osisuna lema ulavavagi."

"E kwapekwati wala bitasisu. Igau bitalagi biulapula bitagisi ave tau lekeula makena vavagi." Esisusa kalabiga sola tamala egisesa Tokasikuni evalupwali. Makaena dumu olopwa valu emeya. Esetuwari emeyaki usola tamala osikaukweda. Ekai biga, "Tamagu makaena! Ave tau ibanena?"

Ekau biga, "Tokasikuni."

Eseli wala itolaga eluwawalaga tamala. E kabulatala kabulayu ilomumgwa, "Bogwa iwokwa nenei kaladumu latugu okusomatasi. Lagela ebani Tokasikuni lemeya, Tokasikuni lagela bivea latugu. Bogwa ebani kaladum lemeya bivea latugu." E komwedona ilomumgwa emesa isemwesa ilegasi.

"Kulegasi balivala livalela pela latugu. Lagela Tokasikuni bivea latugu." Isimwesa tomanabweta iveaga Tokasikuni ilau isiyewa latula guyau.

ENGLISH TRANSLATION

Tokasikuni was a man who lived in Omarakana. One night, when everybody was sleeping inside their huts, the chief's daughter was kept awake by a strange sound: it was the noise of the mysterious *dumu*. The next day, the girl went playing with her friends, but at night, while they were all asleep, she went to her father's house and rested on his veranda, listening to the *dumu*. Fascinated, the girl said to the chief, "Father, I want you to ask people to look for that thing, the *dumu*. Let's see who's able to bring it back to me. If they're successful in their quest, I will listen to the *dumu* all the time." The next morning, the chief gathered everybody. "All of you, young men, listen up. Whoever brings back the singing *dumu* shall marry my daughter. Bring back the *dumu*; she wants to listen to it." After the chief was done talking, the villagers stood up and started the quest for the *dumu*. Many of them went down to the beach and prepared for a sea journey. They thought they would find the *dumu* on an island and dreamed of bringing it back to the chief's daughter. They took food and water for the journey, loaded their canoes, and left in search of the *dumu*. They paddled and paddled until they ran out of food and water and had to come back. The next day, another group of people from Omarakana took off. They paddled all the way to the middle of the sea, looking for the *dumu*, but after some time they too ran out of food and water and were forced to come back empty-handed. The next day, yet another group of people took off from the beach in search of the *dumu*. They looked and looked for it until they were exhausted. Young, strong, good-looking guys couldn't find it, and everybody seemed to have given up hope of ever getting their hands on the *dumu* until the ugly, weak, and sore-covered Tokasikuni said to his mother, "Mother! I want you to pack my food. I'm going to find that thing for the chief's daughter."

"Oh, you won't be able to find the *dumu*," his mother replied, "the strong men of the village couldn't make it. They finished their food and water while at sea, and they had to come back. What makes you think you can find it?"

"Oh, never mind, mother. I'm still going to try; let's see if I can find it or if I'm not successful instead," said Tokasikuni. His mother agreed and prepared some food and filled containers with drinking water for her son's journey. The next morning, Tokasikuni loaded his canoe and paddled out in search of the *dumu*. After some time, he thought he heard the *dumu* in the distance. He listened carefully to find out where the noise was coming from. As he approached the source of the sound, he came upon an island that was peopled by only women. The women were chanting along with the sounds made by the *dumu*. Tokasikuni beached his canoe and carefully approached the back of the village unseen by the women. As he was walking inland, following the chants accompanying the sound of the *dumu*, Tokasikuni noticed that the island was full of mice. He took his baskets and started putting mice inside until he filled three of them.

Tokasikuni took the baskets full of mice back to the canoe and left them there. He then went back to the village, thinking how he was going to get the *dumu* from the women. He hid himself behind the last houses, observing the women and trying to come up with a plan, so that he could bring the *dumu* back to the chief's daughter in Omarakana.

Tokasikuni finally had an idea, "Maybe I should dress up; I need to put on a *senuya* fiber skirt." He went up to a banana tree and plucked some leaves off. He got rid of the stem and tore the leaves, so as to give them the appearance of a fiber skirt. Tokasikuni put the fiber skirt around his waist and joined the women, who were singing in chorus, "Who will take the chief's *dumu*?" Tokasikuni thought, "When they chant again, I'll come around the other side and say I'll take the chief's *dumu*." The women kept on dancing and singing, and when their leader mockingly chanted the chorus again, Tokasikuni came up and said, "I will take the chief's *dumu*." Before anybody realized what was happening, Tokasikuni grabbed the *dumu* and walked back to the beach toward his canoe. He loaded the *dumu*, and before setting off, he punched holes in the women's canoes. Then he set off and paddled away with the coveted *dumu*. While he was making away, the women were waiting for him to come back and sing along "who will take the chief's *dumu*." But after some time, they all noticed how the sound of the *dumu* was becoming fainter and fainter as it was being carried away. From the distance, the women heard Tokasikuni chanting, "Who's that? Who took our thing?" They came to the beach and saw Tokasikuni in the distance taking away their *dumu*. The women pushed their canoes in the water to start their pursuit of Tokasikuni, but not long after the first canoe was in the water, it sank to the bottom of the sea because of the holes. They pushed a second canoe, but the same thing happened. The third, the fourth, and the fifth canoes also sank. Up to ten canoes sank that way, until there was only one left, and the leader of the women said, "I'll lie down in the canoe and cover the holes with

my body while you, my sisters, paddle." The women paddled furiously until they came close to Tokasikuni's canoe, so close that one of the women sitting in front tried to grab him. But Tokasikuni took one of his baskets, opened it, and threw it inside the women's canoe.

The women grabbed the mice and ate them, and Tokasikuni managed to pull away. The women's chieftess, who was busy covering up the holes in the canoe with her body and couldn't get her hands on any mouse at all, pleaded, "Please, my sisters, give me something to eat; I'm hungry!"

"No, there's no time for that," said the women in the canoe, "be strong, just a little effort, we'll catch this guy, and then you can eat." The women finished off all the mice and took the paddles to resume their chase. They caught up with him, and when they were about to grab him, Tokasikuni threw a second basketful of mice into their canoe. The women got distracted again, chasing and hungrily devouring the mice. The chieftess begged again, "My sisters! Can I eat some too?"

"No way, be strong; just a little effort, and we'll get a hold of him. You can eat then; stay focused," the women replied. They started paddling again after they had eaten all the mice on board. Tokasikuni had only one basketful of mice left. The women's canoe caught up with him, and he threw the last basket into the sea. Still hungry, the women reached for the basket and started eating the mice in it. All of them ate, except for the chieftess, who was getting really ravenous and implored, "My sisters, my stomach is shrinking. You've been stuffing your faces, but you didn't give me anything to eat!"

"Come on, be strong," the women said. "We've almost caught Tokasikuni; once we get our *dumu*, back you can eat."

"No way, my sisters, I'm so hungry." And as she sat up, trying to grab something to eat, the canoe filled up with water and sank to the bottom of the sea. Tokasikuni turned around and saw the women swimming. Not wanting to take any chances, he turned his canoe around, grabbed the paddle, and cut the women's heads off. He killed them all and paddled all the way back to his village with the prized *dumu*. Before he even made it to the beach, while he was still at sea, the chief's daughter heard the song of the *dumu*. She was lying down on her father's veranda when the sound of the *dumu* reached her. "Oh, that's the *dumu*," she said, "it sounds like it's now even closer than before! Unlike before, where the sound reached me from far away. Now it's much closer. Do you hear that, father? Go see who got the *dumu*; I thought everybody was tired and had given up the search. Who's the one who got it?"

"I don't know, my daughter. Let's wait; whoever took the *dumu* will bring it here. When they show up, we will know who's the one who got it." As Tokasikuni approached, the sound of the *dumu* became louder. He was already at the beach when the girl said, "Father, listen! It sounds like they have brought the *dumu* to the beach!" The girl was sitting down with her father, and it was getting dark. She said to him, "Tonight, don't go to sleep. The two of us will stay here and listen carefully to the sounds of the *dumu*. It's close by, at the beach." It was already night, and

the *dumu* was getting closer. "Father, come sit here with me and listen. Before long it will show up in our village." Father and daughter sat quietly. After a while, they heard Tokasikuni approaching and chanting along with the sound of the *dumu*. The girl said, "Father, can you hear it? It's here."

"I can hear it," the chief replied. They waited a bit longer, and it was close to daybreak when Tokasikuni took the path entering Omarakana Village.

"Father! My *dumu* is right at the entrance of the village."

"Yes," her father said, "but be quiet, so that we can hear which way it's coming; let's see who's the guy who managed to bring the *dumu*." They waited until they saw Tokasikuni approaching. He was carrying the *dumu* with him. Tokasikuni went straight to the chief's veranda. The girl saw he was carrying the *dumu* and exclaimed, "Father, that's the one! Who's this man who found it?"

"Tokasikuni," her father replied. Tokasikuni put the *dumu* down, and the chief addressed the villagers, "The quest is over. You were all tired of looking for the *dumu* for my daughter. But somebody has found it and brought it back. He will marry my daughter." As more and more people were approaching, the chief repeated his statement for them to hear it, "Hear me, hear me all. Today, Tokasikuni shall marry my daughter." And that's how all the good-looking, strong young men were defeated by Tokasikuni, who found the *dumu* and married the chief's daughter.

COMMENTS

This is a popular story featuring the outcast Tokasikuni (also found in SN 126 *Tokasikuni* by Tomdawa and SN 220 *Suta* by Galedou). Tokasikuni epitomizes the Trobriand antihero and cautions us against judging someone based on looks only. Tokasikuni is physically repulsive yet cunning and daring. In other stories he also shows good knowledge of magic spells.

RELEVANT VOCABULARY:

dumu
senuya
tokasikuni

SN 174 KAVEYEGA (AN OLD, BROKEN COOKING POT)

A *kwanebu* folktale told by Katuloka, a man from Mwatawa. Originally transcribed by Norbert Dilau and translated by Emmanuel Giyomatala.

SUMMARY

The grandfather of two girls lives in an old cooking pot (*kaveyega*); his granddaughters look after the *kaveyega* until it is accidentally broken and it releases the spirit of their grandfather, who then marries them.

Kwanebuyee Kaveyega

Kwanebuyee Kaveyega. Esisusa ikariga inasi, ikariga tumasi. Sola bwadala kasiteyu isisusa. Isisusa imokeyasa makolana kaveyega eivigakasi tubusi. Pela makolana kaveyegala tumasi. E ivigakasi tubusi. Imasisisi egabogi ikausa Kaveyega eselisa okubudoga ikikekwalala.

"*Kwau tabuda kumeya. Ikikekwalala bitalaga obuyagu.*" E ikausa makulana Kaveyega imeyasa. Ilosaga obuyagu. Ilosaga ibugubagulasi bigisesa bwabwau bikuna isakaulasi bilosa bikausa tubusi biselasi waboala. Isakaula wala bwadala ikau ikeisuya waboala ikunaga eyam. Ivalutusi bogwa sita ekaduwanoma sibuyagu lelola kweta yam lelola ibugubagulasi wala gala igisesa makaena bwabwau. Kapikekita wala. Ebugubagulasi wala imakeya bogwa ikapusi makaena kuna ikukuni.

"O kusakaula bwada!" Isakaula bwadala ikatubayasaga wala sigugua tuwala. Isakaula bogwa wakeda bogwa eiuleveka kuna. Ivalutu wala ivalapula okadumalaga. Imokeya ikoluvi pilatala kaveyega iweya, "Ois, bogwa ikariga tabuda." E lema iseyori ikau makulana kaveyega ikau imwena. Imwena ilai wala ila odadoya. E seniseni iwayoli imwa isemwa. Imwa tuwala ililola, "Kwalai!"

"O bogwa wala tabuda ekukuni etitaisi wala pilatala emvemwa pilatala lakau wala lavayori wala lasemwa."

"Oi ina kweta sopa!" Ivalutusi ikwayai, isilisa ivalamsi. Eyokewa tuwala, "Agusolukula tabugoooo, agusolukula tabugoooo, agusolukula tabugoooo, agusolukula tabugeee, agusolukula tabugeee! Agusolukula Kaveyegeee. Agu beku, agumaria Kaveyegeee!"

E evavagi igau bwadala, "Ula katuula tabugoo, ula katuula tabugoo, ula katuula tabugoo ula katuula tabugoo, ula katuula tabugeeee! Olu bakoni, agumaria Kaveyegeee!" Evavagi wala matona Kaveyega, katudada, odogina yaku elivala, "Mina kagabiwela vivila." Giligili gili etobusi wakai lema komwedona totutupuna wala. E ililola imakeya. Isimwa bwadala, isimwa tuwala ikauga iseki, "Yawago Kaveyegoo, yawago Kaveyegooo." Evavagisiga usola bwadala ekau biga elivala Kaveyega bilomala, "Bukuweya wala tuwagu, yegulaga bwadami basisu." Bogwa epakasa valam, evavagiga tuwala, "Bwadagu bukuwea, yegulaga tuwami basisu."

Elivala Kaveyega, "Kamiteyu wala ulakwawa yokwami."

"Ui, amakala bitaiyaki bwadada kiwola?"

"Ois! Kakaweluwa usogu vivila kula kumweni tubumesa kamanatu. Kamalelawa odogina magima bukwayabu."

"A yegu adoki avaka," elivala Kaveyega. Imwena lela ekiurya lemeya. Esakaemwa Egibugugwabusi.

"Ois yegu magigu yaku." Evalutu odogina yaku mesiki. Ela imwena lela ikau yaku imeyaki ikamkwamsi.

"Sena pakala kamakawelusi usogu vivila. O kwetala kadamilitabu yokwa."

"A! Yegu adoki avaka, baloki militabu aluwi."

"E gala kawama kwekiketoki makwesine. Magima kwevekaveka."

"A yegu adoki avaka?" Lela ivalutu wala orumata ivabusi ibia waga imwa ikapituni mwadeu isisai iwokwa itabusi.

Iulaola wala okarikeda masawa ila ilai lola. Iluwa wala ivalutu ewokeya kwetala kwekekita ipeki ivalutu wala bogwa isomata ikounapula. Igisi manakwa kweveka ilupa wala, gala bogwa isomata ikounapula, "Bakeitavau balupi." Iwewasi isalili lewa ivalutu wala idoki igutukutaku iwewa ikugwa wala kununa eweki manakwa militabu ekapwagega opwagega militabu ikwatitaki wala kununa kabulayu. Itowa kununa tolelaga ikopui ima. Itulasi gala, itulasi gala.

"Kuvabusi bwadada kugisi." Evabusisi wala imokeyasa ekuluwi oboarita.

"O tuwada! Bo ekariga! Kileta wala ikariga. Emanum wowoda bwadadi. Mitaga bitasimwaga kidamwa gageina migila bitakaneya galaga bolumwaya tutupuna wowola."

ENGLISH TRANSLATION

My story is called Kaveyega. There were two sisters. Both their mother and father had died. The two girls had an old broken pot they had inherited from their father. That pot carried within an image of their grandfather, and they kept it as a relic because it reminded them of their father, who had looked after that pot too. In fact, they treated that old pot like an ancestor, as if it were their grandfather. Every day, the two sisters woke up and put the old pot in the resting house to get warmed up by the sunrays. They would leave the pot in the sun and go to work in the gardens.

Whenever they saw black clouds approaching, the girls would rush back to the village and put their grandfather inside the house, lest it get wet under the rain. There was one time when they were making their garden far away from the village. One morning, they went to work in the garden, and they didn't notice the black rain clouds approaching. In the beginning, it was only a small black cloud, but as they kept on gardening, the cloud grew bigger, and it started raining. The elder sister told her younger sibling, "Run! Run back to the village!" The younger one ran back while her sister gathered their things in the garden. By the time the younger sister was approaching the village's entrance the rain was falling hard. When she came to the pot, the hard rain had already split it in half. "Oh no, our grandfather is dead," she said. She picked it up and threw it away, in the middle of the village. The pot broke into many pieces. Shortly afterward, her sister came back from the garden with all their things. "What happened?" she asked.

"I came back, and the rain had already broken our grandfather in half. I collected the pieces and brought them back here," the younger said.

"No way, that's not true," the elder sister replied. That same evening, the two sisters started mourning. They cried for their dead grandfather. The elder one chanted, "This is my dirge for you, grandfather, for all the good things you did for me. All the food you planted for me, you gave me abundance, oh, Kaveyega!" The younger sister chanted too, "Oh, my grandfather, you were my daily life, my daily support. All the things you gave me, all the time, my abundance, oh my grandfather!" The grandfather's

spirit had left the cooking pot and was listening to their dirges from the top of a *yaku* tree. He said to himself, "Oh, these girls are so good; they are such good singers, singing my praises; they really care for me." He came rushing down the tree, strong as ever, and went close to the girls, singing his own dirge, "Oh, my father-in-law, Kaveyega, oh, my father-in-law, Kaveyego!" The two girls were surprised to see the spirit of their grandfather, and from the words he was singing they had understood what his intentions were. The younger one addressed him, "Marry my elder sister, and I will stay with you two and look after you." The two sisters had stopped crying. The elder sister said, "No, marry my younger sister, and I will stay with you two." Kaveyega cut short the discussion, "I will marry both of you." The elder sister said to the younger in a hushed voice, "Oh, my sister, how will we get rid of him now?" The younger had an idea. She asked Kaveyega, "My sister and I want to eat *natu* fruits. Go climb a *natu* tree and bring us some fruits. We want the ones from the very top to roast them. But you have to bring them down; don't throw them from the top."

"That's easily done," replied Kaveyega. He climbed the tree and picked some of the fruits and brought them down. The sisters roasted them and ate them. Seeing that their plot hadn't worked, they tried again. The elder sister said, "I want to eat the fruit of the *yaku*." But this time too, Kaveyega climbed the tree and brought the fruits down with no problem. The girls tried again, "Our food is so dry. You should get us some giant clam shell."

"That's nothing for me; I'll dive for your clam shells," was Kaveyega's reply.

"Yes, but don't get us those small ones," the sisters said. "We want the really big ones." "And why would that be a problem," Kaveyega said. He went to the beach, cut some *mwadeu* vines to attach his anchor, and pushed his canoe into the sea. He paddled out of the reef and into the open sea. He tied his anchor and jumped in the water. He dove down. At first, he found only small shells, so he ignored them and kept on looking. He was getting tired of diving, but he kept on going at it, until he found a really big one that was wide open. While he was trying to lift it, he didn't notice half of his body was inside the shell. The giant clam shell closed with a snap, and in doing so, it chopped off his head. The head stayed inside the shell while the body floated to the surface.

Meanwhile, the sisters were waiting and waiting, until the elder one said to the younger, "Go down to the beach and check what's going on." When she did, she saw the blood, and she came back with the news for her sister, "Oh, my sister, he's dead. And luckily so. We can now rest. Imagine if we had to sleep with him, that body full of knots!" And that's the end of my story.

COMMENTS

It is relatively common for things in the Trobriand world (and in other parts of the Massim or the Kula ring) to have personhood, despite not being persons. Rocks or plants can have person-like spirits inside, and personhood (the capacity to act

like a person in some instances) can be transferred into objects, almost as if it were a detachable quality of people that can be put into a thing. This happens to Kula shells that behave like persons but also to more common objects, like the cooking pot in this story. The grandfather is a cooking pot (or the cooking pot has a grandfather), just as Bolu is a coconut shell with a beautiful girl inside (see SN 105 *Bolu*). After his death, the deceased grandfather is about to leave for Tuma, but in hearing how good the dirge singing of his two granddaughters is, he decides to stay back as a ghost and marry them. The story is about them trying to get rid of him, which they eventually managed at the end.

The pot is referred to as *tubusi*, which is translated as their grandfather. The word *tubu-* covers many kinship terms. It can mean grandfather or grandmother or grandchild, but it is also used to designate ancestors and descendants. Furthermore, it also covers the cousins on the father's side (the preferred marriage partners for the father's children), as well as the father's sister (whom we would call aunt in English). Additionally, one can address a senior person using *tabugu* even without being directly related.

RELEVANT VOCABULARY:

kaveyega
kwayabu/kayabu
kwelabulami
kwelamola gugwadi
kwelamola tomwaya (see Figure 58)
kwelimaisi
lelawu
mwadeu
seniseni
walata
yaku

SN 176 MULUVEKA (THE SEA EAGLE)

A *kwanebu* folktale told by Towalawa, a man from Kapwani. Originally transcribed by Norbert Dilau and translated by Gerald Beona.

SUMMARY

An eagle saves an orphan boy from a Dokanikani ogre and adopts him as his little brother.

Kwanebuyee Muluveka

Tokasitagina sola Muluveka. Matona Tokasitagina ikariga inala, ikariga tamala. Lapaisewa valam wala. Emwam borogu sisivasi. E matona Dokanikani katitekina sivalu. Evalam gabogi, evalam wa kwayai. Ivalutu wala bogwa inisi tegala matona Dokanikani. Ewa ekatupoi, "Mwa, avaka uula mmalam lokuvalam?"

"Lavalam inagu tamagu bogwa ilosa obuyagu. Lavalam gola." "O kudau inam tamam balagi."

"Inagu tamaguuu!"

Eyokewasiga mayasine borogu, "Yegu walooo!"

"O bogwa lalagi bala." Eyam ekeita lema Dokanikani ikatupoi, "Mwa avaka pela mmalam lokuvalam?"

"Gala avalam wala pela inagu tamagu bogwa ilosa obuyagu."

"Kudau balagi."

"Inagu tamaguuu!"

Eyokewasi mayasine borogu, "Wo!" Yayu wala ikapusisi. Bogwal leokwa matona gwadi pela kalupilasi. Ikeita Dokanikani ila ineiga lakeda. Evayari wala ilagi matona Dokanikani itowa ikeita. Lema enenei. Imeki boala gala wala. Inenei wala egisi bakwela evabusi okwadewa ikabi ila. Ivabusi imokeya evayari, "O ina kweta kiwola lokuvagi. Ama kwuiwalegu sivatala, ama sivayuwela kwuiwalegu, laga sivatolula bakomem." Iwokewa Tokasitagina isakaula wala. Iyokewa minawena Muluveka isilabusi bipola. Isakauri gola matona gwadi ewewa Dokanikani biritaki wala, gala bogwa ekulasela matona monagwadi eyokewa minana Muluveka iyoyowa.

Ekau biga Muluveka, "Avaka pela matona gwadi bwena evokairi matona tomota?" Ekapusi wala lema iyosi opusigala matona monagwadi iyoweya. Eyokewaga matona Dokanikani, "Sogu, kutoyeli bwadagu. Mna labokairi bakala."

"A gala tuwagu, ikiwalem. Ikiwalem wala. Besa bukuyaegu bawa bikomegu." Iyoweya iyowasi odobwana seda ilosa isiwesha. Isikauli Dokanikani imwena, imwemwena wala idoki wala biritaki Tokasitagina. Iyokewa Muluveka italakapusi kweyu wala matala kweyayu yamala iyowoya ilau ilau imwa itoyemwa, imwa itoyemwa. Igisi wala urigova ikanukwenu. Ikilova Muluveka ikapusi wala lewa Dokanikani ikatumisimisi wala itamwau. Iyoweyaga bwadala ilau. Eweya ekebiga odavalu kuisu balaga apwapola kadainia bameya bitakamkwam. Eyam bila iyosi nata kasiinia imeya ikamkwamsi. Eluki bwadala, "Mwa, bo latomwaya bwadada bakariga."

"O nabweya bagi sigalim. Bogwa imamalu mtuta kukwariga baneiga ula valu balu." Eyam itori wala isigali. Tokasitagina isagali tuwala lewokwa bogwa itomwaya ikariga. E ikeitaga Tokasitagina ila olavalu.

ENGLISH TRANSLATION

This is the story of Tokasitagina and Muluveka, the sea eagle. Both Tokasitagina's mother and father had died. The boy was so sad that he couldn't stop crying. He had by him four magic *borogu* leaves that his parents had left behind to help their son because nearby lived a Dokanikani ogre. Tokasitagina cried from morning to evening. The Dokanikani ogre was fed up with all this crying; his ears were full of noise. He went to see Tokasitagina and asked him, "Hey! What's all this crying for?"

"I'm crying because my father and my mother went to the garden and left me all alone here, that's why," Tokasitagina lied. Dokanikani was suspicious, "Call out to them, so that I can hear them replying from the garden."

“Mother! Father!” Tokasitagina called out. The magic *borogu* leaves replied from the garden, “Woooo! Here we are!”

“Fine, I heard them,” Dokanikani said. “I’m going away now.” The next day, Tokasitagina was still crying. Dokanikani came by and asked him again, “Hey! Why are you still crying?”

“I’m crying because my mother and my father went to the garden,” the boy said. “Call them, I’m listening,” the ogre said.

“Mother, father!” the boy screamed. And from the garden came the reply of the magic *borogu* plant, “Wooo!” As the *borogu* plant replied, another two leaves fell off the plant. They were the very last leaves, and the boy knew that next time he would get no help at all from the bare *borogu* plant. As soon as Dokanikani went back to his village, the boy left the house in search of a place to stay. Tokasitagina went down to the beach and started walking along the shore. Later on, Dokanikani went back to the boy’s house and looked for him. Tokasitagina was nowhere to be found, but Dokanikani followed his footprints down to the beach. He found Tokasitagina at the beach, and he shouted at him, “Boy! You pulled a fast one on me. I came by the first time, and you tricked me; I came back a second time, and you tricked me again, but you will trick me no more. Today is the day I eat you!” Tokasitagina started running away. He ran until he came to a place where there was a sea eagle flying high above. The sea eagle was fishing. Dokanikani was running behind the boy, trying to catch him. The sea eagle saw the chase from above and asked itself, “Who knows why that boy is running away from that guy?” The sea eagle came down and grabbed Tokasitagina by the armpits and flew away with him.

Dokanikani called out from below, “My friend! Let go of my little brother. I came running after him to take him home!”

“No, my big brother,” Tokasitagina pleaded with the sea eagle. “He’s trying to deceive you; it’s not true. If you let go of me, he will eat me.” The sea eagle flew with the boy to the top of a *seda* tree and sat there. Dokanikani came running after them. He climbed up the *seda* tree; he thought he was close to grabbing Tokasitagina. But the sea eagle would not have it. It took off and landed on Dokanikani’s eyes. It grabbed Dokanikani by his arms and took him away. It flew around with Dokanikani until it saw a crocodile below on the shore. The sea eagle dropped Dokanikani on the crocodile, and the ogre was never seen again. Then it flew back to the *seda* tree and grabbed Tokasitagina and took him away. The sea eagle adopted Tokasitagina as his little brother. He said to him, “This here is your home. You can stay here while I go fishing; I’ll bring us some fish.” Day after day, the sea eagle goes fishing and looks after his little brother. One day, after many years, the eagle said to Tokasitagina, “My brother, I am already old. I’m going to die soon.”

“If that’s the case, my brother,” Tokasitagina said, “tomorrow I shall make a feast for you. Your time is up, and it’s time for me to look for a new place to stay.” The next day, Tokasitagina made a feast for his brother the sea eagle who was already old. Not much later, the sea eagle died, and Tokasitagina moved back to his old village.

SN 177 IMOKAIBOMA (THE WOMAN FROM OKAIBOMA)

A *kwanebu* folktale told by Mwakwabuya, a man from Kai-bola. Originally transcribed by Norbert Dilau and translated by Emmanuel Giyomatala.

SUMMARY

A woman steals and eats corpses in a literal version of what flying witches (*yoyowa* or *mulukwausi*) do “symbolically” (eat or conceal the innards of people who then die of sickness).

Kwanebuyee Imokaiboma

Minana vivila ilela Okaiboma. Tokwamla tomota ikamwkwam. E isisu isisu iselava lauri igebila minana vivila bila obuyagu. Isela okulula ivalapula oritadeu evatubolola ilagiga tomota lemesa. “Kariga Tukwaukwa.” Iyeta wala itomwa. Itori ikatupoi, “Avaka lalilagi lokulivalisi?”

“A kariga Tukwaukwa.”

“Wi naga negadegu nuguta, kaena bala sibagu baguridi, kaena bala sivalam ovalam. Gala, bwena bala sivalam ovalam.” Ikau iseyeri uri maluwabwena ikau kweta lamoi, yata lawoyai ivatubolola tala lategalu. Ivalutu wala okadumalaga ivalapula itori igisiga euvesarisi. Imwesa itoyemwesa, imwesa itoyemwesa. Ikau iseki okadumalaga, “Tamwa, tamwa tama tamana vanu gana tabugwaweee tonene saganina gane gadegu nuguto.” Kulula nakakau, kulula namakapu, kulula minawena imwesa itoyemwesa, imwesa itoyemwesa. E iyosisa ilosa isiwesa iwewasisi. Isisusa iwewasisi ekwayai ekatuyolasi elosa obulalibu etokeya titolela etori wala ekarewaga libu otatom. Libu olopola boala okobitiliwa, “Yegu Kwadalauwa bakana badauwa.” Eviribirisi wala ikenusa kalabiga minawenaga ikenu kwayai wala ikenu imasisi. Imasisi wala wasai wala itokeyaga. Itokeyaga igisi otatom bogwa emasisisi, egisi olopwa boala bogwa emasisisi, emweki otutouya bogwa lemasisisi kubiyea gola lategalu kubiya matowena tomota mategala kukwana. Kwau lamoi iseyela igigigi wala ewokwa itapopuri wala igabi isakawari. Isakawari wala ivilobusiya ilai ila ikanawa kalatau matowena. Itowa ivakati, ivakati leokwa kalabiga bogwa lekumuri lekanukwenu ivatubololaga imwa iyari. Etori ikamkoma. Omasisi gola imamatasi kumwakesa itamwau tomota. “Wii etamwau tomota!”

Emwesa isisarisa osisuna gala, laodila gala, olopwa valu gala, gala wala. “Minana Kwadalauwa esekila nomwaya ikanukwenu besa bogi wala etamwau.” “Wi avela ikeula tomota?” Gala wala inukwalisa pela ikamkwam tau.

“Bwena wala karigewasi bogwa itamwau, kumesa tasagalisi.” Isisagalisi iwokwa, imwesa isimwesa. Bogwa wala ikimiliwau minana tomota.

Isisusa ikalatala, ikalayyu, ikalatolu imweki makaesina uri minana tomota emwa eselai kumwari wala maluwawena uri kusela okuluwatala esiselava wala igelutaga ilagiga okadumalaga

ekawausi, "Kariga Okupukopu." Bogwa elagi ekatukoi tegala elilagi ivalapula, "Avaka besa lalilagi lokulivalisa?"

"A kariga Okupukopu."

"We naga negadegu nuguta. Amakawagu kana bala, sibagubaguridi, gala bala sivalam valamgu. Bwena bala sivalam valamgu." Igau kwau lategalu, kwau lamo, kwau lawoyai ivatubolola. Ivalapula okadumalaga egisi tomakapu nakakau imwesa itoyemwesa ikau iseki, "Tamuwa, tamuwa tama tonena vanu gana tabugwaweee tonena saganina gane gadegu nuguta." Imwesa itoyemwesa nakakau tomakapu. Minawena ilaila ikanawa.

Tadoki takatumati esisu okaukweda ininamamsa lakeda. Esisu ekwayai ikamkwamsi kasikaweluwa leokwa etomalaula okaukeda, "Libu otatom, libu okabitiliwa besa olopwa boala. Yegu bwadalauiwa bakanaboda iwa." Kwayai lekenu igalu wala tomota ililolasa ikayoperisi iwewesa imwemwesa ikanukwenuga. Ikanukwenu wala olilatula valu elakauga. Minanaga nakakau ininamamsa pela minana etamwau etamwauwaga minawena. Ekebiga, "Bwena iga bayausi bagisi minana nomwaya." Ikanukwenu wala ikanakakaga ikowana egisi esimalaula etomwa ewawai kalayausa. Egisi otatom gala, egisi okabitiliwa gala, egisi olopwa boala gala. Kubienu wala mitawena tegalu ivakasi ikanukwenu eritakiga kaikela minana tomota ibibia wala iseuleya wala iselai ivenoku isela walaba, isimalaulaga nakakau, "Kumamatasi, mna Kwadalauiwa bogwa bigabi tomota."

"O minawene ilai wala tomota imeki bogwa eulisalalasi okaukweda toyawari ikanukwenusi kuritakesa wala. Yokwa, yokwa kwamkwam tomota. Silovala nata kukoma, laga nayuwen bukukoma."

Itota kalagimwanewa imwesa iyokoisa. Ikatumatisa minawena vivila. Kugisa lagela Okaiboma kabala yoyowa uula minawena lakabosisu besa tokwamsi tau.

ENGLISH TRANSLATION

There once was a woman from Okaiboma. This woman was a people eater.

One day she took her taro seedlings, tied them in a bundle, put them on her head, and carried them to the garden. While she was on her way, she heard the people coming. She overheard them saying "... death in Tukwaukwa." When she was close enough, she stood and asked, "I thought I heard you saying something about a death somewhere?" "Yes, there's been a death in Tukwaukwa Village," they said.

"Oh, what should I do? Should I go mourn for the dead one, or should I carry on and go to the garden? I'm undecided," the woman said. "No, I think I should go and cry at the funeral." She dropped her taros and picked up a rain mat instead and put it on her head. She also grabbed a rope and put it in her basket. When she reached the entrance of the village, she saw people were crying. As she approached them, she started her ritual mourning, "Let us go, let us go to the land of the dead, let us feast for my brother, oh my brother." She cried and rubbed her head against the head of the widow, the head of the dead man's mother. In the evening, all the mourners were having their rest in the mourning house. She joined them and organized the sleeping spots inside.

She stood by the door and ordered, "I am Kwadalauiwa, and I will sleep by the door. You sleep over there, you go to the back, you go there." Before anybody else went to sleep she was already lying down. She fell asleep before anybody else, so that she could wake up in the middle of the night when everybody was fast asleep. Kwadalauiwa stood up quietly and checked that everybody was asleep. She checked the ones at the back of the house, the ones in the middle, and the ones who were close to the entrance. When she made sure nobody was awake, she pulled her basket out and put the body of the dead man in the basket. Then she took her mat and covered the corpse with it. She looked around one last time to make sure nobody was watching; she bent over, lifted the basket with the corpse, put it on her head, and ran away with it. Kwadalauiwa ran away with the corpse and came to her village. She dug a pit oven and threw the body in it. She cooked it until it was ready, and she ate. The next morning, the people of Tukwaukwa woke up and found out that the body was gone. "Wii! The body of the dead one is missing!" They looked in the house, they looked in the bush, nothing. They kept on looking, but they could not find any traces of the missing body.

"How about that Kwadalauiwa?" somebody asked.

"She was sleeping here next to the door, but she was no longer here in the morning. She went missing sometime in the night."

"Wii, who took the body?" Nobody knew that Kwadalauiwa was a people eater.

"Let it be," someone said. "There's nothing we can do about it; the corpse is missing. All there is to do now is celebrate the ritual." So they stopped looking for the corpse and carried on with the funerary partition. Three days later, Kwadalauiwa took those taro seedlings and bundled them together. She put them on her head and walked toward the garden. While she was on her way, she heard someone saying, "... a death in Okupukopu." She joined the people who were walking on the road and asked them, "What did I hear you saying about a death?"

"Oh, somebody died in Okupukopu Village."

"What should I do," Kwadalauiwa asked herself. "Should I go to the garden, or should I attend that funeral? I think I should go to the funeral and cry." She took her basket, her mat, her rope and set off. Once she reached the entrance of Okupukopu, she saw the dead man's father and his widow crying. Kwadalauiwa joined them, "Let us go, let us go to the land of the dead, let us feast for my brother, oh my brother." They went on and on with the crying, until the widow and the father of the dead man both sat down.

Kwadalauiwa went to a veranda and sat down quietly; she wasn't saying a word. She looked like she was dead herself, but in fact, she was thinking about her plan to smuggle the corpse. When the evening came, they ate, and she went to the mourning house to organize the sleeping spots. She told everybody where to lie down until she came to herself and said, "I, Kwadalauiwa, I'll sleep near the doorway." She went to sleep early in the evening, and the people who came after her had to jump over her to reach their sleeping places. Kwadalauiwa had already been sleeping for a while when the night got cold, and she woke up. But the widow had heard that a few days ago a body had been lost in

Tukwaukwa, and she was suspicious. The widow said to herself, “I should keep an eye on that woman; how come she’s awake?” The widow was lying down, and she raised her head a little bit. She saw Kwadalauiwa was looking left and right.

Kwadalauiwa thought everything was quiet and everybody was asleep. She pulled her basket out and grabbed the corpse; she folded the body and put it inside the basket, then she tied it up with the rain mat on top. But the widow had seen everything and was already sitting up and raising the alarm, “Wake up! Kwadalauiwa is trying to carry the body away!” Kwadalauiwa threw the body to the side, but there were some people outside the mourning house keeping a wake and singing dirges. When they heard the widow, they reached out and caught Kwadalauiwa. “You, you, you are the one eating the dead bodies; the day before yesterday, you ate one, and you were going to eat the second one.” The angry villagers killed that woman Kwadalauiwa.

And that is why today at Okaiboma there are plenty of flying witches who prey on people because that is where it all started with this corpse-eating woman.

COMMENTS

The story accounts for the presence of *yoyowa* flying witches in Okaiboma and nearby (a hill near Okaiboma Village known as Kwematu Koya is said to be a gathering place for flying witches). There is a *vinavina* chant in this story that is hard to translate.

RELEVANT VOCABULARY:

Kwadalauiwa
obulalibu

SN 178 KIDOKA, LAKUM (THE STICK INSECT AND THE LAND CRAB)

A *kwanebu* folktale told by Bunuvagola, a man from Luwabila. Originally transcribed by Norbert Dilau and translated by Emmanuel Giyomatala.

SUMMARY

A beetle and a land crab team up to collect *noku* fruit, and their own incompetence leads them to their death.

Kwanebuyee Kidoka, Lakum

Lakum Kidoka, esisusa sola lubela eluki lubela, “Tamwa takanoku.” Ikelipolasa wala, esisuninisi esekelasa kaetala noku, euwa gala yomala. Itolisa wala iyakaulasi.

Iyakaulasi wala ekebiga minana Kidoka, “E lubegu, ke manikwena odogina agutoyapila wala.” Ivigadisa sikova ikakata imwenaga Lakum, imwemwena lela ikukosi tadoki didiga owula, e eluki lubela, “Makwena odugunisila agutoyapila wala. Bakenu kukwiuyaga kulai wala bima biwai

okukugu. Bikapusi bimwa opwepwaya bakau.” E yokewa minana Lakum, ikiyua manakwa noku ilai lema imakeya ikanukwenu okukula iwai.

Ikatuviki wala pilayu ikatumati wala ikariga. Itobusi Lakum lema egigigila wala bogwa ekasibula idoki bikekwala eyau sikwekwela edideboali wala iwokwa ikariga. Kasiteyu wala ikarigasi.

ENGLISH TRANSLATION

Lakum the land crab and Kidoka the stick insect were friends. One day, they decided to get together, “Let’s go get some *noku* fruits.” They went to the bush and found a *noku* tree that had plenty of fruits. They stood there admiring the *noku* tree and its fruits.

Kidoka said, “My dear friend, that fruit over there, at the very top of the tree, that’s the one I want.” They lit their fire, and when it was ready, Lakum started climbing the tree. The crab climbed and climbed and started picking *noku*; there were so many. The stick insect reminded him, “The one on top, that’s the one I really want. I’m going to lie down; you pick it and throw it right on my chest so it doesn’t get bruised. It will bounce off my chest and onto the ground, and I’ll pick it up.” The crab climbed to the very top and picked that fruit and threw it right onto Kidoka’s chest. The *noku* fruit broke Kidoka’s body into two halves, and the stick insect died on the spot. Lakum climbed down and started laughing. He was also very cold and thought he would get close to the fire to warm himself up. He threw his pincers forward, and they burned and fell off. The crab and the stick insect both died!

COMMENTS

This story is popular throughout the Trobriand Islands, mentioned by Malinowski (1987 [1929]: 339). The story is meant to be funny and make children laugh.

RELEVANT VOCABULARY:

kidoka
noku

SN 179 KIWALI, PUPUSA (A MAN’S NAME AND A WOMAN’S NAME)

A *kwanebu* folktale told by Katuloka, a man from Mwatawa. Originally transcribed by Norbert Dilau and translated by Joachim Taugwaga.

SUMMARY

A funny story about a woman and her grandson who get saltwater by filling up, respectively, their penis and vagina, using them as water containers.

Kwanebuyee Kiwali, Pupusa

ENGLISH TRANSLATION

Esisusa kasiteyu tabula, isisusa ilosa ikavaisi kasi. Isimwesa isulusulusi. Imokeyasa kasiyona, gala. "So, mesitana yona."

"Wii tabugu, gala wala." Evavagi matona Kiwali, "Yegu gala wala aguyona." "O bwena. Bitayobwi dakova bitalaga bitakayona." Ivalutusi wala orumata. "Wii! Mamalaga. Igau takavigoda." Ikavigodasi imesa isemwesa osivataga.

Ekaibiga, "Tabwabula kadayona." Imokeyasa gala wala. Isilabusisi ivitakaula iyokewa, "Bwa-bwa-bwa" kusi evabwaburi. Emwa itomwa gala ikubudi. Eyokewaga vivila "Bwa-bwa-bwa-bwa" makwa wui e bwabwaburisi itomalaluwasi wala sola "Ta-la-la-la-la" iyokewa vivila, "E gala tabuda gala kuwa iga kulupi igau sita agukubugwa kumeya." Elopwi reyava kai komwedona iyewesisi lemeya.

"E kusili kugwaburi." Itoli wala igwaburi, ibwagwaburi ivenoku ekausa kai, yagavana evapusa wala itomalaula.

"Sa-la-la-la-la" imwa.

"Wii tabuda, amakawala lokuvigaki?"

"Yata mwadeu kumeya tagigibwadi makewena yegu boteli bitalau." Ela ikau mwadeu tabula emeya itori wala itori ibubwari, "Bwa-bwa-bwa" ikasewa. Ikausa otunu isipubwadisa makewena kusi lewa lemaga.

"Ye tabuda, kabulatala bukugebila, kabulatala bagebila." Itanisa nugwebi igabila tabula matana makabulanaga uula ikimapu wala imeyesa ovalu.

"E igau dabala yokwa pela lokugebila matala tarigabwa sibulaga yegu." Erigabu tabula iwokwa wuwulaga imeya matowena erigabu. Isimwesa ikamkwamsi iwokwa eyam. "Tamwa takavai kada."

"E tamwa."

Itokaiwasi, ivalutusi obuyagu. Ikikavaisi iwokwa isiusiusi kasilokwai imeyesa kweitala lokwai watabu kweita kaula ovalu. Tau vivila isulusulusi iwokwa, "Wi tabuda gala kadayona. Sita tupwa?"

"Gala wala. Kurigabu sibuna yegu tainaku wala." "O tamwa takayona."

E ilosa ililosaga wala, ewesa mamala, "Kurigewa tabuda, nani bitalokeya kada."

"O bwena takili kadayona." Isilabusisi wala iwokewa vivila, "Bwa-bwa-bwa-bwa-bwa." "Kumeya tabuda kubugwa." Elokeya ave yobwesi, ave yebwesi ivapusa lela e tomalaluwa.

"Sa-la-la-la-la-la-la."

"Oi tabuda bogwa ekaligegedu. Amakala?"

"Dawotunu wala kumeya taselava."

Iselaisa matala kabulatala vivila matala igabila kabulatala matona imesa.

"O iga arigibwabogwa. Oluwiga yokwa."

"O kida?"

Erigabu dabala iwokwa katuyai yona kwevagaga besa tabula kukipuniniaga bwesila kutowa kubwesi. Kubwabwesi e kumwa kulivema. Isimwesa eyaisi ikamsi. Ikamkwamsi ikamkwamsi isisusa tau ikaligaga Pupusa.

This is the story of Kiwali and Pupusa. Kiwali was living with his grandmother, Pupusa. One day, they went to the gardens to get some food. When they came back and started cooking, they realized they had no salt.

"Pass me some salt," said Kiwali. "Sorry, my grandson, I don't have any left." Kiwali said, "Neither do I, grandma. Let's put off the cooking and go get some saltwater down at the beach." They both walked down to the shore. "Wii, it's very low tide, let's collect seashells while the tide comes in," the grandmother said. They collected shells and put them in their baskets. When the tide came in they said, "Let's get our saltwater now." But both of them had forgotten to bring their saltwater containers. Kiwali then dipped his penis into the sea and filled it up with saltwater. It went "bwa-bwa-bwa" as it filled up. He tried to hold it there, but it all ran out when he started walking. Then it was the grandmother's turn. She did the same. She lowered herself into the sea and let the water enter her vagina. The water bubbled up, "bwa-bwa-bwa." When they were both full of saltwater, the grandmother tried to stand up, but the water ran out of her, "sa-la-la-la-la," as she had no stopper. "Oh, my grandson, bring me some leaves so that I can plug it in and keep our salt inside." Kiwali went to the beach and got some *reyava* leaves and plenty of other leaves he found there. He told Pupusa, "Sit down in the water and fill it up again." She filled it up again, and when she was done, she stuffed the leaves to plug the water; when she stood up, it all ran out again, "sa-la-la-la."

"Wii! How are we going to do this?" asked Pupusa.

Her grandson Kiwali had an idea, "Get me one of those *mwadeu* vines. I'll fill up that bottle of mine, and then we'll tie it up with the vine, and we'll take the saltwater back to the village." Pupusa went and cut some *mwadeu* vines and said to her grandson, "Now fill it up." It went "bwa-bwa-bwa" until it was full. They took that string and tied up the tip of the penis full of water, and they started walking. It was so full of water that Kiwali had to ask his grandmother to help him carry it. "Grandmother, it's too heavy. Put one end on your head, and I'll carry the other end." They made a head pad with leaves to help Pupusa carry her end, and they walked back home, struggling under that heavy load.

When they arrived in the village, Kiwali said, "Since you are carrying the front end, put it in a pot and open it up, so that we can empty out half of this saltwater. The other half I'll empty it in my saltwater container over there." They poured saltwater into Pupusa's cooking pot and the other half onto Kiwali's containers. That night, they cooked, they served the food and ate it, and when they were full, they went to sleep. The next day, Kiwali said, "Grandmother. Let's go to the gardens to get some food."

"Yes, my grandson, let's go." They walked to the garden and dug out some tubers. Then they also got some *lokawai* greens. When they came back to the village, they each had two pots

full of vegetables and tubers. They both started cooking, and then suddenly, the grandmother remembered, “Wii! We used up all the salt yesterday; we haven’t got any left! Do you have any at all?” “Nothing,” Kiwali replied. “We emptied your half, and then I emptied mine, and that was it, there’s nothing left.”

“Let’s go get some salt,” Pupusa said. They walked down to the beach, and they saw it was very low tide. Kiwali said, “Forget it, grandmother, the tide is too low. Let’s hurry back to our cooking pots; never mind, we’ll eat without salt.”

“No, my grandson, let’s get some salt first,” Pupusa insisted. They both sat down in the shallow waters. As the woman spread her legs, the water went in, “bwa-bwa-bwa.” “Bring me something to plug it in,” Pupusa said. He gathered all sorts of leaves and stuffed them in, but as she stood up, the water ran out, “sa-la-la-la.”

“Oh, my grandson, this is not going to work out. What should we do?”

“Go look for our strings, grandma, and I’ll tie up my bottle.” And so they did; they tied up the tip of Kiwali’s penis full of water, and Pupusa carried the front on her head while Kiwali walked holding the other half behind her. When they arrived in the village, she said, “This time I’ll empty out your half first, then you can empty out mine.”

“Alright, grandma.” Kiwali emptied out his half first, but when he went to empty out the rest in his grandmother’s cooking pot, he didn’t realize he was urinating from the effort. Later on, when they cooked and ate, Kiwali was fine, but Pupusa died!

COMMENTS

This folktale is a typical example of the *pilanagoa* type, the funny, dirty stories that were said to help the yams grow back in the garden when they were told in the village. Note that *tabugu* can mean both my grandmother/grandson and my cross-cousin, although people commented that in this story the characters are a grandmother and her grandson.

RELEVANT VOCABULARY:

lukwava
mwadeu
reyava

SN 181 KIKONI (MICE)

A *kwanebu* folktale told by Touvasigi, a man from Idaleka. Originally transcribed by Norbert Dilau and translated by Emmanuel Giyomatala.

SUMMARY

Two brothers go in search of edible grubs and get a pet mouse on the way. They put the mouse in the basket, and it ends up eating

all their catch. The elder brother blames the younger one for eating all the grubs and sells him to the Dobuans, who kill him, cook him, and eat him before the elder brother realizes his mistake.

Kwanebuyee Kikoni

Isisusa sola bwadala ilosa ikakavakusi. Iloisa itaisisi kasikakavaku. Ililolasa wakeda ewakeyasa matona kikoni ikanukwenu.

“E tuwagu minana wanegu. Bakau basuwaya oduvataga.”

“O kusuwaya.” Ikau minana kokoni bwadala isuwaya osivataga sola tuwala. Iloisa ililolasa wala iwokeyasa makaena kai kalabiga itowesa itaisa kasikakavaku sola bwadala. Ititaisa eivinakusa evilugisa ela ovataga. Idokasa wala bwena kakavaku ovataga. Amga bogwa ikamkoma kokoni. E iluwapelasi kayuwela kalabiga ilosa itaisa. Ititaisa evilugisa ovataga. Idokaesala bwena ikanukwena ovataga amga bogwa kikoni ikamkoma.

“Mwa, meya agisi davataga.” Ikatuvilemwa tuwala vataga imwakeya taokuwa wala, naye wala ikanukwenusi.

“Mwa! Kakavaku?”

“Gala tuwada sitana banukwali. Kugisila oduvatala.”

“Gala sitana avela bikamkwam. Yokwa wala okwamkwam. Amakala sidaya bogwa ikasewa sivataga? Yakidaga taokwa wala. Bogwa okwamkwoma okuvinaku wala.”

“Gala tuwada bakam kadakakavaku. Kutitaisi aualugwa wala ekanukwenu gala sita banukwali.”

“Gala yokwa wala okwamkwam. Ke lagela baweyakam minadobu bikomemsi gala bukusisu gala wala.”

“Gala tuwada. Sogu gala bakamkwam.”

“Gala, lagela baweyakem minadobu agimlakem agukuria.” Ivakori wala bwadala iviyaki Kavataria ikotasi minadobu kalabiga emesa ikulasi.

“Tawa! Kumeyesa kweita agukuria e kukomisaga bwadagu. Ke sita kwamkwamsi tau?” “Mitaga, lakamesa pela tau bakaneisi. Kumeya.”

Ikau wala eseki bwadala kalabiga minadobu. Itolisa eivigadisa kova. Igadisa lewokwa itowesa igabusa. Igabusa lewokwa iyarisa isisu wala igigisaga bwadala. Iyalisa lewokwa itaisa lopola imokeyasa kweokwa.

“Tawa! Kugisesa bwadagu avaka sitana olopolo sileula.”

“Gala wala. Kwewokwa wala sileula.”

“Oi bogwa lasula. Bwadagu latuwari lokukomasi. Adoki kamakavaku bwadagu ikamkwam. Kaegigola minana kokoni ekamkwam.” Isela minana kikoni igabu evalamga ikeita ima osivalu sola bwadala.

ENGLISH TRANSLATION

Two brothers decided to go in search of edible *kakavaku* grubs. They went to the bush, looking for those logs where the grubs live. On their way, they came upon a little mouse, and the younger brother said, “My brother, I want to keep this mouse as my pet. Can I put it in our basket?”

"That's fine," the elder brother said. "Put it in our basket." The younger brother picked up the mouse and put it inside their basket. When they found the right logs, they cut them open to collect the *kakavaku* grubs. They put all the grubs in that basket, thinking that the *kakavaku* would be safe inside. But they forgot about the mouse, and the mouse ate all the grubs in the basket. As they were walking back, the elder brother said, "Let's have a look at our basket, see how many grubs we have." He looked inside, and all he could find were two grubs. "Hey, where are our *kakavaku*?" he asked.

"I don't know, my brother," the younger brother replied. "Check in our basket; that's where they should be."

"There is nothing here, and nobody else but you could have eaten them. You ate them!" The elder brother accused, "Otherwise, how is it possible that our friends' baskets are full of grubs and ours is empty? You finished them all; there is no other explanation!"

"No, my elder brother," the young one replied, "I didn't eat our grubs. I put all the *kakavaku* you found inside the basket; I promise I know nothing else about it!" But the elder brother would not listen, "No way, it was you, and nobody else who ate them. Today, I'm going to bring you to the Dobu people, and they will eat you, and you will no longer be." The younger boy pleaded, "Please, my elder brother, don't do it; I didn't eat the *kakavaku* grubs!"

"No," the elder brother insisted, "today, I'm taking you to the Dobu people. I'm going to sell you to them so that I can get some food to eat." He took his small brother to Kavataria Village, where he had heard the Dobu people had arrived to carry out Kula exchanges. He called out to the Dobuans, "Guys! Come here and bring me a clay pot. I will give you my younger brother in exchange; he's all yours, you can eat him. Because you eat people, don't you?"

"We sure do," the Dobuans replied. "In fact, we came here looking for somebody to eat. Bring us that brother of yours!" The elder brother let the Dobuans have his younger sibling. The people of Dobu started making a fire. When the fire was ready, the Dobuans burned the younger brother like you would do with a pig. When he was thoroughly cooked, they took him off the fire and chopped him up, and all that time the elder brother was sitting there, watching. As they were cutting open his stomach they noticed there was nothing inside. Incredulous, the elder brother asked, "Boys, check what's inside my brother's stomach."

"There's nothing; his stomach is empty," the Dobuans replied.

"Oh, what have I done," the elder brother lamented. "I made a mistake, and I handed you my brother to be eaten. I thought he had eaten the *kakavaku* grubs, but it turns out it must have been that mouse instead." The elder brother threw that mouse in the fire and cried all the way back to his village.

RELEVANT VOCABULARY:

suwaya

vataga

SN 184 BUDIBUDI (A WOMAN'S NAME, AFTER THE ISLAND GROUP FAR EAST OF MILNE BAY PROVINCE)

A *kwanebu* folktale told by Gwatuma, a woman from Kai-bola. Originally transcribed by Norbert Dilau and translated by Bernard Mwayubu.

SUMMARY

A young girl, Budibudi, weaves armbands instead of going to the gardens to work with her relatives. Budibudi summons a man at the beach and sleeps with him, until her father finds out.

Kwanebuyee Budibudi

Kwanebuyee Budibudi e minana vivila lapaisewa bisisu bibisibasi wala kuwasi ovalu. Bimasisi wala biyam kaukwau bilivalasi veyala, "Ue! Budi Budi tam tabagulasi." "Gala kulosa babisibasi wala agukwasi ovalu." Ibubasi kweyatala yamala ekasewa eyam elivalasi veyala, "Ue, tam tabagulasi."

"Gala, kulosa basisu gola abisibasi kwasi ovalu." E isupela imwa ibasi kweyuwela yamala. Ebasi ekasewa eyam mna kalitolula, "Ue! Tam tabagulasi!" "Taga lalukwemi lakatoula, kulosa babisibasi gola agukwasi ovalu." Ebubasi kekela ekasewa. Ebubasi bogwa einaku eyam kala bua wala bikikawi. Ivalusi wala ila okwadewa. Ila iyai mna kabulatala kawalawa kwewokuwa iyai kabuluyuwela kwewokuwa igisi oniwaila teta datau yokwa bima. Ikeita ima ovalu. Imasisi eyam kaukwau ivalusi ivilugi sopi igabi igogebila iwa itai iseyuma ilaga. E ivalusi wala iyasi kabulata kawalawa kabulawokwa kabuliyuwela, "O teta datau yokwa bima tamasisi." Itadoyai wala igisiga teta tau egigisi. Igigigi, "Wiii!! Avela bwena migila yam yam bima batilogi gola bikikebiga makawala." E yam wala ivalusi iweki itoli wala okwadewa ivina minana ikau wala iseki, "O Budibudi nededeiye kwenili muwagu kwasona tetala damwala kwadouda kwadapipili kesaila wala papwala matona bima ikatuligai okwadewa." Imeki wala esisu ilosa imasisi oguwagava. Imasisi wala bogwa egisi bibogi ila matona tau ivalaguwaga ima ovalu eyam. Eyam ila bogwa makawala ivinavina wala. Evinavina wala ima tau imwesa imasisi. E kaliyuwela luva mapulaga tamala itulatula yamyam makawala bila bilugibogi wala bimena iluki tomota. Kabulatala valu kabuliyuwela valu nabweya bukulosa okwadewa kusiwesa bukugisesaga latugu avelai etateya nanola elilokeya. "O, bwena." Ivalusi wala minawena iwa itadoyai iyai kabulatala kwadewa kabuliyuwela ikauga iseki, "Budibudi nededeiye kwenili muwagu kwasona tetala damwala kwadouda kwadapipili." Iokwa matona tau kesaila popewala ima ikatuligai elosa ikanawesa. Ikanukwenusi wala oguwagava mapula bogwa ekounapulasi tomoto emesa iyosisa matona tau iwaweyasi imsa ikatumatisa ivalaguwaga minana ila ovalu.

ENGLISH TRANSLATION

This is the story of a woman called Budibudi. Budibudi stays in the village and weaves armbands. Every night, her hard-working parents go to sleep early, and early in the morning they wake up and tell her, “Budibudi, let’s go do some gardening.”

And every time Budibudi replies, “No, you go; I’ll stay here and weave my armbands.” After a few days, she had woven enough armbands to cover up one of her arms entirely when her parents asked her again, “Budibudi! Let’s go and work in the garden.”

Her reply was always the same, “No, you go; I’ll stay in the village and weave armbands.” And thus, she kept on weaving until she had enough armbands to cover up her other arm. The next morning her parents told her, “Ue, come with us to the garden!” And she replied, “I have already told you, I’m sick. You go; I’ll stay home to weave my armbands.” She wove and wove and wove until she covered up one leg with woven bands. She was weaving until the next day, chewing her betel nut and weaving while her parents and siblings were working hard in the gardens. When she was tired of weaving, Budibudi went to the beach. Staring at the calm sea, she wished she had a man. After some time, Budibudi came back home. The next morning, she went to fetch water, and when she was carrying the water vessels back, she decided to hide them in the bush and go down to the beach. Staring at every corner of the sea she thought, “Oh, how I wish a man could come to me, so that we could sleep together.” When she looked up, she saw a man staring back at her. “Who is this man with a pretty face coming toward me?” she thought. But she was too scared, and she ran away. The next morning when she woke up, she went to the beach, and she began chanting, “Oh, Budibudi, I imagine you getting closer, I summon you, my heart right inside my heart, I wish I had me a husband, he shall come to me floating on the sea.” Then that man appeared again. He came to her, and they went to sleep under the *gogowa* tree. When it was getting dark, the girl went back to the village, and the man stayed back on the beach. The next day when she went to the shore, she started singing the same song again.

When her man came, they went to sleep under a big *gogowa* *Ficus* tree. They were so enraptured that Budibudi forgot to go back to her village. The next day, her father was waiting for her to come back; he told his people, “All of you, you shall go down to the beach and wait to see why my daughter is so keen on staying there, what is it that has stolen away her mind.” “Fine,” the villagers said. So the next day, the girl went down to the shore and stared at the calm ocean and began to sing, “Oh, Budibudi, I imagine you getting closer, I summon you, my heart right inside my heart, send my husband floating on the sea.” The man suddenly appeared, and they both went to sleep under the *gogowa* tree (see Figure 56). And while they were sleeping, the villagers came down to the beach, and they beat the girl’s lover to death, and she had no choice but to go back home. And that’s the end of the story.

COMMENTS

I was told a similar story in Budibudi, in which a girl disobeys her parents and refuses to do any work. She then marries a man who turns out to be a python. To get rid of him, the girl’s brothers devise a plot involving several canoes sailing and the snake following them until it gets cut into pieces. The girl’s name in the Trobriand version may hint at the Budibudi origin of the story.

SN 185 MULUVEKA, TOGEA (THE SEA EAGLE AND THE PYTHON)

A *kwanebu* folktale told by Boikota, a woman from Kulu-vitu. Originally transcribed by Norbert Dilau and translated by Gerald Beona.

SUMMARY

A giant python has eaten all the people in the village. A sea eagle born to a woman fights the python.

Kwanebuyee Muluveka, Togega

Kwanebuyee Muluveka, Togega. Lavalu Muluveka Budabuda, lavalu Togega Nita. Isisusa, isisusa ivalulu inala Muluveka tau. Edoki tomota imweki Muluveka. Ivitugwi ivitugwi ivitugwi bogwa itoveka. Ekebiga, “Inagu, avaka uula tasisu okwadewa?”

“O tetala tokwamula tau orakaewa esisu Nita. Otamaga Budabuda latama tasimwa.”

“O ke? Ave taula?”

“A togega. Yuretala, yureyu, yuretolu, yurevasi, yurelima, yurelima yuretala. Yuretala, yureyu, yuretolu, yurevasi, yurelima ekatala likula minana togega. Ididani wala ikau bwema iseyela wala okaisikalu.” Isela okaisikalu e ivalutu Muluveka ekamkwam wala inia itoveka. Ekebiga eluki inala, “Inago! Bala agisi matona tau ikamokoma veidaya. Yakida kidamwa bikomeda tama tasukupweni orumata.”

“O gala tuda. Sena toveka, bukuwa bikomem wala.”

“O desi wala.” E ibia minawena bedabeda natabwabogwa imeya ibubwaki wala bubwayu ikoma kununa iyalelaga iseki inala kalainia. Iyokewaga iyoyowa wala itori okaisikalu iyokewaga togega ikanukwenu.

“Oi, kweyasi mikukwava, avaka pela kuwitarisa, kileta gala ikipwesi matagu.” Iyokewasiga bwadala Muluveka, “Kukwau kuipwesi matala kweyu.”

Evavagiga Togega, “Igala ikipwesi matagu imweyegu, akatumati akeitaga bama agisemi yokwami.”

“O kupeulaga Togega.” E iluki, “Avaka uula lokuma, ina toveka yokwa.”

“Gala sogu, alagi bulagam lama agisem. Elivalisa okuvakasau liku sena toveka yokwa. Ke, mtaga magigu utuyam wala bagisi, elivalisa kidamwa okula walabuma.”

"O yegu adoki kaduwanaku bweviloyula besa gala kaduwanaku. Kuisu ke."

Iloya ilaloya wala ivalutu wala omyuwa ikau dogo. Igisi ikeita, ikeita ikeita, gala wala itairi likumwedola liku, pikekita wala. Ikikeita wala, "Mwa! Kamdoga."

"Ke? Adokiga lokula walabuma."

"Gala, igau lakau kamdoga lameya ikanukwenu, igauga avaka lokulivala."

"Magigu minana kubwana bagisi. Elivalisa kidamwa naminibweta wala kubwana. O yegu adoki kaduwanaku biviloyula besa."

"Kuisu bamwaga akau." E ititasau, ititasau ititasau makalikuna liku. Gala wala, ibawa ikau kubwana imeya iseki.

"Ke, kumeya wanela luguta balau."

"Ambesaga kuisu?"

"Gala kaditeyu wala tasisu."

"O ke?" Ikau minana kubwana kaitala dogo isakawali isakawali wala iseki inala. "Wi avaka waya?"

"A, lalukila inada itasaula makalikuna liku adokila bivinaku, gala wala. Lameya gola luguta wanela lakubwana kaladoga. Nabweya inada kaukwau kuvakasulu wowogu bayowa bala agisi, magigu bakipwesi matala."

"O gala sena toveka, bukuvagi bikomem. Bima bikomema sogu lumuta." Ikanukwenu igau bogi ibiaga minana youdigaga ibia ima ilai ibwabu kununa, "E kumeki luguta kalayeyuna kuweya kununaga bakatupela bala."

Ikamkwam wala ivenoku isisiburi wala isuwa wala omdula valu ikikeita gola imeki Budabuda Nita. Iyoyowa wala kalabiga itola wala okaisikalu iyega makwena boala buna ekwekukwasi.

"O yokwala elupaki weya, oi! O kweyasi mikwava! Gala kuwitalisa sami kileta gala ikipwesi matagu gala kugisesa tovekala." Itopelala itola kalabiga. Elukiga Togega, "Bwadada, kuwakesa yata kalubwebwai tuwami kumeyasa imom." Ilosa irisisa bwebwai lemeyesa elivala, "Gala kumeyesala bakoluma." Emeyesa ikau sikekwela ibisipwari wala igigesi ivinaku ibisipwari imom isemwaga luleta kalabwebwai.

"Amakala lokuma?"

"Magigu bagisila utuyam."

"O yegu adoki avaka. Gala wala kaduwanaku. Kuisu wala balaga akiuya mutuyam bameya."

Ivalutu wala ikapakiki wala mna labuma tapwala Muluveka ilaga ikiuya utuyam isoyaga ututana yeyuna okaisikalu ikanamwa. Ikiuya minana utuyam. Igisi wala edidagi makalikuna liku e bogwa besa basuyaki ididagi wala ila isokonwu.

"Mwa lewa mmutuyam. Yokwa kudoki kaduwanaku yegulaga ikuwilegu." Ikali ila, ela ikamkwamu wala iseki inala ikanukwenu wala igau bogi ibiaga minawena mosa. Ibibia ima ilai e ibwabu kaliyeyuna luguta iweya ikam kununaga akatupeula.

"Bala agisi sogu."

"Mwa, tokwaliyeya yokiwa. Kuwaga biyosem bikomem sogu lumuta amakawala?" "Bogwa bayosi."

Iyowa iyoyowa iweki sivatala itatuwa sivayuwela itatuwa. Kweyayu wala sikwekwela kweyu matala ilai wala imwa okegadula.

"Oi! Ikeyasi sikukwava! Gala iwaweyasi kaluvituvatu sasi bigigisesa bogwa eyosegu." Ikodidemi wala busubwasala.

"O nasaga tolem! Bukuyosegu. Kaboseliu yegu Togega."

"A yegulaga, yegu Muluveka. Bogwa layosem. Bogwala lasuiya matam. Ikosasi busubwasala pwanetala ibia isuyewa wala. Ibiala ilau, itokeya Togega ibibiala ima ikopitupi liku."

"E mwa! Nasaga tolem bukuyosegu. Igauga kuweyegu besa bapiem gola bama akopitukwem liku bakatumatem bakomem."

"A bogwa layosem yegu Muluveka, bogwa lasuya matam, gala, bogwa layosem. Nasaga tolem." Ibia ibibia ivilutu elawo elaga itokeya Togega ibibia imeya wala. Itokwaga Muluveka ibia ivilutu, ivilutu, ivilutu itoila lila ilu ivabala iwayemwala lila ilago okapoula labumala. Ibibia ikukwa ikanawa imweya itoyemwa imweya itoyemwa oboarita ambesa ambesa ikilai wala ila wala imiriyaki boarita. Ililuva evavagisi lola aveinia aveinia aveinia.

ENGLISH TRANSLATION

This is the story of Muluveka, the sea eagle, and Togega, the python. Muluveka used to live at Budabuda. Togega's place is called Nita. One day, a woman gave birth to a sea eagle. The woman thought she would give birth to a human baby, but when she looked, it was, in fact, a sea eagle, and she called him Muluveka. The mother reared her eagle child until he grew big and strong. When Muluveka was old enough, he asked his mother, "My mother, how come we're living down here, on the beach?"

"My son," the mother replied, "there is someone up there in Nita who feeds on humans. That's why we came here to Budabuda."

"Is it so?" the son replied. "And who would that be?"

"It's Togega, the python, my son. One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, and ten. Ten bundles of four coconuts each, that's how big the body of this giant python is. Togega is so big it has filled up a whole yam house; its head rests at the top of the *kaisikalu* decorated boards." Muluveka and his siblings grew up listening to their mother's stories about the giant python snake and how he had eaten everybody around. Muluveka grew and grew and grew, eating nothing but fish, until he became very big. One day Muluveka said to his mother, "My mother. I want to go see that python who has devoured all our relatives. The one who is also trying to eat us and forced us to hide on this beach."

"No, my son," replied his mother. "He is too big. If you go to his place, he will eat you." "Never mind," Muluveka said. He was determined to go see Togega. He went fishing and caught a very big *bedabeda* fish. He brought it back to the village and cut it in two halves. He ate the head and gave the other half to his mother. When they were done eating, he flew to Nita. He carried his younger brother with him, and he landed on the yam house where Togega was resting. Upon seeing Muluveka and his brother arriving, the python swore at them, "Who's disturbing me? May you all fuck your wives and leave me alone. Who sent you? You landed so close, luckily you didn't claw my eyes out!" Muluveka's brother whispered, "Blind him. You must claw out both his eyes." But Togega heard him. "Don't even think about

it. If you try to blind me, I will kill you," the snake said to Muluveka, and he added, "And after killing him I will come after you."

"Oh come on, be strong, Togega," the brother said, "I was only joking." The snake turned around and gave Muluveka a good look, "You're a very big guy. Why did you come here?"

"No, you are very big, my friend," Muluveka replied. "I heard some news about you, and I wanted to see it with my own eyes. They said you are so big you fill up a yam house." The sea eagle kept on praising Togega, "They say you are so big, you can even reach as far as the sky. I would like to see a star; I've never seen one up close. Can you reach as far as a star?" The snake was flattered. "Ha! That might be far for everyone, but not for me. Stay here; I'll show you." Togega uncoiled and went all the way to Muyuwa Island to the far east of the Kula ring. He reached Muyuwa and brought back a circular pig's tusk valuable from there and brought it back. He was so long, he didn't even need to leave the yam house entirely: only a small part of his body went to Muyuwa. Most of his body stayed coiled up inside the yam house. Togega came back and said to Muluveka, "Here. Your pig's tusk."

"What? I thought you went all the way up to the sky," Muluveka said.

"Nah," the snake replied, "I just went to Muyuwa to take that *doga* valuable to show you how big I am, as you said."

"Oh," said Muluveka, "that's impressive. But I would like to see the morning star up close. They say it's the most beautiful of all the stars, but it's too far away for me to reach." The snake said, "Stay here. I'm going to get the morning star." Togega's body uncoiled from the top of the yam house as he moved upward. But truth is, he was so big that most of his body stayed inside the yam house while his head was high up in the sky. He reached the morning star, grabbed it, and brought it back to Muluveka. The sea eagle said, "Oh, thank you! Can I take this as a gift to my sister?" The snake's interest was sparked by Muluveka's words. "Sure, take it to her. By the way, where do you guys live?"

"Oh, nowhere. I'm going to live here with you," Muluveka replied.

"Are you," the snake said, and it went back to sleep inside that yam house. Meanwhile, Muluveka grabbed his brother, the pig's tusk, and the morning star and took them away. He brought those things to his mother.

"What are these?" Muluveka's mother asked.

"Mother," Muluveka said, "I tried to deceive Togega into leaving his yam house, but he is very big indeed. No matter how far he goes, most of his body stays inside that yam house. I brought these gifts for my sister, a pig's tusk valuable and the morning star. Mother, tomorrow morning, bathe my body with warm water. I will fly back to see Togega; I want to try to blind him."

"No way," his mother replied. "He is way too big. If you try to claw his eyes out, he will eat you. Then he will find where we live, and he will come and eat me and your sister." At night, they all went to sleep except for Muluveka, who went fishing. He caught a *youdigaga* fish and chopped off its head. He brought

the catch to his mother and said, "Give the tail of the fish to my sister; I will eat the head and then fly off to see Togega." When he finished eating, Muluveka left Budabuda and flew toward Nita. He made his landing on top of the yam house, but he missed the snake's eyes once again. The whole yam house shook when the sea eagle landed on it, and the cowrie shell decorations rattled loudly, waking up the snake who was resting there. "Oh, it's you again; may you screw your wives! Who are your friends, who's sending you? Luckily, you didn't claw out my eyes, you landed so close. Don't you have any respect for the big people like myself?" Muluveka apologized and stood aside. This placated the snake, and Togega ordered his brothers, "Go and climb that coconut tree over there; bring some green coconuts for our guest to drink." They brought some coconuts, and Muluveka said, "Give those to me; I will husk them myself." Muluveka pierced the coconut with his sharp claws, drank the juice, and put the rest of it aside to bring it to his sister later. When Muluveka was done drinking, Togega asked him, "What brings you here?"

"I want to see another star," Muluveka said.

"Oh, I thought you had more serious matters. That's nothing. To others, maybe, but to me the stars are not far. Stay here, I will go up there, pick up your star, and bring it back," Togega said. The snake uncoiled and went up in the sky. The stars were higher than the morning star, so Togega had to reach really high up above. Its whole body left the yam house, except for the tip of its tail; that remained attached to the *kaisikalu* decorations. Togega reached a star and picked it up. As he was coming down, the yam house started filling up again with the snake's huge body. When he finally came back, the snake said to Muluveka, "Here's your star. The sky might be off limits for you, you probably think that's far for me, but it's nothing; the stars are my shelter. I can easily go there and come back." Muluveka flew back to his place. At night, while everybody was sleeping, the sea eagle went fishing again and pulled a big *mosa* fish. As usual, he cut the fish and gave the tail to his sister and kept the head for himself. After eating, Muluveka announced, "I'm going back to see Togega."

"Boy, why are you so obstinate? He will end up eating you and then what? He will come after your sister and I."

"No," Muluveka insisted, "I will have him." He flew and flew toward Nita. The first time he saw Togega's size, he was scared. The second time, too, he trembled. But this time Muluveka was determined: he didn't tremble. He landed with the sharp claws of his talons right on Togega's eyes. The snake swore, "May they screw their wives! I didn't see this coming." Togega cursed his brothers, "Why didn't you keep an eye on him? Now he has caught me!" Muluveka pressed hard and tried to smash the snake's skull with his claws. The snake laughed at him, "You are a nobody. Even with no eyes, you are no match to me, I am Togega."

"Ha!" replied the sea eagle. "I am Muluveka. I have caught you in my claws. I have pierced your eyes. I am Muluveka, and today, I will kill you. You are a nobody." The sea eagle pulled Togega away, and Togega pulled back. They struggled for hours until the sun was really high. At last, Muluveka got the better of

Togega and dragged him out of the yam house and threw him into the sea. When the snake fell into the sea, it split into pieces, and each one gave birth to a different type of fish, the needlefish and all the other ones. And that's the end of my story.

SN 187 LAUDINEDINA (A MAN'S NAME)

A *kwanebu* folktale told by Naulabu, a woman from Kai-bola. Originally transcribed and translated by Norbert Dilau.

SUMMARY

A young man, Laudinedina, refuses to help his mother in the garden and tries to sail away in his canoe. The mother chants a magic spell that makes the waves swell and prevent Laudinedina from sailing. When he finally manages to sail, he goes away and marries a woman on another island.

Kwanebuyee Laudinedina

Sinagariyoga Sewa mesiki. Matowena deri veyala esisusa, esisusa ivalugwa tamala yagogu sola lakwawa ekaibiga inala, "A, Laudine! Tamwesa usom tamam. Kukirikerisi batitaliluwaga." Ekaibiga Laudinedina, "Kuvesa kulosa kubugubagulasi, basisu igau ovalu, abisibasi aguyeyetotu." Ekaibiga inala, "Oo. Kubasiga kulokeyaga Sinagariyoga olopola Sewa eyayoyu butula." Ilosa ibisibasiga kaliyeyetotu ovalu. Emesa veyala emasisisi eyam evalugwa tamala yagogu leokwa ekeibiga inala, "A Laudine! Tamwesa usom tamam tasopusi." Ekebigaga Laudinedina, "Kuvesa. Kulosa kubugubagulasi. Basisuga abisibasi aguyeyetotu."

"O kubasi igau kulokeya Sinagariyoga olopola Sewa eyayoyu butula." Ilosa wala ekatubayasaga layatula, lakawala ikelibusi. Kuwulaola, kuwulaola olopola boarita, iyokeya wala inala ibasi yamala wadema.

"O latu! Avaka mapwala. Mwa, taweki latuda tagisi." Ikabisi imesa imakeyasa bogwa ela otapwala boarita. Ikau iseki, "O Laudinedine, o kalakaluyaya, boli boli manaya, kutuma Laudinedi, o nuwam nuwagu, kuloinegu." Esivila egisi inala kalabiga bogwa elagi edou, bo ela ikeita. Ikeita lema iulaola, iulaola itagawa osivalu deri veyala. Emasisisi leyama kalabiga ivalugwa tamala yagogu eyokewaga inala, "A, Laudinedine, tamwesa obuyagu som tamam. Kukilikelisi batitaliluwaga."

"Kuvesa kulosa kubagulasi, babisibasi aguyeyetotu."

"O kubasiga kulekeyaga Sinagariyoga olopola Sewa eyayoyu butula." Ilosa veyala kalabiga ikeula kalayatula, kalakawala itabusi. Ibia lawaga ikabila eulaola, eulaola otapwa boarita iyokeyaga inala ebasi yamala dema, "O latu, avaka mapwala, mwa tamweki latuda tagisi." Ikabisi imesa. Imakesa bogwa ela oboarita eulaola.

Bilokisinagaliyoga. Ekau iseki, "O Laudinedine, o kalakaluyaya, boli boli manaya, kutuma Laudinedi, o nuwam

nuwagu, kuloinegu." E ila ikeita. Kalabiga okasaila popewa ima italigai.

"Avaka kudidoyumila, avaka lokulukwegula bala baloki Sinagariyoga agisi." Ekau biga inala, "Besa bakai biga wala, mtaga gala wala bukula. Bakala kabugubagula usogu tamam, bukuisu gola." Eyam kalabiga ilosa wala ibugubagulasi ivalu kwetamala yagogu ekaibigaga inala, "Tamwesa tasopusi som tamam."

"Kuvesa. Kulosa kubugubagulasi. Basisuga abisibasi aguyeyetotu."

"O kubasi igau kulokeya Sinagariyoga olopola Sewa eyayoyu butula." Ilosa kalabiga inala tamala ikeribusiga. Kulawola, kulawola, kula otapwa boarita, bogwa ela katitekina vivila sivalu, e kubasiga inala yamala wadema.

"O latugu avaka mapwala." Ekeita lema ikabi idou, "O Laudinedine, o kalukaluwam, yayu boli boli manaya, kutuma Laudinedi, o nuwam nuwagu, kuloinegu." Edodou, gala mapelaga matowena bogwa eulaola ebogi kubirigai lawaga eweki bobau iwa isiwa okibobau. Isisu bogwa ebogi kulivitala kalabiga opososiu kula kutowa. Minakaigila vivila ambesa mesiki. E ilagiga kalabiga idousi yagala osiboala usola tamala inala. Emasisisi wala lewaga. Itoli ivaguri. Ekebiga, "Sinagariyoga!"

"Ayegu Laudinedina." Eekanamwa ekanukwenu evagurivau, "Sinagariyoga!" "Kuwa kula ave tau yokiwa. Kuisavari."

"A kuma igau kugisegu." Ekounapula kalabiga eimeki megatala. E kusuisi kulosa kanamwesa. Eyam gala sunapu. Etulatulasi tamala inala gala imokeyasa. Emokeyasa kalabiga bogwa sola tau ikanukwenusi. Eyam wala kalabiga eluwawala wala. E kabulatala kabulayu, "Nabweya kuvatisa latugu kabala. Bisunapulasi sola lamwala bimesa okaukweda." Eyam kalabiga kebila yabwaya evogirisa esunapulasi sola vivila. Ilosa oitavata esilisa ivaisi isimwesa. Isisusa, isisusa ivalulu vivila. Ivalulu tau. Esisiyasa bogwa etoveka ilosa deri lavevai ipolasi matosina sola latula, latula bogwa sitana inukwali bigatona. Ilosa origaba kapokaisi iwesa wala isisu latula imaga latau tobogwa ilosa obulagweda imasisi. Imasisisi kalabiga lemesa sola latula. Ikalilagwasi matowena deri lavevai. Lemesa gala wala ikam tamala ikaibiga matona gwadi eluki tamala, "Ke tamagu, obulagweda okanukwenusi som inagu yokwa?"

"Gala yegu. Kalosa deri kadamwa tubumwa kapolasi."

"O tetala tau usola inagu emasisisi obulagweda." Bogwa mesiniku elivala latula, gala ikam matowena igau ekanasipu. Moi orakeni, moi otanakwa. Ekanukwenusi ikatupoisiga kadala minana vivila, "Luleta tamala, mitaga Laudinedina ekanukwenu wala wa boala. Kana avaka ivakasa mileula."

"Gala wala, esekila matona togweluva, bidubadu labigatona."

Mamwela kalabiga lebogi emasisisi emasisisi isunapula lema. Lakawala lekeula, lakaikela, kalabiga kalayatula kubia lawaga, kubia isila kweita kumeki veyala osivalu. Bomesinaku.

ENGLISH TRANSLATION

There was a woman from Sewa whose name was Sinagariyoga. There was also a young man, Laudinedina, who lived with

his parents. One day, his father and his mother took some yam seedlings to the garden. Laudinedina's mother said, "Hey, Laudine! Let's go to the garden. You and your father will dig the holes, and I will plant the seedlings." Laudinedina replied, "Go ahead and do your gardening; I will stay back in the village and weave my armbands." But his mother knew what he was up to, "Oh, you're weaving so that you can go see that girl in Sewa, Sinagariyoga, whose fame is now spreading all over the place." So his parents left, and Laudinedina stayed in the village, weaving.

When they were done in the garden, his parents came home. The next day, his father picked up the yam seedlings, and his mother said, "Laudine! Let's go to the garden with your father; it's time to sow." But Laudinedina replied, "You go. Go and work in the garden. I'm staying here; I will weave my armbands." His mother said, "Oh, I know what you're up to; you're weaving, so that you can go see that girl in Sewa, Sinagariyoga, whose fame is spreading." When his parents were gone, Laudinedina took his canoe bailer and his punting pole and went down to the beach. He took his canoe, and he paddled it; he paddled and paddled until he was far out in the sea. Meanwhile, at the same time, his mother was working in the garden when she accidentally hurt her hand with the digging stick while tilling the soil. She exclaimed, "Oh, my son! This must be a sign." And she said to her husband, "Hey, let's go back and see what happened to our son." They went back to the village, and from there they saw their son in the distance; he was already in the middle of the sea. When she saw this, his mother chanted out loud a spell, "*O Laudinedine, o kalakaluyaya, boli boli manaya, kutuma Laudinedi, o nuwam nuwagu, kuloinegu.*" Laudinedina turned around and saw his mother in the distance. Her spell had entered his ears, and he paddled back to his village. They went to sleep, and the next day, his father picked up the yam seedlings, and his mother said to Laudinedina, "My son, let's go to the garden with your father. You dig, I sow." But the boy replied, "You go and garden; I'm staying back to work on my weaving." His mother objected, "You only want to stay here and weave so that you can go to see Sinagariyoga, the famous woman of Sewa." After his parents were gone, Laudinedina took his canoe bailer and his punting pole and walked down to the beach. He pushed his canoe into the water and started paddling away.

When he was out in the sea, his mother struck her hand while digging with the stick in the garden. She said, "What's this? My son!" And she told her husband, "Let's go back to check on our son." When they went back to the village, they saw their son paddling out in the distance. The mother chanted out her spell again, "Oh, Laudinedine, your face, your heart is mine; our sail, stop him from going away, oh his heart is my heart," and Laudinedina, charmed by the spell, paddled back to his parents. He slowly reached the flotsam and tried to put his mind at ease, asking his mother, "Why do you always call me back? Why do you always warn me against going to see Sinagariyoga?" His mother replied, "I am just saying, you should not go away. When your father and I go to work in the garden, you should just stay put in the village." The next day, Laudinedina's mother and father

started getting ready to go to the garden. They collected the yam seeds, and the mother said to her son, "Let's go and help your father plant the yams."

"Go ahead. I'm staying here; I'll work on my woven armbands," Laudinedina said. His mother replied, "After you finish weaving, you're going to see Sinagariyoga, the famous woman of Sewa." And both his parents went to the garden. Before long, Laudinedina pushed his canoe out to the sea and started paddling away. He paddled and paddled until he was not far from Sinagariyoga's village. Meanwhile, his mother was working in the garden when she accidentally hit her hand with the digging stick. "Oh, my son," she said, "what is this?" Together with her husband she rushed back to the village, and she chanted out, "Oh, Laudinedine, your face, your heart is mine; our sail, stop him from going away, oh his heart is my heart." She called and called, but it was in vain. It was dark when Laudinedina paddled past the flotsam and reached the shore. He sat down on the beach and waited until it was late at night; then he walked up to the village and stood behind each house for a while. He was standing there quietly listening, trying to find out which one was Sinagariyoga's house. At last, he heard the woman's parents calling her name and was able to find her house. Laudinedina waited until everybody was sleeping. He called out "Sinagariyoga!" until the woman woke up.

He said, "I'm Laudinedina." At first, Sinagariyoga shooed him away, "Who are you? Go away." But he insisted, "Please, come out to see me!" When she finally came out of the house and saw Laudinedina, Sinagariyoga was pleasantly surprised. She took him inside the house, and they slept together. When the morning came, they didn't leave the house. Sinagariyoga's parents waited, and upon seeing that their daughter was still inside the house, they went to see what was the matter. They went in and saw both their daughter and Laudinedina sleeping. The girl's parents let the couple sleep. The next day, the father gave a public speech, addressing the villagers, "My people, tomorrow you shall build a platform for my daughter and her new husband to sit on when they leave the house." The next day, when the young couple left the house, the platform was completed. Sinagariyoga and her husband sat on it, and their marriage was completed. They both lived in Sinagariyoga's village until one day she became pregnant. She gave birth to a boy. One day, when the boy was old enough that he had already started talking, his father went fishing with his in-laws while his wife went to the garden with the child. Sinagariyoga came across one of her older lovers, and they slept together in an old rack for storing yams in the garden. But the little boy saw everything. Later on, when mother and child arrived in the village, they met with Laudinedina, who was back from fishing. As they were getting ready to have dinner, the little boy asked his father, "Dad, was that you lying down with mom in the yam rack in the garden?" Laudinedina replied, "That wasn't me. I went fishing with your cousins and your uncles."

"Oh," the boy said, "there was a man sleeping with mom in the yam rack in the garden." That night Laudinedina didn't eat; he went straight to bed. Laudinedina was worried, turning in

bed, caught between two thoughts. Sinagariyoga's uncle came by and, when he saw his niece eating alone, asked her, "How come you're eating by yourself? How come your husband is sleeping already?" Sinagariyoga replied, "It's the fault of this little half-sense kid; he talks too much." When everybody was asleep, Laudinedina took his paddle and his punting pole and went back to his village with his parents, leaving his wife and child behind. And that's the end of my story.

COMMENTS

The fame and beauty of men and women traveling beyond their home place is a common element in many Trobriand narratives (particularly in the ones that have to do with the Kula, but not exclusively; see also SN 18 *Kibi* and SN 105 *Bolu*). Other versions of this story have Laudinedina paddle back to his place

with his son, and his canoe gets stuck halfway because a giant octopus holds it down until he sacrifices the boy to the sea monster, which then lets go of the canoe. In *Argonauts of the Western Pacific*, Malinowski (1922:234) recounts how Trobrianders fear the giant octopus and how throwing a small boy adorned with valuables is the only way to escape it.

The expression "*moi orakeni, moi otanakwa*" (sleeping mat above, sleeping mat below) is a *bigivakala* proverb. Laudinedina doesn't want to stand up; something is worrying him. When he finally tries to stand up, another sleeping mat above him (a metaphorical one) prevents him from doing so. He's caught between two mats, so to speak, the Kilivila equivalent of the English "caught between a rock and hard place."

Yobwita, a master carver from Kwebwaga Village, designed a storyboard to visualize the story of Laudinedina, whom he refers to as Raudonedone (Figures 77, 78). In his version, the girl's

FIGURE 77. Yobwita, a master carver from Kwebwaga Village, holds a storyboard he carved to illustrate the story of Laudinedina.

FIGURE 78. Detail of Yobwita's storyboard. The woman on the right is Laudinedina's mother; a fragment of her magic spell is written above her. To the left of the storyboard is Laudinedina's wife in Gumasila; the giant octopus can be seen at the bottom. Yobwita's spelling of Laudinedina is Raudonedone. Museum of Archaeology and Anthropology (MAA), University of Cambridge, UK.

father is a chief, hence the kingfisher (*udawada*) on the storyboard, a symbol of chiefly rank.

Yobwita's Version of the Story

A young, beautiful man, Raudonedone, lives on Gumasila Island with his mother. Raudonedone has heard about the beauty of a young woman on the island of Teula (Tewara in the Dobu language), near Dobu, although he has never seen her. One day, his mother finds him weaving women's armbands (*kwasi*). "Is that for that girl; are you trying to go to see her?" she asked. "Maybe," said Raudonedone.

Then one day while his mother is in the garden, he gets ready to sail and departs in his canoe, bound for Teula. The

mother comes back and runs to the beach, climbs up a tree, and makes magic, so the sea swells, and her son has no choice but to return back home. She has nobody else who can look after her, so she does not want her son to leave. This happens two more times until the son finally manages to make it to the island and marry the young lady.

They stay in Teula for two years until they both decide that it is finally time to return to Gumasila. They load the canoe with coconuts, betel nuts, pigs, and their own baby boy and leave. But at some point a giant octopus named Ilukwakwita seizes the canoe and threatens to sink it. "I forgot to mention this," said Raudonedone's wife, "we should have given a present to the octopus or else she'll sink our canoe." They drop betel nut into the sea, they drop coconuts and pigs, but the octopus would not

let go until they took their own son, dressed him up with all the traditional ornaments, and threw him overboard. The octopus eats him, and the canoe is left to sail, finally reaching Gumasila, where Raudonedone and his wife reunite with his mother.

RELEVANT VOCABULARY: *yeyetotu* or *yeyetou*

SN 195 KATAKERA (THE WHITE COCKATOO)

A *kwanebu* folktale told by Mokoba, a man from Idaleka. Originally transcribed by Lawrence Mwayubu and translated by Joachim Taugwaga.

SUMMARY

A female Dokanikani ogre pulls her clitoris off to guard the pork cooking in her earth oven, and a white cockatoo keeps tricking the guardian clitoris to steal the pork.

Kwanebuyee Katakera

Mapilawena kwanebu Katakera, mtaga Dokanikani. Tabugu ikwanebu lalega mitaga bakwanebu bitalegasi tuvela kalabiga. Sena minana ikamkoma tomota komwedona iwokwa. Natanigesi vivila esikwepuni kaetala kaebwibwi osisuna etota. Ila ivalulu ivalulu Katakera lakuluta. E ivilulu telima tawau tomota. E bogwa letovekavekasi. Esisusa minana Dokanikani eyosi natana kalabunukwa oluvalu, e igigabu iwokwa, ilulu kalakasesa eseyeri oyamala sikumkumla ilaga ikasopi. E makwenaga kasesa biyamata sikumkumla. E eyowaga minana Katakera itori.

"A, bakam bunukwa." Eyokewaga makaena kasesa, "A! Ambesasa bunukwa? Gala wala kamabunukwasi."

"A mitaga eyosi inam avakati. Lasisuga lagigisi ilaga ikasopi. Itupi wala makena kasesa iwa iwawai tubwaga okumkumla. Ewaga iyayeya kumkumla ikamkoma ikaitau ilau iyaki bwadala, inasi. E leмага Dokanikani, "Me! Avela eyai dakumkumla?"

"A inada natana Katakera lekamkoma lela lawawai gola tubwaga."

Imwa ikatusisapi makaena kala kasesa. Imwa wila isimwesa. Leyam gabogi wala iritaki natana bunukwa. Iyosi igigabu iwokwa ila okumkumla iluki wala makaena kasesa ivitawala laba pela makena kasesa simwa matala simwa tegala mitaga yamala gala pela kalakasesa minana Dokanikani. Bogwa gola esisu Katakera deri inasi egigisi, mwamwela ela ikasopi itaina gola lema itomwa iyeya kumkumla iyayeya kumkumla leokwa itomwa ikoma. Ikauga kabulatata iyaki bwadala inasi. Emaga inala ikatupoi, "Mi! Avela iyai kumkumla?"

"Minawena Katakera. Etupegu lamwa alolewa ema gola ikoma."

"Nabweya bayausi bitagisi baweya." Eyam gabogi wala eyosi kalabunukwa. Eyosi igigabu iwokwa ila okumkum. Iwalugwa kalasopi ilulu kalakasesa erigemwa eyamata lakumkumla.

Iwa gala iwa itopwala watabu bwena wala itota. Itota igisiga letarakapusi lewa.

"O! Lanenei kegi gola besa metitoki." Ikugwa itupi makaewena kasesa iwa ilolewa otubwaga, iyayeyaga kumkumla. Etitainaga lewa ivabwadi wala dowa.

"Anenei lagela laga bakomem wala." Imweyesa isasasa imweyesa isasa. Ikopwana ila. Isunapulaga ima ivitau, iyekuli wala ikeita ima watabu wala itota.

"Oi mwada gola kaduwanoma isisusa mitaga okagupola gola isisusa. Lovawala lagela wala bakomemi."

"A kuma."

Imwena wala idoki bitori makaewena kaibwibwi iuvisisa kuwatala kaibwibwi isedidiya wala ilau opwepwaya.

"Gala sitana balumkwari." E imwenavau ikapitunisa kuwayuwela isediya ilau ikatumati wala. Ititataba imwa ikanamwa. Imokeyasa makaewena kasesa ikeritusi iwokwa. Ilupisa imweyasa ilaisa iyorisa sivalu isimwesa. Bogwa mesinaku. Yegu Mokoba agukwanebu mapana.

ENGLISH TRANSLATION

My story is called *Katakera*, the sulphur-crested cockatoo. But this story also has a Dokanikani ogre in it. I first heard this story from my grandfather, and today, I will tell the story again, so all of you can hear it. There was a Dokanikani she-ogre. This Dokanikani was a people eater, eating people until there were almost none left. However, one girl had managed to escape the hungry jaws of the Dokanikani by hiding in a big pandanus tree behind the ogre's house. While she was hiding there, the girl gave birth first to a *katakera* cockatoo, then later on to five human boys. Those boys grew up and became big and strong. One day, having eaten all the human beings around, the Dokanikani ogre killed a pig and put it in an earth oven. While the pig was cooking, the ogre went to fetch some water. But before going away, the Dokanikani pulled her clitoris off and placed it next to the earth oven to guard her pig. When the ogre was gone, the cockatoo took off from a nearby tree and landed next to the earth oven. The cockatoo said, "Yum, I'm going to eat some pork." The clitoris replied, "What pork? There's no pork in here; we don't have any pork."

"Don't try to fool me," the cockatoo said. "I saw your mother grab a pig, kill it, and put it inside this earth oven before going away to fetch water." The cockatoo pushed the clitoris into the ashes and dug out the earth oven; it ate almost all the pork in the oven, then took the rest to its mother and its brothers. When the Dokanikani returned, she asked, "Weeee! Who opened our earth oven and emptied it out?"

"Oh, my mother, a sulphur-crested cockatoo came, pushed me into the ashes, opened the oven, and ate most of it; then it flew away with the rest," answered the clitoris.

Dokanikani dusted the ashes off her clitoris and put it back in between her legs. Early the next day, Dokanikani killed another pig. She put the pork in the pit oven and pulled her clitoris off again. She placed it next to the oven to guard the pig.

That clitoris had two eyes and two ears; it also had a mouth, which was quite amazing, but it had no arms. All this time the cockatoo was watching from its tree. As soon as the Dokanikani went away to get water, the cockatoo flew to the earth oven and helped herself to some pork and took the rest to her mother and her brothers. “Ahh! Who opened the earth oven?” asked the Dokanikani ogre when she came back.

“It was that cockatoo,” answered the clitoris. “It pushed me aside, opened the oven, and took away our pork.”

“Tomorrow, I will hide and wait for the cockatoo. I’m going to teach that cockatoo a lesson,” the ogre said. The next day, in the morning, the Dokanikani killed another pig and put it in the pit oven. She then pulled off her clitoris, left it to guard the oven, and went to fetch water. But instead of going to the water hole she hid behind the houses. The Dokanikani waited there until she saw the cockatoo gliding down from that tree. “Now I see,” the ogre said. “That’s where the cockatoo lives.” The cockatoo, not knowing Dokanikani was watching, pushed the clitoris into the ashes and opened the earth oven. The ogre came running from behind the houses and stood in front of the cockatoo, blocking its way. “I’ve been looking for you,” the ogre said. “Today, I found you. Today is the day I’m going to eat you.” The Dokanikani started chasing the cockatoo around, but the cockatoo managed to escape. It flew up to its tree. “They live very close to my house,” the ogre thought. “They’re almost on my eyelashes, that’s how close they are.” She followed the cockatoo up to the tree. “Today, I will eat you all,” the Dokanikani said while climbing up the pandanus tree. “Come get me,” the cockatoo teased her. As the Dokanikani climbed up, the brothers of the cockatoo dropped a branch on her face. The ogre fell all the way to the ground. “I’m not giving up,” she said, and she climbed up the pandanus tree again. She climbed and climbed, and the brothers dropped another branch. This one brought the ogre down even harder.

Dokanikani hit the ground and died on the spot. The brothers came down the tree, and together with their mother and their cockatoo sibling they went to check the oven. They took possession of the whole village, and they stayed there forever. I am Mokoba, and this was my story.

COMMENTS

A similar story occurs in Malinowski’s (1987 [1929]: 344–345) *The Sexual Lives of Savages*. Malinowski noted how “the clitoris is a favourite subject for jokes, stories and allusions” (p. 337). There are other stories with similar instances of removable clitorises (see SN 17 *Tapanaya*).

SN 196 PWANETAOKWA (PLENTY HEADS)

A *kwanebu* folktale told by Mokousi from Kapwani. He obtained the story from his son Kailesa. Originally transcribed by Lawrence Mwayubu and translated by Gibson Bagidou Henry.

SUMMARY

This is a funny story about a human skull that bites people in their genitalia. Whoever comes to the rescue of the bitten one gets bitten in turn. This goes on until the skull is passed on to a man from Bwetalu with no relatives to help him out who eventually dies; his house is then burned, and the skull disappears.

Kwanebuyee Pwanetaokwa

Kwanebuyee Pwaneta, agukukuwanebu latugu Kailesa isakegu. Yagagu Mokousi ulavalu Kapwani. Agukwanebu Pwaneta. Minakwa Pwaneta isiguguyesa minaDobu lema. Eteyau ilesa Lobua ivabusisi ewesa bikavigodasi igisesa likului minakwa Pwaneta lema.

“Sogu kadaluya miyawene.”

Lewewesa lemema lewewesa lemema lemema. Sogu, “Pwanetaigau litagisa.”

Lemesa wala isiuwala sola iulisala wala sola idoki bikatuvi. Ibweyewa wala kwaila wila kalakasesa kwagwaliwala.

“A sogu kwetala youdila bogwa lelianegu.”

“Tagisi tagisi, O gala kwetala vavagi kutaliai babisivi.”

Kuluwewa wala isisu sola kwaila wala wowola kalabiga kwagwali wala. “A sogu kumabeyagu.”

“A gala kuweya bogwa lemami wowogu bamwa atavana.”

Kuvabusi mtona GumBwetalu lema lukoiis tokwalu.

“Eh! Lumuta kume. Kwetala vavagi lebanema.”

“Ki yegu GumBwetalu yegu yumyam kuma keyakusi.”

“Bwaboma gala taidau. Bwetalu kalioseliu gala taidau yokwami Kilivila.”

“Yegu bwaboma yegu.”

“Lewa kalabiga tagisi.”

“O gala kwetala vavagi Pwaneta akau legsa akatuvi. Gala kwetala kali yewau.”

“Lewa wala kala biga kulubweyewa puwala kwilakwala.”

“Wa gale. Wi ikeyasi tumisiya sivavagi lamaga ikaiki wowogu.”

“Lumeta kuweya bakakomwenaguvaga.” Iseyemwa gala kwau morobau kutalulia. Emema uala kutusuki. Kuisakauli buwa imwakeya lakwava lebisibasi kwasi osisuna. “Kwadakuna goli kusiwa boala kulawala.”

“Me?”

“Avaka yokwa”

“A kuma veyoda kwetala vavagi bogwa lebanegu.”

“Ave vagi yokwa ke?” “Kabisibasisi makwa sisi bukuuauagiga.”

“A kuma veyogu.”

“Kuma kwetala vavagi bogwa lebanegu.”

“A gala kwetala vavagi, akau wala vasiya abisivi wala kugisem.”

“Ibweyewa wala ikalapawela bwaila wila kalakasesa kwagali wala.” “Ke ikeyalabata mala, ikeya luleta ikau imeya eyokai kai wowogu.”

“Wi veyogu kuweya wowogu bogwa lemami. Kuwaweya lumta kulukwewa bima ivagem.”

E kumabeya lumuta waboala, bogwa emamegu bamweya atavana.

Isakaula waleta lewa, "Tagisi tagisi, o, gala kwetala vavagi kugisem kugisem." Ikau kai ilai ikalipawela ikapwagega wowola kulupwali wala.

"Wo ikeyalakwatamala sivavagi lamaga ikaiki wowogu." "Kuweyaki mmwala bamwaga ate kwai wowogu bogwa lemami."

"Mwa kumabeyagu ikelakwa tamisiya sivavagi lamwaga ikaiki wowogu." Isakauli lamwala lewa, "Tagisi, tagisi."

"Ke kusisa wala. Wo miyaga ponena kugisemu. Kumesa legisa kumeya legisa."

Kumeya legisa ikalipawela.

"Ikeya la mwala ikoma kala popu si vavagi ikausa lemeyesa."

"Kuweya veyogu bogwa lemamegu. Kuweya wala kudau tetala kadamkwa veyom bamwaga atavana. Wowogu bogwa lemami."

E suvi lewa kadala, "Tagisesa."

"Wo gala kwetala kaliyewau. Makwa pwaneta, bwena gala kuvakeyasa wala. Yegu gala kwetala vavagi. Kumeya legisa." Ilai ikalipawela ilai kuula puwala ikaitau wala. "O ikeya lakwava sivavagi lamaga ikaiki wowogu."

Eyosi Bwetalu itaini iweki mtona togumalawa. Kwaitau kwila puwala kupakisa gala kumakesa gala kuyuwisisa iyyosi wala ikimati wala kugubukwesa deli bwalela itamwa wala. Pwaneta mtona togumalawa itamwa usi wala.

Bogwa leokwa.

ENGLISH TRANSLATION

This is the story of Pwaneta, the human skull. This story was given to me by my son. My name is Mokousi, and my village is Kapwani. This skull is believed to have come from Dobu. One day, two women from Lobua were collecting shells in the lagoon when they saw this skull drifting toward them.

One said, "My friend, there's our coconut!" They went closer and that thing started drifting toward them too. "My friend, it looks like a skull, but wait and we'll see."

The one who had gone closer to it tried to hit it and break it. She wanted to see if it was a skull or a coconut, but she missed the blow, and the skull turned against her, and her clitoris got stuck in the skull's teeth. "Aiii," she screamed with pain. "My friend, come and save me! This thing got stuck, it hurts!"

"Let me see," the other woman said. "Oh, it's nothing but a skull; give me some space, and I'll smash it up." But freeing itself from the first woman, the skull got hold of the other one in the same place, biting her clitoris. "Ah! My friend, come and save me!"

"Sorry, I can't help you. I'm still in pain; I need to go and heal my wounds," the other one said, and she went away. At that time a man from Bwetalu Village appeared on the scene, he was looking for wood to make some carvings. The woman called out to him: "Come here, oh, my brother! A strange thing has happened to me!"

"What is it," the man asked. "You people never really care about us from Bwetalu! Us commoners are never your concern

and now you're asking for help?" You people from Kiriwina never give us any recognition, you don't even pass by Bwetalu. I am a man of the most disliked group. However, since you seem to be in trouble I'll have a look," the man from Bwetalu said. "Ha Ha," he laughed, "it's nothing but an old skull. I can use my axe to break it. It's nothing, it's only a simple thing."

But before he could do anything the skull freed itself from the woman, turned around and bit his testicles and penis. "Wi," exclaimed the man in pain. "May both of you get screwed, you called me to help you and now I have to suffer."

"Oh our brother, take it and bear it for I'm leaving," the woman said as she joined her friend. The man tried everything to free himself from the skull but it was in vain, so he made a wrapper from the leaves of the *morobau* plant. He thought this might bring him some comfort while he thought how to get rid of that skull. He ran and ran and ran and found his wife seating in the village weaving armbands. "Have you no sympathy, woman?" he said to her.

"What's up with you?" His wife replied.

"Come and free me from this painful grip of this nonsense thing."

"What is it, man? I'm weaving my armbands and you want me to stop my work with your oddities!"

"Do come, I beg you!" The man said, "Something has caught me!"

The wife approached and saw what it was. "Oh, that's nothing. I can easily get a needle and break it. Watch it," she said.

She tried to use the needle but missed it, and the skull turned to her and got hold of her clitoris. "Ke!" she complained. "May he fuck his father's wife and his sister for bringing this suffering on me!" she cursed.

"You take it and bear it, for I am weak already," the man said. "Take it to your sister-in-law to fix you. Go to your sister-in-law, for I am weak, and I want to heal my wounds," her husband said.

So the woman went to her sister-in-law. She quickly came and inquired, "Let me see, what is it? Oh, it's nothing; it's only a simple thing, watch out." She picked up a stick and threw it, but she missed the skull, who immediately turned around and bit her, so she too was caught like everybody else before her.

"Wo!" she said. "May you screw your father for giving me such suffering!"

"Well, take it to your husband for I need to nurse my body," the carver's wife replied. So she did; she went up to her husband and said, "Man, I need your help, look at this; I'm in great pain!" The husband came by. "Let me see it! Alright, keep still. Oh, it's only a hollow round object, looks like it's stuck. Watch it! Give me the axe, give me the axe," he said. He used the axe on that skull, but it slipped off and turned toward the man and bit him in his private parts. He swore at his wife, "May you eat your own poop for bringing this suffering on me!"

"Take it and bear it, for I am weak," his wife said. "Take it with you and plead with your uncle or some other relative of yours while I nurse my own body. My body is very weak and still

aching from that thing.” The man came to his uncle and asked for help. The uncle said, “Can I see it? Oh that’s nothing; it’s so simple. It is only a skull, and you are afraid of it. This is nothing to me. Give me the axe!” He used the axe, but he missed the blow, and his penis and testicles were caught like his nephew’s and like everybody else’s before him. The old man cursed and swore, “Oh, I say, may he fuck his wife, for it is their suffering, and it has come on me and worries me too now!” He looked around and found in Bwetalu an unwanted man with no relatives at all. The uncle asked the unwanted man if he could help him, and the outcast came by, but he too was caught in the same way as all the people before him. Yet since he was an outcast, nobody ever helped him with the skull. The man eventually died alone, and fearing that skull, the villagers set his house on fire with him inside. The strange skull was never seen again. And that’s it.

COMMENTS

Pwaneta, “the biting head,” is a common story in the Trobriand Islands. The story stresses the misfortune of those with no relatives: the fate of this man is to die alone and disappear into oblivion.

RELEVANT VOCABULARY:

morobau
togumalawa

SN 199 YAGAGALI, YAUSI (THE NAMES OF TWO MEN)

A *kwanebu* folktale told by Ikunaka, a woman from Idaleka. Originally transcribed by Bernard Mwayubu and translated by Joachim Taugwaga.

SUMMARY

This is the story of a glutton who tricks his brother and his wife so that he can keep eating more and more, until he dies from overeating.

Kwanebuyee Yagagali, Yausi

Kwanebuyee Yagagali. Gumilababa mesisikesaya. Esisusa ilosa ibagulasi. Ebugubagulasi, ebugubagulasi sola tuwala ewokwa. Kalawokulu tuwala itavini ivinaku. Bwadala kalakabudaka itaini itapatu. Lemesa lebogi, isisu bwadala, itokeya tuwala ila iulatila. Ivakoli natana vivila lemeya. Imeya ikanukwenusi. Eyam iluki, “Kuwakeya tuwam obuyagu yegulaga bala apola.” Matosine kasiteyu ilosa obuyagu, ilosa obuyagu. “Tuwago! Bakoma usi makwesi emonogusi.”

“A migila mbagula som tuwam, gala bukukoma.”
“Tuwago bagudu bakuri makaena tou.”

“Gala. Migila mibagula som tuwam. Gala bukugudu.”

“O igau amwa awota dakai.”

Iutaota kai ikikavai kaula tuwala. Iuotaota kai ivenokusi itokeyasi. Iwalutusi ikasobusisi ovalu. Ikau kaitala kaula isewa okeilagila igabu. Igigabu makaena kaula imwenaga ila wabwema. Igigabu bogwa emenu isiwa ikwari. Ikurikwari eyokewaga, “Molu wabwema wepu waboala. Tetalaga tuwada igabugwa kadakabwasi isakeda takam.”

“Mwalo kekimkim mla lakau lasela igabu bamwari kadakuria igau basulu bitakamsi.” “A kuilugi kadayona kumeya bamwa akayona.” Ivilugi yona iseki evataila, “O Yagagali, Yagagali, bogi kuvai yam kuwepaka. O Yagagali, Yagagali, bogi kuvai yam kuwepakuu!” Etalagwa eluki bwadala, “Kwalai bwadagu.”

“O gala goli kaliyewau. Nakamkwam minana. Minana obuyagu, minana ovalu. Takalobusi wala bukuyapi.” Isesuya inia ivenokusi ikalobusisi sola tuwala emakeyasa esisusa.

“A bwadada bilau veidaya kasiinia yakida bitasimwa.”

“Gala, yokwa wala bukugebila bukuyaki.” Esusuyesa inia igebila, “A vile! Kuwa wala kusiwa. Gala bukuma kuwa kusiwa.” Lewa wa isiwa e isimwesaga sola tuwala. Esisusa sola bwadala ebogi, etokaewa tuwala ila eulatila. Ila ivakori nayuwela imeya. Minana nabogwa evakori ilela Oyuveyova. E manana navau emeya ilela Osesuya.

Ikanukwenusi gabogi ekeibiga, “A kulosa som bwadam kukawelusa balaga apola.” Ilosa ikawelusa ilaga ipola. Ipelasi wakari ikatupoi minana, “Avela labagula besa?”

“A Yagagali. Yagagali, Yagagali etaina itapatu.” Kaluwokulu Yagagali e Yagagali wa. Itaina, itaina itapatu e Yausi.

“Tuwago! Bakoma manakwa usi. Bogwa ekobwagisa mauna.”

“O kusewa, migila labagula tuwagu.” E ililola gola emweki maluvana tou bogwa yagila eutu elai. Ekai biga bwadala, “Tuwago! Bakuri maluvana tou. Bogwa yagila eyogagi.” “O kusewa lalela labagula tuwagu.” Etaina iwokeya makaena penaba bogwa ekobwagisa kokoni. Ekai biga, “Tuwago! Makaena penaba bogwa ikobwagisa kokoni, bakam.”

“Karigewa, kusela migila labagula tuwam.”

“Mwa! Bitala ovalu bogwa lavenoku kawelu. Kuma kukwau dakaisi, bagebila kawelu.” E ilosa ovalu. Ewesa ovalu ila bwadala obuneyova isisu, ikikebwanaga minana ekaugwa kaetala uri isela igabu okailala. Kurikwari wala bikam tuwala ikaugwa iseki, “Taginakanikwe molu wa bweme, wepu waboala.” Ekai biga tuwala, “Mwa, gala kawelu tona, batuma lopogu bipeula wowogu. Igau basulu bitakamsi.”

“Kuilugi yona, bala akayona.” Ilola orumata itori idou, “E Yagagale, Yagagale, bogi kuvai yam kuwepakuu! E Yagagale, Yagagale, bogi kuvai yam kuwepakuu!”

Oboaritaga epwapola tuwala bogwa ilagi kaigala bwadala.

“Ois, bogwa kaena makala minana nabogwa.” Ivenokulu pola etalagwa. “Kwalai vivila.”

“O gala dimlela. Napiki nakamkwam.” Isesuyasi inia ivenokusi evitubololasi. Ilolasa wala isilisa. Elivala vivila, “Bwadad bikeula inia biyaki vedayasi.”

Elivala tau, "Gala! Bisimwa bikevala, yokwaga kukeula inia kula bukula. E bukuwa wala kusiwa." Ebogi evakori tuwala ila eulabila. Evakori minana emeya ilela Gumilababa. Imasisisi iyam kaukwau. Eluki lakwawa, "Bogwa bala apola, kulosaga kuneisi kadagwabasi." Ila ipola ilosaga. Iloasaga ipelasi kalapisila ikatupoi tuwala, "Besa avela labagula?"

"A besa Yagagali labagula. Yagagali Yagagali itaina itapatu." "E besaga?"

"A yakida tuwa. Makalatau makalabagula."

"Tuwa! Bakoma manakwa usi bo e monogu." Elivalaga tuwala, "O kukwam, tuwam labagula." Evavagi igau bwadala, "O tuwagu, tuwawagu tuwagu. Minasina nabubogwa gala makala yokiwa. Yokwa bubuna kusala yokwa." E itaina. Itaina malukuvana tou bogwa eutu yagila.

"O tuwagu, malukuvana tou bo eutu yagila bantou kaetala akuri."

"E kukuri, tuwamla labagula. Avela kukokori?"

Evavagi igau bwadala, "O tuwagu, tuwawagu tuwagu. Yokwa lalasi bokesilala yokwa."

"Bo lavenoku kawelu bitala ovalu."

"O kumeya kai bakau, dema."

"O gala, yokwa gwadi kunanota bitala ovalu. Yegu nomwaya bakokeula koni."

"O Tuwagu, tuwagu tuwawagu tuwagu!" E ilosa. Ilosa itayasi.

"Kuvilugi yona, bala akayona." Ilugi wa evitubolola. Ilola wala orumata itori. Ikau iseki, "O Yagagalo, Yagagalo kuvea vivila kuvetikiti, kuvetikito."

Kalabiga epwapola inakaigari bwadala kaigala. Ivenoku pola itagawa. Ima imakeya bwadala ikatupoi, "Kwalai vivila?"

"E gala nata vivila manana. Nalalasi gala iyomala. Kuvea wa vivila kuvetikiti." Isuyasi inia ilosa ovalu. Iloasaga wa itayasi elivala Yagagali, "Kulau kasiinia vedayasi." Elivalaga bwadala, "Gala. Igau balau." Ilau bwadasi. Akapelaga ikokeula ila ilola nanolaga nani bikeita bikam. Ilau isewa inia ekeitaga lema imakai tuwala bogwa evenokusi kamkwam. Elukwesa bwadasi, "Kuma kukwam. Yakama bokavenoku kamkwam." Matosine kasiteyu tuwala bogwa evenokusi kamkwam kakau wala etotasi. Yausi bogwa lekoma kaboma sulululu lemwa eritakiga kaivala. Ekamkwam gola bogwa elumwelovasi tuwala. Ekatupoisi, "Yausi lokamkwam?"

"E lakamkwam." Mapelaga sulululu bogwa ikoma eyai etopela kaivala ikoma iyai etopelaga minasina navekaveka ekamkoma. Lubwau koravasi lemom leokwa kwelalimelaga emwam. Ekatupoisi tuwala, "Ke Yausi igau wala lokamkwam?"

"E lakamkwam." Layagisa bogwa ikekeita, kaigala bogwa ikekikeita. Ekatupoisi tuwala, "Yausi igau wala lokamkwam?" E tama matona taga kaigala bogwa eloo otanakwa.

Edouvasi tuwala, "Yausi lokamkwam?" Gala wala Yausi tuwala ebibatona. Evavagisi tuwala, "Mwa! Yausi!" Eluki lakwawa, "Tadoyai kugisi?" Etadoyai egisi, Yausi bogwa ekatupwagi. Ewokeyasa bogwa ekariga. Lopola bogwa ekapulai. Ivalamsi tuwala ikapwarisi ilausa ibakusa. Bo misinaku.

ENGLISH TRANSLATION

This is the story of Yagagali and his younger brother, Yausa.³² There were two brothers from Gumilababa Village. One day, they went to make new gardens. Each brother gardened his half of the garden plot. When they came back that evening, the elder brother went looking for girls. He met one girl and brought her back to his house and married her. The elder brother said to his younger brother, "Tomorrow, I'll go fishing, and the two of you will go to the garden to get some food." The next day, the younger brother went to the garden with his sister-in-law. Yausa said to his brother's wife, "How about I eat those bananas over there? They are already ripe."

"Oh don't. That's the face of the garden; it must look good. Let them stay there so that your brother's garden looks abundant."

"Oh and how about that sugarcane over there? I'll take some with me." "No don't," said the wife, "that's your and your brother's garden's face."

"Fine then," said Yausa, "I'll go get some firewood." He chopped some firewood and collected some food for later. When they were done, they went back to the village. The wife took some bananas and some taros and roasted them over the fire. Meanwhile, Yausa climbed the yam house. When the wife of Yagagali finished roasting the food, she ate some. Yausa said, "Hunger in the yam house, abundance in the house," meaning she's eating food but meanwhile I'm going hungry. "If only she would give me something to eat," said Yausa. Upon hearing that, the wife said, "Hey, those taros that have been eaten by insects, I'm roasting them because they're no good. The good food is cooking in the pot; we will eat it when your brother comes back."

Yausa said, "Fine, blow the fire and give me the saltwater containers; I'll go to the beach and get us some salt." She gave them the containers, and he left.

While filling up the containers on the beach, Yausa sang, "Oh, Yagagali, Yagagali. At night you marry, in the day you divorce, oh, Yagagali, Yagagali. At night you marry, in the day you divorce." The elder brother, who was fishing at sea, heard Yausa singing and came back. He said, "What's up? How is the new wife?"

"Oh, she's no good; all she does is eat and eat. She eats in the garden, and she eats in the village. Let's go back to the village and chase her away." They put their fish on strings and went back to the village. The wife was there, cooking. When she saw them, she told her husband, "Tell Yausa to take some fish to my relatives."

"No," said Yagagali, "you take some of the fish and carry them back to your relatives in your village." She put the fish on a plate and carried it on her head back to her village. As she was leaving, Yagagali said to her, "And after you give them the fish you may as well stay back in the village; I don't want you here." So she went, and Yagagali was left alone with his brother Yausa.

32. Spelled "Yausi" in the Kilivila version, but both spellings are correct.

That night, the elder brother went looking for girls again. The first girl he brought back was from Oyuveyova. This one was from Osesuya.

Yagagali told Yausa and his new wife, "Tomorrow, I'll go fishing. You two go get some food in the garden." The next day, Yausa and his sister-in-law went to the garden. When they got there, the girl asked, "Whose garden is this?"

"Oh, that's Yagagali's. All the way around, that huge plot is Yagagali's." They walked in the garden, and Yausa said, "I'm going to eat those bananas over there; insects and birds have already spoiled them."

"No, you shouldn't. Let the face of your brother's garden look good and abundant," said the wife. They kept on walking, and Yausa tried again, "Oh, look at that sugarcane. The wind has already uprooted it. I'll take it and chew on it."

"No, leave it there; that's the face of the garden. It must look good, so people don't say bad things about your brother." They kept on walking, and they came upon some pineapples that had already been munched by mice.

"Oh, my sister-in-law, I'm going to eat those pineapples; mice have already spoiled them," said Yausa.

"Don't. The face of the garden, remember?" replied Yagagali's wife. After a while she said, "Hey, come, I'm done collecting food for our dinner. You carry the firewood; I'll take the food." They went to the village, and Yausa sat down in the *buneyova* resting house. The wife started peeling the food, and while she was cooking it, she put a taro on the ashes to roast it. Yausa said, "Hunger in the *buneyova*, abundance in the house."

"Oh, come on," the wife said. "That's not real food; it's just a taro snack to fill my tummy until food is ready. We'll eat when your brother gets back."

"Fine," Yausa said. "Give me those containers over there; I'll go down to the beach and get some salt there." He walked down to the beach and stood there, chanting, "Yagagali, at night you marry, during the day you divorce." He chanted again, this time louder. His brother, who was fishing at sea, heard Yausa's voice and came back. "Oh, my brother is reporting. It sounds like this new wife is no better than the older one." When he came ashore with his catch, he asked, "Tell me, how is my new wife?"

"She's no good. She's stingy; she doesn't like sharing, and all she does is eat." They put the fish on the strings, took it back home, and when she saw them coming with their catch, the girl said, "Take some fish back to my relatives."

"No," Yagagali said, "Yausa will stay back. You take the fish to your relatives. And you can stay with them; I don't want you to come back here." That same night, Yagagali went looking for girls. This time he married a girl from Gumilababa. The next morning, he said, "I'm going fishing. You two go to the garden and collect some food for our dinner." Yausa and Yagagali's new wife went to the garden, and the girl asked, "Whose garden is this?"

"That's Yagagali's. It goes around and around over there; it's very big." "And this one over there?" asked the wife.

"That's still his garden. He's a great gardener, so he has a great garden," Yausa said. They walked around, and while Yagagali's wife was collecting food, Yausa was looking for something to eat. He said, "My sister-in-law, look at those ripe bananas over there; I'm going to eat them."

"Go ahead, eat them; it's your big brother's garden after all," replied his sister-in-law. When he heard that, Yausa said, "Oh, my sister-in-law, those wives before you, they were nothing like you; you are such a good girl." They kept on going around the garden, and they came upon a bundle of sugarcane that had been knocked down by the wind. Yausa said, "Oh, my big sister, that sugarcane over there, it has already fallen down; I'm going to chew on it."

"Go ahead and get it. It's your brother's garden; what are you scared of?" was Yagagali's wife's reply. "Oh, my sister-in-law, you are such a generous woman." When they were done, Yausa's sister-in-law said, "I'm done collecting food." Yausa said, "Fine, give me the firewood and the digging stick."

"No way," she said. "You're only a kid; I'm a grown-up woman. I'll carry our things." "Oh, my sister-in-law!" said Yausa, so happy to hear those words. And with that, they went back to the village. When they got there, Yausa said, "Give me the salt containers; I'm going to the beach to get us some salt." Yausa was getting saltwater at the beach and chanted, "Oh, Yagagali, Yagagali, you finally married properly!" His brother was fishing and heard Yausa's voice. He came back to the beach and asked, "So how's the new wife?"

"Oh, this one," said Yausa, "let me tell you. She's the best. She's the most generous one. Marry her and marry her for good." They put all their fish on strings and went back to the village. Yagagali said to her, "Take these fish to your relatives." But Yausa said, "No, let me take the fish to them." He took the fish and hurried; he wanted to come back as soon as possible so that he could start eating. After taking the fish to his sister-in-law's relatives, he came back, but Yagagali and his wife had already finished eating.

They said to him, "Come eat. We have already finished, and we're chewing some betel nut." Yausa ate all the cooked food from the garden. When he was done, he went to see the smoked fish and started eating that as well. His brother asked him from the distance, "Yausa, are you eating?"

"Yes, I'm eating," said Yausa. And he kept on eating and eating the small fish that were smoking and the big ones too. He took all the soup from the cooking pot, four coconut bowls. He drank those, and even a fifth one. His brother asked again, "Yausa, are you still eating?"

"Yes, I'm still eating." His breath was getting short and so was his voice from all the food, but he kept on eating. His brother asked again, "Yausa, what's going on; haven't you finished eating yet?" Yausa could barely reply. Yagagali asked again, "Yausa?" But Yausa was no longer answering. Yagagali and his wife were worried. "Go see what's going on; he's no longer talking back," said Yagagali to his wife. The wife went to

see, and Yausa was lying down on the floor, all spread out like a frog. Yausa was dead from too much eating. Yagagali and his wife cried and cried; they buried him and mourned Yausa the glutton. And that's the end of my story.

COMMENTS

According to commentators, the version collected by Leach was incomplete and therefore unclear, so Camillus Mlabwema Mkwesipu offered his. The transcription and translation are a combination of both versions. The story is very popular throughout the Trobriand Islands. "This is a true story, originating in Gumilababa; people of Gumilababa can confirm that the characters in the story did exist and that's what happened to them. Nowadays, if somebody is called Yausi (or Yausa, the two names being interchangeable), it means they are greedy eaters." The expression in the story "*Molu wabwema wepu waboala*" (hunger in the yam house/resting platform, satiated in the house) sounds like a *bigivakala* proverb (although commentators claimed it is not one, it's just a ditty Yausi made up on the spot) indicating someone who does not appear to have food to share or to use in traditional ceremonies but who, nonetheless, hides food in the house, a greedy person.

RELEVANT VOCABULARY: *kabudaka*

SN 200 TONAMAKAVA (THE POOR MAN)

A *kwanebu* folktale told by Mokousi, a man from Kapwani. Originally transcribed by Bernard Mwayubu and translated by Joachim Taugwaga.

SUMMARY

A poor man finds an axe head and makes a handle for it. He uses it to chop wood and sells the wood to the colonial officials and trade store owners in the government station at Losuia, getting more and more money. He then captures a monkey and makes a fortune by showing it around.

Kwanebuyee Tonamakava

Tonamakava tomwadu. Besa esisu esisu inanamsa titolela, "Adoki bawati kai bayaki tetala gumanuma baseki avaka bisakagu sitana. Mitaga lasisu pela tomwadu yegu, gala kwetala vavagi layosi." Ila inei kaipaisewa osisuna ibani kaitala kunukaokwa wala ititapusa ikabagigila kununaokwa wala. Ima isiwa youdali iwokwa ima ivakoya elivala, "O Tonamakava. Esaesa kweveka bukuwakau. Kema bogwa okuyosi, okuyosi kema esaesa bukuyosi." Ila iwati kai, iyaki gumanuma matona opwepwaya iseki, "Avaka Tonamakava?"

"Lama bagimwala."

"Avaka magim?"

"Magigu wan sirini. Luvatala kai wan sirini." Iseki Tonamakava bogwa esaesa mani eyosi ikau ilau. Imasisi kaukwau igiviri kema ila iwati kai. Matona igimwali lova esisu ilokeya teyuwela. Ewa elivala, "Avaka magim Tonamakava?"

"Magigu mani."

Iseki tu sirini luvatala.

"O Tonamakava, kweveka esaesa lokuyosi."

Ima egigisi, "Amakawala mani kuyosi Tonamakava mitaga tomwadu yokwa? Adoki bagimwali agukarekwa." Ekau tu sirini eseki matona gavmanti ekai biga, "Avaka Tonamakava?"

"Magigu karekwa. A karekwa bogwa tu sirini karekwa bakau gala bidubadu." Ekau karekwa epari okuvalila Tonamakava, "Kweveka esaesa bukuyosi." Makiteki stoa kweveka bitokaewa. Ikeita ima imasisi kaukwau imamata iyagila kema ila ikowaga kai. Iwokeya matona igimwali teyuwela gala ilokeyaga tetolula gumanuma.

Elokeya tetolula evitali, "O Tonamakava, avaka magim?"

"Magigu mani."

"Avaka magim, kweivila?"

"A, kwetolu sirini. Luvatala tri sirini, luvatala tri sirini." E iseki ima igisi, "A Tonamakava, bogwa kweveka esaesa lokwau. Makiteki stoa gala kwekekita baniki bogwa kuyosi, gala agu raisi bakeita aguraisi bakau." E ikau raisi igimwali. Lakwawa ilau Kanaisila bwena isulusulu. Kwamkwam iwokwa isewa kalakawelu ilaga imasisi. Emasisisi kaukwau ila iwotawota kai matosine wala tetolu bogwa legimwali esisusaga ilaguva ila kai tevasila.

Ekiniga kalamwaguta esisu orakaewa. Ela wala Tonamakava. "Avaka magim."

"Magigu mani ula kai lameya bagimwali. Magigu four sirini luvatala, four sirini luvatala."

"O bwena bamapu." Imapu.

"O Tonamakava, kweveka esaesa kukwau, mani kuyosi, baniki bogwa ikasewa." Isau kuaratala kwelabogwa tini rididagi ikasewa bogwa. Ikaibigaga Tonamakava, "Esaesa kweveka kukwau mapula." Iwakeya kariraisi esewa ebusi minana "monkey" okanaisi ebusi lema kamkoma koinaku. Kulagwasi kulosa kwanawesa, "Agukaweluwa avela ikamkoma?" E mitoki, "Bikam kalapopu kana omatagu bakapituni kayom." Kuma kusulusulu kukwakwam kuma kumasisi.

"Bogwa lewokwa matosine tokewani. Balakaya matona toveka bagimwala biwokwa avaka bavagi." Imwa inanamsa inanamsa, "Adoki igau bayausi besa agukawelu avela ikamkomasi. Kaena tomota kaena avelai." Eyam kuyagi lakema kula kuwota kai.

Kumeya kulai kema ima ikanukwenu. Minasinaga mauna bogwa esisusa egigisesa. Iwa gala ila kalitavila ilai besa kai. Imaga wausi bwenaga kugigisi. Itota wala egigisaga ebusisi wala iyokewasi minasina mauna ibusisi emesa kukoilasi.

"Kweveka esaesa bakau, kutowesa kukomasi besa kawelua."

Ekamkomasi iwokwa ekeibiga, "Bwena kweitasi igau bala agimwala kai." Ekeitasi ilosa osiboala. Makwena esisiki

ilaga igimwala kai. Iwokeya matona kini telimesi bogwa eboda kasitoveka.

"A, avaka magim?"

"Magigu paivi lubatala, paivi lubatala."

"O bwena igau bamapu." Isakaesa.

"O Tonomakava, kweveka esaesa bakau." Ikeita lewa kusiwa kusulu kaweluwa. Isulusulu ikamwkam iwokwa.

"E besa kaweluwa lakatubiyasi lasewa minasine mauna kasikaweluwa." Emasisisi kaukwau kuyagila kema ilai kema ikanukwenu, kumaga kusukukweni. Ibusisi lemesa minasina mauna.

"Bogwa lagisem, ala awota kai ama igau kwetala vavagi bavagi, bayosemi gola kweveka esaesa bakau." Ila iwotawota lema kulai kai ikanukwenu ima ikau lesa kusiwa kuvariu kalagabula. Ivariu iwokwa kusimwa kukiviri kusimwa. Kububwabu bubwawala. Ebwabu isesila ila ekanawa ikanukwenu kweta mwamwai itokaiwa lema iyagi lakema oitubolola. Kula olaodila tokupweni. Ivavagisaga minasina, "O bokugisese matona Tonumakava? Evariu kalagabula ebwabu kayola esisuga kweta mwamwai emova." Ila isukupweni emitikipwana egigisi. O kubusisi wala okumesa kusiwesa kuvariusi kasigabula. Evariusi iwokwa idokasa itubololasi makaina lesa kaigimatana kubwabu natana esesila kuma kukanawa minana litusi ekanamwa matona ivetaula lema kwepapi minana mauna.

"E Tonamakava kweveka esaesa bogwa kukwau." Kulau kwariyai boalela minana "monkey" itowa waboala. Kuginiga leta kuluki matosina egimwalasi kai igau nabweya bilokeya. Kaukwau esisu emaga Tonamakava, "Yessir Taubada."

"Ambese 'monkey' bagisi?"

"A o tebeli manakwe. Kurigabu mani bukugisi 'monkey' kidamwa gala, gala kugisi 'monkey.'"

"Yokwa gala makala yegula, yokwa yagam Tonamakava."

"E bogwa yagagu Tonamakava mitaga mauna ayosi! Besa bukumapu bukugisi. Kidamwa gala bukumapu kukweita gala, gala bukugisi 'monkey.'"

Itota kweta mwamwai, paivi paund elai.

"O ke, bakopwi e bukugisi. Gala bukubukwani pela gala kalabawa kuseli." Evakapwali egisi ikeita. Ila iginigini leta iseki sola matona.

"Sogu Tonamakava ebani 'monkey' kweveka esaesa bikau."

"O bwena nabweya bala agisi." Ikatubayasa imasisi, kaukwau matona gumanuma ikatubayasa lema.

"Hallo Taubada."

"Ambesa 'monkey'?"

"Waboala esisu."

"Kula kukwau bagisi."

"O tebeli makuwe. Mani kurigabu bukugisi. Kidamwa gala kurigabu gala bukugisi. Besa dimdim gala teta ibwadi besa yegu Tonamakava ebwadegu minana. Kudokasa teta yokwami ibwadi?"

"Gala ibwademi, gala makala dimdim yokwa, kudoki yokwa dimdim?"

"Taga yegu mani ayosi. Mauna minana besa kumapu bukugisi. Gala bukumapu, gala bukugisi." Itota wala ilagi

igibulua, otebeli ila ikopwi igisi ikau biga, "Bogwa kugisi? Bakeimari biwa waboala."

Egini isekewa matona ekeibiga bwena kini, kini ekeibiga, "Bowga nabweya bala agisi." Lema wala, "Hallo Taubada."

"Ambese 'monkey'?"

"Money kurigabu, 'monkey' bukugisi."

"A yegu sena toveka, yegu yokwa gala kamboda yegu. Yegu yagagu kini. Yokwa kini?" "Yegu Tonamakava, yegu besa 'monkey' abani esaesa kweveka. Yokwami dimdim gala natana kubanisa." Itota kweta mwamwai ikau apu baniki esela. Ikau biga, "Kugisi." Lema ikau ekeibiga, "Adoki gala iveka mmani, besa 'monkey' gala kugisi. Pela yokwa toveka yokwa, yokwa yegu gala ibwadegu. Yokwa toveka yokwa, yegu tokekita, mtaga mauna ayosi."

"Avaka magim, kabulatala stoa basakam?"

"Gala magigu stoa."

"Mtaga avaka kudoki?"

Gumanuma latula elivala, "Tamagu. Bukulaga bukusomata, kwasalegu wala Tonamakava baveia e minana mauna itagwala kumeya bagisi."

"Gala magigu, uula ibawa mani. Besa ula mauna gala kuyosi." Itota matona kini, itota, "Adoki Tonamakava. Latugu kuveia."

"E kini, lalivala besa magigu makala."

"Latugu bukuveia, stoa yokwami kwetala yegu, kwetala yokwami."

"A yegu Tonamakava lalivala besa magigu makala. Magigu makawala, latum bogwa baveia bogwa 'monkey' bukuluu."

Ekopoi 'monkey' matona kini ilau latula kini iveya Tonamakava. Iyosi kwetala komwedona stoa.

ENGLISH TRANSLATION

This is the story of Tonamakava, a man who had nothing. Tonamakava didn't even have any clothes; he was naked. He thought, "I'm so poor, maybe I should chop some firewood and take it to the white people at the government station, see what I can get in exchange. I cannot keep on going like this, with not even a piece of cloth to put on." As he was gathering firewood behind the village, Tonamakava came across an old, blunt, and rusty axe head with no handle. He took the axe head, cleaned it and sharpened it, and put a new handle on it. He said to himself, "Oh, Tonamakava, you found a big source of wealth! You have an axe; you are almost rich now." He went to chop firewood, bundled it up, and took it to a government official. The white man asked him, "What do you have there, Tonamakava?"

"I'm selling firewood," he replied. "How much do you want for it?"

"It's one shilling per bundle," Tonamakava said. The official paid for the firewood. Tonamakava now had some money. He took the money back to the village and went to sleep, thinking he was a wealthy man. The next morning, he woke up early, took his axe, and went to chop some more firewood. This time he took his bundles of firewood to a different man. The man asked him, "Hi Tonamakava. What do you want for that firewood?"

"I want to get money." The government man gave him four shillings in total, two for each bundle of firewood. Our friend said to himself, "Oh, Tonamakava. You have a big source of wealth!" But as he was walking away, thinking about his wealth, he couldn't help noticing he was still naked! "How come you have money," he said to himself, "and you're still walking around with no clothes on? It's time to get me some clothes." He took two shillings and gave them to the store owner, who asked him, "Yes, Tonamakava, what do you want?"

"I need some cloth."

"Fine, here is two shillings' worth of calico for you, Tonamakava." Our friend took his laplap and wrapped it around his waist. He said to himself, "Oh, Tonamakava, you have a big source of wealth!" He glanced at the big store and kept it in his mind as he walked back to his place. He went to sleep, and the next day, he woke up early, took his axe, and went to chop more firewood. He bundled up his firewood and took it to the station. He walked past the first man who bought his firewood, went past the second one, and came to a third white man. The man greeted him, "Good morning, Tonamakava. What do you have there?"

"Firewood for sale," Tonamakava replied. "And how much do you want for it?"

"It's three shillings per bundle," Tonamakava said. The man paid him, and when he saw the money, Tonamakava said to himself, "Oh, Tonamakava, you are a wealthy man." He eyed that big store again and thought, "One day, that store will be mine; I already have a big source of wealth. But right now I have no rice. I want to buy me some rice." So he bought some rice and a cooking pot and took it back to his place in Kanaisila Village. When he finished eating, he put the rice leftovers on the shelf and went to sleep. In the morning Tonamakava woke up and went to chop some more firewood. When he was done, he took his bundles to the station. He went past the three white people who had already bought firewood from him and took his bundles to a fourth man. The man was sitting high above in the veranda of his house. He greeted Tonamakava, "Hello, Tonamakava, what do you have there?"

"Do you need firewood?" Tonamakava asked. "How much is it?" the man said.

"This is good firewood; it's four shillings for a bundle," Tonamakava said.

"Good, here is your money." The government official paid, and Tonamakava took his money and said to himself, "Oh, Tonamakava, you have a big source of wealth. Now you are a wealthy man; your bank is full!" He had an old, rusty tin full of money. He said to himself, "You have a big source of wealth." Meanwhile, back in his village, several monkeys were filling up their tummies with Tonamakava's rice leftovers. The monkeys ate all the rice on Tonamakava's shelf, and when he went back, he saw there was nothing left. "My food! Who ate my food?" Tonamakava was furious. "Whoever ate my rice, may they eat their own crap; whoever did this, if I see them, I shall cut their necks," he grumbled. He cooked some more rice, ate it, and went

to sleep. When he woke up the next day, he said, "Enough of selling my firewood to those small fish. It's time to start selling it to the wealthiest man on the island." He thought about how to proceed. "First, I need to find out who's been stealing my food, whoever that is. I'll keep an eye on that pot of rice leftovers." He chopped some more firewood, and when he was done, he went to have a rest. Tonamakava noticed somebody was watching him. When he finished resting, he bundled up his firewood and started walking with it, but when he was outside the village, he put the firewood down and came back. He hid behind a banana tree and spied on his house from there. After a little while, Tonamakava saw the monkeys climbing down the trees to steal his rice. He told himself, "Oh, Tonamakava, you will get an even bigger source of wealth now. Come eat my rice, come eat my food. These monkeys are going to make me even richer." When the monkeys finished eating his rice, he said, "Good, go back to your tree and stay there. I'm going to sell my firewood, but I'll be back." After the monkeys were done, they went back to their home. Tonamakava walked to the station and went straight to the wealthiest man's house. "Hi, Tonamakava, what do you have there?"

"Firewood. Five shillings per bundle."

"Fine. Here's your money." Our friend kept on repeating to himself, "Oh, Tonamakava. You are going to get very wealthy." He walked back to his place and cooked some food. He ate his food and placed some leftovers in the usual place. "This is for the monkeys; that's their food." He went to sleep and woke up in the morning, ready to resume business as usual. He walked away and hid behind a tree. When he left, the monkeys climbed down the tree. Tonamakava was spying on them. "I can see you. You thought I was taking my firewood away. But I have a plan. I'm going to catch you, and I will become very wealthy." After the monkeys ate and climbed back in the trees around Tonamakava's house, he went back to his place. Making sure the monkeys were watching, he grabbed his razor blade and started shaving his beard. After he was done, he made a gesture as if he were cutting his own throat. He fell on the ground, faking his own death, and after a while he stood up and walked away. The monkeys saw everything and were commenting on it among themselves, "Did you see what Tonamakava just did? He shaved his beard, he cut his throat, he fell on the ground, and then he stood up and walked away. Look, he's not dead, he's alive and well!" Tonamakava was watching from behind the tree. He had been observing the monkeys, and he knew they liked imitating what they saw. The monkeys eventually came down and imitated what Tonamakava had just done. They shaved their furry faces, and thinking cutting their own throats with that razor wouldn't do anything to them, they slashed their throats one after the other, expecting to walk away unharmed, just like Tonamakava. All the monkeys died, except one little one. As he was about to imitate his elders, Tonamakava ran from behind the tree and stopped him from doing so.

"Oh, Tonamakava, you have a big source of wealth," he said to himself. He built a cage for that monkey and put it inside

it. He then wrote a letter to all those people who had been buying firewood from him, telling them he had captured a monkey and inviting them to come see it. The next day, one of them came to Tonamakava's village. "Yessir," Tonamakava asked him, "what do you want?"

"Where is that monkey? I want to see it," the government official said.

"Oh, he's over there. Put your money on the table, and I'll let you see the monkey. No money, no monkey," Tonamakava said.

"Ha," the government official said. "Who do you think you are? Remember your name is Tonamakava, poor man."

"My name may as well be Tonamakava, but the monkey is mine. If you pay, you will see it. If you don't pay, you may as well go back to your place; you won't see the monkey." The government man stood there and thought about it for a while. It wasn't long before he gave Tonamakava five pounds.

"Fine," said Tonamakava. "I will hold the monkey in my arms and you can see it. But you cannot touch the monkey because you didn't pay that much money." He brought the monkey, and the white man saw it and went back to the station. When he was back, he wrote a letter to his friend: "My friend, Tonamakava has found a monkey. I believe he has a big source of wealth in his hands." His friend replied, "Tomorrow, I will go and see." The next day, that white man woke up and went to see Tonamakava. "Hallo, Taubada," Tonamakava said.

"Where is that monkey?" "It's inside the house." "Go get it; I want to see it."

"See that table over there?" Tonamakava asked. "Put some money on it. Otherwise, you will not see the monkey. Because none of you, *dimdims*, were able to catch this monkey. Only I, Tonamakava, was able to catch this animal. None of you were able to do it. So if you want to see the monkey, you will have to pay."

"That doesn't fit you," the government official protested. "You act like a wealthy man; do you think you are a wealthy man?"

"In fact, I am a wealthy man," Tonamakava said. "If you want to see the monkey, you have to pay. No money, no monkey." The white man was standing there, complaining, but in the end he had to pay to see the monkey. He put the money on the table, and Tonamakava brought the monkey. He showed it to him, then said, "Enough, you have seen it; I'm taking it back inside the house." The government official went back to the station and wrote a letter to the wealthiest man on the island. The rich man replied, "Tomorrow, I shall go see this monkey." The next day, the rich man came to the village. Tonamakava greeted him, "Hallo, Taubada."

"Where's the monkey?"

"Show me the money, I'll show you the monkey," Tonamakava said.

"Ha," the white man said. "I am a big man. You are unfit to even talk to me. I am king. Are you king?"

"I am Tonamakava. I found a monkey, a big source of wealth. You *dimdims*, you didn't get any monkeys." The government man conceded. He put half of all his money on the table

and said, "Have a look. Is this enough?" Tonamakava counted the money and said, "You're not living up to your name. Didn't you say you were king? This money is not worth a king. You will not see the monkey. You said I'm unfit to talk to you. You are a big man; I am a small man. But I have the monkey."

"So what do you want," that *dimdim* said. "I will give you half of my store." "I don't want a store," Tonamakava said.

"So what do you want?" insisted the *dimdim*. Tonamakava didn't reply. The white man returned empty-handed, and his daughter was disappointed that she couldn't get that monkey. She said to her father, "Father, you are tired of haggling, and you came with nothing to show. If you don't have enough money to get the monkey, betroth me to Tonamakava. I'll marry him, so that you can bring me the monkey. I'll do anything to see that monkey."

"No way," her father said. "I'll sort this out and bring that monkey for you." The father went to Tonamakava and offered more money. At first Tonamakava said, "I don't want your money. You belittled me; you will not see this monkey." Seeing that he was going to return empty-handed again, the *dimdim* finally agreed to offer his daughter in marriage to Tonamakava. "Ah, at last you're coming to your senses," Tonamakava said. "That's what I was talking about. I will marry your daughter then." The white man said, "You will marry my daughter and inherit one of my stores. You will have one store; I will keep another one for me."

"Yes," said Tonamakava. "That's what I wanted all along. I will marry your daughter; you can have the monkey." So the white man took the monkey in his arms and brought it back. His daughter married Tonamakava, who had started with nothing and was now the proud owner of a store.

COMMENTS

This is not a traditional Trobriand story yet is one that conveys the creativity and capacity of adapting modern elements from the colonial world into Trobriand tradition. There are no monkeys in Papua New Guinea.

RELEVANT VOCABULARY:

dimdim
esaesa
evitali
gumanuma
taubada
tonamakava

SN 202 TOGEKA (THE PYTHON)

A *kwanebu* folktale told by Mogisaboda from Idaleka. He obtained the story from his father, Tokoulaliku. Originally transcribed by Bernard Mwayubu and translated by Gibson Bagidou Henry.

SUMMARY

While the chief of Mloseda goes to Gumasila on a Kula expedition, a python takes his place next to his wife and their baby. The wife sings a chant every evening, complaining about how the Kula has made her husband careless and how the python has taken his place as a result. The husband senses something's wrong and, together with his crew, comes back to the village.

Kwanebuyee Togega

Kwanebuyee Togega. Isisusa ilosa ikulasi Gumasila, Gumloseda lakwavaga esisu. Ilosa ikulasi Gumasila emaga minana Togega isiwa bwena ikaniyabu lakwava guyau bogiwa evalulu. Ila ivagi kalavana igigabu ilai biloki lamwala wakoya Gumasila mitaga gala.

Ikatuyuuli iwa minana Togega iweya kala biga. Emekila eyokwabula vivila gwadi. Isisu ekwayai isimwa ivina lakwava, "Oyawaga waga guyau, Oyawaga waga guyau. Kewa Dobu sulu bulami bulamila litugwa kilisala Togega iwa ikilisaki matamu Gumasila. Otakula tameki soda eyobwabu kaeuna. Tasiwa tauvalutu bulaga kula." Eyamu. Eyamu imumasisi bogiwa ekwayai dududu, "Me, avaka kuvagi?"

"Gala kasisu wala sosogu latugu."

"O kumeya akopoi tau." Ikopoi ikanukwenusi gabogi ila isimwaga ivina lakwava. "Oyawagala guyau yawaga guyau kewa Dobu sulu bulami bulamila litugu kuluwewaga ekalisagi Togega ewa ekesagi matamu Gumasila. Takula taluwewa kula tamekiga soda ekaniyabu Togega." Kilisala ikali sagi matala guyau ewokewa wala.

"Tawa takeduyasi bitalokesa kena valu bogiwa egaga." Ikikedodigasi deli laboya isakaulasi Muwa imesa igabusa vana. Igigabusa vana eyamu gabogi esakaulasi lemekeyasa ekatupoisi, "Gala bulavala valu?"

"Avaka kulela. Sena toyobwalolu Togega lema eyokwakwemasi toya gwadi iyobwabwemasi kasisusa." Ivalutu ekwayai lema kala biga dududu emesa ilomugwa ibubwabusa ilomugwa ilosa ilaisa obwarita inovisiga wowola minana vivila isimwa. Usola latula isimvesa sosola latula.

ENGLISH TRANSLATION

This is the story of Togega the python. Gumloseda, the chief of Mloseda Village, went on a Kula expedition with his fellow villagers. They went to Gumasila Island, in the Amphlett Islands. Meanwhile, his wife stayed in the village. While they were gone to Gumasila, Togega the snake lived with the chief's wife, who had already given birth to a child. The wife had prepared her love philter with the *vana* wild basil leaves, so that she could anoint her husband with it before he left for the mountains. That way, the husband would itch to rush back to his wife, but somehow the love magic didn't work as expected, and the husband was taking too long to come back. This is why Togega the python took the place of the husband and gave its warmth to the woman and her child. In the late afternoon, the wife, longing for

her husband, sang these verses, "Oh, the canoe, the chief's canoe, the chief. You went to Dobu, and I made the scented coconut oil philter for your son, but the presence of the snake has made your eyes blind, the Kula has made you careless. Hurry up, my husband, finish your Kula now and come to your wife under the spell of the snake." She repeated the same song the next day. And then again and again, she chanted that song from the shore. When it was day, the snake left the woman and her child sleeping; they slept throughout the day until the evening, when it was dark, and the snake came back and asked her, "Woman, what are you doing?" "Nothing; I'm just sitting here holding and nursing my baby."

"Oh, let me hold the baby and nurse him." So the snake held the baby, and they all went to sleep together. When the next day came, the woman chanted again that song. Meanwhile, the chief sensed something was wrong back in the village, perhaps because that song had reached him. He said to his people, "Men, let us get in our canoes and go back; the omens tell me that maybe something bad is happening in our village." They got in their canoes and set sail. They sailed until they reached Muwa Island, where they burned the sweet-scented leaves of the *vana* wild basil. The next day, early in the morning, the men arrived at their village, and as soon as they got there, they asked, "Did anything bad happen in the village?"

"How was your Kula trade, what was so good about it?" the chief's wife asked. She continued, "While you were away, Togega forced his way and cohabited with my baby and me." Later that same day, Togega came to the village as usual, and in no time the villagers got onto him and cut him up and threw him into the sea, and as soon as they did that, the wife shed her skin, and her body was alright. She lived with her son, and they both stayed together.

RELEVANT VOCABULARY: *dududu*

**SN 208 BWAGAU
(THE SORCERER)**

A *kwanebu* folktale told by Kedamwana, a man from Mtawa. Originally transcribed by Veronica Lepani and translated by Gibson Bagidou Henry.

SUMMARY

A *bwagau* sorcerer slices four blind sisters while they're at sea gathering coral to eat. The sisters' brother kills the *bwagau*, and the blind sisters eat his corpse by mistake, with terrible consequences.

Kwanebuyee Bwagau

Kwanebuyee bwagau. Matona Kausala mesikiya minana nakau. Ivalulu litula telima minakau tetala tomanabweta.

Kasivigoda lada wala. Isisusa inasi isisu e matona bwadasi tomanabwena isimwa ovalu. Matosinaga minakau iluki bwadala, "Tam takavigodasi." Ivabusi okwadewa ilosi ewakesa lada isiwea iutu utusi kidamwa kasivigoda eualugwasi. Matonaga bwagau ikau laligogu isela ivabusi. Ivabusi itoli igisiga ikavigodasi isilabusi. Kobi-kobi-kobi lela. Evavagi tuvasi, "Ah bwadagwa, kulegasi. Ekabobu minana yokowaveka lewa." Itolaga igigisi isidadelisi bogwa eutu utusi lada. Ililolawa wakeya minana ilitomwaya vigili laligogu. "Ah! Yamagu! Bogwa etegu magwa bwadagwa." E iyayosala tuvasi ilaliga "kobi-kobi."

"E lewa!" Ikabobu lewa. Iweki minana iluwala, "Pwa!"

"Ah! Bogwa egadegu kwau kena!" E iteta wala. Ivalutu elokeya minana ilagwadi itasilaki wala. "Ah! Bogwa egadegu bwadagwa buriwada e tuwagwa." Eisilalaguva, "Tamwesa." Igebilasi kasilada makesina. Ilolasi imakesi lusita matona esisu. Egisi luleta buyaiyokwa wala. Ekutupoi, "Avaka pela uwami buyaiyokwa?"

"A, igademasi kwau, itatemasi mawa, buriwada, lakameyesa." Ima igisi lusita kudula kema wala. "A gala, eisekila avela etatai luguta." Ikamkomasi kasi lada lewokwa eyam ikeitavausi. Ikugwasi ililola olui lusita otubolosi. Ivabusi lelola makawala wala. Ewesa eutuutusi kasi lada lewaga matona bwagau iteya wala. "Ah bwadagwa! Bogwa etavawegu inia." Oligoguwa ilagi, "Sa-sa!"

"E, lekabolu lewa!" Iweki bwadala oluwala itasilaki. "A! Bogwa etegu kaboliyoyu kena ave inia!" Evavagi lusita, "O bogwa matona etatai luguta. Vigili wala makaina tawaga."

Ililolawa ikebiga, "Gala bukusakaula." Idokiwa bikovila isabuwa nunula. Ila ilupi lemeya ima itapupweya iyali iwokwa ikau. Itokeulala wakeda sikeda luleta iliseli makabilasina tomata iliseli wala ila itobu okadumalaga. Egebilasiga lemesa elolasa lemesa evakwalisa makabilana tomata kalabiga. Ikabikwanisa, "Yamana tawa, aiseki avaka." "E, kusukwani" elukwesa tuvasi. Isukwani ekebiga, "Ah, bogwa ebogina sitana wala." "Komkwani." Ikomkwani etokeyasa ekomtulisa deri bwadala. Kuinakusa matona bwagau tomatela. Emakesa inasi kukomasi, iyosisa ikomasi. Ilaga lusita wawau lema ema ikutupoi inasi gala bogwa ekomasi. Ekebiga, "E gala bukusakaulisi. kutokavatasi okukomasi inadasi." Isakauli teta ima isukupweni opwesosiu. Teta oulilagwa, teta okokola, teta otadeu. Iritaki makaina tawaga emeka tuwala esisu iseki, "Yakaye!" Evavagi sola, "Kuweya som kumakeyaguga bogwa lala kekilana odabala lasisu." Ikebiga, "Kuweya sogu kumakeyaguga yegu bogwa lala kuyaveka odabala lasisu." Kegiga otadeu opwesosiu. Imtuli wala luleta kuinaku isim.

ENGLISH TRANSLATION

My story is called *Bwagau*, the sorcerer. There once was a woman from Kausala; she was blind. She gave birth to five children; four were girls, and one was a boy, and only the girls were blind. Because they were blind, they ate only corals. Instead of looking for shells, the girls broke corals from the reef and ate those because they were salty and smelled of fish. One day, the

girls went down to the beach, and their brother stayed back, looking after their mother. The eldest sister said to her younger siblings, "Let's go looking for shells." They walked to the reef, where the corals are, and started breaking them and collecting the pieces as if they were seashells. They took the coral pieces and loaded them into their baskets. A *bwagau* sorcerer saw the sisters collecting corals, picked up his hand adze, and went after them. The sorcerer swam toward the sisters, who heard the bubbling noise he was making as he was approaching them. The elder sister said, "Oh, my sisters, can you hear that? It must be a very big fish!" The sorcerer got closer as the sisters kept on hammering and breaking the corals. He came to the elder sister and hit her with his *ligogu* adze. She exclaimed, "Ah! My hand! I think a *mawa* surgeonfish has cut me, my sisters!" She heard that bubbling sound again, moving away from her, and she tried to warn her sisters, "It's going your way, beware!" The sorcerer went to the next sister and hit her, "Pwa!" She cried, "Ah! I think a shark bit me!" And she stayed there, shaking. The sorcerer swam toward the younger sister and cut her too. "Aii, my sisters, I got bitten by a moray eel!" The sisters walked out of the water. The elder one said, "Let's go back." They took their corals and carried them back home on their heads. They walked back to their village, and when their brother saw them approaching, he noticed they were bleeding. He asked, "How come you're covered in blood?"

"We got cut by *mawa* surgeonfish, we got bitten by sharks and by moray eels while we were collecting our food, so we came back," reported the sisters. The brother had a close look at the wounds and saw they were not made by fish; those were the marks of a sharp tool, the "teeth" of an axe. "No way," he said, "somebody has cut my sisters." They ate the corals and went to sleep. The next morning, the sisters went back to the beach. The sisters walked ahead with their brother at their back. They went into the water, just like they did the day before. They were breaking the corals when that *bwagau* sorcerer came diving and started hacking at them. The first sister said, "Oh, my sisters, some fish has cut me again!" They heard the water splashing around them, "Sa-sa!" She warned her sisters, "It's splashing around; it's coming your way, watch out!" The sorcerer went to the next sister and sliced her hand. "Ah, my sisters, a *kaboliyoyu* fish cut me!" Their brother was watching closely. When he saw the sorcerer surface to cut one of his sisters, he realized what was going on. "That's the one who's slicing my sisters. He has a sharp tool, and he cuts them with it." He swam toward him and shouted, "Don't try to run away!" The brother reached the sorcerer and killed him. He carried his body out of the water and back to the blind people's village and chopped him up with his own adze. He displayed his sliced body in small mounds, from one end of the village to the other. When the sisters came back with their corals, they felt the body parts of the sorcerer with their hands. "What's this?" the sisters wondered. "Smell it," they asked their elder sister. She smelled it and said, "Oh, it stinks a little bit." They said, "Try it." She tried it and reported to her sisters, "Eat it, eat all of it; it's good." Because they had tried human flesh, they

couldn't stop eating it. They kept going until they found their own mother; they killed her and ate her too because now they were so fond of human flesh. When their brother came back, he asked the sisters where their mother was. It wasn't long before he realized his sisters had killed their mother and eaten her. Enraged, he said, "Stay where you are, don't you run away. You have eaten our own mother!" One of the sisters ran and tried to hide behind the house. Another one hid under the yam house, behind the stones. Another one tried to hide behind the house post, and the last one ran out of the village. The brother took the sorcerer's sharp club and chopped off the elder sister's head. "Yakake," she screamed in pain. The other sisters heard that and cried from the distance, "You have killed her, let us be! We have run far away," thinking they were well hidden and he would not be able to find them. But their brother didn't stop. He went to the back of the house and killed the next one, then he killed the one hiding in the yam house and the other one too. He finished them all and stayed by himself. That's the end.

COMMENTS

A very unusual story, nobody had heard this one before. The village where the blind woman and her daughters live, Kausala, is an imaginary one. It literally means "blind friends," denoting a place where only blind people live. It is a common belief in the Trobriand Islands that once a person or an animal has tried a type of food and liked it, they won't want to eat anything else. This, together with the fact that until then they had eaten only coral, would explain why the sisters ate their own mother after having sampled the flesh of the *bwagau* sorcerer.

RELEVANT VOCABULARY:

kabuliyoyu
tawaga

SN 210 KEYUYU (THE COCONUT CRAB)

A *kwanebu* folktale told by Diyaiki from Osapola. He obtained the story from his father. Originally transcribed by Veronica Lepani and translated by Gibson Bagidou Henry.

SUMMARY

A coconut crab tricks a couple of Dokanikani ogres until he himself succumbs and gets eaten.

Kwanebuyee Keyuyu

Kwanebuyee Keyuyu. Keyuyu odubwadebila mesiki. E Dokanikani teyu olaodila esisusa. Ebugubagulasi tou. Labagula Dokanikani tou. Ave tou ave tou ebubasi wa. Minana Keyuyu odubwadebila esisu imimi kalamimi. Esigasagina ivalutu

okalakari Dokanikani esiwa bwena ekurikuri kalatou. Ikurikuri kweta valapoi eyosi ivenoku. Leyam Dokanikani lemwa usola lakwava. Ekaibiga, "Nomwaya, bitala agisi bagula amimi, amimi kena bunukuwa kena tovelau, kena avela ilosa odabagula. Tala tagisi." Isakaulasi imakeyasa ineneisi isomatasi edokasa bwalodila ekurikuri mitaga minana Keyuyu ekurikuri. Biyayosa wala biyam, bimwa italuilui wausi e bimala Dokanikani inenei wala isomata. Eyam makala. Eyam inenei ikabi ila olavalu e ebogi ikuri. Ikurikuri eyosi eyosi eyosi tata wala ekatumwesi labagula. Emakeyaga ekaibiga, "Amakala tabuda dabagula lamakeya gala wala sita luwatala ikanukwenu? Adoki gala sita bagisi kweibakwela bunukuwa, gala kaena tovelau, eseki avaka waya." Igaula itaila lamwala emakeya ikanukwenu minana Keyuyu olukubala usi, "Ave mauna yokwa?"

"Oi yegu Keyuyu."

"Avaka waya okuvagi?"

"O lanenei wala lamakeya bagula lasimwa lakurikuri."

"O ula bagulala. Okuyosi wala lukotumwesi. Kasitou litugwa bogwa okwatuyai, sita bikurisi."

"Adoki avela labagula."

"Bwena kanukwenu. Igau amwa akapituni piripari bayugwalem."

"A gala wa, bukuigwalegu. Sena yakasai miyana otunu."

"Taga ave otunu?"

"A kuwakeya yosiyala kumeya." Ikau yosiyala ikapituni imeya isiuwa iuwari. Iuwari iwokwa ekeibiga, "A kwatikeugu!" E katakeu ivalutusi wala okalapisila wala itotina minana Keyuyu ikapusi ila opwepwaya.

"A gala bukusipu bibwena yamagu, kaikegu."

"O bwena kanukwenu bamakeya piripari bameya bakoya."

"A gala ke, kuwakai yatinalalele kumeya." Iwa ikapituni miyasine yatinalalele emeya. "Ke amakala bukuigakaegu." Ekeibiga, "Topwagega, topwagega. Bukuyuwalegu."

"O bwena." Edoki bitupwalega ikaitau minana Keyuyu puwala, kwila, ikagwari wa. "E bogwa lamakwola bwadala. Kwilova soda."

"A gala."

"A kwilova! Yakekekekekeke! Noni, bogwa wala bukwatuni. Galaga sitana ututana esisu puwagu, kwigu, bogwa lokwalukulaku." Iyosi ikatuni wa. Itataba matona Dokanikani bo ikariga. Italuiluiga ikanawa waudi. Letula lakwava. Letulatula, letulatula wala ikeula kweta yam. Ikeula kweyuwela yam, "Amakala tumamesa gala sitana ima. Obuyagu wala esigaga. Bwena bala agisi." Isakaula emakaya lamwala bogwa ikatupwagi. Bogwa evakola kalabiga lopola, "Wii avaka pela ulamwala lamakeya bogwa bipwasa."

"Me! Ave vila yokwa lokuma kukwatupoi? Yegu Keyuyu."

"Ke ulamwala avela letai?"

"O kaiseki, kaena ikapusi wakai, kaena ekulami."

"Gala yokwa wala. Kutota, igau abaku ulamwala." Isiwa ikeri kalamesi. Evinaku ibaku lamwala. Ekaibiga, "A kumaga baigwalem bitala."

"O kulokeya otunu yatinalalele kumeya bukuyuwalegu. Kuyuwalegu tala bigabwegu ommalu." Ikatakewa minana

mauna isakawali ovalu isiwa igadi kova. Ivigadi kova isela igabu. Igigabu minana Keyuyu iwokwa itovila isimuwa ikoma. Ekamkwoma wala itaba wowola ivasela imwa ikariga. Ikariga minana Keyuyu, ikariga minana vivila.

ENGLISH TRANSLATION

This is the story of Keyuyu, the coconut crab. Keyuyu lived in a cave by the beach. At the time, there were two Dokanikani ogres living in the bush. The ogres were planting sugarcane in their gardens, all sorts of sugarcane. Keyuyu, the coconut crab, was in his cave, dreaming his dreams. One day, Keyuyu crawled out of the rocks and went to the sugarcane garden of those two Dokanikani ogres. Keyuyu climbed up the garden fence and went in. The crab reached the sugarcane and started chewing it. Keyuyu sat there chewing sugarcane until he finished a whole garden plot. The next day, when the Dokanikani couple woke up, the husband said, "My wife, let's go check our garden; last night, I had this dream, I dreamed there was somebody stealing from our garden, a wild pig or a thief. Let's go see." They ran to their garden, and when they saw the damage, they searched and searched for the culprit. They thought maybe it was a wild pig, but the truth was, Keyuyu chewed the ogres' sugarcane. The crab ate the sugarcane at night and hid in a banana tree during the day. Dokanikani looks and looks until he gets tired of looking, and he can never find who ate his sugarcane. Every night and every day the same happens: Dokanikani searches and finds nothing during the day; Keyuyu keeps on chewing through Dokanikani's sugarcane at night. It came to a point when Keyuyu had almost finished all the sugarcane in Dokanikani's garden. The husband said, "My wife, I don't know what else to do; there is hardly any sugarcane left in our garden. I haven't seen any pigs' footprints; I don't know what it is."

"It must be a thief," his wife replied. Thinking he could catch the thief during the day, the husband looked carefully around his garden until he spotted Keyuyu the crab hiding among the banana trees. He came up to the crab and asked him, "Hey, what animal are you?"

"Oi, I'm Keyuyu, the coconut crab."

"And what are you doing here?" Dokanikani questioned him.

"Oh, I was just looking around until I found this garden; I'm just chewing the sugarcane in it," the crab replied.

"Well, this is my garden," Dokanikani said. "You've been eating my sugarcane, and now there's hardly any left. You've finished it all, and now my children have nothing to chew on."

"Oh, I didn't know that," Keyuyu said, "I thought it was somebody else's garden."

"Fine, stay here. I'm going to cut a *piripari* vine and bring it over to tie you up," Dokanikani said.

"Don't even think about it," Keyuyu said. "The thorny *piripari* vine is going to scratch me; it makes for a very harsh rope."

"Oh, so what vine should I use instead?" Dokanikani asked.

"Go look for a *yosiyala* and bring it to me," Keyuyu said. Dokanikani went and cut a *yosiyala* vine. He brought it back and tied Keyuyu up with it. "Fine," said Keyuyu, "now carry me." The

Dokanikani carried the crab on his shoulder, but when they reached the garden gate, the vine tore, and Keyuyu fell to the ground. "Oh, you didn't tie my hands and my legs properly," Keyuyu said.

"Fine," Dokanikani replied. "You stay here; I'm going to bring some *piripari* vine to tie you up again."

"Don't," said Keyuyu. "Bring *yatinalele* vines instead." So the ogre went to the bush, cut some *yatinalele* vines, and brought them back.

"How are you going to tie me up?" Keyuyu asked. Since Dokanikani wasn't sure anymore how to tie the coconut crab, Keyuyu showed him. "Sit down and spread your legs, make yourself comfortable, put me in front of you so you can handle me properly and tie me up."

"Oh, I see," said Dokanikani, and he did as the crab had told him. He sat down with his legs apart, but as he was putting Keyuyu in front of him, the crab brought his pincers to the ogre's crotch and chopped off his penis and testicles. Dokanikani screamed, "Oh, my brother, what have you done to me! Take your pincers off me!"

"No!" said Keyuyu.

"Get them off; look, there's nothing left of my genitals," Dokanikani screamed in pain. But the crab kept on cutting until Dokanikani fell dead to the ground. Keyuyu went back to his hiding spot in the banana trees. Meanwhile, Dokanikani's wife was waiting for him. She waited one full day. On the second day she told herself, "How is it that my husband didn't come back yet from the garden? I should go and see." She went to the garden and found her dead husband there, with his legs spread open and a tight stomach. She cried, "Wiii, why? Why is my husband dead and already rotting away?" Keyuyu talked from the banana trees, "Hey, I'm Keyuyu, the coconut crab. Who are you; why are you making all this noise?" Dokanikani's wife said, "Who cut and killed my husband?" Keyuyu replied, "What do I know. Maybe he fell off a tree and stabbed himself?" But Dokanikani's wife wouldn't have it. "No way. It was you. Stay there; I'm going to bury my husband, and I'll come back to you." She dug a grave and buried her husband in it. When she was done, she came back to the garden and said to the crab, "Come here; I'm going to tie you up and take you away."

"Then you have to go get a *yatinalele* vine. Bring it, tie me up, and take me to the village so you can roast me," Keyuyu said. The Dokanikani ogre did as Keyuyu said; she tied up the crab, brought it back to the village, and started a fire. When the fire was ready, she threw the coconut crab in it. When the crab was roasted, the ogre ate it. But after eating the crab, the ogre felt weaker and weaker until she eventually died. And that's how Keyuyu and that Dokanikani she-ogre both died.

COMMENTS

Coconut crabs are hard to handle if one does not know how to do it properly. They are also dangerous after they're dead, with people acknowledging the danger of eating particular types of crabs that are found in certain taboo spots.

RELEVANT VOCABULARY:

dubwadebila
piripari or *pilipari*
yatinalele
yosiyala

SN 212 KAMWEMUYA (A MAN'S NAME)

A *kwanebu* folktale told by Mwadayana from Mtawa. He obtained the story from his father. Originally transcribed by Veronica Lepani and translated by Gerald Beona.

SUMMARY

A man called Kamwemuya irritates a Dokanikani ogre by constantly beating the drum, night and day. The ogre sets off to eat him, and the man asks for help from several fish. The fish get scared of Dokanikani until the thorny blowfish convinces the ogre to eat him, which leads to Dokanikani's death.

For a similar *kwanebu* folktale, see also SN 31 *Togiliwaku* by Tomdawa.

Kwanebuyee Kamwemuya

Kwanebuyee Kamwemuya. Matona Kamwemuya Osamwemwa mesiki. E matona Dokanikani Bomatu mesikea. Esisusa esisusa ima ikeri lakasosau matona Kamwemuya. Iwokwa imwali. Iwokwa imwa wala esimwa ililigai. Esisu ililigai meninisi tegala matona Dokanikani isakaula. Isakaula imakeya sola ililigai igisala makaena kesosau ima gola kalanigwa kusui kula kutori ikagunugunu dakuna kabilabala. Inenei, "Bogwa lakoma tau kaena?"

Ikeita ila isivilaga isunapula. Ikauga iseki, "O Ikeya luleta ikam kalapopu. Gala kabomasisi, gala kabokwam, galakabomom, gala kabobwewasi, bisimwa bikatuninisi." Isakaula. Isakaula isakaula itoli Kadilaveka kalabiga igisiga sola lema. Isui ila okalanoboala itoligo ikagunugunu dubwadebula kabilabala. Ilupwalopola ilola.

"E bo lakomi kaena?" Ikeita ila. Isisu minana Kulasi ikounapula lema igilagila olakaukweda Kamwemuya.

"Kamwemuya, avaka iyam kesosau, iyam?" "A tuwada Dokanikani."

"Amakala bukudau bima sita bagisi?"

"A gala, bakatusilaki makaena kesosau matona gola bima." Ikau iseki.

"O Ikeya luleta ikam kalapopu. Mwadago bogwa lakomi." Iluvemwa im. Desi igau isakaula. Isakaula Kadilaveka itadoyai igau minana Kulasi igisi, "A bwada! E katanagesi tadobu a gamwala elokaleka." Itadoyaiga, "A tuwada tosasopa yokwa. Matonala."

"A bwada kuisu balaga." Emema karikeda, "Kobu!" Ememaga karinoboala Kamwemuya kusui. Emaga kutori wa

kwagunugunu dakuna. Ikagunugunu imwa iluvemwa ikeita ila isimwa. Esisuso iyokewa minana Sevalea, minana lesisuva lema. Esisu wa okaukweda, "Kamwemuya! Avaka iyam kesosau lalagi eyam?"

"A tuwada Dokanikani."

"Amakala bukudau bima agisi?"

"Baweya kesosau matona bima."

"A bima agisi, taga kuvakayai som." Ikau iseki. Isisusaga kalabiga minana Sevalea karitaila egisiga kabilaveka tadoki buna lema kudula. Itadoyai, "A bwada ke? Kugisa. Lema katanagesi tadobu."

"A tuwada tosasopa yokwa. Matonala."

"A bwada, kuisu balaga." Ikabi ila. Esisugo Montatetu ilaguva. Ilaguva imeki Kamwemuya.

"Avaka iyam kesosau iyam?"

"A tuwada, Dokanikani."

"Amakalaga, kudau bima agisi."

"A baweya kesosau bima gola."

"Kuyomamalu bima agisi." Ikau iseki.

"O Ikeya luleta ikam kalapopu. Gala kabokwam, gala kabwomom, gala kabomasisi." Isakaula isakaula Kadilaveka itadoyai igisi, "A bwada, katanagesi tadobu makaena, lema buna kugisi."

Itadoyai, "A tuwada, tosasopa yokwa."

"O nani bwadada, katumamalu kesosau bima bagisi." Bogwa evalutu lemwa. "Katumamalu bwadada kesosau bima bagisi." Ivalutu lema lema lema, imakeya bogwa ikanukwenu, edoki bikoma Kamwemuya.

"A gala bukukoma bwadagu. Igau bukukombwoegegu yegu, kukomegu." Ikapwagega wala edubala lakayala kalabiga montatetu isui. Iyovila wala, itomwa eitulapula obusubwasala, okeyola, okukula. Itatabwa imwa ikanamwa. Isimwesaga sola bwadala.

ENGLISH TRANSLATION

This is the story of Kamwemuya. Kamwemuya was originally from Osamwemwa.³³ At the time, there was a Dokanikani ogre living at Bomatu Point. One day, Kamwemuya decided to make a drum. When he finished making the drum, he decorated it with different colors. After he was done, Kamwemuya tried his drum. He beat the drum and kept on beating it until the noise reached the ears of a Dokanikani ogre, and he came to see what was up with Kamwemuya. When he saw Dokanikani running toward him, Kamwemuya dropped the drum and hid inside a hole in a nearby rock. Dokanikani was furious; he smashed stones and ground logs in between his big teeth. "Have I eaten him already?" And thinking he had, he left the place.

Kamwemuya came out of his hiding hole, picked up the drum and kept on beating it. It was not long before Dokanikani complained again because of the noise, "May he fuck his sister and eat his own poop! One can't sleep, can't eat, can't drink, can't rest

33. Osamwemwa is not a real village

without that guy beating his drum. He's always making noise!" Fed up, Dokanikani ran furiously in search of Kamwemuya.

When he saw him coming, Kamwemuya ran away. He stood on top of Kadilaveka Hill and saw the ogre, mad with fury, coming at him. Kamwemuya hid in the hole, and Dokanikani thrashed around, knocking down trees and grinding stones with his teeth. When he swallowed everything, he stopped and said to himself, "I think I've already eaten him," and he left. Now, a Kulasi coral trout came out of a nearby hole and asked Kamwemuya, "Kamwemuya, why are you always beating the drum, day and night?" "It's because of our big brother Dokanikani," Kamwemuya said. "He gets really mad."

"Do you think you can make him come over, so that I can see what he looks like?" Kulasi asked. "All I have to do is beat this drum. Wait and see," said Kamwemuya, and he started beating the drum. When he heard the sound of the drum again, Dokanikani swore, "May he fuck his own sister, may he eat his own crap. I thought I had eaten him already!" Dokanikani was weaving his *im* strings but he couldn't concentrate with all this drumming, so he started running after Kamwemuya. As he was approaching Kadilaveka, Kulasi peeked from behind the rock and saw something coming. "Oh, my little brother, did you see that? It looks like a big Kula canoe in full sail, it's coming toward us so fast!" Kamwemuya peeked from behind the rock and exclaimed, "Oh, my big brother, that's no canoe, that's him, Dokanikani; he's coming to get us!"

"Is it?" Kulasi asked. "If so, you stay here; I'm running away," and he followed the passage in the reef until he was out in the deep blue sea. Meanwhile, Kamwemuya hid inside that hole in the rock. Dokanikani was furious because he couldn't find Kamwemuya. He knocked down trees and swallowed the logs and the stones, hoping to catch Kamwemuya. When he was done, Dokanikani went back to his place.

Kamwemuya came out of his hiding spot and Sevalea, the marlin fish, saw him and came to talk to him. "Kamwemuya, how come you're always beating that drum of yours, night and day?"

"It's because of Dokanikani," Kamwemuya replied.

"And how can you make that Dokanikani show up for me to see him?" Sevalea asked. "Easy. I'll beat the drum, and he'll come; wait and see," said Kamwemuya. "Yes, bring him over," said Sevalea, "so that I can see why you're so scared of him." Kamwemuya started his drumming, and it wasn't long before Dokanikani was running again toward Kadilaveka Hill to stop the noise. Sevalea looked toward the hill and saw something coming; Dokanikani's large teeth were like big, white seashells. The marlin fish said to Kamwemuya, "Come see this, my little brother. There's a Kula canoe approaching, decorated with large seashells."

"What are you talking about, my big brother?" said Kamwemuya, who had spotted Dokanikani in the distance. "That's him, the ogre!"

"Is it?" asked Sevalea, frightened. "You can stay here if you want; I'm going away," and he left Kamwemuya alone. Right after Sevalea left, Montatetu, the porcupine fish, came by

and asked Kamwemuya, "Hey, how come you're always beating the drum?"

"Oh, my brother, it's because of Dokanikani," Kamwemuya replied. "Is it?" Montatetu asked. "Call him, I want to see what he looks like."

"All I have to do is beat the drum; of course, that will make him show up," Kamwemuya said.

"Do it then," Montatetu said. "Let's have a look." Kamwemuya picked up his drum and started beating it. When Dokanikani heard the drum, he cursed Kamwemuya once more, "May he fuck his own sister and eat his own shit! We can't eat in peace, we can't drink in peace, we can't sleep." And with those words the ogre ran toward the place where Kamwemuya was beating his drum. When he was getting close to Kadilaveka, Montatetu the porcupine fish peeked to see who was coming. "Ah, my brother, look over there; there's a fine Kula canoe approaching. I can see its white *buna* seashells shining in the distance." Kamwemuya looked out and recognized Dokanikani. "That's not a canoe, and those are not shells; those are Dokanikani's huge teeth!"

"Is it?" asked Montatetu. "Hurry up, my little brother, keep on beating that drum; I want to see this Dokanikani." The ogre was drawing nearer, and Montatetu kept on urging Kamwemuya, "Keep playing, don't stop; I want him to come closer." Dokanikani was very close now; he was about to swallow Kamwemuya. But Montatetu jumped in front of him and said, "Don't eat my little brother. Eat me instead."

Dokanikani opened his jaws and swallowed Montatetu, but the porcupine fish puffed his body out, and his sharp thorns pierced through Dokanikani's head, neck, and chest.

Shaking, the ogre collapsed and died, and Montatetu and his brother Kamwemuya stayed together.

COMMENTS

This story explains how the blowfish got his thorns. The name Kamwemuya denotes a group of songs with the same origin, probably a man called Kamwemuya. The Kamwemuya songs originated in Liluta Village and were taken from there to Kapwapu. Camillus Mlabwema Mkwesipu's father (Mkwesipu, from Kapwapu) popularized the Kamwemuya songs as *milamala* harvest songs, *wosi milamala*. Kamwemuya is said to have landed in Liluta. From there, he moved to Kapwapu, beating the drum and composing the songs that are now attributed to him. This story is very popular, and there is also a series of Kamwemuya songs interpreted by Seb wagau in the Leach Collection. The songs tell the story of Kamwemuya, the composer, and how he beats the drum until Dokanikani gets enraged and eats stones and trees in his attempt to crush the annoying drum beater, only to hear Kamwemuya beat the drum again and again. Camillus commented, "The name Kamwemuya signals a possible landing in Mweuya Bay (Okaiboma-Olivilevi Villages), hence the name. But nowadays, any song with that name, Kamwemuya, can only come from Liluta or Kapwapu." The story is set in the

Kudouya area of Kiriwina. The island's traditional divisions are as follows:

Giyodobu: the southern part of Kiriwina, from Sinaketa Village to Vakuta Island.

Katumatala: central Kiriwina (south); includes Okaikoda, Oboada, and Yalumgwa Villages.

Kudouya: to the north, including Kaibola and Labai Villages.

Kulumata: the (mostly coastal) area around Kavataria Village.

Kulupasa: the western side of Kiriwina, including Lobua, Siviagila, and Kuluvitu Villages. *Pasa* defines a mangrove area.

Kuluwala: south of *Kudouya*; its main villages are Dayagila and Kwebwaga.

Liluta: only Liluta Village (*sena kweveka yagala, kweveka karewaga*; "a village with a big name, its authority is above others").

Otilawa: central Kiriwina (north); includes Omarakana and Kabwaku Villages.

Note that this is not the only traditional partition of the territory in Kiriwina. There are smaller partitions; for example, *Minuwakova* is another traditional territorial division that includes Okaikoda and Wagaluma, even though both villages are also part of *Katumatala* (Leach, 1983).

RELEVANT VOCABULARY:

ililigai
imwali
kaisili
Tububuna

SN 213 MOMOVALA (A WOMAN'S NAME)

A *kwanebu* folktale told by Mekilawaga, a man from Mtawa. He obtained the story from his father. Originally transcribed by Veronica Lepani and translated by Gibson Bagidou Henry.

SUMMARY

Momovala, a young girl, and her father go together to the garden. Momovala climbs a tree stump and without thinking does the *muveki* dance; her father sees it, gets aroused, and rapes her repeatedly. On the way back home, Momovala sings a ditty (*vinavina*) complaining that her father raped her. Momovala then puts on her best decorations and walks to the seashore in the Bau area while she keeps on singing her ditty. She climbs onto a rock called Yawali and from there summons the sharks using magic *vana* leaves. Then she throws her ornaments one by one for the sharks to eat until she throws herself in and gets eaten, together with her mother, who had jumped in the sea to try and save her daughter.

For another version of this *kwanebu* folktale see SN 39 *Momovala* by Boikota.

Kwanebuyee Momovala

Kwanebuyee Momovala Bau menkiya. E isisusa sosola latula eluki, "Tam tasopu kadi yagogu." Ivakoli latula ilosa isopusi. Isupusopu mtowen Momovala yagogu imwenaga latula keta kemtuya ila itowa. Isisuga tamala igisi ekaka dabala latula ilitaki wala isiwa imweki olopo bagula. Ikeyeyala latula ikalibuyai. Migeyewa tamala isupusopu itokeyaga minana gwadi ima ovalu. Ipela okalapisila islali isekiga, "O Momovalo Momovalo Momovalo movaleguyo. O silesilegu silesilegu tamatamagu tamagu leyoisigu leyoigibunogu movalaiguyo." Isisugo inala ilagiga. "O avaka eigaki latugu?"

Ivalutu ipela wosi boala sosola inala. "Avaka?"

"Wa iyosegu tamagu obuyagu. Laligewyewa wala lasakauliga lama."

Isuwa minana gwadi waboala isunapula inala imwa iyai kova idoki biweya bivigadi bikekwa minana gwadi. Isuigoli ikau dabela okaboyova manakweni bunela ilai okuvalila ikau lasenuya iseyela ivilili kala kwasi ikau kala kanya isunapula imeki kala buwa makena mtakwabu ilaku, kavala mivilela ila okala kauya. Emwena kala mweya igugoli ela okalakauya. Isuwala okedala Bau bila okwadewa. Ewakeyago mina Bau lememea olumata ekatupoisi, "Mi amakawm?"

"A, bawa akakaya olumata." Euvalutugola wakedala isekiga, "O Momovala Momovala Momovala movalaiguyo. O silesilegu silesilegu tamatamagu tamagu leyoisigu leyoigibunogu movalaiguyo." E iuvalutugola odabalala yawali ila itowa odakuna. Isiwa ikau, ikikau iwokuva ikatubayasala bogwa evenoki la guguwu itopela itola odabala yawali itovilaga igisi inala bogwa evalapula ewa otubolola esisakaula. Iwalutuga itoli wala bogwa wakoya bisalili isekiga, "O Momovala Momovala Momovala mavalaguyo. O silesilegu silesilegu tamatamagu tamagu leyoisigu leyoigibunogu movalaiguyo." E itoila inala bogwala lewa iluluga kala vana ilai.

"O kwao lewesio kukomasi agu vana." Elai sitana iselisa. E iluli lasinata ilai.

"O kwao lewesio ula sinata kukomasi." Elai sitana sitana iselisa. E ivatati dabela makwena buna deli ilai. "O kwao kwao lewesio dabegu kukomasi." Elai sitana sitana iselisa. E ivatati la senuya ilai. "O kwao kwao lewesio uli senuya kukomasi." Elai sitana sitana iselisa. Etomalaula, "O kwao kwao lewesio kukomegusi namwedogu." Ikokuwa lewesio kwau sitana sitana iselisa. Esakauliga inala lewa itoli wala igisiga tadoki wala malaka obwalita buyai kwau tadokala avaka. Ekoveguwa namwedona elokiga obwalita ikomasi. Inala latula ivinakusa wala.

ENGLISH TRANSLATION

The name of my story is Momovala. Momovala was a girl, she lived with her family in Bau. One day her father told her, "Momovala, let's go and plant our yam seeds." So he led his

daughter, and they went to plant the yam seedlings. Momovala was planting their yams, and she climbed on top of a tree stump to have a rest. Her father was planting, and the girl, without thinking about it, started dancing the *mweki* harvest dance, unconcerned that her fiber skirt was lifting up with each thrust forward of her hips. The father got aroused and raped his daughter continually until she was bleeding.

Momovala left her father planting the seeds and went back to the village. She climbed over the fence and sang, "Oh, Momovala, Momovala, my entrails, my entrails. Oh, my mother, my mother. It was father, my father raped me and displeased me."

Her mother was staying there and heard her singing that song. "Oh, what has he done to my daughter?" So the daughter went inside the house, and the mother followed her. "What's the matter?" she asked.

"My father raped me in the garden. I left him there, and I ran back here." That small girl went in the house, and the mother went to get some firewood to warm the small girl's body. But while her mother was gathering the firewood, Momovala went in and grabbed her fiber skirt from the shelf inside the hut. She took the one with shells on it and wore it on her hips. She put on her armlets; she took her basket and went to a betel nut tree with ripe betel nuts. She climbed it and got herself a bunch of them and put the whole bunch in her basket. She climbed the mustard vine and put mustard in her basket too. Then she went on the path that leads from Bau to the shore. She met the men from Bau who were coming back from the shore, and they asked her, "Where are you off to?"

"I'm going to swim in the sea," she replied. She went on and sang along her way, "Oh, Momovala, Momovala, my entrails, my entrails. Oh, my mother, my mother. It was father, my father raped me and displeased me." She went to the top of Yawali and climbed on the top of that rock. Then she chewed betel nut, and after chewing, she put her ornaments on. When she finished putting her things on, she stepped onto the Yawali rock and turned and saw her mother coming. Her mother was running behind her. Momovala turned around and climbed down the Yawali rock. She chanted, "Oh, Momovala, Momovala, my entrails, my entrails. Oh, my mother, my mother. It was father, my father raped me and displeased me." Momovala turned around and saw that her mother was catching up, so she took off her wild basil decorative leaves and threw them in the sea while singing "oh, sharks, sharks, here, you eat my leaves." She threw the scented *vana* leaves to the sharks, and they finished them all. She then took her comb and threw it in the sea, singing "oh, sharks, sharks here is my comb, you eat it." The sharks came by and ate the comb. Momovala took off her fiber skirt, the one with the cowry shells on, and threw it in the sea as she called out "oh, sharks, sharks, here is my skirt, you eat it." She threw it, and the sharks finished it bit by bit. Momovala then took off her *senuya* swimming skirt and threw it. "Oh, sharks, sharks, here, my swimming skirt, you eat it." She threw it, and the sharks ate every bit of it. At last, Momovala stood up and chanted, "Oh, sharks, sharks, here, you eat my whole body." She jumped in, and the sharks finished her.

Her mother ran and saw the sea was red with blood and plenty of sharks. She too jumped in the sea, and the sharks ate her. The sharks finished both the mother and daughter.

COMMENTS

Momovala is a story of incest and suicide, popular throughout the Trobriands; it was mentioned by Malinowski (1987 [1929]: 346) in *The Sexual Lives of Savages*, although in Malinowski's version, it is the father who is named Momovala, and at the end he is so shamed of his incestuous actions he severs his own penis and dies. According to some, this is a very old story that originated in Moligilagi Village, even though the storyteller situates the action in Bau; therefore, Momovala and her mother get eaten by sharks in the lagoon, on the western side of Kiriwina. According to Trobriand tradition, only sharks encountered in the lagoon are dangerous, as opposed to those in the open sea. This belief is based upon another myth: a woman gave birth to a baby-shark on the eastern side of Kiriwina (the open sea). Unable to keep the shark in the village, the mother set it free on the open sea through a system of underground caves close to the *rebwaga* cliff in the east. As she was bidding farewell to her baby, the woman said, "Go to the sea where you can bite people." The shark turned around and asked, "What did you just say? I can bite people?" The mother replied, "No, I said don't bite people," and eventually managed to convince the shark that people on that side were his relatives and should not be eaten. That's why sharks do not attack people on the eastern side of Kiriwina (*luma*, the open sea) but they do on the western side (*dom* or *kabidumdom*, the lagoon).

RELEVANT VOCABULARY: *mweki*

SN 215 NABUBULAVEKA (A WOMAN WHO IS NOT GOOD IN AMATORY ARTS)

A *kwanebu* folktale told by Mwapwaya from Mtawa. He obtained the story from his elder brother. Originally transcribed by Veronica Lepani and translated by Gibson Bagidou Henry.

SUMMARY

This is the story of a couple and their amatory troubles, as the wife learns the traditional Trobriand sexual customs.

For a similar story, see SN 132 *Tokwavataria*.

Kwanebuyee Nabubulaveka

Kwanebuyee Nabubulaveka. Vegilavau Matosine minaosesuya. Esala goli minana vivila Nabubulaveka. Bogwa makala. Ekavepakasa besa simwala. Mitakukuwokwa pwala. E kalamwaguta. Igisi gala ikamitakuku e iluki ilosa ikikavayasi. E

tutala ikata kalasia isigiriy sena mmayuyu mitasi deri kasikimari. Matona igisi sena eyosokanasi wala.

Iwawaisi sala vaya. Ilobusisiga wala bogwa isalalala matala kalasia. Evalapulasala, "A minana ambese ela?"

"A waboala."

"Kuvagisa bima iluba vaya. Kabubulaveka wila. Kuyuyu kova bisimitali." Eyam makawala ilosa wala. Iwawaisi vaya imeyesa wala. Kamkwamsi iwokwa ivalapulasi gola.

"A inami ambese?" "A ikatoula waboala."

"Kuigurisi bima iluba vaya. Kaibubula wila, kabubulaveka." Evabutu bogwa enanari minana vivila, "Amakala tomwaya baigaki?" Ilolosa iwawaisi vaya lemesa wala. "Taga inami?"

"A ikatoula."

"Kuigurisi bima iluba vaya. Kaibubula wila, kabubulaveka."

"A numwaya ikatoula. Kumu kuyuyu lakova." Kumakeyaga bogwa ikatubayasi iwokwa lakaniku wala titolela. Iwotetila lewokwa igudu kulula. Kalabiga iulakwali wala ikabi wowola. Okaniko wala euvagi tadoki bwalodila kala kemapwela. Ekukuku matala lewokwa tadoki pipi. Bigisi keda gala. Ekutubakwali wala ebutusi wala elosa biwaisiga vaya. Kabogisala keda bogwa elubwadi. Itakeli wala. Ivalutusi wala, ewawaisi vaya leokwa, ikata kalasia eisigiri matala, gala isigwenya wala. Evilobusisi okadumalaga. "Nomwaya ambese lemuwa."

"Waboala wala."

"Nani bima iluba vaya. Katataraki wila." Isui waboala eyosari kala, "Nani kuluba veyoda, kataraki wim." E iluba kasivaya esimwesa. Osesuya sivalu.

ENGLISH TRANSLATION

This is the story of newly married couples in the village of Osesuya. All the wives there, except for one, had shown their expertise in romantic performances. They had left traces on their husbands, all of whom had not one hair on their eyelids and eyebrows. All except this one, he was the only man in Osesuya who still had his full eyelashes and eyebrows. This man told the other men to go fishing with him. When the sun was high in the sky, he saw how his friends were all having a hard time because they had no eyelashes to protect them from the glaring sun. His friends were also in pain from all those amatory scratches on their bodies, but they all made fun of him because he had none.

They kept on fishing the small *vaya* sardines until it was late and it was time to go back home. When they came back, he went ashore and asked, "Where is my wife?"

"Tell her to come here and clean up the fish, that good-for-nothing woman! Doesn't she know she needs to make fire and cook the fish?" The next day, the men of Osesuya also went fishing, and when they came back, all the wives were there except for his. All the fishermen had already finished eating when our friend's children finally came to the shore to greet him. "Where is your mother?" he asked them.

"Oh, she's back in the house. She's sick," the children replied.

"Wake her up. Tell her to come clean up these sardines. She's only good for eating them." The truth is, his wife was not sick. She was only very worried that she was no good in amatory arts. She was thinking, "How can I learn all there is to learn to have fun with my husband?" The next day, the same thing happened again. The men went fishing, they came back with their catch, their wives greeted them, they cooked the fish, and then they went to sleep, all except for our friend. His children were at the beach when he came back, and he asked them, "Where is your mother?"

"She's sick," they replied.

"Go wake her up. Tell her to come prepare this fish so that we can have dinner."

"Our mother is sick," the children insisted. "She said you must go and blow on that fire yourself and build it up for cooking." When the man entered the house, he saw his wife holding a coconut scraper. She grabbed her husband by the hair, and with that coconut scraper she scratched him all over his body. When she was done with him, that man looked like he had been mauled by a wild pig with huge tusks. The wife then removed his eyelashes and eyebrows with her mouth until his eyes were all swollen. They were so swollen that man could not see anything and had to feel his way around. The next day, all the men of Osesuya went to fish for sardines again. Our friend was almost blind; he couldn't see which way he was going. When the sun was up, and they were out at sea, the glare was so unbearable that our friend couldn't take it anymore. At dusk, when they were done fishing, they all came back to the shore. He got off the canoe and asked his children, "Where is your mother?"

"She's inside the house."

"Tell her to come here and carry the sardines, that most expert woman." But he couldn't wait, so he took the sardines up to the house himself. He entered the house and said to her, "Hurry, work on these sardines, you wonderful lover." And that's how they do things in Osesuya.

COMMENTS

This story describes some of the Trobriand lovemaking traditions, like the old custom of women plucking men's eyebrows and eyelashes. *Nabubulaveka* is a term used to describe a woman who doesn't know how to remove the hair from the eyebrows and eyelids of her lover with her mouth or one who is not willing to scratch her partner with her nails. The marks left on a man's body were characteristic of sexual relationships in former times in the Trobriand Islands. Female lovers used their tongue and lips to remove their partners' facial hair; they also pinched them with their nails, leaving scars and marks, an unequivocal sign of sexual activity. *Mitakuku*, removing the eyelashes and hair from the brows, and *kikimali*, the act of pinching in an orderly manner, leaving marks with the fingernails, were part of premartial lovemaking in the Trobriands, giving public recognition to spouses before marriage.

RELEVANT VOCABULARY:

Ikamtakuku?
Ikavepayasi?
kikimali
mitakuku
nakataraki
vaya

SN 216 IYADA (A WOMAN'S NAME)

A *liliu* myth told by Toweyana from Yuwada. He obtained the story from his grandfather, Mwabua. Originally transcribed by Theresa Patterson and translated by Gibson Bagidou Henry.

SUMMARY

A woman roasts her wild yams, then hides the fire, so that her sister and her grandmother are forced to eat their wild yams raw. The sister eventually finds out where fire comes from when her sister throws her menstrual blood on a tree and the tree catches fire, as do another three neighboring trees, which are thenceforth excellent firewood that never goes out. At the end of the myth we learn that their grandmother is, in fact, a *kwanada* (a type of wild yam).

Liliu Iyada

Iyada esisusa deri tubula kasitetolu. Elosa ekakwanadasi, ikakwanadasi ikerikerisi ikugwa minana tuwala imwa ovalu. Ikeri, ikeri, ikeri minana ikeula ima. Ima imeki ikipwesi kalabubweria ivigadi kova ikanukwenu. Isimwaga igabu kalakwanada. Igabu ikwari ikoma ivinaku, ikatuyori kainubiwa eseyumwa isimwaga. Emesaga bwadala sosola tabula. Iyada ilagwadi, emesaga emakasa bogwa evenoku isimwa ivakala kasikwanada. Isimwesa ikamkwamsi. Ebogi ebukubokusi wala epipiysi eyam.

Manawenaga emasisi wala bogwa kalabwebweria ekipwesi ikam. Eyam makala. Ikanukwenusiga ikugwaga. Ikugwa ikerikeri kalakwanada ima isimwa ikipwesi kalabwebweria isimwa igabu kalakwanada ikam. Igabu ikwari ikoma ivinaku emesiga sola tabula, emesa ivakalasi imvesa ikamsi. Gonata wala. Ikamkwamsi ebogi, epipiysi ebukubokusi eyam. Leyam igau ilosa sosola bwadala. Tubusiga isimwa. Ewesa ikerikerisiga evavagi, "A, bakalosi babani. Minawena gala ibukuboku esisu wala, yakida tabukuboku eyam." Iwa itopapala etowa emaga ikipwesi kalabwebweria, esela igabu. Ekai biga, "O! Bogwa lavabubwatem."

"O kapekwati, dakaikula." Ekau wala ekatubiberi ewakeya iseki emwa kaiwota, usari, riga, elululu wala. Lema eyam ikatoula tubusi. Ikatoula tubusi ikanukwenu ilosa ikerisi kasikwanada sosola bwadala. Ivalutu lewaga iwa ikanawa otanakwa. Igogebila kalakwanada iwokeya. Idokasa wala

kwanada. Isiwa ikeri. Tuwalaga ikerikeri kwanada. Ikaibiga, "Tuwago! Gala, kaikela tabuda!"

"Wei! Simwa kaikela tabuda! Avakapelaga?" Ikerikeri ikerikeri imwa lopola ebani lopola. "Gala lopola tabuda, taga simwa lopola tabuda." Ekeli eweya esekela wala, "Tuwago! Tabuda simwa wila."

"Mtaga wila tabuda."

Ekeli isekela, esekela, "Minana simwa kalaununu."

"Mtaga!"

Ekeli esekela nunula, "Tabudo simwa nunula. Avakagapela?" Eyani wala iwokeya ivavagi ikapwagega isakaula. Evatilawa wala isakaula imwa ovalu ivilobusi. Imesaga eseki wowola bidakavava ikanukwenu opwanetala.

"Tawa igau bagisi." Ema wala, "Kuma tagisi kulum." Esinivilisa wala emvakaesa, "O yoku wala, kukwatiyawana." Ekatoula ikariga tubusi. E kasiteyu tuwala ekalakwava. "O lakwave tabugwe aguwegwadi!" Ekaibigaga tokekita, "O agusolukula tabugoo, agusolukula tabugwe!"

"A kapekwati, Tokasikuno esisu besa."

"Ke, bima kuvea yeguwa basisu." Evagi Tokasikuni bogwa ikau biga nomwaya etekukwa wala lema. Elilola wala ekatuwita, "Agusolukula tabugoo, Agusolukula tabugoo!"

"Ke lema, kuveya yegu basimwa." Evavagi tuwala ekaibiga, "A bitavai bwadagu, bitawotetila kadawotetila." Evavagisi wala sosola tuwala ivaisi. Ekayagigila ikatoula tuwala, "Bakatuyuwani bigadi bulukwa."

"A ke tuwago! Avaka waia?"

"A bikam menoni. Kula kuluki Tokasikuno bimweni menoni." "Gala kawala bwadala. Avaka tuwam elivala?"

"A bikam menoni!"

Emwena wala ikau emeya ekamkoma leokwa ekayagigila, "Bakam bunukwa dogo manasina etota kudula." Ivalutu wala ewa itoli wala itopwagega ekikili wala minawena kudula etabuteta eritaki. Ikalakai kimwala ekau emeya. Ekamkoma.

"Amakala kakalosi bitarigaki me?"

"Mna, kula kusinapu militabu bikau bimeya." E ima wala isakaula lema.

"A tuwago! Bikam militabu vigoda!"

"Ave vigoda?"

"A militabu." Ila Bwemadou manakwena. "A makala baigaki?"

"Kukoya deu kusila kula oboarita." Ikoya deu isila ila wala imitavila igisi makakwena ikapwagega ekerikuri wala ikugwa pwanetala ivisibutu bikapatu egisi buyai tadoki avaka.

"A bogwa ekapituni kununa tadoki buyai avaka." E isimwesa sosola tuwala.

ENGLISH TRANSLATION

This is the story of Iyada. There was a woman named Iyada who lived with her two granddaughters. One day, they went looking for *kwanada* wild yams. They dug the yams in the bush, and the eldest sister was the first one to return to the village with

her harvest. She dug and dug and dug, and when she was done, she left her sister and her grandmother digging, and she walked back home. Once she was back, she made a fire and threw her yams in it. The elder sister was lying down while her wild yams were roasting. When the yams were ready, she scraped off the charred bits and ate them.

After she was done, she put the fire out and threw the smoldering fire sticks away, leaving no traces. Shortly after came her younger sister with the grandmother. The younger sister rubbed the skin of the *kwanada* yams off and left them in the sun to heat up. After some time, her grandmother and she ate the raw yams. That night, the grandmother and the younger sister could not stop coughing and farting from having eaten the raw, sunbaked wild yams. The elder sister instead slept fine. The next morning, when the elder sister woke up, she had her period. While the two others were sleeping, the elder sister spilled some of her menstrual blood, and it caught fire. She used the fire to roast some of the yams she had gathered the day before. When she was done eating, she left the house before her sister and her grandmother woke up.

She went to the bush and dug out her *kwanada* wild yams. When she had gathered enough, she brought them back home. She shed some more of her menstrual blood to make fire with and to roast the yams. When the yams were roasted, she rubbed off the burnt bits and ate them. After she was done eating, the grandmother and the younger sister returned from the bush with their load of wild yams. Not having any fire, the two of them sun-baked the *kwanada* yams and ate them raw as usual. That night, just like the other nights, the old woman and her granddaughter coughed and farted because of the raw yams they had eaten. The next day, the grandmother stayed home while the two sisters went to the bush in search of food. While they were digging wild yams, the younger sister was thinking, "How come my sister never coughs, whereas grandmother and I cannot stop coughing all night long from eating our yams? This time I shall find out." The girl observed her elder sister from a distance while she was digging. She got closer and hid behind a tree to spy on her. Not knowing she was being watched, the elder sister spilled some of her menstrual blood on a nearby tree, and it immediately caught fire. Coming out from her hiding spot, the younger sister shouted, "I caught you!"

"Shut up!" her sister replied. "This is our secret firewood." And with that, the elder sister spilled some more blood on the *kaiwota*, the *usari*, and the *riga* trees, and they caught fire straight away. The sisters went back home and found out that their grandmother was still sick; the next day, she was still unable to join them in their search for wild yams. The two sisters went to the bush and left their grandmother behind in the village. Or so they thought, because the grandmother carried on with her outing; she too went to the bush, except her path was not on the surface but underground instead. The grandmother was also in the bush while the two sisters were digging yams. The sisters were digging when one of them found a *kwanada* yam that looked familiar. "My sister! Come have a look at this; this yam looks like our grandmother's leg!"

"Wei!" exclaimed in surprise the elder sister. "It does look exactly like our granny's leg, how come?" They kept on digging until they reached the belly. "This, of course, is not our granny's belly, but it does look like it!" The younger sister dug some more and said out loud, "My sister! This looks like our grandmother's vagina!"

And her sister replied, "But of course, it is our grandmother's vagina!" "And these look like her pubes," continued the younger sister.

"Naturally," was the elder sister's reply. The younger girl kept on digging and reached the breast. "These yams here look like granny's breasts. How come?" When the younger sister finished digging out the whole body, they went elsewhere looking for more *kwanada* yams. Meanwhile, the grandmother rose and ran back to the village. She slunk away undetected and made it back to the village without the two sisters noticing. When they came back, they saw their grandmother still had some soil stuck to her head. "Let me see that," said one of the sisters, "let's have a look at your hair." The sisters came closer to the old woman and saw it. "Oh, it was you! It was you all along; you're the one we dug out in the bush earlier on." It wasn't much later that their grandmother fell ill and died. Now the two sisters were all alone. They mourned their grandmother and sang the funerary dirges, "Oh, my grandmother, my grandmother, I mourn you, my grandmother!" The elder sister interrupted the younger one, "Shut up; Tokasikuni is over there; he's going to hear you!"

"Oh, will he?" asked the younger sister. "Fine. If he hears us, let him come over. He can marry you; I'll stay all by myself." In fact, Tokasikuni had heard it all. He approached the two sisters as they were still mourning, "Oh, my grandmother, my grandmother!" As they were crying, the younger sister heard the ugly Tokasikuni approaching with his walking stick and elbowed her sister, "Here he comes. Marry him; I'll stay by myself." The elder sister said, "We'll both marry him, my sister. We need to keep our family together." And this is how the two sisters married the outcast Tokasikuni. One day, the elder sister fell ill. Well, she didn't really; it was a ruse she and her sister had devised to get rid of Tokasikuni. "What's the matter my sister?" asked the young one.

"Go tell Tokasikuni that I'm ill and I want to eat *menoni* fruit," said the elder. The girl did as her sister said, and at first Tokasikuni was reluctant, "But I've no pole to reach the top of the *menoni* tree."

"She really wants to eat *menoni*," replied the younger sister. Tokasikuni had no choice but to climb up the *menoni* tree. He brought some *menoni* fruit to his wife, who ate them all. When she was done, she said, "I'm still in a lot of pain. I want to eat a pig. Not just any pig, but one of those huge ones with long, sharp tusks." Tokasikuni was scared, but he did as he was told. He stood with his legs apart in front of a wild boar, and when the pig charged, he grabbed him by the tusks and against all odds managed to defeat him. He brought the pig back to the village, and the elder sister ate it.

"How are we going to get rid of him?" wondered the younger sister.

"I know how," replied the elder one. "Go tell him to dive for giant clam shells." The younger sister went to see Tokasikuni and said to him, "My elder sister wants to eat clam shell."

"What type of shell?" asked Tokasikuni.

"*Militabu*, the giant clam shells," replied the young girl. Tokasikuni headed over to that fishing spot they call Bwemadou with the young girl in tow.

"How should I do this?" wondered Tokasikuni aloud.

"Make a float and go into the sea with it." So Tokasikuni made a float and sat on it; he went to the deep sea until he spotted a giant clam shell. Tokasikuni left the float and dove toward the open seashell, but he was careless and not fast enough, so when the razor-sharp lips of the clam shell closed with a snap, they chopped off his head. There was blood everywhere. The girl saw everything from the shore; she knew Tokasikuni was dead. "His head has been chopped off; look at all that blood." And she and her sister lived together, and this is the end of my story.

COMMENTS

According to Camillus Mlabwema Mkwesipu, this story is told in a childlike way. In addition, the ending has nothing to do with the beginning. The storyteller probably didn't remember or didn't know the whole myth, only some elements of it. Despite this, people commented, "*Besa mokwita*," this is a true story, reinforcing how *liliu* are said to be recollections of true facts as they happened in the past. This story also has interesting funerary dirges. According to people in the Trobriand Islands, the story gives the origin of fire as menstrual blood ("the wood stained by the woman's menstrual blood is red inside, it has fire inside, it's good for burning").

RELEVANT VOCABULARY:

bidakavava
bwebweria
iyada
kaikaula
kwanada
soluguvo

SN 217 VIVI (A TYPE OF TREE)

A *kwanebu* folktale told by Toweyana from Yuwada. He obtained the story from his grandfather, Mwabua. Originally transcribed by Theresa Patterson and translated by Emmanuel Giyomatala.

SUMMARY

A *vivi* fruit drops from a tree and floats at sea until it reaches a woman named Tubumyou (ashes). When the fruit opens, a handsome man comes out of it. Tubumyou asks for the

man's coconut flesh leftovers after he's beautified himself with coconut oil, but the man arrogantly refuses and leaves. He then bumps into a Dokanikani ogre who tricks him and eventually eats him. This happens again three more times. Only the last man from the *vivi* fruit agrees to scrape some of his coconut to give it to Tubumyou. In exchange for his kindness, she puts some protective magic on him, so the young man manages to kill Dokanikani.

Kwanebuyee Vivi

Iuwa idabwasi imwa kwetinidadisa oyanera ikapuwi. Ikopuwi Okabulula Okabiligagai ikatupisau ikatuvisitau. Ivayasi imeki minana Tubumyou esisu.

Ikukwani la luya iputu putuma esiginaga lema.

"Tabugo ku putuma musesaga ku meya aseki ulo dubiyoyu?"

"Wa avaka mema bu kakwaboda migigu?"

"O kurigewa, kurigewa kukome."

E iligeyemwa ivayaliga, ivayaliga emeki Okabulula Okabiligagai esisu Dokanikani. "Ai tetinigesiguyau e. Kuma, kuma igau kuisu igauga amwa avagi kamu ameya e muna ikunueli ku kwamu e muna bu kuvayaliga bu kula muna Okabulula Okabiligagai." Emwa mema ekanemwa ebogi ekau kanipwisi enu pwisi kabulula. Isimwa ikoma Dokanikani, ekamukoma evinaku. Edabwani ikapusi imwa kwetinidadisa ekapuwi ila. Ikopuwi wala Okabulula Okabiligagai ikatupisau ikatuvisitau. Ivayali imeki Tubumyou esisu. Ikukwani la luya eputu putuma esiginaga lema.

"Tabugo bu ku putuma mu sesaga kumeya aseki agu dubiyoyu."

"O-oo avaka uula bu ku kwaboda migigu."

"O kuligewa, kuligewa." Iligemwa ivayaliga. Ivayali ima imeki Dokanikani esisu. "Wo! Tetinigesiguyau kuma ku sisu igauga amwa avagi kada ama avakata ku kwamu bukula ku kwedadina." Imwa ila, ila ikavai imeya isemwa muna isulu, isulu ikoma ikau kenopwisi inopwisi kabulula. Isimwa iyali ikoma. Ikamkoma minana tomota ininaku.

Edabwaniga vini. Edabwani kwetinidadisa okabiligagai ekatupisau ekatuvisitau. Etokeya lema emeki Tubumyou esisu.

"A-a kuma mima tabugo kuputuma mu sesaga kumeya aseki agu dubiyoyu. Wo! Avaka waya ku kwaboda migigu."

"Wo, kuligewa." Iligemwa ivayaliga, wayali ivakeya Dokanikani esisu. "Kuisu igauga amwa avagi kada ameya asulu ku kwamu bukula ku vayali."

Ila ima ikau kenopisi inopisi kabulula ikoma ivinaku. Ilabwali kwetala muna kakava woyalelo topwadawa ikapusi muna ema Okabulula Okabiligagai ekatupisau ekatuvisitau emeki wala Tubumyou esisu. Ikukwani la luya esiginaga lema.

"Mwa avaka waya?"

"Wo, tabugo ku putuma mu sesaga mai aseki agu dubiyoyu."

"Wo, kweta vavagi kusisiigauga amwa akwali kamu luya."

Ikukwani kala luya iputu putuma ikamukwamu. "Miva umbeya buku miva?"

"Ba vayali bala"

"Gala kutoli."

"Ima iyopwi kaidoga itayuwisi migila iwokuwa isimwa mima."
 "A-a bukula."

Tuwamwa emesa ekamu koma wala evinaku. Okumaga yoku mitikebweligu alukwemu bukuma buku bwadu Dokanikani.

"Tuta bi pwasa matala bu ku weya. Kwau wala woyai ku gigi wala bogwa pwanetala kula kwapisiki kokola kuyosi wala ku gigimati."

Ema wala ebogi, "Ai tetinigesu gyaau. Kuisu igauga ala avagi kada."

"Kula kuvagi kuma kusulu takamu."

Ima isulu, isusulu iwokuwa ikamu kwamusi iakanamwesa. Esewa ekatukulukwali gala, aka tukulukwali gala e bwali, e bwali. Ema, "Vivi mwa!"

"M m m . . ."

"Avaka waya bwena buku busi bwani, ku masisi ba masisi."

"Gala akanukwenu lagigisemu goki."

"Adoki kumasisi."

Ebubwali wala bogwa biyamu bogwa epwasa matala Dokanikani esiseki uguna tadoki avaka. "Dokanikani, Dokanikani." Gala wala. Ivigila wala miyana yowoyoula ima ikopituki kokola itomwala ibiu. Ibibiya wala ipwinapwina matala wala igigimati. Ima ikekivi Tubumyou, "Tama tasimwa muna olavalu Dokanikani, babiyaga bala alai."

ENGLISH TRANSLATION

This *vivi* tree had four fruits. One of them fell and floated to where this old woman lived. Her name was Tubumyou, which means ashes. The *vivi* fruit opened up, and a young and handsome man came out of it. He walked over to Tubumyou and sat down, anointing his hair and body with coconut oil. Tubumyou, who was close by, asked him, "Can I have the waste pulp after you have squeezed the oil out of the coconut, so that I can put it on my dry skin?"

"Young men like me don't give their leftovers to old women like you, so I'm sorry" was his answer. When the young man had finished, he walked away. Coming around a bend in the road, the young man came upon a Dokanikani man-eating ogre.

"Here comes a chief," said Dokanikani. "Come and wait here while I get you some food. You can continue your journey after eating," said the ogre. Dokanikani deliberately wasted time in preparing the food so before it was cooked, night fell. After eating, the young man fell asleep, and Dokanikani killed the young man and ate him.

Once again, the second *vivi* fell and followed the same journey to Tubumyou, and a young man emerged from the fruit. He came to the old woman. He sat down to prepare his coconut oil to adorn his body. Tubumyou came closer and asked him, "Young man, would you give your coconut waste to me?"

"Oh! Young men like me don't give their leftovers to old women like you" was his harsh reply to her. "Oh, I'm sorry," she said, "forget about it." He stood up to continue his journey. He went around a bend in the road and saw Dokanikani sitting there.

"Here comes another chief," the ogre thought, and he told him to sit and rest while he cooked some food for them to eat.

The ogre cooked the food, and after eating, the young man fell asleep. Thus, Dokanikani killed this young man too. He cut him open and feasted on him. Almost at the same time, the third *vivi* fruit fell off the tree. The waves carried it to the same point, and the fruit opened, and a young man came out. He came by Tubumyou who was sitting there. "Come here, make your coconut oil and give the waste to me," she said. Again, the man made the same comment as the previous ones, "Young men don't give their leftovers to old women."

"Oh, forget about it," said the old lady.

He left her and continued his journey until he came upon Dokanikani.

"Rest up while I prepare some food for you, for you must be tired and hungry." After eating, the young man fell asleep, and Dokanikani ate him.

Then the last *vivi* fruit fell, and the waves carried it to the same point, and a young man emerged from it. He was preparing his coconut oil when Tubumyou came.

He asked her, "What do you want?"

"Wo, I just wanted to ask you if you could give me your leftovers when you're finished," she said.

"I have more than enough," he said, feeling sorry for the woman. So he gave her some. "Where are you going?" she asked. "I'll follow the coast and go to the mainland," he said.

"No, wait!" she told him. She made some magic on him to ensure his safety.

And then she told him about Dokanikani. She also told him the fate of his elder brothers. "Because you've been kind to me, I'm letting you know, so you can be ready when you meet him. When he goes to sleep, kill him. Tie a rope around his neck to a post and strangle him," she advised the young man. He arrived late at Dokanikani's home.

"You must be hungry," said Dokanikani.

"Yes I am," he replied. After eating, they both went to sleep. But Dokanikani found out that the young man didn't go to sleep. Dokanikani called to him, waiting to make sure that he was asleep. "What do you want?" he asked. "Go to sleep; it's the middle of the night," Dokanikani said. "I don't feel sleepy," replied the young man. "Go ahead and go to sleep," Dokanikani added.

They stayed up until late, and Dokanikani's eyes were already heavy when he fell asleep. "Dokanikani, Dokanikani," shouted the young man just to make sure the ogre was sleeping. When he didn't answer, the young man knew that Dokanikani had fallen asleep. He took a rope, tied Dokanikani's neck against a post, and pulled. He pulled the rope tight until Dokanikani fell helpless to the ground, dead. Then he went and brought Tubumyou to Dokanikani's place, and they stayed there.

COMMENTS

The old woman "ashes" (Tubumyou) is found in other stories in Trobriand folklore, where she usually helps out those who are considerate of her (SN 60 *Mriyava*). Strictly speaking, *tubumyou* is not the ashes proper but the white particles lifted

up by the wind that can be seen from a distance, indexing a fire (like in the burning of newly cleared fields before planting crops). In other versions of this story, the young man paints his eyelids white to make them look like open eyes, so when Dokanikani checks if he's sleeping in the dark, he thinks the young man is still awake.

RELEVANT VOCABULARY: *vivi*

SN 220 SUTA (SORES)

A *kwanebu* folktale told by Galedou from Yuwada. He obtained the story from his father. Originally transcribed by Theresa Patterson and translated by Gibson Bagidou Henry.

SUMMARY

A man uses magic to cure the woman who disrespected him for being ugly and covered in sores.

A popular story with different versions (see also SN 126 *Tokasikuni* by Tomdawa and SN 172 *Tokasikuni* by Touvasigi).

Kwanebuyee Suta

Kwanebuyee Suta. Isisusa itokaeya latula guyau itubwa. Iwokeya tamala ikau lamwasawa bikomkulu. Ilosa okarikeda minadokasiyena ekompolusi deri bwadala. Eyoyasi, eyayosasi, eyasosasi bo ekwayai. “E gugwadi bitalosa, tamwalasi kaula.” Ikabisi imesa. Imesa emakasa kaula bogwa eyaisi nunumwaya e tommwaya emlamwalasi. Iwokwa ikamsi. Etogigisa ibutusa ilosa osivalu. Ekanukwenusiga bogi isalili. Ewokeyaga kalabwetia latula guyau minawena makakwena bomurimuri ekau isela okulula emeki Suta esisu.

“A iketinigwesi butia latula guyau! Ta, kalabiga, kuma kuwari wadogu.”

“Oi! Ina tomagaga! Kaipwadau kwila, kaesuta kwila. Ta, akanapwasa popu.”

“Oi! Kuwakeya latula guyau taga kulivala, bwena wala kulau kambwetia besa giyovila.” Ilosa wala kalabiga deri bwadala ilosa ikompolusi. Ikompolusi wala bogwa isalili lili.

“E gugwadi bitalosa. Nani tamwalasi kaula takamsi bikamsi togigisa biwutusi.” Emesa imwamwalasi kaula wala iwokwa ibutusi togigisa ilosa isimwesaga.

Ekanukwenusiga eyam isakaula Suta, isisakaula nata gimwala nata puya isakawali wala olakasiyena ila ilakaili oseyai. Ima goli isili wala igisiga ivalapulasi ewesa.

“E latula guyau iketinigwesi butia.” Kalabiga, “Kuma kuwari wadogu.”

“O ina tomagaga, awaga akanapwasa popu.”

“Ei kuwa wala besa giyovila galaga bitalivalasi.” Ilosa ikompolusi. Ikompolusi wala eitowota lili ekatusulaki igau kalabiga. Nanyu wala pilayu kalapikweta. Desi wala.

“A yegu bwadagwa igedageda lopogu.” Iseyeri odehyaga gala, egubigabi. Eseyeri osapola gala, egubigabi. Ekumligai okuduna gana egubigabi. Omata kibobau egubigabi. Elaguva bikumuri ikauga iseki, “O yakayo, yakayo, yakayo, yakayooo!” Eyakayoi, “Tuta tubudasi kuma kubibiu kambuna kuweya mauna mnololo galo gayai gakayai Suta tubude, suta tubude.” Mapelaga Suta idayada laveiguwa ilagiga mna kaigala bogwa lekatutaula lema. Evalagwa gola okumuyawa wala ikaugwa iseki, “O yakayo, yakayo, yakayo, yakayooo!” Eyakayoi, “Tuta tubudasi kuma kubibiu kambuna kuweya mauna mnololo galo gayai gakayai Suta tubude, suta tubude.”

“Kwalai! Avaka pem? Ewem tamam?”

“A tabuda, lopogu wala.”

“O! Mpakula!” Ikabi wala ima wala Kasiyetana emaga e lewa. Imakeya tamala esisu. “Kwalai.”

“A egedageda lopogu. Laigiri bwadagwa, lakugwa goli.”

“O tawau, kulosi kukwekivisi. Bimesa amwala kaula ikamsi bilosa. Latugu bogwa leyokwai, layayosa wala.” Elosa ekikakivisi, emesa emwalasi kaula ikamsi togigisa ibutusi. Eyosaga valam yam, bogi, yam bogi. Isakaula tamala, “Suta! Kumigai latugu!”

“O kadiyewau besa guyau. Ituwari wa tokwamda popu, tokwamda wawa. Bitawaga takaninoki latula guyau. Ke bukula, nabweya kaukwau gabogi bawa. Yakala tayakala, mitaga sisipusipu sedayasi.”

Ikanukwenu iga bogi isiu unonu, isiu domweti isiu yakwala isakaula. Isakaula odokasiyena. Ela isumuri ivakapula imwa imwaneyaga wowola tadoki kuyaroyaro. Ema wala kalabiga kau isemwa moi emeki inala bogwa ikamelu kala ikamkwam iwokwa itatea makwa wakala gililima gilitala. Ila isigwari ikabi wala ila. Isakaula iwokeya eyayosasi wala.

“Kwalaisi vivila.”

“Gala wala, itiginigesi wala yagam, ekabibiri, Suta wala.”

“Kusunapulasi bala amegwa.” Esunapulasi esui waboala ikau iseki, “O yakayo, yakayo, yakayo, yakayooo! Yakayai Suta, tubuda Suta. Kuma kubibiu kambuna kuweya mauna mnololo galo gayai yakayai Suta tubuda, suta tubuda. O megu tilewai mavino o megu tilewai yayegu laibwa. Mote tilewai kalawesa kalawesa oviluwela valu lamadada besa mainveno, besa yegulai yakai tuta tubude Suta.”

“E bala kupulisa wila, kupulisa pwasola kulula, balaga oguvalu,” elivala Suta. Epulapulasi wala evenokusi wala evataila wala ikau iseki, “O yakayo, yakayo, yakayo, yakayooo! Suta tubude kuma kubibiu kambuna kuweya mauna mnololo galo gayai gakayai Suta tubude, suta tubude. Valam yam valam bogi, valam yam valam bogi.” Ikeli tamala isakawali wala.

“E Suta kuma kumegai latugu. Kampuwaya mkwava.”

“Ke yegu yawada lalivala makala. Bukula wala nabweya kaukwau bakalobusi.” Ikanukwenu igau bogi isuisui kalaunonu esiu yakwala isakaula dokasiyena. Ilumuri ivakapula imwa, iwaweyaga moi imwa ikikori ewaweyaga wowola tadoki karewoyala. Isakaula imeki wala bogwa evenoku kerikeri mesi.

E gala, kutori. Kutori wala owadola mesi, itaisi wala kukula ivalutu wala kweibakwela. Ikalili petoi, kwadau imwaga isimwa. Makakwa wakala gililima gilitala. Ekeri lela ikukwabi wala iseki

lakwava. Isakaula wala, "E kusunapulasi! Gala teta bisisu. Desi wala minana yegu, kamateyu wala bamegwa." Isuiga ilokeya. Imeki ivokwa isiwa iyopwi leia, "O yakayo, yakayo, yakayo, yakayooo! Suta tubude kuma kubibiu kambuna kuweya mauna mnlolo galo gayai gakayai Suta tubude, suta tubude. O megwa tilewai maiweno o megwa tilewai yeigulai bua notetilewai kalamesa oiluwela valu. Lamadad beisa maiweno besa yeigu, yegulai, yakayai Suta tubude Suta. Yopu yopu yopu yopu. Yaileta leta kolodu kukolodu koloduni tala kwita, kwita wala gimwalo tatai nata piya, nata gimwala ula soyasi kumvesi bimanum wowola vivila." Nayu wala ikapusisi imvesa imanum wowola, "Owe."

ENGLISH TRANSLATION

This is the story of Suta. One day, a chief decided to organize a swimming competition to please his daughter who was already grown up. The event was to take place in the deep sea beyond the reef passage at Dokasiyena. Competitors came in big numbers from all over the place, and the chief's daughter and many others spent the day swimming there until it was late afternoon. When the competition was over for the day, the chief said, "Now everybody come to the village; it's time to distribute the food for the public before everybody goes home for the evening." Food was lined up and distributed, and everybody ate. When they were done, they all went back to their villages. The chief's daughter too went to sleep, but she woke up very early the next day and left the village before dawn. She went picking flowers and made herself a *bomrimuri butia* wreath. The chief's daughter put the wreath on her head and walked back to the village. As she was passing the house of Suta, that man covered in sores, he remarked, "Ah, look at those beautiful flowers; what a fine wreath the chief's daughter is wearing. Why don't you come here and twist my mouth?" Suta wanted to sleep with the chief's daughter.

Offended, the chief's daughter replied, "Oi, what do you want from me, you ugly man, with your sore-eaten penis? Looking at your face is like treading on excrement."

"Fine, fine" replied Suta, "you go your way, chieftess, with your beautiful wreath, take it with you." The girl joined her friends back in the village, and together they went to the beach to follow the competition. They swam and swam until it was late in the afternoon and the chief called the competition off for the day, "Let's go, children. Hurry up, and let's serve food for the onlookers, before they all go home for the evening." They went back to the village, and food was served. After everybody had eaten, they all went back to their places for the night. The next morning, Suta went out early and collected a *gimwala* fish and a *puya* shell and brought them to the reef passage in Dokasiyena.

Before anybody showed up for the competition, Suta stuck the fish and the shell in the passage and left them there. Back home, Suta saw the village girls passing, as they were starting to make their way to the beach. He remarked, "Ah, look at the chief's daughter's beautiful flower wreath! Why don't you come here and quench my thirst?" She replied, "You're so ugly, kissing you would be like kissing crap."

"Fine," said Suta, "off you go; let's not offend the chief's daughter." The girls went down to the swimming competition. They swam and swam, in and out of the reef passage where Suta had put those things. They swam until noon, and by then the chief's daughter noticed something in her groin. She complained out loud, "Aii, my sisters, something's wrong, my tummy hurts." She swam back to the reef passage, and it was still hurting. She swam toward the shallows, but she could still find no comfort there. When she reached the shore, the pain was even worse. She finally pulled herself on top of a boulder at the beach and started screaming in agony, "Yakayo, yakayo, yakayo! Oh, my dear, come remove your cowrie shell from my insides, kill the evil beasts inside me, oh, my dear Suta, my dear Suta!" Back at his place, Suta was grinding his *veiguwa* shell valuables when he heard her cries in the distance. The girl walked painfully toward the village and kept on complaining, "Yakayo, yakayo, yakayo! Oh, my grandfather, come remove your cowrie shell from my insides, kill the evil beasts inside me, oh, my grandfather Suta, my grandfather Suta!" She came by Suta's house, and he asked her, "Tell me girl, why are you crying? Did your father hit you?"

"Oh my! It's my tummy!"

"That trouble is your own making," said Suta. The chief's daughter kept on walking slowly until she reached Kasiyetana Village. She approached her father, and he asked her, "Tell me, what's the matter?"

"My tummy hurts," the girl said. "I left my friends behind at the beach, and I came here." Her father ordered, "Listen you all, go to the beach and tell all to come here and share the food. My daughter is not feeling well; I have to nurse her after they leave." The chief's envoys took the message down to the beach, and eventually, the participants and the onlookers came back to the village to eat, and after they were done, they all dispersed. Meanwhile, the girl kept on moaning with pain. She cried all night long and the next day, and there was no way to make her stop. Her father ran for help to Suta's house. "Suta! Come heal my daughter with your magic!"

"Oh, as if I was worthy of you, my chief," said Suta. "I am but a rubbish eater. The chief's daughter is way beyond my capabilities. But I suppose I could try. Go back, tomorrow early in the morning I shall come to you. Dispute we shall dispute, I will try my best, but I sense that the spell was thrown by somebody else and there will be very little I can do about it." Suta went to sleep and woke up way before sunrise. He went to the bush and collected *unonu* leaves, *domveti* mustard leaves, and *yakwala* leaves. With the leaves, Suta ran to the reef passage they call Dokasiyena and recited his magic spells. He squeezed those oily leaves all over his body and made it slippery and smooth. Using those leaves and his magic spells, he washed himself thoroughly at the reef passage and got rid of his sores, making his body oily and shiny. He came back to his place. His mother had already served his food. He ate, and when he was done, he put on his *wakala* belt of red shells. It was so long he had to roll it around his waist six times. When he was all dressed up, he went to see the daughter's chief. He asked, "How's the girl?"

"All she does is repeat your name, Suta, Suta, Suta," they reported to him.

"Get out of the house; I'm going to work my magic on her," said Suta. When he walked in, he chanted his spell, "Oh, the pain, the pain, the pain. The pain, Suta, our ancestor Suta. Come help me pull off this cowrie shell from this girl's stomach, get rid of the animals inside her. Here are my compliments to you, my ancestor Suta." When he was done, he instructed the women who were looking after the chief's daughter, "I'm going away. Spit ginger on the girl's private parts, on her navel, and on her pubic hair." He left the house, and the women spat ginger on the sick girl. When they were done, he went inside again and chanted, "Oh, the pain, the pain, the pain. The pain, Suta, our ancestor Suta. Come help me pull off this cowrie shell from this girl's stomach, get rid of the animals inside her. Here are my compliments to you, my ancestor Suta. Crying all night, crying all day." When he was done, he left for his village. The next day, the chief came looking for him. "Suta, come spell magic on my daughter. If you heal her, you will marry her." "That's what I'm talking about, my father-in-law. Go; tomorrow in the morning I'll come back again" was Suta's reply. When it was dark, Suta grabbed his leaves and made for the Dokasiyena reef passage. He repeated his cleansing ritual at sea one more time, until his body was all oily and shiny. When he was done, he went to this place where he had hidden shell valuables, and he dug them out. He grabbed the valuables and took them to the chief's wife to seal his marriage with the sick girl. Then he ran to her house and told the people there, "Get out of the house; not one person must remain inside. Only the girl and myself. I'm going to perform my magic." He went inside and made love to her; then he spelled some ginger and chanted his magic charm, "Oh, the pain, the pain, the pain. The pain, Suta, our ancestor Suta. Come help me pull off this cowrie shell from this girl's stomach, get rid of the animals inside her. Here are my compliments to you, my ancestor Suta. Get rid of the octopus, the sting ray, and all the other animals. All of them, get out." When he was done, two animals came out of the girl's body. With relief, she said, "Owe," and she and Suta were married.

COMMENTS

The story contains unidentified magic spells that some people in the Trobriands thought were very interesting, although they could not ascertain what the scope of the spell was.

RELEVANT VOCABULARY:

bokatakewa
bomkarimapu
bomurimuril/bomrimuri (see Figure 52)
bosetaula
domweti
isumuri
puya
pwadau
unonu

yakayo/yakaye
yakwala

SN 225 BOMILIKILAKI (A WOMAN'S NAME)

A *kwanebu* folktale told by Tolosi from Labai. He obtained the story from his father, Matoya. Originally transcribed by Martin Monumwetola and translated by Stanley Antonio Bunaimata.

SUMMARY

Bomililikaki is a *yoyowa* flying witch, although nobody knows this. When her brother goes away, she asks his son to pick some flowers to make her a wreath. She then takes him to the fallow gardens around Kwebwaga Village and puts him in a magic cave, telling him she will come back later to eat him. The boy manages to open the cave and runs to a nearby garden, where he tells everything to a man from Kwebwaga. The man takes care of him, and later on, he puts him in a canoe, advising him to capsize the canoe and hide under it whenever he sees a shooting star to avoid the rage of Bomililikaki.

Kwanebuyee Bomililikaki

Bomililikaki tokwamula tau. Isisusa ilosa ikabwetasi. Luleta ikewa wakoya, matonaga isisu latula luleta. "Kula kuwawai kambwelala, bwemwenoguga bwesulubogi kumeya simanela tabuda agusosou." Leyamu makawala wala. Ilosa bibwetasi toya sala e ilukiga, "Kuwa tabuda kuwawai kamuluwai, bwemwonoguga kumeya simanela agusosou." Ivalutu walutu bogwa ekamagwesi tabula makala iluluki wala. Imutoki. "Igau bamwa awai kambweta kesosou wim, ke bogina wim, kepanunu wim." Kwetala yamu itokeyasi. Isisu wala itokaweya iviluti wala olagila Kwebwaga ila isiyewa.

Ikatukwila ikatukwila ila osibula lagi. Ikalatala ila ivakawali. Kaliyuwela ila ivakawali. Kalitolula ila ivakawali. Isisuga bwena ima ikalagai tabula. E leyamu. Ivalutu wala elivala, "Lagela bacomemu mututa. Ibogi bacomemu. Bala bavagi agugwaba bama bacomemu." Ila ivavagi kalagwaba lema ibogi elivala, "Lagela bacomemu. Ibogi wala bogwa bacomemu."

Ikebiga, "O bwena, bwena igau." Ikatukwevivila, ikatukwevivila latuta ibogi mikomi. Ikatukwevivila, ikatukwevivila, ikatukwevivila, ikatukwevivila bogwa lesagina lewa.

Bogwa lemikevaliluwa. Isigisagina ikebiga, "Bwale pwagega, pwagega." Ikasobusi Bomililikaki ima okaukweda, "Bwale kapatu kapatu." Ikapatu makwa boala.

"Oh igau bavigikwali," elivala matowena, "Boala pwagega pwagega." Ikapwagega makwa boala. Ikasobusi. "Boala kapatu kapatu." Bogwa latuta ibogi bikoma. Ila ivagi kalagwaba ima bikoma. Isakaula iwakeya sikaletari sola tamala malu kuvawena moyobuwa. Bogwa leyamu. Imumwamu wala ila isiwu. Mapulaga imimi wala matona gumkwebwaga imimitotu wala

kal biga. Isakaula. Ivakawali latou imwakeya luvamanabweta. Ivalutu igisi malukuvana moyobuwa esamwamu. Ikebiga, "Bogwa malukuvana. Eseki kena bogwa egiudusa tou kena amakawala." Isakaula iwakeya itoli. "Muwa."

"Oisi kwemigaga. Kwemigaga livala. Tamagu bogwa lelo ikwedadina wakoya ikewa. Yegulaga lasisu wala. Gala elupegu tabugu emeyegu omulagi ivisipwalegu. Lutela ibogi bikomegu. Bogwa lela ivavagi kala gwaba lema bikomegu. Lema iviri laboala ikapwagega isunapula. Laviriga yegu lakosulapula lama. Lameki mubagula lama wala asimwa tuwada."

"Kuma. Kuma bitala."

Iutu kalatou ilau ovalu. Ilau ovalu isisusa kwetolu yamu. Sikalatau sola tama ikebiga, "Kuma tayuwali muwaga e bukula. Bukula bukulawola kugisi bibubula bima Kilivila, kwatuviri muwaga bila osibula. Kwanapela kwana osibula waga. Bimaga bila. Kulawola bogwa biyamu kugisi biwa binei makwa lagi pela eliloki. Kwatuvila muwaga bila. Eyamu kuwola."

Ikedidagi lawaga. Iwokwa, itabusi iwola. Iulawola bogwa ebogi. Igisiga ikelipwanini lewa. Ikatuvili makena waga ila obwarita. Ikanapela ikana osibula waga. Ikanukwenu wawaga. "O, makewena kibilabala. Isiwa igiyami olopolo bwarita. Eyamata bwarita." Itota iwokwa ikelipwanini ila makuwa lagi Kwebwaga inei.

Iulawola igisiga bogwa leyamu. Igisiga otubolola lema ikatuvili.

"Makewena kebilabala, amumakawala laloki lameki kwayai ikanukwenu. Lakeita lameki ekanukwenu wala egiyami. O kapisila makena kebilabala."

Iulawola bogwa lebogi italaguwa osivalu sola tamala. Ikomwenaguwa ewa inopipisi. Ikebiga, "Ave tau yokwa? Lauvalamu latugu lokumaga."

"O gala yegulala tamagu. Gala ave tau yegula." Itaneku boala. Mapula tamala bogwa lekota. Imeya yabiya e esisusa. Itaneku boala isui ilokeya latula. Ikanukwenusi eyam gabogi. Itulasi bivalam gala. "Oisala tau, o kagulagai tabugo, kagulagai tabugo" minawena Bomilikilaki. Ikalagai iwokwa isubusi ima ikebiga. Ikaugwa makewena kebulukusa imeya iseli okaukweda deli yabiya. Isisusa isinapu. "Kudau tabumu bima igebila kala usi deli kalayabiya bilau." Isakaula.

"Me kumeki kamuyabiya kamuusi, tabumu bogwa lema wabogi. Gala bisisu bitamwau bogwa lema wabogi. Kuma kugebila," lakwava elivala. Itapopula bigabi makena kebulukusa. Igilema kaidobu ikapituni keyola. Isimwesa sola tamala.

"Kulau tabumu kubaku e bitasimwaga." Mesinaku.

ENGLISH TRANSLATION

Bomilikilaki was an old, man-eating she-ogre who lived in a village where nobody knew who she really was. One day, some people went out to make wreaths. Her brother had gone ahead to the mountain islands—the Amphletts and Dobu—on a Kula expedition. The Kula man's son, Bomilikilaki's nephew, stayed behind with his aunt. "Go and pick the blooming flowers and those that have fallen on the ground and bring them back to me so that my gray hairs may be scented," the old woman said to

her nephew. So the next day, the boy did as his aunt had told him. He went out with his friends to pick blossoms and flowers to make wreaths, and his aunt insisted, "My nephew, go and make me wreaths with the blooming flowers and the fallen ones and bring them to me so that I may perfume my gray hairs." She kept on telling her nephew this until he got fed up and swore at her, "Yeah, I'm going to make wreaths for your gray-haired, stinking, wrinkled vagina." That's what he said to his aunt. The aunt didn't say anything, but one day they took a walk together. They walked and walked until they reached the fallow gardens of Kwebwaga Village, far away. Then, using magic, the old woman turned her nephew upside down and put him inside the earth. She took him to the bottom of a cave and left him there. After leaving him there, Bomilikilaki visited him secretly. She went to see him once; then she visited him a second time. And then a third time. All that time she pretended she was mourning for her missing nephew with the rest of the people in the village until the next day, when she went to see him at the cave a fourth time, and told him, "Today is the day when I shall eat you. When it gets dark, I'll eat you. I'm now going to get the vegetables to mix with your flesh, and then I will eat you."

And her nephew replied, "Fine, fine, later then." After she left the underground cave the boy paced around and thought, "Tonight, she will eat me." She had been crawling into the cave, getting closer and closer to him, and every time he knew he was at her mercy. Day after day she had terrorized him that way: she would crawl toward him and then crawl back toward the exit. To get out of the cave, the ogre used to say, "House, open, open!" The entrance to the cave opened, and Bomilikilaki would go outside and back to her house, but not before saying "house, close, close," so that the entrance of the cave was sealed with that boy inside. Her nephew heard those words and said to himself, "Oh, I should try that at once," so he commanded, "House, open, open," and the entrance opened. He went out and repeated after his aunt, "House, close, close," and the entrance closed. That same night was the time Bomilikilaki had set to eat him. She was going to collect the vegetables to mix them with his flesh and eat him. The nephew ran to one of his father's friend's gardens and hid inside a *moyobuwa* bundle of sugarcane. It was already getting light. Meanwhile, the owner of the sugarcane, this man from Kwebwaga Village, was still sleeping in his house, and he was dreaming and he kept on dreaming. In his dream, he was checking his sugarcane, and it was all very nicely bundled up. He checked it all until he came to that *moyobuwa* and saw the bundle was undone. He said, "What happened to this bundle? Somebody broke it off." He woke up and ran to his garden to see about that strange dream. He walked up to the sugarcane bundle and saw the boy there. He asked, "Well, boy, what are you doing here?"

The boy replied, "See, these are bad words, what I'm going to tell you is bad. My father went to do Kula in the mountain islands, and I stayed back. So my aunt picked me up and threw me into one of the caves around your village. She said, 'When it gets dark, tonight, I will eat you.' She went to pick the vegetables to mix

with the meat so as to eat me when she gets back. She bespelled the entrance of that magic cave, and it opened and she went in, but I uttered the spell too, and I managed to get it open, and I ran away, and I came to your garden, and I stayed here hiding, my big brother.” “Come, come, and we’ll go away,” the man from Kwebwaga said. He broke off the sugarcane, and they both went to the village. He took the boy to the village, and they stayed there for three days. Then his father’s friend said, “Come, we’ll untie your canoe, and you’ll go. She must be looking for you. Go and paddle away, and when you see a shooting star shining in the direction of Kilivila, you turn over your canoe. Capsize it. She will come and get past you and go. Then turn the canoe around again and keep on paddling until it’s daylight. She will still be looking for you because by then she will know you are not in the cave anymore. She will come looking for you, and you will overturn your canoe again and then continue paddling once she’s gone.”

The nephew loaded his canoe, and when he was done, he jumped in and started paddling. He paddled until it was dark. After dark he saw Bomilikilaki coming. He turned his canoe upside down so it went belly up while he stayed under the hull of the canoe. He was lying there when she came by.

“Oh, this is just a drifting log. It’s floating there, soaking up water. It’s looking after the sea,” Bomilikilaki told herself while flying above the capsized canoe. She flew around for a while and then she went back and turned herself into a woman again. She went to search that cave near Kwebwaga, to make sure the boy wasn’t there. Meanwhile, her nephew kept on paddling away. He paddled and paddled until he saw it was already dawning. It was close to dawn when he saw a shooting star, and he realized it was Bomilikilaki coming again from behind his canoe. He capsized the canoe once more. “Oh, that log was there when I came by last evening,” Bomilikilaki said to herself. “Now I come back again, and there it is, all alone, soaking up water. Poor log!” When she left, her nephew continued paddling, and as it was getting dark again, he finally arrived at his village. He went up to the house where his father was staying and knocked on it. “Who is that?” his father asked from inside. “I am crying for my son, for I heard he went missing, and you came by, who is it?”

“Oh, it’s me, father! It is no one else but me!” His father opened the door; he had just gotten back from the Kula journey to the mountain islands, and the sago he’d brought was still there. He opened the house and went to see his son. They rejoiced and slept until early the next morning. The whole village was waiting for Bomilikilaki’s brother to resume his crying for his missing son. Bomilikilaki herself was crying in a nearby house, “Oh, the boy, oh, my *lagai*! Oh, my nephew, oh, my *lagai*, my nephew!” When she finished crying, her brother said to his wife, “Call Bomilikilaki and tell her to come here and get the sago and bananas I brought for her.” So the wife ran to Bomilikilaki and told her, “Come get your bananas and your sago. Your nephew came in the night. He did not go missing after all; he arrived last night. Come carry your load away,” said the wife. And thus Bomilikilaki went to get the food from her brother’s house. As she was bending down to get her food and carry it on her head,

her brother pulled a sharp *kaidobu* seashell and chopped off her neck. So the son stayed with his father, and the father said, “You go and bury your aunt, and we’ll stay here.” That’s all.

COMMENTS

This is said to be a typical Kwebwaga story. Namusasela is another man-eating female spirit or ogre (see SN 25 *Kebulitauya*). In the Trobriand tradition, the female equivalent of the male *bwagau* sorcerer is the *yoyowa* or *mulukwausi*, often translated as flying witch because of their capacity to soar in the air and fly in the skies unseen. *Yoyowa* (who can also be male) are said to prey on people; they “steal” the entrails of their victims and keep them in a secret place, to feast on them later. The victim will become ill, and unless her or his organs are found, she or he will die irremediably if the *yoyowa* eats them.

SN 226 NAKAURIYA (THE WOMAN WHO PICKS URIYA VINES)

A *kwanebu* folktale told by Wenama from Kaibola. He obtained the story from his grandfather, Kabwenova. Originally transcribed by Martin Monumwetola and translated by Gibson Bagidou Henry.

SUMMARY

A girl encounters a female Dokanikani who samples the girl’s menstrual blood and then tries to eat her. The girl manages to escape after getting all her body covered in tattoos by the female Dokanikani.

Kwanebuyee Nakauriya

Kwanebuyee natana latula guyau. Kalakayasa magila uriya. Bikauriyasi wala deri sala. Minana vivila ila ikauriya orebwaga, ikauriya wala ima. Ima isakaula ila kwetala dubwadegula edoki bisukupweni taga laboala tetala Dokanikani. E minana Dokanikani bogwa lela obuyagu erigemwa laboala. Esisu wala emaga Dokanikani emakeya esisu. “Me!” Eyokewaga minana vivila, “Yegula kakauriyasi deri sagwa. Ekuna lama. Adoki dubwadebula kaegiga mboala.”

“Gala wala bukula. Kusili wala.” Ikatubiyasi lagugua iseli idou, “Kuma waboala.” Esui ewa waboala isiivesa. Isisusa isulu iyai ikamsi iwokwa imasisi. Eyam kaukwau minawena vivila orakaena esisu matona Dokanikani otanakwa. Vivila bwena mtaga tuta etokaewa minana vivila ibusi kalabuyai igisi. Opwepwaya ikanukwenu. Eluki, “A tabugu avaka besa ebusi?”

“Wii buyaigula.”

“Kuvesi, kumeya akomkwani.” Evesi wala ekomkwani ekomwanana. Eluki, “Nabweya bitaweya kamkwatukwatuva oitakom.” Eyam kaukwau pikekita ikau kaiwawai itowa iweya kalakatukwatuva itakola tabula. Eweya oyamala. Evigwabu

wala kuratala viga besa buyaila wala. Erigwabu imwa minana vivila sena nadedaya, gala nabweyani, gala napwakau taga nadedaya. Mitaga besa katukwatuwa eweya yamala iwokwa eyam kaikela. Ewaweya ibubusi buyaila emwemwa iyosi wala ivinaku. Elivala, "Ambese sita tuveta bitaweya?"

"Gala wala, misiniku wala dabagu." Eweya dabala evininaku ekaibiga, "Bogwa leoukwa. Sena bweni. Adoki nabweya bakomem." Eyam kaukwau ila evavagi kalagwaba eluki, "Boale kapatu, kapatu. Boale kapwagega, pwagega." Esunapula minana Dokanikani itovila elukwemwa laboala, "Boala pwagega pwagega, boala kapatu, kapatu." Ikapatu minana vivila isiwa waboala ivalam. Iluki, "Kusisu wala, balaga avagi kagu bama bakomem ilalai." Isisu wala minana vivila ivalam ekaibiga, "Bweni bavigikwali boala. Boala kapatu, kapatu, boala pwagega, pwagega." Ikapwagega wala boala isunapula minana vivila. Isakaula. Isakaula isakaula isakaula imwena oyasila makaewena isakaula wala ila. Isakaula ivalapula kadumalaga itakanausa inala tamala. Bogwa ivalamsi waboala. Ikatupoisi, "Ave vivila minana lema?" Esakaula lema deri vilamula isui ilokeya inala tamala waboala. Elivali iwokwa eyam iyosi nata bunukwa ikamsi tomota.

Iluki ilosa iweyasi minana Dokanikani. Bogwa mesinaku.

ENGLISH TRANSLATION

This is the story of a young woman who was the chief's daughter. One day, the girl was playing with her friends, and they organized a *uriya* competition to see who could pick the most *uriya* vines. The chief's daughter decided to go collect *uriya* vines in the eastern cliff jungles. As she was picking the vines, it started to rain, and the girl sought shelter in one of the limestone caves that are so abundant in the cliffs. She didn't know that the cave was, in fact, the house of a Dokanikani ogre. The ogre had gone to work in the garden and had left the house unattended. When Dokanikani came back, she was surprised to find the girl in her house. "Ah! What are you doing here?" she asked.

"I was picking *uriya* vines with my friends," the girl replied. "When it started to rain, I came to this cave; I didn't know it was your house, I'll go away." The ogre said, "Don't go. Sit down and stay here." Dokanikani took the girl's belongings, brought them inside the cave and called the girl, "Come inside." So the girl had no choice but to stay inside the house with the ogre. Dokanikani cooked some food; they ate it, and when they were done, they both went to sleep. The young girl slept on a ledge above Dokanikani. In the morning, when the girl woke up, she stood up, and some of her menstrual blood dripped down, reaching the ogre, who was sleeping on the floor. Dokanikani said, "What's this?" "Sorry, it's my blood," the girl replied.

"Wipe it off, and I'll taste it," the ogre said. The girl wiped her blood off and gave some to Dokanikani. The ogre tasted it and liked it very much. Dokanikani told the girl, "Tomorrow, I will tattoo your chest." The next day, Dokanikani grabbed the tools and started tattooing some decorations on the girl's chest. As she was proceeding to the girl's arms, the ogre held a coconut

shell to collect the blood that was dripping from the tattoos. When she filled a whole shell with blood, Dokanikani drank it all up. Now, this girl was a fair-skinned one. Not quite a red-head, not quite a white-skinned girl, but fair skinned. But when Dokanikani was done with the tattoos on her chest and arms, she moved on to the girl's legs. The girl now had so many tattoos that you could barely see her fair skin anymore. The ogre kept on collecting the blood from the tattoos and drinking it. When she was done, Dokanikani asked, "Where else can we tattoo you?" "You've already tattooed my whole body; there's nowhere left, except for my forehead," the girl replied. So the ogre tattooed the girl on the forehead. When she was done she said, "That's it, I've tattooed your whole body. Your blood was very good; I think I shall eat you tomorrow." The next day, Dokanikani woke up in the morning and went out, looking for some greens to mix with her meal of human flesh. As the ogre was walking out of the cave, she said, "House, open!" And the cave opened up, letting Dokanikani out, after which the ogre said, "House, close!" And the cave shut, leaving the girl inside, crying. Before leaving, Dokanikani said to the girl, "Stay here; I'm going to get some food in the garden, so I can eat you at lunch time." The girl was crying, trapped inside the cave, when she said to herself, "I need to try to open up this house. House, close, house, open!" As soon as she finished saying it, the cave opened, and the girl came out of it. The girl ran and ran; she ran all the way until she was over Yasila Hill. She came to the entrance of her village, and when her parents saw her, they didn't recognize her.

They were crying inside the house, mourning for their daughter, whom they thought was dead. When they saw her at the village's entrance, they asked, "Who is this girl?" The girl ran straight to them and told them everything. Her parents were so happy that the next day they killed a pig and everybody feasted. When they were done, they organized an expedition to the cliffs and killed the Dokanikani ogre. And that was the end of my story.

RELEVANT VOCABULARY:

kwatukwatuya

uriya

yasila

SN 227 KWITA, SUVATU (THE OCTOPUS AND THE REEF FISH)

A *kwanebu* folktale told by Kedamwana from Mtawa. He obtained the story from his father, Toulitaula. Originally transcribed by Martin Monumwetola and translated by Gibson Bagidou Henry.

SUMMARY

An octopus squats in a little fish's house, and the little fish looks for help from other fish to evict the octopus. The moray eel finally succeeds where other fish failed by biting off the octopus's tentacles.

Kwanebuyee Kwita, Suvatu

Kwanebuyee Kwita sola Suvatu. Kwita sola Suvatu oboarita nekanakesa. Manigwana nigwa suvatu malaboala. Esisu esisu itokaiva imwa ikabubuna imilola omakava. Ima minana Kwita isui ila ikanawa ilola ilola minawena Suvatu ikuna lema bisui bila olaboala. Imakeya minana Kwita ikanukwenu olaboala. Isui wala itabuteta eyosali wotala. Ebogigi dabala. Ebia ema eyosi. Eyosi wala kuibinini dabala deri vilamula kusunapula. Isakaula eluki Madolu, "Tuwada madolu tamweki ulaboala kugisi. Tau bogwa evakulati ulaboala. Asewa basui gala kugisi dabagu ekibweyani." Ekobinini emweya erigemwa.

"Tamweki kugisi mwadaga isaki tolela." Imesa isui ambese.

"Ke matowena ikanukwenu." Isui wala isui madolu itabuteta iritaki dabala. Ikopituki wala watu.

"Ae bwada! Sena minimani. Kuma kuyuvisi bitala." Ikiyuvisi wala kalabiga ivatubololasi. "Mwa, galaga bitayosi, sena naveka. Bala wala kuisu gola." Ivatubolola Madolu isakaula Suvatu eluki Kwau, "Tuwada Kwau, tamweki ulaboala kugisi. Bogwa evakulati tau."

"Ave tau?"

"A Kwita." Isakaula imakeya ikanukwenu.

"Tamweki. Agadi bwadaga isaki tolela." Lemesa kalabiga, "Amtowena?"

"Mtowene!" Isui iviyosali kweyatolu wala yamala iritaki dabala. Ikopituki wala boala. Iyosi wala ikibuyai dabala Kwau.

"Bwada! Galaga bitayosi bwena kuyokwai balaga." Ikabila kalabiga itoweyaga isakaula. Isakaula Buriwada.

"A tuwada buriwada. Tamweki kugisi tau. Bogwa evakulati ulaboala." "Ave tau?"

"A taga Kwita."

"Tamweki." Ema buriwada, "Amtowena?"

"Towene, ke!"

"Mwadago isaki tolela igau tawa taigakola." Isui kalabiga bogwa eyosali werigitala ikapituni. Elai lemwa. Iyosari werigiyuwela ekapituni lemwa. Eyosari weritolula kalabiga elabuteta eritaki ekapituni lemwa. Ekapituninkulai manakwa kununa, ikatiteu elau. Eluki igau, "Kusui." Isui Suvatu ila olaboala ikeita Buriwada.

ENGLISH TRANSLATION

This is the story of Kwita the octopus and Suvatu the reef fish. Kwita and Suvatu both lived in the sea. Suvatu lived in an underwater nest. One day, Suvatu left its nest and went looking for food. Then Kwita the octopus came and entered Suvatu's house while the fish was away. When it started raining, Suvatu decided it was time to go back to its house, but when the fish tried to get in, it realized there was somebody inside. Suvatu pushed to get in, but Kwita the octopus grabbed the fish by the head with one of its tentacles. Suvatu then pulled away; it pulled so hard that the skin on its head came off and remained attached to the octopus' suckers. Suvatu ran away crying. Madolu, the big trevally fish, heard Suvatu crying and came to see what happened. "Oh, my big brother Madolu," Suvatu said, "come to my

house, I'll show you. Somebody squatted in my house. I tried to get in, but he grabbed me; look at my head, it's all red! Let's go; you should go in and have a look and see who is this squatter who has occupied my house." They went back to Suvatu's place and Madolu peeked inside, "Is it this one, the one lying inside?" he asked. Madolu went inside, and the octopus grabbed him by the head with one of his tentacles. Kwita pulled the fish toward the reef and rubbed his head against the sharp coral. Madolu cried in pain, "Oh, my little brother! This one is very strong!" He told Suvatu, "Come heal my wounds, and let's go away." Both the fish went away. Madolu said, "There's no way to get it out; it's way too big. I'm going away; you stay here." Madolu left, and Suvatu went to see Kwau the shark, "My brother Kwau, let's go to my house; I want to show you something. Somebody has occupied it."

"Who?" asked the shark.

"Kwita, the octopus," replied Suvatu. They both went to Suvatu's house to have a look. When they arrived, Kwau said, "I'm going in; I will give him a bite, so he knows who's boss." They came to the entrance. "Where is he?" asked the shark. "There he is," said Suvatu. The shark went in, and the octopus threw three of his tentacles around the shark's head and brought him against the reef. He rubbed the shark's head against the reef until the shark was bleeding. When the shark managed to escape Kwita's grip, he said to Suvatu, "My little brother, there's no way to overcome this octopus. You deal with it; I'm going home." The shark went away, and in came Buriwada, the moray eel.

Suvatu called the eel, "Hey, my brother Buriwada. Come have a look; check who squatted in my house."

"Who?" asked Buriwada.

"Kwita, the octopus," replied Suvatu.

"Let's go," said Buriwada. When they arrived at Suvatu's house, the eel asked, "Where is Kwita?"

"Inside. There!" pointed Suvatu.

"Ha! I thought it was a big challenge, but I can do this; Kwita is a nobody," said Buriwada. The moray eel went in, and when Kwita tried to grab Buriwada with one of his tentacles, the eel bit it off. Kwita threw another tentacle around Buriwada's head, but the eel chewed it off and threw it away too. Buriwada chewed off all of Kwita's tentacles until only the octopus's head was left. Buriwada bit the head off and threw it away. And this is how Suvatu managed to get its house back.

RELEVANT VOCABULARY:

buriwada

kwau

madolu

suvatu

SN 229 MOGUNUGONU (A MAN'S NAME)

A *kwanebu* folktale told by Monigawa from Kudak-bilia. He obtained the story from his father-in-law, Tokwatu.

Originally transcribed by Martin Monumwetola and translated by Gibson Bagidou Henry.

SUMMARY

Mogunugonu, a man from Kaduwaga Village on Kaileuna Island, has heard about the beauty of Pupusa, a woman from Mloseda (on Kiriwina Island), and sets out on a quest to find her.

Kwanebuyee Mogunugonu

Mogunugonu Kaduwaga mesiki. E vivila Pupusa Mloseda mesiki. E butula kaikapugula Pupusa ila iliku Mogunugonu Kaduwaga. Ilibu waga eulaola bila bikedidagi. Ikau iseri kaikela ikabi wala ila. Ivalutu wala Oyuveyova iweki minoyuveyova egugugulasi okabinagula. Ilagisaga iseki, “We Mogunuguyo, Mogunugunuye. Mogunugunugwei kwewayaya. Sulubwene waisalu pwadidowa. Leutu mamala, biutu mamala. Nuguta kwabima, kawalegu lamwa kukwanukwenu sebuwagu Mogunugonu ye, Mogunugonu ye. O Mugunugonu, Mogunugonu.”

“Kuma igau. Ekaibiga Usigula latula kidamwa talokasa igau.”

“O gala. Kumakaesa wala laluya guryau yureta, kuyakaesa eputuputuma kaluvatotu wala Pupusa Mloseda balokeya.” Ikau mayarena luya ilai iwekeya ibakiga kaikela. Mapulaga minana Pupusa koyatala kaikela Kumwagadu. Kweyayuwela Bomapou.

Ikatupwagi wala ikanamwa. Ivalutu gola kalabiga Mloseda wala waupu iseki, “We Mogunuguyo, Mogunugunuye. Mogunugunugwei kwewayaya. Sulubwene waisalu pwadidowa. Leutu mamala, biutu mamala. Nuguta kwabima, kawalegu lamwa kukwanukwenu sebuwagu Mogunugonu ye, Mogunugonu ye. O Mugunugonu, Mogunugonu.” Itoli wala igisaga. Kweyatala Bomapou, kweyatala Kumwagadu. Desi wala ipela isikeli iyosasi sola vivila kuyayosasi wala ikerimati sola vivila. Kwanawa vivila ikanamwa tau.

ENGLISH TRANSLATION

The name of my story is Mogunugonu. Mogunugonu was a man from Kaduwaga Village. At the time, there was a woman from Mloseda Village named Pupusa. The fame of Pupusa traveled around all the islands, until it reached Kaduwaga. One day, Mogunugonu loaded his canoe with coconuts, took his paddle, and sailed away. He paddled his canoe until he reached the village of Oyuveyova. The villagers were gathered on the beach, near one of their canoe houses. As he was paddling away, they heard him chanting, “We Mogunuguyo, Mogunugunuye. Mogunugunugwei kwewayaya. Sulubwene waisalu pwadidowa. Leutu mamala, biutu mamala. Nuguta kwabima, kawalegu lamwa kukwanukwenu sebuwagu Mogunugonu ye, Mogunugonu ye. O Mugunugonu, Mogunugonu.” The men called him from the beach, “Hey you, come here. Usigula’s daughter would like to meet you. Come, we’ll go see her.”

“No,” replied Mogunugonu, “I can’t stop, but you can come get some of my coconuts here, bring a bundle of four to the chief, so that he can oil his body. I have to continue to Mloseda;

I’m going to see Pupusa.” Mogunugonu took a bundle of coconuts and threw it on the beach. Meanwhile, Pupusa put one of her legs on Kumwagadu Point. Then, she put her other leg on Bomapou Point. She spread her legs open that way, and she lay down. Meanwhile, Mogunugonu arrived in Mloseda and chanted again, “We Mogunuguyo, Mogunugunuye. Mogunugunugwei kwewayaya. Sulubwene waisalu pwadidowa. Leutu mamala, biutu mamala. Nuguta kwabima, kawalegu lamwa kukwanukwenu sebuwagu Mogunugonu ye, Mogunugonu ye. O Mugunugonu, Mogunugonu.” Mogunugonu stood on the canoe and saw Pupusa, with one leg on Bomapou and the other on Kumwagadu, and he couldn’t resist. He jumped out of the canoe and rushed to Pupusa. They slept together until he died from exhaustion and she died from exhaustion. They both died, and that’s the end of my story.

COMMENTS

The chanting has several expressions in a language that is not Kilivila. It also has an indirect reference to *kapugula* (bach-elorette) as Pupusa does what *kapugula* do, namely, go around looking for men, sleeping with men. The expression is part of a *vinavina* ditty: the ditty mimics the *kasolukula* lament or dirge uttered by the mother and father of a deceased young unmarried daughter or son (*tubukwabuya*, “single”). If the deceased is a woman, the singer will use “*ilakapugula*.” If it’s a man, the singer uses “*toulatila*” (see SN 238 *Mlagugula*). When mourning an already married son or daughter, the father or mother will say *toulegu* instead. Like *toulatila* does for men, *kapugula* marks sexual maturity for women. *Tubukwabuya* stands for “bach-elor” in general, but it can be gender specific depending on its classifier (*to-* or *na-*). Instead, *kapugula* and *toulatila* are already gender specific, although sometimes this specificity can be reinforced with a *na-* or *to-* classifier.

SN 231 KINGUMEGU (A WOMAN’S NAME)

A *kwanebu* folktale told by Togineta, a man from Kaibola. Originally transcribed by Martin Monumwetola and translated by Emmanuel Giyomatala.

SUMMARY

A woman secretly gives birth to five girls and hides them in a banana tree, then has them married to her brothers’ sons.

Kwanebuyee Kingumegu

Kwanebuyee Kingumegu. Mwamwa mesikila. Esisusa sola luleta ivai luleta. Isisusa isuma ivalulu luleta. Etamwau luleta ivalulu imokeya latula sena tominibweta. Ilupi ilai ila owakaya opusagala. Ilalaga luleta obuyagu emakeya bogwa ivalulu. Gala inukwali pela gwadi. Isimwesa iuni tetala. Isisusa imwamwai iuni teyuwela. Esisusa bogwa imwamwai iuni tetolula. Eyosi

boda telima litula. Vivilaokwa. Ikatupwani litula pela sena naminibweta egisi kalagigisa. Ikatupwani ilosa wala owakaya esiwesa opusagala.

Esisusa igau bibogi bitobusisi bimokeyasa inasi bibigatonasi e bisisusa. Bogwa biyam katikenila bikeitasi ilosa owakaya isiwesa. Luleta matona ivai litula telima. Telima wala tawau. Kwetala tuta eluki tubula ekeibiga, “Tawa! Kumesa kulosa kutaisi gumgwam deri tuwami. Yokwa toveka bukutai sita yawanoma gumgwam. Yokiwa esekeli wala. Yokiwa esakaeli bogwa wala makala. E yokwa gwadi yakukupi wala bukutai.” Ilosa itataisi imeakasa tubusi.

“Tabumesa! Avakaga gumgwamula lakateyasi lakameyesa?”

“Gala, uliyoudila wala tubugwa.” Emeyakasi tabusi wabogi itomwa ivatu makwesi doba. Bisisuga iyam bikabisi bilosa obuyagu bitobusisi matosine vivila owakaya bimesa.

Bikailasi biwokwa bitolisa ikeiwosisi. Bivinasi, “Lewa sonava sonava, lewa saveva saveva. Sagala sagala, seku.” Bimwesa biyayosasi wala keiwosi. O buyagugwa, “Kulagisa ovalu uriyuwa.” Iskaulasi litula tabusi minana imesa ovalu. Bogwa bilagisa bimesa, bipelasi bilosa owakaya isiwesa deri bwadala. E imesaga imakeyasa valu kweokwa. Yam komwedona bogwa wala makala. Mapula ivalutu doba kwelima bogwa ivinaku. Kweta tuta eluki tubula, ekeibiga, “Ke, makwesine doba bogwa lavinaku, ibogi bimesa tubumia baseki dubesi.” Ebogi lemesa ipupati dubesi lewokwa.

“Ke, bitala obuyagu, bakalosa inami tamami yegu. Kanukupwenisiga odubawawa bukutomwesa wala kutotasa igau bukugisese, bitobusisi bimesa. Bikatudelisi, bitolisa wala kuvalapulasi gola kuyosisi. Yokwa toveka naveka bukuyosi. Yokowa esekeli, esekeli wala. Yokwa tokekita minana nakekita. O bukuyosisi.”

“O bwena,” ekeibigasi.

Ilosa obuyagu, idokasaga bogwa elosa, ilosaga isilalasi watabu deri bwadala. E etobusisiga deri bwadala emesa. Epilipalisi wala leokwa, “Kutolisa wala olopola valu.” Mwada bikeiwosisi evalapulasiga deri bwadala etorisa wala kileleu. Imwa iyayosa tetala ibwakaila. Iyosisa wala lewokwa emweyesa sikukwava. Etoilasi igibuluasi bwadasi matona tokekita pela lakwava namanabweta minana nakekita. Magila matona moritomwaya biyosi lakwava. Matona esekeli biyosi mitaga bogwa evinaku tabusi karewaga pela molitowmaya naveka, esekeli, esekeli bila kalaginkoula. Eyosisa tubusia iveyasi tamasi inasi tubusi imokeyasi.

“Tawa ambesa bukuwakolisa maiwona vivila lokumeyesa?” Eyokewasi, “Gala, tubumesa wala litula. Lumuta eunai wala ilovalova ilolasa owakaya. Yam komwedona ikeiwosisi talagisa matosina wala. Bitamesaga bilosa esukupwenisi. Elukwemasi tabumesa bakayausisi. Lakayausisa makukwavasa lakasemwasa.”

E iveyasi wala isiyewesa.

ENGLISH TRANSLATION

This is the story of Kingumegu. There once was a woman who lived with her brother at Mwamwa. Her name was

Kingumegu. One day, her brother got married and went to live with his wife. Kingumegu was all by herself when she became pregnant. When she gave birth, her brother was nowhere to be seen. Kingumegu gave birth to a pretty little girl. She took her daughter and hid her in a *wakaya* banana tree, right where the leaves meet the trunk. By the time Kingumegu's brother came to visit her, she had already given birth and hid her daughter away, so he didn't find out his sister had a baby. They were still living in Mwamwa when Kingumegu gave birth to another baby. Then, she gave birth to another one and another one, until she had five children in total. All of them were girls. And seeing how beautiful her daughters were, Kingumegu hid them all in that banana tree, not far from her house. The girls grew up in the banana tree. Every night, they used to climb down the tree and visit their mother. They would stay up all night talking with their mother. When it was close to daybreak, the girls would climb back up their banana tree and stay there for the day. Meanwhile, Kingumegu's brother's wife had also given birth to five children. Five boys. One day, Kingumegu, the boys' aunt, said to them, “Boys, go cut down some *gumgwam* for me, so that I can make fiber skirts. You, the eldest brother, make sure you get a big *gumgwam*. And you, the second born, make sure you get a slightly smaller one than your elder brother. And all of you, follow suit, until you, the last born. You make sure you get a short *gumgwam*.” The boys obeyed and brought the different-sized *gumgwam* branches to their paternal aunt. The boys asked Kingumegu, “Auntie, what are you going to do with these *gumgwam* we brought you?” for they knew *gumgwam* is used for *doba* fiber skirts, but they were wondering whose fiber skirts Kingumegu was making.

“Nothing,” she said, “it's just my own crafts; I'm making something for myself.” When it was dark and everybody was sleeping, Kingumegu started making fiber skirts. The next day, when everybody went to work in the gardens, the girls climbed down the banana tree. They made sure nobody was around, and they started warming up for singing. The girls stood there and sang this ditty, “Here goes the Kula necklace, here goes the red seashell belt.” They sang and danced and were so absorbed with their game that they didn't realize how loud they were. Meanwhile, the people heard them from the gardens. “Can you hear that? What are those sounds coming from the village?” The five brothers ran back from the gardens, but the girls heard them approaching and climbed up the banana tree. When the boys arrived in the village, the place was empty.

This happened every day. The girls danced and sang when everybody was gone, and whenever the boys ran back to the village to check the noises out, they found the place empty. All this time, Kingumegu was busy making *doba* fiber skirts. When she was done, she called her nephews and said to them, “These fiber skirts I've been making, they are now finished. Tonight, when your cousins come by, I will hand them their fiber skirts.” That night, when her daughters came by, she distributed all the fiber skirts. The next day, Kingumegu told her nephews, “Today, we'll go to the gardens, you, your parents, and I. As we head out, the five of you will go and hide at the village's edge and

stay there. Don't go anywhere; stay there and wait. Keep an eye on that banana tree over there. When they climb down, go pair yourselves with the girls. You the firstborn, you will go for the eldest girl. Then you take the second born and so on. Until you, the last born, you will go for the last-born girl."

"Fine," the boys said. When all the villagers started heading toward the garden for the day, the boys pretended to accompany them and hid at the village's edge instead. It wasn't long before the girls climbed down. Thinking the place was deserted, they walked to the center of the village. They were about to start singing and dancing when the boys came running from behind the village. "Stay there!" they shouted. The boys started chasing after the girls. The eldest brother went after the eldest sister, the second born chased after the second-born sister, all of them trying to follow Kimgumegu's advice.

But once they were all matched with their partner, the brothers turned around and saw the youngest one: his partner was the most beautiful of all the sisters, and his brothers were all jealous. The eldest brother wanted to have her. And so did the second born and all the other brothers, but nothing could be done. Kimgumegu had already decided that each sibling was to stay with a girl who was the same age as him, and her authority could not be overturned. So the boys married their cousins in the way stipulated by Kimgumegu.

When their father came back from the garden, he said, "Boys! Where did you get these beautiful women?" The boys replied, "These girls are your sister's daughters. She gave birth to them and hid them in the *wakaya* banana tree. The singing we used to hear every day from the gardens, that was them. Every time we tried to find out about the singing, the girls would go back and hide in their banana tree. But auntie finally revealed the secret, and we married them." And all the couples stayed together in the village and lived there happily.

COMMENT

This story is a good example of the once-common Trobriand practice of cross-cousin marriage.

RELEVANT VOCABULARY:

gumgwam (see also *wetabula*; Figure 69)
mwamwa
pusagala
saveva
uriyuwa
wakaya (see Figure 68)

SN 232 BALOMA (A WOMAN'S NAME AND THE NAME OF THE SPIRITS OF THE DEAD)

A *liliu* myth told by Tokumbobu, a man from Kaibola. He obtained the myth from Tokabibogwa. Originally transcribed

by Martin Monumwetola and translated by Emmanuel Giyomatala.

SUMMARY

Baloma, a woman from Okupukopu Village, dies. Later on, her daughter gives birth to a child and calls upon her dead mother to bring her some food and help her with the newborn baby as is the custom in Kiriwina. Baloma journeys from Tuma, the island of the dead, back to her daughter's village, carrying some food on her head. She stops to rest in several spots, singing a *vinavina* ditty about how she is carrying her daughter's food. Baloma finally arrives in Okupukopu and starts helping her daughter. She tells her to give her some soup to eat, so she can regain her strength and become a person again. But when the woman's husband returns from the garden and sees a pair of eyes in the dark corner of the hut (Baloma), he gets scared [in some other versions of the story he throws the soup to Baloma]. Baloma gets offended and asks her daughter to bring her a coconut; she splits the coconut in two halves and gives the one without "eyes" (*kweisibuna*) to her daughter while keeping the one with "eyes" (the three "holes" on top of each coconut), known in Kilivila as *kweimatana*, for herself. "When the spirits of the dead come back to Kiriwina Island during the harvest celebrations of *milamala*, you won't be able to see us, the dead ones, whereas we will be able to see you" is what Baloma tells her daughter.

Liliu Baloma

Baloma ilela Okupuku. Ikaliga ila isisuga latula unai latula.

Idou inala bigabi kala bimeya. Ila isisu Tuma iwokuwa itapu uri mitawena imeya. Iuvalutu wala isilalaguwa Lomyuwa. Igebila. Igogebila wala katukwabwaku ikau iseki. "O avela kala bagabi, o avela kala bagabi oh-o. Latugu kala bagabi, gubigabi, o bagabo, basieli batayeli. O yakala keyogu o yakala keyogu u-u-u."

Itiyakesa Kaibola isimwa inuwewasi. Inuwewasi iwokuwa, ilupokesa igebila. Igogebila wala kasibegula Baloma Dayagila bisalili isekiga.

"O avela kala bagabi, o gubigabo bagabo, basieli batayeli. Milatagu kala bagabi, o gubigabo bagabo, basieli batayeli. O yakala keyogu, o yakala keyogu, u-u-u." Ikasubusi Dayagila isili. Isisu kwetala mwamwai ilupkesa igebila.

Igogebila wala Yalumgwa ikasabusi itaya iseki.

"O avela kala bagabi, o avela kala bagabo. Milatagu kala bagabi gubigabo basieli basieli batayeli bataeli. Yakala keyogu yakala keyogu u-u-u."

Itayekesa ilesi Yalumgwa isiwa inuwewasi ilesi Yalumgwa. Inuwewasi bogwa lewokuwa. Ilupokesa igebila. Igogebila wala bika sobusi Moligilagi iseki.

"Avela kala bagabo avela kala bagabo. Milatagu kala bagabo, gubigabo bagabo basieli basieli, bataeli bataeli. Yakala keyogu yakala keyogu u-u-u."

Iteyakesa ilesi Mweligilagi itilapopula isili. Isisu bogwa iuwewasi iwokuva. Igogebila wala bogwa Okupukopu bikasobusi ikaugwa iseki.

“O avela kala bogabo avela kala bogabo. Milatuga kala bagabo gubigabo, basieli basieli bakaeli bakaeli. Yakala kuyogu yakala keyogu u-u-o.”

E kasuwbusi eweki latula ekopoi latula. Ila wala wala latula ima ikowi inala isuyesa wala waboala. Isiwa isulu kasi. Isulusulu ikamkwamusi iwokuwa elivala, “Ke bala asiwa osikwawe. Kusulusuluga lubwau biwewa kutaidolegu. Kutaidolegu wala bamova basimuwa, bitasimwesa bamilitomota.” Ila isiwa osikwawa kala biga isulusuluga latula isiseki. Lemwala obuyagu wala ibugubagula lema kalabiga isili wala okabilupilupa ilaiga matala ila otatom. Matala mabulubolela. Igisi, “Wi avaka besa?”

E vavagiga lakwawa, “Inagula. E kariga gola elagi butula ula valulu egabi kagu emeya.” “O gala sena kokola woula.”

E livala inala, “Ke, kwau luya miyawena kumeya.” E ikausa luya miyawena emeyesa isimuwa ikulami. Ikulami miyana luya ivivaku kala biga, isiwa ikatuvi. Ikatuvi iwokuva. “Ke mikweisibuna ula kweimatanaga. E bala basisi tutela yoba milamala bama yegu bagigisemi, yokwamiga bakugisegusi gala.” Mekeita kadukwanebusi. Puli puli kasiyene labisa kweluva.

Mweiyali mweiyapu. Iyala kasiyena lopola ula bagula ima ikopituki. E mukwetayelaga Dimu.

ENGLISH TRANSLATION

Baloma was the name of a woman from Okupukopu Village. She died and went away, but her daughter, who was alive, gave birth to a child. The daughter sent word to her mother, Baloma, asking her to bring her some food and help her with her newborn daughter, as is the custom in Kiriwina. After her death, Baloma had gone to Tuma Island, but on her daughter's request, she prepared some taros to take to back to her. Baloma walked from Tuma to Kiriwina and ascended from the deep sea into Lomyuwa, carrying taros on her head. Arriving at the beach of Lomyuwa she sang, “Oh, whose food am I carrying, oh, whose food am I carrying oh-oh. It is my child's food I will carry, carry, carry oh-oh, put it down and see. Oh, my neck hurts, my neck hurts u-u-u.” Her neck was hurting from carrying the food on her head. The people from Kaibola helped her to take her load down, and she sat down and rested. After she rested, they helped her to put her load back on her head. Coming to Dayagila, she sang for the second time, “Oh, whose food am I carrying, whose food am I carrying oh-oh. It is my child's food I will carry, carry, carry, oo-oh, put down and see. Oh, my neck hurts, my neck hurts.” Arriving at Dayagila, she sat down to rest. After she rested, the women of Dayagila helped her put her load back on her head, and she set out.

Coming to Yalumgwa, she put her load down and sang for the third time, “Oh, whose food am I carrying, whose food am I carrying oh-oh. My child's food. I will carry, carry, carry oh-oh, put down and see. Oh, my neck hurts, my neck hurts u-u-u.”

The women of Yalumgwa came to help her. After she rested, they helped her to put her load back on her head. Coming to Moligilagi, she chanted for the fourth time, “Whose food am I carrying, whose food am I carrying oh-oh-oh. My child's food. I will carry, carry, carry oo. Oh, my neck hurts, my neck hurts.” The women from Moligilagi helped her put her load down. She sat down to rest. After resting, she was helped to put her load back and set out for Okupukopu.

“Whose food am I carrying, whose food am I carrying? Oh-oh-oh. My child's food. I will carry, carry, carry oo, put down and see. Oh, my neck hurts, my neck hurts u-u-u.” Coming to the village of Okupukopu, she found her daughter nursing her child. Baloma handed over her load, took the baby, and went inside the house. The daughter immediately started cooking. After eating, Baloma told her daughter this, “I will be resting under the house. When you cook, pass some soup to me so that I can heal and regain my strength. After a while, I will become a person again.” Everything was done like Baloma said. However, this was done in the absence of the woman's husband, and when he returned from the garden, he saw a pair of eyes staring at him from under the house. They were very big. “What is that?” he asked. “That's my mother,” his wife replied. “She died, but when she heard I had given birth, she brought me food.”

“No, I don't want it; I am very scared,” her husband complained.

Saddened, Baloma ordered, “Bring me a coconut.” They brought her a coconut. After husking it, she broke it in two halves. Baloma kept the top half of the coconut, the one with eyes. Handing the lower half to them, the one with no eyes, she said, “Your lower half, my upper half. I'm going, but I shall return at Yoba time during the harvest festivities of Milamala. You will not see me, but I will see you.”

This is the end of our story.

The *kasiyena* wild yams are breaking forth in clusters in my garden. Ripe with pawpaw. Hanging their *kasiyena* in my garden, your turn to tell a story, Dimu.

COMMENTS

This story explains why the *baloma* spirits cannot be seen by the living (whereas they can see us), and as a result, it could be considered a *liliu*, a true story that sanctions why things are the way they are now. People in the Trobriands agree that this event really took place in the past. Until then, dead people went to Tuma, but they could come back and be seen by everybody. Hutchins (1987) cites this myth, calling it the myth of Baroweni (Baroweni being the name of Baloma's daughter).

This is one of the few stories in the Leach Collection to end up with the *kasiyena* formula, customary when storytelling in the Trobriands. The storyteller asks somebody in the audience to tell another story.

RELEVANT VOCABULARY:

matala mabulubolela
yaluwa

SN 233 DOKANIKANI (A MAN-EATING OGRE)

A *kwanebu* folktale told by Segawa from Kapwani. He obtained the story from his brother Towavau. Originally transcribed by Martin Monumwetola and translated by Joachim Taugwaga.

SUMMARY

This is the story of a hero who defeats several creatures who threaten the inhabitants of an island.

Kwanebuyee Dokanikani

Dokanikani tokwamla tomota. Teta tau, nata vivila, kweta vigoda militabu, nata muluveka, nata bunukwa. Ikamkwomasi tomotela valu ivinakusa. Epompelasi nata vivila ila odubwadebula ikanawa. Imokeya gala teta tau bikatumwakulisi. Bisisu bikuna bibusi litukwa bila ikanawa. Ikanukwenu ibubasi litukwa, ela ela isuma. Isuma ivalulu tau.

Ivitugwi latula bogwa itoveka. Ikatupoi inala, "Inagu avaka pela tasisu odubwadebula?" "A tuda tetala tomota tokwamula tau. Ikamokoma tomota ivinaku. Agu mwaleta wala ekapeligu lama odubwadebula lasimwa."

"Kuma kulivala, ambese?"

"Teta tau, Dokanikani. Nata vivila, kweta vigoda, nata bunukwa nata munuveka." Bogwa etoveka imwa ivakoya lakaladai bila ikalunenega. Ilakunenega iyosiga matona tau kalabunukwa ivakati ikanukwenu ikauga kalasileu ila ivesa. Ivavesa igigisiga evayari lewa teta tau. Isakaula matona Dokanikani ila isukupwenu. Evalutu gola lewa.

"A bwada! Ambe bukusiki?" Evalam.

"Wui tuwa! Agu mwaguta wala. Lama lakarunenega."

"Kuma bwadada." Irigemwesa besa sineyagila ekolokusi gola ovalu.

"Tamiwa ovalu." E ivilosa ovalu isiwesa. Esisusa esisusa tonaga monagwadi esuvi gola Dokanikani ila ipumpum wala makala kum vakaela. Im makaesina itowa wala ivapu, ivapu lewokwa bogwa ebogi. Ikamkwamsi ivenokusi itowesa ikabisi imesa okabasi iyaulasi. Iyaulasi, eyosisa eyosisa evinakusa im. Isemwa bimasisi matona monagwadi gala.

"Bwadago gala kutum?"

"Kuma kugisi kutugu. O kumeya." Inenei wala bibani kutula matona monagwadi, gala. "Kugisi yegu bwadagu." Ikenu wala Dokanikani iuri matona monagwadi imokeya gala wala iyomala. Tadoki wala kanekenua. Imiyeni wala matona monagwadi ivapoi wala wadola. Iyosi wala kweimisisi Dokanikani. Imasisi Dokanikani bogwa lewuguna kapepwati wala ivakapu kununa ikanukwenu ibiema la legsa Dokanikani ikapituni wala kayola. Irigewa ilolewa iyeya makumlana kumkum ikatikewa toukunula ikokeula wala. "Inagu besa?"

"Avaka?"

"Tau Dokanikani bogwa laweya."

"Amakala kuiyaki?"

"Kakakutu emasisi aigiriga lanepa titolela akapituni keyola. Lakaugwa kadubunukwa toukulula lameya."

"Bogwa lokuweya. Vivila kana biyosem, kana muluveka, kana militabu, kana bunukwa." Eyam ikeita. Minanaga vivila eyosi kalabunukwa ikeita osileu. Ikasileu igisiga lewa. Ewa irigemwa sileu ela esukupweni. Eukupweni egisi igau lewa, "Muwa amakagwam?"

"Wei inagu agu mwaleta wala lavayari."

"Kuma tala ovalu." E ikabisi ilosa ovalu. Ilosa isisusa ebogi elivala, "Takanamwa."

"O bitakanamwa." E isuisi wala imasisi. Ikenusi wala ikau kalubabebe matona monagwadi bogwa itea kweyu, itavilatu omatala kumasisi wala. Emasisiga minana Dokanikani ilagi itegina kabulula itadoyai imokeya epipisi makwesi babeba.

"O tomamata wa." Ekabisina minana Dokanikani, ekabisina wala iwaweya dabala isiga, bogwa enunupila matala. Ekakoya boala ekopatu bisui gola, kweta bulupwasapwasa osisuna imasisi wa. Imamata matona monagwadi imokeya ilalea wala kova itaini itapatu. Egigabu minana Dokanikani ivakamati. Isunapula lema kwelakaka kumkumla kwau togita ikokeula.

"Inago!"

"Besa avaka?"

"Dokanikani vivila bogwa lagabu."

"O ke? Bogwa lokuweya?"

"Nabweya bala akayunenega."

"A kugigisem!"

"Nabweya bala akavigoda. Bala ulaola."

Kugisi makala biribiri moi bogwa makwa militabu. Imwa ila iulaola, iulaola bogwa egisi itaina makwa kalasopi lewa wala matona kuwaya. Kaitala memetu bogwa ikapatu owadola ilau. Ilau isisiya wala imwamwai eluwai makaina memetu. Eyali wala touna ikapituni. Kounapula kapituni danona makwa militabu. Ikokeula wala.

"Inagu besa."

"Besa lokuweya vigoda. Kaena muluveka bigisem, kaena bunukwa bigisem bigadem." "Nabweya bala ainanu."

"A kugisem muluveka." Ekapituni wala sakowada ilai lawaga itabusi wala ila. Iulaola ilagiga esikila valu ekowana imokeya bogwa itaboda labuma. Eyoyowa lema lema lema makala odogina luya ikikoi lawaga ila. Ikau miyasina kalasikula yata kabulatala yata kabulayuwela. Itadoyai minana muluveka lewa, kuvabodu wala kalasakowada miyana kulapwala yatala. Edoki ikeita lema lelapwala yayuwela. Elumkwali ilapwalasi kwelikui matona monagwadi kuiyosi wala kuimati. Ekounapula elulu kaitala lakaikwabu ikokeula.

"Inagu besa."

"E bogwa lokuweya, natinigesiga bwalodila kana biyosem." Ima itoya ivakoya kema. Ivakoya iwokwa ikelipola. Kwelima wala kebila, e keyala luwaluwatala, luwayu ikovisi imeya ikanukwenu. Ikasivi iwokwa igigabu inala iwokwa luwayu simwa kaita kayala mitadaika simwa. Ekariyola ivati kebila. Ivati wala olisisuna minana bunukwa. Imaga ikau ivitoula kebila evati ikeita ila. Epata lakayala, epitapata wala ilau. Makaina

mitiginayu kalabigimkoila kabala. Imasisi wala imamata wala ikoleku. Imamata gola minana bunukuwa itokeya. Itakaulaga, itakaulaga bogwa okubudoga etota okabala. "Yokwa laga babasem." Itoila minana bunukuwa.

"O bwadagu. Ambesa mukusiki?"

Eligiri wala matona monagwadi keyala ililai otapwala tadoki vatutuwa. Itokeya ikatugunugunu wala evinaku. Ivagidemi kebila ekamkoma eivinaku. Iluwapela iwa kweyuwela itowa. Ilai ililai wala iwokwa. Itokeya ikatumumkumumku keyala ivinaku. Ikamkoma eivinaku. Kodidemi kebila ikamkoma ivinaku. Itopelaga iwa kwetolula.

Ekatumumku kayala evinaku. Ikamkoma kebila ivinaku. Itopela ila kwevasila ilai. Elilai iwokwa itokeya ikatumkumumku keyala gala ikoma, ikadidemi wala kebila. Itopelaga emwa kwelimela, elai, elilai iwokwa itokeya ikatugunugunu keyala iwokwa. Ikadidemi kebila, itope iwa kwetalela. Elai, elilai evinaku. Ikatumumkumumku kayalela evadidemi kebila. Itopela ewa kweyuwela elai elilai iwokwa. Ikatumumkumumku keyala leokwa ekodidemi kebila. Etopela ewa kwetolula elai einaku ikatumumkumumku keyala ekodemi kebila. Kwevasila bo makala. Itopewa lewa kweyuwatalela kweyuwela.

Ikanukwenu kebila ililai ivinaku. Itomwa itola matala. Itota imwamwai ikatawari keyala. Itota iwewasi minana bunukuwa ivenoku ikayopela iwa kwetala. Kwetala manakuwa kailagabu ikanukwenu. Ilai ilai ivinaku etomwa itota imwamwai. Eluwapela lewa, lewakeya mitiginayu esisu. Kweyu wala matala mitiginayu keyala ewaya wala. Elalola kaikela, yamala imwa itomwa. Itobusi wala lemwa, ivalikwali wala bogwa ekatamati.

Iseyau ila ikanawa. Itowesa igabusi sola inala ikumrisi.

ENGLISH TRANSLATION

Dokanikani was an ogre, a people eater. In this story, other than him, there is also a man, a woman, a giant clam shell, a sea eagle, and a pig. These beasts had ravaged the place; they ate all the people in the land until there was no one left. It was only by chance that they had missed a woman who had managed to hide in one of the limestone caves in the cliffs. But she was all alone, there was not a single man around. One day, it was raining outside, and the woman was lying down in the cave. Water was dripping from the cave into her body, and it was this dripping water from a stalactite that made the woman pregnant. In due time, she gave birth to a boy. The woman nursed her child until he became a grown up. When he was old enough, the boy asked his mother, "My mother, how come we live in a cave?"

"Tuda, there is a man-eating ogre. He has already finished everybody else. I'm the only one left; I took refuge all by myself in these caves," the mother answered.

"Tell me," the boy said, "where is this ogre?"

"His name is Dokanikani. But he's not alone. There is also a man-eating woman, a giant sea shell, a pig, and a sea eagle. All of them feed on people." The boy grew up and became a strong young man. One day, he made a spear and went spearfishing. In the meantime, Dokanikani the ogre was roasting a pig. He

killed the pig and prepared it to have it roasted in an earth oven. Dokanikani came down to the beach to clean the pig's intestines. While he was cleaning the intestines, he saw a young man wading in the sea. Dokanikani hid before the man could see him. When the man was close enough to Dokanikani's hiding spot, the ogre came out and said, "Oh my brother! Where do you live; I've never seen you before." The young man was crying, "Oh, my big brother, I'm all alone. I came here to spear some fish."

"Come with me," said Dokanikani. They left the intestines there and walked back to the village. Back in Dokanikani's place, after dinner, the ogre curled up like the leaves of a breadfruit tree and slept. The ogre and the boy had been twisting *im* pandanus fibers, making them into strings. After dinner, when they were done with all the *im* strings, they went to sleep, but the boy stayed awake. Dokanikani asked him, "My little brother, don't you have lice?"

"Yes, come look for lice," the boy answered. Dokanikani searched the boy's head for lice, but he couldn't find any. The ogre was hoping that the boy would fall asleep while he was delousing him, but the young man knew better. "Your turn," Dokanikani said. "Check my hair now." The ogre lay down, and the boy searched him for lice; Dokanikani had plenty, so many it looked like grains of sand in his hair. The boy shoveled lice by the handful and had to stuff them in his mouth. There were so many that Dokanikani fell asleep while the boy searched his hair. Very carefully, he dropped Dokanikani's head and looked for the ogre's axe. When he found it, he chopped off Dokanikani's head. He abandoned the head and the body and went to the earth oven. He opened it and took a portion of pork back to his mother. "Here you go, mother."

"What happened?" she asked.

"That Dokanikani you told me about, I have killed him," the boy said. "How did you do it?" the mother inquired.

"I searched him for lice until he fell asleep. Then I took his own axe, and I chopped off his head. I opened up his earth oven, and I brought you this piece of pork."

"Oh you have slain him, but there is still that woman; she might get a hold of you. And if she doesn't get you, the eagle might or the shell or the pig," his mother said. The next morning, the boy went down to the beach and found the people-eating woman there. She was cleaning the intestines of a pig she had killed. When she saw him coming, at first she hid, but when the boy came near, she came out and asked him, "Hey, how are you?"

"Oh, my mother," the boy said, "I came down to the beach by myself. I'm all alone." "Come, let's go to the village," the she-ogre said. And they walked back to her place. They stayed there until it was dark, and the ogre said, "Stay for the night." And the boy said, "Yes, I'll sleep here tonight." They went inside the house and lay down. The boy took two halves of a sea shell and fitted each one in his eye sockets before going to sleep. After a while, the boy started snoring. The she-ogre, wanting to make sure he was indeed asleep, peeked over at the boy from her sleeping place, but when she saw the white shells in the dark, she thought her guest was awake with his eyes wide open. "Oh, he's

still awake,” she said to herself. The ogre was restless, waiting for her prey to fall asleep, thinking the boy was awake all night. She kept on checking, and every time, she thought the boy’s eyes were open. Close to dawn, the ogre’s eyes were heavy with sleep. She left the house and tied the door shut so that the boy couldn’t escape and went to sleep in an old house nearby. The boy woke up and managed to find a way out of the locked hut. When he found the house where the she-ogre was sleeping, he went to the hearth and took a firestick, and with it, he set fire to her hut. The ogre burned to death. The boy then opened the earth oven and took some of the ogre’s pork back—the *togita* part, usually reserved for chiefs—to his mother.

“Mother!”

“What’s this?” his mother asked.

“I burned the she-ogre, mother,” the boy said. “You did?” said the mother in disbelief.

“Yes. And tomorrow I’m going to collect shells.”

“Oh, be careful, my son,” the mother said.

“It’s fine,” the boy insisted. “Tomorrow, I’ll paddle my canoe, and I’ll go diving for shells.” The next day, the boy paddled out into the sea. When he reached a spot where the waves were foaming on top and rolling like sleeping mats, he realized that was the place where the giant clam shell lived. The current was very strong; whenever the seashell opened up, there was a big whirlpool. The boy and his canoe got caught in the whirlpool, and they were drawn down. But the boy had thought about it. He had, in his mouth, a sharp *memetu* shard. When he reached the giant clamshell, before it swallowed him, he managed to cut the shell’s muscle. Unable to close itself, the seashell died, and the boy took it to his mother. “Look, Mother,” he said.

“That’s the giant seashell,” she said, “you’ve killed it. Now you have to be careful, so that the sea eagle doesn’t spot you or the pig doesn’t bite you.”

“Don’t worry,” the boy said. “Tomorrow, I’m going bird catching.” He collected some *sakowada* leaves and took them with him on his canoe. He was paddling away when he heard a loud noise, like the whole world was collapsing. He looked up and saw something was covering up the whole sky. The sea eagle circled around him, getting closer and closer until it was no higher than a coconut tree. The boy took his snares and turned his canoe over. He then placed a snare on one end of the canoe and another one on the other end. He was waiting underneath the capsized canoe. When he looked out, he saw the giant eagle coming. The eagle threw its claws forward and tried to grasp the canoe, but one of its legs became entrapped in the snare. As it was fighting, the eagle’s other leg got caught in the other snare. The boy pulled the strings even harder, tightening the snares. He held the eagle until it died; then he plucked one of its feathers as evidence of his feat and paddled back to the beach. He took the feather to his mother and said, “Mother, this is it.”

“Yes, you killed the eagle,” his mother replied, “but there’s one left; you must be careful with the wild pig.” The boy started sharpening his axe. When he finished working on it, he went into

the bush and made twelve platforms with trees and branches. He also cut twelve bundles of spears. He brought the spears back to his mother, and she burned the tips to harden them. In two of the spears the boy put barbs on the tips. He took the spears and left them on the platforms he had built. The boy had built the platforms not far from the wild pig’s place; the platforms were positioned following a path that moved away from the wild pig’s home. The boy put the two barbed spears on the very last platform. When he was done, he went to sleep. The next day, he woke up and got ready. Meanwhile, the wild pig was also up. The boy walked to the first platform, the one closest to the pig’s place, and saw the pig standing nearby. “Today,” the boy said, “I shall spear you.”

The pig turned around and saw the boy. “Oh, my little brother,” he said, “where do you live?” The boy ignored the question and started showering the pig with spears until the pig’s back looked like the outrigger of a canoe with all those sticks driven into it. But the wild pig was really strong. He broke all the spears; then he destroyed the platform upon which the boy was standing and ate all the logs. The boy managed to run to the second platform just in time. He stood there and threw all the spears at the pig until there were none left. The pig broke the spears into pieces and ate them. Then he demolished the platform and ate it too. The boy jumped to the third platform, and from there he threw all he had at the pig, until there were no spears left. The wild pig broke and ate all the spears before destroying the platform. The boy ran and jumped onto the fourth platform and started showering the pig with spears once again, and once again, the pig tore the spears into pieces and destroyed the platform, but this time he didn’t eat the broken spears or the logs. When the boy reached the fifth platform, he threw the spears that he had left there until there were none left, but the pig shattered them all and knocked down the platform. The same happened when he reached the sixth, the seventh, and the eighth platforms. When he reached the tenth platform, he knew he had only two more platforms left. He threw spears until there were none left. The pig stood still; he was getting weaker. The same happened when the boy launched all the spears from the eleventh platform. When he reached the last platform, the pig was weak and tired; he stood there catching his breath, unable to run. The boy grabbed the two barbed spears and threw them, piercing the pig’s eyes. The pig fell to the ground and stopped moving. The boy came down from the platform and made sure the pig was dead. He took it to his mother, and they cooked it in the earth oven, and that’s the end of my story.

COMMENTS

This is another version of the myth of Tudava (in fact, at one point, the storyteller has the mother address her son as Tuda, short for Tudava), with some extra creatures added to increase the hero’s challenge. A similar story—with several antagonists other than Dokanikani—is found in other places around the

Milne Bay Province.³⁴ This one also features a carnivorous giant shell (*militabu*).

RELEVANT VOCABULARY:

militabu
vatotuwa

SN 234 KENAVASIA (THE LIZARD)

A *kwanebu* folktale told by Kwailesa from Kapwani. He obtained the story from his grandfather, Kasaiyoisi. Originally transcribed by Martin Monumwetola and translated by Joachim Taugwaga.

SUMMARY

In olden days, the lizard used to sleep during the day. Wanting to know what daylight looks like, the lizard pays shell valuables to different birds to be woken up at sunrise to see the sun.

Kwanebuyee Kenavasia

Kwanebuyee kenavasia. Yam takanau, besa bimasisi wala, bimasisi. Bimasisi okatikenila biyam bimamata. Bimamamata e gala isisu itulatula gala imisivau. Emasisi wala imokeya . . . ebogi. Emokeya yam etamwau. E ikanamwa. Ikanukwenu wala eluki sakau, "Mwa! Kuma kuigulegu sita banukwali yam. Amakagwala sita yam gala agigisi? Amakala lakeda yam," eluki bwadala minana kenavasia.

"Kulausa laveiguwa sakau, magigu bivigulegu bagisi yam. Amakala lakeda?"

"E kulosa kulukwesa guyau bilegalega wala. Bamwagega bogwa biyam." Kunakaigali sakau. Bigela valu bogwa katitekina biyam, "Kugisi yam, amakala lakeda." Lebwari, leburibwari katikenila biyam, emasisi. Emasisi emakeya eyam. Besa kumistotaula wala. Emasisi kubogivau emamata emokeya, bogi wa. Yam gala inukwali. Emamata lema, "Tawa kalabiga. Kulosa kukuweimarisa uluveiguwa kumeisa. Kuyakasa buriburi laveiguwa. Bima sitana bivigulegu. Banukwali yam sitana." Eyakasa buriburi, "Guyau magila bukuiguri bigisi yam, taga gala wala egigisi yam."

"Kula kuluki bilegalega bamwagega bogwa eyam."

Ima ibwariga, eburibwari, eburibwari biyam imasisi igau minana kenavasia. Kumasisi wala kuyam, kumasisi wala isalili lili. Imamata imokeya bogi wa, yam gala wala sitana inukwali. Ikeimari laveiguwa.

"Tawa kuyakasa uluveiguwa kweimarisa, taga ekuluwalegu, mvadaga sita evigulegu. Kuyakasa kwarota bima

bivigulegu. Banukwali yam sitana. Amakala lakeda yam." Ilosa ilukwesa kwarota, "Kuviguri guyau sitana binukwali amakala lakeda yam."

"E kulosa kulukwesa gala bimasisi, besa bisusu wala igau bawakeya. Ke lama batota okapapam, baburibwari, gala bukumasisi. Katitekina biyam bavigulem. Kumamata kugisi yam." Esisia wala katitekina biyam edoki bimasisi Kenavasia iviguri. Igeragera iyosi eyam bogwa katitekina biyam egisiga ewolali isiga.

"Bwadada avaka uula besa epopwakau valu?"

"Kapekwati. Yam bogwa biyam."

"A gala bwada akokola. Basui okanaisila."

"Gala, kusili wala." Esisu wala egisiga lili eguwalapula. "Bwada, avaka besa?"

"A yamla. Lili bitaina."

"O ke? Lakeda lili makawala? Yam boga besa." Iyosi iyosi wala boga eyam tatola eluki, "Kuwa otapwala kai, kukwekwala lili e bamasisiga." Imwa ikekwalu lili Kenavasia enukwali yam.

ENGLISH TRANSLATION

This is the story of Kenavasia, the lizard. There was a time when the lizard didn't know what the day was. The lizard would sleep during the day and during the night.

Kenavasia used to wake up right before daybreak, wait some time to see what happened, and then go back to sleep again before it was daylight. It would sleep, sleep, sleep . . . until it was dark again. Every time the lizard woke up for good, the day was gone. So he stayed there, lying around. One day, he said to the *sakau* bird, "Hey, come wake me up during the day, so that I can find out what the day looks like."

"For how is it possible that I've never seen the daylight? What's the path of the day like?" said the lizard to his brothers. So he ordered, "Take shell valuables to the *sakau*; I want the *sakau* to wake me up to see the day. I want to see how a day is made." They took the valuables to the *sakau*, and he sent word back, "Tell the lizard chief to listen to my singing. My singing will wake him up when it's close to daylight." The lizard's brothers reported the message from the *sakau*, that he would sing and the day would come shortly afterward, "The *sakau* says he will wake you up in time to see the day."

The lizard was so excited that he kept a vigil. He stayed up all night, and when it was close to daybreak, he fell asleep. He fell asleep, and the day came, and the lizard missed it. *Kenavasia* slept throughout the day until it was dark again. When he woke up, he found out it was already nighttime. The lizard still didn't know what the day was like. He woke up and spoke to his friends, "Boys, go get my shell valuables back from the *sakau*. He didn't stick to his word; I still don't know what the day looks like. Go take the shells to the *buriburi* bird of paradise instead. Tell the *buriburi* to come wake me up in time to see the day." They took those shell valuables to the *buriburi* and instructed

34. The story is similar to one reported on Sabarl Island, in the Calvados chain in the southern end of the Kula ring; see Battaglia (1990).

him, "The chief wants you to wake him up in time to see the day. He has never before seen the daylight."

"Go back and tell the chief to listen carefully for my singing. I will sing, and it will be daylight." But the lizard was so excited about the possibility of seeing daylight for the first time that he stayed awake all night. Only toward daybreak did he finally fall asleep. He slept through the day and never heard the *buriburi*'s song. He only woke up when it was dark again. The lizard still didn't know what the day looked like. He sent word to have his valuables returned from the bird of paradise since he too had failed to wake him up in time, "Boys, bring back my shell valuables; the *buriburi* didn't keep his word. Take the shells to the *kwarota* bush fowl instead. Tell the *kwarota* to wake me up in time, so that I can finally see how a day is formed."

They went and told the bush fowl, "Here, take this. The lizard wants you to wake him up in the morning, so that he can see the day." The bush fowl replied, "Go and tell the lizard that he must not go to sleep. Tell him to stay awake, and I will come see him." Later on, the bush fowl came to see the lizard and told him, "I'll stand a vigil next to you, so that you don't fall asleep again. If you fall asleep, close to daybreak I will wake you up." The bush fowl stayed with the lizard all night. When it was dawning, the *kwarota* started singing. It kept on singing by the lizard until the lizard woke up. The lizard opened its eyes right in time to see the day breaking, "My brothers, what is this bright whiteness that covers everything?"

"Shut up. The day is coming, be quiet."

"No way," the lizard said. "I'm so scared. I'm going to run inside!"

"Don't. Sit down." He stayed there and watched the sun rising for the first time. "My brothers, what is that?" asked the lizard.

"That's the day. The sun comes up and starts going around on its journey," they replied. "Oh," the lizard wondered. "So that's the sun's path. This is what the day looks like." The lizard watched until the sun was high up and it was well into the day. Then the bush fowl said to the lizard, "Go and make the middle of the tree trunks your home; stand there warming up in the sun, you'll see, it feels good. I'm going to sleep now."

"Indeed," the lizard said. And that's why lizards now know the day and warm themselves up in the sun.

COMMENTS

All the birds claim to be able to wake up the lizard in time to see the daybreak. According to commentators, the storyteller has ordered the appearance of birds in his story from the earliest to the latest: the *sakau* can be heard when it's still dark, whereas only the *kwarota* bush fowl can be heard when it's already morning. Gumwemwata Okwala and Camillus Mkwesipu Mlabwema commented, "In former times these birds helped people know what time of the night it was before we had watches." Other versions of this story might include even more birds, ordered according to the time of the night when they are usually heard.

RELEVANT VOCABULARY:

buriburi

kwarota

sakau

SN 238 MLAGUGULA (A MAN'S NAME)

A *kwanebu* folktale told by Towalawa from Kapwani. Originally transcribed by Martin Monumwetola and translated by Joachim Taugwaga.

SUMMARY

This story tells about two brothers, one handsome and smart, one ugly and stupid (Mlagugula). The elder—Mlagugula—tries to get rid of his younger brother so that he can marry his widow. Mlagugula abandons his brother on an island, hoping he will die, but he eventually has to go back to get him because their mother refuses to feed him when she finds out what Mlagugula has done to his brother.

Kwanebuyee Mlagugula

Mlagugula, Mlakwakuli, inasi Namwatana, sivalu Omlamwawu. Isisusa isisusa ivilulubogi wala inasi Mlagugula. Ilulu wala idoki mwateta, ilai ila osikwava. Isisuga isisuga imwatatini igisi imwatatini, "A, kena tomota, igau awa agisi. Desi wala, bainunu." Imwa wala inunu. Matala kwetininimwedi. Ivinunu wala bogwa etoveka, isumavau inasi, ilulu Mlakwakuli. "Ah, matona bogwa latugu, tomanabweta. Bavagi bi bwena." E ivinunu wala iuvalutu wala iyosi wala ikalova, iuvalutu wala iyosi wala itoveka, bogwa eulatila Mlakwakuli. Isisuga Mlagugula bogwa egaga kalagigisa. Isisu wala, isisu wala bwadala okaukweda isui ewakeya inala, esili bikebwana. Isemwa dabela kweveka ikauga matowena ututani wala itabwadi wowola. Ikebwana wala isikaka. Ilupaki wala weya Mlagugula, "Inagwe! Avaka besa lagisi?"

"We, tonagoa."

"Ah, gala besa alivala wala inada, kusivila wala inada agisi. Mitaga yumuyamu inada takakaya."

"Yokwa bogwa wala tonagoa yokwa. Kuwa!"

Isunapula imwakeya bwadala esimwesa. Isisusa, isisusa, Ikausaga wosi, latula guyau Omarakana. Emeyesa biga, "Ah, latula guyau ekeywosisi Omarakana."

"Ah bwada! Bitala tagisi wosi!"

"Ambesa?"

"Omarakana. Igau nabweya," inasi elivala. Emasisi eyamu gabogi. Itokeya inasi ewekeya kutowa kuyopi kalakekakaya Mlakwakuli. Eyopi iokwa ilosa ikakayasi.

"Ina! Yegula avaka sita bakakaya?"

"Elimtula kuwala, kugudu kusekikili migim bikasiyani nani."

"Oho, bakala sogu tau kakakaya." Ilosa ikakayasi usola bwadala. Iwokwa imesa ikukwari inasi siluya iwokwa. Eyopwi laluya bwadala isemwa, matonaga gala laluya. Ima igisi wala Mlakwakuli eputuputuma. "Nawatani, amakala yegu? Sitana baputuma?"

"Kulakeya pwasasolu osisuna, kukeula wala, kwatugeyai okulum."

"Oh, bwena." Ikabi wala Mlagugula iwakeya bogwa ekanukunokwasi wala. Ibulayeni wala ivalugwa wala okuluwatala. Ikau wala makena sinata olui ikali. Bogwa evenokusi katubayasa sola bwadala. Ikabisi ilosa. Ilosa ivalapulasi Omarakana. Iweyasi kasibweta kweyu wala kasiteyu. Matona lipuyu wala. Mlakwakuli iga komwedona.

Ikatudelisi wala bikeywosisi iyokewa gola latula guyau eluki tabula, "Tabugwe! Kuma! Kula kukwau kagu butia ka matone, tokekita." Itokeya wala ikabi ila. Iwa wala elivala, "Eh, yokwa Mlakwakuli, kumeya kalabweta guyau latula balau bisikam bila ikewosi." Iyokewa Mlagugula ivakalisi okulula, "Ke kumakeya makakwa."

"Ah gala yokwa!"

"Ah, esiya okuma, kweya tamamu, koma kampopu. Okuma makwakenala."

"Ah, elukwegu makakwena bwadam."

"Oh kukwau, kweyasi komasi kamipopu. Mwa kuisu balaga okeipou."

Ewakeya bogwala lepolu mina Omarakana kalabiga wosi eyayosasi. Ikau gola makena sinata ivatowa wala okuluwatala makawala wala ivagi tadoki pwasasolu wala pwasasolu.

"Tawa, maina popu! Ta!" Iseki maina pwami tolivalu. "Kweyasi mikwava komasi kamipopu! Kama kagigisa wosi, bulagami livalemi popu." E isimwesa isisusala egigisasi wosi sola bwadala ekeitasi. Imesa emasisisi wala. Eyam gabogi, elukwesa inasi, "Bakakeita kagisasi wosi."

"Ah igau kuwewasisi."

"Gewa, bakala kagisa wosi." Ikabisi wala ilosa. Ivesa ikabwetasi iwokwa bogwa eluki inasi bwadala mweyadoga matona iwakeya wala mwatawebwagina ikolibeba ilola wakauya kalamweya. Ivalutusi wala ivesa isiwesa. Ima latula guyau ikau kalabweta iweyaki matonaga malipuna okuluwatala wala. Isisusa wala. "Mwa kuisu, bamwaga alega wosi okeipou."

"Kuwa, basisuga." Ewa wala iloli wala. "Tawa! Maina popu!" Eyokeiwa itota Mlagugula, "Ta! Keiseki yokwami pwami. Kugisesa yokwami kena okupweyasi uwami. Eyokwa gala tetala gwadi."

"Gala, yokwa wala Mlagugula okuluwatam popuwokula wala."

"Kweyasi mikwava komasi kami popu."

"Ke kadabala popu gala bwabwena, awa akatuli keyami."

"Mwa, tamwa."

"Kulosaga."

"Igau ikwayai bakama kakaribomu."

Ikamsi iokwa ilosa ikaribumsi. Idedila Mlagugula, ima gola latula guyau. Kuvakoli Mlakwakuli kulau warigsa kukenusi. Idedila gola iwakeya bunukwa kasikewaga itowa wala ikamu.

Ikamkwamu igisi wala nata numwaya lewa. Iluki ila ikauga doba dabala inala kidamwa isakawari. Emamata bwadala lema bogwa eseki lubela kweta kwemanabweta inala dabala. Igala ilolasa igala eiyojari bwadala iyosisila, "Ke makakwa?" Eyokwaga inala, "Avaka?"

"Taga esakagusa ulavivila lameya."

"Gala sena kwemagaga."

"Kwau kumesa bukwatu kwetala." Eitainaga Mlakwakuli, "Ke lubegu esakam dabem makakwena? Kategi madoba." Imitaila egisi bwadala matala tadoki pipila. "A bwadagu matala avaka igakesa besa. Inagu"

"Mwa!"

"Bwadagu matala bogwa egaga. Mitululula gala yatindesi. Amakala igaki?"

"Mwa mitaga kapiwa iwa wala imitalala ikatugwa lemesa evagisa wala gala wala matala bwadamu."

"Bala anei inagu."

"Kulakeya kwetala tubuyusapi." Ikabi wala iwakeya manikwa tubuyusapi tadoki wala saki baiki. Ekibutu wala idulisa wala. Iyosisa wala gala avaka bitaigaki. Iulubwadi wala matala Mlagugula. Emema wala imutumamasi, "Ke inagu, makawala?"

"E bogwa makala bwadam Makala yokwa." Mtaga bigisi valu gala wala bogwa lepatu. Ilosa wala eyamu ekeitasi lelola eyowaisi. Itokewasi ilomungwa kalabiga iyokewagola Mlagugula elukwewa Mlakwakuli, "Bitasuyumari bwadagu. Igau dabalaga valu." Imeyesa Kesanai wala, "E, gala, tatoila. E bwadada silupapamu silupapagu." Eselisa gala, eselisa gala, eselisa gala, esesisakesa tadoki tuwaga okuwuanina. E gala, isakaulasi imesa Okelagila imesa Omlamwaluwa. Ekeitasi ilomungwa. Itovilaga eluki bwadala, "Kalabigala bwadada makwa okuwaligu kena tuwaga. Adoki omatagu basilubebeu balai gala bitoila. Kawadaga manakwa otubutegagu. Tadoki tuwaga." Evalutu, evalutu, elivala guyau ekebiga, "Nabweya yokwami ilomungwa bakatuvila latugu. Talausa olakaukweda. Mlakwakuli biveya." Imasisi eyam gabogi iyosesa bunukwa igubugwabusi mona ilukulekusi bua imeyasa ikatuvila. Itoli wala itakola Namwatana. Itakwali ilosa isimwesaga. Isisusa iuwa kum, menoni gala avaka bitaigaki keuwa. Imasisisi eyam gabogi eluki bwadala, "Mlagugula! Mlagugula! Kuma kumweni yata kasikum mvevai elivalasi bukulau ikamsi."

Ekebiga lakwava, "Gala elivalasi."

"Mtaga Elivalasi! Kuma kumwena." Ema wala imwena. Emwemwena etola obwadaga ekakosa wala. Eyokewaga, "Gala magisi obwadaga. Gala bikamsi obwadaga. Kalamauna bukuteta bukula bukiini. Kekosa kurigewa." Eteta: Waaa! Mwada lasinapu bikapusi baveyaga lakwava gala wala. Eteta ela ikiini.

Esisusa emwamwa eluki bwadala, "Mwa mvevai magisi wawoma. Bitala bitakawawoma."

"Ambesa wawoma?"

"Kaunamawa."

"O galaga bitaloki. Tautona gola. Kalitala wala batagugwau gola kaunamaiva. Namwatana kuvakapuli kureya."

"Ambese bukwumwesa?"

"Bakala inei yatala lavevai siwawoma."

Ivakati inasi kasikureya iwokuwa ivabusisi sola bwadala. Ibiyasi siwaga eluki bwadala, "Kula okabununa. Bakabiga damwewaga." Itolasi wala Kaulukuba emesa Kwebwaga. Ivabusisi ilesi Kwebwaga bikayonasi. Ikelilapulasi wala, "Avetawau matosine emesa?"

"Mlagugula Mlakwakuli."

"Kalabiga damwalaga yokwa matona okabununa matonaga omwewaga sena tavakaligili kanikwa."

"Muwa amumakala elivalasi?"

"Ah. Elivalasi tuwagu damwalaga yokwa matona okabununa. Matona omwewaga kena...."

"Besa mumutu wala. Kweligau waga. Takeliyewa. Kuma kukwabi mwewaga bawaga okabununa." Ikeliyuwasi wala ikugwa Mlagugula. Ivabusisi gola ilesi Liluta bikelesi kasiyona igisesaga ekebilapulasi Kalawa. "Aah, damwalaga matona omwewaga. Taga matona okabununa kena kukuu kena ave maunala."

"Bwadagu, amakala elivalasi matosi vivila?"

"Elivalasi damwala yokwa matona omwewaga. Matonaga okabulula kena kukuu."

"Besa mumutu wala. Kweya lumuta koma kampopu. Kweliyau waga. Bala okabununa." Ikeliyewasi eselisa wala emeyesa. Emeyesa, emeyesa Mwatawa wala itapusa. Makala wala ivigakesa. Eluki bwadala, "Kusisu wala. Kelitala gola bakalai keliyuwela. Batagwagwau gola Kaunamawa." Ewesa Namugula ekatupoi bwadala, "Besa?"

"Besa Namugulala."

"Ke masimulani." Ekabisi wala elosa. "Besa?"

"Silupupwaka."

"Taga Kaunamawa ambesa?"

"Oi masimulane." Ewesa wala italaguvasi. "Ke masimulana."

"Kubiya waga. Kuwaga kulamila muvevai siwawoma." Ilumalesa wawoma iwokwa itolisa ikedidadigasi. Ikedidadigasi ikanukwenu elukiya bwadala, "Muwa, kwau dakeyala kuwa kuvayali besa. Kuweya nata kadailiya kumeya igabu takamu iwokwa bitala." Ikeula kayala Mlakwakuli. "Kula omulula wala kutaina wala." Iyokewa Mlagugula ikelibusi wala odeyaga, "Ee!"

"Avaka?"

"Kuweya maunela bogi, kuweya maunela lubulatola. Olileyamugwa bisapemusi."

"Aah tuwaga kumeya waga."

"Aa gala yokwa yegu. Kusiwa wala, balaga aveya dakwawa."

"O bwena kuwa basimwaga." Ikabi ima esiwaga. Ikalipola iutu lewa imeya iveya maunela kwayai lemwa. Iweya maunela lubulatola lemwa. Iweya maunela olileyam. Ikatulugwasi. Eyam imwa emasisi. Eulaola gola italagwa Dukulawasi ikatuyeta wala. "E bwadagu teyuwagu. O Mlakwakuli kamateyu." Elagisi ekatuyeta lewa.

"Kwalai Mlagugula."

"Makwa lavavagi lakwawa wala eweyasi ilesi Simsimla. Esiwaga. Agumwaguta wala lama. Nakakau kuwalam kunigaga."

"Avaka waia kaigweluva kwim!"

"Galaga bima bo bisimwa. Bivalam biniganaga. Bwena bakavai kaena?" "Kwaigeluwa kwim kukwam kampopu. Kaula gala kukukwam."

"Avaka pela?"

"Pela okulau Mlakwakuli lesiwa."

"O desi kukwamsi." Itolisa kalabiga isulusulusi. Bogwa eribu lakwawa Mlakwakuli. Evagi kapu navareta. Ivalamsi ivalamsi eyam ikekibwanasi. Isulusi kasikawelu usola yawala ikamsi. Bogwa gola esisi bogwa lemwa lopola okapoula.

"Navatana."

"O!"

"Ambesa wawa lokusakaesala?"

"Avaka kuigaki?"

"A sitana batuma lopogu."

"Kidamwa bukula kunei Mlakwakuli kaula kukukwam."

"A gala pela kalagila, besa bogwa okukwamsi kamikawelu som yawam. Besaga wawa mwada lokulaisa kumeyesa sita batuma sileugu." Enenei gada, gala wala.

"Nabweya bukula kuuni."

"Nabweya balo kagisi." Emasisi wala iyam gabogi itabusi. Iulaola wala Silupupwaka wala imotavila igisi Mlakwakuli iuala lewa. Makaena lema minanaga vai bogwa ebogi.

Ekalili wala lema. Totuwanaokwa. Ikau wala imwa isoya olaleya. Ilaga isigwa igobagoba. Eulaola imtavila egisi.

"Bwadagu ivegu, bogwa ebiyagila totuwanela makaena." Ewa kalabiga irigemwa waga makaena. Odeyagaga iviviya deri gola vilamula isila wala iwokeya minana vai esoya bwadala oreya. Itokikimtaga Mlakwakuli kibubwatela karikeda imwa itomwa. Ewa bogwa esetoya valam. Eyokewaga iguvalapula. Esakaula wala imokeya. Makaena waga ikotakota, ikelisesila wala, "Ei! Mlagugule!"

"We ave tau yokwa?"

"A yokwa yegu."

"A bwadagu kutaina, avaka yepwam, kutaina tasila bwada."

"A yokwa yegu okumeyegu egigadegu molu okulaga."

"O bwena gola kuwa. Amakala sitana baigaki? Gala wala tawa tamasisi wala biyam." Lewa, gala avaka. Eiyobiribiri wala, ekeritana. Iwesaga iyosisa wala ikatamatisi. Iwariga waga Mlakwakuli emeya Omlamwaluwa. Bogwa etobu.

ENGLISH TRANSLATION

This is the story of two brothers, Mlagugula and Mlakwakuli, and their mother, Namwatana, from Omlamwaluwa Vil-lage. Namwatana gave birth to Mlagugula, her firstborn. When Mlagugula was born, his mother at first thought he was an earthworm and threw him under the house. Only after some time did she realize that it was moving. She said to herself, "Maybe it is a human being after all; let's have a closer look. It is, indeed; I shall breastfeed him." So she picked him up and nursed him. The baby was squint-eyed. She breastfed him until he was big and she became pregnant again. When she gave birth to her second born, she called him Mlakwakuli. When she saw him, his mother said, "This one is truly my son; he's very good-looking. I shall look after him properly." Namwatana breastfed him until Mlakwakuli was big and wanted no more.

Mlakwakuli grew into a beautiful young man. When he reached sexual maturity, he started going out with girls. In

contrast, his elder brother Mlagugula grew up into an ugly young adult. One day, Mlagugula was sitting on the veranda with his mother, who was peeling yams. Namwatana wasn't wearing the usual long fiber skirt but had put on a smaller one instead, so that it wouldn't get in the way while she was working. As she was squatting with the short fiber skirt on, Mlagugula caught a glimpse of her groin and shouted, "Oh, my mother, what was that? What did I just see?"

"Argh, you idiot!" his mother replied.

"No, I was just saying, mother, because you were squatting and you moved and I saw it and I liked it," Mlagugula insisted.

"You've really turned into a total idiot," she said. "Go away." Mlagugula left his mother and went to sit with his younger brother. One day, the people of Omarakana Village organized a dancing competition to please the chief's daughter. The news spread fast, "The chief's daughter is dancing at Omarakana!"

"Oh, my brother," said Mlagugula, "let's go see the dances." "Where?" Mlakwakuli asked.

"At Omarakana. Tomorrow," their mother said. They went to sleep, and when they woke up the next morning, Namwatana prepared a magic spell of attraction for her second born, Mlakwakuli. She washed Mlakwakuli's face with the bespelled water to make her son irresistible. When she was done, Mlagugula asked her, "Mother! How about me? What should I use for washing?"

"Go pick some *ilumtuma* leaves and rub them on your face," she said.

"Fine," Mlagugula replied, "I'm going to wash now," and he left, together with his brother, to wash. When they came back, their mother had already scraped some coconut, so that Mlakwakuli could rub his body with it and make it shiny and perfumed. Namwatana bespelled the coconut with her magic charm and put it on Mlakwakuli, but she didn't prepare any coconut for Mlagugula. When he saw his younger brother rubbing his body with the coconut oil, he asked his mother, "Namwatana, how about me? What am I going to put on my body?"

"Go behind the village, see if somebody has crapped there, and get yourself some watery poop. You can anoint your hair with it."

"Oh fine," Mlagugula said, and he did as he was told. He found plenty of excrement; he picked it up with his hands, and he put it on his hair, brushing it with a turtle shell comb.

After sticking the comb in his hair, Mlagugula joined his brother, and together they went to Omarakana. Each brother carried scented flower wreaths with him, but whereas Mlakwakuli had brought plenty of them, Mlagugula had only two instead. The chief's daughter and her friends were getting ready to dance when the chief's daughter said to her cousin, "My cousin, come here. You see those two guys over there? Go get the wreath of flowers from the youngest one," pointing toward Mlakwakuli. The girl's cousin walked up to Mlakwakuli and said, "Hey you, give me that wreath; the chief's daughter wants to wear it while she dances." Before Mlakwakuli could say anything, Mlagugula took his wreath off and offered it to the girl, "Here, have this one!"

"No, not yours," the cousin said in disdain.

"Oh, I know why you came here; you came here to get my wreath. Fuck your father and eat your shit" was Mlagugula's reply.

"No, not yours," the girl insisted. "My cousin told me to get the wreath from your younger brother."

"Oh well, take it then," said Mlagugula. Turning to his brother, he said, "Stay here; I'm going to join the singers and the drummers over there," and he walked away swearing and cursing. He joined the circle of musicians right at the time when they were reaching the climax of the song. Pleased by the music, Mlagugula entered the circle. Wanting to keep the beat of the song, he took off his turtle shell comb and started swinging it. As a result, the smell of crap floated all over the place as if somebody had a bad case of diarrhea.

"Guys, it smells like shit in here," one of the musicians noted.

Feeling offended, Mlagugula replied, "May you all fuck your wives and eat your own shit; I came here with my brother to enjoy the dances, and here you are, talking about crap." So he moved away and watched the rest of the dances with his brother until it was time to go back home. The next day, the brothers woke up and told their mother they wanted to go back to Omarakana and attend the dances again.

"Stay here and rest," their mother said.

"No, we want to go and see the rest of the dances," the brothers insisted, and they started getting ready. They looked for flowers to make their wreaths, and when they were done, they looked for mustard for chewing, but whereas Mlakwakuli got himself some real mustard, the dimwit Mlagugula picked up some big black millipedes instead and put them in his basket. Once they were ready, they walked to Omarakana to watch the festivities. This time, upon seeing them, the chief's daughter walked straight up to Mlakwakuli and took his flower wreath from his head, while Mlagugula's wreath stayed put there, nobody wanted it. After a while, Mlagugula announced, "Brother, stay here; I'm going to the drummers' circle."

"Fine, I'll stay here," Mlakwakuli replied. Not long after Mlagugula entered the circle, some of the musicians started complaining, "Guys, it smells like shit in here." Mlagugula replied, "Fellows, who knows, maybe it's your own, check if you've crapped yourselves. Or check if it wasn't a kid who did it."

"No, it's you, Mlagugula. Look at your hair; it's full of poop!"

"Fuck your wives and eat your shit," Mlagugula swore. "If you keep on accusing me, I'll wring your necks." Disgruntled, he walked to his brother and said, "Let's go." "Goodbye," said the chief's daughter.

"Later on, we'll come back for the *karibom* night dances," Mlakwakuli said, and he and Mlagugula went back home to have dinner. When they were done, they walked back to Omarakana for the *karibom* nighttime fun. While Mlagugula was walking around, the chief's daughter took Mlakwakuli with her to the chief's resting house, and they slept together. Mlagugula was wandering around the village aimlessly when he came upon the pigs' trough and started eating the leftovers. When he was done,

he saw an elderly woman coming his way. Mlagugula stood up and ripped the woman's old fiber skirt off. He ran away with the grass skirt; he wanted to take it to his mother. When Mlakwakuli woke up, before saying goodbye to him, his girlfriend gave him a beautiful grass skirt to take to his mother. Mlagugula arrived first in the village. He went to see his mother, and he offered her the fiber skirt, "Here, mother."

"What is this?" his mother inquired.

"It's a gift from my girlfriend to you," Mlagugula lied.

"I don't want it; it's old and in bad shape."

"Take it," insisted Mlagugula, "it's not that you can make yourself one anyway."

As they were arguing, Mlakwakuli showed up with his brand-new fiber skirt and said, "Mother, my girlfriend sends you this fiber skirt."

"Oh, this is a nice one," Namwatana said.

Mlagugula turned around and saw that his brother had no eyelashes left. "Oh, my brother, what happened to your eyes? Mother, what is this?"

"What is what," said Namwatana in disbelief, shocked that her son wouldn't know the Trobriand custom that has female lovers pluck the eyelashes and eyebrows of their partners when making love.

"My brother's eyes are no good," insisted Mlagugula, "his eyelashes are completely gone; what happened, how did he do that?"

"Well," Namwatana started, "it's because of the wasps. He went close to a wasps' nest and opened wide his eyes; that's how he got himself those fancy love marks."

"I'm going to look for a wasps' nest right now," said Mlagugula.

"Yes, but make sure it's a big black hornet," said his mother.

Mlagugula eventually found a hornet's nest that was as big as a sack. He stirred up the nest, and the hornets came out and started stinging him. They stung and stung until Mlagugula's eyes were swollen. He came back to his village with eyes so painfully swollen that he could barely see anything and asked his mother, "Like this, mother?"

"Yes, now your eyes are like your brother's," she said. But Mlagugula was unable to see even where he was walking. The next day, the two brothers went to Omarakana again, but they got into a fight with some of the young men there who were jealous of outsiders sleeping with the girls from their village. The chief's subjects came ready for the fight, and Mlagugula said to his younger brother, "Let's retreat, my brother; this is their territory," so they retreated to Kesanai. Once they were close to their village, Mlagugula said, "Enough, let's turn around now and meet them, my brother. Let's make our stand here and fight side by side." The people of Omarakana threw sticks and stones at them, until Mlagugula's hip was so swollen it looked like one of those coral mounds you see in the gardens. The two brothers ran away until they came to Okelagila first and then to Omlam-waluwa, their own village. The chief's subjects turned around and went back to Omarakana.

Mlagugula said to his brother, "Oh, my brother, they really hit me hard those guys; look at my hip, it's swollen like a coral mound. Those cowards, if I catch one of them, he won't be able to run away. And look here, I have a wound behind my ear that's also as big as a coral mound." But this episode didn't discourage Mlakwakuli, who kept on visiting the chief's daughter, until one day the chief said, "You commoners, tomorrow, I will begin the exchange of food and valuables between the two families to formalize the marriage of my daughter with Mlakwakuli. We'll accompany my daughter to Mlakwakuli's house." The next morning, the commoners started working: they killed the pigs and cooked the taro dumplings in coconut oil; they climbed the betel nut and brought it to the chief for his daughter's dowry. They took all those things to Namwatana, who gave them all the required counter gifts, and the marriage was sealed. Mlakwakuli was now living with his wife in his village. The season came when the breadfruit and the *menoni* (green jungle) fruit were ripe; all the trees were plentiful.

Mlagugula, who was jealous of his brother and secretly coveted his wife, said to him, "Mlakwakuli, your in-laws say they want to eat breadfruit. Go climb and get some breadfruit for them."

"No, they don't," protested Mlakwakuli's wife, "they never said that."

"They did," lied Mlagugula. "Go climb," he ordered his brother. So Mlakwakuli had no choice but to go climb a breadfruit tree. He stood on a big branch and plucked a big breadfruit with the help of a long pole. Mlagugula shouted from below, "They don't want the ones attached to the big branch; they don't eat those. Climb higher and aim for the smaller branches, the ones only birds can reach. Get them those; those are the fruits they really like. And leave that picking pole; you don't need it, use your hands instead." Mlagugula was waiting under the tree, thinking "he's going to fall down, and I will marry his wife." But Mlakwakuli climbed farther up and safely plucked the breadfruit from the very top branches and came down safely. Another day, Mlagugula told his brother, "Hey, your in-laws say they need *wawoma* pandanus leaves to make fiber skirts."

"And where am I going to find *wawoma*?" asked Mlakwakuli. "At Kaunamawa beach, beyond the cliff," Mlagugula replied.

"Oh, no way. That's too far, and it's too hard to get there," Mlakwakuli said.

"It's not. I'll come with you; we'll take the pole to help us." And turning to his mother, Mlagugula said, "Namwatana, prepare some food to take with us."

"Where are you going?" their mother inquired.

"I'm helping my brother get some pandanus leaves for his in-laws," said Mlagugula. Namwatana roasted some food for her sons, and they left for Kaunamawa. They came to the beach and pushed their canoe in the water, and Mlagugula said to his brother, "Sit in the front; I'll sit in the back and steer the canoe." They punted their canoe until they reached Kaulukuba, one of the beaches of Kwebwaga Village. There were some Kwebwaga

girls at the beach, getting saltwater. When they saw the canoe approaching, one of the girls asked, "Who are those two guys?"

"Mlagugula and Mlakwakuli," said another one.

"I would take the one at the front as my husband," said one of the girls, "but the one at the back looks like a burned down pandanus tree." The two brothers overheard some of the conversation, but Mlagugula, who was at the back of the canoe, wasn't quite sure what the girls had said, so he asked his brother, "What did they say?"

"I think they said, the one in the front of the canoe should be our husband, but the one at the back . . ."

"That's not true," Mlagugula cut short his brother. "Turn the canoe around," he added, so that he could be in the front and Mlakwakuli in the back. So they changed positions and Mlagugula came to the front, whereas his brother sat in the back. They kept on punting their canoe until they reached Liluta. The women of Liluta were filling up their saltwater containers at Kalawa beach when they saw the canoe approaching. "Aah," they said, "our husband is the one at the back. But the one at the front, he looks like a small black ant or something," the girls said. Mlagugula asked, "Brother, what did those girls just say?" Mlakwakuli replied, "They said, I wish the one at the back were my husband, but the one in front looks like a small black ant."

"Nonsense," replied Mlagugula, and he swore at them, "Fuck your brother; eat your shit!" And he said to his brother, "Let's change places again, come to the front; I'll sit in the back." So they changed spots, and they punted along until they went past Mwatawa, where the same thing happened with the women who were getting saltwater at the beach there. Fed up, Mlagugula said to his brother, "Sit there and do nothing; I'm going to punt some more until we reach Kaunamawa." When they reached Namugula, Mlakwakuli asked, "Is this it?"

"No, that's Namugula," Mlagugula said.

"Oh, it's an island," Mlakwakuli observed. They went on, and after a while Mlakwakuli asked again, "What's that place over there?"

"That's Silipupwaka," Mlagugula offered.

"So where is Kaunamawa?" Mlakwakuli asked.

"It's that island over there," Mlagugula lied. They kept on going until they reached shallow waters. "This is it. Pull our canoe ashore," Mlagugula ordered, "and go cut the pandanus leaves for your in-laws." When they were done cutting the pandanus, they brought it back to the beach and loaded their canoe. Mlagugula said to his brother, "Grab our spear and wade in the shallows over there; spear some fish, and bring them back here. We'll roast them, and we'll head back after eating them." Mlakwakuli obeyed; he took the spear and waded into an inlet nearby. While his brother was distracted fishing, Mlagugula pushed the canoe in the water. When he was near the reef passage he called out to his brother, "Eeee!" Mlakwakuli turned around and asked, "What?"

"Fight the creatures of the night, wrestle the creatures of midnight, and by dawn they shall devour you."

"Aah, my brother, bring the canoe back!" screamed Mlakwakuli with fear.

"No, no more you and I. You will stay here, and I will go marry your wife," Mlagugula said. Resigned, Mlakwakuli said, "Fine then, off you go; I have no choice but to stay here." And that's how Mlagugula marooned his brother. But Mlakwakuli didn't remain inactive. He went into the bush and collected throwing sticks and readied them. He prepared his weapons, and when the creatures of the evening came, he killed them all. And he did the same to those creatures that appear at midnight. And at dawn, too, he got rid of all the beasts that showed up. When the sun was up, he finally went to sleep. Meanwhile, Mlagugula was paddling the canoe away. When he reached the beach of Dukulawasi in Liluta, he started crying out loud, "Oh, my brother, us two, we were always together, oh, my brother, the two of us." People on the beach heard his laments getting closer and closer, and when he finally was within reach, they asked him, "Mlagugula, what happened?"

"You know my brother, Mlakwakuli? Through their powerful love magic, the women of Simsimla convinced my brother to stay there and marry them. I had to come back all by myself. Oh, poor widow, now you're going to have to cry for your husband, and you'll have to make up your mind," Mlagugula cried. When he made it home, he told his mother and his brother's wife the same story. His mother scolded him, "What are you talking about, you fool?"

"I'm telling you, he's not coming back; he's staying back there," said Mlagugula. And turning toward his brother's wife, he said, "And you, keep on crying, but you'll have to decide what to do soon. And I think the best thing is for us two to get married. Let's get married; what do you say?"

His mother yelled at him, "Shut up, you good for nothing. Just so you know, I won't feed you anymore."

"Why?" asked Mlagugula.

"Because you took Mlakwakuli away; he's your younger brother, you're responsible for him."

"I don't care; eat as much as you want," said Mlagugula. Namwatana and her daughter started grieving. Mlakwakuli's wife started her widowhood, and Namwatana started the mourning period for the lost son. They cried all night long. In the morning, the women started peeling food; they cooked tapioca and bananas and ate them. By that time, Mlagugula was so hungry he felt his stomach was backward. He called out, "Namwatana!"

"What?" answered his mother.

"Where did you put the leftovers?" Mlagugula asked. "What are you going to do with them? Oh, I want to fill up my stomach just a little bit."

"If you go and bring Mlakwakuli back, I will feed you real food," his mother said.

"Oh, I'm not asking for real food. Give me some of those leftovers of the food you ate with your daughter-in-law; that's barely rubbish, and you're going to throw it away anyway. Bring it here, and I'll fill my tummy." Mlagugula kept on begging, but Namwatana didn't feed him. "Tomorrow, go get your brother and bring him back."

"Fine, tomorrow, I'll go get him." He went to sleep, and the next day, he walked down to the beach and paddled his canoe out until he reached Silupupwaka. Mlakwakuli saw him approaching from the distance. He took a stingray he had been eating and hung it from a *reyava* tree on the beach. As it was getting darker, Mlagugula finally reached the beach. When he saw the bones of the stingray, he thought it was his brother's carcass and started crying, "Oh, my brother, we were one together, and now look at you, only your bones are left!" He came ashore and forgot about his canoe. He stumbled out of the water and came crying toward the stingray's carcass hanging from the tree in the dark. Meanwhile, Mlakwakuli walked on the reef toward the passage where the canoe was. Mlagugula was too busy crying and didn't notice his brother moving toward his canoe. When Mlakwakuli reached it, he sat inside and paddled away. He called out, "Hey! Mlagugula!"

Surprised, Mlagugula turned around, "Who's that?"

"It's me," Mlakwakuli said.

"Oh, my brother, turn around; come get me, and let's go," Mlagugula pleaded. "Why? You left me here to starve to death," Mlakwakuli said.

"Fine," Mlagugula conceded while his brother paddled away. "What am I going to do now? There's nothing else to do but to go to sleep and wait until the morning." But that was his mistake. He didn't prepare any weapons to ready himself for the night, and later on, the beasts came out and killed him. Mlakwakuli paddled the canoe back to Omlamwaluwa, and that was the end of it.

RELEVANT VOCABULARY:

eulatila (see Figure 55)

gugula

katuvira

Kaunamawa

kukuu

Mamugula

menoni

nipawa

Silipupwaka

tubuyusapi

vegu

SN 239 TOBWETALU (THE MAN FROM BWETALU)

A *kwanebu* folktale told by Towalawa, a man from Kapwani. Originally transcribed by Bernard Mwayubu and translated by Joachim Taugwaga.

SUMMARY

A Dokanikani ogre and his wife keep on tricking a child from Bwetalu Village in order to steal the villagers' food. Fed up

with the ogres, the villagers set up a trap with their pig-hunting dogs. The ogres run away from the dogs, and in their attempt to escape, they climb a house and hang on to the *mwamwala* gargoyles on the roof at both ends of the hut.

Kwanebuyee Tobwetalu

Bakwanebu Elidubwadebwa Dokanikani. Matosine tawau kasitelima. Ikariga inasi, ikariga tumasi. Isimwesaga isisusa osivalu. Ilosa ipolasi kasitevasi, bwadasi igau isimwa.

"Yokwa bukusimwa, kabwasi kadaviyasi."

Ikabwasi wala kasiviya, bikwari wala lewaga matona Dokanikani. "Mwa avaka kuvagi?"

"Gala ilosa tuwagwa ipolasi. Lakikabwasi kamaviyasi."

"Kuma avaka. A, kuma igau lagisi besa dabam ewelu. Takatububwati." "O kurigewa."

"Kuma, kuma, besa ewelu. Bakau kisi bakatububwati." Ikabikaula wala lema, kalabiga ikowana wala. Ikau gola kisi itoyeli wala odabala. Iyosi wala isikikiri noponela dabala tadoki kova.

"E bogwa. Meyaga sita kamiviya akomkwani."

"Mwa gala, taga kuyomadi kamaviyasi deri tuwagwa."

Ikau pilatala ikamkwam. "Mwa! Kaigidageda bwada!" Ila wala olakeda Dokanikani ila. Ikau pilayuwela ikomkwani.

"Kabitola okwakomasi. Sena kaigedageda viya."

"Mwa desi bogwa bukuvinaku kamaviyasi deri tuwagwa."

"A gala bala bwadada." Ewa wala. Ikeula pwatai iyaputai magulana viya. Eweyaki lakwawa ikamsi.

"Bala nabweya bama."

"Gewa, bokuyogagi dabagu."

"Gala nabweya bama." Ewa emasisi wala iyam gabogi mapulaga ivalapulasi wala. "Avaka pela dabam?"

"O tuwagwa, Dokanikani kuyakaulasi dabagu. Ke, ema gola kuluki wala ikau wala kisi iseki. Kidamwa ewelu ikatububwatiga."

"Ke bila nabweya bima? Kidamwa nabweya bima, bakalosa kapolasi, kukabwasi kadaviyasi, igau bima amakala kalananamasa vivigaki." Esisu wala ivalapulaga. "Mwa avaka kuvagi?"

"Lakabwasi kamaviyasi deri tuwagwa."

"Kuma, kuma."

"Kurigewa mwa, bogwa emmayuyu dabagu."

"Gala ke, besa lagisi, ewokeya kabulum esesila. Kumeya takatububwadi." Iritaki wala kalabiga. Eyosi wala gala gosala. Besa bogwa ikomsiu.

"E bogwa. Takam kadaviya."

"Kurigewa taga bikamsi kasiviya tuwagwa."

"Gala bakomkwani wala. A ina pilagedageda mapawena." Ila okadumalaga ila. "Meya pilayuwela bwada." Ekasidaki. "Gala, igadi kayogu." Eyosi wala ila ikalauta okadumalaga. Ekai pwatai leweya kuwalugwa wala kulau. Epwapolasi gola tuwala lemesa.

"A! Avaka pela kabulum besa etamwau?"

"A mtaga ekeita lema. Ekeita lema kidamwa ewelu ekatububwadi." Ivagi wala som kuwigekewa.

"A nabweyaga bakalosa, bukula bukuuri damwau makolana bitota, bukumaga kukwabwasi kadaviyasi, e bimaga." Ikabisi ilosa tuwala ipolasi. Emamataga. Isisu wala bogwa eyam valu, isimuwa ibwati kai ivigadi wala lakova elululu. Eyokewaga evalapula. "Mwa okusisu. E, kuma."

"A, avaka bukuvagi?"

"O kumeya pilata viya bwadada akomkwani." Eyokewa minana kaukwa ikagota. "A bwada! Avakaga besa?" Eyokokola. "E kumeya pilata viya akambala."

"Ke mwa, lewa kamviya." Iwokeya minana kaukwa ikagota. "Bwada! Igadeguga?"

"Gala, gala bigadem." Sivavasila kalabiga. "Meaga pilata viya akambala."

"Ke, lewa kamviya." Iyokewa wala kaukwa ekosewa wala odamwau. Emweya itoya emwa, emweya itoya emwa. Imema kedala sivalu sosola lakwava isakaula. E minana kaukwa bogwa ekagota wala okulumwala, okulumwala.

"Nata maunela valu bogwa laweya." Ivalupwari leweya. "Bukumwena kula okulumwala."

"Avela elukwem okumeya," elivala lakwava.

"Kweyakweila, komasi kamipopu. Nata maunela valu lasela lameya." Elidubwadebwa wala okakudumwala wala iyosi. Bogwa lewa kasilasala iyuvetauri kabulayuwela kudumwala iritaki Dokanikani. Iyokewa minana kaukwa ivai yeyuna opwepwaya.

Ikanigegeedu Elidubwadebwa. Ekatuyai kalineneu isekewa lamwala, "O numwa! Avakaga besa? Kaena yogwabu ke?"

"Mwa gewa, taga kulivala. O kula kuvakori, kweyakweila lokumeya, kweya komasi kamipopu." Eyosi etubwau yamala odibwadibwa ikapusi lela ikatumati wala. Ewa yeyuna etota eyosaga. Eyayosa etubwau yamala, ekapusi ela ekatumati. Ekeita minana kaukwa ilokeya tubula ekaligasi matosine ekanawesa.

ENGLISH TRANSLATION

I'm going to tell you the story of two ogres, Elidubwadebwa and Dokanikani, and the people of Bwetalu. There were five brothers living in Bwetalu. Their parents were both dead. One day, four of the brothers went fishing and left the youngest one back in the village with the following instructions: "You will stay here and roast our giant taros." So the youngest brother roasted the giant taros as he was told, and while he was scraping off the burnt bits, a Dokanikani ogre showed up and asked him, "Hey, what are you doing?"

"Nothing much," replied the boy, "my elder brothers went fishing; I'm roasting our giant taros."

"Come here one second; I think I've spotted something," said Dokanikani. "It looks like your head is irregularly shaped, come here and I'll fix it."

"Forget it," replied the boy.

"Come, come here," insisted Dokanikani. "Your head is clearly disproportionate. Let me get some stingray skin, and I'll rub it until it's smooth all over." The ogre took the stingray sandpaper and started rubbing the boy's head with it. He rubbed it so energetically that the boy's head was as red as fire.

"Yes, that's it," said Dokanikani. "Now give me some of that giant taro, let me try it." "No, I don't want to waste it; this giant taro is for me and my brothers," the boy replied. But the ogre ignored the boy. He took a piece of taro and ate it.

"Bah, this taro bites; it's too itchy. You haven't cooked it properly," said Dokanikani, and with that he threw the taro away toward the path he had taken to come to Bwetalu and reached for another piece.

"Same for this one," the ogre said, "it's too irritating," and he threw it away.

"Hey, enough," said the boy, "you're going to finish it all! That's for my brothers and me." "It's inedible," replied Dokanikani after having eaten most of it, "I'm going away now." And with that the ogre left, but not before having collected the rest of the taro that was roasting on the fire and the pieces he had thrown away on the path leading back to his place. Dokanikani put the taros in his basket and took them to his wife. Before he left, the ogre said to the boy, "I'll come back tomorrow."

"Don't!" said the boy. "You're going to ruin my head."

"No way, I'm coming back tomorrow," insisted Dokanikani. The boy went to sleep, and when he woke up the next morning, his brothers were back from their fishing trip. "What happened to your head?" they asked.

"Oh, my brothers, Dokanikani came and told me my head was irregular. He said he was going to fix it. He took the skin of a stingray, and he sandpapered it; he rubbed it until it was red."

"And is he coming back tomorrow?" the brothers asked. "Actually, tomorrow, we're going fishing again. Stay here and roast our giant taros; let's see what the ogre does and if he dares come back." The next day, after the brothers went fishing, Dokanikani came by again. He asked, "Boy, what are you up to?"

"I'm roasting these giant taros for my brothers."

"What's that? Come here, come," said Dokanikani.

"Forget it, I don't want to," said the boy, "my head still hurts from the other day."

"No listen, I've spotted the problem, it's your nose: it protrudes too much. Come here; we need to even it out," said the ogre. Dokanikani grabbed the boy and took some sandpaper. He rubbed and rubbed until the cartilage in the boy's nose was all gone.

"That's it," said Dokanikani when he was done, "now it's time to eat our taros." "Forget it; those taros are for my brothers," said the boy.

"No, it's fine," insisted Dokanikani, "I'm only going to taste them." He took a piece and ate it. "Ah, this one stings my mouth," and he tossed it beyond the last houses of the village. "Pass me another piece, my brother," said Dokanikani. He tried it and said, "No, not well cooked; it itches in my throat," and he threw it in the same direction. The ogre tried all the taros, until all had been thrown away behind the village. He left the boy there and walked toward the end of the village where he had thrown the taros. He collected them all and put them away in his basket, and he went back to his place to share the taros with his wife. Later on, the four brothers came back from fishing. "Ah!" they exclaimed when they saw their younger brother. "How come your nose is missing?"

"The ogre came back," said the boy, "he said my nose was too disproportionate, and he rubbed it away with sandpaper."

"Tomorrow, when we go away, you'll stay here. See that drinking trough over there? Lift it up and make it stand after we're gone. Then come over here and roast the taros and wait for the ogre to come back," the brothers said. The next day, the elder brothers went fishing. It was already daylight when the boy woke up. He chopped some wood and built a fire. It wasn't long before Dokanikani showed up, "Hi boy, here you are. Come here." "What for?" the boy asked.

"Just bring me a piece of that taro; I'm going to try it," Dokanikani said. As soon as he finished talking, a dog barked somewhere.

"What's that?" asked the ogre. "It scared me."

"Nothing, it's just a dog. Here, have some taro," offered the boy. A dog barked again. "Is it going to bite me?" asked the ogre.

"No, it doesn't bite, don't worry," said the boy.

"Fine, pass me the taro then," said Dokanikani. The dog barked a third and a fourth time. At that point, a dog came barking from behind the trough that was standing. He came close to Dokanikani, then he ran back; then he came close again and went back. Each time the dog was getting closer. As he heard other dogs barking, the ogre started making his way toward the village entrance, where his wife was waiting for him to help him carry the taros away. "The village dogs are chasing me. Run! To the ridge pole, climb the ridge pole," Dokanikani said to his wife Elidubwadebwa. Now the two ogres were running away, with a pack of dogs chasing right behind them.

"Who told you to attract the dogs' attention," complained his wife. Dokanikani swore, "Damn dogs, they're upon us!" Elidubwadebwa climbed a nearby house and held on to the ridge pole that holds the roof. Dokanikani came right behind her and climbed the back end of the same hut and hung there like a bat. The dogs were standing on their rear legs, trying to catch the ogres and wagging their tails. As she was trying to climb higher, Elidubwadebwa faced away from Dokanikani, and when the ogre turned around, he was facing his wife's bum, "Oh, my wife, what is that? It looks like you got burned there in the middle; it's badly charred in there."

"Shut up you idiot," said Elidubwadebwa. "Why did you have to bring me along?" Elidubwadebwa was getting tired of holding on to the ridgepole. Eventually, she fell off, and the dogs finished her. The rest of the dogs, standing on their back legs, reached Dokanikani's hands and brought him down and killed him. And that's how the brothers got rid of the ogres with the help of their hunting dogs.

COMMENTS

This is the classic Tobwetalu story, a popular *kwanebu*, often depicted in the carved wooden stools made in Bwetalu Village (Figure 79). Camillus Mlabwema Mkwesipu and Nagia commented, "There are bits and pieces of many other stories in this one, with good sense of humor; this story lends itself to many impersonations by the storyteller if they are good enough."

RELEVANT VOCABULARY:

bwabwau
damwau
kisi
konepa / kwanepa
kokulumwala / kulumwala (see Figure 57)
siboeki / subwaiki
tonadanada (see Figure 67)
vaipulou
vebuwabu
vekolokula
velela
veuyedi?

SN 249 BUBUNA (THE WHITE DOVE)

A *kwanebu* folktale told by Wenama from Kaibola. He obtained the story from his grandfather, Kabwenova. Originally transcribed and translated by Henry Lupovalu.

SUMMARY

Bubuna, the white dove from Kawakena, gives birth to a human boy. One day, her baby gets trapped inside a canoe sail in the making. After the sail is sewn together it gets thrown in the sea. Bubuna's baby keeps on calling his mother while floating at sea, but by the time she reaches him he's already dead.

Kwanebuyee Bubuna

Kwanebuyee minana Bubuna. Minana Bubuna mauna Okawakena mesisikiya.

E isisu ivalulu latula tomotatola. Isisusa ibasisi laya minakawakena isakaulamutona gwadi ilokeya walaya. Ibisibasisi wala itokeyasi imesa imasisi mutona gwadi walaya igisimwesa ikatubilisa kutokavalasa okwadewa ilai deli layela ila ikuluwevi. Inalaga isisu wala evakapula imwakeya gala latula ikatupoi gala wala. Itakenausa wala kidamuwa.

Ikanukwenu ilagi latula levina olumwala bwarita deli laya. "O Bubuna buneroro-o-o sikawai sikamai sikayouyou. Ovinago amutavakanaga."

Igisemwa iyaula, "Olatugu bogwa elai ela obwarita." Iyowa inal. I yoyowa wala itola odabala mayana laya ekanukwenu.

I lagi latula bogwa litola ivina. "O Bubuna buneroro-o-o sikawai sikamai sikayouyou. Inagu amu matavakanaga."

"Otuda kadayamu, kadabogi bikatuligavela osivalu kadamuwa."

E ikuluwi besa ikuluwi wala etaini ivakanasa Lomuyuwu makala ivina latula, "O Bubuna buneroro-o-o sikawai sikamai sikayouyou. O inago amumatavakanaga."

FIGURE 79. Wooden tables made by Topupayoyu, a carver from Bwetalu. They are usually carved from a single block of *meku* wood (known as *kwila* in the rest of PNG, *Intsia bijuga*). These types of *tokwalu* (carvings for tourists) became popular after Mrs. Lumley, a trader who settled in Kiriwina in the early 1930s with her husband, encouraged carvers there to make pieces of furniture for *dimdins* (see Campbell, 2002:45). Stools and tables (*tebeli*) are still made in Bwetalu and are, to this day, one of the most popular carvings out of the Trobriand Islands. They often feature dogs standing on their rear legs and holding a human head in their front paws, illustrating the classic Tobwetalu folktale. According to many carvers, the dog is a popular animal in Bwetalu because Bwetaluans are among the few Trobrianders who eat wild pigs, hunting them with the help of dogs. These particular carvings show the dogs as they stand while trying to reach the ogres. See also Figure 57. (Photos by Sergio Jarillo.)

"O tuda lalukwemu kadayamu kadabogi kadayam kadabogi bukatuligaveda osivalu kadamwa."

E ikuluwi, ikuluwi ikuluwi itaina makala Bomatu ivina, "Bubuna buneroro-o-o sikawai sikamai sikayouyou. Oi inago amu matavakanai."

"O tuda kadayamu kadabogi kadayamu kadabogi lukatulegayeda osivalu kadamwa." Ikuluwi besa bogwa katitekana wowola eyawelu.

Ikuluwi bogwa Liluta makala ivina, "O Bubuna buneroro-o-o sikawai sikamai sikayouyou. Oi inagu amu matavakanaga?"

"Otuda bogwa katikenila kadamwa sivalu bogwa bikatuligaveda."

E ikuluwi ivalutu osivalu kadala makala Omulamwaluva okudewala ivina obwarita. "O Bubuna buneroro-o-o sikawai sikamai sikayouyou. Inago amu vatakanago?"

"O tuda bogwa odayaga lata vakana, bogwa bikatuligaveda osivalu kadamwa."

E ivina, e Osapola bogwa evakana ivina, "O Bubuna buneroro-o-o sikawai sikamai sikayouyou. Inago amu matavakanaga?"

"O tuda bogwa Osapola latavakanga."

E ikanuwadeni ivina, "O Bubuna buneroro-o-o sikawai sikamai sikayouyou. Inago amu matavakanaga."

"O tuda bogwa katininela Okunawotu."

Ela katinela Okunawotu ivina latula. "O Bubuna buneroro-o-o sikawai sikamai sikayouyou. Inago amu matavakanaga?"

"O tuda bogwa lukatuligaveda Okunawotu. Kegala bogwa ekikeila pikekita."

Ikariga manana gwadi. E katikenila kwadewa bogwa bikatuligai, "Bubuna buneroro-o-o sikawai sikamai sikayouyou. Inago amu matavakanaga?"

"O tuda bogwa ikatuligaeda."

Itobusi iulemwa makapwana laya ikau isemwa oguvagava itoli iulemwa imwakeya latula bogwa ikariga iyowa mina bubuna ilokeya luleta iluki ilosa ikausa latula ilau ovalu ibakusa.

Bogwa mesiniku.

ENGLISH TRANSLATION

This is the story of Bubuna, the white dove. Bubuna lives at Kawakena. She gave birth to a human being. They were staying there, and one day when the Kawakena people were weaving a sail for a canoe, the small boy ran inside the sail. They all went to sleep in the night and wrapped up the sail with the small boy in it and threw the sail in the sea.

His mother was cooking, and she noticed that her child was nowhere to be seen; she asked but received no answer. They pretended that they didn't know.

While lying down, she heard her son chanting in the sea.

"O Bubuna buneroro-o-o sikawai sikamai sikayouyou, oh, mother, where are we?" His mother said, "Oh, my son, they threw him in the sea."

His mother left and flew to the sea. She ran and stood on the sail he was wrapped in. He heard his mother standing on the sail and he sang, "O Bubuna buneroro-o-o sikawai sikamai

sikayouyou, my mother, where are we?" "Son, it will take us day and night before we reach your uncles' land."

They just floated away, and they went to Lomyuwa, and he sang, "O Bubuna buneroro-o-o sikawai sikamai sikayouyou, mother, where are we?"

"Oh, son, I've already told you it will take us day and night, day and night before we reach your uncles' place."

They floated and went to Bomatu and he sang, "Bubuna buneroro-o-o sikawai sikamai sikayouyou, oh, mother where are we?"

"Oh, son it will take us day and night, day and night before we reach your uncles' home." They floated, and they were getting close, but his body also was getting weaker. They floated to Liluta and he sang, "O Bubuna buneroro-o-o sikawai sikamai sikayouyou. Oh, mother where are we?"

"Oh, son, you uncles' place is now close."

They floated, and his uncles' place was nearby, like the distance from Omulamwaluva to Kaibola, and he chanted again, "O Bubuna buneroro-o-o sikawai sikamai sikayouyou, my mother, where are we now?" "We are now near the shore of your uncles' place."

When they reached Osapola he sang, "O Bubuna buneroro-o-o sikawai sikamai sikayouyou, mother where are we now?"

"We are now at Osapola," his mother replied.

They went farther, and he sang, "O Bubuna buneroro-o-o sikawai sikamai sikayouyou, mother, where are we up to now?"

"We are near Okunawotu."

When they were near Okurawotu, her son sang, "O Bubuna buneroro-o-o sikawai sikamai sikayouyou, mother, where are we now?"

"We will go ashore at Okurawotu."

His voice was getting lower and lower. That small boy was going to die.

When they were close to the shore he chanted, "Bubuna buneroro-o-o sikawai sikamai sikayouyou, mother, where are we now?"

"My son, we have come to the shore."

She opened up the sail and put it near the shrubs and saw that her son was dead, and so she flew to her brothers and told them; they came, carried the body, and buried it in the village. And that is all.

SN 260 LEILEI (A MAN'S NAME)

A *kwanebu* folktale told by Sebwagau from Kabulula. He obtained the story from his father. Originally transcribed by Norbert Dilau and translated by Joachim Taugwaga.

SUMMARY

A boy and his mother are magically transported from Kiriwina to Iwa Island while they are underwater. His mother

marries a man from Iwa but dies shortly afterward. With time, the son digs out his mother's corpse and sails back to Kiriwina, magically resuscitating her along the way.

Kwanebuyee Leilei

Leilei mesikeya Omarakana. Isakasa buyagu Vakaelu. Isisusa, Isisusa, ilosa deri litula ikwayenikwasi obuyagu. Etokaya lema pela kalakavata isiwa ikowari sikekonisi litula. Ewaweya ewaweya iwokwa togumalawa, tonenia, topopewa, tokilikilili, togana. Bogwa evalam, imwasila, ikabi ila. Ila waligsa oreya. Ikikalai kaladagula isikam kalasegadula, kalaumakata, kalaluluboda, isoba ikatubayasa evenoku ikabila walaka. Ila okalalaka inala itori iseki, "Leilei Leilei, Leilei Leilei, Leilei Leilei, kamivana miyamiya dougu Leilei tariye okweibakwegu." Ekai biga kadala obuyagu, "Nomwaya! Kutokeyasi talakayasi. Kadagu keigala bo lalagi Omarakana." Ekau biga lakwawa, "Gala, maunela totova orebwaga."

"Gala igau bivinavau kulegasi." E ivinabau iseki, "Leilei Leilei, Leilei Leilei, Leilei Leilei, kamivana miyamiya dougu Leilei tariye okagukwapa."

"E kukeulasi daguguasi basakaulaga." Dayagila itori esekiga, "Leilei Leilei, Leilei Leilei, Leilei Leilei, kamivana miyamiya dougu Leilei tariye okwetutugwe." Isakaulaga iwa isigumanuma itori iseki, "Leilei Leilei, Leilei Leilei, Leilei Leilei, kamivana miyamiya dougu Leilei tariye okweipiyapagu." Isakaula kadala okigisa etori iseki, "Leilei Leilei, Leilei Leilei, Leilei Leilei, kamivana miyamiya dougu Leilei tariye okuvarigwe." Isakaula kadala Kabulula itori iseki, "Leilei Leilei, Leilei Leilei, Leilei Leilei, kamivana miyamiya dougu Leilei tariye olopogu." Isakaulaga kadala Wawaga itori iseki, "Leilei Leilei, Leilei Leilei, Leilei Leilei, kamivana miyamiya dougu Leilei tariyeee okukugu." Isakaula kadala Kasanai itori iseki, "Leilei Leilei, Leilei Leilei, Leilei Leilei, kamivana miyamiya dougu Leilei tariyeee okeyogu." Isakaula kadala Iyogwabu itori iseki, "Leilei Leilei, Leilei Leilei, Leilei Leilei, kamivana miyamiya dougu Leilei tariyeee odabagu!" Isakaula kadala olopola Omarakana itori iseki, "Leilei Leilei, Leilei Leilei, Leilei Leilei, kamivana miyamiya dougu Leilei tariye etokuwasi." Sivipapala inala sivipapala matona.

Ivatilawasa wala ilosa ikomenagwasi. Ivalutusi wala olabagula Gumaiwa iwokeyasa tau ikanukwenu. Ikaigeyesa kuluwatala isui inala isui latula tomwadu wala latula namwadu inala imimisi gola Gumaiwa imimitotu.

"O geraki! Natana vabire tetala tau ogubagula emasisisi. Kusisusa balaga. Avaka wari ulabagula." Isakaula wala iwakaya Leilei usola inala, "Avaka kuvagisa? Ambesa ilem tolem kutageyesa ula tou?"

"A ilegu Omarakana latugu Leilei. Alotilawa lakama wala Iwa."

"O kusususa, balaga akeula moligalegsa, seyoyu bameya bukusikamsi. Ula kwawa yokwa, latugu Leilei talosa ovalu." Ivakori Gumaiwa ilau ovalu. Ivea isiyewa. Esisusa wala ikariga inala ibakusa. Ikitakaewasi tamala itokwakau. Sibaleko igabu ikau biga latula, "Kula kadiyagu bitala tasopu."

"Gala kula kusopu, basisuga kamwasawasi deri sagwa." Ikabila isopu tamala elukiga gudisi Iwa, "Tamwesa takwoyenikwasi." Ikeitasi ewesa bikwoyenikwasi. Ikwoyenikwasi iwaweya minaiwa ima irigewa. Itowesaga ilukwesa, "O tonenia, o tonenia, yokwa topokeya, tokorikiriri, yokwa togana, yokwa gala misigisala mmalu lokuma. Ommalu kugisapwala." Bogwa evalam lema eigiri utiviya lakema tamala makaena kweisila bitea siwaga. Itatea einaku, ema tamala obuyagu ekatupoi, "Taga Leilei ambesa lemwa?"

"A ekikowaga orumata."

"A yamagu utuviya bapilasi." Etatai wala tamala erigewa kawalawa makaewena kweisila, "O gala kalatuta kowaga, besa kalatuta bagula. Takeita tala ovalu tala obuyagu." Ekeimari latula imeya. Eyam euri yagogu, "Tamuwa tabagula."

"Gala kula basibwegaga."

"Gala sena kuyowaisi deri samwa. Elulukwemsi."

"E bwena wala kula basimwaga." Ila tamala ibagula ikoleku ikau lakema tamala elukibari kayuwela. E igubwagu einaku itutu iwokwa mwada biwai duku bibia ememaga tamala obuyagu, "Taga Leilei?" Isakaula tamala lewa, "Yamagu utuviya bapilasi." Itasisavi wala liwopusagi pilayuwela iwaiki wala pilayu.

"Gala kalatuta kowaga, kalatuta bagula. Tala bitabagula." Eyam kalabiga emasisisi. "E tamuwa tabagula."

"Gala kula basigwegaga."

"O kweisila bogwa lokuinaku. Tala tabagula obuyagu."

"O kula basigwegaga." Ikavi tamala ila imakeyaga lawaga tamala ibia ila okwadewa. Ikebasi ivinaku eyoni einaku nakariga wala eluki. Opatapatili isela. Ivitau iwaweya kaelagila iwokwa ilagwa kalola ikikabi inala iwokwa, mwali iwokwa veiguwa iwokwa ila wawaga ivitau kai iwokwa ilagwa kalola ikewa. Iseki, "Baulawola tiriyei, baulawola tiriyei. Bo ila bo ila kumata, bo ila bo ila kumova. Kumata kugisega kibwaula givanuvi kebwaula kinivina." Evavagi inala kaikela imwatatina wala opitapatili. Isakaula gola Kitava edolagwa iseki, "Baulawola tiriyei, baulawola tiriyei. Bo ila bo ila kumamata, bo ila bo ila kumova. Kumata kugisega kebwaula givanuvi kinivina." Evavagi kweyayuwela kaikela inala imwatatina wala opitapatili emova. Idobusi kalabiga Dauya edolagwa Gilibwa e iseki, "Baulawola tiriyei, baulawola tiriyei. Bo ila bo ila kumamata, bo ila bo ila kumova. Kumamata kugisega kibwaula givanuvi kebwaula kinivina." Evavagi inala kweyatala yamala bo emwamova. Isakaula gola Wawela isekiga, "Baulawola tiriyei, baulawola tiriyei. Bo ila bo ila kumamata, bo ila bo ila kumova. Kumata kugisega kibwaula givanuvi kebwaula kinivina." Imamoya yamala kweyayuwela inala. Ikosavari wala ikanamwa. Isakaula gola Dukutaisi Kaelopa iseki, "Baulawola tiriyei, baulawola tiriyei. Bo ila bo ila kumamata, bo ila bo ila kumova. Kumamata kugisega kibwaula givanuvi kebwaula kinivina." Evavagi kalabiga matala inala emitalala kwetala opitapatili. Isakaulaga Mweuya iseki, "Baulawola tiriyei, baulawola tiriyei. Bo ila bo ila kumamata, bo ila bo ila kumova. Kumamata kugisega kibwaula givanuvi kebwaula kinivina." Evavagi kweyuwela matala inala emitalala itomwa. Isakaula gola Kagerauri, Yakaeba iseki,

"Baulawola tiriyei, baulawola tiriyei. Bo ila bo ila kumamata, bo ila bo ila kumova. Kumamata kugisega kibwaula givanuvi kebwaula kinivini." Ivavagi inala opitapatili esimalaula esili. Isakaula wala Lubabelu iseki, "Baulawola tiriyei, baulawola tiriyei. Bo ila bo ila kumamata, bo ila bo ila kumova. Kumamata kugisega kibwaula givanuvi kebwaula kinivini." Edovayari wala Kaduvilavala ikatupoi, "Makwena avela lakowalawa?"

"Bivakiula lakawalawa. Mna itolai Midiyani." Emakwenaga, "Avela lakowalawa?" Inala imamata eluki, "A lakawalawa Giyokaetapa."

"Makwena avela lakawalawa?"

"Makwena lakawalawa Mrewaga."

"Makwena lakawalawa?"

"Manakwa dakawalawa, yagala Kaulukuba."

"Makwenaga avela lakawalawa?"

"Wiya, mintabalu."

"Makwena avela lakawalawa?"

"Makwena yagala Wagai, Modiyala lakawalawa."

"E bitakota Kaulukuba." Eduvayari wala Kaulukuba ilosa ikotasi. Ilosa isebutusi Omarakana.

E tomota elivalasi, "E kulokeyasa Leilei sola inala bogwa ekotasi. Iwa emesa Kaulukuba ekotasu. Kutapelasi mwali kumeyesa ovalu." Elosa itapelasi ikatumwamwesasi emeyesa ovalu. Eyam ekomkwepolusi iwokwa tutala bikam kadala deri litula ekau sabu lemeya ikapituni keyasi kadala deri litula. Iwea lakwava kadala, e iguyau Omarakana isimwa.

ENGLISH TRANSLATION

This is the story of Leilei, a boy from Omarakana. At that time, people were making gardens in a field called Vakaelu. One day, Leilei went to the garden with some other children. The children were hunting for lizards with their toy bows. While playing, the children knocked down Leilei's platform. Infuriated, he took their toys and broke them with his hands. In his fury, Leilei beat the children up. When he was done, the children swore at him; they told him he was a bastard with no relatives, that he was scum and as worthless as the gravel washed ashore on the beach. Filled with shame and humiliation, Leilei went away crying. He walked back to his resting house by the cliffs, for he was indeed all alone. He put on his body ornaments; he donned his feathers, including the centerpiece *umakata* one, his dangling seashell headband, and his *luluboda* anklets of white cowry shells. Leilei then painted his face and went to the graveyard. There, he stood in front of his mother's grave and chanted, "Leilei, Leilei, Leilei, Leilei, Leilei, Leilei, your charmed aromatic herbs captivated my mind. Leilei, the tide mark is now reaching my ankles." His uncle, who was in the garden, said to his wife, "My wife, pack our things and let us leave immediately because I have heard my nephew's voice coming from Omarakana."

"No, what you have heard are the voices of the wandering seabirds resting on the coral ridges," objected the wife.

"No, I'm pretty sure it was him. When he chants again, please do listen carefully," the uncle insisted. Soon after, Leilei chanted again, "Leilei, Leilei, Leilei, Leilei, Leilei, Leilei, your charmed aromatic herbs captivated my mind. Leilei, the tide mark is now reaching below my knees." Leilei's uncle ran, and as he reached Dayagila, Leilei chanted again, "Leilei, Leilei, Leilei, Leilei, Leilei, Leilei, your charmed aromatic herbs captivated my mind. Leilei, the tide mark is now reaching my knees." As his uncle reached Ewaisi Gumanuma, he heard his nephew chanting, "Leilei, Leilei, Leilei, Leilei, Leilei, Leilei, your charmed aromatic herbs captivated my mind. Leilei, the tide is swallowing my body and is now up my thighs." The race continued, and when his uncle reached Ekelisa Malaka, he heard Leilei's lament again, "Leilei, Leilei, Leilei, Leilei, Leilei, Leilei, your charmed aromatic herbs captivated my mind. Leilei, the tide has come up to my hip." His uncle kept on running, and as he was reaching Kabulula, he heard Leilei's chant again, "Leilei, Leilei, Leilei, Leilei, Leilei, Leilei, your charmed aromatic herbs captivated my mind. Leilei, the tide has now come up to my stomach." As his uncle arrived at Wawaga, Leilei sang again, "Leilei, Leilei, Leilei, Leilei, Leilei, Leilei, your charmed aromatic herbs captivated my mind. Leilei, the rising high tide is now coming up to my chest." His uncle kept running; when he arrived at Kasanai, he heard Leilei one more time, "Leilei, Leilei, Leilei, Leilei, Leilei, Leilei, your charmed aromatic herbs captivated my mind. Leilei, the rising tide is coming up to my neck." Leilei's uncle was getting tired and breathless from running. By the time he reached Yogabu, he heard his nephew chanting, "Leilei, Leilei, Leilei, Leilei, Leilei, Leilei, your charmed aromatic herbs captivated my mind. Leilei, the high tide has now reached my head." The uncle came to the middle of Omarakana Village when Leilei chanted his last words, "Leilei, Leilei, Leilei, Leilei, Leilei, Leilei, your charmed aromatic herbs captivated my mind. Leilei, the tide is now *above* my head." Leilei's mother appeared to him underwater. Side by side, Leilei and his mother reemerged from the sea at Iwa Island. They walked up the island together and came to a sugarcane garden belonging to a man named Gumaiwa. They untied the sugarcane branches that were tied together in the garden and went inside. Both Leilei and his mother were fully naked. That night, Gumaiwa dreamt someone was in his garden. The next morning Gumaiwa was revisiting his dream, "I'm pretty sure one woman and one man were sleeping in my garden. Stay here, I'm going to have a look." Gumaiwa came and found Leilei and his mother in the garden. "What are you doing here? You have untied my sugarcane bunches, where are you from?"

"Aah, I'm from Omarakana, and this is my son, Leilei. We came underground and emerged here at Iwa," Leilei's mother said.

"Stay here," said Gumaiwa, "I'm going to get you a pubic leaf and a fiber skirt, so you both have something to wear. Then I'm going to marry you and adopt your son, Leilei, as mine. We will live in my village." So Gumaiwa married Leilei's mother, and they all lived in Iwa. One day, Leilei's mother died, and

they buried her there, in Iwa. Gumaiwa became a widower during the garden-clearing season, and he mourned his dead wife throughout. However, after the gardens were cleared and burnt, Gumaiwa said to Leilei, "My son, get our yam seedlings, and both of us will go and plant them."

"No," objected Leilei, "I want to stay home; you go and plant the seeds." After his father went to the garden, Leilei said to the children of Iwa, "Let us go and hunt small lizards," and he took the children of Iwa lizard hunting. During their hunt, Leilei slapped and beat the children and left them in the bush. As he was leaving, the Iwans swore, "You are scum, you bastard, you are as worthless as pumice rock washed ashore. You hit us as if this were your village, your land, and your birthplace, but you're nothing but a foreigner." Offended, Leilei cried while he walked away. He came to the village and took his father's axe and started felling the *kweisila* tree. He chopped the tree down and started hollowing it out and shaping it into a canoe. When his father returned from the garden, he asked, "Where is Leilei?"

The villagers told him, "He has gone to the seashore to make a canoe." Gumaiwa came down to the beach and said to his son, "Give me the axe, let me help you." But instead of helping him, Gumaiwa split the log into pieces. "This is not the time for canoe making, it is time for gardening. Let's go back to the village; there's work to do in the gardens." Gumaiwa brought his son back. The next morning, Gumaiwa put the yam seedlings in a basket and said to his son, "Let's go to the garden."

"No, you go; I'll stay in the village" was Leilei's reply.

"You always end up fighting with your friends; they say nasty things to you, and you get vexed," objected Gumaiwa.

"Go to the gardens, but let me stay in the village," insisted Leilei. After his father was gone, Leilei took the axe and felled another *kweisila* tree in the bush. He shaped the log into a canoe, took a heavy vine and was getting ready to drag the log to the beach to finish the canoe there when his father returned from the garden and asked in the village, "Where is Leilei?"

"Oh, we saw him in the bush; he has cut down another tree today." His father came to him and said, "Pass me the axe, and let me help you." But when he took the axe, he split the canoe log into two pieces instead and said, "This is not the time for making canoes; it's the time for making gardens. Let's go home and work in the gardens." When they woke up the next morning, Leilei's father said, "Come, let's go and work in the garden." "No," replied Leilei, "you go and work in the garden; I'll stay here in the village."

"What for?" asked his father. "You have already cut down all the *kweisila* trees. Forget that; let's go to the garden together."

"You go; let me stay in the village," insisted Leilei. When Gumaiwa was gone, Leilei pulled his father's canoe on the beach. He repaired the canoe and fixed the lashings. When he was done, he dug up his dead mother's corpse and placed it on the canoe's platform. Then he fixed a hearth in the canoe to be used as a cooking place; he put up the mast and got the sail ready to go. He took the Kula armshells and necklaces that were decorating

his mother's body and placed them in the canoe. The wind filled his sail, and Leilei's canoe glided away. After a while, he chanted his magic spell, "Oh, I paddle with the tide, I paddle with the tide. You left, you left me already, you have died. Come to life again, open your eyes, and see the outline of our island home Kiriwina." As he finished chanting, his mother's leg moved on the canoe's platform. The canoe kept on sailing and came to Kitava when Leilei repeated his magical chant, "Oh, I paddle with the tide, I paddle with the tide. You left, you left me already, you have died. Come to life again, open your eyes, and see the outline of our island home Kiriwina." On the canoe's platform, his mother moved the other leg. He sailed through the sea of Dauya and came to Gilibwa, where he chanted, "Oh, I paddle with the tide, I paddle with the tide. You left, you left me already, you have died. Come to life again, open your eyes, and see the outline of our island home Kiriwina." As a result, one of his mother's hands came to life again. He sailed on and came to Wawela and chanted his spell again, "Oh, I paddle with the tide, I paddle with the tide. You left, you left me already, you have died. Come to life again, open your eyes, and see the outline of our island home Kiriwina." As he finished chanting, his mother's other hand moved and lay still again. Leilei pushed on and came to Dukutaisi Kaelopa, and from there he chanted, "Oh, I paddle with the tide, I paddle with the tide. You left, you left me already, you have died. Come to life again, open your eyes, and see the outline of our island home Kiriwina." Lying on the canoe platform, his mother opened one of her eyes. The canoe kept on sailing and made it to Mweuya beach. Leilei launched his spell another time, "Oh, I paddle with the tide, I paddle with the tide. You left, you left me already, you have died. Wake up and open your eyes, and see the mist and smoke of our home Kiriwina." When he had finished chanting, his mother opened the other eye. When he went past Kagerauri and upon reaching Yakaeba beach, Leilei chanted one last time, "Oh, I paddle with the tide, I paddle with the tide. You left, you left me already, you have died. Wake up and open your eyes and see the mist and smoke of our home Kiriwina." At that point, Leilei's mother sat up on the canoe's platform. They continued the journey to Lubabelu and onward with the tide. When they reached Kaduvilavala, Leilei asked, "Who's landing is this?"

His mother answered, "That's Bivakiula's landing. He shares it with Mudiyani."

"And that one over there?" Leilei asked.

Fully awake now, his mother answered, "That's Giyokaetapa's landing beach." "What about this one?" pointed Leilei.

"That one belongs to Mrewaga," replied his mother. "And this one?"

"That one is Kaulukuba, our landing place." "And whose beach is that one there?"

"That's Wiya beach, the landing place of the Tabalu people. And that one over there is called Wagai beach; it belongs to Modiyala," said Leilei's mother. And she added, "Pull ashore over there, that's Kaulukuba, our landing place." They came to

the shallow waters and beached their canoe at Kaulukuba. Upon receiving the news of their arrival, the people of their village, Omarakana, instructed the youngsters, "Go and see Leilei and his mother down at Kaulukuba. They have arrived from Iwa. Go and help them carry the Kula armshells to the village." The villagers went to the beach and brought all the Kula shells back to Omarakana. The next day, there was a big feast in their honor. Leilei had his meal, and when he finished eating, he called his uncle and his children to come and eat. When Leilei's uncle came to eat with his children, Leilei took his knife and cut off their necks. Then Leilei married his uncle's widow and became the ruler and chief of Omarakana Village.

COMMENTS

Norbert Dilau, the original transcriber of the story, wrote that he was particularly fond of the *vinavina* chants in this story. Sebwagau was a famous singer, and his *vinavina* would have contributed to make the story even more interesting and enjoyable to the audience.

In Trobriand folklore, a magic stone is sometimes thrown in the water to have somebody taken to a distant place while they are diving underwater (see SN 60 *Mriyava* or another popular story not in this collection, *Malabu*). The story does not explain the transition of Leilei's mother from the grave where he's crying to the beach where—suddenly alive—she joins her son. We are told that she dies again in Iwa but is revived one more time through her son's magic while sailing back to Kiriwina.

RELEVANT VOCABULARY:

Dauya
duku
kawalawa
Kinivina

SN 261 MLABWEMA (NAME OF ONE OF THE CHIEFLY MATRILINEAGES IN KIRIWINA)

A *liliu* foundation myth told by Yaritau, a man from Kabulula. Originally transcribed by Norbert Dilau and translated by Joachim Taugwaga.

SUMMARY

A fragmentary rendition of some elements of the *liliu* foundation myth of the Mlabwema *dala* matrilineage, part of the Lukuba totemic *kumila* clan.

Liliu Mlabwema

Yegu Yaritau Kabulula. Baliu lagela kaguliliu pela Mlabwema. Mlabwema aguliliu makala. Yegu Labai lasunapula. Asunapula

deri Tabalu, deri Kalaguma, deri Mwauri, e yegula Mlabwema. Makawala Tabalu isimvesa. Imesa isisusa Omarakana. Yegula makawala tubugwa isunapulasi, itorisa wabwema makwena mapela agudala idousi Mlabwema. Pela tabugu isunapula, itori wala wabwema. E illola ila isili wawaga itaina. Itaina lela iwekeya boda kwetala, ulaboda ikugwasa pela Lobua boda. Lobua boda ilaisa inia Kuluvitu kawalawa. E ikamkwamsiga yegula tabugu lewa, ekebigasi, "Walilaguvasi deri gweguya kumesa, igau takamsi inia okawalawa." Igau tabugu elivala ekeibiga, "Ave inia kwevarisa?"

Ekeibigasi, "Ninibula deri vinavana."

"O gala. Bakalitaula bakugwa." E tabugu ikugwa. E kweyuwela ulaboda Lobua. Lobua ikamkwamsi ninibula deri vinavana. E yegula tabugu ikugwa ila Miriguya ikota. Ikota Miriguya itokeya itea keda Miriguya okawalawa. Itea keda mapela yagagu Mwasilikema. Itokewa ima irigabu pwepwaya Labai pwepwayela. Tabugu irigabu bweidudubila.

Irigabu ilola lema ima Oiriyasi. Imakeya kwetala boda bogwa esisusa. Dalesi Milaelia. Ekausa kayala tubugwa iveyasi. Iveyasi iwokwa imakeyasa kwetala boda esisusa Dedaya, Lukulabuta. E igisesa tubugwa lemesa. Itokeyasa matosine, Kadubudagula deri sola Wabutuma esisu. E emesaga isilisa Siviagila tabugu isilisa. Ugugua emesa bidubadu. Eselisa katubayasa, e makala Tabalu, makala yegu kamakatubayasa.

Kamakatatubayasa yegula makawala agusedabala, makawala agusedaduya e Tabalu makawala. Agululuboda e makawala kagudagula bakalai ilowosi iureyu yegu Mlabwema bakalai. E Tabalu bidubadu bikalaisi umakata. Ulakaduguwai basela yureyu. Kabulatala yureyu, kabulayuwela yureyu. E Tabalu igau bidubadu. E makawala bomlelai, makala Tabalu makala Yegu. E udawada makawala, kaisikalu, kalubilabeta, puluwewa makala Tabalu makala yegu. E kwetala wala Tabalu ela orakaine, yegulaga otanawa, Tabalu bivilobusi olumalaga bivitalisi, bikaibigasi guyau. Yegu Mlwabwema makala, Tabalu ikugwasi kwetinigesi makala, simwa kalavatala. E kariga makala kidamwa bivariu Tabalu kana kesosau biweyasi, kana tauya biyuusa, e besa bo makala yegu Mlabwema. E makawala bakariga bom bi boms tomota, tauya deri kesosau. E Tabalu bo makala.

Besa wala liliu yegu aguliliu Yaritau.

ENGLISH TRANSLATION

I am Yaritau from Kabulula Village. Today, I will tell you the foundation myth of my *dala* matriclan, the Mlabwema people. My ancestors came out of Labai. We came out together with the Tabalu, the Kalaguma, and the Mwauri people. The Tabalu came out and settled in Omarakana. As for my matrilineage, my ancestors emerged from Labai and stayed in that *bwema* resting house, and that's why they call me Mlabwema, because my ancestor emerged and stood by that *bwema*.

After that, my ancestor walked until he got in a canoe; he wandered around in that canoe and came to found my family branch of the Mlabwema matrilineage, the one that hails from Lobua Village. That family branch used to go fishing at the landing spot of Kuluvitu. One day, they were smoking their catch

when my ancestor showed up in his canoe. They called out to him, “Chief, wade ashore and come eat some fish with us.” My ancestor asked them, “What fish are you smoking?”

“*Ninibula* and *vinavana*.”

But my ancestor refused, “No, thank you. I’ll keep on going.” So he went ahead, and that’s why there is also a second branch of Mlabwema in Lobua, those who were eating *ninibula* and *inavana* fish at the landing spot on the beach of Kuluvitu. But that’s not my ancestor; my branch is a different one. Because my ancestor went ahead until he reached the beach of Miriguya. He pulled his canoe up, and from the beach he cut a path inland. He took his *kema* axe and cleared a footpath, and that’s why one of the names of my matrilineage is Mwasilikema. My ancestor cleared the path and then sprinkled some soil he had taken with him from Labai, some of that dark, fertile soil they call *bweidudubila*. After that, he came to Oiriyesi, where there was already a group who had settled there, the Milaelia branch. My ancestor went to war against them; he picked up his spear and killed them all. He kept on going until he arrived at Dedaya, where there was a group belonging to the Lukulabuta clan. When they saw my ancestor coming, they went up to him, a man called Kadubudagula and his friend, both from Wabutumama Village. Together, they walked to Siviyaigila, and they made their home there. My ancestor had brought with him plenty of prestige decorations and body ornaments; these are the same as the Tabalu matrilineage. We have the same *sedabala* red shell headband, the same long *segaduya* dangling decoration, and the same *luluboda* shell anklets. My people can stick as many as two bundles of four *umakata* chiefly feathers on their heads. Only the Tabalu people can do more than that. We Mlabwema have a right to display two bundles of four *kaduguwai* sticks on each side of our houses. Only the Tabalu are entitled to more. The same goes for the *bomlelai*, the chiefly decorations found on the gable ends of our buildings. Our entitlements to those are the same as the Tabalu. We can paint the same number of *udawada* kingfishers on our yam houses and resting houses, the same decorated *kaisikalu* horizontal boards, the same *kalubilabeta* boards and the same *puluwewa* dangling white shells. Another difference between the Tabalu and us is that we all need to be on a lower level than them; when they come visit, they always send somebody ahead to warn us; they come to the village entrance, and they warn us, “a Tabalu chief!” and we need to step down from our platforms. When I enter any village, nobody needs to be warned of my arrival. And when it comes to announcements, I am on par with the Tabalu; I can blow the conch shell and beat the drum as much as they can. And at the time of death of one of our matrilineage members, the conch shell is blown loud, and the drums are played hard, the same as with the Tabalu. I am Yaritau and this is my foundation myth, my story.

COMMENTS

The importance of these types of foundation myths to determine clan rights makes it difficult to obtain the whole account on

the part of outsiders. This entire myth is recounted only in village court cases (and even then, only in a fragmentary way). Compare this fragmentary *liliu* with another one in this book, SN 22 *Ikulasi* by Dubalagala, also about the Mlabwema *dala* matrilineage. According to Camillus Mlabwema Mkwesipu, the two types of fish mentioned in the *liliu* are *bomala* (taboo) for Mlabwema people, although this prohibition is seldom respected nowadays (or even known by Mlabwema youngsters).

RELEVANT VOCABULARY:

bidakavava
bom
bweidudubila
bwema
inavana
ninibula
umakata
vinavana

SN 263 IMDALEKA (THE WOMAN FROM DALEKA)

A *kwanebu* folktale told by Wenama from Kaibola. He obtained the story from his grandfather. Originally transcribed by Norbert Dilau and translated by Joachim Taugwaga.

SUMMARY

Imdaleka gets speared by her own brother after his wives wrongly accuse her of stealing their food. Imdaleka survives and gives birth to a boy. She nurtures the boy until he is big enough to get married.

Kwanebuyee Imdaleka

Yegu Wenama tolegu Kaibola bakwanebu Imdaleka. Kwanebuyee Imdaleka. Matosina tomota sola luleta Idaleka mesikesaya. Esisusa ivai luleta lakwava teyu. Iyogagisa luleta lukwava, minana emwasila, gala esisu ovalu, ila olaodila sita kaduwinoma esisu.

Lapaisewa kalatuta komwedona kaweluwa wala. Bila bikabowada, ikanoriu, bikawawolu bima bivakapula. Yam kwetala kwetala makala lapaisewa. E luleta luwkava bilosa obuyagu, bikilikelisi kui tamakaveka, e tau matowena bogwa bila ipola. E matosina nunumwaya bilosa bikelisi kui tamakaveka, uli kaivekaveka sita makala kasikokola.

Bimeyesa ekamkomasi ikausaga pikekita esakaesa simwala. Ikwayai itomwesa ivataisi matosina teyu vivila. Ikebigasi kawasi, “Amakala besa bagula? Yam komwedona bitavayalasi wala.”

“Kulosa kulukwesa matosina maunesi olaodila laga, bwena bivelausa bagula yam kwetala kwetala makawala labubunela.” Eyam ekatubayasa tumasi ila ipola. Ilosaga ikelisi kasi. Imesa

bisulusi isakaesa pikekita kaula simwala. Etovilasiga ekoikesa valu. Eyam besa matona tomota bila kalamwau nanola pela luleta pela kalamwasila. Ila okwadewa ila ipwapola lema. Isili edoki bikam, elagi lukwasi bigatona makala bilivalasi ekeibigasi, “Kuwesa kugisesa matosina tomota olaodina kulukwesa minavelau, taga bikavesaulasi bagula.” Idokesa esisusa simwala mitaga etaina osisuna evigiri makaisina keyu keyala. Mapula luleta ila ikanoliu ikaboada ikabubuna. Imeya ikabwasi ivakata kalakabwasi iowkwa ikau iseli. Isimwa olakaukweda ikanuветeta. Lewaga luleta.

Iulemwa lakumkumla bigisi mtaga gala wala. Elilola ikau keyala ibasi manana tomota.

Iyokewa minana luleta, “Yakaye! Avaka pela lokuwegu?” Ekaibigaga luleta, “O uula gala bwena kusisu.”

“Yegulaga olaodina wala lasisu.”

“Elilivalasi matosina tomota besa uula bawem bakatumatem.”

“Avaka pela okuwegu?”

“O pela okuvelau ogubagula.”

“O luguta magigu kuulemwa ulakumkumla kugisi.”

Ikau lakayala ikaliyeli wala imakeya noriu, bowada kukumuli. Luleta kalamwau nanola evalam ikeita. Ila waboala ikenu senela kalamwau nanola. Gala wala ilokeya luleta pela edoki luleta bogwa ikariga. Mapula luleta bogwa isumwa makala gala wala ikariga isisu wala. Esisu ivitoula imonogu kalakayala ivalulugwa luleta. Edoki bogwa lekariga minana tomota, gala ilokeya. Ivaluluga latula tau. Minana tomota isisiya wala deri kalakayala.

Emali bogwa sitana lebwena taga ela olumolela makala sita emmayuyu wala pikekita. Esisiya wala latula bogwa sita letoveka eluki inala, “Inagu, avaka pela dasisu olaodalia?”

Ekebigaga inala, “Kadam lukwava iyogagegusi. Ama olaodila oluvi ikau kayala ima ebasegu. Edoki bogwa lakariga mtaga labanem yokwa besa tuta layomovem.” Ekebigaga matona gwadi, “Kudoki babani sitana bagula? Babagula besa tuta.”

“Ambesa kamyagogu?”

“E lalukwem, bukulukwegu.”

“O kutea mbagula.” Itoli itea labagula matona. Elokeya vivila lalai bilosa obuyagu bimaga odubawawa bisosewa siwawa tomota. Kamipugwa, uri, kui, tetu . . . Ikau ilau isapu. Ipaisewa wala ivinaku. Inala makala, Imdaleka uri meguvala peula eyosi. Inala iyosi megwa elukwemwa besa uri makawala pwaneta wala. Bogwa lekabinai ekeibiga latula, “So, amakala sitana kadakuria bitabani?”

“O gala bitabani kadakuria kana kunukwali avela biutalakaem. Bukula gala wala.” “Kuma kulivali simla bala wala besa tuta.” Etori wala ivai lamwam mwatala, mwayuwela, mwatolula deri kui, e ivabusi. Iuwapwala Bwetetu, Luwebila ivabusi Monakawau. Imakeya siwaga minakaibola kubia kaetala itabusi wala. Itotola imokeya minakuluvitu, ilovalovasi kanadu. Ikatupoisi, “A monagwadi, ambese bukuma?”

“Bala anei kamakuria usogu inagu. Bamuwa Kaileula.”

Elukwesa, “Kukota.” Ikota matona gwadi esakasa kalakanadu. Isuyesa iwokwa itola. Itotola igigabu kalakanadu besa, ivalutu wala Koma ibiligwa lawaga. Ikatakewa lakoni

makala Osiwasiwa ivalapula. Elola wala gala inukwali avela lakaukweda itaya wala besa kaula. Ikaibigasi, “Mwa, amakagwam?”

“Ois, ulagweguya yokwami, akomai pwami gala wala anukwali kaena veyagwa yokwami, kaena gala veyagwa mtaga besa kaula lameya pela kamakuria usogu inagu. Nagumalagwa inagu ikabegu yegula. Olaodila lamakeya wala. E gala lakama lama kuria anei.” Makala sita iyovilam matosine tomota ilokeya. Etorisa wala ivabusa kuria ikatuyewa. Ikatuyewa imokeya minamwatawa, minkuluvitu evenokusi pola. Matala makala lova lagela minamwatawa. Ikatupoisi, “Monagwadi? Amlokutoya?”

“A, amwa anei agukuria. Kamakuria sogu inagu.” E ikota isakasa kalainia itola ila. Lema eibiligai waga Lomyuwa. Ekatakewa kasikuria sola inala, kasiinia ima. Ilola osisuna Luwebila ilagiga elivalasi: “Bugiyu talausi bisila Omarakana.” Esataula lewa itaya iluki inala, “Inago! Bogwa lameya kadakuria. E bukusu kada, kadainia. Kweta biga balukwem inada. Bugiyu tavakaya bisila Omarakana. Kudoki bala kana gala.”

Ekaibiga inala, “O latu, besa tuta agulumkola sita alumkwali. Bogwa eyoulaveka agukeya.” Eyam itori inala iyopwi laluya. Eyopwi iwokwa eluki, “Kumwena kambwetia makaiwena okulumwala.” Emweni lewokwa. Ewaweya etobusiya, emeya eyopwi. Imwa ikanawa. Ekebiga, “Mgugua bima.” Karisedabala, karisegadula, lavavagi komwedona pela katubayasa gweguya besa iginkulai. Ekebiga, “Bukula Webitu. Kula kusiwa igau biwesa minakaibola minluwebila kabulatala kabulayu, oluwalaga kutola.” Isakaula isakaula ila itowa ewesa tomota. Edaderisi deritala ekugwasa, deriyuwela oluvi.

Iwetaulaga itouleya.

“A, ina teta daguyausa!” Ekeibiga matona gwadi, “Yokwami guyomi valu. Yegulaga guyogu olaodila ulagweguya.” E gala wala ilosa. Ilolasa ivalapulasi itotatasa wala iwokeya latula guyau. Itokeyasi, “Agubwetia manikwee! Kumeyesa.” Isakaulasi imesa ikausa kalabutia latulaguyau ilausa. Pilatala wala, pilayuwela esisakaula. Esisakaula Kudakabiria eluwepela. Ilaga okailapisila iluwepela minakudakabiria idou, “O inagu daleko, inagu daleko!” E gala, isakaula. Kweyuwela kalapisila idou, “O inagu daleko, inagu daleko!” E gala wala. Isakaula sikelapisila mindaleka idou, “O inagu daleko, inagu daleko!” Iwokeya inala, “Omiegwe! Lasisu.”

“Lalukwem kuwewa kumema. Kuvalutu gola bimonogu agukweyala kumakeyagu bogwa bakariga.” E lema lemakeya inala bogwa evenoku kala eyeyai. Itomwa ikam. Ikamkwam iluki inala, “Ina! Nabweya bilapulasi pela tubusia, bugiyugwa lapulaveka. E bakeita.” Ekaibiga inala, “O bwena. Nabweya kaukwau pikekita bukula kukwakaya. Bukuma, avaka mgugua besa bogwa lakutubiyasi kukwau wala. Bukula mkeda, bukulakeya wala minluebila, minakaibola.” Eyam isakaula owebitu ila itowa. Itota deribogwa minluebila, deriyuwela minakaibola. Iwetailaga itouleya.

“A ina tominibweta daguyausa.”

“Ois, yokwami guyau, guyomi valu. Yegulaga guyogu laodila.” Ilolasa ilosa. Ilolasa itolisa wala pilatala pilayuwela kowanaga igisi latula guyau.

ENGLISH TRANSLATION

"A! Kulokeyasa agubwetia! Bisakami matona tomota kumeyesa." Imesa ikausa. "Kumeyesa kalabwetia guyau latula bakalausa." Ikau iseki ilosa. Kwelipusou wala isakaula. Isakaula Webitu ilagwa idou, "O inagu daleko, inagu daleko!" Gala, isakaula. Ilobusi okalapisila imwena idou, "O inagu daleko, inagu daleko!" Ikaibiga inala, "O yegwe, lasisu. Lalukwem kuwewa, kumema." E isakaula isakaula, iwokeya inala itowa ikam. Eluki, "Inago! Nabweya lapula kweveka. Avaka kudoki nanom?"

Ekaibiga inala, "Kukweita."

"E bogwa bakeita wala." Ekaibiga, "O igau nabweya kaukwau bukula kupaisewa mbutia, mluya." Mapula minana tomota esiwa, gala ikeiweiosi manakwa yam pela uula matona tomota etamwau gala imisiya, evalam wala. Inenei tamala avaka pela ela ikatupoi elivala. Ebogi ikeibiga, "Kabulatala kabulayu ilomungwa. Nabweya kaukwau kuyamatazi matona tomota bima. Bivalapula ovalu komwedona olaodila kutotasa biwa kuyosisa matona tomota."

Eyam kaukwau ikatubayasi. Iwokwa isakaula. Eluki inala, "Bala." Ikaibiga inala, "Besa tuta agulumkola bogwa bayoulaveka. Bukula nanakwa kukweita. Kidamwa kuyobari kumakeyagu bogwa bakariga." Lewa ilola ila itowa owebitu lewesa minakaibola, lewesa minluwebila, itopela itouleya.

"A ina teta daguyausa tominibweta!"

"Ois gweguya yokwami guyomi valu, yegula guyogu olaodila." Ilolasa ilosa ivilobusisi wala. Ikowana igisi tau lewa ekaibiga, "Kulokeyasa agubutia." Isakaulasi lemesa manakwa butia. Opilatata pilayuwela edoki bikeita bila imokeya evabwadisa, imokeya evabwadisa. Karikekena, kariyamana iwarisa ilaisa ila ikanawa. Ebiasi ilausa. Imesa minakaibola, minluebila. Matonaga tomota mabwena tanukwali gala wala ilausa wala. Lesui waboala lewa isiyewa vivila. Isisyesa ebwagi. Ebogi eyam. Mapula matona tomota esewesi bikam, gala. Esewesa bisimla, gala. Valam wala eyayosi. Eyam, kuyosi wala kubwagi. Ikaligaga inala. Inala ikariga olalaba ikenu. Matona tomota gala valam wala iyomari. Ikatupoi lakwava, "Avaka uula mmalam? Gala sta kusimla?"

Ekaibiga, "Sogu. Magigu nabweya kaukwau pikekita bitala igau agisi inagu. Adoki bogwa ekariga." E ila iluki tamala iyam kaukwau pikekita ikugwasa wala. Ilolasa, ilolasa, ilolasa makala Kudakabiria ilagwasi idou, "O inagu daleko, inagu daleko." Gala wala.

Evabusi imwenasi okalapisila edou, "O inagu daleko, inagu daleko." Manikwesi yam bitama inala. Eluwepela kweyuwela makwena nanola bogwa inukwali bogwa nakariga wala. Idou, "Inagu daleko, inagu daleko." Gala wala. Esakaula wala, lakwava isakaula. Kasteyu Tokasikuni lemesa. Isakaula ivalapula iulem boala. Imokeya inala, bogwa itola kaikela. Itoli ivalam. Lema lakwava, lema matona lewesa ivalamsi. Ivalamsi iwokwa ekeita matona tomota, ilokeya yawala ikekivi. Emesa itomwesa ivalamsi. Egisemwa kadala eyowa lopola makawala. Itokeiwa ilokeya matona tomota. Ekaibiga, "Gala, besa tuta minana tomota balau oguvalu e matona tomota bakala. Bogwa latomwaya biguyaugwa." Ekeita ima eyam ila imtuli bunukwa guyau ima idodiga laboala yawala itori isagali.

I am Wenama, from Kaibola Village. I am going to tell you the story of Imdaleka. It's the story of a woman and her brother, both from the village of Daleka. The man had two wives, and neither of them was kind to their sister-in-law. That's why the man's sister, ashamed of her brother's wives, didn't stay in the village but lived by herself instead.

She lived far away, in the bush. Because of this, Imdaleka had to look for her own food in the bush, every day. She went looking for wild *boada* and *noriiu* yams; she collected *waworu* and other wild fruits, and she cooked and ate them. Day after day, the woman is forced to survive that way. Meanwhile, her brother's wives go to their gardens and dig long yams while their husband goes fishing. The wives harvest the biggest yams and the juiciest bananas in the garden, but when they return home, they share only part of the food with their husband, for they usually cook and eat most of it before he gets back and notices how little he is given. Every evening, the wives put on a scene, "How is it possible that our garden produces so little? Somebody is stealing from our garden," they say, trying to conceal their own guilt. The husband replies, "Go tell those creatures of the bush, tell them not to steal our food day after day." And as usual, the next day, the husband gets ready to go fishing. After he's gone, the wives go get food in the garden. They bring it back, cook it and eat most of it, and leave only a small portion for their husband. When he comes back, the wives pretend to argue over how little food there is left in the garden, and their quarrel disturbs the peace of the village at night. Every day, the man's mind is burdened by his wives' gossip about his sister living all alone in the bush, but he doesn't know the truth. One time the man went fishing. When he came back, he sat down, thinking it was time to eat. His wives didn't know he was back already, and he overheard them saying "you see, the people who steal from our garden are most likely people who live in the bush, you know, like our sister-in-law." The wives thought their husband hadn't heard anything, but he stood up and walked behind the house, where he grabbed two spears. He took the spears into the bush. Meanwhile, his sister Imdaleka was collecting wild foodstuffs in the bush. She brought the food back to her place and roasted some of it; some she put in an earth oven. Imdaleka was sitting by the earth oven, waiting for the food to cook when her brother came from behind. Before Imdaleka could open the earth oven for her brother to see the wild food cooking inside, he speared her, thinking she was baking garden food she had stolen from him. Imdaleka cried in agony, "Yakaye! Why did you do that for?"

"You know why," her brother said. "You shamed me because you don't live the way you should, you're a thief."

"I live in the bush," Imdaleka said, "what thief?"

"According to my wives, you steal food from the gardens; that's why I'm going to kill you," her brother said.

"Oh, my brother," Imdaleka said, "I want you to open my earth oven and have a look inside." The brother took his spear

and dug out the earth oven. Inside, all he saw were wild yams and bush food. Realizing his mistake, the man started crying. He walked back to his village and lay down in his hut, crying, his mind heavy with grief. Thinking his sister was dead, he didn't bother going back to check on her. But Imdaleka not only was still alive; in fact, she was pregnant, and after a while she gave birth to a baby boy. That wound of hers didn't heal completely, though, for she had part of the spear still embedded inside, and that made it painful at times. Still, Imdaleka managed to feed her son and bring him up all by herself. When that boy was old enough, he asked his Imdaleka, "My mother, how come we live in the bush?"

His mother explained, "Your maternal uncle's wives ruined my life with their lies. They first drove me to the bush; then they convinced him that I was a thief, and he came over and speared me. He thought I was dead and never came back; then you were born, and I've been looking after you until now."

The boy said, "Do you think I'd be able to make my own garden? I can garden already." "How about your yam seeds? Where are you going to get those?" objected his mother. "I don't know; I'm asking you, you tell me," said her son.

"I'll see to that. Start clearing a plot," said Imdaleka. The boy went and cleared a new garden plot. At noon, Imdaleka went to see him, and together they walked to the edge of the village, where people discard their leftovers. There were yam peels and half eaten taros, and among all that rubbish the boy found some half-decent seedlings for his garden. He took them back to his newly cleared plot and planted them there. The boy worked very hard, and so did his mother. On top of that, Imdaleka also had a very strong garden magic for taros. When she spelled it over the garden, those taros grew as big as human heads. As the crops were maturing in the garden, Imdaleka's son wondered, "How are we going to cook this? Where can I find some cooking pots?" "There's no way for us to get any cooking pots," said his mother. "Unless you know someone and you can exchange for them; otherwise, there's nothing to do about it."

"Mother, tell me which way are the islands where they make cooking pots; show me, and I'll go right now," offered the boy. Imdaleka instructed her son and told him where to go and what to take. He made three bundles of taros and packed some long yams and took everything down to the beach. From behind Bwetetu and Luwebila he came to Monakawau beach. There, he pushed one of the canoes from Kaibola in the water. He punted the canoe until he reached the coast of Kuluvitu. The men of Kuluvitu were fishing *kanadu*. When they saw him approaching, they asked him, "Hey boy, where are you going?"

"I'm looking for cooking pots for me and my mother. I'm going to Kaileuna Island." The fishermen said, "Come here." The boy beached his canoe, and the fishermen gave him a share of their catch. They strung the fish for him, and he left, punting along the coast. He roasted the fish and ate along the way, until he finally reached Koma Village in Kaileuna Island, and he pulled the canoe ashore. The boy took his load and carried it to Osiwasiwa hamlet. Since he didn't know anyone there, he just

walked up to one of the houses and put his food down in front of it. The people in the house asked him from the veranda, "Boy, what do you want?"

"Oh, my chiefs, I humbly stand here in front of you. I don't know you; you may be my relatives or you may not. But I brought this food here because my mother and I need some cooking pots. My mother has no relatives; she gave birth to me, and we both live alone in the bush. I came to you from the bush, looking to trade for pots" was the boy's speech. Those people felt sorry for the boy and his mother. They gave him the cooking pots he needed, and he returned home with them. On the way back, he encountered some people from Mwatawa Village; they had replaced the Kuluvitu men who were fishing there the day before. The fishermen asked him, "Boy, where have you been?" "Hi there; I came looking for some cooking pots for my mother and me," replied the boy.

They called him ashore and gave him part of their catch, and the boy took it with him. He beached his canoe at Lomyuwa and carried the pots and the fish to his mother. On the way home, passing behind Luwebila, he overheard a conversation: "The day after tomorrow there's going to be *bisila* dances at Omarakana." When he reached his place, he said to Imdaleka, "Mother! I brought our cooking pots. Now you can cook our food and our fish. And there's also another thing, mother. The day after tomorrow, the people of Luwebila are going to dance in Omarakana. Do you think I should go as well?"

His mother replied, "Oh, my son, I must help you get ready, but I'm not feeling well. The wound has been giving me trouble as of late." Yet Imdaleka woke up early the next day, scraped some coconut, and bespelled it with magic of attraction for her son. When she was done, she told her son, "Climb that *butia* tree and get some flowers for your wreath." The boy made his garland with the *bweta* flowers, and when he was done, Imdaleka also cast a love spell over the wreath. Then she ordered her son, "Bring me the rest of your adornments." His red shell *sedabala* and *segadula* headbands and the rest of his chiefly body ornaments, he brought everything to his mother for her to put a spell on it. When she was done, she gave him instructions, "Go to that place they call Webitu tomorrow. When the people of Kaibola and Luwebila walk by on the way to Omarakana, step in the middle and walk with them." The next day, the boy ran to Webitu and waited there. When the people started coming, there was a crowd in the front and another one toward the end, so he stood in the gap in between and started walking with the rest of the villagers. As they were walking, somebody remarked on his regal presence, "Ah, look at our chief! Who is this fine man here?"

The boy replied, "You are the only chiefs here, the chiefs of the village. I am only the chief of the bush," and they kept on walking. When they arrived in Omarakana, they stood there and watched the dances. The daughter of the chief of Omarakana noticed the boy and asked somebody to bring her his wreath, "That's my *butia* wreath over there. Bring it to me." The messengers came up to Imdaleka's son, and without a word they snatched the wreath from him and took it back to the chief's

daughter. Not knowing what to do, the boy ran away. He ran until he reached Kudakabiria. He went past the Kudakabiria gardens, and when he was out of reach of the people who were working in the fields, he called out to his mother, "My mother Imdaleka, my mother Imdaleka!" There was no reply, and the boy kept on running. When he reached the other garden entrance, he called again, "My mother Imdaleka, my mother Imdaleka!" Still there was no answer. He ran until he reached the back entrance to the gardens of the people of Idaleka Village and he called again, "My mother Imdaleka, my mother Imdaleka!" This time his mother replied, "Here I am." When her son came close, she said to him, "Remember to come back next time you go to the dances. I feel my wound is getting worse; if you go away and it takes you too long to come back, I might be dead by the time you make it here." Imdaleka cooked dinner for them both. When they were done eating dinner, the boy said, "Mom, tomorrow the dancers in Omarakana are performing for their relatives, but the day after is the final show. Can I go back?"

"That's fine," said Imdaleka. "Tomorrow morning take your bath. When you come back, I will have all your things ready. Pick them up and follow the path. Join the people of Luwebila and Kaibola on their way to Omarakana." The next day, the boy put on his bespelled body decorations, ran to Webitu, and waited there. When the villagers came, he jumped in the middle of the crowd and kept on walking with them.

Impressed by his decorations, some people observed, "Ah, he's so handsome, our chief."

"No way," the boy objected, "you are the real chiefs, the chiefs of the village. I am only the chief of the bush," and they kept on walking. When they arrived at Omarakana, they stood there watching the dances, until the chief's daughter noticed him, "See that boy over there? Go get his wreath and bring it to me." The messengers came up to Imdaleka's son and said to him, "The chief's daughter wants your wreath. Give it to us, and we'll take it to her." He gave it to them, and they took it to the chief's daughter. The boy didn't wait, and he ran away straight after that. When he reached Webitu he started calling out, "My mother, my mother Imdaleka!" But there was no answer. He kept on running. He climbed over the garden gate, and he called again, "My mother, my mother Imdaleka!" This time his mother replied from the distance, "Here I am! I told you, remember to come back quickly; I don't know how much longer I have." The boy finally reached the house. Mother and son ate together, and that night the boy asked, "Mother, tomorrow is the closing day; there will be big celebrations. What do you think?"

His mother replied, "I think you should go back."

"Yes, I will go back, indeed," said the boy.

"Remember, early on tomorrow, get the flowers for your wreath and get your coconut ready," said Imdaleka, so that she could work her magic spells on her son's *butia* and on his coconut oil. Meanwhile, back in Omarakana, the chief's daughter didn't dance for her relatives as she was supposed to. She was sad because she didn't see that young boy that day. Her father asked her why she was crying, and she told him about Imdaleka's son.

That evening the chief addressed the villagers, "From this end of the village to the other end, all of you commoners, pay attention. Tomorrow morning, the boy from Daleka is most likely going to show up. I want you to be on guard, be ready to apprehend him as soon as he sets foot in the village." The next day, the boy was getting ready to walk to Omarakana in the morning. When he was ready, he said to his mother, "I'm going." His mother said, "Right now, I feel as if my wound is getting deeper; my condition is worsening. Go and come back quickly. If for some reason you were to waste your time and you came back too late, you might not see me alive again, for I might be dead soon." And with those words in mind, the boy walked to Webitu and stood there waiting for the other villagers to walk by. When the people of Kaibola and Luwebila finally showed up, he joined them in the middle and kept on walking among them.

"Ah, check this fine-looking guy, isn't our chief handsome?" remarked someone.

"No way," was the boy's reply, "you are the only chiefs here, the village chiefs; I'm but a bush chief." They walked until they reached Omarakana. The chief's daughter spotted him immediately. "Go get my wreath from that boy," she ordered, and it was done.

When the boy tried to run away, the Omarakana villagers blocked him. He tried to take another path, but the commoners were waiting for him there too. They held the boy down and tied him up. When the dances were over, the people of Luwebila and Kaibola walked back home, but Imdaleka's son stayed behind and was taken to the chief's daughter's house. They both spent the night together in that house, but the boy was not interested in love affairs; his mind was elsewhere, thinking about his mother. The next morning, the boy refused to eat. They tried to convince him, but his mind was heavy with concern, and he wouldn't stop crying. They insisted, but Imdaleka's son knew that if he didn't hurry back home, his mother was going to die alone. In fact, Imdaleka waited and waited all night in vain. In the morning, she dragged herself to the house door, but she couldn't get past it. She passed away that same day, right on the threshold of the house. Back in Omarakana, her son was still crying. His wife asked him, "Why are you crying? Why won't you stop crying?"

"My friend," he started, "tomorrow I would like to go see my mother, even if it's only for a little bit. I fear she might be dead already." The girl told her father, and the next day, they made preparations to go to Daleka. The boy and his new wife walked north. When they were close to Kudakabiria, the boy called out, "Oh, my mother Imdaleka, my mother Imdaleka." There was no answer. They kept on walking until they reached the entrance to the garden. The boy called out again, "Oh, my mother Imdaleka, my mother Imdaleka." Those other times, his mother used to answer from that spot, but that time there was nothing but silence. The boy knew his mother was dead. He tried to call out again, "Oh, my mother Imdaleka, my mother Imdaleka." He ran, and his wife came running behind him, and with them was also Tokasikuni. The boy was the first one to reach the house. He opened the door and saw her lifeless feet on

the threshold. The boy stood there crying. His wife and Tokasikuni came behind and started crying as soon as they saw the body of Imdaleka. Tokasikuni then went back to Omarakana and reported to the chief. Eventually, the boy's in-laws came from Omarakana to mourn for Imdaleka. Her brother was very upset when he heard about Imdaleka's passing and came to the funeral. "I'm taking my sister back to the village; she will be buried in our family ground, and you, my nephew, will take my spot as the village headman." The next day, the chief of Omarakana killed many pigs in honor of his son-in-law's mother, Imdaleka, and that's the end of my story.

COMMENTS

Another version of this story is SN 40 *Daleka* by Ibya, although according to people in Kiriwina, "this is the best version of this story, longer, better told, and slightly different from the other one."

RELEVANT VOCABULARY:

bowada / boada
noriu
sisigeru
waworu
yakaye

SN 269 IRIGAYASU (A WOMAN'S NAME)

A *kwanebu* folktale told by Bunuvagola, a man from Luwabila. Originally transcribed by George Mwasaluwa and translated by Joachim Taugwaga.

SUMMARY

Irigayasu stays home with her children and her sister-in-law while her husband goes on a Kula trip. Her sister-in-law is a Dokanikani ogre who turns Irigayasu into a tree stump and tells her children that their mother has run away with some men. Later on, the Dokanikani ogre chops off the arm of the mother-tree stump and mixes it with some greens and tries to feed it to the children, but they sense the tree is their mother and throw the greens away. When the children sing, the stump replies, revealing its true nature. When the father comes back from the Kula expedition, the children tell him about his sister's behavior and how she turned his wife Irigayasu into a tree stump. The husband ends up killing his sister, then organizes a funerary feast for his deceased wife.

Kwanebuyee Irigayasu

Kwanebuyee Irigayasu. Irigayasu esisu sola luleta deri litula. Eluki litula, "Bakewa wakoya, tubumuwa evamuta kuyamata."

Ikewa wakoya lawmala. Minana Dokanikani iyamata lawmala luleta deri litula, ikewaga tumasi ila ikayabiya. Isisusa inanamasa minana Dokanikani. Ikiwari ivaleta eluki bilosa ekalokwai. Ila ilivaleta esiusisi lokwai. Iluki wala ikapakiki itowa olukwai imaga. Ema ikatupoisi litula.

"A gala anukwali inami. Aweya emesa tawau eseki wa ilausa adodou, gala, lama." Ema esisu leyam ekeita ila isiusiu kalalokwai. Evenoku lewa, ewakeya livaleta esisu olokwai. Ekapituni kweyata yamala ikau emeya isulu iwaki kalalokwai. E matosina wala tubula bogwa inukwalisa labubunela. Isisulu besa lokwai iwokwa emenu edou, "O gugwadi, kumakesa kamilokwai." Ekausa besa lokwai eweyesa gala ikomasi. Inukwalisi besa toya inasi esulu. Igabisa, igogebilasi odubawawa iwesa ilaisa. Esisu tubusi elagiga butula ikatupoi, "Gugwado! Avaka butula lokulaisi?"

"We gala, pwala wala bwadamesa, lakaweyesa kalaisa." "Avaka pela evalam bwadami?"

"A binunu."

"O tubugwa, laweya wala emesa tawau elausa, ladodou wa, gala." Ekopweisa bwadasi elausa wakeda etorisa ivinasi besa inasi, "O Irigayasu lewai, o Irigayasu lemai. O Irigayasu meke, meki, bwadamesa inunu."

"O gala gala. Kweta lavavagi tubumi emeyegu wala esilalegu olokwai. Lasisu lewaga." Ekaigaga minana, "Kumeyesa wala. Lema lagela ekapituni kweyatata yamagu eweya isulu ikoma." Itulatulasi wala gala, ivalamsi wala imasisi. Eyam, emasisi emamatasi.

Eluki tubula, "Kusisusa balaga akavai kadasi." Isisusa ilaga ikavai kasi. Ewa ikavai iseli ikanukwenu ela isusiu nokwai. Ewa ikapituni kweyeyuwela yamala livaleta emeya isulu. Lema esulusulu ikamkwam idou, "O gugwadi, kumakesa kami e!" Ilosa ikausa lemesa gala ikomasi, odubilawawa ilosa ilaisa. Osisunaga ilagi butula, "Avaka butula okulaisi ke?"

"O gale, bwadamesa pwala."

"Avakapelaga bwadami evalam?"

"A binunu."

"O tubugwa, kweta lavavagi inami, laweya emesa tawau ilausa. Ladodou wala gala lama." Ikopweisa bwadasi ilausa wakeda ivinasi besa inasi, "O Irigayasu lewai, o Irigayasu lemai. O Irigayasu kumeki bwadamesa inunu."

"O kumeyesa kumeyesa. Kwetala vavagi tubumi, lema ikapituni kweyeyuwela yamagu leweya isulu ikoma." Etulatulasi gala lemesa imasisi. Imasisi wala iyam kaukwau, imamatasi eluki tubula, "Kusisusa balaga akavai kadasi." Ela bikavai kasi eseli esisu, ila isuisui lokwai ekapituni kweyatata kaikela imeya isulu. Isulu imenu iyeyai idou, "O gugwadi, kumakesa kami e!" Ilosa ikausa lemesa gala ikomasi, odubilawawa ilosa ilaisa. Ilosa ikatusausa odubulawawa. Osisunaga ilagi butula, "Avaka butula okulaisi ke?"

"O gale, bwadamesa pwala."

"Avakapelaga bwadami evalam?"

"Binunu." Ikopwesi ilosa wakeda ivinasi besa inasi, "O Irigayasu lewai, o Irigayasu lemai. O Irigayasu kumeki bwadamesa inunu."

"O kumeyesa kumeyesa. Kwetala vavigu tubumi, lema ikapituni kweyata kaikegu, eweya isulu ikoma." Etulatulasi wala, ibogi imasisisi. Imasisisi imatasi eluki tubula, "Kusisusa balaga," bikavai kasi. Ewa ikavai iseli ikanukwenu ela isusiu nokwai. Ilulu kununa olasegai imeya isulu. Isulusulu ikamenu idou, "O gugwade! Kumakasa kame!" Iwesa ikausa imeyesa erigibusa wawawa ilosa ilaisa. Esisuga ilagi butula.

"A avaka butule?"

"O gala pwala bwadamesa." Ilosa wakeda itotasa ivina tuwasi, "O Irigayasu lewai, o Irigayasu lemai. O Irigayasu kumeki bwadamesa inunu." Itulatulasi, gala imapu. Itulisa gala, ilosa imasisisi wala. "O kana inadesa kana bogwa ila ikapituni keyola ikau imeya isulu ikoma. Kununelaga nabweya namwedona bisulu." Emasisisi eyam kaukwau.

Ekaibiga, "Bala akadai kadasi." Ila ikekadai kadasi leokwa. Esisu olokwai lema ilupi minawena inasi kalaginkoula imeya isulu. Isulusulu ikamenu iyai, esemwa inasi bikoma bikaugwa kasi idou, "Gugwadi kumekaesa kami." Ilosa igabisa lemeyesa eselisa eluki tuwasi igabisa odubwawawa ilosa ikatusausa. Esisuga ilagi, "E gugwadi avaka butula?"

"O gala, pwala bwadamesa." Eyam ikatubayasa iluki tubula, "Bala akavai kadasi, kususaga deri bwadami." Etatulatulasiga deri tumami, bogwa latuta lagela bima. Ila wala tubusi, ilosaga ipweyasi laboala. Ipwapweyasi laboala evinakusa, eluwapelasi erigemwesa ikanukwenu. Imwenasi kaeta luya, imwemwenasi ilosa esiwesa odogina bwena esisusa. Esisusa ilaga tubusi obuyagu lema, imakeya migatala laboala. Itoli wala ivesa besa lepweyasi, ikamkoma evinaku waboala isunapula ema okaukweda eivinaku okaukweda eluwapela osisuna, odamwau iyosi wala eivinaku. Etoriinei. Bwenaga esisusa odogina luya. Esisusa wala ikau kaetanei imwa bwena itoma ititanei lavalu.

Ititanei wala iuwa yagila. Ika imweya itoyemwa ikeimali wala. Euli wala kweyoyu eyokewa wala kaikwabusi eleya wala opwepwaya. Ikwana imokeya esisusa.

"O gala kulosa wakoya." Etani wala weta, etitani weta ivinaku imwena.

"Gala ambese bukuwesa, kutolisa wala igau lawa. Akagunugunu pwanetami." Imwena makaena luya, imwemwena imwemwena ilai wala yamala, biyosi wala opusagala ikapitunisa bukwatala. Isila wala okulula. Isiyumali wala. Giligili wowula egibilisi imwa ikanamwa. Imwaga itomwa.

"Galaga balumkwali. Igala awewasi, bamwenavau gola bawa agisem. Ke kwapitunisa bukwatala bukwatolu ikanukwenu. Bawa bukwatala bakaeita bukwayuwela, bakaeita bukwatolula. Bakomemi gola." Ewewasi evenoku imwenavau. Imwemwena wala bikatulagwa, ikatulagwa wala iyosa opusagala luya elisilaisa kwayuwela, isila okeyola, esiyomali wala, giligili wowula lema. Egibilisi mabukwana luya imwa ikanamwa, imwaga itomwa.

"Galaga sita balumkwali. Igau wala awewasi bakeita bamwa kwapitunisa bukwatulula bukwatala esisu." Ewewasi evenoku emwena. Emwemwena biyosali wala yamala, biyosa wala opusagala, ikapitunisa bukwatolula. Okapoula isiyumali. Iyosi wala wowula. Ileisi imwa ikanamwa imwaga itomwa.

"Ke awewasi wala iwokwa bakeita bawa kwapitunisa mabukwana bamaya balisi bima bamwenavau bawa alisilayemi bukumesa ikelintumuntu keyami. Bawa akagunugunu pwanetami." Imwena, imwemwena otapwala wala imitaila mtona moluwala igisi tumasi bogwa ikatunapula. Imliku wala katugogova iseki, "O wagela tumamesa, o makeine lema!" Eyokewaga otapwa luya ikanukwenu.

"We gala uula, sopa! Besa kusasopasi. Igau wala lamwena lawa kwapitunisa mabukwana ama agubilisi bakaitavau gola bawa akagunugunu pwanetami." Elagi bogwa itoulasi tubula ikatugogovasi, "O bawa agisi."

"O gala, kuwa kumwena kaitala." Ima imwena kaitala. Imwemwena wala opusagala. Ila itoli imwakeya esisakaula. Itobusi.

Kula kwatubiyasi ivaleta dabela, lakaidawaga, latupakaniku, lagugua wala komwedona. Ikomyawala ila igaki kalasewega. Iyayosa kasolukula. Itobusisi tubula lemesa.

"Galaga kulokaesa tumami. Ikatupoi yegu, kulivalasi o galaga bima, sena mwau, sena mwau. Mokaela Irigayasu bisisu wala ovalu, gala bima." Evabusisi ilosa okwadewa.

Esisusa wala ekota tumasi. Tumasi ekatupoi, "Taga inami?"

"O, kweta lavavagi lumuta. Kula wala, makalaga kakalatalasi, kakalayusa isinapu ilau olokwai wala iluki ikapakiki isiwa ima. Ema ikikeita ilola ivubwabu inamesa, imeya isusulu ikamkoma. Kalaginkoula wala lova ikomkulai lagela lokuma."

"O kukweitasi kulosa kwekivisa tubumi bima, bigebila yabiya, bitalosa kusagalisi ovalu inami sigarila." Isisusa isakaula molitomwaya matona isakaula wala imakeya etowa kasolukula evalutu.

"A ekebiga tumamesa gala wala. Bitalosa, bukegebila yabiya, gala avela bigebila. Bakatakwasi taga matana beyawa." Ekominimanisi wala, bogwa ekomiligaga tabula ima wala, itowaga iyadi makaina nepa luleta. Eyadi wala tadoki kaivariu. Levabusi wala lewa luleta idou, "Bukuma wala besa. Bukugebila matana beyawa bitakomwenaguvasi toya tubumwa." Esilabusi lewa. Ilokeya wala okatala. Elupi wala matana beyawa. Itola okulula idoki wala bitoila igili wala nepa ikapiyuni wala keyola.

"Kubiasi toya litula okarikeda kulosa kulaisa." Ilamkomasi kwau. Lemesa. "Kutapelasi yabiya bitalosa kusagalisi inami sigarila." Itapelasi ivenokusi isisagalasi litula ivenokusi. Isimwesa bogwa mesinikwa agu kwanebu yegu mekeita.

ENGLISH TRANSLATION

This is the story of a woman named Irigayasu. Irigayasu lived with her husband and their children. The husband's sister also lived with them. One day, the man said to his sister, "I'm going on a Kula trip to the mountain islands in the south; look after your nieces and your sister-in-law." The husband left, bound for the islands where there is sago, and his sister, wife, and children stayed behind. He didn't know that his sister, whom he had left in charge of his family, was, in fact, a Dokanikani ogre. As soon as her brother left, the ogre started plotting. She devised a plan to get rid of her sister-in-law while collecting

lokwai greens in the bush. Not knowing the evil plans of the ogre, Irigayasu accompanied her sister-in-law. As they were collecting *lokwai* leaves, the ogre magically turned Irigayasu into a tree stump of *lokwai* greens. When she came back to the village alone, the children asked where their mother was.

"I don't know where your mother is," the ogre lied. "Some men came by, and she left with them. I called her, but she didn't reply, so I came back by myself." The next day, the ogre went to collect *lokwai* leaves. She came up to the stump that was, in fact, Irigayasu and cut a whole branch. That branch was in reality Irigayasu's arm. She brought it back to the village and cooked it. The ogre intended to feed the cooked *lokwai* leaves, which was nothing else but Irigayasu's arm, to her nephews, but the children were suspicious of their aunt's ways. She cooked the *lokwai*, and when it was ready, she called out, "Children, come eat your greens." The children took their plates but didn't eat the *lokwai*. Somehow they could tell that their mother was part of this meal, so they took the plates with the food to the edge of the village and threw it away. Their aunt heard the noise of the food tumbling down the rubbish pit at the edge of the village and asked, "Children! What's that noise? What are you throwing away?"

"Nothing, our little sibling pooped; we're just cleaning her up and throwing the poop away," the children replied.

"Why is your little sister crying?" insisted the ogre. "She wants to breastfeed," the children said.

"Oh, my poor niece! It's all my fault; I took your mother away to look for greens, and those men came by and she went with them. I called and I called, but she never replied," lied their aunt. The children picked up their little sister and carried her away to the path that leads out of the village. Facing toward the bush, the children chanted, "Oh, Irigayasu is going, Irigayasu is coming. Irigayasu come back and breastfeed our little sister!" A voice was heard in the distance, "I can't, I can't. Your aunt has done something to me; she trapped me inside a *lokwai* bush." It was their mother, Irigayasu. She added, "Bring your little sister to me before it's too late. Your aunt came by today and chopped off my arm; she cooked it and ate it." But the children were too little and didn't know what to do. They stood there and waited in vain. They cried and cried, until they had to return to the village and go to sleep. The next day, when the children woke up, their aunt said to them, "Stay here; I'm going to get us something to eat." The ogre first went to the garden and dug up some yams; then she went to that *lokwai* stump where she had trapped her sister-in-law and cut another branch. That branch was Irigayasu's arm. The ogre brought it back to the village and cooked it. When she was done eating, she called the children, "Girls! Come get your food!" The girls came and took the food but didn't eat it; they took it away instead and threw it into the rubbish pit at the edge of the village. The aunt heard the noises coming from the edge of the village and asked, "Children! What's that noise? What are you throwing away?"

"Oh, nothing," they replied, "it's just our little sister's poop." "Why is she crying?" the aunt asked.

"She's hungry; she wants to breastfeed."

"Oh, my nieces, this is your mother's doing. We went to the garden together; those men came by and took her away. I called her, but she never replied, and I had no choice but to come back," the ogre lied. The children picked up their little sister and walked on the path that goes to the bush. From there, the girls chanted, "Oh, Irigayasu is going, Irigayasu is coming. Irigayasu come back and breastfeed our little sister!"

"Oh, bring her to me, bring her to me!" was their mother's reply, carried by the wind from the distance. "Your aunt did something awful to me again; she came by and cut off my other arm. She cooked it and ate it." The children waited and waited but nothing happened. Eventually, they walked back to the village and went to sleep. The next morning, when they woke up, their aunt said, "Stay here; I'm going to get us some food." She went to the bush and found the *lokwai* stump where she had trapped her sister-in-law and cut off her leg. She then brought back the *lokwai* branch leg and cooked it. When it was ready, she called her nieces, "Children! Come get your food!" The girls came and took their food away. Instead of eating it, they threw it in the rubbish pit. The aunt heard noises and asked, "What are those noises? What are you throwing over there?"

"Nothing; it's our sister's poo," they replied. "And why is your sister crying?"

"She wants to be breastfed." And with that they lifted the little girl and took her with them to the path that leads into the bush. From there the girls chanted, "Oh, Irigayasu is going, Irigayasu is coming. Irigayasu come back and breastfeed our little sister!" From the distance, the voice of their mother was heard, "Oh, bring her to me, bring her to me! Your aunt did this; she came by and chopped off my leg; she took it back and cooked it." The children waited until it was dark, but nothing else happened, so they returned to the village to sleep. The next day, the ogre aunt told the children, "Stay here; I'm going to get us something to eat." She walked up to that *lokwai* stump in the bush and chopped another branch. It turned out to be Irigayasu's head. She put it in her basket, brought it back to the village, and cooked it. When it was ready, the ogre called, "Children! Come get your food; it's ready!" The girls took their food to the edge of the village and threw it away. The ogre heard the noise, "What's that noise?"

"Nothing; we're cleaning our little sister." The children walked away from the edge of the village. When they reached the bush, they chanted, "Oh, Irigayasu is going, Irigayasu is coming. Irigayasu come back and breastfeed our little sister!" Nothing. This time there was no reply. They waited and waited until they were too tired, and they went back to the village. Irigayasu's daughters thought, "Our aunt must have already cut our mother's throat, that big branch she brought back today was probably her head. Tomorrow, she'll probably collect the rest of the body and eat the whole thing." They went to sleep, and the next day, when they woke up, their aunt said to them, "I'm going to get our food," so she headed out to the gardens and dug out some yams. Then she went to that *lokwai* bush and uprooted the whole thing. The ogre brought back Irigayasu's body and cooked it. When it was ready, she ate until she was satisfied. Then she served the rest

and called out, “Children! Come eat your food!” The girls picked up their plates and carried them on their heads to the edge of the village. When she heard them throwing the food down into the rubbish pit, the aunt asked, “What’s that noise?”

“Nothing; it’s just our little sister’s excrements. We’re cleaning her.” The next day, the ogre said to them, “Stay here and look after your little sister; I’m going to look for food.” The girls stayed in the village and waited impatiently for the return of their father, for they knew he was meant to get back that day. As soon as their ogre aunt was gone, they entered her house and soiled it. They pooped all over the place and left. The children climbed a coconut tree, all the way up, and stayed on top.

When their aunt came back from the garden, she went to her house and found what the children had done there. She started eating the excrement inside the house and finished it; then she ate all the dirt the children had put on the veranda and behind the hut until there was nothing left. When she was done, she stood there, looking for the girls. Good thing the girls had climbed that coconut tree. Not finding them, the ogre picked up a coconut broom and started sweeping the village. While she was working, the wind picked up and blew the coconut fronds, revealing the shadow of the children who were sitting on top of the tree. The aunt saw their shadow on the ground while she was sweeping; she looked up and saw them there, “There you are! Don’t you think you’ll be able to escape.” She made herself a climbing string; she put it on her feet and started climbing that coconut tree. The ogre climbed and threatened the children, “You have nowhere to go. Stay put; I’m almost there. I’m going to crush your skulls.” She climbed and climbed until she was close to them. When she tried to reach the top branches, the girls cut a bundle of coconuts, and they landed right on her head, bringing the ogre down. The ogre stood up and threatened them, “Do you think that’s going to stop me? I hardly felt that. I’m going to catch my breath first. Then I’m going to climb again to see you. Drop another bunch of coconuts on me if you want, two, three. It won’t matter. I’ll climb back as many times as I need to. I’m going to eat you.”

When she was done resting, the ogre climbed up the coconut one more time. She climbed until she was high up; she tried to reach the top fronds where the children were, but they dropped another bunch of coconuts on her head, and she came tumbling down. From below, the ogre threatened the children, “That’s not going to make me give up. I barely felt it. I’m going to have a little rest; then I’m going to get you. After you cut the next bunch of coconuts there will be only one left.”

The ogre started climbing the coconut palm again. When she reached the top, she tried to hold on to the thick leaf stem but the girls dropped another bundle of coconuts. The heavy coconuts hit the ogre in the back, and she came down crashing. She stood up and threatened her nieces one more time, “I’m going to have a little rest. Then I’m going to get you. You only have a bundle of coconuts left. After you throw that, you’ll have nothing. I’m going to get you and crush your skulls and eat you all.” She started climbing the coconut tree one more time.

When she was halfway up, the middle-born daughter looked up and saw her father in the distance. The girl let out a shout of joy, “That’s our father’s canoe! That one over there, he’s back!” The aunt said, “No way, that’s just a lie. Don’t you think that your lies are going to save you. I’ll keep on climbing; drop those coconuts on me if you want, but they are the last ones. After that all I have to do is climb up and break your skulls.” The ogre kept on climbing, but the children were shouting with joy as their father approached.

The ogre doubted, “Maybe they’re not lying after all; I need to see.” She went down and climbed up another coconut tree to see if her brother was truly approaching. Yes, that’s his canoe alright, she thought. The ogre came down, grabbed her sister-in-law’s fiber skirt, her *doba*-cutting board, her basket for carrying tools and implements, and some other personal possessions of Irigayasu and started mourning loudly. The ogre held on to Irigayasu’s basket as you do with the *sewega* relic of a dead relative or a deceased in-law and started her *kasolukula* lament. The children came down from their coconut tree. The ogre warned them, “Don’t say anything to your father. When you go greet him on the beach, if he asks about me, tell him I cannot come down, I’m mourning the death of the poor Irigayasu. Tell him I’m burdened with grief, I’m inconsolable and I can’t leave the village.” The girls walked down to the beach to greet their father. When he saw them, he asked, “And your mother?”

“Oh, your sister did something awful. After you left, she trapped our mother inside a *lokawai* stump. Then she came back and told us that our mother was gone, but every time she went to get food, she would chop off one of Irigayasu’s limbs and cook it. She kept on cutting those *lokawai* branches and eating away our mother. She finished her yesterday, and today, you came back,” the children reported.

“Go back to the village,” their father said, “and tell your aunt to come here and help me carry this sago back. We need to make a feast for your mother.” The firstborn daughter ran back to the village and found the ogre pretending to be mourning. The girl spoke, “Our father says you must come down and help carry the sago. We’re helping him carry the big basket, but there’s nobody else to help with the sago.” The ogre at first refused; they argued until she was convinced that she had no choice but to go down to the beach. Meanwhile, the children’s father was honing his bush knife until it was as sharp as a razor blade. When the ogre showed up at the beach, her brother called out to her, “Come here. Carry that big basket on your head, and we’ll go back to the village.” The ogre went to the front of the canoe; she lifted the basket and put it on her head. When she was about to turn around and start walking, her brother cut her neck with a quick swipe of his bush knife. He then said to the girls, “Put her corpse in the canoe and push it past the reef passage; throw her body into the deep sea there.” The children did as they were told, and the sharks ate the ogre’s body. They came back to the beach, and their father said, “Take that sago back home. We have to give your dead mother the right feast.” They took everything back to the village and prepared a mortuary feast for Irigayasu. And that was my story.

COMMENTS

This is a very popular story in the Trobriand Islands. It is a common belief that *tokwai* spirits live in tree stumps and, if a person has the right magic, they will look after the gardens.

RELEVANT VOCABULARY:

beyawa
kaivariu
lokwai
sewega
tupakaniku

SN 271 TOLIWAGA
(NAME OF ONE OF THE CHIEFLY
MATRILINEAGES IN KIRIWINA)

A *liliu* foundation myth told by Kuyabesa from Wakaesa. He obtained the myth from his grandfather. Originally transcribed by George Mwasaluwa and translated by Joachim Taugwaga.

SUMMARY

This is a fragmentary summary of the foundation myth (*liliu*) of the Toliwaga *dala* matrilineage (belonging to the Lukwasiga *kumila*, or matriclan), with details about the emergence from the ground of the first ancestors (*tosunapula*) in Labai's cave, their wanderings until settling in Wakaesa, and the forging of alliances with other matrilineages like the Mosetaula (from the Lukulabuta *kumila*).

Liliu Toliwaga

Yegu Kuyabesa. Tolegu Wakaesa. Baliu aguliliu Toliwaga. Yegula makala ulakeda ituwari. Ulakeda makala: ikugwa Labai e gala kasunapula Labai. Tabalu ivabwadegusi pela egisesa sena togasisi yegu. Gala, ala Wabari asunapula. Asisu Wabari sena tuta kaduwanaku, elaga makala ituwari kalalega valu, e kugisa ikugwasa bwadagwa budatala yegu oluvi lama makawala. Wakaesa lama asili, asisu tuta komwedona. Alilagi valu kalalega ituwari, e lubegwa iwesa makala Labai, isiwesa Omarakana oluvi tubugwa makawala itikaewa kabiria Omarakana. Wakaesa ikabiriasi pela sikarewaga, pela siguyau makawala lubegu makawala yegu. Tuta komwedona isisayiasi. Tubugwa olumolela valu makawala olumolela kabokarewaga, itobu pilatala lubegwa sikarewaga orakaeni, otillawa yegu. Tuta tokunibogwa ima besa tuta. Lubegwa orakaena sikarewaga, yegu otillawa ulakarewaga. E besa tubugwa sikarewaga Wakaesa.

Lubegwa Omarakana, yegu Wakaesa. E bwadagwa ituwari ituwari, makala Tabalu ituwari ituwari. Ambese orakaena, ambese otillawa. Bilivala Wakaesa, bigabu Omarakana ave tuta kabiria. Bilivala Omarakana bigabu Wakaesa. Yegu balivala kalabiga Omarakana, Omarakana bilivala kalabiga Wakaesa. Kweyu karewaga bisisaiasi wala. Tubugwa Wakaesa bogwa

ikarewagasi, Gubaila tomwaya ikarewaga besa tuta yegu pikekita yegu Kuyabesa lakarewaga. E kalananamsa besa tuta gala makala. Omitibogwa dudubila ituwari kalalega. Lagela olumalama besa bwena wala bubuna. Yegu lama makawala sita atobidubadu. Ituwari Lukulabuta, ituwari makawala veyagwa wala Mosetaula. Ameya ila veyogu, yegu baluki kuyamata vavagi komwedona yokwa Mosetaula ulavavagi. Kaena meku, kaena youdila otunu ulai bitokaeva Wakaesa yokwa kukwan bukumeya ulai. Igau bavagi lakamkwam kweveka bikam.

Kamakarewaga lesela Tomlakuwa, besa eseli yakamesa Toliwaga. E matosina lasiyewa Lukulabuta towolila agusikukula. Gala biyagi lasikailepa. Biwaisi olopolo Wakaesa. Gala kasiboda bivagisi towosi. Yegula wala Tomlakuwa. Matosine wala Lukulabuta towaisi sikukula komwedosi matosine Tokwelasi. Yegu Tomlakuwa bakarewaga. Yegu siguyau matosine ulatokai. Yegu tosunapula tabugu makala.

Ekugwasa eurisa boala Lukulabuta esekeli tabula Mokatulova, esekeli tabula Bometu. Esekeli makawala Lukulabuta Buduyuwesi, Midukwau isunapulasi Dukwau imvesa, makiteki lama, tabugu yagala Tomlakuwa asunapula Wabari. Oluvi esunapula veyogu yagala Mosetaula sola bwadala esunapulasi. Elivala yokwa kaditeyu magigu bitala Kilivila. E sedaya bogwa esimvesa Kuboma, yakida bitala Kilivila bitanei valu. Igau ilolasa sena kaduwanokwa keda esilisa Wakaesa, elivala yokwa banagem kamnaga. Magigu bukusetaula bukula bukunei valu Kudouya. Yegu basimwa Wakaesa igau batulatula bwadidaya bimesa. E oluvi baseki karewaga bilagisa. E iluki veyola ikugwa. Ima Idaleka isili. E bukula kusili kuyamata dakai, dayoudila, daoutunu, davavagi komwedona. Yegu tuwam basili Wakaesa, bukulagi kaena ulai, kaena liku bitokaewa, yokwa bukumeya youdila pela ulai. E bukukwam, bukwamkwam yegu bavagi olopolo Wakaesa. Igau oluvi lemesa bwadala, makala kwetolu boda. Esilisa ikarewaga Lukulabuta. Yokwa gala bibwadem towosi, gala kailepa, yokwa agusikukula yokwa. E bawawai obuyagu yokwa bukusu wala. E Tomlakuwa ekarewagi makala. Bogwa kalamwaguta Tomlakuwa ikarewagi olumolela Wakaesa. Oluvi Seviriwariya iwokwa Uwelasi, iwokwa Towakaesa, iwokwa Kuyabesa, iwokwa Pwalakabiria, iwokwa Mweyoyu, iwokwa Mwasakuna, iwokwa Tososou, iwokwa Kulubwaga, iwokwa Mwekau, iwokwa Gumakabwaku, iwokwa tuwagu Viviliwa besa tuta yegu Kuyabesa. Besa wala aguliliu.

ENGLISH TRANSLATION

I am Kuyabesa, from Wakaesa Village. I am going to tell the foundation myth of my *dala* matrilineage, the Toliwaga. The path that my ancestors took is a different one. This is the path: they all came out from Labai, that was the first place of emergence for the others. But we didn't emerge at Labai. The Tabalu people blocked us when they saw how fierce my people were. So I went to Wabari, and I emerged from the ground there. I stayed in Wabari for a long time, and then I heard some new stories about my younger brothers from a different branch coming out first and me coming out afterward. Then I came to Wakaesa, and I made it my home; it should always be my home. But I always

hear a different version about this. My dear friends who came out at Labai went to Omarakana and stayed there, and my ancestors went to war with Omarakana. We fought the Tabalu of Omarakana for power and authority. Their chief in Omarakana has always been a dear friend to my ancestors; his rule and my rule are the same, yet they always competed with one another. My friends the Tabalu ruled above Omarakana, and I ruled below. From those old days until today, this is how things have always been, with my ancestors ruling from Wakaesa and the Tabalu from Omarakana. My younger brothers from a different family branch, their story is different, in the same way that there are different stories for the Tabalu too. Back in the day, it was warring. They would say here in Wakaesa, "Omarakana shall burn." And then Omarakana would say, "Let's burn Wakaesa down." And every time, these two ruling places would confront each other in this way. My ancestors ruled from Wakaesa, then the elder Gubaila took over, and right now I myself, Kuyabesa, have some authority; only some, because I'm still young. But things are different nowadays. Before, we were in the dark. Nowadays, we're in the light, and people's behaviors are good; we can live peacefully now. After I came out of the ground, my matrilineage increased in numbers. I now have the Lukulabuta *kumila* as my close relatives, for example, Mosetaula. After my ancestor emerged and came here, he brought Mosetaula close to him and said, "You are now my relative; from now on I will tell you to look after my things, and you will do things for me." Mosetaula can cut *meku* (*kwila* wood) for me or bring strings whenever he hears there is an *ulai* construction project to be done at Wakaesa. After the building is completed, it is my duty to make a big feast and feed him and all the other workers. It is our duty as Toliwaga to give him plenty of food to eat; that's what we were told by Tomlakuwa, that's the message he left us. He told the Lukulabuta to act as my personal guard, but he's not allowed to wield the *kailepa* magic stick within Wakaesa; the Lukulabuta do not have a family branch of *towosi* garden magicians. Only myself and Tomlakuwa can do that; the rest can only be my gardeners. Tomlakuwa and the rest of my matrilineage, we are the rulers; I am their chief, and they are my commoners. This is how my ancestors came out; the Lukulabuta emerged first and opened the house for the rest to emerge, then came their ancestor Mokatulova, then their other ancestor Bometu. Then came other Lukulabuta people, like Buduyuwesi. Midukwau emerged and came to Dukwau, and then, later on, it was my turn, the turn of my ancestor. My great-great-ancestor's name was Tomlakuwa, and he emerged in Wabari. Then my relative came out, his name is Mosetaula; he emerged together with his younger brother. He said, "You and I, the two of us, I want us to go to Kilivila [the central part of Kiriwina Island]. Let our friends settle down in the Kuboma district; we shall go to Kilivila and look for a place to stay there." They started walking, but their path was too long, and they came to rest in Wakaesa. That's when he said to his younger brother, "I have a plan for you. I want you to keep on walking and look for a place to stay in Kudouya. I will stay at Wakaesa, and I will wait for our younger brothers here. Later on, when they show up,

I'll give them my instructions." And that's how my ancestor's relative went ahead; he reached Idaleka Village in the Kudouya district on the northern shore of Kiriwina, and he stayed there. My ancestor said to him, "Go and stay there and look after our trees, the ones we'll use for buildings, our strings and vines, and all our other things. I am your elder brother, and I'll stay in Wakaesa. When you hear there is an *ulai* construction, when it's time to build a yam house, you shall bring all the materials for it. Then I will feed you here in Wakaesa." After that, there were three other family branches, and my ancestor also gave them instructions. The Lukulabuta had authority, but my ancestor said to them that they could not be *towosi* garden magicians, "You will not have magic sticks for the garden; you are my supporters. When I perform magic in the garden, you must stay back in the village, for that's not your duty." And that's how Tomlakuwa ruled. He was the sole ruler of Wakaesa. Then came Sevirivariya, then it was Uwelasi, after him it was Towakaesa, and when he passed it was the turn of Kuyabesa, then Pwalakabiria, then Mweyoyu, then Mwasakuna, then Tososou, then it was Kulubwaga's turn, and after his rule it was Mwekau's, then came Gumakabwaku, then my elder brother Viviluwa until now, my rule, Kuyabesa. And this is my foundation myth.

COMMENTS

It is common in *liliu* foundation myths for the storyteller to narrate the events in the distant past by using the first person: I did this, I did that. This is a way to affirm the differential identity of the storyteller and their matrilineage vis-à-vis an audience that most likely belongs to another *dala*. Note that within each *dala* matrilineage there might be different branches or families (*boda*), nominally with the same affiliation to a *kumila* totemic clan but with distinguishable features and sometimes even rank, something that's determined by the appropriate *liliu* foundation myth.

RELEVANT VOCABULARY:

kailepa
towosi
ulai

SN 285 BOI (THE EGRET)

A *kwanebu* folktale told by Yaritau, a man from Kabulula. Originally transcribed by Martin Monumwetola and translated by George Mwasaluwa.

SUMMARY

An egret tells two sisters to report to their mother its dirty thoughts while they're collecting saltwater. Offended by the rude comments, the mother asks her daughters to trick the egret and capture it. While the girls take the bird away, a *bwagau* sorcerer claims the head for himself from a distance. The girls shout back in

agreement, stating that the rest of the bird will be for their mother, but when they get back home they forget about their promise.

Kwanebuyee Boi

Kwanebuyee Boi. Boi mesiki Kegegila. E mutasi vivila teyu litusi Ilakaveyega. E evalugwasi kasiyona ilosa bikayonasi. E ivalutiusi Kalawa bisili bikayonasi e eyowaga minana Boi lema. Iyoyowa itoli odakuna e kebiga mutona Boi, "Vivila avaka bukuvagisa?"

"A kamesa kakayonasi kala yona inamesa."

"Amyagalaga inami?"

"Ilakaveyega."

"O kulosa kulukwesa inami kepwadau wila kesumisami wila kesumiudila wila, kekoniu wila, kekosela wila ibusi kala momona akanumwasi yegu Boi. Kulosa kulukwesa makawala." E ikikili kasiyona. Emesa, "A kawakeyasa natana mauna ima ekebiga: 'avela litula yokwami!' A, Ilakaveyega. Kuwesa kulukwesa inami, mauna yegu Boi lalilivala kulukwesa kepwadau wila, kesumisami wila, kesumiudila wila, kekoniu wila, kekosela wila ibusi kala momona akanumwasi yegu Boi."

"Ke, makala elivala?" "La [Ga? Ta?] idubakasala wala emutokegu gegedula ki. E nabweya bukolegusi tugwa bukolegusi tugwa muna amyagala kutatisa pwawewa pwagweda kutatisa pwakumu, pwavidu P.K. kwausa, kepikipaki kulausa." E etokewasi lemesa kalabiga ititatisa wala makesina kepikipaki kai itokoweyesa. Ikoekulasi wala iwakeyasa manakwa dakuna ekanukwenu kutowesa kupakisa. Isisusa gala kalabiga igisesaga minana Boi eyowa lema kalabiga. Iyoyowa wala minana Boi itola makwa dakuna.

"Veve lokumesa?"

"E, lakakeitasi kakayonasi."

"Wo, ke? Ke inami amyagala?"

"A, inamesa yagala Ilakaveyega."

"O kulosa kulukwesa inami kepwadau wila kesumisami wila, kesumiudila wila, kekoniu wila, kekosela wila ibusi kala momona akanumwasi yegula Boi."

"Ta [Ga? La?] ina tovesei yoku kumutoki inamesa. Mwamwenaga kuyowa bakagisemusi."

"Akapelaga kutotasa kugisegusi bayowa?"

Idoki gala biyowa epaki kekela e ekatubaba idoki e pemupanela epaki etokeyasi wala kalabiga toya bwadala mutosina vivila elosa iyuwalisa wala. Boi kukwasa. Ikoekulasi wala. Orebwaga kalabiga esakesaga tilekiki, "Ko, ko, ko, ko! Ko, ko, ko, ko!" E vavagiga mutona bwagau orebwaga, "Akununa, akuguna akunukuna akununa."

"Maka mkununa wala. Mwada kalakununa inamesa Ilakaveyega." E isalili gola okawala isakesaga, "O! Ko, ko, ko, ko!"

"E, akununa akununa akunukuna akununa." E evavagisaga mutosi vivila, "Maka mkununa wala, mwada inamesa kala kununa Ilakaveyega."

Ikoekulasi wala ovalu isimwesa igabusa minana Boi. Igabusa Boi minawena ikamukomasi iyaisa.

"A kamakeyasa tetala bwagau elivala kidamwa kalakununa mitaga bogwa takamukomasi lataiyaisa. Amumakawala?"

"O kumesa kuvapwegusi yegula bala wapweya akanawa." Evapusa inasi ela wapweya. E emwa gola litula emwa ekanamwa. Mutowenaga bwagau kalabiga eokeya elola lema. "Akununa akununa akunukuna akununa." E ilola. Ilola wala katupotala keda isekiga, "Akununa akunukuna akununa." Ivalutu wala ivilobusi Kwebwaga. "Akununa akununa akunukuna akununa." Ivalutu wala emakeya deli inasi bogwa etmwausi. E ilitaki wala kalabiga tala tegalu imwakeya natana kalabiga ikatugudu keyola ikanukwenu. Ilupi natana. Eiyosi wala eiyai. Elupi inasi wapweya evapusa emeysa ilaisa wala olopola boala, "Tu!" Ikatupipiu wala kalabiga minana numwaya. Ikatupipiu kalabiga iwomukulai bwagau mutowena ikanukwenu ivitubolalaga mutona bwagau ila kalabiga. Pulipuli kasiyena labisa kweluwa iyali iyapu pisi kwanana kwanana mukwetayelaga taubada. Bogwa misinaku.

ENGLISH TRANSLATION

This is the story of Boi, the egret. The egret lived in Kegegila. There were two girls, the daughters of Ilakaveyega. They took their containers for saltwater and went to get some salt. When they came to Kalawa, they started to fill their pots when a heron came flying toward them. He came and stood on a stone and asked the girls, "Girls, what are you doing?"

"We came here to get some salt for our mother." "What is your mother's name?"

"Ilakaveyega."

"When you go back, tell your mother she has a torn vagina, she has a bushy vagina, a saggy vagina, and when her vagina starts dripping liquid, I, the heron, will drink it. Go now and tell her what I said."

They came back and told their mother, "We went to get salt and saw a bird, and it asked us whose children we were, and we told it we were Ilakaveyega's daughters. And the bird said to us: go tell your mother I'm the heron and I say she has a torn vagina, a smelly vagina, a bushy vagina, a saggy vagina, and when she starts dripping vaginal fluid, I shall drink it up, I am the heron."

"Is that what it said?" asked the mother. "That was very rude of that bird to call me these weird names. Tomorrow, my children, you will go back again, taking with you the pasty sap of a mango tree, the pasty sap of the gweda tree, the pasty sap from the breadfruit tree, the pasty sap from the vividu tree, and some P.K. [chewing gum]." When they left the next day, they took with them the pasty saps of the named trees. When they came to the stone where the heron landed the day before, they pasted the stone with what they brought. They sat down and watched the heron flying toward them. The heron flew and landed on the stone.

"Girls, you came back."

"Yes, we came back to get some saltwater." "Oh, yeah. And what is your mother's name?" "Our mother's name is Ilakaveyega."

"When you return, tell your mother she has a torn vagina, a smelly vagina, a bushy vagina, a saggy vagina, and when her vaginal fluid drips down, I shall drink it, I am the heron."

"You have been very rude swearing at our mother. Take off so we can see you fly." "Why are you standing there to see me take off?"

When he tried to take off, his claws were stuck; the heron flapped his wings to fly, but his wings got stuck to the rock too. Then the girls went there and tied the heron up and took it away. When they reached the forest on the cliffs, the two girls shouted, “Ko, ko, ko, ko! Ko, ko, ko, ko!” Then the sorcerer answered them from the forest on the cliffs, saying, “My head, I have the head, the heron’s head.”

“Yeah, it will be your head alright. It is our mother’s head, Ilakaveyega.” As they were leaving the forest and going into the bushes, they shouted, “O! Ko, ko, ko, ko!” The sorcerer replied again, “My head, I have the head, the heron’s head.” And the girls replied, “Yes, it will be yours, our mother, Ilakaveyega, will have it.” They carried the heron home and roasted it on the fire. After it was cooked, they ate it all.

“On our way home we heard a sorcerer calling; he wanted to have the head of the heron, but we have eaten it all, what should we do?”

“Oh, come and put me in the giant basket and hide me.” So they put their mother in the basket. Then the daughters went to hide themselves likewise. The sorcerer came out from the bush looking for them. “My head, where is my heron’s head, my head!” He came walking down the road, shouting, “Where is my head, my heron’s head, my head!” Then he entered the village of Kwebwaga, “My head, my heron’s head, my head!” He came in and saw the girls and their mother were not there. He grabbed one of the baskets and found one of the girls inside. The *bwagau* broke the neck of the girl with his teeth and kept on searching for his heron’s head. Then he did the same to the other girl who was hiding inside another basket. Once he had killed them both, he came to the basket where the mother was hiding, lifted it up, and dropped it in the middle of the house, “Tu!” This made the mother fart. Coming after her, he killed her and left the house. Now the story goes back to the bush. Growing yams goes beyond its time; they are plentiful and abundant, I scored one for you, sir. That’s the end of it.

COMMENTS

This is a popular story in the Trobriand Islands and occurs in Malinowski (1987 [1929]: 340) as “The Reef Heron and Ilakaveyega” (the mother’s name).

This story is also found in Budibudi, although in a more detailed way and with a completely different ending. There is a place in Budibudi with three big boulders that are said to be the egret’s rocks.

RELEVANT VOCABULARY: *pweya* (see Figure 64)

SN 287 KURU (THE OWL)

A *kwanebu* folktale told by Tomdia, a man from Kabulula. He obtained the story from his father, Tokutaibu. Originally transcribed by Bernard Mwayubu, new transcription and translation into English by Linus SilipolaKhapulapola digim’Rina.

SUMMARY

A community of birds engages in an epic Kula voyage that has, as its main goal, bringing back to Kiriwina the famed Idonopi, a beautiful woman living in the far eastern village of Monuveyova on the island of Muyuwa (Woodlark Island). Kuru, the owl, is despised by his peers for being old and ugly and is constantly admonished to quit the fleet in the quest for Idonopi. Yet through the use of his superb *sulumweya* love spells and canoe sailing magic, Kuru and his reliable supporter, Pwasisikwa, outwit and outcompete all his rivals, winning over the heart of Idonopi to be his wife. This invites envy, jealousy, conspiracy, and intrigue. Back in Kiriwina, all the birds plot to kill Idonopi’s husband through sorcery. Idonopi marries all the birds in succession as their jealous competitors keep on killing them. Once they are all decimated, Pwasisikwa, the last survivor and the younger brother of the heroic Kuru, eventually marries Idonopi, and they stay together.

Kwanebuyee Kuru

Kuru lavalu Ovavaila, mesikesa. Isisusa, isisusa, iyoyu butula Idonopi, Omyuwo isisu. Esisu Omyuwa, sena naminabweta minana vivila. Itorisa bwena iyoudilasi siwaga.

Itakubila lawaga M’luvekha, tuwatau. Itateya ikapituni. Isupela ikapusi lawaga Pulou, kaewagina. Itateya ikapituni. Isupela lawaga Khetakera, khasiyonasigwa. Itateya ikapituni. Isupela lawaga Buriburi, Kaetaola. Itateya ikapituni. Matona Kuru lawaga musimwesi itakubila, itateya ikapituni. Ekebigasi bwadala, “Yokwa tomwaya, bukuwa avakha bukuvagi? Ki, migina makhawala dakuna dukupwakupwa, wodila makhala tanki kwelatabubogwa. Bitawaga bigiseda vivivila, matila ivagi tosila turaki, bitawaga bigiseda vivila, khena?”

“O bwadagwa, avakhaga uula bukuyabegusi? Tokwamgu khesuya, bakhamkwam wala. Gala bitawesa pela vivila, gala! Bitawesa khena bunukwa bukukurisa, buwa akhaui, tasupelasiga kweta simla.”

“Wo, galaga bukuwa!” Bogwa ekapikakha khagala Pulou. “Galaga bukuwa, besa yokwa bukusimwa wala. Taga kuwa kuyomigigeni, muwadaga makhala ovalu, mitaga besa obwarita tasisakhaula. Bitakota, myovau yakida bigiseda khadagigisa bikebiga, Wo, tawa! Mwadagola tomatotomi okumesa. Tomigigaga yokwami okumesa, avakha bukuvagisa?”

“Gala, bwadagwa bukuyabegusi, desi wala bitawesa alilola.”

“O, nabweya utuutu pwatai, bugiyu bitakewasi.” Sikwadewa Khaulukuba bikewasi, kharikeda Khadailavala. Iutuutusi sipwatai eyam, ivabusisi. Italoisi deli vivila iwokuwa, ikewasi. “Yokwa bukusimwa wala, khalausagelu Pwasisikwa.” Ekebiga Pwasisikwa, “Psi! Desi wala kukugwewesa kulosa, bwena gola bakhasimwa khayamata nunumwaya. Ikugwasa tuwamwa, bwena gola bitaninanamsa.” Idobusisi, isisakhaulasi wala bogwa etobu kunaya, khematala bogwa emomomlasi bikeguri. Iribusisi gola oKhadailavala iseki Kuru, “Kuru rowana, Kuru rowana, Kuru rowana, Kuru rowana, mwaba rowana, mwaba rowana, mwaba rowana, pogudugudu, pogiroropi,

idobwikewasi Yeguma. Isisakhaulasi, imomomulasi bikeguri, ikilovasi usola bwadala. Isisakhaula, imomomulasi bogwa lewewa makhena iseki. “Kuru rowana, Kuru rowana, Kuru rowana, Kuru rowana, mwaba rowana, mwaba rowana, pogudugudu, pokileleku, lopola Idonopi, lopola lawaga Kuru, sei di . . . di . . . di . . . di . . . di . . .!” Khetanadesi wala ila iliku Yeguma. Ilaguva lakaivau Pulou, lemeyesa bunukuwa legigabu iwokuwa, ivakhatisa ikamkwamsi ivenokusi, “Khe, bogwa latavenokusi besa laga bitakilaisa Wamwala, nabweya Muryuwa bitayosisa. Tawakheyesa Idonopi tagisesa.” Ikanukwenusi, igilagela rekorekiwa ikatubayasasiga. Iyamtatola gola ikiposasiga Litumuyu idobwikewasi. Isakhaulasi itowota khalasiya, itovila, isekiga Kuru, bogwa euvatetilasi, etola iseki. “Kuru rowana, Kuru rowana, Kuru rowana, Kuru rowana, mwaba rowana, mwaba rowana, pogudugudu, pokileleku, lopola Idonopi, lopola lawaga Kuru, sei di . . . di . . . di . . . di . . . di . . .!” Khetanadesi wala ila iliku okhowalawa Bovagisa, Kuru. Isisakhaulasi bwadala, iuvalutusi wala idudubiri. Idobusisi wala isisakhaulasi idolaguvasi, idouvayalisi wala, isekiga Kuru, “Kuru rowana, Kuru rowana, Kuru rowana, Kuru rowana, mwaba rowana, mwaba rowana, pogudugudu, pogileleku, lopola Idonopi, lopola lawaga Kuru, sei di . . . di . . . di . . . di . . . di . . .!” Khetanadesi wala Monuveyova ila iliku okhowalawa. Minanaga, igisi tawau bogwa edidolaguvasi, iuwesomi iwokuwa, ikau mitana sopi igabi. Silipapi mitana khalakhauya, igigiri buwa ekasewa khalakhauya, evabusi lewa okhowalawa.

Ewesa tawau, khalasiya etowota edolaguvasi. Ibibiusi siwaga iwokuwa, ekatupoi. “Vivila, bogwa lema? Bogwa, lema emwa ikasopi. Khatubayasa nani gugwadi, nani kulausa sopi ikiri Idonopi.” Ewa gola isiri wasopi, mwada bikasopi. Muluvekha ekeula Milupusapwasa mayana sopi ekepapi ekau eiyaki wala Idonopi. Eweya wala, “Ah, lewa khalapwakha tuwagu. Kukwau, kukiriga khamasopi bakkhalau.”

“Avela khalapwakha?” “Ah, Muluvekha!” “O gibuyo, gibuyo, khalapwakha Muluvekha gibu, gibuyo, khariyaguma Muluvekha gibu, gibuyo, gibu, gibu, gibu. Kula kuluki tuwam sena tominabweta, tovekha, tokhetubwa, gala wala. Khalatau vavagi komwedona ikibwadi iwokuwa, kwetala wala sena tobulubulu. Bakhawa mwada bakhakenu mitaga wowola iniyawokuwa wala ikatupolu.” Esakhaula wala eweya.

“Kwalai?”

“Gala wala, pwakha gala wala ikau. Ivinavina komwedona gibu wala yakida. Kwetala wala kidamwa tobulubulu yokwa. Bukuwesa mwada bukukwenusi bukuyobobusi, wowom bulubuluwokuwa wala.”

“Wo, ikeya tamala, ikoma khalapopu!” Eyokewa Pulou ivataila wala, “Kulau, Minukuvesa, miyana sopi, khauya mitana, pwakha deli.” Isakhaula wasopi, “Idonopi, ewa khalapwakha tuwagu kukwau, kukiriga khamasopi bakkhalau.”

“Avetau?”

“Ah, Pulou.”

“Gibuyo, gibuyo, khariyaguma gibu, gibuyo, khalapwakha gibuyo, gibu, gibuyo, khalakena gibuyo, gibu gibuyo, migila gibuyo, gibu gibuyo, khalapola gibuyo, gibu gibuyo. Kula

kuluki tuwam sena tominabweta, toduwosisiya, totunutu, tombwerigu wala senela. Taga kwetala bogina senela wadola. Sena tobubwagau. Bakhawa bakhakenu, bibubwagau wala, bima bulapwasa wala wadola—tokwamla tomata.” Ekeimari eweya. “Kwalai?”

“Gala wala. Bogwa makhala sedaya, makhala yakida. Gibuwokuwa wala migida, gibu khadiyaguma, gibu khadapwakha, gibu khadakena, gibu wala. Sena tomanabweta yokwa, tovekha yokwa, tokwetubwa yokwa, kwetala wala tobogina yokwa, tobubwagau yokwa, bogina wadom.”

“Oisi! Ikeya tamala ikapwasa khalapopu. Bogwa bivasisapedasi bwadagwa.” “Yakida Gegira, kumakheya kulau.”

Ekokeula Gegira, “Ah, ina elululu khanivam. Avelaga khariyaguma lokumeya?”

“Ah, tuwagu khariyaguma lameya kukwau khalapwakha, kukiriga khama sopi baiyaki.” “Avetau?”

“Khetakera.”

“O, gibuyo, gibu gibuyo, khariyaguma gibuyo, khalakena gibuyo, gibu gibuyo, khalapwakha gibuyo, gibu gibuyo, migila gibuyo, gibu gibuyo, khalapola gibuyo, gibu gibuyo, gibu, gibu, mwa, gibu. Tomanabweta, tomilutapa, tobubuvatu. Gala wala teta ikarisau khetubwatubwa, mtona sena wala tominabweta, tombweligu. Kwetala wala topaki [topatu?], bakhabigatona, gala wala bwena. Bikabiribari mayela bililivala. Kula kwatulaki.”

Ema wala, “Kwalai?”

“Gala wala, mabigana sedaya gibu, mabigana yakida gibu. Komwedona gibu, ila wala sita lesakhegu, tominabweta yokwa, tomilutapa yokwa, lululu khanivam senela. Kwetala wala topaki [topatu?] yokwa. Bukubigatonasi kidamwa bukwabiribari mayem.”

“Woisi! Ikeya tamala ikapwasa khalapopu. Gala wala, bogwa bivasisapedasi.” Eyokewa Kharaga, “Yakida Sina, kumakheya kuweya kuigikwari khadiyaguma. Sidayala bwena migisi, makhala wala gola mabigala yakida. Bwena wala kuweya kuigakola. Bogwa wala bisimwa. Bogwa khena nabweya, bugiyu, bugitolu khekokewa.”

Isakhawarisa, isakhaula . . . “Idonopi. Ah lewa tuwagu khariyaguma kukwau, kukiriga bakhamweya sita khamom.”

“Avetau?” “Kharaga!”

“Ah, Kharaga. Pusigala avakha kheluwayala wala. O, gibuyo, gibu gibuyo, khariyaguma gibuyo, gibu gibuyo, khala kena gibuyo, gibu gibuyo, khala pwakha gibuyo, gibu gibuyo, khala sopi gibuyo, gibu gibuyo, migila gibuyo, gibu, gibu, gibu. Kula kuluki tuwam, tomanabweta, tobubuvatu, wowola bitori ivivila wala. Taga kwetala wala, touvelau. Bakhawa adoki obuyagu khabugubagula, bilaga khabuluyuwela bagula biuvelau wala. Kula kwatulaki.” Ewa wala . . . “Kwalai?”

“Gala wala. Sidaya bogwa wala makhawala wala. Komwedona davavagi gibu wala, kwetanadesi wala tomanabweta yokwa, wowom ivivila, pusigam buweyani. Kwetala wala, touvelau yokwa. Kidamwa bukuwesa bukubugubagulasi bukulaga kuuvelau khabuluyuwela bagula.”

“Wo! Ikeya tamala ikoma khala popu. Bogwa gala wala.” Eyokewaga Kilakila . . . “Ah, yakidaga Mwegu, kumakheya

khadiyaguma kuweya kuigakola. Okutolala gala. Yakidasiga gala, kwevekha. Gala khena.”

Esakhawari wala, “Yokwa Idonopi. Lewa khamasopi sogu tuwagu kukiri. Kukwaugwa khariyaguma kukwau, kukiriga khamasopi baiyaki khamom. Bogwa sena akhakhadakh.”

“Avetau?” “Taga Kilakila.”

“Oki, kumeya khalasopi tuwam. O gibuyo, gibu gibuyo, khari yaguma gibuyo, gibu gibuyo, khalakena gibuyo, gibu gibuyo, khalapwakha gibuyo, gibu gibuyo, omigila gibuyo, gibu gibuyo, gibu, gibu, gibu, gibu. Tomanabweta, tobubuwatu. Kwetala wala, totubwaga, matala makhala garasi. Bakhawa babugubagula bilaga olaodila, ave mauna ave mauna bikokeula bimmeya olopwa bagula. Kokola wowogu, kula kwatulaki.”

Ema wala . . . “Amakhawala?”

“Gala wala, bogwa makhawala. Kwetala wala kidamwa totubwaga yokwa, gala sita kuputuputuma, gala ibwabwena kham gigisa. Kwetala, matam bukulola tadoki wala khaikaila; gala sitana bitobu khamitokwalu. Khena tokerekera yokwa, uula lepeki.” “Woisi, gagen.” Eyokewa Bubuna etota, “Ah, yokwa Minumwaniku, kumakheya khadiyaguma kuweyaki ikau, ikiriga sopi kumeya sitana avakhapu kheyogu bogwa lasomata dakh.”

E, isakhawari wala, Munumwaniku, kutori wala owada sopi, “Idonopi, kukiri khalasopi tuwagu, ewaga kukwau khariyaguma tuwagu.”

“Avetau?”

“Bubuna.”

“Kumeya tuwam khariyaguma. Gibuyo, gibu gibuyo, khariyaguma gibuyo, gibu gibuyo, migila gibuyo, gibu gibuyo, khalakena gibuyo, gibu gibuyo, khalapwakha gibuyo, gibu gibuyo, khabulula gibuyo, gibu gibuyo, gibu, gibu, gibuyo. Kula kuluki tuwam, mokwita khetubwatubwa ikugwa Bubuna. Tomanabweta, tobubuwatu, totumutunu. Kwetala wala, matala sena kwegirigiri, wadola sena kwesinikakhata, kwekekita. Gala wala amakhala bitagaki khanukwenu, vayaula. Tomigagala. Kula kwatulaki.”

Ewa elilivala . . . “Gala wala, bogwa mabigana wala. Tominabweta yokwa, totumutunu yokwa, kwetala wala matam sena kwekikekita, wadom sena kwekakhata, kwekekita. Galaga amakhala bivigaki yobobu, kidamwa.”

“O, gagen. Bogwa leokuva, amakhawala?”

“Yakidaga Minukuvesa,” Sakbau elivala, “Yakida Munukuvesa, kumakheya kuweya kuigakola.”

Ekoekula Munukuvesa, evavivila wasopi etori. “Mwa?”

“Gala, lameya khalasopi tuwagu, khalapwakha kukwau, kukiriga khalasopi.” “Avetau?”

“Sakbau.”

“Kumeya tuwam khariyaguma. Gibuyo, gibu gibuyo, khariyaguma gibuyo, gibu gibuyo, migila gibuyo, gibu gibuyo, khalakena gibuyo, gibu gibuyo, khalapwakha gibuyo, gibu gibuyo, migila gibuyo, gibu gibuyo, gibu, gibu, gibuyo. Bukula kuluki tuwam, mtona adoki ikanukwenu wala otubwaga. Gala sita ikikakhaya, khena sopi kweta tuta ivabubwati, gala wala. Khabala otubwaga wala, deli gala khabomasisi. Bitomwa gera

yam, igiragera bibwagi, bitomwa sora, isorasora biyam, gala wala khabomasisi. Pela sena wala totubwaga, pela otubwaga wala ikanukwenu, mtona. Kula kwatulaki.” “Kwalai?”

“Gala wala. Yakida kwevekha mokwita takila ivagi. Gala sitana ututa utumanabwena. Gala wala, komwedona ilaeda wala. Kidamwa, gala taputuputuma, gala tavabubwati sopi. Besa talilola wala, sitana bitagisi sopi makhala khaduvepakha.”

“O! Gagen. Amakhala bitaigakhesa?”

Eyokewa minawena Buriburi . . . “Yakida Minuigwaigula, amakhala kumakheya kuweya kuigakola. Sitala sedaya, sitana gola, mitaga yakida makhala pwanosi. Bukuweya adoki gala wala. Bwena wala taigakola, bogwala evasisapedasi. Khe, gala tuwadayasa wala teyu wala esisusa, bikatubodasi bitakheitasi. Nabweya, khena bugiyu bitakheitasi, bogwa etulukwayasa nunumwaya. Mwadaga mokwita khekokewa latamesa.”

Isakhawari isekewa sopi . . . “Ai, avela khalasopi?” “Buriburi.”

“Yokwa Munuigwaigula okumeya Buriburi? E, Buriburi. Gibuyo, gibu gibuyo, khari yaguma gibuyo, gibu gibuyo, migila gibuyo, gibu gibuyo, khala kena gibuyo, gibu gibuyo, khala pwakha gibuyo, gibu gibuyo, migila gibuyo, gibu gibuyo, gibu, gibu, gibu. Togibu wala tomwedola mtona. Mokwita mtowena topodadoga, tobianiku, tomigapopu wala mtona. Gala sitana khalaboda ulatila, gala wala. Bisiwa, avakhaga uula okumeyesa. Bogwala tomigaga, bukuyabisa bisiwa, avakhaga pela okumeyesa.” “Kumeya khalasopi tau bwena bakhawu. Bogwa gala.”

Kulaga, makhena gesuwari ilagi wala etitakila emeyesa. Mtonaga makhala bikau pela bogwa evenoku khalakhekakhaya, pela bogwa eluvalova eliloki Idonopi. Miyana yaguma bo! Bo! Bo! Ekatupitukemwa, ekatupitukemwaga, Kuru.

“Yokwa amakhala, Pwasisikwa, kulau tuwadasi khariyaguma? Mtona lasta, nubweya khekokewa.”

Elupi wala mtowena . . . “Psi! Psi! Yokwamila tominabweta psi! Matakilela gola. Mitaga yakhama mtona psi! Gala wala. Bakhokeula mitaga adoki biuvatai wala, bayosesila bisitubololaga psi!”

“Wo! Desi wala kulau.” Ekebiga mtona Muluvekha. “Gala, baweya bikatuiki matagu sopi.”

“Bwena bwadada kulau kuigakola. Tuwamwa bogwa leokuva.”

Mtonaga makhena kena, khetala nagega kurigela, eyosari oyaguma eseki gala wala. Eviviya wala yaguma. Ekoekula wala Pwasisikwa.

“Avetau?”

“Ah, tuwagu khariyaguma, Kuru.” Iyowa wala minana Idonopi, ivalai sopi wadola, iyowa iwa ikatulebu.

“Ai! Miyana bwena biyotubwatubwa. Idubakhasala khatudada khagumolu asisu gola ebogi.” Miyana yaguma elupi Idonopi eviviya. “Kumeya, kumeya. Laga bakau miyana pwakha. Miyana pwakha gala bukukweimari. Sopi wala bukulu bimom.” Iseki . . . “Mwasalo, mwasa, mwasalo, khariyaguma Kuru, mwasalo, mwasa mwasalo migila mwasalo, mwasa mwasalo, khabulula mwasalo, mwasa mwasalo, matala mwasalo, mwasa mwasalo, wadola mwasalo, mwasa mwasalo,

mwasa mwasalo, mwasa, mwasa, mwasa.” Ilupi miyana yaguma deli khaunya isewa, ikiriga mayana sopi. “Kulau wala kuluki bima wala wasopi bilupegu bikeula matana khaunya bakhawa. Khamiteyu wala bitalosa ovalu.” Eweya wala . . . “Kwalai?” Muluvekha ekebiga.

“Gala, tuwadesa bogwa lesewa khariyaguma. Lama baluki, imom wala bakhawa bakeula mitana khaunya, bigebila minana sopi bakhawisa ovalu. Bogwa eveya tuwadasi.” “O, ikelatama ikoma khalapopu. Nabweya wala khekokewa, gala kudokhesa bugiyu. Bogwa wala nabweya khekokewa,” elivala Muluvekha.

E, desi wala isakhaula, iyigiri Pwasisikwa, iwa isigisi wala owada sopi. Bogwa lesigisi leokuva besa, elolasa elosa. Ewesa, ewesa, ewesa okhodumalaga, iuvalutusi olakhaukweda tamala. Ekebiga inala, “Ki, bogwa okuvai, Idonopi?”

“Bogwa.”

“Wah, tau tomigaga, tuda. Gala sita kugigisa tawau. Khena, tomanabweta bogwa okuiyai, mtonaga tomigaga, okutagwala gola.”

Minana bogwa esebuguluwa, isui wabwala eluki tau. “Kumat!” Epelasi elosa okhabala. Moi otanawa, moi orakhewa, desi wala igigisi ikenusi. E, tamala, inala ivatubololasi obuyagu imesa. Luleta, khadala ivavagisi lakoni iwokuva. Muluvekha ikilai bwadala khekivi.

“Kula kuluki nabweya bimesa bitakewasi, gala bugiyu.” Esakhaula ewa eluki wala ekeitasi lemesa emeyesa khaula, bunukwa okwadewa. Buwa esekemwa tala bwadala teta isekemwa. Khari youdilaga bogwa eyomtimwatisa ekanukwenu. Evalapula bogwa lema usola vivila. Elukwesa tuwasi, “Meyesa pwakha khakhauisi!” Ekau mtona Muluvekha ikikaui wala pwakha ikatusau besa khai ila olopola. Ikikedodigasi wala ivenokusi, ikiposasi wala. Iuvatowasi khai okhowalawa ewokuva ivatubololasi. Isakhaulasi wala bwadala bidolaguvasi wala Gawa, esekiga mtona. “Kuru rowana, Kuru rowana, Kuru rowana, Kuru rowana, mwaba rowana, mwaba rowana, pogudugudu, pogileleku, lopola Idonopi, lopola lawaga Kuru, sei di . . . di . . . di . . . di . . . di . . .!” Khetanadesi ima iliku Gawa. Emesa bwadala dubilikhawita ekutakotasi. Imasisisi leyam khekokewa wala, gala khasai bogi wala bitakewasi.

Imumasisisi, Pulou iyopwi youdila kweyuwela iseki bwadala isakhawari okhori yaguma tuwasi ikatusau. Mtonaga ikikaui wala, gala sita inanari gala wala, idoki bogwa wala bwena okhekokewa. Isakhaulasi bwadala bidolaguvasi Kweiwata, ikilovaga mtona, “Kuru rowana, Kuru rowana, Kuru rowana, Kuru rowana, mwaba rowana, mwaba rowana, pogudugudu, pogileleku, lopola Idonopi, lopola lawaga Kuru, sei di . . . di . . . di . . . di . . . di . . .!” Khetanadesi ima iliku Kweiwata. Emesa bwadala dubilikhawita lekutakotasi. Imumasisisi leyam, khekokewa wala, gala khasai. Bogi wala bitakewasi.

Imumasisi, Pulou iyopwi khapwayuwela eseki bwadala isakhawari okhori yaguma tuwasi ikatusau. Mtonaga ikikaui wala, gala sita inanari, idoki bogwa wala bwena khekokewa. Isakhaulasi bwadala bidolaguvasi Yarabwa, ikilovaga mtona. “Kuru rowana, Kuru rowana, Kuru rowana, Kuru rowana,

mwaba rowana, mwaba rowana, pogudugudu, pogileleku, lopola Idonopi, lopola lawaga Kuru, sei di . . . di . . . di . . . di . . . di . . .!” Isakhaula mwada biwoula isakhaurisiga bwadala imesa idolaguvasi. Yamala wala Pulou, gala wala bitalosa wala Iwa. Ikatutuwarisa wala makwa milaveta. Isakhawarisa bidolaguvasi wala bwadala Iwa, Khadukurikwari idolaguvasi, bogwaga esakhaula lewa mtowena, iseki, “Kuru rowana, Kuru rowana, Kuru rowana, Kuru rowana, mwaba rowana, mwaba rowana, pogudugudu, pogileleku, lopola Idonopi, lopola lawaga Kuru, sei di . . . di . . . di . . . di . . . di . . .!” Khetanadesi ima iliku okhowalawa Iwa. Esakhaulasi lemesa bwadala, “Gala wala, bitadotuarisa wala Kitava bitamasisisi.” Isakhaulasi bwadala emomomulasi bikegurisa otapwala Kitava, ekilovaga mtona lema. Isakhaula bidolaguva isekiga. “Kuru rowana, Kuru rowana, Kuru rowana, Kuru rowana, mwaba rowana, mwaba rowana, pogudugudu, pogileleku, lopola Idonopi, lopola lawaga Kuru, sei di . . . di . . . di . . . di . . . di!” Khetanadesi ikatulibita Khesalai ima iyuwari Khaluwogai.

Esakhaurisi lemesa duburikhawita ekotasi. Bwadala imumasisisi, bogwaga eiypowi Kharaga, khariyoudila makhakwena khalayotila bilaisa tuwasi. Emeyesa khariyaguma Pwasisikwa . . . “Psi! kumeyesa tuwadesa khariyaguma sita khakhauisi.” Bugibogila, bogwa ekeulasi matabola tuwasi iwaya wala. Elaisa kwetolula khalayotila tuwasi khariyaguma. Imumasisi wala . . . “Bogi wala bitakewasi, galaga biyam.” Eyumyam ekilovasiga bwadala ekugwasa. Emumasisisi emamatisi, egigabu khabwasi lakwava ekukwari, ekamkwamsi iwokuva, ikilovasi. Imomomulasi ikegulisi otapwala Kilivila, ekilaisaga lema. Isakhaula, imomulasi isekiga. “Kuru rowana, Kuru rowana, Kuru rowana, Kuru rowana, mwaba rowana, mwaba rowana, pogudugudu, pokileleku, lopola Idonopi, lopola lawaga Kuru, sei di . . . di . . . di . . . di . . . di . . .!” Khetanadesi wala ima iliku Khaduila wala owadola. Iuvatobusi sosola bwadala siwaga, esakhaulasiga vivila khatugogova, bogwa elagisa. Lewesa ibiyasi lawaga Kuru ikaturigaisa.

“Kwalaisi khekokewa?”

“Vivila bogwa leveya Kuru, tawau olui okharigewa, lakhasakhaulaga sogu tuwagu lakhameya vivila.” Emesa sesiya, ibibiyasi siwaga iwokuva, ikatubayasasi siguguwa ivatubololasi. Iuvalutusi ovalu isuisi sosola lakwava. Ekanukwenu ebutu wowola Kuru, itota eyam. Itowota khalasiya itoila, gala wala imwamwai, ikarigaga Kuru. Eyosiga bunukwa Pulou usola Muluvekha. Iyosisa igigabu iwokuva, emenu imwarisa iwokuva euvakhomasiga vivila. Bogwa elausa olabwala besa Muluvekha iriburibu, bogwaga euvakhoma osulumweya. Gala wala itadabarisi vivila, ekarigaga Muluvekha. Esupela ela besa Pulou makhawala wala. Ekariga Pulou esuperisa ela besa Kharaga, ekariga Kharaga. Etaina ela besa Sikwekwa olabwala, ikalatala wala ekariga. Ela besa Khetakera ikalatalasi wala, elosa ilaisa khariyoudila. Ekariga Khetakera, ekariga Bubuna. Esikilemasi ekariga bogwa, minana Nakweyaya, gala wala. Bogwa emtugigiyesa, vivilaga natanadesi. Ila kweta bwala ikariga, isupela. Iiyosisa, iyosisa ekeita ela iveya mtona Kwelou. Iveya Kwelou, gala wala bogwa ekoma youdila.

*Emuturisa mabudana tawau, eiyosisa wala, emuturikosisa,
evaboda nim Pwasisikwa. Iveya vivila isiyemwa, bwadala.
Puripuri khasiyenee, rabesa kweluwa Mweiyari mweiyapu.
Pisi kwanada kwanada E, mkwetaela Taubada.*

ENGLISH TRANSLATION

Kuru, the owl, lived at Ovavaila. From there, all the birds heard the fame of beautiful Idonopi, a Muyuwa woman from the far east, Woodlark Island. The birds began building their canoes in order to reach out to Idonopi and woo her favors. Muluvekha, the sea eagle, built a canoe with *tuwatau* plants. The Pulou bird built his canoe with the *kaewagina* plant. Khetakera, the sulphur-crested cockatoo, made his with *khasiyonasigwa* grass. Buriburi, the curl-crested manucode, built his canoe from the *kaetaola*. And finally, Kuru made his with the *musimwesi* plant. But then all the younger birds (Kuru being their elder) protested, saying that Kuru as the elder must remain at home and not join the journey. "Your face is like that of an ugly coral rock, your mouth is as big as a huge water tank, your eyes look like the headlights of a truck. Surely, no woman would find you attractive," they griped.

"Oh, younger ones," Kuru retorted, "why would you prevent me from coming along? I assure you that my only job is to eat the leftover food as spoils from your successes. I'm not coming to attract women; all I want is the food, if you get a pig here and some betel nut there, the things you will gain from island to island."

"No, you must not come at all!" Pulou insisted. "This journey across the seas is nothing like staying at home. Each arrival raises high expectations of beauty and decorum. Ugly faces invite ridicule and scorn from hosts. This is unacceptable."

"Please, my younger ones. Do not leave me behind, allow me to come along for adventure's sake," begged Kuru.

"All food baskets must be ready by tomorrow, and we shall set sail the following day," they announced. The birds' beach was Khaulukuba; their reef passage was Khadailavala. Food baskets were packed through the night, and they descended down to the beach by the morning. They bid farewell to their womenfolk and sailed off.

"You Kuru," the birds say, "you might as well be the boat passenger of the Pwasisikwa bird."

"Psi! Fine, you all go ahead while we remain to take care of the women in the village," the small Pwasisikwa remarked. "Let them be; we can remain and think through things." Kuru agreed. As soon as the rest of the canoe fleet was out on the horizon, both Kuru and Pwasisikwa launched their canoe into the passage of Khadailavala.

From there, Kuru delivered his magical spell on speed. "*Kuru rowana, Kuru rowana, Kuru rowana, Kuru rowana, mwaba rowana, mwaba rowana, mwaba rowana, pogudugudu, pogiroropi, lopola Idonopi, lopola Kuru, sei di . . . di . . . di . . . di . . . di . . . di . . .!*" In no time, their canoe had bypassed the rest, who were left floating on the upper arm of the sea, as both

Kuru and Pwasisikwa landed on the beach where the fleet was spending the night on Kitava Island. Pwasisikwa dried their sail, collected firewood, and roasted their yams as the fleet beached their canoes. To the rest of the birds' surprise and mistaking him and Pwasisikwa for some Gawa Islanders, Kuru was already there on the beach, chewing his betel nut away. "You're so stubborn to our objections. We told you to remain, but you keep coming," they scolded Kuru.

"I told you, I'm only here for the spoils of your success. Each time you pick up pigs and food through your *kaivau* canoe-launching rituals, I will be the one to receive food and eat some of it and pack the remainder to take back home as you proceed with your journey." From Muluvekha's *kaivau* challenge to Lobai of Kitava, a huge pig came in return. They cooked it and ate it. The rest of the birds addressed Kuru, "To you, our elder, now that we've eaten and after the pork is baked, you shall pack it up and take it back home while we proceed on. Kuru shall not join us at all from here. Kitava is still home, but the next island of Iwa is quite a different thing. Presenting an ugly face like that of a rugged rock, eyes as red as the underside of trucks, that would be a total embarrassment. Your eyes are so big, when open, birds could fly into them and out again. They're so huge." Kuru was scolded by his peers yet again.

The next morning, all the birds set their masts, and off they went. Kuru and Pwasisikwa watched, and Pwasisikwa began loading their cargo of betelnuts. "Do fetch us some water as well for the return trip while the others go on," Kuru advised. As the rest of the fleet reached the horizon and with their sails almost reduced to the size of a shark's fin, the two launched theirs, taking the northern side toward Rabaul, described as the lower side of the sea arm to Iwa Island. Kuru then launched into his magical spell, "*Kuru rowana, Kuru rowana, Kuru rowana, Kuru rowana, mwaba rowana, mwaba rowana, pogudugudu, pokuleleku, lopola Idonopi, lopola Kuru lawaga, sei di . . . di . . . di . . . di . . . di . . .!*" In no time, their canoe headed straight to the beach of Ovevetu. They pulled their canoe up, roasted their food, laid out their sail to dry, and warmed up the pork meat and set it aside. As the rest of the fleet drew closer, they noticed people on the beach and wondered whether they were Kweiwata Island men, here to hand over *mwali* shells to their Iwa Island Kula partners. "Oh no! Not the same guy again, with his unmistakable wide eyes," they angrily summed up. In the meantime, Kuru was looking up at the sky as the rest of the fleet drew nearer to the shore. When the fleet landed, the Kwelou bird, one of the crew members of Pulou's canoe, charged in a loud voice, "You cannot listen at all, can you? You've been told to return home; why do you keep coming?"

"We did head back home, but somehow we found ourselves in the middle of this obligation to eat the food and chew the betel nuts that you guys gain from your hosts. As for the lady of your dreams, it is really up to you all to do your best to win her over. Should you succeed, it is all well and good; otherwise, we will return home empty-handed." Pulou sent over his *kaivau* challenge

to Tousawasa of Iwa. The result was another giant pig, very heavy to carry over the shoulders and trek with along the steep tracks of Iwa Island. From the top, the pig was dropped over the cliff, rolling all the way down to the beach. They dragged it to the fire and roasted it. The birds spoke to Kuru, "Our elder, after this feast of pork, you must turn back from here."

All the birds agreed, "Yes, your chest is unlike that of Khetakera's—whose glittering whiteness is like the wave's foam. You cannot be part of our party; with your dirty-looking body and your ugly face, you have no reason to insistence," Khetakera sneered. After dinner, Kuru and Pwasistikwa were reminded again, "Pack up the foodstuff into baskets and return home. Tomorrow's journey will pass through a longer sea arm, that of Khaulukokou." Early the next morning, they set their masts and sailed out toward Kweiwata Island. The two remained until Pwasistikwa quietly asked Kuru, "What do you think; should we return home?"

"Why should we go back, after we've come all this way already?" Kuru said. "Let's go after them; pull the canoe down toward the fleet," the owl ordered. They headed toward Kweiwata, bypassing Khadarigalaguva's point, and midway through, Kuru delivered his magical spell again, "*Kuru rowana, Kuru rowana, Kuru rowana, Kuru rowana, mwaba rowana, mwaba rowana, pogudugudu, pokuleleku, lopola Idonopi, lopola lawaga Kuru, sei di . . . di . . . di . . . di . . .!*" Their canoe landed on the beach of Kweiwata without contest. By late afternoon, the rest of the fleet was just approaching Kweiwata and noticed some men on the beach. "Could these be Yarabwa people? And what are they up to?" But as they came closer, they realized it was the owl and his friend. "No, it's the same ugly face chewing his betel nut away on the canoe's edge. And his younger brother is roasting food on the beach."

When they reached the beach, the birds talked to Kuru, "Is there something wrong with you? Why wouldn't you go back? You just cannot seem to listen for once." In a conciliatory tone, Kharaga the parrot offered, "Let's stop rejecting him; rather, let's allow him now to come for adventure's sake. Stern refusals were made at home, Kitava, and Iwa to no avail. He has now come this far, so we must allow him to come along." "Again," Kuru insisted, "I'm here with you for the spoils of your Kula journey only. You are the suitors of that woman; I'm here for the food. Do not send me back. I came for the food, not the woman."

Bubuna the dove's *kaivau* ritual went before Diwori, resulting in another huge pig. They roasted the pig, and after dinner Muluvekha the sea eagle stood up, "I think, our elder brother, that this would have to be your last stop, after which you must return. Let me lead our young ones on."

"I don't think so," argued Kuru. "Look, young ones, going back is not an option, it's such a long way, and I have come this far and this close, anyway." Kuru calmly reasoned.

Early the next morning, the fleet set sail at sunrise. Midway through the journey, Kuru's canoe launched itself through the owl's magical spell. The canoe's landing sent sound waves into the footpaths of Ovetu. Later on, Kharaga's *kaivau* challenge

went before Taubadi, resulting in another pig. They roasted it, placed more of it in the earth oven, boiled the blood stew, and ate. Pulou then stood up and spoke with a calm but firm voice, "We have tried to send you back with no success, every time. You may come along with us now since together we have covered so much distance already." The next morning, they set sail for Yeguma Island. Halfway, Kuru and Pwasistikwa launched their canoe with the owl's magic spell, "*Kuru rowana, Kuru rowana, Kuru rowana, Kuru rowana, mwaba rowana, mwaba rowana, pogudugudu, pokileleku, lopola Idonopi, lopola lawaga Kuru, sei di . . . di . . . di . . . di . . .!*" Their canoe landed and shook the whole island of Yeguma. Pulou's *kaivau* challenge was presented, and a pig was brought down, roasted, and placed in the earth oven. "Alright, we are almost here within Wamwala; we'll be in Muyuwa by tomorrow. We shall see Idonopi then." By the roosters' cry the fleet was up and ready to set sail by daybreak, heading toward Litumuyu. When he was halfway to Muyuwa, Kuru delivered his magical chant again, "*Kuru rowana, Kuru rowana, Kuru rowana, Kuru rowana, mwaba rowana, mwaba rowana, pogudugudu, pokileleku, lopola Idonopi, lopola lawaga Kuru, sei di . . . di . . . di . . . di . . .!*" Unchallenged, Kuru's canoe landed ahead of everybody else's and shook the beach of Bovagisa, while the rest of the fleet journeyed on until dusk. Then Kuru launched into his magical spell again, "*Kuru rowana, Kuru rowana, Kuru rowana, Kuru rowana, mwaba rowana, mwaba rowana, pogudugudu, pogileleku, lopola Idonopi, lopola lawaga Kuru, sei di . . . di . . . di . . . di . . .!*" Leaving the others behind, Kuru's canoe landed and shook the beach of Monuvevoya. Meanwhile, as soon as Idonopi noticed the arrival of men down at the beach, she oiled herself, dressed up, and then placed her basket water containers on her head. She tucked her basket filled with betel nuts under her armpit and headed down to the beach. Just after midday the fleet arrived and pulled their canoes onto the beach and asked, "Has she arrived yet?"

"Yes, she has and is fetching drinking water. Alright young ones, tidy up and get our containers across to Idonopi to fetch us water," Kuru said. As Idonopi sat down to fetch water, Muluvekha, the sea eagle, sent his messenger, Mulupusapwasa, with his water container, "Here, Idonopi please take my older brother's lime pot to chew from, in exchange for your help fetching us some water to drink."

"Whose lime is it?" Idonopi asked. "Ah, Muluvekha, the sea eagle!"

"Oh, I decline, I decline, I decline his lime, I decline his lime pot. Go tell your big brother Muluvekha that he is really handsome, well built, and stout. He is a fully competent and able person, except for one thing: he stinks of fish. Sleeping together with him would be so uncomfortable, with his fish stench all around." Mulupusapwasa went back to Muluvekha. "How was it?" enquired the sea eagle.

"She declined your lime and expressed her disapproval of us, especially of the fish smell all around us."

"Wo, may she fuck her father and eat her own excrement!" cursed the disappointed Muluvekha. Then it was Pulou's turn. He sent his messenger, Minukuvesa, with his water container and a basket with lime to the water hole where Idonopi was. Minukuvesa said, "Idonopi, could you please chew from my older brother's lime and fetch us some water to drink?"

"Who sends you?" "Ah, Pulou."

"I decline, decline, his lime pot I decline, his lime I decline, his lime stick I decline, his face I decline, his eyebrows I decline, decline, decline. Go tell your older brother that he is a handsome one, with a fine physique and all spotted. I really admire him for that. However, his mouth stinks since he is a sorcerer. If I were to marry him, he would be doing sorcery and witchcraft all the time. We would be sleeping together, and in no time his mouth would be unbearably stinky—he's a dead-flesh eater."

Upon hearing what Idonopi had to say about him, Pulou swore in disgust, "Oisi! May she fuck her father and eat her own rotten excrement!" Then Khetakera, the sulphur-crested cockatoo, called his messenger, Gegira the lorikeet, over to take across his lime and water container. Gegira set off for Idonopi.

"Wow! Your whole body is radiating with fire. Whose lime pot have you brought this time?" Idonopi asked.

"My older brother's. He wants you to chew from it and fetch us some water." "Who is he?"

"Khetakera, the sulphur-crested cockatoo."

"Decline, decline, decline his lime pot, decline his lime stick, decline his lime, decline his face, decline his eyebrows, decline, I decline. He's handsome, with a glowing face, and a well-shaped physique. He's incomparable in build, and I really admire him for that. The only problem is, he's too quiet for me and tends to stutter as if he's got a sloppy tongue. Tell him, I'm not interested" was Idonopi's reply.

"How was it?" Khetakera eagerly enquired.

"Just like the others, all but rejection. She complimented you, saying you were handsome, with glowing facial features and a dazzling body. However, she said she doesn't want you on account of your speech difficulties. She said your tongue tends to slip and you stutter and that this is bad for intimate conversations," the lorikeet reported. "Woisi! May she fuck her father and eat her own rotten excrement! I fear she is about to reject us all," Khetakera swore. Then Kharaga the parrot reluctantly sent for his messenger, Sina the starling, to make an attempt with his lime pot, "Just go and try since we are not as good-looking as the others and I am sure that the result will be the same. It is likely that the woman will remain behind here in Muyuwa and that we might head back home tomorrow or in two or three days' time."

"Idonopi," Sina said, "here is my older brother's lime pot for you to chew. Could you fetch us some water to quench our thirst?"

"Who is he?" Idonopi asked. "Kharaga the parrot," was the reply.

"Wow, Kharaga's armpit is like a blossoming hibiscus flower. However, decline, decline, decline his lime pot, decline his lime stick, decline his lime, decline his water, decline his face, decline,

I decline. . . . Go and tell your older brother that he is handsome, well built, and his whole body dazzles on display. The only issue is that he is a thief through and through. He will never be with me in the garden; instead, he will probably be stealing food from other people. Tell him I'm not interested." Then Kilakila the hawk stepped in by sending over his messenger, Mwegu the seagull [the brown booby], "Take our lime pot across and try. Perhaps ours might be the worst."

Mwegu did as he was told, "Here, Idonopi. Please fetch us some water and chew from my older brother's lime pot. We need some water to drink as our throats are parched with thirst."

"Who is he?" Idonopi asked. "The one and only, Kilakila."

"Ah, is that so. Do pass over your older brother's water container then. Decline, decline, I decline his lime pot, decline his lime stick, decline his lime, decline his face, decline, I decline. He is so handsome and nicely shaped. However, he has such a dry, dusty look, with sharp glassy eyes. While I would be busy gardening, he would wander off into the bushes collecting all sorts of insects to bring back into the garden. That grosses me out, so tell him that I'm not interested," Idonopi said.

"How was it?" Kilakila worriedly asked.

"Same as with the others, the same response yet again. She said you have a particularly disgusting dry, dusty look and you don't seem to oil your dry face at all. And whenever you're wandering around, your eyes are glassy and constantly checking every nook here and there, as if you're cross-eyed. That is why she rejected you." "That's it, nothing but disaster!" Kilakila hopelessly declared.

Bubuna the dove stepped in with his messenger, Munumwaniku, "Take our lime pot across for her to chew, and ask her to fetch us some water to quench our thirst." Off went Munumwaniku.

"Idonopi, please fetch my older brother's water and have his lime pot for you to chew betel nut."

"Who is he?" Idonopi inquired. "Bubuna the dove."

"Pass over your older brother's water container, I'll fill it up, but as for him, I decline, I decline, decline his lime pot, decline his face, decline his lime stick, decline his lime, decline his nose, decline, I decline. . . . Go and tell your elder brother Bubuna that he has the finest physique, handsome, finely rounded, and beautifully spotted. The only setback with him is that his eyes are way too small, and his mouth is sharp and thin. This would make lying down together, kissing, and hugging so uncomfortable. Ultimately, he is ugly, so do tell him that he is rejected" was Idonopi's judgement.

"Nothing has changed, still the same as with the others," Bubuna's messenger reported. "She says you are handsome and finely spotted. However, your eyes are far too small, your mouth is very sharp and thin, which makes sleeping alongside you very uncomfortable," Munumwaniku sadly relayed.

"Oh, this is a tragedy; we have almost exhausted our list of contenders," Bubuna said. Sakha, the helmeted friarbird, nudged his messenger, Minukuvesa, "Go over and try with ours." Off went Minukuvesa to the water well nervously.

"Man, what is it?" Idonopi asked.

"Actually, I've brought my elder brother's water container for some water; he says you can chew from his lime."

"Who is he?" she asked. "Sakhau, the friarbird."

"Do pass on your brother's water container, but I don't want him. I decline, I decline, decline his lime pot, decline his face, decline his lime stick, decline his lime, decline his face, decline, I decline. . . . Do tell your brother that he probably uses ashes for a bed and never bathes. I don't think he's ever seen water at all! He sleeps where the ashes are and leaves one with sleepless nights with his constant chirping and singing from night until daylight and back into the night. Tell him that he is rejected" was Idonopi's verdict. "How was it?" asked Sakhau anxiously.

"Nil! We probably received the worst disapproval as she poured out all the bads, reducing your standing to the bottom of the ladder. You do not oil your body at all, never sighted water, and even if you did, she would quickly shy away as with divorced couples!" "This is a disaster looming! What shall we do?" Sakhau asked.

Buriburi, the curl-crested manucode, then turned to his messenger, Minuigwaigula, "Why don't you go across and have a go on our behalf. Dark as the charcoal, our chances might be the worst among us all. Nonetheless, let us just make an effort, for she has clearly pushed us all aside. We are, in fact, left with just the two elders of ours who shall conclude the attempts. By tomorrow or the next day perhaps we shall return, as our women-folk must be worried by now. This seems like a fruitless journey after all." Off went Munuigwaigula.

"Ai, whose water is it this time?" Idonopi asked. "Buriburi."

"You are Minuigwaigula, bringing over Buriburi's water containers and lime pot, is it?" "Yes, Buriburi."

"Decline, I decline, decline his lime pot, decline his face, decline his lime stick, decline his lime, decline his face, decline, I decline. . . . He has an unfriendly and unpleasant face. His body is deformed and plump, making him the ugliest well beyond excrement. He is not at all fit to go out courting and deserves to be left behind. Just why did you bring him along?" said Idonopi.

"Well, pass over my water container, and we shall leave. It's game over for us," Buriburi conceded.

With his lime stick of cassowary bone in hand, Kuru had been observing the rejections faced by Idonopi's suitors. Kuru was ready with fully scented magical herbs and spells, some of which he had been discretely sending toward Idonopi like seduction projectiles. At the same time, he would constantly rattle his lime stick against his lime pot . . . bo . . . bo . . . bo . . . bo . . . from rim side to rim side. Finally, Muluvekha suggested, "Pwasistikwa, why don't you take our elder's lime pot across? He is our last hope, and we shall sail home tomorrow." Lifting the lime pot up, the owl said, "Psi! psi! Come on, you all are better looking and yet were rejected; it might be even worse with me, psi! I'll be still approaching her by the time she starts scolding me; by the time I stand before her, only her back would face me, psi!"

"Never mind, just take it along and have a go," Muluvekha insisted.

"I'm afraid if I do so she might just smash the water container across my face," Kuru replied. "Young one," he told Pwasistikwa, "just go and make a final effort, for the rest of your elder ones are done and through." Kuru calmly continued rattling his lime stick, as big as the rudder of an oceangoing *nagega* canoe, rattling it against the lime pot. Off went Pwasistikwa.

"Who is he?" Idonopi asked.

"Ah, my older brother Kuru. He sends his lime pot."

Unable to resist, Idonopi leaped out of the water and grabbed at the lime pot, "Ai, this is the very one that kept me waiting impatiently, withholding my hunger from morning until afternoon. Pass it on to me. This is the lime pot that I wished to chew from, and you will not return it to him; I shall keep it. But bring him his water to drink, here."

Idonopi quickly launched into her magical chant, "*Mwasalo, mwasalo mwasalo*, lime pot of Kuru *mwasalo*, his face *mwasalo*, his nose *mwasalo*, his mouth *mwasalo*, *mwasalo mwasalo*. . . ." Idonopi placed the lime pot and his basket aside and filled his water container. "Go and tell him to come to the water source to pick up his basket and his lime pot. Tell him to carry me over. Both of you must come with me to the village." "How was it?" Muluvekha enquired upon Pwasistikwa's return to the group.

"She has retained our elder's lime pot. After his drink of water, we will go across to her for him to carry that basket with his lime pot while she carries the water containers. We will then head to her village. She has agreed to marry our elder brother Kuru." Kuru dashed off, briskly bypassing Pwasistikwa, and went on to the water source, where both Kuru and Idonopi playfully nudged and grabbed at each other. Then, they headed home, arriving at the house of her father. Realizing how things were, her mother asked, "Idonopi, have you married him?"

"Yes, I have," she replied.

"I'm afraid, my daughter, your husband is ugly; couldn't you tell? Or have you exhausted all the handsome suitors, and because there were none left but this last, ugly one, you had to marry him?" Idonopi was mad and went into the house, telling her husband to follow. They went straight to her bed, and slipping in between the mats, both huddled away. Her parents went off to their gardens while her uncle and brothers began preparing baskets of food to formalize Idonopi's marriage. By then, Muluvekha had sent word through his younger messenger for immediate departure, "Advise them that we are departing tomorrow and not the day after." The messenger took the instructions to Idonopi's village, only to return with baskets of yams, betel nuts, and pigs down on the beach. These were shared equally among the fleet of canoes. Meanwhile, out of jealousy, the elders were plotting to bewitch Kuru with some poisonous concoction. This was prepared and set aside, awaiting his arrival, which occurred soon after. "Elder, could we have your lime to chew with?" they asked Kuru. While chewing, Muluvekha subtly dropped the concoction into the lime pot.

Soon after the canoes were loaded, the fleet set sail. When they were just reaching Gawa, Kuru launched his canoe with his magical chant, "*Kuru rowana, Kuru rowana, Kuru rowana*,

Kuru rowana, mwaba rowana, mwaba rowana, pogudugudu, pogileleku, lopola Idonopi, lopola lawaga Kuru, sei di . . . di . . . di . . . di . . . di!" Without contest, Kuru's canoe arrived first and shook the beach of Gawa while the rest of the fleet made it by dusk. During the night, they planned to depart Gawa before daybreak. While they were sleeping, Pulou prepared another concoction, which the young ones stealthily poured into Kuru's lime pot. In the meantime, Kuru as usual was chewing away from the lime pot without the slightest suspicion of what was happening around him.

The next day, as the sailing fleet that had left earlier without notifying the owl was about to reach Kweiwata Island, Kuru once again delivered his chant, "*Kuru rowana, Kuru rowana, Kuru rowana, Kuru rowana, mwaba rowana, mwaba rowana, pogudugudu, pogileleku, lopola Idonopi, lopola lawaga Kuru, sei di . . . di . . . di . . . di . . . di!*" Uncontested, Kuru's canoe led and landed, shaking the whole of Kweiwata. As usual, the rest of the fleet arrived at dusk. As in Gawa, they also planned to depart Kweiwata before daybreak the next day. While all were asleep, Pulou again prepared another concoction, and the younger ones quietly poured it into Kuru's lime pot. Again, Kuru was still unaware and suspected nothing.

The next day, as the fleet approached Yanaba Island, Kuru set off with his characteristic magic chant, "*Kuru rowana, Kuru rowana, Kuru rowana, Kuru rowana, mwaba rowana, mwaba rowana, pogudugudu, pogileleku, lopola Idonopi, lopola lawaga Kuru, sei di . . . di . . . di . . . di . . . di!*" Being ahead and closer to Yanaba, Kuru tried to paddle home. However, as the fleet approached, Pulou signaled for no landing, instructing the fleet to proceed onto Iwa Island instead, which they did.

They pushed on, and when the fleet was about to reach Iwa Island, heading for the landing at Khadukurikwari, Kuru, who was still at Yanaba, chanted his magic spell, "*Kuru rowana, Kuru rowana, Kuru rowana, Kuru rowana, mwaba rowana, mwaba rowana, pogudugudu, pogileleku, lopola Idonopi, lopola lawaga Kuru, sei di . . . di . . . di . . . di . . . di!*" Unchallenged, Kuru's canoe arrived and shook the beach of Iwa before anybody else. Following from behind, the fleet reached Iwa but decided to continue onto Kitava Island without rest. Kitava was to be their resting place.

As the fleet was passing halfway to Kitava Island, Kuru recited his magic spell again. As usual, the same canoe led, rounding Khesalai and landing at the beach of Kharuwogai. The fleet coming from behind only made it by dusk. While the rest were sleeping and resting, Kharaga the parrot prepared the final concoction for Kuru, the so-called *yotila* finishing blow. "Allow us to chew from our elder's lime pot," they asked. Pwasisikwa produced his friend Kuru's lime pot, and under the cover of darkness the poison was easily slipped into his lime pot. Then they dropped the third final concoction into his lime pot. Kuru slept on, weary. "We shall depart by dusk just before daybreak," the others announced. At day's break, the fleet took off. When Kuru and Pwasisikwa got up, and after Idonopi roasted yams for

breakfast, which they had, they sailed. As the fleet neared the mid seas of Kilivila, Kuru launched into his chant again. Again unchallenged, Kuru's canoe came home, shaking the mouth of Khadailavala's reef passage. As Kuru and Pwasisikwa were tidying their canoe, along came the village women, yelling and screaming with joy as a welcome party. They had heard of their arrival and came down and helped pull their canoe up.

"How was the journey?" the women asked in chorus.

"Kuru eventually married the coveted woman, and the rest of the men are behind us. We have come ahead with Kuru's wife," Pwasisikwa reported. When the rest of the fleet arrived, they had their canoes pulled up, collected their belongings, and quietly headed up to the village. In the village, both Kuru and Idonopi went to their house, but while Kuru was resting, his condition went from bad to worse throughout the night. By mid-day and into the early afternoon, Kuru had passed away. Both Pulou and Muluvekha slaughtered a pig each for Kuru's funeral feast. As they were roasting the pig, both Pulou and Muluvekha were feeding Idonopi with magical stuff at the same time. By then, Muluvekha had moved Idonopi to his house, expecting the *sulumweya* magic of attraction he had fed her to increase its influence over Idonopi. However, at the time of removing the mourning attire of Idonopi and lifting her restrictions as a widow, Muluvekha died. Idonopi was then moved to the house of Pulou, but it just so happened that Pulou also died. So she was moved to Kharaga's house, and he too died. She was further moved around to the house of Sikwekwa, and after a night, Sikwekwa too died. She was then moved to Khetakera's house, and after a night, the rest of the birds had already plotted against him, secretly giving him a deadly concoction. Khetakera died, and so did Bubuna soon after. The next move was to Nakwe-way, the red male parrot, who, like the others, died as well. By then most of the males had gone, just for the sake of that single woman, coveted by all. Every house she ends up in, a man dies. After that, Idonopi married Kwelou, but again, he too was poisoned. All the males had been decimated through sorcery by the jealous birds that were left. Except for Pwasisikwa, the last bird standing. And this is how the small Pwasisikwa came to marry Idonopi in the end and survived. Pwasisikwa, Kuru's younger brother.

Sprouting *kasiyena* yams, abundant season. Heavily loaded and laden. The *kwanada* wild yam grows. Over to you now, Taubada.

COMMENTS

Linus digim'Rina stated, "Each elder is the head of his respective canoe and is paired with a supporting passenger, younger and lower in status than the elder. Thus, Muluvekha (sea eagle) with Mulupusapwasa, Pulou with Minukuvesa, Kharaga/Nakwe-way (parrot) with Sina (starling), Khetakera (sulphur-crested cockatoo) with Gegira (lorikeet), Bubuna (dove) with Munumwaniku, Buriburi with Minuigwaigula, Sakhau

with Minukuvesa, Kilakila (hawk) with Mwegu (seagull), and Kuru (owl) with Pwasisikwa. The story is an epitome of Kula as an institution and oft manifested in overseas voyages where cut-throat competitions between rivals and friends occur for wealth, valuables, love, adventure, wisdom, guile, jealousy, patience, and wisdom. The experiences gained from Kula voyages remain as invaluable lessons on personhood and life in general.”

RELEVANT VOCABULARY:

kaetaola or *ketaola*

kaewagina

khasiyonasigwa or *kasiyonasigwa*

musimwesi

tuwatau

Afterword

E . . . TAWA, KHAMIKETAELA!*

As in all *kwanebu*, listeners were challenged to match the storyteller with a better and more exciting version or a whole different story. Just as Sergio Jarillo ends his introduction with the characteristic closing line and a nudge to the continuity of *kwanebu* or storytelling across generations, I further underline his challenge for the readers and listeners alike. Therefore, *khamiketaela!* Readers, you are challenged!

Growing up as an adoptee in the village of Okupukopu and under the roof of grandfather Kharigaisa and grandmother Lamoikwebila, I cannot, in fact, recall instances of open and public *kwanebu* performances in, say, the village plaza. Performances comparable to scenarios generated by renowned artist Seb wagau at Losuia station on a rain-soaked Saturday afternoon, in fact, remain rare these days. What I do, however, recall and cherish the most is a particular *kwanebu* repeatedly told to us—a mixture of adoptees in his kindergarten-like household—by grandfather Kharigaisa. He did it often enough and customarily after supper in the evening as all the children (adoptees) sat in front of him, in the main chamber of his tall and rusty corrugated iron-roof house.

Kharigaisa was a notorious character of a kind, such as he and a few of his contemporaries dubiously purchased used corrugated iron sheets from a mischievous African American Allied officer immediately after World War II ended. Kharigaisa built his tall house very close to the vehicular road that cuts through the village, and as a kid, it was a delight to look down upon the occasional passing vehicle from the verandah.

Kharigaisa's notoriety extended to include being a prankster and a sorcerer too, as I came to learn from other people much later in life.

My grandfather's favorite *kwanebu* was Surubeneta. Coming from the land of cannibals in the south (Dobu region), Surubeneta would call in at every coastal village along the southwestern side of Kiriwina, the main Trobriand Island. This would be from Kavataria and all the way to Okhayaula and even Giribwa and Vakuta. His mission was to solicit and collect any willing orphan and return with him to Dobu with the promise of an abundant sago supply back there. At every village, he would herald his entry with this *vinavina* ditty:

Oo... *Suru-beneta Suru-be karu karuana Gara teta togumarawa*
Barau ikamyabiya Dobu

* This is an untranslatable expression that roughly indicates the exclamation "Howzat!" in cricket. It is an expression to challenge others to tell a story.

The first two lines are untranslatable and probably were meant to enchant and herald the arrival of Surubeneta. The last two lines are in Bweyowa (Kilivila) parlance. They roughly translate as, "Would there be an orphan around, with whom I could return to

Dobu to feed him sago?" Surubeneta is appealing to children distraught from mistreatment and negligence by their guardians so that he could have them for himself—the man-eating Surubeneta. Until recently, Bweyowa people didn't grow, nor did they know how to process, sago. Hence, it has always remained a treat to receive sago from the southern traders as gifts of exchange.

Despite his efforts, Surubeneta was not successful in all the villages. The children were most apprehensive, and so were the parents. They held back their own children, even denying orphanage circumstances for a few, all except in the village of Obulaku, where not only did an orphan boy reluctantly volunteer but his mother's brother, the guardian, also offered the boy in exchange for sago. So off went Surubeneta with his catch across the sea arm of Pilolu. Throughout the trip, however, the orphan was further mistreated by Surubeneta denying him food and water, including coconut and sugarcane juices. Surubeneta would playfully hold out the fruits and juices toward the orphan boy, only to withdraw them from his reach and toss them overboard as the orphan was about to grab them. This went on until they reached Dobu, with the orphan boy weakened by the journey and Surubeneta more than happy, ready to prepare his catch for the feast.

Looking back, I think the moral of the story was about love (or the lack of it), hate, empathy, and friction between relations at the household level. Knowing that kinship ties in Bweyowa are often built along both biological and social circumstances, it pays to cooperate and embrace and nurture social ties rather than cultivate and encourage competition and/or envy between fellow siblings within the household. Indeed, an average Bweyowa household is made up of biological siblings and those who are socially adopted in, whereby all members should strive to foster sharing of responsibilities and rewards, rather than jealousy and feuds. Sustained cultivation of feuds would only sever valuable kin relations and lead to tragic circumstances such as the fate of the orphaned boy in the Surubeneta *kwanebu*.

Additionally, the story of Surubeneta tells us a bit about the relations between the Bweyowa people of the Trobriand archipelago and their southern neighbors, along with the regional stereotypes, particularly from the Bweyowa perspective. People from the southern region are, consequently, viewed as producers of abundant sago and betel nuts (*Areca catechu*), in addition to their alleged and much stigmatized cultural propensity for human flesh-eating habits. However, as long-standing trading partners one is certain to learn of a counter view of Bweyowa people from the Dobuans, aside from ensuring a sustained flow of resources between the islands.

Another recurring childhood recollection of *kwanebu* tales was that of Irigayasu³⁵ (which could be translated as "woman of wild vegetable plant"), which was closely associated with the late Kiyoya. Kiyoya was a Tolukuba (member of the Lukuba *kumila* clan), son of Sulumweya, a Malasi man from Okheboma³⁶ Village. Not infrequently, Sulumweya and other adult men would

tell the story, particularly evoking the sad parts and deliberately driving Kiyoya to sobs and tears over the loss of the poor children to the female ogre, who was the children's aunt (father's sister).

Along with these *kwanebu* stories, the Christian biblical tales from the Old Testament during Sunday school lessons easily drew my attention, and I found them particularly intriguing. Perhaps I could relate to many of the circumstances surrounding family feuds, migration, wars, leadership crises, and tragedies that went along with them. A good number of them left indelible reminders in my mind throughout the years to come. As with the *kwanebu* stories, I found a few of the characters in the Bible inspiring and worthy of emulation. The question of whether an event actually happened or not did not really bother my mind. Rather, it was the color and imagery that was painted across the social landscape that I found most worth cherishing. My early years of schooling had their own mark on my mind and outlook on the social and physical environments. In grade 5, in 1973, I was, for the first time, introduced to a proper library room—the Gusaweta Primary School library. There, I came across stories of animals turned into humans and vice versa and how the forests were inhabited by sprites in the bushes and rivers of Africa, Europe, Southeast Asia, and South America. I quickly gleaned the general outlines of experiences related to me in *kwanebu* stories that appeared to be very similar to those that I was reading from books depicting experiences from elsewhere. I was captivated by these stories, as I could see the similarities and differences.

Continuing on to Hagita High School for grades 7 to 10, I noticed yet another dimension of storytelling—the exaggerated and somewhat animated genre often depicted in comics! I resisted the comparison at first but could see in the distance the outlines of *kwanebu* presentations introduced to me by my grandfather and other adults then. Later on, I saw it in ethnographic monographs, with authors beginning their accounts with myths and legends,³⁷ stories from the Pacific, Asia, Africa, Americas, and Europe. I find them to be real reminders of life filled with imagination, unobjective and unscientific as they may be—they at least exude warmth. Both *liliu* and *kwanebu* attract keen audiences, with the former having the tendency of being secretive, whereas the latter are more overt. But more than the story itself and its label—whether it is a *liliu* or *kwanebu*—what matters is how it is told. It is all about the performers. Storytellers can be male or female, although a distinction needs to be made between public performances and more private ones. In fact, quite often, *kwanebu* sessions replace the usually quiet and soft instructions and admonitions provided by parents after supper. In a way, skilled parents might have realized the power of *kwanebu* for moral guidance, one of the ongoing functions of storytelling.

By and large, *liliu* myths may be seen as private property belonging to a *dala* group (see SN 139 *Tabalu* by Tolosi and SN

35. See SN 269 *Irigayasu*.

36. Also spelled Okaiboma.

37. And even collections of myths; see Young (1983): *Magicians of Manu-manua: Living Myth in Kaulauna*

261 *Mlabwema*), hence their potential consideration as a tool to lend support to claims of ownership over resources such as land, identities (names and iconic privileges), and ritual spells and formulas. On the other hand, *kwanebu* tales are revealed freely and openly by entertainers to lighten poor spirits. Most often, they are closely associated with jokes, and a good number of them contain direct, crude, and deliberate vulgar language. The intention is to evoke and provoke light, positive emotions on the realities of life out there. And yet, as has been said already, each of the *kwanebu* tales has also a moral—lessons on life about greed, kindness, hospitality, aggression, leadership, gender, kinship, the familiar versus what is strange, or the animal kingdom overall.

Despite their different characteristics, both *kwanebu* and *liliu* promote a culture of shared intelligence between animals, plants, rocks, the seas, and the skies. Even though they are seen as separate entities, they are able, however, to understand each other by speaking “one language.” Understood from this perspective, it becomes difficult to distinguish between *liliu* and *kwanebu*. Yet a clear-thinking Bweyowa person would certainly say that *kwanebu* are tales of imagination and therefore untrue and/or made up, as opposed to *liliu*, which, although belonging to times long gone, are true and could be linked to realities of today. They could be used to justify one’s claim over one’s name

and the spaces upon which one lives, for instance. Furthermore, Trobrianders learn about the original makers of their culture from *liliu* myths (see, for instance, SN 1 *Tudava*) and how relations between the living and the dead were established and how they are to be conducted (see SN 232 *Baloma*).

Just as Tonogwa (Sergio Jarillo) ends his introduction with the typical Bweyowa idiomatic phrase, I open this afterword with *Khamitaela*. Immediately, the word or expression “*E, khamiketaela!*” is taken as a verbal challenge or charge to the opposing partner who is momentarily outscored and outwitted. The challenged is, indeed, obliged to respond and reciprocate with an equal level of performance and presentation. It is within this context, and certainly within the context of the *kwanebu* atmosphere, that the word *khamiketaela* is invoked as a challenge to readers of this volume today and in the future, to take up the project through performance and documentation, improve on it, and perhaps sustain the essence of *kwanebu* for those that come after us.

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University of Papua New Guinea
29 May 2019

Khariboda bunatolu

E . . . TAWA, KHAMIKETAELA!

Tubugwa Kharigaisa usola numwaya Lamoikwebila ivakhalaegusi ilawegusi Okupukopu e matovekhala lama. E, mitaga gala sitana aluluwai kwanebu ivigakhesa makhala khasesuya o mvasawa olopola valu. Gala mokwita ileya sitana tetala kharitovagi kwanebu. Kwanebu vakhela kharitovagi mtona tomwaya Sebwagau. Lemwewa sisadada kwayai, kunakuna e bivaurisiga bivapatusa khamtogigisa e, biseki tolukuba omatala bwala Losuia o khena Pilaluma osto. Taga besa tuta gala wala sitana ikwanebu makhala.

E, pelaga omakhaukwedasi deli tubugwa laluluwai senela tubumesa tomwaya pilata khala kwanebu. Komwedomasi wala tubula, bakhasiurisa khasipatusa e bwena bikwanebu. Tubumesa labwala ayani pilupwapweya, okhabiriya mekoweyala e, komwedomasi wala lavakhalova bakhattapipinasi wala olopwa bwala. Rum tabudatala wala, tubumesa larum.

Khala bwena kwanebu pela gala makhala tobuboma siguguya avetuta khekwayai biwokuva—vakhela sena khamitilaki deli khagwegwesi. Kwanebugwa lagisi sena bwena, manum, nasila goli olumolela bitagisi leya, m'mvasila, khakhapisi lula e, ninamwau. Khalaigimkoilaga, vituloki bwena sitana tabubani pela bubuna bwena deli bubuna gaga.

Tabugu Kharigaisa sitana makahala toturi deli totuvaluwa pela dubakhasala. Avetuta khabiriya kwevekha lemesa Amerika deli Diyapani, kweta sula ivagisa deli sala.

Lewokuva khabiriya, tetala gumamerika tobwabwau ikatupwani pilavilesi ayani e isinapu tom'mwaya igimwalasi si-ayani besa mtona. Taga kharewaga makhala, komwedona ayani bikeita biloki gabena oyamala. Adoki khalaigimkopila makhala. Gabena itugwari tom'mwaya isiyemwesa si-ayani verina ekatusuiyesa waderi. Tabugu labwala kwevekha deli kwewanoma sitana, itopituki wala resi makhadana esuuleya Okupukopu. Laluluwai igau tokekita yegu, batori wala ovarani e bakukululugwa bagigisa turaki biluwapelasi.

Olopola tomota sena wala kheitusibwela. Tomwaya goli Kharigaisa ladubakhasala sitana vakhela pela mwada mtona ivagi tetala tokhesivila e, iuwabu tomota khasi mona deli rekorekwa ivakhapurisa imeyakhesaga olabwala. Mapula makhala; tomwaya mwada bibigitoni baloma waTuma e bimaga iluluki veyala tom'mwamova ovalu.

Lemweeya purisimanu ikarosisa iyosisa isui waderi tuvela. E, tuvela goli tomota elivalisa mwada tetala tobbwagau taga pela gugwadi yakhamesa khanukwarisa mtona tubumesa wala, imitukwaemasi. Pela olopola Okupukopu makwa tuta, tomwaya ivagi wala miKuwakhaya sitopeula. Ililau lavataga deli Kouwaya Omarakahana—gala makhala matubona besa tuta. Mapela komwedona gugwadi iyebwerisa, ikamiyabisa deli gola ikukorisa.

Tabugu khala kwanebu yagala Surubeneta. Mesikeya Dobu, tokwamsi tau, minaDobu! Avetuta bikewa bima Kilivila bitori mkwesi valu Kulumata, khatupoila wala welova bilau. Besa Khavataria, Mloseda, Oyuveyova, Teyava, Tukuwaukwa, Okupukopu, Ilalima, Khetui, Kwabula, Obulaku e, biseri goli bilau Silaketa, Vakuta. Avevalu wala bikalai tetala togumalawa gwadi e, bisopa mwada bilau ikam yabiya Dobu. E, avetuta bivalapula avevalu wala bikau khala vinavina mpanabiseki

Oo... Suru-beneta Suru-be karu karuana

Gara teta togumarawa Barau ikam yabiya Dobu

Makhasasi khasayu vinavina odabala gala tanukwari avebigala. Makhasasiga opwepwaya besa bogwa eleya, eninigada avegwadi wala togumalawa e, bilau ikam yabiya Dobu. Welova khesisula mwau, mapela avetuta bilagisa ladou Surubeneta sena wala bikau ninasi, deli goli khasi tosiyai ninasi. Kilivila gala iwawaisi yabiya e gala inukwarisa iga besa tuta, khe! Mapela yabiya lakeda Dobu wala bimema. Mwkesi valu eseri emeya gala wala ikalota Surubeneta. Vakhela veisiya gugwadi iyusisa wala litusiya. Iuvalutu wala Obulaku e, gudita welova ilagi e itagwala. Egisemwa khadala mtona gwadi i-tamapu yabiya besa Surubeneta. Ididagi khala tau ikewasi Dobu. Otapiwa milaveta, khailela biga mtona gwadi ikamolu. Ilivala bikam o khena bimom, biyokewa Surubeneta bisinapu wala gwadi iyosari bwebwai khena tou e, mwada biritaki mtona gwadi iyokewa Surubeneta ikiposa bila obwarita. Besa bo makhala ivigaki iuvalutusi wala Dobu. Avetuta eselaguvasi mtona gwadi bo lemama wowola. Surubeneta togigila wala, pela bo egagabila e bikumri khala tau. Ikatumati e, ivakhati khala tau ikomasi.

Besa tuta laninamsi mpana kwanebu adoki khala khatumiki makhala. Kwanebu vakhela ivitulakhedasi pela yebweri, mitakwai, gibuluwa, mitikikiusi, deli goli tailei, tawadudu okhoukweda kidikedala. Khala kwevekha mokitata amakhala khesisula khaukweda bibwena deli veidayasa, ludetayasa, tuwadayasa e bwadidayasa goli. Nasila goli vakhalova taga khala yebweri makhala wala, gala tailei o, tawadudu. Makwesi vitulokila khaukweda pela bipeula khesisula—metoya oyebweri deli peulaki. Pela kidamwa sena tailei deli sigisigi e, bimweeya gibuluwa bisunapula, ninamwau bisuki mtosi welova makhala mtona gwadila Obulaku. Besa uula sena nanakwa ekasari khadala, deli matolela welova etagwala e, elau Surubeneta.

Bitakhatuviriga tuvela bitaitusi amakhala yakidasi oBweyowa or mina Kilivila bitalaivala, dagigisasi besa sedayasa minaDobu. Mtosi takukorisa pela uula mwada tokwam'si tau, tolesi yoyowa, bwagau deli bulubwalata. Pelaga esaesa, iyosisa buwa deli yabiya, ikarisawedasi. Nasila goli takukorisa taga pela buwa deli yabiya e desi wala takhaluberisa. Bitakhariyangwa, khalagigisa makhala tatailakhesa mina Dobu e, adoki makhala mtosi besa yakidasi. Gala tanukwarisa khena elulukwedasi khaba turi, dubakhasala deli gagisi yakidasi. Gala kiwosa, gala mmwasila!

Sitana pilabiweki kwanebu lalilagi iga ogwadigu. Pilatala mpana Irigayasu, makhala sitana tokwamla tau taga imBweyowa,

yakidasi. Ogudumesa, ladoki mpana tau Kiyoya Sulumweya, khala kwanebu. Avetuta tautora o khena tom'mwaya bigisesa Kiyoya bima bikausa wala bikatusilakhesa mpana kwanebu. Biweyesa makhatupona Irigayasu biyogagi mtosi gugwadi e, bikopwari wala koku Kiyoya bitori valam. E, besa sena khasi gigila tautora bwena bikatuyuwana tau.

Tuvela goli ogwadigu, mpasinala Buki Tabu stori bikalaua o khena bigugyesa olopola Sunday School lesoni khena otapwaroru. Sena ayebweri pela laninamsi gala wala idaila makhala wala kwanebu. Iyomwaua nona, iyomsarisa, iyogibuluweda deli goli ikatululuwada tomota bubunesi gaga deli bwena. Kwanebu gala pela bitanei khalakhamokwita taga, adoki bitaninamsi e bitaluluwai pela tomota bubunesi e amakhala yakida bitakheisaki oda khesisu. Tadoki wala mpasi stori oBuki Tabu.

Avetuta laiseula ginigini tuvela wala laitusi kwanebu lapeula o khena bitalivala yamala.

Avetuta lavakhana grade 5, isuperimasi khamesa Gusaweta Primary School, khasilaisaga valu Okheboma. Gusaweta tabudata la library e, olumolela mepwarigala mataga pela buki igulamwa igulamwa—pikisi deli goli khakhalawa. Lamwa labani olumolela mpasi buki stori mpasina tadoki wala kwanebu, gala daila. Tomota, mauna, khai, dakuna, yagila, khalasiya, tubukona, kuna, bwarita makhala wala tomota. Simwa ninasi, ibigatonasi komwedona vavagi makhala wala kwetala sibiga. Udila, bwarita, dakuna, khai simwa sitokwai deli igibuluwasi, iwaweyasi tomota gaga,. Laitusi lebwena bo makhala liliu e makhala kwanebu, valu valu komwedona. Gala pela yakidasi wala. E, besa tuvela wala esimitari nanogu. Valu kwetala kwetala simwa khasi liliu deli simwa khasi kwanebu. Avetuta lala Hagita High School pela grade 7 bila 10, labani pilavilesi stori makhala sitana pilautu-utu o, khena pilakhatubwabwawa, bitalivala. Mpasi ledokhesa comics tage sena wala bwen stori tadoki wala kwanebu bikatububwaua tokwanebu. Lalai nanogu tamagu sola, mtona Sipunama, Mokhadayu latula. Pela sena toninitalapula e, kharitovagi wala yosokhona kwanebu.

Manakwa study dimdim leiseurisa yagala anthropology sitana iyebweri sosewa kwanebu, liliu metoya valu valu komwedona. Khe, mapasina lalivali e, bo makhala Tonogwa leliya ola Introduction, anthropologist Jerry Leach lasonukula. Tomwaya iga lesisu Amerika, taga metoya olapwetukula e lagela latayosisa khada kwanebusi pilavilesi. Pilavilesiga desi aom bo letamwau. Mapela lamweki buki pilamomwau labani khamokwita amakhala science lasonukula vavagi kwetala kwetala pela khai, dakuna, bwarita, kweluva, lowa, deli goli tomota mauna bubunesi. E, besa uula anthropology tostudy leyebwerisa Kwanebu pela ikevitusi valu khesisula deli goli tomota bubunesi—bwena, gaga, mwau, sula, khamokwita, yebweri, tamnabi e, vakhela goli vituloki. Pelaga khoila, mokitata Kwanebu sena iyomsari nona. Uula layebwri Kwanebu, makhala.

Khe, bo makhala Tonogwa lekatubwadi la Introduction e yegula laulemwa khatubodela bunatolu deli ulo khouweleku. Mwada kidamwa lalova khetaela, pela Kwanebu bubunela

makhawalala. Takhokeula biwokuva e tavini puripuri khasiyena pelala khasitaela tolega. Mpana buki Tonogiwa legini e, leluwewu sitana lapilasi metoya tomwaya Jerry Leach ola sonukula; Kudouya ilaga Yewau itobu. Wasimla sedayasa vakhela itomwesa mapela mpana buki deli mpasi kwanebu besa khabogigisa. Pela magidasi tubwa makhateki bimesa bikalawasi e, biseki uwasi deli ninasi bikwedudu e, tuvela bisavarisi pela khabitamla valu.

Khabitam isisu olopola Kwanebu, mapela kusuvarisa. Besa uula khetaela bitota wala.

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Appendix A. *Kai*, Trobriand Flora: Trees, Plants, and Crops

The following is a series of botanical species found in the Trobriand Islands. In Kilivila, anything that pertains to flora (trees, flowers, plants, or vines) and to objects with perceived “woody” characteristics (be it through their material or shape) is categorized by the classifier *kai* (also meaning tree, plant, flower). Although there are over 100 entries, this appendix does not represent an exhaustive field guide to Trobriand flora, but rather is inspired by the stories collated in this volume. Most of the species are directly mentioned in the *kwanebu* and *liliu* stories in this book (the stories where the plants are mentioned are referenced in parentheses at the end of each entry). Other species are related to the ones mentioned or were referred to by field consultants commenting on the stories, such as the *molu* (famine) food crops to which people resorted in the past during times of scarcity.

Most Trobrianders have a sound knowledge of the trees and plants that grow on their islands. This knowledge is usually acquired at a young age, and it is not uncommon for children to name and recognize the plants, trees, and flowers of the Trobriands.

Because a large number of the species mentioned in the stories are widely known to Trobrianders, finding samples was generally not hard, with the exception of some species that are nowadays scarce. This scarcity was sometimes ascribed to a lack of use: for instance, the presence of trade stores has made *molu* famine food crops redundant. In other cases, people pointed to environmental issues: the demographic pressure, with the increased need for more land for villages and gardens, has reduced old-growth rainforest to small patches, generally found on the more inaccessible eastern cliffs (*reyava*). People were also quick to point to climatic variations leading to the disappearance of wild crops and plants. In any case, none of the species mentioned in the *liliu* and *kwanebu* were unknown. Gumwayayu Toilegugula, Kadatalu, Tabini, and Claire Bomlabwaga were particularly helpful in directing expeditions to the bush to collect botanical samples for identification.

Local uses for the *kai* species past and present are indicated where known, along with their scientific names. Most of the attributions, in terms of their Western scientific classification, were given by Professor Pius Piskaut, a botanist at UPNG in Port Moresby. Professor Piskaut is immensely knowledgeable in the flora of New Guinea and was able to identify almost all the plants to at least their genus. Names are given first in Kilivila; when known, common English names are also given, followed by the binomial scientific classification, with a capitalized genus name first, followed by a specific name or epithet (for example, *Cordyline terminalis* for *Borogu*). Plants within a genus for which the

FIGURE 80. A *badiyeta* plant with characteristic white flowers.

species is unknown are referred to by their generic name followed by “sp.” (for example, *Duwaku*, a plant of the *Cordyline* genus = *Cordyline* sp.). All photos in Appendix A are by Sergio Jarillo.

Badiyeta: a fragrant plant, used in the preparation of magic of attraction (Figure 80).

Baluluwa: a type of long yam (*Dioscorea alata*; *kuvi* or *kui*; Figure 81).

Bisiya: an edible green or flower (Figure 82), the root is eaten by people who are mourning a deceased relative (*ekaweluwa*, “s/he eats mourning food”).

Boada (also spelled *bowada*): a type of wild yam, consumed in times of hunger (SN 263 *Imdaleka*).

Borogu: a plant (*Cordyline terminalis*) with red leaves and many magic connotations (Figure 83). In some *liliu*, it is said to have been born to Bolitukwa/Metigisi, the mother of the hero Tudava, who slaughtered Dokanikani, the man-eating ogre (SN 1 *Tudava*). A *borogu* pointed Tudava in the right direction in his quest to find and kill Dokanikani. *Borogu* is often anthropomorphized in Trobriand cosmology, and

FIGURE 81. *Baluluwa* yam plant vines growing in the *rebwaga* rocky outcrops of eastern Kiriwina Island.

FIGURE 82. *Waworu* (top left), *bubwaketa* (three tubers at bottom left), *bisiya* (center), and *duwaku* (two plants on right).

there are villages that have *borogu* plants to protect them against evil: “If you know the right magic, at night *borogu* can turn into a red-glowing spirit and walk around the village, protecting it against *bwagau* sorcerers or *yoyowa* flying witches. It can also cause harm if disturbed,” says Camillus Mlabwema Mkwesipu. In some stories, the *borogu* plant is able to talk when bespelled with magic (e.g., SN 82 *Tetumonogu*, SN 176 *Muluveka*).

Bubwaketa: a type of wild yam found in the bush (a wild form of *Dioscorea alata*), similar to *kui* but tabooed for some people (like wild pigs) despite its good taste (Figure 84).

FIGURE 83. A *borogu* plant in Kutoila Village, Kiriwina Island.

FIGURE 84. Detail of leaves of a *bubwaketa* plant.

Busa: a large tree (*Alstonia scholaris*) with soft wood (Figure 85); the trunk and larger branches can be used in garden magic (see Malinowski, 1963 [1935], 2:304); the leaves are used in some concoctions; the tree signals changes in seasons (*kaila kweluva*, a calendrical tree): when it flowers, the *katakaela* (thousand-bone fish) is said to be fat and ready to eat (“*a, maina busa, katakaela bo e napupusa*”); the *busa* is also one of the trees used to display long yams (*kuvi*) because of its straight and soft, easy-to-carve wood.

Bwaera: a type of yam (*kuvi* or *kui*; *Dioscorea alata*; Figure 86).

Bwatutu: a tree (*Trema orientalis*); used to make canoe hulls (Figure 87).

Bwetia: a tree (*Fagraea berteriana*) with white, fragrant flowers (Figure 88), used in making *butia* wreaths (the tree is also known as *butia*).

FIGURE 85. A *busa* tree in Kaisiga Village, Kaileuna Island.

FIGURE 86. Detail of stem and leaves of *bwaera* yam.

FIGURE 87. A young *bwatutu* tree.

FIGURE 88. Detail of a *bwetia* or *butia* flower.

Dadam: a plant (*Hornstedtia scottiana*) in the ginger family with a soft, fleshy, long, and straight stem (Figure 89); used by children as fake spears; its large leaves are also used for flavoring and wrapping food (SN 19 *Kabasai*).

Duwaku: a plant (*Cordyline* sp.) used in the past as a precision painting brush to apply color to carvings (Figure 90).

Gai: ebony tree (Figure 91). People in the Trobriand Islands identify two types, striped ebony (*kagegai*) and full black ebony (*gai*). It is used in traditional Trobriand carvings (*tok-walu* sculptures, *kena* lime spatulas, etc.). Both types are now scarce because of oversourcing for carvings. Samples

FIGURE 89. A *dadam* plant in Bweka, Yalumgwa Village.

FIGURE 90. A *duwaku* plant in Yalumgwa. The stem of the leaf is used as a brush to apply color to traditional carvings.

FIGURE 91. A *gai* tree in Kiriwina Island.

FIGURE 93. A *gidewebu* tree in Yalumgwa.

FIGURE 92. A *ganogwa* tree in Budibudi (Laughlan Islands), where it is known as *alang*.

FIGURE 94. Detail of a *mwegiuya* fruit of the *gidewebu* tree.

of ebony wood are imported for carving from other islands (Vakuta, Kaileuna, Woodlark, Rossel, etc.).

Ganogwa: a tree (*Cordia subcordata*) with soft wood and orange flowers (Figure 92); its wood is often used for carvings; it is good firewood (also known as the kerosene tree).

Gidewebu: a tree (probably *Ficus bernaysii*; Figure 93); its round fruits, known as *mwegiuya* (Figure 94), are used as toys by Trobriand children to make rolling tires for toys; also used in traditional medicine to improve blood circulation.

Gigiku: a tree (*Flacourtia zippelii*) producing a small, edible fruit, red when ripe (Figure 95); also used in magic preparations (magic of attraction); known as *gagit* in Budibudi,

where its hard wood is also used to make clubs employed in shark hunting.

Ginupunapu: a type of gourd (Figure 96); when dried and emptied, it can be used as a *yaguma* lime container, the smallest of the two normally used for this purpose. *Yaguma* lime pots are made in Yalaka Village in central Kiriwina.

Gogowa: a type of *Ficus* tree (Figure 97); spelled *guvagava* in Malinowski (1963[1935], 1:427); used by the garden magician; also used in the spell to attract mullet fish (*kalala*; see Malinowski, 1916:210; SN 60 *Mriyava*, SN 184 *Budibudi*, SN 249 *Bubuna*).

FIGURE 95. Some *gigiku* berries in Budibudi.

FIGURE 96. A green *gimupunapu* gourd growing in Yalaka Village.

FIGURE 97. A very large *gogowa* tree in Kudukwekela Village, Kiriwina Island. Large trees such as this one are said to be inhabited by *tokwai* spirits. People can at times get trapped inside: a child from Kudukwekela was abducted by the *tokwai* living in this tree and released a day later.

Gumgwam: a tree (*Melochia odorata*); women weave its fibrous bark (Figure 98) into the *wetabula*, the string on *doba* skirts used to tie them up (SN 231 *Kingumegu*).

Gwadina: a large tree (*Terminalia megalocarpa*) bearing a small green fruit (Figure 99); when ripe, the fruit falls to the ground, and the flesh rots away; the kernels inside are gathered by women and soaked in freshwater caves for a couple of weeks, after which they become edible (mentioned as *gwadila* in Malinowski, 1963 [1935], 1:160). Strictly speaking, *gwadina* is not a hunger food as it is eaten readily whenever available, despite other crops being plentiful.

Gweda: a tree (*Rhus taitensis*); people distinguish male (red) and female (green) varieties (Figure 100); it has a sticky sap.

Ilumtuma kaipwepwaya: a plant (*Graptophyllum* sp.) with flowers that can be different colors (Figure 101; SN 238 *Mlagugula*).

Kadinaka: a type of edible seaweed; abundant in the shallow waters near Wawela Village in Kiriwina. Because it usually grows in reef passages, it helps sailors find the way through the reef. Edible seaweed is known generically as *yeya* (SN 25 *Kebulitauya*).

Kaetaola: a tree, used mostly in house construction (for the *ka-valapu* or the *pou* of the house, for example; Figure 102); the male specimen is taller than the female one; not great for firewood (SN 287 *Kuru*); also spelled *ketaola*.

Kaiboma: a tree (Figure 103; SN 157 *Ilakomwawa*).

FIGURE 98. Left: A *gumgwam* tree. Right: Detail of the bark of the *gumgwam* tree, used to make the *wetabula* string to tie *doba* fiber skirts.

FIGURE 99. Left: A *gwadina* tree in Budibudi, where it's known as *tuwor*. Right: A *gwadina* nut, after the outer flesh has rotten away; the edible kernel is inside the nut.

Kaibwibwi: the tallest variety of various pandanus trees (*Pandanus tectorius*; Figure 104) that grow in the Trobriand Islands (known generically as *vadila*); usually grows near swamps or in places where there is plenty water; its dried leaves are collected after they fall down and are used in the thatching of a hut's roofing and walling; can also be made into different types of mats (*moi*) by sewing the leaves together; one of these varieties of *moi* (Figure 105) is made by weaving the leaves instead of sewing them and is known as *moipiti* (Figure 106), probably owing to its Fijian origin (*piti* is the Trobriand pronunciation of Fiji); may have been introduced by the first Methodist Fijian missionaries who arrived in the Trobriands in the late nineteenth century.

Nowadays, many different types of mats and baskets are made from different varieties of pandanus leaves, each of them requiring different treatment and weaving or sewing techniques (Figure 107).

Kaipwakova: a plant with a white flower (Figure 108), burned under the platform bed of new mothers while they are nursing their newborn. Its smoke is believed to make the skin of the mother whiter (see Malinowski, 1987 [1929]: 197).

Kaiwota: a tree, much appreciated as firewood (Figure 109); the father or the husband of a pregnant woman collects it to burn in the house of the new mother because it never goes out and gives the warmth needed by the newborn; also used in canoe construction (SN 216 *Iyada*).

FIGURE 100. Left: Young specimen of a *gweda* tree; according to people in the Trobriands, the color red corresponds to the male variety. Right: Branch of a young *gweda* tree, said to be a female specimen (color is not red).

FIGURE 101. *Ilumtuma kaipwepwaya* growing on the eastern cliffs of Kiriwina.

FIGURE 102. A young *ketaola* specimen in Karidakula, Kiriwina Island.

FIGURE 103. A young *kaiboma* specimen on the *rebwaga* cliffs of eastern Kiriwina.

Karavanatau: a type of *kuvi/kui* long yam (*Dioscorea* sp.), white inside (Figure 110).

Kasiyena: a type of wild yam (*Dioscorea bulbifera* L; Figure 111) consumed in times of scarcity (*molu*). *Kasiyena* yams are mentioned in the *vinavina* ditty that storytellers chant to urge somebody from the audience to tell the next tale once they're finished.

Kayauri: a type of *Ficus* (Figure 112); used for garden magic; its wood is used to delimit blocks of land in the gardens (*tula*); also used for protection of one's own garden, as it prevents other people's evil magic from damaging one's crops.

Khasiyonasigwa/kasiyonasigwa: a type of grass (Figure 113).

Kirimwa: a tree (*Endospermum medullosum*) that grows high and straight (Figure 114); young branches are hollow, and a

FIGURE 104. A large *kaibwibwi* in the swampy area near Bweka, Yalumgwa (Kiriwina Island).

FIGURE 105. A woman softens *moi* leaves over a flame in Bwetalu Village. This step is the first part of the treatment applied to the leaves before weaving them into *moipiti* mats.

type of black ant nests in them, living in symbiosis with the tree; the *kirimwa* tree inhibits the growth of other nearby trees and plants through a chemical that is also absorbed by the ants living in its hollow branches, giving them a painful bite. Tall, good looking people are compared to the *kirimwa* tree; Ikulasi and Kaimagu sail in a canoe made from *kirimwa* wood (SN 22 *Ikulasi*).

Kum: the breadfruit tree (*Artocarpus altilis*). Trobrianders refer to the soursop (*Annona muricata*) and the jackfruit as *kum dimdim* (the white person's breadfruit; Figure 115).

FIGURE 106. *Moipiti* fibers are sometimes dyed before weaving them into mats. Bwetalu Village, Kiriwina Island.

FIGURE 107. A *moipiti* in the making in Bwetalu Village, Kiriwina Island.

FIGURE 108. Left: *Kaipwakova* plant. Right: Detail of a *kaipwakova* flower.

FIGURE 109. Detail of leaves of a *kaiuvota* tree.

FIGURE 110. Leaves of the *karavanatau* variety of long yam.

FIGURE 111. A *kasiyena* yam.

FIGURE 112. Left: A *kayauri* tree on the *rebwaga* cliffs, near Omarakana Village, Kiriwina Island. Right: Detail of leaves of the *kayauri* tree.

FIGURE 113. Left: *Kasiyonasigwa* grass. Right: Detail of *khasiyanasigwa* grass.

Kunoriga: blue snake weed (*Stachytarpheta jamaicensis* (L.) Vahl; Figure 116), an invasive species, said to have appeared first in Yausana's garden in Dayagila; because of this, some people still call it *Yausana*; used as a traditional medicine and to increase appetite in sick people.

Kwanada: a type of wild yam (*Dioscorea pentaphylla* L.; Figure 117); grows mostly in the bush but can also be found in gardens; used to play an important part in times of hunger (*molu*). There are a number of "wild foods" (not cultivated) commonly eaten in times of scarcity. People maintain that some of these wild foods cannot be eaten in the village and must be consumed only in the bush. It is believed that eating them in the village would bring hunger (SN 216 *Iyada*, SN 263 *Imdaleka*). See also *bowada/boada*, *bubwaketa*, *kasiyena*, *norriu*, *seuseu*, *sibwadiga*, *vedaveda*, *waworu*, and *wetabu*.

Kwasi: a plant used to weave the traditional armbands worn by women and men in the Trobriand Islands (Figure 118); the armbands are also called *kwasi* for the ones worn above the biceps and *mituwetuwa* for the slightly longer ones worn on the forearms.

Kwega: a tree with small green fruits that become red when ripe (Figure 119); probably in the *Ficus* genus. In former times, the unripe fruit of the *kwega* used to be chewed whenever betel nut was not available; also used in traditional magic such as in several initiation ceremonies (SN 3 *Toyamu*).

Lalamuya: a tree (*Cananga odorata* Hook.) with very small, strongly scented flowers (Figure 120), used to make wreaths.

Lawa: a tree (*Pangium edule*) with large brown fruits (Figure 121); people say it is not abundant nowadays. *Sasani* are the seeds within the fruit of the *lawa*. *Kwada* rattles used for dancing are made with the *sasani* seeds (SN 177

FIGURE 114. A young *kirimwa* tree on the *rebwaga* cliffs of eastern Kiriwina Island.

FIGURE 115. Detail of a fruit of the *kum dimdim*.

FIGURE 116. A patch of *kunoriga* toward Oilobogwa, Yalungwa Village.

FIGURE 117. A *kwanada* yam with stem. According to Malinowski (1963 [1935], 1:312), “it is very difficult to find and dig them up in the bush.” Malinowski (1963 [1935], 2:102) gives other types of wild yams: *baluluwa*, *kasiyena*, *mumwalu*, *bubwaketa*. People say “*kwanada* yams really look like people.”

FIGURE 118. A *kwasi* plant in Karidakula Village, Kiriwina.

FIGURE 119. Left: Ripe *kwega* fruits on a branch. Right: Detail of the inside of unripe *kwega* fruit.

FIGURE 120. Collecting *lalamuya* flowers in Bweka.

FIGURE 121. Left: A *lawa* tree, detail of leaves and fruit, Wagaluma Village, Kiriwina. Right: A *lawa* fruit; seeds can be seen through the fruit's flesh.

Imokaiboma). *Sasani* are also attached to *mwali* shells to make a pleasant sound when carrying them. Rattles for babies were also made from *sasani* in the past. The large fruit of the *lawa* tree is edible but tasteless. Incidentally, a man with no relatives is called *togumalawa*, literally, “man from the *lawa*.”

Lelekoya (also spelled *rerekoya*): a type of lemongrass (*Cymbopogon citratus*; Figure 122); used in magic preparations; also used for food flavoring.

Lidadiga: a type of tree (Figure 123); grows in the *rebwaga* (rainforest-covered coral cliffs on the eastern side of Kiriwina Island); Tudava made his spear from this tree (SN 1 *Tudava*). It is hard to find nowadays.

Lokwai: a wild edible plant (*Gnetum latifolium*), very common in the Trobriand Islands, with edible leaves and seeds (Figure 124); *lokwai* and *unonu* are often cooked together with

yams, taros, sweet potatoes, and other crops to provide *guaba* or *gwaba* (greens to be mixed with the rest of the food). *Lokwai* is a taboo food to some *dala* matrilineages, such as the Tabalu, who are not supposed to eat it or even come into contact with cooking utensils where *lokwai* has been prepared (SN 170 *Nauliuli Nabukubwaku*; SN 179 *Kiwali, Pupusa*; SN 269 *Irigayasu*).

Meku: a large tree (*Intsia bijuga*) with reddish wood (Figure 125); used in traditional Trobriand woodcarvings and house construction; also used in *silami* evil spells; known in the rest of Papua New Guinea as “*kwila*.”

Menoni: golden apple (*Spondias dulcis*), a tall tree, yields a sweet, oblong-shaped fruit also called *menoni*; yellow when ripe (Figure 126). Unripe fruits are green and also edible, although slightly more acidic and much liked by Trobriand children (SN 216 *Iyada*, SN 238 *Mlagugula*).

FIGURE 122. *Lelekoya/rerekoya* lemongrass.

FIGURE 123. Detail of the leaves of the *lidadiga* tree.

FIGURE 124. *Lokwai*, detail of the edible leaves and seeds (*wetuna*).

FIGURE 125. Detail of a *meku* flower.

Modogu: the black mangrove tree (*Bruguiera gymnorrhiza*; Figure 127), much appreciated for its strong timber; used in house construction; also used in traditional medicine to treat wounds (SN 3 *Toyanu*).

Mokakana: Malay apple (*Syzygium malaccense*), a tree with edible red fruits (Figure 128; SN 1 *Tudava*).

Mokoru: a tree with edible red fruits (Figure 129).

Morobau: a plant (*Crinum asiaticum*) with scented white flowers (Figure 130); the flowers are used for personal decoration and are called *rereni*; also used as cough medicine for pigs (SN 18 *Kibi*, SN 196 *Pwanetaokwa*).

Musimwesi: a type of grass (SN 287 *Kuru*).

Mwadeu: a climbing vine (*Merremia peltata*; Figure 131), used to tie things up. According to Trobriand commentators, “it’s the longest string you can find in the islands, and probably also the strongest.” Named and used profusely in magic spells. “Used in spells for *kabitam* [intelligent, wise, master] because it grows very straight, like the *tokabitam*’s mind should be.” Also, according to Kenneth Kalubaku, “before planting long yams the seedlings are washed in young coconut juice with *mwadeu* creepers so as to make the *kuvi* yams grow long and straight” (SN 174 *Kaveyega*; SN 179 *Kiwali*, *Pupusa*).

Natu: a tree (*Burckella obovata*); yields an edible, green-colored fruit (also called *natu*; Figures 132, 133); the sweet fruit can be eaten raw and is a favorite among Trobriand children; the leaves have medicinal purposes and are used to treat wounds.

Noku: a very common tree in the Trobriand Islands (*Morinda citrifolia*, also known as *noni* in the rest of PNG); has many uses; a red dye can be obtained from the fruit (or the roots), used in former times to color *doba* skirts, mats and other woven products, wooden panels, etc. Also used in facial paint (*soba*). Despite the fact that commercial dyes have now replaced it, these dyes are still referred to as *noku*. The

FIGURE 126. Top: A *menoni* tree. Bottom: Two *menoni* fruits.

FIGURE 127. A *modogu* tree near Kaisiga Village, Kaileuna Island.

FIGURE 128. Detail of *mokakana* fruits.

noku fruit (Figure 134) was consumed in times of famine in the past despite its pungent smell and bitter taste; some people claim it is a strong medicine (see Lawton's [n.d.] dictionary: *noku* is "a small bush the leaves of which are used in a preparation for pneumonia. Fruit is also edible. Roots when boiled give a red dye used in colouring skirts, mats."). Campbell (2002:114) wrongly has it as *Bixa orellana* (achiote), citing Paijmans (1976). It could be that Campbell confuses *noku* with *malaka* (achiote or a related species), given *malaka* was also a source of red dye, although one mostly used by men, as opposed to *noku*, women's dye used in the dyeing of mats and skirts (SN 178 *Kidoka*, *Lakum*).

Noriu: a type of wild yam, similar to the *kasiyena*. Malinowski (1963 [1935], 1:304) describes it as follows: "The *noriu*, a plant from the *odila* [bush] which is eaten during *molu* [hunger], because it bears abundant fruit even in the worst and driest seasons." Imdaleka, who has no gardens of her own, is forced to look for *noriu* in the bush to survive (SN 263 *Imdaleka*).

Numuria: a tree with edible fruits (Figure 135; SN 82 *Tetumonogu*).

Pilipari or *piripari*: a shrub (*Derris trifoliata* Lour.; Figure 136) with climbing stems; used as lashing in construction, particularly for the *pou* and *kaitaula* elements of the yam house because of its toughness and capacity to hold together the biggest trunks (SN 210 *Keyuyu*).

Pwapwana bunukwa: a plant; its flowers are used to make *ku-lupepi* wigs, worn by dancers to stick feathers and other decorations in them (Figure 137).

Reyava (sometimes spelled *leyava*): *Calophyllum* sp., probably *Calophyllum inophyllum*. Properly speaking, *reyava* is the name given to the seed of the *kweisila* tree (Figure 138) and, by extension, to what Trobriand Islanders consider to be the female (seed producing) of the male *kweisila* tree; the flowers are called *kakamuwa* (Figure 139); *kweisila/reyava* wood is used in the construction of canoe hulls; its fibers can also be made into ropes. Some use the leaves as *kekakaya* (a spongelike leaf used for personal hygiene). *Butia* (flower garlands) are also made of these flowers, especially on Kula trips. Leaves are also used as stoppers for water containers. It is also widely used in magic spells. Baldwin (1936) has *molelava* in his dictionary as a mat, likely made from the *reyava* bark, although this mat is no longer made nowadays in Kiriwina (SN 74 *Kutu*, *Beba*; SN 179 *Kiwali*, *Pupusa*; SN 238 *Mlagugula*; SN 260 *Leilei*).

Riga or *liga*: a fast-growing tree (*Falcataria moluccana*; Figure 140) in the legume family; considered one of the best types of firewood in the Trobriands; used in canoe construction; when mature, the small leaves turn yellow and are rubbed onto the oiled bodies of dancers as decoration on special occasions.

Sakita: a climbing plant (possibly *Scindapsus* sp.), used in traditional Trobriand medicine; a preparation with *sakita* leaves (Figure 141) is said to stop the bleeding in wounds and calm the pain.

FIGURE 129. A *mokoru* tree in Yalumgwa.

FIGURE 130. A *morobau* plant with *rereni* flowers in bloom.

FIGURE 131. Detail of *mvadeu* creeper.

FIGURE 132. Children collecting the fruit of *Burckella obovata* in Budibudi.

FIGURE 133. A second variety of *natu*, photographed in Budibudi, where it is known as *pomwel*. Longer and more oblong in shape, this variety of *Burckella obovata* is particularly good when roasted.

FIGURE 134. A *noku* fruit.

FIGURE 135. The nuts of the *pau* tree, said to be very similar to *nunuria*, which is nowadays not very abundant in Kiriwina.

FIGURE 136. Detail of leaves of the *pilipari* vine.

Sakowada: a plant with broad leaves, very similar to banana leaves (Figure 142); used as a food wrapper when banana leaves are not available (SN 233 *Dokanikani*).

Samani: another variety of *kuwi/kui* long yam (*Dioscorea alata* L.), purple inside (Figure 143). Named after a well-known brand of canned tuna in PNG.

Seda: a tree (*Terminalia catappa*; Figure 144) with edible kernels.

Seuseu: a tree (*Ficus copiosa* Steud.) that yields small, edible green fruits known as *rikorikwa* (Figure 145). Eaten in the Trobriand Islands in times of scarcity; people say the more you harvest it, the more it grows.

Sibwadiga: a tree (*Timonius timon*) with close-grained, hard wood; one of the original *kaikaula/kekaula* trees (great wood for burning, does not die out); has edible fruits that look like wild apples (Figure 146). One of the *molu* hunger

FIGURE 137. Top: A *pwapwana bunukwa* plant. Bottom: A young boy sticks some *pwapwana bunukwa* flowers on his head to show how they hold together.

FIGURE 138. A *kweisila* tree.

FIGURE 139. Detail of *kakamuwa* flowers and leaves of a *kweisila* tree.

FIGURE 140. A *riga* or *liga* tree.

FIGURE 141. Leaves of the *sakita* plant on the *rebwaga* cliffs of eastern Kiriwina Island.

FIGURE 142. A *sakowada* plant.

FIGURE 143. *Samani* yam and stem; note the purple color of the tuber.

FIGURE 144. A *seda* tree in Budibudi (Laughlan Islands).

FIGURE 145. Detail of *rikorikwa* fruits on a *seuseu* tree in Budibudi, where it is a popular food (known as *laveinun*).

foods consumed in times of scarcity; also used as medicine, mixed with two other plants for stomach aches.

Sisigeru: a creeper that yields edible, small watermelon-like fruits (Figure 147), eaten in the past in times of hunger; hard to find nowadays, said to grow after new garden plots are slashed and burned (SN 263 *Imdaleka*).

Tuva: a poisonous root (*Derris elliptica*; Figure 148) used in traditional fishing to stun fish in shallow waters and reefs. Although still widely used in parts of the Trobriands, some communities are now limiting its use because it kills all the fish in the reef and its continuous use is unsustainable (SN 158 *Buriwada*).

Tuwatau: a plant with yellow flowers (Figure 149); also spelled *tuwatawa* (SN 287 *Kuru*).

Ubwala: a type of wild yam (Figure 150), possibly *Amorphophallus paeoniifolius* (the elephant foot yam); not very common and eaten only in times of scarcity.

Unonu: the generic name of a family of edible leaves grown in Trobriand gardens (Figure 151); known as *aibika* in other parts of PNG (most likely *Abelmoschus* sp.).

FIGURE 146. Detail of *sibwadiga* leaves and fruit.

Uriya: a vine of the Piperaceae family (the same family as the mustard used in the betel nut chewing mix throughout PNG; Figure 152); *uriya* vines were formerly used to blacken one's teeth by chewing on their stem. Black teeth are a marker of wisdom and beauty among Trobriand Islanders, usually achieved after many years of betel nut chewing. Linus digim'Rina observes that it is not only the dark color that is sought after but also the shiny gloss that prolonged betel nut chewing gives to one's teeth (SN 127 *Kwanepa*, SN 226 *Nakauriya*).

Usari: a tree (*Premna serratifolia*; Figure 153) used for firewood and in construction; the leaves are used in traditional Trobriand medicine to treat colds and reduce pain. *Usari* is one of the original *kaikaula/kekaula* firewoods together with *kaiwota* (the first firewood) and *liga* (or *riga*). According to Trobriand commentators, these species are especially good for making fire: "they burn for a long time and don't go off." *Usari* is burned close to taro to free it from pests and diseases. Both taro and *usari* are said to have originated in the village of Moligilagi in Kiriwina (SN 216 *Iyada*).

FIGURE 147. A *sisigeru* creeper.

FIGURE 148. A *tuva* plant growing in Kutoila.

FIGURE 149. *Tuwatau* plants.

FIGURE 150. *Ubwala* wild yam, photographed in Kiriwina.

Utila: a large coastal tree (*Barringtonia asiatica*; Figure 154); used in canoe construction; also used in traditional garden magic; a preparation including the scraped bark of *utila* is used to wash yam seeds before planting them to make the tubers abundant. Its poisonous seeds are used for delicing.

Vana: generic name for a series of aromatic plants with ritual and magical uses (mostly magic of attraction and beautification). People tuck *vana* leaves in their armbands for this purpose. The following are some specific types of plants that people put under the category of *vana*: *dedepia*, *inekudu*, *kaewagina*, *kubila*, *kwebila*, *paninita*, and *sulumweya* (including its different types: *yadurera*, *semkulukulu*, *semtamata*, *sempwakau*, and *sembwabwau*).

- *Dedepia*: an aromatic plant (*Alpinia* sp.; Figure 155) used in magic preparations; smells of anise; also used to fight pests in the garden.
- *Inekudu*: a type of aromatic herb used in magic preparations; hard to find nowadays.
- *Kaewagina*: a type of fragrant herb (*Plectranthus* sp.; Figure 156), similar to mint; spelled *kaewiwagina* on

Kaileuna Island; used to wash and perfume the hands; leaves are sometimes used as toilet paper. Also used as an anti-inflammatory in wounds. There is a *kwanebu* story about a *kakawaku* grub who eats all the plants and trees until it tries to eat the *kaewagina*. When it does, its teeth fall out, and the grub dies. *Kaewagina* plants come in two colors; one is green with blue and white flowers, and the other one has red flowers. Some people in Kaisiga Village say the red type used to be planted in gardens to scare the wallabies off because “that plant is like people” (SN 287 *Kuru*).

- *Kubila*: an aromatic plant (*Kaempferia galanga*; Figure 157), used in the preparation of *bulami* (coconut oil-based concoctions that are the base of many magic philters); *kubila* leaves are not worn for personal decoration. *Kubila* is also used in a special type of magic formula to stop storms.

FIGURE 151. A type of *ununu* in the gardens near Yalaka Village, Kiriwina Island.

- *Kwebila*: an aromatic plant (*Evodia* or *Euodia anisodora*; Figure 158) used for personal decoration and magic purposes. *Kwebila* is one of the ingredients of the *kwegapani* magic (SN 1 *Tudava*). According to many people in Kiriwina, *kwebila* is the “number one plant in terms of its magic applications; it is used in the *kaey-ause* magic of invisibility, in the *katakavata* magic of protection from *bwagau* sorcerers, giving you courage and preventing fear, and in the *lovalova* magic (the art of throwing spears).”
- *Paninita*: a plant (*Ailanthus integrifolia* Lam.; Figure 159) with aromatic leaves; used by dancers in magic preparations (especially *kaimwasila* magic of personal attraction and seduction).
- *Sulumweya*: a type of basil (*Ocimum basilicum*) used in many magic preparations. Widely used in making *bulami*

FIGURE 152. *Uriya* creeper growing on the *rebwaga* cliffs of eastern Kiriwina Island.

oils. *Sulumweya* is worn by dancers tucked in armbands. People in the Trobriand Islands distinguish between different types of *sulumweya* according to their strength and properties. The types are the following: *yadurera* (Figure 160), *semkulukulu* (Figure 161), *semtamata* (Figure 162), *sempwakau*, and *sembwabwau* (Figure 163).

- Vayola*: a tree (*Albizia falcataria*; Figure 164) with light and strong wood; used in the past to make shields (also called *vayola*); also used in canoe construction because its wood does not rot. Trobrianders consider *vayola* and *riga* (*Falcataria moluccana*) two different trees despite their similarity.
- Vedaveda*: a plant that grows in the marshes; eaten in the past by people living near the swampy areas where it grows when no other crops or wild foods were available; people think the edible part is the white root (once the bark has been peeled off; Figure 165), although nobody is sure of whether it was eaten raw or if it needed to be cooked (some people claim it was only something to chew at when hungry and not really edible).

FIGURE 153. A young *usari* tree.

FIGURE 154. *Utila* tree in Budibudi, where it is known as *uteut*.

FIGURE 155. A *dedepia* plant in Ogineu hamlet, Kiriwina.

FIGURE 156. A *kaewagina* plant of the blue flower variety, Kaisiga Village, Kaileuna Island.

FIGURE 157. A *kubila* plant in Yalumgwa Village.

FIGURE 158. A *kwebila* plant in Kaisiga Village, Kaileuna Island.

FIGURE 159. Luke holding a branch of *paninita*.

FIGURE 160. A *yadurera* plant with characteristic white flowers in Yalumgwa.

FIGURE 161. A *semkulukulu* bush, so called because it grows one large flower that reminds people of hair (*kulukulu*).

FIGURE 162. A *sempwakau* plant, so called because of the white flowers.

FIGURE 163. A *sembwabwau* plant (sacred basil, *Ocimum tenuiflorum*), taking its name from its blue-black color.

FIGURE 164. Detail of the crown of a *vayola* tree in Kiriwina.

FIGURE 165. Top: A *vedaveda* plant, which is nowadays hard to find, near Kuluvitu Village. Bottom: Detail of the root of the *vedaveda* plant with the edible white part on the right.

Vivi: Polynesian or Tahiti chestnut (*Inocarpus fagifer*), a large tree with long leaves (Figure 166); bears a hard seed kernel (also called *vivi*), edible when cooked (SN 217 *Vivi*).

Vividu: a tree (*Vitex trifolia*; Figure 167) with a sticky resin; often used to glue mother-of-pearl decorations on woodcarvings; also used for medicinal purposes, to lower fever in children (SN 285 *Boi*).

Wageva: a shrub (*Macaranga* sp.; Figure 168) with wide, soft leaves, known as *kwekwesi*, used as toilet paper. The *wageva* plant is also used in *kaimwasila* magic of attraction.

Wari: a climber (*Flagellaria indica*; Figure 169); used for lashing things together, especially in house construction; also used in garden magic and in *kaimwasila* magic of attraction and seduction.

FIGURE 166. A *vivi* tree.

FIGURE 167. *Vividu*, detail of leaves.

FIGURE 168. A *wageva* plant in Yalumgwa Village.

FIGURE 169. A *wari* vine.

Waworu or *wawolu*: a creeper (*Eriostemma peekelii*) with an edible green fruit (Figure 170). Ants are sometimes put inside the fruit and cooked together with it in a typical Trobriand dish, eaten in times of hunger (*molu*).

Webitu: a thorny vine (*Smilax vitiensis* A. DC.; Figure 171); said to be the very first *sunapula* (those human, animal, or botanical entities that first emerged from caves to give rise to the lineages found in the Trobriand Islands). Camillus Mlabwema Mkwesipu said, “Little is known from the times before the *sunapula* emergence. Some claim that our ancestors lived in darkness in caves, until *webitu* poked a hole in the surface and the others managed to climb out of the cave following *webitu*.” Some people maintain that this is just a metaphor and that people came to the Trobriand

FIGURE 170. Detail of a *waworu* plant and fruit.

FIGURE 171. A *webitu* vine growing in a Yalumgwa garden.

Islands on canoes from elsewhere and took refuge in the many limestone grottos found in Kiriwina before exploring the islands, hence the reference to caves. *Webitu* vines are used as lashers (SN 56 *Tokoyawewa*) and also in magic preparations. *Webitu* are also used in fishing; before going fishing, one talks to the vine and asks it to come along. “You must tell *webitu* where and when you are going fishing, for there is a *tokwai* spirit in it that will help you get the fish. You should tell *webitu* only one destination, otherwise it will get tired and refuse to accompany you, even if you’re going somewhere else too,” said Gumwemwmata Okwala. *Webitu* also works for long yam (*kuvi*, *Dioscorea alata*) magic and other types of garden magic.

FIGURE 172. A *wetabu* yam growing in a garden near Karidakula Village, Kiriwina.

Wetabu: a type of long yam (*kuvi* or *kui*; Figure 172); usually found in the *rebwaga* elevated rocky outcrops of the eastern part of the island of Kiriwina, although it can also be grown in gardens.

Weyugwa: a type of vine (Figure 173), the strongest one, used for lashing *masawa* canoes; it does not rot and does not need to be replaced; left to dry in the sun until it becomes softer; the leaves are used for medicinal purposes.

Yagama: used to make lime containers in Yalaka Village for all the Trobriand Islands (the biggest type, Figure 174; see also *ginupunapu*).

Yaku: a tree (*Dracontomelon dao*, Pacific or New Guinea walnut) with round, small yellow fruits (green when unripe; Figure 175); the seed inside is black and very hard but edible; its sap is used in the preparation of black *soba* (traditional face paint); also used in traditional medicine (e.g., the bark is burned and scraped and applied to wounds; SN 174 *Kaveyega*).

Yakwala: a tree (*Pipturus argenteus*; Figure 176); after being seasoned in saltwater, its bark used to be rolled and made into

FIGURE 173. Left: A green *weyugwa* vine. Right: Leo holding a dry *weyugwa* vine woven into a strong rope.

strings for fishing nets; Edwin and Dona Hutchins report in their dictionary that the tree is also known as *dibi* or *dibidibi*, probably a Dobuan word (Hutchins and Hutchins, n.d.). It is the tree where the lizard gets speared by *Tudava* (see SN 1 *Tudava*, SN 220 *Suta*).

Yaseasa: a plant (*Cordyline* sp.; Figure 177) with magical properties, used in the preparation of some types of *megwa* magic; *yaseasa* used to grow in the Trobriand Islands, but according to local field experts/partners in Kiriwina, it is no longer to be found there; nowadays, some people bring *yaseasa*

FIGURE 174. A *yaguma* gourd growing in the gardens near Yalaka Village.

FIGURE 175. A *yaku* tree in Mwadaosi, Kiriwina Island.

FIGURE 176. *Yakwala* leaves in Budibudi, where the tree is known as *agudugod*.

FIGURE 177. Three *yaseasa* leaves, property of Tomdebi, Bawai Village, Kiriwina Island.

leaves back from Muyuwa (Woodlark Island), where it still grows.

Yatinalalele: a vine (SN 210 *Keyuyu*).

Yokalala: a tree with soft wood and urticating leaves (*kalala* also means jellyfish in Kilivila; SN 74 *Kutu, Beba*).

Yolala: a plant (*Leea indica*) with black seeds (*wetumela*) used to make mourning *pegala* necklaces (Figure 178).

Yomwegina: a tall tree (*Paratocarpus venenosus*); yields large, irregular, orange-colored edible fruits, very sweet (Figure 179).

FIGURE 178. *Yolala* plant with unripe seeds; when ripe and dry, seeds are made into *pegala* necklaces.

Yonawawa: a tree (*Sterculia schlechteri* Mildbr.; Figure 180) with medicinal uses; used to stimulate the appetite of sick people; also used as support for growing mustard vines; easy to care for (can be grown from a branch) and fast growing.

Yosiyala: a thorny vine (Figure 181); normally used to tie sugarcane together (*semvam*; SN 210 *Keyuyu*).

Yotumavevila: sometimes spelled *yotumavela* or *yatumavela*; a vine (*Tinomiscium petiolare* Hook. f. & Thom.; Figure 182) used to tie up sugarcane while it is still growing in the garden because it stays green and does not dry out (SN 210 *Keyuyu*).

Yovai: a tree (*Hibiscus tiliaceus*; Figure 183) with medicinal properties; used together with *megwa* magic to help women expel the placenta after giving birth. Known as *atupis* in Budibudi, where it is also used in canoe making.

FIGURE 179. Top: A *yomwegina* tree in Budibudi, where its fruit, known as *lomog* (the same name as the tree), is readily eaten. Bottom: The flesh inside the *yomwegina* fruit.

FIGURE 180. *Yonawawa*, detail of open seedpod.

FIGURE 181. A *yosiyala* vine.

FIGURE 182. A *yotumavevila* vine.

FIGURE 183. Detail of flowers and leaves of a *yovai* tree.

Appendix B. *Mauna*, Trobriand Fauna: Animal Species

The following are animal species found in the Trobriand Islands, including fish, reptiles, and birds. Like the botanical species, some of them are mentioned directly in the *kwanebu* and *liliu* of this book, whereas others were identified in the process of commenting on other aspects of the narratives related to those species (for example, observations on fish mentioned in the stories entailed the enumeration of other fish also found in the Trobriand Islands). It took several years of fishing expeditions in Vakuta, Kaisiga, and Budibudi to find and photograph the fish in this appendix. The fishermen of Kavataria, who provide most of the catch that is sold in Losuia and eaten throughout Kiriwina, allowed me to accompany them on their overnight diving trips to the outer reefs, making the job of snapping fish easy (*kagutoki lubegu John Maiwori*, thank you, my good friend John Maiwori, for this).

Some fish were identified through posters supplied by the National Fisheries Authority of Papua New Guinea. Some birds were identified using a field guide (Pratt and Beehler, 2014) and with the help of Paul R. Sweet, a longtime fieldworker in Papua New Guinea and collection manager of the Department of Ornithology at the American Museum of Natural History in New York. Animals are listed alphabetically in Kilivila, followed by their common and scientific names, where known. The story or stories where the animal is mentioned are referenced, in parentheses at the end of each entry. Note that the names of fish in the Trobriand Islands are often location specific: the same fish may have one name on the lagoon side and a different one on the open-sea side of the island. Fish names can also vary between locations within the same island (for instance, fish names in the coastal village of Kavataria tend to be different from those in central Kiriwina). The same fish species can also have different names depending on the time of the year and stage of maturity. Typically, coastal villages have a more detailed knowledge of fish species: whereas inland people may have a generic name covering several species of one fish (for example, parrotfishes), coastal people often differentiate among them. Some of the photos are Jerry Leach's originals.

Bebai: a type of triggerfish (Figure 184), possibly the titan triggerfish, *Balistoides viridescens*; much appreciated for its white, delicate meat; known as *kaisep* in Misima-Panaeti.

Boi: eastern reef egret or Pacific reef heron (*Egretta sacra*; Figure 185); features in the iconography of canoe prow carvings, where the emblem that represents it is also called *boi* (SN 285 *Boi*).

FIGURE 184. A *bebai* fish (middle) among the catch in Kaisiga Village, Kaileuna Island; a *kaisoba* fish (*Naso annulatus*) can also be seen below the *bebai*.

Bubuna: generic for pigeon (Figure 186); the most commonly sighted one in Kiriwina is the Torresian imperial pigeon (*Ducula spilorrhoa*; Figure 187); the totemic bird of the Malasi clan (SN 166 *Kariva*; SN 199 *Yagagali*, *Yausi*; SN 249 *Bubuna*; SN 287 *Kuru*).

Bulukwalukwa: bandicoot (Figure 188).

Buriburi: a type of bird of paradise (curl-crested manucode, *Manucodia comrii trobriandi*) endemic to the Trobriand Islands (SN 234 *Kenavasias*, SN 287 *Kuru*).

Buriwada: moray eel (Muraenidae family; Figure 189; SN 158 *Buriwada*).

Dauta: a type of frigate bird (Figure 190; SN 234 *Kenavasias*).

Debadeba: green humphead parrotfish or double-headed parrotfish (*Bolbometopon muricatum*); also known as *togoba* in Misima-Panaeti (SN 185 *Muluveka*, *Togega*).

Dila: a type of cicada.

Dubasimla: a fish (Figure 191); very popular in local fish markets.

Gegila: purple-bellied lory (*Lorius hypoinochrous*; Figure 192); the totemic bird of the Lukulabuta *kumila* clan in the Trobriand Islands.

FIGURE 185. A black *boi* in Buruvaded Village, Budibudi (Laughlan Islands).

FIGURE 186. Asomata, a *bubuna* pigeon in Kaisiga Village, Kiriwina Island.

FIGURE 187. Elani holding a Pacific imperial pigeon (*Ducula pacifica*), known as *bunakuk* in Budibudi; Risiros Island, Budibudi.

FIGURE 188. A bandicoot in Kutoila, Kiriwina.

FIGURE 189. A small *buriwada* moray eel among other fish in a dugout canoe in Vakuta Island.

Inavana: a fish; similar to *dubasimla* but all white (SN 261 Mlabwema).

Iyoseda: a small crab, found in coral reefs (Figure 193).

Kabokabwaku: harlequin or many-spotted sweetlips (*Plectorhynchus chaetodonoides*).

Kabwaku: hooded butcherbird (*Cracticus cassicus hercules*, a bigger subspecies of *Cracticus cassicus*). A black-and-white bird with a reputation for being fierce (*nagasisi*); they are known to attack people (SN 166 Kariva).

FIGURE 190. Frigate birds hover above Budibudi.

FIGURE 191. A *dubasimla* fish.

FIGURE 192. A *gegila* lory in Uburak Island, Budibudi, where it is known as *zaugudun*.

FIGURE 193. *Iyoseda* crab caught off Kaileuna Island.

FIGURE 194. A *kadawaka* fish (top) in Kutoila Village.

Kadawaka: an unidentified fish (Figure 194).

Kaimagu: a type of mud crab (Figures 195, 196), abundant in coastal mangrove areas in the Trobriand Islands, where it is readily collected and eaten (SN 22 *Ikulasi*).

Kaiwa: an unidentified fish (Figure 197).

Kakanuwa: a small type of sand crab (Figure 198).

Kalipuya: yellow-spotted emperor (*Lethrinus kallopterus* or *erythracanthus*); known as *ahiat* or *garsawa* in Misima-Panaeti.

Kanadu: a small fish, caught with nets; could be a juvenile tuna (SN 263 *Imdaleka*).

Karaga: eclectus parrot (*Eclectus roratus*; Figure 199); one of the totemic animals of the Lukwasisiga clan (*kumila*); *karaga* have a reputation for ruining crops in the garden.

FIGURE 195. Junior holding two *kaimagu* mud crabs near the airstrip, Kiriwina.

FIGURE 196. A *kaimagu* mud crab, photographed by Jerry Leach.

FIGURE 197. Moxi spearing *kaiwa* fish off Vakuta Island.

Katakaila: a small fish, found mostly on the lagoon side of Kiriwina; known locally as the hundred- or the thousand-bone fish; one of the most appreciated fish in the Trobriands despite its many bones; similar to *ninibula* and also in the silver biddy family (*Gerres* genus). *Katakaila* is a taboo food in certain *dala* matrilineages.

Katakera: sulphur-crested cockatoo (*Cacatua galerita*; Figure 200; SN 195 *Katakera*).

Kayusesa: spotted blubber fish (*Plectorhinchus flavomaculatus*; Figure 201); known as *muwayap* in Budibudi (Laughlan Islands).

FIGURE 198. A *kakanuwa* crab on Wiya beach, Omarakana, Kiriwina Island.

FIGURE 199. Nauriwali (left) and Bau (right) observe a female *karaga* parrot (males are green) in Kutoila Village, Kiriwina.

FIGURE 200. A *katakaera* cockatoo in Kwebwaga Village, Kiriwina Island.

FIGURE 201. A *kayusesa* fish brought to the wharf in Losuia for sale by Kavataria Village fishermen.

FIGURE 202. A coconut crab in Kutoila, Kiriwina Island.

Keli: a small, sand-digging crab; similar to *kakanukwa*, another type of small, sand-digging crab (SN 11 *Keli*).

Keyuyu: coconut crab (*Birgus latro*); a large land crab, much appreciated for its sweet flesh (Figure 202; SN 210 *Keyuyu*).

Kidoka: a type of stick insect (Figures 203, 204); people claim it is hard to find nowadays (SN 178 *Kidoka*, *Lakum*).

Kilakila: a type of sea hawk (SN 176 *Muluveka*; SN 287 *Kuru*).

Kiriri: a leaf-shaped locust (Figure 205).

Kudubuwa: a type of emperor fish (maybe the orange-spotted emperor, *Lethrinus kallopterus* or *erythracanthus*; Figure 206); the name in Kilivila literally means “betel nut teeth,” referring to the fish’s red mouth; mentioned in Malinowski (1987 [1929]: 252) as *kudubwau*; *gigivemutu* may refer

FIGURE 203. A *kidoka* insect in Kutoila.

FIGURE 204. Lynette watching a *kwapa*, another type of stick insect found in the Trobriand Islands, nowadays more common than the *kidoka*.

to the same fish; known as *tagum* in Budibudi (Laughlan Islands).

Kukuu: a small black ant (SN 238 *Mlagugula*).

Kulasi: generic name for several types of coral trout/grouper of the Serranidae family, the most common of which is possibly *Epinephelus malabaricus* (Figure 207). *Kulasi* is the fish that is said to have brought a type of black magic to Kiriwina, in particular the black magic used by the people from the Bau area of Kiriwina (SN 22 *Ikulasi*, SN 31 *Togiliwakuma*, SN 261 *Mlabwema*). Trobrianders distinguish several species within the *Epinephelus* genus (*kulasi*), including the *Epinephelus fuscoguttatus* (the brown-marbled grouper, known

FIGURE 205. A *kiriri*. Together with other insects, *kiriri* are often caught, roasted, and eaten by children in Kiriwina.

FIGURE 206. A *kudubuwa* fish among the catch.

locally as *kelopala*) and the *Epinephelus caeruleopunctatus* (the white-spotted grouper, known locally as *mitapukuna*).

Another type of *kulasi* is known as *kulukwata*.

Kumew: generic for frog (Figure 208; SN 1 *Tudava*).

Kutuva: green jobfish (*Aprion virescens*; Figure 209); also known as *kutia* in some parts of Kiriwina (Kavataria Village); known as *utul* in Misima-Panaeti (SN 185 *Muluveka*, *Togega*).

Kwaduwa: a type of barracuda fish (*Sphyræna*). *Bayoyu* is the generic name for barracuda, whereas fishermen and coastal people are able to identify specific types, among which are *kudawayu* (the giant barracuda, *Sphyræna barracuda*) and

FIGURE 207. A *kulasi* fish.

FIGURE 209. A *kutuva/kutia* fish.

FIGURE 208. A *kumeu* frog in Yalumgwa.

FIGURE 210. A nurse shark (*Ginglymostomatidae*), known as *kwaumasisi* (“sleeping shark”), in the lagoon off Kaileuna Island.

kalubatuma (the chevron or sawtooth barracuda, *Sphyræna putnamiae*; SN 31 *Togiliwakuma*, SN 212 *Kamwemuya*).

Kwarota: a type of bush fowl, possibly the orange-footed scrub-fowl (*Megapodius reinwardt*; SN 85 *Urigova*, SN 234 *Kenavasiasia*).

Kwau: generic name for shark; other species include *gebageba* (a type of hammerhead shark), *yuboila*, *mitayu*, *kwaumwaya*, *sekela*, *kalubu*, *kwaukyu*, *kwautekutaku*, *kaluta* (tiger shark, *Galeocerdo cuvier*), *kwaumasisi* (a type of nurse shark; Figure 210), *kemoli*, *kwaulelesi*, and *kwautebatuba* (SN 227 *Kwita*, *Suvatu*).

Kwiga: generic term for lobster (Figure 211); also spelled *kuwiga* or *kuviga*.

Kwita: octopus (SN 227 *Kwita*, *Suvatu*).

Lakum: a type of land crab (Figure 212); only those found in the bush are eaten, versus the ones found near villages and paths (*lakumkeda*, the “road” crab), which are said to be unclean and not fit for human consumption (SN 178 *Kidoka*, *Lakum*).

Lova: needlefish or long tom in the Belonidae family (Figure 213). A big *lova* fish is known as *topusa* (Lawton, 1993:190). *Pusa* (which means “cat” in Kilivila) is also the name of an emblem carved on the tip of dugout canoes (SN 11 *Keli*; SN 150 *Tomnalova*; SN 185 *Muluveka*, *Togega*).

FIGURE 211. Painted spiny lobsters (*Panulirus versicolor*), the most common type found in the Trobriand Islands. Kaisiga Village, Trobriand Islands.

FIGURE 212. A *lakum* land crab, photographed by Jerry Leach.

FIGURE 213. *Lova* needlefish among the catch on Yakaeba beach, Yalumgwa, Kiriwina Island.

FIGURE 214. A *luluva* fish.

Luluva: longnose or smalltooth emperor (*Lethrinus elongatus* or *microdon*; Figure 214); also known as *tobowa*.

Luma: a small fish, probably a type of sardine (SN 154 *Boupata*, *Bovakuila*).

Madolu: a type of trevally (*Caranx* genus), most appreciated in the Trobriands for its taste and delicate meat with almost no bones. Trobrianders distinguish different types of *madolu*, including the *mosa* or *madoluveka* (big *madolu*, perhaps the bluefin trevally, *Caranx melampygus*; Figure 215; SN 24 *Tomitugaga*).

Mamili: humphead wrasse, double-headed Maori wrasse, or Napoleon fish (*Cheilinus undulatus*); known as *Gamategawaliya* in Misima-Panaeti (SN 212 *Kamwemuya*).

Mawa: black surgeonfish (*Acanthurus gahhm*; Figure 216); similar to *kaisoba* (whitemargin unicornfish, *Naso annulatus*);

FIGURE 215. A *mosa* or *madoluveka* (*Caranx melampygus*) in Kaisiga Village, Kaileuna Island.

FIGURE 216. A *mawa* fish, part of the daily catch off the south coast of Kaileuna Island.

both fish have razor-sharp spines near their tails; in central Kiriwina, the yellowfin surgeonfish (*Acanthurus xanthopterus*) is also known as *mawa*; also known as *malawi* in Misima- Panaeti (SN 208 *Bwagan*).

Militabu: the generic name given to giant clam shells, of which there are several types (Figure 217). *Militabu* meat is much appreciated among Trobriand Islanders (SN 233 *Dokanikani*).

Mitukunapula: humpnose big-eye bream (*Monotaxis grandoculis*); sometimes spelled *mitukunabu*; known as *mwayabu* on Kaileuna Island (Figure 218); known as *mayamul* in Misima- Panaeti.

Mogwa: generic name given to tuna fish, especially to small-sized juveniles.

Montatetu: a type of porcupine fish or blowfish of the Diodontidae family (*Diodon hystrix*?, *Dicotylichthys punctulatus*?; Figure 219; SN 31 *Togiliwakuma*, SN 212 *Kamuvemuya*).

Munuveka/Muluveka: a type of sea eagle (possibly the white-bellied sea eagle, *Haliaeetus leucogaster*); sometimes spelled *muluveka*; totemic bird of the Lukuba *kumila* clan (SN 176 *Muluveka*; SN 185 *Muluveka*, *Togega*; SN 233 *Dokanikani*).

FIGURE 217. A *militabu* giant clam shell.

FIGURE 218. A *mitukunapula/mwayabu* fish in Kaisiga Village, Kaileuna Island.

FIGURE 220. A *napai* in Kaisiga Village, Kaileuna Island.

FIGURE 219. A *montatetu* porcupine fish.

FIGURE 221. A small *pepekwa* fish, photographed in Kaibola by Jerry Leach in 1972.

Napai: a type of flounder (Figure 220); not commonly found and eaten in Kiriwina.

Ninibula: Pacific silver biddy (*Gerres oyena*), a small fish, found mostly on the lagoon side of Kiriwina (SN 261 *Mlabwema*).

Nipawa: a type of grasshopper; also the name of an emblem carved on the tip end of dugout canoes, named after the insect.

Pepekwa: saddle butterfly fish or saddled coralfish (*Chaetodon ephippium*; Figure 221), a small, colorful reef fish (SN 164 *Pepekwa*). Other small, similarly colorful reef fish are also known as *pepekwa* in central Kiriwina.

Posakaraga: yellowfin or king parrotfish (*Scarus flavipectoralis*; Figure 222); a very common fish in the Trobriands; literally means “fat parrot”; known as *alawa* in Misima-Panaeti.

Pwasisikwa: black sunbird (*Leptocoma aspasia christinae*; Figure 223); one of the smallest birds in the Trobriands, with a reputation for being also the smartest (*nakabitam*; SN 166 *Kariva*, SN 287 *Kuru*).

Pwateri: a type of parrotfish (Scaridae genus; Figure 224)

Sakau: helmeted friarbird (*Philemon buceroides*); the bird that announces dawn (SN 166 *Kariva*, SN 234 *Kenavasia*).

Sevalea: a large fish, probably a type of marlin or sailfish (SN 212 *Kamwemuya*).

Sigau: two-spot red snapper or red bass (*Lutjanus bohar*; Figure 225); known in Misima-Panaeti as *Sikusiku* or *Enipola* (SN 24 *Tomitugaga*).

FIGURE 222. A *posakaraga* parrotfish, photographed by Jerry Leach.

FIGURE 224. A *pwateri* parrotfish.

FIGURE 223. Keibi holding a *pwasisikwa* bird and its nest in Kutoila, Kiriwina.

FIGURE 225. A *sigau* fish.

Sigwa: a type of grasshopper, similar to the *vegu*, but this one does not bite (SN 1 *Tudava*).

Sikumla boarita: a type of clownfish (Figure 226).

Sikwekwa: a small black bird with red eyes; probably the span-gled drongo (*Dicrurus bracteatus* [*carbonarius*]); associated with *bwagau* sorcerers. Sometimes spelled *sikwaikwa*; said to give a short call before sunrise (SN 1 *Tudava*, SN 166 *Kariva*, SN 234 *Kenavasia*, SN 287 *Kuru*).

Sina: metallic starling (*Aplonis metallica*; Figure 227).

Suru: rainbow runner (*Elagatis bipinnulata*); a large fish, valued for its flesh; also known as *tomesubu*; also known as *ma-talagarasi* (swimming goggles' eye) among young children;

known as *suwa* in Misima-Panaeti. Note that *sulu* may also be the name given to a shooting star.

Suvatu: a small and very territorial reef fish (Figure 228); could be a type of damselfish (SN 227 *Kwita*, *Suvatu*).

Talu: a red fish (SN 24 *Tomitugaga*); there is also a red fish known as *tala* (on the lagoon side) or *tagila* (on the open sea side), the spiny squirrelfish (*Sargocentron spiniferum*); it could be the same fish. Likewise, it is unclear if a fish named *talubu* is the same one or a different species.

Tataya: a type of praying mantis, green in color.

Tetumonogu: a yellow praying mantis; Kenneth Kalubaku commented: "after the harvest season the praying mantis (*tataya*)

FIGURE 226. *Sikumla boarita*, which literally means “their clan is the sea.”

FIGURE 227. An immature *sina* in Kutoila Village, Kiriwina.

FIGURE 228. A *suwatu* fish, photographed by Jerry Leach.

FIGURE 229. A *topinila tegila* lizard in Kutoila, Kiriwina.

gets weak and turns yellow (*monogu* means ripe); that's when the children go around the gardens looking for *tetumonogu* because they are easy to catch" (SN 82 *Tetumonogu*).

Togega: a constrictor snake, most likely a type of python; the largest snake found in the Trobriand Islands (SN 185 *Muluveka, Togega*).

Topinila tegila: a type of lizard (Figure 229); its name literally means "winds around the ear"; Baldwin (1936) calls it *topiniki teogila* and identifies it as a frill lizard in his dictionary.

Toulam: a type of mullet fish (could be the blue-spot mullet, *Moolgarda seveli*; Figure 230); its flesh is much appreciated by Trobrianders; *kalala* is said to be a small *toulam*, probably a juvenile of the mullet fish (SN 185 *Muluveka, Togega*).

Uyaya: a type of edible clamshell (SN 132 *Tokwavataria*).

Vakia: one of the kingfishers that can be found in the Trobriands (Figure 231); when represented in yam houses, it is called *udawada*.

Vaya: a small fish, perhaps a type of sardine or anchovy; compare with *taninua*, another seasonal small fish that comes

FIGURE 230. Mokai holding two *toulam* in Kutoila Village.

FIGURE 231. Luke and Simon holding a *vakia* (sacred kingfisher, *Todiramphus sanctus*) in Bweka, Kiriwina Island.

closer to the shore once a year; fished with fine mesh nets (SN 215 *Nabubulaveka*).

Vegu: a small type of cricket (SN 238 *Mlagugula*).

Vinavana: deep-bodied mojarra or silver biddy (*Gerres abbreviatus*); a small fish, caught with nets on the lagoon side of Kiriwina (SN 261 *Mlabwema*).

Waula: a type of rabbitfish or spinefoot (*Siganus* genus, possibly *Siganus puellus*; Figure 232), very common throughout the Trobriand Islands; also known as *bilawawa* on the lagoon side of Kiriwina (it changes name depending on its seasonal size) and *kavai* on the open sea side; also known as *videvide* in Misima-Panaeti (SN 154 *Boupata*, *Bovakuila*).

Wonu: generic for sea turtle (Figure 233); also spelled *wolu* (SN 126 *Tokasikuni*).

Yabwau: humpback red snapper (*Lutjanus gibbus*; Figure 234); very common throughout Kiriwina.

FIGURE 232. A *waula/bilawawa* fish, photographed in Kaibola by Jerry Leach.

FIGURE 233. A sea turtle off Yakaeba beach, Kiriwina Island.

FIGURE 234. A yabwau fish.

Yaila: a fish, unidentified.

Yudawada: a large fish (yellow-tailed emperor, *Lethrinus hypselopterus*); its red, black, and white colors are the same ones applied on the *udawada* emblem of yam houses (representing a kingfisher), sometimes leading to confusion when trying to explain whether the *udawada* painted in chiefly yam houses is a bird or a fish (SN 24 Tomitugaga).

Appendix C. *Bigivakala*, Trobriand Proverbs

Also known as *bigitomwaya*³⁸ (the word of the respected elders) or *bigabogwa* (word already, ancient word), *bigivakala* are short sayings that convey wisdom or a piece of advice understood to carry a general truth or describe a situation in few words, often using poetic imagery and symbology. In the latter case, because the situation is a familiar one, the outcome can be anticipated without being fully stated by the *bigivakala*. *Bigivakala*, like western idioms and proverbs, have a meaning that goes beyond that of each of its individual words. As such, they cover what we would call idioms, proverbs, and sayings. *Bigivakala* are pithy, for “the ancestors had such good command of the Kilivila language that they did not need many words to convey their thoughts,” as Steven Milamala pointed out. This characteristic also makes *bigivakala* obscure and open to interpretation because people in the past “would not always be honest about their true intentions, concealing them behind a veil of metaphors,” as Milamala argued. In fact, *bigivakala* are also known as *kalaiseke* or *bigaiseke* (*biga* = word and *iseke* = metaphor, related to *kaboiseke*, “allegory”). As highly allegorical sayings, they have several layers of meaning, and it is possible that not everybody understands all of them. As a result, the following explanations are subject to change if the same *bigivakala* is put to different people. Elders in Kiriwina also hinted at the fact that *bigivakala* are “desiccated words” (*vakala* is to dry in the sun) akin to concentrated wisdom.

The following are some examples of *bigivakala* collected while contemporary Trobrianders commented on the stories in this book; they constitute a small sample of a corpus of hundreds (Chief Tovesei alone provided over one hundred of them).

Kedadoga kawala, kekomata; kesataula kawala, kenanota [also *kekamolū*]

The curved punting pole makes you full; the straight punting pole makes you hungry.

If you punt from one place to another (zigzagging, going to many places, “curving around” like a curved pole) instead of going straight, you shall be satisfied; if you follow a straight path, you’ll be hungry. Camillus Mlabwema Mkwesipu explained, “Resources are hidden; you have to uncover them. When you go somewhere, don’t rush trying to get there, go around little by little, from one village to another, from one veranda to the next, and you shall get plenty [of] things while you travel, like betel nut, tobacco, information. . . . It’s better to try here and there, plenty, than just trying once. If you miss one resource there will be others along the way.”

38. Also spelled *bigatomwaya*. Both spellings are correct.

Kabilabala gala tavakom; kamtuya bikamkwamsi

A fallen log (*kabilabala*) doesn't feed you; standing tree stumps (*kamtuya*) do.

Nagia pointed out, "A sleeping person—a dead log—doesn't help you, so how can you give him anything? The people who are standing on their feet instead, they are ready to help, so if you are with them you will eat."

Also, *kamtuya* sticks are said to "guard" a garden. *Bulakavala* sticks in the house are the equivalent. The *tokwai* spirits live there, and they guard the house just like the spirits in the stumps guard the garden. Camillus Mlabwema Mkwesipu added, "*Kabilabala* is someone who is always sleeping. What's the point of feeding him? The *kamtuya* tree stump, although it has been cut, is still alive, it can still grow, so nurturing it is a good idea as it might turn productive in the future."

Tegadidi, tegamalia; tegalulu, tegamolu

Ears full of noise, ears satisfied; ears silent, ears hungry.

If you have been listening to advice (from parents, from chiefs, etc.) and your ears are full of it, you'll have plenty of things. If your ears are empty of advice, you'll have nothing to eat. Advice brings wisdom and abundance.

Gala tawaweya kwadoya e bitavageda kova

We haven't hunted the cuscus yet, and we are already making fire.

Kenneth Kalubaku explained, "Cuscuses are very difficult to catch because they jump from tree to tree. When you think you have it cornered, some people would say let's make fire, we got the cuscus already, yet the *kwadoya* may have jumped to another tree in the meantime—and imagine how hard it was to make fire before there were lighters [i.e., by rubbing sticks, a long and tiring process], so that would be wasted time and energy!"

This proverb is the equivalent of the English "counting your chickens before they are hatched" and other similar proverbs in Spanish, French, and Italian.

Elilelim som, esusui kamtobwagau

The one that stays away from you is your friend, the one that enters [your circle] is a *bwagau* sorcerer.

Camillus Mlabwema Mkwesipu explained, "The closest ones to you may want to harm you. The ones around you know you very well and are therefore the ones who have easier access to you and can kill you [through sorcery]. You should be wary of people who are too close to you, not so much of those who keep their distance."

Bo egabu wadolu pwaka, e yuvayaina wadola dadam

His mouth has already been burned by lime, [the other's] mouth smells like puree [cooked mashed plantains eaten by children] instead.

Nagia gave the explanation for this one: "Only old people have authority; those whose mouths are burnt by all the betel nut chewing are wise and have expertise, as opposed to kids who

still eat puree with their soft mouths." This phrase is often said when two people give their opinion and that of the most senior person is reputed to be best. It is also used in the Kula exchange context to acknowledge your interlocutor's experience. *Pwaka* (lime) used for chewing betel nut is associated with fire and desiccation, in analogy to the pithy, wise words of *bigivakala* proverbs (concentrated knowledge); *vakala* means to dry up in the sun. The words of a magician, for example, are often considered to be "hot," a property that confers them their power. This heat is produced in the mouth also through the action of chewing betel nut. Elder magicians have desiccated mouths and bodies, "burned" by the production of heat and magic.

Bitota bwau, bitagiginola

When there are clouds standing, we put up the sail [as in getting the canoe ready].

Usually, there is no wind when there are clouds, but you must always be ready and never wait too long to get ready, even when the elements are threatening; don't wait for the wind to pick up, be ready before then.

Kewwalala bwebwai, kewwalala veiguwa

The fruit of green coconuts, the fruit of valuables.

You pay green coconuts, you pay *veiguwa* (valuables). If you bring only coconuts as payment for something valuable like magic, you will not get the whole thing, the whole magic formula, so your spell will not work. You need to bring *veiguwa* to get the real thing. As Camillus Mlabwema Mkwesipu said, "the more you give, the more you obtain," or you get what you pay for.

Pwepwaya kaidubwalela matila

The soil will close her/his eyes.

Camillus Mlabwema Mkwesipu said, "If you show too much enthusiasm for a piece of land and fight too much for it—through court cases or trying to purchase it—this will eventually turn against you; people will get jealous or annoyed, and that soil will 'close' your eyes, people will have a *bwagau* sorcerer kill you." Too much ambition can spell the end for the overambitious.

Gala komwedona tokeywosi, tetala togigisa

Not everybody can be a dancer, someone needs to be a watcher.

Kenneth Kalubaku said, "If we all dance, who watches? We cannot all be performers; we cannot all be in the main stage as protagonists. We cannot all have the same function; someone needs to do something else, or someone has to have a particular function or do something nobody else wants to do." This saying is the equivalent of the English proverb "too many cooks spoil the broth."

Lakeda vau eloya malaka

The black path has gone to the red path [as in the painted incisions on canoe prow boards, called *keda*, "paths"].

Everything has a way, and somehow things have been confused. John Kasaipwalova reflected, “This can be said when someone is doing or saying something beyond their competence, say, a youngster giving advice to an older person; in this case you’d say *Lakeda vau eloya malaka*: someone who doesn’t have the knowledge is doing it wrong because he only has an approximative perception or knowledge of how things should be.”

Gudibukubaku, gudisisuna

The children of the central “stage, playground” in the village (*baku*) are the children of the outskirts of the village (*osisuna*).

Camillus Mlabwema Mkwesipu said, “Children who spend too much time playing in the *baku* playground away from the veranda and their parents turn out to be children with bad manners and no knowledge of right things,” children *beyond* the village. When children get away from the nurturing of their parents and the wisdom they impart from the veranda, they will grow into drifters, they will become adults beyond the social space of the village.

Gala takamkoma pwada titolela

We don’t eat our own crap alone.

Camillus Mlabwema Mkwesipu and Kenneth Kalubaku explained, “It means we share it, you have to share the things you make, the things you grow. The things you process through your work are to be shared.” This reflects the well-known Trobriand custom of sharing yams, the product of one’s work.

Silami ilitomwaya, yuvisa ilagwadi

The evil spell is older, the healing spell is younger.

Never play with *silami* evil spells because they are potentially more harmful than *yuvisa* healing spells. Be watchful of harmful things, as they are more powerful and can turn against you. This proverb is a caution against using magic spells too powerful to control by those who do not have the right expertise.

Bo esikona kalagatu tamala

S/he has already smelled her/his father’s dirt.

Camillus Mlabwema Mkwesipu and Kenneth Kalubaku explained, “When the child has smelled the dirt of the father, s/he (the child) becomes attached to the father. This makes it harder for the children to separate from their father. This is the attachment that *kaimwasila* magic of attraction provides; it’s like putting a part of yourself into someone, the same way they have put part of them on you. The children take on the characteristics and the ways of the parents who nurture them.” The English equivalent is “like father, like son.”

Toginuvayu, lamauna wai, bigeda kununa, bigeda yeyuna

The animal of the *toginuvayu* sorcerer is the centipede, the head bites, but so does the tail.

Camillus Mlabwema Mkwesipu explained that this proverb means “if you hire a *bwagau/toginuvayu* sorcerer to kill someone and he keeps on receiving payments but not doing the job, it will eventually come to bite him—the tail will turn against him and kill him. The one who hired him will eventually get fed up with the sorcerer for not doing his job while receiving payments. This will eventually lead to the person hiring another sorcerer to kill the first one for being too slack. The first *bwagau* sorcerer thinks he has everything under control but doesn’t realize his own animal, the centipede, can also bite him from the rear, he won’t see it coming.”

Kaula bigagabila bikoma tomota

It is possible for food to eat people.

Nagia explained, “If a *tokai* commoner has a good harvest of yams and fails to give them to a chief and eats them all by himself instead, it is likely that he will die for this. He ate the food but the food ended up eating him.” The proverb explains the Trobriand rule that commoners need to garden for others and give part of their harvest to chiefs.

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