

THE VISITOR:
NAMOR IN KILENGE

by

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As we set up housekeeping in Kilenge during our first visit in 1977, old men began arriving at our door eager to tell us "napu", the myths of the ancestors. Villagers understood what interested anthropologists: after all, they hosted David Counts only a year earlier during his visit to collect stories. They also knew that serious anthropologists taped stories; they thought us odd to come so poorly equipped that we carried no batteries for our recorder.

We didn't head to New Guinea to study myths or legends, but over the months in the village we heard many stories. The first Namor legend came to us in an unusual way, as a question from our principle informant, and friend, Talania Aritio. Late one night he visited us, as he couldn't sleep. He wanted to ask us about the origin of all things. He proceeded to tell us of Namor, and the creation legends of the ancestors.

Our ancestors thought that Namor created most things. He was kind of their god. The Kombe called him Moro. He wasn't a naitu [spirit]- he was a man. People don't believe in him anymore- they believe in God. There are lots of stories about Namor- he left his mark on many things. Aisapo [former paramount luluai] used to talk about him a lot, and believed in him.

Namor made a stone ladder up on Koko hill. In Bariai and Kapo he left his mark too- his footprints are in the rock. At Kapo large mounds run along the hillside: they were there long before the Americans came here. Up on the mountain you'll see an unfinished ship made of stone. They say that people here disobeyed Namor's orders so he left unfinished business and went somewhere else.

Eventually he went to America where people listened to him and learned all the things he taught. Before the Americans came no one knew where Namor had gone, but once they saw all the things the Americans had they figured it had to be America. But this isn't the basis of cargo cult- that came up later. Those people just get their ideas from dreams that Satan puts in their heads and they think the cargo will come. But, Namor was like a real god. Everyone used to believe in him.

Namor had his place here at Susul- his food trees are still there. When he left Kilenge he went to Bariai and Kombe. He also went to Siassi (where they call him Malavore) and to New Guinea.

Such stories of Namor no longer play a central role in Kilenge society: few young people hear or know them. Nevertheless, they do give us some insight into the diversity of style in storytelling, the significance of place, and the impact of cultural change on story content.

The content of the legends shows considerable influence both from Christian stories and from cargo cult ideology. Through recounting Namor's exploits, the Kilenge express their ideas about the creation, distribution and relationship of people and things.

In this paper we describe the Namor legends. First we discuss who tells the stories. Then we consider the content of the legends. In the final section we discuss legends as a synthesis of ideas. The full text of the legends are translated in the Appendices.

Who tells the stories?

The Kilenge became Roman Catholics in the 1920s and 1930s, and few villagers today "believe" in Namor. A few older people

and those who married into the village from the Siassi Islands know the stories. Those who relate the legends insist that these are naningpuanga, true stories, not napu (myths) because physical evidence in the landscape "proves" that the events actually happened.

We never actively sought Namor stories, but some villagers felt that we should hear about the man/god. Once word spread that Talania had told us about Namor, six other people came to us with their tales. Four of the seven story-tellers were born in Kilenge. Two of the tellers came from the Siassi Islands¹, while another came from a Lolo² village. All but one of the Kilenge and Lolo tellers were over the age of 55, but the Siassi migrants were less than 45 years old.

The two Siassi story tellers provided the most complete stories, rich in detail and of substantial length (see Appendices B, C, and D). Kilenge and Lolo narrators, in contrast, usually provided only snippets of information, as if illustrating other tales and points by referring to Namor and his exploits (e.g., Appendices G and H). The only lengthy Kilenge version of the legend (Appendix A) came from a very old man who, when we met him, had past his story-telling prime. His narratives proved hard to follow, and other villagers told us that he didn't really

¹ There is a long history of trading and marriage linkages between Kilenge and certain Siassi Island communities.

² The Lolo people are closely related culturally to the Kilenge, and speak a slightly different dialect of the same language.

know the Namor stories.

No particular conditions seemed to govern the telling of Namor tales. We received Namor information during the day and evening, alone with an informant or with a number of other listeners present.

The tellers often began their tales with assurances that the stories were true. They referred to marks on trees or stone artifacts in the gardens to confirm the veracity of the account (e.g., Appendix A); other villagers listening would agree that they too had seen the evidence (e.g., Appendix C). At times, though, story tellers maintained a certain skepticism, asking us if we thought that the story could be true, or ending with the suggestion that what they had said was "just a story".

What do people say in the stories?

Kilenge-Lolo informants told short stories: only one story (Appendix A) could be considered complete. The Siassi Islanders' stories ran on for an hour or more, and included several episodes. Some stories document villages and other places, an ancient travelogue of sorts. Namor (also known as Moro, Molo, Malo, Malavore, Raupate, Ambugin, Morko, and perhaps Esamanarop) travels from New Guinea, through the Siassi Islands, and on to New Britain. Along the way he creates islands, plants, animals, people, languages and cultural artifacts, then finally leaves for America.

In general outline, the story runs as follows:

Namor travels with his [mother {App.A, D, E} /brother {App. B, E} /dog {B} /rat {A} /wife {C}] for part of the time, alone at other times. He can change his appearance [old man/young man {B,C,D} // shining skin/boils {B,D} // snake/man {E}]. Frequently a trickster, he has the power to [move mountains {E} / raise trees {B,C} / create language barriers {B}]. In most versions, he [seduces {B,C,D} / is seduced by {D}] women (being particularly attracted to/by those with infants {B,C,D}). Sometimes he [tames pigs {E} / turns into other creatures {D} /creates land and life {D}/ returns from death {F}/ gives ceremonies {D} / and instructs people on how to use things, including their sexual organs {B}].

Because we did not systematically explore the Namor legends while in the field, we cannot be categorical about the meaning or the context of the stories. Our data do lead to some tentative suggestions, though.

Legend as synthesis

While villagers have shared Namor legends for many generations, it seems clear that recently introduced philosophies and stories heavily influence the content of modern versions. Extensive parallels with Biblical tales and with cargo cult ideology seem unlikely to have developed independently. Instead, we might assume that Namor legends have absorbed elements of

other popular stories and have become more than a means for expressing cogent cultural themes: they also provide a forum in which realities from different cultures are synthesized.

Several elements in the legends reflect the realities of human relationships in Kilenge. For instance, the relationship between Namor and other men frequently involves conflict. When Namor sleeps with his brother's wife, his brother plots to kill him {D}. As Namor builds a new canoe, the men of Kilenge plot to kill him {A}, though we never learn why. Another time, people try to kill him for revenge {C}. The legend suggests that a powerful man must fear the envy of other men, as indeed is the case.

Differences in story telling style and content parallel cultural differences between native-born Kilenge and Siassi Islanders who have married into the village. On the one hand, the stories of the Siassi Islanders glamorize Namor's sexual exploits. They portray him as a playboy, a womanizer. Frequently, they describe the women he encounters as aggressively sexual. Story-tellers never condemn the characters for their sexual activity, nor do they describe the characters as getting punished when they get caught. The Namor of Kilenge story tellers, on the other hand, is totally devoid of sexuality. Although we know that adultery occurs with considerable frequency in Kilenge, it does not feature in the legends. We cannot explain these differences in content: while they may reflect greater adherence to Catholic ideology on the part of Kilenge-born informants, they may also continue regional differences in

the focus of the stories.

The Namor legend encapsulates the cultural diversity of northwest New Britain and the Siassi Islands. It attempts to account for the origin of diversity as the trickster creates linguistic chaos {B}; it grounds diversity in history as Namor wanders from group to group. The story also gives legendary status to trade networks in the region, as it explains who has what cultural items, and why {A,C}. The strongly developed sense of place which emanates from the longer legends suggests that originally the Namor story may have provided a medium through which people could discuss the character and history of their land and themselves. Every little village, island, mountain has its place in the Namor legend - it exists because Namor made it.

The stories show many links to Christian Bible stories. Talania referred to Namor as the "Adam and Eve" story. In one version the hero creates islands, trees, pigs, dogs, men, and women from sand {D}. In another, family groups sheltered around the base of a tall tree begin speaking different languages, a clear parallel to the tale of Babel {B}. Our Lolo informant suggested that Namor placed a cross up on the mountain, died, and was resurrected in three days, "just like Jesus" {E}. Further suggestions of syncretic borrowing from the New Testament comes from the hero's father's three day sojourn underground {C}, and the hero's immersion in water to change his skin {D}.

Sometimes informants told us that Namor ultimately left New Guinea to head to America where people listened to him and

learned all that he could teach them. Though we thought the stories reminiscent of cargo cult legends, Talania hotly denied that, calling cargo cults, "the work of Satan". Another villager, however, argued that ideas about America only got into the Namor legends after the war.

Old villagers complain that their children no longer know the Namor legends. Traditional definitions and understandings of place and interpersonal relationships disappear as the Kilenge increasingly adapt to modern Papua New Guinea society. The Namor legends demonstrate the extent of cultural synthesis which has already occurred. Future generations may have to read anthropology texts to discover the culture here, Namor.

Appendix A

Narrator: Ongaia Male, 60 + years.

Namor is like a man. He went to Siassi. He had his house up there on the mountain where they've cleared ground for the helicopter pad. There is a stone ladder and parts of a stone canoe and propellor. Later Namor went to other places where he had different names: Ambugin, Malavore, Morko.

While he was here Namor made a two-masted canoe and sailed to Siassi. He didn't leave any of these kinds of canoes here, so Kilenge people have had to go to Siassi to get them ever since. His mother made this canoe up the mountain and told him that it would be carried to the sea by a large tide. One black night a huge rain fell and the wash carried the canoe down to the sea. Namor tied the backline of the canoe to a baibai tree (which still bears the marks). But the people here would not listen to his talk. He went to Aramot (Siassi) where the men were planning to build a new naulum. Part of his canoe is still there. 'Ol i stori nating, yumi no lukim Namor'.

Namor talked to a rat and told him to walk under the sea to feel out the road to Aramot for him, to see if it was safe. Namor followed the rat. The men of Aramot were working on the men's house and Namor brought two large pigs, Ankiu and Savagai, for them. The men were sitting around making shell money. Namor didn't have a boy to run and get buai for him - he came alone and he had no younger kinsmen. So he just stayed on his canoe - he didn't have any helpers. But there was one orphan Aramot boy who didn't have any senior kinsmen to work for so he went to get buai for Namor. This boy stayed with him. The rat too was working for Namor. The men asked Namor to help with collecting posts for the building. But, Namor was suspicious and he gathered the flower of a tree which turns red like blood and mixed it up in a coconut shell. He sent his rat into the post hole where he was supposed to work and the rat tunneled under the sea to a spot near Sagsag. Namor got in the hole to work, and the men of Kilenge tried to kill him by stabbing him with the post. They heard a crack and thought they had broken Namor's bones and the stick came out red so they thought he was dead. But Namor had followed the tunnel of the rat and gone to Sagsag. The net hit the coconut shell with the red liquid in it - not Namor. He went back to his mother and told her what had happened. The Kilenge men (who had followed him to Aramot) came back with his canoe and his two huge pigs - as big as horses. Namor saw the canoe and men coming, and he was sorry for the canoe, Airivultilia. He got a piece of wood or a tree and threw it at the canoe and the canoe turned and came to him. The canoe came ashore near Sagsag near a little stream, Rusi. The Kilenge were

shocked to see Namor alive - 'Who did we kill then?.' Namor told them to fasten the pigs to a tree - a baibai which still has the marks. The men went back to Kilenge and Namor sent the canoe back to Aramot. Then Namor followed his pigs up into the bush. They went eventually to Koko where Namor tried lots of work - the stone canoe and ship's propellor. But the Kilenge men were still crazy and they wanted to kill him still. They chased him away and this time they never saw him again.

APPENDIX B

Narrator: Siassi, Male, 45 years old

The Story of Raupate (Namor in Umboi): as told by V. with assistance from T. and G. Before the story gets started, T. reminds us that Raupate is just one name for Namor, and that he had different names in different places - like when the Germans were here, they before believed in Namor, but that his generation only heard the stories - they didn't believe. The current generation of adolescents have not even heard the stories.

V. tells us that this story is a naningpuanga - a true story, where men can see the marks left behind by the hero. It is not a napu. He also says that he has to begin the story in the middle, that he doesn't know the beginning. He means the middle of the cycle - this story begins as Raupate leaves the Umboi bush, and comes down to the Umboi beach. In the bush he is called Malavure.

Raupate came down from the Umboi bush. He had two kinds of skin - one that was an old man's, with pox and sores - it stank. The other was a clear white skin that shone like a light. He usually hid himself from people by using the old man's skin.

I'll start the story after the Umboi chased him. He played and made love to the girls in the good skin, and sat with men in the diseased, smelly skin. So he came to us.

He went to his kandere, who had two dogs. They went walking together, with one dog with them and the other trailing behind. They went up the footslopes of Lulem mountain, and they rested, waiting for the second dog to come. They called and called for him to come, but he didn't. They finally got fed up waiting for the dog, and Raupate said "Ok, you stay. You'll be a nanukrava - a wild cat with black teeth". This is how the nanukrava came to be. Nanukrava is a clever beast, but that is another story. Raupate and his kandere and the dog went to Lablab, and they approached a village. Raupate wanted to enter alone - he didn't want his kandere to come with. So he changed him into a kumuk - a palm tree that does not carry fruit. It's just like a coconut, but it doesn't have fruit. Now, on Umboi, there are a few scattered here and there - not many. I've seen kumuk.

Raupate and his dog went on, and saw an old man and his wife who were gathering galip. The man was in the tree, knocking the nuts down, and his wife was on the ground collecting the nuts. She was shelling the nuts, but only kept the skins - they ate only the skins. The old man's name was Kusmus.

Raupate saw Kusmus's wife, and he put on his good skin, with nice armbands, fresh purpur, lots of hair on his head, a good basket, and his long lime stick that sang when he took it out of the gourd. The woman saw him, and her bel cried out for him - she wanted this man whose skin was like the newly risen sun.

Raupate asked her "Where is your husband"? She replied "Up the tree". She was busy breaking the galips and throwing the inner skin and nuts away - she would fill a basket with the skins and then start on filling another. Raupate asked "What are you doing?", and she told him that "we eat this". He gestured to the pile of discarded nuts and asked her what they did with them. "Oh, that's rubbish, and we throw it out".

"So you think it is rubbish", said Raupate, "bring it over here. I'll break one and you eat it". He took off the inner skin, and showed her the food. She ate it, and liked it - it was gris moa iet. He told her to throw away the skins, and put the nuts in the baskets. She followed his instructions. Raupate was still standing, and told her "When your man comes down, show him this stuff". She worked and filled a couple of baskets.

B

Raupate decided to trick her. Even though he had buai, he asked her for some. She didn't know he had some in his basket. Then he gave her some, and tricked her again by saying "I have buai and daka, but I don't have lime". The woman said "Your companion's (Kusmus) kambang is here" pointing between her legs. She laid down and spread her legs and said "Eat this is what your friend eats with buai". Raupate asked her - "Well, where do you make love?" The woman said "Kusmus had intercourse in my armpit". Raupate looked at her and said "This first thing you showed me, for buai and daka, is something else - I'll show you what it is for - I think Kusmus has been lying to you". So the woman laid there, and Raupate made love to her, showing her what her vagina was for. When he had finished, he gave her some buai and said "use my lime, and I'll put some on a leaf for you. Your mouth will turn red". So they ate buai, and he exclaimed "See, your mouth has turned red now, and your spit is red". He gave her some more lime, piling it on a leaf again. He also told her how to make it, from coral. Then he said "I think I'll go now. When Kusmus comes down from the tree, show him how to eat galip, and how to make love. Then teach him how to chew buai properly. I'll go now".

He walked around, and he and his dog came to a village. All of the village people were out clearing ground for gardens, except for a really old man who was guarding the village, and a young woman who had recently delivered a new baby. The old man was in the men's house and the woman was sitting on the verandah of her house. At Raupate's approach, all of the pigs ran away onto the path leading to the bush. The mother, who had just swept around the house and was resting, was startled - "Where is this man going - all the village people have gone". Her name was Atangbalau.

Raupate saw her, and changed into his good skin. He decided to trick her, and he made it rain, but just a little at first. She saw him, and it started to rain harder. She told him to come up on the verandah, to get out of the rain. It was raining very hard by now.

Raupate asked her "Where are all the men?" Atangbalau replied " They have all gone to cut a new garden". Raupate took out a buai, and ate it. He pulled his long singing lime stick out and it was so long that it poked a hole in the thatched roof (he was working a trick). It rained on him through the hole. The woman said "come closer so you'll be dry", and as he moved futher on the verandah, she moved away, and sat close to the door. Raupate took out his second buai, and worked the trick again. As it rained on him, she told him to move closer, and she herself moved inside the door. He took out his thrid buai, and his lime stick poked another hole in the roof. She told him to come inside the door, and she moved up on her bed. Raupate ate his fourth buai, and once again poked a hole in the roof and got rained on. Atangbalau said "Well, come and sit in my bed then". He did, and shortly they were making love. When they had finished, Atangbalau said "I've got a new born child, and now he will be sick because of what we have done". Raupate told her the child wouldn't be sick, if she did the following -cut some bambu, and keep the water that is inside of it. Get Atipot leaves, and wash the child with them. Use the leaves as diapers too- he won't get sick.

It has stopped raining by now, since Raupate no longer needed it. He said to her "I'll leave you now". As he walked away, the woman looked at him and thought "I have to marry him - he is so good, and my husband is just a rubbish man". By now he had disappeared into the bush, so she quickly arranged the child in the house, and set out after him.

Raupate knew that she was going to follow, so he didn't walk in a straight line - he zigzagged all around. Now there is a stream that follows this path - it is called Mande, or wokabout bilong Raupate". The woman followed after him.

Raupate came to the big river Min. He thought to himself - which way do I go, and how do I get across? The woman is still following me. He saw a big tree growing out of the opposite bank, hanging over the river. He reached up, pulled down the branches, and walked across on the tree. As he walked away, water dripped from the leaves which had been in the river. He heard the people from Atangbalau's village cutting their new garden.

While he was hearing this, Atangbalau came to the river and wondered how she could get to the other side. She also wondered how Raupate did it. She saw his footprints on the bank, and at first thought that he had swum. Then she was the water dripping down from the branches, and knew.

B

As Raupate approached the villagers, he changed his skin - he became a diseased old man, with pox and sores, unshaven, and hobbled. He took the face of the old man back in the village. All of the village children had gathered at some distance from their working parents, under a tree watching their parents's baskets. Raupate approached, and he tripped and fell - all the children saw him. They got mad at him, and asked "Why did you come here? You should be in the village".

Raupate apologized, and said "I heard everyone cutting trees, and I thought about the times when I was a young man, doing the same thing. So I came to watch " (meanwhile, he was thinking that Atangbalau would come soon).

The children were still angry with him "You'll slow us down on the way home - we'll all have to wait for you". Raupate responded "Don't worry, I'll follow behind". The kids gathered under a malas (navoile) tree. Raupate made it rain again. First all the dark clouds gathered, and then it began to rain a little. He told the children "Get all the baskets under the tree, and hang them on the branches". He lowered the tree so they could. He did this by saying, "Voile, voile maroro". Atangbalau was very close now. So Raupate jumped into the tree. The children saw the woman coming, and they got mad at her for leaving the village. While they were arguing, Raupate said "Voile,voile piplak" and the tree started to grow and grow, growing very tall. It carried Raupate and all the baskets on the branches very high up.

Meanwhile, the children argued with the woman. They asked her "Why did you come?". She told them that she was following her man - "see, there are his footprints". The children said "No, those belong to an old man. Your husband is cutting bush. Atangbalau told them "No, my husband is just a rubbish man. I am following a man with beautiful light skin". The children told her that only an old man had been by. They all turned around, and saw what had happened to the tree. Raupate had changed his skin to light, shining skin, and he swang on the branches, chewing buai. His lime stick sang. Atangbalua said "See - that's him".

The children became afraid that they couldn't get the baskets down in time - their parents were almost finished, and would be coming back soon. Their throats were choked with fear so a couple of the children ran off to get the big men.

All the big men came running to check their baskets. They asked what had happened and the children told them that the old man had come and lied to them, telling them it was safe to put the baskets in the tree. But now the tree was so tall they couldn't reach the baskets. The big men saw Raupate up the tree, and the young woman calls to him "How can I get up there to you?" When her husband came up to join the others, they told him that she was hot for Raupate, and that she was going to stay with him. The big men were not happy with the circumstances, and tried to think of what they could do. They decided to get the big axes and cut the tree down, kill Raupate and get their baskets back. They began cutting away at the malas, but as soon as they would make a cut and get ready to swing again, the cut would heal over. No matter how much they worked they made no headway - the tree would not stay cut.

Raupate was full of tricks. No matter how hard the men worked they got nowhere at all. They cut at the tree for a long time, but it didn't help. They got to thinking again (perhaps aided by implanted ideas from Raupate himself) - "This is hard work - forget it. We'll try another way. Start clearing the ground and we'll cut it down by the roots." So they started working on the roots, but as with the trunk, they simply healed together as soon as work began in another place. But Raupate gave them another idea 'burn the roots'. So they made a big fire and as they cut the roots so did they throw them on the fire to burn. Now the roots couldn't heal over. Raupate sat in the tree watching this work and chewing buai. But the roots were too large, and night came up before the men got very far. The men wanted to sleep at the bottom of the tree, but the foot of the tree was lit by the glow coming from Raupate's body. It was light just like day and the eyes of the men couldn't stay closed. Children ran back to the village and returned with, Atangbalu's child. The woman refused to leave the sight of Raupate.

B

Since the men couldn't sleep, they kept working. They dug down about 8 or 10 feet, when the 'keel' of the tree began to go crooked, running parallel to the ground. They made a trench following it. They wanted to cut it, but it kept healing over. They dug a trench about 50 yards and found that the root came up to the surface. By now they were very tired and they sent the children to follow the root to its end. No one knows whether the children had knives to clear the bush, or whether they cleared it with their hands. They followed it out about as far from here to the reef (500 yds?) and they found the end of it. Sitting there was the old man, Raupate, with long gray hair and a beard - he must have been 100 years old, or maybe 1000. He asked the kids 'ol tumbuna, yupela i mekim wanem?.' They told him they were following the keel of the tree, and they found him sitting on it. He said to them "Why are you doing that?" They told him that they had to cut it so that the tree it was attached to would fall down. The old man said "That's not so hard. You run and tell your fathers to kill a pig, and make a plate of napolonga with the mumued pig and send it to me. My name is Vavel, remember that." All the kids practised the name of 'Vavel', and ran off singing it. But they didn't go far when he called them back, telling them to put the flowers of natevute in their hair for decoration. The children know it would turn their hair white. Again they ran off calling 'Vavel'. But, they got only half-way to their fathers when they forgot the name - all of them forgot the name. They returned to the old man saying "We forgot your name, what is it again?" "Vavel, Vavel". The children shouted "Vavel, Vavel" and ran off again. This time they got almost all the way to the tree before they realized they had forgotten the name again. They returned to the old man, who this time crossly told them 'Vavel'. They returned to their fathers, but again forgot the name. Only one young boy, a namormor (orphan) remembered. He told the men 'The old man's name is Vavel. He says he will loosen the eel of the tree if he is given napolonga and a piece of pork in a natevila. He wants the mautia, the breast of pork - it has lots of grease and his teeth are not strong so that's easier for him to eat."

The top of the tree was shrouded in clouds, so the men thought that Raupate was still up there. They didn't know he had come down and turned himself into a old man. So they agreed to send the food to the old man to try and get the tree down. The men didn't realize that Raupate had turned all their hair white 'bekim blong ol' -as a punishment. They gave him the food and he said " Thanks, you go back and I'll take care of the keel". He sent them back to wait at the bottom of the tree, telling them to group themselves in little families - man with his wife and children. They did as he told them and they soon heard wood being cut. The looked up in the tree and saw Raupate again - he changed his skin again. He asked the men sitting there which way the tree should fall. Before they broke into small groups they had spoken the same language, but now they found themselves answering in different languages. Some people could not understand Raupate anymore. He asked each man if the tree should fall on him - each man said 'no'. He asked one Siassi man and he answered /arom/, another answered /som/, another answered /maup/. He asked another man, a Kilenge man now, "Should the tree fall on you?". The man said /iavo, iavo, iavo/ but the tree broke anyway across to Kilenge. It's head came down between Mt. Tangis and Talave, forming a bridge across the water. The head of the tree is called Laut Matea, and is between Aimagaga and Aipate. The tree trunk met the shore at Kutavele point. The tree was there for many years making a bridge. Raupate came across the bridge with his dog and lived in Kilenge for a while, known as 'Namor'. The tree finally was lost after a man and his sister came to Kilenge for a visit. They stopped at the mid-point of the tree to rest and eat and chew buai. But the brother made a mistake 'ting*ting no gut i kamap na tupela i pilai long diselaples'. In the place where they had committed incest the wood began to rot and eventually the tree sank. Now part of the trunk is a reef - a long reef which runs much of the way to Siassi. On Siassi the point where the trunk came up is called Wauraura.

The bridge was not the origin of population spread to Kilenge - there were always people here. It just enabled a lot more visiting between the places.

B/C

Raupate's second dog went loose on Mt. Tangis, so now that mountain is full up with nanukrava, the 'wail pusi'. They live in the trees there, but are bigger than most tree creatures. One Father caught one and took it away once. Sometimes when men go looking for trees for making rope for nets they go to the top of Tangis. They can hear the nanukrava calling from the trees 'shshshuuut'. They freeze in position - if you see that happen then you know that some relative of yours has died in the village. If some man has been fooling around with your wife, you can ask one of these creatures, and he will point to the man. You ask the nanukrava how much the man should pay compensation and he moves his arms back and forth to indicate how many fathoms of shell money. These animals are very clever. If you see one with children then you know your wife has delivered a child.

APPENDIX C
Narrator Umboi Female, 40 years old

The Story of Molovure (Namor in Umboi bush)

In the village of Tarawe Molo, lived a young couple, a man and his wife. His name was Embokim, and her name was Gainor. After a while, the woman became pregnant. She became lazy, and didn't want to go to the garden. One day, when her husband had gone alone to the garden, she cooked food for him. But she did something wrong - she put the food for her husband in the spot where the dog ate, and she put the dog's food where her husband ate. Embokim came back from the garden and ate. When he had finished eating, she said to him "Hey, didn't you see, you ate the dog's food?" Embokim said "Don't worry, I have eaten already and finished".

They slept, and in the morning he told her to go to the gardens. He lied to her: he wanted a chance to do something. He gathered a lot of buai and daka, and then went into the house and brought out all their possessions - bowls, pots, tambu, boar's tusks, etc. He divided things into two piles - one for him, and one for her. He divided things equally. When he had finished, he covered her pile with a mat, and put a buai skin on it. He then spat out on top of that. Embokim then took some ashes from the fire and marked the mat with his footprints and handprints. He got up and left the village.

They returned to Tarawe, their village, only to hear that tomorrow all the men on Umboi would get together to cut down a big malas tree (tok Maleu navoile, tok ples siassi Male natum). Molo said to his mother "You're old, you stay here and I'll go help cut the tree." Molo put all of his possessions in his namorol (bilum covered with dog's teeth) and donning his father's skin he walked and came up to Ovongai. His skin was all kaskas and grile. The men of Ovongai saw him and spit on him, revulsed by his appearance. He continued down the road, coming to Alvalkon. There he went back to his good young skin and all the young women admired him. Going on to Omom and Barang Molo put on his kaskas skin again and the men and women of those villages spit on him, ridiculing him. They laughed and said "Do you think that you can help cut down the tree?" At Gom he put on his good skin again and kept it on until he got to Gasam now - the village where his father was killed. The people of Gasam recognized him as the son of Embogen and invited him to eat before he continued on his way. After eating he went on to Orpot, putting on his skin kaskas again. When he reached Aiyau and Mamaramo he put on his good skin again. Reaching Arop he had on skin kaskas again. The men of Arop laughed at him and decided he was too old and sick to help them cut the tree. Molo continued on, coming to Salivon. There he arrived in his good skin, and there he fooled around with a woman. A woman who had just carried a new child was the only person left in the village when Molo arrived - all the others had already gone to start cutting down the tree. Molo went to the men's house and the woman saw him and wanted him. They made love, and Molo continued on to Kampalap. There he donned his 'skin nogut' again and the men said "Why are you here? you can't help us". There were men from all over Siassi there.

The men worked all day, cutting at the tree. As night approached they got tired and slept. They continually ridiculed the 'kaskas man', but the young woman to whom he had made love said "No, he is a good man". The men responded "He has kaskas skin - where's this good man of yours?". The woman said - "He is a good man, I know, I slept with him". Now all the men knew the woman had been bad.

In the morning the men were eager to begin cutting the tree again, but they were startled to find that the progress they made yesterday was for nought - the cuts had healed over. So, they began work again, cutting at the tree all day. In the evening the young woman took a piece of bark that they had cut away to use for a pillow for her baby. Everyone slept. The next morning the tree had healed over again everywhere but in the spot where the woman had taken the bark.

The men were cutting down this tree because they wanted to get down a child that was trapped in the top of it. The eagle, Saumoi Valpara, had come upon a woman, Ivaipa, working in her garden. She had hung her baby in a bilum in a tree while she worked. The eagle came along and stole the child and carried it to the top of the giant malas tree.

While all the men were away, Malavore hit the trunk of the giant tree and the tree shrunk - they could reach its branches. He told all the children he would go up the tree to get the baby. They said 'but you are too old and kaskas'. He climbed the tree in his father's skin and got to the top all bloody. He sat in the bird's nest and got the baby. He asked "Should I throw it down?" He took off his father's skin and left it in the tree. The men returned and he told them to go find food and tomorrow they would cut down the tree. While the men and women went to the gardens to get food Molo told the children to go get all the valuables of their parents - plates, pots, tambu, everything. When they came back he told them to put the valuables in the lower branches of the tree, then to go and arrange themselves in families. He sent some children to go and fetch the adults again, and he struck the trunk of the tree and made it go antap again. (He was making a trick again.) All the adults returned to see their valuables up in the tall tree, and they beat their children. They threatened Molo now 'Alright, we'll cut the tree now'. They began cutting the tree and as they cut they burnt the branches and wood. For three days they cut at it, eventually coming near the point where the tree would fall.

The people wanted their valuables back, but the tree began to break, swaying around. The tree tipped towards New Guinea and Molo threw out the clay pots - now only New Guinea makes them.

The tree dipped again and Molo threw pigs and dogs to Kilenge, Bariai and Bali. Again the tree dipped and red tambu spilled out to Manus, and black and brown tambu to Kombe. Wooden bowls were thrown to the islands of Siassi. Finally the tree broke, still holding nasavoia (tortoise shell armbands) and fell across to Kilenge. One part of the head fell at Langla, and the other part at Komali, near the airstrip. The infant was thrown from the tree and died. The middle of the trunk came down at Kulkul.

Molo taunted his foes "Alright, you come and beat me now". But, when they went to follow the tree trunk across to Kilenge, Molo hit the middle of it again, and it disappeared beneath the sea.

So, Molo came to Maleu now - he came inside at Ongaia Tuange (Sakaelpua or Putpua), at the passage of Mata'aienge. He was thirsty so he went to cut bamboo. But he was tricked - he cut a man instead of bamboo. The men of Kilenge killed him (but he only trick-died) and buried him at Kaselvek - a water at Putpua - before they used to call it Pura, but now they changed the name.

Later Molo came up again and wandered around the bush here and went back to Siassi, but that part of the story Kampa doesn't know. She said her story is very reliable - she learned it from her tumbuna who was a very good story teller. She said that some of the other stories we might hear might not be as reliable. Not everyone tried to remember the story correctly as she did.

APPENDIX D - SAME INFORMANT AS B

"Mala and his mother and his older brothers were living in an area of Kunai south of Finschafen. They had a village there with other people. (This is where the Siassi went to buy pots - to this area of Sigava and Sio). Mala's brother had a wife. One day the brother went with the big men to go to Madang to buy pigs. They stayed over a night. While they were gone the brother's wife was sweeping the ground around the house. Mala was practising with his bow and arrow. He shot the arrows at birds in the trees. The arrows were beautiful in colour and markings. Mala shot one at a bird in a coconut tree, but he missed and the arrow fell close to his brother's wife. She looked at the arrow and admired its good colors. She took it into the house and hid it, and returned to her sweeping. Mala searched for his arrow, and thinking it fell close to his brother's house he went to check. He looked around the area near the house. The wife said to him "What are you looking for?" He said "I'm looking for my arrow - I shot it and I don't know where it fell." His brother's wife said "I think it may have come through the roof of the house". Now she knew whose arrow it was and she went into the house. She lied "Here it is, stuck in the post. I can't get it out. Come in here and pull it out." (She was planning to humbug now.) Mala went in believing her story. She said to him "Come and look". He asked her "Where it it?". She said "Come here and you'll see it". He approached her and she grabbed him. The manki said "No, I can't play with you - you are my brother's wife! What will happen?". She said "They are all gone far away". The two of them played - the woman wouldn't let Mala go. She said to him after they finished "You make a mark on my leg like the one on your arrow". So he cut a tattoo on her leg. Then the manki went back to his mother at her house. (All the people thought that Mala was just a man - they didn't know about his power yet). The next day the brother returned with his pigs. He sat on the canoe which was too big to be beached, and he called to his wife to come and get the pig. The woman was wearing purpur (there were no laplaps then) and she said "I can't go in the water - I don't have a change of purpur. You bring the pig to me here". (She was just afraid to go into the water because her tattoo would show.) Her husband said "It's alright, you can change later, come and get the pig." She went into the water, and although she tried to hide the mark, the water made her purpur float and bared the mark on her leg. Her husband saw it but didn't say anything. He knew what the mark meant, but he didn't know who had put it there.

The men tied the pigs under the houses, and then the brother went and sat with his wife under his house. He saw the mark. He went to the men's house and called all the men to come. He wanted to find out whose mark was on his wife's leg. So, he said to the men "You all cut your namer (mark, bilas) on a piece of wood or an arrow". To his brother he said "You carve our mark on something, and the other men can make theirs". So Mala made one and put his mark on it. (He knew why his brother was doing this, but he complied anyway.) The next day they were all called to the naulum to show the brother their namer. Each men's house had its own mark. The brother lined them up and Mala put his at the end. The brother surveyed all the colours, and then he came to the one at the end - the one Mala worked. He said to himself "Ah, it is our own mark, I think my own brother went with my wife while we were away buying pigs". Out loud he said "Alright, take them away now, I know now - I've seen them". To his little brother he said "You take ours too". Mala carried his arrow to his house - he understood what his brother had done. The men remained at the naulum, called back after Mala left - his brother was plotting to kill him now. The brother said to the men "Tomorrow we fence in Mala and my mother and we kill the two of them in their house - we'll burn it." Mala heard this and he said to his mother "You go to the garden and then come home and cook early and then we'll run away. My brother is plotting to kill us". His mother asked "Why does he want to kill you?" Mala replied "You just listen - he will kill us, do as I say". The mother went and got taro, bananas, yam, mami and they put them in baskets and loaded them into the canoe. Mala straightened the ropes. His brother and the other men were sitting together sharpening their spears and getting ready for the next morning. Mala cut a piece of bamboo and cut it at the middle. He filled the two pieces with ash from the fire and fastened their ends. He put them in the canoe. He marked a time for them all to go - 11 o'clock at night. All the men were sleeping and Mala and his mother loaded their cargo on the canoe. They paddled out to sea, mother at the paddle and Mala sitting on the platform. He told his mother "Later we can change if you get tired".

This part of Siassi, Arop island, was not there yet. But that's where they were going. The mother paddled and paddled. Then he felt sorry for her so Mala paddled for a while. But he didn't really paddle - he just sat there - but the canoe kept running just as if it had a motor - he made it run. He told his mother "Look back and watch the mountains - if they disappear, tell me". "Alright, I'm watching" his mother said. The canoe kept running and racing all Mala did was steer it. Finally at about 4 o'clock in the morning or thereabouts, the mother said "I don't see the mountains now - they've gone into the sea." They were out from Sio. It was close to morning now. He said to his mother "Hand me the piece of bamboo". He stopped the canoe and emptied the contents of one tube into the sea - it solidified, but the land didn't come up out of the sea - it was a yellow color. He was making the island Arop. Then he emptied the contents of the other bamboo tube and the island came out of the sea and their canoe was grounded on it. He said to his mother "Why is the canoe stuck - are we on a reef?" His mother replied "No, we are on an island". It was full morning now. The two of them were now on the island - right in the middle of it. It was a good sized island.

They stayed on the island and they ate the food they had brought with them in baskets. When the baskets would become empty Mala would talk to them and they would refill. The food was replaced as soon as it was eaten. They stayed several months and the grass began to grow, trees started (their seeds drifted in with the sea or wind). The bush came up and began to grow denser. Mala decided to build a house and he pretended to his mother that he was cutting trees to make a house. But really he just talked and the house built itself - he would do this at night while his mother was sleeping. His mother thought he made the house with his own hands but he tricked her. After the house was built Mala made a men's house and he slept in that.

One day he said to his mother "You stay here and I'll go clear a space for a garden. We may eventually run out of food and we should be prepared." So he went and pretended to clear it but really it did itself when he talked. His mother said "We don't have enough barau (taro tops for planting) for growing lots of taro - It will take a long time to have much food." Mala answered her "Alright, we'll just make one room first". Within 3 months they had lots of food in their garden - bananas, taro, yam, mami, aibika, sugar, pitpit. They ate from the new gardens. Mala said to his mother "You go to the garden - the food is ready". His mother later asked him "How did all this food come?" but she didn't get an answer.

One day his mother said "We eat, but there is a lot of waste. it is too bad we don't have a pig to give it to." The next morning Mala said "Mother, you and I will go along the beach today. You bring some food". So they went along the beach and his mother cooked while Mala went fishing. They ate the fish and food, and then Mala told his mother to walk along the beach to a bay. (He was tricking his mother.) The mother went and saw a female pig and her piglet eating there. She called to them "mo, mo, mo" and they followed her. Mala told her to take them to the house. She took them home and fed them then returned to her son on the beach. That afternoon they went back to the house and the pigs were there - the mother and 10 piglets - 5 males and 5 females. The pigs grew and the female had another litter. Soon there were lots of pigs.

Mala's mother said to him "It would be nice to have dogs to eat the garbage and to catch wild game". "You're right mama, I forgot about that. I'll see if I can find some". While his mother slept at night he got up and went along the beach. He felt for wet sand and he shaped it into two dogs - a male and a female. He stood them up in the sand and then he returned to the naulum. The dogs ran to the house. he called to his mother "Hey, mama, call these dogs and feed them". (He began creating all the animals now. His mother didn't know where they came from.) The mother fed the dogs.

There were lots of pigs now and Mala began to talk of having a singsing. he had brought his kundu, Tangtanglayamban, with him from the mainland. (All the Siassis call the mainlanders yamban). He said to his mother "I'd like to call men to come for a singsing". His mother asked "What village will you call?" "All the men from the big village will come - they can come by canoe". His mother said "But it is too far". Mala lied to her that they would come (but really he would bring them a different way). His mother had lots of questions "Who will make food - just me?" Mala said "Tomorrow I'll make the beds for working food." He made 12 nakavukavu platforms - in the sun he carried wood, then he talked to it and at night the platforms were made. His mother thought that he made them with his own hands. He told his mother to take out the taro from the garden, so during the day she took out two rooms. While she was there he talked and twenty houses were built - ten on either side of the road. They were there for the people who would come. His mother came back from the garden and asked "Who will carry all the taro - there is too much, you will need help". "Don't worry mother, you go and sleep and I'll bring it here". At night he talked and the taro came down to the platform. Then next night he fastened pigs - 5 under each of the twelve platforms. Everything was readied at night - leaves, firewood. He set a time for the mumu and his mother asked "Do I have to mumu for all these people?" "No, tomorrow women will come to help you - the men will come later, they have to get their purpur ready". Mala went along the beach and shaped sand into 20 women. He stood them up in the sand and then started them walking along the beach laughing and calling. He ran ahead and said to his mother "The women are here -two canoes came bringing them and went back to get the men". All the women can along carrying their cargo. He told his mother to show the women to the houses - one each to each house. (He had marked these women to look like the women from their old village, so he mother chatted away to them thinking that she knew them.) His brother's wife was among the women. At 5:30 in the afternoon all the men were bilased along the beach - he worked 20 men from sand. He included his brother in those that the made - likenesses from his village. All the men came along the beach all bilased and holding their kundus. Mala sat in the men's house and beat his drum. He called to his mother "Oh, mama, they're coming now". The men began to singsing along the road - they were singing Sia (this is the origin of Sia now - it came up first in Arop). They came into the dance area and they all danced until midnight. Then they ate and danced again until morning. In the morning they distributed the food. When the mother saw Mala's brother she was angry because he had wanted to kill them. But Mala said "Don't worry about the dispute, mama - it's forgotten". (The mother thought it was really her son, but Mala had just made him from sand. The real brother was still in New Guinea.) After the singsing was over the

people stayed, had children and developed Arop. (The name of Arop means 'bamboo' - in tok ples Maleu here, bamboo is called Narop, so all Kilenge call the Arop people Narop. That is because their island came up from bamboo tubes holding ashes.)

Eventually his mother died, and Mala left the people of Arop. He turned himself into a fish, narui (sea cow), and swam to big Siassi. He came to Gom and Gasam. At Gom there was a woman - first born, and a lukara was being held for her. So she was in seclusion - tambu for all to see. She stayed in a little house, going out only at night to pee. Food and water were brought in to her. (The house was elevated and called navora - it had a ladder up to it.) She didn't call people by their names, but just called the women leksil. Mala heard about this woman and wanted her. One day he saw her brother who had come down to the beach to fill gourds with sea water. (This village, Gom is not close to the sea. Every few weeks the people go to the sea to get salt water for cooking.) Mala, still pretending to be a narui, brought sea water in close. he said to the boy "Do you have a father?" The women were afraid and told the child to run away, but he held fast. "No, my father's dead". Mala said to him "Tell your kandre to bring a rope and to come with you next time you come to get salt water." The boy and women went back up to the village and told all the people about the big fish they had seen. They all decided to get ropes and nets, and try to capture it the next day. They slept, and in the morning all the people went down to the beach. They spread along the beach, and tried to see who would be the first to capture the fish. The boy told his uncle "Let's go here, to the spot where I talked to the fish yesterday. The others won't be able to catch him, but we will".

The different groups of people tried in turn to catch the dugong, but he kept breaking ropes and getting away. He finally went to the boy and his kandere man, who were able to hold him. The dugong told them "When I am butchered, I want you two to watch for my liver. Only you can have it. Put it in your house and smoke it. They can eat the rest of me".

Everyone helped carry the dugong back to the village. They used him to make the lukara for the girl (who's name is Galiki), so the tambu would be lifted and she could walk around. The dugong knew that he would be used for this, and that is why he let himself be captured - so he could make love to her. They killed and butchered the dugong, sending parts to every men's house. The boy took the liver, put it in his house, and hung it over the fire so that it would be smoked. The dugong was eaten, and after that Galiki could walk around. But she didn't go to the gardens.

One day, everyone in the village had gone to the gardens, and Galiki was alone. The man, Mala, knew this, and he changed himself from the dungong's liver into a man. He walked around, and he snuck up the road. The woman saw him along the road, and said to herself "Hey, what kind of a good man is this, his skin shines like light. I really should marry him".

She cried out to him "Why are you here?". He said "I'm from Gomlongon (he lied)". "Oh, where are you going?" "I want to see my kandere at Mararamu". She told "Maski, rest here first. You've walked a long way." "No, I can't rest". "Oh, come up here on the house and rest. We can chew buai". He came up to the house, and they made love. When they had finished, he told her "Tomorrow, I'll come back at this time - you wait for me". Galiki told him not to worry, that she just stayed in the village and that she didn't go to the bush.

He left, but he didn't go to Mararamu - he just walked around the bush a bit. The people came back from the gardens, but Galiki didn't tell anyone what has happened.

Everyone slept. The next day, they all went to the gardens, except for Galiki who stayed behind. Mala came back, and they made love again. This went on for quite a while, and then she became pregnant. Mala knew about this, so he stopped coming to see here - he ran away to Gomlongon.

She had the child, but it wasn't very good or healthy - it had boils all over, and thin legs with shins as sharp as planks. All the other children beat him up, and he always cried.

After a while, the child had grown up, and was about 18. He thought about going to see his father (His father had sent him some wisdom, so he understood). Meanwhile, Mala was living in Gomlongon - he had lied, and told them that he was from Gom.

One day, the boy said to his mother "Mother, let's go to Gomlongon" - he didn't say anything about his father. They went, and on the way came across the path to the Gomlongon taro garden. Some Gomlongon women were coming back from the garden, and saw him. They said to themselves. "Hey, what kind of man is this - boils and sores on his skin, thin legs, mangy, unkept hair?" They asked "Why do you come?" He answered that he came from Gom. "Where are you going". "Oh, I want to see an old man - did he come here and stay?" They told him "yes", and he replied "Good, that is the man I want to see".

Every man in Gomlongon had gone out with nets to hunt wild pigs, and all the women had gone to the gardens. Just the old man was there, in a small, broken down house the people had grudgingly built for him. There was another old man in the village, in the men's house. He saw the people coming, and said "Where are you from?" "Oh, we are from Gom. We are looking for an old man from there who came here, and didn't come back. Is he sick?" "His little house is over there - go see him".

Mala knew his son had come to see him, and made himself into a really old man. The other old man took the son to see Mala, and the boy called him Tumbuna - he didn't know, but Mala knew. The boy sat down, and the old man went back to the naulum. Mala said "Let's go wash", so they went down to the stream. Mala went first to wash, and when he got back he told the boy "You wash now. Be sure that you immerse yourself totally in the water." The boy did as he was told, and the first time he surfaced he had a beautiful, clear white skin. Mala said "Now I'll name you Malavure, because you are my son. I'm your father - don't think you were a bastard. I made you want to come and see me. Now go swim again".

The boy did so, and when he came up again his skin was horrible - he was covered all over in boils. They went back to the house. Mala told Malavure "When a falling leaf punctures your breast, you must come and bury me - you'll know that I have died. Then you can take my good skin. You must bring a small mat". The next morning, Malavure and Galiki went back to Gom. After a while, Malavure got married. One night, he was sleeping and a leaf fell and struck in his breast. He jumped up, and said to his wife and mother "We've got to go and bury the old man now - he's dead". They went to Gomlongon, where the old man was still living, but just barely - he pulled hard for each small breath. People of Gomlongon asked "Did you come to bury him?" "Yes." "Well, he is waiting for you - he is still breathing". The men of Gomlongon went out to dig his grave.

During the afternoon, they brought him out to be buried. First, they put a mat in the grave, and then the old man. They stayed around the grave and mourned. The boy told them to go back from the mouth of the grave, because he wanted to go inside and mourn. His wife and his mother stayed near. He took the little mat, and went down. The old man told him "My power, and my skin, will become your's now. I'm done, and you are Malavure now. Put the things in your mat and take them". Malavure did as he was told, and he left the grave, he said to the two women - "Let's get our possessions and go home. It's getting late".

They went back to Gomlongon, and told the people that they were leaving. The people told them to spend the night and sleep with them, because it was already nightfall. But Malavure insisted that they leave.

They went a few miles, and it was night. The women carried their possessions and Malavure told them to go ahead - he was clutching the mat, and told them he had to take a leak.

What he wanted to do was to try the power and the skin. He put on the skin, and ran ahead of the women. They saw him and were scared - they thought it was the spirit of Mala. They cried for Malavure to come to them. He came from behind, and asked "Why did you cry out?" "We saw Mala's spirit ahead of us, and were afraid that he was going to kill us". "Oh, it was nothing and you can't be afraid of it. It was just playing around. And besides, it is not a strong spirit. He was an old man".

So they walked down the path some more, and Malavure did it again. He did it a total of three times. They finally arrived at Gom.

Later, Malavure tried the skin. He was standing at a river, while all of the men went off to hunt wild pig. He snuck off, and made it rain on the women who were coming back from the gardens. The current ran swiftly in the river, and the water rose.

One woman was coming ahead of the others - she had a new baby, her first child, and was anxious to get back to the village to suckle it. She saw Malavure standing on the river bank, and thought to herself "What good skin, what a fine man". He told her "Wait, and I'll help you get across the river. Otherwise, the current will carry you away". He held her hands as they crossed the river, and she carried his gear. Half way across the river, the current slackened - he had stopped the rain. He held her genitals. They went to the other side, but he did not have intercourse with her. He went back across the river, and in turn helped each of the other women across, holding each by the genitals when he got to mid-stream. But he did not have intercourse with any of them. He went back to the big men, who were just emerging from the shelters they had made in the bush to hide from the rain. They took the pigs back to the village. All the women talked among themselves about what Malavure had done, but they did not tell the men.

D/E/F

Another time he played with all the women. He again waited for all the men to leave the village and he followed the women. He did this to the women of other villages as well - Gasom and Oropot. He waited at the river and then played with all the women wanting to go to work. He played with them all day - the women never went to work. One woman had her little son with her and the child saw what happened. At night all the women returned to the village without food. Their husbands returned to find no food and were angry. They beat the women. They asked "Why is there no food?" But the women didn't talk. The son who had seen what happened said to his father "Don't hit mother, I'll tell you why. We went to the gardens but a man with glowing light skin came and played with all the women." The boy and his father went into the men's house and told all the men the story. They had a meeting about Malavore's activities. Malavore heard about it and stopped bothering all the women. He changed his ways, and later moved to other places.

APPENDIX E

Narrator: Ongaia Male, 60+ years. *SAME AS A*

Moro was half-snake, half-man. He had no hands or legs, but the head of a man and the body of a snake. He stays at Glosta on Susul. He had a younger brother Aisipel who was a man. He used to live in Gorolivua in Bariai, and they slept on that. The mountain already had gardens on it so they worked them. (Moro was a snake because when his mother was carrying him a snake wrapped itself around her like the windings of a natika.) Aisipel went to work clearing bush on the mountain. But, Aisipel said "Where will we get pigs?". Moro (or his mother?) tells them to prepare food, which they do, then in the afternoon, at 4 O'clock, all kinds of pigs appear. They kill some, and eat as much as they could. They worked magic on the others which made them sleepy and tame - so they always would have pigs. This story is not a napu (myth).

Appendix F

Narrator: Lolo Male, 60 years

Namor was buried antap - he constructed a cross and planted coconuts at the grave site. But Namor didn't stay dead - after three days he came alive again - just like Jesus.

G/H/I

Appendix G

Narrator: Kilenge Village Male, 50 years

S. said that Namor first gave people here books and paper, but they were stupid - they didn't know what to do with them. So he took them away, and gave them to America, where people knew how to use them.

APPENDIX H

Narrator: Ongaia Male, 30 years

People say that the naseinga get their power from Namor, or Moro, or whoever made things. When Namor was here, he made things, and he left behind stones, trees, and other things. These things he left behind can be both naruk and naseinga. Only the owners of them are immune, and can touch them. There is a story of Esamanarop - bambu outrigger. When he arrived, his canoe landed on the beach. The hull, which contained all of the good stuff, landed at Sukapua, so the Sukapua people today have all of the good namer and bilas for singsings. The outrigger landed at Saumoi, and was carrying all the bad stuff - the naseinga, so Saumoi has all the troubles. So the stones and other naseinga got their power from the creator.

Appendix I

Narrator: Ongaia Male, 60+ years. *SAME AS A + E*

This was a horrible interview. T. did not seem to know what we were talking about, so he started telling the story of Moro again. He got Moro and Namor confused a lot, and couldn't seem to answer what we considered straightforward questions.

We first asked him about Esamanarop. He said "They had the skins of half-castes, mastas. They came ashore at Sagsag, and stayed there only one week, at Navalapus. First he went to Aromot, and then to Sagsag. He didn't stay in Kilenge, he didn't come here. This was just before the war".

We explain that we are looking for an older story, and he finally finds one. He doesn't make it clear for a while that he's talking about Namor, but he is.

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"He stopped at Arop Island, and then he came here - he came ashore at Portne, way down on the beach, where the spring in the stone is - Gume. At a stone there, they say he ate bread - I guess it was naravu. He cut it and cut it up into pieces, as you would bread. The stone has the marks of his cutting still on it. When he finished, he came to Ongaia. He stayed in front of the naulum, and made a new canoe - he had left his other in Arop. This canoe that he made - the naulum is called Lakoa - he then took it and went to Kombe."

