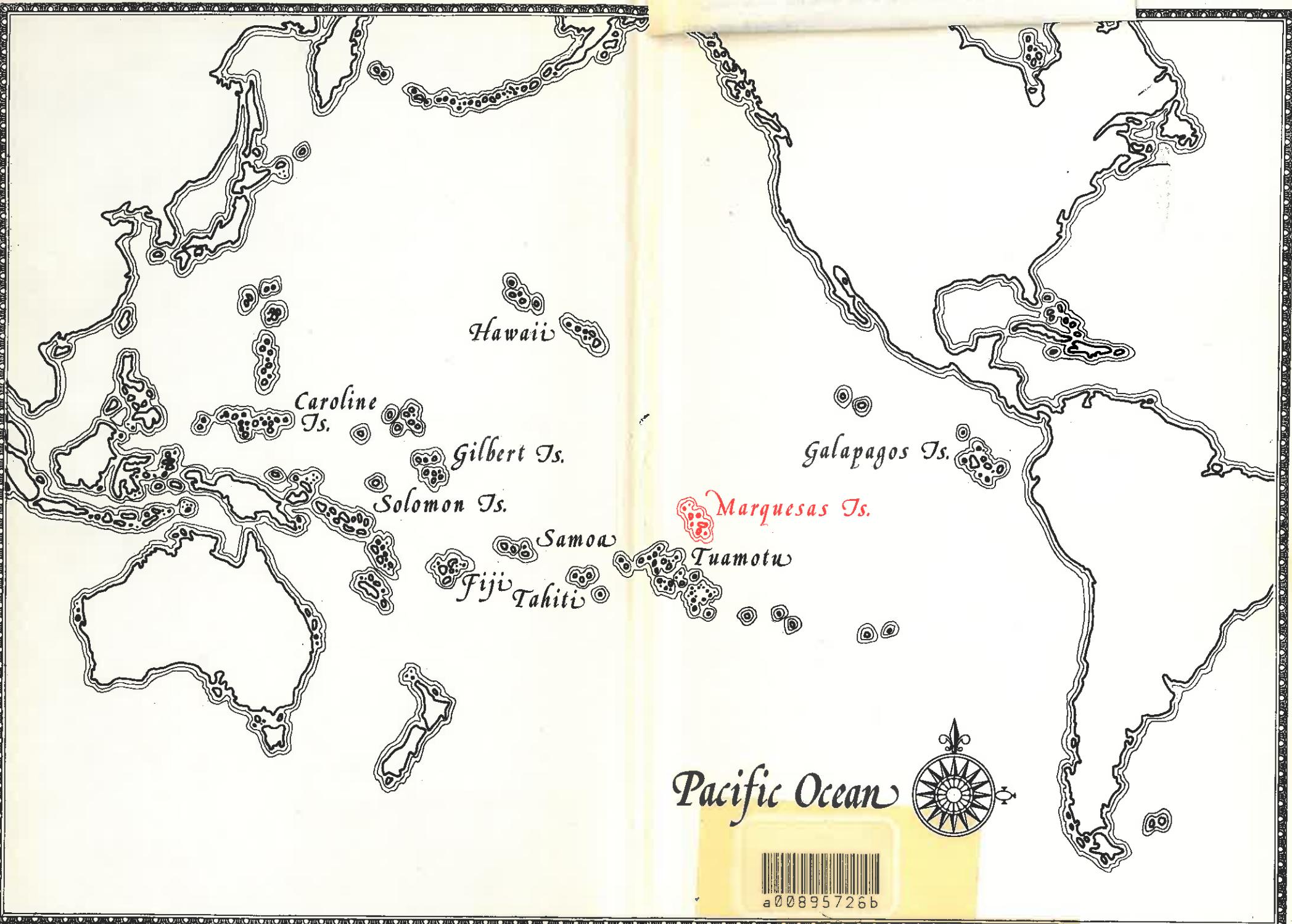


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Greg Dening

*Islands and
Beaches*

Discourse on a Silent Land
Marquesas 1774-1880



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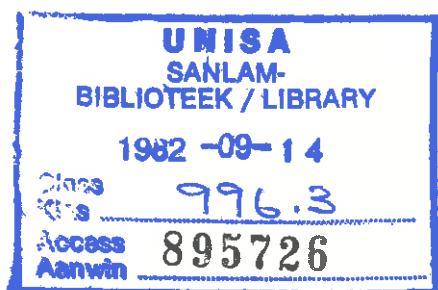
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For Donna

*and the islands we have made
and the beaches we have crossed.*



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Maggie Mackie wishes to acknowledge as sources of visual information, the Bulletins of the Bernice P. Bishop Museum, Honolulu, Hawaii (Willowdean Handy, *Tattooing in The Marquesas*, 1923; E. D. and F. B. H. Brown, *Flora of Southeastern Polynesia*, 1931-35); Karl von den Steinen, *Die Marquesaner und ihre Kunst*, Berlin 125-28; and the library resources of the National Herbarium of the Royal Botanical Gardens, Melbourne. The drawing of garland flowers (p. 61) is composed of the following plants: *koute* (*Hibiscus rosa-sinensis*), *pia* (*Tacca pinnatifida*), *konioka* (*Cardiospermus halicacabum*), *kahauta* (*Plumbago zeylanica*), *keke vae moa* (*Lycopodium cernuum*), *eka puhi* (*Hedychium flavum*), *tiae taina* (*Gardenia florida*), *pivao* (*Metrosideros*

collina), *meie parari* (*Ageratum conyzoides*), *mate* (*Mentha arvensis*), *poniu* (*Abrus precatorius*), *kikapakuee* (*Antrophyum plantagineum*), *haa, haa hoka* (*Pandanus oderatissimus*), *ehoi* (*Dioscorea alata*), *konini* (*Physalis lanatifolia*), *paahei* (*Maratta fraxinea*). Represented also is a leg band of boars' teeth, shells, berries and leaves.

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The perspective drawings of individual islands have been drawn after the aerial survey of the *Institut géographique national*, Paris, and after a graphic reproduction of Fatuiva by L. B. Chubb, *Geology of the Marquesas Islands*, Honolulu, 1930.

Acknowledgements

My wife, Donna, shared all the hard days of research and writing and made the good days better with her encouragement and support. I owe her more than the simple gift and dedication of this book can ever express. My debts of gratitude are more extensive still: to Maggie Mackie for the pain and care, the imagination, the professionalism she put into her drawings; to Lesley Dunt who patiently and expertly checked the manuscript for its many gaucheries and inconsistencies; to Maria Epifano who spent many long hours typing it to perfection; to Mary Hutchinson who responded so constructively to my demands for the maps; to close friends, Inga Clendinnen, Rhys Isaac and Patricia Grimshaw who pushed me and pulled me with praise and query and pure affection.

Over the years, I have worked in very many libraries and archives and I have accumulated obligations to individuals and institutions all around the world. Father Amerigo Cools, archivist to the Congregation of the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary in Rome, knows so much more than I about the history of Te Henua. He put his time and his knowledge at my disposal and offered me the hospitality of his community. Renee Hyam, librarian of the Pacific and Hawaiian Collection of the Sinclair Library, University of Hawaii, has an unsurpassed knowledge of the bibliography of the Pacific. I enjoyed her assistance. One of the joys of research in the Pacific was to work in the Hawaiian Mission Library, Honolulu. There Elizabeth Larsen and Nancy Goodall gave me many weeks of their attention.

The list of other libraries and archives is long and represents a pilgrimage to those places where the relics of long dead Enata now lie. I am indebted to the librarians in all of them: the Mitchell Library, Sydney, New South Wales; Bishop Museum Library, Honolulu; Bancroft Library, University of California; Huntington Library, Pasadena; Newberry Library, Chicago; the Baker, Tozzer, Houghton, Weidener and Medical Libraries, Harvard University; the Peabody Museum and Essex Institute Libraries, Salem, Massachusetts; the International Marine Archives and the Nantucket Historical Society Library, Nantucket; the Naval Academy Library, Annapolis; the National Archives, Washington, and the National Archives, Paris; the Library of the London School of Oriental and African Studies, the National Maritime Museum Library, Greenwich, and the British Library, London.

The University of Melbourne has been generous with leave and financial support for my research. My colleagues and my students in the Department of History have listened patiently to my ideas for many years and will be glad enough to see them finally in print. I would also hope that my mentors, Douglas Oliver and Harry Maude, would see in this study some return for their concern and commitment to me of the past.

Conversions

1 ounce (oz)	28.35 g
1 pound (lb)	454 g
1 ton	1.02 t
1 gill	142 ml
1 inch	25.4 mm
1 foot	30.5 cm
1 yard	0.914 m
1 mile	1.61 km

Remarks in Preface

I met the old man Teifitū the day after Christmas 1974. Meeting him made me decide to write this book the way it is. We had first seen him, my wife and I, as we waited like him on the steps of Lucien's trade-store at Atuona on Hiva Oa. He sat on the doorsteps, knees high, his sandals uncovering swollen feet, his eyes rheumy behind the thick lenses of his glasses, his smiles distant in the way old men's smiles sometimes are, as if he did not quite hear. He joked with the young men who drank beer in the shade until one by one they went off into the heat on a horse or with a dog in a jeep that raised the dust on the road, and he was alone with a parcel of stick loaves and a box of *vin ordinaire*. The next we saw of him was on the boat, the municipal fibreglass boat of the 'mayor' of Tahuata. He sat this time in the cockpit, amid bread and beer and parcels. For us it was the second time that day we had been on the waters between Hiva Oa and Tahuata. The first time was with Taro and Melanie, who had agreed to take us to Tahuata in their boat, a pig and assorted children. We were travelling to Tahuata in their open dinghy when the outboard motor had stopped within a few hundred feet off the black cliffs that are the western end of 'Traitors' Bay'. The 'mayor's' boat had rescued us, sick and frightened, and later taken us, with the old man, to Tahuata.

The old man Teifitū had been 'mayor' of Vaitahu on Tahuata in his time, had been chief, *haka iki*, in less civic terms. We learned that quickly in the jokes directed at him and in the half-clowning of his answers. They were different men, the old man and the new 'mayor'. The old man was not made for fibreglass boats, for commerce or for the vigour of new authority. Politicking had passed him by, and there was no market for the sort of knowledge he possessed. In a land dispossessed of all its ways to support itself, the 'mayors' were political beggars to the French. Their past was worthless to their present poverty, but their future was worth a little for the freedom it gave the French to keep an empire and make a nuclear testing-ground.

It was Teifitū who pointed out to us the wind-ruffled waters of a bay and said 'Va-TAH-oo', in the explosive diction of the Polynesians that has inspired a dozen different orthographies to capture it. It was Teifitū who offered us somewhere to stay. We followed him along the rocky path up the valley to his house, which looked back over the palms and

breadfruit trees to the sea. There, as in my poor French and worse Marquesan I stumbled with my questions, he came to look at me in a new way. In my ignorant fashion I shared a knowledge with him that he valued. We talked for a long time of the *haka'iki* of Vaitahu, of names and places and the things men did to one another in this now almost silent land. In two hundred years it had happened often enough, this hesitant exchange between native informant and foreign inquirer. It would not happen many times more. The past and knowledge of it had been leached from the land by death and change. Its relics in Teifitu's memories had little relevance to the living, except perhaps to an old man's self-esteem. It did not foster a sense of independence or revival. The past now existed lifelessly in museums or on library shelves or in the minds of those like me who could not dance or sing or live it but only dissect it, display it for purposes I could scarcely fathom.

The women came and talked with us and teased their convent-educated daughters to dance more freely. They wondered how rich we might be that we could come so far. They could save so little even to make that first step across their beach to somewhere else, they did not know where.

We wandered about the valley and listened to its sombre silence. Teifitu talked with me, wrote out the names of those families still on Tahuata, shared genealogies, was excited to see names he knew in a book he could not read. When we left, he was the last we saw. We had come and gone across his beach, and like so many who had done so before and whose story is to follow, we had left the beach a little more divided with our coming. For we had offended the new 'mayor', how we did not know but probably in our attention to and interest in the old. We do not know what our visit cost that small valley or what was the price of knowledge shared.

Knowledge shared is what a book is about. I have a sense of what I know, far less a sense of what I do not know. How much either my knowledge or my ignorance is worth sharing, I cannot tell. I have met most of the men and women I know in this book wherever the relics of their lives are to be found, in the archives and libraries around the world. By rights I should be a very humble man. Historians must be humbled by living and knowing only vicariously and distantly what their subjects of inquiry had lived and known immediately and fully before them. Anthropologists must be humbled by the difficulty of entering another culture, one so easily known to those who belong to it. History and anthropology are both plagiarisms, replays of life and living. The one never escapes a certain antiquarianism; the other is always a mind's museum of what is different. But it does not embarrass me that the knowledge shared in this book is second-hand, re-known as it were. The recording of it also rescues that knowledge from its privacy, lets the

small mark ordinary mortals make on this world have some permanence. And, of course, this vicarious reproduction is not the end of either historical or anthropological knowledge. History is not the past, any more than anthropology is the different. History is a conscious relationship between past and present; anthropology is a conscious relationship between familiar and strange. In re-presenting the past, in re-constructing the different, there is no avoiding our present or ourselves. That is what prompts me in the study that follows to see 'reflections'. Both the gone and the other are a 'mirror for man'.

The study has two further follies: it is built on the metaphor of islands and beaches; it calls the Marquesas Islands *Te Henua* (The Land) and Marquesans *Te Enata* (The Men) and it calls all those who came to these islands *Te Aoe* (Outsiders, Strangers).

'Islands and Beaches' is a metaphor that helps my understanding. It is not a model that makes behaviour predictable. 'Islands and beaches' is a metaphor for the different ways in which human beings construct their worlds and for the boundaries that they construct between them. It is a natural metaphor for the oceanic world of the Pacific where islands are everywhere and beaches must be crossed to enter them or leave them, to make them or change them. But the islands and beaches I speak of are less physical than cultural. They are the islands men and women make by the reality they attribute to their categories, their roles, their institutions, and the beaches they put around them with their definitions of 'we' and 'they'. As we shall see, the remaking of those sorts of islands and the crossing of those sorts of beaches can be cruelly painful.

Te Enata is what the 'Marquesans' called themselves. 'Marquesan' is what they were called by Outsiders. Outsiders also called them 'indians', 'natives', 'heathens', 'savages', 'kanakas'. *Te Enata* came to accept the word *kanaka* or *kanacque*. The word had the same derivation as *Te Enata*. I do not know when they would have caught its derisive tones, but their journey from being *Te Enata* to being 'Marquesan' or *kanaka* was the whole story of their remaking, and in the end the 'Marquesas Islands' are not *Te Henua*, the Land they lived in. I do not mean to invest the words Land and Men with that nostalgic dignity they nonetheless have. I mean only to underscore the theme that the changes which came with contact remade both islands and people root and branch.

Death and violence should be no surprise to any student of human nature, but I find I do not understand them. The Men's lives were filled with fear and with an ordinary violence to one another that seems extraordinary to one possessed of the rhetoric at least of one's culture about the need for carefulness for individual life. I see how they caught up their violence and made it proper, gave it reasons and purpose, subordinated pain and loss to other goals. I catch something of their bal-

cing principle in their devotion to pleasure and feast, in their emotional withdrawal from one another, but I do not understand what makes the need to build such systems. Nor do I mourn their going: I do not see why it is necessary for anyone to die for the rest: I do not see why any culture might not make a discovery — however ugly the learning of it — about the worth of life. That death and violence should accompany encroachment on the Land by Outsiders is predictable in that violence is the ultimate social control, and in circumstances where cultural divisions are so great that no other controls are possible, the use of violence is likely. But there was an extravagance about the violence of their confrontation that I do not understand. The killings themselves are perhaps intelligible. Every incident had its context of fear and greed, accident and misunderstanding. Those beyond the boundaries of a culture are little likely to be endowed with its rights. The violence of contact was universal in its carelessness: difference was insufferable. There was violence in the Outsiders' presumed right to possess the Land; there was violence in the assumption of cultural superiority; violence in the prejudices, violence in the goodwill to make savages civilized and Christian; violence in the *real politik* of empire and progress.

Essays on method should first begin with a diary of research. Diaries would catch with more honesty the bleak days, the chance discoveries, the opportunistic sallies, the fumbling questions and the occasional rewarding days of light and excitement when understanding or new knowledge rewards the effort it takes to uncover one tiny corner of the universe of truth. I have not written such a diary. If I had, it would have begun ten years ago when in order to edit the *Journal of Edward Robarts* I needed to know the Marquesas Islands and the Men who lived in it. My method was simply to read any published or unpublished account of the islands in the period 1774–1835. I had a scepticism about later accounts. I knew how quickly change followed with the arrival of the Europeans. I wanted to know the Marquesans as much as I could as they were before they were influenced and changed by European ways. I had the historian's love for the discovery of sources in unexpected places, and the historian's confidence that the apparent drudgery with little return would bring accuracy in its particularity. I discovered that there were customs and institutions among the Marquesans which I could not understand or indeed uncover in the outsiders' views of them that were my sources. I turned to anthropology; and my interest in the Marquesans, originally aroused because of Robarts, produced the topic of my research and dissertation. My method then became a little less direct. Anthropology taught me little about the Marquesans, but anthropologists have a consciousness about the artefacts of human life — men's rituals, symbols, relationships — that is more general and illuminating than my simple categorization of human behaviour into political, economic and religious factors.

The product of that discovery was a dissertation on 'Tapu and Haka'iki', an historical ethnography of the Marquesas 1774–1814. I thought the small contribution it made to Pacific anthropology and history was to show that the historian's concern in recovering the particular out of a myriad of sources was rewarding to the anthropologist, and that the anthropologist's concern for wider issues changed the historian's interpretation of the sources. There are two ways of looking at society and anthropologists have long debated their differences and their relationships. One is to construct a model of it out of the generalized perceptions of the observer or of the actor. The sources of the history of contact between Europeans and Polynesians, indeed of Europeans and any other people, are full of generalized models. They describe rules of behaviour as if they were absolutes, roles as if they were universal and unconditioned by idiosyncrasy and personality. The other way of looking at society is not so much to build a model out of what people say they are or what they say they should do as to watch what people actually do and see how this relates to what they say they are doing and should be doing. To rescue some Marquesans out of the anonymity of an idealized model may not seem much of an achievement, but ethnography, both of the living and of the dead, only begins with the actions of an individual. Culture cannot be divorced from space and time. Enata were not the generalized models others made of them. Enata were what their actions made of them, what meaning they gave to their actions, what dialectic they worked out in space and time between actions and meaning. There was no frozen moment in their culture: some essence without history.

To discover particularity and idiosyncrasy is both a threat to established generalizations and an invitation to discover their meaning in terms of another model. I thought in the earlier study to show how the Marquesans' perception of their *tapu* was the central model of their lives. It reached in metaphor to every part. It gave consistency to the whole. It was a social map on which everything had its place, and on that map the *haka'iki* had a central place. My history, I felt, helped me show the inconsistencies and contradictions, the context of person and circumstances, and yet the applicability of the metaphor.

That modest discovery I thought to publish. In the meantime I had to teach and in teaching discovered my ignorance and my narrowness. In teaching Pacific history I discovered I did not know those who came to the Pacific from outside, the captains and sailors, the traders and whalers, the soldiers and administrators, the priests and ministers. I did not know *their* metaphors. In teaching Pacific anthropology, I discovered I did not know what it was that passed between two cultures when they came in contact or how it passed. There was no lack of anthropological theories on the question, but again they were exposed in abstract models, or they demanded information that was now irretrievable from

the dead past of the Polynesians. My own sense of culture was that in its essence it is consciousness externalized. The actions, the roles, the expressed relationships, the artefacts, the regularized behaviour that constitute culture are all vehicles of meanings that are both expressed and read. To know a culture is to know its system of expressed meanings. To know cultures in contact is to know the misreadings of meanings, the transformation of meanings, the recognition of meanings. So the task became enlarged: to know the culture of Enata, to know the cultures of Aoe, to know them in their meeting.

To know Enata required pilgrimage enough to libraries and archives around the world. But one lifetime would not be enough to write the ethnography of every port town and city that was the content of the lives and the products of the perceptions of all who came into the Pacific as intruders. But there was a smaller world that one might learn to know. Because they came in ships, each one of them came divorced from the ordinary circumstances of their lives. That was their common mark. They brought their ordinary world in their heads, in their values and perceptions, in their language and their judgements; but they lived extraordinary lives on their ships, on their beaches, in their mission stations, in their forts. The quality of this extraordinary life, its systems, its relationships, its rituals, its boundaries, was what was transported to the Land, was seen by the Men, determined their actions among the Men. The quality of the life they held in their heads, its categories, its norms, its values, its perceptions of role and environment, was the backdrop against which they lived their lives in the Land. Their construction in new places was a remaking of this more natural, more familiar world. They would make their islands in their own image.

I do not imagine that this study will resolve an anthropological debate about kinship or social structure. It might stop a universal statement about Polynesian culture, or it might illustrate an argument begun by someone's fieldwork. It will not give life to the dead, or justice to those cruelly treated. The past is dead, and history is a poor social reformer. It is, I think, only a sentence in a conversation about ourselves. It responds to all the sentences that have gone before about the narrowness of cultural vision and the intransigence of men, and the violence that comes from them both. It reflects the reality that in our present is all our past and in our person is all our culture. Like every sentence in a conversation, it ends a part but not a whole. Nothing more.

PART ONE

1774–1842

Names and Places

In a story of cross-cultural conflict as bloody and sad as this one, it seems natural to begin with the story of the Spaniards and the islands they thought they discovered and called the Marquesas. Their visit was a parable of all the unthinking violence, closed perceptions and transported worlds that were to come.

The Marquesas were Alvaro de Mendaña's first disappointment in his voyage of disappointments, to rediscover the islands of Solomon in 1595. As first one, then another, then two more islands rose on his starboard bow, Mendaña showed his ignorance and his optimism in thinking his journey was done—he had half the Pacific and all his life to go. The Spaniards had come with what Pedro Fernández de Quirós, the pilot on this second voyage of Mendaña, called 'high hopes, many stories, and none for the good of the natives'. They sang a *Te Deum* for this promise of their high hopes early realized. It being the feast of Mary Magdalene, Fatuiva, the first island they saw and visited, was called La Magdalena. Motane, the second, they named San Pedro for the first apostle, who ordained Apollinaris on that day. They sailed past Hiva Oa on a Sunday and dubbed it La Dominica; they anchored at Tahuata on 24 July, the feast of the virgin martyr St Christine, for whom Tahuata became Santa Cristina.

Fernández de Quirós in reflecting on the events which followed the arrival of the Spaniards at Fatuiva and Tahuata wrote that

our men were very well received by the natives but it was not understood why they gave us a welcome and what was their intention. For we did not understand them, and to this may be attributed the evil thing that happened, which might have been avoided, if there had been someone to make us understand each other.

The evil thing that happened was that the Spaniards shot and killed, by their own count, two hundred of the islanders. At Fatuiva, where their four ships hove to outside the reef, some seventy canoes came to greet them. Forty men and boys came aboard the vessels and the Spaniards suddenly found themselves the objects of boisterous curiosity, being fingered for their skin colour, felt for their clothing by graceful, robust men who stood head and shoulders above them. When curiosity led to theft and the islanders' carelessness became annoying, cannon were

fired. The islanders' fright and retreat were temporary and they hurled stones from their canoes. While it rained, the Spaniards' arquebuses would not ignite, but in the sunshine they killed eight or nine of them. The Spaniards moved on to Tahuata. There the killings began almost immediately. One young man was shot in the water with a child in his arms. The soldier who killed them

said with great sorrow that the Devil had to take those who were ordained to be taken. The Chief Pilot said to him that he regretted that he had not fired in the air, but the soldier said he acted as he did lest he lose his reputation as a great marksman. The Chief Pilot asked him what it would serve him to enter into hell with the fame of being a good shot!

In the days that followed there were sorties and skirmishes and peaceful overtures. The commander's lady played with the children on the beach at Tahuata and caressed them and fondled the hair on their heads. She was surprised that they were offended and disturbed, but she could not have known that their heads were sacred, *tapu*, and that to touch them was to violate their persons. In any case, she would not have believed that such a sacredness was a grace, a touch of the divine. It was, if anything, a heathen way. For those who had eyes to see, these beautiful creatures were flawed and held an inner ugliness. 'There was a boy among them,' reported de Quirós, 'with the countenance of an angel. I never in my life felt such pain as when I thought so fair a creature should be left to go to perdition.' It did not matter that many of these Spanish colonists on their way to found their New Jerusalem had come from brothels and gaols. They had the touch of the divine within them. They might lose their souls in hell for murder, fornication and blasphemy, indeed would do so one presumes before this voyage to their New Jerusalem was over, but they had an eye to insurance in these matters and the friars could remedy the evil in them with an absolution and even—though here the odds grew longer—a last blessing. It was their status in God's eyes that made them different from the heathen. They might go to hell as good marksmen, but they went with the sign on their souls that they had once been saved. The heathen went willy-nilly.

The friars acted out the Spaniards' salvation by singing a mass. Under a breadfruit tree they played with symbols of bread and wine. They chanted their Latin phrases; they swung their incense burners; they bobbed about the altar in chasuble and alb. They had all the rubrics and gestures to transport familiar worlds to foreign places, to make beaches seem like churches. The islanders knelt around and mimicked the silence of the believers.

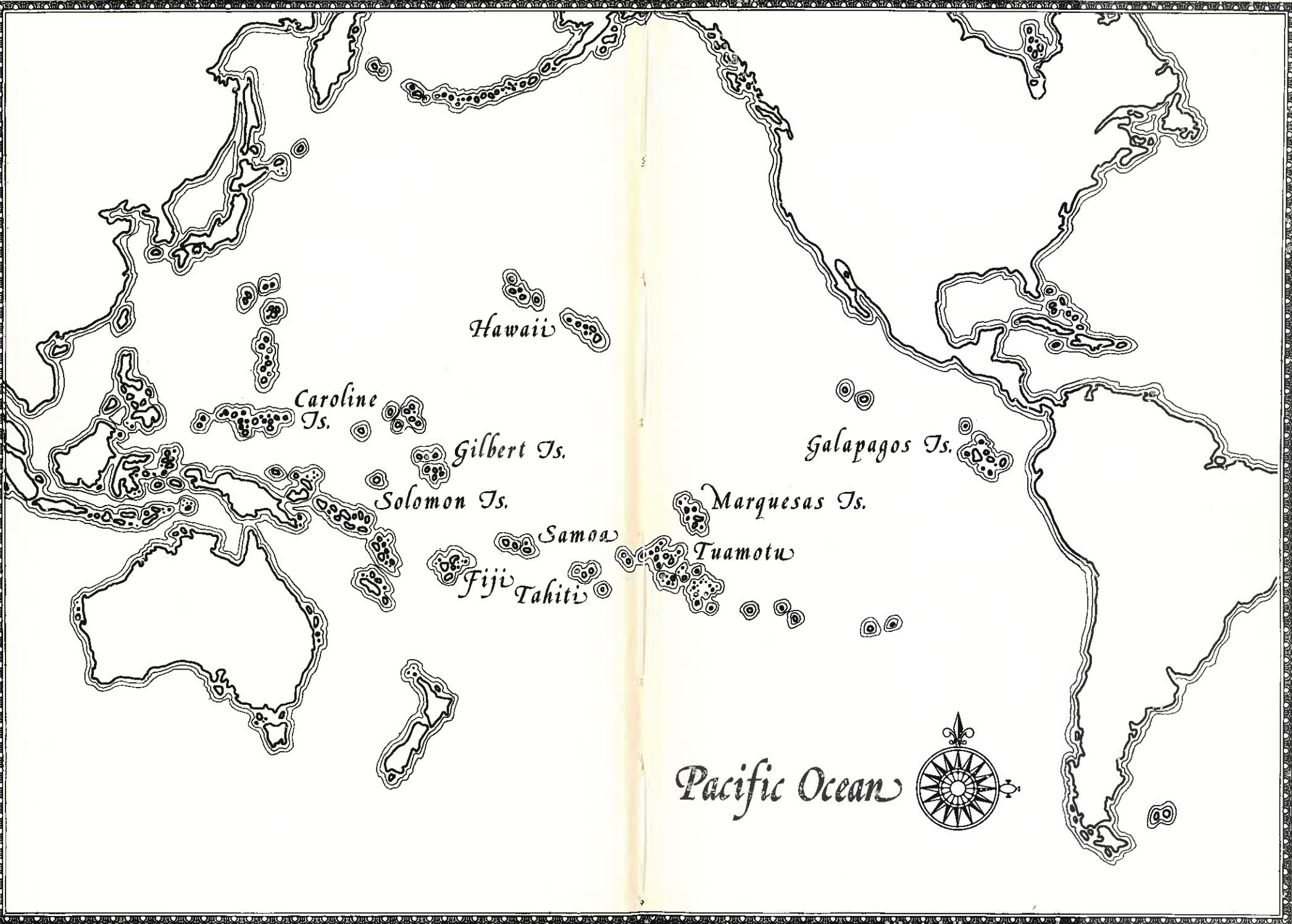
On 28 July some canoes paddled out to the ships and men stood up on them showing strings of coconuts. The soldiers, wantonly or in mistaken fear, killed five of them in two volleys and then hung three bodies on

stakes on the shore. One of them they pierced through the heart with a lance. On leaving, the Spaniards sowed a little maize. They flattered themselves that an old man and an old woman had learned the sign of the cross and could say 'Jesus, Maria'. They erected three crosses and called the valley where they had stayed Madre de Dios, the Valley of the Mother of God. Its true name was Vaitahu.

For a brief time the Spaniards had remade the island of Tahuata according to their own image: they had called it Santa Cristina; they had played out rituals of their own on the beach. They had killed easily and massively. Some of them said that they killed because they liked to kill. Others said that they killed because of what their colleagues would say. Mostly they killed because the otherness of the islanders relieved any qualm of conscience that suggested they be treated as themselves. They could not control the islanders except by violence because there was no one to help them 'understand one another'. They did not need to control themselves because they would soon be gone and they were dependent on the goodwill of none. What they saw they did not comprehend. What they understood they did not respect. They missed all the symbols of peace and submission, of status and authority. They spied an 'oracle surrounded by palisades' and stole it for no other reason than that they could. They hedged their own property around and punished theft and teasing with death.

In the end they were come and gone. There seemed to be no memory of their visit in later years. They left no mark except that they gave the islands a location, placed them on a Spanish map, set them in relation to somewhere else. Mendaña named the islands Las Marquesas de Mendoza for his patron Don García Hurtado de Mendoza, Marquis de Cañete, Viceroy of Peru. His four islands and eight others he did not see have been the Marquesas, *Iles de Marquises*, *Die Marquesas Inseln* ever since. The more particular names which the Spaniards plucked from their saints' calendar have disappeared. James Cook, the second outsider to visit the islands, a hundred and eighty years later, had an Englishman's discomfort at anchoring in the Bay of the Mother of God and renamed it Resolution Bay.

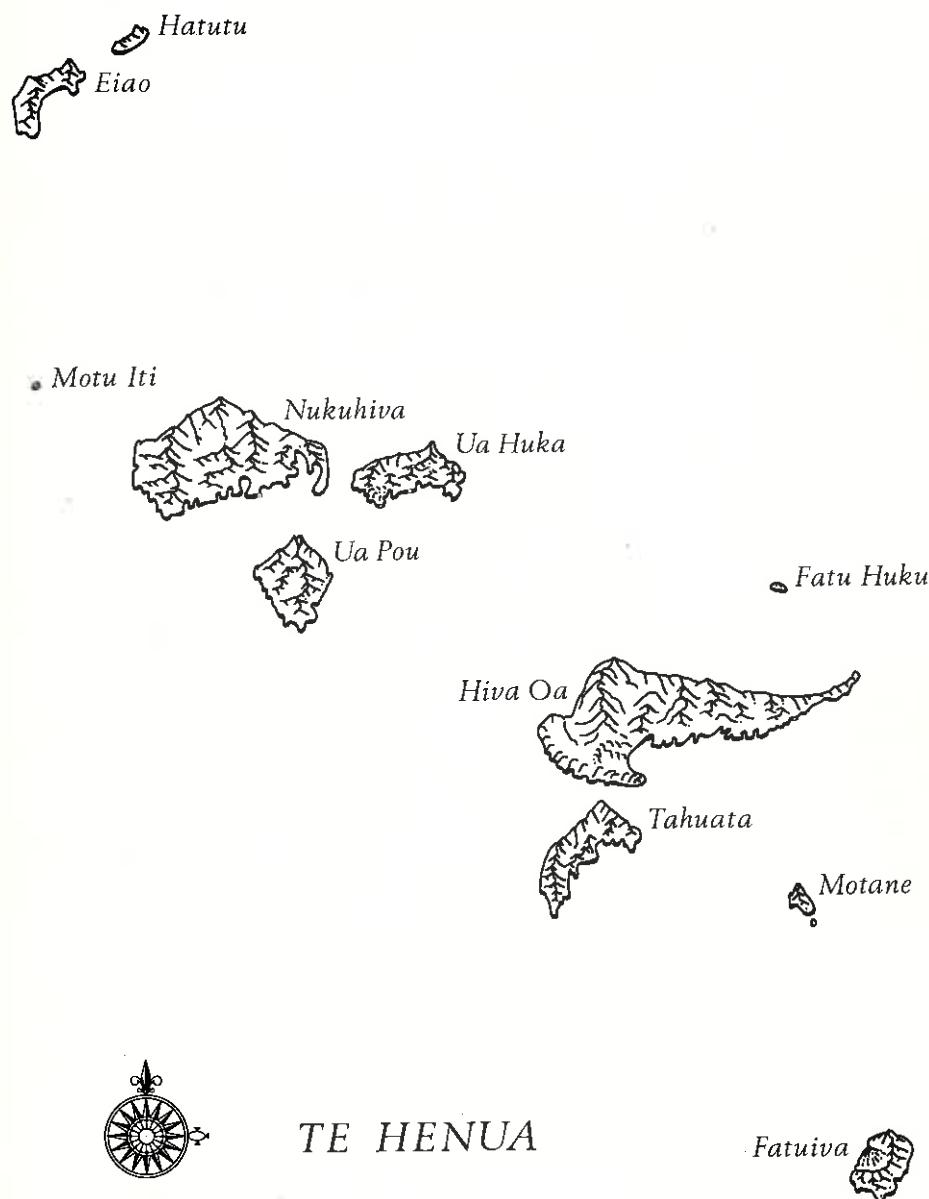
For millions of years, of course, the twelve islands which the Spaniards called the Marquesas had had no name at all. Then perhaps eighteen hundred years ago a storm-blown canoe came from the west. What name the first arrivals had for their new home no one knows. They settled perhaps Ua Huka first, divided, moved to other islands in the group which they could see or of which the wind and sea gave signs. Their descendants in later years knew the origins of their islands: they were fished from the sea or they were born of the copulation of sea and sky. They had a story for the way their islands were named. Their god Atea built a house. Nukuhiva was its pointed roof, Ua Pou its support



posts, Ua Huka its binding, Hiva Oa its ridge pole, Fatuiva its thatching, Tahuata the celebration of its completion. They fished their own origins with the long line of their genealogies which reached back beyond the arrival in these islands to generations in their ancestral lands, even to the first man, Tiki. Each name in the line had its story, each name was concrete and mysterious—Fiti-anuanua (Climb into the Rainbow), Te-ana-hau-o-tu (Come where the war god Tu makes peace), Te-ua-fati-oatai-pi (Thunderstorm over high waters). Their most constant concern was to explain the divisions among them. So they told how two brothers in that first canoe, Teii and Taipi, divided by jealousy and pride had marked the islands for all time with hostilities between the Teii and the Taipi peoples. Or they told how an old woman had divided the sky and parcelled it out to the different tribes of Nukuhiva. She gave the calm and windless sky to the Teii, heavy rain to the Hapaa, misty clouds to the Taioa, grey skies to the Taipi, white clouds to the Pua, boisterous winds to the Naiki. They knew, even in their weather-watch, how divided they were. Clustered in isolation in an immense sea, the islands had no name to signify their unity. Each of the twelve islands had its name: Nukuhiva, Ua Pou, Ua Huka in the north; Hiva Oa, Tahuata, Fatuiva in the south; the smaller uninhabited islands or rocks of Eiao, Hatutu, Motu Iti, Motu Oa, Fatuuku, Motane in north and south. Each island had its name. Each part of every island had its name. But for the whole there was no name, unless it was Te Henua Te Enata.

Te Henua Te Enata means the Land of the Men. In the isolation of the sea, where no one came from outside except in an occasional storm-blown canoe, Te Henua, the Land, was a precise enough name. Its inhabitants had names to identify their countless divisions, but they had no need for a name to describe themselves against those who did not belong. They simply called themselves Te Enata, the Men. Te Henua, as their legends and genealogies told them, was the last in a series of stops which their ancestors had made. Te Enata knew where they had been, but they had nowhere to go. They had a map in their minds, but it was a map about life and death. Havaiki was their next stopping place, when their spirits left their bodies and plunged into the sea at land's end, Kiuki. They knew perhaps thirty or forty real and mythical islands in the ocean space around them, and to these they would sometimes try to sail when famine or exile forced them or the spirit of adventure took them. But few, if any, came back from these voyages. For Te Enata, Te Henua was a world to itself, bounded by the sea's horizons, on the way to nowhere, at the end of a route that could not be retraced.

It had always been like that. Anything that flew or floated to these islands had always gambled with wind and wave. The losers lost to the immense sea that stretched endlessly around. The winners perched there, beached and bound. The first Enata had come on some west wind



that had pierced the barrier of south-east winds and westward flowing currents that prevailed in the central Pacific. They had come, probably, in one giant voyage from as far west as the islands now known as Tonga. In the decades and centuries that followed, their descendants helped people the vast emptiness that they had originally crossed. Down the spillway of the east wind to the atolls and high islands of the central Pacific, or taken in storms and sudden westerlies to all the outmost reaches of the island world, they spawned many new societies. Tahiti, Hawaii, New Zealand, Easter Island seem to have their origins in Te Henua. Te Henua itself, however, remained a *cul-de-sac* in an open sea.

It was this isolation over so many centuries which allowed Te Enata to make Te Henua in their own way and made intrusion from outside so shocking. It gave point to new categories that expressed new historical realities. After Mendaña's visit in 1595, but particularly after Cook's visit in 1774, the Men knew themselves more consciously as Te Enata, because they had met Te Aoe, the Strangers. Enata—Aoe became the great oppositional category of their world. Aoe was a tag they would put on every plant and animal, on every artefact and custom that came across their beaches. Enata was a name that covered their many divisions in its opposition to all who were so radically foreign that they could not be incorporated into the Men. At their first meeting with Aoe they tried to make them manageable by categorizing them as *atua*, men-gods from 'beyond the sky'. But the rituals which made the *atua* tractable did not change the newcomers' unpredictable ways and they remained strangers, Aoe. The division between Enata and Aoe was in fact unbridgeable, as we shall see. A beach ran between them. Few Enata and few Aoe crossed that beach without pain and trouble. For Enata it is a story of how even behind their beach they lost their name Enata and became *kanaka* instead, with the opprobrium and degradation the name implied. It is a story of how the name of their land, Te Henua, became the Marquesas and how that naming for a distant, memorable viceroy of Peru became a bloody christening.

After the Spaniards, Te Aoe were not seen at Vaitahu or anywhere else in Te Henua for a hundred and eighty years. On 8 April 1774, James Cook arrived in the *Resolution*, sick and dispirited after a long haul through Antarctic waters, unrefreshed by a stop at Easter Island. The two savants with Cook, Johann Reinhold Forster and his son George, were given for the first time the true name of Madre de Dios now become Resolution Bay. They heard the aspirated sounds and swallowed syllables of the Men as 'Ohhitahoo' and thought the name belonged to the whole island of Tahuata. For nearly a century many whaling masters, conservative or with a misplaced trust in academics or, more likely, with only maps torn from the pages of Cook's voyages for their guides, made their way 'Towards Ohhitahoo'.



Cook was an English hero, not a French one. French visitors to the Pacific of his day pointed to the violence of his ways, his attachment to property and discipline, the wounded and dead he left on many Pacific islands. They were correct. No matter how exercised he was to carry out the instructions of the Royal Society and navy to treat the island peoples with kindness and humanity, no matter how chagrined he was at the actions of his men, he never discovered how he could moderate the behaviour of others whose systems of social control he could not understand nor use, except by violence. Indeed, he died in Hawaii because he had not yet learned. On a voyage his property was his limited capital. A sextant stolen was an irretrievable loss. His things—his nails, his beads, his handkerchiefs—had a present, momentary value. They were bartered for food and water and for the friendship that would provide food and water. He was transient; he came and went on the winds. His wealth lay in what he possessed, not in his distribution against tomorrow's needs and moral bonds. So a theft took proportions beyond the value of the thing stolen. It was a breach of a system of property and all the relationships that entailed. Prevention and punishment of theft became symbolic acts. Learning their meaning for Enata was to be a bloody affair.

Cook stayed only four days at Vaitahu. On the first an islander was shot dead for stealing a stanchion. Cook was angered that some other, less permanent, gesture of disapproval was not made. He was disturbed at the sight of the dead man's companion laughing hysterically as he baled blood and water out of their canoe. Cook tried to give some recompense to the man's relatives but the gesture did not succeed. What mystified him was how little concerned the islanders seemed by the death and by the theft. After a moment of fear and retreat, they returned to their noisy excitement and thieving ways. Yet perhaps Cook disturbed them more than he thought. Twenty-five years later a beachcomber, Edward Robarts, was shown a nail that was purported to have been stolen from Cook. It seemed to be kept as some museum piece of the irrationality of these *atua*, these first 'men from the sky'. A 'life for a nail' might seem an extravagant cost for a lesson about property, but for Cook and even more for many other intruders, it was neither the nail nor the life that was important but the theatre of discipline and right order. Even so, Cook decided to go on quickly to Tahiti. He grumbled to himself that the young gentlemen of the quarter deck had spoiled his market: by buying pigs with the highly-prized red feathers they had collected from Tonga, they had inflated his own currency of sixpenny nails, and he could find no bargains.

It was a feature of Aoe's intrusions that they made small plays on the beaches. They came in the islands of their own ships or they made islands of their own in mission stations and forts or, if they were beach-

combers, they let the beaches between their new islands and their old islands run down the middle of their lives. Confronted by what was different, exotic and to them bizarre, as well as bewildered that their own 'natural' world was now unnatural and all their obvious symbols were meaningless, they played out their own cultural systems in caricatured charades. When they tried to describe what they saw, they themselves were revealed naked. Their own values, the structures of their consciousness, the categories of their mind were present in the things they selected to describe, in the moral judgements they constantly made, in their inability to divorce themselves from their own aesthetics.

The arrival of Aoe in these early days was marked, for example, by scenes of what was taken by the sailors to be almost hysterical disorder. There was a confusion of whistling, shouting, acts of bravado and menace, measuring of ships, counting of guns, unmistakable gestures of hospitality from the women, stealing of everything movable. To Aoe the disorder of these scenes was sometimes charming, but more often alarming. Their isolated situation, their small numbers in relationship to the crowd, their inability to communicate directly, the unreliability of their weaponry, their lack of knowledge of local navigation conditions, their dependence on proper winds to effect their escape—all these conditions made them sensitive to the threats the islanders made to their safety. They found they no longer had any criterion for understanding what they saw. They were faced with behaviour which by the application of their own cultural judgement was totally paradoxical. The apparent promiscuity of the women who gave their favours indiscriminately and without asking for reward scandalized them, but they enjoyed it. The public applause they saw given to young men and women gratifying themselves publicly startled them. These were 'acts which brutes alone, and among them some only, indulged without mystery', said the Frenchman Etienne Marchand, who did not complain of it so much as wonder at it. The fervour with which fathers, brothers and husbands pushed forward daughters, sisters and wives into the arms of sailors was found by many to be in total discord with the natural principles of human relationships. There were many other paradoxes: savages who could be kind fathers; fierce warriors who could be gentle and hospitable; nakedness that only became immodest if the prepuce string was lost; propriety that could accept public sexual intercourse, yet could be scandalized by the sight of sailors relieving themselves; cannibals with a squeamishness about blood; physically enormous warriors who were timid and shy; idolators who would not pay proper respect to their idols; subjects who were obedient to their chiefs but not respectful.

The only way to resolve these paradoxes was in moral and aesthetic terms. Whether Aoe saw Enata as Etienne Marchand saw them, 'the most mild, the most loving, the most peaceable, the most hospitable and

the most generous of all those who occupy the islands of the Great Ocean', or as William Alexander, the Hawaiian missionary, saw them, 'irascible, revengeful, sensual, glutinous, licentious, ungrateful, selfish and avaricious'. Aoe had no capacity to understand Enata in their own terms. Enata were indolent because their days were not filled with useful labour and when they did work they made it a sort of festival. They were without government because there were no recognizable symbols of prestige and authority. They were immoral because they had no principle of action except an irrational *tapu*. Aoe could admire the ingenuity of Enata's material objects, be amazed at their physical prowess in diving, swimming and carrying huge loads, be condescending at their childlike simplicity and be pleased to play tricks on them because of it. But Enata were avaricious because they desired European property and offered no acceptable return such as constant labour. They were glutinous and selfish because the men lorded it over the women with *tapu* on food. They were obscene because—the missionaries said—in their language 'the most obscene and polluted word imaginable was used on all occasions, and in all company, alike by male and female', and because their dancing was lascivious, their young people overtly immodest. They were liars because they felt no obligation to tell visitors anything but that which came immediately into their heads. They were dirty because their food was disagreeable, their manners not over-pretty and they smelled of rancid coconut oil. They were disrespectful and irreligious because they treated their gods like playthings. They were incapable of conjugal affection or filial reverence because their households were divided and wives wandered easily. They were strange and dense because they could not recognize natural signs such as shaking hands, and they spoke gibberish. They were ungrateful because they did not return thanks for Aoe gifts. They had no justice because stealing was unpunished. They were charlatans because they engaged in such sophistry as name-exchange. They were self-centred and arrogant because they laughed when they learned there was no breadfruit in England and because they considered all their own goods infinitely superior to Aoe's, and because they had no sense of sin. Their emotions were shallow and insincere because their grief at funerals was 'wholly ceremonious'. They could not see that to play a drum all day was laziness, but to practise a violin was aesthetic.

In all the judgements Aoe made, they showed how touch, smell, taste, gesture, sound and antic made the man. Beaches—cultural boundaries—were made of sensible things, like rancid coconut oil and raucous laughter. Islands—cultural worlds—were made of signs that expressed institutions and roles very particularly. Aoe's problem was to transmit across the beaches their own particular signs of institutions and roles. How could Cook communicate the idea of property when even he

himself could not make explicit all the interconnections of religion, law, government, economy and value that were contained in a simple nail? That nail that cost a life had embodied, for all who had the cultural capacity to see, the science and technology of ages, the educative systems that gave that science and technology continuity, the labour and capital that produced it and a knowledge of how the taking of it was begging, borrowing, buying or stealing. Cook might have played charade on charade on the deck about authority and status, about the individual and society, about law and morality, about religious ideology and economic reality—all externalized in a piece of metal—but he, or his men, foreshortened the cultural lesson with a musket-ball. Other Aoe, French and American as well as British, far less fastidious than he, would do the same. Violence short-cut the motions handily.

Resolution Bay kept its name until 1842, when the French took possession and made their residence, built a fort and called it Port Philippe. 'Taking possession' is an interesting concept in itself. The French had taken possession of the Marquesas first in 1791. The Americans did it in 1814. The French, now in a more determined fit of empire, took possession again in 1842. Only one amongst them all seemed to have qualms about the meaning of the act. That was the first, Etienne Marchand.

Etienne Marchand first became attracted to the Pacific when he met Nathaniel Portlock at St Helena in the Atlantic in 1788. Portlock was returning from the north-west coast of America. He had been with Cook on his third voyage, had seen the ease with which furs could be got from the Indians and the profit with which they could be sold to the Chinese. He had returned to exploit the market. Marchand persuaded the Maison Baux, a merchant house of Marseilles, that the time had come to follow the French explorations of La Pérouse and Bougainville with more entrepreneurial efforts. They built him a ship, the *Solide*, equipped it with forty-eight men, put it under the new *tricolore* of the revolution and sent him around the Horn.

In June 1791 he appeared at Vaitahu. He was delighted with the disorder of it all. The men from Vaitahu swarmed about the *Solide* in their canoes and climbed its rigging. They pilfered handkerchiefs and hats, nails and axes from decks and cabins. Only one was wounded in the accidental firing of a sentry's blunderbuss. When one thief escaped with a pistol, Marchand was thankful that the guard's musket misfired. 'They were like monkeys or children', he said, 'with movements of soul as rapid as lightning'. Marchand himself was the first to lead away one of the girls who had swum to the ship to his cabin. The girls, he said somewhat mysteriously, were 'victims to a holy debt'. Having found no chiefs but only what he thought to be a hierarchy of strength and beauty, he declared: 'Pleasure is the divinity of this country, no superstition,

no ceremony, no priest or juggler'. He called the bay next to Vaitahu, Anse des Amis, Bay of Friends. Its name was Hapatoni.

After days at Vaitahu Marchand sailed north-west to Ua Pou. He thought his were the first European sails to be seen in the northern group. At a bay he called Fine Welcome, on Ua Pou, he landed, raised the *tricolore*, proud that it was a symbol of liberty and that he was the first to raise it in the Pacific, and declared in the name of Louis XVI, who was at that moment on his way to final imprisonment, that the islands belonged to France. He named them the Islands of the Revolution in commemoration of 'the most remarkable events of our century'. He did not fire a volley to celebrate the occasion because he did not want to be the first to dissipate the islanders' ignorance of firearms. In his journal he mused on how Cook had found the 'indians' so fierce and he had found them so gentle. He wondered how he could take possession of islands that were already possessed by those who lived in them. Protection, he decided, was a better word. In the end, revolutionary France had no desire to be either possessive or protective of the Islands of Revolution. In the upheavals there was nobody to take notice of Marchand's discovery. When he returned home he took command for a while of a naval vessel and of the national guard at Marseilles, but he had no taste for radical reform and he fled the service, only to die in a hunting accident in the province of Ile de France.

Even before he returned home to France, Marchand knew that his had not been the first ship seen at Nukuhiva, Ua Pou and Ua Huka, and that the revolution their names would celebrate would not be the French revolution. At Canton he had met up with Joseph Ingraham in the *Hope*. Ingraham was from Boston and the tiny seventy-one-ton *Hope* belonged to Thomas Hanasyd Perkins. Boston and Salem were hungry for trade after the revolutionary war and young Perkins was among the hungriest of Boston traders. Thomas Ledyard, a member of Cook's third expedition, had been the American counterpart to Nathaniel Portlock, persuading the Massachusetts traders of the profitability of selling north-west furs to the Chinese. Ingraham was sent looking for skins. Warned by Perkins to avoid Hawaii because of the successful capture there by Hawaiians of two trading vessels, Ingraham called at Tahuata instead on 15 April 1791. Sailing north he saw Nukuhiva and made the first discovery for revolutionary United States. He named Nukuhiva Federal Island in honour, his supercargo Dorr said, 'of our new equal and liberal constitution which I hope will be as permanent as the island itself'. Federal Island, however, proved to be one of its more impermanent names. Between April 1791 and February 1793, it received four more names and retained none of them. Marchand named it Baux for his employers. Richard Hergest, on his way in the supply ship *Daedalus* to meet Vancouver in Hawaii—in fact he met his death there instead—called it Sir

Henry Martin's. Josiah Roberts, another trader out of Boston, called it first Adams, then thinking it worthy of a more dignified name, called it Washington. The other islands of the northern group were as liberally endowed with names as there were visitors who thought their coming needed to be recorded: Washington, Riou, Massachusetts, Solide (Ua Huka); Marchand, Adams, Washington (Ua Pou); Knox, Masse, Freemantle, Roberts, New York (Eiao); Franklin, Deux Frères, Hergest Rocks, Blake (Motu Iti); Lincoln, Plate, Resolution, Gunner's Quoin (Motu Oa); Hancock, Chanal, Langdon, Nexsen (Hatutu). The names are relics of social debts and national prides, of small events in particular lives, of the peculiar arrogance of so-called 'discoverers' and of the ways men make and remake their worlds in the names they give to its parts.

The visits of Ingraham, Marchand, Hergest and Roberts to Te Henua in the years 1791 to 1793 illustrate another quality of the contact and conflict between Aoe and Enata. They were forerunners of many intruders to come. These intruders were all—for the lack of a better word to describe them—voyagers. They were men of no settlement. They came and they went. The future did not bind them in their relationships with Enata. They had no tomorrows in the places they visited. Their lives were in their baggage and they became jealous custodians of property. They came to exploit the natural and social environment with no sense of obligation to replenish what they exhausted or to feel the consequences of the changes they caused. The reasons which brought them to the places they visited bore no relevance at all to the interests and welfare of the islanders. They came to refurbish their ships or they came to trade or they came because they needed a stopping place on their way to somewhere else. The prices in Canton of sealskins from Masafuero, of otter furs from California and later of sandalwood from Hiva Oa were of no pertinence to Enata whatsoever. But the way these prices affected the search for goods, established trade routes, shaped diplomacy between nations ten thousand miles away and created investments that needed protection were very pertinent to Enata indeed. Being placed on somebody else's map made them manageable in unreal ways, made them objects of abstract thinking, pieces in someone's game of power or status or wealth, parts of strategies to civilize or Christianize or dominate the world, ports of call for voyagers who never voyaged.

In many ways the European has been the world's voyager. Arabs and Celts, Romans and Phoenicians, Chinese and Polynesians all knew their separate seas and often made excursions out of them. But the Europeans of the sixteenth century discovered that the world is an ocean and all its continents are islands. They discovered that all its parts are joined by straits and passages. They 'encompassed' the world. Following those who encompassed it came those who whaled the sea, fished it or traded

over it. After them came those who protected the sea for those who whaled it, fished it or traded over it. They all, even more than those who discovered the straits and passages, were voyagers. They were sent by voyagers who did no voyaging except vicariously through the capital that kept the ships at sea. The crews who manned the ships, the capitalists who sent them, the governments who saw the ships and capital protected were all voyagers, prepared to remake all parts of a different, foreign world for the sake of profit in another part. Ships' captains claimed that their need for food and water overrode all other claims of territoriality or of ownership or of sacredness. Missionaries claimed that their good intentions for the islanders' eternal welfare put the islanders under some obligation to serve their comfort and their safety. Navy men merged the 'indians' into one social body in order to punish what an individual had done and felt themselves freed from their own cultural obligations to a different morality. Everything that was other was subordinated to the voyagers' self-interests, and every cross-cultural relationship was defined by the voyagers' presumption of superiority. There was always a *real politik* that gave a primacy to the needs of the intruders and a justification for the expediency of their violent ways.

Perhaps there is no mystery in this cultural self-centredness. Perhaps there is no mystery in the violence it seemed to cause. In the theatre on the beach, Aoe stood naked. There was no need to clothe actions with fine words and rationalizations. The intruders never had a charity, nor a sense of service. They never accepted an islander's dignity. Aoe were voyagers through and through, in their souls, but never pilgrims, never expecting to find their better selves in other places. Wherever it was they owed their social obligations, it was not on the beach of Te Henua.

Richard Hergest in the *Daedalus* was the only one of the four would-be 'discoverers' of the northern islands of the Marquesas to land and stay any time on Nukuhiva. In March 1792 he visited three of the four major valleys on Nukuhiva's southern coast, beginning in the east with Taipivai and Hoo'umi, which open into a bay he called Comptroller's, then Taiohae, which he called Port Anna Maria. He missed Hakaui in the west, which the Russians in 1804 called Port Tschitschagoff for an admiral and which American sandalwooders in 1813 called Lewis for the captain who first traded for the wood there. The *Daedalus* after Hergest's death in Hawaii returned to Nukuhiva on its way to New South Wales.

The second visit of the *Daedalus* to Taiohae inspired a piece of lower deck poetry and was the occasion of misunderstanding and violence about which more will be said later in this story. Here it will suffice to introduce the bay of Taiohae which, like the valley of Vaitahu on Tahuata, was the stage on which most of the contact and conflict in Te



Henua was played. There are few visitors to Taiohae who have not remarked on its overwhelming beauty. The bay is entered by a narrow pass in the cliffs marked by two rocks rising sheer out of the sea. They were called Mataou and Motou-Nui by Enata, the Two Sentinels by seamen. Behind them the bay itself is a huge amphitheatre with bare rock-face stretching above the line of trees. The lower slopes are green, more uniformly now than they used to be, because introduced *acacia* has run riot over the original varied vegetation. The mountain ridges facing the entrance rise almost vertically to three thousand feet and slope away in jagged, spiny spurs to encircle the bay. Their towering nearness distorts the perspective of the bay, closes it in, shortens the distances. A small hill jutting into the waters of the bay divides the eastern section with its white sand beaches and its small plain from the more extensive western section with its pebble shore. This western section is cut by two small streams and in two places along the shore small rocky points nudge into the bay. Behind, several low spurs prop the mountain and divide the western area into four small valleys.

The small hill jutting into the waters of the bay was called Tuhiva. Stand on it with your back to the sea and you look down to your right to the white beach and plain of Hakapehi. To your left you will see the valley of Pakiu, then Meau, Havau and Oata. In 1813, twenty-one years after Hergest had called it Port Anna Maria, the whole of Taiohae was about to be named Massachusetts Bay. Hakapehi would be Madisonville. Tuhiva would be Fort Madison. Tuhiva was a natural place for forts. The French built Fort Collet there in 1842. Hakapehi was a natural place for towns and camps. The French dreamed of building Saumerville there.

In 1812 the United States and Britain were at war. The four first-rate ships of the United States fleet were well outnumbered by the British navy blockading the American coast and faced inevitable destruction if they operated in their own waters. Early in the war Lieutenant David Porter, a young man of few self-doubts and already a hero of quite extraordinary adventures in the wars against the Barbary pirates, had made a plan to cruise to the Pacific and there destroy the British whaling fleet. So, finding himself in mid-Atlantic at a missed rendezvous with his commander and convincing himself that his Pacific plan was an approved alternative, he hauled the U.S.S. *Essex* to the Horn. In the Pacific, off the South American coast and the Galapagos Islands, he captured eleven British whalers. In October 1813 he headed for Nukuhiva with the *Essex* and three of its prizes, the *Greenwich*, *Sir Andrew Hammond* and the *Seringapatam*. He hoped not only to hide there from H.M.S. *Phoebe* and H.M.S. *Cherub* which had come looking for him but also to provision and careen his ships in preparation for further sorties. At Taiohae he found that the presence of more than three hundred men

from four vessels stretched the resources of the valley to the limit. The Teii, who occupied Taiohae, were distracted by hostilities with the Hapaa, a group to the east, and these hostilities prevented other parts of the island from providing the pigs and fruits necessary. Worse, the Hapaa saw the residence of the Americans among the Teii as a sign of their alliance and took a position on the mountainside overlooking Taiohae, gesturing significantly and shouting that 'the Americans were the posteriors to the Teii privates'. Being called arse-holes by a set of 'indians' was clearly an affront to the flag, and Porter joined the Teii in an attack on the Hapaa. After killing five of them, he accepted their pleas for peace. Within a month he had completed a fortification with four cannon on Tuhiva. At Hakapehi he began to construct a camp behind a stone wall five feet high and six hundred yards around. His British prisoners, in leg irons and ball-and-chain after a rumoured conspiracy of rebellion, were Madisonville's builders. They built six houses, a bakery, a rope-walk, other workshops and a flagstaff. At four o'clock each evening all crew except the prisoners and their guards were free to go their way. Porter had promised women to his men on his drive across the Pacific and he provided them with an example to follow. He lived with a 'princess', Paetini. Such behaviour, which Porter revealed in his *Journal of a Cruise Made to the Pacific Ocean*, scandalized England and America more than it appeared to shock Enata. By 1813 Enata had learned that there was more than one way to cope with the violence of Aoe. Porter, for his part, defended his actions, saying that if his lower deck were promiscuous and experimental, his quarter deck were consistent and selective in their liaisons.

The Taipi, who lived further away from Taiohae than the Hapaa, were still recalcitrant with supplies. Porter in turn felt goaded by jibes from his allies, the Teii, about his courage and resolution in dealing with the Taipi. He decided on an 'attack' on Taipivai valley and at the end of November sailed eastward along the coast to land on its beach. His attack was a disaster to his pride and to what he saw in those remote islands as his national image. The Taipi excelled in skirmishes in the tangle of trees and vines. With sling and spear they routed the marines with their ineffective musketry. One marine was killed; they all retreated to Taiohae, wondering what the Teii would say of them now. Caught in the snare of his own logic, Porter was forced to attack again, this time by land, across the mountains with two hundred men. They drove down the whole length of Taipivai valley to the sea, killing 'great numbers', burning the houses and destroying the breadfruit trees. His mission was an immediate success. From all parts of the island came tribute of supplies. The enclosures and ships were filled with five hundred pigs. There was a general peace. Porter wrote of the men of Taiohae:

They repeatedly expressed their astonishment and admiration that I should have been enabled to effect so much in so short a time, and that I should have been able to extend my influence so far as to give them such complete protection, not only in the valley of Taiohae but among the tribes with which they had been at war from their earliest period.

To the names and places of the Marquesas had been added what was in some sense to become the most famous name of all, Taipi or 'Typee'. By being Porter's enemy the Taipi became a savage, treacherous, sullen group of warriors whose ferocity was a compliment to those who defeated them. Their valley, by the same association, was sinister and foreboding. Its towering cliffs became threatening, its upper reaches gloomy, the paths between its breadfruit trees dark. Even though Porter was gone in December 1813, and his Madisonville soon in ruins, his stay made a division in the land. Not between Teii and Taipi. That division had always been there and was written into legend, reinforced by constant wars. The division now was between friend and foe, good and bad, us and them. Taiohae, always attractive to Aoe for its harbour but only marginally safer than Taipivai, now became a friendly and safe place, its peacefulness threatened by uncivilized tribes beyond a slender pale. It became an island within an island. Herman Melville, who read David Porter closely, would enlarge the experience of his own short three weeks stay among the Taipi with Porter's image of the 'Typee', and Aoe enjoyed this vision of the savage for a hundred years and more.

If Spaniards were saddened by unredeemed souls, if Englishmen enjoyed playing ambassadors to kings, if Frenchmen could be revived by democratic spirits, then Porter could be encouraged by a 'republican polity' to lay claim to Nukuhiva as an American possession.

Our rights to this island being founded on priority of discovery, conquest and possession, cannot be disputed. But the natives, to secure to themselves that friendly protection which their defenceless situation so much required, have requested to be admitted into the great American family, whose pure republican polity approaches so near to their own. And in order to encourage these views to their own interest and happiness, as well as to render secure our claim to an island valuable on many considerations, I have taken on myself to promise them they shall be adopted; that our chief shall be their chief and they have given assurances, that such of their brethren as may hereafter visit them from the United States, shall enjoy a welcome and hospitable reception among them and be furnished with whatever refreshments and supplies the island may afford, and, as far as lies in their power, prevent the subjects of Great Britain (knowing them to be such) from coming among them until peace shall take place between nations.

Before he went chasing Englishmen again, Porter collected the chiefs of all the valleys of Nukuhiva and had them mark a petition to President Madison to be their chief of chiefs, an honour which the President in the end declined. He no doubt had enough Indians of his own. Porter's own honest and naive account of his adventures at Nukuhiva and of his own later capture and the death of fifty-eight of his men in action against H.M.S. *Phoebe* off Callao caused outraged indignation in Britain and a subdued defence of his courage, if not his prudence, in the United States. The *Salem Gazette*—Salem citizens had built the *Essex* by private subscription and found small comfort in a gallant loss—wrote of Taiohae: 'Let it be called Virginia Bay or Kentucky Bay, Tippecanoe Bay, Gerrymander Bay, or Tar and Feather Bay, if you please, but no improper liberties with Massachusetts Bay, we say!' Porter wrote his own defence in the second edition of his journal. There he spelt out what had already been parodied in the treaties and alliances: the rhetoric of national politics, the talk of alarms and excursions, the symbolic castigations, the sensitivity to honour and image. In the baggage he brought with him was an actor's prop bag. Out of it came the setting for his politics and diplomacy.

Many may censure my conduct as wanton and unjust. In the security of the fireside, and under the protection of the laws which are their safeguards, at all times, they may question the motives of my conduct, and deny the necessity which compelled me to pursue it. But let such reflect a moment on our peculiar situation—a handful of men residing among numerous warlike tribes, liable every moment to be attacked by them, and all cut off; our only hopes of safety was in convincing them of our great superiority over them, and from what we have already seen, we must either attack them or be attacked. I had received many wanton provocations from them; they refused to be on friendly terms with us; they attacked and insulted our friends, for being such; and repeated complaints were made to me on the subject. I had borne with their reproaches, and my moderation was called cowardice. I offered them friendship, and my offers were rejected with insulting scorn. I sent to them messengers, and they were dismissed with blows; hostilities had been commenced by them, and they believed they had obtained an advantage over us. A mere thread connected us with the other tribes; that once broken, our destruction was almost inevitable. They feared us and were our friends; should there be no longer cause for fear, should they no longer believe us invincible, instead of hostilities with the single tribe of Typees, we should, in all probability, have been at war with all the island. The Happahs considered themselves a conquered tribe, ready, at the first good opportunity, to shake off the yoke; the Shouemes and some others, if not conquered by our arms, were so by the apprehensions of them. They had been led to believe that no force could resist us, and

had they been convinced that the Typees could keep us at bay, they must have felt satisfied that their united forces were capable of destroying us. A coalition would have been fatal to us—it was my duty to prevent it—and I saw no means of succeeding but by reducing the Typees before they could come to an understanding with the other tribes. By placing all on the same footing, I hoped to bring about a general peace, and secure the future tranquillity of the Island. Wars are not always just, and are rarely free from excesses. However I may regret the harshness with which motives of self-preservation, that operate everywhere, compelled me to treat these high-spirited and incorrigible people, my conscience acquits me of any injustice; and no excesses were committed, but what the Typees had it in their power to stop by ceasing hostilities. The evils they experienced they brought upon themselves, and the blood of their relations and friends must be on their own heads. Had no opposition been made, none would have been killed—had they wished for peace, it would have been granted; but proud of the honour of being the greatest warriors on the island, they believed themselves invincible, and hoped to insult all others with impunity.

On 9 December 1813 Porter left Taiohae. His men were reluctant to sail. Never at a loss for a dramatic gesture—he had tarred-and-feathered a sailor in New York who was unwilling to take an oath of allegiance and at Madisonville he woke a sleeping sentry with a shot through the thigh—Porter invited his men to man the capstan or he ‘would blow them all to hell’. They believed him and the *Essex* departed the bay with the fiddler playing ‘The Girl I Left Behind Me’. The *Essex* went on to Valparaiso where H.M.S. *Phoebe* caught up with her. In that neutral harbour the Americans and British flew banners against one another: ‘Free Trade and Sailors’ Rights’, ‘God and Country—British Sailors’ Best Rights—Traitors offend Both’. Outside the harbour they killed one another rather more effectively. In Porter’s last battle, before he retired to develop more peaceful strategies to overwhelm the British Empire by changing, for example, Greenwich Mean Time to Washington Mean Time, he fought in a paroxysm of fervour and fury. He piled the bodies of his men high on the deck of the *Essex* so that the British could see what they had done and his crew know the ferocity of his intentions. When it was over they all enjoyed the niceties of a naval surrender.

At Taiohae Porter had left Lieutenant John Gamble with men to guard Madisonville and the three captured whalers, the *Greenwich*, the *Seringapatam* and the *Sir Andrew Hammond*. Gamble was a gentleman, an officer, a good Episcopalian and a freemason. He was also sensitive to his honour. Amid the evolutionary freaks and on the barren rocks of the Galapagos Islands, he had killed one of his fellow officers on the *Essex* in a duel, after three exchanges. At Nukuhiva, with Porter gone and the islanders sullen with the memory of his rampages and with half of his

men British sailors looking to escape, Gamble’s position was precarious. His only marine was drowned in the surf; four other men deserted; the prisoners on the *Seringapatam* mutinied. Two days after the mutiny, on 9 May 1814, the Enata of Taiohae attacked Gamble’s men and killed four of them. Gamble, alone on the *Greenwich*, hobbled by a wounded heel, limped from gun to gun firing at the attacking canoes. He set fire to the *Greenwich* and escaped in the *Sir Andrew Hammond*. With a crew of eight, mostly wounded or disabled, he sailed to Hawaii. There he was captured by H.M.S. *Cherub*. The burnt-out hulk of the *Greenwich* remained on the beach at Taiohae for many years. The *Seringapatam* with great difficulty sailed to Port Jackson, where the settlers were suitably outraged at the stories of Porter’s harsh treatment of the prisoners and the merchants of Sydney were alerted to the presence of sandalwood in the Marquesas. None of the whalers nor any of their cargo made their way back to the United States. They were all recaptured by the British. The deserters and the beachcombers they joined we will return to again. The British, always sensitive to their image even among ‘savages’, sent Sir Thomas Staines in H.M.S. *Briton* to repair the damage done by Porter. They scoffed at his acts of possession, sniggered at his delusions of grandeur. They collected some useful phrases in Marquesan, such as: ‘How do you do? Give a kiss. I will knock your brains out. The barbarous Porter killed the Typees.’ They persuaded ‘king’ Keatonui to have his warriors make sham battle. He organized it from a litter they had made him and imaginatively lined his spearmen behind his clubmen with slingers on the flanks. Enata no doubt stood around as curious as the Englishmen. Before the Englishmen were gone they had taken possession of the island ‘in the name of his Britannic Majesty. A royal salute was fired from the *Briton* and the *Tagus*, and the Union displayed on a flagstaff at the Palace Royal.’ Aoe had crossed the beach again and were remaking the islands in their own image.

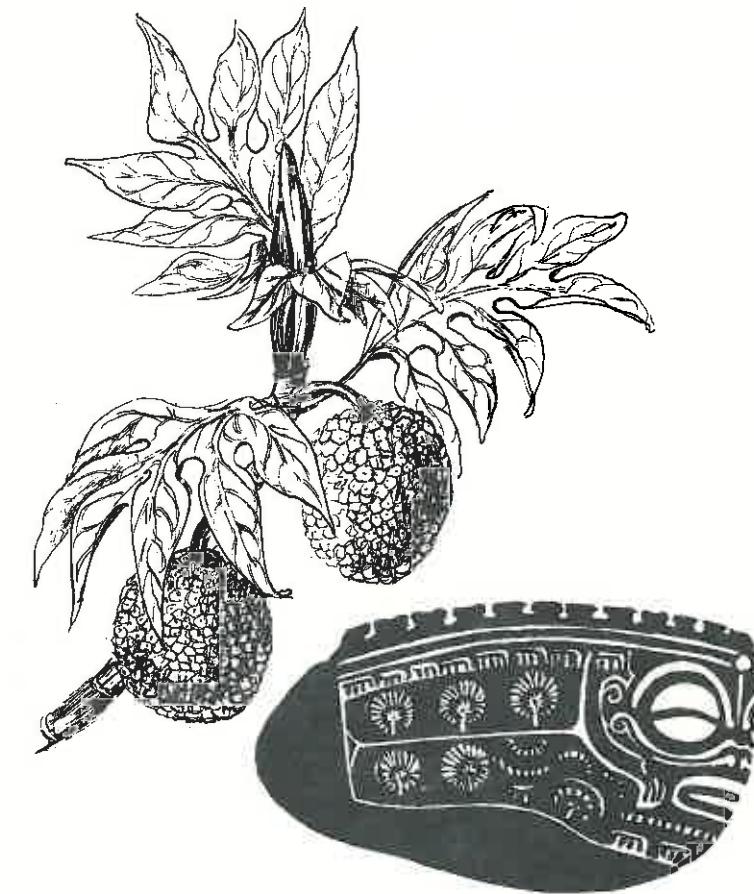
‘Island and beach’ is an obvious metaphor to use in the description of culture contact and conflict between Enata and Aoe. ‘Islands and beaches’, of course, are everywhere—in a jungle clearing, in a desert oasis, in an urban ghetto, within a social class. Everywhere where space and action are limited by boundaries which screen comings and goings there is an island and a beach. The Pacific, however, is a total island world. In that immense sea there are twenty-five thousand islands. Every islander has had to cross a beach to construct a new society. Across those beaches every intrusive artefact, material and cultural, has had to pass. Every living thing on an island has been a traveller. Every species of tree, plant and animal on an island has crossed the beach. In crossing the beach every voyager has brought something old and made something new. The old is written in the forms and habits and needs each newcomer brings. The new is the changed world, the adjusted balance

every coming makes. On islands each new intruder finds a freedom it never had in its old environment. On arrival it develops, fills unfilled niches, plays a thousand variations on the themes of its own form.

Human beings are voyagers to islands, as any plant or any other animal. They might land naked on an empty beach, but in their minds, their languages, their relationships they bring a world with them. The island might be to them something given. They inherit its soils, its climate, its products. But they are also the creators of the world they come to live in. They give names to all its parts and in naming they order and divide. The colours, the winds, the mountains, the valleys, the fruits, the fish, the peoples, all things are theirs because they name them and give them separate being. To that separate being they then respond, react. They come to perceive it as natural. More than that, of course, by ritual, by gesture, by myth, by habit and custom, they multiply meaning upon meaning, invest every action, every artefact, every shape with significance. They find prophecy in the colour of a cloud, poetry in the touch of a leaf, status in a berry. They intertwine their social lives with natural metaphors, so that all things red might be sacred, all things round female, all things straight and stiff male. In the end, all these meanings are the island they have made. These islands are not static or unchanging. Only romantics and revolutionaries will try to freeze the moment and give it establishment. Reality is more adjustable to the rhythms of life, to changing fortune, to the particularities of chance and person; environments, no matter how natural, are changed by being lived in. Islands, even when nothing is coming across their beaches, are not static and unchanging. But all the meanings which make the island are whole, interconnected. They have craft and artistry. Every island is a cameo of life and death, a particular portrait of Everyman's world.

Beaches are beginnings and endings. They are the frontiers and boundaries of islands. For some life forms the division between land and sea is not abrupt, but for human beings beaches divide the world between here and there, us and them, good and bad, familiar and strange. On land, behind the beach, life is lived with some fullness and with some establishment. On the sea, beyond the beach, life is partial and dependent. Ships are distorted segments of living—all male, disciplined, parasitic on the land, not productive. Those who come on them—sailors, missionaries, traders, soldiers—proffer very singular gestures about themselves. They display their cultures but not whole.

Crossing beaches is always dramatic. From land to sea and from sea to land is a long journey and either way the voyager is left a foreigner and an outsider. Look across the beach from the sea, there is what the mind's eye sees, romantic, classic, savage but always uncontrollable. The gestures, the signals, the codes which make the voyager's own world ordered no longer work. He does not see the islanders' colours or



trees or mountains. He sees his. The space he lives in and the time he lives by are his, not theirs. A universe in which time and space are spelt out in descent and genealogy, in the rituals of life's processes, in the *tapu* which divides sacred and profane, is a different universe from that in which time and space are measured by a seven-day week, by a house with rooms, by notions of property and law. The newcomers make new islands by insisting there is a time for labour and a time for leisure and a time for prayer, by making 'proper' houses with windows, fences and divided rooms, by wearing 'proper' dress that can be got from across the beach only by adopting some alien mode of bartering with its concepts of proper economic behaviour and personal discipline. Birth, death, sight, smell, eating, drinking might all be universal experiences, but their forms have a particularity that makes what is different seem unnatural, savage, uncivilized.

And things come across the beach partially, without their fuller meaning. Dresses and shirts lay like litter on the shoulders of Enata who did not know the status that cotton and silk gave or who could not find the proper posture to fit them. Laws and institutions, values and roles that came across the beach littered social forms in the same way. Crossing the beach that divided savage from Christian, chief from king, did violence to a man in all his parts. From Enata to Marquesans was a long sad journey of death and decay.

Reflection: *On History at the Edges of Culture*

The last hundred years have seen a frenetic tribalization of knowledge as disciplines secured territorial rights over this and that part of the human anatomy and of the physical environment. That needs to be said because this study of culture contact in the Marquesas would be classified in 1980 as ethnohistory. Ethnohistory is the bastard child of history and anthropology, born out of the snobbish reluctance of historians to be interested in anyone who was not white and did not wear a crown and born too out of the intransigent belief of anthropologists that to understand anyone they must be alive, in remote places and in dire danger of disappearing. This bastard child, ethnohistory, has now almost gained legitimacy in the retrospective way of all other bastard disciplines before it—by becoming a set of accredited academic courses, by becoming the subject of conferences and periodicals, by attracting the attention of larger numbers of those who can knowingly call themselves ethnohistorians and debate who else has the right to the name.

It is not surprising that history and anthropology spawned ethnohistory. The two disciplines have had a love-hate relationship for a hundred years. Edward B. Tylor in 1871 designated his evolutionary anthropology as 'scientific history' to distinguish it from the 'notions of arbitrary impulses, causeless-freaks, chance and nonsense, and indefinite accountability of the historians'. Emile Durkheim agreed but thought that in order to be 'scientific', history had to forget time sequence and be rid of its preoccupation with story and narrative. Meanwhile history, senior by decades in academic establishment and comfortable in its whiggish preoccupations with progress and politics, was content to civilize the civil service and titillate the Tories now that theology was out of fashion and philosophy had gone German. Anthropology discovered that it could never win a chair at Oxbridge by just pretending to do history scientifically and began to say instead that it never did history at all. What was more, any number of savages in the library were not worth one in the bush. These were the dog-days of empire, when being imperial meant living with the natives more closely than from a gunboat's deck or at the head of an expedition. So in England anthropology, now the science of understanding the native, had a market

among colonial administrators and missionaries and sold well to those who preferred their natives to be exotic and foreign rather than home-grown, alarmingly near and messily political. Chairs in *academia* came quickly.

American anthropology was more comfortable with history. Those who worked among the Indians of North and South America were more confident that they had a redeemable past. Four hundred years of contact with literate societies had left a corpus of information that was there to be interpreted. The Americans also had an interest in language and culture and kept alive, among their students at least, the alliance between archaeology and anthropology. The first generations of professional anthropologists of the 1920s and 1930s looked with some affection on their lineage, on Franz Boas who was avowedly historical, on A. L. Kroeber who could not resist broad sweeps in the space and time of cultures. For the Americans their natives lived among them. They had absorbed their frontiers. They had a problem not of ruling but of living with their history, indeed of rewriting their history as consciousness grew of the extent and the consequences of the white man's intrusion on the red man's lands.

Across the Atlantic *rapprochements* between history and anthropology were attempted fairly frequently but by established masters in their respective trades not by those learning them. Or they were made by those whose sufferings in jungle or desert had earned them a right to more vicarious thrills in the library. One would fly a kite and say, 'Aren't we all brushed with a little of the nomothetic as well as the ideographic?' Others accepted Bronislaw Malinowski's protest that if he did not do history it was only because he had too high a regard for it, and if he would not do it well he would not do it at all. Many historians, having run out of politics and no longer believing in progress, found they were too agnostic to believe the Marxist gospel that they would be saved if only they called on the names of Praxis, Class and Hegemony. They were comfortably empiricist but who, in an age of relevance, would leave them alone with their Barebones Parliaments and their lost boroughs? So they thought they might borrow: a little bit about ritual if they were dealing with the exotic, like the churching of women; a little bit about magic, if there were darker sides to know; a little bit about community, if there was a village to study. The difficulty was that when they observed the tribe which anthropologists had become they found that there were initiation rites, language, rules, roles, even myths and legends that set the anthropologists apart. A bit of borrowed anthropological theory sat on an historian as awkwardly as an Indian sari on a blue-rinsed matron.

Perhaps the militant anti-historicalism of British anthropology between the two world wars should be related to the birth pangs of social

anthropology. Establishment and self-definition demanded negative distinction as well as positive methodology. Natives had a history but it was not knowable. The sort of evolutionary surmise and diffusionist fantasy that passed for native history had little advantage beside the ethnographies of living cultures that were becoming the mark of social anthropology. In a world of creeping 'Coca Cola-ism' and universal culture it only made good sense to retrieve what was different about human beings in forgotten pockets of the world. Yet in the colonies of the twentieth century or in the ethnically pluralist societies that the European expansion had created on four continents and innumerable islands, the anthropologists could not really know those they observed unless they knew who they once were. So they began to elaborate schemes to discover some zero point at which cultures were purely native, unchanged by intrusion. Here was a beginning to ethnohistory, though 'zero point' was a British phrase and 'ethnohistory' an American. There could be no access to a zero point except by historical method. All the data of the post-intrusion period had to be critically sifted to discover what could be known of a culture which had no means, in the ordinary sense of historical record, of giving permanence to its transient moments. The debates on whether myth and legend were history, whether traditional societies had a knowable past, whether the total histories of non-literate peoples could be written, all these were put aside in the practical effort of doing the possible. Historians, long accustomed to a fragmented, limited knowledge of human events when all that was left of them was marks on paper, were mystified at anthropologists' purist qualms. But anthropologists who knew 'their people' in the field and had costed the labour to understand even one small segment of other men's cultures continued to think history a poor substitute for observation.

There, for the moment, the great issues of ethnohistory's bastardy and legitimacy now rest. Ethnohistorians, who for the most part traipse the frontiers of European expansion because that is where their sources are, tend to have a jaundiced view of western cultural imperialism. They would redress the imbalance of one-sided history that describes the two-sided events of contact and expansion as if it were merely the story of Western politics and diplomacy, exploration and adventure, settlement and administration. Being 'ethno' for an ethnohistorian usually means having a commitment to the cultures beyond the frontier, a sense that they have been badly done by in the past and in history's telling of the past, a feeling that some redress for the crime of destruction is to give these societies life again in description and story. In that sense ethnohistory is not quite ready to admit that the soldiers and missionaries, the traders and settlers—those who meet their peoples at the frontier—are also the objects of their inquiry and of their methods.

There are two important unresolved issues for ethnohistory in the middle ground it claims to hold between history and anthropology. One is raised by Claude Lévi-Strauss. He has argued that between history and anthropology there is an unbridgeable gap. He raises in his structuralist terms the fundamental question of the object of inquiry for those who would do interdisciplinary study. History, for him, is concerned with the mutable, the conditioned, the particular and with the infinite consequences of chance and concentration. Anthropology is concerned with the permanent absolutes of human nature, with the structures which cannot be seen but only known. While Lévi-Strauss leaves no doubt which enterprise is more worth while, it does not necessarily follow that one is more important than the other. But they are different in their goals, their methods, their languages, in the communities of interests they create. If one is 'doing' history, one cannot at the same time be 'doing' anthropology. There should be no complaint at that. If one were writing poetry about trees, would one complain if botanists refused to accept that one was 'doing' botany?

If Lévi-Strauss, however, were more the historian than he is prepared to be, he might add to his argument that distinction in goals, methods, languages and communities of interests is an historical process in itself, that disciplines discover their separate universes through time, by advocacy and debate, by accepting the limitation of their blinkered state for the advantages it offers of an economy of engagement. There is in disciplines a social contract to see the world in a particular way. The world about which members of disciplines have conversations with one another is a social construction. *Homo economicus*, *homo sociologicus*, *homo psychologicus*, *homo anthropologicus* are make-believes, creatures that have their being by grace of the social act that economists, sociologists, psychologists and anthropologists are agreed to consider them real. These partial, particular creations become Frankenstein monsters when they are thought to be total or whole or even correspondent to actuality, when, in some mad world, economists' or sociologists' or psychologists' or anthropologists' views win some hegemony, when what are models are thought to be human beings. They are, in fact, conversation pieces, made by question and answer and definition, given continuity by the readiness of some to hold their metaphors in mind and to call all those who do the same 'colleagues'.

Under what rubric is *homo ethnohistoricus* made? Let it be said immediately that no one definition has won out. Rationality would seem to indicate that ethnohistory should mimic ethnoscience. Ethnoscience has come to be the study of distinctive cultural systems of category and analysis. Ethnohistory, in that sense, would be the study of distinctive cultural systems of interpreting the past. Ethnohistorians, however, have been reluctant to conceive their task so narrowly. The function of myth

and legend, of the ways in which the past is known and affects the consciousness and the unconsciousness of the present is only part of the ethnohistorian's task. There would be more agreement in practice on the proposition that ethnohistory is 'doing' the anthropology of those non-European societies whose anthropology cannot be done by virtue of the fact that they are dead and gone. The chief component of such ethnohistory is ethnographic, providing out of historical sources the description of cultural environments that anthropologists would normally provide by direct observation. That frozen moment, that zero point, that 'ethnographic present' which anthropologists construct out of the infinite complexity and continuous fluidity of the cultures they observe, the ethnohistorian constructs out of the imagined period immediately before intrusion from outside. It is as irrational for ethnohistorians as it is for anthropologists to claim that their ethnographic moment is the culture they try to capture. It is no more the essential culture than are the myriad moments that came before and after. Sad to relate, anthropologists sometimes seem to be as possessive of their ethnographic moment as they are of 'their people'. As we shall see, they confront often enough in their theorizing the destructiveness of their models. They know their models stop the essentially continuous, generalize the essentially particular, disembody the essentially real. Their 'ethnographic present', however, is sometimes more sacred to them. They dispossess it of its transience, make it without time and change. The Nuer or the Tikopia or whoever, known in the brief months of the anthropologists' stay, are caught forever in one pose. The ethnohistorians' 'ethnographic present' is also sometimes dangerously timeless. They sometimes catch a culture in a moment romantically gilded by the knowledge of the horrors that are to come. They have a static, partial model of culture contact, a notion of fatal impact. It is as if the culture produced in reaction to intrusion is a lesser culture, as if there is culture at one moment and a cultural vacuum in the next. The truth, of course, is that the essence of culture is process. One moment is no more hybrid than the last, one response no less creative than that which was made before. One of the graces of ethnohistory is to catch a culture in time, to know it in its processes of change.

Ethnohistory is unlikely to succeed at 'doing' the anthropology of the past. Anthropologists might sometimes find validation for their arguments and examples for their theories in ethnohistory, but since their descriptions of the cultures they observe are tailored to the conversations they have with one another about social structure, kinship and category, the selective happens-chance of the survival of relics of the past can hardly satisfy their desire to control scientifically the data they interpret.

Culture contact, however, has long been an object of conversation

among anthropologists. No living culture is so isolated that it does not touch another at its boundaries. No living culture is without influences from other cultures far and near. In 1953 American anthropologists set up a committee to rationalize their conversations on culture contact. The model of culture contact study which the committee produced illustrates the distinction between those who, like anthropologists, control the data they accumulate by their observations and questioning, and those who, like historians, are controlled by the data which time allows to survive. The committee scanned the problem of culture contact in the abstract and evolved a complete set of variables of the ways in which cultures might affect each other and of the processes by which a culture might change or resist change under the influence of causes outside itself. The effect was to establish a matrix into which accumulated data could be fitted. It provided a plan by which the data itself could be accumulated with some certainty that it would be sufficient and of the proper quality to resolve the problem. The committee set out cultural properties which appeared to affect acculturation. These were the mechanisms by which cultures maintained their boundaries, the ways in which structures were 'rigid' or 'flexible', the nature of cultural adjustments and self-corrections. They described the conditions affecting the nature of culture contact, such as the demography of the peoples involved and the ecology of their relationships. The direction and rapidity of cultural change were seen to be influenced by the sorts of intercultural roles and intercultural communications that existed. Finally, they provided a typology of acculturation: transmission of objects and ideas, cultural creativity, cultural disintegration, reactive adaptation, progressive adjustment, stabilized pluralism.

Of course, there is no 'matrix' in the observation of human behaviour. The anthropologist is no giant dropping a net over lilliputian cultures. 'Boundary mechanisms', 'ecology' and 'cultural creativity' are not observed. To recognize initiation rites as 'boundary-maintaining mechanisms' is a construct in itself, a flight of theoretical fancy, a little piece of cultural creativity on the anthropologist's part. Circumcision might set someone apart—make a cultural boundary. But a young man might also be circumcised because the gods demanded it, because women made derogatory remarks if it was not done, because it was cleaner. Those circumcised are not likely to tell some quizzical anthropologist that they were circumcised because it was a 'boundary-maintaining mechanism'. The anthropologist's secret knowledge of what circumcision *really* means belongs to his conversations with other anthropologists. There are an infinite number of meanings the act of circumcision can and does have. If the anthropologist lists 'being a boundary-maintaining mechanism' first, it is because it suits the set of his model. Had he been theologian, feminist, hygienist, economist,

psychologist or surgeon his priorities might have been different. The weave of human behaviour is unbroken. Knowledge of it, however, is divided. Any claim for hegemony in meaning is a product of fashion or power or agreement, not of realities intrinsic to the act.

History's problem with culture contact is of another sort. The past is almost always so parsimonious with its relics that to think of being able to fill such a matrix is a wild dream. To begin to fill in one box, say, the demographic conditions of culture contact, is to be instantly removed to methodological intrigues about how to discover numbers when there was no one to count them or, if there was some one to count, how to discount his errors. What meaning can be given to actions which now have existence only in descriptions written by those who did not understand what they were seeing, who never observed exhaustively, and whose sets of descriptive models are not given in tidy operational definitions but have first to be tediously discovered? Historians can and will borrow much from anthropologists' scanning not only of culture contact but of all aspects of human culture and society. But they cannot be said to be 'doing anthropology'. When anthropologists, however, extend their grumble about ethnohistory not being anthropology to an insistence that a history of culture contact or a history of traditional societies is impossible, that is another matter.

Anthropologists have the problem of relating their models of human behaviour to the actualities of human behaviour. Historians, on the other hand, are distrustful of models. Actualities are their bread and butter. With Everyman they categorize events as political, economic, psychological or social. They will even call themselves political, economic, social or psycho-historians. In the main, however, even when they put these blinkers on, they prefer not to reduce human behaviour to one aspect. They like their human beings whole. They savour the complexity of causes. They get large satisfaction out of unforeseen consequences and small chances that make great events.

The move between actuality and model is complex, difficult and dangerous. In the long love-hate relationship that has existed between anthropology and history, the love has always been because the two disciplines saw a mutual affinity in their reluctance to be classed as either a model-constructing or an actuality-describing science. Anthropologists love their models but they come to them out of ethnography, a most particularist art and science. Historians love their narrative and story but they dread to be dubbed antiquarian, interested in story as an end in itself. Historians might have a cuckoo-like propensity for borrowing theory. They might bluster a little when caught at theory-making. They might hide their theory and call it ideology or common sense. Yet they are always insistent that *istoria* (inquiry) is the correct description of their art and science. They are inquirers, askers of

questions, seekers of knowledge as well as wisdom. As such they must discover a language for their conversations, make explicit the boundaries of their discourse, establish the system of their meanings. The tension between model-construction and actuality-description is in both anthropology and history. That the tension *can* be resolved is a false hope; that it *should* be resolved is a wrong ideal. Discourse is unending. Nothing is discovered finally. The moments of understanding stand like sentences in a conversation, their meaning enlarged by personal presence, their context changed by their having been spoken.

Ethnohistory, as a discipline, is well placed to explore the nature of these tensions and contradictions. Claude Lévi-Strauss drove a wedge between anthropology and history by imagining that primitive cultures, the object of study of anthropology, are timeless, outside of history in their isolation from the European intruder. Primitive cultures enter time, become the objects of study of history, through the changes that contact made. As totally other, primitive cultures can only be known in their structures by anthropology. As recognizable in what European culture has imparted to them, they can be known in their particularity by history. It is difficult to know whether Lévi-Strauss believes his hyperbole should be taken literally. But to mimic it for the moment in order to make some points about ethnohistory, let us imagine that a totally other primitive culture has existed, for him in the Amazon jungle, for us in the isolation of the Pacific Ocean. There is only one way in which this totally other primitive culture can be known and that is by contact—by the anthropologist's contact if he is the first, by all the other intruders' contact if the anthropologist comes late. The totally other is either not known or in the context in which it is known it is changed. Ethnohistory's preoccupation with cultures beyond the European frontier has meant, as we have seen, the pursuit of an 'ethnographic present' as an imagined moment prior to the impact of intrusion. It is a moment that *historically* has never existed. It is a moment that existed in the past—these cultures had an existence before European intrusion. *Historically*—that part of the past which is knowable because of historical records—there is no 'ethnographic present' of traditional societies which is not post-intrusion. There are no descriptions, no persons, no events except those that have existence in historical records. Even myths and legends which purport to be about pre-intrusion reality are collected, indeed rendered lifeless, unchanging and permanent, by translation of the living word to paper, a metamorphosis that comes only with the intruder. The *historical* reality of traditional societies is locked together for the rest of time with the historical reality of the intruders who saw them, changed them, destroyed them. There is no history beyond the frontier, free of the contact that makes it.

The epistemological problems of ethnohistory are abiding. One can see beyond the frontier only through the eyes of those who stood on the frontier and looked out. To know the native one must know the intruder. Moreover, knowing native and intruder is revelatory of the qualities of human nature they both share. The ethnohistory of a mission station or of a naval vessel is as revealing as the ethnohistory of a clan or of an island. The rituals of a Catholic mass and the mythologies of Christian belief are as revelatory of the structure and ecology of the mind as are sacrifice and *tapu*. In the ethnohistory of culture contact, then, we are concerned to write the anthropology and the history of those moments when native and intruding cultures are conjoined. Neither can be known independently of that moment. They are both changed by it and change all the subsequent moments. But then again it is extravagant hyperbole to say that we cannot know something of their mutual independence as well.

How to know them in their independence is another question again. The most untrustworthy of historical sources in culture contact are the formal descriptions which observers give of the cultures they confront. In their abstraction these are constructed models of that culture. They centre on role (chief, priest, warrior), on institutions (marriage, religion, trade), on exotic customs (cannibalism, polyandry, *tapu*), on activities (bark-clothmaking, dancing, fighting), on material artefacts (houses, canoes, stone adzes). The models are timeless and general, heavily overlaid with the cultural assumptions of the observer. They are without action and without faces. They are all form and structure and rule. The untidiness and actualities of life are lost; exceptions go unnoticed. Anthropologists would say that we are confronted by a mechanical model, and we need a statistical model as well.

How to get both a mechanical model and a statistical model is the ethnohistorical problem. Rescuing personality and idiosyncrasy is not easy when the actors only flit across the stage and the audience is only passing. But historians have a conniving patience with detail and a well-founded belief that men are extraordinarily prolix in the marks they make on life. These marks have to be searched out patiently in library, archive, attic, trunk, in newspaper, letter, journal, public record. The historian's contribution to ethnohistorical conversation is to suggest that ethnography is more likely to be written out of the asides and stories of action and personality than out of the formal descriptions of the observer. The pain and tedium that an ethnographer in the field experiences in attempting to understand another culture is mirrored in the historian's effort to saturate himself with all that the past has left. The anthropologist's contribution to ethnohistorical conversation is to suggest a system by which the historical data might be understood.

Since the thrust of ethnohistory is ethnographic and since the historical reality of most ethnohistory is concerned with the confrontation between cultures, anthropology's contribution will be concerned with systems of understanding culture.

Out of the many definitions of culture, let us take one which says that culture is the system by which human beings externalize and communicate the meanings which they attach to their own and others' actions and to the environment in which they live. Obviously word and gesture have some primacy in that communication but the essential quality of all cultural objects is that they are significant. They have meaning. All cultural things are signs and symbols of something else. Being cultured means being able to read the signs, not for the univocal single meaning they have but for the meaning upon meaning that is piled up by context and condition. A cultured person, for example, reads the symbols of religious ritual not only for the formal explicit meaning they are said to have, but also for the meanings of status and power, of wealth and standing, of belief and agnosticism that all those who participate betray in their voice and gesture, their posture and clothing, their use of space.

Cultural identity turns around the recognition of meaning in all its externalized forms of role and ritual, symbol and material artefact. When individuals of distinct cultures confront one another, the boundary which separates them is their mutual ignorance of the other's systems of meaning. They display who they are and what they want to one another. Yet their actions have no cultural communication. Cross-cultural perception is about understanding words, perceiving gestures with the meaning with which they were offered, knowing the reciprocating behaviour that roles always demand, knowing a joke from a jibe, being able to read every social moment for its multiplicity of meanings. Ethnohistory of culture contact requires the understanding and description of the meaning systems of the confronting cultures and the understanding of the processes by which cultural artefacts as products of cultural meaning systems are transferred and transformed from one cultural system to another.

Space and Time

All the islands of Te Henua are without coastal plains. Their shores fall to the sea in giant cliffs which are broken by the deep rifts of valleys, sometimes narrow, sometimes broad and curved, rarely stretching back more than a mile or two to the central mountain core. The valley walls are ribs and spines of rocks. They stand sheer along the valleys' sides and backs. Access by land is difficult. Paths wind up cliffs or through saddles in the mountains, or they fade away into rock faces. The line of the mountain tops is jagged and disordered but clean, unmarked by men. A man standing against the sky is always startling. He will whistle or shout he is coming if he is a visitor; he will raise his fan and staff if he comes as a messenger with an invitation to a feast; he will gesture his threats and goads if he comes to fight. At night no one comes save the enemy.

From the valleys the sea is seen through the blinkers made by the bluffs of the cliffs. The sea is a narrow segment of the horizon, running rough and ruffled beyond the smoothness of the bay. Canoes and ships that pass are quickly gone, distant and mysteriously unconcerned. Those that round the bluffs are suddenly and startlingly present. To the men fishing in the bay in their small canoes and to women clambering along the rocks collecting shellfish and seaweeds at the water's edge, they are, unannounced, a threat. At night on the bays torches mark the canoes driving fish to the shores and to their nets: that is dangerous too. For men fish for more than things of the sea in these waters. Fishers of men are on the waters at night and spirits of the dead are on the land.

From mountaintop and from sea there was little to be seen of human markings in the valleys. Houses lay scattered among the trees behind the beach, out of sight and out of easy reach of the fishers of men. If there was a no man's land at the water's edge, the same was true of the deepest recesses of the valley. There, in a tangle of banyan (*aoa*), hibiscus (*hau*) and *Calophyllum* (*temanu*), was the most mysterious of their sacred places, the *me'ae*. It was sacred not in the sense that the people gathered there for worship or ceremony, but it was sacred in the sense of being cut off, separated, a residence of the most eminent and most fearful *tau'a*, or priest. He or she lived there behind a low stone wall in a charnel house of past sacrifices, of bones and skulls, of heads of pigs, of platters of mashed breadfruit, of coconuts and bark cloth.

In this island on an island, then, between the sea with its terrors and bounties and the *me'ae* with its mysteries and its ritual necessities, men built their houses. They made smaller islands for themselves. They raised their houses three or four feet from the valley floor on stone platforms which they called *paepae*. A household possessed a cluster of these *paepae* and each cluster was scattered about the valley. There were no strands, no villages, no hamlets. Perhaps a waterline would attract a number of clusters, but the rest were hidden in their own groves of breadfruit trees (*mei*), *hau* and paper mulberry trees (*ute*). On the largest of the *paepae* stood the sleeping house, set back on the platform, leaving a stone pavement before it. Its high-pitched roof reached the floor in the rear and left a low opening along the whole of the front. Two logs ran parallel along the floor for the heads and knees of sleepers. The space between was filled with matting. On a second *paepae* stood a small cooking or store house. On a third was a small roofed shelter where men ate together and where articles forbidden to women or dangerous to their owner's person were kept. Some clusters would include a fourth *paepae* behind a low stone wall where the dead were housed and sacrifices made.

If there was a centre to the valley buildings, it lay in the public place, the *tohua*. The *tohua* was a flat open space lined with a number of *paepae* which were stages from which to view the dances, eating places on which the food of the feasts (*koina*) were distributed. Men would have their *paepae* separate from women. Different ranks among both men and women would sit together. Visitors from other valleys would be identified by their own platforms. At some *tohua* ten thousand could sit together.

The *paepae* had some permanence. They stand even now in ruins, tangled with trees. Houses and shelters were more makeshift and were built and rebuilt according to needs and purposes. Special houses might be built for the birth of a chief's first child, for fishermen to make their nets, for the tattooist to do his work, for girls to learn a song. In the woods that were used, in the designs that ornamented them, in the thatching of the roofs, in the colour of the stones, Enata wrote their views of rank and wealth, of supernatural and magic, of the proper divisions of the natural world.

Enata brought with them either in the beginning or over the years almost all the plants and animals that made for their good life. Te Henua lay deep in the ocean, towards the end of the chain of Pacific islands that extends five thousand miles from the west. It is at a point where the winds and currents from the south-east begin to falter and near the zone where the sun is most constant and rain is inconsistent. The seas and winds sifted out all but a few species of plants, and of the animals even the birds were few. Enata brought pig, chicken and rat.



They also brought dog, but for some reason let it die away. Pig and chicken became for them things apart, items of social currency reserved for special people and special occasions. For foodstuffs other than plants they fished bay, sea and stream, and scoured the shores. What dominated their life and environment was the breadfruit. Breadfruit grew in Te Henua with extraordinary variety and vigour. It grew on the valley floors, up the slopes and deep in the valley reaches, fruiting two and three times a year. Enata could name more than thirty varieties of breadfruit; they divided their year into its four seasons, set their mathematical systems by its bundles of cropped fruit, associated their astronomic observations with its growth and waning, sang songs to its beauty and strength, hedged around every step in its planting and cropping with supernatural protection, killed those whose misbehaviour threatened it, and destroyed their enemies by destroying their trees. In Te Henua, the breadfruit reached its fullest and most varied development in all the Pacific. Enata did not cultivate it in any strict sense. They planted it and cropped it. They owned trees in isolated valleys, on the slopes of the hills, and around their houses, but they did not parcel up land to make orchards of them. They set a young tree in the ground for a new-born child. Their worst enemy was he who by curse or bad action could dry up the rains. When the rains failed, the fruit dropped before ripening. Then the usual easy abundance of the breadfruit and the carelessness of their heavy dependence became a curse. Enata died of starvation, sometimes in their thousands. Before they died they grubbed around for wild roots and tubers, picked leaves and shoots, or exploited the other fruits and vegetables they had brought with them, such as coconut (*ehi*) plantain (*meika*) and taro (*tao*). Apart from sorcery, they had one remedy for their lack of foresight. They could ferment the pulp of breadfruit and preserve it. This *ma* could be retrieved from small household pits for daily use. Against time of need they dug huge pits where the superabundance of a large harvest would keep for forty years or more. Nonetheless, they died in time of prolonged famine and they feared those whose curses were strong or who did not listen to the priests. Against their evil power they went fishing for men to sacrifice to their *atua*.

For Enata, their islands were their whole world. There was no outside world with which to trade, no other place to visit. Each of their islands had a special product, and Enata would travel dangerously across difficult seas to get it. Nukuhiva in the north produced the best *eka*, the turmeric root used to make a saffron, scented cosmetic with which they covered their bodies. Fatuiva in the south produced the best carved bowls for use in feasts and ceremonies. But there was no outside world and no dependence. Enata possessed their land in their ability to exploit it. They divided their labour to exploit it more efficiently and entrusted

each part, as it were, to a specialist, a *tuhuna*, whose deposit of knowledge was his and Enata's capital. *Tuhuna* were many. The most prestigious was *tuhuna o'ono*, he who knew the past, the songs, the names of the dead, the secret prayers. The netmaker, the housebuilder, the tattooist, the sorcerer, the stonecutter, the clothmaker, the canoebuilder were *tuhuna* also. They possessed Te Henua in their knowledge of its dyes and fibres, its gums and resins, its woods and oils, in their knowledge of the seasons of production, the moments of manufacture. The fisherman knew his waves, his clouds, his birds, his winds, his stars, his colours, all that made his hooks, his nets, his lines, his canoes, his lures and drugs, his prayers and his gods. Divided as Enata were into their different valleys and by their hostilities, each group had to possess its own capital of knowledge. They multiplied their skills as they multiplied their roles and institutions to make each group a small model of the whole. There were *tuhuna*, just as there were *haka'iki* (chiefs) and *tau'a*, who had influence and reputation over a whole island or even over all of Te Henua, but essentially Enata's worlds were small and whole.

Te Henua was Enata's knowledge of it; its space was Enata's organization of it, its time the sequences Enata imposed on it. The real world of Enata was a very particular one. Ask a man from Nukuhiva who he was, he might answer he was a 'Teii'. He would not answer that he was Nukuhivan. He was what his allegiances made him and in the rifted, divided islands of Te Henua no one ever owed allegiance to an island as a whole. Depending on the direction of your questioning, he might have meant he was 'Teii' and not 'Taipi' and that he belonged to one half of the great dual division of Nukuhiva which had existed from time immemorial and which, no matter what treaty or feast or marriage temporarily allayed violence, was always reinstated in easily made crises of accident and sorcery and insult. Or by 'Teii', a man might have meant that he was 'Teii' and not 'Naiki', 'Ati toka', 'Tuuho' or any of the fifteen to twenty groupings who, while they allied themselves under the more general name of Teii, reserved for themselves the right to be violently divisive among themselves as well as united in their confrontation with the Taipi. If the Teii man was from Taiohae, he might have answered that he was also 'Ahunia', 'Kikoe', 'Pakiu', 'Havau', 'Meau', 'Oata' or 'Oupa'. They were all smaller groupings who lived together in the valleys and corners of the great bay of Taiohae. The violence between them was muted, and they came together more readily than, say, Teii and Taipi for social intercourse. But they each had property, sacred places, domains of political power and ritual plays of communality to mark their distinctions. Enata's social and physical environment was highly fragmented, their larger unions highly volatile.

There was a more personal answer the man of Teii might have given to the question of who he was. He might have said he was Keatonui or

Moana. This might have been the name given him at birth, never his father's but likely, if he were first-born, to be his grandfather's. His given name at birth was only one of a kit of names he would have acquired. The different events of his life, his tattooing, the marriage of his son, his killing of an enemy, each would have given him a name. A sickness, an accident, a deformity, the quality of his tattoos would earn a descriptive title. The names were concrete, near to nicknames: 'Mahuka' ('Wicked'), 'Tuhuka' ('Wise'), 'Ope-Vahine' ('Woman's Bottom'), 'Tutuikiva' ('Bird Dung'). Enata would also exchange names with a visitor or to mark some alliance or to seal some favour. *E inoa*, they called it. The exchange was not just ceremony or compliment. In it they exchanged some part of their lives with its obligations and rules, with its status, authority and relations. Then they would confidently call on others to see in them their new person.

Who Enata were was fragile and particular, easily changed, shifting with the relationships against which they established their definitions. Union—their coming together—and category—the ways in which they saw themselves—seemed easily dissolved. Associations were loosened by their very multiplicity. In their adolescence, Enata would cluster for a time to learn their songs and dances, but essentially the clusters were not generational. Enata did not move through life in age cohorts. Generations, in any case, were skewed by the social fictions of marriage and adoption and name-exchange. An infant might be father to a man. A son might be older than his father. The abiding sense that outsiders had of Enata's culture was of its expediency. There seemed little that was so sacred or so permanent that it could not be adjusted to realities. Being first-born, for example, was supposed to give a child a lien on the titles, status and property of its line, but the realities of male and female, of the numbers of relations, of political power, intervened. And in any case 'being first-born' was more a matter of definition and acceptance than a physically determined reality of seed and womb.

There were two concepts that shared this quality of expediency and organized Enata's space and time. They were *haka'iki* and *tapu*. Outsiders found *haka'iki* and *tapu* easy words to translate, but difficult concepts to grasp. *Haka'iki* was 'chief' or 'king'; *tapu* was 'taboo'. But the reality behind the notions was confusing. Aoe of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, for example, exhausted the models of their own political experience trying to explain a society that had order without apparent authority, that held together without formal organization. *Haka'iki* should have been a 'chief', but he was not. Instead, *haka'iki*'s authority seemed to be modest and he seemed to possess very few distinguishing marks. For Aoe who had visited other areas in the Pacific, Enata were a sharp contrast to other Polynesians. They had no sovereignty, no subordination, only a wild spirit of independence accompanied by an unusual degree of self-consequence. The *haka'iki* could

not call on taxes or on personal services. They received no remarkable rituals of deference. They were dependent on influence rather than authority. Te Henua was a republic *en sauvage*. In these circumstances Enata were a puzzle. How could an anarchic community possess the social order to construct the large-scale stoneworks of the *me'ae* and the *tohua*? How could there be rank without social reverence, government without the trappings of power? A Scotsman thought the nearest analogy was the Scottish laird system. It was neither a feudal nor a patriarchal society, said Etienne Marchand. It was both, said two others. Even the British, who could rarely see any political mode other than a kingly one, could see that their model did not quite fit. They felt more comfortable, however, in continuing to use it. Anything but monarchical, said the Russians. The French, themselves slightly ambivalent about kings they had guillotined and emperors who crowned themselves, thought that if they put a cardboard crown on a *haka'iki* all the inconsistencies would go away, and they could write treaties, exact tribute, conscript soldiers and be comfortable in empire.

'Taboo' was one of the first Polynesian concepts to have some meaning to Pacific island visitors. Perhaps in Tahiti 'tayo'—friend—was a word whose meaning was thought to be known before 'taboo', but at Vaitahu and Taiohae when Aoe asked why it was that women swam to the ships while men came in canoes, Enata answered it was because canoes were *tapu*. When Aoe asked why it was that the hogs they saw could not be traded, they were told that the hogs were *tapu*. Enata backed away in fear if visitors tried to touch their head, and said *tapu*. Aoe were warned away from sacred places with the word *tapu*. It was *tapu* for men to go below decks if women stood above, *tapu* for men to eat with women, *tapu* for men to touch women's clothing, *tapu* to put a hand under a woman's sleeping mat. 'Taboo' is what Aoe heard and they took it as something forbidden. They saw it as a negative concept, irrational in its application, with no source of power save perhaps the 'chiefs' who could impose it. Like 'tayo' in Tahiti, 'taboo' was useful in cross-cultural intercourse. For captains worried by theft or unruly behaviour, 'taboo' was an easy notion to transpose. Ships could become 'taboo', certain days or hours could be 'taboo'. Because Enata marked their *tapu* places with strips of white *tapa* bark cloth, or because red was their *tapu* colour, white or red flags on Aoe ships could signal times and places that were 'taboo'. That *tapu* held Enata captive seemed clear. Except for those times when *tapu* seemed inapplicable in Aoe's company, Enata obeyed *tapu* with fear. Those who broke *tapu*, they said, would get *kovi*, a leprous skin complaint, and die. When the breadfruit failed or when the fishermen missed their catch, the sorcerers would first look for those who had broken *tapu*.

Tapu did indeed hold Enata captive and its manifestations seemed without end and without reason. Sometimes whole species of plants and

animals would be *tapu*. *Kava*, bonito, squid, turtle, cocks, red-coloured hogs, different things in different valleys, permanently or temporarily, to all or some were *tapu*. Sometimes particular objects would be *tapu*: that breadfruit tree or this stand of coconut trees. Sometimes the whole valley would be *tapu* and there would be no noise, no drums, no fires, no movement of women outside their houses, no rubbing of bodies with oil and *eka*. Men and women eating together was, of course, *tapu*, but there were also foods that only men of equal rank could eat together and other foods that could be eaten only by first-born women. The rules that surrounded persons and personal space seemed even more minute and absurd. Things that fell from the body or passed through it were carefully guarded. Hair that fell or was cut was secreted in sacred places, the lice eaten. Women would never stand over a cooking place. They would never step over what had been carried above a man's shoulder or had been lifted over his head. They would step gingerly by the leaves fallen from a tree shading a house because the leaves had intruded on the personal space above a man's head. Crawling children were watched lest they put their heads under people's legs or under furnishings that would then have to be destroyed.

To Aoe 'taboos' were picayune and bewilderingly irrational. Some *tapu* were thought to be intelligible as means by which women were kept in a degraded state; others were intelligible as symbols and instruments of social class. Most were seen to be without purpose or function and were taken as haphazard superstitions, sacraments of savagery that signalled benighted minds and would keep them as such perpetually. They were seen as burdensome and capricious, morally disgusting, socially oppressive.

Aoe were ill-equipped to understand either *haka'iki* or *tapu*. They found it difficult to recognize a political and social reality which did not display in sign and ritual the sorts of authority they thought natural. Where there was little conspicuous display of wealth in dress and ornamentation they had difficulty in picking up the more subtle differences which marked off the *haka'iki*. They could not know the value of his *hiapo*, the reddish cloth around his waist that was made from the bark of the young banyan tree and that only he and his first-born son might wear. They could not know what capital was invested in the tattoos that covered his body, or that the *pawahina*, the ornament made from an old man's white beard, and *ouoho*, the bands of hair at the *haka'iki*'s wrists and ankles, were more valuable than anything Aoe could offer him. Where deferential rituals did not correspond to their image of what was reverent and dignified they could not find the *haka'iki* in the mass of excited islanders. They could not see the way his *tapu* sanctity was recognized in name and title or the social carefulness that was used in all that concerned the *haka'iki*'s body and clothing. When the ultimate test

of authority was taken to be the capacity to transmit instructions along a permanent structural chain of command and to support that structure with force, Aoe could not see that a non-administrative authority might find support in the cycles of exchange ceremonial that marked moments in the lives of individuals and in the continuity of the group.

Enata saw both *haka'iki* and *tapu* differently. For them, *haka'iki* was the true centre of their society in space and time. Through *tapu* individuals, animals, vegetation, mountains, sea, soil and all that men made were graced with a relationship to the *haka'iki*. In time, the past, present and future belonged to the *haka'iki*. To him belonged the *atua*, the gods, whose line ran back to the beginning of time. To him belonged also the rhythm of social life in its cycle of events and anniversaries. From him came the pledge of continuity, through his first-born. In space, his person held the fullness of *tapu*. Everything else held it permanently or temporarily, in greater or lesser degree, by its relation to him. To know the *tapu* was to know a social map of Te Henua.

The past lay heavily on Te Henua. The dead still occupied the land. They were everywhere to be seen and were at all times remembered. The dead stayed mostly where they had lived. Sometimes they still sat in the houses of the living, their parched skins wrapped in huge rolls of white *taiaha*, their heads crowned with feathers, at their necks pearl and turtle-shell gorgets. More usually they sat or lay in canoe-like coffins on a small platform in the household clearing. When time and weather had wasted them away altogether, their skulls and bones were taken to secret places in the mountains. The skulls of *haka'iki* were kept as relics of their power in the *me'a'e* where they had sacrificed and sung or in the sanctuaries of fishermen whose catches they had secured.

Aoe of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries had an almost necrophilic interest in the funerary customs of Enata. The gloomy groves with their littered bones, the hardened corpses and stone monuments were a romantic backdrop for their prejudices about uncivilized natives. In the sudden ease with which Enata could turn from mourning to laughter, in the distractions that easily interrupted a funeral ceremony, Aoe saw Enata as superficial and callous, without the attachments and depth of emotions that true culture brought. To Enata, nonetheless, the dead, and with them the past, were always present. William Pascoe Crook, whom we will meet in a little while, was the first Aoe to live among Enata. He saw the dead and dying and described how it was:

When the person dies, the Women make a great howling, but, at intervals, converse, with apparent unconcern.

A kind of Bier [*papa tupapuku*] is made of Warlike Weapons, tied across each other; and is usually set up in a small house, adjoining to

the habitation of the deceased person. The Corpse, neatly dressed, is laid out upon the bier; and continues some days, till it becomes very offensive. It is watched, and lights are burned by night; the priests attending, and chanting mournful ditties.

The principal business on funeral occasions is to prepare a feast. While the provisions are baking, a principal man, dressed with Cloth, Ornaments and a very large hame [*hami*], sometimes kept for the purpose, goes to invite the priests, and superior orders. Thus decorated, and furnished with a fan, he goes round to their houses, calling out, to *kai* [*to kai*], or (this is) your invitation.

The Persons summoned, collect in a tabbu house; and the Women, finely adorned, assemble without side the house, as spectators. The Priests, at the front of the house, set about making a sort of small shrine of white rods of purow [*hau?*], and Cocoa Nut leaves curiously twisted, with bits of white Cloth. They are in various forms; some in imitation of their houses. Little Urns, made of Cocoa Nut leaves, are placed at the sides of the Shrines; and provisions are put within the Shrines, in Cocoa Nut shells; which the departed spirit is expected to partake of. His scent is also supposed to be regaled by Cocoa Nut oil, into which hot stones are put for the purpose.

The priests continue, in the meantime, chaunting, and till they conclude their songs, no person must meddle with the provisions, nor even light a fire within their sight. All continue fasting, till the hogs are baked; which is seldom finished before the afternoon. The Women are also usually restrained, on these occasions, from anointing themselves. When the hog is at length, brought from the Oven, commonly half done; the Master of the family cuts up the flesh with a bamboo cane, and separates the bone with a sharp stone. The head is always the Portion of the Priest; and often some other part; which he usually prefers, and therefore lays aside the head, for another meal. The joints are distributed to the principal persons; who invite others to partake with them. Vegetables and pudding, served in leaves, accompany the pork. When enough has been eaten, each person sets aside what he has left, against another meal in the same place. They sit and talk there, or go away and return, till the whole provisions are expended; which sometimes requires more than one day. The Meat is often returned to the oven; sometimes even a third time; and is the better for the additional dressings.

The Coffin [*pa'aha*] is sometimes prepared beforehand; but if not, it is made ready to receive the Corpse, after the feast. It is commonly a tree, cut to a proper length, and hollowed out, except at the ends, which are left solid; and it is nicely polished. A cover is neatly fitted to it, and the Corpse being deposited within, the whole is bound round with Sinnet, made of the fibres of Cocoa Nut husk.

Sometimes the Coffin is nearly flat, resembling a Butchers tray, and without covering. This mode is regarded as equally respectful with the former. The Corpse is commonly deposited in a small house, or rather loft, raised on Poles [*taha tupapa'u*], situated near either the house of the deceased, or in a sacred inclosure. Near these lofts, they erect several wooden or stone pillars, not more than two feet high, sometimes carved to resemble a human face. On the top of these pedestals, are laid round flat stones, to hold provisions; and small shrines, with leaves wrapped up, so as to contain Water, placed at the ends of each shrine. This is designed for the sustenance of the Spirit of the deceased; but as he does not take it, the birds, lizards, and Cockroaches, usually divide it among them; and the Rats get the greatest proportion, if their ascent to the top of the table is favoured by any thing that falls against the pillars, so as to afford a sloping communication with the ground.

The washing and dressing of the body (*poou*), the wailing (*ue haanei nei*), the invitation (*tokai*), the priests' chants (*hakeoko*), the immediate feasts (*koina vai mate*), the erection of a special *tapu* house (*fa'e vahé*), the succession of memorial feasts (*mau tupapa'u*), the final great feast and disposal of the bones at the *me'a'e* were the common fixed steps for the passage of the soul and the disposal of the body. But death was also a social register. The elaborateness of the funeral feast and the number who were willing to assist in the building of the burial house were measures of social position. Rank could be seen in the type and ornamentation of the *taha tupapa'u* or burial houses. The simplest were four-posted sheds with double, enclosed roofs. The more elaborate were ordinary houses, enclosed behind stone walls with their wooden pillars ornamented in black and red cordage. The *me'a'e* of those of the highest *tapu* were planted with numerous fruit trees and the ground in them was covered with the remnants of sacrifice and a profusion of uncollected fruits, signs of the riches of the *atua* who dwelled there. The number of memorial *mau*, the frequency of anniversaries and the extensiveness of their invitations were a social currency of both the quick and the dead. The corpses of *kikino*, those without *tapu*, were deposited in the trees or taken out to sea.

There was another scrip in the social currency of death, that which concerned the *heana*, the victim. At the death of a *haka'iki* or of a *tau'a*—one of the wild, dishevelled men of prophecy who lived in the recesses of the valleys—Enata would go looking for *heana*. They called it fishing, *e ika*. Edward Robarts, the second Ae to live among Enata, described what he saw in 1798.

When a person dies they make a feast the same day, and if they have got any hogs they kill some for the feast. The body is wash'd and laid in state. If a warrier, he is dressed in his war dress, and his im-

plements of war are laid by him. One person of respect is chosen to invite those friends they chuse to point out. Numbers of women always come to weep over the deceased. Their tears are always very handy. I have seen women weep with so much apparent sorrow that I thought their hearts would break, and in the same breath would get up wipe her eyes and go sing in another part of the house, or tell those around her what a fine schole of fish had been caught that day. This sudden change I could not let pass unnoticed to see the difference between real and false sorrow. The Prophets followers always come to sing their ceremonies [in] a dialect peculiar to themselves [which] they keep [up] till the feast is ready. It is served up to the guests upon the family altar. The great men and strangers of rank are always invited. My being named after the chief was treated in fact with more respect than himself. For when he came, he might sit where he could, but for me they would make a seat. This Kindness was never forgotten by me; for, if I smiled or seemed pleased, they thought themselves amply rewarded. People of rank make several feasts in memory of their deceased friends. They always send some of the feast to the prophets Moria where there is some of the Pagan fraternity to eat what is sent. There is a rough image fixt in the ground at the Moria. On the head of this log of wood is put a small part of everything sent. This no one eats, being held sacred. The funeral feast of a prophet is only eat by those belonging to the Moria and the surviving prophets. As soon as a prophet is dead a flying party sets out in quest of an offering to the departed prophet. They go down into the enemies valley in the night time and lay in ambush till some unfortunate victim passes by. They rush on their prize. Away they shoulder it—sometimes before the neighbours are alarmed till they have got clear off. Then they stop on the ridge of the mountain at some clear spot to be seen by those in the valley. They then display to their view the unhappy victim [who] is tied to a pole and carried by two men. At the same time they set up the war whoop three times and then make the best of their way. The body is carried to the prophets Moria, and sometimes it is sacrificed or hung on a tree for that purpose. The Valley is tabooed [that is] to say an embargo that no fire shall be made for seven days or any females to be seen out of their houses. And if any strange canoes should land during the deceased prophets funeral ceremony, as soon as [it is] actually landed, and the canoe is hauled up. The canoe with its contents, men and all, is taken and carried on mens shoulders to the Moria as an offering to their deity. Now sometimes the stranger perceives his danger before it is too late and he escapes clear.

Enata fished mainly among their enemies, and of these mainly among the *kikino*: the poor, the servants, the men and women without *tapu* whose work or social marginality put them on the dangerous edges of their communities. Enata would divide their catch between the offerings they would leave at the *me'ae* and the meal they would make of the bodies.

Sacrifices and feasts expressed the double dimension of almost every social action of Enata. They were very selective in their acts of worship. The pantheon of their gods was very large, but among them were many that were too metaphysical, as it were, to be involved in the affairs of daily life. They had done their work in a primal copulation which began the universe, but they were not caretakers. There were many more gods too attached to one aspect of the physical and social environment to warrant attention in any but particular need. In the middle were the gods who were the objects of Enata's pragmatic transcendentalism. They were the gods that belonged to the *haka'iki* lines. Those lines were long and were often ceremonially recited. They led back to the patrons of critically important parts of Enata's world, such as the breadfruit; but attention in Enata's worship and sacrifice was highly foreshortened to gods of the *haka'iki*'s immediate past. God-production and incarnation were two important religious industries in Te Henua. The recently dead would displace those longer dead as gods of importance. Indeed there was a border land between life and death in which some living *tau'a* and *haka'iki* were known as *atua*, gods. For those not already gods, the sacrifice of *heana* was the sacrament that made them so. For those who were already gods, the sacrifices were sacraments of confirmation and expressions of their greatness. For the living, for the last in the line of the *haka'iki* and for the people tied to his line by *tapu*, the sacrifices made the strength of their *atua* and told of it.

Sacrifice, like the constant presence of the dead, created a temporal dimension for Enata, joined their past with their present. Feast was a more spatial metaphor. Feasting (*koina*), of course, found wider expression than the eating of human flesh of *heana*. From birth to death and to life beyond, each major moment of the *haka'iki*'s life was celebrated with a *koina*: his birth, his naming, his circumcision, his betrothal, his tattooing, his marriage, the birth of his first-born, the puberty of his daughter, his victory in war, his fishing catches, his death, his memorials—these were moments in the *haka'iki*'s life that mapped the networks around him. Each *koina* was marked by its *tapu* of preparation. Sometimes the *tapu* might last for years so that the food might be hoarded, the *tapa* made, the feathers and pearl shells collected, the sinnet woven, the songs and dances learned. To the *koina*, which might last for days and weeks, guests from other valleys would come and know by the hospitality extended how great the *haka'iki* was and the Enata to whom he belonged. In a world whose social groupings were as divided and particular as Enata's, they hardly knew a time in the year in which some moment in the life of some *haka'iki* was not being celebrated. But feasting was even more constant than the public displays and entertainments of the *haka'iki*. Every social moment—the making of a canoe, the weaving of a fishing net, the preparation for battle—was celebrated by setting the participants apart under *tapu*, by their eating together of food

that itself had been set apart under *tapu*. The *tohua*, the dancing and feasting place, was the focal point of each valley. The *tohua* themselves had their focal points at the *tapu paepae* where the *haka'iki* and other *tapu* men could sit and feast. But there were many other spaces set aside for smaller, more select *koina*.

Koina, heana, mau — feast, sacrifice, memorial — were metaphors of Enata's lives. The rituals that surrounded these metaphoric events played out in word and action Enata's focus in time and space on the *haka'iki*. The exchanges were gestures pointing to the true centre of their social lives. Metaphors, rituals, gestures need a sympathetic ear to be heard and a knowing eye to be seen. Enata perceived, for example, the space that surrounded their bodies in ways peculiar to them. The *tapu* of their heads determined their posture and their movements. Knowing the reach of *tapu* was social knowledge. Did a bird that flew overhead breach a man's *tapu*? What happened when an infant pulled at his beard? When he tripped and tumbled which was up and which was down? Enata had to know dimensions and distances, occasions and persons, what was absolute and what was relative. Aoe, who saw inconsistencies in obedience to the rules that surrounded *tapu*, supposed that *tapu* was losing its hold or that *tapu*, like Enata's savage emotions, touched only the surface of things. But this sensitivity to the dimensions of *tapu* and even its secret breach are evidence of the reality of the metaphor not of its irrelevance. The breaches and the casuistry did not destroy the rule. There is a flexibility in metaphor, ritual and gesture that allows them meaning without demanding absolute regularity. The destruction of such metaphors, however, is more personally and socially costly. We will see the cost when Enata were forced to walk under women's clothing hung on a chapel door, or when men and women were made to eat together on a *tapu* place. When the breach of *tapu* was made with drama, the action was solvent of the structure itself. Then there was an emptiness, and for Enata it was a terrible, almost suicidal, time when their metaphors, rituals and gestures had no meaning and as yet no new metaphors had come across the beach to give their island a different focus in time and space.

Tapu was an organizing principle of Enata's social and physical environment. It defined their personal space and gave order and focus to their larger environment. They had other ways in which they organized their environment. One was the system of categories they imposed on their physical world. Another was the second, spirit world they saw around them. Every plant and tree, every natural event was named for the spirit being that was its guardian or of whom it was an expression. Yet another was the way in which Enata read their world for the signs and meanings it gave them about themselves. Te Henua, then, was all four of these orders of meaning together. *Tapu*, category, the spirit

dimension and sign reading were the ways in which Enata made their islands.

It is not possible here to display all the categories of Enata's physical world or to describe the fullness of their knowledge and their wide-ranging exploitation of their environment. On islands, such knowledge was their only capital. To modern man, distanced so far from his environment by industry, trade and division of labour, their knowledge seems a remarkable triumph. It was hidden almost entirely from Aoe who looked at them across the beach. Enata's need for food, for medicine, for cosmetics, as well as for substances that would bind, support, contain, dig, lift, shift, stir, insulate, shelter, cover, dye and decorate drove them to discover in their islands the fibres, leaves, woods, seeds, saps and resins that would make their world whole. They knew in great particularity, for example, the food plants they depended upon for daily nourishment. They touched and smelt them to make finer the distinctions they formed between the sizes and shapes of fruits and foliage, the textures of skin and bark, heights, times and lengths of maturation and fruiting. For breadfruit (*mei*), plaintain and banana (*meika, huetu*), coconut (*ehi*) and taro (*tao*), they distinguished thirty-four, seventy-five, fifty and thirty varieties respectively. There were certain trees and plants, like the coconut, whose uses were so multiple that they could be said to be totally exploited. The coconut's nuts and buds were food; its oil was cosmetic, medicine, waterproofing, balm; its nutshells were cups, containers, graters; its husk fibres were cordage and lines; its leaves were for thatch, torches, woven baskets, fans and mats; on the spine of its leaves Enata hung their candlenut lamps and the seeds and flowers of their *hei* (garlands); its branches and leaves were used in ceremony—as *tapu* signs, as dress for *tau'a*, as covering for the dead, as signs of peace and treaty.

As there were trees and plants that were totally exploited, so there were also industries that exploited a whole range of elements in the environment. Fishing was one of these. Enata needed narcotics to stun the fish and found them in *hutu* (*Barringtonia speciosa*), *kiki* (*Rhynchosia punctata*), *kohuhu* (*Tephrosia piscatoria*), *kokuu* (*Sapindus saponaria*). For their nets and lines they drew on not only the coconut and hibiscus but a half dozen other grasses, vines and trailers: *kakao* (*Misanthus jacopus*), *pakoko* (*Phaseolus amoenus*), *papa* (*Phaseolus adenanthus*), *pute* (*Boehmeria platyphylla*), *to* (*Saccharum distichophyllum*). For canoe hulls, outriggers, floats, paddles, bailers, prows, sterns and the sewn sections of the canoes' sides, they used hibiscus and breadfruit tree wood and also *hutu*, *mai* (*Terminalia catappa*), *manee* (*Alphitonia marquesensis*), *mio* (*Thespesia populnea*), *netae* (*Erythrina indica*), *pukapuka* (*Hernandia nukuhivensis*), *temanu* (*Calophyllum inophyllum*). They caulked the hull with coconut fibres and mosses, such as *inu* (*Trichomanes latilabiatum*), and sealed it

with coconut oil. For gums to bond their sinnet, fix their hooks, append their statues (*tiki*), they chose from among the saps and resins of *hiapo* (*Ficus marquesensis*), *ihi* (*Inocarpus edulis*), *kokuu* (*Sapindus saponaris*), *manee* (*Alphitonia marquesensis*), *mei* (*Artocarpus ineisa*), *uhi* (*Dioscorea alata*), and *tevaii* (*Santalum freycineti*).

For their bodies Enata found bleaches and stains, depilatories and cleansers; they named and used more than fifty plants to make their crowns and wreaths, necklaces and ornaments. When they had tumours and wounds, fevers and burns, sicknesses and inflammations, bleedings and fractures, they had a leaf, a bark or a fruit that they knew would heal it. They had nightshades and storkweeds to keep away the gods; poisons and baits for sorcery; sedges and ferns with which to bury the dead or on which to bear a child.

If they knew their grasses, their algae, their mosses, their trees and shrubs, their weeds and fruits very particularly, the same was true of Enata's fish, shellfish and birds. The surviving remnants of their lost knowledge show that they named more than three hundred and fifty kinds of fish, more than sixty-three kinds of molluscs, more than thirty crustaceans: the empty enumeration makes a lifeless desert of what was once a living island of discovery and recognition, learning and communication.

The living islands were richer even than that. Being Enata meant more than possessing the knowledge of their physical environment and using it. We have seen how frequently they changed their own personal names. They also gave personal names to mountains, rocks, leaves, canoes and parts of canoes, and the parts of their bodies. They categorized their physical world, but they also named its parts idiosyncratically. In reflection of this particularity, their supernatural world was as richly varied. Every human condition, every natural species, every physical phenomenon had its *atua*, its god, to support it or to threaten it. The vast pantheon of spirits, each with its individual name, was a looking-glass world for a world that had to be known not merely for its divisions and categories but also for its idiosyncratic personality.

Enata fashioned a geography for this very particular world out of the direction of the winds. There was no north-south-east-west, but there was *Tua to Ha*, the wind most constant during the three breadfruit seasons of *Ua*, *Ko-mui* and *Mataiki* from April to October. It blew from the south-east across Fatuiva to Hiva Oa and from there to Ua Pou, Nukuhiva and Ua Huka. *Tua to Ha* dropped its water on the eastern sides of all the islands and on the south-eastern more than the northern. So each island was divided by its wet and its dry sides. From November to March the wind swung to the north and east and became *Tiu*. On other occasions the wind would swing west of north, coming in gales and storms. For the winds that came from different points around their horizon, Enata had thirty-two names.



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As the winds which prevailed in their breadfruit seasons gave them directions, so those breadfruit seasons themselves gave them an annual time. They also knew the stars and the passage of the sun in association with these seasons. The seasons gave a rhythm to the year. Each one, but especially the largest, *Ua*, meant a short period of intense labour in which the breadfruit was cropped and laid in the pits. When the labour was done, they became also seasons of feast, as groups and individuals used their plenty to make their memorials or show their wealth. These broader divisions seemed more important to Enata than more specific sequences. Or rather their sense of time was more attached to ceremony than it was to astronomy. They named the lunar months; they named each lunar phase; they named both the days and the nights of each month. The lists of these names lie like fossils in the records that observers collected, but no one says whether all Enata or only some knew the names, or whether each day and night was marked by some special action that made it recognizable, or whether each Enata knew the moon's position and so distinguished each night. Their daily lives were irregular. They did not collect for meals or discipline the day with labour and leisure. Their punctiliousness about repetition and order was reserved for the sequences that followed a death or prepared for a marriage. About ceremony they were very rubrical and gave it very precise rhythms. So if one could imagine what is unimaginable, their sense of time was highly coloured by the character of the actions that marked it, rather than defined by an abstract concept that gave regularity and progression.

Enata had many other ways of reading their physical universe and making sense of it. Love came from the intestines (*koekoe*), courage from the liver (*ate*), life from the voice (*eo*) and breath (*menaue*). They made heaven male and earth female, and carried this division to body and spirit, things mortal and immortal, changing and unchanging. They saw the male in the sun, sticks, fruit-picking poles, roots, tradewinds and comets. Female they recognized in glittering leaves, seashells, ripe fruit, dancing flames, open buds, red pandanus and corsages of flowers. Colours and shapes had their portents. Yellow clouds around the moon foretold death; wispy hook-shaped clouds made red by the sun, and red algae in the sea were harbingers of war and the search for *heana*.

There were portents and symbols that every man could read and there were portents that only those possessed of sorcerers' skills could read, or of which only those in touch with the gods could tell. Enata's carefulness about their personal space and everything that entered it was well conceived by their own reckoning, for they knew that the cause of sickness, accident and misfortune lay in the intrigues of their enemies or in their own neglect of proprieties. They had sorcerers who could tell them which it was and how the circumstances might be remedied. The sorcerers were of two kinds: *umuko* who could catch a man's spirit in a leaf

or see it in water floating in a coconut shell; *nanikaha* who would capture a hair or some excrement or some clothing, bind it in twine and bury it in dirt or sink it in water at varying depths according to the degrees of discomfort they wished to cause. Sorcerers diagnosed and cured and practised preventive medicine by causing ill to enemies. They also moved with fair facility between the spirit dimension and the practical dimension of Enata's world, for they knew their herbs and medicines as well as their spells.

There is no way in which one can transpose into a few words the social realities that men construct and play out. The four corner-stones of that social reality are thought to be religion, economics, social relations and politics. They all find expression in the space and time that are the world in which men live; the story of cultural change is the story of the way in which space and time are reconstructed. In the case of Enata, the religious aspect was self-sufficient. There was nothing to challenge it. It was not unchanging, but its changes were in the metaphoric and symbolic mode of Te Henua. The religion that Aoe was to bring was also self-sufficient. There are few signs that either Catholic or Protestant belief was challenged by exposure to the religious systems of Enata. Catholic and Protestant cosmologies determined Catholic and Protestant behaviour towards Enata, and as these cosmologies reflected and supported related economic and political systems their triumph over the cosmologies of Enata would remake Te Henua. In Catholic and Protestant categories, morality, sense of location in the universe, rituals and actions and metaphors were imbedded different notions of space and time. Conversion would demand of Enata not merely a new set of religious beliefs. They would need to see their whole world in a new light. In their own world their religious conceptions were indistinguishable from their more secular ideas. Their relationship to the space of their Land was inextricably mixed up with their sense of the time they had been there and the time to come. The past gave them title; the future promised permanence by its relation to the past. They had title from their ancestral lines: they owned the Land because they could recite who had been there before them. Their lines held all the names of all the gods who affected their well-being. Their sacrifices propitiated these gods and showed how effective these gods were. Enata had no wealth that could be accumulated. What they accumulated were the obligations they were owed by the distribution of their wealth. *Koina*, the feast, was their marketplace. All the foods, all the ornamentations, all the energy used in dance and song were expended in a short time. What remained was a lien on tomorrow. Aoe's notion of wealth and property was altogether different. It held a different concept of space and time. Aoe produced their property outside Te Henua. It had value measured by other means. It was cargo produced by a different organization and embodied what were for Enata unknowable systems of

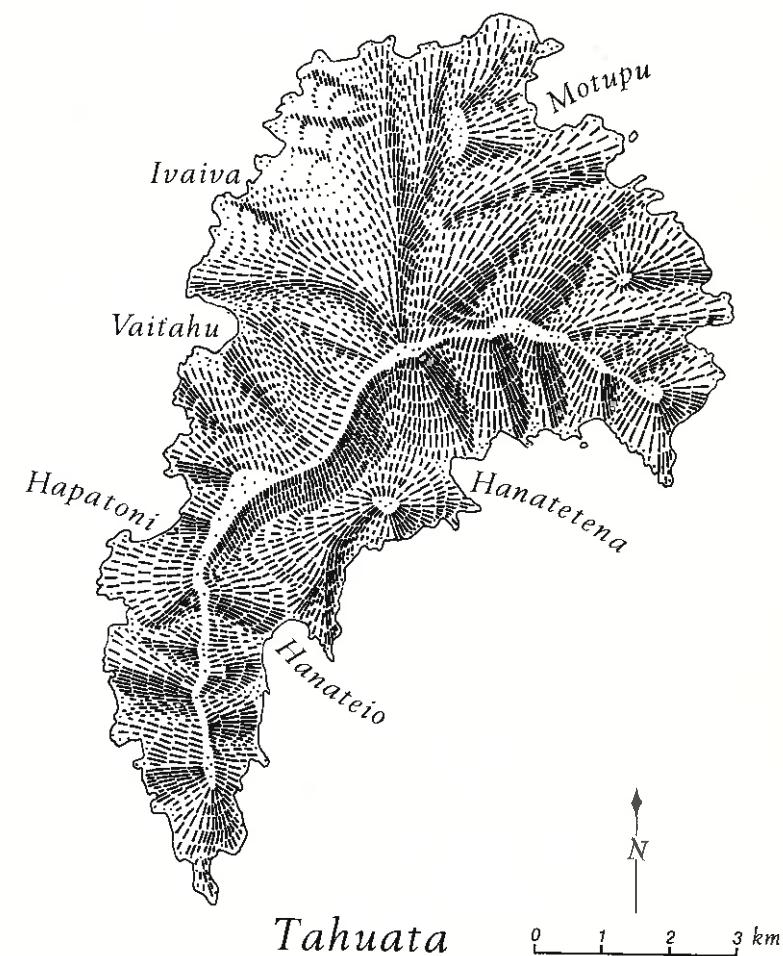
signs. Aoe's transactions with Enata were not exchange. They were trade. Aoe offered goods which Enata could not reproduce, for wealth Enata could not redeem. Aoe's property had no past and no future. It was momentary. Wealth was expended with no call on the future. It presumed a self-sufficiency of every moment and a reshaping of the notions of person, of labour, of value to make it so.

Enata knew who they were from their own unique roles and rituals. In the way they smelt, in their sense of beauty and their postures, in the way they spent their days, they knew their proper persons. Their social sins were their own. Aoe came with different definitions of what it was to be a man or a woman. With Aoe's coming, a woman with two husbands became unnatural, sacrifices to the gods murder, a woman's waistcloth immodest, coconut oil on the body rancid, tattooing savage. Beauty, propriety make the man. In making what was beautiful ugly and what was good bad, Aoe remade the Land.

The ways of dominating others and the symbols of power are culturally special. For Enata social power rested with the man or woman in whom the two most important ancestral lines met. All others shared that power according to how near they temporarily or permanently stood, socially, to that meeting point. Displays of wealth or of physical prowess and courageous leadership were secondary and dispensable assets. Aoe had none of these prerequisites of power but he had the force of violence in his cannon and muskets. The sort of power he needed to protect his property, to allow his trade and to ensure what he saw as order, was different; it was supported by different forces and different legitimacies; it was directed to different ends from the power Enata invested in their *haka'iki*. In making *haka'iki* 'kings' or even 'chiefs', Aoe remade the Land.

Tahuata is a leaf-shaped island nine miles long and in parts five miles wide, lying across the south-east winds. It is the remaining north-west segment of a volcanic crater. The rim of the crater, a thousand feet high at its lowest point, forms a curving ridge that divides the island east and west and rises behind Vaitahu to above three thousand feet. The east and west sides of the rim are ribbed with valleys, divided from one another by abrupt ridges. The slopes on the east side facing the wind tend to drop sharply into a few wide valleys, those on the west side gradually into a number of narrow valleys. The central ridge dividing east and west also divided the two major social groupings on the island. The ridges between the valleys, as everywhere in Te Henua, marked with fair precision the limits of social obligations and bonds.

In 1797 the Enata of Tahuata called themselves Teia. There were, however, three groupings amongst these Teia. The Uavi were a small group occupying the only island valley, Vaiakaka, at the northern end of



the central ridge. They usually allied themselves with the Hemma. The Hemma occupied Vaitahu on the west coast and the neighbouring valleys of Hanapoo to the south and Ivaiva to the north. The principal opponents of the Hemma were the Ahutini. The Ahutini occupied the greatest number of valleys on the island. They were centred on Hanatetena and Hanateio on the east coast, but they also occupied the two valleys of Hapatoni and Hanatehau on the west coast. These last valleys controlled the only trail across the central ridge to the east coast. They were also the Ahutini's window on the world of Hiva Oa and the coming world of Te Aoe. Ships would follow the example of Alvaro de Mendaña and would sail in the lee of Tahuata down the channel that divided Tahuata from Hiva Oa. Or they would bend around Hiva Oa entirely and beat back to Vaitahu. The exposed bays of the Ahutini on the 'wrong' side of the island set them jealously and nervously on the edge of the island's contacts with a new world.

All the other valleys of the island were at the end of the eighteenth century either sparsely populated or deserted. The north-eastern valleys of Hananoeona, Tekohu and Hanamenu were planted with breadfruit trees but were uninhabited, and the valleys around the northern coast were without populations. In the south-west, the valleys of Hanatuu, Hanaete, Anafenui were peopled with a few Ahutini.

The division of Tahuata in 1797 between two main protagonists, the Hemma and the Ahutini, was the result of the elimination of a third group, the Toppohe. The Toppohe had in fact been more powerful than either the Hemma or the Ahutini and had occupied the valleys south of Vaitahu on the west coast and south of Hanatetena on the east coast. An alliance of the Hemma and Ahutini led to war and the extermination of the Toppohe. Those Toppohe who escaped from Tahuata were slain on Hiva Oa. In 1797 only the widow of the *haka iki* of the Toppohe and her *peki* or secondary mate, were alive. The Ahutini succeeded in occupying the greater share of Toppohe land.

At Vaitahu the central ridge looms high above the valley. The valley floor is narrow. A stream flows along the northern side of the valley out of a narrow winding gulch to one side of a small flat area that stands behind the rolled-stone beach. This frontage on the bay is more properly called Vaitahu. Behind it back to the central ridge and marked by a pair of slopes is Tahuke. The waters of the bay are flanked on their northern edge by a high wall of rock that circles to a black bold cliff at the entry of the bay. A lesser rock face edges into the bay on the southern side, making a second beach to the south and a closed-in valley called Hanamiae. The winds come over the mountains behind Vaitahu and tumble down the valley, and they have split many a sail and dragged many an anchor and made many a captain very nervous.

In September 1797 the *haka iki* of Vaitahu was a man called Teinae.

The whole of Vaitahu at that time was *tapu*. Manuehuma, the *tau'a*, had died and the women had begun their wailing. Manuehuma's wife had begun her weeks of vigil and had rubbed her husband's flesh with oils. 'The work of the living', they would say, 'was to embalm the dead'. On the *paepae* outside the house, old women (*vaihopu*) danced their *heva* in their nakedness. The noise and then the news of the *tau'a*'s death would have reached out of the valley and brought fear to the Ahutini and the Naiki of Hiva Oa. They would know that Teinae could come fishing for men. On the night after Manuehuma had died Teinae did go fishing for *heana*. His canoes flew the white streamers that they flew when fishing for the most *tapu* of catches, the turtle. On the prows were placed the skulls of *heana* already caught. In the morning they were back. They had caught four *heana*, three men and a woman of the Pikina on the south-east of Hiva Oa. They flung on to the shore the four bodies tied hands and feet to four poles. In their mouths were placed large *metau*, fish hooks, and small baskets of bait were tied to their arms. Their skin was painted red. After the men and boys had danced and shouted around the bodies and played with their genitals with sticks, the carcasses were carried off, two to be baked in a large earth oven and eaten by priests and warriors, two to be hung like the sacrificial fish they were in the *me'ae* in the deepest part of the valley.

In November Teinae and his brother went fishing again, this time among the Tepai people of Hiva Oa. Fourteen men and women were caught and brought back alive to Vaitahu where their captors either killed and ate them or bartered them with others wanting to do the same. In March 1798 Teinae led two more raids on Hiva Oa. This time they were not so much stealthy fishing trips for *heana* as large-scale expeditions of hundreds of warriors in dozens of canoes. In the first raid they returned with only one victim. In the second the Pikina, who had killed four of Teinae's allies, were surprised at night and slaughtered wholesale. A large number of corpses were brought back to Vaitahu. At Vaitahu itself four Pikina, who had come to beg for ornaments of war with which to go to battle beside the Hemma whom they thought to be their friends, were killed and eaten by Teinae's youngest brother. When Teinae came back with his flying parties and their *heana*, his men would have chanted the *aku akata* as they hoisted the *ika* ('fish') on the poles. The chant celebrated the god of the sea, Moana, and of war, Tu, and invoked their assistance for the *aku*. Teinae was his people's *aku* and they were *vaka*. *Aku* was the roller on which the war canoes were pushed into the sea. *Vaka* were the canoes. As he brought back the sacrifices for the dead *tau'a*, Teinae held Enata on his shoulders.

Teinae must have been thirty-five or forty years old when these events happened. He was the eldest son of Honu who had been *haka iki* of Vaitahu at the time of Cook's visit there in 1774. Teinae was not Honu's

first-born child. He had three elder sisters. That might give warning that if Enata lived by the rule that the sanctity of the line was vested in the first-born child of a *haka'iki*, there were more ways of being seen to be first-born than by being the first fruits of one's father's loins. Teinae himself had been married three times by 1797. He had dismissed his first wife after having three children by her. His second wife either hanged herself or had been killed by Teinae for breaking some *tapu*. She had given him a daughter. His third wife, a sister of his second, had given him a son. None of these children was his heir. His successor as *haka'iki* of Vaitahu was his adopted son, Peiteitei, whom we will meet later as Iotete. Teinae's line, as we know it, led from his grandfather to his father, who was first-born, to himself, who was eldest male but the fourth child, to a son whom he had adopted and who had been nursed by his second wife. This son, Peiteitei, was one of a pair of twins born to a couple at Hapatoni, the next valley to the west of Vaitahu. Another son of this couple was married to a daughter of a sister of Teinae. That fact needs stating because of events involving Teinae and surrounding the birth of a child to this pair.

Enata surrounded the birth of a *haka'iki*'s first child with great ceremony. A special house, *fa'e hakaiko* was built away from all other houses. To this dwelling the child was taken a few days after birth. The removal of the child to its house was the occasion of a special *koina* and the sacrificing of turtles, the *tapu* food of *haka'iki*. The mother or a wet nurse, chosen by the *tau'a* through the *atua vahi*, or *tapu*-bound divining sticks, stayed with the child in its new house. The falling away of the umbilical cord and the first bathing were celebrated feasts. After eleven months the child was removed to a *fa'e pukou*, an obelisk-like structure where it was clothed in giant wads of white *tapu* and covered with turtle-shell diadems and old men's white beards, and paraded. At the end of a year, the child was removed from its seclusion in a profanation ceremony by which *tapu* were removed by exposure to something unclean, such as excrement. The ceremonies were the same whether the first-born child was male or female.

Enata lived in a more complex world than might be imagined if the description of what was done to the first-born were taken as a general prescription. Who the first-born was was a matter of perception as much as a matter of record. Enata exchanged their children as other men might gifts. For an infant to remain with its natural mother was the exception, not the rule. Children were promised in adoption before their birth or given in adoption soon after or at a later time. They gained in adoption all they might seem to have lost in the exchange, all rights and obligations, all property, all titles. For Teinae's adopted son, Peiteitei, to have been invested with the name of first-born was no strange thing.

The *tapu* which a first-born child possessed came through the two

lines of his mother and his father, whether by natural birth or adoption. Possessed of a double sacredness the child was always more *tapu* than its parents. Marriage was the brokerage of sacredness. Teinae, for example, in March 1798 contracted the marriage of his eight-year-old son, Pahevi, to the infant daughter of the *haka'iki* of the Pikina on Hiva Oa. Perhaps there was more politics than pedigree in that alliance, for even Enata must have found it difficult to attribute issue to that marriage. Indeed, it collapsed in a war that it was designed to prevent. There are, however, many other examples of the way in which Enata constructed a world beyond ordinary physical realities for the advantage it gave them in social exchange. Edward Robarts saw it this way:

Their Marriages are somewhat singular. A Chief or other great man haveing a son, perhaps not more than two or three years of age, now another great man has a daughter, and most likely pregnant. Word is sent to the Ladys Parents a few days before hand to inform them of the intended union. If they give consent, it always puts every one in motion in that Neighbourhood for several days, some prepareing cloths, some food and others gathering flowers and sandall wood.

A[t] length the days come. The Young Gentlemen set out with several attendants. When they have arrived near the house of the Lady, Her friends give the signal by the Beat of a Drum. They are ushered in with shouts of Joy. The Young Lover is then seated by the side of his bride on the cloth of his mother in Law. This is the greatest respect they can shew, as the Cloth or turban is held, as it were, Sacred. The Moria Drum is then brought with several of the Prophets and their retinue, who being seated the drum beats, and the Prophets party begins to sing their ceremonies [in] a dialect peculiar to themselves, which continues for several hours. A good Hog is roasted, and fish is brought for the Guests with every thing suitable. Plenty of food is brought from the Ladys several relations. The Drums Beat up at the Play ground. The Inhabitants assemble. The merry dance leads off and continues until sun sett. In the even the House is crowded, and they sing the whole night.

In a day or two the father of the Bride groom visits the young Couple, followed by a number of attendants, every one bearing a present. This visit causes another feast which continues for several days. On the even before his departure he gives notice of His wish to remove his daughter in law to her husbands estate. This being complyd with, they set out early the next day. Being just Arrived at her new habitation, every mark of esteem and respect is shewd to her. The merry day begins, and great plenty of food is provided for the different ranks of Ladies that comes to wellcome her to their part of the country. The day is past over with all mirth and festivity. The evening is come.

I must now beg leave to get on the other side of the story—every one according to the custom of their Country, and these people to theirs. The merry song and dance is Kept up with spirit untill an early hour, when they all retire to rest. Then a young man who is appointed as a companion and a substitute for the young Bridegroom retires under the cloth of the Bride, and it is soon seen how she approves of him, as he has to act as a servant to her. He eats out of the same bowl with her, and if she dont at times give a part of the bit of food in her hand that she is going to eat, its a shure token that she dislikes him, and he may do all he can to please her, but she will never grant him any favour. However, she is not at a loss. If she is handsome and good tempered she can have her choice of servant husbands. In this liberty these people differ from any other class of people that I ever met with. One man may have several women, but for one woman to have several men I think is a pill hard to digest. However, in course of time, the lady very probable brings forth a fine boy or girl. Never mind who is the real father. The young Husbands Parents makes as much of the Child as tho it was their own grand child. And, as soon as [it is] born, the land for the childs inheritance is pointed out. This I deem one good rule, for in this case children whose parents have land gets provided for from their birth.

I have Known it frequently the case, when a young woman, of rank or not, has been pregnant, and a young man of another family not married, [that he] has been sent by his mother to this lady with a present. He takes it in the evening. When he arrives at the house, he gives the present, informing the Lady of the request of his friends, and if his relations are numerous, he is gladly receivd, and without any further ceremony he sleep with the Lady that night, and from that time he is acknowledged to be the father of the child. In the morning he departs and perhaps never goes any more. His mother Keeps sending food and gifts frequently untill the child is born. She is then ready and, as soon as the child is born, she sets of with her new grand child to her own house. A nurse is ready to take care of the child. The lady is at liberty to marry who she pleases. Now this is a very strong tie between families on account of the child. It is a great help to peace and good friendship and binds several families into one and, in case of a Quarrell in the same tribe, families thus united all Keep on one side and protects one another from being disinherited, as is very often the case thro a powerfull, churlish neighbour. It is a custom For a woman to have two husbands. So in this case one is at home when the other is absent.

Teinae's family was extensive. His father had two brothers and two sisters. The three men of that generation had produced twelve, ten and eleven children. Nine of Teinae's brothers and sisters also had large families. With his own three wives, five children and one adopted son he had added four or five more families by marriage to his extensive

relationships. At Vaitahu itself he could see more than thirty households that were by lineage close to his, perhaps a third of the total number of households in the valley. Amongst his own brothers and sisters and amongst the children of his father's brothers there were marriages that linked his group with both friendly and hostile groups on Tahuata and Hiva Oa alike.

Extensive as Teinae's family was, it did not monopolize wealth, power or office at Vaitahu. Its members did not divide themselves off from any other group by strict rules of marriage which protected the integrity of the family or established clans. Nor did they divide themselves into junior and senior lines which established themselves as distinct and competing groups. There were disputes and conflicts, even killings, within the family, but of those that are known none were directed to challenging Teinae's line or authority.

Teinae was both *haka'iki* and *toa* (warrior) of the Hemma at Vaitahu. He was a man of violence, politics and small imperialisms. He had a daily appetite for war and restlessly talked of expansion against the Ahutini on Tahuata and other groups on Hiva Oa. But it was an empire without territory that he coveted. There were no governors for him to leave behind to administer the conquered peoples and little advantage to him in wealth from tribute or tax. It was not an end in itself. It did not resolve conflict. It was not measured to end a feud or revenge a wrong. It was a vehicle of status and establishment in a small world bounded by the space of his *tapu* relationships and the time of his line. Any and everyone outside those boundaries had to look to their own violence for their safety. The shaky diplomacy of a marriage or of an alliance in violence against others or of a period of peace and feasting might give them protection, but they had to expect its easy dissolution. Even within these boundaries violence was easy. In 1798 Teinae axed to death a man related to his brother for stealing breadfruit, then ate him. Teinae was not bound to the office of *toa*, however. It was not necessary for him to be both *haka'iki* and leading fighter. In fact, he relinquished his office in 1798 to a Hawaiian, Tama. Tama, with his suit of scarlet regimentals and a temperamental musket acquired on a visit to Boston, and with his Hawaiian *elan* for battle, became an innovative spirit in the Hemma's perpetual wars with their neighbours. Nor did Teinae combine his role of *haka'iki* with that of *tau'a* as some other *haka'iki* did. His father's brother had been a great *tau'a*. Indeed, he had been among those who had been made *atua* in his lifetime. Teinae's sister was married to a *tau'a* and another woman whom he would also call *taehue* (sister) was married to the principal *tau'a* of Vaitahu. But even these *tau'a*, powerful as they were among the Hemma, were not feared as much as a *tau'a* who lived across the mountains among the Ahutini. Though he belonged to the enemy—perhaps because of it—the Hemma would send sacrifices and

offerings to him. Therefore between the roles of *haka'iki* and *tau'a* there was some division of power and there was independence in each of them. *Haka'iki* could mobilize the resources of the group, but *tau'as*' frightening access to the gods made them what they were, prophets, men of disturbance.

There seemed to be paradoxes in Enata's perception of Teinae. They easily divorced wealth from power, conspicuous display from prestige, rank from deference. In one perspective the *haka'iki* lay at the centre of all social life; in another there was a dispersal of political and economic powers. There was the rule that first-born children captured in the physical accident of birth all that was sacred and prestigious of their past; but being first-born was a notion that could be played with in a sort of social arithmetic. On the one hand *tapu* was a grace distributed to persons according to their relation to the centre of Enata's life, the *haka'iki*; on the other it had no permanence even at the centre. The paradoxes can be seen in some of the incidents of Teinae's life. In April 1798 the daughter of his sister was due to give birth. She lived across the mountain ridge at Hanateio among the Ahutini with her husband. Her husband was Teinae's adopted son's brother. It is not clear how Teinae saw the relationship to himself of this child about to be born. It is possible that he would have seen it as *poupana*, grandchild. For he would have seen his adopted son and all his son's brothers no matter of whom they were born as *tama* (son) and all their children as *poupana*. In any case and independent of that, his relationship to his sister's daughter, whom he called *i'amutu*, was special. It was he who would have accepted gifts at her marriage, built her special house at her puberty, organized the *koina* for her naming. He was *pahupahu* to her, her mother's brother. On this occasion, Teinae and one of his own brothers went to Hanateio to the small birth house that had been constructed and there anointed themselves with oils. The anointing rendered them common, *meie* without *tapu*. They prostrated themselves beneath a mat and on that mat and over their heads their sister's daughter had her child. The child was called Tuhua-iu. *Tuhu* is a belly extended with hunger. *Iu* is large. *Tuhua* also meant a season without breadfruit and the constellation that was in the skies at the time. Tuhua-iu had been conceived in August 1797, when the breadfruit was in blight and Teinae had made his successful excursions for sacrifices to restore their fruitfulness. The incident is mysterious. The gestures were a harsh reversal of proprieties: the *haka'iki* prostrated beneath a woman's mat, his head beneath a woman's legs, a child's first minutes above a *haka'iki*'s head—these were of horrendous consequences in ordinary circumstances. No doubt the anointing which rendered Teinae common was a mechanism to offset those consequences and directed the act not to Teinae's degradation but to the child Tuhua-iu's enhancement.

The actions say a number of things about the way in which Enata saw their *tapu*. Firstly, the actions occurred in a household in territory belonging to the Ahutini people, with whom a few months previously Teinae was at war and with whom in a few weeks time he would recommence his perennial fighting and search for *heana*. His sister's daughter lived at Hanateio permanently, apparently with no retribution because of her relationship with Teinae. In fact, the division between *tapu* and *meie* was significant for the protection it offered those with *tapu* against being caught as *heana*. Men with *tapu* would participate in formal battles and in them be killed and eaten or sometimes be sacrificed. But the *ika* caught in ambush and raids were likely to be *meie* or *kikino*, those who were 'black'. 'Black' was a synonym for what was 'common'. Those without land, those who worked the shores and did the menial tasks that took them into sun which darkened their skins were 'common' and 'black'. They stood apart from those who would protect themselves against the sun in their houses or could bleach their skins with *papa* juice in preparation for the feasts. The *kikino*, the *meie*, were the pool from which Enata took their 'fish'. As *heana*, they had some social greatness, but it came after death. The red paint with which their bodies were smeared made them *tapu*, made their *kikino* skins white. Their new colour gave them entry with the souls of the *haka'iki* or *tau'a* for whom they were sacrificed into the most favoured region of the after-world. Dead they were holy; alive they were common. Men and women with *tapu*, however, could call on protectors or bargain for their lives. *Tapu* was a passport that let them cross beaches on their own islands. By adoption, by name exchange, by a profusion of marriage alliances those with *tapu* set up complex networks of protection. Teinae's sister's daughter was one of many whose *tapu* made a union across the deep divisions of Te Henua.

Enata saw their people divided between *tapu* and *meie*. *Meie* they also knew as *kikino*, *vai noa* (common water), *tupenoa* (insignificant), *maunoa* (dark people). *Kikino* were servants: they fetched wood and water, collected breadfruit and coconuts, lived on the estates of landowners and guarded their trees against theft. They dressed the food, minded and nursed the children, watched the fruit. Their exposure to the sun and weather, their different diet, their different codes of beauty, seem to have made them physically distinct. Aoe who saw and described them in the early days of contact thought they saw enough difference in colour, body size and gait to mark *kikino* off almost as racially distinct from the taller, lighter skinned, markedly better built men and women of the *tapu* class. Few *kikino* had wives or husbands, land or houses. They had no separate households. They might wander to different households at different times. They were subject to sudden retribution by landowners for thieving or for carelessness and were sometimes arbitrarily

killed by the powerful. Some had become *kikino* by leaving their land in quarrels; others had arrived as refugees from some war between valleys. Most *kikino* tended to cluster around the greater landowners and thereafter supported their patrons in their quarrels and conflicts. Subject to violence without redress save flight, potential *ika* for sacrifice, their relationships with those with *tapu* were uneasy and at times marked with sullenness. So when the *tapu* group feasted and danced or travelled to different parts of the islands, they posted watches in the mountain passes and in their houses against depredations of the *kikino*.

Very few Enata were permanently *tapu*. The *haka'iki* were and probably most of the *tau'a*. Certainly, the *tuhuna o'ono* among the *tau'a* were always *tapu*. They were the keepers of legends and songs and of the names of the gods and of genealogy. Almost certainly the *tau'a* who lived alone as hermits and prophets and who heard the wishes of the gods concerning war and sacrifices were permanently *tapu*. Those *tau'a* who acted as soothsayers, sorcerers and curers probably were not. There were also others of the *haka'iki* family who seem to have been permanently *tapu*. What made them so is unclear. Sometimes they were first-born females who were not *haka'iki*. Sometimes they were children looked on with special favour by their grandparents. Sometimes they were older men who made a distinguishable group, meeting together to exercise their particular functions, to share a celebration, to enjoy the *tapu* foods that only they could eat.

Meie and the permanently *tapu*, then, formed identifiable social units. In terms of their possession of the most important capital goods belonging to Enata they represented the opposite extremes on a continuum. Intermediary between them were a large number of persons for whom *tapu* was a social mechanism by which special relations were entered into with those who held the means of social advancement and the key to social power. These individuals were temporarily *tapu*, their outstanding characteristic being their rank and division. Among themselves they formed *hio*, societies of equally ranked personages who in company ate special species of foods made *tapu* for them, or ordinary foods made *tapu* for them on a special occasion. Members of the *hio* would share some tattoo design. Other individuals became *tapu* when they collected together to share similar functions. The *tau'a* and the *u'u*, their assistants, and the *tuhuna o'ono* formed a group to feast together. At Nukuhiva, a league of old men calling themselves the *matta puovu* (the lean-faced men) enjoyed their special *tapu*. At Tahuata, the *huepo* (black-faced men), warriors whose faces had been totally tattooed, formed themselves into a special group to share the wealth of Peiteitei, Teinae's adopted son.

A second paradox of the birth of Teinae's sister's daughter's child was the profanation Teinae experienced by having the child born over his

head. Probably the solemn overthrow of what was proper was in itself an affirmation of proprieties. The proper geography of the person, indeed of the world, centred in the head. Every individual, male or female, child or adult, *meie* or *tapu*, was owed a social reverence to his or her head that was alienable only if he or she was to be socially and personally destroyed. The rights and the reverences and the etiquette differed according to his or her social rank. The reverence due the head of the *haka'iki* far exceeded that owed to any other individual. The *haka'iki* had merely to say that 'that breadfruit' or 'that hog' or 'that house' or 'that canoe' is 'my head' and the object became an extension of his person and *tapu*. The *haka'iki*'s skull was his most precious relic. It is difficult to discover a meaning for Teinae's profanation unless the action created a very special child, made it *tapu* by its birth on the *haka'iki*'s head and gave it independence and protection by rendering Teinae for the moment common. The morality and propriety of the action are now lost for ever.

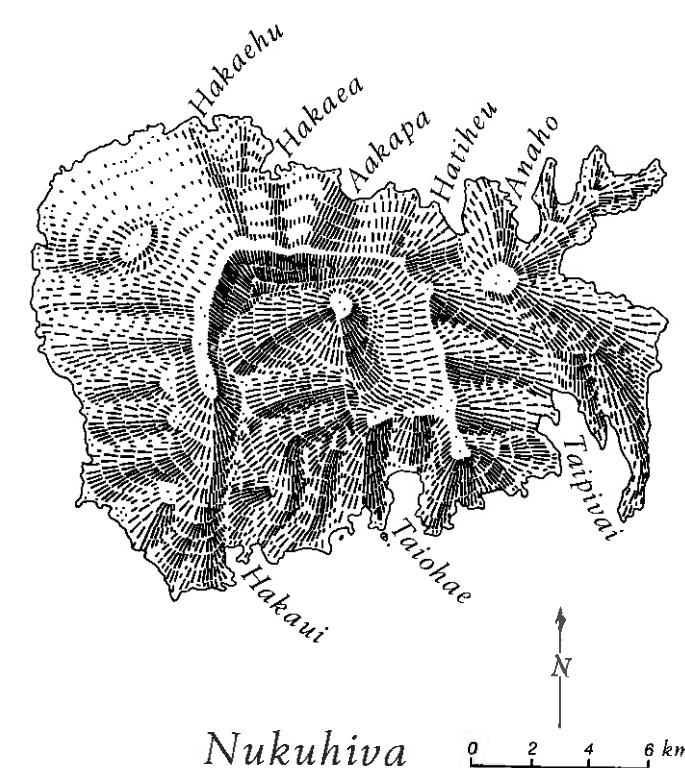
Almost everything else about Teinae is also lost for ever. We only know him in his brief appearances in the journals of Aoe who visited Vaitahu or who resided there. We know that his brother was killed and he himself was wounded in the violence of Josiah Roberts' visit to Vaitahu in 1793. But when he died and how he died we do not know. For nearly thirty years no one recorded any names or any personal details at Vaitahu. We hear of Teinae again only in 1835 and then only to know that his son was remembering him in memorial feasts (*mau*) and that his corpse sat parched and skeletal in his canoe-coffin surrounded by *tapa* and conch shells and old men's white beards. His son, now known as Iotete, bore the brunt of Aoe's intrusion on Vaitahu. He avoided becoming Christian to please the English missionaries but he could not escape a cardboard crown from the French admiral, Dupetit-Thouars. He raised the first revolution in Tahuata, however, and there is a monument still in Vaitahu valley to the French soldiers killed by his men. The stone marker is not far from Teinae's *me'ae*; it looks down through rows of trees to the sea. Someone has built a tin shed schoolhouse on what is said to be Iotete's *paepae*, but Teinae's *paepae* near the beach against the northern side of the valley is gone.

Seen from the sea the black rocks of Nukuhiva mingle with the green of the trees and are softened into a dark blue by the haze of the ocean. Bays and valleys lose themselves in the cliffs. The mountains rise steeply behind and cut off all view of the interior. So the island has little of the softness of other Pacific islands. There is no lush green foreground to set off blue peaks. Instead the island looms massively out of the sea. Enata clung to the edges of the island and left the dry, sparsely vegetated interior a desert which they called Tovii. No one lived on the Tovii. Enata

used it as a battle zone. They used the paths that crossed it at their peril.

Nukuhiva presented a face to the south. Its western shores were dry and barren with only a few coves in its high cliffs. Fishermen and their families lived there in caves. The east coast caught rain, but there too the cliffs fell sheer to the sea. Three bays along the southern side, however, made safe harbours for ships and gave space for Enata to live. The westernmost bay was Hakaui (Port Tschitschagoff the Russians called it, more for maps, we might presume, than in any real hope that Enata would learn to say it; Lewis Bay the Americans called it, for a sandalwooder who first traded there). The middle bay was Taiohae (called Port Anna Maria by Lieutenant Hergest and Massachusetts Bay by David Porter). The easternmost bay was called Comptroller's Bay by the *Daedalus*, perhaps in some hope that a Comptroller would look more kindly on that disorganized little supply ship than it deserved. This third bay lay in the lee of a high narrow bluff that formed the south-east corner of the island. From that large expanse of water at Comptroller's Bay, for which Enata had no name, four valleys opened: Haka Puu Vae, Haka Paa, Taipivai and Hoo'umi. Along this southern coast, then, lay the centres for the four principal groups of Nukuhiva: the Taioa of Hakaui, the Teii of Taiohae, the Hapaa of Haka Puu Vae and Haka Paa, the Taipi of Taipivai and Hoo'umi. Across the island on the northern side were four great amphitheatres open to the sea. From west to east they were Hakaehu, Aakapa, Hatiheu and Anaho. Hakaehu, where the Pua lived, and Aakapa, where the Atitoka lived, allied themselves with the Taioa and the Teii. Hatiheu and Anaho would fight beside the Taipi. The Hapaa who lived principally in inland valleys between the Teii and the Taipi were large enough in numbers to be the enemies of both. Their loyalties in lineage and family were to the Teii, but they took those obligations lightly. If one looked, then, at Nukuhiva from above, as did the gods who fished it from the sea, one would see a dozen places of settlement, footholds on a sunken mountain, along the northern and southern sides, and note that they were divided 'enemy' and 'friend', 'good' and 'bad', along a north-south line. East were Taipi; west were Teii.

These divisions were not the end of Enata's capacity to particularize their relationships in space. Every one of the groups already mentioned was divided into smaller groups. It is not possible to rescue all their names. Even if it were, such a list, valid for a few short years, would give the shape of their divisions more permanence than it had. However, we know that in 1798 at Taiohae the bay was divided into five main living areas. The fifteen hundred Teii of the bay were divided into perhaps as many as eight smaller groups, each with their own *haka'iki*. The Hapaa who lived to the north and east in the inland valley of Muakke and on the coast at Haka Paa and Haka Puu Vae were probably more



numerous. William Pascoe Crook put the fighting men of the Hapaa at twelve hundred and David Porter named six tribes of Hapaa who signed a petition 'to join the American family'. Of these, the Naiki were the most important. They had roots in every other island. The Taipi, who occupied the eastern segment of Nukuhiva, were reported to have more than two thousand warriors in 1798. They were as divided in their allegiances as the Teii and Hapaa. There were six groups of them at Taipivai, three at Hoo'umi, one at Anaho and five at Hatiheu. The Taioa in the west at Hakaui, in their turn, were divided into three groups.

A guess at the population of Nukuhiva in 1798, one based on the observations of beachcombers and other visitors, would make a figure of twelve thousand inhabitants a fairly conservative one. They lived in more than a dozen valleys and divided themselves into at least forty groups, each with a name, each with a *haka'iki*, each with land, each with a full kit of the roles and offices which Enata thought proper for their society; each with its cycle of feasts and memorials, each with its own genealogies and memories of attachment to their land.

In 1798 the *haka'iki* of Taiohae was Keatonui. He was then between forty and fifty years old. All Aoe who met him described him as unprepossessing. He was squat, thick-necked and corpulent. He wore neither badge of office nor clothing that Aoe could recognize as signs of authority. His tattoos were his greatest ornament. He was almost black from tattoos which covered his entire body except the palms of his hands and the soles of his feet. He was variously described as rustic, of good sense, not very sanguinary, slow to anger, humane and liberal, affectionate and no great warrior. He belonged to the priestly class and was one of the most skilful surgeons on the islands. He demonstrated his skill by mending the broken arm of a deserter off the *Leviathan* in 1805. He owned much land on Nukuhiva as well as the sea at Taiohae and all the fish in it. *Kava* was his weakness. *Kava* was the narcotic drink which Enata made from the root of the pepper plant, *Piper methysticum*. In 1813 when David Porter saw Keatonui, his limbs were palsied and his skin was white-scaled from constant *kava* drinking. He probably died of too much *kava* shortly after 1818. Keatonui of Taiohae in his roles and offices, his family networks, his actions and personality, wrote a very different signature on the way of life of Enata from that of Teinae of Vaitahu.

In one sense Keatonui presented to Enata a tidy model of their perceptions of space and time; in another sense, he lived that tidy model with some untidiness. Enata had only to look at their *haka'iki*, Keatonui, to see the rhythm of their life and the perspective of their land fleshed out. He, like Teinae, was in his person at the junction of time and space at Taiohae. How he got there is a more political story. Rule was adjusted

to reality: what was thought to be given came by circumstance.

Keatonui's family like Teinae's was extensive. In 1798 five generations were living on Nukuhiva. The oldest was his maternal grandmother, Diddehekaeke. The youngest was his granddaughter by his eldest daughter. Nearly sixty of his relatives by blood and marriage are known to us. All the lines of all the important families of Taiohae came together in Keatonui. To his father's line belonged the *haka'iki* of Pakiu and Havau; to his mother's line belonged the *haka'iki* of Oata and Meau. The lines of the four valleys of Taiohae, then, had their expression in him. His grandfather on his father's side was worshipped as an *atua*. His grandfather on his mother's side, Moana, was worshipped as an *atua* of the whole island. Property and dignity and power came down the lines to rest in Keatonui. They would flow on to his grandson, Temoana, and be increased in him by the joining lines of families outside Taiohae. Enata juggled their lines and titles very adroitly by breeding and adoption. The enlargement of their family's capital of sacredness and social wealth was important, and no family succeeded as well as Keatonui's. When the French came looking for a king for the whole island to end Enata's divisions, they would find one in Temoana.

One of Keatonui's roles was to be priest to the *atua*. His grandfathers were *atua*; he, in the right order of things, would become an *atua* himself. His grandfathers, as *atua*, were owed the sacrifices and offerings of the gods; they, in their turn, owed Enata good crops and good catches. The power of these *atua* and the reverence due to them because of it was as much a reflection of Keatonui's own powers as it was independently theirs. The gods of Enata mirrored the life of Enata. There were gods who in their distant lives had fished up the land from the sea, or had given birth to it out of their love-making. There were gods who had seeded the land with its treasures of breadfruit, taro and plantain. There were also heroes, men who had wrested knowledge and skill from the gods who had hoarded them. Maui had fought Mahuike for fire in this way until Mahuike fell and fire flew from his head into rocks and trees. Enata revered these heroes and celebrated their achievements in their *uta*, their sacred songs. They lavished praise on them in their poems. But, for all that, most of their gods and heroes lived at a distance. The gods who lived nearest were yesterday's *haka'iki*, yesterday's *tau'a*. The measure of their strength and power was the strength and power of the *haka'iki* of today. They were sacraments of his sacredness: they showed it and, in showing it, made it.

Line and connection were constantly celebrated. Genealogies (*mata*) were chanted at all moments of personal and social identification, at birth and adoption, at the establishment of *haka'iki*, at competitive feasting. There was a song for every name in a genealogy. They were commemorative, celebratory, mocking, romantic, descriptive of every

part of the social and physical environment. They marked always the fundamental reality of Enata existence: all were defined by their relationship to their line, of which their *haka'iki* was the fullest expression.

Keatonui, as we have said, was at the junction of all the important lines of Taiohae. He lay on a time-line that looked back to the *atua* and forward to his first-born. But old men sometimes live on and young men sometimes die. Generations become jumbled and with them power and honour. And here was the untidiness which Keatonui embodied and displayed. Keatonui was male and he was first-born. He was more fully *tapu* than any other person in the bay but this *tapu* came in part through his mother. Her name was Butahaie and Keatonui was the first of her seventeen children. His father, Temoutie, had been lost at sea and whether he was genitor of all seventeen children is unknown. Temoutie had died before his own father, Moana, and therefore had not inherited the lands and titles that Moana had brought together in Pakiu and Havau. After Temoutie died, his wife, Butahaie, lived with his youngest brother. This youngest brother was an old man of seventy-five in 1798 but had been a great warrior and was said to have been a man of great medical knowledge. The most important person in Keatonui's family, then, was his mother. 'The favours of the old lady', said Edward Robarts, 'was worth more than the favours of the whole family. Her word was law. They even did not go to war without her consent. She was a woman of sound reason, her intellect keen and firm in her resolution.' Butahaie brought to Keatonui the property and titles of the valleys of Oata and Meau. She was not the first-born of her father and obviously was not his son. She was, however, her father's favourite. Her elder brother, the true first-born, was 'feeble minded and was held in contempt'. In 1798 he had given up his *tapu* and lived as *pekiō* (secondary mate) to a younger brother of Keatonui. At her father's death, Butahaie's grown-up family supported her claims to his property. They saw to it as well that the property and title of her dead husband were not lost to her son Keatonui. Butahaie was a woman of strength, remarkable in her own generation. Only one of her five brothers was of social importance. He was priest and *haka'iki* of Oata, subordinate to Keatonui. Of the rest, one was feeble-minded; another committed suicide in a quarrel with his wife; a third died of leprosy; the fourth was crippled with venereal disease. Thus accidental death, the chances of physical weakness and disease, the good fortune of having a large number of adult children at the right moment and personal character all combined to make a second-born woman pivotal in Keatonui's accession to the power of *haka'iki* of Taiohae.

The way in which Keatonui's titles and powers were to be handed on was even more complicated. Keatonui was married to a daughter of the

haka'iki of Hakaui. By her he had five daughters and three sons. Three daughters were born before two sons. Keatonui, however, spread his favours somewhat beyond his marriage partner. He had three other children by other men's wives. One of these he had by his wife's sister. The boy was adopted by Keatonui's own *pekiō* and lived with Keatonui. Another was named Moana for Keatonui's grandfather. A girl was named Teheyativa for Keatonui's wife. They also lived in Keatonui's household. Among these eight children two lines were important, one through his first-born daughter who was called Tahiatapu Fetutini. *Tahiatapu*, 'sacred daughter', was a title given to some but not all first-born daughters of *haka'iki*, just as *tamatapu*, 'sacred son', was a title given to some but not all first-born sons. Fetutini was married to Mauateia, son of the *haka'iki* of the Hapaa. Mauateia was a powerful *haka'iki* and warrior in his own right. He was reputed to have twelve hundred warriors at his disposal. Fetutini and Mauateia had a first-born daughter. In 1798 the daughter was an infant. Her name was Paetini. In the days of David Porter and Herman Melville, when the world took more interest in Te Henua, the name Paetini would have been more immediately recognizable than it is now. She was to be in 1813 the young 'princess' with whom Porter cohabited. For nearly thirty years, Aoe coming to Taiohae would visit 'Quini'—or 'Queenie' as they liked to call her—in her house at the foot of Tuhiva. They would satisfy their prurient interest in Porter and vindicate their prejudices against Paetini by counting the lovers and *pekiō* in her house, or laugh at the flag which the 'king of New Zealand', Baron de Thierry, had given her to fly for him.

In 1798 Paetini was a special child, first-born of first-born, and in the line of women in Keatonui's family—his mother, his daughter and his granddaughter—who were women set apart. Butahaie had a special interest in her great-granddaughter, Paetini, and put her in the care of her own youngest son, Tamati, another favourite of hers. She had given Tamati so much land that he was wealthier than his *haka'iki* brother, Keatonui. Butahaie's own feeble-minded brother, the one she supplanted as first-born, was Tamati's *pekiō*. In such concrete ways, Butahaie, like other Enata, played variations on the theme of their social lives. The position of eminence which Butahaie had gained for herself by politics and good fortune, Paetini had established for her by birth and *tapu*. Nor did the centrality Keatonui enjoyed as *haka'iki* exhaust the ways in which power and wealth could be exercised and distributed. For, in later years, Paetini became a woman of great influence in her own right. She owned much land inside Taiohae and in other districts. She had married the *haka'iki* of the Taipi at Hoo'umi and several other men as well. She had accumulated ten *pekiō*. The principal land she owned at Taiohae was Hakapehi, the small plain behind the white

beach at the eastern end of Taiohae. It was there that Porter built Madisonville in 1813. The French later took it for their camp and in 1842 had *corsos* and streets marked out for a town to be called Saumerville.

Keatonui's eldest son was Tuetowa. In 1798 he was a boy of twelve or thirteen years. He had already been married for some time to a middle-aged woman. This woman, Hanateiana, was the daughter of a person Tuetowa would have called *pahupahu* (father's sister or mother's brother). Marriage to the child of one's *pahupahu* was seen by Enata as especially desirable. Tuetowa's wife was a woman of some importance. William Pascoe Crook said she had had forty *pekiō*, and Lisiensky, a Russian visitor, had noted that she was 'goddess of the bay'. Edward Robarts, or perhaps Jean Cabri, another beachcomber on the islands at the time, told the Russians a story about her and Krusenstern reported it:

The son of Kettonowe is married to a daughter of the King of the Taipihs, and as she joined her husband by water, the sea which divides the two vallies is Tahbu, that is to say, must not be contaminated by any blood. If the young prince should quarrel with his wife, and she should return in consequence to her parents, war, which can now only be waged by land, would again commence by sea. And if she should die in this valley, an everlasting peace would ensue, because the spirit of this royal personage, who is considered an etua, or deity, would hover over these regions, and its rest must not be disturbed. A similar fortunate union has set the inhabitants of Tayo Hoae at peace with those of another valley in the interior.

The 'similar fortunate union' was the marriage of Keatonui's daughter to the Hapaa chief at Muakke, the marriage that produced Paetini. Tuetowa and Hanateiana had also 'had' a child by 1798. A son had been born fifteen months before. This son was the first-born of the marriage, but presumably not the result of it. Tuetowa, at nine or ten, might have been capable and precocious enough to have fathered the child, but it is more likely that one of Hanateiana's *pekiō* performed the honour. The child was called Pakouteie. Pakouteie was one of Keatonui's own personal names and the boy was given all the reverences of a *tamahaka'iki*, a chief's first-born. The first-born of Pakouteie in 1821 would be Temoana, the future 'king'. Temoana would marry a daughter of Paetini; he would be eleven years old at the time. The *haka'iki* line meandered through five generations, through younger children, through adopted sons, through presumed paternity, through affectionate selection, through political manoeuvring. The motif and rationale, however, were always the same. Descent of title and status was by way of the first-born.

The dominant qualities of Enata's social life, as seen in Keatonui's family, are its form and its flexibility. There is a constancy in its structure but change in its expression. One line of Keatonui, then, produced first-born women whose titles and prestige made them persons of influence, whose judgements and decisions were heard and whose lives were hedged around with ceremony and *tapu*. Another line through his eldest son picked up a child who by social fiction could be called a first-born son, invested the child with Keatonui's name and found in it a *tamahaka'iki*. The generation of Keatonui's first son was by-passed. Time and generations were thus compressed to an extraordinary degree by infant marriage and adoption. Keatonui died perhaps in 1818. Between 1818 and 1821 Pakouteie must have acted as *haka'iki*. After 1821 and from the moment of his birth, Temoana was considered *haka'iki*, and his father and some of his Hapaa relatives acted for him. Enata shaped their space and time with freedom and creativity, but they did it in the common metaphor of *tapu* and *haka'iki*.

There was another way in which Enata made Te Henua in their own way by gentle manipulation. As we have suggested, the overriding reality of Nukuhiva was its divisions into hostile parties. Wars and raids between Taipi and Teii were constant and innumerable. The Hapaa, the Taioa and the Teii, for all their alliances against the Taipi, were as often at war among themselves. Perhaps there was a more peaceful time from 1798 to 1804 and perhaps that reflected Keatonui's own peaceable nature, but it was shortlived. Yet in the constant hostilities there were networks that joined and did not separate. If Keatonui ever sat on his *paepae* at Taiohae and cast his eye around the island, he would have seen an extraordinary social map. Amongst the deadliest of his enemies, the Taipi, he had a sister married to a *haka'iki*, his mother's sister married to a *haka'iki*, his son married to a daughter of a *haka'iki*, and his grandson by that marriage, his future heir. Among the Hapaa at Muakke he had his first-born daughter married to the son of the *haka'iki* and his mother's sister to a man of rank. Among the Taioa at Hakaui, his wife was daughter of the *haka'iki*, his wife's sister was married to a *haka'iki*, his sister's son was married to a daughter of the *haka'iki*. He had 'many relations' among the Atitoka of Aakapa, and a younger brother married to the daughter of the *haka'iki* of Ua Pou. At Taiohae itself, two of his father's brothers were the principal men of Havau and Ahunia, a mother's brother was *haka'iki* and *tau'a* at Oata, and he himself held Pakiu and the whole bay. There was virtually no group on Nukuhiva, whether hostile or friendly, in which Keatonui could not find affinal and consanguineal relations of the first degree. For Enata who shared *tapu* in their relationships with their *haka'iki*, these networks made pathways across boundaries, and homes in enemy land. They used them frequen-

tly. They visited by virtue of them, went to private and public *koina*. They strengthened and tested the relationship by exchange of gifts. They manipulated and managed it by marriage and adoption and by exchanging their own names. The network was insurance for a privileged group against the harsher realities of war and 'fishing'. *Tapu* was a capital banked on sacrifice, exchange and line, and spent on status, security and social wealth.

Keatonui was a man of flexibility. Aoe's intrusion, violent and exploiting, did not seem to disturb him. His first experience of Aoe was shocking enough. In 1792 he was returning from an expedition against the Taioa with his war canoes, only to surprise the *Daedalus* in Taiohae Bay. The *Daedalus*' sick and frightened crew thought they were under attack and blasted their way out of the bay with cannon and musket. Six years later Keatonui welcomed the first missionary, William Pascoe Crook, when that young man was dropped at Nukuhiva by Edmund Fanning in the *Betsy*. Crook was glad to exchange names with Keatonui's son and enjoy the more peaceful environment at Taiohae after the violence of ten months with Teinae on Tahuata. Keatonui also welcomed Edward Robarts in 1799, gave him his sister to marry and watched without disturbance as Robarts remade small parts of the social world of the island by fathering the first child not subject to *tapu*. He did not seem amazed when the Russians discovered his *pekiō*, Mauhau, to be an exact replica of the Belvedere Apollo, including a measurement of $31\frac{1}{2}$ inches from 'skull to navel' and $10\frac{1}{2}$ inches from 'navel to the division of his thighs'. When Porter came in 1813, he signed all the required treaties and petitions quite readily and signed them all again in his 'Palace Royal' when Sir Thomas Staines of H.M.S. *Briton* undid all that Porter had done in the year before. Even the sandalwooders who discovered the islands in 1811 as well as the many deserters from the numerous vessels that began to call in at the Marquesas on their way to China or Hawaii or Tahiti seemed unable to upset his equanimity. He weaved and bobbed at all the thrusts of their intrusion and seemed to be changed not at all. But Enata's space and time were being remade nonetheless. Death was a great dissolver of proper structures and Enata were beginning to die in large numbers from tuberculosis and other diseases coming across the beaches. They discovered a certain sheepishness when they learned that Aoe judged their ways with some horror, especially their violence and sexual freedom. Above all they learned of trade and with it of a new order of relationships that was distinct from exchange and which put their *haka'iki* to one side in their new map of the world. As yet they had not learned to be agnostic. They were still confident in the truth of their religion and played theologians in its defence. *Tapu* was still a grace and a sanction. They would need to

eat, men and women together, or put their heads beneath a woman's loin cloth before they knew the space around them had changed. The catalyst for their changed world would be the men and ships that came to visit them.

Reflection: On Model and Metaphor

The distinctiveness of model and metaphor is blurred, of course. Both model and metaphor are transpositions, readings of experience, products of consciousness. Their distinction lies in the fact that metaphors are understood and models are imposed. Metaphors enlarge within a closed system; models belong to an observer's perceptions. Understanding others, then, can have two meanings. It can mean entry into the experience of others in such a way that we share the metaphors that enlarge their experience. Or it can mean that we translate that experience into a model that has no actuality in the consciousness of those being observed but becomes the currency of communication amongst the observers. Indeed within the closed set of the observer's experience, the model becomes a metaphor, part of the paradigm that sets one group of observers apart from another.

If we put distinction between model and metaphor in the context of Clifford Geertz's notion of culture as text, the point may be clearer. Geertz has argued that being cultured means being possessed of an almost infinite set of readings for all the ways in which meanings are externalized and communicated in gesture, posture, word, symbol, ritual, role and artefact. 'Thick description' is the observer's art of transposing those readings in their multiplicity and complexity. The meanings have no end. They are, Geertz says, like the turtles in the story of the agnostic sahib who questioned the myth that the world stands on a turtle standing on a turtle standing on a turtle: 'there are turtles', the answer came back, 'all the way down'—meanings upon meanings, metaphors upon metaphors. However, at any one time in a culture there seems to be a certain economy in its metaphors. They cluster around form and colours and action. *Tapu, haka'iki, koina, heana*, we argued in Chapter Two, were metaphors central to Enata culture. In them Enata knew themselves whole. In them they drew the separate parts of their experience together. Within the flexible boundaries of the images they evoked, Enata found meaning on meaning. It is the outsider, the observer, who says he has seen the last turtle and describes it, draws a model, calls an end to the infinite progression, says he has caught an essence and translates what is particular, active, unbroken and complex into something general, static, structured and simple. The model possesses a quality

above and beyond the metaphor. Purporting to be a description of something else, it bears a relationship to the observer; it is an object of his knowledge. Metaphor is an instrument of daily understanding within a closed system. Like myth, it is always true to that system, always objective, always expressive of known and seen realities. But models are always schizoid: they belong to two systems, the one they describe and the one that constructs them. They are always true and untrue, objective and relative, expressive of an unseen reality in one system and of a seen reality in another. In the system that constructs them they sometimes become artefacts of culture, objects of conversation, instruments of daily understanding. The French in their early contact with the Pacific constructed a model of the Polynesian as 'noble savage'. It was an outsider's construction, only marginally related to Polynesian experience. But it became a metaphor for the French in the discovery of themselves.

This is not the place to tell of all the ways in which the descriptive models of Europeans confronted by different cultures became metaphors in the discovery of themselves, or of how Europeans needed to know the savage in order to know themselves. Nor is it the place to discuss the relationship of anthropology to European cultural needs in the colonial encounter, though many of the themes of the rest of this study explore that relationship in respect to Enata. We will return to the ethnographic models which beachcombers and missionaries constructed, to the descriptions left by *savants* like Johann Reinhold Forster and bored French colonial administrators like Edelstan Jardin, to the responses that outsiders made to Herman Melville's claims and Robert Louis Stevenson's letters, to the images that admirals and diplomats concocted and then responded to as if they were real.

It would be an arrogance to suggest that the text of Enata's culture can be recaptured with any of the fullness with which they read it. Their metaphors are gone and the suggestions we can make are only groping guesses. Yet it is impossible to escape the conviction that *tapu* was their central cultural metaphor. *Tapu* was the fundamental categorizing principle of the physical environment, of personal space, of social class, of events and actions, of cultural time. It was the organizing principle which gave everything else meaning and about which there could be no agnosticism. It was not only a map of the space within Enata's world, it also marked the boundaries of their world. In *tapu* Enata knew the most fundamental distinction between themselves and Aoe. Enata tried at first to make *tapu* an instrument for understanding Aoe: they gave Aoe a category within *tapu*—calling them *atua*—and performed rituals to identify and control Aoe. But in the end they would come to make the unintelligible intelligible only by allowing that their new enlarged universe contained what was before an unthinkable category. *Tapu* and *meie* (common) had been relational opposites in their universe. With the

coming of Aoe their *tapu/meie* world now held a contradiction. They now had a category that stood outside their *tapu/meie* world altogether. Where the *tapu/meie* oppositions had coped with their whole universe, they now had a new boundary, a new beach. The text of their culture now included a new social reality for which their old metaphor gave no reading.

Enata used *tapu* as a metaphor to understand themselves. The coming of Aoe made a bridgehead for agnosticism. The consequent personal and social trauma in the islands gave witness to how difficult it was to reconstruct another metaphor. *Tapu* was their metaphor. Our proposition that it was a metaphor is the model of this work. It is a fairly bland model whose myth of creation might read: standing on Max Weber's *Verstehn*, standing on R. G. Collingwood's 'Rethinking the Past', standing on Kenneth Boulding's 'Image', standing on Clifford Geertz's 'Text' . . . There are other models also, all claimants to be the last turtle. '*Tapu* was the message to the code of Enata's culture.' Or '*tapu* was the ideology born of the relations to the means of production in Enata society'. Or '*tapu* was the idiom in which Enata expressed their personal and social distinctions'. On the understanding that we do not expect to find the last turtle, what do these metaphors-become-models tell us of Enata—and ourselves?

One of the most remarkable ethnographic statements made by an eighteenth-century observer of Polynesian culture came from a twenty-one-year-old missionary, William Pascoe Crook, left alone at Tahuata in 1797. As model-building it can claim to be as distinctive as Johann Reinhold Forster's observations on the relationship of status and political systems to the natural environment and productivity in the islands of the Pacific.

The classes into which the people of these islands are distinguished by their superstitions are numerous, burdensome and indispensable. All belonged to two general classes, the common or tabu or restricted. The former includes all females without distinction however otherwise respected, and all men in their service. Those men, also even including the common class, whatever their property or status may be, use the same means adopted by the women to render their skin fair, and these also perform publicly in common song.

Crook's essential perception was that *tapu* was a principle of category. It made a division, he thought, between male and female. But that division was neither absolute nor descriptive of the qualities of *tapu* as we have seen. Not all males were *tapu*. Some males were essentially *tapu*, notably the *haka'iki*, the *tau'a* and the *tuhuna o'ono*. But even these, as we saw with Teinae, might strip themselves of *tapu* for a time. There were other males who, while they would not be classed as common, achieved *tapu*

only for a time by association in feast or by separation to perform some function: they might have killed an enemy; they might have clubbed together to build a canoe or prepare for war. There were still other males who crossed the boundary between *tapu* and *meie*. These were the young men who joined the *ka'ioi*, or dancing troupes, and the *pekiō*, those in each household who lived in some way as women. Their transition from *tapu* to *meie* was marked and effected by some gesture that was taken as female, such as bleaching their skin with *papa* juice or eating in a woman's fashion. But even here a fine sense of propriety enabled Enata to know when the rules of *tapu* did not apply. And those men who became *meie* by a 'female' gesture did not lose their maleness. *Pekio* had sexual intercourse with the women of the household.

Not all males were *tapu*, nor were females *meie* all the time. There were women who, despite the fact that *tapu* did not allow them any of the privileges of being male, were nonetheless surrounded with all the rubrics of *tapu*. They might have been female *tau'a*, or prophetesses. They might have been first-born daughters of *haka'iki*. They might have been women of status who separated themselves in *tapu* to feast together. Young girls were put under *tapu* to learn sacred songs. Some women put themselves under *tapu* in order to have a child or prevent a miscarriage.

There was another sense in which male/female opposition was not the determinant of *tapu*. Ultimately, it was the individual person who was *tapu*, free from illicit encroachment. Because there were two mysterious seats of a person's power—the head and the genitals—the social protection of the individual's personality turned around these two areas of the human body. Every individual, male or female, child or adult, common or *tapu* class, was owed a social reverence that was alienable only if he or she was to be socially or personally destroyed. Because individuals had a social definition, the rights and reverences due to them differed according to their social rank. The personal *tapu* of the chiefly group, of course, far exceeded that of an ordinary adult. But *kikino* and *haka'iki*, lowest and highest, shared the same vulnerability to intrusion on their person if someone breached the *tapu* about their heads and groin.

Almost all the early descriptions of *tapu*, especially those of the missionaries, focused on the sexual motif. The missionaries thought the purpose of *tapu* was 'to exalt the men above the women'. And it suited their image of the heathen as ridden with the fears of their superstition to stress the supernatural sanctions against the breach of *tapu*: purity and danger, to use Mary Douglas' analytic description of the taboos of hygiene and eating, were involved in all the regulations of personal space and action, as well as the rules of eating and food. There is no doubt that among Enata, women were thought in some sense to be dangerous and threatening. Their menstrual flow was defiling. Women

owed a carefulness to the group with their use of their own personal space. Their clothes, their property, their presence could be polluting in ways that men's never were. They could lay a curse on an object by naming it for their genitals or by placing it beneath their buttocks, just as a *tapu* could be placed on an object by naming it for one's head or by placing it over one's head. At moments of social importance or crisis, there was a strict isolation of the males from all social and sexual intercourse with women. And in their own model of their universe Enata categorized the lower level of the firmament, *Te papa'ao*, as female, and the upper level, *Te papa'una*, as male as if to give some permanent and structural indication of both the subordination of the female and the threat of female nature to *tapu*.

Yet it was men's *tapu* state that was threatened by women, not men themselves, and *tapu* was breached by illicit encroachment by both, male or female. Female qualities did not threaten *tapu* exclusively. *Tapu* was ultimately connected with the sacredness of the person. It protected that wild, anarchic independence that Aoe were convinced was a marked feature of Enata culture. In other areas of Polynesia *tapu* was imposed by nominating a place, an object or an action as part of the chief's body. Enata imposed *tapu* by extending a personal name or the name of members of a descent line to the object to be put under *tapu*, or by declaring the object to be a person because it was one's head. Names, as we have seen, were vitally important to Enata. They were the person, and the use of names in *tapu* as in name-exchange (*e inoa*) was an extension of the person. Particular procedures in which special trees or other objects were made *tapu* were supported by more permanent procedures in which types of trees, foods, birds, animals, fish and places were attached to the personality of individuals in their sacred roles. Whole categories of things were reserved for *haka'iki* or for *tau'a*, or for other special groups of males, or for men as distinct from women.

This was not an act of mere proprietorship. For that Enata had a procedure they called *ahui*. Owners of property restricted dependants and others from the use of certain foods, and sometimes the *haka'iki* would restrict the use of foods within the whole district by *ahui*. *Ahui* was signalled by such signs as white *tapa* cloth tied to a coconut tree or a *kava* plant. Owners of a part of the sea could put *ahui* on fish in their waters by placing a pole on the beach. *Ahui* was impersonal. Its imposition was not attached to either personality or social role, only to ownership.

In *tapu* restrictions, species were attached to the social definitions of the person. There is not enough detail in earlier or later descriptions of Enata to reconstruct the social typology of the environment which these restrictions indicated. There were some foods such as breadfruit, most fish, taro and yam, that could be eaten indiscriminately by anyone if the

right social forms were observed. There were some absolute divisions by which certain foods such as chicken, banana, bonito, squid and turtle were the exclusive prerogative of males. Human flesh seemed absolutely forbidden to women. There were other foods, such as pig, which were generally exclusive to males but on occasions were allowed to women. There were foods which were the exclusive property of certain ranks of males; a reddish hue in chickens, fish and bananas, a sandy colour in hogs marked them off as belonging to the *haka'iki*. The range of species under *tapu* differed from island to island and from valley to valley. The recording of them has been too haphazard to allow any discovery of a rationality in the system. Enata's almost total exploitation of their island environment for its foods, medicines, dyes, ornamentation and all the materials of their cultural artefacts produced categories and systems of knowledge of great complexity. They knew the Land in many dimensions: for its practical and technical uses, for its power to display the spirit world, for its magical purposes and its threats in sorcery, for its portents and poetry, for its metaphors and mirrors of their social life. In *tapu* they had a further dimension. Places, plants, trees, fruit, fish and cultural objects were recognizable extensions of social identity in which rank and hierarchy were as discernible as they were in the social units themselves.

Since social identities had a temporal as well as a structural dimension, such events as birth, death, marriage, tattooing, naming, piercing of ears, circumcision and puberty of individuals were also hedged about with *tapu* that were narrow or wide according to the rank and position the individual possessed. And since this temporal dimension belonged to social units as well as to individuals, the occasions on which the units performed their social functions were also surrounded by *tapu*. House-building, the learning of songs, the exercise of skills in the making of such objects as canoes and ornaments, war and sacrifice, the collection and preservation of critical crops, the first use of productive instruments such as fishnets were all invested with a sacredness that flowed out of individuals in their relationship to the principal source of *tapu*. In time and place, in the individual in his personal and social dimensions, in the established social roles of the group, a sacredness was invested whose strength could be measured both by its extension and its exclusiveness.

Enata's sense of social reality encompassed, then, knowledge of the typology of *tapu* objects, sensitivity to the personal space that surrounded different social identities, careful observance of the rules of disposal of human waste, perceptions of where one might or might not tread. It was a complex world, full of social niceties, sanctioned by supernatural and social threats. Aoe observers, again the missionaries, thought Enata to be fear-ridden by superstition. But Enata were careful rather than fearful. Rigid adherence to their many rules of social behaviour was no more

absolute than obedience to any other social norm. They might watch their children to prevent their accidental breach of *tapu*, but the safe height at which food and other objects might pass over their heads without becoming *tapu* was a matter of social relativity. Accidental breaches of *tapu* were not automatically sanctioned. The breach was as much a social construction as the rule.

These negotiations about the application of rule got registered in the outsider's view as inconsistencies, paradoxes, social fictions. We have seen the paradoxes at work in other areas of Enata culture: in the rule of first-born, in the central role of the *haka'iki*, in the distinction of *tapu* and *meie*. William Pascoe Crook puzzled endlessly over the paradoxical nature of Enata culture. 'The chief of an independent nation', he wrote at one stage,

may, or may not belong to one of the particular classes. The office of *toa*, or chief warrior, is distinct from that of *hekkaeke* [*haka'iki*] or chief, but both offices are sometimes united in the chief's person . . . both offices, indeed, seem to be almost nominal, for as it is common for all to do what is right in their own eyes, so in war they assemble or run separately to the field of battle without the smallest resemblance of order, or subordination.

He is almost resentful that the actualities of Enata behaviour do not reflect the tidiness of his model of them. There were social roles without apparent social obligations; there was order without apparent social control; there was disorder without disintegration. Side by side with legitimating rituals, there was social control by brute force. Together with an all-pervading fear was an almost secular pragmatism. In one respect, the *haka'iki* lay at the centre of all social life; in other respects, there was a dispersal of political, economic and religious power.

Enata did see the *haka'iki* as being at the true centre of their society in time and space. In time, the past, present and future belonged to the *haka'iki*. To him belonged the *atua* whose line ran back to the beginning of time, to him belonged the rhythm of social life in its cycle of events and anniversaries, from him came the pledge of continuity in his first-born. In space, the world was a *tapu* map in which animal, vegetable, mountain, sea, soil and all that men made pointed to the *haka'iki* or to men and groups in their relationship to the *haka'iki*. He could be poor, but his real wealth lay in the call he had on all that was worth while. He could be weak, but his strength lay in the fact that in the end every dispute was ended, every battle was won, every sacrifice was made in his name. He could be challenged and even overthrown, but in the end it was only the person that was overthrown and not his function or his role. There was a flexibility in the structure that allowed room for manoeuvre and manipulation and social fiction, but in the end there was no difference between fiction and reality. In men's bodies, in all the

metaphors with which they described their lives, in the rituals which made the symbols real, in all the physical activities that had a mystic dimension, the *haka'iki* was there. When he lost the subtlety and ubiquity of his presence, he was doomed.

Historians have long lived with a certain relativism. The past is what the past has left and what historians can make of it. The past as it really happened comes only once and we are for ever removed from it by the selectivity of time, the selectivity of experience and the selectivity of interpretation. For anthropologists and sociologists whose present has enough continuity to enable them to return to it, this relativity might seem a surrender to an uncertainty and partiality that makes history the quisling of the social sciences. No matter if now the epistemologists of the social and even of the physical sciences are humbler than those in the early twentieth century who foretold a brave new world of science and certainty; the data of personal observation has the fullness and immediacy of a ripe wheat field beside the stubble left by the harvester, time. One man's harvest, however, is another man's surplus grain disposal problem, and relativism can be born of both poverty and richness in observation. What is remarkable about a study of Enata in the period from 1774 to 1813 is not that so little can be got for so much labour, but that so much can be known of this remote corner of the European-Polynesian frontier. One is always struck by the impersonality of the archaeologist's and prehistorian's world of research. The millennia roll by without faces and without names, leaving only the marks where men have been. The historian's advantage on the other hand is that he can rescue the individual and identify personal signatures on life. To have rescued Teinae, Keatonui, Butahaie and others out of the anonymity of an idealized model may not seem much of an achievement, but ethnography really only begins with the actions of an individual. Having rescued them, one can be confident that Enata anthropology can never be the same again. No model of Enata society can be offered that does not take into account what we know of their individual actions. Having discovered something of their constant negotiation of their social reality, something of their metaphoric mode, we also discover that the outsider's model never really fits. It is always more static and less processual, more ordered and less subtle than the world which the actors construct and manipulate.

If individuals have been rediscovered, we have also been able to discover something of their perception of social reality. The conditions of culture contact disclose the ease and frequency with which these realities were constructed. Aoe and Enata did not confront one another. Each confronted their own construct of the other's world, and gave meaning to the other's actions only in terms of their own construct. Krusenstern, the Russian explorer, introduced his journal describing his

experiences of Enata in 1804 with a quotation from de Broglie: 'Sailors are poor stylists, but honest enough writers'. In their attempt to grasp the totally new and different, the observers' own values and own world views stand out in almost caricature. In their shock they offer an easy entry into eighteenth and nineteenth century European morality and cognitive structures. In their models of the other they betray their metaphors of themselves. We will pursue them in their shipboard world with its tensions and squabbles. In their geographies, in their drawings, in the books of their cabin libraries, in their hierarchical relationships, we will discover who they thought they were and who they were. We will play the anthropologist and try to understand them in the rituals and sacramentals of their lives. We will make models, no less, and find their metaphors.

Ships and Men

In 1797 an outsider came to live among Enata for the first time. He was a missionary left by the *Duff*. The *Duff*, under Captain James Wilson, had been sent out by the Missionary Society in London to establish missions in Tonga and Tahiti. She arrived at Vaitahu on 6 June. The *Duff* was the fourth vessel since James Cook's *Resolution* to visit the bay. As we have seen, Ingraham, Hergest and Roberts had called at Vaitahu in 1791–92. Thomas Ingraham in the tiny seventy-two-ton *Hope* had spent five nervous days there in April 1791, firing his cannon through the night, keeping his matches lit. He was happy to leave without having killed any islanders. Etienne Marchand's visit in the *Solide* two months after Ingraham had taught Enata that Aoe, who seemed to come from lands without food and women, could be subdued by means other than ritual or speech or violence. During Cook's visit in 1774 the women had mostly stayed out of sight in their huts: perhaps it happened to be a time of *tapu* or perhaps the visit of what they took to be *atua* made it a time of *tapu*. After Marchand's visit, the women would swim to the ships, holding their *tapa* wrap (*pareu*) or a few leaves high out of the water, and with gestures that needed no translation would secure their invitation on board.

H.M.S. *Daedalus*, under command of Lieutenant Richard Hergest, arrived at Vaitahu only a month after Marchand in March 1792. The crew no sooner hove to than they discovered that damp bedding stowed beneath the powder room had begun to smoulder. Anxious to avoid any sudden rush of air to fan the flames, they were forced to drill holes through the powder-room deck, which had become almost too hot to stand on. They pumped water through the holes. In their somewhat excusable state of distraction they lost much to Enata who scavenged what they could. During their stay, Hergest's men were teased and insulted and had their hair and their wigs pulled by excited islanders. One of the young officers burst into tears at the frustration of it all and called Enata an 'English rabble'. Innumerable objects, including a musket and a grapnel from under a floating longboat, were stolen. Hergest had no solution other than Cook's to control the disorder. He was forced in the end to fire muskets and cannon over the houses in the valley. He reckoned on having wounded only one islander. He was also able to capture two men of rank and hold them hostage for a stolen fowling piece.

This seemed to evoke a more meaningful response. Enata performed small rituals of friendship and the thieving stopped for a while.

Josiah Roberts came in the *Jefferson* at the end of the same year, 1792. He was a man of less patience than Hergest and was more resolved to keep his property. He had come from Boston looking for a place where he could build a small schooner, whose parts he had brought with him and which he intended to use on the north-west coast of America in the fur trade. He chose Vaitahu and named his schooner the *Resolution*. The *Resolution* took three months to build; it was a longer and more troublesome task than Roberts expected. The parts he had brought did not fit. More seriously, Enata were disturbed at the establishment of a camp and a yard to build the twenty-ton schooner. They stole his tools and flung stones from the cliffs. The first mate, Bernard Magee, mused in his journal on how difficult it was in these circumstances not to be thought of as too indulgent on the one hand or too wanting in friendliness on the other. In the end, he had to settle for being thought wanting in friendliness. After several skirmishes, Magee himself discharged his musket into the face and neck of a man who stole an axe. On 19 November an islander was killed. On 28 November, when Enata collected together and seemed ready to attack, nine of them were killed by volleys of musket fire. Magee thought the father and brother of the *haka'iki* were among the dead and the *haka'iki* himself wounded. Teinae, the *haka'iki*, was certainly wounded and his brother, Tappehue, was killed. It is doubtful that his father, Honu, who had been *haka'iki* when Cook had visited Vaitahu, died then. Enata remembered the killings in song and dance for more than fifty years but they did not sing of Honu's death. When the schooner was finished and launched with difficulty on 8 February 1793 Enata ransacked the unguarded yards. On 24 February the *Jefferson* and the *Resolution* sailed north to Nukuhiva. The night before sailing, five Enata who had agreed to sail as hands on the *Jefferson* skipped overboard, taking muskets and cartridges with them. Those on board the *Resolution* might have reflected on her inauspicious launching. She was lost in the same year with all aboard in a storm off the north-west coast of America. Bernard Magee himself was later killed by Indians at Shaker Harbour in the *Globe*.

When the *Duff* arrived at Vaitahu five years later, the bay was little changed. Teinae was still *haka'iki*. The women swam to the ship but were mystified by their restrained reception. Both the sailors and the missionaries, however, appreciated the beauty of the women as they climbed wet and naked on to the deck. The women 'were far exceeding all the other islands in beauty and symmetry and colour', the ship's journal reported. The ship's goat helped the women show off their symmetry to best advantage by promptly eating the fresh green leaves with which they had covered themselves. All on board the *Duff* could also

recognize the features of the bay which other voyagers had described. A pebble beach faced them and across the beach the valley was thick with trees and vegetation. As a backdrop, the mountain ridge rose sheer three thousand feet behind. On their left a cliff dropped into the bay. On their right another hill dipped into the waters and made a second beach, a second valley, which arched away to the cliffs of the bay on the southern side. They felt the wild gusts of wind that rushed over the mountain and down the valley, shaking the yards of every ship that anchored there, breaking the chains and dragging the anchors of many.

The *Duff* was the most extraordinary vessel to have entered the Pacific. She came neither to explore nor to trade but to deliver those who would preach the message of the Lord's salvation. Her pennant showed three silver doves with olive branches on a purple background and all on board drew comfort from her being an ark of salvation on the floods of heathenism and ignorance. Even the sailors were chosen for their piety by a captain, James Wilson, who had lost his in the wars against the Americans and the French in India but had found it again in Portsea Chapel. The missionaries, who were the chief cargo of the *Duff*, had been charged and missioned on 26 July 1796 in Sion Chapel, London, before a crowd of seven or eight thousand. Within the previous few months, all of them had discovered their calling, persuaded their parish elders and a selection committee of the Missionary Society of their worthiness and prepared themselves for tasks at the other end of the world for which they could have no preparation. They knew—because it was said publicly enough—that they had been chosen for their piety not their learning; they were from the 'inferior classes', possessed of 'good and strong natural parts', and graced with mild tempers and 'vital godliness'. They belonged to a missionary society, the preachers told them, whose birth was the 'funeral of bigotry' because they went not as Independent nor as Presbyterian nor as Episcopalian, but for the sake of the 'glorious gospel', and they were to discover for themselves the government of their nascent church. 'Lord, make them faithful', was the inscription in the Bible that was given to them. The dangers which the senders spoke of to those sent were ones to soul, not to life and limb. They went to the South Seas because the climate was good, the language easy, native government monarchical and native religion 'not of the persecuting kind'. There was casual recognition of infanticide, human sacrifice, cannibalism and warfare in the South Seas—but the exhortations to the missionaries concerned their going out in pairs, their sleeping in dormitories and their leaving religious instruction of women to women. No one suggested the possibility of what was to eventuate, namely, that some would be killed in proclaiming the good news. They were left, besides, to cope for themselves with the contradictions of their own Calvinism. They knew they were saved: their whole religious ex-

perience turned around that certainty, and they declared that their perseverance was assured. On their voyage out, the missionaries silenced very quickly an Arminian heresy among them that said that in the end they could be damned. But they were puzzled to discover what rules of life would put a lien on God's grace or in what way they in their human condition could be the instruments of salvation.

If the missionaries had to discover for themselves the ways to condition the unconditional grace of God, the directors of the Missionary Society were well persuaded that a little capitalist spirit would help spread their Protestant ethic. The Reverend Edward Williams, one of the directors, reminded the missionaries that they had thousands of prayers and £12 000 in their favour. The *Duff* had been bought for a good price and the voyage was largely financed by persuading the East India Company to allow her to bring back a cargo of tea. The first £10 000, collected from a public eager to support the conversion of the heathen, was invested in consols of three to five per cent. Having friends in the Admiralty freed the crew of the *Duff* from impressment; having friends in government allowed her to leave England with artisans who were otherwise forbidden to emigrate. Insurance at good rates, gifts from the Apothecary Company and other benefactors, repairs and apparatus without cost, waiving of registration fees—men's work by superior classes ensured that the Lord's work by inferior classes was costed, accounted and paid for with efficiency and with profit.

The last meetings of the missionaries with the Society before their departure were 'solemn and sweet', as they shared the Lord's Supper and vowed fidelity to one another. As the *Duff* moved down the river, with spectators on both sides and her decks crowded with visitors and unstowed goods, the missionaries sang 'Jesus at Thy Command We Launch into the Deep'. The sweetness of the moment and their enthusiasm did not protect them, however, from malignant tongues which described them as 'poor illiterate men leaving their country because they had not a position in it'. Even before they had left England's shores, they knew that whatever their inner certainties that they were the ministers of God, the established church looked at them askance. The thirteen-year-old son of one of them, James Cover, died at Portsmouth of consumption. They had already begun to preach awkward, stumbling, experimenting sermons to one another, but James Cover, in token of his lay status in the eyes of the Church of England, was not allowed to preach or pray at his son's funeral.

Among the youngest of the missionaries was a domestic servant from Dartmouth, William Pascoe Crook. He was only twenty-one years old. He had been 'subject to religious impressions when young' but had lost them only to experience a revival of fervour on a visit to London. There, he entered on a period of high enthusiasm and low despair until, at a sermon of a Mr Moody to the 'praying people of Tottenham Court

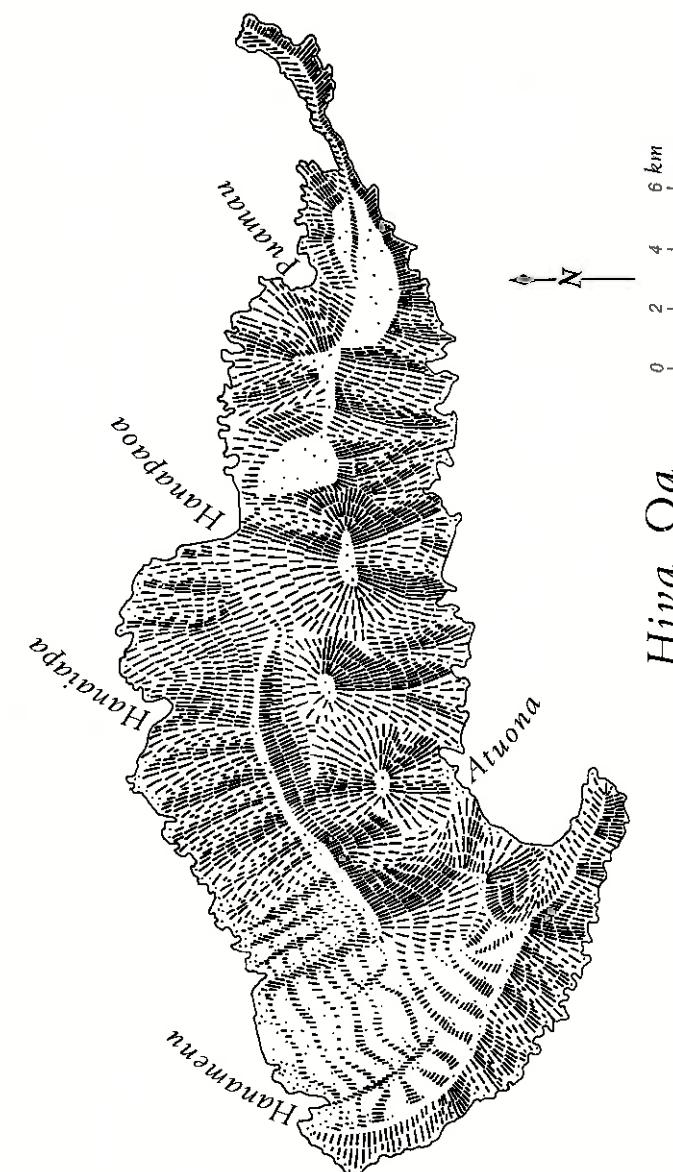
Chapel', he received the light. His certainty with its joy almost rendered him unconscious and he walked home 'singing Hallelujahs within himself and scarce refraining from singing them out loud'. Once home he prayed to die and end the lottery of salvation now, when he knew he had won. With nothing to bind him except his attachment to the Lord, he applied to be a missionary but was somewhat roughly rejected as too young. He next applied to join Dr Thomas Haweis' School of the Prophets and easily won over that enthusiastic father of the Missionary Society to his worth. He was accepted for the first missionary party and began his tuition under Dr Haweis himself. When the *Duff* was under way, he continued his education with all the others. He tried to learn a little Greek, Hebrew and Tahitian. He discussed the doctrine of Atonement, practised preaching, learned 'navigation'. He went with the *Duff* to Tahiti and there watched some of the missionaries establish themselves at Matavai Bay. Then at Tonga he watched the forlorn little group go ashore in doubt and misgiving at being left without protection amidst so much violence. The *Duff* turned eastward again and after a hard fifty days haul arrived at Vaitahu. There Crook would have to display more commitment to his calling than all the other missionaries to theirs. Another missionary, William Harris, was to have been left with Crook at Vaitahu. Indeed, we must presume that Crook, a younger man, was to have been the junior partner. But Harris, for reasons he himself did not record, had doubts about staying and in the end Crook stayed alone.

Teinae welcomed the *Duff* at Vaitahu. He seemed happy at the prospect of two Aoe living with him and promised them a house. On the *Duff* two Tahitians, 'Tom' and Harraweia, and a beachcomber from Tahiti, Peter the Swede, acted as interpreters. Through them, Crook endeavoured to collect enough information about the islands to make a decision to stay. When he had made the decision, he wrote: 'The people appear kind, friendly and teachable, but very childlike. They have no human sacrifices, neither do they kill their children. All we can do with these people till we have learned the language is to set them a good example, which we hope, through Grace, to do. Amen.' Harris showed himself hesitant from the beginning. When at last he was persuaded to spend a night on shore, Teinae's wife, Tepaihena, curious at the abnormal behaviour of the missionaries and of the *Duff*'s crew towards women, tried to see for herself what the difference was. Harris spent a terrifying night on the beach, seated on his trunk and waiting for daylight. He had also ill-advisedly shown Enata what he possessed in the trunk. Among his goods was a red feather. Enata prized red; they took everything he had.

When Harris finally refused to stay, Captain Wilson and the others on the *Duff* accepted his refusal with uncomplimentary remarks about his character and his courage. They supported Crook's decision to stay

alone, expressing the hope that his good character would remain good. They left him some seeds, some tools, some medicine, some encyclopedias and other useful books. His Bible, his good example, whatever his wits could teach him of the language, and the Grace of God were his only instruments for changing Enata from their heathen ways. To stay alone was an act of innocent bravado on Crook's part; to leave him alone was calculated irresponsibility on Wilson's. To remain alone with no hope of relief or even of communication for three years was admittedly to possess something of the gospel's carelessness for worldly things. Yet to be without plan or strategy, without guile for the way in which the Word would be spoken or heard, was too demanding on the Lord's ineffable ways and, as missionary, Crook would need more wisdom of the serpent and less innocence of the dove to win a single soul. Wilson, on the other hand, had discovered on the voyage out the weaknesses of human nature even when 'called' most clearly and he himself was more experienced and more practical in his reflections on strategies for missionary enterprises. He must have swallowed principle and practicality alike in allowing Crook to stay. Perhaps now on his way to China to buy the tea to make the profit to pay the cost of bringing the gospel to the heathen, he wondered how he might persuade the directors of the Missionary Society of the reasonableness of this expensive visit to the Marquesas. So he left young William Pascoe Crook alone. It was to be the way of mission societies, Catholic and Protestant, British and French—now that a wider public paid for Christianizing the heathen—to be happier with the arithmetic of stations established than to be troubled by doubts about how they prospered.

Crook found that Enata were more than satisfied with their own ways. They were contemptuous of him for being ignorant of their language. They listened rather to Harraweia, the Tahitian, who had deserted the *Duff* to live among them and who told them that Crook would do them no good. Crook was stripped of all he had, scoffed at, left outside any system of food distribution in a time of food shortage and never given any means to obtain it. The seeds he planted failed, except for some pumpkins. His tools were stolen. He was an enigma: he could not speak; he had no skills; he would not consort with the *haka'iki*'s wife or other women; he even wore, for his modesty's sake, a woman's wrap-around cloth rather than a man's loin-cloth. In the end, he could not even exchange his iron tools for breadfruit, as the breadfruit was failing and was more valuable than anything he had to offer. Sometimes he would swim in the bay with a fishing line around his neck because Enata would not allow him the use of their canoes. Even though he had been adopted as Teinae's son, he could find no entrance into Tahuatan society. He was left alone to read his Bible, a ritual Enata viewed with some sympathy because they thought he was mourning his lost friends. He lived for a



time in a *tapu* house belonging to Teinae, then with Teinae's younger brother, Puakku, and finally he was able to build a house for himself at Hitihiti Paepae, a stone platform at the water's edge which had been named for the Tahitian, Hitihiti, who had visited the bay in the *Resolution* with Captain Cook. The difficulties Crook found in learning the language were compounded by his difficulties in communicating to Enata anything about his own world or about religion. They refused to believe his stories about the size of the world; they mocked the ignorance and poverty of an outside world without breadfruit and women; they expected to be rewarded for being taught to read; they thought it was he who needed to learn of their gods, not they of his.

Crook was also making ugly discoveries. It was not true, as he had written on his decision to stay, that there was no human sacrifice. War was endemic on Tahuata. Teinae was constantly involved in expeditions against Hiva Oa. Hiva Oa, as we have seen, was a hunting ground for victims and Crook saw their bodies brought back. He saw corpses mutilated and mocked, eaten or hung in sacrifice. He also discovered that Enata measured social obligations in ways other than those of his own experience and expectations. The breadfruit crop had failed at Vaitahu when he arrived. There was famine and many died. He saw one dying woman savagely mocked by her half-starved neighbours. 'Her flesh being entirely wasted from her bones, and her strength therefore perfectly exhausted', he wrote, 'the natives amused themselves with giving her a slight push which was sufficient to bring her to the ground, against which her bones rattled like a skeleton.'

In February 1798 Captain Asa Dodge in the *Alexander* of Boston arrived. It was an opportunity for Crook to leave but, despite all he had seen and endured, he stayed on at Vaitahu. The *Alexander* left Tama, a Hawaiian, who became Crook's protector. Tama came equipped with a suit of scarlet regimentals, a chest of coloured cloth, a musket and some ammunition. His ability to sling a stone and throw a spear farther and more accurately than any of Enata impressed them far more than Crook's devotion to his Bible. Tama also had a fund of Hawaiian military knowledge and was adopted by Teinae as *toa* or warrior. He had been to Boston and thus was the first person who could talk intelligibly and from personal experience to Enata about the lands of Aoe. He reinforced their belief that the outsiders had no gods and lacked all the essentials of good living. He also had an immediate impact on the politics of Tahuata and Hiva Oa. Having seen the advantages of political alliances for the purposes of conquest and aggrandizement in his native Hawaii, he persuaded the men of Tahuata to forget hostilities among themselves and twice led forces of eight or nine hundred warriors in attacks against the Naiki of Hiva Oa. In the first expedition his musket allowed him considerable military advantage over the Naiki, but

he was wounded in the second by a stone. Tama was the first to make this symbol of Aoe power, the musket, an instrument for Enata's own use. The musket quickly entered the social language of Enata's warfare. It became not so much an instrument of destruction—their clubs, spears, bayonets and whaling spades were more effective—as another ornament conveying a warrior's strength and power, like the feathers he wore on his head or the human hair at his ankles and elbows. Enata called the musket 'Boasting Spear'. The difference was that, unlike their head-dresses and necklaces, no Enata could make the musket. They would have to establish new relationships to get it, would have to trade away their wealth for it rather than exchange it, would have to adapt their Land and their days to new ways. Tama was a force for change in another way. He had crossed the beach in ways no other outsider had done before him. He had entered the roles and offices of Enata's society but had also brought with him new instruments and new perceptions. Outsiders from other Pacific islands and those outsiders who were European but who were prepared to become in some part Enata would be the most potent catalysts of change. In the end, Tama had little time to change or to be changed. He had brought back tuberculosis from Boston. He died of it in 1799. Despairing in his sickness, he had tried several times to hang himself. In this also he augured the future of Enata. The sicknesses which came across the beach would kill them but they in their despair would first kill themselves.

The next vessel to visit Tahuata was to be the means of Crook's escape from that island and of his establishment on Nukuhiva. The *Betsy*, a knickerbocker bark out of New York and the first ship from 'Gotham' to circumnavigate the globe, visited Te Henua on her way from Masafuero to Canton. Edmund Fanning was her master. After the raw violence of Masafuero where his men had killed and stripped four thousand seals and piled their skins high in cabin, hold and fo'c'sle, he came looking for some respite on greener islands. Not that he looked for debauch or would have allowed it to his men. Edmund Fanning was a God-fearing man, possessed of a high sense of obligation and propriety, as well as a constant concern for the erosion pleasure made into profits. On 22 May 1798, as he prepared to drop anchor at Vaitahu and was wondering how he might best beat against the boisterous winds, he was surprised to find a sunburnt, tousled and almost naked figure clamber aboard, fall on his knees in prayer and announce, 'Sir, I am an Englishman, and now call upon you, as I have come to you, to preserve my life!' It was, of course, young William Pascoe Crook. Fanning did not seem to find it surprising that Crook was a missionary as well as an Englishman. Indeed he seemed to be taken by Crook's mixture of practicality and piety; he was glad to use him as guide and interpreter and to have his advice on whom to take as hostage and when to fire his cannon. In return,

Fanning, though he scrupled at the cost of 'gadding or roving about the country' was willing to play at ceremonies on the beach which he thought might establish Crook more comfortably and safely.

The first thing Fanning did for Crook was to take him away from Tahuata. The *Betsy* did not stop long, for fear (by Fanning's account) of being cut off or captured; for fear (by Crook's account) that Teinae would not let him go. Crook left all he had at Vaitahu, his trunk, his Bible, the journal of his mission. These possessions still remained six months later to mystify the second beachcomber who stayed on Tahuata, Edward Robarts. The *Betsy* went on to Ua Pou and then to Taiohae on Nukuhiva. Fanning called the bay where they stopped at Ua Pou 'Escape Bay' because they barely escaped being wrecked, and found no comfort from the applause the islanders gave each swell as it took the *Betsy* nearer the rocks. At Taiohae, in the presence of the 'most beautiful and romantic views mortal eyes could ever see', they felt less threatened. Nonetheless, Fanning grew impatient with the long oratory of an old man who stood in one of the canoes that circled the *Betsy* at a distance. He had the old man captured by Crook in the longboat and brought trembling on board to lay an offering of a pig and a green branch before him. They came, the old man said, from 'thunder in the cloud'. He was telling them how Enata had learned to read the portents and now knew thunder as the echo of Aoe's cannon.

Fanning had offered Crook a passage to New York but the young missionary elected to stay at Taiohae. He sensed that his mission at Taiohae would be in changed circumstances to his mission at Vaitahu. His life was indeed better. He had become proficient in the language and he understood Enata's ways much better. His first action was to exchange names with the first-born son of Keatonui, the *haka'iki*. The name exchange with Pakouteie was performed with pomp and ceremony at the main *tohua* at Taiohae. The ceremony was not without some cost to Edmund Fanning who, dressed in his best morning clothes, had to endure some hours of dancing and chanting while seated on the knee of a large warrior whose chest was smeared with rancid coconut oil and yellow stain. Fanning only escaped the heat and dust of the feast by rubbing noses with his host, an action which prompted long lines of men and women to form, waiting their turn to rub Aoe's nose. He said it was an experience 'he had no very great wish to be caught in again'. No doubt this reception line on the *tohua* surprised Enata as much as it pained him. They did not usually 'rub noses'. Gestures on the beach were liable to be misread. Sometimes the misreading led to death, sometimes merely to discomfort, always to confusion.

Crook, now 'Pakouteie', was armed with more than a new name. Fanning left him a musket and a large dog, 'Pato'. The dog was as much a beachcomber as his new master. He had been banished from New

Haven, Connecticut, for killing sheep. Edward Robarts inherited him for a while after Crook's departure until his owner, one of Fanning's crew, turned up at Nukuhiva a second time and took him back. Enata named him 'Pato': *Pato* was their word for the sound men made when death caught them suddenly. When Crook began to accompany his new 'father', Keatonui, on expeditions or on defensive forays from Taiohae, their enemies were afraid and ran. Crook, musket in hand, dog at his side, a woman's *pareu* wrapped around his waist, aroused confused reactions among Enata—as he certainly would also have done among the directors of the Missionary Society at home. As it was, the directors must have been a little nervous at the letter he scribbled hastily and gave Fanning to deliver. He had not written from Tahuata by the *Alexander*, he explained, because of the great 'spiritual exercise' he was in at the time. If the directors were left to their own pessimistic imaginings about what sort of 'spiritual exercise' he was in, they also had other things to ponder on in the further words, 'temptations have been violent and of such strange sort that I am persuaded it would be the greatest presumption in anyone knowing them to encounter'. The mission needed, he said, an intelligent person who would subordinate himself to strict regulation. His principal difficulty in propagating the word of God had been the inconceivable barrenness of the native language, the natives' great ignorance and yet their complacency in their own conceit. Crook was more comfortable, had more confidence and for the first time was reflecting on what it was he was doing and how he might possibly convey his own conceptions across the beach.

Fanning went off to Canton to trade his sealskins for tea and silk and porcelain. A year later an old inhabitant of New York saw the *Betsy* at Fly Market Wharf in the city. 'O, the wonders of Gotham, for this is beyond belief', he said to himself. The *Betsy*'s crew marched two abreast, dressed in nankeen trousers, China silk jackets, blue ribbons and hats, their silk handkerchiefs ready to carry the silver dollars of their pay. The voyage had returned a profit of \$52 000 on a capital outlay of \$7869, and it prompted Fanning to head or send more than seventy vessels to trade in the Pacific for furs, sandalwood, *bêche de mer*, birds' nests, coral moss, sharks' fins, turtles, pearls—whatever the sea and islands provided that the Chinese wanted. He constantly urged a United States National Discovery Expedition that would establish American claims in the Pacific and draw the maps that would make her trading safe. In his later recollections his first voyage to Te Henua was his most memorable. He had saved a missionary, seen a cannibal, survived a cutting off, observed with ceremony the proprieties of civilization on the beach.

Meanwhile Crook, coming from the seething violence of Tahuata, was, as we have seen, pleased with the calm of Taiohae. He should have

been grateful that the people of the bay bore those who came in 'thunder from the cloud' no grudge. For the *Daedalus* on its second visit to Te Henua, while returning from the north-west coast of America and on its way to Port Jackson with a crew of sick and disgruntled seamen from Vancouver's *Discovery*, had called at Taiohae in February 1793. Hergest had been killed in Hawaii. Lieutenant James Hanson was now her commander. Anchored offshore the crew had lost their hats as before and oars from their boat. When some bananas thrown on board struck an officer, they were offended and fired on the canoes. Tiohea, the brother of Keatonui, was fatally wounded. Said the ship's 'poet': 'There's no keeping the natives from thieving and plunder/without muskets and guns for making lightning and thunder'. Keatonui was not in the bay at the time. He was on the north coast with his warriors in a raid on the Taipi. On 3 February he returned, his canoes flying into the bay with all their regalia of war, conch shells blowing, skulls on the canoe prows threatening. They arrived as the *Daedalus* was preparing to leave. The ship's boat was towing her, looking for a wind. Surprised at what they believed to be an attack, the crew of the *Daedalus* opened fire with cannon and musket. 'How many were killed or wounded, I neither know nor care', wrote the poet, 'but I wished we had killed the whole of the scoundrels.' They now dumped overboard the dying Tiohea, whose wounds they had been trying to cure. All the time in the bay while they fired their cannon, an old chief, probably Keatonui's uncle and maybe the same old man who fearfully welcomed the *Betsy*, stood in a canoe, gesturing and calling out they did not know what.

Enata bore no grudge. As they always did, they only celebrated these mysterious events in their songs and dances. Keatonui, who had an interest in religious matters and played the priest as well as the *haka'iki*, would not listen, however, to Crook's accounts of sin and redemption. If Crook could not tell this tree from that, how could he tell them of the gods, he asked. All Crook's words about Jehovah were as private as his gesture in wearing women's clothing. The only spark of recognition he fired was when he mentioned the Holy Spirit. Enata would nod. They knew the ways in which the gods stirred their *tau'a*, their prophets, and spoke through their lips. Crook still had to understand his own piety, had to find a stance that would allow him to understand how God touched men's souls directly and yet used the instrumentality of men's preaching and witness. In that very private mission of his, with no ritual to make a sabbath, with no community to give flesh to commandments, with no congregation to hear the gospel and no words to speak it, the mysteries of God's power and men's instrumentality must have given his mind much 'spiritual exercise' indeed.

Yet his life was calmer and more comfortable than at Tahuata. There were wars and rumours of wars against the Taipi but the mangled bodies



were not thrust at him as at Vaitahu. Teinae had played *toa*, the warrior; Keatonui played *tau'a*, the priest. Teinae's harshness in pursuit of *heana* had seemed to flow over into the violence of every day, when a man at Vaitahu might be killed and eaten for his carelessness in cropping breadfruit. Keatonui's attention to ritual and dance and song focused the attention of the Teii of Taiohae on feasts and exchange. In these feasts and exchange Crook's musket, his dog and his new name gave him a social standing so that he could barter for food and assistance. Within a few months he had built himself a house. He was not given it nor assigned to it by Keatonui: he had built it in Enata's way with feasts and food for those who helped him. He owned trees with a thousand breadfruit. He had plans to build a canoe at their harvest. He had found an open door, he wrote to the directors, and had gone in.

By the end of 1798 Crook was a missionary but still without a mission. He had an entry but nothing to bring in. He was an instrument of God but had no tools of his own. One day as he climbed the ridge behind Taiohae and looked to the east towards Taipivai, he thought he saw two sails but was persuaded by his companions that they were canoes. They were in fact two whalers, the *Butterworth* and the *New Euphrates*. When Crook learned by other messages that the ships had anchored in the large double bay off Taipivai, he journeyed to them, a plan half formulated in his mind. He would leave Nukuhiva and go for assistance to his mission. There was the chance that he might get to London before the *Duff* left on her second voyage. Tahiti, for him, was the whole globe distant. He went by canoe to Taipivai, his Teii companions fearful of falling into the hands of their enemies but jealous of the Taipi's access to the whalers. The whaling captains were happy to see Crook and to have him oversee their trading. They were English whalers, out of London, both bruised and battered by storms off the Galapagos Islands. Captain Henry Glasspoole of the *New Euphrates* was a hard man. He had lost his cook, Edward Robarts, a few days before at Tahuata. He was about to lose all the rest of his crew at Nukuhiva. They grumbled at his harshness, were frightened at his leaky vessel, and were annoyed at his refusal to play privateer against the Spaniards. Now they discovered the comforts of beachcombing when they saw how well Crook lived. Henry Glasspoole locked up some Taipi women to get his men back, but the Taipi were prepared to be indiscriminate in allocating blame and were about to slaughter his deserting crew when Crook intervened and persuaded them to forget the beatings and threats they had suffered, and the sailors to mind the dangers they were in. To get help, Crook had to go to England. But he conceived a plan that would help the mission. He would take one of the islanders with him. One boy, Temouteitei, was already on the *Butterworth*. Another, Hekonaiki, was sitting on the beach as Crook left. When asked if he would go to England he agreed and

joined Crook. They were the first Enata beachcombers in Aoe's land. Temouteitei was Teinae's uncle's son and had the name Nukuhiva as well, for the killing of his father on that island. England, cold and grey and without breadfruit, was soon the death of him but he helped William Crook and Samuel Greatheed down at Newport Pagnel to write an ethnography of his people and a dictionary of his language. They are reliquaries of his short life. The last sentence of the ethnography says about Temouteitei and Hekonaiki and Harraweia, the Tahitian who had followed Crook from Tahiti to Tahuata to London, 'The change of climate much affected the health of these three islanders'. For his part, Crook missed the *Duff*; luckily, because it was captured by the French on its second voyage. When he did return to the Pacific, he was married and had begun a career of raising nubile daughters. He stayed a missionary in Tahiti on the edge of Te Henua, always supportive of a mission among them but returning only to visit, never to stay.

Glasspoole's cook, Edward Robarts, who had deserted from the *New Euphrates* on Christmas Day at Tahuata, was nineteen years old and lonely. In the raw, ugly, dangerous life of eighteenth century whaling, Robarts was a little out of the ordinary. He loved to rescue maidens, hold court with princesses, rebuke tyrannous captains, be saviour in moments of crisis. He was also a very proper person. He knew or half knew the gestures and words that gentle folk were made of and practised them on captains, admirals and 'kings'. Even at nineteen he had been in unfamiliar circumstances. He had sailed the African slave trade. He had been to St Petersburg and St Kitts. Yet he seemed the sort of man that needed familiarity. If he fantasized, that other world needed the backdrop of his galley; he needed to be closed about by fo'c'sle, if not by fo'c'sle friends. That he should cross the beach into a totally unfamiliar world seems surprising. Perhaps there were many reasons why a cook would leave his galley on Christmas Day. The reason which Robarts gave seems more delicate than it need have been. He left, he said, because of threatened mutiny and piracy on board the *New Euphrates*. He was right enough in that, as we have seen. In another sense the reason rings true. He was a man to do things by himself and if his delicacy were matched against the violence in him, his delicacy would win. He was no drunk, no debauchee, no man for mutiny. He saw Glasspoole as harsh and resented the injustice a sailor suffered, but he was no man for parties. He was no man even to share an island. His beach was as lonely as his galley.

Robarts' first nights and days among Enata were no cure for his loneliness. Tama the Hawaiian, with Teinae's assistance, had smuggled him aboard a canoe on Christmas night and taken him to Hapatoni, a bay south of Vaitahu. There they hid him till the *Butterworth* and the *New Euphrates* sailed on. Robarts came to Enata with nothing. Yet they

seemed to cope with his poverty better than they could cope with Crook's riches. He marvelled at his welcome. They took his wet clothes and gave him a *tapa hami*. In the house, by the light of a burning candlenut, they came forward to touch his white skin. His host offered his wife to warm the night. Robarts declined, saying with a linguistic skill that imagination rather than actuality gave him that his laws forbade him to sleep with another man's wife. A young girl of seventeen or eighteen shared her mantle with him instead. His welcome was warm but Enata remained curious and came from many valleys to see and touch him. He would retire to rocks by the sea or quiet places in the mountains to escape them. To learn their language he would scratch what he heard in the sand. He would answer their questions with nods and smiles and 'dumb shew'. He pried into their sacred places, watched their dances, roamed across the mountains, sat on the edges of Enata's lives and on the margins of the life he had left.

In February 1799 the *London*, Captain Gardiner, arrived. She needed timber to fish her mast, and she had men sick with scurvy. Robarts found a piece of seasoned wood for her and had a sailor's remedy for the sore, lethargic men with scurvy. It was his first experiment, he said. He buried them to their hearts in dirt and fomented their sores with roots and fed them plants that 'if they did no good, would do no harm'. He received some articles of iron and a few pounds of salt for his trouble. What he had done was cross the beach back and forth. He had assets that were useful to Aoe and Enata alike. For Aoe he was guide and pilot: he knew the anchorages and the winds. He was also interpreter and foreman: he knew Enata and how to organize their labour. He knew the cost of things and the systems of control. At Masafuero, in the Galapagos, at Hawaii and even at Canton, ships' masters would come to know that at Vaitahu there was someone who could control the 'savages' and get wood and water for the ships. To Enata, Robarts offered some protection against the violence of the ships. If he was ignorant of Enata's ways, he also had knowledge of things of which they were ignorant. He could mend muskets, work iron, plant potatoes. More than that he could put these skills of his hands to ends of which Enata had no knowledge. He could fight with tactics their island enemies did not know. He knew how to price Enata's labour so that Aoe would pay, and he knew the seasons of Aoe's demands.

The *London's* arrival at Tahuata changed conditions in another way. A French sailor, Jean Cabri, deserted. Cabri, in Robarts' eyes, was a 'stout boy' and 'a bad person', so he made the Frenchman unwelcome at Vaitahu. As a result, Cabri crossed the mountains and went to live at Hanatetena in the house of Teinae's enemy, Tuteitei. Cabri and Robarts maintained their hostility for the four years that Cabri was in the Land. Others like Cabri would cross the beach, sometimes singly, sometimes

in boatloads. But the beach remained a small place and those who left their ships were rarely happy in one another's company. They quarrelled and, when they learned to make liquor, brawled. They kept the reasons for their coming to themselves and were suspicious of those who, like themselves, had gone beyond the boundaries of their own ways. They were for the most part solitary men, bent on preserving their solitude on the beaches of two worlds.

Robarts followed Crook to Nukuhiva about a year after Crook's departure, some time at the end of 1799 or the beginning of 1800. He had been preceded by that 'stout boy', Jean Cabri. When Robarts' canoe pulled up on the beach of Taiohae, he was greeted by Cabri and another beachcomber called Walker. Walker had already spent a bleak two and a half years at Masafuero where he had been left by an American sealer. What ship left him at Nukuhiva is unclear. He had a musket, the only one on the island at the time. Enata had not yet learned to reserve their trade for what they specially wanted and gave away their wood and water for trifles. Cabri had gone to live among the Taipi and, perhaps for that reason, Robarts decided to live with the Teii at Taiohae. Walker drifted between the two groups, with his musket an object of some political desirability. Robarts and Cabri competed for him for their different groups. Like Crook, Robarts had learned from his stay at Tahuata. He too exchanged names with Keatonui's son. He also enlarged his network of relations by exchanging names with others in valleys allied to the Teii of Taiohae.

Robarts was also more confident in his double role on the beach at Taiohae. He carefully surveyed the bay and set up markers for ships. He had been careful to leave messages at Tahuata for ships' captains to follow him to Taiohae. He was equally careful to collect certificates of good character from visiting captains. When ships did arrive, he advised them on how they should behave and what sorts of goods they should exchange for services. He insisted that if they wanted him as pilot and interpreter they should obey certain rules of behaviour which he laid down.

In 1803 Robarts took two further steps across the beach. The breadfruit crop failed at Nukuhiva, Ua Pou and Ua Huka. Two thirds of the people of Nukuhiva were said to have died in the famine that followed. Robarts counted four hundred dead at Taiohae alone. He saw eleven in a household of twelve lie rotting dead in their house and witnessed the killings and sacrifices as Enata looked for the cause of their suffering and its remedy.

Almost starved himself, Robarts went to Ua Pou where the deaths had been so many that there was no one to eat the new season's crops. Recovered and resolved to secure himself against further hungry days, he took steps to enter Enata society more fully. He had himself tattooed

with a special design across his chest. The tattoo gave him entry into a small *tapu* group that surrounded Keatonui and it gave him the right to share their food. And he married. He realized that women, especially those of the *haka'iki*'s family, owned land and trees by their own right. He offered his hand to Eno O Te Ata, a younger sister of Keatonui, 'a fine figure of a young lady' whom he 'viewed with a partial eye'. On her land he built a house, cleared it and planted it with turmeric and other plants Enata valued highly. In season the breadfruit trees were weighed down with fruit. He cropped the harvest with his own hand and put it into a pit. Ena was as productive as her land. On 27 May 1804 his 'royal consort was delivered of a fine daughter'. With what concern Enata viewed Robarts' disturbance of the right order of things we do not know. For his daughter's birth he himself acted as midwife and delivered the child in his own house. To this first child, born in Te Henua Te Enata but unprotected by their *tapu* and unenfranchised by the rituals and customs that made her one of them, Robarts gave the name Ellen. Like her father, she would live her life on beaches. She would go with him to Tahiti, Penang and Port Jackson; in the end she would survive her mother, and the other children born of her mother, and her father as well, in the loneliest beach of all, the poor-white sector of Calcutta.

Just before Ellen was born, the *Nadesha* under command of Adam von Krusenstern anchored at Taiohae on 7 May 1804. Three days later her companion, the *Neva* under Yuri Lisiinsky, caught up with her. They had come from Cape Horn to do for the Russians what Bougainville had done for the French and Cook had done for the English—to discover the Pacific and its worth. The Russians were surprised to find an Englishman and a Frenchman already living on Nukuhiva. They were not surprised to find the pair enemies: enmity, they thought, was innate to Englishmen and Frenchmen. They were, however, disturbed to think that the newly discovered islands of the southern ocean had to feel the influence of the rivalry. It was a more prophetic sentiment than they realized. It was rivalry between the French and English that caused the French to 'take possession' of the Marquesas. For the moment, however, they effected an uneasy reconciliation between Robarts and Cabri. In the end they solved the problem completely. By accident, they took Cabri off the island altogether when he stayed too long aboard when they were departing, and landed him at Kamchatka on the Siberian coast.

Cabri had crossed the beach among the Taipi far more effectively than Robarts had among the Teii. Cabri spoke their language fluently. He had even almost forgotten his own French. All he could say to the Russians on their arrival was 'Oui, moi beaucoup Francais, Americanish ship, ah dansant la Carmagnole'. He had married the daughter of one of the lesser *haka'iki* and had a son and a daughter by her. In an enthusiastic, if not very enlightening, comment on Enata marriage rules,

he said: 'Beaucoup d'esprit. Il ne couche pas avec soeur. Un autre baise so soeur, et il couchera avec autre fille. Beaucoup d'esprit.' But then one might say, with Claude Lévi-Strauss, that he had discovered the primal social fact—that if men will not marry their sisters they must exchange women with someone else. He had learned to mime Enata's actions and ways. He would dance and caper and demonstrate their fighting methods. He learned to swim as well as they could. He was tattooed from head to foot. He had become a warrior and had killed men in battle. He had not eaten those whom he had killed, but had bartered their corpses to other more uninhibited warriors. He was a convert to sorcery and, although his experiments in sorcery for the scientists on board the ship between Nukuhiva and Kamchatka all failed, he was convinced it was only the absence of a *me'a'e* on board that had affected his magic's efficiency. He had also shifted his criteria for what was socially valuable. Krusenstern was annoyed that a new shirt which he had given Cabri was bartered away for a sailor's old red flannel jacket. Yet red was *tapu* and was far more valuable than any pretty shirt. Had he remained at Taipivai, he would have worn his red flannel to the tops of the mountains and there made gestures of defiance and challenge to the men of Teii.

Cabri was destined to make those gestures not on the tops of mountains but on the stage. In Moscow and St Petersburg he played cannibal charades for the curious great. Scientists examined his tattooed hide. Russian marines at Kronstadt learned to swim from him. Several crowned heads received him. Readers of Krusenstern's journals could see his wild figure glaring at them from the pages. But his notoriety was short-lived. He ended his days in the fairs of Brittany and Paris competing with performing dogs. When he died at Valenciennes in 1822, the local museum heard of his death too late to carry out their plan to make his contribution to science more permanent by tanning his tattooed skin.

By 1822 Edward Robarts was still alive, but he had long left Nukuhiva. With Cabri's departure, Robarts' stay had entered its last stage. The wide network of relationships which he had built up by name exchange had become entangled. In his last years, he had become involved in property disputes within Keatonui's family. Also, at Nukuhiva, after a period of reasonable peacefulness from 1799 to 1804, there began a period of quite savage three-way 'hostilities between the Teii at Taiohae, the Taioa at Hakaui and the Taipi of Taipivai. By 1813, and even more after Porter's visit in that year, those hostilities became destructive in ways in which they had not been before. The knowledge of two bays on the southern coast of Nukuhiva, harbours in which ships could anchor with relative safety, was adding to the already existing tensions between the valleys' inhabitants by encouraging the presence of Europeans. Except for a short period after Crook's departure, Taiohae

was never to be without the presence of Aoe from 1799 to the present. Neither the Taipi nor the Taioa had any way of sharing in the bounty that came with Aoe's visits to Taiohae except by victory over the Teii.

There were other, more personal, considerations that would force Robarts to leave Nukuhiva. In October 1805 six sailors of the *Leviathan* deserted with a ship's boat. It was a dangerous adventure. On their ships Aoe might protect their property with their guns. On the beach they came rich at their peril. Robarts probably saved the lives of the six by capturing them and securing their boat for Keatonui. But the presence of a gunner, cooper, cook, boatswain, landsman and a 'useful boy' was a greater disturbance than Robarts and Crook had ever been. They clustered together, formed a social group, fell to quarrelling and strained the resources of the valley. They viewed the sexual freedom with which Enata women greeted ships as if it were a permanent characteristic of the Land. They did not understand the sexual rights and obligations Enata knew for themselves. For Robarts, the Land had become dangerous and the beach crowded. In February 1806 he took a berth on the privateer *Lucy* with Ena, Ellen and his dog, 'Neptune'. He was following another fantasy about the fair promise of Botany Bay, a land, he was told, overflowing with breadfruit and convict labour. He took his beach with him. He continued to live a life full of crossings and margins, always looking over walls at someone else's land, always remembering his days of greatness in his association with 'Blood Royal' at Nukuhiva, always savouring the days when being an outsider to both Enata and his own kind made him important on the beach.

In Robarts' time at Nukuhiva the number of vessels visiting Te Henua had never been more than two or three a year. The visit of the Boston ships, *Hope* in 1791, *Jefferson* in 1792 and *Alexander* in 1798, had sparked no sustained New England interest. There was no reason to visit the islands other than for provisions and respite. Two Salem vessels on the first circumnavigation of the globe beginning from that port called at Tahuata and Nukuhiva in 1801. One of them, the *Minerva*, Captain Mayhew Folger, had no trouble at Taiohae in getting wood and water. Robarts was there to help him. Mayhew Folger made his impact on Pacific history a few years later when he discovered the home of the *Bounty* mutineers at Pitcairn. But he also made a modest contribution to the preservation of Enata culture by collecting the fourteen artefacts—gorgets, slings, fans, staffs and a club—which became the earliest Polynesian art collection in the United States, at the Peabody Museum in Salem. He also solved one of Robarts' problems by taking away Walker. The *Concord*, Captain Appleton, also of Salem, stopped briefly at Tahuata on its way to Canton. The *Barclay* of New Bedford, Captain Griffin Barney, called at Nukuhiva in the middle of its sealing run in 1801 and the *Oneida* of New Haven, also on the first circumnaviga-

tion for its port, called at Nukuhiva. The *Oneida*'s Captain Brintnall seems to have been the first seaman who was willing to trade a musket for Robarts' services to him. The *Maryland*, under Jonathan Perry, was the second vessel from New York after Fanning's *Betsy*. She spent nearly two weeks at Vaitahu in late November 1805. For some reason, the men from the *Maryland* were attacked. To their surprise, they found their muskets were useless. Even their nine-pounder seemed to have little effect. What Robarts told the captains was true: Enata were learning how defenceless ships and ships' boats were and how unreliable their muskets and cannon were in conditions which favoured surprise and stealth.

By 1805, in the thirty years since James Cook's visit, at least twenty-five vessels had visited Te Henua. They included American traders and sealers, British whalers and privateers, French traders, Russian vessels of discovery. How many came in the years 1806–10 is uncertain. But in 1811 there began a period of a different sort of visit and of a different sort of beachcomber. Captain William M. Rogers in the *Hunter* discovered that sandalwood could be got from Te Henua. By that time Aoe had a special reason to visit the islands. The Marquesas began to take shape on the maps, as somewhere between the Horn and Canton or somewhere between the Peruvian Grounds and the Japan and Behring Sea Ground. It became important to know whether the Washington Group (in the north) were to be classed as part of the Marquesas (in the south) or whether Nukuhiva should bear a French, British or American name.

Most ships that visited the Marquesas before 1811 were on their way to somewhere else. They came for wood, water and provisions, or they came to refresh their crews after the rigour of sealing in the Southern Ocean. An occasional whaler came for the same reasons, but the period of intense whaling visits was some years off. The whalers had yet to learn the rhythm of whaling which would take them to grounds in the north-west and south-east, north, south-west and central Pacific according to the movement and the seasons of the great mammal. That rhythm would bring them more constantly to the Marquesas as they refurbished between segments of their two- and three-year voyages. But the years of the whalers' visits did not really begin until the 1830s.

Sandalwood was, of course, known in Te Henua before Captain Rogers 'discovered' it. Enata knew it as *puahi*. Indeed, with their penchant for particularity, they distinguished four varieties of it, though a modern botanist would not allow their distinctions as specific. Enata distinguished their varieties according to the differences they perceived in the colour of the flowers and wood and in the scent of the oil. The flowers and pieces of scented heart of the wood they used in their *leis*. The oil of the wood they would use to perfume the coconut oil with

which they anointed themselves. They would also perfume their *tapa* cloth with *puahi* oil. They found a medicinal purpose for the oil in the steam from *puahi* leaves. There is no indication that *puahi* was of special cultural importance. It was not connected with *tapu*. No special rules were directed towards its ownership and use as were directed towards other plants such as turmeric which had cosmetic functions. *Puahi* grew uncultivated among the trees and plants of lesser importance along the slopes of the valleys.

The *Hunter*, 296 tons, owned by John, Samuel and Sullivan Dorr and its captain, had left Boston on 10 August 1810 under Captain Rogers with thirty crew. She followed the pattern of most Boston ships by entering the Pacific from Cape Horn. Rogers seemed intent on looking for sandalwood in the eastern Pacific. He landed first at Tahiti where he picked up six Tahitian crew and then swept south and east to Tubuai and Rurutu before making Tahuata in the Marquesas. Rogers followed the sandalwooder's practice of asking beachcombers at the different islands about sandalwood, but it was not until he reached Taiohae on Nukuhiva that he had any success. Here two beachcombers, James Wilson and Peter Cox, showed him a boatload of sandalwood sticks. John Child, the writer of the extant journal of the *Hunter* says somewhat mysteriously that Rogers 'appeared weary gellous' of the information but nonetheless did not stay to collect the wood. Instead, he made his way back to Huahine and Borabora and began an unsuccessful run through the Tongan and Fijian Islands. In five months he collected only forty tons of wood.

During that time he had met up with the *Active*, Captain W. P. Richardson, and had helped Captain William Dorr of the *Brutus* in his unsuccessful punitive expedition, following the killing of five of the *Brutus* crew in the Fijis. So Rogers returned to Nukuhiva and on 5 November 1811 anchored the *Hunter* at Taiohae. In sixty-five days he collected two hundred tons of wood.

James Wilson, the beachcomber who helped Rogers, made a habit of telling ships' captains that he had been in the islands for about ten years. He told Rogers that in 1811 and a last report of him in 1822 said the same. Captain Jonathan Perry in the *Maryland* had used him to trade for provisions on Tahuata and Hiva Oa in 1805. He probably had arrived a couple of years before that. Edward Robarts, then in Nukuhiva, while Wilson was at Tahuata, made no mention of him. Wilson seems to have been consistent in refusing to explain to captains why he had come to the islands and consistent in his assurance that he was happy and intended to remain. Only David Porter had a bad word to say about him and that was because of second thoughts when Porter suspected him of abetting the attack by Enata on Lieutenant Gamble in 1814. Peter Cox, Wilson's associate, had only been at Nukuhiva for a year. He was a

Dutchman and had run from the *Albatross* when that ship visited Nukuhiva 15-24 November 1810.

Rogers was not the first captain Wilson and Cox had tried to persuade to the worth of Marquesan sandalwood but he seems to have been the first to have profited by it; the *Maryland* reported that some time before November 1805 a ship had taken sandalwood to Canton from the Marquesas but none of the sandalwooders, including Nathan Winship in the *Albatross*, owned up to being the lucky ship. And Edward Robarts bemoaned his bad fortune at not having known the value of sandalwood when he saw the colonial sandalwooders returning to Sydney with profitable loads in 1815.

When the *Hunter* had collected two hundred tons from Nukuhiva, Rogers sailed for Whampoa. He left seven men at Taiohae to collect wood for his return. At Canton Rogers sold his wood at \$18 a picul (equivalent to about 133 lbs) for a return of \$27 500. He was back at Taiohae within six months only to discover that the seven men he had left were in fear of their lives and had already begun to build a boat for their escape. In the fourteen years since the first Aoe had lived among Enata, some thirteen beachcombers had stayed for different lengths of time. Despite the endemic violence of Enata society no Aoe had been harmed. The boatload who deserted from the *New Euphrates* were reported to have feared for their lives and Robarts himself said that a boatload from the *Leviathan* lived dangerously while they stayed together and kept the whaleboat that Enata coveted. The danger to the *Hunter*'s men was in fact of Rogers' making. Enata had always been selective in their trading. They had not valued the adzes, nails, mirrors, beads and clothes which Aoe offered so much that they would interrupt their own *tapu* if they were in force. Whenever they were preparing for their frequent *koina*, provisions for ships, especially pigs and other *tapu* foods, were difficult to obtain unless ships' captains had goods which Enata valued among themselves. Red feathers, and by association red cloth, artefacts of other Polynesian islands and whales' teeth were highly esteemed by Enata. The musket and the whaleboat, the only European items that Enata valued greatly, had not by 1811 become items of trade. The only muskets on the islands had been brought by beachcombers and, until sandalwood was discovered, there was nothing on the island so valuable to Aoe as to need a whaleboat to pay for it. Rogers had nothing that he could give Enata that would persuade them to undertake to cut and collect *puahi* from the slopes of the valley walls and carry it to the ships. So Rogers got his carpenter to carve whales' teeth from ivory. The fraud discovered made life dangerous for the seven men he left.

The aggression which the fraud fostered was the beginning of a new period of Aoe-Enata relationships. Indeed, Phineas Fairbanks, one of the *Hunter*'s crew, was to be the first white man killed in the Marquesas.

There had been plenty of incidents before this. The frenzied disorder of Enata, the bizarre ferociousness of their tattoos and hair styles, their number and size, their apparent lack of political control frightened many a ship's crew into resorting to violence to stop a theft or to clear a deck. Yet, except for an attack against Josiah Roberts who had occupied Vaitahu and cut down breadfruit trees to build his schooner the *Resolution*, except for ugly murmurings by the Taipi when Captain Henry Glasspoole of the *New Euphrates* took hostages to force the return of his deserted crew, and a stoning of a boat of the *Maryland* when it landed at Hiva Oa, there was no example of Enata aggression against Aoe ships and crew. The sandalwood trade and Porter's violent incursions were to change that.

The arrival of the *Hunter* at Canton had alerted ships' captains there to the existence of new sandalwood islands. Within six weeks of the *Hunter*'s return to Nukuhiva in July 1812 she was joined by the *Lydia* (Captain Lockit), the *Pennsylvania Packet* (Captain William Lewis) and the *America* (Captain Andrew Mathews). The *Lydia*, only eighty-six tons, was owned by Benjamin C. Wilcox and his brother. Benjamin C. Wilcox was American Consul in Canton, a position that kept him well informed of the sandalwood trade. The *Pennsylvania Packet* was owned by a Mr Waln of Philadelphia. The end of the quasi war between the United States and France and the end of the Tripolitan War had left the captain of the *Pennsylvania Packet*, a former navy man, little else to do except seek his fortune in the China trade. Lewis persuaded another navy man out of work, John Maury, to come with him first to Brazil and then to the East Indies and Canton. Benjamin C. Wilcox also had an interest in the *Pennsylvania Packet*. The *America*, the largest of the vessels at 493 tons, was out of New York for the company of Meuturn and Champlain. While the *Hunter*, *Lydia* and *Pennsylvania Packet* worked a co-ordinated campaign to collect wood from the many valleys of Hiva Oa, the *America* worked independently.

Ua Huka and Ua Pou in the northern Marquesas were found to be without much sandalwood. At Taiohae the Teii were still sullen with Rogers and would not collect wood, but the Taioa at Hakaui, if the fact that it became known to sandalwooders as Lewis Bay is significant, were more co-operative. Wood was sparse at Tahuata, and Fatuiva had no safe anchorage. At Hiva Oa, however, wood was plentiful. The ships secured the wood by anchoring in the relatively safe bay at Vaitahu and sending their boats to the valleys on the north and south sides of Hiva Oa.

The *Hunter* was back in Canton by 29 January 1813 with 3863 piculs of wood, which Rogers sold at \$13.25 a picul. The *America* followed two days later, almost empty, one would think, with 204 piculs. The *Pennsylvania Packet* reached the port on 23 March with 1745 piculs but the *Lydia* did not return till 23 November with 1100 piculs. Their collective

good fortune deserted them in Canton. A week after the *Hunter*'s arrival at Canton news reached them of war between the United States and Britain and in the long hot summer they spent 'melancholy times in a disagreeable part of the world' watching the East India Company fleets come and go, trying to decide whether to run the blockade that the British navy had established. The *Pennsylvania Packet* tried and seems to have made it successfully, although she never returned to the Marquesas whither she was bound to collect wood and the six men, including John Maury, whom Captain Lewis had left at Nukuhiva. Captain Rogers did not try to make a break until March 1814. He was very quickly captured by H.M.S. *Doris* and his ship and nearly three hundred thousand pounds of green and black tea taken as prize. Benjamin C. Wilcox, consul, had to arrange the return of twenty-seven prisoners.

The war which bottled up the *Hunter* in Canton brought David Porter to the Marquesas. He found John Maury still waiting for the *Pennsylvania Packet*. Maury family tradition has it that four of John's six companions had been killed, but that John Maury and a Joe Baker had survived by building themselves a platform in a tree where they were fed by friendly islanders. John's more famous brother, Mathew Fontaine Maury, who became one of the great cartographers of the U.S. navy, was to visit Nukuhiva in 1829 in the U.S.S. *Vincennes*. He was offered — inevitably — a 'royal bride' and 'sceptre and crown' if he were willing to stay where his brother had left. Whether or not John Maury survived because Marquesans could not climb trees, he went off with Porter, survived Porter's defeat at Callao but did not survive a more effective enemy in 1822, when yellow fever killed him in the West Indies where he was fighting pirates with Porter.

The blockade in Canton kept the news of sandalwood in the Marquesas from the traders in Boston and Salem. Perhaps the news first came back from John Astor's trading settlement, Astoria, on the Columbia River. The *Albatross* had called at Nukuhiva on its way to Astoria in November 1813. The delay in the news and the slack in trade because of the war enabled the merchants of Sydney to profit a little from the losses of Porter's victims. The *Seringapatam* with the fourteen of Porter's prisoners who had escaped from Lieutenant Gamble at Nukuhiva limped into Port Jackson on 30 June 1814. The Sydney merchant, William Douglas Campbell, always an opportunist, had his vessel, the *Governor Macquarie*, on its way to the Marquesas in six weeks. Other Sydney merchants quickly followed his example. Six colonial vessels — *Governor Macquarie*, *Queen Charlotte*, *Endeavour*, *King George*, *Daphne* and *Lynx* — made fourteen trips to the Marquesas in the next five years. They brought back five hundred and forty tons of wood to Sydney to ship to Canton. This was probably about a quarter of all the sandalwood taken from the Marquesas in the years 1811 to 1821.

These colonial traders moved into the eastern Pacific with a raw wild-

ness that reflected the violence of the convict settlement from which they came. They were scavengers for trade, bringing back forty to sixty tons of sandalwood from trips of about eight months duration, picking up whatever was to be gotten, such as metal from wrecks. They lived dangerously, on the edge of disaster by wreck, by mutiny, by cutting off. Their own shipboard life was a record of murder, lynching, mutiny, piracy and desertion. Their relationship with the islanders was ruled by the assumption that nothing, not killing, not wounding, not kidnapping, not trickery, was improper if it gained them a few sticks of wood. They acted with impunity. The law reached weakly into the Pacific out of Sydney Town. Governors voiced their concern but only missionaries and Samuel Marsden, in some expectation that the islanders would take retributive justice, were sustained in their condemnation.

Almost all the vessels under their different masters had their own adventures. The *Queen Charlotte* had been taken by islanders in the Tuamotus in August 1813. Her mates had been murdered but when the vessel was brought back to Tahiti 'King' Pomare, then establishing his hegemony, forced the islanders to give her back. On her first trip to the Marquesas in 1815 her master, John Martin, short of trade, stole canoes from Tahuata to sell for wood in Nukuhiva. At the same time he kidnapped several *haka'iki*, confined them to the hold and later forced them to jump into the sea. He was the only captain to be brought to court for such actions, but he could not be punished. The *Endeavour*, under Captain Walker, had retaken the *Daphne* after a mutiny in which her captain, Folger, had been killed. Walker hanged the ringleader, Amile, out of hand, but had to stand trial for murder in Sydney. Governor Macquarie thereafter posted a bond on all ships trading in the islands as a means of controlling them in some way. On her first visit to the Marquesas in 1815 the *Endeavour* survived a cutting off at Taiohae after an accidental wounding of an islander. On her way to her second visit in 1816, the *Endeavour*'s master, Thomas Hammond, was surprised to find five escaped convicts creep one by one from various parts of his ship. The magistrate in the Bay of Islands, New Zealand, refused to take them unless Hammond left six months provisions, so he took them on to Hiva Oa and was happy enough to see them run away there. The beach, it can be seen, was changing its character with these runaway convicts. At Nukuhiva, the *Endeavour* anchored at Taiohae near the *King George* which was trading there. On the night of 16 May 1816 she was boarded by three of the *King George* men who overpowered the watch, stole an arsenal of weapons, food and a whaleboat and made off to some new Pitcairn of their own.

The British trader *Matilda*, whose Captain Fowler could certainly have been excused for being a melancholy man, on her visit to the Marquesas in 1814 first lost her boats in New Zealand and was twice

nearly wrecked at Tahiti. Then at Ua Pou in 'Duff's Bay', she was cut off by six of her Tuamotuan crew who had deserted. The captured crew were convinced they were among cannibals and drew no comfort from the gleaming white teeth of their captors. But they were rescued by the *haka'iki*, Nouahitu. He was reported to be prepared to hang his son and himself if harm came to these Aoe. It was a story dramatic enough to be told in gazettes and newspapers all around the world.

There were other incidents. The *Ontario*, an American brig which heard the news of sandalwood in the Marquesas while in Sydney, was wrecked off Timor. The *Bridges*, a London whaler, was wrecked in the Marquesas. The *Lynx* had her captain, Sibrill, captured and held hostage for eight days.

By 1816 the British-American war was long over and the traders from New South Wales had lost their temporary advantage. The Americans were back in the Pacific looking for their China trade. They came in steady numbers to the Marquesas: *Indus*, Salem, Captain Nathaniel Page (1815); *Panther*, Salem, Captain Isaiah Lewis (1815); *Lydia*, Philadelphia, Captain Henry Gyzelaar (1815); *Mary*, Salem, Captain Thorndike (1817); *Resource*, New York, Captain Cornelius Sowle (1817); *Sultan*, Boston, Captain Caleb Reynolds (1817); *Trial*, Captain Burnet (1817); *Lion*, Boston, Captain Solomon Townsend (1818); *Indus*, Salem, Captain Benjamin Vanderford (1818); *Borneo*, Boston, Captain George Clark (1818); *Arab*, Boston, Captain Isaiah Lewis (1819); *Tamahourelane*, Boston, Captain John Jones (1821); *Inore*, Boston, Captain Eliah Grimes (1821); *Roscoe*, Salem, Captain Benjamin Vanderford (1821).

New England merchants invested heavily and confidently in the Pacific in the years 1815 to 1825. There is no indication, however, in the papers and letter-books of the principal Boston and Salem companies that the Marquesas had taken prominence in their planning. T. H. Perkins of Boston, for example, was more interested in discovering a copper trade out of Chile. He saw the Marquesas as a profitable stop on the way to the difficult market in Canton. That market, he complained, adjusted prices according to its own internal mechanism with little reference to the cost of acquiring goods in the Pacific. The merchant captains grasped at what they could. Nathan Winship in the *Albatross* collected fifteen hundred tropic-bird feathers at Nukuhiva to trade for sandalwood elsewhere in the Pacific. Sturgis and Perkins sent the *Ophelia* to the Galapagos to collect whales' teeth to buy sandalwood in the Marquesas only to find that others had discovered their value as currency before them, and had cleared the bones of all their teeth. Captains Jones and Grimes working for Josiah Marshall of Boston disgustedly reported that Marquesan birds' nests were inedible. The American traders' forays to the Marquesas were sporadic and their

results inconsistent. The *Panther* collected two hundred tons of sandalwood in 1815 and her captain, Isaiah Lewis, said he could have collected a hundred tons more if he had had more muskets to trade. The *Resource* under Captain Sowle only collected sixty tons after five months stay in 1817. The *Indus*, which interrupted two visits to Nukuhiva in 1816 to go to Hawaii to repair the 'King' Kamehameha's muskets, could only collect seventeen hundred pounds of sandalwood and in her report to the owners warned of the dangers of collecting wood from Hiva Oa and Tahuata. By then the acceptable exchange for labour and wood was listed as firearms and ammunition, 'red broad cloth', cutlery, beads, feathers and ornaments and a few whales' teeth. Camille de Roquefeuil, on the *Bordelais* out of Bordeaux, was a witness to the sandalwood trade in the Marquesas at the end of 1817. He himself had collected eighty tons from the northern and southern bays of Hiva Oa. He reckoned at that time that a musket would buy 500 lb of wood, $2\frac{1}{4}$ lb of gun powder would buy 200 lb of wood, hatchets 45 lb and three-finger whales' teeth 200 lb. At the time sandalwood was selling for about \$2.50 a picul in Canton. In effect, Roquefeuil was exchanging a two- or three-dollar musket for sandalwood worth about nine dollars.

The Americans experienced their losses as well as their profits. The *Mary* had two men killed, as did the *Flying Fish*. The *Trial* and the *Resource*, as well as Roquefeuil's *Bordelais*, had been attacked or survived an attempted cutting off. All the ships' captains listened carefully to their beachcomber interpreters, such as George Ross, who warned them to be on their guard against the Men.

More than one hundred and seventy ships came to the Land between 1774 and 1815. Seventeen of these were naval vessels. The rest were trading and whaling ships. By far the largest number of all these ships were American, perhaps two thirds; the rest were mostly British. Only three French ships had visited the islands before 1835, and two Russian and one Polish ship as well. Taiohae and Vaitahu were the two main ports of call. The anchorages of Hiva Oa and Fatuiva were all dangerous: since boats had to go long distances from the ships for supplies or trade all were thus more liable to attack. Ua Pou and Ua Huka were less well supplied with provisions and population. There was a rhythm to all the visits. If there were a beachcomber in the bay, he would rush to present himself as pilot and interpreter. If not, the captains would try to distinguish the *haka'iki* among the Enata who would come out in canoes. The women would swim out after the canoes and, if allowed, come aboard immediately. Otherwise they would wait in the water. A few captains for moral and religious reasons would not allow women on the ships. Mostly they clambered on the deck naked, preened and dried themselves and with few niceties disappeared into fo'c'sle and cabin. There was no privacy in the fo'c'sle debauch and little



enough inhibition in the cabin. At night the ship might be cleared for safety's sake. In the day the watches would be given shore leave, but sailors were wary of moving alone and captains were fearful of losing their men so they were likely to take their pleasures on the ship rather than the beach. If the captain did not want to lose the momentum of his voyage, the discipline and order of the ship were as if she were at sea rather than in port. Except for the 'old trade', trade was in the hands of the captain or one of the officers, lest the market be spoiled by inflationary prices. When there was another ship at anchor, there were seamen's proprieties to be observed in visits to captains' tables, comparisons to be made on catch and trade, jealous observations to be recorded on efficiency and order. While the crew debauched the women, the captains had some responsibilities for social graces and they would indulge the 'king' and his lady with silver on the table and liquor under the belt. When the wood and water were loaded and the decks cluttered with pigs and whatever fruits and vegetables the conservative tastes of seamen would allow, they would ransack their bags for old shirts and cloth, dig in their barrels for beads and mirrors to pay their women, manage the tense moments of discovering runaways—for they would have to devise means to get them back if there were any—and leave, like the voyagers they were, with only today's worries and none of tomorrow's obligations.

Reflection: *On Rites of Passage*

In these encounters between voyagers and islanders what things and institutions came across the beach and who were the instruments of change? For Enata everything that Aoe brought and did was novel, beyond their experience. For the civilized Aoe, part of the charm of their encounter with the savage was the savage's delight at the ordinary artefacts of culture and the incongruity between savage actions and civilized things. Every laughable contrast between a tattooed limb and some dandy's vest, every little comic play of a cannibal chief preening himself before a mirror, every simplicity like rolling on the deck with delight at a Galapagos turtle or a parrot or a cat or a goat, was a lesson in the civilizing process and a happy reinforcement of cultural superiority. Pancakes and honey, hot tea, shaving with a razor, fathoming the difference between shirts and trousers—the lists of experiences that were novel to Enata and reassuring to Aoe were almost infinite. They were acts of domination in themselves or, certainly in relationships that were unpredictable, they left Enata disarmed and Aoe in control. They were the stuff that cultural superiority was made of.

There were few things that came across the beach that seemed to change a value or an institution. The process of change was much more indirect. Aoe artefacts changed Enata institutions when their distribution affected established relationships among Enata or when, to acquire the artefacts, Enata had to change their behaviour, or when the accumulation of these artefacts eliminated the necessity of some local industry with its associated networks of exchange and relationships. Some of the vehicles of cultural change in the Land, perhaps the most important, were women, muskets and clothing. The processes of cultural change were particular and individual. One cannot point to a cultural importation or a mimicry that triggered a collapse of Enata culture. Rather, individuals made personal adaptations which widened their options in behaviour and lessened the control of what was culturally given to them over their actions. In this cultural agnosticism the force of sanctions weakened, the need for established roles decayed. Cultural change became the infinite number of choices exercised concerning an environment that was changed both by the intrusions and by the choices themselves.

The abiding memory of sailors visiting the Land was of women. They were beautiful and wanton.

The girls were permitted on board without any hesitation. They were in general small and young, quite naked and without exception the most beautiful people I ever saw. Their shapes and features were exquisite beyond description. They being naked there was no deception of dress. Their complexion varied, some of a copper and others of as fair complexion as any of ourselves. Their hair was various colours, long and fine, wearing it flowing in its natural curls. Of their ornaments we could not see any and suppose but few are worn by them unless printing or staining is admitted as such. On the whole their beauty and gentleness with the rest of their charms were such that few could but admire them and none resist the impulse of the moment. They do not appear to have any idea of shame or criminality.

The description is Nicholas Dorr's, supercargo to Thomas Ingraham in 1791.

There was a paradox about Enata women that the sailors never understood. They were narrowly confined by *tapu*—the fact that they had to swim to the ships was a scandal to the romantic and the chivalrous. Yet they were uninhibited in their sexuality. The British sailors in the early years of contact might not have been scandalized at this lack of inhibition. The boatloads of raunchy boisterous whores that greeted newly arrived vessels in English port towns had something of the sexual pragmatism of the islanders. Yet the cleanliness of Enata women, their youth, their nakedness, their overt gestures scandalized the seamen a little, but did not prevent them from enjoying what they saw as promiscuity.

The early fastidiousness of the exploring captains at not introducing venereal disease into the islands did not last into the nineteenth century. The debate whether syphilis was already in the Pacific or whether endemic yaws prevented its expansion will not be resolved with information from the Marquesas. In the Marquesas dysentery, influenza, tuberculosis and fevers were far quicker killers than syphilis. Naval records of the Pacific indicate that thirty-one per cent of sailors were treated for venereal disease (but not cured). Other seamen were neither surveyed nor treated for it. Whether Aoe introduced syphilis or not, it can be safely presumed that they spread it. When Midshipman Orlebar wrote of the girls of Tahuata in 1830 that they were 'doubly gratified for the presents and embraces of good-tempered Jack', he might have added that they itched as well.

'Good-tempered Jack' liked to liberate the women in small ways, by tempting them to eat forbidden foods or to eat food in forbidden ways with men, by giving them *tapu* gifts such as red cloth which they otherwise could not get, by mocking the sanctions of breaches of *tapu*, by

giving rides in boats, by carrying them on their shoulders through the surf, by providing an environment of persons and places where rules did not apply.

This breeding of scepticism and a sense of exception was the more effective because it was directed at young girls aged eight to twelve years, at the time of their most intense socialization and education into the Enata social system. The women of Enata were not promiscuous as the sailors thought. From the very beginning through to the 1830s the women who came to the ships were either girls of the *ka'ioi* or they were *kikino*. The *kikino* were women outside the *tapu* classes. Any relationship with Aoe gave them status and wealth which they could not otherwise have. *Ka'ioi* were a group of both boys and girls who were separated out for some years about puberty to learn together the social arts and graces of Enata and to be singers and dancers at *koina*. For the boys it was a period in which they lost the male and *tapu* status and focused their attention not on war but on entertainment and decoration. For the girls it was a period of intense sexual play and display. With so many *koina* within their valleys and on their island to prepare for, they would spend most of their time day and night isolated in specially built houses learning their songs, practising their dances, experiencing cosmetic bleaching, oiling and tattooing.

One of the first mechanisms Enata used to control Aoe's intrusion was the *ka'ioi*. Once the intrusions became regular and they learned the shipping seasons, the girls directed their preparations to what they would do on the ships. As late as 1835 they were constructing large ship-like structures on their *paepae* to rehearse their gestures and their actions. When the ships were gone they would mock and mimic Aoe in their dances and sing songs about incidents in the visit.

The girls of the *ka'ioi* were, as we shall see, the first Enata to be attracted to Catholic missionary teaching. Their group-consciousness gave them enough solidarity to defend their eccentric behaviour. Their subordinated position in the *tapu* system gave them reason enough to see advantage in being as sceptical of its sanctions as Aoe taught them to be. They did not lead a revolution in Enata culture, but they certainly wore an *anomie* that was the condition of cultural change.

Muskets were not an item of trade with Enata before about 1813. Twenty years later there were several thousand muskets in the islands and musket, ball and powder were the principal currency for provisioning Aoe ships, organizing labour for sandalwood, finding crew. Nearly every warrior had a musket. *Haka'iki* at Vaitahu and Taiohae owned small arsenals. Wanting muskets so much, Enata were willing to adapt their behaviour to acquire them. This included organizing labour without the usual exchange feasts. It meant selling pigs which were almost exclusively the currency of *tapu* and *koina*. It meant growing crops

like sweet potato and replacing traditional activity such as canoe building with the collection of sandalwood. Entrepreneurial activity by Enata who were willing to go away as crew on the promise of a musket, or who owned productive land or who were willing to do constant physical labour broke the line of authority to the *haka'iki*. The *haka'iki*'s own entrepreneurial activity broke the lines of exchange which bound him and his people together by losing for him the capital of these goods to Aoe. While wars and martial spirit thrived with the muskets, *koina* died away.

Other institutions and industries died away as well. *Tapa* making went quickly and with it not merely the daily use of *tapa* in clothing, but also the use of *tapa* in ceremonial occasions. *Tapa* was an item of exchange in huge bundles at times of marriage and other feasts. Iron adzes replaced stone adzes in a short period and with them the heavily ornamented hafts, and ended the *tapu* occasions when the *tuhuna* had made their adzes. Canoe building decayed when the *haka'iki* preferred to use their resources to acquire whaleboats, and an extraordinary range of skills and ritual disappeared with the canoes.

Enata culture was, as we have seen, highly segmented into small independent universes. Within each segment skills used by *tuhuna* were highly specialized. The use of specialized skills was invariably an occasion of exchange and feast under the *tapu* offered by the *haka'iki*. Every loss of a skill or of the need for an artefact was the loss of the occasion of its use. The piecemeal disappearance of their industries made changes in their time and space. Some time in 1835 the people of Tahuata asked themselves why they were dying. They answered that it was because they had stopped their *koina*. So they began them again. But it was too late. They were empty of their purpose. Enata were tourists to themselves.

Beachcombers

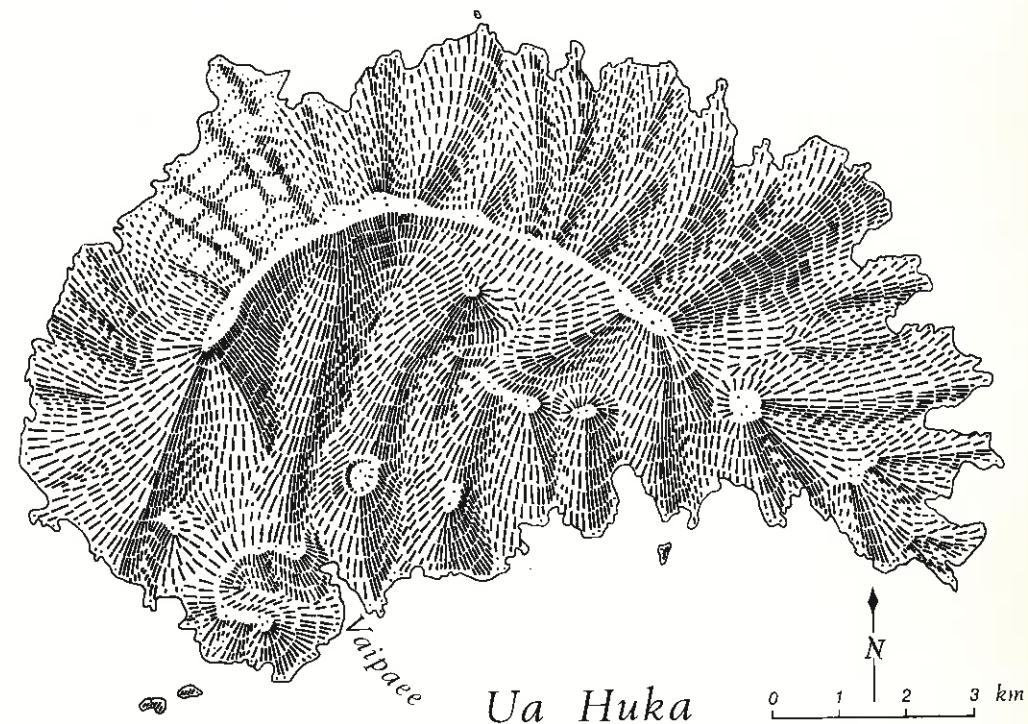
Beachcombers were those who crossed beaches alone. They crossed the beach without the supports that made their own world real into other worlds that were well-established and self-sufficient. They were strangers in their new societies and scandals to their old. They left behind them the roles that made their world orderly and its gestures meaningful. On the beach they were no longer the sailors, the husbands or even the men that those roles made. In their new world there were none to recognize them as such. If they came from some fo'c'sle of a whaler or man-o'war, they left behind the rituals of obeisance which told them their status, the signals of friendship that mapped the limits of their obligations and rights, the structures of their days that gave them times of work and leisure. On the beach, they needed to assume roles recognizable to their new world. They confronted, as few other men confront, the relativity of everything that made them what they were: their values, their judgements, the testimony of their senses. Whatever they did on the beach, they had to carve out a new world for themselves. This new world could not be the one they left: it lacked all the essential ingredients. It could not be the world on which they had just intruded: none could be born again so radically. So on the beach they experimented. They made wives, children, relations, property in new ways. The beach that was the boundary between the old world and the new ran down the very centre of their lives.

Viewed for what they did and not for who they were, beachcombers mediated change. To Enata, men in ships were mere transients. They came from 'beyond the sky'. They were possessed of an unreality that offered no choices. They came with 'cargo'. In the eyes of the islanders they were as divorced from their social realities as their cargo was divorced from its means of production. On the beach, however, beachcombers were ordinary men to Enata. Perhaps they were strange, indecent or improper, but their needs and functions were recognizable. They merely solved familiar problems in unfamiliar ways. Alone, away from the cannon and muskets, they were manageable. But they were not bound by the rules of their new world. By breaking its rules and not suffering for it, they weakened its sanctions, made absolutes relative to their condition. They enlarged the experience of the island by

translating islanders' roles into their own more familiar ones. By their access to the worlds on the seaward side of the beaches they became mediators. They knew the moods and motivations of both sides and made intercourse possible.

Between 1774 and 1842 more than a hundred and fifty Aoe came to live on the beach in Te Henua. Sometimes they came in ones and twos, sometimes by the boatload. Some stayed only as long as the next ship. Others settled for years. A few spent long lives on the beach, but mostly they were rovers. A large number, perhaps twenty or thirty men, died violently on the beach, killed in their drunkenness or punished for some breach of Enata's rules. If there was a pattern to their arrival, it occurred in two periods, 1813–21 and 1832–39. The first was the time of the sandalwood exploitation, and many an escaping convict or ticket-of-leave man from Sydney took advantage of transportation to the farthest islands in the Pacific. The second was during the whaling boom in the Pacific and before the French appropriated the islands. So many men were there that for a while whalers could as easily pick up a crew from Te Henua as lose one there. For the most part, the stories of these beach-combers cannot be told; there are only the names of the ships they left, perhaps a moment of notoriety when they died, or a moment of usefulness when they organized a trade. Sometimes they captured a wide audience and had their romantic tales reported as 'intelligences' in paper after paper around the world. Sometimes, after Melville's fame had spread, they mimicked his fantasies and wrote stories for vicarious beachcombers who preferred to meet their cannibals on the beaches of their parlours. Sometimes they were discovered in paupers' homes and hospitals and were paraded for the moral their dissipated lives taught. In general, they enjoyed bad reputations. In their different ways, they had broken with the systems that bound them. Those they left were uncomfortable at their going. The beachcombers were seen as poor emissaries of a civilized world, not at all representative of its proper order, its good behaviour, its high ideals. They were 'scum' or 'dregs' drawn to the surface or drained to the bottom of some social brew by their differences.

It is an accident of the uneven way in which men write their signatures on life that when we think of beachcombers we think only of Aoe who crossed the beach from ships. Enata had their beachcombers too. They left their islands on ships and landed on Aoe's beaches in London, Boston, New York and Paris. None of Enata became the famous beachcombers that the Tahitians, Omai and Autourou, became when they went to London and Paris with Cook and Bougainville. By the end of the eighteenth century, when Enata had begun to travel, revolutions had made Natural Man a luxury, and missionary societies had more pragmatic interests in 'indians': they looked for natives who could teach them a vocabulary, or better, return to their islands as servants, guides



and enlightened heathens. The number of Enata who went in ships freely or were stolen away was large. Not many returned. Nakedness and poverty were no protection on Aoe's beaches as they were on their own. They died easily and quickly. Some did return. They told Enata of new ways, enlarged Enata's experience and adapted bits and pieces of the new worlds they had seen to their own. Mostly Enata were more interested to hear what they had seen in Tahiti or Hawaii than in London or Boston.

Those beachcombers who left personal reminiscences or of whom we have significant details are few. They will have to speak for the beach above the silence of the rest. William Pascoe Crook and Edward Robarts speak for the ways beachcombers made new worlds; Jean Cabri for the ways in which they abandoned the old. John Coulter, a supernumerary on board the *Stratford* (Captain Abijah Lock), stayed some months at Fatuiva and Hiva Oa in 1833 and wrote of this experience in *Adventures in the Pacific*. William Torrey, sparked no doubt by the success of Melville, published in 1848 the *Life and Adventures of William Torrey Who for a Space of Twenty-five Months within the Years 1835, 1836, 1837 Was Held a Captive by the Cannibals of the Marquesas*. His capture was more in his mind, or perhaps in the mind of his publisher, than in reality. The hyperbole of his description is strong, his memory blurred and his ignorance great. He wrote it in a railway office in the U.S.A. Coulter and Torrey will speak for the adventurers who touched only the margins of Enata lives. Thomas Clifton Lawson at forty-seven came late in life to the beach in 1843 but stayed on for twenty years with his brother, William. With others, he later formed the 'Firm of Tom and Jack at Invisible Bay' on Ua Huka to trade with and provision whalers. Lawson was a writer *manqué*. The legends he collected and imaginatively translated were only published after his death. His letters, more descriptive of Enata's ways than of his own, still remain. Lawson will speak for the beachcomber-become-ethnographic-guide. He had an interest in sorcery and a belief that the Men were the lost tribes of Israel. David Shaw was the only other beachcomber to leave something by his own hand. He described part of his experience in *Hutchings California Magazine* 1860 and made an unfulfilled promise of more to come. He leaned a little on Melville and a great deal on imagination. But then Melville himself, the greatest beachcomber of them all, had done a little borrowing and a little imagining. They were not the first nor the last ethnographers to find their senses a little numbed by the unfamiliarity of things on the beach. Shaw and Melville will speak to us of the fantasies and the realities of the beach.

There were a number of other Aoe beachcombers of whom we know some detail beyond just their names, because they lived near a mission compound or they met ships over several years. William Morrison, Tom

Collins, Charles Robinson, George Ross, James Wilson, Charles Lovell are some of them. Each of them was a settler in his own way. They moved back and forth across the beach as they tried to discover a regularity in trading or in piloting that would yet not lose them the freedom they had found in their irregular lives on the beach.

Tama, the Hawaiian who left the *Alexander* at Tahuata in 1798, will have to speak for that special kind of beachcomber, the Pacific islander who came in large numbers to Te Henua. Many Tahitians and Hawaiians made their way to Te Henua between 1774 and 1835. The first Tahitians were Mahine, Omai and Poetata with James Cook. Virtually nothing is said of them, but George Forster noted:

Mahine, who was excessively fond of these people, in view of the vast similarity between their manners, language and persons and those of his native land, was continually engaged in conversation with them and purchased a great number of their ornaments. He showed them many customs of his country, with which they were unacquainted, and among them was the method of lighting a fire by rubbing together the dry sticks of the *Hibiscus Tiliceus* to which they were extremely attentive.

Harraweia was the first Tahitian to stay on the islands, and he stayed at Tahuata from June 1797 to February 1799 when the *London* took him off. Slight as his first-hand experience of missionaries must have been, he nonetheless was able to cause Crook considerable trouble for he had learned from that other marginal man, Peter the Swede, that the missionaries were intent on ending the old ways. Four other Tahitians more sympathetic to missionary activity arrived in 1827. Five more with their wives and families were established in the Land by 1831. They found missionary work as difficult as did the Europeans. In fact they had more difficulty. Their non-conformity to Enata ways was not redeemed in Enata's eyes by their possession of Aoe goods.

Hawaiian visitors were virtually as frequent as whalers' visits after 1815. Two Hawaiian servants of the abortive American mission at Nukuhiva in 1832 remained on the island, and either they or some other Hawaiians taught Enata how to make liquor out of the *ti* root and fermented bananas. 'It was the only advance', the Reverend Bennett, who came on a London Missionary Society deputation to Tahuata in 1835, said sourly, 'these islanders had made in civilized arts'.

These Polynesian visitors oriented Enata's sights outwards in other ways. News from Tahiti and Hawaii of the establishment of kingdoms there and of the support of these monarchies by Aoe governments and missions was eagerly heard by the *haka'iki* of Nukuhiva and Tahuata. Whether it was other Polynesian designs or artefacts, legends, customs or gossip, Enata did not respond to them as *aoe*, but as metaphoric variations on their own themes.

Of Enata themselves who were beachcombers, there is none who can speak in any detail for those who returned to Te Henua, except Temoana, the later 'King of the Marquesas' who knew all the humiliations of a *kanaka* in England. Temouteitei, who died in London, and Hami Patu, who died in Connecticut, can speak a little of the trauma of those Enata who left their land for ever.

For the rest of the beachcombers, what we have are only the remnants of lives, only what other men saw. Baggett—no first name—was discharged from the *Maryland* in 1805 at his own wish. He preferred to live his days on the beach rather than be hanged for his part in a British naval mutiny in the West Indies. Peters, an Englishman destitute in Chile in 1812 because, he said, he had beaten his captain in a drinking match, was picked up by Lieutenant David Porter and taken to Taiohae. There he deserted. Pa-fa-ite, one of many 'Pocohontas' figures whom we will meet in beachcomber stories, rescued him from death only to be deserted by him when he made her pregnant. He came back again with Lafond de Lurcy in 1821 when that French mercenary of a Peruvian revolution was scouting the Pacific for another 'Devils' Island' for political exiles. Peters saw his woman and his child but was not tempted to stay. He was one of that band of rootless trans-nationals who roamed among the seaports of South America and sailed under any flag on any ship.

In 1814 four other deserters from Lieutenant John Gamble at Taiohae reached the uninhabited island of Eiao fifty-three miles to the northwest of Nukuhiva. Three of them died of thirst and exposure, but the fourth lived on for eighteen months, collecting water in the skulls of his companions. Wilson, the beachcomber who so offended Porter, rescued him, but the Pacific had a claim on him and he was later lost off a New Bedford brig. In 1824 the *Countess Morley* had her second mate captured for ransom by the islanders of Ua Huka. Three sailors—Griffiths, 'Exeter Dick' and Michael Dale—tried to rescue him, but Griffiths was himself captured. His companions last saw him hanging by his feet from a pole. They thought him dead. He survived, however, and stayed for eleven months until he escaped in a canoe to Tahuata and was taken from there by the *Eliza*.

In July 1835 the *Active* brought a notable visitor to Nukuhiva. He was only a three-week beachcomber, but he had large delusions of grandeur. His name was Charles Thierry de Ville d'Auray. He came a baron and left a king. He had been an *émigré* of the French Revolution living in London. He acquired a title on the way to England, read theology at Oxford, became a dragoon officer, a secretary at the Congress of Vienna and an applicant for the South Seas missions. In 1835 he was on his way with a Polish *aide-de-camp* with the unlikely name of Fergus to found or buy an empire in the Pacific. Nukuhiva was his first stop and he gained a

kingdom fairly cheaply. He left a red and blue flag and a certificate which said that he was king and that the *haka'iki* of Taiohae were his friends. He was come and gone before Enata knew their citizenship, and soon all the memory that was left of his empire in the Land was the disapprobation cast at his improprieties by the captains and admirals of three navies.

Some time in 1839–40 Robert Mills was left by a whaler somewhere among the islands. By his account Enata had stopped him from rejoining his ship. He stayed on for five years and married. He told a good story, fascinating enough to persuade three insurance companies in New York and the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions (A.B.C.F.M.) that he had been made chief of a tribe and that he had done what he could to foster civilization. He had abolished cannibalism and polygamy, he said, and had promoted trade with ships. Looking for missionaries to help him, he had written to the Hawaiian Mission Board but had got no reply. (They later said that they had received no letter to which they could reply.) So he took his wife to Sydney and New Zealand and then to New York, Boston and Salem. So good was his testimony that the insurance companies volunteered to pay for a mission with Mills and his wife as well as two missionaries and their wives. The six arrived in San Francisco in September 1855. There Mills' wife died and within three weeks he had married the woman who had nursed her. His missionary companions, scandalized at this and other signs of his unredeemed character, cancelled their mission. The Hawaiian Mission Board, a little smug at this failure of a project begun without their advice, were delighted to report to the A.B.C.F.M. Mills' true story as they heard it from whaling captains. Mills had been 'vile, reckless, hare devil, and violent'. At Hiva Oa he had gone searching for *heana* and been forced to leave the island because he had killed a chief. What is more, he had fathered a 'half-witted son'. So far as we know, Mills was left beached in San Francisco. We are left to wonder what prompted his elaborate schemes to cross a beach in the Land that he had so easily crossed before.

There are other snippets of information that tell something of the character and role of the beachcombers. The men varied in social status from 'mate' to 'useful boy'. Mr Sipki, third officer of the *Bordelais*, left her for health reasons in 1817. There were 'amateur travellers' like the 'brother of Reverend Ashworth' who left an American whaler at Tahuata in 1837, and there were men of education like Oliver who was already on the beach at Vaitahu when the *Maryland* called there in 1805. At the other end of the social scale, less easy to identify, were convicts who had run away from New South Wales. They came to Te Henua generally in the short period of the sandalwood trade when there was direct contact with Sydney. As we have already discussed, five came

creeping out of hiding places on the *Endeavour* in 1816 and Hammond, her master, was not unhappy to see them go at Hiva Oa. How many other escaped convicts there were is difficult to calculate. That there were some we know, for they were used to denigrate the character of the rest by missionaries and captains alike. There is no way either of knowing the ages of the beachcombers. Thomas Lawson at forty-seven was probably one the oldest; Boyce, a boy of fourteen, one of the youngest.

The beachcombers were reluctant to give their reasons for staying in the islands. A number were left freely by their captains with certificates of good behaviour. Others were simply dumped because they were recalcitrant or poor workers or sick. The great majority seemed to have slipped away, usually with the help of Enata who would hide them or take them to a distant bay. At times bands of seamen would conspire together and steal a boat. The *New Euphrates* (1798), the *Leviathan* (1805), the *Lucy* (1806), the *Sir Andrew Hammond* (1813), the *Jones* (1850), the *Conway* (1842), the *Boy* (1837), the *Sussex* (1840), all lost boatloads of men in this way. If they stole a boat, their captain would usually come looking for them or would consider ways of forcing the islanders to give them up. If the captains stood to lose the money they had advanced to seamen (which was rare) or if there was little chance of replacement, they searched for the deserters; they punished them if they found them, or reported the desertions to their respective national consuls if they did not. By 1813 those who left their ships freely must have known that Te Henua was not an idyllic haven. That does not seem to have stopped the flow. Perhaps the realities of sailors' lives on shipboard were even harsher. Beachcombers were, as we have already seen, private men. They shunned gregariousness. When they left the ships in groups, the groups soon dispersed. If the numbers grew in the better-known bays, individuals soon began to move out to more private valleys. None of them, save Robarts in his nostalgic moments, spoke of human ties or looked backward to more stable points in their lives. They clung with a certain tenacity to their nationality but that did not seem to divide them on the beach. It was more their passport to preferential treatment from certain ships. They came from many nations: among them were English, Irish, French, American (both black and white), Portuguese, Chilean, Peruvian, Spanish, Italian and some from New South Wales. Those who saw them on the beach would note their nationality rather than their name. Yet, colour, creed and even nationality seemed subordinated to their common needs on the frontier of the Land.

For the most part a beachcomber had an easy entry on to the beach. He had only to indicate his desire to stay and one of Enata would hide him away. A beachcomber was particularly safe if he came naked and possessed of his world in his mind, rather than in its external artefacts.

He came with possessions at his peril. He could earn possessions in his stay, but to cross the beach rich was dangerous. If his captain wanted him back, it could also be dangerous. Crook gave warning to the deserters of the *New Euphrates* that they were dead men if their captain harmed the hostages he had taken to get them returned. So long as captains snatched hostages, beachcombers were liable to be objects of revenge. Two men were killed in Hakaui when a French vessel took the *haka'iki* in 1826. Thomas Lawson, on the other hand, said that beachcombers were safe so long as they were unarmed. He listed 'Manuel', 'Brown', 'Jones', 'Jerry', 'Powell' and 'Cooper' as six men who had been killed because they carried pistols and knives and provoked conflict. If they stole the ships' boats, beachcombers were also in danger. Robarts told of a boatload of seamen from the *Leviathan* who were chased and harried by Enata and who would have been killed without his intervention. In 1815 a boatload of deserters was killed in Vaitahu. The logic that ships' captains used in bombarding valleys indiscriminately or in killing, maiming and punishing Enata corporately was the logic sometimes used against beachcombers by Enata. Rotolo, a black from South America, was killed on Ua Pou when Peruvian slavers snatched fourteen Enata from the island in 1862. More often beachcombers were destroyed by the dangers which they created for themselves. A little Peruvian beachcomber had rescued the kidnapped Captain John Brown of the *Catherine* in 1839: that did not get him killed, but his selling Enata replicas of gods to a whaler in 1839 did. Two Americans were killed for breaking *tapu* in 1832 and another in 1836 for stealing potatoes.

Beachcombers had safety on the beach for the most part because Enata felt possessive of them. Enata owned beachcombers as they owned their muskets and their clothes. In that sense Enata were jealous of them. If they thought they might be leaving, they kept them away from the ships. Lamont, a trader, bought a beachcomber in 1852 for \$10. The beachcomber said he lived in fear of his life, 'a complete slave to this black nigger'. There were many others who were frightened by this dependence. They would sit listlessly in Enata's houses, suspicious and sullen, without the means to demand support and without the interest or talent to take a step further across the beach. Its freedom had beckoned them from the prison of their ships and now it mocked them with their pointless, meaningless lives.

Universally the beachcombers were claimed to be the corrupters of native virtues. There were enough drunkards and quarrelsome spirits among them to suggest that the judgement was not misplaced. Their persons seemed to be the embodiment of their disordered lives. With dishevelled hair and beards, bizarre tattoos and native clothing, they wore their disaffection for all to see. In that was their corrupting influence. Of those we know most about, none seemed more notably

violent than those seamen who stayed with their ships. They did not seem to be more excessive in their licentiousness with women. Indeed the beach was a more proper place than the deck. Relationships were more permanent, hedged with obligations. Their disaffection, however, was seen as a sign of their deeper corrupting influence. They were no more lecherous, drunkard, harsh or lazy than the company they left, but they did not proclaim the propriety of what they were not. They were corrupters not because they were sinners but because they did not proclaim saintliness. They were men apparently without institutions. They did not 'work'. They did not 'marry'. They stood awkwardly on their beaches, neither 'us' nor 'them', and were a scandal.

The beachcombers, however, did not slough off their institutions so easily. When missionaries came, establishing their communities and ritualizing those communities in sabbath meetings, making weeks out of endless days, the beachcombers would come to hear the prayers and witness the ceremonies. Not all of them but most of them; not every sabbath, but almost so. They came not to signal their salvation or their piety, but to mark the homeliness of ordered action. Perhaps it was done to assuage the loneliness of the beach, the stress of being at the frontiers of their social selves. They came to hear the missionaries denouncing their own wasted, evil lives as a sort of reaffirmation of the way the world should be. William Morrison was one of those beachcombers.

Morrison acted as interpreter for the American missionaries who came to Taiohae from Hawaii in 1832. He translated their sermons for them, gave them Enata vocabularies, attended their sabbath meetings. He had come from New South Wales probably in 1822. The Americans thought he was an escaped convict but there was a boat-steerer called William Morrison who worked as a freeman or ticket-of-leave man in the colony and on the *Active* in her trips to Tahiti. It was he who possibly became the beachcomber. Only the American missionaries had a bad word for him, despite their dependence on him. Captain Finch on the U.S.S. *Vincennes* in 1829 and Jules Sébastien César Dumont D'Urville on the *Astrolabe* in 1831 praised him as both decent and well-behaved. He lived in native fashion with *hami* around his loins, a tattoo on his chest, and a lean straggly beard on his chin. He happened to die on a night which was, for the American missionaries, dark with their fears. That day Haape, the *haka'iki* of Taiohae, himself had died. Haape had been protective of the missionaries, but they were more disturbed at the rituals surrounding his death than at the loss of a protector. The valley was filled with the shrill cries of wailing. Old women danced their naked dance on the *paepae* before the body. Haape's wife and her sister kneaded his flesh and rubbed his skin with oils. His people gathered for feasts, beat their drums, danced and sang and prepared all the ways the dead lived safely among the living. In all that clamour, news came of

Morrison's death. He had choked to death in drunken orgy, he had died in epileptic fit, he had succumbed to a stroke—the missionaries did not know which. Confronted by what they saw as the improprieties of Enata's way of dying, they were forced to play out the proprieties of their own way. They would bury him. It was a notion full of revulsion for Morrison's woman and his island relatives. He, Morrison, had told the missionaries how abhorrent it was to Enata when he had translated the Creed. Then he had told them of Enata's theological objection to believing that anybody could be a god who had 'died, was buried and rose again'. Yet whatever their belief in Morrison's fate after death, the missionaries' sense of propriety demanded that the distinction of the quick and the dead be absolute. It was inconceivable that Morrison might lie with the rest of the dead of Te Henua in a tree or on a platform. They dug a hole instead. With difficulty they restrained Morrison's brother-in-law from throwing a pig on top of the body in the grave. They stood about it praying for the salvation of a soul they knew with some certainty was now without solace. When they closed the grave, not caring for the relatives' concern at the sacrilege that someone might stand over Morrison's head, they left feeling that they had done their Christian duty well. The other beachcombers of the community had gathered for the ceremony. Whether they came in their *hami* or whether they donned their trousers for this Aoe occasion, the records do not say.

Jean Cabri, Edward Robarts and William Pascoe Crook make interesting variations on the beachcomber theme. Jean Cabri crossed his beach with *élan*. There seemed no trauma in his break with his own world, no bar to his integration with the new. Most beachcombers kept some sign of their origins: Cabri forgot his very language. Most beachcombers had themselves tattooed as a badge of residence: none accepted so permanent and so total a scarification as Cabri. None for that matter identified so completely with customs that seemed peculiarly foreign to Aoe ways, such as the eating of flesh, the search for *heana*, the use of sorcery, the triumphant dancing. None seemed so possessed as he by the passions, enthusiasms and values that made Enata who they were. It was the accident of his removal from Te Henua that left a beach in his soul. In his later dances and wild cries in Brittany fairs and imperial salons, he shadow-played with Enata. An Aoe behind the mask of his tattoos, he died a double man.

Cabri worked hard at being a double man in the last years of his life. In the ten years after he left Nukuhiva, he tried unsuccessfully to persuade the Russian emperor, then Louis XVIII and finally the Prussian king to give him a ship to return to Te Henua. To the same end, he exhibited himself at a *Cabinet des Illusions* in Bordeaux, but that also failed. He had a small pamphlet written about himself, no doubt to

distribute with his exhibition as he wandered through the *départements* of France. He billed himself in the pamphlet as 'Judge of Nukuhiva': 'mehama' was the word he used for judge. Possibly it was the word *meama*, meaning judicious. In his eyes it meant having the power of life or death over the victims for sacrifice. It was showman's licence and his pamphlets, reprinted with slightly different detail for each of the cities he visited, bent the truth in other ways. He had a tale of being shipwrecked and rescuing the cook who could not swim. (Robarts would have summoned every ounce of literary indignation to refute it.) He said that he was rescued from certain death by 'Walmaiki', daughter of the chief. He charged Krusenstern with kidnapping him from Nukuhiva. He repudiated (in one version) his first wife because she ate her mother in a famine. For his ethnography of the islands, he stressed wars and sacrifices, easy cultivation, famines, dancing and music, sorcery and burial customs. Someone who saw him noted in a copy of the pamphlet that he was well-built, handsome, wore a great feathered hat and answered with ease any questions put to him. However, one's image of him as he trekked from town to town looking for a stage is of a man alone, a man whose one great achievement had been to cross a beach successfully only to discover that the return was more costly than the venture.

Edward Robarts felt the double pull of the beach in Te Henua itself. In his journal he often mused on the unrivalled hospitality he enjoyed and tried to balance his cultural scales: the natural virtue of Enata, the supernatural virtue of his Christian homeland; hospitality and generosity among Enata; injustice and poverty at home; religious fear, religious apathy; the savage violence of Enata; the unthinking violence of Aoe. If he reflected on the loneliness and insecurity of the beach, he remembered the injustices of the fo'c'sle and the things captains and gentlemen had done to him. If his eyes glistened nostalgically at sweet memories of the times when he had a book to read and someone to talk to, he looked with pride at what he had built and grown and the native family and friends who had helped him. If in the staterooms of ships' captains he warned of the dangerous savagery of Enata, he would shame the Europeans, in his own mind at least, with stories of their own brutal carelessness. Pulled two ways, he joined Enata but not fully. He married, but ate with his wife. He had a child, but was himself midwife at her birth and was careless of the *tapu* that made a child of Enata. He was a warrior, *toa*, but battled in his own way, made strategies and plans that Enata never dreamed of. He accepted certain tattoos, joined *koina* and sacrifices, exchanged gifts and names, but never believed Enata's stories or accepted the world they made with their rituals. He would tell them Bible stories instead. He owned land, had a *tapu* on his trees, fished and travelled, but he directed his energies and discipline to those things which would be useful to Aoe's ships. He was a man of influence, but

this influence was remaking the *haka'iki* in new ways: he directed them to Aoe and away from Enata.

Like Cabri, Robarts too began a wandering life when he left the Land. He called it a 'long and singular career of an enterprising and unfortunate life'. Taking Ena and Ellen with him and adding a new child each new year for five, he wandered to the beaches of Tahiti, to pearl ventures in the Tuamotus, to trading off the New Zealand coast. He became cook and butler to Sir Thomas Stamford Raffles' sister in Penang, peace officer, botanical gardener, prison warden in Calcutta. A second effort to find land at Botany Bay was aborted. With Ena dead, a second wife dead also, and with all his children save Ellen victims of cholera in Calcutta, there seemed to be no more beaches to cross. He died in 1831. However, at various times during his stay in Calcutta English gentlemen, including Raffles himself and Dr Leyden and finally a Mr T. Hare, supported him so that he might write down his experiences for them. Writing required a constancy that was hard for him to give in his poverty and in his sufferings. Independence and privacy had been his mark on the beach: he found begging humbling. In July 1824 Robarts finished his manuscript. Without punctuation and ill-spelt, it was nonetheless lovingly written, the phrases sculptured carefully by a man unused to working words. His words have rescued his life, made a far more indelible mark than the signs he scratched in the sand. They also rescued the lives of Enata. He and William Pascoe Crook lived in the same places, with the same families, saw the Men in their Land. Mr Hare, to whom Robarts gave the manuscript, did not see to its publication, but he had the Scotsman's saving grace of keeping everything and the journal survived.

Within seven years Robarts had come to the Land and gone. One would be hard put to tell precisely the consequences of his stay. Probably he stopped the violence between Aoe and Enata by controlling the actions of both. In that he directed the *haka'iki* towards goals which were incompatible with their role and functions among Enata, he lay at the beginning of a more radical social decay. His presence as pilot and interpreter made a port out of Taiohae Bay, and gave culture contact a location which in turn heightened jealous competition among the islanders. As warrior in their battles, Robarts set Enata's eyes on different targets. He seemed to direct them to strategies of expansion and conquest rather than to displays of personal and masculine prestige.

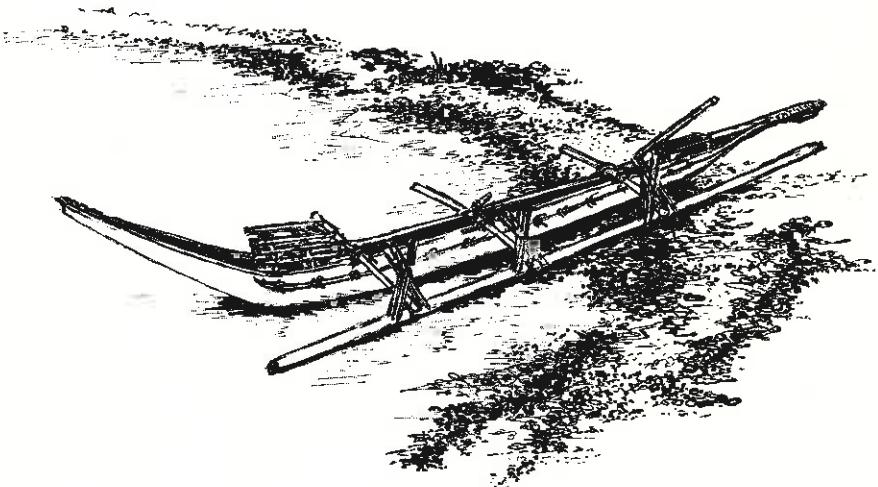
Enata remembered William Pascoe Crook as 'not a praying man'. By that they probably meant they could not remember him collecting them on the sabbath for prayers and readings. That 'single sentinel' of the L.M.S. was hard put to establish the forms of his religious beliefs on the beach. For that he needed a community of believers to act out a calendar. Crook's lonely reverence had no meaning for Enata. Rituals need

recognition. When missionaries later established communities in Te Henua, the reverences they shared were a pantomime that slowly captured the attention of Enata. By watching, Enata would know the gestures of reflection and the signs of silence even if they would not know on what to reflect or why they should be silent. Crook's gestures were merely enigmatic.

That Crook was 'not a praying man', then, was a signal that his principal purpose in coming, the conversion of the heathen, could never be fulfilled without the importation of further cultural supports. Personal example was not enough. Without other actors to play out the drama of Christian living, his own actions were only personal oddities. Exhortation was not enough. Enata, he said, were arrogant in their self-sufficiency and could not understand that other ways were better or even possible. He recognized his dilemma even in the simplest things. He tried to teach Enata to make a boat: a boat was sturdier, more useful, safer than a canoe. But a canoe to Enata was more than a mode of transportation. No one man owned it. In its parts it was a social map of their different skills, different wealth. A canoe was invested with both labour and *tapu*. A boat was nothing. To be persuaded to make one would require greater changes in organization, in aesthetic judgement, in concepts of ownership, in religious belief than had as yet occurred in 1798.

Crook came with a notion no other beachcomber had. He meant to change Enata. But he found that Enata's establishment in the Land denied any chance of change. Indeed, as with Robarts and Cabri, Crook's perceptions were changed more than Enata's. His directors had written their anxious hope that he had 'obtained the grace to be faithful and steadfast and immutable'. Above all, they hoped Enata's lasciviousness had not undermined his reserve. Maybe it had not. The directors would not have been comfortable, however, with the picture of Crook ten months after his arrival with gun in hand, dog at side, *taba* wrap on hips, on his way to battle for Keatonui. The rhythm of Enata's days, their methods of employment, had become his. He sat on the *paepae* with *tapu* men and feasted with them and celebrated what they celebrated. To be understood and accepted, he mimicked their postures and their ways.

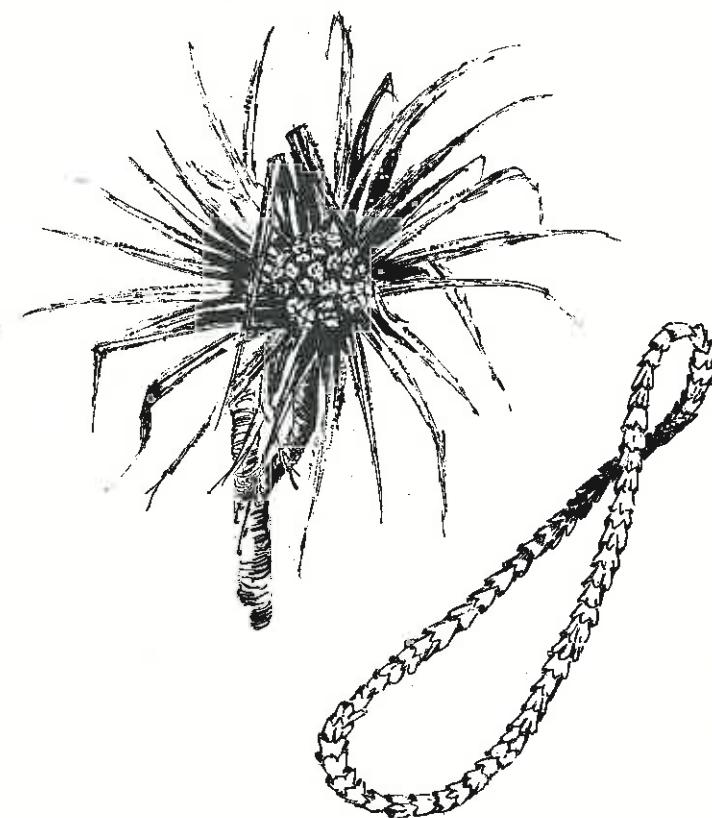
Crook was a very observant young man. For that he needed a certain simplicity but also a certain sympathy for what he saw. His description of what he saw is a small masterpiece of ethnography. It was a very determined effort to see Te Henua as Enata saw it. Although ignorant of the language at the beginning, after eighteen months he could name most of the elements of Enata's physical environment—their vegetation, their living things, their foods, the names of all their valleys and their groups. He must have been a persistent questioner. There were hundreds of artefacts he described and named. There were thousands of observations on style and custom. He had a sense of the different ways



Enata could be perceived—by telling who they said they were, by describing what they did, by putting all about them in the context of his own categories of their life. His ‘Account of the Marquesas Islands’ caught Enata for a moment as he saw them from his beach. By catching them he gave them life. It was a beachcomber’s gift. He had lived in the Land and not just in some extension of his own world. He had seen a little of the Land, understood a little of it and brought it back across the beach. When he returned to England in 1799 with Temouteitei, he spent some weeks with Samuel Greatheed. Greatheed was the scholar of the L.M.S. It was he who had written a description of Tahitian society and collected from Peter Heywood of the *Bounty* a vocabulary for the first missionaries to learn on their voyage out in the *Duff*. At Newport Pagnel, Crook and Temouteitei gave Greatheed enough detail to put together a long ‘Account of the Marquesas Islands’. The form and organization of the ‘Account’ is probably Greatheed’s, but Crook and Temouteitei provided the events, the descriptions of personalities and social structure, the listings of environmental features. The ‘Account’, though never published, has survived. Crook himself wrote an ‘Essay on the Marquesan Language’ and compiled a ‘Dictionary’ which has also survived.

Crook’s and Robarts’ ethnographies invite comparison. In the accounts of their experiences and those of the Men, Crook and Robarts shared a common problem with others who have tried both to capture the unfamiliar and to find generalizations in the particular. They are at their fullest in familiar situations, in the events of shipboard life, in the comings and goings of European visitors. They play out their adventures on stages other than their beach. For Robarts, it was what he imagined was the literary stage. ‘Sad smiles’, ‘noble virtue’, ‘blood royal’, ‘patient tears’ were the word-settings for the activities of *haka’iki*, *tau’ā* and *toa*. For Crook the stage was religious. Jehovah scored in the goodness and the wickedness of the heathen. Their goodness betrayed His presence; their wickedness betrayed their need of Him.

In their still-life compositions, Robarts and Crook captured the Land of the Men in similar ways. They categorized the physical environment into its elements of climate and seasons, terrain, soil, vegetation, terrestrial and marine life. Three criteria affected the selection of features listed in each category. The feature might mark a peculiarity of the Land; it might be significant for outsiders to know; it might affect the material culture and the social actions of the Men. So they noted the winds that blew east-south-east from April to October and east-north-east from November to March. They noted the rainy season from March to September. They marked the navigational details of the lees of winds and swell, the character of bay bottoms and the availability in them of wood, water and food. In this way they centred the Land on two places,



Taiohae and Vaitahu. They separated the soils on the valley floors from those on the valley sides and showed that Enata lived on the floors but in time of famine went to the slopes for roots and ferns. They categorized the plants and trees harvested for food and those used for clothing, utensils or weapons, ornaments or houses: the hardwood *temanu* for canoes; the black ironwood of *toa* for clubs and *tapa* beaters; the sweet-smelling *kouina* for perfumes; the *eka* (turmeric), the *ha'a* (pandanus), the *eha pahi* (ginger) and the *hehe* (alyxia) for body paint and garlands and crowns of flowers; the *ute* (paper mulberry) and the *aoa* (banyan) for bark cloth. The animals were easy to list in full: the rat, the pig, the chicken, the lizard. They listed some of the fifteen land birds and a few of the sea fowl, noting which fowl were eaten and which were sought for their feathers. Of the immense variety of fish, shellfish, algae and seaweeds the Men exploited, Crook and Robarts could point to those more recognizable to a sailor and an outsider: the dolphin, the albacore, the shark, the bonito, the flying-fish. As residents of the Land, they also could register the presence of the *nono*, a gnat that was a special torture to newcomers, and the mosquito. Both the *nono* and the mosquito were in the north but had not reached the southern islands in 1798. The *filariasis* mosquito, the carrier of elephantiasis, did not reach the Land till the 1830s.

The Men were less easy to capture than the Land. Their way of life could be reviewed in several ways: their physical appearance, the activities that made up their days, the major occasions of their individual and group life, their roles and offices, their major categories of social existence, their religion, their politics, their laws. The life of the Men was displayed in its parts but it was a static picture with little sense of interrelations of the parts or of the hierarchy of their essentials. If there was a stress in these descriptions, it was on what was considered to be exotic and surprisingly different from their own experience. Sometimes it was a strange custom of ordinary life, such as the marriage of infants; sometimes it was the morally execrable, such as the *pekiō* or secondary husband; sometimes the morbid, such as the embalming of the dead; sometimes the horrifying, such as the eating of human flesh and sacrifices.

The beach was a place of fantasy. When beachcombers tried to describe it they enlarged its beauty as well as its ugliness. They recreated Te Henua according to others' expectations of what paradise and cannibalism should be. They let the loneliness and boredom get lost in the heightened dramas of dangers, rescues and escapes. Already disreputable by their very landing, they regained reputation by hedging their roles with propriety. Out where 'honour', 'love', 'goodness' had definitions that none at home would recognize, they changed them to make their heroes, heroines and villains fit their readers' prejudices.

Three fantasies about beachcombing in the Marquesas were published in the three years 1845 to 1848. John Coulter published his *Adventures in the Pacific* in 1845, concerning the visit he had paid to Fatuiva, Hiva Oa and Tahuata. Herman Melville published his *Typee* in 1846. He had run with Tobias Greene from the *Acushnet* at Taiohae and stayed among the Taipi for a little over three weeks. William Torrey published his *Life and Adventures* in 1848. He said he was shipwrecked on the *Doll* at Tahuata in 1835. Both ship and shipwreck are fiction—unless it was the *Telegraph* wrecked at Ua Pou—and there are enough make-believes and factual errors to dismiss the volume as merely an effort to profit from the notoriety of Melville's account. There are, however, enough chance connexions which only a resident in 1835 could know, to suggest that Torrey was a beachcomber in Tahuata at the time.

There really was little point to Coulter's and Torrey's accounts other than to titillate the prurience of their readers, with innuendoes of sex and violence. They were both rescued by their maidens, enslaved by savages, forced to join in native killing, held prisoner until they successfully tricked their slow-witted captors. Their accounts were—they said it in their titles—adventure stories. The readers' prejudices about savages, about cannibals, about Pacific islands made them credible. The rest did not matter.

With Melville it was different. His fiction did not pander to prejudices. It challenged prejudices. With Coulter and Torrey it did not matter whether their stories were true or false. With Melville it mattered because he offered a disturbing perception of the relationship between civilized and uncivilized and because he ended his story with an unresolved paradox about the evil in Everyman. He wrote it for the British and American public who for fifty years had been fed an image of the South Seas savage softened by civilized religion, given purpose and discipline by civilized acts. In 1842 Melville saw the beach at Taiohae as a tawdry place where nothing came across in beauty or in fullness, where everything was a misanthropic, half-pointless, half-lost, tattered remnant. He saw Enata in their rags and tunics and dresses. Aoe clothing littered their bodies as much as Aoe junk had begun to litter their Land. The rags were a parable of that larger cultural dump Te Henua was becoming. Melville saw it so. The rags, the diseases, the Christian virtues missionaries preached, the civic virtues the French demanded fitted ill on Enata's natural ways. The beach was a sad, littered place, a place of tortured aesthetics where cultural artefacts were exposed, without the investment of their social context, their social skills, their social value. A scarlet tunic, stolen or exchanged for the value Enata invested in its redness, was absurd and ugly to those who saw it shapeless on a tattooed shoulder, lacking the meaning which status, authority, gesture gave it. A bottle of liquor, solvent enough of

social order in its own context, became lethal on the beach without the moderating effect of the proprieties of drinking. Melville's perception was uncomfortable for those who saw Christian civilization as naturally good and heathen savagery as naturally evil.

The public's first response was to denounce *Typee* as deceiving fiction. But Richard Tobias ('Toby') Greene, Melville's beachcombing companion, wrote to the *Buffalo Commercial Advertiser* in July 1846 to say that his friend was telling the truth, that he, 'Toby', had a scar on his head given by the 'Happas' and that he was glad Melville ('Thommo') was alive and well for he had left five dollars with 'Jimmy Fitch' the Irishman to rescue Melville from the Taipi. The letter of 'Toby' was only the first verification. Down the years since 1846 critics have found enough of Melville's traces on muster rolls, in ships' logs and in British and United States consul papers to show that the bare essentials of Melville's story were true. In fact he had been to the Marquesas twice. The first stay was in July 1842 when he ran with Tobias Greene from the *Acushnet* (the *Dolly* of *Typee*) and left three weeks later in the *Lucy Ann* (the *Julia* of *Typee* and *Omoo*). The second time was in October 1843 on the U.S.S. *United States* which he joined in Hawaii after spending a few weeks in the 'calaboosh' at Papeete for mutiny on the *Lucy Ann*. He rolled those two visits into one, for between them the French had arrived and he could mock in *Typee* the incongruity of Temoana, the *haka'iki* of Taiohae, in an admiral's uniform riding along the beach on a white stallion.

This is not the place to check the historicity of Melville's tales or add yet another critique of *Typee*. He foreshortened time; he enlarged his personal experience by borrowing; he made events and persons extravagant in their symbolic dimensions. His purpose was not history or autobiography but significant narrative. Like every good story-teller he discovered drama in a selective economy of actions, in the events and persons he saw that made *Typee* disturbing. Beneath the tawdriness that civilized intruders made, beneath the ugliness of the rags, beneath the artificiality of new ways, those still in possession of Te Henua stood beautiful and natural. There was some problem for him in this. If the Land was full of good and natural people, why was crossing the beach so painful? If throwing off the rags of civilization was throwing off rigmarole and rule, why did he not stay? The truth was that he had discovered contradictions. There was evil in Everyman, and what was natural was threatening because it was unfamiliar. He discovered this in the first days of his beachcombing on his journey with 'Toby' from Taiohae to Taipivai. What was lush, green and paradisical from a distance became threatening, gloomy, dangerous to experience. The precipices, the lonely groves, the slippery paths needed not much imagination to make them fearful. The rugged wild peaks covered in

clouds, the blue-green sombre colours, the dark full undergrowth of the Land made romantic, lonely pictures for a man with Melville's heightened sense of colour and form. And drama lay ahead at the end of the path among the 'Typee', the 'natural' men who were also savage, violent, cannibalistic, intent on keeping him prisoner for a purpose he could only fear. The realities were softened, of course, by 'Fayaway', the beautiful, simple, loving, careful girl, spirit of those natural virtues that got lost somewhere in the clutter of civilization. But even she could not be really of the Land. Melville moved her away from her people and her *tapu* and brought her closer to his more familiar fantasy of what loving innocence should be. As early as 1848 visitors to the Marquesas enjoyed telling in their letters how they had gone to Melville's valley, swam where he had escaped the ferocious 'Mouwatei' and talked with this one and that among Enata who had known him. They laughed at the irony that 'Fayaway' could now be seen dressed in a yellow nightgown ironing some French officer's trousers, a child—was it Melville's?—at her feet. They scoffed because the 'natural men' they saw were littered with the rags that Melville despised; but Melville's mysterious discovery for himself was that 'natural man' even without the rags of civilization was 'unnatural' in his violent, scheming, petty ways.

Further, Melville discovered the violence in himself. At his escape from Nukuhiva he had to face his own savagery against Enata and his own incapacity to cross the beach.

Even at the moment I felt horror at the act I was about to commit, but it was no time for pity or compunction and with a true aim and with all my strength I dashed the boathook at him. It struck him just below the throat and forced him downwards. I had no time to repeat my blow, but I saw him rise to the surface in the wake of the boat and never shall I forget the ferocious expression of his countenance.

The beach touched Melville more than Melville touched the beach. It engendered in him a pessimism. If good and evil were indistinguishable, how could there be a belief in perfectibility and progress? If there were no metaphysical poles of good and evil, there was only endless ambiguity.

The Men had their beachcombers too. Before Aoe came they were not ardent travellers. We have seen how in times of crisis they would push off in their canoes looking for their lands of plenty and safety. They travelled among their own islands trading the specialties of each one, or visiting them in their *hoki*, their troupes of dancers and singers, or simply wandering for curiosity and enjoyment. Putini, Keatonui's brother-in-law, sailed to every island in 1798 simply to show off a goat he owned. These voyages within the Land were not without hazard. Robarts, the

only European to travel extensively in their canoes and write about it, thought most trips between the islands a gamble. He was swamped with the Men between the islands and many times about the coasts. Navigation was no problem. They probably never lost sight of an island for more than a few hours. Their problem was the great expanse of ocean that surrounded their Land. Blown into that expanse they had no easy beat back. They did not love the ocean; they used it, but they did not love it. When Men would disappear in it, get swallowed by the horizons, they would go to the beach and vent their anger at the sea, curse it, wound it with their muskets and spears.

When Aoe ships arrived, the Men began to slip away on them almost from the beginning. Even the Spaniards in 1595 had been asked by Tahuatans to take them on their ships. Wilson had been plagued to take some on the *Duff* to Tahiti. Edmund Fanning took two Men away with him in 1798 as a gift to the L.M.S. From that time on, names such as 'Jack Nukuhiva', 'Henry Kanaka', 'William Marlborough' and 'Dick Offley' began to appear on the musters of whalers and traders who came to the Land. The Men went to London and Boston, Hawaii and Canton. Sometimes they went and returned many times. More often they did not come back at all. In 1817 the *Mary* kidnapped three Men after a crew member was killed and took them to Paris. In 1818 the *Lion*, Captain Townsend, brought three Enata to Providence, Rhode Island. Captains Grimes and Jones in the *Inore* and *Tamahourelane* brought back two islanders who had been in Boston to help them in the sandalwood trade in 1821, and Captain Vanderford did the same with two more in the next year. By 1834 the L.M.S. missionary, David Darling, could point to a man from Hiva Oa who had been to England three times, another, a *haka'iki* from Motuu on Tahuata, who had been twice and a third, a *haka'iki* of Hapatoni, who had been once. The frequency with which ships' captains took men began to interfere with the ambitions of the *haka'iki*, and they began to refuse their warriors permission to leave even when they were offered a musket for each man. Remarkably, these men according to Robert Thomson, the L.M.S. missionary, returned home to Nukuhiva and Tahuata to be totally reabsorbed into Enata life. This was true even of some who had gone to school in London or Boston and of those who had sailed for many years reaching boatswain and third mate status. Thomson reckoned that there were six or seven men on Tahuata in 1839 who spoke English. 'John Luxon' would not have been atypical. He belonged to the *tapu* group and on his return to Nukuhiva was able to use his knowledge of English to acquire property and challenge the *haka'iki*. When men like 'John Luxon' returned, they brought back to their beach a piece of the new worlds they had seen. It might be a musket, it might be knowledge, it might be a certificate of good service from a captain that made them eligible to be pilots and guides to the ships that came. 'Moe' or 'Ouram Marlborough' or 'William

Marlborough' met Dumont D'Urville at Hiva Oa in 1838. He had been to England three times and was selected to act as D'Urville's pilot. 'William Marlborough' put the price of a barrel of powder on his knowledge. 'Dick Offley' at Ua Huka had been to London twice and spoke a few English words. His experience made him more canny than helpful. He had learned the weaknesses of Aoe ships and tried to cut off the *Conway* and steal the *Milo*'s boats.

When Enata returned they rarely had good words for the beaches they had seen. They were often angry at their treatment. Temoana, Keatonui's grandson, was humiliated his whole life by his experience in England. He was deeply hurt by the discovery on the return voyage on the *Camden* that while he might be somebody in England because of his potential usefulness to the missionaries, he was nobody on the ship because of the closed circle of his social superiors. A reporter described two islanders whom Benjamin Morrell put on exhibition in New York in order to raise money for his trading company. Morrell called them 'Sunday' and 'Monday'. 'Sunday' was said to be gentle and affectionate, 'Monday' sullen and suspicious. They both died in the cold of the North American city. Other island beachcombers came back from London and said it was a 'bad place'. One English captain scoffed in his log at their reasons for seeing London as 'bad'. They said it was because they had to work to eat. Probably they were trying to tell something of their dismay at finding that on their beach in London they were measured only by what they could do. Who they were counted for nothing. They bought with their labour only what they ate, not security or friendship, not carefulness for tomorrow, only today's bread and salt meat. Others came back from Oahu in Hawaii. Having seen the barren, dry desolation of Honolulu, they warned Enata that Aoe would make their land a desert. Or they came back convinced that they had caught the key to Aoe's logic: build a chapel on a hill and the ships would come; receive the gospel and there would be guns and property for all. Matanui, a *haka'iki* from Fatuiva who came to Honolulu in 1853, made a meeting of missionaries roar with laughter when he stood up and said 'I want missionaries and guns'.

Two Enata beachcombers had their lives watched with some scrutiny and in that way have left us a glimpse of the costs of crossing the beach and the ways in which new worlds made for trauma. They did not return to their Land, so they were not instruments of change. But the changes they endured tell something of the wider trauma that Enata had yet to suffer in their lives with the changing of their religious beliefs. The two were Temouteitei, or 'John Butterworth' as he was dubbed, and Hami Patu or 'Thomas Patoo'. Temouteitei, of course, was the young lad whom William Pascoe Crook took with him to England in 1799 in the *Butterworth*. He was thought to be sixteen years old, but that was an Aoe measure that had no relevance to him. 'His countrymen had no idea of

chronological status and it would be in vain to enquire from him how he passed the few years of his life', said Samuel Greatheed into whose care Temouteitei and Crook were put. Time or, rather, that measure of it in years, months and days that Greatheed assumed was natural, was something Temouteitei did not have. It was, however, only one of the problems a missionary might have with him. 'To impress spiritual ideas upon his mind', Greatheed went on, 'is inconceivably difficult, from the poverty of their language and the paucity of their ideas. Having no notion of an Almighty Being, of rewards or punishment in a future state, nor of virtue or of vice in the present, nothing short of the sovereign influence of divine grace is capable of exciting in them a spiritual hope or fear.'

There was also a bewildering self-satisfaction in Temouteitei and his countrymen. 'Forgetful of a natural pride and self-love, we have fondly imagined that they needed only to see our manners in order to prefer them. But it is exactly the reverse. Although they call us *actuas* [*atua*, gods], they say we can do nothing so well as they can, who are only men'. There was no use Greatheed denying Temouteitei's gods. Temouteitei's belief in them was founded on his experience of having heard them speak in the thatches of his home and through the mouth of his *tau'a*. The English gods were not better because Greatheed said they were. Why, Temouteitei also asked, was a Christian marriage system better than Enata's? What made the one virtuous and the other vicious?

The outer man of Temouteitei was more changeable than the inner man. His health was bad from the moment of his arrival. To relieve the effects of the cold he was moved from London to the country and from the country back to London. In all that he was docile. He learned to read English script and write monosyllables. Crook had translated the Lord's Prayer for him and he could recite it by rote. He copied manners quite exactly and seemed to respond warmly to family devotions and public worship.

Temouteitei was not alone on his beach in London. He had arrived there about the same time as twenty-four boys from Sierra Leone, youths brought there, like himself, as trophies of the Word. 'Over them', said Greatheed, 'he assumed a superiority from the difference of his complexion and made suitable reports on their behaviour'. In the proper order from white to black, Temouteitei's brown skin had a place and gave him a role. In other things he merely mimicked and held his distance. When he caught sight of something that made white men and brown men at home on the beach while black boys were outsiders, he made this his way across the beach. The missionaries might have taken note of what paradoxes the grace of God wrought, that racial prejudice should be the instrument of change. As it was, Temouteitei, died some time in 1807 at eighteen years. No one said exactly when or pondered on what his death was for.

Hami Patu was very different from Temouteitei. He had been born about 1804 at Hanaiapa on Hiva Oa. His father seems to have been *haka'iki* of the valley and he his first-born. In 1818 he joined a whaler which landed him in Hawaii where he was looked after by Liholiho and became a member of that king's guard. From Hawaii he went to Canton and from Canton to Boston where he worked for a while as servant in the household of a Boston sea captain. There a mysterious member of a 'Boston Female Society for Missionary Purposes' entered his life. A suspicious mind might conjure up many reasons why her name should be kept a mystery but it was probably because she was the daughter of Henry Page, a pious spirit caught in the religious fervour that was sweeping New England at the time. He tells us of Hami Patu's pilgrimage. The first encounter of Patu and the 'Boston female' came to nothing, save the memory it left in her of his sadness and awkwardness on this cold beach of his. He also became a pupil at a Boston sabbath school. He was an eager student but his education was interrupted in 1821 and early 1822 when he went sealing to New South Shetland. He survived falling overboard in arctic waters and came back to Boston. From there he was moved as servant to a Connecticut family and in Cornwall, neither slave nor truly free, stood on the edge of a society that was burning with religious fever.

That small community also looked out at him on its margins and saw in him something of another Obookiah, the Hawaiian who had so recently sparked New England's missionary zeal in the Pacific. Page recorded that Patu's

manly form and open countenance, the flush of health playing on his dark South Seas face, an amiable and peculiarly docile deportment, a tongue just beginning to articulate his scanty ideas, an understanding buried in the darkness of ignorance and still clinging to the idolatry of his childhood, a being lost by nature, born among a people to whom no herald of news had proclaimed the gospel of Jesus, as in neighbouring islands, all these associations, together with a fresh remembrance of Obookiah, united the interest and feeling of Christians on his behalf.

Patu needed their interest and feeling. He came to their meetings and listened to their witness. He saw them weeping for their sins and watched the fever of their revival. They in turn would pray aloud for him in his moral darkness begging that he should be convinced of his sin. That was Patu's cross. He did not understand sin. He had no words to tell of it. He could not weep because he had no sense of the evil within him, no sense that his life was measured by a rule within him. His gods had always been outsiders to him, masters of their own ways, passionate, wilful, cruel at times, but always careless of the man within him. They punished his breach of *tapu*. He knew their rules for his life. He had some notion of theft, of fornication, of cursing, of obligation to worship,

of wrongful killing, of adultery. These were commandments that had bound him with social and supernatural sanctions—though in a different context and directed to different ends. The sense that all within him was evil and the knowledge that God in Jesus Christ had overturned it escaped him.

On 22 October 1822 Patu was desolated to see a young man whom he knew ‘relinquish his hold on the world’ and ‘enjoy the consolations of religion’. That someone whom he knew to have a hard heart should have it softened before his was a pain to Patu. He would hide in barns and weep his misery and try to pray. That same week, someone made preparations to let him witness aloud the thoughts he had. Not in the central meeting place—that was a beach he had not crossed—but on the outskirts of the parish. There in stumbling phrases he told the believers that he knew the difference between a sinner and a Christian. The Christian, he said, shook hands with a firm grasp. So they delayed his admission to the church.

Patu was sorely tried at this delay. The ‘Boston female’ returned to his life at this stage. She herself was suffering with a rebellious heart. Patu played missionary to her with exhortations to perseverance and reconciliation. His simple zeal was winning him a place in the mission school in Cornwall. That school, begun excitedly, was already in decline. Its graveyard was growing full of Pacific Islanders, Indians, Africans and West Indians brought there for their betterment and already the school had a beach problem of its own. The Indian boys were courting town girls and the townspeople were not yet ready to accept that a shared faith gave them the right to live so closely. Patu did not see the school’s closing. He came in March 1823. He was dead before the summer warmed him. They buried him near ‘Lewis Keah Keah’ and ‘Benjamin Toletole’ whom Captain Caleb Reynolds and Captain John Miles had brought from Te Henua. Patu used to visit their graves. He used to remark that he would soon join them in their happiness.

Some time before he died, Patu was asked by Henry Page about his heart and spirit. Patu said that Christians had talked to him a great deal about his bad heart. ‘Me think my heart good enough’, he said. When the deacon told him to say his prayers each night, he ‘went pray mad’. His heart was sometimes heavy, sometimes light. At meetings his heart was hard and at the meeting when his young friend ‘J.B.’ got a new heart, he was angry. He had wanted to come first before anybody else. That night he could not sleep for anger, but he began to pray and lost his heaviness, so that he loved to pray. At meetings after that he wanted to shake hands with the minister and love everyone. He knew then that he had a new heart, ‘a heart that feel to love good thoughts: don’t feel mad at anybody, not want to strike back’. In a believer’s world nothing is lost to providence and Hami Patu’s sponsors put his suffering to good use.

They wrote of his trials in one of those tracts so eagerly read by souls in search of grace. Like the *Life of Obookiah*, the *Memoir of Thomas H. Patoo of the Marquesas Islands* helped fire missionary zeal in New England. To sell the tract paid missionary bills, to read it edified flagging spirits.

In the sixty years after the arrival of James Cook in 1774 no permanent European community was established in Te Henua. The story of Aoe—Enata contact in that period is dominated by those Europeans and Polynesians who performed cross-cultural roles. The Europeans were all men. No women came until three American missionaries arrived with their families in 1832 at Nukuhiva, and Mrs Rodgerson arrived with her children at the L.M.S. mission at Tahuata in 1834. These men were marginal in the sense that they belonged to an outside culture and yet participated in Enata’s. To varying degrees they were socialized into Enata society. They knew and obeyed many of its rules. They played recognizable social roles. They shared in many of its values. A few were said to have married, as Robarts and Cabri had done. Most lived informally with Enata women. Very few took their women and their children with them when they left the islands. They sloughed off their cultural obligations on either side of the beach fairly easily.

When the missionaries came with their families, they built houses, careful to have windows and doors, pitched roofs and fences. The beachcombers did not carve out space on their beach in this way. They changed the environment hardly at all. They did not cluster in groups: they stayed virtually alone. They did not create circumstances of division between ‘we’ and ‘they’. Yet for all that, they did not become Enata. Being Enata was a matter of description by self and others. To others the beachcombers were always incongruous. They were incongruous to the islanders because of their associations and their mediating role, because they would not be bound by all Enata rules and did not suffer for it. To outsiders, their own kind, beachcombers were incongruous because they were improperly free: looking like savages, they still remained civilized.

The beachcombers crossed their beaches selectively and partially, but in that partiality seriously. Name exchange (*e inoa*) was one of their ways. On the ships and in the mission stations, name exchange was a fiction, a game to be played with mock solemnity. On the beach it was more serious. They were the fathers, sons, brothers their new names made them, and the social consequence of this was rules, rights, obligations and a position in the systems of exchange. They were not Enata, but they were who their names said them to be. Very often beachcombers crossed their beaches by taking on a role. Usually it was that of *toa*, warrior, but it could also be *tuhuna*, skilled artisan. As *toa* or *tuhuna* they gauchly made their actions intelligible and became reciprocating members of Enata society. Finally, they crossed their beaches by

becoming part of the means of production. Ships, in trading, stayed outside production; mission stations were parasites. The beachcombers often acted entrepreneurially with the ships, earning muskets, clothing, liquor and other Aoe comforts by their piloting and interpreting, and yet in their ordinary daily lives they adapted to the rhythms and the currency of Enata's systems. For their sustenance they were generally dependent on the production of the Land and adjusted to its foreign tastes and smells and feel. Nevertheless they moderated the systems of the Land because they organized Enata's labour to different ends, because they shifted production a little from exchange to trade, because they had other skills and knowledge to offer.

It has always been the boast of the civilized that they gave savages language to be heard. As Prospero said to Caliban:

. . . when thou didst not, savage,
Know thine own meaning, but wouldest gabble like
A thing most brutish, I endow'd thy purposes
With words that made them known . . .

A saving grace of the beachcomber, violent, wild, corrupted, rootless though he often was, was his discovery that the savages already had a language of their own. To hear the language in the 'gabble' cost a step across the beach. It seemed a short step but was too long by far for most to take. None took a step all the way.

Reflection: *On Boundaries*

Boundaries are real but, as the structuralists like to tell us, they have no dimensions, no space of their own. So when we cross a boundary, say between childhood and adulthood, between the single state and marriage, between life and death, we invent moments in which we are neither one thing nor the other. We invent those moments, out of time yet in time, with small plays and rituals which signify that ordinary rules and circumstances are suspended and that new things are in the making. Victor Turner, following Van Gennep, calls the moment *limen*, a step, neither inside nor outside but in-between. We, of course, give more particular names to these social moments of crossing a boundary—a birthday party, a honeymoon, a wake. We see our own twentieth-century culture as rational and non-ceremonial and perhaps do not recognize the number of these occasions. Anniversaries, jubilees, christenings, retirements, initiations into clubs, awards of trophies, graduations—all demand that we doff our ordinary person, put on a special demeanour and follow very precise rules of propriety. In these moments gaffes are easy and all will know, whether by a word or a look or a gesture, that the proprieties have been disturbed or that the actors have struck the right balance of pride and humility, of seriousness and flippancy, of respect and independence.

Suspension of ordinary behaviour, to participate in or be spectator to these plays, is a social act. It requires a group to make it work. Individually we might be sceptics and scoff at meaningless gestures, but we obey the rules of the play nonetheless. A long-haired graduate in thongs will protest the emptiness of protocol at his graduation but will find a reason why he dresses in his academic robes, makes his bows, listens politely to the vice-chancellor: Mum and Dad wanted it; it's a lark; four years work demands some recognition. Or he might make signals telling a small audience around him that he does not really believe it all. But he is there and whatever his sheepish jokes about his 'glad rags', he accepts the congratulations properly offered and would be surprised and hurt if someone made an honest remark about his academic record. Crossing boundaries demands commitment: not attention, not approval, but commitment to 'dumb shew'.

Crossing boundaries is a social act: it is also mysterious. Mary Douglas and Edmund Leach have argued that the space-between of boundaries is full of contradictions and sometimes dangerous, so it is often separated out, made sacred or 'taboo'. Things that lie at the boundaries of our bodies such as hair, nail-clippings, faeces and skin require special rules about purity and danger. Things that lie between nature and culture, half-wild half-civilized, are subject to prohibition and punishment. Beaches, one would think, would be ambivalent places, neither here nor there, attractive yet scandalous, free yet binding.

Some boundaries we cross only once in progress from birth to death; some boundaries we cross many times, being continually reconstituted, as it were, as believers, as male or female, as law-abiding citizens. So when we proclaim that 'we' are 'we' and 'they' are 'they' we are speaking of ourselves and others relative to some particular status or quality. Our identity changes with the quality we claim to share and the audience we proclaim it to. Boundaries around our lives are never permanent. Others cross our boundaries and join our 'we' or leave and join our 'they' at different moments in different guises. Beaches are beginnings and endings, but the islands in their circumference are always changing.

A social history of Aoe and Enata that could detail the persons and the cultures that their boundary-crossings constructed and reflected is not possible. The meanings of rituals and social plays are rarely verbalized and in any case have not been recorded in our sources. The ordinariness of most of these crossings makes the occasions of their description quite extraordinary. For that last reason we probably have a fuller sense of boundary-crossing in Enata's lives than we have of it in Aoe's lives. It is difficult to be ethnographer to one's own times and one's own ways. Pacific history still awaits a full social history of the ships and seamen who were the intruders. Whether such a history could ever be as full as Herman Melville's fictional trilogy about men in ships—*Typee*, *White-Jacket*, *Moby-Dick*—is another question. What we give here are notes for reflection only.

The essence of shipboard life was boundary maintenance. On naval vessels especially, but also on other ships, distinction of role and status was precise, not just between quarterdeck and lower deck, not just between watchmen and idlers, but between messes, watches, divisions, fore-, main- and mizzen-topmen and boats, to say nothing of all the distinctions of positions from boatswain to loblolly boys and all their mates. Daily life was full of the plays and gestures that marked position and privilege, that established group existence, that drew and re-drew boundaries according to the needs of maintaining the ship. Life was full of conflicts that boundary-drawing engendered and full of rituals of conflict-resolution, either imposed from on high in discipline and

punishment or resolved from below in fights and dominance. In the days of whalers which divided their profit to the last two hundred and twenty-fifth for an inexperienced 'green-hand', in the menu of a man-o'-war that gave the seamen two ounces of butter on Mondays and half a gill of dried peas on Fridays, the arithmetic reflected their formally measured lives. The hours of their watch, the inches of their hammocks, the ounces of their food, the pennies of their expense and fines, the glasses of grog at noon, the lashes for their offences were not only known and counted constantly but were ceremonially measured that all might see the different boundaries around their lives. Deviance from order was the principal crime, encroachment on rights the principal injustice. James Cook cursed the conservatism of his sailors for preferring the salt beef they had by right to the sauerkraut he gave them out of generosity. Bligh raised a mutiny when he confused care for health with intrusion on a boundary: in the last day of his captaincy when he raged at his crew and they at him, they all stood beside their piles of counted coconuts, jealous lest he take some. In the total institution of a ship, persons were owed little. Role and rule were owed everything.

Ports and land were beyond the boundaries of the ship but beaches were in between. Weigh anchor after a leave and captains flogged their vessels back to institutional respectability. In ports the arithmetic and the rules did not apply. That is why in the Marquesas captains kept their ships at sea, as it were, even though they were anchored in Taiohae or Vaitahu. But the beach was neither port nor ship. It had the dangers and threats of all boundary places. A sailor in a port was not liberated though he was beyond the control of the ship: he was only in another place with other rules. A sailor on the beach was free: he belonged in no category; he had status in his own person; he could bargain; he owed no commitment to all the 'dumb shews' of authority and role.

In an institution such as a ship, where all was depersonalized, violence was easy and constant. The boundary around all on the ship also made violence easy against an outsider. The careless violence of seamen to islanders was consistent with their violence towards one another, but it was magnified by the sense of 'we' and 'they' that all the systems of conformity of a ship created. Seamen might rationalize their violence towards the islanders in terms of racial and cultural superiority and of necessity, but their depersonalization of outsiders extended to anyone who did not belong. Their shipboard rituals of boundary maintenance gave them a high sense of institution. They gave loyalty to abstractions, to what they saw as given and as the 'way things were done'. They might, by their own cultural standards, be immoral or deviant, but they reified the systems that controlled them well. They did their violence easily.

We have seen that Enata's boundaries around their bodies were close

and narrow. The boundaries were marked at all points by *tapu*. They reinforced the boundaries constantly: their etiquette required them to be meticulous about every disposal of their body wastes; their beliefs made them suspect that every accident or illness was the result of some intrusion on their body space. Their tattooing also controlled their bodies. It was a violence and a pain done to them their whole life long. For men at least, it ended only when there was no part of their body untouched. Their whole skin became perfectly cultivated. As if nothing was to be left to nature their blank spaces were filled in with their culture's signs and symbols. Their tattoos were boundaries to their spirits.

Enata's strict boundaries on their bodies reflected their narrowly bounded social selves. They were little given to altruism. They defined social responsibilities closely and were seemingly careless in personal affections. They were plucked away from the families into which they were born by adoption. They had little respect for the seed that spawned them and were quickly fathered in the social fiction of a name and a relationship. They easily subordinated their persons to their roles in the names they exchanged and in the number of names they acquired.

The thrust of the Men's social life was towards narrow division rather than broad unity: that they called themselves Enata was only the result of Aoe's intrusion and it did not find a ritual expression before or after that intrusion. Their allegiance to groups was narrowly defined by genealogical lines so that within a small population they divided into some hundreds of groups. Their *tapu* class did have broader alliances through intergroup marriages and adoption, and it made these wider groupings visible by feast and exchange. In the smaller groups in which Enata lived there were no signs that any one of them must progress along set steps to be a member of the whole. There were no initiation rites, no age sets moving through society. Every boy and girl was a *ka'ioi* but the union of those years of adolescence was not preserved structurally in later years. Different valleys and different lines of descent would compete against one another in dancing, singing and hospitality, just as they were aggressive and violent towards one another in war. But their associations were fluid and impermanent. As far as one can judge, their sense of institution and abstraction was not high. All their social judgements seemed contextual by personality and circumstance: their reifications seemed small.

We will simply never know how Enata perceived themselves in their many boundary-making plays. Every quality we describe represents an outsider's judgement. One's guess is that their very individual definition of themselves and their very narrow social divisions left them little protection in an assault from across the beach. It left them subject to piecemeal dominance. They also had little defence against denigration and scorn. When depopulation set in, they had no institutional means to

make a unity out of their dying parts. They never really made a boundary to keep Aoe out. It was Aoe, as we shall see, who made the boundaries in the Land.

PART TWO

1842-1880

Priests and Prophets

Priests are men of establishment, custodians of the god-given. Prophets are men of disturbance, moved by the spirit. In Enata's religious universe, priest and prophet were divided. Priest, *tuhuna o'ono*, was guardian of their lore. He knew their sacred songs and genealogies; he knew the secret language in which they were remembered; he made sacrifice, death and healing sacred with his ceremonies. Prophet, *tau'a*, was possessed by the gods and in his possession spoke for them. Through the *tau'a* the gods made their demands, pointed to the guilty, told the future, cured the sick, bedevilled enemies. *Tuhuna* made Enata's world orderly with his rituals of song, sacrifice and feasting. *Tau'a* set Enata's world on edge with his frenzy, and made corners of it dark with fear.

There were priests and prophets among Aoe as well. They both came as agents of a foreign god to destroy the native gods, but they thought to do it in different ways. The priests, Roman Catholic, came confident in their sacramental vision. Their works, their masses, their blessings had worth whatever the success of their mission. They could count their baptisms of dying infants and they had an arithmetic of salvation. They knew that their actions—their signs of the cross, their litanies, their learned catechisms—were a context for the Holy Spirit's work. They came in long black cassocks. They mumoled secret Latin prayers. They had mysterious sacred places where, in vestments and at altars, they performed rituals that marked them as different from other men.

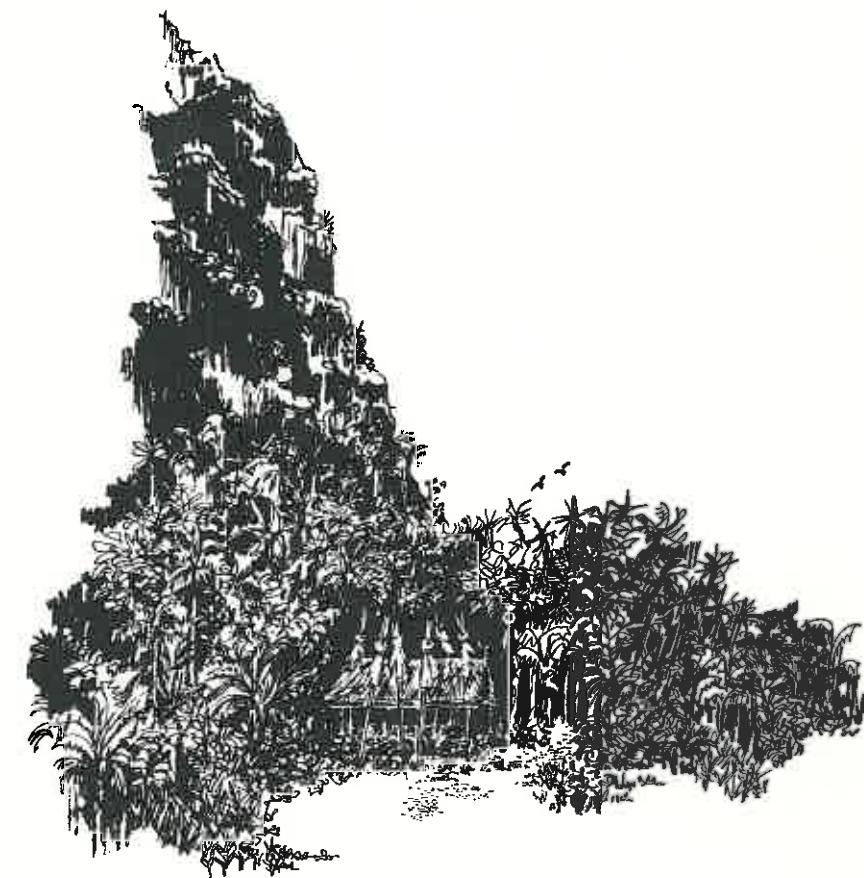
The prophets, the L.M.S. and A.B.C.F.M. missionaries, came with the Word. Externalized in a Book, the Word was discernible and as a thing, an artefact, was desirable. But the real Word was in the heart, a whispered knowledge of good and evil, a personal message of salvation. On the beach, where cultural symbols were everything, prophets had a problem. Who could describe the Word when there were no words that could be understood? Who could know what was sacred when they had no ritual gestures save preaching? Who could know them as different when there was nothing to show their difference except their protest that they were not like other men. They came, each disturbed by the Spirit, but with deep uncertainty about how the Spirit might disturb others.

The almost universal judgement of those who visited Enata was that they had no religion, only superstition. Visitors would describe the forms of those superstitions—the irrational *tapu*, the fear of sorcery, the double vision and double hearing that discerned the presence of gods in shadows and sounds. What the visitors meant by distinguishing religion from superstition is difficult to understand. They did not mean to distinguish true and false: that was presumed. Partly the distinction represented their inability to formulate questions about another religion when there were apparently no institutions to guard and proclaim a corpus of beliefs. They also saw no parity between Christian scriptures and Enata myths. The Judaeo-Christian metaphors of creation, its division into days, its categories of land and sea, light and darkness, were too natural, and Enata's metaphors of fishing for land, coition of heaven and earth, too fantastic. Their own sense of ritual was too abstracted, too divorced from earth, fire and water. Enata's reverences were too unfamiliar, too particular to Te Henua, for them to see the sacraments that marked their bodies and their Land. Their own Christian creeds were moulded by a cultural philosophy that made religious metaphors natural, reflective of a given social reality. The metaphors transposed concepts such as father or son to a divine plane without a sense of contradiction or cultural exclusivity. Their beliefs were caught in an historicity that centred religion on a redemptive act: they managed the problem of the daily presence of the divine with their sense of grace and providence. Enata's religious metaphors were too reflective of their own real world, Enata's beliefs in the presence of their gods apparently too direct for Aoe ever to formulate questions that would have probed Enata's sense of awe or sin or salvation.

The word 'superstition', which visitors used, was derogatory but in it they tried to capture some sense of the immediacy of Enata's supernatural world. Their gods were always present, and in every action Enata dispersed them, disarmed them, engaged them. The gods peopled the land and prodigally. They were in every tree and rock, every wind and cloud, every crevice and corner. For every human action and every human condition the gods had a care, hostile or protective. The Land had a double dimension.

Father Gérauld Chaulet left a list of some of the gods:

- Aaitoka (god of the makers of *pavahina*, the ornaments of old men's beards)
- Tikipuaikanui (god of ear ornaments)
- Tu (god of war)
- Tehakaukau (god for the search of *heana*)
- Ataveheioe (god of thieves)
- Kaihakakoe (god of liars)
- Tupaemoe (god of sorcerers)



Moaki (god of eye troubles)
 Tikapu (god of blindness)
 Tahivahive (god of tongues)
 Vaiaki (god of natural death)
 Tauatehiaki (god of sudden death in sleep)
 Ikanui (goddess of syphilis)
 Havake (god of rheumatism)
 Hanaua (goddess of pregnant women)
 Upeouoho (goddess of false birth)
 Kakainale (goddess of night)
 Moiaika (goddess of childbirth)
 Auoano (god of epilepsy)
 Kea (god of disease in small children)
 Mauavivi (goddess who took children's eyes)
 Pakakaka ina oa (god of smells)
 Tokotakoteki (god of cripples)
 Hupaupa (god of the sick)
 Toopapa (god of paralysis)
 Pueaea (god of lechery)
 Tahu (god of *ka'oi*)
 Topepu (god of sexual actions)
 Koheaki (god of circumcision)
 Tutakieka (god of those who fall from rocks)
 Mataoa (god of climbers)
 Vaeoka (god of stilt-walkers)
 Utī (god to make others flee)
 Neva (god to put spirits to flight)
 Tokohiti (god of place of death)
 Ivieinui (god of heavens)
 Tumutumutetu (god for curing venereal disease)
 Tamanaioho (god of deep sleep)

'To every island its gods: to every fisherman his god' was a proverb Father Chaulet also quoted. The Men said it themselves: there was no end to their double world.

To Aoe the most bizarre way in which the gods were present in Enata's lives was in their incarnation in certain *tau'a*. Some *tau'a* were not merely media for the gods. They were gods themselves. Either men or women, they lived alone in distant corners of the valleys. How they won their divinity is impossible to know. They seem not to have been ordained to it in any other sense than that all *tau'a* acquired their knowledge, their skill at sorcery and their links with the gods in some apprenticeship. They were not born to it. Some *tau'a* passed their skills on to their children, but divinity required a recognition by Enata. Perhaps they won it with the efficiency of their sorcery and the relevance of their prophesying.

This nearness of the gods called for carefulness in every social action. Every social gesture was embroidered with the ritual that made it proper not merely to Enata but to the *atua* who stood so close to them. Fishermen would build their *tapu* huts, sing their songs of preparation, bless their canoes and nets with their *tiki* statues, bury their stone gods in the sea, put part of their catch aside at their special fishing *me'ae*. No house was built without its special *tapu* sinnet and *tiki* at the corner posts; no meal was eaten without a morsel to the *atua*; no social moment was enjoyed without the beating of drums, the clapping of hands and the chanting of songs; no wound was healed, no sickness cured with the medium of roots and leaves without the further therapy of propitiation. If communion—the shared food and formal exchange of the feast—was the metaphor of Enata's social life, then song and sacrifice were the metaphors of their sacred life. The songs they chanted together or heard the *tuhuna* sing gave the context of their actions. They put the men in their proper time by telling of their origins, put them in their proper space by extolling the *atua* who made their sacred dimensions. Sacrifice was Enata's most constant ritual. Part of all they made or caught or grew was set aside at the *me'ae* for the gods. Their sacred places were cluttered with the debris of their offerings. The notion that part of all they valued should be set aside for the gods found its fullest expression in *heana*, but it also guided the ordinary acts of their daily lives. Enata's reflection on what they were doing is lost to us, but there seemed to be no sense of propitiation in the sacrifice, no offering made in reparation for personal sin or communal wrong-doing. Sacrifice seemed not even placatory, except that if not duly performed the gods would be angry. Sacrifices merely seemed to mark out the constant double dimension of the Land that embraced men and gods who together and in mutual dependence gave the Land its productivity, its good fortune, its continuity. Enata gave reverence to the gods in much the same way as they respected the authority of the *haka'iki*. They gave a deference that proclaimed the gods' active and passive role in making the Land.

There is a sense in which religion, with its institutions, lies at the centre of any culture. That is not to give it any primacy or to grade other realities in some causal relationship. It is only to say that religion in its rituals, its cosmologies, its rules of behaviour, its roles, reflects the ways men make their food, their wealth, their power over one another. Religion reflects those ways and legitimates them. It gives them permanence by providing a description of their origins; it gives them strength by investing them with value out of the ordinary; it gives them meaning by explaining their purposes. It is impossible in this sense to conceive of religion as disembodied from its cultural form or to think of religious change without cultural change. Since in its very essence

religion gives meaning there is a moment in religious change when the old is meaningless and the new as yet makes no sense. It is a moment of trauma and emptiness. The cost of moving from one certainty to another is high.

Impetus for religious change can come from within a culture, but on islands this impetus usually comes across the beach. The agents of religious change are men sent out—missioned—by their institutions and driven by their own convictions that there is but one god and they know his name. When we meet these missionaries in Te Henua, their determination to change Enata is strong but their understanding of how it should be done is weak. Men, so self-assured in their vision of how their and other worlds should be, crossed, as we shall see, more than one beach in their lives. They were marginal men in their own cultures. In their different ways, by call, by conversion, by ordination, they proclaimed a perception of reality which other men did not see in everyday life. They witnessed to the strength of these perceptions by their determination to preach them and to effect their realization wherever they were absent. Vast numbers of those who shared their religious beliefs did not share this sense of urgency to change themselves and the world so radically. In that sense the vision which they brought to the islands was a very special one. It was full of pressing commands and absolutes, of spiritual immediacies. All of them were priests in that they had an ordered world to establish and maintain. All of them were prophets in that their god had spoken to them directly and they must change the world at his command.

William Pascoe Crook was only the first of these priests and prophets who came across the beach in Te Henua. Then, between 1821 and 1834, the L.M.S. in Tahiti sent seventeen bewildered Tahitians to Tahuata, Fatuiva and Ua Pou to preach where they thought it too dangerous and too uncomfortable for white missionaries to go. In 1832 the American missionaries in Hawaii, goaded by their board of directors in Boston, sent Richard Armstrong, William Alexander, Benjamin Parker and their families to Taiohae with some Hawaiian servants. Then both conscience and the fear of losing a sphere of influence provoked the L.M.S. to send David Darling, John Stallworthy, John Rodgerson and his wife to Tahuata in 1834. Before they had arrived, the Americans had pulled out and returned to Hawaii. David Darling returned to Tahiti after a year. John Rodgerson and his family stayed for three years then John Stallworthy was alone at Tahuata for eleven months, until the French captain, Abel Aubert Dupetit-Thouars, visited Tahuata in the *Vénus* (1838) and left two priests and a brother of the Congregation of the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary, Fathers Dosithée Desvault and Louis de Gonzague Borgella and Brother Nil Laval at Vaitahu. John Stallworthy, feeling desperately alone and bitter at his

neglect by his missionary body, was nonetheless unhappy to share his beach with Catholic missionaries. They received, he noted, full support from government and church. Within a year they were reinforced by six others and extended their mission to Nukuhiva and Ua Pou. Robert Thomson joined Stallworthy at Vaitahu in 1839 and brought back with him Temoana, the young *haka'iki* of Taiohae, who had gone to England in a whaler. Hoping to win a few souls with this trump, Thomson went off to Nukuhiva, only to find that Temoana's pilgrimage had inspired him with a sense of imperialism rather than Christian humility. At Taiohae, with Catholics whispering darkly that Thomson was no true minister of religion and Thomson warning against Catholic mummery and French intrigue, Temoana shrugged off the influence of both and went happily to war. Thomson and Stallworthy felt beaten and returned to Tahiti in December 1841. That left the Catholic missionaries alone in Te Henua and ready to welcome the French annexation in 1842. They remained the only missionaries for twelve years. Seven more priests and brothers were sent in 1843. For a short time in 1847–48 three sisters of St Joseph of Cluny, a congregation of women already established at Tahiti, tried to set up a school at Vaitahu. They arrived when the French administrators had lost interest in Vaitahu. The sisters found the bay, deserted of its troops, too unsafe and left. In 1853 'a call from Macedonia' was heard in Hawaii. Matanui, a *haka'iki* at Fatuiva, persuaded the Hawaiian Mission Board that Enata were ready for the Word. The American missionaries in Hawaii were fairly easily persuaded that in the native Hawaiians the Lord had 'prepared a nursery in the midst of this ocean' and would 'now scatter the plants all over the moral wastes that dot the Pacific'. So James Kekela, Samuel Kauwealoha, Isaiah W. Kaiwi, Lota Kuaihalani and their wives were sent off to Fatuiva. The *haole* missionaries in Hawaii let a godly carpenter, the son of a Tahitian missionary, James Bicknell by name, accompany the natives. Kekela and Kauwealoha lived out long lives as missionaries. The others, as well as all who replaced them, returned to Hawaii or died in the Land. The Hawaiians made their missions in Hiva Oa, Tahuata and Ua Pou as well as Fatuiva. Often, in the midst of their own personal tragedies, they had to bear both the hateful zeal of the Catholics and the bitter reprisals of the unregenerate.

In the forty years from 1822 to 1862, nearly a hundred men and women crossed the beach of the Land with the explicit intention of changing its people. They differed greatly in age and nationality, in personality and culture, in their perceptions of the new world they wanted to make and in the means they would use to destroy the old. To create a new world they tried to reduce it to its essentials and judge what was indispensable. To destroy an old one, they had to have—consciously or unconsciously—some strategy that would tell them what would fall with

what. As missionaries, they stood on the edge of the culture they represented and on the edge of the culture to which they preached.

Te Henua, empty of missionaries after William Pascoe Crook had gone, was the subject of considerable tension and discussion among the missionaries who became established at Tahiti. By 1815 Enata's reputation for being savage, promiscuous and indolent had been spread abroad. Any missionaries established among them would need to be numerous for their own safety, to be married for their own sanctity, to be visited frequently with supplies for their survival. In addition, every missionary at Tahiti felt that one beach crossed was enough and that work already begun there and invested with the labour of learning the language should not be interrupted. Finally, except for the second voyage of the *Duff* which was captured by the French and never reached the Pacific, the directors of the L.M.S. never sent new missionaries with clear instructions to go to the Marquesas, or if they did, never in enough numbers, with sufficient means to establish a mission. At Tahiti, the missionaries squabbled among themselves as to whether they should go, who should go and how they should answer both those questions. They soothed their disturbed consciences on the matter by sending native Tahitians instead.

There was a carelessness in their dispatch which suggests that the problem was not so much the conversion of heathens as a resolution of missionary conflict at Tahiti. The first Tahitians sent to Te Henua never arrived. They went with William Ellis in 1822. Ellis became distracted by Hawaii and never reached Nukuhiva. In January 1825 William Pascoe Crook returned to Te Henua for the first time in thirty years. He brought Narii and Fareore from Huahine and Mareore and Faupapau from his own mission station on Eimeo. Faupapau died on the ship. Crook left the rest at Tahuata. They were back in Tahiti within a year. 'We only sent them', wrote one of the missionaries to the directors, 'to see the state of the islands and then return, having no vessel in which to visit them'. Crook added that it was improper to send single men. (The Tahitians said they had three hundred men and women at the first sabbath meeting and none after that. They were threatened with their lives when a landslide killed some Enata.) In the next year, four more Tahitians were sent with Captain Ebrill on the *Minerva*. This time two missionaries were left at Tahuata and two at Ua Pou. There had been excitement in the church at Tahiti at the going of these four. Haamairo and his wife at Mr Henry's church on Huahine had been chosen for a mission at Raivavae but they declined the chance merely to 'clean up rubbish', preferring to break fresh ground in Te Henua where others had not been. But the four missionaries were back in early 1828, disturbed at filthy scenes, fearful for their wives and children. At Crook's

station at Eimeo his people had collected clothes, food and oil to pay for the passage to Te Henua of their two missionaries, Faarou and Teahana. These two young men wrote back to Crook from Ua Pou exhorting him to be fervent in his prayers, asking for more teachers and saying that they were 'not seeking the good things of the world'. They were indeed given to the Lord. For no one wrote to them, or sent supplies or books, or gave thought to what they might be doing. One died. David Darling brought his widow and the other missionary back to Tahiti in 1831.

In January 1827 William Ellis, then secretary of the L.M.S., had written a report for the directors which stressed the importance of the Marquesas and argued that four English missionaries should be sent. One of them, he suggested, should be George Pritchard who had just arrived at Tahiti and would not yet have 'been overcome by lassitude'. Pritchard was reluctant to go but agreed to visit Tahuata with his allotted companion, Richard Simpson. Not surprisingly, they came back with the conviction with which they had gone, namely, that the mission was impracticable. 'Native missionaries must be the pioneers', they reported. After the gospel had been embraced, Europeans might safely reside there. Meanwhile, they wrote, 'it offers satisfaction for us to know that the Lord reigneth and that he is able to soften the most obdurate heart'. David Darling, who was critical and suspicious of Pritchard's and Simpson's report, escorted five more Tahitians and one converted Nukuhivan to Tahuata and Fatuiva in August 1831. The two teachers he left at Fatuiva wrote back to Tahiti within a month or two stating that the 'people of this land will not listen'. 'Our home is finished but how shall we act?' It was a fair question. It was one which more self-assured missionaries asked when they too had finished building their houses. That first act of establishment, erecting a roof, putting up familiar walls, was easier for them than deciding which word of the Good News to say first, or making a gesture that would be recognized, or catching attention with something that might be thought valuable. The two were back in Tahiti before the end of 1832. Darling, somewhat ungraciously, said they returned 'for no other reason than that they were tired of living with these people. Thus we can see the dependence we can place on native teachers'. The three he left at Tahuata had more palpable reasons for leaving. They had preached a new morality to Iotete, the *haka'iki* of Vaitahu. He must not have more than one wife. However, an Irishman living with Iotete—no doubt with an Irishman's prejudices but also his sense of history—told Iotete that 'the great people of England did not attend to it, but lived as they pleased'. Iotete, by his own account, was even more offended by the teachers' inability to live their own morality. He caught Faatea in adultery and the others left in shame, bearing Iotete's message that he would have white missionaries or none at all.

The Tahitian missionaries told a sorry story of Enata's indifference to the Word of God, of promises made and never kept, of depraved carnality. Enata, on the other hand, suspected that the Tahitians were agents of the Tahitian 'King' Pomare, saw them as the cause of any natural disaster that struck and spurned them as peddlers of others' gods. Still the English brethren scattered the Tahitian-born missionaries' lives like seed on the Land, half-hoping for an increase of a hundredfold if they fell on good soil, knowing they would fall among thistles. It was a guileless extravagance with other men's lives that enlarged those others' dependence on the Almighty and enclosed their own lives in more comfortable gardens. They did not ponder on what made men change beliefs. They only bewailed the hardness of hearts untouched by grace. There were no priorities in their goals, only an assumption that Enata's acceptance of the Word would change their social environment as well. If they wondered what meaning ritual or preaching could have on the beach, they did not reveal it in their letters and journals. Instead, they sent their native teachers whose very spirit and grasp of what they had newly learned they were already questioning and trusted that the Lord himself would soften hearts.

At the same time, the American missionaries in Hawaii were thinking with a little more guile on what it meant to change people to their core. Charles Samuel Stewart had gone to the Hawaiian Mission in 1823 and was among the second company of missionaries from New England. His wife's health and his own malaise made him leave the mission after two years in 1825 and he returned to the United States. Friends in high places won him a chaplaincy in the navy and in 1828 he was commissioned to the U.S.S. *Vincennes*, then at Callao under Captain W. B. Finch. The *Vincennes* was under orders to proceed on a westward tour of the Pacific and to look to American interests in Hawaii. Stewart saw himself returning as a 'Messenger of Consolation' to his former brethren. Before the *Vincennes* reached Hawaii, however, it called at Nukuhiva.

Captain Finch was a man of protocol. He had killed a colleague in a duel of honour ten years before and now at Nukuhiva he dressed his ship and his officers and made his visit with ceremony. 'Our beautiful vessel with her numerous crew in their Sunday dress of white, our floating banners and our full-toned band must have carried some vision of brightness from a better world passing before them', wrote Stewart. Finch himself wrote to the Secretary of the Navy that he had found the people of Taiohae at war with the Taipi. So he collected first the Teii and then the Taipi and told them both of the proprieties of being one people. He declared that *his* country had twenty-four tribes with twenty-four inferior chiefs and one superior chief. In his country, he said, they never fought among themselves. They would talk together and be reconciled.

They only fought with strangers from other lands who assailed them. For the warriors he had a special word. In the United States they thought more highly of those who preserved peace than those who fought wars. He was a chief on his ship, but however great a chief he might seem, he was inferior to the civil chief at home. The natives, he told the Secretary of the Navy, were delighted and asked why they had not been told these things before. They promised not to fight again and that if he came and caught them fighting again he could take the Land.

These grand communications on the beach made for idyllic moments, and Stewart, though he could not fathom the wickedness in Enata's heart, found beauty in their spirits and enchantment in their islands. On his long voyage home he wrote himself a note which said: 'Man of virtue and piety is in danger of being so much disgusted with the licentiousness of the people as to be blinded to the parts of interest and commendation in their character and to withhold from them the merit of character to which they are entitled and instead of beauty and grace to see only deformity and vileness'. In a book and in lectures through New England he published his enthusiasm for the simplicity he had come to see in Enata and related his discussions with chiefs who had informed him it would be good to have missionaries. Jehovah was the only true god and he was the god of thunder and lightning, Enata said. When it thundered, they knew ships were coming. If missionaries would come, they would throw away their idols. Stewart's optimism stirred public interest in New England and the public stirred the A.B.C.F.M. to ask its missionaries in the field at Hawaii if it were feasible to send men to the Marquesas. They answered immediately that it was not. None of the established missionaries thought it their duty to go: the proposal might offend the L.M.S. If anything, the A.B.C.F.M. should establish and support a mission directly itself. But the comfortable Christians of Boston wondered whether the Christians of Hawaii should be so comfortable and insisted. So a deputation was sent from Hawaii to Tahiti to question the L.M.S. missionaries and from there to Tahuata, Ua Pou and Nukuhiva. At Tahiti the deputation learned that officially the L.M.S. was expected to send half a dozen missionaries to the Marquesas, but both groups shared the problem of dealing with directors half a world away, and the Americans went away knowing that if they occupied Nukuhiva (or the Washington Group as they began to call the northern islands again) no one would be offended, even if it seemed foolish to supply two neighbouring groups of islands from opposite sides of the globe. Relations between the two mission groups were cordial, as they eyed Christ in one another. The American deputation, however, saw the gin and brandy bottles on the Tahitian missionaries' dinner table and pointedly told them of the success of their temperance societies. When they arrived at Taiohae, the Americans found excitement at the

prospects of a mission. Haape—Temoana was still a boy of ten—told them, ‘gods are good for nothing: they do not catch fish’, and seemed to listen when they told him of the life, death and resurrection of Jesus Christ. Haape promised them land, houses and food. The deputation asked for a small gesture of commitment and suggested a dinner with him of *tapu* fowl, but none of Enata would kill it. A beachcomber finally killed a *tapu* pig and Haape swallowed a few morsels uncertainly. ‘The whole system is ready to fall’, reported Samuel Whitney.

From the moment the A.B.C.F.M. suggested that the Hawaiian Mission’s public image might be hurt if there were no attempt to convert the Marquesans, the mission to Nukuhiva was almost inevitable. In Honolulu the missionaries selected the advice of whaling captains to suit their desire. Captain Bassett ‘gave a most flattering account of hospitality’, and they listened to him. Captain Barney warned them of treachery and cannibalism but Barney, they reported, was no friend of missionaries and it was presumed he did not want them to go. If whether to go was settled by the hints of the directors, there remained the question of who was to go. Among the younger missionaries there was none with any language skills, none with any medical knowledge. In the end three were chosen and agreed to go. They were Richard Armstrong and his wife and infant daughter, Benjamin Parker and his wife and infant daughter, and William Alexander and his wife who was two months pregnant. It had not been an easy decision for any of them. In private journals and in letters to their friends they wrote of their fears. They grasped at signs of hopefulness: there was peace at Taiohae; Temoana had prospects of great authority; Haape was building them a house. But when they left on the *Dhaule* in July 1832, they had to convince themselves that they worked for some greater providence. They stored around them those oddments of a familiar world that would make their new beach manageable—rocking chairs and pots, needles and camisoles. At Tahiti they were given a cow for their children’s milk. For the first time men, women and children were coming to Te Henua intent on remaking some small part of it to mirror more familiar worlds.

The arrival of the three families at Taiohae caused extraordinary scenes. Enata had never seen Aoe women before and were beside themselves to see the children. They jumped and clapped, made ‘obscene’ gestures to the women, ‘ran about us as if they lost their senses, looked under bonnets’, peered through cabin windows and down hatches. ‘What a savage people’, wrote Mrs Parker, ‘their looks strike terror. I cover my face to keep away the sight. Can they be human? Did humanity ever sink so below the brute? They are a set of thieves too. Stole my pocket Bible which had been my companion for years. For what do we make our abode with them? No light shines on the path.’ They were in the ‘suburbs of hell’, William Alexander said. Nothing

was ready for them. Haape, the *haka’iki*, was ill, dying, but his people brought him to the beach. He lay there and watched after the missionaries’ property. Piled high, the property seemed to him the first fruits of hospitality from Jehovah. He hoped for a cure to his sickness as a further sign of the power of the god of thunder. He gave the three families his house to share. They divided it up, closed its openness so that they could not see or be seen and secured what they owned. In that hot, thatched prison they came to know how extraordinary the ordinary habits of living, of hygiene and of eating were, when all the world was curious.

Armstrong, Alexander and Parker immediately began to build themselves houses. These were not completed till November. Each was forty feet by twenty feet. They turned windowless walls to the outside world around three sides of a square. They were set so that the women could speak to one another from their doors without needing to step outside. There were no windows at all but eyes peered at them through holes in the thatch and sticks were poked through to snare some small thing. The missionaries emptied one room of anything that could be coveted and made it a parlour where they could talk salvation to those who did not think they were lost. The houses had cost them only \$15 in goods, but Alexander said they cost thousands of dollars in trouble. Enata could not be kept to an agreement to collect timber for a building or leaves for a roof when they had *kava* to drink, or a dance to learn, or when they did not care to work. There seemed to be no reason to Enata’s laws of ownership. No one could tell the missionaries who had what rights over trees and land. The missionaries had no call on Enata. They felt themselves at the mercy of whims that would suddenly put an extravagant value on a day’s labour out of all proportion to the value of such currency as the missionaries had. The little square of their houses was a monument both to the enclosed world they lived in and to their inability to translate—even in the essentials of living—their image of a proper world into a language that could be understood.

In that more radical purpose of their coming, the conversion of Enata, they were even more despairing. The strategy in their campaign seemed to have three assumptions. First, their Christian message was rational and Enata could be persuaded to its good reason. Second, in their preaching and in the words of scripture, the grace of God, that necessary condition of conversion, had a proper vehicle. If Enata would listen and—better—read, the Word would soften hearts. Third, the best translation of their message was their good living. In seeing their lives, Enata would know their worth. They were, they knew, the instruments of a mysterious providence. They had no measure of its timing or of its cost or of its designs. They must wait its evolution, but they thought the perfect instrument of grace among Enata would be someone Enata respec-

ted. So they hankered for Haape's conversion. Instead, they found despair in every assumption. Enata they found unreasoning; their own rituals had no meaning; their lives were ridiculous. The providence in which they trusted had no remedy for their own hatred and abhorrence of those they were meant to love. They had no faith that Haape, hulking, paralytic and disgusting, could be the bridge for Jesus Christ across the beach.

The Marquesans were an 'unthinking people', Armstrong said. They had no sense of morality. Their idea of their own gods was so low that the perfections of Jehovah were unintelligible. When Armstrong challenged them to show love in their gods, they could make no reply. They had only fear for them: the power of the gods was only to kill and to give fishermen a catch. Polygamy, they acknowledged, had little merit; it led to conflict and women were beaten. But who would attend to the fires and cooking if there were no *pekio*? They did not have Hawaiian servants, they argued, like the missionaries. Enata found in Haape's illness a further challenge to Jehovah's power. 'Let him cure me and I will believe', said Haape and Enata all chorused the same. When Haape died and Morrison the beachcomber died as well, Enata took it as a sign of their own gods' power and displeasure at the preaching about Jehovah. They ridiculed Jesus Christ and made indecent gestures at the Good News. 'We don't want a god who died and was buried.'

William Alexander expressed some of his frustration at this 'unthinking people' when he wrote that he could discover no words for government and law and 'because'. It was Crook's old complaint that Enata were so poor in concepts and words that it was impossible to formulate beliefs for them until they were civilized. All the missionaries, Catholic and Protestant, English, French and American repeated this judgement. They all sensed a relationship between religious ideas and social realities. Enata could never know a Jehovah, almighty but not intrusive, present but invisible, until they had some sense of government, had some sense of power invested abstractly in persons and institutions. They could not be convinced of sin until they knew laws which were absolute, independent of persons and which were obeyed for themselves, not for fear of shame and punishment. Enata could never see the grace of God until a different perception of their Land gave them a different philosophy of cause and effect. Their double world was too particular, their gods too familiar to allow acknowledgement of a Cause. They could not be reasoned with until their sense of time and space was remade, until they played out the realities of a Christian cosmology in the roles and institutions of Aoe's world. They would hear the Word when *haka'iki* became kings, *pekio* became servants, *vahine* became wives, *tapu* became laws, *koina* became trade.

The sabbaths became days of trial for the Americans. At first they preached and sang and read beneath a tree outside the house Haape gave them. When their own houses were built, they used their first house as a meeting-place, but on Haape's death Enata used that house to embalm his body. In the first weeks of the body's putrefaction, the missionaries were forced to hold their services in the open air. Perhaps forty or fifty, sometimes a hundred, Enata would come to hear them. At first they preached in English and their Hawaiian servants would interpret. On 15 September Alexander preached by rote a two-minute sermon in Enata's language. It stressed the true goodness of Jehovah and the falsehood of other gods. The beachcomber Morrison had written it for him. The following week, Armstrong preached Morrison's words on Jesus Christ. At the end of three months they had translated three hymns and had tried to pray *ex tempore*. They were a little fearful of such dependence on Morrison whose English they found obscene and foul and whose translations they suspected. In the event, it did not seem to matter. Their congregation would lie around and sleep, laugh and talk, quarrel with what was said, mimic their actions, mock their singing. 'Were their gods blind', Enata would ask, 'that they closed their eyes to pray?' The missionaries were humiliated by these sabbath meetings. They were also starved for a regular life and reflective silence. The waves rolling the pebbles on the beach, the laughter and hoarse yells, the beating of drums and blowing of conch shells made mockery of their quiet. Only in their private separate communion did they find sustenance for what they did.

Yet suddenly on 17 January 1833 the four *haka'iki* of Taiohae imposed *tapu* for the sabbath. The whole valley buzzed with excitement and preparation. No fires were to be lit; there was to be no pounding of *tapu*. The old ways were serving the new. A hundred and fifty came to the service. At its end the *haka'iki* told the missionaries they needed books and better clothes to keep the sabbath more properly. The Americans told them they must buy clothes from ships' captains and that they had no books to give them. Next sabbath was the same as all the others. The missionaries never discovered what it was that had stirred the people in this way. They presumed it was their love of property. 'Desire of property regulates the conduct and makes the whole machinery of society here', wrote Alexander. Enata expected gifts for their attendance at sabbath or for learning to read. Their begging ways also disturbed the missionaries. The Americans had exchanged names with certain *haka'iki* and acknowledged that they had been generous in their gifts of food, but they could not persuade Enata that their own capital of property was not for distribution. 'We would send them away at meal time', Alexander wrote. 'They considered it very rude. They are accustomed to invite all who are about to eat with them.' The missionaries were reluctant to

gamble by making gestures of generosity. They were bound to their goods as if they were props for the stage of their real world. They did not come naked across the beach. Their things held them ransom to the notion that what they owned was more valuable than what they had come to preach. When Jehovah could not heal the sick or kill Enata's enemies or make breadfruit grow, the missionaries were revealed to be merely rich beggars on the beach.

Two ritual occasions among Enata which the Americans witnessed showed how distant and barren their symbolic world of preaching must have been. On 19 September 1832 Temoana, the young *haka'iki*, was solemnly married. On 5 December Haape died.

For the marriage Temoana had had his head shaved, except for two locks, and his cut hair was carefully hidden in his *tapu* place. His body was wrapped around with *hiapo*—the red *tapa* of banyan bark—and a whales' teeth necklace was placed about his neck. His head was wreathed with long cocks' feathers and on his forehead hung a cockade of old men's white beards; his ankles, wrists and elbows were wound about with braids woven from human hair. Adorned with all the ornaments that showed him to be different and sacred, he was taken across the bay of Taiohae into the valley where his *vahine*, a girl of twelve or thirteen years, was waiting for him at her *tohua*. She was bundled around and around with white *tapa*, and wore a girdle of red *tapa* around her waist. She sat on the lap of a woman, probably her father's sister. Two other women sat beside her on the forepart of a *paepae* at the end of the *tohua*. Temoana took his place beside the girl in the house. Before them was set the bundle of twigs wrapped in white *tapa* cloth, called *atua vahi*. It would have come from the *me'ae* of the girl's family. There followed *uta*, the sacred songs, and dances and feasting. During the ceremonies *pekuio* attended Temoana and the girl. At the end, the crowd left in a procession. They walked around the shore of the bay back to Temoana's *tohua*. Three grandfathers of the couple led the way. One wore a *toa*'s cap, another a *tuhuna*'s, the third a *tau*'s. With them the crowd brought gifts and as they went along people shouted, 'Kaoha'. There is no knowing what their songs and dances said, or what other gestures were made, or who the special actors were. There is no way of being certain what was said in the leaves, garlands, braids and flowers that decorated their houses and their persons. Yet even the stark detail suggests something of the way the Men perceived the true realities of their Land and represented it in movement and words, in persons and things. The *i'amutu* who presented the girl, the grandfathers who lead the procession, the *atua* of the descent lines, the ornamentation of *tapu* sacredness, the movement from one group's *tohua* to the others—all made plays on the significance of their lineage divisions. Out of the rough and tumble of their independence and the dispersed nature of

their social systems they made a scene about marriage which told them of their divisions in the present and their union with the past. They were irrepressible feasters and could not make a contract or even break one without eating together and eyeing somewhat jealously the generosity of each other's hospitality. They spent extravagantly their capital of labour and food on very temporary things: their garlands, their cosmetics, their bands and necklaces lasted for the day; their politics, their society, their religion, their productivity had only moments of institution. Yet gestures, such as sitting on the lap of father's sister, or having the bundled twigs of the diviner's god before them, made for permanence. No doubt they were gestures made unthinkingly, or, if with attention, Enata could not have answered why they did it except that it was the 'way things were done', but they were embellishments of reality that were the reality. Enata were the gestures they made: their island was an environment of such plays.

Haape's death seven weeks after Temoana's marriage had been presaged for several days by the wailing of women. The paralytic old man had himself seen to the preparation of his wooden coffin (*vaha*) and had been put in it to die. When he died on 5 December Taiohae was filled with the sound of volleys of muskets, conch shells and shouting. The women, exposing their genitals by folding back their *pareu*, danced all day and night before Haape's corpse. His wife sealed his eyes, nose, ears and mouth so that his spirit might not escape and began the rubbing of his skin that would continue for days. She slept beside him and was fed by others, for her hands were *tapu*. The wailing and chanting continued for four days. Each day men of *tapu* would eat together. Offerings of pigs were put on the *me'ae*. Visitors from other valleys came to mourn as well. The *tau'a* had not called for *heana*. The Teii were in any case entered on another cycle of battles and raids with the Taipi. Still, the Hapaa and Taioa peoples came to Taiohae for the feasts and memorials. On 22 December Haape's body was brought to his *tapu* enclosure. Here his wife and a large group of women lived with him till 5 January. Then his body, already putrid in its *vaha*, was raised on the scaffold platforms wrapped in white *tapa* cloth. They put his headdresses and ornaments there with him, and to that enclosure the *haka'iki* of Taiohae and other valleys would come to eat.

The Americans were mystified at mourning that seemed so profound in its externals and so shallow in its emotional demands. They took the ease with which the women were distracted from their cries and the careless inattention of the men as evidence of brutal, superficial natures. 'They had no love for others, none for themselves, only hatred for their foes and this alone showed they had souls, they would fight', wrote Mrs Parker. Enata's love and sorrow had different expressions or, at least, were directed to different objects and different occasions. Since there is

not a single testimony in a hundred years of records to how they experienced their love or sorrow, all that is left of their emotions are the outer shells that Aoe saw and could not understand. Their rituals, at least, seemed directed less toward expressing personal loss than at preparing a continued, if altered, presence of the dead. They bound the living together in that presence. The spirits of the dead seemed to create no sense of danger. There were spirits that provoked fear. The *vehinehane* were wild female spirits who wandered in the night. There were also spirits of the living who roamed on some sorcerer's errand. The dead, however, were a comfort. They were remembered in the communal act of eating together. If Enata feared death, they did not say. They would not have seen it as the uncertain threshold of punishment or reward. Their after-life was a surer place. They knew it in who they were rather than in what they did.

William Morrison, the beachcomber, had died the same night as Haape. The morning after his death, a beachcomber, whose name we do not know, helped the missionaries dig a grave and make a wooden coffin. As they read prayers over the open grave, the brother of Morrison's wife became distraught and wanted the body taken out. He had to be satisfied with being allowed to throw a roasted pig on the coffin. He might have heard, if he could have understood, 'The Lord is my Shepherd', and a prayer that Morrison's soul be saved—said by those who had some assurance that it was not. Perhaps Morrison's wife danced naked and tore at her body, but not at the grave. At the grave the missionaries remade Morrison in his loneliness. They gave him a soul that was his own to save or damn, a new life that could never touch the living.

The missionaries were alarmed at how their lives on the beach became a canker to their own faith. Their morals were not disturbed: they supported one another in their good living. Their faith was. They found themselves beginning to hate Enata. Armstrong often mused on Romans I, 3: 10-18, 29-32 where St Paul toted up his list of sins. He saw Enata as scoring on every count: fornicating worse than animals, lying, thieving, lazy. In that 'great brothel', the three white women could never leave their houses. Hawaiian servants would do the cooking in an open oven in the small enclosure formed by the houses. On 17 January 1833 Mrs Alexander bore a son to train for immortality, and Mrs Parker had a daughter on 2 March. Enata called young William Nevins Alexander 'Hape' (meaning 'Upside Down') and would affectionately call out '*kaoha, Hape*', as they passed the house. In December and January Taipi warriors began to appear on the mountains, and the missionary families were frightened by threats of raids. At night the beachcombers would stand guard on the beaches. Only once did the missionaries feel it safe to visit another valley, and then they were nearly

drowned when their canoe foundered. Besieged in their homes, humiliated in their sabbath services, appalled by licentiousness, each one began to question the purpose of their being there.

The Parkers seemed the most disturbed. Benjamin Parker withdrew into a lethargic depression so deep that the others feared for his sanity. Mrs Parker became desperate at the dryness of her heart. 'Do I pray fervently and believably? No. What is wrong with me? Am I to do nothing for God? I need more grace.' Grace was a mystery to them all. In the beginning Alexander had bolstered his drooping spirits by telling himself: 'I may do more to build up the Kingdom of Christ on earth by spending my short life on Nukuhiva among a few hundreds than if I should go to a place where I might preach to as many thousands'. But the smallness of the population and the mountains and sea that hedged them in made him question his arithmetic of salvation and he began to wonder if the grace of God was not better dispensed in greater quantities. Also, in the beginning Armstrong had had the 'shade of melancholy over [his] weak mind' but it could be dispersed by the thought of a pure, holy and eternal rest. Now he found that his fifteen-months-old daughter, Caroline, was picking up native sounds more easily than English ones. He knew then that he could never make a beach around his family so broad that Enata, those citizens of the 'suburbs of hell', would not find a way across.

John Muggeridge Orsmond came to visit the missionaries in January, when they had begun to harbour their doubts. He himself was a disconsolate L.M.S. missionary and hated the Tahitians to whom he preached. He had nothing with which to cheer the Americans. 'He found nothing', they reported him as saying, 'but churches without piety, Christians without grace and schools without system. They had never sent out a native who really possessed piety, could not find one Christian in all the churches of the Tahitian mission.' On 1 April the Americans met together and prayed and fasted and unanimously agreed they should leave. The reason dominating the discussion at their conference was the smallness of the population and their inability to move about Nukuhiva. Hawaii's needs were greater, they thought, and the rewards of labour there more obvious. They also feared the dangers of Taipi raids. In deciding to go, they hoped that some day Lahainaluna, the school for native Hawaiians on Maui, would produce 'honoured instruments in leading the Nukuhivan people on the road to heaven'.

Later the missionaries were more reflective about their failure to soften Enata's hearts. Beachcombers and sailors, they said, had discredited their missionary witness. Fourteen vessels had called at Taiohae in their nine months there. These left, said Armstrong, the most obscene and blasphemous words in the language. They taught the boy, Temoana, to drink. When ships arrived the whole population became excited and

bent on acquiring property. Almost all the women prostituted themselves, taking their wages in torn blankets and tattered garments. Almost all Enata suffered from the disease which the Lord set as his mark on the degenerate. Indeed Enata's word for sailor was *papaa*, venereal disease. The Americans were certain of their decision. But they were defensive in their reasoning. They were familiar with the arguments of the L.M.S. missionary, John Williams, who saw beachcombers and sailors as making way for the Lord. William Ellis had also spelled out quite precisely a strategy for conversion.

Industry soon languishes, unless nurtured by more powerful motives than the effects of abstract principles upon partially enlightened and ill-regulated minds. To increase their wants, or to make some of the comforts and decencies of society as desirable as the bare necessities of life, appeared to us the most probable method of furnishing incitements to permanent industry. It was therefore recommended to them to erect for themselves more comfortable dwellings, and cultivate a larger quantity of ground, to meet the exigencies of those seasons of scarcity which they often experienced during the intervals between the bread-fruit crops. We also persuaded them to use such articles of our clothing as were adapted to their climate and habits, and to adopt our social and domestic habits of life. This not only required a considerable addition of personal labour, but a variety of articles that could not be supplied on the islands, and must be obtained through the medium of commerce with Port Jackson and England; and they could only procure these articles, in a degree equal to that in which they multiplied the productions of the soil, so as to be able to exchange them for the manufactured goods of civilized countries.

The islanders must be persuaded to want European goods so much that they would be prepared to work for them. Work for wages to buy goods gave the discipline that was at the basis of civilization. Civilized, they would become Christian. There was, he saw, an economic determinism of divine grace. The Americans, however, had no time to wait for the fulfilment of such strategies, and they were too disturbed at what the beach was doing to their souls and bodies. They left Taiohae on 23 March 1834 in the *Royal Sovereign*. The women ran down the beach with their children, between two lines of sailors from the whalers in the bay. They feared that Enata would be angry at their going and would try to stop them. The sailors stood chivalrous and protective, eager to be savage to the savages. But Enata seemed indifferent to it all. A few wept, but most stood around dully watching as the rocking-chair and double beds and pots went down the line. Some sailors broke the leg of the cow to win a red-meat meal. David Darling saw the missionaries' houses a year later, empty and overgrown with weeds. Enata would not live in them. They thought perhaps it was because Haape had died.

Six months after the Americans left Nukuhiva, the L.M.S. mission ship *Olive Branch* arrived at Vaitahu. It brought David Darling and his son Adam, John Stallworthy, John Rodgerson and his wife Ellen together with their infant daughter. The long promised L.M.S. mission from Tahiti was established on 6 October 1834. David Darling had left his wife Rebecca and his three daughters in Tahiti. Although he had been the chief supporter of a mission to Tahuata, he had been 'not a little surprised' to have been selected by the directors as part of it. He left his printing works and family reluctantly. He saw his role at Vaitahu as an observer, a collector of words and customs. John Stallworthy, twenty-five, and John Rodgerson, twenty-nine, were on their first assignment as missionaries. The L.M.S. directors had sent them to their mission with little confidence in their talents. Rodgerson had been referred to them as dull and feeble in intellect, better employed on the mission, if at all, as mechanic rather than as preacher. 'Where', remarked his referee, 'shall we look for eminence at once in talent and piety?' In preparation for his work, the directors put him to learning Latin and Greek and boat-building. John Stallworthy was seen as diligent, pious and courageous but endowed with no great ability. His friends and advisers in England had tried to dissuade him from going to the mission. He was, for all their resignation at his ordinariness, a remarkable young man. He was to stay on alone at the Vaitahu mission after Darling and Rodgerson left. He also found the beach a place in which to know himself and to discover a little of the mysterious thing they were doing in prying Enata loose from their Land and giving them other gods.

Vaitahu was smaller in size and population than Taiohae and Iotete, the *haka'iki*, was more concerned for an ordered beach than Haape. On their arrival, Enata were astonished at the bedsteads, sofas, chairs, cows and calves of the missionaries and deprecated their own poverty. 'We [are] like pigs', they said. There was a momentary excited speculation among the Men that what had happened at Tahiti and Hawaii was about to happen at Tahuata and they begged the missionaries to write to the king of England for ships and great guns. The missionaries stressed the 'spiritual and eternal blessings' they were bringing, and the islanders were soon distracted by their own current interest, a *koina* for the naming of Iotete's daughter. Meanwhile, a Hawaiian advised Iotete that he would be wiser to get American missionaries than English. They had more property.

The first days establishing the mission provided their usual surprises. The missionaries were astonished to find that Jehovah's chief adversaries were small pieces of wood covered with coconut leaves with no heads, arms or feet. They protested to the heathens that idols should be more representative, but Enata queried whether Jehovah could see if he also had no eyes. Nor could the heathen be convinced that Jehovah's

omnipresence was different from their own gods' lives in the thatches, leaves and shadows around them. Enata's self-assurance seemed to aggravate the missionaries. They were always justifying themselves, complained Darling, saying their gods were better and their ways were good because they had plenty of breadfruit and there was none in England. They merely laughed when the missionaries told them they had the better of everything. Prepared as they were to fight the devil in heathen idols the missionaries were puzzled that idolatry did not seem to be as central to the Men's lives as Christianity was to theirs. 'People go and come, eat and drink and sleep without any kind of concern about anything of a spiritual nature or what is related to their souls', wrote Darling. 'There is no kind of worship kept up regularly among them. When they think of making a feast or a ceremony, then all attention is paid to that till it is over, when they sing and beat their drums for hours together.' Enata seemed ready enough to acknowledge missionary reasoning but would make no assent to its consequences. Iotete told Darling he was correct when he argued that the existence of many gods would mean that one would want it to rain and another to shine, but he would only promise to attend to his soul by and by.

The missionaries looked for some leverage on Enata's soul but could not find it. Enata feared neither death nor future punishment. Their *Havaiki*, their place of after-life, was full of *eka noa*, turmeric, the symbol of happy times. They could not be convinced that spiritual things held more value than material things. Iotete told them that the word of God might be good, but he needed muskets to frighten his enemies. A mercenary sense blocked acceptance of any personal obligation. They asked for reimbursement for observing the sabbath. They had no system that would collapse if weakened at its central point: *tapu* was 'just what they are pleased to say and appoint'. If they had no hope in their idols how could the gods be overturned? How could Enata be convinced of good and evil if they 'confounded distinction of mere convenience or taste or feeling with those of moral nature'? How could the missionaries explain the spread of disease when Christianity came, if Enata did not understand the paradox of providence: that God might love the man and punish the sin?

Meanwhile the missionaries were constantly engaged with the daily problems of their beach. They discovered in Enata an independence which made them different from the Tahitians. None would act as servants. They were forced to rely on beachcombers, Polynesian or European, to do their cooking and their menial tasks. They were bound to the house by Mrs Rodgerson's presence. Enata's language was offensive to her. Iotete, who cheerfully suggested to her through the bedroom window what she and he might do together on the bedstead, later apologized and said it was an everyday thing amongst them. The

missionaries found their beach expensive: Enata expected payment for goods and services. In that discovery they had to ponder the anomalies of their position. They came to give their days generously to the Lord and found they had to measure the giving in the pounds, shillings and pence of the debts they raised against their salaries from the L.M.S. Distance and isolation made them constant beggars for clothing, tools and books. They became constant jugglers of pennies and debtors to passing ships' captains. In their poverty they could build a familiar world only piecemeal. They scavenged wood from wrecked vessels to build proper houses. Although visitors would remark how the cottages set in gardens behind bamboo fences were small islands of comfortable neatness in the midst of disorder, they found that what was alien intruded easily into their lives. The Tahitian servant might cook a *tapu* fish at their stove and Enata would become angry. Then someone would throw stones at their houses or, worse, try to fire their thatched roofs.

In the work of conversion, the missionaries' principal tactic was to preach, to argue, to persuade women and children to read, and to convince the aged and the dying of their insecurity. Recognition of the sabbath was the only external sign that anything they said had been heard. They had not persuaded Enata to observe the sabbath in the sense of abandoning daily work to reflect on spiritual things; but in the constancy of their own observance and in the regularity of their ritual acts they established some rhythm to the days at Vaitahu. They were helped in this by ships' captains who agreed to observe the sabbath with them and avoid watering and wooding their ships on that day. Or the captains would attend services and invite the missionaries to excite a little piety among their crews. Enata once told Darling that 'an Englishman's god was his watch'. They were only reporting what they thought Captain Abijah Lock of the *Mary* had told them. Taxed with it by Darling, the captain said he had only told them that the Englishman's god had taught him to make watches. Either way there was some shrewdness in Enata's perception. For the recognition of the sabbath was more than a religious observance. It imposed a rhythm on the Land that had never been there before. It drove a wedge between work and leisure, said what work was essential and what was not, held within it the notion of employer and employee, made preachers and congregations, identified saints and sinners, put the Bible into the hands of believers as an instrument of knowledge. Three times every Sunday, the missionaries would collect their congregation, at first beneath the trees and then in a clearing around a tiny thatched shed where the preacher stood. Beachcombers and sailors would come to lend the act a reverence. Twenty or thirty Enata, mostly women, and usually Iotete and other *haka'iiki* would also attend. As at Taiohae, Enata thought it proper to wear Aoe clothing at an Aoe ritual. Iotete was also particularly concerned that the

missionaries should tell the captains that the sabbath was observed properly. He promised to build a chapel on the headlands of the bay where it could plainly be seen. This signal of his regularity would make ships' visits more frequent and his muskets more numerous.

There were other slight successes that were destined to become more important. Women were more inclined to come and listen than men, and children, especially those young adolescents who made up the *ka'ioi* who came together to learn the songs and dances for the *koina*, made passing efforts to learn to read. To the missionaries, the women's licentiousness was the essential evil that kept Enata from the Word, and the *tapu* which bound the women was the critical element in Enata's religious system. They were never able to stop the women visiting the ships, nor to stop them dancing, nor to break with any notoriety any of the female *tapu*. But the missionaries took hope in the women coming to listen week after week, and once or twice an old dying woman asked whether Jesus Christ would give her life. The desire to read came in spasms. Since there was nothing printed in their own tongue, there was little to keep them at their slates. Some would come asking for books, but they generally wanted the paper for cartridges. The missionaries could never understand what it was that made groups of boys and girls come begging for a class, stay with them a while, then lose patience and go away. The importance of these groups, however, became clearer in 1845 when the Catholic missionaries used them more effectively. They were the only institutionalized way of acquiring knowledge among Enata. A group of boys and girls would build special huts and separate themselves to learn their songs and dances. They did this also for the missionaries. They erected their huts, learned the alphabet and lived together. We cannot know what it meant to them or why they did it.

David Darling returned to Tahiti on 28 August 1835. He left Vaitahu, he said, 'with no sense of success'. He refused to go back to Tahuata, even though the directors requested it. What would he do, he wrote, if Iotete asked for one of his daughters in marriage? The Rodgersons, their family increased by the birth of John Iotete Rodgerson, stayed on for two more years, until 21 October 1837. They expressed dismay at the neglect of the directors during their mission. They had received no letters for more than twelve months. There was no promise of help. Their mission was desultory and without hope. They were frightened for their children. So in 1837 they departed and left John Stallworthy alone on the beach. To celebrate his lonely survival, Stallworthy built a new house, spending weeks on the construction of its walls and paths and fence. Cole, a beachcomber, came to live with him. He was lonely but not unhappy. When John Rodgerson came back a year later to collect some of his belongings, Stallworthy shared a meal with him in his home but listened uninterested to his news of a larger world. He had 'no common feelings with Rodgerson', he confided to his journal.

Stallworthy's beach was enlarged by others with whom he had 'no common feeling'. In August 1838 Admiral Dupetit-Thouars visited Tahuata in the *Vénus* and left Fathers Louis Borgella and Dosithée Desvault. The beach was immediately divided. Stallworthy spoke no French, and they no English. Stallworthy objected to the admiral, telling him that there could never be harmony. The priests, he reported to the directors, he treated 'in a friendly manner', a phrase he changed to 'with civility', lest the directors misunderstood him.

For Stallworthy it was a moment of crisis and insecurity. He wrote desperately for books on popery. He was anxious about the 'impression on the native mind' if he lived easily with the priests, and now he was worried for his ignorance, his poverty and his unfruitful work of five years. He had a scruple for every action. Should he damn Iotete's wars and risk losing his friendship? Should he encourage the conflicts and hope that victory for Iotete would provide a single government across the island? Was concern about them at all a betrayal of his own trust in the Lord? Above all, he began to question the starkness of his missionary tactics. After his failures, the priests had almost immediate success. He comforted himself with the knowledge that Enata were fond of novelty and would tire easily, but the priests had motions and gestures, like the sign of the cross, that Enata soon enjoyed mimicking. They had hymns and chants and litanies as repetitive and as simple as Enata's own *uta*. They had crucifixes and drapes on their altar and vestments at their masses. They had cassocks and birettas and breviaries to make them men set apart. They did not scruple to call themselves *tuhuna* and even *tau'a* while scoffing at Stallworthy's own unpriestly ministry. Suddenly he found himself agonizing over his weekly sermons and asking himself their meaning. How could he preach on sin when Enata had no word for repentance or accountability? One of Enata asked him why he said so much about their sinfulness when they attended his worship. He wanted, he answered in his journal, to speak to them of compunction, of the way the Lord moved a heart with sweetness, but he first must melt their hearts and show an angry face. He damned his own halting phrases and marvelled that when Enata were interested they would 'clothe his ideas in proper phraseology and give language immediacy and propriety'. When he preached on Lazarus and Nicodemus, they showed little understanding and much levity. Where could he begin when understanding depended so much on a knowledge of history, geography, custom, habits and scripture? He could not utter a sentence without alluding to something foreign or something requiring an explanation for which there were no words. He felt no liberty in addressing the people, he said.

A year after the Catholics had arrived, Stallworthy was joined in his mission by Robert Thomson. Thomson came from Dundee, where he had been a joiner by day and an architect's apprentice by night. He

came to his mission with ambition, energy and new ideas. He had spelt out some of his ideas to the directors in an essay entitled 'In what ways can Mechanical Science be rendered subservient to Missionary Objects?'

Where they [the natives] see the stately mansion rise where the humble hut once stood and fields of ripened grain waive o'er the spot where grew the noisome weed, when they behold the ship which was launched from their native shores brave the fury of the storms and convey to them the produce of other lands, when they see peace and plenty smile on every hand and happiness crown their domestic hearth and all their comforts multiply around them, then they are convinced of the disinterested nature of the Christian mission and throw off the jealousy which before had blocked their eyes. They come with more eagerness to the message of Jesus and hear of that religion which brings with it such a train of attendant blessings.

Thomson did not say what impression the mansion which Stallworthy had constructed out of the remnants of the ship *Telegraph* made on him when he arrived at Vaitahu, but he came confidently because he had with him Temoana. Temoana, it will be remembered, had gone to London in a whaler. He immediately beat down Stallworthy's constant argument for the need for more than one missionary at a station, and within four months he had left Stallworthy and gone to Nukuhiva, to be present when Temoana took up his heritage. He did not want to lose Temoana to the Catholics who by that time had established a second mission at Taiohae. Before Thomson left Tahuata he sought to disperse some of Stallworthy's scruples and suggested a way he could attract Enata to his sermons, prayers and reading classes. The small valley of Vaitahu was scarcely large enough for so great a division between the Catholic and Protestant world. Priests and minister mined their own halves in silence and enlarged the rift by their denunciations to their different audiences. The priests poured scorn on Stallworthy's stockingless bare feet and stark rituals. They made challenges to public debate at the *tohua*. Stallworthy, armed by Thomson with the *Awful Disclosures of Maria Monk*, told Enata—half guiltily, to do him justice—that the priests strangled infants after baptizing them. Each party accused the other of bribing Enata to attend their sermons with gifts of clothes; both mused privately in their diaries on the thin line between bribery and generous concern. Each party threatened to chase the other away with men-o'-war and whispered to themselves that the Lord would reign, whatever the flag. Both clothed their public image with a full panoply of cultural and religious prejudices, but teased themselves privately with the question of why Enata could hear a timeless Word only after they had become French or English, Catholic or Protestant. Thomson's legacy to Stallworthy besides *Maria Monk* was a ticket system for those who attended the reading lessons. He and Stallworthy gave tickets to those

who came and later redeemed them with calico and clothes. It worked well for a time. As many as thirty-five boys and girls would come. One learned to read a little. A few could copy words. One could write a sentence unassisted. They all were able to repeat some scripture, some doctrine and some Bible history. They understood it but looked at it with cold indifference. Their learning made no difference to their morals. They still went to the ships and practised their ordinary licentious ways. The Catholics had employed the same method of rewarding signs of interest and had had the same results. To the two missions were now attached a number of small outhouses which the girls and boys had built and in which they played at being *ka'ioi* and Protestant and Catholic.

Thomson's stay at Nukuhiva was brief. He was back at Tahuata within four months. His return with Temoana to Nukuhiva had ended in disastrous wars. On his first sabbath at Taiohae, a young Taipi had been killed and the Teii danced exultantly round his body in preparation for the sacrifice at a *me'a'e* near Thomson's house. Not wanting to be disturbed, he had closed his doors and 'sat down to enjoy Krammach and a *Glance into the Kingdom of Grace*'. He was a less uncertain and questioning young man than Stallworthy, and did not seem to need to ask himself what he was doing. He had written to one of the directors asking him to be broker for a marriage to a young lady, but she refused to come. When the mission ship *Camden* arrived at Tahuata in December 1841, with no reinforcements and not even a letter from the directors, he and Stallworthy took a sudden look at their 'dark and discouraging' beach. They saw no indication of a first awakening among Enata. They felt deprived in their unmarried state and exposed to disappointment and anxiety 'which persons not placed in similar circumstances with ourselves cannot easily conceive'. The Catholics had support in men and goods: they had already built many stations around the islands. With the agreement of the brethren on the *Camden*, Thomson and Stallworthy abandoned their mission at Tahuata.

That the Catholic missionaries played out their religious vision of the world with ceremony and mystery can hardly be doubted. Each morning the priests said their Latin masses in their houses, secretly at first for fear of desecration, but then more publicly. Their ordered gestures mystified Enata and their vestments made their actions sacred, set apart. Their lives were full of external signs—rosaries, breviaries, statues, holy water, thuribles, incense, soutanes—and these were supported by a Catholic cosmology that gave these signs worth. They did not need to wait for changes of heart to get some measure of their missionary success. They could baptize the dying, old and young, and know their work had added to the number of the saved. They had a confidence in their sacramental actions that made their work on the beach worthwhile and proper in the face of other more discouraging signs. Even their lonely masses, offered for the intentions of some distant benefactor or said in batches of tens

and hundreds for the more anonymous purposes of a superior, joined their daily work as priests to a grander cause. Every day, whatever its backdrop of palm trees and breadfruit, was set in a calendar of holy days and saints' feasts, and when they talked to one another or confided to their diaries, they had a language of piety which closed out every other perception of the world. Philosophically they were more attuned to the belief that actions made the man, rather than man the actions. 'Beat the fire while it is warm', one of them later told a neophyte missionary, 'if you wait to baptise the perfect, you will never baptise anybody'.

These Catholic missionaries were less isolated and more supported by government and church than their Protestant counterparts. Their line of communication ran from the east of the Pacific around Cape Horn and from stations on the South American coast at Valparaiso. They were more frequently visited and reinforced than Stallworthy and Rodgerson ever were. The French government saw them as civilizing influences and precursors of the flag. They had free passage in French naval vessels and from the beginning had negotiated to be fully paid and supported from public funds. The church, now in one of its periods of greatest missionary expansion, put their work on a public stage, broadcast their trials, made crosses of their failures. Even their vows of religious poverty made them richer by the freedom they gave from constant begging and meticulous accounting. They were supplied from outside and did not have to struggle with a wage. Their celibacy freed them from family but, more than that, in the way that they wore it absolutely and attached it to their priesthood it was more intelligible to Enata than Stallworthy's and Thomson's continence. That women were *tapu* was understandable; that intercourse was evil was not.

Within seven months of the arrival of Fathers Louis Borgella and Dosithée Desvaulx and Brother Nil Laval to Tahuata in August 1838, Mgr Etienne Rouchouze, their bishop superior, brought six more—François de Paule Baudichon and Ernest Heurtel to Vaitahu, Mathias Gracia, Saturnin Fournier and Potentien Guilmard to Nukuhiva, François d'Assise Caret first to Vaitahu then to Nukuhiva and finally to Ua Pou. Within five years, nine more religious had come. Not all were to stay. Indeed, quick movement of men through the eastern Pacific missions of Mangareva, Tahiti, Hawaii and the Marquesas was a feature of the Congregation's tactics. Men who became disconsolate were not forced to stay; reprobates were moved on; those with special talents or functions were used with discrimination. The Congregation often staffed the mission at great personal cost. In March 1843 Bishop Rouchouze and twenty missionaries, including seven sisters, were lost aboard the *Marie Joseph* as she made for the Pacific around Cape Horn.

The Picpus fathers, as they were called for the street name of their mother house in Paris, came to Tahuata in 1838 fresh from missionary

triumphs in the Gambier group of islands, eight hundred miles to the south-south-east of the Marquesas. There the harvest had been full and they used many pastoral metaphors to marvel at the workings of the Holy Spirit. But their miracles of success in the Gambiers were poor preparation for their disappointments in Te Henua. At Tahuata they discovered they were only as welcome as they were useful to Iotete's expansionist ambitions, and when he found that the king of France was as distant and uninterested as the king of England he allowed his lethargic religious spirit to master his momentary zeal. At Nukuhiva they found Enata as independent and 'stiff-necked' as the American missionaries had found them. The violence of Enata's life washed over them, made their talk of Jesus Christ irrelevant, terrified them. Temoana, the returned *haka'iki* and the hope of Robert Thomson, was ferociously making up for his absent years by conducting raids against the Taioa, the Hapaa and the Taipi. From 3 February 1839, when they arrived at Taiohae, till December, when their houses were burnt down and they thought their last days were come, the priests and brothers survived on the beach ragged and dismayed. There were small consolations. Two Mangarevan converts whom they had brought with them laughed at the clumsy ventriloquism of the *tau'a* as they made the *atua* speak from the thatches. The Mangarevans also caused alarmed retreats when they held crucifixes over sacred places and disrupted heathen ceremonies with their signs of the cross. Their actions were seen to cultivate a little of that scepticism that would be necessary to bring down satan's edifice. And the missionaries baptized a few dying souls, notably Peter Pukutuava, a *haka'iki*'s young 'domestic'—a *pekio* we might presume—who, as his family and friends collected the symbols of death around him, reached out for salvation to the missionaries, and they made him Christian, or so they thought. By June 1840 some Hawaiians—the only labourers who would work for them—had built the 'Chapel of the Holy Cross' under the patronage of St Francis of Assisi, and by then, too, they had hymns to sing in Marquesan.

Avanana tatou—let us sing together. Jehovah. Let us sing together. He is great. He is generous on this earth. From him comes the sky with the sun. From him come the moon and stars without number. Jehovah made the angels of heaven. His son, Jesus Christ, was born a man for the love of us. He died on the cross, but he lived again. The death of The Lord made us live again and overcome the death of hell.

While they waited for the Spirit to work, the missionaries looked for words to winkle out the devil. Where there was no word for a new concept such as matrimony, they invented one, *maretiro*. Old words they qualified with an adjective to produce, for example, *Te Kuhane meitai*, the Good Spirit. They damned an old idea with an association: *Havaiki*, the place of the dead, became *Havaiki hauhau* (bad *Havaiki*) to mean hell. Or

they risked old associations boldly: *Te Pepana ia*, from Enata myths about the beginning of the universe, became creation. Their dictionary of new words was large, for they had a world that needed to be brought whole across the beach. It was replete with apostles, evangelists, a Blessed virgin, confession, communion, purgatory, paradise and all the props that piety, dogma, morality and liturgy required.

Those first years before the arrival of the French squadron in May 1842 were unsettled and unsuccessful. For a time the missionaries had to abandon the stations at Taiohae and Hakehau on Ua Pou. By the end of 1841 they had only baptized some fifty souls. For the most part these were baptisms of the dying, done secretly or with some uncertainty that Enata understood their meaning. Assessing their mission, they thought it sterile, a mystery of providence, a trial to their own faith.

There were two events, however, that particularly teased them. One incident at Hanatetena on Tahuata made them simultaneously hopeful and fearful of movements of the spirit. One incident at Hakehau on Ua Pou showed them the cost of their imported religion to those they wanted to save. Both events involved Francois d'Assise Caret. Father Caret was a zealous young man with an eye for the dramatic act. He had joined the Congregation of the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary (C.S.S.J.) in 1829 in Paris and had made a name for himself as apostle to the needy in the 1832 cholera epidemic in that city. He came to the Pacific with Father Honoré Laval in the Congregation's mission to the Gambiers. He went on to Tahiti, but George Pritchard had him ejected in 1836 in a famous gesture of anti-Romanism. Then in 1837 Caret decided to return home to advertise what had been achieved so miraculously in the Gambiers and to get further help. He took back statues of the Mangarevan gods as trophies of their conversion and laid them ceremoniously at the feet of Pope Gregory XVI for whom the converted chief of Mangareva had been named. Caret preached in Paris and roamed the provincial towns of France urging the donation and sewing of clothing for the naked neophytes of the Pacific. By Christmas 1838 he was back in Mangareva where he collected his people in a solemn procession and, in the names of Pope Keregorio and King Enni-Periop (Louis-Philippe) gave them the skirts and trousers of salvation. Within a few weeks he was on his way to Te Henua. At Tahuata he found his brethren and poor John Stallworthy posturing Catholic and Protestant, French and English ways. Stallworthy was sociable enough to share a meal with Caret and the priests but scrupled at eating what they blessed. For their part, the priests saw the gifts of clothing they brought from the faithful of France as acts of charity but denounced Stallworthy's gifts as bribery.

In May 1840 Caret presented his superiors with a sort of tally sheet of successes and failures on Tahuata. They had had stand-off and inconclusive debates with gods in the thatches. The marriage at which

Iotete's two-year-old son was given to an eighteen-year-old woman was celebrated with disheartening enthusiasm, while their own hymns continued to be ridiculed. How should they weigh the baptism of a dying child on their scale of successes against the sacrifice of twelve people at the death of a *tau'a* and the killing and eating of two men at Hanatetena? At Hanatetena and Hanateio itself mysterious things were happening. Some girls and boys began to live in a small house near the mission. Night and day they recited Christian prayers and repeatedly begged for baptism. They had a common chant, 'There is but one God and his name is Jehovah', and they taunted their elders with it. The girls would play *pehi*, a game with a ball of hibiscus leaves that was *tapu* to them. It was used in the repetition of genealogical lists. When Enata murmured that they would bring a famine, the girls would merely shout 'There is but one god and his name is Jehovah'. The girls at Hanatetena were young, between seven and eight years. They begged the missionaries to take them away so that they could say their prayers and obey the commandments. 'They would edify a religious community', the priests wrote, but the priests were also frightened at their imprudence. The girls went in constant danger of death, and though their baptisms added to the arithmetic of success, the priests were wary that this breach in the wall of heathenism might be a devil's trick. They had expected that persons more notable, more politically powerful, more socially dominant, would be the vehicle of God's grace. And they wondered what it meant that groups who gave themselves so wholeheartedly to libertinage should give themselves so easily to religion.

Caret went on to Ua Pou in 1840. Since the beginning, Ua Pou has always seemed different from all the other islands of Te Henua. It stands along the southern horizon of Nukuiva and can be seen from all the valleys of Taipivai, Taiohae and Hakaui. It lies a distant blue peak on the northern horizon of Hiva Oa and Tahuata. For all of its known history, Ua Pou, unlike all the other islands, had only one *haka'iki*, although its various valleys were occupied by groups with distinctive genealogical origins. It was always reputed by Aoe to be friendly. Captain Fowler said he was saved there when Nouahitu selflessly threatened to strangle himself if the crew of the *Matilda* were killed. And William Lawson liked to talk of the 'Covenant of Strangers' that Heato established, a *kopaki* or *tapu* on the killing or molesting of anyone who came to Ua Pou. So Heato had welcomed the Catholic missionaries to their 'Mission of Divine Providence', just as he had invited the Americans before them, and welcomed the native Tahitian missionaries before that.

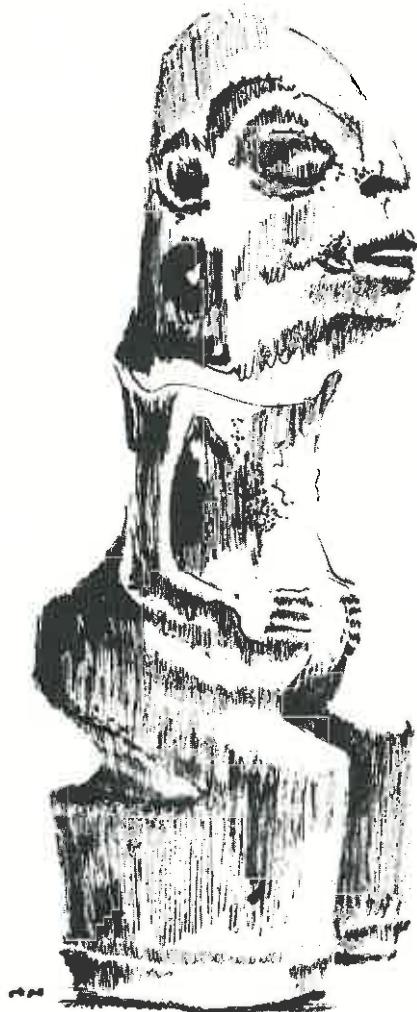
In the first months of the mission's establishment, three islanders who were to become catechumens began to ask questions of the priests. They were 'Raphael' Kauuni, son of a *tau'a* and a 'domestic', 'Jean' Kikau, a boy sick with an ulcerated body and attracted by the notion of resurrec-

tion, and 'Marguerite' Huopotoka, a woman who seemed to belong to Heato's wife's household and who first came asking for bread. At first, they debated dogma with the priests but then, as their families or their households increasingly resented their coming to the missionaries, the neophytes were told of martyrs and Nero and hell. Drought was beginning to set in on Ua Pou and the Men saw the missionaries and those who listened to them as a cause of it. Later tradition said that the fathers had also cut down *tapu* trees for their chapel. Heato, having visited Tahuata on a whaler, heard Iotete's grumbles at his treatment and saw for himself the growing encroachment of Aoe. He came back angry and disturbed. Spears and stones were thrown into the thatches of the mission houses. Insults and blasphemies were shouted and threats made to all who associated with the mission. Yet the fervour of the inquirers was undampened and twelve Enata were formally admitted to the catechumenate on 15 August 1841. All things were to be done properly. The catechumens would attend mass until the offertory, would hear the gospel and scripture read to them in Latin and then would depart while the mysteries of Calvary were re-enacted. They burned with excitement. In October they were baptized. On 1 November, the feast of All Saints, they received the Body of The Lord by way of wafers on their tongues. They were then confirmed—an act made proper institutionally by the bishop authorizing special powers to the priest for the occasion. Then within six weeks these neophytes—now Raphael, Jean, Pierre, Michel, Gabriel, Marguerite, Agnes—were left alone to face the consequences of their crossing a hazardous beach. Father Columban Murphy had come with instructions to take Caret on to Tahiti. After an initial reluctance, Caret left with him on 21 December in the whaler *Rob Roy*. Ua Pou was in turmoil at the time. Heato had died. Ten *heana* were being sought. The island was under *tapu*. Heato's wife, Taiapeu, was still antagonistic to the neophytes, but she was casuistic enough to avoid the *tapu* by having her meals cooked at the mission fire. The missionaries withdrew amid scenes of pillage and excitement. Only the sacred vessels were saved. Caret told the new Christians that there were not enough provisions to take them to Tahiti and that they could not go to Mangareva. 'God would help them', he told them, and he felt 'they were consoled a little'. God indeed worked in marvellous ways. Heato's spirit was heard in the voice of the *tau'a* during Heato's memorial feast. He told his people to be friendly to Aoe missionaries, and later visitors found the Christians safe, observing Sundays in their own ways but now reluctant to move away from their island.

By the end of 1841, then, the Catholic mission was once again focused entirely on Tahuata. At Vaitahu, Captain Bernard of the *Pylade*, a man who had intervened in the wars in Nukuhiva, had helped build a substantial chapel and laid its corner-stone in honour of Queen Amelie of

France. This Chapel of the Holy Family, built by Church and State, was fittingly to be the scene of the Solemn High Mass celebrated at the occupation of the island by the French in May 1842. On that occasion Father François de Paule Baudichon acted as interpreter and he might have been forgiven if he thought, as he intoned his Dominus vobiscums to the admiral, the captains and the assembled crews, that this renewed assault by Church and State might make it easier for Enata to cross the beach to Christianity.

There was little enough to show for the dreams and pains of forty-five years. The prophets of the Word had all retired, baffled at the difficulty in speaking it so that it could be heard. The priests clung to their sacraments but there was no one to see their signs. Across the beach, death, as we shall see, had been a more persistent catalyst of cultural change than the promise of eternal life. Custom and role were wasting away with a dying people. The *tuhuna*, their priests, and the *tau'a*, their prophets, had faltered. Enata were forgetting their past and the *tuhuna* could not hold them to it. Enata had slumped into a lethargy and their *tau'a* could not stir their interest with their prophecies. Aoe's coming in this first half century of contact had not changed Enata's spirit by making it Christian or even European. There was change all the same: it had the taste of death.



Reflection: *On Religious Change*

In religion, believers sustain supernatural worlds with the strength and force that they sustain the natural worlds of everyday life. The processes by which institutions and roles are reified, given independence and dominance and renewed by ritual are the processes by which the gods are made. Experience and belief are each constructive of a reality that is undeniable in its immediacy and its naturalness. The ways in which we categorize elements of behaviour into role, such as being a believer, discover regularities and reciprocities and abstract them into an institution, say, a church, externalize our categories and constructions into a myriad of expressive and establishing actions—these are the ways in which the supernatural is recognized, reified and ritualized. It does not occur in these bald steps: we would be hard put to describe all the occasions in our life in which the *tabula rasa* of our social persons is inscribed. Nor is our ordinary and our super-ordinary reality totally constructed by ourselves: it is also given.

Religious worlds, like everyday worlds, are full of contradictions—virgin mothers, invisible presences, loving providences and evil worlds, infinite expressions of finite qualities of goodness, beauty and power, incarnate gods. The problem for religious believers is how to sustain the contradictions, how to transform everyday experience into something more ‘really-real’. Clearly it only happens in sign and symbol, where action, gesture, artefacts are seen as pointing to something else. Clearly it only happens in community, where assumptions of shared perceptions make all the signals a code. Clearly it only happens in some social whole where all the sights, sounds and touches that are the signs make a totality, an ambience in which one reinforces the other.

When religious systems are so closely tied to ways in which a person is culturally made, how do they cross a beach? The missionaries, without science but not without guile, believed that Christianity could only come across the beaches of the Land if Enata’s cultural system was essentially destroyed. The Christianity they had to offer, however, was disembodied, de-cultured. It was reduced to their words and actions. It came with men who were marginal to their old world and their new. It was without all the sustaining cultural systems that made its symbols real. Neither peasant French priest nor artisan English minister could

count the ways in which their differing Christianity was sustained by environment and institution. That was Stallworthy's despair, it might be remembered. It was easier to be destructive of another system than to imagine the ways that Christianity could be transported whole across the beach. In any case, as they translated a total cultural experience into words, they discovered a certain economy. They reduced their religion to intense concern with 'taboos' that symbolized the Christian ethic, with monogamous marriage, with property, with work, with food. The complex belief system of Christianity was better managed as a series of moral rules. They also tended to translate their religious experience into ideal models and they presented these models unconditioned by the experience of how Christianity was actually lived or its rules obeyed.

In their strategies for the destruction of Enata culture, they first had to face a problem in themselves. Would they be 'other-worldly' and leave all in the hands of God? Or would they be 'this-worldly' and be manipulators of men to create conditions in which the grace of God could work? None, in fact, was totally one or the other in practice. Whatever their theology, however, they each had to make the personal discovery that conversion was not a single act but a cultural process through long years. This needed to be a personal discovery, because if their calling depended on their need for some arithmetic of souls saved, their work was cold comfort.

In other Pacific islands outside of Te Henua almost every act of missionary life was acted out. On Rarotonga there were mass conversions sparked by mysterious events before the arrival of European missionaries. At Tahiti there was fruitless preaching year after year with no result until becoming Christian became a political advantage for Pomare. There were deaths and martyrdoms. There were convulsions of hysterical obsession with one aspect of Christian religion or another. There were revivals of old religion in new forms. And the missionaries themselves ran the whole gamut of religious experience. Some were changed by confrontation with alternate moralities and lost their faith. Some were given a stage to the world and made themselves famous with their strategies for conversion. Some lived out a lifetime in the islands, despairing in their converts, disillusioned at what an island could do to the morals of their children. Some grasped for property and wealth.

In Te Henua there were no martyrs, among the missionaries at least. There were no great public scandals either, except one. Father Jean Louis Denis Escoffier was reported to have had delusions of grandeur about establishing a kingdom and was removed by the French administration in 1846. The lot of most missionaries was long years of boredom, separated from companionship, rewarded by small achievements like the building of a chapel or the establishment of a school. They lived hard lives with few comforts, and Robert Thomson spoke for

them all, Catholic and Protestant, priest and minister, when he said that not many were likely to understand its difficulties without having experienced them.

In their purpose for being in Te Henua their main strategy in the destruction of Enata culture was to create anxiety. If one function of religion was to give meaning and certainty in the accidents and contradictions of life, then they must create conditions of scepticism for Enata. If another function was to provide security, then they must create or exploit conditions of dislocation. If religious systems reflected and supported a particular expression of social reality, then they must discover a fit between new social and political structures.

It is difficult to know whether there were non-believers among Enata as ostensibly there are in more pluralist societies. There was a certain sectarianism among them in that supernatural allegiances and systems of sacrifice and worship were attached to groupings and descent lines. There was also a certain pragmatism: there was a quality of buyer's market towards the supernatural in which gods had to show their worth to get their dues. There was also a relativism among Enata in their relations with the supernatural in which intensity in deference or religiosity was conditioned by the occasion or by personality or by the social importance of the participant. Supernatural reality was not so distant or different from natural social reality that the gods were not subject to the same manipulation as human beings: they could be tricked or kept in ignorance. They were not owed affection or personal commitment. Enata probably knew the ventriloquial tricks of the *tau'a* when they spoke for the gods and the chicanery of the sorcerers, yet they could still know them as agents of the supernatural. Just as they knew that fish and birds and trees were not gods but only signs of their gods' presence. If there was a true scepticism among them, they left no evidence of it, but their ways were open to scepticism for those who could plant it.

The missionaries' very presence in the Land was an invitation to some sort of agnosticism: they were untouched by Enata's *tapu* and its sanctions. But both Enata and the missionaries were also keen readers of supernatural signs. There is a sense that a first step in scepticism in the Land was a debate about the rationality of the two opposing religious systems. The debate was about beliefs and cosmologies, about the contradictions of having many gods, about the ways in which the supernatural has a natural expression, about mediation with the divine; but most constantly it was about providence and the intrusion of the supernatural into everyday life. The death and disease of the beach and the obvious decay of the Men's ways were a two-edged sword: they showed the helplessness of the *atua* and they could be taken as a punishment for Enata's sinful ways. Jehovah's intrusion, of course, was sometimes mysterious and when put to the test sometimes failed, but knowing

providence, knowing everything good or bad as a blessing, was a believer's gift. The Men's pragmatism about their gods did not give them a sense of providence: they required some earnest of the *atua*'s power. The dark days of their dying were dark nights for their souls and made sceptics of any who looked to the gods for help.

If a first step in religious change was a debate about providence, a second was the discovery of the courage to be deviant. Needing instruments of change, the missionaries looked for likely candidates among those who seemed to suffer most from the native system, such as women. Or they looked for deviants among those who had most to gain by keeping ahead of change, such as the *haka'iki*. To catch a *haka'iki* was for all of them, Catholic and Protestant, a master plan. It was their presumption that political power and social status was a conduit for the grace of God. The troubled, the sick, the women, the experimenting young were a bonus. On a beach divided by the possibility of an alternative ending and meaning to life, the sick and dying took some insurance on the truth of both.

There were other strategies the missionaries had. Native religion gave identity and a sense of assurance. The missionaries denigrated anything of the native, poured scorn on all they saw as savage, made mimicry of the civilized the first step of conversion. In this the missionaries had a sense that behaviour determined belief and so they focused their attention. They had a sense also that to transpose all the unspoken assumptions in the Christianity they preached—its geography, its history, its metaphors and signs—they must make Enata literate. Literacy structured the mind, gave a vocabulary to belief, made the word visible and less complicated. Reading divorced the Men from their past, lost them the richness of their oral tradition. Finally, of course, they had their dramatic plays, as we shall see in the next chapter. These plays desecrated the old and sanctified the new.

The destruction of old symbol systems still does not explain the translation of new ones across the beach. The metaphysical realities of religion are created by externalizing the spirits and gods in three ways: by telling stories or myths in which metaphysical ideas are represented by the activities of supernatural beings; by creating special material objects, such as buildings, altars, statues, which have an affecting presence; by representation of ideas in actions, in ritual. The capacity of words, objects and actions to evoke the belief, the moods and the motivations we associate with religious behaviour is obviously dependent on whether they are expressive of a culture's morality, aesthetics and categorization—all the qualities that create its style and make one element metaphoric of the rest. The capacity of words, objects and actions to affect is dependent on whether what is signified in them is immediately known. Any gap between sign and thing signified means a

notional step. This might be effective, might lead to acknowledgement that this action or that word has this or that meaning. But it is not affective. It does not engage the whole person. This is a distinction between sign and symbol, metaphor and metonymy that anthropologists make. One would say that religious systems come across the beach, make a conversion, only when the words, objects and actions that make their supernatural reality are seen as signs. When they are merely symbols, there might be acknowledgement, but they make no conversions, are not affective.

Roman Catholic piety, especially in its French expression, was marked in the nineteenth century by its stress on physicality in its symbols and by a preoccupation with sacred violence in its language. The disembodied heart of Jesus, bound about with thorns, showing the mark of the lance and bleeding, was the symbolic expression of a quietistic movement of atonement. In a world disturbed by the French revolution and the public disorder of social change, the pious were called on to make atonement to the Sacred Heart for the ways sinners rejected the saving act of Calvary. The crucifixion on Calvary, that sacrificial act believed to be re-enacted in the mass, was enlarged upon in theological and devotional reflection to discover, as it were, a theological anthropology of sacrifice.

The first priests to come as missionaries to Te Henua belonged to the Congregation of the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary. They came responsive to the symbols of atonement and personal devotion in the twin hearts of their insignia. Most days on white linen and with chalice and plate they played out a ritual of sacrifice in their masses. They consummated the act with an eating of the flesh of Christ in communion. It was an unreal body they ate in the form of wafer, but the presence of Christ was made real by a great range of deferential rituals, by bobbing and kneeling, by washing of hands, by lamps and tabernacles and sacred places, by food 'taboos' and fasting, by elaborate rules for handling the consecrated wafers. No part of their priestly life was so cribbed about with rule than that which concerned the making of a sacrifice, the eating of a body, the preservation of a blessed sacrament.

Outside in the Land the greatest marks of the Men's savagery were their sacrifices, their eating of flesh, their sense of the presence of their gods in material signs. The missionary problem was to transfer the Men's sense of reality for their own sacrifices to the 'as if' sacrifices of the missionaries; and with the transfer to change the very definition of the Men as social persons and every relational category of their environment. There was no way in which the missionaries' sacrifice could be anything but symbolic to the Men in the sense of the distinction between sign and symbol made above. All the words, objects and actions of the sacrifice must have been given a meaning, or, rather, the Men were

given a vocabulary to describe their meaning. They could not have been affective signs.

The transfer happened, if it happened at all—for there is nothing left in the sources to tell the story—through time. The missionaries introduced their neophytes into their ‘as if’ world whole as though there were not a beach to cross, subjected them to all the rules that they themselves were subject to, taught them to imitate the actions of worship, gave them a rhetoric to describe their experience in the catechism, let them absorb the categories of religious behaviour in prayer, exhortation, and congregation by doing them. They focused on making religious behaviour a discernible segment of their neophytes’ lives. That was an important difference between Aoe and Enata. Europe had experienced a cultural evolution in which segments of social life had become highly institutionalized and differentiated. Being religious, like being political or being economic, was identifiable in behavioural forms and was separated by being given boundaries in ritual actions. For Enata religion was not institutionalized in a segmented fashion: they had no word for being religious; the missionaries had to translate it as ‘one who was good’ or ‘obedient to God’ or ‘who addresses and salutes God’. In transferring the Men’s sense of reality, the missionaries did not so much intrude their symbols and signs into Enata life as make a new segment, endow it with a symbolic environment and call it religious. The Catholic missionaries were bolder than the Protestant missionaries in using Enata words which had old religious connotations to describe their new reality. They called God *Atua* and priests *tau'a*. But for the sacrifice of the mass and the things around it, they made new words—*meta*, *Eukaritia*. Through time, as the old ways died and as Enata’s signs lost their affective power, a sort of symbolic osmosis occurred. Old words, objects and actions, now less dangerous for what they signified, were allowed to enlarge the new religious environment like metaphors.

The ethnography has not yet been written that describes the full processes of religious change and symbol transfer. For the Men it never will be. In the chapter to follow are described the traumas of their conversion as the old ways were destroyed. What the positive steps were by which they responded to their changed environment with sign and symbol it is impossible to know.

Captains and Kings

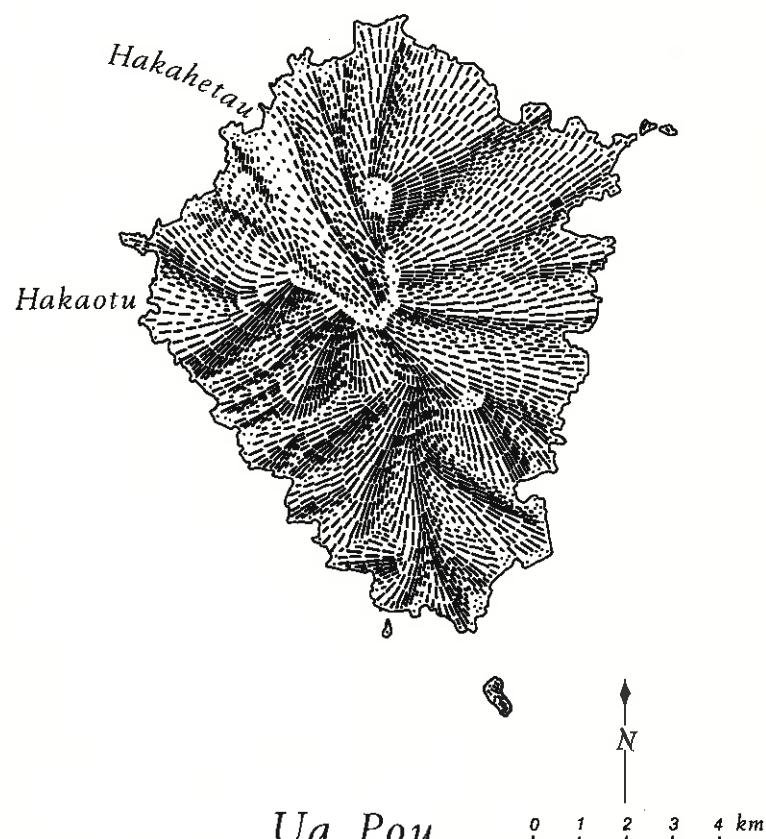
From 1774 to 1810 contact between Enata and outsiders was marked by the visits of ships of exploration, trading vessels and whalers and also by the transient residence on the beach of deserters from these ships. From 1811 to 1842 different sorts of arrivals were added to these contacts. Sandalwooders came and their enterprises required lengthened stays and the organization of Enata to collect wood. David Porter occupied Nukuhiva, and by claiming the islands brought the Land into diplomatic plays. Missionaries from Tahiti, Hawaii and France tried out their strategies of cultural destruction. In May 1842 France, disappointed at missing out on a colony in New Zealand and prodded along by the ambitions of Admiral Dupetit-Thouars, occupied Tahuata and Nukuhiva. There followed a period of more than thirty years in which the French, whose interests quickly turned to Tahiti, executed fitful plans for a colony in the Marquesas which they did not quite know why they possessed. For a few years Nukuhiva was a prison for political exiles; for a few months it was abandoned altogether. At times the high drama of the conflicts of metropolitan France between Church and State and between Catholic and liberal were played out in petty squabbles between administrators and missionaries. For a while Enata and all the problems they created were handed over to the bishop. Then they were taken back entirely. In a mood of expansiveness and with a feeling that native Hawaiians owed a missionary debt to the rest of the Pacific, the Hawaiian Mission Board sent down more missionaries to Fatuiva, Hiva Oa and Ua Pou in 1857. They came to confront Catholics and savages and were uncertain who were more dangerous. In 1862 Peruvian slave-traders captured thirty-seven of the Men to work in the plantations but were forced to return them. They sent them back with smallpox and the Land was wasted by it. There was then only a remnant of Enata left. After the smallpox had beaten them down, the Men faced years of debauch, pain and self-annihilation that would make a silent Land and end the century of their knowledge of Aoe.

These bare bones of the story need to be fleshed out with the more personal and human drama of the men who crossed beaches and of the men who died because beaches could not be crossed. Contact between Enata and Aoe was marked at all times by physical violence. But the

killings were only symptomatic of a wider sort of violence inherent in crossing the beach. It was a violence done to Enata and not returned by Enata. Enata were passive in their Land; not passive in the sense that they did not react to Aoe's coming, but passive in the sense that their Land was sufficient for their needs and they were adapted to it. If they were curious of Aoe's home and if many went to try Aoe's ways, they never actively sought to intrude on Aoe's land, never conceived a strategy to change Aoe. They often sought ways to control Aoe. They killed and robbed him. They tried to change or moderate his ways in the islands. But they had no sense of mission to export their ways to him. Aoe was not their 'savage', as they were surely his.

There were very few outsiders who came to Te Henua who did not want to remake it. If the outsiders were traders or merely visitors who needed supplies, they wanted to change Enata to make their trade orderly, to make the value of things adaptive to their economic systems, to set a price on labour for their own, not Enata's, profit. If the outsiders were missionaries, they came to change. If the outsiders were administrators, they expected Enata to meet new realities of power. Enata's disorder, their wars, their wasteful feastings, their sacrifices, impinged on a new world and they, not it, must change. If the outsiders were naval captains, they put Te Henua on a map. The map made new relationships. Aoe's divisions, his relationships, the fact that he was French, English, American, or Russian, was a new feature in Enata's environment to which they must adapt. Their 'kings' must play at captains' politics.

On a May morning in 1842, the feast of St Louis, Louis-Philippe's name day, Admiral Dupetit-Thouars disembarked from the *Reine Blanche* at Vaitahu. A guard of sixty infantry men in ceremonial dress had formed a square about a flagpole they had erected on the *tohua* behind the beach. A curious crowd of islanders stood around them, fascinated as much as anything else by the soldiers' military gaze obediently fixed fifteen paces ahead. At 10.30 a.m. Dupetit-Thouars read to the half-quiet, half-noisy crowd a declaration that he had taken possession of the islands of the south-east of the Marquesas in the name of the King of France. He then beat the soil with his sword three times and, with three volleys of muskets and a rumble of cannon from the ships, the *Domine Salvum* was played for the king and the *Marseillaise* for his changed kingdom, and the flag was raised. Before Solemn High Mass, there was a distraction as Enata fussed with an old half-buried cannon rescued from a wreck and fired it with a double charge and a satisfying roar. Mass ended in a torrential downpour and, as officers and islanders crowded into a hot tent, the smell of coconut oil made the French realize how uncomfortably close they had come to the Land. Iotete, the *haka'iki*, signed a cession of the Land with reluctance. He had a vague



sense that the ritual and gestures had diminished him. For the occasion he wore what the French had given him as presents, a red shag coat with massive gold epaulettes in the style of Louis XV and white pantaloons. On his head he wore a gold pasteboard crown, decorated with glass beads and colossal feathers. Someone remarked that if one forgot the black tattoos, he had the look of a Bourbon. He put his name to the treaty in a spidery scrawl taught him by the missionaries. The signature, which the *Ministre de la Marine* insisted should be recorded in triplicate, seems to have been the only use Iotete, a reluctant student, ever made of his learning.

At Vaitahu for a few weeks all was hammer and saw as the carpenters erected barracks prefabricated for the French in exile, and cursed their inadequacy. The troops also started to construct a fort on the small hill that divided Vaitahu from Hanamiai. Iotete had ceded it to the French. Dupetit-Thouars slipped across to Hiva Oa and chose the *haka'iki* of two valleys, Pohe and Tohetahu, to sign away that whole island. On 19 May he sent a small expedition to chastise the Ahutini on Tahuata who had killed three of their old enemies among the Hemma of Vaitahu and found instead that they had killed three allies of the French. Just before he left Tahuata to occupy Nukuhiva, Dupetit-Thouars had to deal with trouble that Panau, Iotete's *toa*, was causing. Panau threatened to kill two beachcombers, one Spanish and one Irish. Dupetit-Thouars held Iotete responsible and threatened him with expulsion from Vaitahu and replacement by Maheono, the *haka'iki* of Hapatoni. The admiral took Tinao, Iotete's first-born son, away on the *Reine Blanche* as hostage. On board the warship, the French tidied up the *tamahaka'iki* by cutting his hair.

Iotete would have been justified in feeling confused by his relations with Aoe. When he had become *haka'iki* of Vaitahu is uncertain. He was, it might be remembered, adopted as Teinae's first-born son, and he had succeeded Teinae some time before 1825. In January 1825 he had welcomed the arrival of Tahitian native missionaries at Vaitahu. From that time on his actions and his character began to appear in the logs of ships visiting the bay and in the journals of missionaries who came to stay. He was a peaceable man. Unlike Teinae, he divorced himself from the role of warrior and left that to Panau, his *toa*. He resembled, wrote Max Radiguet, Dupetit-Thouars' secretary, a bust of Louis XVIII tattooed in indigo. Others saw him as athletic, of colossal height, but a careful, proper man who could imitate Aoe's gestures and manners without *gaucherie*. He wore his head shaven to a top knot, the reverse of a monkish tonsure. He enjoyed naval fiddlers, managed the knife and fork, mixed wine and water and liked to shake hands. He also enjoyed cures for his illnesses, such as bleeding and taking salts.

Iotete had welcomed each new missionary to the bay and given them houses and land. Only the native Tahitian missionaries were unwelcome after a while. They 'made themselves vile under every green tree', he said in exaggerated explanation of how he had caught two of them in adultery. This sensitivity of an apparently promiscuous *haka'iki* was as puzzling to the missionaries as was the apparent distance between some of their preaching and practice to him. When Darling, Stallworthy and Rodgerson arrived, as we have seen, they lived at first in his home and under his protection. He attended their sabbath meetings under the trees and assured them and every ship's captain that he intended to build a chapel, after the memorial *koina* for his father, or after the naming *koina* of his daughter, or after the funeral of his wife. He wanted to build the chapel on the hill where the French later built their fort. It would be an obvious symbol of establishment and order, an attraction to ships. Iotete himself had put a *tapu* with a sanction of death on anyone stealing from ships in the bay. He offered members of his family as hostages whenever ships were at Vaitahu. He had planted sweet potatoes and white potatoes, while giving land to beachcombers to do the same, and all had learned the frustrations and disappointments of seasonal farming. He learned of anchorage fees and set his price at a musket from each ship visiting the bay. When he saw how the missionaries built cottages and divided them into rooms, he did the same and was excited with his doors and windows. He made the rooms needed to hold clothes, guns, powder and other Aoe goods collected because his bay was quiet and good for trade, and he the chief administrator of that quietness. He grew fond of hot tea and liked the Christian custom of blessing a meal but blended it with the Men's habit of throwing a little food to the gods.

Iotete was an outward-looking man and he listened. He heard stories of the kings of Hawaii who had bought ships and had armies equipped with cannon and muskets. He heard how it was not the old Pomare who had brought unity to Tahiti, but the young Pomare who had taken to Christianity and monarchy as well. He thought the same future might await his son Tinao, so he would not allow him to be tattooed as he had heard that young Pomare had not been. He wanted to send gifts for the king of England and asked if George was as powerful as he, or indeed if George had as many and as large ships as the French. His own brother had been to England three times and had told him of the gap there between rich and poor. He mused occasionally on empire and thought to bring Hiva Oa as well as Tahuata under his control, reasoning that the guns and boats he collected would be the instruments of conquest. When Dupetit-Thouars had first visited him in the *Vénus* in 1838, he had exchanged names with the admiral and asked for a French uniform and

French flag. Dupetit-Thouars gave him a naval uniform and a flag of red and white squares. The flag was the signal flag for evening mess and the French enjoyed the quiet joke against a cannibal king. Iotete wept to see Dupetit-Thouars go. But if Iotete had crossed the beach a little, it was only to allow himself that degree of difference which would help him in familiar ways. The missionaries interpreted his movements towards control over Hiva Oa and Tahuata and his assumption of more national symbols of power as signs of the growth of that more universal polity that they thought more favourable to Christianity. Yet, in reality, his attention was focused on the events that made Enata's lives full. In that he was a scandal and a frustration to the missionaries.

Something of the sense of that fullness of Enata's life might be gained from a detailed, if selective, account of happenings at Vaitahu from May to August 1835. On 13 May Iotete's wife began building a *tapu* house to hold a *mau*, a memorial feast for her father. A hog which had been fed for the occasion for eight years was made *tapu* for her. At the same time, Enata at Hanamiai were preparing a *koina hue*, a competitive feast in which two parties tried to outdo one another in feasting, dancing and chanting. On 16 May a *hoki* or troupe of entertainers arrived from Hiva Oa. As they danced, they would call out the names of persons from whom they expected to get pigs or *tapa* cloth or ornaments. A few days later a canoe came from the east coast valley of Hanatetena with food and *kava* for both a *mau* and some unnamed occasion connected with Iotete's son. After a week's feasting and intoxication, Iotete had his head shaved in preparation for planting sweet potatoes at Ivaiva. Because the need arose to build canoes to raid Hiva Oa, the feasts were cut short and the *kava* burnt. The canoe-makers needed to be relieved of the *tapu* required to drink *kava* in order to be invested with the *tapu* to make canoes.

The feasts continued. On 30 June a messenger from Hanatetena came to Vaitahu begging for dishes for a *mau* in memory of the *haka'iki*'s father. It was to be a very great *koina* to which most of the people of the island would go. The women at Vaitahu had already secluded themselves to learn new songs for it. The begging (*moko*) for dishes was a ritualized part of the *koina*. Three days later another messenger, this time from Hanatefau, arrived with an invitation to a *koina* there. This time of year also was *mataiki*, the time of the second breadfruit crop, and all the activity surrounding cropping and preserving the harvest was under way. The women learning new songs had added to their repertoire songs they had heard from a Nukuhivan woman who had visited Vaitahu on a whaler. Iotete, with the other men, would listen to the songs. The women needed his approval before they could perform them. On 9 July there were two other *mau* on the island, one at Hanatetena and the other at Hanaoipu. Both were for *haka'iki* many years dead and

for both pigs were sent as a token of respect from Vaitahu. At this time Iotete was also engaged in building a *fa'e fanai*, birth house, for another *haka'iki*'s sister's child. On 14 July a new fishing net was put into the water for the first time. Vast numbers of fish were taken in and given to *tapu* men of the highest rank. Iotete officiated at the ceremonies. Meanwhile, preparations for his wife's *mau veahue* had become more intense. A new canoe had been built to fish for the *koina* and men were under *tapu* while they fished. Four other *koina* were also in preparation, two feasts of friendship on the west side of the island, two memorial feasts on the east. On 17 July a number of young men at Vaitahu became *tapu* in order to be tattooed. Their first day was filled with *koina* and *uta*. At the same time Iotete's wife finally held her *mau*. On 20 July a *koina haaepa* was held for Iotete. This *koina* freed him from a personal *tapu* against dancing and allowed him to go to a great *koina* and dance. The next day a delegation came from Hapatoni with an invitation to Iotete and his family to attend a *koina* to consecrate a *tapu* house called *fa'e fanai*. It was being built for the next child that Iotete's wife would have. The *haka'iki* of Hapatoni was to adopt the child. News also came of another *mau* at Hanaoipu. On 29 July there were more tattoos at Hanamiai and for a week many men were *tapu*. On 6 August messengers dressed in their best finery came from Hanatetena and in a loud voice invited all to a *mau* for a great *haka'iki* who had been lost at sea some time before. Yet another *koina* at Hanaipu was in preparation. All the people of Vaitahu were besmearing themselves with *papa* juice to bleach their skins, learning their songs, arranging for the tattooing to be completed. The whole of August was devoted to their preparations. David Darling, who watched and recorded the events of those days, said that it was 'only for the purpose of showing off or for exalting themselves in the eyes of other parts of the island: it arises from a spirit in Iotete to show, as it were, his greatness'.

In 1842, however, Iotete's greatness, which he saw reflected in his feasts and in the muskets he derived from Aoe's visits, was in his own eyes greatly diminished. When Dupetit-Thouars sailed for Nukuhiva at the end of May, Lieutenant Edouard Halley was left in command at Vaitahu. The lieutenant cannot have faced his command with any joy. After only three weeks at Vaitahu, he had already sought leave to return to France to marry. With his two hundred men, however, he began to remake the valley to the needs of a military encampment. He started a ditch and wall around the camp, a blockhouse and artillery works on the mountain, and a road from the beach to them both. Enata meantime had grown sullen. By this time the population of Vaitahu had dropped through disease to little more than two hundred—perhaps a third of what it had been thirty years before—and the two hundred soldiers were making servants of them all and prostitutes of the women. The need for

provisions and building materials was constant and, by Enata's measures, extravagant. Hygiene was poor and within three weeks dysentery began to kill the Men. Iotete's daughter, already marked with the pox, was dying of it, and Iotete could find no cure for her either in the medicines of the French or the ministrations of his sorcerers. In these circumstances, Enata resolved their problem by leaving Vaitahu altogether. With their sick and with their *haka'iki*, they retired to the mountains.

The sudden silence and the loneliness of Vaitahu disturbed the French. It was not what empires were made of. Dupetit-Thouars returned in August and told the *haka'iki* of other valleys on Tahuata to elect a new 'king', Maheono. It made no difference. Enata and Iotete stayed away. Halley then sent the *Bucephale* to Hiva Oa to collect the enemies of Iotete, including a brother in exile, and bring them to the empty valley. He sent word to Enata that Iotete must be driven away altogether from the mountains near Vaitahu. When Iotete replied to Halley that he did not want to be king, but that also he did not want to be driven from his land, Halley gave him twenty-four hours to leave. At that Iotete's daughter came to Halley and said '*Eetahi matua otau*', 'One death for us all'.

Next morning, 17 September, Halley organized three columns to sweep along the sides and centre of the valley. As the centre column crossed a stream a mile from the beach, just short of the valley *me'ae*, one of Enata from behind a stone wall in the thicket cried out in warning 'Tapu!' The column did not stop and its leader, Lieutenant Laffon de Ladeblat, was killed instantly by a musket shot through the head. Lieutenant Halley, seeking to reconnoitre, was also shot and killed. Six other troopers were wounded. The French then retreated in some disorder to their encampment and half-finished fort where for a week they endured a siege. Enata, when they treated the open battle as one of their own wars, as exhilarating moments of bravado, were badly mauled by the fire of the troops. On other occasions, they were only beaten off with bayonets. They excelled in surprise attacks and terrorized the soldiers whose cartouches had rotted and whose musket balls had oxidized in the humidity. After a week, Enata simply fell quiet and went away. Twenty-six of the French were wounded, forty of Enata killed and wounded. Dysentery, however, said one of the witnesses, killed many more Enata.

The French made Maheono 'king' and occupied Vaitahu, Hanamiai and Anapoo. They let Iotete live in Hapatoni. For a year or more, they refused to permit any of the Men to live in Vaitahu and allowed only a few to come and crop the breadfruit or grow potatoes for them. Iotete only lived until September 1844. He died unsure of himself, wondering whether what lay across the final beach belonged to his fathers or to

Aoe. In his last days he would not let the missionary priests come near him and had himself moved away from their reach. But in his last hours, someone heard him whisper that he wished to be baptized. As a dead man, however, he belonged to Enata. They wailed for him, danced and rubbed his skin, and set his body on its platform with its offerings. But unlike the deaths of his fathers, his had no future. There were none to call him *atua*, or, if they did, it did not matter. At the time of his death, almost all the valleys of Tahuata were silent. Dysentery, venereal disease and tuberculosis had left fewer than a thousand Enata on the island. That remnant, puzzled perhaps at their people's dying, convinced perhaps that Aoe had demonstrated the power of his *atua* over theirs, encouraged perhaps at the hope that a book or a baptism might change them in their Land, took the words of the missionaries as true, at least for the moment. They burnt their gods and broke their *tapu* and waited for the workings of the Holy Spirit. That was in 1845. In March and June 1847 the *Sultan* evacuated all French troops and administrators from Vaitahu. They left the bay to the Men and the missionaries.

When Admiral Dupetit-Thouars had left Vaitahu and sailed to Nukuhiva back in May 1842, he had expected to centre France's Pacific empire at Taiohae: his report of four years before, written shortly after his first expedition to the Pacific, had persuaded the French government to act quickly in establishing themselves in the Pacific. The Russians were developing Alaska and Kamchatka. North Americans had begun to pioneer the Rocky Mountains and had pre-empted influence in Hawaii. The British had their lucrative colonies in New Holland and had narrowly beaten the French to New Zealand. The South American states of Chile, Peru and Bolivia were exercising their newly won independence and were promising new markets. The French whaling fleet, a hundred strong in the Pacific, was the navy's school for sailors and needed a base of operations that required no British passport. For these national and commercial purposes, the Marquesas seemed perfectly suitable. They were isolated. They lay on lines of communication. They had good harbours. Ships passed no British base to reach them. French missionaries were already established there.

The Pacific map with the Marquesas as centre point upon it made sense to strategists, or at least to strategists committed to the conception behind it. Dupetit-Thouars' lavish sally into empire was kept secret. The French public learned of it only after its execution. Then, even those who thought the world was a map and played diplomacy accordingly thought the plan seemed somewhat defective. Comte Mathieu de la Redorte in the Assembly pointed out that the China trade went largely by the Cape of Good Hope and that which went by Cape Horn went up the South American coast. French whalers needed no station in the central Pacific. They had never been persuaded to hunt for sperm

whale. They chased black whale in the colder waters north and south. The Panama Canal would not increase the importance of a Marquesan colony: commerce in the Pacific—sandalwood, pearl and trepang—had already decreased. Panama would open up the west coast of North and South America, not the central Pacific. In addition, the Comte argued, there was a lethargy in the native peoples of the Pacific that boded no good for commerce and industry. In any case, there was too little land and too few people to compete with the potential of continental America. As a naval base the Marquesas were a strategist's fantasy: their position in the middle of the Pacific made them too difficult to supply and too distant to affect the South American coast. If the base were large enough to withstand attack, it would be too expensive to man; if it were too small to defend itself, it would serve no purpose.

Whether Dupetit-Thouars had begun to recognize these realities on his way to Taiohae in 1842, it is impossible to know. What his experience at Tahuata had already done for him was to help him formulate questions for which he had no answer. The islands of the Marquesas were becoming less like spots on a map and more like the Land in which the Men lived. He had some questions, he wrote to the *Ministre de la Marine*, that needed to be answered. How much land in each of the islands should the French occupy? He began to calculate his need of troops in a Land where attack was always possible and where every valley was isolated. He reckoned the French would need three hundred troops on Nukuhiva, three hundred and fifty on Hiva Oa, one hundred at Tahuata, one hundred at Ua Pou and one hundred at Fatuiva. Then there were questions of law. What was the sovereignty of France? Did it extend to the ships that visited, the foreigners who stayed? Did it control the commerce of liquor and guns and women? What system of justice would the natives have? How would he treat murder and theft among the islanders? How would he deal with crimes of the French? Would he allow intermarriage? And what of the colony that would thus develop, its rules of landownership, its laws? Under what administration would it operate, civil or military? And how would justice be carried out? Who would have power over life and death?

They were questions the minister never answered, at least to Dupetit-Thouars, and the admiral, who never again showed interest in the colony he had created, left them to be answered on the beach. There was more urgency about the questions than he might have realized. He asked them as if they were the incidentals of taking possession, afterthoughts on sovereignty. Yet their real thrust was at the ways two peoples defined themselves and at the processes of that redefinition. They were questions about beaches and how they should be crossed. They were questions about murder, property and law, but they were really questions about the definition of persons, the processes of

socialization and the perception of institutions. In a few short years one of his successors would solemnly execute a *haka'iki* by firing squad. How could he make all the gestures of authority and legality signal that this was an execution, not murder, not sacrifice, not *e ika*, fishing for men? And if *e ika* itself was to be redefined as murder, that redefinition would have consequences in every part of Enata society. By establishing an absolute it would redefine 'person' in a society where right to life was relative to other values. It would remake public and private status by removing the way in which social prestige was legitimated and supported. It would transform public order by imposing an alien set of norms. And who would invent all the signs and symbols, all the plays and rituals, all the words and myths by which hollow concepts like murder, property and law became so real that they existed independently of the minds that made them?

Social definitions are not made be declaration. Their mark is particularity. Propriety is their measure—proper posture, proper gesture, proper actions. Their sanctions are social and subtle—gossip, sorcery, approbation. If ultimately there is violence in the sanctions, the violence is effective not in itself but in its context. Death on the beach in a duel between French officers was violence done and violence taken in sacrifice to some god of honour among the living. The context soothed the pain. It was not murder: it was a small drama about priorities in their own world. That the bloodied *heana* on the beach had grown in status by being destined for *Havaiki*, the afterworld, might not have soothed the pain of dying, but it soothed the pain of living. Duel and sacrifice were so clothed in particular signs and symbols that the participants saw a 'real world' where outsiders saw only death. The admiral, wiggled and full of a sense of honour, left for his men the problem of how to cry murder and be not murderers themselves. The beach would be their Babel in which they heard but could not understand and spoke but were not heard.

The *Reine Blanche* brought Dupetit-Thouars to Taiohae on 30 May 1842. He found that Temoana was *haka'iki*. Temoana was about twenty-three years old, and a young man of some experience. After Keatonui's death, Temoana's father was *haka'iki* of Taiohae. It is clear that the Hapaa, among whom Keatonui's line had married, had a dominating influence in the bay. They had repeatedly raided Taiohae and finally conquered it. Then the Hapaa *haka'iki* families had clustered around the young boy Temoana and acted as a sort of familial regency. From the time of Charles Stewart's visit in 1829 and during the stay of the American missionaries in the bay, Temoana's Hapaa uncles were described as having political influence and social prestige. The American missionaries, as we have seen, had witnessed the marriage of Temoana, as a boy of twelve, to the daughter of the *haka'iki* of the Taipi

at Hoo'umi. They also recorded Enata's deep shock in 1834 when Temoana ran away on the *Royal Sovereign*. Temoana stole away secretly in the night, leaving Enata to weep at his going and enlarge upon it in their stories. He became a hero gone, like their heroes of old, to gather goods for the Land. Some thought he went for warships and cannon. Some thought he would return with missionaries like those who had made Pomare great in Tahiti.

Temoana's name meant 'the Immense Sea' and he began a bitter pilgrimage across many oceans. He saw New Zealand and Sydney. He even visited Napoleon's tomb at St Helena. London was his shame. In later years drink would make him remember with rage the exhibitions his tattoos made and the curiosity he became. The Reverend John Williams of the L.M.S. came across him in the care of a Captain Green and, learning that he was a 'young king' and had been very attached to the American missionaries, was persuaded that Temoana would be of use to the cause. They put Temoana in a Borough School. He survived long enough to be sent back into the Pacific in the *Dunrottar Castle* as a cabin boy. He went with Thomas Heath, an L.M.S. missionary once destined for Tahuata but sent to Samoa instead. The *Dunrottar Castle* called at Vaitahu in March 1836. There Temoana harangued Iotete and his men till talking made his 'throat sick'. Obey the sabbath, he said, and listen to the missionaries. He sent word to his people at Nukuhiva that he would see them soon and went on with Heath to Samoa. There his bitterness returned. Destitute and ignored, as much an outsider to the Samoans as to the missionaries, he lived in rags on the beach. In 1839 Robert Thomson, on his way to the mission at Tahuata, did what the old missionary William Pascoe Crook was grumbling had not been done. He took Temoana home to Nukuhiva. Shepherding Temoana first to Tahiti, he then brought him to Tahuata, and finally on 29 November 1839 to Taiohae. Temoana had clearly brooded on his heritage. He landed from the *Brixton* like the hero his people expected and talked to them of war and of Tahiti and of Hawaii. Within days he led a thousand warriors against the Taipi who, less impressed with his sacredness and his imperial ambition, repulsed the attack and set about looking for victims of their own. It was what Thomson called 'a time of frowning providence' when 'murder bared her arm and rampant war yoked the red dragons to her iron car'. Temoana's efforts came to nothing more than futile raids and counter-raids. The women and children of Taiohae huddled on the beaches or on the mountainsides terrified at the prospect of being overrun by Taipi or Taioa warriors. Thomson himself saw three Taioa brought back as prisoners of a raiding party and slaughtered on the beach. The British warships, H.M.S. *Sulphur* and H.M.S. *Starling* under Captain Edward Belcher and Lieutenant Kellet, and later the French frigate *Pylade* under Captain Bernard, extracted promises from

Temoana that he would protect the lives of their citizens and make peace. But both the Catholic missionaries and Thomson found the 'frowning providence' too threatening and left for Ua Pou and Tahuata respectively.

When the French arrived at Nukuhiva in May and June 1842 the wars, which had subsided into desultory raids for a time, had flared again. Temoana's Taipi wife had run away to the Taioa and he was exercised to get her back again. He called on Dupetit-Thouars to help him. Pleased to be of ingratiating service, Dupetit-Thouars sent for the 'queen' as well as the *haka'iki* of the Taioa, Teii and Taipi and had them all together cede the island to the French. Temoana gave them the small plain of Hakepehi at Taiohae where they planned to build their capital Saumerville. It was the same spot where David Porter had built Madisonville. Temoana also sold them the small hill that jutted into the bay. The Teii called the hill Tuhiva. The French named it Fort Collet for the father of *capitain de frégate* Collet, who became the commanding officer of the new colony.

The chief interest of the French was not with Temoana's ambitions but with fulfilling their own. They unloaded troops and provisions and prepared to build a camp and fort. They were hard days, not at all romantic. The expedition had been massively catered for in a military sense, but poorly planned. The admiral had seventeen hundred sailors in two frigates, three corvettes and two brigs. Four hundred soldiers with campaign artillery and mountain guns were also at his disposal. But in his provisions he had six months supply of rancid lard and vinegared wine. Three quarters of the rest of the supplies were spoiled by rain. The troops felt beleaguered, threatened and bored. They had received their mission with shouts of '*Vive le Roi*' and '*Vive la France*', but there was little gaiety or excitement now at Taiohae. Enata seemed incurious and left them alone at Saumerville. But there were rumours of plots and talk of ambushes when men were late back to camp. When news of what had happened at Tahuata reached Taiohae, their nerves were stretched more tightly than ever and they hurried to finish their ditches and walls. The officers were more bored than the men and grumbled from the start at the purposelessness of the occupation. Angrily, they described to their visitors the outrageous ambition of Dupetit-Thouars that had begun it all. They adopted children from among Enata and kept them in their tents, found women who would live with them, made a currency of liquor and tobacco, watched lethargically as Temoana in his admiral's uniform pranced the beach on a white stallion, squirmed in humiliation when H.M.S. *Carysfort* and U.S.S. *United States* came to visit them in their poverty.

Lieutenant Collet, their commander, was a man of some sense. He guessed that there was an entry into Enata society through friendship

with the old men. He exchanged names and gifts with the elders. He welcomed *haka'iki* from other valleys, and gave them protection in the camp and fort from the Teii. He tried to keep the French isolated from the islanders, believing conflict was to be avoided at all costs. He persuaded Temoana to impose a *tapu* on theft to eliminate one cause of conflict. He resisted all Temoana's efforts to have him join the Teii in their wars against the Taipi and Taioa. On one occasion, when the Teii held a *koina* and four thousand Enata came to the feast, he took an infantry unit and joined the feast. After the dancing, he had his men march and perform arms drill. Until he was relieved as commander in October 1843, Enata and the French lived in some harmony. Dysentery and fever had been killers here as at Tahuata. The troops had shot all the birds out of the sky, but their gardens and their husbandry had lessened the strain on the valley's resources. If their blockhouse overlooking the valleys of Havau and Oata and their fort overlooking the beach were signs of their suspicions and fears, they nonetheless watched the politics and behaviour of Enata with a distant eye. Their beach was an island in the Land.

In 1845 that was no longer true. Lieutenant Almaric was commander of Taiohae. He was violent and precipitous, full of scorn for natives. The only authority they recognized, he said, was the soldier, the blockhouse and two howitzers pointed at their houses. What plagued Almaric was that Temoana's authority had diminished. The 'king' had built a cottage near the beach, with flagstaff and *tricolore* outside, and had begun to fill the house with stools, bedsteads, spy glasses, fowling pieces and empty champagne bottles. He had sold land to the French for fifteen hundred francs and he himself was on their pension for three thousand francs a year. Most days he reeled in drunkenness along the beach. He had stopped his *koina* and his *mau*. He was childless. He had adopted a son, but there was no celebration for his naming or his tattooing. He mimicked the French in their ways. He once humiliated the most influential man in the valley, his uncle Nietu, by putting the man's son in irons for the murder of an American deserter in a drunken brawl.

In these circumstances the lesser *haka'iki* of Taiohae began to challenge his authority. Pakoko was one of these. There is some mystery about Pakoko. At the time, some said he was an individual without family and line, a *kikino*, who had won his way to *haka'iki* of the people of Havau and Pakiu by savagery and brute force. We first hear of him in 1835, when Captain Thomas Ap Catesby Jones of the U.S.S. *Vincennes* sent a platoon of marines to capture Pakoko. He had killed and eaten an American beachcomber, it was said. The American had stolen some potatoes and eaten a *tapu* pig. It seems clear that Pakoko gained considerable influence in the valley while Temoana was away from the island. It was on his land and with his help that the C.S.S.J. missionaries

were established at Taiohae. He responded generously to their medical aid to his son, but remained sceptical of their teaching. He said to them once that he had seen Aoe come for nearly fifty years:

I've seen foreigners visit here. All tell me my religion is no good, that the only one is theirs. I look at them and what do I see? Some steal my breadfruit and my nets for fishing, my arms. Others insult my wives and children, deceive my people. Some steal among themselves, others take away reputations and fight . . . You live and appear to live according to your word, but what others do, I know. I want to wait and see before believing.

In the wars that Temoana began on his return to Taiohae, Pakoko seems to have supported moderation, at least he voiced the opinion that the old ways of war be kept. He unsuccessfully tried to save the life of a Taipi, who was killed even though he was present among the Teii during the truce of a *koina*.

When the French came, Pakoko clashed with Temoana in more serious ways. For reasons that are unclear, he wanted to *tapu* the exchange of food for liquor with the French. Perhaps, as a man who had raised himself in the old Enata ways, he sensed how liquor leached their life away whereas food was the currency of their feasts. Temoana, whose interest in liquor was perhaps commercial as well as personal, was angered and refused; instead, piqued at a humiliation offered him by an American whaling captain, he placed a *tapu* on women visiting ships. This greatly upset Pakoko and others who lived in the back valleys of Taiohae. Perhaps there was a reason for their anger in that their women were instruments in securing the muskets and powder now kept from them by the French. There is also a suggestion of a more subtle reason. American and British whalers were often antagonistic to the French and a divisive influence on Enata. Collet and his successors, Faveureux and Almaric, all reported that American and British captains and deserters were telling Enata they were fools to have let the French take their land. Temoana was bound to the French, committed to the treaties, sales and pensions that made him 'king'. To others—perhaps Pakoko among them—the open beach with its 'Menikee' (American) and 'Peketani' (British) ships was an alternative to both the French and the 'king'. Max Radiguet, usually an acute observer, saw the significance of the events that followed as the beginning of what he called a 'national party'. The words are stronger than he could possibly have meant. However, what rings true is that Enata were restless at the new ways in which Temoana and the French were defining *haka'iki*. Temoana was no longer what he had been, the centre in time and space of the Land. His wealth and power were now his, not theirs. His influence was legitimized not by his generous display, but by flag and 'palace' and French howitzers. He had replaced the currency of feasts with the currency of liquor and other Aoe

goods which Enata could not produce. He could talk of himself as 'king', ride his white stallion, visit men-o'-war in his admiral's uniform, say grace at his meals, but he was king of decay.

In January 1845 Almaric faced a decision. Should he support the 'king' whom the French had created and sanction his *tapu* on women in the ships? 'I could not refuse Temoana', he wrote in his report and added, 'Pakoko was getting too powerful'. He was also faced with the eternal problem of symbolic acts. Enata, mostly Pakoko's people, were killing cattle and sheep. They did not kill the animals for food—they disliked the taste and smell of beef and mutton—but because they wandered on their land. It was as if authority somehow lay in the carcase of a cow. It lay there—more valuable than the meat—needing a resurrection in some form that would elicit respectful obedience. In order to support Temoana, Almaric jailed the women who swam to the ships. To subordinate Pakoko, he demanded a reparation of twenty or thirty pigs for the slaughtered cattle, and something more. He had heard that Pakoko had mocked and insulted him. 'I told him that I would be good and just to them, but I had the pride of a Frenchman and I would not be offended.' Pakoko must come and apologize. Pakoko came and apologized. But on 22 January twenty more women, including Pakoko's daughter, were gaoled for again swimming out to the ships. More cattle had been killed. Five days later the sight of Pakoko and his warriors singing songs at their *me'a'e* provoked rumours of wars and attacks in the French camp.

On the morning of 28 January a party of soldiers went to wash their clothes in the second stream along the beach. It was an area where they were forbidden to go, but they had come the day before from Vaitahu and perhaps could plead ignorance. They were surrounded by Enata and six of them were killed. The bodies were carried off in the way of *heana*, naked, hands and feet tied to a pole. Enata took the head of one to their *me'a'e*.

The French reacted with speed. From the blockhouse they lobbed mortars on to the *tohua* at Havau where Enata were gathered and where Pakoko's daughter was dancing naked around the *heana*. Then as the Men fled to the mountains, the French troops burnt their houses, cut down their breadfruit trees and destroyed their *ma* pits. In an effort to capture Pakoko, they sent sixty men over the mountains. The appearance of the soldiers at the same pass that Porter had used brought back memories of terror to the Hapaa and others among whom Pakoko was hiding, so they abandoned him. He agreed to surrender to Almaric. He did so on 21 February, with three of his warriors.

It was a moment that called for ritual. There were sombre truths to be played out. The French must mark the boundaries of the beach. Aoe, or at least those called '*farari*', the French, were outside the laws that ruled the Land. They lay beyond Enata's own politics. They were in the Land

but not of it; they were in the Land and their politics must rule it. Authority now rested not in Pakoko or Temoana but in the power that said what one or the other was to do. To spell this out in ritual on the beach was not without difficulty. Enata saw the killings as *e ika*, fishing. They would have expected a cycle of killings in return. Their lives were full of killing and counter-killing. They had their mechanisms to soften the effect, to keep violence within bounds, to keep the killings without killing the Land. For the '*farari*', violence had another function. The dead troopers, like the carcases of the cattle, needed resurrection. They needed to be raised again not for themselves—they were nothing, none of their superiors even reported their names—but for the state of order, the system of behaviour, the acceptable ways they somehow represented.

The dead troopers found resurrection in Pakoko's death. At 3.00 p.m. on Good Friday he was shot to death by ten soldiers in the ditch behind the blockhouse that overlooked the valley of which he was *haka'iki*. As the French saw it, it was a very proper execution. He stood erect and proud, his long white beard flowing over a chest covered with tattoos, his *haka'iki* fan in his hand. He refused, they said, a bandage round his eyes. He was happy to be shot, they said, rather than hanged. He admitted his guilt and said it was proper that he die; he saluted his judges with a '*Kaoha!*' when they condemned him to death. That judgment, too, was wrapped around with legal forms—not valid as it turned out—and, to those who played their parts, also very proper to the occasion. A panel of officers, together with a secretary and an interpreter, sat in dress uniform in a room of the fort. They heard the testimony of a series of French witnesses (none of whom had witnessed anything, but who had been told the story of the day). The accused themselves were allowed to speak. The three warriors said that it was Pakoko who ordered the deed done. Pakoko said that his warriors had done it without his consent. A unanimous verdict, taken twice and secretly, demanded Pakoko's execution. Eleven others were condemned in *absentia*. Two of his companions were exiled and a third was acquitted. When the French marched Pakoko to the blockhouse ditch, hundreds of his people stood on the mountain ridges and looked down at his killing. When it was finished they wailed, and the women danced naked and tore at their skins until cannon fire drove them away. It was a violent meeting of a kind which, in all the violence among themselves and in all their violence with Aoe, Enata had never seen. For years afterward when they were drunk, they would turn to Frenchmen and say 'You have killed Pakoko'. The two men exiled to Eiao built a *me'a'e* and a *tiki* there and called it *Aue oho*, 'Man angry and ashamed'. For some time Enata would say when it thundered that Pakoko was coming again. It was a strange transposition. They used to say when they were alone in their Land that thunder was

the sign of Aoe's coming, that it presaged the rumble of his cannon and muskets. Now it was a sign for some resurrection of a lost hope.

There was a strange incident two days before Pakoko's execution. A *nanikaha* (sorcerer) called Oko had been very active among Pakoko's people three years earlier, in 1842. It was claimed that he had killed two hundred Enata. Given the numbers who died from dysentery and other mysterious diseases, the claim must not have seemed outrageous to Enata. They still looked to the ways they constructed the Land for the causes of its disasters. Collet had removed Oko from Taiohae and put him among the Taipi. After the killing of the French troopers at the stream, Oko crept back to Taiohae when those who had been driven from it were allowed back, soon after Pakoko's capture. Death had easy pickings among the refugees, and Oko was once more seen as the poisoner. Almaric had the accusations confirmed by Temoana and other *haka'iki*. Perhaps to preface his unpopular killing of Pakoko with the popular one of killing Oko, he ordered a sergeant to take Oko to a place in the mountains where the people of Avao could see the sorcerer killed. There he was shot with a pistol.

This was an improper death, without ceremony or even trial. Almaric lost his command for it. He had also exceeded his authority in Pakoko's trial and was censured for it, indeed lost the Legion of Honour medal for which he was nominated in capturing him. Almaric had tried Pakoko before a military tribunal, whereas it should have been a court-martial. It was a punctilious point of law, as indeed it had been a nice punctilious death.

Admiral Dupetit-Thouars' dream that Nukuhiva would become a naval base on the crossroads of Pacific commerce was never realized. Only twice in a hundred years did the island have any strategic naval importance. In 1854, during the Crimean War, ships of the British and French navies made their rendezvous at Taiohae. From there they sailed on in line under Admiral Price to make their unfortunate and costly landing at Awatska on the Siberian coast. Enata must have marvelled at the sight of Her Majesty's ships *Forte*, *President*, *Obligado* and *Virago* and the French vessels *Eurydice*, *Amphritrite*, *Prévoyante* and *Artémise*. Admiral Price, who was to commit suicide just before the landing, was already depressed and did not join the celebrations as ships' crews raced their cutters and played their bands at one another. It was a grand spectacle in a grand harbour. The combined fleet was too interested in itself and in the small proprieties of rank and precedent to be much concerned with the beach. Three reluctant soldiers deserted but had the misfortune to be picked up by the straggling *Pique* and *Saracelle*. The fleet came and went, and the island scarcely knew it had achieved its moment of strategic greatness. Its only other historic moment was made by the German raider *Scharnhorst* in 1914. It took on coal and supplies at Taipivai.

In hiding there the Germans showed how forgotten and strategically unimportant the islands were.

If Te Henua meant little to a larger, grander world, that larger world intruded nonetheless on the Land. The French, caught with the absurdity of what they had done, briefly summoned up their courage to undo it. In 1849 they evacuated all their personnel from Taiohae, as they had done two years previously at Vaitahu. But their own revolutions caught up with them, and within a few months they had recalled their troops back to Taiohae to establish a penal colony for the political exiles Alphonse Gent,—Ode, and Joseph Langomazino. Once again commanders could report with satisfaction on the erection of block-houses and jails, and on the arrivals and departures of warships. For two years the French made a military show and watched over the insurrectionaries. They drew comfort from the fact that though the prisoners preached the universal brotherhood of man they often quarrelled among themselves, and noted loyally that in their carousals the insurrectionaries drank to 'the death of kings and tyrants'. In 1853 the rebels won an amnesty and France's Pacific penitentiary was moved to New Caledonia. But the French had lost their courage to go away. They stayed and writhed on their hook of empire.

The first problem of those who had to live out their masters' imperial dreams on the beach was boredom. '*Mon Dieu*', one *enseigne de vaisseau* complained to a visiting Englishman, 'such a monotone diabolically horrible. And do you remember all France was talking of Dupetit-Thouars and this Paradise of polynesia and I like a fool was dazzled too . . . and regard me in a flannel jacket, smoking pipes and reading for the hundredth time old *Revue des Deux Mondes*.' Another's friend on visiting him was alarmed at his decayed spirit and uncultivated beard. He had no questions about Europe or of France, or the navy or of its commanders. 'He only told us of this chief and that, this girl and that.' Most commanders came and went quickly. There were fourteen naval officers in command in the period of military rule 1842–60, and there were twenty civil administrators or residents in the forty years that followed. None stayed on after his term, and only a few *colons* were recruited from the troops who manned the station. The Church had some permanence in its missionaries, but the State had none.

Beyond boredom, the other problem of officers and men was how to discover a way in which their world of diplomatics and administration might meet Enata's world of politics and living. Almaric was removed on a nicety of a point of law. But even had he read his situation correctly and known that he was not 'at war' with the natives and therefore should have had recourse to court-martial, and even if he had realized that the power over life and death belonging to the crown had been delegated to the governor at Tahiti, not to a commander, even then the

forms of government bore no relation to the realities of Nukuhiva. The Frenchmen's difficulty lay in the fully furnished world they brought with them.

Navy men always crossed the beach with ceremony, always understood their presence had a larger meaning, always expected to be met by kings. Ships of all the world's great navies visited Te Henua at one time or another. Almost all these naval vessels called at Taiohae on their way to somewhere else, usually to Hawaii or Tahiti where they were to redress injustice done to their citizens and give lessons in diplomacy to savage kings and queens. Or they were on their way to catch some mutineers, or had called at Taiohae in the middle of explorations and observations. They rarely stayed more than two days at Nukuhiva, never more than two weeks. Once the French had occupied Taiohae, the visits of the British and the Americans were even briefer. They hardly saw Enata at all. Protocol debarred them from speaking to the 'king' of Taiohae other than in the presence of the French, and a sense of public image when other navies were watching made them keep the women away. They spent their energies there in very naval fashion, worrying at the number of salutes they should give and receive, noting the debilitating effect of long stays at distant stations. Unless they were engaged in circumnavigation or exploration, most came from the stations on the South American coast at Callao or Valparaiso. In those intriguing cities of Peru and Chile they had more than enough of revolutions and independencies to test their skills at juggling national interest and national force. They cocked but half an eye to the Pacific, and when they did it was usually to count each other's ships and guns and men, and write to their respective ministers on the balances and imbalances of power. Navies came to Taiohae and Vaitahu intent on making pantomimes of power. They would teach the natives the difference between Jack, Tricolore and Stars and Stripes, and would be pleased when they were told that their own was best. Langsdorff, the Russian, picked up the sense of satisfaction with which he was told in Valparaiso that the natives in their cannibal feasts found Europeans in general too salty, but they *did* prefer Englishmen to Frenchmen. Navy men were always anxious to show Enata how scandalized they were at their divisions and wars. They would sit solemnly with Enata in their 'royal palaces' and exact promises of peace and lasting friendship with captains, kings and presidents. When there were missionaries and, among the beach-combers whom they otherwise despised, their own nationals, they exhorted Enata to respect the teachings of the one and the lives and property of them both. If there had been a recent theft or a killing, they would want to make some symbolic gesture of punishment and disapproval. When the beach was divided between French and British missionaries, they would find ways of supporting their preferences. In-

vitation to the captain's table was some measure of the correctness of eternal truths and a mark of approval of one divine mandate over another.

Between 1774 and 1854 the Land was visited by twenty-four British naval vessels, seven United States' and thirty-five French. They were all in their way acts of dispossession and of presumptive rights. Only on a few of the visits—*Resolution* 1774, *Daedalus* 1793, *Essex* 1813, *Dauntless* 1821—and on the punitive bombardments by the French was there any actual violence between the Men and the men-o'-war. But every visit was a little parable in dominance nonetheless. Edward Belcher, commander of the British survey expedition in H.M.S. *Sulphur* and H.M.S. *Starling*, visited Taiohae in January 1840. His behaviour with Temoana was as typical as that of any British naval officer visiting Te Henua. But others played the same games. Sir Thomas Staines' relations with Keatonui on his visit in 1814 in the *Briton* and the *Tagus*, when he had to redress the consequences of Porter's occupation, had the same rich vein of didactic ceremony. Lord Russell in the *Actaeon* in 1836 and H. W. Bruce in the *Imogene* in 1837 treated Iotete with the same solemn condescension and preened themselves on their diplomacy. Only Captain Gambier in H.M.S. *Dauntless* was less patient with charade. In 1821 he bombarded Hiva Oa and said nothing about it, perhaps because his marines had been forced to retreat and evacuate the beach. Edward Belcher came to Taiohae and found Temoana bent on imperial expansion. While Belcher set up his observatory on Tuhiva, Temoana petitioned him, as every other *haka'iki* had petitioned every other captain, to help him in his war against the Taioa and the Taipi. Belcher explained to him that this was a 'purely scientific visit' and that he could not be partial to any particular party. He assembled all the chiefs and told them that he would mediate, but that Great Britain would not help one side or the other. He warned them that 'the day when savage brutality had been permitted had passed and that if they wanted to be treated as rational creatures they must obey the law of nations'. The 'people were well disposed and easily managed', and to prove it Belcher got Temoana to sign a document protecting British property.

These very rational proceedings were more satisfying to their creators than educative to Temoana. In his time he had been lectured to by Captain Jones in the U.S.S. *Peacock* and Captain Finch in the U.S.S. *Vincennes*, had agreed to be peace-loving to Captain Bernard in the *Pylade* as well as to Captain Belcher, had put his name to treaties with Great Britain and to cessions with France, had been bombarded by the *Hydrographe* and imprisoned by Lieutenant Bolle. Naval bands had played 'Yankee Doodle Dandy' (Horatio Hale had made a Marquesan translation of it), the *Marseillaise* and the 'Cannibal Islands' to make the moments memorable. He had been taught to know how captains

rated him by their three- or five-gun salutes. Yet he remained a very puzzling 'king'. His *haka'iki* status had lessened, not grown, with his kingship. Those in church, who hoped his example would lead to a Christian kingdom, and those in government, who hoped his influence would establish order, despaired at the weak reed on which they leaned.

Temoana became 'King Charles' in 1853 when he was baptized. The joy of the occasion was somewhat muted by the memory of the events of the previous year. On a beach as small as Taiohae, in an outpost as distant as Nukuhiva, small gestures were seen to convey high principle. An incident over *tapu* pigs and women in ships became a threat of war and a rumour of revolution and the commander, Lieutenant Bolle, turned the guns of the *Durance* and the *Hydrographe* for several hours on Temoana's palace by the sea. The royal family watched terrorized but unhurt from a nearby hill pathetically pointing to their flagpole and their *tricolore* as evidence of loyalty. Temoana and his Queen Vaeheku were packed off to Tahiti for trial and were packed quickly back again by the governor with a message to Bolle to take hold of himself. In his tribulation, Temoana found comfort in the church which stood by him, and then in God. Temoana was never one to leave a good alliance idle. Three years before, when a Taipi *haka'iki* had come to him in peace, he had simply raised his musket and shot him saying 'I kill you in the name of the French'; three years later, his old enemies the Taioa could be seen as suitably pagan, and he took a holy war to their valley, a musket in one hand and a medal of the Virgin around his neck. But these were the last years of his life. He died from pleurisy in 1863. His queen lived on for thirty-eight years after him. Visitors to her in her palace would take prurient peeks at her tattoos and giggle to see that her lithograph of Empress Eugénie served for all the succeeding first ladies of France with a simple change of inscription. Stanislaus Moanatini, their adopted son, was their designated heir, but by then the French had had enough of kings and discreetly let the royal title drop.

From the mission's point of view Temoana's death came at the end of what they saw as a 'golden age' in their work and at the beginning of prolonged dark horror. The administration saw it more ambivalently. Government personnel were rarely in the islands more than a couple of years. Their administrative policies changed with their personalities and prejudices. Some enjoyed the savagery of their island post and loved to sit on the *paepae* in their *leis* and watch the dancing. Some came, suspicious of priests and bishops, and made the beach at Taiohae a place for debate about legalities, property and precedent, and entwined all their lives around with little rules. Others came and stayed, lethargic in their solitude or debauched in their freedom. Both Church and State, however, were witnesses to the death of a culture. They killed the culture with their presence but they were helpless agents of destruction. They could not make the culture die. They could not make it live.

The wretched spasmic death of the culture first became obvious at Vaitahu. When Iotete and his people were expelled from Vaitahu following their battles with the French in 1842 the missionaries were left alone in the empty valley with the French soldiers. Only the chapel and the fort were left to protect one another. In that empty valley the missionaries became chaplains to the army. They visited the sick, taught soldiers to read, gave religious instruction to which no one came. Of a sudden, their very foreign beach became old and familiar. Father Duboise roused a storm around him when he refused Christian burial to an officer killed in a duel. It was a very ecclesiastical response to a very military action. Those bored officers reading their faded, dated *Reviues*, those ignorant soldiers playing cards in the dirt, those scrupulous priests hedging their days around with rules, made familiar props of the chapel and fort and played out familiar lives before them.

One of the first Enata to creep back to Vaitahu was Maheono. He was a lonely, pathetic man who needed to come and live on the edge of this now-French world. Enata hated him: they would chase him away when the French left. The French hated him for being their drunken savage creature. He sought in extraordinary ways to ingratiate and legitimate himself on both sides of his beach. In the middle of 1844 he asked to be baptized. On 27 October he was admitted to the catechumenate. He sat very attentive in his long white baptismal robe and made the renunciation of the devil with solemnity. He interrupted the sermon to say that he had all the qualities necessary to be Christian. 'I am good, I am, since I feel joy in my bowels.' After the ceremony, he wanted to be sacristan to the chapel. A week later he ate a *tapu* fish called *fele* with women and urged his people to break *tapu*. But Enata showed no zeal for his conversion.

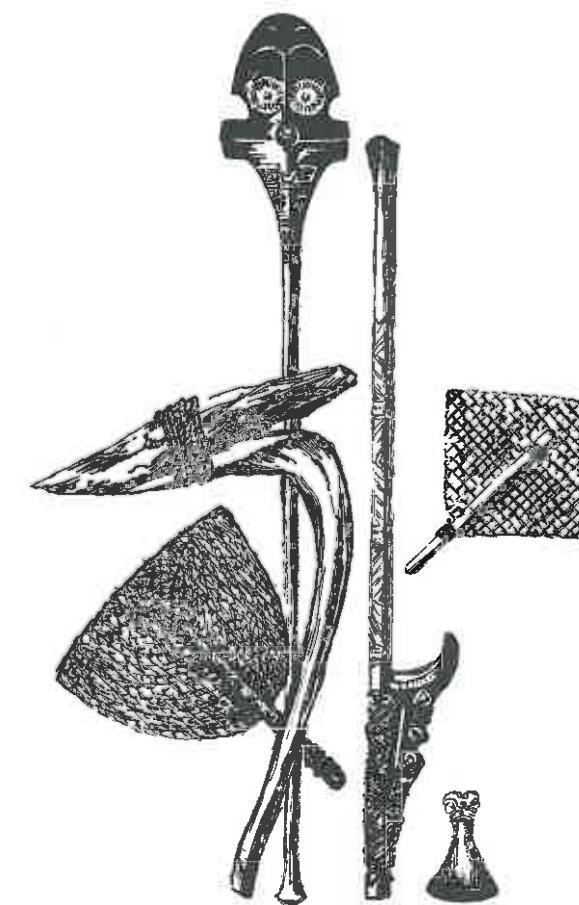
On Christmas Day he and his wife were baptized, Gregoire and Catherine, with fifteen others. All guests were invited to the mass in the customary way by messengers in cocks' plumes and white *tapa* cloth. Surrogate vases of flowers made out of sardine tins decorated the altar. The commander, Lieutenant Foncier, and his wife were godparents to the newly baptized. When they were baptized, Gregoire and Catherine were married and a *Te Deum* was sung at the Christmas Mass. Within a few months Maheono was trying to redress the loss of his influence over his people. He returned to the *koina* and at Motopu had two *heana* killed to celebrate the first faeces of the first-born son of a *haka'iki*. In August 1845 he ate the flesh of a three-year-old child and forced others to eat it with him. He was suspected of having organized the killing of a French soldier. His wife had gone back to learning sacred songs and dancing.

In January 1846 François de Paule Baudichon returned from Santiago, Chile, where he had been consecrated titular Bishop of Basiliopolis and Vicar-Apostolic of the Marquesas. He was a young

man, only thirty-four, and had been a missionary in the Marquesas since 1839. His return to Tahuata brought remarkable scenes. He came back in his red bishop's robes. He was, he noted, more powerful than an admiral who displayed fewer *tapu* colours and more respected than a 'king' who received only three cannon salutes to his seven. There were rumours and prophecies abroad among the *tau'a* before his return about the importance of what he would bring. Baudichon brought back with him a book which he had had printed in Valparaiso. It was *E Hamani Pure Me Te Vi I Una He Teao Kiritano*, a catechism printed in Enata's own language. None or very few of Enata could read, but the bishop with his book stirred something in them. They came from Hanatetena and Hapatoni and the other valleys of Tahuata as well as Hiva Oa to see him. They called out 'Kaoha Epikopo!' ('Welcome, Bishop') and promised to build chapels and believe. Maheono renewed his enthusiasm for Christianity and with the bishop began to tour the island. At Hanamiai the people collected at the *tohua* and Maheono called each by name in the way names were called when food was distributed at *koina*, and gave each a copy of the book. They wrapped the book in leaves. 'No one would believe us', said one old man, 'if we only said by mouth that we would learn the word of God, but when we show the books no one will doubt'. An old woman protested that the *tapu* should not be broken, but a young girl said 'For us who listen there are no *tapu*', and mounted a *tapu paepae* and sat on it. Maheono said they would all eat together on the platform and go to all the other bays and do the same. He would often kiss the bishop's hand and ask a blessing. When they ate together on the platforms from common bowls, the daughters of *haka'iki* distributed their food. Then they listened intently to the bishop's instructions.

These rituals of rejection and initiation grew more elaborate and more pointed as valley after valley on Tahuata asked for its catechumenate and then its baptism. Small chapels were built on old *tapu paepae*. Men would cut their hair and old men their beards at the doorway of the chapel and leave these *tapu* things scattered on the floor. Women would step over them as they entered. Women's sleeping mats and *pareu* were fixed to lintels of doorways and the new believers would pass under them although some were seen to squeeze through bamboo slats of the walls. Solemn processions would be made to *me'ae* deep in the valleys and men and women would scatter the skulls of their fathers, calling aloud the name of each as they did so. They would collect their *tiki* for burning and from the fire light their pipes, bake their breadfruit and eat, men and women together. They had 'eaten their gods', they would say. Worlds made real by rules obeyed and roles performed were made unreal by solemn, conscious gestures of disobedience and reversal.

It was a busy time for the missionary priests. The double cycles of



catechumenates and baptisms were frequent in the middle of 1846: Hanatetena (eighty-three catechumens), Haataua (twenty-four), Hanamiai (forty-six), Hanoipu (nineteen), Hapatoni (eighty), Ivaiva (twenty-seven), with others at Anapoo and Vaiouni. At Vaitahu at Easter there was a solemn catechumenate. Bishop Baudichon entered the chapel behind a platoon of troops. Cannon boomed upon his arrival and at the sacred moments of the mass such as the elevation of the host and the blessing. The priests sang the Divine Office after the catechumenate. At Pentecost, the neophytes were baptized and then confirmed. Enata, newly convinced of their sins, learned how to kneel and confess them to the priests. Who knows what they whispered or how they coped with examinations of conscience and penances and all the paraphernalia of sacraments and piety that came to them direct from the peasant provinces of France and the canon lawyers of Rome. Their *Hamani*, their book, wrapped in leaves, and which they could not read, asked them what was original sin? What were sins against charity? What was penance? Why did they confess? For whom did the priest depurise? . . . There were a hundred questions and a hundred answers. It was a condition of their understanding that their tongues manage new words and their minds mirror the new order the catechism made.

Enata were probably less convinced of their sins than the missionary fathers might have hoped. The French soldiers at Vaitahu were certainly not convinced of theirs. Deprived of their women by the Lord, they wreaked some vengeance on his servants by throwing bottles at the mission. But the missionary journals noted 'Caroline's desertion' or 'Cecile's apostasy' or 'Abel's murder of his concubine' before the rounds of the catechumenate were over. In March 1847 Maheono's mother died and he began looking for victims for sacrifice. The mission at Hanatetena was pillaged in the absence of the priests. The distribution of clothes and the making of dresses had not brought chastity, only vanity: boatloads of women, relieved of their *tapu* on travelling in canoes, began to come to Vaitahu to comfort the soldiers.

The spasm of conversion had destroyed more than it built. Enata at Tahuata were dead and dying. The destruction of their gods, the breaking with their past, the overthrow of *tapu*, if they did not change the Men's actions, disordered the Land. None of the ways in which they marked and knew their Land now had any system or meaning. Their *haka'iki* were no longer at the centre of space and time; the *tau'a* spoke for no gods; the *tuhuna* had nothing to conserve; the *tapu* had no sanction, made no social map. Bishop Baudichon and his book had triggered some hope that they would leave their Land and find another, that they would cross a beach and enter some other promised land. Instead they were beachcombers and castaways on their own island.

When the French suddenly evacuated Vaitahu in June 1847 there

were immediate attempts to kill Maheono. After a brief battle he fled to Nukuhiva. In the months that followed the people of Hooipu and Hanatetena attacked Hanateio, and Hapatoni attacked Hanatetena, and the people of Hiva Oa attacked Vaitahu. It seemed as if the French occupation had been merely an intrusion and that Enata had gone back to their old ways. But it was not that way at all. The violence born of old hatreds and divisions between valley and valley now included a new hatred of themselves. It would become orgiastic and wanton, without reason and hopeless. The missionaries themselves would wonder at Enata's emptiness of soul and talk of their hollow shell of Christianity in which creed had no meaning, prayer no hope, and faith no worth.

The events at Tahuata were repeated later at Nukuhiva. In that 'golden age' of which the missionaries spoke, between 1857 and 1862, there was the same mystifying rejection of old ways. Missionaries could go to a valley and be overwhelmed by the enthusiasm with which new pointed rituals of desecration were devised, only to be dismayed at the ease with which old ways returned. When they asked themselves why it was so, they usually discovered the reason in the lenience or decadence of the colonial administrators.

Divine grace needed secular props. The missionaries had evolved for themselves a list of the key institutions and customs of Enata that needed to be destroyed if Enata were to be civilized and Christianized. The list was long: tattooing, embalming the dead, singing and dancing, beating drums, anointing with *eka*, wearing pandanus fruit *leis* and cloth covered in scent, *mau* for the dead, making war, special *tapu* houses. Added to that list were behaviours conducive to evil, such as drinking, making coconut toddy, visiting of ships by women. But there were features of Enata life more important than all the rest. Tattooing, dancing and drinking were among these. The missionaries had a functionalist understanding of Enata culture and saw the interconnection of morality, religion, aesthetics, status and politics and how these might be focused in an institution such as tattooing. They were also certain that such institutions would not die of themselves. They needed public execution by public law. It was in that that they found their commanders and residents fickle. No sooner would they discover one administrator who would agree to forbid tattooing and dancing than another would arrive who was more liberal or less religious, and their careful legislation would be dismantled. They firmly believed that the 'golden age' ended because Lieutenant Henri-Olivier Marie de Kermel authorized the feasts and licensed the drinking which his predecessors had forbidden.

All Nukuhiva had been Catholic. Then suddenly in January 1862 orgies broke out. *Haka'iki* and people lay around dead drunk for weeks. Killings were renewed. Seven Pua at Kakaea were killed and eaten. An old man was killed for his white beard. Another was flayed. Temoana

roused himself for one last battle with the Taipi. Enata mocked Kermel when he tried to stop the violence, sent him parts of the body of a killed and eaten warrior. It was a parting present. Kermel was replaced by Captain Rousseau and the governor of Tahiti instituted a new system of administration by making Bishop Ildephonse Dordillon Director of Native Affairs, giving him authority to 'propose all measures which he believes useful to soften the customs of the natives'. It was a *salon* solution, superficially sound but unworkable in the context of French politics and island culture. Its first result was a 'Ruling on the Government of Natives', a broad charter on government, law, morality and property. The laws were answers, twenty years late, to the questions Admiral Dupetit-Thouars had asked. They were thoughtful, written with charity, prepared by Dordillon himself, the apostolic giant of the Marquesan mission. But they were compromised by the inability of the mission to be both evangelical and political and by the lack of interest by the administrators in playing policemen to bishop-kings. No French bishop could build a Paraguay in the Pacific in the mid-nineteenth century. There were other events off-stage that doomed the experiment. The American Civil War put dreams of commercial bonanzas in cotton into colonial administrators' heads the world around. So the French, in the hope that if civilizing might not be successful at least the cost of it might be lessened, brought cotton to the Marquesas, and with the cotton Chinese to work it, and with the Chinese opium and leprosy and racial divisions. Then, the French government made one magnanimous, paternalistic gesture towards protection of their native subjects. The government demanded in 1863 that Peruvian slave-traders who had taken away Enata should return them forthwith. None arrived back. They had all died on the plantations of South America or of smallpox on the way home. Twelve poor islanders from Tubuai, Mangaia and Easter Island were left on the beach at Taiohae. Within a day one Enata was dead at Taiohae; on the fourth day someone died at Hakaui; on the fifth day there were deaths at Ua Pou. From 20 August 1863 to 26 March 1864 1532 Enata died. The misery washed away the beaches between Church and State, heathen and Christian for a while. Bishop Dordillon and his missionary brothers put aside their despair at changing the spirit of Enata, to work with heroic charity at saving what they could of their bodies. Ninety years into their bound-together history with Aoe, there was still not a single voice of Enata left on a piece of paper or in a journal to tell us if they asked how long it took to die. Or whether they would have died if *haka'iki* had been true kings. Or if empires were worth the pain.



Reflection: On Dominance

'The power of domination consists of two indissoluble elements whose combination constitutes its strength: violence and consent.' The thought is Maurice Godelier's, a Marxist anthropologist writing on the relationship between base and superstructure. The young Karl Marx had a sense of the wholeness of social being and looked for words to describe how the economic base of society could be informed and be given shape by the superstructure it determined. He talked of 'sensuous human activity'. In the material world of human beings, matter and idea are not absolutely distinct. The material world is informed by consciousness so that ideas which might seem to have an essentially subjective existence are also objective. There is no economic base separate from superstructure, no society separate from the social being of the individual, no human essence separate from social relations. Marx's was a call for a dynamic image of society, a dialectic one in which the cause and the caused were one. Extraction of causes as if they were in time sequence with the things they caused or as if they had an actual quality independent of the qualities that were their effects was a falsification. And so it is consistent with Marx, if not with traditional Marxism, that a notion of dominance be dialectical as well. Power over others is at once a violence and an exchange between dominators and dominated.

Within Enata culture there were many instances of domination—of *tapu* groups over *kikino*, of *haka iki* over people, of male over female, of *tau'a* with their access to the gods and of sorcerers with their secrets and *tuhuna* with their expertise over those who did not possess these social capitals. The dominance was maintained by violence. Even the everyday activities of the *tuhuna* as they made their specialities, such as canoes or fishing nets or houses, were surrounded by *tapu* with their constant sanctions. Equally obvious there was exchange in all the relationships, of services, of material goods, of deference. In the exchange there was acceptance and consent of the dominated to be dominated in return for the benefits they received as well as the evils they avoided. The consent was more generalized than that, however. It lay in their commitment to and support of their whole metaphor of life. None of their world was real, not the power, not the expression of power in role and institution, without each of them constructively acting to make it real. That was the totality and the hegemony of their culture.

In this violence and consent of domination, was there anything that determined either the power or the exchange? Was it the mode and relations of production? Power in Te Henua was not directed to the acquisition of scarce resources, except perhaps as insurance against crisis. Food production in normal circumstances was bountiful and the gathering and cropping of it easy. The exception was the periodical drought. Then the capacity of landowners to have produced storage pits of *ma* from superabundant crops was a capital that insured life itself. Yet the ordinary competition for resources was not about subsistence. The value of the resources competed for was metaphoric to Enata culture. The competition was not for calories but for the way in which calories were socially put together, say in a *tapu* pig or in the ceremony of a *mau*. A *pavahina*, the ornament of an old man's white beard, which might have been the currency of exchange between sorcerer and client was a 'commodity fetish' only because of the cultural circumstance that made it so: it is meaningless to abstract the use of power and the consenting to it from their cultural expression. Changes from within the cultural system, even the reversal of dominating and dominated roles changed the personnel of the relationship but not the relationship itself, changed the application of the metaphor but not the metaphor.

Change from outside shows a different perspective. Goods coming across the beach came divorced from their mode of production and as such changed the relations of production in the Land. And goods from the Land for which Aoe now competed changed their value and thus their mode of production and their relations of production. The almost immediate effect of the importation of Aoe goods such as clothing, axes, muskets and whaleboats was the reduction and disappearance of the artisan skills of those who made their Enata equivalents. More importantly the exchange and *tapu* system that went with their production also disappeared, so that the elaborate and delicate network of relations of production was destroyed. The musket, for example, seemed to create an extraordinary economy in the symbols of war and manhood. The possession of a musket made superfluous all the other warrior ornamentation whose production was as ceremonial a part of war as battle and treaty. In addition, that focus on fetishes that could not be produced in the Land produced a withering of the crafts of surplus production as distinct from subsistence production. If one were pressed to guess at what disappeared first from Enata culture in the wake of Aoe intrusion, one might suggest, outrageous though it might seem, stilts. If the contrast between their abundance in the museums of the world and the silence of observers about them is any sign, then stilts might have been one of the first things to go. Elaborately carved, lavishly ornamented, expertly used by champions and teams in display and competition, the stilts, *vaeake*, were as exuberant an expression of Enata's gambling showiness as were their wars or their dances or their *tau'a*. The coming

of goods which they had no means to produce and the disturbing behaviour by which they had to acquire them destroyed their interest in their knowledge and elaborate preparation of their native arts. All the subtle qualities that made them who they were—their etiquette, their rules of reciprocity, their exhaustive knowledge of their environment, their sense of beauty, their expectancies of enjoyment—were bound up in the relations of production of these social goods. The bottles and pipes, the tools and mirrors, all the commodities and junk that came to them were no substitute.

Until the short-lived cotton boom of the 1860s competition for land between Aoe and Enata was not a cause of cultural change nor an important factor in domination. Enata simply did not occupy their own Land to exploit all its food-producing capacity. As the population decreased, cession of land to missions and the French administration created no great pressures. Aoe competed, however, from the beginning for products of the Land, such as pig, which were heavily invested with cultural value. *Mau* and *koina* and all the exchanges in the present and establishment with the past that went with them were virtually dependent on the pig. Aoe used it with extravagance and, if one counted the cost to Enata in social worth and labour, acquired it at exploitative cheap rates. Pigs that came so slowly and were used so ceremoniously by Enata went quickly and abruptly to Aoe. Enata said, rather shrewdly as we have seen, to David Darling, that they thought they were dying because they had stopped their feasting. Without pigs there were no feasts: pigs went to Aoe for the goods that eroded the native crafts that made the Land.

Commercial exploitation began the first conflicts about land. Enata lived easily with the notion that title to land was invested in the *haka'iki* but usufructuary rights were distributed more widely. Commercial exploitation demanded concordance between ownership and usufructuary rights and required more precise definition of proprietorship. The French imposed their new land system in 1863 and both the missions and the plantation companies of William Stewart and John Hart were able to take advantage of it in establishing cotton, orange and copra plantations. Following the pacification of Hiva Oa in 1880 the number of companies seeking land increased. The Men, for the most part, stayed out of the plantations. Stewart and Hart had both imported Chinese and Gilbert Islanders to work the cotton and the copra. A few colonists had begun to stay in the Land and worked as agents for the companies. The Men sold some cotton and copra they produced themselves to traders, or, when they were compelled, to the French administration. But for the most part they withdrew under the judgement that they were too lazy, too unmotivated for commercial enterprise. They became classic subjects of colonialism.

In the wider domination Aoe held over the Land and the Men there was violence and consent. There was never a doubt that Enata should be subordinated to the needs of Aoe whoever they were—traders, missionaries, occupying administrators. On whatever occasion that subordination was resisted, it was violently imposed or the resistance to it violently sanctioned. In all the relationships between Aoe and Enata the dominant good pursued was Aoe's. Enata had to adjust to an intrusion of interests totally outside their concern, whether it was trade profit or imperial politics or a foreign religious revival or the social and economic needs of the marginal men who came to their islands. From one perspective that domination was piecemeal. In no sense was it a cultural hegemony in which a whole cultural set was imposed and accepted. The dominance was directed to quite precise ends to gain control over specific parts of Enata behaviour. Even where it was directed towards the changing of the essentials of Enata culture as in 1863 under Bishop Dordillon's directions, its character was negative. It offered no real cultural alternative. From another perspective the whole of Enata culture was changed under Aoe dominance. Adaptation to Aoe demands on trading, on the political behaviour of *haka'iki*, on the search for *heana*, on the impropriety of *peku*, on the uncivilized nature of tattooing, had multiple radical consequences for Enata's systems of exchange, perception of exchange, perception of their social environment, male-female relations and personal self-definition. But the changes were constructive responses to a changed environment, not imports from across the beach.

The changes were at all times processual. New types of behaviour would be directed to resolve a particular problem—about how to get a musket, about how to placate the French, about how to get clothes from a missionary. Sometimes a *haka'iki* might call on the French to follow the logic of their model of him as 'king'. Sometimes, as with the incidents around Baudichon's *Hamani*, Enata had a sense of structural revolution: the book would be the key to a new world. Sometimes they took a step back, made museums of themselves and their old ways. But for the most part every change was the consequence of an individual choice about status or profit or self-esteem. In that sense, there was no 'fatal impact', no disappearance of culture; their fundamental reality now included Aoe, just as it had included their breadfruit tree and the dividing ridges between the valleys. Until the 1830s they responded by putting boundaries around themselves, by legitimating their old ways and by deriding Aoe. They presented some sort of communal face to the intrusion. But, as we have seen, both death and the goods that came across the beach were corrosive of community. In later years their response was dispersed. They could not muster a common effort with a common focus in their reconstruction.

Enata hated the French, or so British and American visitors said of

them in the years after the occupation. The French did not require much co-operation of them. Soldiers and officers needed women and got them easily enough. The pension the French offered Temoana they also offered at a lesser rate to other *haka'iki*. The *haka'iki* they bought or those more accommodating individuals they made *haka'iki* were never of great influence. Nor were the *mutoi*, the native police, greatly successful. In military matters, from the beginning of Aoe military intrusion with David Porter in 1813 to the later punitive raids of the French in the 1870s, Enata collaborated enthusiastically in any attack on old enemies. Their local rivalries and traditional divisions overrode any sense of unity against Aoe. There were many instances of violent action against missionaries. Many *tau'a* and *haka'iki* saw them as the cause of their decline and lashed out at them in some rage which drunkenness released. On the other hand, when the traumas of the conversion scenes had eased, there were many neophytes who attached themselves to schools and chapels and took upon themselves the discipline of dress and behaviour that the missions required. Visitors would often claim to catch a glimpse of untamed freedom in women now Christian and demure, just as they would like to join a conspiracy with some stalwart convert to see a tattoo or a native dance. But there is a violence in tourism also and a consenting use of it as well. Whether the motivation of collaborative piety had been fear or vanity or desperation or love, there is nothing in the sources to say that Enata's consent was a weakness. The culture they gave birth to by their consenting act was only bastard to those who would dispossess them of their right to change and would make their 'true' culture a museum piece out of time.

There was violence and consent in Enata's domination of Enata and in Aoe's domination of Enata. That there was conspiracy in either is difficult to see: that the determinant of either was primarily a competition for resources is unlikely. More likely, the story turns on what has been called the principle of 'absolute indeterminacy' in culture. The context of every cultural choice is changed by the making of a choice and every historical context of a decision is inclusive of all the unforeseen consequences of others' actions. As Sally Falk Moore has written in *Symbol and Politics*, there are two kinds of process: one in which an individual struggles to control a situation by avoiding indeterminacy and by imposing order; the other in which the individual exploits the indeterminacies by using all the inconsistencies, ambiguity, contradictions and conflicts to redefine the rules or the relationships. It is not an act of intellectual nihilism to deny a primary determinant in human action. It is a consequence of that human-specific material world which we make and by which we are made. To abstract the human essence from the social relations that make it is to destroy it. The unwound dialectic, put into a time and causal sequence, belongs to the linearity of the discourse of knowledge, not to ethnographic and historical reality.

Violent Death

When the *Diamant* left what its captain called a 'sad present' from Peru, its wretched poxy cargo, on the beach at Taiohae, Enata were already a remnant. For ninety years they had died more profusely than they had been born. In 1798, by Crook's and Robarts' figures, they probably numbered some ninety thousand in all the islands. In 1863 they probably numbered nine or ten thousand. The smallpox took fifteen hundred of them in a few months, but before that, in 1845, dysentery and, in 1850, a fever from California had wasted hundreds in a single blow. Their dying was an enormous violence, done unwittingly enough, by those who brought their sores and ulcers, their coughs and pains across the beach. By 1863 no one talked profusely of the handsome men and beautiful women on the beach. They remarked instead on ophthalmia, skin eruptions, bloated limbs and wasted bodies coughing mercilessly in the corners of their huts. While bishops and commandants tried to discover ways of preventing tattoos—the marks of Enata's living—their bodies were being stamped with other symbols, the symbols of their dying.

Enata said—to David Darling, at least, in 1835—that before the coming of the white man they had only died of old age, war and sorcery, that all the diseases that killed them came with the ships. They were being metaphysical, of course, about the 'really real' cause of things, for they had their diseases, and many more things killed them naturally than old age. In fact, the more constant contact with Aoe had been heralded by a series of disastrous droughts that seemed to trigger their decline in population. Ua Pou was devastated in 1801 or 1802 and Robarts himself counted four hundred dead of famine in Taiohae alone. Crook had found the people of Tahuata starving in 1796. And the circumstances seem to have been repeated some time between 1806 and 1812. The people still spoke of those disastrous times thirty years later, and Mathias Graçia, the Catholic missionary, estimated, probably extravagantly, that two thirds of the population had died on Nukuhiva.

They had other ways of dying and, without Aoe's help, owned 'stones, gravel, dropsy, coughs, boils, itches with pusticles', and had their cures for them as well. They killed themselves, also. Suicides were 'far from being uncommon', reported both Crook and Robarts. Disturbed by a quarrel or angry or jealous, some hanged themselves or jumped from

coconut trees or ate the poisonous *eva* fruit. Robarts' own wife tried to hang herself in Tahiti when he took her away. They also died of their own extravagances, such as excessive *kava* drinking. They had their own words for the bronchial and rheumatic conditions which later visitors identified as killers, but probably tuberculosis and influenza were the principal killers to come across the beach. Venereal disease joined them and some time in the late 1830s the *filariasis* mosquito was brought by ships and Enata were scourged by elephantiasis which quickly became endemic. The Chinese labourers in the cotton plantation were reputed to have brought leprosy in the 1860s and that too became quite prevalent within twenty years. These more hideous disfigurements blotted out the ugliness of their own native *kovi*, a disease which made the skin scurfy and contracted limbs.

To describe the diseases that wasted Enata away in the years 1796–1863 and to identify which of them came across the beach is not to depict the reality that Enata saw. For them every ailment and accident had its cause in the actions of themselves or of others. They were the signs and consequences of an illicit act or of hostile intent. The real cause of their diseases was broken *tapu* and sorcery. In this other world, Aoe had almost no place. In the last years of their cultural existence, Enata became preoccupied not with rebellion or resistance, but with themselves. They cannot be said to have had a nativistic revival or to have sought some return to a golden age. They did not indulge, as many other Pacific island groups did, in any millenarian religious movement. They did not extract one element of the culture that came to them across the beach and enlarge it and embellish it. Instead they embarked on a course of suicidal violence. They extracted from their own past its quality of division and hatred. In conditions in which the savagery of their violence was unsoftened by any limitations of *tapu* or religious and secular morality, they killed one another. Uprooted by the violence done to them by disease, by invasion, by cultural destruction, they raged at one another. Where once the instrument of manipulation and hatred was sorcery, now it was the musket and the knife. Where once they killed and ate the dead in some sense of communion, they now killed and ate in a gesture of unobligated freedom and defiance.

In a hundred years of contact, the list of ships whose visits to the islands resulted in the killing of islanders or sailors is long. A bare list is a cold monument to the bloodiness of the beach, but on the beach or in a ship life was taken easily and the living did not seem to grumble at it, let alone make monuments to the dead.

<i>Resolution</i> (1774)	<i>Maryland</i> (1805)	<i>Flying Fish</i> (1817)
<i>Daedalus</i> (1793)	<i>Albatross</i> (1810)	<i>Mary</i> (1817)
<i>Jefferson</i> (1792)	<i>Lydia</i> (1812)	<i>Coquette</i> (1820)
<i>London</i> (1799)	<i>Endeavour</i> (1815)	<i>Dauntless</i> (1823)

<i>Countess Morley</i> (1824)	<i>Mary</i> (1837)	<i>Buffalo</i> (1850)
<i>Balena</i> (1829)	<i>India</i> (1838)	<i>Caroline</i> (1854)
<i>Elizabeth</i> (1833)	<i>Alexander</i> (1839)	<i>Oregon</i> (1855)
<i>Offley</i> (1833)	<i>Catherine</i> (1839)	<i>Nautical</i> (1855)
<i>Independence</i> (1833)	<i>Swift</i> (1839)	<i>Wild Wave</i> (1858)
<i>Calkin</i> (1834)	<i>Milo</i> (1841)	<i>Europa</i> (1859)
<i>Amelia</i> (1834)	<i>Albany</i> (1850)	

We also could add a long list of vessels that were wrecked in the islands. The wrecks usually resulted in wild scenes as the islanders struggled to get cargo and the sailors struggled for their lives and property.

<i>Greenwich</i> (1813)	<i>President</i> (1844)
<i>Matilda</i> (1813)	<i>Panama</i> (1844)
<i>Doll</i> (1835)	<i>Kerry</i> (1845)
<i>Adeline</i> (1836)	<i>Twilight</i> (1859)
<i>Telegraph</i> (1836)	<i>Guelph</i> (1860)
<i>Mary</i> (1837)	<i>Hornet</i> (1866)

We have already reflected on the incidents surrounding the visit of H.M.S. *Resolution* and H.M.S. *Daedalus* and noted how Capt. Gardiner of the *London* in 1799 fired his musket at a thief and killed a *haka'iki*'s daughter instead. In 1805 a boat of the *Maryland* was attacked by islanders in a bay on the north coast of Hiva Oa. The sailors found their muskets useless and only escaped when the ship's cannon were fired over the islanders' heads. In 1810 Nathan Winthrop on the *Albatross* tried to take hostages among the Taipi to secure the return of an Hawaiian deserter. A Taipi was killed in the skirmishes. On leaving, the *Albatross* ransacked the valley and took their canoes.

The century of contact between Enata and Aoe will end then with a period of extravagant violence among Enata themselves. We owe a question and an answer why it should have been so, what was the meaning of the violence among them even before their dying, what were the causes of violence between them and Aoe. Passion and politics, land and faith, property and propriety have always been larger realities than individual lives. So perhaps there is no mystery in the violence inflicted on themselves. There were enough sources of violence in Aoe's culture to make it intelligible why cross-cultural communication could be cut short so often and so easily by a killing or a wounding. To make caricatures of nationality: the Spaniards' notion of grace and salvation made heathen life cheap or at least numbed the conscience a little in the taking of it; British preoccupation with property and right order made 'thief' an easy target; American chauvinism could not bear an insult and it demanded a freedom of trade that gave Americans power over life and death; French fantasies of empire were more real than any philosophy of

noble savage. Add to that greed, fear, the careless violence of daily ship-board life, the voyagers' lack of obligation, and the chances of peaceful intercourse seem remote.

Aoe came to Te Henua knowing the incidents of violence that had already taken place between native and intruder in other parts of the Pacific. They came prepared for danger and fearful of it. In fact, it cannot be said, whatever the later developments, that Enata began the violence. Their behaviour certainly created conditions of disorder. They were alarming in appearance. Their tattoos and their shaven or horned heads made them look bizarre. Their giddy activity seemed beyond control. They climbed masts, dived from the yards, reached through windows and down hatches. They took whatever they could move. In that democracy of disorder, nothing seemed to bring silence except the roar of the cannon or muskets; nothing could say 'stop' or 'no' except pain and death. The resilience with which Enata returned and their apparent carelessness when they saw the corpses and blood of others was almost as bewildering as the disorder. At least it salved the conscience a little, as if the murder held no guilt, only a judgement on Enata's evaluation of life. Even then the earliest aggression of Enata against Aoe was in 1792 when the people of Vaitahu, disturbed at Josiah Roberts' intrusion, attacked the yards where he was building the *Resolution*. An attack by the people of a bay on the northern coast of Hiva Oa against a boat of the *Maryland* in 1805 was the second. The sailors found their muskets useless and only escaped when the ship's cannons were fired over the islanders' heads. Yet violence by Aoe was common: careless firing of muskets into a crowd; stealing hostages; firing cannon into valleys.

There seemed to be a turning point, after which, if Aoe did not lessen the violence he inflicted on Enata, Enata took what opportunity they had to return it. The coming of the sandalwooders, especially those from New South Wales, and the stay of David Porter seemed to change the circumstances of contact. The significance of Porter's visit lay not only in the flagrant violence which he used to establish his authority but also in the fact that his marines were beaten by the Taipi and his men under Lieutenant Gamble were finally forced by the Teii to flee the islands. Porter came obsessed with the symbols of authority. He took hostages, threatened floggings, joined Teii to fight Hapaa, and laid waste Taipivai valley as a lesson in national propriety. His three hundred and fifty men ate pig as if it were a daily diet and not a *tapu* food to be set aside for feast and exchange. They treated the women like the whores of Boston and New York. They cut down the breadfruit trees of Hakapehi to build Madisonville and show the American flag. His authority, built on violence, crumbled away when he took off his guns and men, and Lieutenant Gamble was forced to leave four men dead and the burnt out hulk of the *Greenwich* on the beach of Taiohae.

News of Porter's defeat and Gamble's flight spread quickly through

the islands, and the sandalwooders came soon after. They had been to the islands in the two years before Porter, but they came from Sydney and directly from Salem and Boston in the years after. They had to leave the established ports of contact at Taiohae and Vaitahu and visit more isolated valleys and less frequented islands. They were forced to heave to in exposed or poor anchorages while their boats, out of sight, persuaded the Men to collect good wood. They had to engage in the dangerous business of exchange always on the edge of misunderstanding and disadvantaged by their small numbers and awkward position. They were also disadvantaged by the behaviour of unscrupulous predecessors who might have cheated on a bargain or had been wantonly cruel.

In the few years after 1813 Enata attempted to cut off and wreck the *Lydia*, the *Queen Charlotte*, the *Endeavour* and the *Bordelais*. At Ua Pou they succeeded in wrecking the *Matilda*. The *Matilda*'s wreck and Captain Fowler's capture seemed to be the only violent incident with a happy consequence. It resulted, as we have seen, in the establishment of a *kopaki* at Ua Pou. In Thomas Lawson's phrase, *kopaki* was a Covenant with Strangers and it seemed to keep relations between Enata and Aoe peaceful for forty years. Elsewhere there was no covenant. In 1815 a boat's crew was massacred at Hiva Oa and in 1817 two men of the *Flying Fish* were killed in Traitors' Bay. Two men of the *Mary* were killed at Ua Huka in the same year. Another boat's crew was killed on Tahuata. In 1820 the *Coquette* lost two boats at Hanamenu and of twelve crew who landed only two survived. At Hakaui on Nukuhiva in 1826 a French vessel, or perhaps a Polish vessel, the *Krotky*, lost two men.

These incidents left a legacy of fear and suspicion that maintained the violence for thirty years, in which both Enata and Aoe were extravagantly careless of each other. Enata wanted boats and muskets: Aoe wanted women and wood. Some captains like Russell in the *Balena* would kidnap hostages or women and simply throw them into the sea when they were finished with them. During the visit of the *Independence* to Nukuhiva in November 1833 John Attwood, the blacksmith, and one of his mates walked among the Taipi with a musket. The Taipi tried to steal the musket and Attwood snapped three times at them but the gun failed to catch. He disembowelled a Taipi with his knife and ran back to his ship and threw his musket overboard in disgust. A Taipi boy dived and rescued it. At Ua Huka the bosun chopped the fingers off the first man who put his hand on the boatside. At Taiohae the cook poured boiling water over the side to keep Enata away and a sailor played the old, old trick on savages by leaving hot spikes on the deck for them to steal with their toes. It was as if these 'imps of darkness', as someone called Enata, 'these Monkeys', as someone else named them, lived only for the moment of a ship's visit, as if the ships stood still and the world moved by in some vast kaleidoscope, as if colour and culture made islands of them all.

The years after 1826 saw the sandalwood depleted and there was less cause for ships to visit unfrequented bays. Violent killings continued but were more likely to be the result of quarrels or carelessness or broken agreements by individual sailors than to be caused by conscious aggression by Enata. Two of nine deserters from the *Runaway* were killed on Ua Huka in 1841 when the islanders thought the captain had reneged on exchanging a boat for fifteen hogs. Captain Dean of the *Elizabeth* was killed for some similar offence in 1833. Captain John Brown of the *Catherine* only escaped with his life in 1839 when he was ransomed for forty muskets and six kegs of powder. The *Amelia* (1834), the *Milo* (1841) and the *Nautical* (1855) each lost two sailors killed in brawls. Sometimes the violence was simply escalated by indiscriminate acts of retribution. The *Europa* bombarded Omo'a in 1859, firing links of chain because an effort had been made to steal a boat. The kidnappings by the Peruvian slavers sparked acts of revenge against the *Congress* in 1863 and Rotolo, a black South American who had been on the beach at Ua Pou for many years, was killed for the same reason.

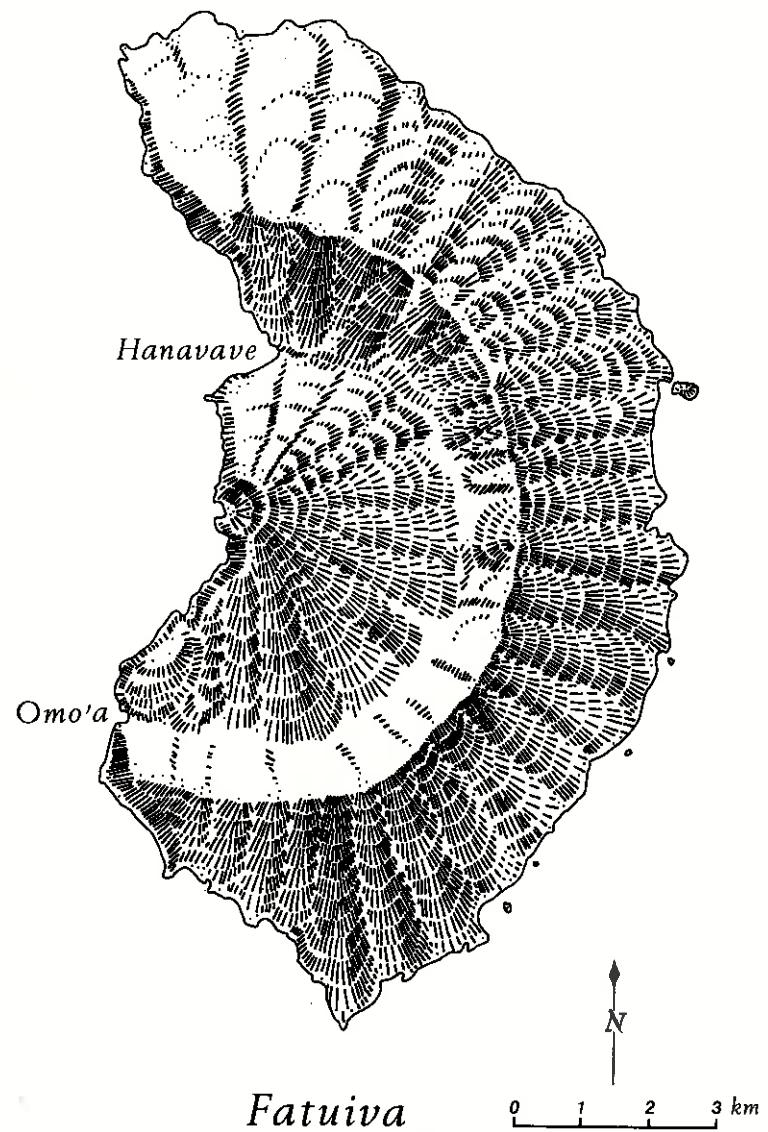
One reason why organized aggression by Enata died away in the late 1820s was because they had a sense by then of the ways boats and muskets might be obtained other than by violence. Or rather the frenetic desire for those two Aoe artefacts had been quenched a little by their abundance. In 1813 there could not have been more than a dozen muskets in all the islands. By 1840 there were several thousand on Nukuhiva alone and every warrior on Tahuata had two or three. Boats were more difficult to get, but beachcombers had begun to make them for Enata and, with the return of many Enata who had gone away on ships, there was a greater sense of exchange and trade. The sandalwood collectors themselves, when they learned the benefits of mediation by beachcomber or *haka'iki*, gave lessons in trade. Collections of the wood required discovery of the tree, then its uprooting, the selection of better roots, trunks and branches, then bundling and portage. It required the organization of labour without the traditional means of organizing, without feasts and exchange. It made brokers of the *haka'iki*. Teinae and Keatonui, who were careless of theft and indulgent of the Men's indifference to be organized to collect wood and water, gave way to Iotete and Temoana who threatened thieves with death, were sensitive to the good name of their bays and measured their greatness by the number of muskets they held in their houses.

Sandalwooders gave way to whalers in the 1820s. Whalemen, especially in islands without political authority, were not greatly sensitive to the needs of peaceful intercourse. The realities of their life were more pointedly on shipboard, in the barrels in the hold and the condition of their crews through the two and three years of the cruise. Except in emergencies, they were less dependent on good relations with

the Men than the sandalwooders. In eighty years they never used the Land as some emporium or chandlery to the trade as they did Honolulu and Lahaina. They came frequently for provisions, but they would rarely stay longer than a few days. Only a few of them relied on returning to the Land. In their transience they could use it and not count the cost to themselves or others in their misuse.

As the number of American whalemen increased in the Pacific so did the number of whalers who visited Te Henua. Between 1845 and 1860 when there would have been some seven hundred whalers at any one time in the Pacific, the number of visits to Nukuhiva, Tahuata and Fatuiva reached a peak. More than a hundred whaling logs still extant record their visits to the Land with a monotonous sameness and almost universal carelessness for detail. They are mainly concerned with refurbishing their ships, renewing the rigging, careening them, and organizing their men's liberty. Very many ships had trouble with runaways and found the Men indifferent to chasing them unless they paid well in muskets or took hostages. But the turn-around of beach-combers was frequent and while the captains cursed the ease with which men ran away, they noted that it was also easy to pick up extra hands, whether beachcomber or islander. Sometimes the whalers had dead to bury or sick to off-load or sailors to leave. At times they would simply pull into one of the bays and take on some women and cruise in the nearby sea for whales that were frequently in these waters, return the women and move off. There were captains who came with wives and there were captains who came with religious convictions: they would entertain the missionaries and see to it that on shipboard at least their men were celibate and abstemious. The men's liberty was their own. But their morality was selective. Captain Brayton of the *Independence* was a most religious man who never let women on board ship and never whaled on the sabbath: cutting a finger off, shooting to protect property was a different matter.

The intrusion of the European into the Pacific, not just in Te Henua, makes a story of extraordinary violence in the murder and mayhem of mutinies, in the continued cross-cultural killings. There were examples of European killing European with untrammelled violence, say in the mutiny of the *Globe* or in the murderous *Bounty* community on Pitcairn, and there were uncounted killings in anger or for greed. But there was a sense in which the violence was never so untrammelled that it was outside law altogether or would not be given meaning by some ritual of retribution. A man's culture would reach out after him, beyond its physical boundaries, to make sense of an act by punishing it or excusing it or by pursuing the doer of it within himself with guilt or bravado or rationalization. With Aoe killing Enata, or indeed with Enata killing Aoe, the matter was different: they were culturally senseless acts.



Enata certainly did not kill Aoe with the same rituals and perceptions with which they killed themselves. There is no knowing what was in Enata's minds when they attacked the boats other than they wanted the sailors' muskets and the boats. The common sailors' presumption was that they were also being killed to be eaten. Perhaps Enata did, but the only incident in any sense verifiable occurred in 1836 when a beachcomber was killed for stealing potatoes. His body was dragged from its grave by Taipi and half eaten. That Enata killed Aoe to eat or to make a sacrifice is doubtful. There was never a suggestion in the descriptions of these attacks that Enata saw their victims as *heana*, or their attacks as *e ika*. The killing of the French soldiers in 1845 by Pakoko's men is something of an exception. Enata certainly dressed the occasion with the symbols and chants of sacrifice and victory. In 1841 the bodies of the two *Runaway* deserters killed on Ua Huka were taken to the *me'ae*. And later, on Hiva Oa in the period we are discussing, two beachcombers were killed and eaten with something of the sense that the act was symbolic of native triumph over intruder. The thirty or forty other beachcombers killed from 1798 to 1880 almost all died because they flaunted some *tapu*, stole Enata property or quarrelled in their drunkenness. Enata did not seem to endow this intercultural violence with their cultural metaphors. Aoe were fair game when they stood outside the systems of obligation and right and, in so far as they controlled their relations with Enata violently with guns, were subject to the same violence. Being a *heana* belonged to Enata.

Enata were always violent. Death marked their Land in a very particular way. Their institutions, of course, were intertwined. *E ika*, *tapu*, *haka'iki*, *pekiō*, *koina*, could not have been changed in part without changing the whole, and violent death was a theme of them all. Violent death sustained their tribal divisions: violent death sustained the social divisions between *kikino* and *tapu*: violent death of the *heana* sustained the lines of descent and the position of the *haka'iki*: violent death sustained the male as *toa*. Violent death had its functions in the creation of order, status and identity. It had its dysfunctions, too, in the ambience of fear and sorcery, in the social separateness of the individual. 'They had no love for others' is a constant judgement made against them. That spirit of independence and individuality that seemed to be their characteristic extended into an apparent carelessness towards the future of those closest to them. In their famines, they taunted their own dying with their death: they could watch the strangulation of a young girl by a *tau'a* or the clubbing of a *kikino* without comment. They had extraordinary resilience in disaster. Again and again when Aoe did violence to any one of them, the rest seemed unconcerned, willing to take up their relationships as if the violence had never happened. In their *e ika*, their search for *heana* seemed not to be motivated by revenge, certainly not personal

or family revenge. Their enemies were a pool from which they fished. But even their most horrendous wars had intermissions of feasts and dancing. When they took violent retribution among themselves, a thief could be killed, the breaker of *tapu* strangled, without relatives and friends forming leagues to repay the violence.

E ika, fishing for men, was the greatest violence they did to individuals. It is impossible to estimate the number of *heana* taken throughout the Land each year. Those figures which exist—for short periods and particular places only—suggest that there were perhaps fifty to a hundred *heana* taken throughout all the islands each year between 1798 and 1842, perhaps between two and four thousand all told. Lawson in 1844 counted up more than three hundred skulls of *heana* at one *me'ae* on Nukuhiva. If one counts up all the individuals certainly known to have been sacrificed and noted in one source or another, the figure for 1798–1842 is two hundred and sixty. The figure virtually only covers 1798–1805 and 1832–42 on Nukuhiva and Tahuata. No one who left a constant record lived in the islands between 1805 and 1832 and no outside reporters lived on Fatuiva, Hiva Oa, Ua Huka and Ua Pou. The figure does not include the beachcombers and other Aoe killed. Nor does it include those killed in battles.

Only occasionally were *heana* taken from within the group of those who lived together. Robarts gave an example of what others suggested: that in moments of crisis, such as the failure of the breadfruit, *tau'a* would point to those responsible because of their breach of *tapu*, and they would be killed and taken to the *me'ae* as sacrifice. Otherwise, almost always *heana* would be taken from traditional enemies. Mostly they would be killed where they were taken. Sometimes they would be brought back and killed on the beach. Sometimes they might even be freed on the beach when they could claim a special relationship to someone, or be claimed. There were times when turtle and ray-fish were substituted for human victims.

Crook and Robert Thomson who witnessed the actual killing of *heana* both reported ferocious exultation over the *heana* bodies. Robarts who also witnessed it said that *tau'a* made dances around the bodies. Only in the later period are there examples of torture and humiliation. In the earlier period *heana* were invested with some dignity and prestige. In death they became *tapu*, on a standing with *haka'iki*. Their women could come safely even from enemy areas (if they came naked and covered with charcoal) to mourn and chant the song '*Kopeha kaahu ali*' (Swallow charcoal fire). Only some of the *heana* were eaten. Those sacrificed to the gods were never eaten. They were taken and hung in a *me'ae*. Since anthropophagists provided much material for fantasy, it is impossible to distinguish fact from imagination in most accounts. Only Crook and Robarts could claim to have actually seen *heana* eaten. The rest only

knew it by hearsay or inference. In almost universal response to the question whether they ate their victims, Enata would deny it and say it was the practice of their enemies not of themselves. No doubt a question asked with disapproval got a disapproving answer. Yet there is a suspicion that probably the number claimed to be eaten and certainly the style of their consumption owed more to Aoe's fertile imagination than to experience. Some psychohistory of the nineteenth-century voyagers' preoccupation with cannibalism would be needed to unravel truth from revealing fiction. It is not even possible to say with certainty that *heana* were cooked. More likely they were merely singed with a candlenut torch. There was no feasting on the body. Its parts belong to a few, to *tau'a*, *haka'iki*, *toa* and other *tapu* men.

Enata had some preferences for putrefaction in their food. They would eat shark and ray, especially, many days after they were caught. They were not disturbed by putrefaction in their dead. There is no reason to think they should have been disturbed by putrefaction in their victims. It is a fair assumption that the special parts of the *heana* were not so much eaten as tasted. Perhaps not, perhaps this is sentimentalism in search of understanding. Perhaps we should believe the witnesses and the hearsay evidence that Enata ate the victims with savage enthusiasm and say only that they tempered the moment and made it more extraordinary by clothing it with *tapu*, gave it meaning to themselves in the invocations of their *atua*, and linked it with all they held sacred by their songs and dances. The point is made because, as we shall see, the feature of the violence between 1855 and 1880 is that these rituals were gone. The *heana* were no longer *heana*. They were not set apart for the gods: their eating was not circumspect and formal. Then the dead were eaten violently and vindictively; if alive, victims were painfully killed with only the ceremony of enjoyed pain. They were eaten as if they were the food of hate: their carcasses were shared with dogs, their bones were carelessly strewn around.

There is one other ingredient in this scene of violence in Enata's culture. Sorcerers, like their gods, were everywhere, and with them fear and threat. *Umuko* and *nanikaha* they were called, 'fasteners' and 'spinet planters'. The one would capture careless spirits wandering in a dream, in small bowls of water; the other would catch something of a man in his saliva or urine or other droppings and bury it in dirt or water. Both had many marks and specialities. They worked long apprenticeships to learn their tricks. It was a profitable profession: they were seen as both causing and curing mishaps and sickness and received gifts accordingly. They prospered well in the early days of contact, being both prophets and profiteers of disastrous change.

This sorcerers' world of Enata demanded not only careful personal hygiene and a keen reading of portents and signs, but also suspicion and

a measuring of enmities. When there were plots behind every pimple, there were always counter ploys and stratagems of magic. The sorcerers kept the fever active by a certain sort of exhibitionism. While they plotted their *kaha*, their power over life and death, or looked into their bowls, they would talk with their gods or fall into fits and dances. More dramatically still, *tau'a* would emerge from their secret places to play what Jean Cabri called the 'judge' and prophesy about *heana* and wars, about cures for crisis, and in their prophecies make a judgement for someone somewhere about life and death. Thus Enata 'had no love for others' because in the end the beach drawn around their individual lives was very narrow and every other person and thing had the mark of an intruder.

The last years of Enata's violent death took place on Hiva Oa and to a lesser extent on Fatuiva. By 1863 the greatest number of Enata still alive, about four and a half thousand, were concentrated on Hiva Oa. Tahuata had been reduced to a population of no more than two hundred and fifty, Ua Huka to about three hundred, Nukuhiva to a little less than two thousand, Ua Pou to a thousand and Fatuiva to thirteen hundred. Both Tahuata and Nukuhiva had experienced the dramatic destruction of their cultural symbols by conversion rituals and had suffered from a revival of their old violent ways uninhibited and unlimited by old laws. Now Hiva Oa and Fatuiva were to experience the same extravagant scenes. The witnesses to them were mostly the missionaries sent by the Hawaiian Mission Board to the Marquesas in 1853.

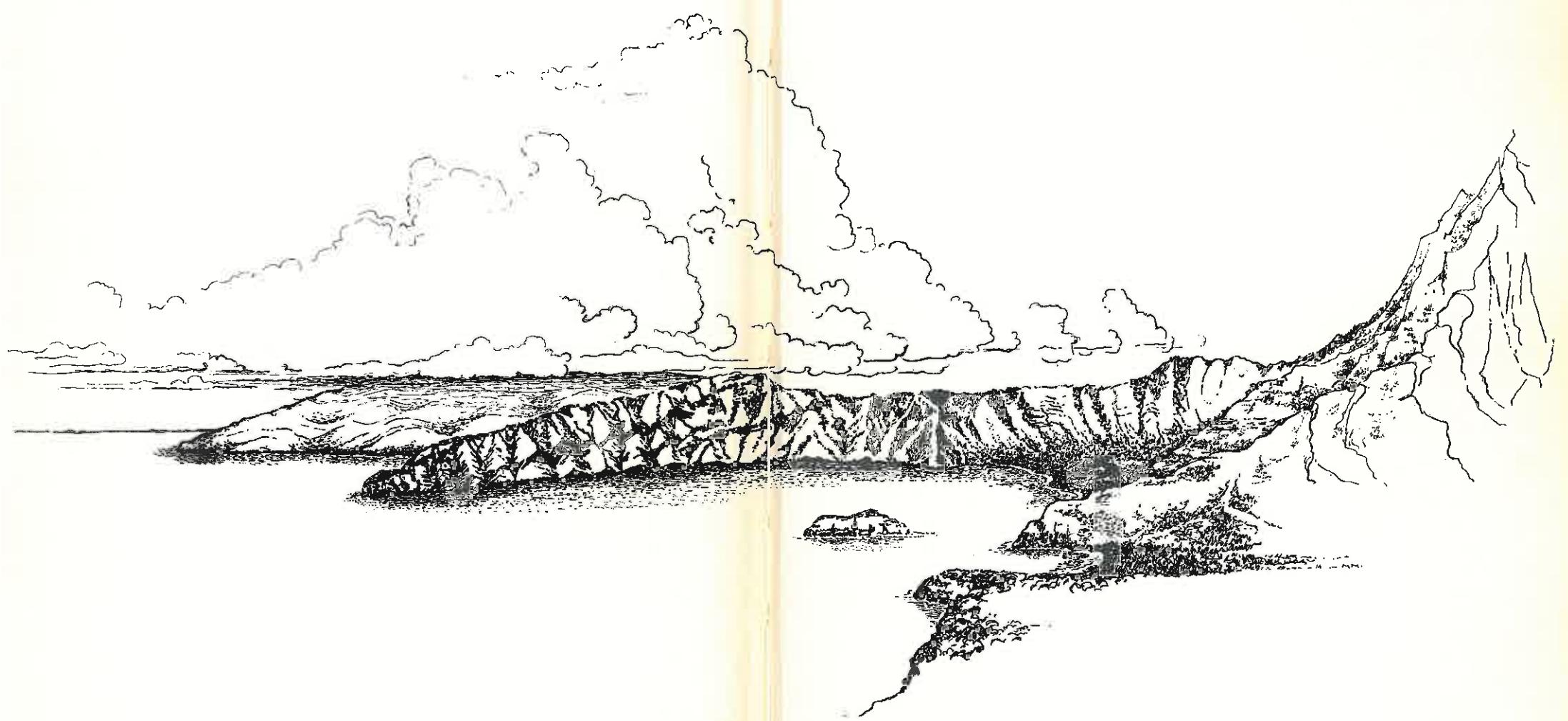
The Spaniards had called Hiva Oa Dominica, Sunday Island. It never seemed to possess, however, a Sunday quiet. To Aoe, Hiva Oa always seemed to threaten in the haze. It seethed with savagery behind its rock-bound shores. None of its bays were safe for larger sailing vessels, except a tiny anchorage at Tahauku on its southern coast. The spectacularly beautiful bays along its northern coast from Puamau to Hanamenu were all exposed to swell and changes in the wind. Its southern bays were shallow, open to the trade winds. These conditions made Hiva Oa distant and dangerous, accessible only to boats which had to go long ways from their ships. Even the French were content to establish their possession of the island with three crosses on a treaty. They did not think to occupy it.

Hiva Oa lay across from Tahuata along a strait named Bordelais for the ship of Camille de Roquefeuil, the sandalwooder. Most of the other names which Aoe imposed on Hiva Oa are gone—Dead Man's Bay (Hanamate), Sandalwood Bay (Hekeani), Panama Bay (Hanatetua), Port Ontario (Tahauku), Captain Taber's Bay (Hanaiapa)—but one has remained, Traitors' Bay. In Traitors' Bay two of the crew of the *Flying Fish* were cut off and killed in 1816. Traitors' Bay, if it had an island name, was called Tava. It is dominated by high cliffs on its south-western side and by the pinnacle of Temetiu which rises sheer three

thousand five hundred feet above the valleys of Atuona and Taaoa. Stand on the eastern valley walls, say, where Gaugin's grave now lies, and the whole vast bay of Tava lies below, enclosing a small rocky island within. Tahuata is blue beyond Bordelais Strait.

Hiva Oa is as divided as any other island in Te Henua, perhaps even more so. Temetiu and the cliffs that bound Traitors' Bay make a mountainous curling hook of the south-west part of the island, to Kiukiu, where the souls of Enata jumped into the sea at death. The inhabited valleys of the island fell away on either side, to north and south, of this central ridge. Here as everywhere on Te Henua, society mirrored the geography. Enata were as divided as their Land. There were perhaps thirty-five or forty groups, which coalesced into five larger groupings for their wars and treaties (Tiu, Naiki, Haamau, Moea, Etuoho). These in turn found larger alliances in the Naiki and Pepane who divided the island west and east. The empty ridge was their battleground and their highway. They erupted endlessly out of the old craters of their valleys for wars and sacrifices. Or they met in temporary shelters on old *paepae* on the misty ridge for feasts and ceremonies.

The last years of violence on Hiva Oa and Fatuiva were years in which that endemic violence of Enata culture was stripped of its form and function. The principal witnesses were, as I indicated, the members of the Hawaiian Mission which was established in Fatuiva in 1853. Their story is interwoven with the last days of Enata. Matanui was the *haka'iki*, and it was he who made the 'call from Macedonia' in Hawaii in 1853. He had been brought from Fatuiva to Lahaina by the *Tamerlane*, under Captain Shockley. Matanui fitted every image of a heathen savage with his tattooed face and head shaven except for a ridge of hair from ear to ear. Matanui was a man of opportunity. He came with an Hawaiian called Pua who lived with him at Fatuiva. He came looking for muskets, but had nothing with which to buy them, so he asked for missionaries instead. First at David Baldwin's house at Lahaina, then at Baldwin's church and then with 'earnest applications' at the Second Annual Meeting of the Hawaiian Missionary Societies, he made his call. David Baldwin, who had not listened to the last call in 1832, and William Alexander who had, enthusiastically supported Matanui. Within two months the mission was decided on, native missionaries selected, a Marquesan reader put in the press. The *Royalist* was chartered to carry the Hawaiian families. They were accompanied by a pious mechanic called James Bicknell and Matanui and put under the care of Benjamin Parker now recovered from his depressing experience in the Land. Matanui had to cope with a hot broadcloth suit and vest, and had his baggage filled with dresses and pants, but no muskets. They were on the beach at Omo'a on Fatuiva by 1853. This alarmed the French who sent out a frigate to see if the Americans were trying to take away their unwanted possessions. It also alarmed the Catholic missionaries who



sent a priest on the frigate to start a mission then and there at Omo'a. Matanui had been disturbed by his trip. He had discovered at Tahiti when they called there that the French thought they owned his island. He refused to accept a naval uniform, having some sense of a symbolic gesture that might lose him his independence. Smallpox, then raging in Hawaii, made him believe that Jehovah was a 'god of death'. He was lucky that the 'god of death' did not pursue him a little closer. One crew member died of smallpox on the *Royalist*, but that was all. Parker with some misgivings left the mission in Matanui's hands; happy enough that the *haka'iki* had—to change the metaphor—'seen a star in the east', whatever his motive for wanting missionaries.

In all, ten Hawaiian missionaries and their wives would come to the mission, first at Fatuiva, then at Hiva Oa, Tahuata and Ua Pou. James Bicknell was the only white man to join the mission. Some of the more famous Hawaiian white missionaries such as David Baldwin, William T. Alexander, Artemas Bishop, Titus Coan and John S. Emerson paid brief visits in missionary ships to supply the mission and oversee its progress. But the mission was all the work of the native missionaries, and of these the two most famous were James Kekela and Samuel Kauwealoha. James Kekela, with his wife Naomi Kaenaokane Maka, moved from Omo'a on Fatuiva to Puamau on Hiva Oa in 1856 and made Puamau his mission station for thirty-four years till his return to Honolulu in 1890. Samuel Kauwealoha, with his wife Kaaiaawahia, moved from Omo'a to Hanatakuua on Hiva Oa in 1856 and then to Hakanahu on Ua Pou in 1864. He stayed on Ua Pou till his death in 1909. Isaiah W. Kaiwi, with his wife Hana Napaeaina, worked mostly at Omo'a till his return to Honolulu in 1872; Lota Kuaihalani and his wife Kaiwaihula moved to Hanavave on Fatuiva in 1858. Alexander Kaukai, with his wife Ruth Kaihikeeka, arrived in 1857 and worked on Hiva Oa and Fatuiva till his return in 1863; Paulo Kapohaku and Rachela Palake, Levi Kaiwi and Louisa Pauana, Zachariah Hapuku and Hana Ihuanu, J. W. Laioha and wife, S. Kapahi all worked in Hiva Oa, Tahuata and Fatuiva. One or two had their mission lives marked by scandal: their wives ran away with pagans; they themselves became preoccupied with daily necessities and began to trade more than they preached. For some their beaches were sad places. Levi Kaiwi's wife died and he almost went insane with loneliness and wrote long love poems to express his sorrow. Hardly a year would pass without one of them blessing the Lord's name for taking one of their children.

With James Bicknell the Hawaiian Mission Board always had an uncertain relationship. When he went to Fatuiva in 1853 he kept his independence from the missionary society. He was not a member and did not at that time want to be ordained. An idiosyncratic theology made his mission work full of changing certainties. At one moment he would be

convinced that Enata's path to religion was through the lower form of religious experience such as Romanism. At another he saw grace dependent on his victory in a titanic theological struggle with the Roman priests. He could be certain successively that Jehovah's anger must be first preached, then that Jehovah's love be first, and then neither, but that Zion be established. His world would be changed, he felt at one time, by his retirement for meditation, at another, by vigorous secular action. He was a strong proponent of converting Enata in their own environment, but then he suddenly took seventeen of them to Honolulu the better to change them uprooted. At first he was full of the advantages of his combined mission with native Hawaiians: their strengths complemented one another, he said. Then he was convinced that Hawaiians and white men saw even their shared religious world in different ways and that one or other of them must make Enata their own. He stayed as unordained and only unofficially attached to the mission. When he became ordained and a member, he left.

The division between a white man's mission and an Hawaiian's could be seen from different sides. Bicknell saw it as resulting from their different character and perceptions. The Hawaiians saw it as caused by the distrust and discrimination the Hawaiian Mission Board showed them. The white missionaries in Hawaii thought it came from the lesser qualities of the Hawaiians and the apparent dividedness of their missionary attention. Bicknell first expressed the difference with regard to disputes over the translation of key religious concepts. The Hawaiians, he said, did not understand the difference between admonition and commandment. They saw Jehovah as an 'angry' god, not a 'jealous' god. The Hawaiian Mission Board's critique was more pragmatic. They felt the mission was expensive. Native simplicity of faith did not seem congruent with the missionaries' first request for supplies of 'buttons, hooks, suspenders, shoes, tools, bibles, hairpins, combs, threads, ribbons'. The board thought the missionaries were living a little above their status. David Baldwin also reported in 1862 that they needed a good energetic Anglo-Saxon missionary to 'give time and life and system to all their operations'. Since the mission was still not suitable for whites and their wives, the Hawaiians' capacity to live with less and to accept more uncomfortable conditions and to have fewer ambitions would have to do. The Hawaiians resented their secondary place in the missionary scheme of things. 'It is true that we are ignorant', Kekela wrote in 1865. 'We did not come here for great and deep knowledge, but only for the love of God. We are not discouraged and abandoning the work: the white man is abandoning.' They were outraged that Bicknell took seventeen Enata to Hawaii. They would 'live under rich people', they said, and likened it openly to the slavery about which there was at the time a civil war. Why was smoking for-

bidden them, when many a white missionary was comfortable in the vice? How could they be expected not to trade or work for a living if their salaries were cut from two hundred to one hundred and fifty dollars a year? 'You white men are crafty.'

The story of their mission is not unlike that of all those that had gone before. Their trust in Matanui who had invited them was misplaced. He had used them as much as they had used him. They experimented with anti-*tapu* feasts, picnics of *tapu* foods, at which pupils and proselytes would read from the Bible. They even experimented with camp meetings, hearing of the success of this revivalist technique from Titus Coan. They worried for their theology that they could not discover words for conscience and revelation and all the other concepts of their missionary kit and personal experience. They learned a little, indeed they were surprised to find that Enata's was a 'spiritual religion'. Enata did not worship in any true sense fish or birds but saw them as external, temporary expressions of spiritual forces. The Hawaiians faced the moral issues of the changes that they were trying to effect, such as, which of the husbands in apparently polyandrous marriages had the right to the wife when they became Christian. Their converts were few, but they had their heroes like Abraham Natha who declared he was 'missionary all over' not just on his lips. Again and again they tried to establish schools, day schools, boarding schools, for boys, for girls, only to see them collapse when the children became bored or when the older people pressured the young to come back to their old ways or when all began to practise 'vile things'. The environment and the conditions of their work were the same as for earlier missions. When they congregated in one mission, it seemed an extravagance to have so many preaching to so few. When they divided to their separate missions, they exposed themselves to spiritual and physical dangers and they lost their Christian community which might bear witness like a 'city on a mountain'. All the time the nervous board in Hawaii counted the dollars each Christian head was costing and would send at increasingly long intervals the *Morning Star* or some other ship with a delegation to audit the religious and material benefits of the missions. They would set their native missionaries to write essays on points of doctrine or on their missionary problems. There were often sweet moments when they were collected together on a ship or at a mission station: ordaining someone, hearing an epistle, laudatory or critical, from the secretary, helping resolve the problems of one of them who was blind or melancholy or beaten. The delegation would report publicly in the *Friend* and the *Missionary Herald*, privately to the board, tempering the apparent hopelessness of the mission with little lessons on the mysteries of divine grace. The missions won a moment of notoriety when James Kekela rescued Jonathon Whalon, first officer of the *Congress*. Whalon had been captured at Puamau and was said to have been tortured in retribution for

the slave-trading of the Peruvians. Abraham Lincoln sent Kekela an inscribed gold watch and two suits of clothing. But most of the years of the mission were far less noteworthy to the world than that. There was an ebb and flow of Christians and scholars in a quiet stalemate against the devil. The mission ended in 1884 with Kekela, Hapuku and Kauwealoha still in the field, but now associated with the French Protestant Evangelical Mission in Tahiti.

The devil the Hawaiian missionaries found in 1853 was the devil of violence. At Fatuiva the villages of Omo'a and Hanavave had a long tradition of warfare. 1853 was no different from any other in that respect. Within the first three months of the mission four men were killed in fighting between the two valleys. By the 1850s muskets had become quite common. Every man on Fatuiva was said to own one. For twenty years muskets, ball and powder had been the currency of trade. Rifles had been introduced. Coulter claimed he had shown Enata of Hiva Oa their first rifle in 1833, but as early as 1817 Keatonui at Taiohae associated French ships with the country of French rifles. Long muzzle-loaded 'fuzees', however, were Enata's preference. They liked the flint lock, the cartouche box and the bayonet. 'In order to make the greatest noise', Artemas Bishop reported in 1858, 'and strike terror into his enemies, he loads it with a double or triple charge of powder, and on this he rams home an enormous slug. But lest mischief should occur to himself in its discharge, he crouches behind some wall or tree, out of sight, points his weapon, shuts his eyes, averts his face and pulling away, the discharge gives him an enormous buck in the shoulders, turning the muzzle away from the object covered, it goes off with a tremendous roar and with little danger to any but himself.' At Fatuiva and on Hiva Oa, Enata had adapted their old ways of fighting to their new weapons by building stone walls to man in defence of their valleys. But wars and battles in these islands had always been more to celebrate conflict than to resolve it. Nothing seemed very much changed by introduction of the new weapons. By 1857, however, the missionaries were beginning to report new developments in the killings. At Fatuiva two beachcombers had taught the men to distil liquor from the coconut. It was not the first instruction in this trade in Te Henua. Some Hawaiians had taught Enata at Nukuhiva to make liquor out of *ti* root in 1834, and the Reverend George Bennett said that on Tahuata in 1833 the 'only advance these islanders had made in civilized arts' was to learn from Tahitians how to ferment bananas. But in 1856 the practice spread like a contagion throughout all the islands. T. C. Lawson reported that in 1862 Invisible Bay on Ua Huka was the last to take it up. *Namu ehi*, coconut toddy, was only one of the liquors distilled. They made liquor out of the introduced fruits of oranges, pineapples and papaya (*vi*), as well as from *ti*, pandanus and banana, but the coconut was most readily available. The toddy was quickly made and *namu ehi* could be produced in vast quantities.

Enata had always drunk *kava* for its narcotic effects. Its use was restricted to *tapu* men and only to those of the highest *tapu*. The root of the pepper plant (*piper methysticum*) would be masticated by young people and its juices and their saliva spat into *kava* bowls, to which water was added and the mixture drunk. A French pharmacist, Gilbert Cuzent, who observed Enata drinking *kava* in 1857 said that the drink's first effect was nausea and often vomiting, but then within twenty minutes the drinkers would feel soporific and after six or eight doses they would begin to tremble violently. Father Chaulet said that Enata believed that they trembled because at that moment they were possessed by the *atua* Papaiea who reacted in this way to noise which was painful to a drinker. Extended daily sessions would produce a white scale on their skin (*ha'a poha*) and there were times when men would die in their drinking bouts. 'Why do you drink *kava*?', Cuzent once asked them. 'So as not to think', they replied.

Namu ehi had a very different effect. Out of two or three days feasts, in which great bamboo jars of it would be drunk, developed brawls and threats and killings. In one week alone at Puamau, Kekela reported six killed. They were old enemies who had come to a *koina*. Drunk, they lost their respect for the conditions of peace, or they were brothers-in-law who fell out, or they fought over women. The toddy had come across the beach without *tapu*, unrestricted to men or women, to be drunk without ceremony and without purpose. The survivors of a hundred years of contact began to drink themselves to death.

Soon after the beginning of their debauchery, Enata drew back a little from the abyss that seemed to open. Tauahanatiki on Fatuiva and then Pahapu on Hiva Oa, both of them female *tau'a*, put a *tapu* on *namu ehi* in 1859. For nearly ten years, till Pahapu's death, the restriction remained. At Tahuata it was almost too late. In 1857 only 241 Enata remained on the island and in that year twenty-eight men and women were killed, eighteen of them in battles between valleys, ten of them in drunken killings within valleys. A beachcomber said he thought ten years would find every valley empty.

It is almost impossible to establish a statistical count of the killings in the years 1853–80. About three hundred are listed in various sources, over half of these being from Hiva Oa. The reports and letters of the Hawaiian missionaries come from the valleys of Hanavave and Omo'a on Fatuiva, Atuona, Hanaahi, Hanaiapa, Hanatetuua, Hekeani, Hanahi, Hanamenu and Puamau on Hiva Oa, Vaitahu on Tahuata, Hokahu on Ua Huka, and Hakahekau on Ua Pou. The Catholics had their stations also on Nukuhiva, at Puamau and Atuona on Hiva Oa, and for short periods on Ua Pou, Ua Huka and Fatuiva. The French administration had a more distant view. Their knowledge of all events outside of Nukuhiva was either second-hand or came from brief visits by the

resident. On two occasions the resident was threatened and forced away by his subjects on Hiva Oa.

At least three hundred died in fighting or as *heana* or in drunken brawls. Mostly all that is known of them is their name or their number and the general circumstances of their dying. They died by being shot, stabbed, strangled, by being thrown from rocks, by being disembowelled, by being flayed. Sometimes their deaths clustered together. Thirty-six died in a year on Nukuhiva, just after the whole island seemed to have an *élan admirable* for prayer and was learning hymns night and day in holy competition, making feasts of *tapu* fish, turtle and heron, being served, men and women together, by Temoana on sacred places from a sacred *kooka* bowl, and being amazed that Temoana's fishing net woven without *tapu* made miraculous catches. Within months they were fighting, using their books for cartridges. An old man was killed for his beard, another for his name. Three were eaten in a day at Aakapa. The female *haka'iki* of Vaii ate a man in the company of her husband and used his skin for a knife sheath. Four Enata at Hatiheu, four Pua at Hakaea, three at Hoo'umi were slaughtered. On Hiva Oa at Puamau, where the population stood at about four hundred, there were two disastrous years, one in 1876 when forty were killed, another in 1879 when twenty-seven died. The nature of their deaths makes just as ugly a litany.

In the early years of this period the killings seemed to have some rationale, even with the madness of drink. From just before the smallpox epidemic there were seven years of drought. Samuel Kāwealoha was mystified how the people could not see they were being scourged by the loving hand of God, by drought, by smallpox, by successive epidemics of measles, typhoid and dysentery, and finally by a tidal wave. But if Enata did not understand the providence, they had their logic for the occasion and went looking for *heana*. Occasionally someone would announce a revival of old ways, and call for victims for his tattooing or the puberty of his daughter. In 1866 dysentery killed sixty-five at Omo'a. The following year Titus Coan brought back to Fatuiva from Hawaii five men and women of Fatuiva. They were the survivors of the seventeen whom Bicknell had taken with him to Oahu. Coan brought back some of the bones of the others. They were carried to the beach at Omo'a amid the wailing of the women. Later in his stay Coan watched the men of Omo'a carry a canoe to the sea and build a small round house on a platform and adorn the masts and sides with *tapa* cloth. A naked swimmer pushed the canoe into the bay and waited till its sails filled and took the canoe out to sea and out of sight. Teihetofe, the *haka'iki*, said it was a last office to their god Tauahanatiki. The *tau'a* was dead. It was she who had put the *tapu* on making *namu ehi*.

The killings that followed when the drinking revived had only

grotesque similarities to the old ways. The *tau'a* and the *tuhuna* were gone. There were no cycles of *mau*. Enata lay drunken around their bamboo jars of liquor and pretended they were at a *koina*. Their songs and dances had no memory in them. When they killed, they drew on drunken variations of their old metaphors. They might take away a head, triumphantly hooked, to a place that had no ceremony any more. They might dismember a corpse and parcel its parts out to a pathetic remnant of men and women. They took the living and savaged them with pain. They took up the name of 'flesh eaters' and flaunted it as some ugly joke. They sat amongst their carcases and bones like actors in some mad dream. Zachariah Hapuku who survived more than a decade amidst bullets and balls at Atuona, Hiva Oa, had these crazy events to report to his mission board: 15 June 1861, Tiviuta of Atuona slain and eaten; 12 August 1862, Titiwehi of the Etuoho, cooked by the people of Atuona, ten saved; 30 August 1862, Tutepuuu of Atuona cooked by the Hanamenu people; 19 December 1864, Titihaa cooked by the Atuona people; 26 August 1865, Kaukau cooked by the Atuona people; 26 October 1865, Teitipatai of Atuona cooked by the Etuoho; 18 December 1865, Ohaihai of Hanatetuua cooked by the Atuona; 4 January 1866, Houpo of the Haamau in Hanapateo cooked by the Atuona; 25 May 1866, Pehitumoe of the Haamau people eaten by the Atuona; 22 December 1864, Peni of Tahiti shot to death; 9 October 1866, Vaitei slain by his son at Atuona; 29 December 1866, Tupipi slain by the *haka'iki* and two men.

The French stayed in the north. The *Guichem* bombarded Hatihau, Nukuhiva in 1867 after a killing; the *Bruat* bombarded Atuona, Hiva Oa, in 1873; the *Gilbert Pierre* bombarded Hanapaoa on Hiva Oa in March 1874 when a chapel was destroyed and a chalice taken to a *tiki*. Their preoccupations in Nukuhiva had hardly changed. They were with the question of who owned the bishop's garden, or whether Pakoko had given his signature to a land deed to the mission, or who was legally and civilly married. State eyed Church as always; and the Church eyed back. To the mission all seemed so hopeless after thirty years that even Bishop Dordillon thought to abandon the field, but Pius IX urged him to keep the mission alive. The bishop's men were as much disturbed by the presence of the Hawaiian missionaries as by their own failures. There were debates and accusations and unedifying scenes. Their divisions added to the divisions in the Land as pagan; Catholic and Protestant vied for allegiances. The Hawaiian Mission Board in Hawaii and the Congregation of the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary in Rome both viewed the trading activity of their respective agents with some alarm, but assured their superiors that grace followed trade.

In June 1875 Admiral Perigot made a gesture of sovereignty by sailing six warships around the islands. Like the bombardments it made things

worse. There entered into Enata's mind half a sense that they could beat the French. 1876 and 1877 were terrible years on Hiva Oa. Within a few months at Puamau a man was killed and his body given to the dogs, a woman was thrown from the rocks, a son killed his mother, a brother killed his sister, a woman killed herself. In 1878 the church at Hanapaoa was sacked and twenty-seven in that valley were killed. A Swede by the name of Christian was also killed and the French sent a captain by the name of Bienaimé to set up a station at Tahauku. It was a target Enata could not resist and the little garrison was intermittently besieged. Admiral A. G. H. N. Bergasse Dupetit-Thouars, the nephew of the Dupetit-Thouars who was in some sense responsible for it all, was on his first tour as Commandant of the Pacific Fleet. He acted with resolution. He sent the *Victorieuse* with four hundred men to Atuona as well as the *Dayot* with one hundred and sixty, the *Chasseur* with one hundred and sixty, and one hundred and twenty Tahitians and two hundred Marquesans from the northern group. On a rainy day which caught Enata's long 'fuzees' damp, the French marched over the mountains and disarmed all of Hiva Oa virtually without a shot. Dupetit-Thouars set up stations at Hanaiapa and Puamau on Hiva Oa, Vaitahu on Tahuata and Hanavave on Fatuiva, abolished *tapu* places, forbade liquor, commanded the central ridge of Hiva Oa, restricted all movement out of valleys, made parents send their children to school, set the men to build roads and declared Catholics and Protestants equal. He sent a bill to the *ministre de la marine* for 90 700.61 francs without apology.

The quiet that followed these upheavals was matched by the silence of the valleys. Fifteen populated valleys of Tahuata were reduced to three or four, and everywhere the ruined *paepae* and *me'ie* marked a growing desolation. Visitors such as Robert Louis Stevenson spoke of the sounds heightened by the quiet, the thump of falling coconuts, the clatter of pebbles in the surf. They felt vaguely threatened by the lonely figures that moved silently through the thickets with faces and bodies still marked by their tattooed signs of savagery. Even the landscape mirrored the change, as the *acacia* which the French introduced spread over all the islands, so that from a distance they looked so evenly blanketed as to seem empty and bare. Enata's independent and democratic spirit which had so often been described by administrators and missionaries was now seen to be masked by a sullen, distant look. After the traumas of the 1840s and 1850s Enata made no revival of their old ways. They made no attempt to give new life to their old roles of priests and *haka'iki*, or to their old systems of stability centred around feasts, or to their old systems of control embodied in the *tapu*. The violence that once sustained them now destroyed them.



Reflection: *On Civilizing*

That the end of violence in Te Henua should be an act of violence that did no hurt to anybody was an irony. Dupetit-Thouars' expedition was surprisingly successful: it was a charade that ended savagery. Where the charades of a century had not worked, it was a *rite de passage* from savage to civilized. It evoked acceptance of the realities of power and that silent obeisance that civilized men give to the violence of their states.

The civilizing process was more complicated than that. What made Enata savage was a mystery. It was not their savage actions: the civilized were just as often violent. It was not their technology: technology was thought to be the consequence of civilization, not its cause. It was not their moral character: they, like many civilized, had admirable qualities as well as reprehensible. Thomas Lawson wrote in 1867 that Enata were 'careless, idle, hospitable, covetous but not greedy, poor, proud, quick to take affront, sullen, morose and vengeful'. 'It is all a swindle', wrote Robert Louis Stevenson in 1888.

I chose these islands as having the most beastly population, and they are far better, and far more civilized than we are. I know one old chief, Ko-o-amug, a great cannibal in his day, who ate his enemies as he walked home from killing 'em, and he is a perfect gentleman and exceedingly amiable and simple minded, no fool though.

That was the mystery. One could make long lists of all their natural virtues and their vices, make all the stereotypical judgements of race and culture, and still not describe what made Enata different from Aoe.

Father Siméon Delmas, a missionary of many years on Nukuiva, thought that Enata 'have no spiritual life, nor any concept of it. You see they have no cares, and that is what leads to a higher life.' They were savage in the first place because they did not care. The signs of their carelessness were the apparent superficiality of their emotions and the easy fictions of their social life. They acted as if they only played at being sad or being married or being parents. All the casuistry in their morality, all the relativity in their manners, were a scandal. They had no rhetoric to describe an ideal model of themselves so that the deviant might be seen as an exception. More than anything, their carelessness showed in their indolence and their indolence showed their satisfaction

with the present and their unconcern for the future. They were savage because of their sense of time.

Civilizing them in its essence was giving them a different sense of time. This new sense of time was not just a concern with regularity, although that was important. Making seven days in a week and one of them a sabbath, making meal-times in a day, making work-time and leisure-time, making sacred time and profane time laid out time in a line, as it were. It removed the irregularity of time in *mau* and *koina* with their peaks of intensity of preparation and participation and their troughs of inactivity. It removed the cyclical time of rituals in which a legendary past was re-enacted to legitimate and prolong the present. Most important in the new sense of time was a notion of progress and of a break-out from the present. A notion of progress called for a self and a social discipline informed by an image of the future. There was plenty of self and social discipline among Enata: their *tapu* were stringent and their co-ordination in public works, such as making *paepae* and canoes, was remarkable. But their discipline serviced the cyclical renewal of themselves. By it they held themselves always in their present. Their present was not without change, but the fundamental mode of their existence was continually to re-establish their land in its metaphors. To become civilized, they needed an emptiness in their souls that left room for the future.

Dupetit-Thouars' *coup de grâce* to old ways was a civilizing act in that it was a lesson in the power of government. He did other civilizing things as well. He imposed an obligation on Enata parents to have their children educated and he set the Men to building roads. Roads are a very civilizing artefact. They require a social discipline in their construction, an organization of surplus labour and a means for communal decision-making. Above all, for the Men, road-making represented the only public activity they had engaged in which did not directly support their established ways. It not only took them from their present. It was directed towards a new abstraction in their lives, community and government. And in the same way as they had made their Land, they now had to discover the words, gestures and actions that externalized this new power among them. The new abstraction focused their attention generally on a central unity, but more importantly in the administrative divisions that were established in the Land. They found their old divisions subordinated to new definitions. The roads themselves broke boundaries between valleys, made connections from inland to beach, joined the islands of their *paepae*. More and more Enata found themselves engaged in the charades about power and authority that took place at inspection time or on the public holidays that now entered their calendar. Their dances, now forbidden, were only legitimate when done in some civilized way to make some official welcome or please the

vanity of *gendarme* or resident. Whatever they did in secret places, whatever their hidden hatreds, their commitment to public works and government meant making for themselves the signs and symbols of the power that ruled them first from without, then from within.

Education offered other abstractions with which to cope. For forty years before 1880 the missionaries had tried to establish schools. The Sisters of St Joseph began the first, but short-lived, Catholic school at Vaitahu in 1848. Taiohae had a boys school, established in 1858, and a girls school in 1864, but the smallpox and disagreements between the mission and the administration closed them both. A major boys and girls school was opened in Hatiheu in 1867, but most of the children ran away to a *koina* in 1874 and it was closed. By 1876, however, there were five Catholic schools through the Land and Bishop Dordillon reported there were nineteen other places where there were people learning to read. The Hawaiian missionaries had similar stories of openings and closings of schools on Hiva Oa, Ua Pou and Tahuata. In all that time French administrators were supportive of the idea of education but the accidents of their squabbles with the mission meant that education was never compulsory or universal. The missionaries never discovered a sure way to persuade children or adults to give time or to be regular in the giving of it. To give years of life against the hope of becoming someone they could not even picture was no attraction to the Men. Enata could never escape their first impression that to be taught was a subjection for which they should be rewarded, not a prize for which they should deprive themselves.

The missionaries were convinced that boarding schools offered the best chance of discipline and distance from distraction for their students. But without some more general administrative structure through the islands, they could not protect their students from their own divisions or from the immediacy of the demands Enata put on them. One of the first fruits of Dupetit-Thouars' pacification of Hiva Oa was the establishment of a boarding school at Atuona in 1885. The Sisters of St Joseph of Cluny ran it.

The mission schools still had long years of problems to face from both Enata and the French administration. Indeed, they were all closed in 1904 because the religious teachers had no licence to teach. For twenty years there was virtually no education in the Land until the French, alarmed that the population had fallen to below two thousand, allowed the Sisters of St Joseph to open their Atuona school in the hope that hygiene and education would save some of the women. But in the years of their opening, from 1880 to 1904, literacy itself was a vehicle for the new abstractions of the civilized that the Men must learn. The context of education in its geography, arithmetic and religious knowledge was giving a context for those same abstractions and by that making them

real. Whatever the teachers' sense of failure, the boarding schools were effective total environments for the reconstruction of a new reality. In the order of time, in the supervision of etiquette, in the discipline of the dormitories, in the constancy of small ritual actions of religion, in the isolation from more native symbols, in the systems of rewards and punishments, there was a chance to make Aoe institutions real in ways the Men had never known before. It was by morality, of course, that the teachers tended to measure their success or failure, but in the civilizing of their students morality was less important than the sense of presumed reality that Enata could now give to the roles and institutions that had come across their beach.

Norbert Elias wrote of the *Civilizing Process* within European culture as the narrowing definition of the person. This narrow definition of the person was mapped out in space by rules of etiquette which gave ever more precise definitions of personal distance and it was reflected institutionally by protection in law of the individual, by a growing stress in religion on individual responsibility, by all the capitalist graces of competition and achievement. So that in the end the European expression of the civilized person stands sharply distinguished from the abstracted reifications of society, and one could not count the processes by which the distinction was and is reinforced in morality, aesthetics and in all the value-oriented socializations of life.

That the civilized person should have this historical definition, or that in the cultural hegemony of the nineteenth century this should be the only acceptable civilization, should not be surprising. The question for the 'civilizers' became whether that historical process could in any way be cut short. Could the savage be in any way so transformed that he could have, in Father Siméon Delmas' words, that 'care' within his spirit that showed him to be the civilized person? Or would he always wear his civilization, as he had worn the litter and junk that had come across his beach, in empty, ugly mimicry?

One can only speak of the past. The 1880s were hard days. The missionaries themselves did not believe they had made a civilized person: as soon make a mould of water, one said. The administrators believed they ruled a dying people: 'the main thing is to let them die in peace'. Visitors were torn between the sights of hopelessness which made them leave the Land convinced of the disaster of the civilizing process and the impression of generous hospitality, simplicity and courtliness that made them leave the Land convinced of the irrepressibility of a primitive spirit. The truth is that the Men did not die: they clung to the edges of their Land. Out of the violent deaths they had a peaceful resurrection, as if it had been a season of sacrifice. They, the victims, lay for long years on the *limen*, the boundary, the beach, between savage and civilized. To an outside world, they lived in dumb silence, not having

words or gestures to say who they were. Whether they had 'care' in their spirit when they stirred again or whether in their forgotten islands they found their own metaphor for being civilized, I cannot say. I cannot pretend to know their sense of guilt or hopes of achievement or their inner selves.

CHAPTER EIGHT

Dispossessed

Paul Gauguin came to Atuona on 16 September 1901. It was to be his last stop in his pilgrimage in search of a savage place. He was already convinced that he himself was the last savage, the last real lover of freedom, the revolutionary who with a brush and a colour could bring down the facades of the civilized. He had discovered that there were no savages left in Tahiti and he had come to the Land hoping to light a last fire in his imagination in islands almost still cannibal. Instead he brought his bitterness with him and was haunted on his beach by his old devils of law and morality. Church and State had got to the Marquesas before him. He scandalized the one with his morals and angered the other with his politics. In his paintings he caught faces without laughter and naked women clothed in nightmares and riders without joy on the beaches of Atuona. He died with an empty bottle of laudanum or morphine at his side. His need for drugs to kill the pain of his suppurating, syphilitic legs, his need for money to pay for an idyllic South Seas life, his need for recognition in the salons of Paris taunted the savage in him. Church and State buried him in their civilized ways.

Gauguin saw his savage in the classic way, as primitive, untrammeled by custom, liberated from institutions, owing self-denial to no one. He had his own story of Genesis to tell how the savage fell from a state of nature to a state of nurture and died by collecting the junk of the civilized. He was not the first romantic to come to the Land, nor was he the first to be disappointed. Etienne Marchand was probably the only one to come and go away happy, his prejudices about primitivity undisturbed. Melville, as we have seen, came away convinced of the awful effect of civilization, but ambivalent about the evil he discovered in the state of nature and disturbed by the violence he discovered in himself. Most other romantics liked their primitives only partially. They liked to hear their drums and watch their dancing and be smothered in their *leis*, but they always crossed the beach with dominance, never as equals, always measuring their give-and-take quite precisely. The non-romantics among Aoe, like the missionaries, saw their primitives burdened with a double evil. The savage had the ugliness of unredeemed man within him and added to it the corruptions of civilization. The non-romantics were left to wonder why lechery and drunkenness crossed the beach with such ease, and good intentions with such difficulty.

By the time Te Henua was opened up to Aoe's knowledge in 1798, the Enlightenment myth of the savage had all but gone. A revolution in America had restored confidence in rational man; a revolution in France made domestic savagery more preoccupying than primitives; Englishmen knew who they were and it would need the evolutionary theory of the mid-nineteenth century to make them ask questions about the savages they had been. At the turn of the nineteenth century Republics and Utopias were in poor demand. No one seemed to need to discover who they might become by constructing imaginary primitives who had never been. There was no need for the primitive as a mirror for man.

There was a need, nonetheless, for the savage. How else explain the missions of the world turning their backs on irreligion and social injustice at home to discover the unredeemed abroad? Once discovered, the savage was needed all the more to sustain the effort of mission, to titillate the pious with impiety, to beg pennies from the poor. Catholic or Protestant, American, British or French, missions helped revive religion in an age of revolutions. The savage was needed as an object to be dispossessed of its evil by heroic acts. Whatever their rhetoric, the missionaries came not as servants but expecting service. They sought and got a hospitality that they could never expect at home. They won what was culturally valuable in their own terms—status, power, dominance—by merely crossing the beach. They were always Prosperos and the natives always Calibans. They needed the savage in personal, social and cultural terms more than the savage needed them.

There used to be an old-fashioned Marxism that asked what the economic profit of empire was and discovered a cause of empire in it. One would be hard put, however, to express in monetary terms the profit in exploiting the Marquesas to the French empire, or to British and American traders. There has never been economic profit in the Marquesas for the French other than that generated in France itself by employment, commissions and supplying. One could ask what it profited the bourgeoisie and the July Monarchy to have an empire in the Pacific and answer by talking of the ways in which symbolic acts of expansion and the petty politics of colonies helped establish hegemony. Admiral Dupetit-Thouars needed the savage very greatly. He could not have done what he did in the civilized world and reaped the rewards he did. He could only possess a land if there was nobody who already owned it. Only a savage was nobody. All the captains needed their 'kings' for their games of diplomacy. All the map-readers in bureaus and *salons* needed to make the globe a real world and the real world a map for the strategies of empire.

The direct need of traders for the Land was transient and slight. Sandalwood in the Marquesas was profitable, but it was always only a small part of the total industry in the Pacific. There were no reefs for pearlting, no lagoons for *bêche-de-mer*. The birds made unpalatable nests for the

Chinese trade. Cotton, for all its promise, never boomed. Only one or two entrepreneurs sought to supply the California gold fields with fruits and vegetables. Provisions and supplies grown in the Marquesas, however, were inexpensive relative to their costs in the home economy. The whalers refurbished themselves easily and cheaply for their three- and four-year tours of the Pacific. They certainly needed the savages' women. No doubt the relative cost of whoring in New England and the Marquesas could be established. By 1861 captains like J. J. Fisher of the *General Pike* were willing to pay eight jaws of whale with three hundred and fifty teeth and a gun for a girl 'eleven and a half years and soft', but the less fastidious had less costly pleasures: four nights with one woman at one box of powder and six yards of pink *tapa*; six nights with one woman at one gun and one bag of powder. Captains sustained their harsh industry with these opportunities given to their men to go 'spouting in the wilds'. Even after *haka iki* such as Iotete discovered harbour dues, one musket for a rest-over that provisioned the ship and readied the crew for months more work in the Arctic or off Japan was the sort of dues the industry could afford. Captain E. W. Collins of the *Midas*, New Bedford, was one of the few whalers to keep strict accounts of his provisioning. He listed the following exchanges on a day's visit to Hiva Oa, 2 February 1846: 13 boatloads of wood for 1 musket, 3 loads for an axe, 4 loads for 32 yards of calico, 1 load for 4 lbs of tobacco, 12 loads of sweet potato for 1 musket, 30 logs for 1½ kegs of powder, 100 bunches of bananas for balls and pipes, 2500 cocos for balls and 5 lbs of tobacco, 20 pumpkins for balls. The vast profits of the whaling industry to persons and nations was dependent on subordinate and disadvantaged savages. It was a long chain linking coconut, sperm-oil candle and whalebone corset but there was an interconnection all the same.

There was no conscious conspiracy to exploit the Land, no explicit philosophy of a superior culture's right to destroy. The Men were dispossessed nonetheless. The discrepancy between cost and consequence in a 'life for a nail' in Cook's day was constant in all the cross-cultural history of Te Henua. Perhaps the beach was that place outside *Leviathan* which Hobbes saw as the most savage place of all.

No place for industry, because the fruit thereof is uncertain; and consequently no culture of the earth; no navigation, nor use of the commodities that may be imported by sea; no commodious building; no instrument of moving and removing such things as require much force; no knowledge of the face of the earth; no account of time; no arts; no letters; no society; and which is worst of all, continuous fear and danger of violent death; and the life of men solitary, poor, nasty, brutish and short.

Where there was no contract to understand one another, there was death. Where there was no instrument of government, men lived in a

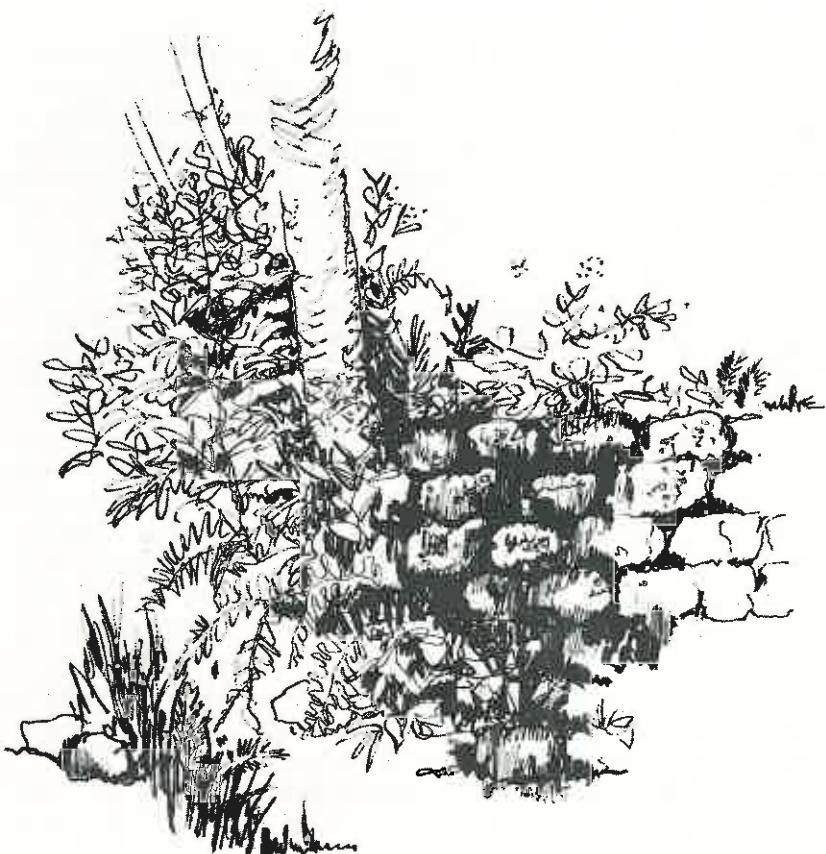
'brutish manner'. The beach itself was a savage place, made so by the mutual contempt of those who stood across it from one another. The savage was always the 'other', presumed to be lesser, known to be without order to which he could be called. The winner made an island or he made a desert. In the Land the winner made a desert. The Men were totally dispossessed.

That dispossession has extended far beyond the appropriation of their Land and the rooting up of their living culture. Who Enata were, what they did, how they made their islands, now do not belong to them. Their past is not merely dead in the Land. All knowledge of it has been transferred across the beach. The past now only exists by virtue of the fact that Enata's material artefacts and Aoe's transcription of Enata's culture on to paper are preserved in museums, archives and libraries around the world. The culture of the old only lives in so far as it has become part of Aoe's culture.

Relics of the Land and of the lives of the Men are scattered in every part of the world. To discover them in their Diaspora demands a pilgrimage to cities on every continent, to academies and galleries from Cape Town to Rome, from Leningrad to Dunedin. Old men's white beards, ankle-bands of hair, gorgets of turtle shell, stone *tiki* clubs, spears and paddles, stilt-stirrups, bowls and *tapa*-covered skulls were collected in hundreds by curious visitors as memorials of their stay on cannibal islands. They lie under glass or on shelves and walls, their colours faded to dull browns and greys. They seem disconnected and disembodied, trophies of adventurous moments, not expressions of the spirit of the *tuhuna* who made them. They tell no stories. No one really knows them. Usually they are marked 'Marquesan this' or 'Marquesan that'. They are recognizable from the distinctive signature the Men put on all their work, the exaggerated eyes and lips of their figures, the squared cryptographs of their ornamentation. But even the Men, perhaps, would be hard put to recognize them, things made for a moment caught without time.

These material relics are signs of a dispossession. In Te Henua the only monuments to the past are the ruined, overgrown *paepae* and a small museum and archive in the mission enclosure. In the cathedral at Taiohae, there is a wooden statue of the Virgin adorned with old motifs. The language lives a little in the liturgy of the mass, side by side but not equal with French. Three thousand miles away in Hawaii, in the Polynesian Village built by the Mormons, one can see replicas of Marquesan houses and be coached to sing a cannibal chant. But the Land is dispossessed.

The Men are dead. All that is left of them binds them to those whose intrusion on their Land caused them to die. Their material artefacts lie like cultural flotsam on the beaches of museums. They are now Aoe's



cultural artefacts, not Enata's. They are traded, exhibited, prized. They become part of aesthetic conversations about art or primitivity. Or they are fitted like pieces in an archaeological jig-saw about Polynesian origins. They become evidence in debates about dispersal points and cultural relationships. Or they are classified, made into typologies and a hunt set up for every surviving example. They become problems of preservation and committees will sit and wonder what is the effect of air-conditioning on old men's beards. They are thus transformed, made over into a currency of other cultural values.

They are also dispersed. They have been bought by captain or crew, sent home triumphantly by a missionary, collected by some botanist for the berries they contain, have a memory for days of boredom for some official. They pass across the beach endowed with a meaning they never had, stripped of the meaning contained within them.

Everybody's past is dead, Aoe's and Enata's together. Events happen only once. Actions are gone with their doing. Only the history of the past has some permanence, in the ways consciousness gets preserved in writing or in memory or in the presumptions of every social act. But for Enata even their history is dead. All the history that is left to them, like their material artefacts, binds them to those whose intrusion on their Land caused them to die. Events, actions, institutions, roles become history by being translated into words. In Enata's case, these are Aoe's words in their descriptions of the Land. Even Enata's own words about their lives, collected in legends or even in dictionaries, cannot escape this fundamental reality. There is not a legend or a genealogy that has survived that was not collected many years after Aoe's intrusion. They belong to the time of their writing down. They were made static and functionless by their writing down. Or they became dead, unchanging words, outside the institutions that gave them meaning. Dictionaries, although they are monuments to the effort to understand Enata, are also monuments of translation and transformation. Archaic words are lost. The secret language of *tau'a* is unknown. The wealth of allusions and metaphor is forgotten or even suppressed by new systems of morality. There are thousands of categories of the environment for which there is a word preserved, but the word has no translation, no content, no meaning: it is caught in the dictionary like a linguistic fossil. Even the language itself is changed with the new mobility that came with Aoe's intrusion, with borrowings from Tahiti and Hawaii, with uniformity imposed on the ten islands and their multiple groupings, with the new needs of contact.

So there is no 'zero point' for Enata, no *historical* moment in which they have independence. There was a moment in their past, of course, before the coming of Aoe. But their history, their consciousness of the past, all the ways in which the past is brought to the present belong

inextricably to the time in which Enata and Aoe are bound to one another on the beach. Enata's historical existence for the most part is dependent on the descriptions of them that have been left by Aoe. Enata live only on borrowed time. These descriptions have a cultural context in their own right. They are part of conversations. Knowledge of Enata is discourse. What Aoe wrote down in their visits to Te Henua they wrote down not for themselves but to converse with others, with governments, with commercial owners, with vicarious travellers, with academics, with Church and faithful, with their past and with their future. Like all statements in a conversation, these descriptions are dependent on what went before and condition what comes after. And so Enata are not merely dispossessed of their past. Their past becomes part of a discourse that has no relevance to them at all.

It cannot be said that the Marquesas ever entered into European and American consciousness in any focused way. They were always forgotten islands and always needed to be rediscovered. They entered Aoe's consciousness in the context of world politics and the strategies of empire, or as part of the missionary endeavour, or as the location of entertaining adventures and exotic custom. They were subsumed under the different issues of cannibalism, polyandry, tattooing, depopulation, legends, authority and environment. The discourses on these matters were mostly academic. They served the personal, institutional and national needs of the Outsiders. None of the knowledge involved in these discourses was put to the service of those from whom it derived. It served commandants, naval ensigns, missionary priests and medical officers who had long left the Land. It served savants and professors in academies and *salons*. It served the momentary interests of a wider public and of publishers and writers who made and satisfied that public's curiosities.

Everybody's past is dead, Aoe's and Enata's together. Events happen only once. Actions are gone with their doing. But at one time Enata's legends, their genealogies, the very continuity of their living culture kept them conscious of their past, told them the way their world should be. They were dispossessed even of these. Like their material artefacts, their customs and their ways were transformed into Aoe cultural artefacts. Their living culture died and was resurrected as a curiosity and a problem about such things as cannibalism or polyandry. They had some transient existence in illustrated reviews or universal geographies or jubilee exhibitions. Sometimes they lived in the pages of *Annales de la propagation de la foi* in Catholic Europe, or in the *Evangelical Magazine* in Protestant England, or in the *Friend* in Hawaii. Sometimes an esoteric literary or philological magazine would entertain with a story of a legend or a quaint custom. Many times the *Annales maritimes et coloniales* would put the Men in the context of empire or commerce. Map makers

would mark the points of their journey with small social descriptions in the *Annales hydrographiques*. Administrators and commandants would return home and each, according to his speciality, be it zoology, geology, botany or anthropology, would talk to the academies in Cherbourg, Nantes, Bordeaux, or lecture the more learned societies of Paris. Others would collect what they knew more privately and have it filed for some *ministre de la marine* or kept among their papers as a memento of their days on the beach when they had to struggle with what was strange. All these words, this consciousness, this knowledge, were extracted from the Land and put in the service not of continuity or identity for the Men, but of entertainment, education and edification for the Outsiders. The Men's lives ceased to be part of their discourse with themselves and became instead part of Aoe's discourse. What that discourse was and how it related to Aoe's changing cultural needs cannot be reviewed fully here. For the great circumnavigators of the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries the Marquesas were incidental to their larger voyages. Cook (1774), Krusenstern (1804), Dumont D'Urville (1838), Dupetit-Thouars (1838) were the most important of these. Their chief concern was to add to what had previously been seen or to correct errors. Their scientists were principally natural, extending botanical categories, registering the ordinary natural phenomena, witnessing the extraordinary and making collections for their respective monarchs and learned societies. With the exceptions of Krusenstern's expedition which had Edward Robarts and Jean Cabri as informants, their descriptions of Enata were superficial and focused on such personalities as came in contact with their ships. They presented Enata culture in set and formal frameworks of agricultural products, roles, institutions, and behaviour. Johann Reinhold Forster, sailing with Cook, set the Men in his scheme about the relationship of environment and authority. George Heinrich von Langsdorff, accompanying Krusenstern, raised generalized issues on the nature of *tapu* and the function of cannibalism and with the help of W. G. Tilesius von Tilenum, the expedition's artist, provided documentation and illustration of the Men that has formed Aoe's knowledge of them for a century and a half. Pierre Marie Alexandre Dumoutier, a surgeon on Dumont D'Urville's voyage, coped with the problems of a phrenologist in a land where it was *tapu* to touch the head and produced a '*Notice phrenologique*' which concluded that there was a feeble development of veneration and of the reflective organs in Enata heads, that goodness, compassion and sweetness were weak, but narrow friendships, divisions, impulsiveness and hospitality were strong. The expeditions themselves in their achievements and publications reinforced the European sense of superiority. The cultures beyond the beaches did not need to be understood. They needed only to be displayed in their quaintness or their savagery. Such discoveries as

the primitives had made about leisure and labour or about community and hospitality were sometimes reflected upon, but there were none among the explorers and their reviewers who pondered how savages' discoveries might be transferred across the beach to their own societies.

The establishment of British, American and French missions and the occupation of the Land by France created a new quality in the discourse. After 1842 there was a need and a market for information specifically about the Marquesas. The letters from one of the C.S.S.J. priests, Mathias Graçia, were collated and published as *Lettres sur les îles de Marquises*. A. C. Vincendon-Dumoulin, the official historian of Dumont-D'Urville's expedition, compiled a small study, *Iles Marquises ou Noukahiva. Histoire, géographie, moeurs et considérations générales* which became the classic reference for a hundred years. On the missions individual priests began to use their long years of residence to examine the Men's culture. Some, like Father Gérauld Chaulet, committed their knowledge privately to unpublished notes. Others like Father Siméon Delmas became spokesmen for the mission enlarging on its achievements and problems in a history, making contributions in anthropology by studies on Enata's religion. Still others, like Bishop Ildephonse Dordillon invested energies in dictionaries and the translation of scripture and useful books and verse. The French occupation brought with it also through the nineteenth century a series of commandants and other officials who performed remarkable feats in the collection of information in their short stays. The most prominent of these were Edelstan Jardin (1855–56), Henri Jouan (1853–56), Pierre Eugène Eyraud des Vergnes (1868–74), Charles Lewis Clavel (1881–82), Louis Frédéric Tautain (1892–96). Except perhaps for Jouan, all these men, priests and administrators, were on the margins of academic science. The small institutes and academics they addressed or wrote for protected them in their amateur status. They focused on filling the empty niche that the Marquesas were for the normal sciences of zoology, botany and geology. They had a generalized interest in how the Men saw their environment, remarked on their systems of categorization, but their main efforts were reserved for translating the Land into established systems. Their contributions, hidden away in little-disturbed places of Europe's vast accumulation of knowledge, make a contrast with the total silence of the Men. Among the Men there remained experts and informants who well into the twentieth century could tell a legend or explain a custom. Not one has put to service the skills of reading and writing that have come across their beach in order to display their past or explain their present.

The Pacific has always been a place for voyagers: one could hardly count the yachts and ships that have come to the Land and let visitors sate their curiosity for a while—about timelessness and sun, about savagery, about the pleasures of the beach. There is a chapter about the

Marquesas in hundreds of books. They flirt with the freedoms of a naked breast; they enter a conspiracy over drink forbidden to the native; they become the last repository of secrets about cannibal rites. They repeat so many times the story of the beachcomber who had his face tattooed all over for the sake of a girl who afterwards jilted him. It is a voyager's joke about being caught with marks of permanence in a place of passage. There have been a few professionals with words and descriptions among these visitors. 'Pierre Loti', that is, Louis Marie Jules Viaud (January 1872), Robert Louis Stevenson (28 July–4 September 1888), Jack London (7–17 December 1907), all came to the Land and tried to translate what they saw in pen and pencil. None of them could escape the sense of sadness and silence. Loti in his *Mariage de Loti* transposed times and thought he had caught Vaekehu, Temoana's wife, near her death when she had still thirty years of life left, but he saw her life as death. To him she lay in the ugliness of the litter and half-learned proprieties of the beach and in the decay of corrupted innocence. For Loti, Vaekehu's eyes were full of irony as if she knew the emptiness of her crossing of the beach. Stevenson in his comfortable little yacht *Casco* could not forget the latent savage that lived inside every calico shirt and under every tattooed skin. He enjoyed the islands' gloom and silence and admired the simple brothers and priests who lived on the edge of violence and built tiny chapels as if they were cathedrals. Jack London in the *Snark* had less care for the Land and the Men than for his memories of Melville and for the new experience of hunting goats on Nukuhiva. There were also those among the visitors who thought to stay. Some like Bengt Danielsson and his wife Thérèse, and Thor and Liv Heyerdahl, went looking for isolation and primitivity in forgotten islands. None ever really crossed the beach. They shared the same sense of paradox that every Aoe had experienced since the Land was opened to intrusion. The Land was hospitable and generous in its foods and fruits but threatening and dangerous in the sickness it bred and the separation it demanded. There was a sullen suspicion that no openness or innocence could overcome. The truth is and always has been that to the dispossessed there are no innocents who come across the beach.

Enata entered European discourse on human nature as a puzzle. Their puzzle was their savagery. They were not merely different: they were different in wild ways that made them objects of curiosity not subjects of communication. Enata shared with all the other 'savages' the didactic uses Europeans put their cultures to in literature and philosophic analysis. They lurk not by name but by nature in stories of savagery and 'taboo' such as R. M. Ballantyne's *Coral Island*. They had disturbing qualities, however, of their own. They were cannibals, for one thing. What view of human nature could make flesh-eating rational? What could be shared by savage and civilized, if the 'oven' could have

so sinister and repugnant a meaning? They were polyandrous for another. *Pekio* or 'fire-maker' or secondary husband was, as Edward Robarts said, 'a pill hard to digest'. Enata held the mirror up to man in a hard way when polyandry disturbed the relationship of men and women so drastically. They were tattooed, for a third disturbing quality: outrageously tattooed. Permanent marking of the body and face was a deviance in European culture. The Men's total 'disfigurement' was a savage's scandal that mesmerized observers. Even their dying was a disturbance, put them beyond a pale. The early accusatory debates over whether the British or the French had introduced venereal disease into the paradise of the Pacific had abated. As populations withered, reflection on their dying did not concern so much guilt about what was introduced across the beach as the inability of the primitive to adapt. Their dying was a weakness. That they could not revitalize themselves was a sign of an inferiority that would cause them to disappear. There were other institutions and customs which were abstracted from Enata culture for observation, on which we have already reflected. The apparent irrationality of *tapu*, the violence of their human sacrifice, their irreverent religiosity yet their subservience to sorcery were all qualities that kept them at a distance from the civilized, made them unredeemably savage. It was better, many thought, that they disappear altogether. E. W. Christian, an indefatigable, if eccentric, investigator at the turn of the twentieth century had an affection for the Land, but his visit prompted him to write to the President of the French Republic to suggest that the Marquesans needed a little genetic pepping up with the introduction of a 'more vigorous type' from Rarotonga, Hawaii and Tahiti and by encouraging those already there to participate in 'manly sports and exercises' such as cricket, boxing, wrestling, running, sailing and canoe racing.

Scientific anthropology came late to the Land. For many years a lonely scholar called Karl von den Steinen pursued Enata through all the museums of Europe and finally visited the survivors in their islands in 1897 and collected their legends. He was preparing to publish his encyclopaedic *Die Marquesaner und ihre Kunst* when the Bayard Dominick Expedition from the Bernice P. Bishop Museum, Honolulu, arrived in the Land in 1920. The Bayard Dominick Expedition was part of that renaissance in Pacific studies centred on the Bishop Museum. E. S. Craighill Handy and wife Willowdean Handy, together with a young Ralph Linton, arrived at Hiva Oa to make an ethnographic and archaeological survey of the Marquesas. There were other associates in the natural sciences who stayed more briefly in the islands: A. M. Adamson in entomology, F. B. H. Brown in botany, L. J. Chubb in geology, H. L. Shapiro in physical anthropology. For the anthropologists the expedition was conceived as a rescue operation. The

anthropologists did not come to observe the living but to collect from the living what remnants of the past were still left in their memories and ways. The dominant questions they sought to answer were: where did Enata come from and what light did their coming throw on the problem of Polynesian origins? The products of the expedition were descriptive reviews of all aspects of the Men's society, their material culture, their legends, their tattoos, their music, their social structure and their past. By interview and observation and by review of earlier observation, E. S. C. Handy, Willowdean Handy and Ralph Linton first laid out the bare bones of Enata culture, and then later by more theoretical discussion, autobiography and fiction breathed a little spirit into them.

Their work was monumental and has been the foundation of virtually every model of Enata society that has been constructed to make them relevant to wider anthropological concerns. Since their day the French historian, Louis Rollin, and the French anthropologist, R. H. Driout-Gérard, have undertaken surveys and reviews of Enata culture. In recent years interest in Te Henua has been mainly archaeological and the discourse about the islands has concerned them as a possible dispersal point for East Polynesia. R. C. Suggs, Yoshihiko Sinoto, Peter Bellwood, Marimari Kellum-Ottino and Thor Heyerdahl have all conducted digs. Their archaeological interests have been to discover the date of the arrival of Enata, to construct a typology of artefacts and buildings that establish relationships with other Polynesians and give an evolutionary history of Te Henua, to establish an archaeological basis for calculation of populations and their subsistence levels.

There is no way, of course, that this knowledge of Enata belongs to a living culture. Enata now in European discourse are those disembodied, timeless descriptions of them by Handy and Linton. E. S. C. Handy's *Native Culture in the Marquesas* (1923) and Ralph Linton's essay on the 'Marquesan Culture' in Abram Kardiner's *The Individual and Society* (1939) have proved to be the foundations on which virtually all models of Enata have been constructed. Enata have been translated into anthropological discourse out of those images of them for fifty years. Linton directed his famous essay on 'Marquesan Culture' to Kardiner's psychological interests. He was concerned to discover a basic personality structure among the Marquesans. It would be an easy task to sift through Linton's account and point out the many places in which his absolutes on social behaviour are contradicted by the actualities observed by early witnesses and where his generalizations should be modified by factors of time, social change and particular circumstance. There is a tidiness and sureness about his essay that comes from the simplicity that time gives to informants reciting the social memory of events and behaviour a hundred and fifty years old. Rights, privileges, duties and roles became baldly rational. Trees were owned, he said, but not the

land; the first breadfruit crop was always put aside against famine; the fishing catch was always communal; only food used to be stolen; trade was personally organized by the *haka'iki*; the polyandrous household included as many as eleven *pekiō* who had sexual access to the primary husband's wife; the head of the household was immediately outranked at the birth of his eldest son.

Perhaps it is not important to correct the inaccuracies of these observations, but each in its individual simplicity contributes to the larger simplicity of his model. For Linton, the central role of the *haka'iki* was established by his control over scarce resources. Scarcity of women created polyandrous households in which secondary husbands were accumulated as an economic and political work force. The *haka'iki*'s political art consisted in attracting these resources and utilizing them in inter- and intra-group conflict. Uncertainty of the food crops, because of periodic droughts, put a premium on the possession of the resources to accumulate and store food against scarcity. The *haka'iki*, in owning all the tribal land and in controlling all communal activity, exchanged economic wealth for political power. His main challenge came from those who could manipulate the same resources to their own advantage in their search for status.

Mobility, achievement orientation, a direct relation between economic wealth and social status, were for Linton the principal qualities of Marquesan life. In the psychological analysis of Linton's material by Kardiner, the anthropologists singled out certain 'primary institutions' as especially important. One was the skewed male-female ratio: there were thought to be significantly more men than women. The other was food scarcity created by droughts. The skewed male-female ratio led to anxiety and the fear of being eaten, a hatred of women and sexual dissatisfaction, among Marquesan men, which in turn led to the secondary institutions of taboos against women, hostile representation of women in the *vehinehane* (savage female spirits) and homosexuality. Food scarcity led to food anxiety, hypochondriacal fears, fear of being eaten. These anxieties and fears led to the secondary institutions of food taboos, cannibalism, deification, multiple naming. Other elements of Marquesan life such as warfare, feasts, primogeniture, the social roles of *tau'a*, *tuhuna o'ono* and *toa*, the importance they attached to artisan skills and craftsmen, the rationalization of genealogies, the struggles between senior and junior descent lines, all become intelligible in the context of their being used to establish, secure and enforce the *haka'iki*'s economic wealth as a basis for his social and political power. In psychological terms, Kardiner and Linton traced the relationship between these institutions and such characteristics among the Marquesans as male solidarity, children's gangs, easy relations with the deities, absence of potency disturbances, independence and precocity, checks on prestige.

'We can trace', they wrote in justification of their method, 'a continuous series between the conscious systems and the ultimate unconscious constellations existing. Thus if we take a superficial trait like the absence of jealousy among men (except under special conditions) we find first an external reality, the scarcity of women, and from this point a long series of institutions and experiences, reading back to infancy, which account for the alternate attitude. It is this series which traces the growth of the individual's sense of reality, and hence of his ego.'

By now 'Marquesan Culture' has not merely been dismembered into distinct institutions and roles, it has been stratified into conscious and unconscious, primary and secondary institutions, cause and consequence, personality and social structure. By way of abstraction and typification, by postulates about what was primary and what was secondary 'Marquesan Culture' was 'cannibalized' by a different myth system. Kardiner's and Linton's 'Marquesan Culture' sent the more classically oriented Freudians to Marquesan legends. They returned triumphantly with abundant evidence of primal hordes, castration complexes, penis envy, oral frustration and enough Oedipus and Electra to ensure that Enata were no exceptions to the rest of us.

These abstractions are so removed from the actualities of Enata's life and so dependent on an agreed and sustained selectivity that 'Marquesan Culture' has become a free-floating concept, unattached to reality, an end in itself. It is like a painting or a poem in the possession of an art or literary critic. Its relation to what was or what happened is irrelevant. It belongs now as an item of exchange in an 'as if' world of discourse. For the Men as they were there was no neat equation between economic wealth and political power, and the primacy of the economic factor is only sustained with some insensitivity both to the cognitive structures of Enata society and to the social and religious idiom of Enata life. Among Enata there were wealthier individuals and groups than the *haka'iki*. The *haka'iki* stood at the centre of Enata social life without the usual trappings of political followers, external authority and wealth. Aoe contact brought a secularization and an economic rationalization of Enata's political structure which in the end undermined it and destroyed it at its roots. Enata's culture needs to be defined in terms of their own metaphors and their own particularity. To dispossess them of that is a reductionism that cannot be validated. The anthropologist needs to cross the beach, not remake the island.

It is natural that much of Linton's account was foreshadowed in and borrowed from the ethnography of his field companion E. S. C. Handy. Retrospective reflection fifteen years after the expedition perhaps made the structure of Linton's model clearer, but it is easy to see what pieces of evidence impressed both Linton and Handy. They were mutually supportive in their image of Marquesan society as one in which the role of



haka'iki had not evolved as formalistically as it had in other Polynesian societies. Nor had social stratification been made rigid by elaborate descent rules, systems of senior and junior descent lines and a complex code of deference rituals. In the Marquesas, codes of social behaviour were always subject to exception; roles were not narrowly defined; genealogies and legends were rationalized to support individuals and groups who pursued the main chance rather than remained in those ranks and statuses defined for them by birth. By exchange of gifts and by exchange of personal privileges through *e inoa* (name exchange), by conspicuous display and distribution at *koina*, by intra- and inter-group marriages and adoptions, by alliance with the principal functionaries of *tau'a*, *tuhuna* and *toa*, by generous support of craftsmen, by deification of members of their own group to ensure continued success in war and productive agriculture, the talented and the astute could establish their claim to social status. The *haka'iki* was one of many political entrepreneurs in a society which had no set social classes, save the temporary division between landed and landless, rich and poor, *tapu* and *kikino*.

Handy's main concern in 1923 was the retrieval of as much ethnographic data as observation, interviewing of old informants and reading of generalized descriptions of earlier visitors would allow. Handy conceived his task as the provision of a corpus of factual information about Marquesan society. He dealt with Marquesan 'tribes' and their legendary origins and divisions, the roles and functions of chiefs and priests, the family, the life cycle of the individual, personal relations, community structures and activities. In many ways it was a brilliant achievement, remarkably complete for the nine months fieldwork it took. He caught in his model the essential flexibility of Enata culture. But the culture he caught was static for all that. He portrayed it without time or change, without history or individuals. These limitations of Handy's ethnography, intelligible in the historical context in which the ethnography was written and even warranted within the context of the wider purposes it served, have tended to be transmitted to later descriptions of Marquesan society. The Men have entered anthropological discourse frozen in some imagined state outside of time and the eccentricities of historical personalities.

Caught then in a 'zero point' outside of time the Marquesas gained a position on scales of Polynesian cultures established by anthropologists to exploit the variations on a cultural theme that different Polynesian societies have made in their island environments. The two principal schemes have been those established by Marshall Sahlins in *Social Stratification in Polynesia* (1958) and Irving Goldman in *Ancient Polynesian Society* (1968). For Sahlins, the Marquesas belonged with Tikopia and Futuna and a further group of Mangaia, Mangareva, Easter Island and Uvea, somewhere between the complexly ranked and highly centralized and formalized societies of Hawaii, Tonga, Samoa and Tahiti,

and the least status-conscious societies of Pukapuka, Ongtong Java and the Tokelaus. For Goldman, the Marquesas were an Open Society. They lay between Traditional and Stratified Societies. Traditional Societies were essentially religious systems headed by a sacred chief. Ranks were religiously sanctioned gradations of worth. New Zealand, Manihiki-Rakahanga, Tonga, Uvea, Futuna, the Tokelaus, Tikopia, Pukapuka and Ongtong Java were Traditional Societies. In Open Societies economic and political power had some independence of religious power, and stability came from secular as well as religious control. In Stratified Societies—Mangareva, Tahiti, Hawaii, Tonga—status was determined by economic and political power and by seniority.

The sorts of controls that allowed Sahlins to make his categorizations were the number of status levels recognized in each society, the powers of the chief over the lives and property of tribal members and over communal activity, the complexity of the redistribution systems, intra-status marriage rules, the elaborateness of deference rituals and of the celebration of moments in the chiefly life crises. The purpose of Sahlins' categorization was to discover the association between social organization and environment as it affected the means of production. He saw differences between ramage-system societies, of which the Marquesas were an example, and descent-line societies and argued that they could be respectively associated in the Pacific with environments in which resources were dispersed or concentrated. Sahlins saw rammages as descent groups which were internally ranked according to their relationship to a central genealogical stem. Each descent line measured its seniority by the point of its branching from the centrally important line. Such hierarchically structured ranking had a natural association with an environment in which dispersed resources could be exploited independently by different groups and redistributed up and down the hierarchic chain of senior and junior *haka'iki*.

As we have seen Te Henua in its historical setting, it is very difficult to recognize either the ramage system or the environment of dispersed resources as described by Sahlins. Ranking within local and regional groupings was important in the Marquesas, but there is nothing to suggest that the language of manipulation or of mobility was a descent one. An outstanding feature of Enata life was the number of groupings that cut across descent lines and which were ranked in their *tapu* relationship with the *haka'iki*. The only recognizable dispersal of resources in the Marquesas was during times of scarcity when the breadfruit was sometimes harvested from the upper reaches and walls of the valleys. On some of the islands small groups of professional fishermen would live in deserted valleys and trade their catch. There is nothing to indicate that descent lines were attached to these dispersed resources. The professionalization of some of the crafts, the localization of some

trading, the expeditionary trips to deserted islands and other valleys, had little relation to the overall social organization of the Marquesas Islands.

To virtually every one of the controls by which Sahlins categorizes Marquesan society a review of historical sources forces one to add provisions and conditions. 'Two status levels', he said; but status had a flexible and multiple definition. 'Highest rights of access to strategic resources was usually held by the upper level'; but access was not defined by status but by *tapu*. 'No dispossessions'; on the contrary, dispossessions were frequent. 'Economic tabus carried supernatural sanctions'; but there were also quite secular *tapu* called *ahui* that protected property. 'Few insignia of rank', that is, as recognized by European observers. 'Limited chiefly authority indicated in general statements of observers'; but these same observers missed seeing the extent and basis of this authority. 'Only slight preference for intra-chiefly marriages'; but marriage and adoption between *haka'iki* families was a constant element of social and political manipulation.

Sahlins' analysis belongs to the anthropological discourse of twenty years ago. One doubts whether he himself would keep to it now. It belonged to a period in which there was some excitement in the thought of Polynesia as a sort of laboratory in which the observer had some control over the factors which affected the differing evolution of Polynesian societies in their differing environments. It was a bright hope dashed by the discovery of how much was changed by the European intrusion and how little was left that could give precision to the ethnography or environmental description of the dead and gone islanders.

Irving Goldman came to his categories with a greater sense of historicity. He focused on the ways in which status rivalry affected the construction of aristocratic-type social structure in the Pacific. He would find his characterization of Marquesan society supported in this present study of the Men. There were many examples of mobility, flexibility and achievement orientation among the Enata personalities we met in the period 1774–1815. How the Men manipulated their metaphors within a given structure has been a theme of this study. Handy and Linton had initiated the notion of Marquesans manoeuvring within their social structure: Goldman extended and expanded it. The problem that Enata culture sets when it is seen against the highly formalized systems of other Polynesian islands such as Tonga, Tahiti and Hawaii is at what point and under what influence do the structures rigidify. Sahlins and Goldman have offered an evolutionary perspective on the matter. But the histories of Pacific islands, as distinct from descriptions of traditional cultures, are still to be written. And the rigidities might yet be discovered to be the product of the model, not an expression of the realities.

We cannot be divorced from our own culture. A hundred years ago when we looked at the Men we would have been preoccupied with where they stood in the evolutionary scale. We would have had a fair certainty that in knowing them we were knowing our own history and development. Now in the last quarter of the twentieth century we are preoccupied with what makes our differences, with our boundaries, with our ethnicity. Whatever the political and military realities, Europe's cultural hegemony is gone and with it the signs and instruments of its dominance. Anthropology has been a sign and an instrument of that hegemony. As a science it was born in the period of European world dominance. It belonged to Europe's systems of inquiry and education. It was concerned as a science with the problems of colonial administration and control. It held a paradox. In methodology it demanded an eradication of ethnocentric thinking the better to cross cultural boundaries. Yet as a system of inquiry it was established entirely within European culture. All its institutional supports lay there. All the ways in which it was itself a social system were European. There are no anthropology departments among yesterday's primitives to study Europeans. More than anybody, anthropologists needed the primitive and the primitive was non-European. Now our changed cultural circumstances have altered the questions asked about culture contact. Having said that the Men were dispossessed, it is now not enough to express it as a judgement against those who dispossessed them. Now there is an expectancy, born of research into the reactive character of the dispossessed, that the balance will be redressed a little. Perhaps one is expected to show that the dispossessed had a certain heroic character. Perhaps one is expected to bless a certain romanticism about the golden past in order to legitimate present efforts to discover a distinctive identity. Certainly one should point to a cultural resilience that denies that the dispossessed were part of a cultural evolution in which the winner by winning both took the prize and legitimated the taking of it.

There was a certain cultural resilience among Enata. They were dispossessed nonetheless. On the two occasions when their Land was formally occupied, first by Porter, then by Dupetit-Thouars, they resisted. Each time they had some success: the Taipi against Porter, Iotete against Halley, Pakoko against Almaric. Yet in resistance they never forgot their own divisions. Just as the French never made a king to govern them, so they themselves in their resistance never found the institutional means to unite. As they died, their differences among themselves were more important than their differences with the Aoe intruders. So they died in their separate valleys, and as these emptied none had the populations to sustain old institutions or to make new ones. Their resilience was limited. At times they would enthusiastically take up old ways, such as their *koina*, in the belief that these would stop their dying. Or they would stir themselves from their enervation by displaying

their identity in strong, if partial, displays of old roles. In those orgiastic years of the sixties and seventies they seemed to revel in their title of *kaikaia* 'flesh-eaters', where before they had kept their ritual cannibalism secret in the face of Aoe denigration.

But there were no revitalization movements. At times they pinned their hopes on things that came across the beach, such as *Hamani*, Baudichon's book, as if by declaring themselves readers they had discovered some adaptation that would save them. Most things that came across the beach were dissolvents of their culture—however they might make them their own for a time, hang shoes in an earlobe and call muskets 'boasting spears'. To get the things they wanted from across the beach they never responded in any sustained way to the exhortation that they become traders, planters and labourers. Instead they used their women to manipulate the market. At first they let the freedom of their *ka'ioi* and their young girls be useful to them. Then they were far more promiscuous. The junk they won was hardly worth the price of their diseased bodies and their dissolved relationships. The cotton clothes destroyed the *tapa*-making industry, one of the social functions of women, and an extraordinary wide range of uses of *tapa* in ritual and ceremonial occasions, in exchange and in social status. A steel axe had the same effect. William Pascoe Crook discovered in 1798 that the making of a canoe—the collection of the materials, the rituals of its construction and launching, the use of many specialized *tuhuna*—externalized a consciousness and symbolized relationships in ways in which his boat-building for them, or an imported whaleboat, never could.

Death seemed to carry off the Men before they had the time or the will to make any cultural adaptation to their changed environment. They were subject of course to a sustained effort to destroy them culturally. That effort was only in the vaguest sense reconstructive. Neither the Protestant and Catholic missionaries nor the French administrators, when they tried to destroy parts of Enata culture by denigration or by force of arms and law, proposed for the Men any cultural alternative. They offered simply a cultural void or at best cultural mimicry of selected Aoe customs. The law of 1863 which forbade war, killing, purchase of guns and liquor, embalming of the dead, drums, tattoos, traditional songs, decoration with *eka* and the scenting of clothing, *mau* for the dead, construction of special *tapu* houses, naked bathing, *pekiō* and polygamy, was only the legal execution of nearly thirty years of understanding and working for the destruction of Enata culture. The elements were chosen with some appreciation of their interconnectedness. In these actions the Men had made their Land. In them they played out time and marked out space. They were offered in their stead a set of propositions about a Judeo-Christian cosmology set in the context of the acceptable behaviour of nineteenth-century

provincial France. They might sing a hymn in their own language to a melody any French peasant or courtier might recognize. They could learn the catechism of the Council of Trent in Marquesan. That was all the constructiveness they were allowed. They were the only metaphors the Men were allowed in the emptiness that was left.

The expansion of Europe has touched the whole world and all its peoples. The Men in their Land can be found in other places, in other colours, with other tongues, east and west, north and south. Their story is a parable that does not lessen the mysteriousness of the violent destructiveness of that expansion.

Remarks on a Silent Land

Nukuhiva still looms darkly out of silver blue seas. Taiohae, with its giant beauty, still enfolds the tiny things that men make. The town at Taiohae still hides behind the trees, or, if one sees it in the summer months, is garlanded with the scarlet brilliance of the flame-trees. All the fortifications on Tuhiva (Fort Collet) are dismantled, but they have left their mark on the little hillock; and in other places there are other marks—the old prison built for the revolutionaries, the foundations of a cathedral never built, the tumbled stones of old *paepae*. The past has other permanences. The road which skirts the shore is divided at a middle point: the half which stretches westward past the bishop's house and mission school is called *Avenue de Mgr Dordillon*; the half which stretches eastward to the gaol, hospital, the offices of the administration and the *résidence* is called *Avenue d'Admiral Dupetit-Thouars*. In the middle ground between west and east, left and right, are two or three *magasins*, a place for entertainment and celebration, a basketball court and a little souvenir market, empty unless a ship comes in.

West is Church: east is State. West is where Keatonui and Temoana used to live and Butahaie had her *paepae* at the water's edge, where Robarts and Crook built their houses. West, on a small knoll, overlooking the remnants of those *paepae* is 'Queen' Vaekehu's tomb: it is bleak and white, a tiny tent in concrete. Beside them all is the mission compound with its boarding school and houses for the brothers and French lay-teachers, with an old church whose sunken facade and spires awry show the reason for its abandonment, and the new cathedral, open with the sort of suburban feel of new places of worship.

East is State. Hakapehi or Madisonville or Saumerville is now the *résident's* garden. The Land has been the last and least important outpost of an old empire. It has been the backwater to the backwater of Tahiti. In a nuclear age, it has come a little closer to the centre of things, a little more valuable to voyagers with mushroom clouds to blow. There are airstrips on Ua Huka and Hiva Oa and there is wild talk of an international airport on Nukuhiva. There is much more movement of naval vessels and air force planes, measuring the distances, marking the boundaries that are France's. And so there are doctors and dentists, post offices, courts and schools: there is a hustling of 'mayors' of islands to

Tahiti to do a little politicking, to plead a case. The metropolitans have an interest in the Land.

The people in between? They grow in numbers: as many now as a hundred years ago, three times as many now, six thousand, as fifty years ago. Many leave the Land—one hundred and sixty a year—for the gamble of finding work in Tahiti. Tahitians are the sophisticates: they laugh at the savages from the east: it is not easy to find work. In Te Henua, the beach has become an expensive crossing. The work at copra-growing or at making artefacts for export is hardly enough to pay for the expenses of all the things that now must come across the beach. There are no tourists to speak of, only the yacht people, as much beggars as big-spenders. For all the new life, the Land still seems sombre and silent.

That silence disturbs me: I ask myself where the silence is. My memory of the Land is of sounds—of generators, of cocks, of falling coconuts, of rolling pebbles on the beach, of children in the morning, of wind: my memory is of sounds and of silence in myself. I had a happy welcome at Taiohae by the bishop of the Marquesas; Mgr Hervé-Marie Le Cléac'h. The bishop was a professor of theology before he came to the Land eight years ago. He came with some insight into the changes Vatican Council II had made to the Catholic Church; he came with some determination to let the Men, now Christian, find expression for their faith in the ways of the Land. I worked in the archives of the mission and in its museum and spoke with him on the porch of his house looking out across the bay beyond its heads to Ua Pou. I discovered my limitations in language and knowledge and wished that I might stay to plumb the silence of the Land a little deeper. For I should have known that the dead are easier to talk to than the living. I should have known the cost of hearing somebody through the silence. On the beach one is so deaf to words, so blind to gestures: on the beach one knows oneself in caricature because of the differences, but others hardly at all. That is my regret, then, that I do not know the living Men as I know the dead; and I have this half-suspicion that Aoe bring their silence with them.

Abbreviations

A.B.F.M.	American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions
C.S.S.J.	Congregation of the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary
H.M.B.	Hawaiian Mission Board
L.M.S.	London Missionary Society
L.S.O.A.S.	London School of Oriental and African Studies
Mq	Marquesas
P.M.B.	Pacific Manuscripts Bureau

Notes

CHAPTER ONE: NAMES AND PLACES

The Land was isolated and divided and each of the intrusions by Mendaña, Cook, Marchand and Porter was a parable of the contact of Aoe with Enata in the context of their isolation and division: that is the theme of the chapter. The Land's isolation is a geographical fact: it is also an archaeological fact. There is nothing to suggest in the archaeology done in the islands (Sinoto 1966, 1970, Bellwood 1970, 1972, Kellum-Ottino 1971) that in the two thousand years occupation of the Land there have been significant arrivals from other Pacific islands, and nothing to support the thesis (Handy 1923) that the divisions in the Land were connected with successive waves of immigration. That the Men sometimes left the Land is demonstrated by examples (Dening 1962). Their long lists of islands of origin (Lawson 1967) and the lists of islands they knew (L.M.S. Crook 1798) are no evidence that they went on excursions and returned: they made a one-way contribution to the Polynesian dispersal. In their evolution in the Land, there were signs of cultural change, negative in their loss of pottery and of the dog, positive in their development of their distinctive *paepae*. Decker 1970 in a doctoral dissertation on landscape changes has shown how constantly the environment has changed through both Enata's and Aoe's intrusion. Sahlins 1958 has connected the social evolution of the *haka'iki* with the productivity of the Land. Bellwood 1972 has suggested in what ways we might calculate population concentrations out of *paepae* remains and estimates of food productivity and consumption. But theories on the Men's social evolution in their isolation tend to be surmise and wait for a full comparative study on the Polynesians' variations on the theme of their own culture.

Documenting the fact of the Men's divisions is not difficult: it is written in the history of their constant wars. Describing its character is more tedious. The judgement made in the chapter has not been to provide a social map of every division of every valley in the Land. Such a map would be partial and would fix too rigidly at a particular time the fluid relations of the Men. The names the Men gave to themselves and the Land are really only to be known out of the earliest recording of them by William Pascoe Crook (L.M.S. Crook 1800). General descriptions of the Marquesas (Gracia 1843a, Vincendon-Dumoulin and Desgraz 1843, Eyriau des Vergnes 1877) gave the Men's basic divisions, but only later unpublished sources such as Lawson 1867 or the efforts of French hydrographers (Cornu-Gentille 1876, Jouan 1858) or the analytic efforts of Handy 1923 and Christian 1910 showed any fullness in listing Enata names. The missionary Gérauld Chaulet 1873a, 1873b, the French administrator Valéry Lalour 1843 and the Hawaiian Mission Society 'Station Reports' 1859-72 give a very particularist picture of Te Henua. Perhaps there will come a time when a proper geographical map will be drawn of the islands in Te Henua and to that a social map can be added.

Getting at the Aoe intruders on the Land requires more traditional historical techniques. Any student of French Polynesian history and anthropology must pay a tribute to the brilliant work of Patrick O'Reilly and Edouard Reitman in their *Bibliographie de Tahiti et de la Polynésie Française*, Paris 1967, as well as the dictionary of biography, *Tahitiens*, of Patrick O'Reilly and Raoul Teissier, Paris 1975. Their annotations and surveys are small histories in themselves. For each of the visits of Mendaña, Cook, Marchand and Porter extensive contemporary descriptions have been published (Quirós 1904, Cook 1961, Claret de Fleurieu 1790, Porter 1822). The unpublished material connected with these voyages and relevant to Te Henua is not extensive. Kelly 1965 has published a calendar for de Quirós' voyages and, of course, Beaglehole has supported Cook's journals with excerpts from other logs. For Cook's visit to Te Henua we also have the work of the Forsters (Forster, J. G. A. 1777 and Forster, J. R. 1778). The original account of Marchand's voyage was a compilation by Claret de Fleurieu. Portions of Marchand's own journal were not published till 1843 (Marchand 1896). David Long has written a fine biography of Porter (Long 1970) and as an event in U.S. naval history Porter's expedition has prompted a number of publications with information relevant to the Land (Farragut 1891, Preble 1870, Shillibeer 1818, Ross 1813, McLennan 1926). Mendaña, Marchand and Porter are all owed an analytic history of their voyages into the Pacific. Their crews, presented in this chapter on their visit to the Land, are pale ghosts in the background of contact with Aoe. Who they were, how they made their social reality, what signals they made to the Men about their other worlds needs to be studied further.

Reflection: *On History at the Edges of Culture*

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CHAPTER TWO: SPACE AND TIME

Enata's perception of Te Henua is in no sense fully recoverable. There is a way in which many of their cultural traits can be collected from a variety of sources over a hundred years and then be displayed. The plants and animals, for example, used by Enata in food, medicine, ornamentation, artefacts and ritual can be listed with some fullness. A formal description can be made of most of their social customs. The lists and descriptions have some value. They indicate vaguely Enata's systems of category; they can be compared with other Polynesian cultures, and they collate the remnants of Enata culture. In a sense, however, such lists and descriptions are antiquarian or at best an element in a very narrow conversation that Pacific anthropologists might have. The alternative—to be selective, to offer an interpretation of a cultural whole, to make

some effort at 'thick description'—is more dangerous. It makes a claim for sensibility to Enata's meanings that is beyond possibility, given the character of the sources from which it is constructed. The chance fact that a beachcomber, Edward Robarts, and a missionary, William Pascoe Crook, lived among Enata in the years 1797–1806 and left a description of their residence makes something of a thick description possible. Their accounts (Robarts 1974, L. M. S. Crook 1800) reveal a number of personalities, such as Keatonui and Teinae, not only in terms of their formal roles but also in terms of their behaviour. The further documentation of those days (Krusenstern 1805, 1813; Langsdorff 1813; Lisiansky 1814; Fanning 1924; Porter 1822) gives a fullness of detail about individuals and places that is remarkable so early in the islanders' contact with Europeans and in so isolated a place. In that documentation there is a base on which to work and see the hundreds of later and more generalized descriptions in a perspective. Having a base, it is possible to have a sense of continuity and change in all the descriptions that are incidental to Aoe's intrusions in the years to follow. No one can guarantee it is an entry into Enata's mind: it is as good a way as there will ever be: the living are hard enough to understand, the dead take most of their secrets with them.

The selected features of Enata's culture that have been displayed as central to their making of Te Henua have been *tapu*, *haka'iki*, *heana*, *koina*, *tau'a*, *toa*, and *atua*. These features can be discovered and understood in the following references.

Tapu: Armstrong 1838; C.S.S.J. Chaulet 1837a; Christian 1895; Coan 1860, 1861; L. M. S. Darling 1834b; Delmas 1927; Jardin 1855a; Lallour 1843; Lawson 1867; Radiguet 1929; Smith 1856; Stewart 1831; Tautain 1896b; Temoteitei 1800; Wilson 1799.

Haka'iki: H. M. B. Alexander 1833, Armstrong 1832; Bennett 1840; L. M. S. Darling 1834b; C. S. S. J. Dordillon 1856; Graçia 1843; L. M. S. Stallworthy 1838; Thompson 1845.

Heana: C. S. S. J. Chaulet 1873a; Delmas 1927; C. S. S. J. Dordillon 1856; Langsdorff 1813; Lawson 1867; C. S. S. J. Lecornu n.d.; Nightingale 1835; Noury 1928; Tautain 1896a; Thompson 1845.

Koina: Collet 1843b; Cornwallis 1859; Eriauaud des Vergnes 1877; Jardin 1855a; Pailhès 1875; Paulin 1855; Tautain 1897a; Winter 1882.

Tau'a: C. S. S. J. Chaulet 1873a, 1873b; L. M. S. Darling 1835; Delmas 1927; Graçia 1843; Langsdorff 1813; Lawson 1867; Stewart 1831; Tautain 1896a.

Toa: Collet 1844; Coulter 1845; Cugnet 1844; Porter 1822; L. M. S. Rodger-son and Stallworthy 1841; Roquefeuil 1823a; Shillibeer 1818; Tautain 1897a.

Atua: Armstrong 1838; Bennett 1840; C. S. S. J. Chaulet 1873a; C. S. S. J. Dordillon 1856; Christian 1895; Delmas 1927; Graçia 1843; Jardin 1855; Lawson 1867; C. S. S. J. Lecornu n.d.; Stewart 1831; Tautain 1896b, 1897a.

Our knowledge of Teinae and Keatonui comes mainly from Crook and Robarts, but there is more to be known of Teinae from Temoteitei 1800 and Wilson 1799. Keatonui was met by many more Aoe: Anon 1817a, Dumoutier 1843, Fanning 1924, Krusenstern 1804, 1813, Langsdorff 1813, Lisiansky 1814, Porter 1822, Roquefeuil 1823a, Shillibeer 1818.

Reflection: On Model and Metaphor

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CHAPTER THREE: SHIPS AND MEN

Ships leave many traces of their comings and goings, in their logs, in the logs of ships that meet them, in their registration papers in ports. Sailors on land or sea also seem to have a pride in remembering a ship's name, where she was from and who was her master. So finding names of the ships that visited the Land and finding what, if any, documentation remained of their visits is not an impossible task. Enough journals of ships that have visited Te Henua have been published to make a beginning there. (Anderson 1937, Appleton 1947, Calkin 1953, Fanning 1924, Ingraham 1971, Iselin 1805, Roquefeuil 1823a). Enough excerpts or notes have been put in periodicals to make worth while a search through such journals as: *United Services Journal*, *Annales Maritimes, Army and Navy Journal*, *Nautical Magazine*, *Revue maritime*, *United States Naval Institute Proceedings*. In the diaries of missionaries and beachcombers there was always mention of the ships in the bay, not always correctly spelt but enough to make a start. ('One Idea' was mentioned as visiting Nukuhiva in 1800 by Edward Robarts: it was a puzzle to find until Trowbridge 1882 made it clear that it was the *Oneida*, Captain Brintnall, the first vessel from New Haven to circumnavigate the world.) A list begun is always being added to through chance references in logs of vessels or in newspapers (*Sydney Gazette* 1815–20, Ward 1967). Armed with a list—but who in research follows such neat logic: it is a dialectic of miss and muddle—the problem is to identify the vessels and discover the documentation. The east coast of the United States is a historian's paradise with its libraries, museums and historical institutions. For decades, diligent amateur historians have produced tools of research for identification. Starbuck 1878 and the Hegarty 1964 *Addendum* listed all the whaling ships in and out of American ports; a Works Project Administration gave employment to out-of-work historians during the 1930s depression to produce registers for most New England ports (W.P.A. 1939, 1941). These have been backed up by such works as Holdcare 1968, Hitchings 1966, and Latourette 1927 giving listings for New York, Salem and the U.S. navy. Then there were scholars such as Dias 1906 who catalogued the voyages of every whaler out of New Bedford. F. W. Howay 1973, and G. G. Putnam 1924 put a lifetime into tracing vessels out of the east coast ports and into the Pacific or to China. J. S. Cumpston 1963 made similar listings for Sydney and then took his labours further by microfilming all the extant logs of east coast whalers entering the Pacific, and those logs have been indexed in Langdon 1978, 1979. Most lists give the captain's name and the owners of the vessels. The task is then to discover any relics of their voyages by searching library catalogues and by pursuing names in local historical journals. In the tedium, there is sometimes great excitement. For some time, for example, there has been some mystery about the early days of sandalwooding in Te Henua. Roquefeuil 1823a had said that a Captain Rogers had begun it and Porter had discovered the men of the *Pennsylvania Packet* stranded on Nukuhiva in 1813. A search of all the listings revealed that a Captain William Rogers was likely to have taken the *Hunter* looking for sandalwood, but a search for a log

revealed nothing until by chance in the Massachusetts Historical Society the journal of John Child, a supernumerary on the *Hunter* turned up. The journal revealed that the *Hunter* had sparked a sandalwood trade directly from Canton for a couple of years and so left no trace in east coast listings. It was in the American consul's papers in Canton that their story would be found.

Ships Visiting Te Henua 1774–1842

- 1774 H.M.S. *Resolution*, James Cook (Cook 1961)
- 1791 *Hope*, Joseph Ingraham (Ingraham 1971: 43–59)
- Solide*, Etienne Marchand (Marchand 1961)
- 1792 H.M.S. *Daedalus*, Richard Herget (Vancouver 1801: 3/142)
Jefferson, Josiah Roberts (Roberts 1793)
- 1793 H.M.S. *Daedalus*, James Hanson (House 1957)
- 1797 *Duff*, James Wilson (Wilson 1799)
- 1798 *Alexander*, Asa Dodge (L.M.S. Crook 1800)
Betsy, Edmund Fanning (Fanning 1924: 85)
American sealer, Capt. Green (L. M. S. Crook 1800)
Butterworth, Lawrence Frazier (Robarts 1974)
New Euphrates, Henry Glasspoole (Robarts 1974)
- 1799 *London*, Capt. Gardiner, (Robarts 1974: 67)
- 1800 *Oneida*, Capt. Brintnall, (Trowbridge 1881: 155)
Two vessels, ? (Robarts 1974: 94)
- 1801 *Concord*, Nathaniel Appleton, (Appleton 1947: 241–2)
Minerva, Mayhew Folger, (Muller 1973: 167)
Cato, Capt. Brown, (Appleton 1947: 231)
Neptune, Capt. Greene, (Trowbridge 1882: 152)
- 1803 *Barclay* (?) Capt. Barney, (Robarts 1974: 104)
Unidentified ship (Robarts 1974: 121)
- 1804 *Nadesha*, A. J. von Krusenstern (Krusenstern 1813)
Neva, Urey Lisiinsky (Lisiinsky 1814)
- 1805 *Maryland*, Jonathon Perry (Iselin 1805: 38)
Leviathan, J. Clark (Robarts 1974: 144)
- 1806 *Lucy*, Abe Ferguson (Robarts 1974: 157)
Britannia, Ancel Hussey (Robarts 1974: 167)
- 1810 *Albatross*, Nathan Winship (Anon. n.d. 24)
- 1811 *Hunter*, William Rogers (Child 1810)
- 1812 *Hunter*, William Rogers (Child 1810)
Lydia, Capt. Lockit (Child 1810)
Pennsylvania Packet, Wm Lewis (Lewis 1943: 857)
America, Capt. Mathews (Child 1810)
Colt, Capt. Munson, (Porter 1822: 1/4)
- 1813 U.S.S. *Essex*, David Porter, (Porter 1822)
Seringapatam, captive vessel (Porter 1822)
Greenwich, captive vessel (Porter 1822)
Sir Andrew Hammond, captive vessel (Porter 1822)
Albatross, Nathan Winship (Ogden 1941: 167)
- 1814 *Matilda*, Capt. Fowler (Anon. 1817a: 305)
Governor Macquarie, W. Campbell (Sydney Gazette 25/2/1815)
H.M.S. *Briton*, Thomas Staines (Shillibeer 1818: 34)
H.M.S. *Tagus*, W. J. Prowse (Ross 1813)
America, Capt. Walter, (Kotzebue 1821: 95)

- 1815 *Governor Macquarie*, W. Campbell (Sydney Gazette 4/11/1815)
Endeavour, Jonathon Powell (Sydney Gazette 8/11/1815)
Queen Charlotte, John Martin (Sydney Gazette 4/11/1815)
King George, ? (Sydney Gazette 4/11/1815)
Indus, Nathaniel Page (*Indus* 1815)
- 1816 *Panther*, Isaiah Lewis (Hill 1815)
Lydia, Henry Gyzaelaar (Hill 1815)
Ontario, N. Dorr (Robarts 1974: 217)
Governor Macquarie, ? (Sydney Gazette 1/6/1816)
Queen Charlotte, Jonathon Powell (Sydney Gazette 12/10/1816)
King George, ? (Sydney Gazette 2/3/1816)
Endeavour, Thomas Hammond (Sydney Gazette 5/10/1816)
- 1817 *Mary*, Capt. Thorndike (Ward 1967: 4/227)
Trial, Capt. Burnet (Ward 1967: 4/227)
Resource, Cornelius Sowle (Roquefeuil 1823: 41)
Bordelais, Camille Roquefeuil (Roquefeuil 1823)
Sultan, Caleb Reynolds (Howay 1933: 145)
Queen Charlotte, Jonathon Powell (Anon 1817a: 201)
King George, William Walker (Cumpston 1963: 96)
Daphne, William Campbell (Cumpston 1963: 105)
- 1818 *Flying Fish*, Beriah Fitch (Ward 1967: 4/282)
Sultan, Caleb Reynolds (Ward 1967: 4/223)
Lion, Solomon Townsend (Hill 1815)
Indus, Benjamin Vanderford (Ward 1967: 5/243)
Borneo, George Clark (Howay 1833: 145)
Ontario (?), James Biddle (Hill 1815)
- 1819 *Lynx*, Capt. Sibrill (Sydney Gazette 24/8/1819)
Bridges, Capt. Pickens (Sydney Gazette 24/8/1819)
Arab, Isaiah Lewis (Howay 1936: 146)
King George, ? (Sydney Gazette 5/6/1819)
- 1821 *Tamahourelane*, John Jones (Morison 1920: 29)
Inore, Eliah Grimes (Morison 1920: 30)
Charles, Capt. Lock (Morison 1920: 31)
Roscoe, Benjamin Vanderford (Putnam 1924: 97)
H.M.S. *Dauntless*, Gambier (Cranstone 1963: 46)
?, Capt. Marsters (Marshall 1820)
Coquette, William Cash (*Coquette* 1820)
- 1822 *Arrow*, Capt. Campbell (Anon 1831: 9)
Estrella, Gabriel Lafond de Lurcy (Lafond de Lurcy 1844: 3/1–68)
Roscoe, Benjamin Vanderford (*Roscoe* 1821)
English whaler, Capt. Littleford (*Roscoe* 1821)
English whaler, Capt. Clark (*Roscoe* 1821)
English whaler, Capt. Brown (*Roscoe* 1821)
?, Capt. Morris (Eyriaud des Vergnes 1877: 93)
- 1823 *Mermaid*, Capt. Kent (Davis 1961: 286)
General Gates, Capt. Riggs (Steinen 1928)
- 1824 *Fanny*, G. Rule (*Fanny* 1822)
Countess Morely, ? (Anon 1826: 468)
- 1825 *Eliza*, of Nantucket (Anon 1826: 468)
Endeavour, James D. Gillis (Dodge 1940: 384)
Maria Reigersberg, C. P. Troost (Troost 1829: 172)
Pollux, C. Egg (Troost 1829: 172)
Lynx, Capt. Sibrill (*Maioi* 1867: 102)

U.S.S. *Dolphin*, John Percival (U.S.S. *Dolphin* 1825)
Elizabeth Francis, Capt. Stephenson (L.M.S. Crook Letters: 1825)
Sarah Ann, Capt. Philips (L.M.S. Crook Letters: 1825)
Independence, of Nantucket (L.M.S. Crook Letters: 1825)
Bridges, Capt. Pickens (*Sydney Gazette* 25/8/1825)
1826 *Minerva*, Capt. Ebrill (Davies 1961: 286)
U.S.S. *Peacock*, Thomas ap Catesby Jones (Bradley 1933: 167)
Lynx, Capt. Sibrill (Davies 1961: 286)
1827 *Minerva*, Capt. Henry (Maioi 1867: 103)
Offley, Capt. Stavers (L.M.S. Letters: Henry: 1828)
1828 *Phoebe Ann*, Joseph Barnard (*Phoebe Ann* 1826)
1829 U.S.S. *Vincennes*, W. B. Finch (Stewart 1829)
Duchess de Berry, Capt. Moite (Vincendon-Dumoulin 1843: 104)
Harvest, David Edwards (Stackpole 1953: 446)
Balena, Capt. Russell (Finch 1826)
Olive Branch, mission ship (L.M.S. Home Letters: Pritchard 1829)
Plant, E. H. Faucon (*Plant* 1829)
Sir Charles Price-Morgan, of London (*Plant* 1829)
1830 H.M.S. *Seringapatam*, W. Waldegrave (Orlebar 1833: 25)
H.M.S. *Thetis*, Capt. Sayer (Sayer 1832: 110)
1831 *Olive Branch*, mission ship (O'Reilly 1961: 26)
Mary, Capt. Lock (L.M.S. Letters: Darling 1831)
Arabella, James Pierson (*Arabella* 1830)
1832 *Harriet*, Capt. Reid (L.M.S. Letters: Darling 1832)
Bengal, George Russell (Stackpole 1953: 448)
Catherine, Capt. Chace (Stackpole 1953: 448)
Alliance, Capt. Hilton (Stackpole 1953: 448)
Cadmus, Capt. Taber (Stackpole 1953: 448)
Missionary Packet, G. N. Nye (Alexander 1934: 115)
Dhauille, Capt. Bancroft (H.M.B. Armstrong 1833)
Pallas, Henry Archer (*Pallas* 1832)
? , Capt. Bassett (H.M.B. Alexander 1832)
? , Capt. Griffith (H.M.B. Alexander 1832)
1833 *Barclay*, Capt. Barney (H.M.B. Alexander 1832)
Stratford, Abijah Lock (Coulter 1845: 151)
Offley, Capt. Stavers (L.M.S. Darling 1834)
Independence, Milo Calkin (Calkin 1953)
Milton, John H. Howland (H.M.B. Armstrong 1833)
Phoebe, of Nantucket (H.M.B. Armstrong 1833)
Hariett, Capt. Bunker (H.M.B. Armstrong 1833)
Paraton (?), Capt. Smith (H.M.B. Parker 1834)
Royal Sovereign, Capt. Green (*Catherine* 1831)
Bengal, G. G. Russell (*Bengal* 1832)
Cadmus, of New Bedford (*Bengal* 1832)
Catherine, of Nantucket (*Bengal* 1832)
1834 *Pocahontas*, Capt. Swift (H.M.B. Alexander 1834)
? , 'Capt. F.' (Nightingale 1835: 35)
Veniloa, George Miner (H.M.B. Alexander 1834)
Franklin, Charles Griffing (*Franklin* 1833)
Nassau, John Samson (Stackpole 1953: 381)
Bengal, George Russell (Stackpole 1953: 448)
Levi Starbuck, of Nantucket (H.M.B. Alexander 1834)
Columbus, of Nantucket (H.M.B. Alexander 1834)
Governor Clinton, of Sag Harbour (H.M.B. Alexander 1834)

Royal Sovereign, W. J. Green (L.M.S. Darling 1835)
Young Phoenix, Capt. Bassett (H.M.B. Alexander 1834)
America, Capt. Chace (H.M.B. Alexander 1834)
George Washington, Capt. Gibbs (H.M.B. Alexander 1834)
Mt. Vernon, Capt. Coffin (H.M.B. Alexander 1834)
Isabella, Ivory C. Albert (*Isabella* 1834)
Independence, Capt. Brayton (Calkin 1834)
Maria, Capt. Ebrill (L.M.S. Darling 1834)
Benjamin Rush, J. Coffin (*Benjamin Rush* 1833)
Awashonks, Prince Green (*Awashonks* 1834)
Arabella, James Pierson (*Arabella* 1831)
1835 *Active*, ? (Cottez 1953: 147)
U.S.S. *Vincennes*, J. H. Aulich (Missroon 1835)
Sarah, Capt. Holley (U.S.S. *Vincennes* 1835)
L. C. Richmond, of Salem (*L. C. Richmond* 1835)
Doll, Capt. Dawson (Torrey 1848: 107)
Royal Sovereign, W. H. Green (Torrey 1848: 107)
Olive Branch, Capt. Ebrill (L.M.S. Darling 1835)
Pusey Hall, Capt. Newby (L.M.S. Darling 1835)
Offley, John Stavers (L.M.S. Darling 1835)
Cambria, Capt. Crooke (L.M.S. Darling 1835)
Huntress, Capt. Post (L.M.S. Darling 1835)
Rodman, ? (L.M.S. Darling 1835)
Essex, ? (L.M.S. Darling 1835)
Caroline, Capt. Meek (L.M.S. Darling 1835)
Harriet, Capt. Cuthbert (L.M.S. Darling 1835)
Cadmus, Capt. Croal (L.M.S. Darling 1835)
Boy, Capt. Champion (L.M.S. Darling 1835)
Franklin, C. C. Griffing (*Franklin* 1833)
William Wirt, Isaac Daggett (*William Wirt* 1833)
Eve, of Hudson (*William Wirt* 1833)
Cadmus, of Fairhaven (*William Wirt* 1833)
Braganza, of New Bedford (*William Wirt* 1833)
Champion, of Edgartown (*William Wirt* 1833)
Three Brothers, of Nantucket (*William Wirt* 1833)
Columbus, of New Bedford (*William Wirt* 1833)
1836 *Pacific*, of Nantucket (Torrey 1848: 131–56)
Pocahontas, Capt. Fisher (Torrey 1848: 131–56)
Henry, Capt. Coleman (Torrey 1848: 131–56)
Tuscan, T. Stavers (Bennett 1837: 224)
Telegraph, ? (Ward 1967: 7/207)
H.M.S. *Actaeon*, Lord Russell (*Actaeon* 1838: 492)
Congress, of Nantucket (Winnington-Ingram 1889: 10)
Barclay, Capt. Barney (Stackpole 1953: 447)
Dunrottar Castle, ? (L.M.S. Heath, 1836)
Adeline, ? (Ward 1967: 7)
Stratford, Abijah Lock (L.M.S. Stallworthy 1836)
Leonidas, Capt. Cleveland (*Leonidas* 1836)
Richard Mitchell, H. C. Cleveland (*Richard Mitchell* 1835)
1837 H.M.S. *Imogene*, H. W. Bruce (Bruce 1838: 583)
Lady Amherst, Capt. Bushel (L.M.S. Stallworthy 1837)
Emperya, ? (L.M.S. Stallworthy 1837)
Portuguese whaler (Bruce 1838: 587)

- 1838 *Boy*, ? (L.M.S. Stallworthy 1838)
 American whaler (L.M.S. Stallworthy 1838)
Friends, Capt. Rugg (C. S. S. J. Fournier 1839)
Vineyard, Capt. Tilton (Graçia 1843: 25)
George, Thomas W. Hammond (*George* 1836)
Fly, Russell Elliot (L.M.S. Stallworthy 1838)
India, ? (Dupetit-Thouars 1840: 2/371)
Maria, Capt. Fisher (C.S.S.J. Fournier 1839)
Pacific, Capt. Palmer (C.S.S.J. Fournier 1839)
Planter, Capt. Hunter (C.S.S.J. Fournier 1839)
Astrolabe, J. S. C. Dumont D'Urville (Dumont D'Urville 1841: 3/222)
Zélée, H. Jacquinot (Dumont D'Urville 1841: 3/222)
Roscoe, ? (Dumont D'Urville 1841: 4/13)
Venus, A. A. Dupetit-Thouars (Dupetit-Thouars 1840: 2/324)
Saires (?) Capt. Esy (C.S.S.J. Fournier 1839)
Champion, G. Laurent (C.S.S.J. Fournier 1839)
Calqueres (?), Capt. Kebb (C.S.S.J. Fournier 1839)
Benjamin Rush, James Coffin (*Benjamin Rush* 1837)
Henry Astor, Charles Rawson (*Henry Astor* 1835)
Leimas (?), Capt. Lewis (C.S.S.J. Fournier 1839)
 1839 *Catherine*, John Brown (Thomson 1845: 15)
Rose, B. C. Coleman (*Rose* 1837)
Awashonks, Capt. Pease (*Rose* 1837)
Alexander, of New Bedford (Thomson 1845: 15)
Swift, of New Bedford (Thomson 1845: 15)
Andrew Hammond, ? (L.M.S. Stallworthy 1839)
H.M.S. Sparrowhawk, Capt. Shepherd (L.M.S. Stallworthy 1839)
Camden, Capt. Morgan (L.M.S. Stallworthy 1839)
Brixton, Capt. Elborne (L.M.S. Stallworthy 1839)
Elizabeth, Isaac P. Hedge (*Elizabeth* 1836)
Lima, Obed Luce (*Lima* 1828)
Omega, Albert C. Gardiner (*Omega* 1836)
Charles Carroll, Owen Chase (*Charles Carroll* 1839)
Rose, B. C. Coleman (*Rose* 1837)
Plantan, Capt. Hinckley (*Rose* 1837)
 1840 *Pylade*, Félix Bernard (Bernard 1841: 187)
Clementine, ? (Gracia 1843: 29)
H.M.S. Sulphur, Edward Belcher (Belcher 1843)
H.M.S. Starling, Lt Kellett (Thomson 1845: 15)
Phoenix, Capt. Fitch (L.M.S. Thomson 1840)
Rosalie, R. I. S. Eddy (*Rosalie* 1839)
Canton, ? (*Rosalie* 1839)
H.M.S. Samarang, J. Scott (Scott 1841: 589)
Sussex, ? (L.M.S. Thomson and Stallworthy 1841)
Camibia, Capt. Ray (*Camibia* 1839)
Lima, Obed Luce (*Lima*, 1839)
President, ? (*Lima* 1838)
St George, of New Bedford (*Lima*, 1839)
Young Hero, ? (*Lima* 1838)
Joseph Starbuck, Sanford Wilbur (*Joseph Starbuck* 1840)
Catherine, John Brown (*Catherine* 1839)
Markus, ? (*Catherine* 1839)
Indian, ? (*Catherine* 1839)

- Sarah*, of Nantucket (*Catherine* 1839)
Rose, B. C. Coleman (*Rose* 1839)
 1841 *Milo*, Capt. Gardner (L.M.S. Thomson and Stallworthy 1841)
Jeanne, Capt. Eddy (L.M.S. Thomson and Stallworthy 1841)
Moss, Capt. Austin (L.M.S. Thomson and Stallworthy 1841)
Martha, Thomas Hammond (L.M.S. Thomson and Stallworthy 1841)
Elizabeth, Capt. Baker (L.M.S. Thomson and Stallworthy 1841)
Rob Roy, Capt. North (L.M.S. Thomson and Stallworthy 1841)
Camden, Capt. Morgan (L.M.S. Thomson and Stallworthy 1841)
George Washington, G. C. Russell (*George Washington* 1840)
Joseph Starbuck, Sanford Wilbur (*Joseph Starbuck* 1840)
Enterprise, ? (*Joseph Starbuck* 1840)
Mariner, George Palmer (*Mariner* 1840)
Favourite, of London (*Mariner* 1840)
Statira, B. T. Folger (*Statira* 1839)
 1842 *Lion*, C. P. Howland (*Lion* 1841)
Eliza, Capt. Chace (*Lion* 1841)
Mariner, Capt. Palmer (*Lion* 1841)
H.M.S. Carysfort, G. Paulet (Radiguet 1929a: 103)
Favront (?), J. Park (L.M.S. Thomson 1842)
Acushnet, Valentine Pease (Forsythe 1936: 2)
Lucy Ann, Henry Ventom (Leyda 1951)
Phaéton, ? (Pigeard 1845: 290)
Conway, Capt. King (Lawson 1867)
Milo, Capt. Gardner (Lawson 1867)
Henry Clay, ? (U.S. National Archives: Letters 1841)
Levi Starbuck, Joseph P. Nye (*Levi Starbuck* 1841)
James Maury, Benjamin J. Hussey (*James Maury* 1842)
Margaret Scott, of New Bedford (*James Maury* 1842)
Mercury, of New Bedford (*James Maury* 1842)
Saturn, of New Bedford (*James Maury* 1842)
Raguta, of New Bedford (*James Maury* 1842)
Edward, of Hudson (*James Maury* 1842)
Cyrus, of Fairhaven (*James Maury* 1842)
Friendship, of Fairhaven (*James Maury* 1842)
George Washington, G. C. Russell (*George Washington* 1840)
Elizabeth, of Salem (*Mariner* 1840)
Columbus, S. Pease (*Columbus* 1840)
Oregon, Capt. Sherman (*Oregon* 1841)
Martha, Capt. Sayer (*Martha* 1841)
Hercules, of New Bedford (*Martha* 1841)
Reine Blanche, *Triomphante*, *Boussole*, *Embuscade*, *Bucéphale*, *Jules Cesar*,
A.A. Dupetit-Thouars Cmdr (*Dupetit-Thouars* 1842)

Reflection: On Rites of Passage

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CHAPTER FOUR: BEACHCOMBERS

Sailors leave fewer traces of their lives than their ships. Their autobiographical reflections are rare, although the beach of Te Henua has been relatively well served: L.M.S. Crook 1800, Robarts 1974, Cabri 1817, Melville 1846, Coulter 1848, Torrey 1848, Shaw 1860, Lawson 1867. There are no Enata reflections at all, but there are slightly more detailed perceptions of them as beachcombers in Temoteitei 1800 and Page 1830. For all the rest there are only scattered remnants left of the past.

1800–10: Robarts 1974 is the main source of information about the beachcombers Walker and Jean Cabri and the boatload of deserters from the *Leviathan* in 1805. Jean Cabri was met by or heard of by a number of people who thought him interesting enough to make some record (Porter 1809, Chaix 1959, Denis 1861, Leroy 1828, Leroy and Dineaux 1829). The *Maryland* (Iselin 1805) left Baggett, lost N. Harrison and saw three beachcombers: a man called Walker—who perhaps had not left in 1801 as Robarts thought—and Oliver and Wilson who both said they intended to stay in the islands. Wilson, an American, did. He died or left some time after 1823 (Iselin 1805:40, Child 1810, Ross 1813, Shillibeer 1818:34, Porter 1822:2/20, Anon. 1824:39).

1811–20: This decade saw the arrival of the sandalwooders and the disturbance of Porter's visit. The *Hunter* transported five beachcombers from Fiji and discharged them at Tahuata (Child 1810): Thomas Bennett, Peter Jones, George Gunning, Sam Jones, John McCarthy. It also left seven men—Melvin Ryan, Eben Seegar, Phineas Fairbanks, John Francis, William Jackson and two others—to collect wood. Peter Cox, a Dutchman from the *Albatross*, helped Wilson collect wood and had alerted Captain Rogers to it. John Minor Maury was left by the *Pennsylvania Packet* to be an agent for the collection of sandalwood (Lewis 1927:15, Johns 1961:20, Caskie 1928:17, Long 1970) and then George Ross was sent by Benjamin Wilcox, the U.S. Consul in Canton, for the same purpose. Ross stayed on until 1822 when he shipped off on the *Roscoe* and later became Peter Dillon's mate (Roquefeuil 1823a:43, Davidson 1975:95, Ships Logs: *Roscoe* 1821). The New South Wales sandalwooders lost many of their crews. John Thomas and John Corning absconded from the *Endeavour*. James Sullivan, William Jones, Patrick Conroy, Philip Droguedha, Morris Fitzgerald were five runaways Captain Hammond was pleased to see go. (Ships Logs: *Endeavour* 1815, N.S.W. Colonial Secretary: In Letters: Hammond). The *Bordelais* left an officer named Sipcki, and Roquefeuil (1823a:53) remarked how contented a beachcomber, Charles Person seemed to be at Hanamenu on Hiva Oa. David Porter lost some deserters during his stay—Isaac Coffin, J. C. Robinson, P. C. Swook, J. Welch (Porter 1822:2/194). Some prisoners escaped from Lt John Gamble, perhaps Peters (Lafond de Lurcy 1844:3/21) among them. Four of these deserters or prisoners ended up on Eiao where three of them died of thirst and starvation (Long 1970:128, Anon. 1817:305). The *Briton* picked up P. C. Swook in 1814 but lost the ship's boy, Boyce, at the same time (Shillibeer 1818:76). Robert White, who murmured against his captain, was invited by Porter to dive overboard. What happened to him is unclear.

1821–30: The upturn of violence during the early sandalwood period and Porter's visit perhaps dissuaded many beachcombers from landing at that time. Charles Avery and John Wilson stole a whaleboat, deserted and annoyed their captain greatly (Marshall 1821). Griffiths of the *Countess Morley* was a reluctant

beachcomber at Ua Huka (Anon. 1826:468). But also in this period a number of beachcombers who stayed for many years began to live in Te Henua. William Morrison told Dumont D'Urville that Madisonville had disappeared when he arrived six years after Porter had left, that is in 1819. Only the missionaries seemed to think Morrison had a bad reputation till his death in 1832 (Dumont D'Urville 1842:482, L.M.S. Stallworthy 1831, Alexander 1934:147, H.M.B. Armstrong 1834). Tom Collins, an Irishman, was another long resident on Tahuata. He was one of the beachcombers who was reported to have been tattooed for love's sake and was thereby forced to stay in Te Henua in 1829. He was still giving service to ships, growing sweet potatoes and helping the lonely Stallworthy in 1838 (Dupetit-Thouars 1840:2/336, Bruce 1838:586, H.M.B. Reports 1832, Vincendon-Dumoulin 1843:108). Charles Robinson was a friend of Collins: he might have been the J. C. Robinson who deserted from the U.S.S. *Essex* in 1813: Dupetit-Thouars said he had been in the islands since adolescence. He was of use to the French in 1842, making mortar for them at Vaitahu (Ward 1967:4/234, Dupetit-Thouars 1840:2/336, Radiguet 1929:48). On Nukuhiva there lived a beachcomber of altogether different character, a man about whom a novel, *Oiseau Blanc* by Manu Tavaie, is said to have been written. He was a Spanish Peruvian who had settled in Nukuhiva in 1832 and by 1838 was thought to be more savage than the islanders and to have been a cannibal. He had rescued Captain Brown in 1839, but was killed in 1845 for having sold some statues (Thompson 1845, Delmas 1929:37).

1831–42: The increasing number of whalers brought many beachcombers, attracted as much by their ease in getting away as the island life. By 1838 there were reported to have been twenty beachcombers on Nukuhiva alone and whalers lost two or three and took on as many each visit. Some like Hutchinson, Cole, Charles Lovell and Thomas Angel came to notice because they helped the missionaries or took sides in disputes between Catholics and Protestants (Belcher 1836:353, L.M.S. Stallworthy 1837, H.M.B. Report 1832, Vincendon-Dumoulin 1843:113, Dumont D'Urville 1841:4/9, Roquemaurel 1924:211). For the others all we know is that the *Bengal* reported that Steward, Buckford, Chipman had run (Ships Logs: *Bengal* 1832) or that Milo Calkin had met 'English Charlie' who was tattooed from head to foot and was as destitute of clothes as he was of truth (Calkin 1833) or that the *William Wirt* shipped one beachcomber, Irvin Fisher, only to lose two deserters, John Norton and John Weeks (Ships Logs: *William Wirt* 1833). The *Omega* lost three in 1839—John Montgomery, William King, Williams (Ships Logs: *Omega* 1836); the *Catherine* four in 1840—F. Brown, William Wilkins, William Thomson, George Hanley (Ships Logs: *Catherine* 1839). On the uninhabited island of Eiao, John Coulter, himself a beachcomber, discovered Thomas Holt and James Butler who had come from New Zealand and who had lived happily on the atoll for two years. They said they had fought off attacks from the Taipi (Coulter 1845:257). Bowers (H.M.B. Alexander 1834), James Burns and James Steel (Ship's Logs: U.S.S. *Vincennes* 1835), Ashworth, the 'amateur traveller' with a reverend brother (L.M.S. Stallworthy 1837), Alfred, Hamilton and Rogers (Dumont D'Urville 1840) and 'Domingo', an American black killed by Pakoko in 1839 (Gracia 1843a: 106), are other names mentioned. In 1840 there was a small mutiny on the *Sussex* after which a beachcomber called Newton and two others were landed at Tahuata. They found religion and were baptized Catholics: one of them had venereal disease anyway, wrote Stallworthy (L.M.S. Stallworthy 1839). In 1842 the incidents around Melville's experience

showed the disorder of the beach. The *Acushnet* under Captain Valentine Pease lost Melville and Greene on 9 July and then John Wright and Martin Brown (Leyda 1951:1/136). Greene left Nukuhiva within a week or so on the *London Packet* with the help of 'Irish Jimmy', or Jim Fitch, who himself was about to be shipped off by the French (Faire 1955:473). The *Lucy Ann*, another troubled ship from New South Wales under Captain Henry Ventom, had lost eight men and a second officer at Vaitahu on 7 June of the same year. Ventom had handed over two other crew in irons to the French in the *Reine Blanche* for mutiny. At Nukuhiva John B. Troy ('Long Ghost' of *Omoo*) tried to run with a bundle of the ship's medicines but was caught, as were Mathews and Harry Smith. In August the *Lucy Ann* signed on five men from the beach at Nukuhiva and Hiva Oa—John Garretson, William Bunnell, Charles Watts, Amado Sylva (a deserter from the *Nile*) and Herman Melville (*Lucy Ann* Papers 1842, Leeson 1940). They were signed on for their 100th and 120th lay. A crew won for a crew lost, but trouble unchanged, for Ventom gaoled them all for mutiny in Tahiti.

As long as whaling ships visited Te Henua there were deserters, and stories of mutinies, fights, stolen boats and angry captains were repeated constantly. Some names of beachcombers in later years stand out. Motto, an Italian with a broad knowledge of Polynesian languages and a broader sense of conspiracy (Delmas 1929:258); David Shaw with his imaginative reflections on cannibalism (Shaw 1860) and Lawson's refutation (Lawson 1867); an anonymous German beachcomber whose manuscript account of his forty years in the islands seems to have been lost (Bell 1883); Robert Mills and his successful tricking of concerned Christians (Ward 1967:4/278, *Friend* 17 July 1855:55); survivors of the wrecked *Wild Wave* sailing in their boat from Pitcairn with bullion and killing Enata at Tahuata (Knowles 1957:43, Hurd 1942:321). Thomas Clifton Lawson on the beach at Ua Huka 1843–67 in the small closed-off bay called 'Invisible Bay' made it his purpose to discover the secrets of human history in the Men's legends (Palmer 1877:281, Jouan 1894:37, Lesson 1883–84:280, Lawson 1864, 1866, 1920). He corresponded with the Hawaiian Mission (H.M.B. Letters to the Board, Damon 1862) and with the Foreign Office (Paske-Smith 1936) and left many of his observations and reflections in manuscript form (Lawson 1867).

Reflection: On Boundaries

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CHAPTER FIVE: PRIESTS AND PROPHETS

Few experiences raised consciousness as much as the missionary experience. Missionaries, perhaps Protestant more than Catholic, were prolific journal writers. Most of these journals were public; written as reports for their mission societies and, with selection, published in missionary magazines. All the L.M.S. missionaries to Te Henua—W. P. Crook, David Darling, John Rodger-

son, George Stallworthy, Robert Thomson—wrote journals and accounts of their experience. All the H.M.B. missionaries—Richard Armstrong, William Alexander, Benjamin Parker—did the same. Of the eleven C.S.S.J. missionaries in the Land before 1842, François de Paule Baudichon and Saturnin Fournier were the most notable journal writers, but there were many letters and reflections from the others. Missionary societies for their part were conscious of their responsibility for money received, for broadcast hopes for the salvation of the heathen. So they published periodicals—*Missionary Sketches*, *Reports of the Missionary Society*, *Missionary Herald*, *Friend*, *Annales de la propagation de la foi*, *Annales des Sacré Coeurs*. They sent out observers, sponsored histories and descriptions, organized networks of support at home. The relics of all these efforts have come to rest in various archives: L.M.S. now in the library of the London School of Oriental and African Studies; H.M.B. in the Hawaiian Mission Society Library, Honolulu, and the A.B.C.F.M. Papers in the Houghton Library, Harvard; C.S.S.J. in the Congregation's archives in Rome and Taiohae. (See L.M.S., H.M.B., C.S.S.J. in the unpublished works of the bibliography.)

Paradoxically in all this public consciousness raised by missions it is still difficult to open a window on missionaries' souls. There have been histories of the various missions to Te Henua: of the native Tahitian mission (Maioi 1867, O'Reilly 1961, Doroszovska 1966), of the English L.M.S. mission (Wilson 1799, Anon. 1841, Campbell 1840, Lovett 1899), of the H.M.B. mission (Bartlett 1839, Alexander 1934) and of the C.S.S.J. mission (Gracia 1843a, Chaulet 1873b, Baudichon 1882, Piolet 1910, Delmas 1929b). There have been biographical sketches of individual missionaries: of Crook (Ham 1840, Crook n.d.), of Alexander (Alexander 1934), of Caret (Anon. 1867). The missionaries remain, nonetheless, mysterious, inaccessible in their certainties, sustained in cruel and uncomfortable circumstances by a spirit of self-sacrifice yet rarely loving those they sought to save, servants of a higher cause but masters in all its human expressions. Some of them among the C.S.S.J. spent long years on their station—Chaulet 54 years, Dordillon 42 years, Forgeot 59 years, Fournon 46 years, Fréchou 52 years, Hautecoeur 44 years. Some religious were Brothers who worked with their hands, building, farming, serving; some were intellectually curious, making dictionaries, writing ethnographies: some were hard, narrow men, savagely sectarian: some were priest-traders or priest-planters. One hardly knows how difficult it was for them to stay celibate and sober: they kept their secrets well. If they had a sin, it was that they made a mission not a church. They let little of what was native bloom, let nothing of their own power devolve. A list of C.S.S.J. missionaries follows. They were in the Land in the period covered by this book.

C.S.S.J. Missionaries 1838–80

- Acar, Bro. Sebastian (1850–96; Mq 1877–96)
 Baudichon, Mgr Francois de Paule (1812–82; Mq 1839–49)
 Blanc, Bro. Eutrope (Mq 1863–99)
 Borgella, Fr Louis de Gonzague (1808–73; Mq 1838–42)
 Caret, Fr Francois d'Assise (1802–44; Mq 1839–41)
 Charmes, Bro. Frézel (Mq 1874–1901)
 Chaulet, Fr Gérauld (1830–1912; Mq 1858–1912)
 Chausson, Fr Armand (1809–63; Mq 1840–41)
 Darque, Bro. Martin (1816–63; Mq 1846–47)
 Delpuech, Fr Privat (b. 1853; Mq 1877–79)
 Desvault, Fr Dosithée (1807–88; Mq 1837–)

Dordillon, Mgr Ildephonse (1808–88; Mq 1846–88)
 Duboize, Fr Vincent-Ferrier (1800–?; Mq 1843–44)
 Dumonteil, Fr Siméon (1793–1872; Mq 1843–46)
 Escoffier, Fr Alphonse (1802–?; Mq 1843–48)
 Forgeot, Bro. Florent (1825–1913; Mq 1854–1913)
 Fournier, Fr Saturnin (1805–76; Mq 1839–41)
 Fournon, Fr Dominique (1815–92; Mq 1846–92)
 Fréchou, Fr Orens (1811–95; Mq 1843–95)
 Graça, Fr Mathias (1801–76; Mq 1839–42)
 Guerric, Bro. Alexis (Mq 1846–58)
 Guilmard, Fr Potentien (1805–56; Mq 1839–41)
 Hautecoeur, Bro. Marius (1822–98; Mq 1854–98)
 Heurtel, Fr Ernest (1801–50; Mq 1839–40)
 Laval, Bro. Nil (1812–59; Mq 1838–41)
 Lecornu, Fr Jean (1810–82; Mq 1848–67)
 Letournier, Bro. Séverin (1818–90; Mq 1854–90)
 Michaud, Bro. Jules (1817–?; Mq 1846–47)
 Moellers, Fr Wendelin (Mq 1877–81)
 Murphy, Fr Columban (b. 1806; Mq 1840–41)
 Pallmann, Bro. Otto (b. 1843; Mq 1867–76)
 Petithomme, Fr Amable (1796–1860; Mq 1843–47)
 Pouet, Fr Fulgence (1822–89; Mq 1854–89)
 Ragaut, Bro. Vital (1806–53; Mq 1844–53)
 Reveil, Bro. Victorien (1814–91; Mq 1843–49)
 Roussel, Fr Hippolyte (1824–94; Mq 1854–63)
 Ruault, Bro. Ladislas (1804–50; Mq 1839–48)
 Sleppe, Fr Eleuthière (1818–1901; Mq 1858–1901)
 Thouloise, Bro. Victor (Mq 1848–51)
 Willemse, Fr Chrétien (1838–1920; Mq 1866–79)

Reflection: On Religious Change

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CHAPTER SIX: CAPTAINS AND KINGS

The history of the French occupation of the Land has been told often enough (Caillot 1909, Besson 1925, Rollin 1929, Faivre 1957, Jore 1959), and some of those who participated in it published their experiences (Guizot 1974, Radiguet 1929a, Winter 1882, Dupetit-Thouars 1842). In 1842 the *Annales maritimes* was a popular place for recording national military events and for a couple of years *Iles des Marquises* received considerable attention. To judge from what is left in the *Océanie* files of the National Archives of France, public knowledge was almost as full and as valid as the private knowledge of government and bureaucracy. The events described in this chapter — Dupetit-Thouars' occupation of Te Henua, the visits of naval vessels, the rituals of

destruction and conversion — turn around four *haka'iki*: Iotete, Temoana, Maheono and Pakoko. The French, Christianity and the protocol of navy captains made beaches which these *haka'iki* had to cross. Iotete, as he appeared in the journals of Darling, Stallworthy and Thomson, was venal and calculating. Many of the early visitors, having dressed him as 'king', could only see him as clown (Winnington-Ingram 1889:7, Biddlecombe 1838:74, Bernard 1841:189, *Actaeon* 1838:493, Dupetit-Thouars 1840:2/342, Bruce 1838:588, Bennett 1840:325). He was always puzzled by Aoe's expectancies of him and one can see him juggling ideas that made only half-sense. He was more a peaceful man than one would have expected of a descendant of Teinae. More than any other *haka'iki*, he felt that the proper response to Aoe should have been a more intensive involvement in Enata's own cultural forms: he wanted them to feast and dance rather than make war and sacrifice. By any standard that the French would have applied to themselves, he was a man of honour in the Lt Halley affair (best told in Radiguet 1929:81ff). He was destroyed by their careless injustice. Temoana destroyed himself. Herman Melville mocked him in 1842 and other visitors were disturbed by the contradictions of the 'cannibal king' (Belcher 1843:1/356, Wise 1849:346, Cornwallis 1859:37, Arago 1854:2/9–16, Wood 1849:152–3). Jardin 1855:28 pointed to the aptness of his name 'Imminence of the Sea' because of his travels, and indeed he might have retorted by asking how wide was the English Channel when the English could so degrade him and the French so inflate him. Missionaries, Protestant and Catholic (L.M.S.: In Letters 1836, Stallworthy 1839, Chaulet 1873b, Delmas 1929b) as well as empire-builders used him ruthlessly for their higher ends, and he used them. He returned to the Land with a ferociously self-interested plan for conquest and began rapaciously to exploit the *tapu* power that birth and ritual had given him. Maheono was the most bewildered of them all. He was caught by the traditional divisions of the Land — he was *haka'iki* of Hanatetena, the old enemies of Vaitahu, yet was Iotete's adopted son (Vincendon-Dumoulin 1843:116, Delmas 1929b:36). He was also caught by the divisions Aoe made in it with their politics and their ceremonies of the Book and the catechumenate (Baudichon 1844, Chaulet 1873b). He was caught in every way by divided loyalties, by Christian piety and heathenism, by bombastic rhetoric when the French were with him and fear when they were not. Pakoko seemed to be the least divided of them all. Long before 1845, he was reputed to be wild (Ships Logs: U.S.S. *Vincennes* 1835, Anon. 1845:22, Collet 1844:389, Dumont D'Urville 1840:4/35, Browning 1885:727). The French found him satisfactorily savage, and manageable because of that. Radiguet 1929, Winter 1882 (one of the witnesses at Pakoko's trial), Baudichon 1844 (one of the translators at the trial) and the official reports and transcript in the French National Archives (*Océanie* A 20/3, A 30/5) are all descriptive of the events surrounding the killing of the French soldiers and Pakoko's and Oko's execution. Yet Pakoko seems at no time to have lost the significance of Enata's metaphors for himself and for his people. It seems paradoxical that a *kikino*, one not born to *tapu* but who won it, should have been the least compromising of the *haka'iki*.

Reflection: On Dominance

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CHAPTER SEVEN: VIOLENT DEATH

From 1870 to 1880 the total population of Te Henua declined by twenty per cent: Hiva Oa lost perhaps forty per cent (McArthur 1967:290). It was a disastrous decade following a disastrous epidemic of smallpox (H.M.B. Station Reports 1859-72, Lawson 1867, Delmas 1929b:168) which in turn followed a decimation of Enata through fifty years (Clavel 1884b, Tautain 1898, Marestang 1892). Violence in war and in sacrifice had been an integral part of Enata culture: it had usually been turned against the 'other', those living in different valleys or those belonging to subjugated *kikino* groups. In the interchange between Aoe and Enata, violence had been constant. It had been initiated by Aoe and exacerbated by both Enata's desire for Aoe goods and Aoe's carelessness in pursuit of their economic gain. Its story is documented in dozens of logs and journals, such as Child 1810, Roquefeuil 1823a:54, Missroon 1835, *Friend* 2 Nov. 1863:81, Calkin 1833, Iselin 1805:40. In the decade 1870-80 stricken Enata turned their violence inward. The Hawaiian missionaries bore witness to it in their station reports and letters (H.M.S. Station Reports 1859-72, Letters of Missionaries 1861-80). At times the killings were done in the context of old cultural values, as sacrifice for a *tapu* moment; at other times they were done in traditional warfare. But even these seemed pathetic caricatures of old ways enacted by individuals at a loss to rationalize the disasters and themselves. Drink, depopulation and another disastrous famine loosened the social and cultural bonds: they killed one another. French action in the end under Dupetit-Thouars was decisive and lucky (*Océanie* A 86, A 110, Gordon-Cummings 1882:2/109, Rollin 1929, 1952:315).

Reflection: On Civilizing

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CHAPTER EIGHT: DISPOSSESSED

The bibliography represents, in one sense, the extent of the dispossession of Enata. It is an accumulation in one place of all the descriptions of the Land and its people that Aoe has made. Or rather — because in bibliographical matters it is wiser not to make claims of totality — it is the accumulation of all the titles that one researcher could discover and lay his hands on. I do not flatter myself that it adds very much to O'Reilly's *Bibliographie de Tahiti*, except perhaps in the unpublished material. It is deficient as a bibliography in not listing all the translations that have been made into Marquesan of hymns,

catechisms, prayer books, scripture and other secular literature. Whatever its limitations, it is a gift I give to the Land. I wish I had the wealth to bestow a copy of every item in it on the collective of Enata still alive. It would be some return for the pleasure that I have had in learning of their past. It might begin a dialogue between them in their present with their past. To have no history is an awful dispossession: to give them one a privilege.

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