

Hawaiian

English

# Two Hawaiian Plays

LAUKIAMANUIKAHIKI

SNARE-THAT-LURES-A-FAR-FLUNG-BIRD

NA LONO ELUA

TWO LONOS

Jean Charlot



HAWAIIAN

ENGLISH

**TWO HAWAIIAN PLAYS**

**JEAN CHARLOT**

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## Preface

Why would a tentative Frenchman mostly identified with Mexico take to writing plays in the Hawaiian language, plays thus fated, in cool reasonableness, seldom to be played?

In 1949 I landed in Hawaii with a job to do. My original contract with the University of Hawaii specified the length of my stay, through the summer session. In that time I was to give a class in fresco painting and paint a mural for a campus building still in construction, the one now known as Bachman Hall.

Perhaps there is some truth in the well-worn cliché that a muse or daemon forcefeeds the artist with an inspiration not his own. Of the theme I had chosen willingly I knew nothing beyond its challenging title, "The Relation of Man and Nature in Old Hawaii." Having to complete my work that same summer I lost no time in digging for the roots of ancient Hawaii. Juanita Vitousek willingly became my guide.

At the Bishop Museum she introduced me to Sir Peter Buck, its Director. Superb as were the exhibits he himself became for me the living proof that the people of Oceania know things not to be found in books, nor even in the books they themselves write. To insure the accuracy of a detail in the coming mural I asked Buck how one ties a malo, a loincloth. That day he wore a business suit of English cut. Nevertheless he obliged with a wonderful bit of mimicry. Extending between his raised hands a non-existent tapa band, holding between his teeth one of its ends he passed the remaining length between his legs and girdled himself. Tucking an imaginary loose length at his waist, he opened his jaws and let go of the flap that was not there, thus freeing it to fall to knee length. Centuries of chiefly etiquette informed these quick gestures. I forgot the "Sir," and the seersucker suit as well, as Te Rangi Hiroa stood before me mostly naked, in full majesty.

Our next visit, Juanita and I, was to Aunt Jenny Wilson. In 1949 Honolulu was an imposing enough metropolis, and I mentally patterned its Mayor's mode of living after that of mayors I had met in pompous habitats. The Wilson house was tucked at the cul-de-sac end of a valley, in what was hardly more than a wilderness. It proved less than pretentious, carpetless and with off-plumb furniture of vintage flavor. Severely crippled with arthritis Aunt Jenny received us seated, with full Hawaiian courtesy. I stated my errand:

could she help me visualize the hula dancers to be included in the coming fresco? Who has not heard Aunt Jenny chanting the opening prayer to the goddess of the dance, Laka, has missed a religious experience. Her voice was quasi-inaudible, that is for us mortals, and yet one felt that it carried effortlessly to the highest heavens.

The dance followed. It was perforce a seated hula with an almost cubistic quality to its motions, wracked as were the dancer's joints with illness. Spell-bound I forgot to sketch, and yet it is truly Aunt Jenny who "posed" for the dozen or so dancers seen in the finished fresco.

She closed the dance with arms frozen for a while in an upwards gesture. I hazarded a remark: do not dancers, as a rule, end the hula with arms stretched horizontally towards the onlookers. Coming out of what had been close to a trance, Aunt Jenny, suddenly looking infinitely older than her ninety years, explained that, having dedicated this particular hula to the dead, the correct closing gesture was upwards.

For a moment she was not Aunt Jenny anymore but, to give her her truest name, Ka-Pahu-Kula-O-Kamāmalu (The Golden Coffin of Queen Kamāmalu), the name her grandmother had given her at birth, remembering how sad and glorious had been, in 1825, the return from England of the royal corpses, their twin coffins draped by Lord Byron in cloth of gold.

Both these visits had been in search of visual, paintable, images. Both answers, that of Peter Buck and that of Aunt Jenny, transcended the visual. What could fit into my art of these experiences I frescoed on the walls of Bachman Hall, for all to see. But already I knew that words would be needed tools if I was to plumb at its deepest what it was that my brush had missed. To learn the Hawaiian language as best I could became an imperative.

My ivy-walls credentials as amateur linguist are best quoted from my respected teacher and good friend, Doctor Samuel Elbert, who was kind enough to write a foreword to my previously published *Three Plays of Ancient Hawaii*. I quote, "No other student has enrolled seven times in fourth year Hawaiian." That Dr. Elbert fails to mention my grades is a charitable omission.

Besides the decade in which I tried Sam Elbert's patience and aloha, I sat for a semester under Reverend Kahale. His methods contrasted sharply with the linguistic precisions of Elbert. In that class time had stood still since the days when, in 1841, a Catholic missionary, Barnabé Castan, reporting on local schools, could write home in wonderment:

Matters taught are the Christian doctrine, reading, writing, arithmetic, history... What strikes one is that all classes are taught in songs. A characteristic of this country is that everything must be done to a musical beat.

Under Kahale, while my fellow students sang lustily, together with a football player I chose a back seat, both of us hoping that teacher would fail to notice that our only contribution to the harmonious whole was the basso "Oe! Oe! Oe!" that closed each of the strophes rendered by the rest of the class with birdlike elan.

That semester proved far from lost. What interest the Reverend may have lacked in phonetic spelling was balanced for me by the discovery that the key to some areas of the Hawaiian language is to be found in these reasons from the heart that the reason knows not, to borrow a thought from a fellow Frenchman, Blaise Pascal.

The languages I had learned in Europe shared the common bond of a classical past. Latin is a potent drill-master and all of them—French, German, English, Spanish—obediently toed the line with close to a robotlike precision. Pacific languages formed themselves under a very different kind of spell. Surrounded as he was by the ocean, the Hawaiian modelled his tongue after what he new best, watching the octopus as it embraced the stony lure with spiralling motions synchronized with those of heaving surf and undertow currents.

Euclidean fashions inform European languages, each theorem lucidly stated and cleanly solved. It could be said that Pacific languages come closer to post-Euclidean lines, contracting, expanding, with distortions as complex and boneless as are the motions of a cephalopod.

A first version of *Laukiamanuikahiki* was privately printed in 1964 in a very few copies. When the play was staged, most of these copies were used during rehearsals and disintegrated from rough handling and the many manuscript additions. The present version is true to a tape of the actual performance, and thus includes the variants that the Hawaiian-born actors saw fit to make as the rehearsals proceeded, until their ears and tongues felt fully at ease. To all of them my sincere thanks.

*Na Lono Elua* is a historical play that recounts the death of Captain Cook. It is based on authentic sources in the Hawaiian language. That the story conflicts in part with the official version of the event in no way weakens its credibility.

To come closer to the period of the play I avoided what loan words now in current use date from the post-Cook era. Liturgical passages, even in Cook's time, had become obsolete, but they do add a sense of awe. Perhaps it was the artist in me, rather than the linguist, that took pleasure in emphasizing in the phrasing some of the slithering motions that Latin correctly shuns.

My heartfelt thanks to Dorothy Kahananui who selflessly and patiently helped me cleanse the text of *Na Lono Elua* of its many flaws, including not a few Gallicisms! And should present-day students of Hawaiian object to a relative dearth of macrons and of hyphens, may they forgive me for this sentimental pigheadedness. The text as it is set would have been considered orthodox in the 1950's, when I was a student lad in his fifties.

*For Koana Ni'au Wilcox*

## **Laukiamanuikahiki**

*Snare-That-Lures-a-Farflung-Bird*

## Cast

### **Actors** *Hawaiian*

MAKI'TOE'OE, a chief

HINA, a commoner

GUARD 1

GUARD 2

OWL, a hand puppet

LAUKIAMANUIKAHIKI

OLD WOMAN 1

OLD WOMAN 2

KAHIKI'ULA, a young chief

### **Readers** *English*

M.C., male

MAN READER

WOMAN READER 1

WOMAN READER 2

### **Offstage Voices** *Hawaiian and English*

ROCK

BAMBOO

DRUMMING

NOSE-FLUTE

First presented on May 25, 1964, under the sponsorship of the Hawaiian Historical Society, at McNeil Auditorium, Punahou Campus, Honolulu, Hawaii, technical director, Mileka Kawaiona'i Kanahele.

**ACTORS** *Hawaiian*: MAKI'TOE'OE, Kaupena Wong: HINA, Eleanor Lilihana Williamson: GUARD 1, Fred Kalanianoeo Meinecke: GUARD 2, Kenneth Sha Gun 'Analū Lee: OWL, Noelani Kanoho Māhoe: LAUKIAMANUIKAHIKI, Sarah Kananioku'uhome Ayat: OLD WOMAN 1, Lydia Wahinemaikai Hale: OLD WOMAN 2, Koana Ni'au Wilcox: KAHIKI'ULA, Enoch Nohealani Kaina. **READERS** *English*: M.C., Tom Kamake Keali'inohomoku: MAN READER, John Morgan Alexander Burgess: WOMAN READER 1, Mrs. C.K. Huang Soo Yong: WOMAN READER 2, Claudette Gordon Mulder. **OFFSTAGE VOICES** *Hawaiian and English*: ROCK, Kaupena Wong: BAMBOO, Noelani Kanoho Māhoe: DRUMMING, Kaupena Wong: NOSE FLUTE, Enoch Nohealani Kaina.



*STAGE: No set, only a recessed screen, center stage.*

*READERS: Two lecterns stand right and left, outside the stage proper, for the readers. They deliver the English lines, but take no part in the action.*

*ACTORS: They act the Hawaiian version exclusively. The action "freezes" every time the play switches to English. Actors resume action as soon as reading ends.*

*NOTES: OWL is a hand puppet, animated from behind the screen. As do the other actors, it "freezes" while the English lines are read. In its case, Hawaiian and English are done by same voice. BAMBOO and ROCK exist only through their offstage voices that speak both the English and the Hawaiian lines.*

## SCENE 1

*Stage empty. Dim light. M.C. walks to center stage.*

M.C.

This little play retells a very ancient story. It does so in two languages. Its actors speak in Hawaiian. For those of you perhaps less... *akamai* than others, commentators shall... comment in English as the play proceeds. They'll sit at both sides of the stage. They take no part in the action. I am one of the commentators. The play is laid in old Hawaii; its plot based on ancient beliefs: in this case, the importance of given names. An English name may be only a name, but a Hawaiian name has built-in power. In the Hawaii of our play, a rose by any other name would never smell as sweet...

*While M.C. speaks, actors, MAKI'TOE'OE and HINA, and WOMAN READER 1 quietly take their places on stage. WOMAN READER 1 to lectern, stage right. M.C. backs towards his side of the stage, stage left.*

M.C.

Scene one. Having sailed to a faraway island, Maki'i'oe'oe, a chief, has found true love.

*M.C. goes to his lectern, stage left. Lights. Action.*

MAKI'I'OE'OE

*Chants.*

Ku'u wahine  
 Ku'u wahine aloha  
 Ku'u hoapili i ka nāhelehele  
 Ku'u hoa i ke aumoe  
 Aloha. Aloha. Aloha.  
 Aloha ku'u wahine aloha.

M.C.

The chant is meant as a farewell. The chief, Maki'i'oe'oe, must sail back to his own island. The woman, Hina, is left behind.

MAKI'I'OE'OE

E, ke ho'i nei au i ku'u 'āina. E noho 'oe. I hānau he keiki kāne, kapa 'oe i ku'u inoa. A i hānau he kaikamahine, kapa 'oe i ka inoa 'o Laukiamanuikahiki.

M.C.

I must leave you. Should you give birth to a boy, name him as you please. If a female, her name shall be: Snare-that-lures-a-farflung-bird.

MAKI'I'OE'OE

I hānai 'oe a i nui, a mana'o e hele a'e e 'imi ia'u, eia na hō'ai-lona: he lei palaoa, he kūpe'e, he 'ahu'ula, he wa'a 'ula, he pe'a 'ula, he kā 'ula'ula, he aho 'ula, a me he kanaka 'ula.

M.C.

When grown up, she'll go in search of her father. By these tokens I'll know her: whaletooth necklace, bone bracelet, a red feather cloak.

HINA

E ku'u haku, hā'awi mai ia'u he lei palaoa, a he kūpe'e. Na'u no e hā'awi aku i ke kaikamahine i ka manawa 'oia e hele aku ai e 'imi i kona makuakāne.

WOMAN READER 1

Trust me with the tokens, my lord. Time come, she'll return them to you.

MAKI'TOE'OE

'A'ole loa. Na na akua e ho'olako i na hō'ailona.

M.C.

Indeed not! It is for the gods alone to provide!

HINA

E ku'u haku, aloha mai! He mea ha'aha'a no au. 'O na mea 'ula'ula he mea la'a no nā ali'i! Mai hea mai ka 'ahu'ula, ka wa'a 'ula, ka pe'a 'ula, ke kā 'ula'ula, ke aho 'ula, a me ke kanaka 'ula?

WOMAN READER 1

Have pity on me. I am a commoner. The tokens are chiefly. How could I ever get hold of them!

MAKI'TOE'OE

Aia no ia i na akua. Ke aloha no!

M.C.

Trust the gods. Aloha!

*A quick embrace. Before exit, MAKI'TOE'OE turns towards HINA.*

MAKI'TOE'OE

Mahope iho, ha'i aku iā ia i na mea a pau loa. Inā 'a'ohe mea loa'a, pau Pele, pau manō, pau loa i ke ahi!

M.C.

Should she lack the tokens, fire or sharks would prove a milder fate!

*Exit MAKI'TOE'OE. HINA sorrows, hands to belly.*

## SCENE 2

*Lights dim. HINA exits. MAN READER replaces WOMAN READER 1 at lectern, stage right. M.C. leaves his own lectern, stage left, goes center stage. While he speaks, actors silently enter, take their places behind him.*

M.C.

The chief has sailed back to his own island. In a corner of his domain, we now look at flowers and vines reflected in a quiet pool.

*M.C. returns to his lectern. Lights. Action. On stage, MAKI'I'OE'OE, standing. Two GUARDS armed with spears pay him deep obeisance.*

MAKI'I'OE'OE

Ua kapu kēia māla pua. Ka 'ilima, ka maile, a me na pua 'ē a'e.

Ua kapu na pua a pau loa, a lei a Laukiamanuikahiki. Mai 'ako i ka pua. Mai 'u'u i ka maile. Ka mea e 'a'e kapu, pau i ka make.

M.C.

These flowers, these vines, shall be taboo, sacred to Snare-that-lures-a-farflung-bird. Indeed to defy the taboo means to die!

MAKI'I'OE'OE

Ua kapu kēia ki'owai i ka 'au'au o Laukiamanuikahiki. Ka mea e 'a'e kapu, pau i ka make.

M.C.

Tabooed also shall be this pool. Only she may bathe in it. For any other to do so means death!

MAKI'I'OE'OE

Inā 'olua e hō'eha'eha iā Laukiamanuikahiki, make ka hopena.

M.C.

Should either of you hurt the chosen one, you both shall die!

*GUARDS gesture, asking for instructions.*

MAKI'TOE'OE

Eia na hō'ailona e ho'omaopopo ai: he lei palaoa, he kūpe'e, he 'ahu'ula, he wa'a 'ula, he pe'a 'ula, he kā 'ula'ula, he aho 'ula, a me he kanaka 'ula.

M.C.

Mark well her tokens: a whaletooth necklace, a bone bracelet, a red feather cloak.

*Exit MAKI'TOE'OE. GUARDS rise.*

GUARD 1

'O wai kēia Laukiamanuikahiki? He punahele paha 'oia i ko kāua haku?

MAN READER

What sort of a girl is she anyhow? And how he dotes on her!

GUARD 2

Ke kaikamahine a ko kāua ali'i, paha.

M.C.

Who is she? Maybe his daughter! Maybe?

GUARD 1

I ka wā 'oia e hele mai ai? E hele mai ana 'oia e 'ako i ka pua, a 'u'u i ka maile, a 'au'au i loko o ka wai kapu o kāna ki'owai? Āhea la?

MAN READER

When will she come to pick flowers, and to bathe in her own sacred pool? When?

GUARD 2

Āhea la?

*Counts on his fingers.*

Ekāhi, elua, ekolu, ehā, elima, eono, ehiku, ewalu, eiwa...



M.C.  
Let's see.

*Counts on his fingers.*

One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine months.

GUARD 2

*Shakes head. Countdown.*

Eiwa, ewalu, ehiku... Ehiku mahina wale no! Ke hānau 'ia  
mai!

M.C.  
Nine. Eight. Seven months.

*Shakes head.*

She ain't born yet. First, she's got to be born!

*Both GUARDS shrug, exit opposite sides, on their rounds.*

## SCENE 3

*Dim light. M.C. and MAN READER exit. WOMAN READER 2 goes to lectern, stage left. WOMAN READER 1 goes center stage. While she speaks, LAUKIA takes her place on stage behind her.*

WOMAN READER 1

Back to the forest where the lovers parted. Fruit of their love, a baby girl was born. That was fifteen years ago. Snare-that-lures-a-farflung-bird is a big girl now.

*WOMAN READER 1 takes her place at lectern, stage right. Lights. Action. On stage, a young girl seated, eyes closed, idle. Perched on top the screen, OWL.*

OWL

Ke'u. Ke'u. E Laukiamanuikahiki e! E kia 'oe i ku'u wahi manu, ku'u wahi manu i Kahiki?

Snare! Lure! Did you trap your bird yet, your bird from a far-flung land?

LAUKIA

Pueo 'ino! Pueo 'ino! 'A'ole no au he kia manu! Kāhea no e lele mai, 'o ka manu e noho ma loko o ku'u lima. E lele kāna make-make, e lele aku!

WOMAN READER 2

Wicked owl! Birds do snuggle in my hand, 'tis true, but they fly away at will!

OWL

Ke'u. 'A'ohe manu paha i ku'u mana'o, e Laukiamanuikahiki. E pili ana ku'u mana'o, i kekāhi kāne paha!

I didn't mean birds, girlie! I meant boys!

LAUKIA

Ua kanaka 'ole kēia ulu lā'au o ka uka. Manu wale no. Auwē! 'A'ohe po'ohiwi kihikihi no ko'u, popohe ka lei! 'A'ohe 'ā'i le-holeho no ko'u, pua palupalu. Kāne 'ole ka hale. 'O māua wale no me ku'u makuahine.

WOMAN READER 2

Mother and I, we live alone. Not a man in our forest. Birds only.

OWL

Ke'u. Kū ka lā'au kia. Lele mai ka manu i kekāhi manawa! Pa'a  
'ia ka manu!

The snare is set. Some bird is bound to be caught!

LAUKIA

E lele aku, e pueo. E pueo, e lele aku!

WOMAN READER 2

Fly away, owl, will you!

*OWL exits. A diminishing hoot is heard. LAUKIA sighs. Offstage, HINA's voice.*

HINA

Laukiamanuikahiki, 'auhea wale ana 'oe?

WOMAN READER 1

Daughter, where are you?

LAUKIA

Eia nei, ke kali nei, e ku'u makuahine.

WOMAN READER 2

In the grove, mother!

*Enter HINA, older than in Scene 1.*

HINA

Ua pō ka lā. Ho'i mai i ka hale.

WOMAN READER 1

Dusk sets in. Come home!

*HINA sits by her daughter.*

HINA

Kaumaha no 'oe, e Laukiamanuikahiki. Eia na'e, nele 'oe i ka 'oli'oli. Ao ka pō, ke kui lei wale no ka hana. 'O kou hoa wala-'au, he manu ia.

WOMAN READER 1

Sad always, daughter. Why? You weave leis. You sing with the birds. No work to do.

HINA

Na wāhine 'ē a'e, e kuku kapa. Ao ka pō, pō ka lā, e kuku kapa wale no ka hana. Mai ka wā 'ōpiopio ā haumaka'iole, e kuku kapa.

WOMAN READER 1

Village girls, they toil all day. Chubby hands turn into gnarled hands, and still they work the *tapa* stick.

HINA

A hiki i ka manawa e hele loa aku ai iā Milu, a malaila e kuku kapa i pā'ū, he kāhiko ia no na kino kupapa'u o na 'uhane lapu!

WOMAN READER 1

Dead, their withered claws forever beat *tapa* to garb the bones of fellow ghosts!

LAUKIA shrugs.

LAUKIA

E ku'u makuahine, e ha'i mai 'oe i ko'u makuakāne? 'O wai ko'u makuakāne?

WOMAN READER 2

Mother, who is my father? Where is my father?

HINA

'A'ole au e 'ike. Inā hele 'oe e 'imi, make paha ka hopena!

WOMAN READER 1

'Tis not for me to say. To look for him may mean your death!

LAUKIA

E ku'u makuahine, e ha'i mai 'oe i ko'u makuakāne? 'O wai ko'u makuakāne?

WOMAN READER 2

Mother, who is my father? Where is my father?

HINA

*Points offstage right.*

Tza! O hele a kēlā pōhaku la, 'o ko makuakāne paha ia!

WOMAN READER 1

Ask it of that rock there. It may be your father!

*LAUKIA rises. HINA rises. Turns head side to side as she follows moves of LAUKIA. LAUKIA crosses eagerly to stage right. Calls offstage.*

LAUKIA

E pōhaku e, 'o 'oe ko'u makuakāne paha?

WOMAN READER 2

Oh rock there, are you my father?

ROCK

*Offstage. Chanted basso voice. Background drumming.*

'A'ole wau 'o kou makuakāne, e Laukiamanuikahiki. E hele a kēlā ōpū 'ohe la, 'o kou makuakāne kā ho'i ia.

No, I am not your father. Ask that question of those bamboos there...

*LAUKIA runs across stage. Speaks towards offstage left.*

LAUKIA

E ōpū 'ohe la, 'o ku'u makuakāne 'oe paha?

WOMAN READER 2

Bamboos there, is one of you my father?



## BAMBOO

*Offstage. Chanted soprano voice. Nose-flute music.*

'A'ole au 'o kou makuakāne, e Laukiamanuikahiki. 'O Maki-'i'oe'oe kou makuakāne, ua ho'i i Kuaihelani.

No. Your father, is Maki'i'oe'oe. His island is Kuaihelani.

*Offstage nose-flute music follows "Bamboo" saying.*

## LAUKIA

*To HINA.*

Ho'opunipuni mai 'oe ia'u. 'O Maki'i'oe'oe kā ho'i ko'u makuakāne ia. Ua ho'i i Kuaihelani.

WOMAN READER 2

Cheat! Maki'i'oe'oe is my father. His island is Kuaihelani.

## HINA

'Ae, 'o ko makuakāne ia. 'A'ole hele malū aku 'oe. A māinoi no 'oe.

WOMAN READER 1

Now you know. Should you go to him, you'll meet dangers all the way!

## LAUKIA

'A'ole au e noho ma'ane'i nei. E 'imi ana au i ko'u makuakāne!

WOMAN READER 2

I will go to him!

## HINA

*Sits. Bids her daughter sit by her.*

E ku'u maka, e ku'u milimili! Ho'opunahele a ho'okamalani o loko o ka noho 'ilihune 'ana. Hia'ā ko'u pō i ka maka'u. O ha'alele 'oe ia'u! 'O ka'u keiki pono'i ia. 'O kāna keiki pono'i. Aia na kuleana āna.

WOMAN READER 1

Darling, I raised you and I love you. I have stayed awake nights, dreading this moment, and now it has come!

HINA

Eia na hō'ailona: he lei palaoa, he kūpe'e, he 'ahu'ula, he wa'a 'ula, he pe'a 'ula, he kā 'ula'ula, he aho 'ula, a me he kanaka 'ula.

WOMAN READER 1

He'll expect tokens: a whaletooth necklace, a bone bracelet, a red feather cloak.

HINA

Pehea la e loa'a iā 'oe kēia hō'ailona ali'i?

WOMAN READER 1

How could you get hold of them?

LAUKIA

He mea 'ole kēlā. Aia no i na akua. 'A'ole au e noho ma'ane'i nei. E 'imi ana au i ko'u makuakāne.

WOMAN READER 2

No matter! It is for the gods to provide!

*Both rise.*

HINA

'Ae, 'o ko makuakāne ia. Ua 'ōlelo mai ia'u, 'a'ole hele malū aku 'oe, a māinoi no 'oe.

WOMAN READER 1

Then go! You'll meet dangers all the way!

LAUKIA

*False exit. Rushes back. Hugs HINA.*

Kōkua mai 'oe ia'u, e ku'u makuahine!

## WOMAN READER 2

Help me, mother!

## HINA

E hele 'oe ā loa'a na luahine elua e pūlehu mai'a ana ma ke alai-nui. Nou kēlā mau kūpuna wāhine la. Noi 'oe iā lāua e kōkua mai. Nāwaliwali ke kino, ikaika ka mana.

## WOMAN READER 1

On your way, you'll meet two old women, your aunties, roasting bananas by the wayside. Much spirit strength hides in their feeble frames. Enlist their help.

*A hug. Exit LAUKIA. HINA slumps, wails softly. OWL enters, perched on top the screen.*

## OWL

*Chants.*

Ke'u. Ke'u.  
 Mai ūwe e e e!  
 Makuahine o Laukiamanuikahiki!  
 Launa pū ke keiki me ke ali'i nui.  
 Nani no a nani.  
 U'i no a u'i.  
 'Ai kalo mo'a a mau loa!  
 E Hina, mai ūwe e e e!

Do not sorrow, Hina.  
 Daughter shall meet a chief  
 As beautiful as she!  
 They'll live and love happily forever.  
 Hina, do not sorrow.  
 Ooooooh!

*Exit OWL. HINA sobs.*

## SCENE 4

*Lights dim. HINA exits. WOMAN READER 1 walks to center stage. While she speaks, the two OLD WOMEN enter, arrange the banana fronds on the ground, take their places.*

WOMAN READER 1

A three days journey has taken the girl to where we are now. The two old women that her mother mentioned are roasting bananas by the wayside. The young girl is here also, even though we cannot see her.

*WOMAN READER 1 goes to stage right. Lights. Action. On stage, two OLD WOMEN. They roast bananas under leaves.*

OLD WOMAN 1

Mai'a, mai'a, 'ōpala! I ko'u wā u'i, lawe mai na ali'i i na makana: he pā'ū no, he kīhei no, he kūpe'e no, na mea a pau e ho'oha'i i ku'u maka onaona.

WOMAN READER 1

Bananas, bah! O to be young again! Men would bring us presents!

OLD WOMAN 2

'Ōhumuhumu, 'ōhumuhumu, 'ōhumuhumu! Ka mana o ka wā u'i, he mea li'ili'i ia. Ka mana o ka wā o'o, he mea nui ia. Ua lilo kāua i punahele no na akua.

WOMAN READER 2

Whining, whining, whining! Men remain a pleasant memory. Today no less than the gods befriend us!

OLD WOMAN 1

Noho mehameha na kāula! I kēia manawa, maka'u no na kākānaka i na akua! Na kākānaka? Na akua? Na kākānaka paha!

WOMAN READER 1

Seers are lonely. Maybe men after all are more fun than the gods!

OLD WOMAN 2

*Eyes banana leaves.*

Ei nei! Ua mo'a paha ka mai'a?

WOMAN READER 2

The bananas, they must be cooked!

OLD WOMAN 2

*Peeks underneath the leaves. To OLD WOMAN 1.*

Mai kolohe 'oe! Mo'a 'ole ka mai'a no ko kolohe paha!

WOMAN READER 2

Stop teasing, or they'll never get done!

OLD WOMAN 1

*Checks in her turn.*

Auwē! Ua nalowale! 'A'ole na'u!

WOMAN READER 1

Gone! Not my doing!

*They both investigate. Both walk back to back, leaning on twisted sticks. LAUKIA emerges from behind the screen, munching on a roasted banana.*

LAUKIA

E na kūpuna! 'Ono loa! Pōloli au!

WOMAN READER 2

Mmmm. So good, grannies. I was so hungry!

BOTH OLD WOMEN

*Turn around. Shake their sticks at LAUKIA.*

E 'aihue!

BOTH WOMEN READERS  
Thief!

OLD WOMAN 1  
Mai hea mai kēia kupu?

WOMAN READER 1  
Rascal, who are you?

LAUKIA  
Na 'olua no!

WOMAN READER 2  
I am yours!

OLD WOMAN 2  
Na māua? Na wai?

WOMAN READER 1  
Ours? How come?

LAUKIA  
Na Hina.

WOMAN READER 2  
Hina is my mother!

OLD WOMAN 1  
'O wai kou inoa?

WOMAN READER 1  
And what would your name be?

LAUKIA  
'O ku'u inoa 'o Laukiamanuikahiki.

WOMAN READER 2  
My name: Snare-that-lures-a-farflung-bird.

*OLD WOMEN lower sticks. Look at each other meaningfully. Pay deep obeisance.*

BOTH OLD WOMEN

He aha ka huaka'i a ko māua haku i hiki mai nei?

BOTH WOMEN READERS

Our chiefess! What brings you here!

LAUKIA

'A'ole au he ali'i, e na kūpuna! He maka'āinana no! E 'imi ana au i ko'u makuakāne.

WOMAN READER 2

Aunties, I am not a chiefess! Just a peasant girl looking for her father!

OLD WOMAN 1

Laukiamanuikahiki! Laukia u'i maoli no 'oe! Launa me ka manu āu e 'imi nei ai?

WOMAN READER 1

What a lovely snare you are! Have you met your bird yet, your bird from a farflung land?

LAUKIA

He inoa wale no, o ko'u makuahine: Laukia manu i kahiki. He inoa wale no! 'A'ole au he lā'au kia. He wahine au. Inā he manu i Kahiki, lele aku no, lilo loa i Kahiki!

WOMAN READER 2

It's just a name, aunties, a name mother gave me. I am not a snare. I am a girl.

OLD WOMAN 2

Pēlā paha kou mana'o, akā, maopopo iā māua ka mea pololei.

WOMAN READER 1

That's what you think! We know better!

*LAUKIA slumps down, tired. Both OLD WOMEN help her. One pillows her head. One fans her with a large leaf.*

OLD WOMAN 1

Mai. Hāmau! A moe no a hele hou aku i ka 'apōpō!

WOMAN READER 1

Sleep now. Go tomorrow!

*OWL pops over one side of the screen. A loud hoot. Quick exit. Both OLD WOMEN are startled.*

LAUKIA

*Half asleep.*

Mai pīhoihoi 'olua! He manu wale no ia. E hahai nei ia'u!

WOMAN READER 2

Aunties, it's just a bird.

*OWL pops up again, other side of screen this time.*

OWL

Ke'u. He manu no! Tza. 'A'ole. Wahahe'e 'oe, keiki na ka pueo. Kāna pueo, 'o Laukiamanuikahiki. He manu no! Tza!

That's gratitude for you! Me just a bird! Pah!

LAUKIA

*Quite sleepily.*

Ho'omalimali kēia. He mau hoapili māua.

WOMAN READER 2

He teases. But we are buddies.

*As they fan the sleeping girl, the OLD WOMEN sing softly.*



## BOTH OLD WOMEN

*Chant.*

E ke kanaka 'ula,  
 Kepakepa i ka wa'a!  
 He wa'a nui?  
 He wa'a iki?  
 He wa'a 'ula.  
 Ka pe'a 'ula,  
 Ke kā 'ula'ula,  
 Ke aho 'ula,  
 Ka 'ahu'ula.  
 E kepahepa i ka wa'a  
 O ke kanaka 'ula!  
 E moe e, e moe e...

## BOTH WOMEN READERS

*Softly, tapering off at the end.*

Chiefly chief,  
 Man your canoe.  
 Check your paddle.  
 Raise your sail.  
 Don your red cloak.  
 Off sails the chief  
 From a farflung land!  
 Sleep... Sleep...

*All actors sleep.*

## SCENE 5

*Lights dim. Actors exit, carrying the banana fronds. WOMAN READER 1, stage right, exits. Enters M.C., goes stage center.*

M.C.

Back to the chief's island and the tabooed garden. Since we were here last, fifteen years have passed.

*Looks at his notes.*

That screen there

*Points at screen.*

is now a disused pigpen. Flowers and vines are still reflected in the quiet pool.

*M.C. goes to lectern, stage right. Lights. Action. The two GUARDS enter from opposite sides. They look older than when first seen.*

GUARD 1

Li'uli'u no kāua i kia'i i kēia māla pua kapu.

M.C.

In this garden we have stood watch a long, long time!

GUARD 2

He mea kahiko wale no. 'A'ohe mea hou. Koe kēia. Ua 'ō kō kea a ua pala lau hala.

M.C.

An old story. Nothing new. But our hair, it turns white!

*Enters OWL, "pacing" on top the pigpen four times before GUARD 1 takes notice.*

GUARD 1

Ei nei, eia he mea hou. E nānā aku 'oe: he pueo! Ma luna o ka pā pua'a.

M.C.

Something new! Flitting over the top of the pigpen, an owl!

*OWL exits.*

GUARD 2

*Not even looking.*

Tza! Waha'ohi! Kulikuli! He mea 'ole. E ho'i hou kāua i ka 'ehu kai mehe moi ia la!

M.C.

Who cares! I am getting old. Back to our rounds.

*Exit GUARDS, opposite sides. Enters LAUKIA with maile vines in her arms. OWL enters from opposite side from where LAUKIA enters. Flaps wings. A soft hoot.*

OWL

Ke'u.

LAUKIA

E kui he lei ko ka pueo lei 'ole!

WOMAN READER 2

Owl, I'll string a lei for you!

OWL

*Flaps wings. A contented hoot.*

Ke'u.

*LAUKIA sits and works at a maile lei. OWL centers herself over LAUKIA. A chant, "duet," between LAUKIA and OWL.*

LAUKIA

Ke lei o ka onaona  
Ku'u lei pua milimili  
Ku'u lei aloha  
Ku'u lei aloha.

OWL

Ke'u.

LAUKIA

Ke lei o ka onaona  
Ku'u lei pua milimili  
Ku'u lei aloha  
Ku'u lei aloha.

OWL

Ke'u. Ke'u.

LAUKIA

Ke lei o ka onaona  
Ku'u lei pua milimili  
Ku'u lei aloha  
Ku'u lei aloha.

OWL

Ke'u. Ke'u. Ke'u.

*Enter GUARDS. OWL exits.*

GUARD 1

E, kupaianaha 'oe, e ke kaikamahine. Ke kui lei nei no ma loko  
o kēia māla pua kapu! E make ana 'oe!

M.C.

Crazy girl! The vines are taboo. You are as good as dead!

GUARD 2

E ke kaikamahine 'ilihune! Kupanaha 'oe. E lei he lei o ka mai-  
le kapu o kēia māla pua! Mai 'ako 'oe i ka pua! Mai 'u'u 'oe i  
ka maile! Ua kapu na pua a pau loa, a lei o ke kaikamahine a  
ke 'li'i.

M.C.

Tramp girl, you crazy? Only the chiefess may do that!

*GUARDS tie her hands, roughly push her into the pigpen and throw the lei after her. They stand guard, soon doze standing, leaning on their spears. OWL enters, seen on one side of the pigpen.*

OWL

*Chants, very soft.*

Ke'u. Ke'u.  
E Laukiamanuikahiki e!  
Kaikamahine a Maki'i'oe'oe,  
Kaikamahine a Hina,  
Make 'oe! Make 'oe!  
Ke'u.

*Very soft.*

Daughter of Maki'i'oe'oe,  
Daughter of Hina,  
You shall die! You shall die!  
Ooooooh!

LAUKIA

*Voice only from inside the pigpen.*

Pueo 'ino, pueo 'ino. Haha'i wale ana no 'oe i ko mākou inoa!  
Tza! Wahahe'e 'oe, e ka pueo!

WOMAN READER 2  
Gossipy owl! To shout out our names is rude!

OWL

*Exits. Immediately reenters at other side of pigpen. A little louder.*

Ke'u.  
 E Laukiamanuikahiki e!  
 Kaikamahine a Maki'i'oe'oe,  
 Kaikamahine a Hina,  
 Make 'oe! Make 'oe!  
 Ke'u.

*Louder.*

Daughter of Maki'i'oe'oe,  
 Daughter of Hina,  
 You shall die! You shall die!  
 Ooooooh!

*GUARDS awake. OWL exits.*

GUARD 1  
 E, ua lohe anei 'oe?

M.C.  
 Say, you heard that?

GUARD 2  
 'Ae. He ke'u a ka pueo.

M.C.  
 Yes, 'twas an owl.

GUARD 1  
 He aha kāna mea i 'ōlelo mai ai?

M.C.  
 You heard what it said?

GUARD 2  
 He ke'u wale no.

M.C.  
 Sure. It hooted.

*GUARD 1 puts finger to mouth, asking for silence.*

OWL

*Offstage, still louder.*

E Laukiamanuikahiki e!  
Kaikamahine a Maki'i'oe'oe,  
Kaikamahine a Hina,  
Make 'oe! Make 'oe!  
Ke'u.

*Louder still.*

Daughter of Maki'i'oe'oe,  
Daughter of Hina,  
You shall die! You shall die!  
Oooooh!

GUARD 2

Lohe au. E, 'o ke kaikamahine no paha kēia a ke 'li'i, 'o Laukiamanuikahiki!

M.C.

I heard it. Could that tramp girl be our lord's daughter?

GUARD 1

Zia! 'A'ole! Aia ka lei palaoa, ke kūpe'e, ka 'ahu'ula, ka wa'a 'ula, ka pe'a 'ula, ke kā 'ula'ula, ke aho 'ula, a me ke kanaka 'ula. 'Oia no kona 'ano ke hele mai nei. 'A'ole kēia kaikamahine 'ilihune!

M.C.

Not a chance. And where are the tokens? No! That tramp girl is a tramp.

GUARD 2

Akā, lohe no 'oe i kāna mea i 'ōlelo mai ai?

M.C.

Still, you heard the owl!

## GUARD 2

*Imitates the OWL, not successfully.*

E Laukiamanuikahiki e!  
 Kaikamahine a Maki'i'oe'oe,  
 Kaikamahine a Hina,  
 Make 'oe! Make 'oe!  
 Ke'u. Ke'u.

M.C.

*Also awkwardly.*

Daughter of Maki'i'oe'oe,  
 Daughter of Hina,  
 You shall die! You shall die!  
 Ooooooh!

## GUARD 1

"Make 'oe?" Make 'oe! E, 'o ke kaikamahine no paha kēia a  
 ke 'li'i, 'o Laukiamanuikahiki! A inā e hō'eha'eha kāua iā ia,  
 make ka hopena.

M.C.

"You shall die?" You shall die! Eh! If she is the chiefess, if we  
 hurt her, we both die!

## GUARD 2

E pi'i kāua e 'ōlelo i ke 'li'i, 'o ke kaikamahine no kēia.

M.C.

Let's report to our lord. He'll know what's what!

*Exit GUARDS.*



## SCENE 6

*Stage is empty. Lights dim. M.C. goes center stage*

M.C.

The tabooed garden, that same evening. The girl has cried herself to sleep inside the pigpen. Truly there was witchcraft at work in the lullaby that the old women sang. A young chief from a farflung land has just beached his canoe nearby.

*M.C. goes to his lectern. Lights stay dim throughout this scene. Enter KAHIKI'ULA. Action. As the following song proceeds, OWL pops up on top the pigpen.*

KAHIKI'ULA

*Chants.*

E . . . . .!

Hele kuenta au i ke alanui 'ē!  
 Pēlā, pēia, pehea au i ke aloha!  
 'Akāhi ka mea aloha o kekāhi wahine.  
 He 'li'i ke aloha, e kilohana e pa'a ai.  
 He ālai no ka pō a me ke ao.  
 Eia ke aloha he 'ai liliha!  
 He anu au la, he ko'eko'e.  
 Ka hu'ea 'ia maila e ke kēhau.  
 No ka makamaka o ia 'āina mākua 'ole  
 Ho'okolo ku'u aloha me ka waimaka!  
 E . . . e . . . !

M.C.

Hardly any need to translate. To make it short, he says he is lonely and that he longs for love.

OWL

*To itself softly.*

Ke'u. Ke'u. Lele mai ka manu. Kū ke kia!

The bird flew in. The snare is set!

*To KAHIKI'ULA who sees OWL for the first time.*

Hui! E ka manu mai Kahiki e!

Hello, bird from a farflung land!

KAHIKI'ULA

'O Kahiki'ula ka inoa. Tza, he pueo wahahe'e 'oe!

M.C.

Liar! I am not a bird. I am a chief.

OWL

Tza, e Manu'ulaikahiki e!

A bird you are, and you don't know it!

*KAHIKI'ULA shrugs. A glow of light around the pigpen. OWL perches on edge of pen, stage right.*

KAHIKI'ULA

E! Pau ka pū'o'a o ka pā pua'a i ke ahi!

M.C.

Say, that pigpen is on fire!

OWL

Ke'u. 'A'ohe ahi, e ka manu 'ula. 'O ka wena o ka u'i kēlā! Aia i loko kāhi i moe ai, 'o ko wahine la!

Not fire, red bird, but the glow of beauty. The girl you long for is asleep in there!

*KAHIKI'ULA goes to pigpen, looks in, enters, stage left. The light flares brighter.*

OWL

Pa'a ka manu. Ke'u.

The bird is caught. Ooooooh!

*Exit.*

## SCENE 7

*Light dims. WOMAN READER 2 exits, replaced stage right by MAN READER. M.C. walks to center stage. While he speaks, MAKI'TOE'OE takes his place in front of the screen, standing.*

M.C.

For fifteen long years, the chief has been waiting, hoping for news of his daughter. The guards have been running all the way to report.

*Heavy breathing is heard offstage.*

M.C.

That explains why they are out of breath.

*M.C. takes his place. Lights. On stage, center, stands MAKI'TOE'OE. The chief is wrapped in his black cloak. Enter GUARDS at a running trot and out of breath. Stop abruptly. Kneel.*

MAKI'TOE'OE

He aha ka mana'o o ka 'olua hele 'ana mai?

M.C.

What is the meaning of this? Explain!

GUARD 1

Ua 'a'e 'ia ke kapu e kahi pueo!

MAN READER

A taboo-breaker. An owl!

MAKI'TOE'OE

*Drily amused.*

'Ino ka pueo! Pepehi a make ka pueo!

M.C.

Naughty owl! Kill it!

GUARD 2

'O ka mea e 'a'e kapu he wahine ia!

MAN READER

'Tis a girl who broke the taboo!

MAKI'TOE'OE

*Intense eagerness.*

I na hō'ailona?

M.C.

Any tokens?

GUARD 1

Hō'ailona 'ole. He mea 'ilihune wale no.

MAN READER

A tramp girl. No tokens at all.

GUARD 2

Malia paha o ko kaikamahine paha!

MAN READER

And still she may be your daughter!

MAKI'TOE'OE

*Disbelieving.*

Pehea?

M.C.

How come?

GUARD 1

'O ka pueo, aia ma luna o ka pū'o'a i pa'a ai ke kaikamahine . . .

MAN READER

The pigpen we put the girl in, the owl sits on top of it...

GUARD 2

...Na māua i lohe aku ai i ke kāhea iho i ke kaikamahine.

MAN READER

And we both heard what it said to the girl!

BOTH GUARDS

*Somewhat discordantly.*

E Laukiamanuikahiki e!  
Kaikamahine a Maki'i'oe'oe,  
Kaikamahine a Hina,  
Make 'oe! Make 'oe!  
Ke'u. Ke'u.

M.C. and MAN READER

*Similarly.*

Daughter of Maki'i'oe'oe,  
Daughter of Hina,  
You shall die! You shall die!  
Ooooooh!

GUARD 1

Penei ka 'ōlelo a ka pueo i ke kaikamahine.

MAN READER

That's what the owl said to the girl.

GUARD 2

Kāhea a'e ke kaikamahine i ka pueo.

MAN READER

And this is what the girl said to the owl.

BOTH GUARDS

*Imitate girl's voice, unsuccessfully.*

Pueo 'ino, pueo 'ino, e mālama no 'oe i ko mākou inoa! Waha-he'e 'oe, e ka pueo!

M.C. and MAN READER

Gossipy owl. To shout out our names is rude!

MAKI'I'OE'OE

*Quick reaction.*

'Ae. 'O ku'u kaikamahine no paha ia, 'o Laukiamanuikahiki.

M.C.

It may well be my daughter at last! We shall see!

*Exit all.*

## SCENE 8

*Lights dim. Exits MAN READER, replaced by WOMAN READER 2. M.C. goes center stage. Actors take their places.*

M.C.

This is the last scene. Back to the tabooed garden. The young chief, Kahiki'ula, has freed the young girl from her prison. They are now getting acquainted.

*M.C. goes to his place. Lights. Action. On stage, the girl and the boy. She holds the lei she made. He is bareheaded. Obviously in love, they admire each other from a distance.*

KAHIKI'ULA

Pau ka 'imi 'ana. Maika'i loa ka wahine ke nānā aku. 'A'ohe pu'u. 'A'ohe ke'e. Mahina ke alo!

M.C.

My search has ended. Indeed flawless, radiant like the moon!

LAUKIA

Maika'i loa ke kāne ke nānā aku. 'A'ohe pu'u. 'A'ohe ke'e. Pali ke kua!

WOMAN READER 2

My longing is fulfilled. Indeed flawless. Straight as a cliff!

*They come closer. KAHIKI'ULA unties his necklace, ties it to LAUKIA's neck.*

KAHIKI'ULA  
Ka lei palaoa.

M.C.  
Your whaletooth necklace.

*Takes his bracelet off, puts it to her wrist.*

KAHIKI'ULA  
Ke kūpe'e.

M.C.  
Your bone bracelet.

*Puts his cloak over her shoulders.*

KAHIKI'ULA  
Ka 'ahu'ula.

M.C.  
Your feather cloak.

*Both walk to stage right. Stop. LAUKIA puts maile lei on KAHIKI'ULA.*

LAUKIA  
Kāu lei, ku'u lei!

WOMAN READER 2  
Your lei, my love!

*Embrace. Enter MAKI'I'OE'OE stage left. Stops short.*

KAHIKI'ULA  
Ke kali nei, ka wa'a 'ula. Me ka pe'a 'ula, ke kā 'ula'ula, ke aho  
'ula. 'O au ka ho'okele. E hele kāua! E holo kāua! E lele kāua!

M.C.  
The canoe is waiting. Let us go! Let us sail! Let us fly to my far-  
flung land!



MAKI'TOE'OE

*Observing them, unseen.*

Eia na hō'ailona. Ka lei palaoa. Ke kūpe'e. Ka 'ahu'ula, ka wa'a  
'ula, ka pe'a 'ula, ke kā 'ula'ula, ke aho 'ula, a me ke kanaka  
'ula. 'O ku'u kaikamahine, 'o Laukiamanuikahiki maoli no!

M.C.

These are the tokens. Whaletooth necklace, bone bracelet,  
and a red feather cloak. Indeed she truly is my beloved daughter.  
The snare has lured its farflung bird.

*Lovers exit.*

MAKI'TOE'OE

*Chants.*

Launa pū ke keiki me ke ali'i nui.  
Nani no a nani.  
U'i no a u'i.  
He kāne a he wahine.  
'Ai kalo mo'a a mau loa.  
Mehameha ka makua.  
Ua 'ike e e e a...

M.C.

The chief, Maki'i'oe'oe, chants of their happiness and of his  
loneliness.

MAKI'TOE'OE

*Spoken.*

Poina 'e wale ke kaikamahine i ka makua i 'ike 'ole 'ia!

M.C.

Daughter already has forgotten the father she never knew!

*MAKI'TOE'OE exits.*

OWL

*OWL appears on top of the pigpen.*

'Āmama, ua noa.

*OWL exits.*

M.C. and WOMAN READER 2

*To center stage.*

That's all!

*M.C. and WOMAN READER 2 exit.*

---

*For Zohmah*

## **Na Lono Elua**

*Two Lonos*

## Cast

### Hawaiian

#### *Men*

MOAPU, fisherman  
MOHO, swineherd  
KAUAKAPIKI, laborer  
KŪ'OHU, country priest  
KALANI'ŌPU'U, High Chief of Hawaii  
KIWALO'Ō, son of Kalani'ōpu'u  
KAMEHAMEHA, nephew of Kalani'ōpu'u  
KA'Ō'Ō, High Priest  
KOA, priest  
KA'ILIKI'I, young priest  
OFFSTAGE VOICES

#### *Women*

WOMAN 1  
WOMAN 2  
WOMAN 3  
PUPPETEER, for *hula ki'i*  
TWO GOURD PLAYERS, for *hula ki'i*  
KALOLA, wife of Kalani'ōpu'u

### English

READER 1, male  
READER 2, male  
CAPTAIN JAMES COOK  
PHILLIPS, lieutenant of marines  
OFFSTAGE CHANTER, male  
WOMAN READER

### Non-Speaking Roles

AUDITORS  
ATTENDANTS  
GUARDS

**Act I.**  
**Na Maka'āinana**

*The People*

Time: January 25, 1778

Place: Island of Kaua'i

**Act II.**  
**Na Mea Ali'i**

*The Chiefs*

Time: November 30, 1778

Place: Island of Maui

**Act III.**  
**Na Mea Nā'auao**

*The Wise Men*

Time: February 14, 1779

Place: Kealahakua Bay, Island of Hawaii

## Act I.

### Na Maka'āinana

#### *The People*

*Island of Kaua'i, January 25, 1778. CAPTAIN COOK's ships have left the day before.*

*Waimea beach at night. A horizontal line divides the back-drop into two unequal parts, black below, dark gray above. The lower third represents the ocean, the upper two-thirds the sky. Down and center stage an open fire, the only source of light on the set.*

*Two lecterns stand at both sides of the stage. As the play opens, READER 1 stands at the lectern stage left. The lectern stage right is empty. A group of girls enters boisterously. The trinkets they carry are proof they have been on board the English ship: a whistle, a mirror, a sailor's shirt, a red vest. They attempt a drill the foreign way, at a whistled command from one of them. They try in turn the shirt and the vest. They share the mirror. Impromptu hula, its gestures based on the use or misuse of the foreign accessories. The girls huddle upstage left as MOAPU enters, followed by a group of excited folks. MOAPU is an old fisherman. Skin black, hair white. A long net thrown over one shoulder trails behind him as he walks. He gathers loosely his net, stands center stage, immediately behind the open fire. The men squat downstage on both sides of the fire, facing MOAPU, their backs turned upon the spectators. The girls pay only incidental attention to what else goes on. They share the mirror, arrange their hairdo, take turns attempting unsuccessfully to blow the whistle.*

*Throughout the play, the actors speak and act the Hawaiian lines. Standing at lighted lecterns, the readers render the English version.*

#### MOAPU

Kau ka mahina. Hōkū ka pō. He kū kaula ka'u hana i ka moana. He aha la kēia mea nui e ne'e mai nei! He wa'a paha! He moku paha! He mauna paha! Auwē! He aha la?

#### READER 1

The moon had risen. The stars shone. We were fishing in deep waters when this gigantic thing sailed close by. What was it? A giant canoe? A floating island? A mountain perhaps!

## MOAPU

'O ka ihu ka mua, he ihu 'oi mehe ihu a'u. Mahope o ka ihu, ua kā'alo ke kino. He kino 'ele'ele, hoeha'a, 'ōnahanaha ma waena. Aia he mau puka poepoe e hāmama mai ana ma ka 'ao'ao. Ke hulili mai la na puka mehe mea la he lau lamakū!

## READER 1

First, the thing's prow loomed over us, sharp as the snout of the swordfish. Next the hull slid by, bulging and black, pitching and rolling, its side pocked with round holes lighted inside as if by a thousand torches!

## MOAPU

He mea 'ē ka hi'ohi'ona ke nānā aku i luna! E kiu kākou i kēlā mea nui manamana ma luna o ka hale lanalana. He kohu ulu lā'au e ne'e a'e la i loko o ke kai. He mau kia paha! E kau mū'olo ana i ka 'aha like me na a'a kiolea. Pilikua na pe'a, huina 'oi mehe kino hihīmanu!

## READER 1

On top the great canoe what a fabulous sight! A whole forest slid from the uplands into the ocean, tree trunks branching out, aerial roots hanging from their very tops, and wind-filled tapa sheets, shrouds or sails, shaped like giant sting rays!

## MOAPU

'O ke kīkala ka hope loa, ki'eki'e loa, a 'ūpepe e like me ka lae o ka manō kihikihi.

## READER 1

The last we saw of it was the high stern, flat like the forehead of the hammerhead shark!

## MOAPU

E 'uwā nui kākou no ka maka'u ho'i i kēia mea ho'āiwaīwa! Nolaila, me ke pupuāhulu, e ho'ohā'ule kākou i na kaula a me na i'a i hei 'ia iho nei e kākou! E hoe 'āwīwī aku kākou a e pae aku i uka ma ke kahaone, he wahi pu'uhonua ko laila! I laila e ola ke kino o ke kanaka!

## READER 1

We yelled out loud, dropped most of our gear and all of our catch. Paddled away fast as we could to the beach and safety! A close escape that was!

*MOAPU wipes the sweat off his forehead, gathers closer his net, sits himself among the hearers. MOHO, a swineherd, replaces him. A country bumpkin, in a gray loincloth.*

*Concurrently, READER 1 exits. READER 2 enters, takes his place at lectern stage right.*

MOHO

Ke kakahiaka 'ē a'e, moku ka pawa, e hoe aku au i kēlā mea kupanaha. He mana'o ko'u e kū'ai aku i kekāhi pua'a keiki i ka po'e o luna. Ke paiho mai la na po'e luina ma luna o ka moku e kāhea mai me ka lima, "Hele mai! Hele mai!" Pi'i a'e au me ka'u pua'a kū'ai i luna o ka wa'a malihini.

READER 2

Next morning at sunup, I paddled close to the thing, bringing a piglet for barter. The crew signalled for us to climb aboard. Up we went!

MOHO

'Ano 'ē na malihini. Ulipō ke kino. Ke'oke'o ke po'o a me na lima. 'Ele'ele na wāwae. 'Alu'alu ka 'ili. Pālua ka 'ili! Ulipō ka 'ili ma waho. A 'o ka 'ili ma loko hākeakea e like me kekāhi kapa. He 'ili puakea noho'i!

READER 2

Passing strange, these strangers! Their body is blue. Their head and hands white. The feet shiny black. Their skin loosens at will. Underneath there is another skin. The outer skin is dark blue. The inner skin is like bark paper, whitish, or rosy like ginger buds.

MOHO

*Acts his words twice, first for the Hawaiian, then for the English version.*

'Ālohilohi na maka, piholo iho i loko. Lapalapa ka ihu. Kihikihi ka helehena. Kikihi ka lae. Ua 'ā mai ke ahi ma ka waha!

READER 2

Their eyes are of a bleached blue, sunk deep behind a nose sharp as a beak. Bony their features. Their foreheads are horned like the crescent of the moon. They blow smoke and chew fire!



## MOHO

*Acts his words. As the English is read, he will repeat the same gestures.*

Aia he puka waiwai ma ko lākou 'ao'ao, i kanu 'ia na mea waiwai loa i loko o ke kino. A ma ua puka la e nao iho ai ko lākou lima, a unuhi a'e i ka hana'oi, a me ke kanikani, a me ka hao, a me ka lei, a me ka lole, a me ke kui, a me na mea like 'ole a pau!

## READER 2

They hoard treasure in their insides. Stuffed in a hole dug deep inside their body. They dig their hand into it and out comes the hardware, things that make noise, beads, nose-blowers, iron things, and all kind of stuff!

## MOHO

Pilapilau ke pola. He po'e lapu paha na po'e luina. He wa'a akua paha kēia wa'a malihini. He wa'a paha i lele a'e mai ka pō lehulehu, ke kūkulu o ka moana, i ka wā kahiko! 'Ike ko kākou kūpuna i kēia wa'a akua. 'Oia paha kēia?

## READER 2

The ship stank of staleness. Its crew could well have been dead ones. That ship is a ghost ship! Maybe that same hull our ancestors glimpsed far off, seen once every other generation!

## MOHO

Hua li'i a nāwaliwali ke kino akua. Alaila, mana'o iho la wau he wāhine lapu wale no na po'e luina!

*Suddenly the girls are interested. Surprised, one of them who was toying with the whistle, lets out a shrill note. The other girls giggle. The men pay attention to the speaker only.*

## READER 2

Should they be ghosts, from their puny looks I guess they are female ghosts!

*Another softer whistle follows the English version.*

MOHO

Ua maka'u loa au. Ua lele iho wau a lu'u po'o iho ma waho o ka moku. A ho'olei iho la na malihini i kēia mea hao i luna o ko'u wa'a.

*Takes an iron nail out of a fold of his malo. Holds it up for all to see. Keeps it up through the English version.*

READER 2

I broke out in a cold sweat. I jumped headlong overboard. They threw that iron scrap after me. It landed in my canoe.

MOHO

Pau ku'u mana'o e kū'ai i kāhi mea iā lākou!

READER 2

No more barter for me!

*MOHO wipes the sweat off his forehead, replaces the nail inside his malo, joins the hearers. KAUAKAPIKI, a laborer, rises from their rank, replaces him. Malo and simple tapa cape. Besides the malo, there is a tapa strip loosely wound about his waist. Holds a short length of sugar cane.*

*Simultaneously, READER 2 exits. He is replaced at lectern stage right by READER 1.*

KAUAKAPIKI

'A'ohe he lapu ka malihini. 'A'ohe wahine ke 'ano. He kāne no na malihini! Ua hānau lākou ma kekāhi 'āina wī. Pōloli ka 'ōpū o ka haole. Ka mana'o o kēia huaka'i, hele mai lākou e 'imi i kekāhi 'āina momona. Ua 'i'ini lākou i ka u'i o ka 'ai a me ka i'a. Malaila e ho'opiha ai ka 'ōpū hakahaka o ka malihini i kēia wā i ke 'ono o na mea 'ai a pau o na pae 'āina o kākou.

READER 1

The strangers are not ghosts and they are not women! Thin and starved on landing. Must have sailed a long way from some famished land, to fill up their bellies in this land of plenty.

## KAUAKAPIKI

*Flying gestures. Patting stomach, etc., through the following. Repeats mimicry to synchronize with the English version.*

He kōlea ka malihini. He kupa kēlā manu no kekāhi 'āina wī. Malaila pōloli no ke kōlea. Ua lele a ua pae ma ke one o Hawai'i nei, he mea ikaika 'ole. Pā ke kai nui, hina wale no! E 'ai ka manu a piha loa. 'Ai, 'ai, 'ai, 'ai, a hiki i ka manawa kū-pono, alaila ho'i ai ke kōlea i kona one hānau, he manu momona loa!

## READER 1

Like the plover bird, the foreigner. That bird, it flies here from who knows where, so weak that its thin legs double under it at landing. It eats, and eats, and eats. When it flies back to that same whatchamacallit it came from, it is so fat it can hardly take off!

## KAUAKAPIKI

I ke kakahiaka ua pae mai nei na haole me ko lākou wa'a iki. Ua nīnau mai nei ia'u i kāhi wahi e loa'a ai ka wai inu? Pane aku nei au, "Mauka. Nunui na wai." A no kēia 'ōlelo, ua pi'i aku na haole i uka, i ka ukuhi wai. A kōkua aku nei au iā lākou e ho'opiha i ka lākou ipu wai. 'O na ipu wai a lākou he nepu o waena, 'oi aku ka nui mamua o na ipu wai Hawai'i.

## READER 1

That first morning, I was at hand when the strangers beached their small boat and walked inland for water. I helped fill and roll on board the foreign water gourds. Larger by far than our largest!

## KAUAKAPIKI

*Sits down, legs extended. Holds sugar cane horizontally with both hands, as if manning oars. Action matches words.*

He mea hō'aka'aka ka hana a na hoe malihini! E ho'opelupelu mua ke kino, a pili ke ā lalo ma luna o ke kuli. Alaila, ho'opolelei i ke kino i hope, a kau ka po'o ma luna o ka 'ūhā o ka po'e hoe mahope! Like no me na kamali'i omo waiū ma ka 'ao'ao o ka makuahine!

*Repeats action to illustrate English version. Now the spectators laugh and swing as KAUA KAPIKI swings.*

READER 1

When they paddle, they fold in two so that their chin lands on their knees. Next they heave backwards, head smack in the lap of the rower back of them. What a sight! Every one of them stretched out, belly up, like babes at the breast!

*Suckling noises from KAUA KAPIKI. Then vigorous gymnastics together with his hearers. Continuous rowing action throughout both Hawaiian and English.*

KAUA KAPIKI

He hoehoe ha'a ka hoe malihini! A 'o kona wa'a he wa'a pelu-pelu!

*No English equivalent.*

KAUA KAPIKI

Mamua. Mahope.

READER 1

One, two.

KAUA KAPIKI

Mamua. Mahope.

READER 1

One, two.

KAUA KAPIKI

Mamua. Mahope.

READER 1

One, two.

*Action. More laughter. As action tapers off, WOMAN READER enters, takes her place at lectern stage left.*

## KAUAKAPIKI

I ka ho'i 'ana o ka wa'a iki o ka malihini a hiki i ka wa'a nui me ka wai 'ono o ka 'āina, ua ki'ei aku la na po'o malihini ma loko o na puka poepoe o ka 'ao'ao o ka moku. Kapa 'ia aku nei au ko lākou inoa kapakapa: 'o Kanukuhinuhinu, a 'o Ki'ei, a me Hālō.

## READER 1

As the boat reached the ship with its load of fresh water, round faces filled up the round holes cut in its hull. I gave them nick-names: Here Greasy-snout, and there Take-a-peek, and Snoopy.

## KAUAKAPIKI

*Handles the sugar cane as if it were a telescope.*

A 'ike aku la wau i kekāhi mau haole 'elua me ka 'ohe nānā, 'o Makaloa me Namaka'ōka'a na inoa. He kilo nānā ka lāua hana. I ka lā, kiu lāua i ka honua. A i ka pō, kiu lāua i ka lani!

## READER 1

Two fellows there were up a mast with long tubes stuck in their eyes. Astrologers is my bet! By day they spy the lay of the land. By night they read the omens in the stars! Long-eye and Roving-eye I call them!

## KAUAKAPIKI

'A'ohe 'ano lapu na po'e luina. Inā 'ai 'ole he lapu 'i'o no! He 'ai a mā'ona ka malihini! 'A'ohe 'ano wahine na malihini. E mao-popo pololei no ka 'oukou po'e wāhine i ke 'ano maoli o na malihini!

*Heads turn toward the women, remain turned until the women have had their say.*

## READER 1

None of those fellows are ghosts. Ghosts don't fatten on food! And none of them are women. Ask your women. They know!

WOMAN 1 now busy primping her hair in front of the mirror stops. Speaks in a matter-of-fact voice. WOMAN READER is the English voice for all three women.

WOMAN 1

*Basso voice.*

Kāne no ke 'ano o na malihini. 'A'ole e 'ole. Ua moe pū mākou me lākou.

WOMAN READER

Sure, they are men and no doubt. We slept with them!

WOMAN 2

*Normal voice.*

Akā, niho kekē ke 'ano. He uwē no lākou i ka 'eha ke 'umiki kekāhi wahine i ka 'ao'ao!

WOMAN READER

Cranky fellows, these haoles. Should one of us try as little as a nail scratch or a playful bite, the guy screeches like an owl!

WOMAN 3

*High-pitched voice.*

'Ōlelo mai ka haole, "He kohu kakā ka wahine Hawai'i. A walu-walu loloa ka māi'u'u!"

WOMAN READER

They say our nails are real sharp, and that we scratch like ducks!

WOMAN 1

'O ke kakā, he nēnē haole kēlā!

WOMAN READER

A duck, that's a foreign goose.

*The women resume their primping. WOMAN READER exits. Now KAUA-KAPIKI takes off his cape. He wraps it around his buttocks, winds the tapa strip around his head, pirate-fashion. Puts the sugar cane in his mouth, puffs on it as on a pipe. Then sticks the stem at his side, between hip and malo, as a sword. He struts about, unsheaths the stem, brandishes it.*

#### KAUAKAPIKI

Ke 'ano o ke ʻō o ka haole; he kani ka leo mehe manu la. No ka manu 'ō'ō ka palalē a halalē, kukukū a kuolo aku la mehe lale la a wīwī aku!

#### READER 1

Bird-like the pitch of the foreigner's voice. Like that of the 'ō'ō bird, full of mumblings and slurpings and splutterings. And at the end a trill that rises to a squeal!

#### KAUAKAPIKI

Penei ka 'ōlelo o ka haole:

#### READER 1

Here's a sample:

#### KAUAKAPIKI

*Syllables pronounced with an exaggerated English inflexion. No translation.*

Hīkapalalē, hīkapalalē, hioluai, oalakī, walawalakī, walawalakī, pohā, aloha kahiki, aloha haehae, aloha ka wahine, aloha ke keiki, aloha ka hale.

*Hearers rhythmically clap their appreciation. READER 1 exits. READER 2 takes his stand at lectern stage left. KAUA-KAPIKI hastily joins the audience as KŪ'OHU, a kahuna, comes out of the upstage darkness into the light of the open fire. KŪ'OHU is robed in white, with head and shoulder leis of maile leaves. Holds a fly-whisk. All bow from the waist. At a motion of the priest's hand, not unlike a blessing, all straighten up at ease. Soon the women shall join the men in rapt attention.*

KŪ'OHU

E na ha'i mo'olelo ekolu e! E Moapu ka lawai'a, pilapilau ke kino me ka nā'au i'a make!

*MOAPU makes himself small, remains hunched throughout the following English.*

READER 2

Fine story-tellers, the three of you! You, Moapu the fisherman, slimy with fish gut!

KŪ'OHU

E Moho ke kahu pua'a, pau pā'ele me ka lepo!

*MOHO, same reaction.*

READER 2

And you, Moho the swineherd, coated with muck!

KŪ'OHU

E Kauakapiki ka limahana, e ho'opuluea me ka hana lima!

*KAUAKAPIKI, same reaction.*

READER 2

And you, Kauakapiki the laborer, a clown stinking of sweat!

KŪ'OHU

Ua nānā 'oukou i na mea malihini me ka makapō! Makehewa ka 'oukou nānā 'ana! He mau kānaka hūpō 'oukou 'ekolu!

READER 2

You saw little of our visitors, and even that little made no sense to you! Blockheads the three of you!

KŪ'OHU

Ma ke kauoha o ku'u ali'i, 'o Kā'eo, pi'i aku nei au—'o Kū'ohu ke kahuna—i luna o ka moku malihini. Ka'u hana e ho'onoa i na kapu la'a a pau i luna o ka moku. 'A'ole he mea 'ē kēia moku la. 'O ka heiau 'i'o no kēia o Lono. 'O ka 'ānu'unu'u no kēia o ke keōlewa, a 'o na lele kēia o ke kuahu.



## READER 2

I, Kū'ohu the priest, was sent on board ship by our high chief, Kā'eo, to neutralize if possible what lethal taboos still clung to the great hull! That ship is in truth Lono's sacred temple. You all saw the raised altar and the sacred tower!

## KŪ'OHU

A hele aku la au i mua o ke alo o Pakakū-Lono, ke ali'i akua o ka moku heiau. A kuemi iho au. A kūlou iho au. A kukuli iho au. A pule a'e au he pule mana loa. Alaila, e ho'olei aku nei au ma luna o ka po'ohiwi o Pakakū-Lono i ke kapa 'ula'ula. A noa a'e la!

## READER 2

I came face to face with Cook-Lono, heavenly ruler of the floating temple. I bowed to him. I knelt before him. I prayed a powerful prayer. I girded the god's shoulders and loins with the sacred crimson *tapa* cloth. The fearsome taboos are now harmless.

## KŪ'OHU

Ua maika'i ka'u hana. 'A'ole e pilikia ke holo i ka heiau. Akā, inā i pono 'ole ka pule a ke kahuna, noa 'ole ke kapu, make a pau na kānaka ekolu i pi'i aku nei i luna o ka moku heiau!

## READER 2

We priests have power to propitiate daemons and godlings, and, if need be, gods. Had I failed in my task, you three garrulous story-tellers would be quite silent today. In fact, stone-dead!

*Soft offstage drumming throughout the following epic tale, Hawaiian and English both.*

## KŪ'OHU

Eia ka mo'olelo 'oiā'i'o no ka moku heiau. I na wā kāhiko loa, ua noho na kūpuna o na kūpuna o kākou ma kekāhi 'āina kūlewa, ma'ō aku o na 'āina kūlewa a pau!

## READER 2

Hear the true story, the whole story of the great ship! Long ago, far away, the ancestors of our ancestors lived in a land anchored infinitely farther at sea than any of the farflung islands our chanters chant about!

## KŪ'OHU

I kekāhi lā, kau aku la na po'e kāhiko i na wa'a a pau o lākou. A holo aku la ma ka moana na po'e a pau, na kāne, na wāhine, na 'elemākule a me na keiki a pau. Ao ka pō, pō ke ao, lehu-lehu na mahina, lehulehu na makahiki, holo aku ka 'au wa'a ma luna o ke kai lewa. Make na kūpuna. Hānau na keiki. Ma kēlā holo 'ana a na kānaka, 'o ka moana wale no, a me ka lani wale no, a me na hōkū i ka lewa luna lilo wale no ka lākou i 'ike.

## READER 2

One day, these men, their women and children, took to sea, headed this way. Many months, many years, they were at sea. Oldsters died. Infants were born. Throughout their lifetime, generations of men knew only the ocean and the stars.

## KŪ'OHU

He mea maka'u loa kēlā holo 'ana. Nolaila, maka lena na kupu'e'u o ke kai i ke kanaka ma loko o ko lākou aupuni. Nāwaliwali no ke kanaka i mua o ke alo o na mo'o ali'i o ka moana.

## READER 2

But even this barren right of way, your ancestors had to wrench it away from the sea monsters whose realm it had always been. How weak man, his strength pitted against dragons risen from some watery netherworld!

*Soft drumming changes to short explosive tattoos that follow each assertion, both Hawaiian and English.*

## KŪ'OHU

'Aukai a'e la ka 'ilio loa, Kū'ilioloa, a 'ai a ho'onu'u i na wa'a a me na kānaka o luna!

*Drumming.*

## READER 2

The rabid sea-hound, Kū'ilioloa, that devours canoes and their human cargoes as so many mollusks!

*Drumming.*

## KŪ'OHU

Ua moe Kahonunuimaeloku ma ka papakū ulipō o ka moana. Alaila, pōloli ka Honu, aea a'e la a lana pa'a like me he moku la. Pae na wa'a o ka po'e ka'ahale ma luna o ke kua o ka Honu akua. Kūhīhewa na malihini he kahaone kēlā. Malaila lu'u aku la 'o Honunuimaeloku i loko o ke kai hohonu. Palemo na wa'a a pau. Haehae a 'ai i na kānaka a pau!

*Drumming.*

## READER 2

The so-called Black Turtle sleeps on the unfathomable muds that coat the ocean's bottom. When hungry it rises and floats as quietly as any island. Travellers beach their canoes on its gently sloping slimy shell. Suddenly it dives back to its blue-black home, sinks the canoes and tears to shreds their crew!

*Drumming.*

## KŪ'OHU

He mea maka'u loa 'o Niukahiki! Like me kekāhi ānuenuē 'ele-'ele ka Niu akua. E helei i kona kino ma waena o Kahīkikū a me Kahīkimoe. E ho'opuehu i kona hua ma luna o ke kai lewa. Mahope aku ho'okiko i kona hua a lau a lau na mo'o 'ino o ka moana.

*Drumming.*

## READER 2

Fearful the Daemon Coconut. It stretches its elastic loins between the Kahiki of the East and the Kahiki of the West, and sheds its testicles as so many sea-eggs that scatter and hatch in time more monsters!

*Drumming.*

## KŪ'OHU

Nāwaliwali ke kanaka. Ikaika ke akua i ka lani. He pale uma-uma kēia heiau o Lono no kākou. Na kēlā moku heiau e ho'opakele i ka lāhui kānaka mai ka pōloli 'ino o na kupu'eu o ke kai!

## READER 2

Gods are needed to protect men from such horrors. What you mistook for a ghost ship is in truth our heavenly guardian, manned by Lono himself to shield us from the daemons of the deep!

*READER 1 takes his place at lectern stage right.*

## KŪ'OHU

I ka holo 'ana mai nei o ka moku heiau i luna o ka moana, kā-hea aku la 'o Lono iā Makaloa a ma Namaka'ōka'a, penei:

## READER 2

As his temple sailed over the seven oceans, Cook-Lono hailed his astrologers thus:

*The next episode is acted forcefully by KŪ'OHU, impersonating nautical characters, with changes of voice and ample gestures. Both English READERS, alternating voices, underline the action in the play within a play.*

## KŪ'OHU

'O Lono: "E na kilo 'elua e! Hā—lō! E pi'i wale a'e 'olua a luna o ke kia. Kilokilohia! Nānāhia aku ke kupu, ka 'eu o ko kākou moku la!"

## READER 1

Lono: "O you, the seers, climb atop the mast. Scan ahoy! Look out! Look near! Look far! Watch for the monsters, the would-be devourers of our ship!"

## KŪ'OHU

Na kilo 'elua: "Ha'eha'ekē—!"

## BOTH READERS

The seers: "Aye! Aye! That we shall do!"

## KŪ'OHU

'O Lono: "Hā—lō! Hā—lō! Eia ke kupu la!"

## READER 1

Lono: "Look out! Look out! Dragons ahoy!"

KŪ'OHU

Na kilo 'elua: "Hō—wai? Hō—wai?"

BOTH READERS

The seers: "Whereabout? Whereabout?"

KŪ'OHU

'O Lono: "Oho—! Oho—! Kū'īlioloa ke hāmama mai nei ka waha! Eia ke ā luna o ka 'īlio ma luna o kākou, a 'o ke ā lalo, eia ma lalo o ka moku o kākou. Ho'okāhi no ke ale la, papapau kākou i ka make!"

*Drumming offstage.*

READER 1

Lono: "O—ho! O—ho! The gaping jaws of Sea-Hound engulf our ship! The dog's upper jaw looms over us! Its lower jaw scoops our hull! At a snap, we'll all be crushed to death!"

*Drumming.*

KŪ'OHU

Alaila, ho'ākoakoa a'e la 'o Lono i na akua a pau i luna o kona moku. Iā Kauwila ma. Iā Kānehekili ma. Iā Lonomakua ma. Iā Lapaiki, 'oia kāhi luna ma luna no o ke Ahi.

READER 2

Lono gathered his ghostly crew on the bridge: Lightning and Thunder, Heat and Smoke, and Rumbings. And Little Spark, the one that orders about Big Flame!

KŪ'OHU

'O Lono: "Lapaiki! Lapaiki! Hā—lō! Hā—lō! Mākaukau! Liuliu! Wikiwiki!"

*Drumming.*

READER 1

Lono: "Spark, a—ttention! Spark, a—ttention! At the ready! Ready! Fire!"

*Drumming.*

KŪ'OHU

Alaila, kū a'e la 'o Lapaiki, a kāhea aku la i ka waikī a me ka waipahū, "E kī au, e lele 'oe! E kī au, e lele 'oe! E kī au, e lele 'oe!"

*Drumming.*

READER 2

Spark shouted, "O you big guns and little guns, attention! I trigger, you explode! I trigger, you explode! I trigger, you explode!"

*Drumming.*

KŪ'OHU

'O ka lele no ia o ka pōkā a kū 'o Kū'īlioloa ma ka lae, a maīhi ka pūniu!

*Drumming.*

READER 1

The guns fired! The cannons fired! Cannon balls struck the giant sea-hound and scalped its skull raw!

*Drumming.*

KŪ'OHU

A kū 'o Kahonumaeloku a kūlepe kona kua!

*Drumming.*

READER 2

Cannon balls split open the shell of Black Turtle!

*Drumming.*

KŪ'OHU

A kū ka niu o Kaniukahiki a hua pēpē'ia!

*Drumming.*

## READER 1

Cannon balls emasculated Daemon Coconut!

*Drumming.*

*End of the play within a play. As before, READER 2 is the only voice of KŪ-  
'OHU.*

## KŪ'OHU

E 'ike 'oukou ma luna o ka moku kekāhi 'alu'alu e waiho nei,  
nui loa ia mamua o ka nui o na 'alu'alu o na 'ilio a pau! 'O Kū-  
'īlioloa kēlā 'alu'alu!

*Among the auditors, some nod their head in assent.*

## READER 2

Those of you who climbed on board ship saw a pelt larger by  
far than that of any dog on earth.

*Nodding on stage.*

## READER 2

It is the hide of Kū'īlioloa, the mad salivating hound that in-  
fected our seven seas!

## KŪ'OHU

Kēlā mau niu nunui e waiho nei, na Kaniukahiki! A 'o kēia  
kaula nui a lākou 'o ka nā'au ia o Honunuimaeloku!

## READER 2

The balls of stone piled up in the ship's innards, those are the  
seeds of Niukahiki, forever barren! And what you common-  
ers mistook for cordage are for a fact the twisted and spliced  
bowels of Black Turtle!

## KŪ'OHU

Nolaila, 'o na kupu a pau loa o ka moana, ua pau loa i ka luku  
'ia!

## READER 2

Dead indeed are all the dragons of the sea!

*To the end, the narration takes rising liturgical overtones. Soft offstage drumming resumes.*

KŪ'OHU

Ua 'i'ini na po'e o ka wā kahiko e 'ike i ka hō'ea 'ana mai o kēlā moku heiau. Ua hānau, a ua ola, a ua make na po'e kāhiko. Akā, 'ike 'ole lākou i ka heiau o Lono.

READER 2

How many among our ancestors longed for the sight of this sacred canoe! How they longed to see it, this devourer of dragons! Failing to see it, they died.

KŪ'OHU

Nolaila, e hau'oli 'oukou i ka 'ike 'ana i ka holo 'ana mai o ka heiau o Lono. La'a no a 'oli'oli no kēia kipa hele 'ana mai o ke akua i kēia lā ma ke one kama'āina o 'oukou, ma Waimea i Kaua'i!

READER 2

Rejoice then at this sacred sight. Rejoice that the god chose to anchor right here and now, in our very own Kaua'i!

*Chanted prayer. No English equivalent.*

KŪ'OHU

Amoamo ke akua lā'au nui, 'o Lono! E kū i ka malo a hui!

PEOPLE

Hui!

KŪ'OHU

'O Lono!

PEOPLE

Ke akua lā'au!

KŪ'OHU

Āulu!

PEOPLE

Āulu, e Lono!

BOTH READERS

Hail, o Lono!



## Act II. Na Mea Ali'i

### *The Chiefs*

*Island of Maui, November 30, 1778. Offstage, COOK's ship is anchored off-shore.*

*Like that of Act I, the backdrop is divided by a horizontal line into two unequal parts. The upper two thirds are painted a full-strength ultramarine blue to signify the sky. The lower third is a still darker shade, pure indigo blue, and stands for the ocean.*

*Right and left of set, two upright war gods, wooden cylindrical bodies swaddled in crimson tapa cloth, topped by masks of feather mosaic, inlaid with shell and dog teeth.*

*Enter three chiefs in war array. Attendants help them out of their feather cloaks and helmets, and relieve them of their spears and warclubs. They help the chiefs don informal tapa garments. Attendants exit with the war paraphernalia.*

*KALANI'ŌPU'U, High Chief of Hawai'i, seats himself on a rock, downstage right. He is a very old man, soft-spoken, with innate authority. The two other chiefs squat at his sides. On his right his son and heir, KIWALA'Ō, an elegant weakling. On his left his sturdy nephew, KAMEHAMEHA. Enter three women to perform a hula ki'i, or marionette play. All three kneel, facing the chiefs. In the center the PUPPETEER with a pair of hand puppets, a "princess" and a "chief". At her sides two GOURD PLAYERS, handling the ipu or double gourd. They shall play in subdued kuolo style an accompaniment to the puppeteer's chanting. A single strip of tapa wound about both musicians' shoulders extends in front of the animator as a kind of curtain. The marionettes are seen in action, mostly twirling and whirling, along its upper edge.*

### PUPPETEER

*Chanted.*

Nu'uanu popo'i ka huna a ka ua.  
Kuku ka 'ale i ka makani.  
Hololua, holopili, holokake,  
I ke alo o ka pali ka makani!

*Chant may be repeated. No English translation.*

*KALANI'ŌPU'U signals for the entertainers to stop. They pick up their accessories, exit backwards. READERS 1 and 2 take their places at the lecterns, stage right and left respectively.*

#### KALANI'ŌPU'U

E na 'li'i 'elua e! I ka lā 'apōpō e holo aku kākou mai ku'u Hawai'i aku. Akā, pau 'ole no na'e ke kaua, he kaua lō'ihi kēia! Kēia manawa, ua niho lena, ua niho 'ole. I ka manawa i ho'omaka ai ke kaua, he kino ikaika, he pali ke kua, he 'ele'ele ka lauoho, he ha'ukeke ka hoa paio! Kaua kākou mai Hawai'i ā Maui! Kaua kākou ma O'ahu, Moloka'i ā Lāna'i! Kaua kākou ma Ni'ihau ā Ka'ula no! Mai kumu kāhi ā he moku kā'ili lā! E ho'olapa kēia kaua ma luna o ka honua a pau!

#### READER 1

Tomorrow we reembark and sail for our Hawai'i. Another campaign is over. The war goes on. This war, it started long ago. We fought on Hawai'i. We fought on Maui, on O'ahu, Moloka'i and Lāna'i. We fought on Ni'ihau, on Ka'ula even. From the East to the land that snatches the setting sun, indeed our fight spread over the whole world!

#### KALANI'ŌPU'U

I kēia wā, 'a'ole au ho'omana'o pono i ke kumu kahiko o kēia kaua la. I ka manawa mua, luku au i ko Kamehamehanui mau koa! 'O Kamehamehanui ku'u kaiko'eke a he koa kaulana loa 'oia i kēlā wā! A i kēia wā ho'i he koa kupapa'u 'o Kamehamehanui!

#### READER 1

I remember none too well now how that war started. I'd guess some sort of a family quarrel with Kamehamehanui, my once beloved brother-in-law. Kamehamehanui, he truly was a great warrior. Today he truly is a corpse!

#### KALANI'ŌPU'U

Mahope aku o kēia, i ka lā kūpono, e luku ana au iā Kahekili ma! Iā Kahekili, ke kaikaina pūkaua o ku'u kaiko'eke i make aku nei!

#### READER 1

Some day I shall defeat Kahekili as well! Kahekili, spunky little brother of my late lamented brother-in-law.

*An old man's soliloquy up to then. Now the old chief addresses the young chiefs.*

KALANI'ŌPU'U

E 'olua! E ku'u mau moa keiki kāne e—! 'A'ohe 'olua lohe i ka 'ōlelo namunamu a ka 'elemakule. Ko 'olua mana'o pa'a i kēia lā 'oia ho'i, 'o kēia wa'a malihini e kū mai nei i ke kai ma waho a'e nei!

READER 1

Young roosters, you hardly pay attention to the ramblings of this old man. All you youngsters can think about is that huge foreign canoe anchored off-shore.

KAMEHAMEHA

E Kalani! He makemake ko'u e hele a'e ma luna o ka moku malihini!

READER 2

Uncle, I want to visit the foreign ship!

KALANI'ŌPU'U

Kūpono kēia. E pili wale na po'e 'ōpiopio i na mea hou. He 'elemakule no au. 'A'ole he mea hou ko Pakakū moku. I ka wā kahiko, ua lele mai kekāhi mau moku malihini i Hawai'i nei, a ua pae kēia mau moku malihini i ke one hānau o na kūpuna o kākou!

READER 1

Of course you want to visit the foreign ship. The young cling to the new. The aged know best. Our Hawai'i has seen such sights before. These foreigners, they come and go.

KALANI'ŌPU'U

Make ke ali'i nui 'o Līloa. Hūnā na kāhuna i loko o ke kā'ai kupapa'u 'ekolu pāhoa hao a me kekāhi kapa malihini.

READER 1

Centuries ago, the corpse of our high chief Līloa was swaddled, it is said, in strips of foreign tapa cloth. The priests swear that three iron daggers are hid inside his mortuary bundle.

## KALANI'ŌPU'U

I ke au kahiko o Hawai'i nei iā ke ali'i nui 'o Keali'ikāloa, ka 'Umi keiki, ua hiki hou mai kekāhi moku malihini. Nui na haole ma luna. A i ko lākou holo 'ana mai, ili iho la ka moku ma na pali o Ke'e'i, a nahā iho la ua moku nei i ka nalu. A 'au aku la ho'okāhi haole i uka a pakele aku 'oia, a ua pau paha ka nui o lākou i ka make.

## READER 1

In the reign of Keali'ikāloa, son of 'Umi, son of Liloa, another visitation. A great foreign canoe broke on the reefs close by our Kealakekua. All men drowned but one!

## KALANI'ŌPU'U

A i ka pae 'anā'ku i uka, kūlou iho la kēlā haole ma kahakai, no ka hopohopo paha i ke 'ano 'ē o na kama'āina Hawai'i, no ka maka'u paha, lō'ihi loa iho la ke kūlou 'ana ma kahakai, a no ke kūlou lō'ihi 'ana, ua kapa 'ia aku ka inoa o ia kahakai, 'o Kūlou. 'Oia ka inoa o ia wahi a hiki i kēia wā.

## READER 1

Washed ashore, the stranger remained prostrate on the beach a whole day, mumbling in his own tongue. Was it fear or thanksgiving, who knows! So long did he remain prostrate on that spot that it is still named after him, Kūlou, Prostration.

## KALANI'ŌPU'U

Ua moe kēlā malihini me kekāhi wahine Hawai'i. Hapa haole ka lāua keiki. Ke'oke'o ka 'ili a 'ehu a mae ka lauoho!

## READER 1

The stranger stayed of course, and mated, and sired blond ones!

## KALANI'ŌPU'U

I na wā mahope mai, ua kū i ka moana o Puna kekāhi mau moku malihini maika'i. 'Ālohilohi ka hale lanalana me na waiho'olu'u ānuenue a pau! 'O na malihini i luna ua hō'a'ahu i ke kino me ka 'ahu'ula. He pāpale malihini nunui ko lākou. He hulu manu loloa ko luna.

## READER 1

Others came and went. Indeed more colorful than the rather drab lot of foreigners anchored off-shore. Shining hull and sails of all colors! Their chiefs were cloaked in red. A giant feather adorned their broad-brimmed headgear.

## KALANI'ŌPU'U

'O ka mana'o o kēlā holo 'ana, e 'imi ana na haole i kekāhi hao melemele. 'A'ole kēlā he mea Hawai'i! Mamua o ka ha'alele 'ana o na moku malihini ua hā'awi na malihini i pāhoa loloa, a la'a kēia pāhoa a hiki i kēia wā i ka hana kilo a na kāhuna!

## READER 1

These men sailed this far in search of some yellow metal. Not one ounce of what they sought was to be had, so away they sailed! Leaving behind them an iron dagger. For two centuries now some sort of a sickness has eaten into its blade. Yet it is held awesome and is treasured by the priests!

## KAMEHAMEHA

E ku'u makuali'i e! He makemake ko'u e pi'i i luna o ka moku malihini i kēia lā, a e moe au ma luna o kēlā moku i kēia pō!

## READER 2

Uncle, I so want to visit the foreign ship and stay on board overnight!

## KALANI'ŌPU'U

E ku'u keiki, moe ma luna o ka moku i kēia pō, no ke aha? Ho'omakākiu paha? A makemake 'oe e 'ike i ka nui o ka hao ma luna o kēlā moku. He makemake paha kou e hūnā i kāu po'e koa ma loko o kēlā moku ma kēia hope aku! A he mana'o-lana kou e 'imi a loa'a ke kumu o ka make i ka waipū a me ka waipahū!

## READER 1

You wish to stay on board overnight, nephew? What for? To sleep or to spy when the foreigners sleep? To hazard a guess at the worth of the treasure of iron on board ship? Or check if a whole army, twenty war canoe loads, could hide in that single hull! You crave, don't you, to pry open the foreign weapons and to find out what it is in them that deals death!

## KALANI'ŌPU'U

He mea maka'u 'ole 'oe, e ke keiki. He 'i'ini kou e lilo 'oe i 'ai'āina nui! A me ka 'ike kūhohonu o na malihini, a me ka hana a na kāpili moku, a na mea hana kaula, a na hana pe'a, a na ku'i hao, a na hoe, a na mea kī pū, ma kēia mau mea a pau e 'ai paha 'o Kamehameha i ka honua a pau!

## READER 1

You are bold, nephew. Bold enough to try and bribe some of the crew: its carpenters, rope-makers, sail-makers, iron-smiths, paddlers and handlers of fire-bamboos! Should they desert ship and serve you, all of our islands could be yours. You are an ambitious lad, my Kamehameha!

## KALANI'ŌPU'U

He mea nāwaliwali au. He mea ikaika 'oe. Moe kau a ho'oilo ka 'elemakule, e 'āina 'ole ana paha ku'u keiki punahele, ku'u lei, ku'u Kiwala'ō!

*Caresses Kiwala'ō's shoulders.*

Inā au he mea nā'auao inā ua ho'omake au iā 'oe!

## READER 1

You are strong. I am weak. You'll outlive me, nephew. And my son, my beloved, my Kiwala'ō, may find himself landless after I am gone! Were I wise, I would have you killed, nephew!

## KIWALA'Ō

*Spoken whiningly.*

E Kalei! E 'ae 'oe e moe ku'u hoahānau i luna o ka moku malihini i neia pō!

## READER 2

Father, let cousin have his wish. Let him sleep on board ship overnight!

## KALANI'ŌPU'U

Ke hūnā nei 'oe i ke kumu maoli o kāu 'ōlelo, e ku'u lei. 'O kou mana'o e holo aku paha ka moku malihini i ka pō pouli, me ke

keiki. E holo paha ka moku i kekāhi 'āina mamao—Uliuli, Melemele, Ke'oke'o! Alaila, pau a nalowale kou hoahānau! A pau ko māua kaumaha!

READER 1

Not so secret your secret wish, son. Should your cousin sleep on board ship, should that ship sail away in the dead of night as stealthily as at night it anchored, tomorrow Kamehameha would head straight for a land of no return. Our dynastic worries would vanish with him!

KALANI'ŌPU'U

A'ohe pono kou mana'o, e ku'u lei. He ali'i 'oiā'i'o 'o Pakakū. Paulele 'ia ka haole. E 'ae aku ana au i ko ke keiki makemake. E moe 'o Kamehameha ma luna o ka moku i kēia pō. A e ho'i mai ku'u hoahānau i ke kakahiaka!

READER 1

Too devious your plan! Despite his foreign swagger, Cook is truly a high chief. I trust him. Nephew may have his wish and stay on board ship overnight. And Cook will see to it that he returns unharmed in the morning.

KALANI'ŌPU'U

'O kēia hiki 'ana mai la o ka moku malihini he mea ho'ohau'oli no 'olua, e na 'ōpio! He mea kaumaha no na'e no ka 'elema-kule i ka holo mai! Ma kēia holo mua 'ana aku paha, e 'ike aku ana ko Hawai'i nei, he kuni a he nui 'ino na moku malihini e holo mai ana i kēia 'āina! Like me na moa keiki e 'io'io ana ma-hope o ka moa makuahine!

READER 1

For you youngsters, Cook's visit colors the future. For me it reeks of death. Many more ships will follow these as chicks follow the hen.

KALANI'ŌPU'U

'Apōpō e kaena na 'li'i Hawai'i i ka lākou mau waipū a me na waipahū! 'Apōpō e kī na 'li'i Hawai'i i ka pū a e make kekāhi po'e kānaka ma'ō loa aku! Pau no ke 'ano 'olu'olu o ka wā kahiko! E hō'ike 'ia no ke 'ano loko'ino o ka wā hou!

## READER 1

Tomorrow, our own chiefs may pridefully display panoplies of fire-bamboos, and kill men a mile away at will. New ways replace the ancient ways. I have seen the last of old Hawai'i!

## KAMEHAMEHA

E Kalani! E ha'i mai 'oe iā māua i ka mo'olelo no kou Hawai'i, kēlā Hawai'i o ke au kahiko!

## READER 2

Then tell us, how was it in your days, uncle?

## KALANI'ŌPU'U

I ku'u wā kamali'i, he mea ma'alea 'ole ke kaua; he mea 'āpiki 'ole. I ka wā kahiko, he mea pā'ani a he mea hanohano no ke kaua. 'O ka pili no ke kaua 'o ka iwi o ke kanaka!

## READER 1

In my youth, war was not a matter for craftiness and calculations. It was a sport, and the noblest of all, the one with the highest stakes, life and death!

## KALANI'ŌPU'U

'A'ole ka lanakila, 'a'ole ka luku ke kumu 'i'o o ke kaua. 'O ka mana'o maoli o ke kaua o ka wā kahiko 'o ka noho nihinihi. Ho'okipa ke ali'i i na hoa kaua me ka 'olu'olu. Ho'omā'ona ke ali'i i na koa paio a pau.

## READER 1

The rules of war were exacting. Etiquette was rated over victory. It was the duty of the chief to be hospitable to his would-be conquerors. To help beach their war canoes at landing, and feed the enemy hordes between slaughters.

## KALANI'ŌPU'U

Mamua o ka luku 'ana, mele na haku mele i na mele inoa, na mele kaena, na mele kūamuamu. I ka wā kahiko, 'a'ole kaua na koa me ka mele 'ole! Mele mamua, a kaua mahope!

## READER 1

In battle, etiquette was punctilious. These were musts: dares and taunts and double-dares, and endless genealogies flaunted to and fro before the fighting could begin.



## KALANI'ŌPU'U

Ke 'i'ini nei 'olua i na mea kaua hou, i na pū. I ku'u wā, hilahila ke koa i ka pepehi i kākāka me na mea kaua nunui. 'A'ole he mea kaua ke pana. He mea pana 'iole wale no! I ku'u wā 'ōpio-pio, ka lima no ka mea kaua a ke kanaka kū i ka moku!

## READER 1

You young men look to fire-sticks for an easy way out! In my youth, any weapon was base that could slay without equal danger to its owner. The one enemy it was licit to kill without warning was rats, with bow and arrows. Arrows can just as handily kill men, but etiquette forbade. Bare hands were rated the noblest weapon of all, because the most heroic!

## KAMEHAMEHA

Hanohano no kou wā, e ka makuali'i. E ha'i hou mai 'oe iā māua i ka mo'olelo no kāu kaua kahiko me 'Alapa'inui ma Kualoa!

## READER 2

Yours were great days, uncle. Once more, tell us what happened in that battle you fought against 'Alapa'inui, in Hawai'i.

*KIWALA'Ō gets up and languidly exits. A pause, as KALANI'ŌPU'U sadly watches his exit.*

## KALANI'ŌPU'U

Makemake 'ole ka'u lei i ka mo'olelo nani o kona makuakāne!

## READER 1

As son Kiwala'ō silently suggests, you both know my story by heart!

## KAMEHAMEHA

E Kalani, e ha'i hou mai 'oe ia'u wale no i ka mo'olelo no kāu kaua 'ana i ka wā kahiko!

## READER 2

Please, uncle, tell again this heroic tale of old, even though it be just for me!

## KALANI'ŌPU'U

Aia no ia iā 'oe. Nui loa ke kaua ho'ōka. Ua puni au i na koa ma na 'ao'ao. Pahe'e iho la au i ka pu'u pāhoehoe. Hopu iho la au he 'elua koa, ma kēlā 'ao'ao ā ma kēia 'ao'ao. Ho'okāhi ma kēlā lima. Ho'okāhi ma kēia lima. Pau kēia koa elua i ka make! Mākaukau au i ka lua i kēlā wā!

## READER 1

It happened in the upland of Kualoa. In the thick of the fight I slipped on the smooth lava bed. Two of 'Alapa'i's champions rushed me. I held both at arm's length, off the ground, and crushed their bones without need of a weapon. When young, I was a champion at lua, the art of breaking men's bones with bare hands.

## KALANI'ŌPU'U

Haku mele aku nei au no kēia hana nui. A eia ka mele:

## READER 1

I composed a chant that noon, strutting, as the cock crows, over the still warm corpses of my would-be killers.

## KALANI'ŌPU'U

*Chants in a quavering voice.*

He moku Ka'ula i waho o Ni'ihau!  
 I kau lua 'ia ka waihoa a Kāne!  
 Ua kau 'luna ka lā i Hālāli'i—la!  
 Hala ka lā nalo ma Lehua!  
 Hiki mai ka mōlehulehu o ke ahiahi!  
 Moe ē no Kaua'i i luna ka lā!  
 E 'ao ana no Lehua i ke kai!

## OFFSTAGE CHANTER

Weaned in vain on the waters of life  
 Today the twins are wrenched apart!  
 The warmth of noon fails to open the *lehua* buds!  
 Twins, why sleep when the sun is at its zenith!  
 Could you not have waited until dusk!

## KALANI'ŌPU'U

He mele ho'okaena paha kēia. 'Ano 'ōpiopio ka haku mele i kēlā wā! A i kēia wā no ho'i, 'a'ole mele na po'e kaua i ka wā kaua. 'A'ohe o lākou mana'o'i'o i ka pili koke 'ana o ke mele a me ke kaua. 'Oia'i'o ka 'imi loa o ka wā kahiko: ho'okāhi kēia mau mea 'ekolu—'o ke kaua, 'o ke mele, 'o ka make!

## READER 1

That chant, a bit of a brag as befitted my youth. Nowadays though, the way wars are fought, one would gather that poetry and war have nothing in common. We knew better. We understood how these three shall forever remain inextricably spliced: War, Poetry, and Death!

## KAMEHAMEHA

Mahalo, e Kalani! Ua ho'ōlukoa mai la kou mo'olelo ia'u!

## READER 2

Thank you, uncle, for retelling that story just for me. May I prove worthy of you!

*KALANI'ŌPU'U rises. KAMEHAMEHA also rises.*

## KALANI'ŌPU'U

Inā he mana'o kou e pi'i i luna o ka moku malihini i kēia ahiahi, e pono e hō'a'ahu 'oe i ka 'ahu'ula, e ho'opāpale 'oe i ka mahiole, a e lei 'oe i ka lei palaoa!

## READER 1

If you are to visit Cook tonight, make ready. Be sure to display yourself at your very best!

*KALANI'ŌPU'U claps hands. Guards enter, carrying accessories. They tie a whale's tooth necklace at KAMEHAMEHA's neck, throw over his shoulders a short feather cape.*

## KALANI'ŌPU'U

He 'ahu'ula pōkole kou, e ke keiki. E 'a'ahu 'oe i ku'u 'ahu'ula. He ki'eki'e ke kūlana o kēia 'ahu'ula!

## READER 1

Too skimpy, your feather cloak! Better use my own, youngster, even though you don't rate such a noble one as yet! To project an image is important!

*Attendants replace the short cape by a full-length feather cloak. Then the feather helmet is fitted on. KAMEHAMEHA is given a very long spear to hold. He strikes a martial posture. KALANI'ŌPU'U gives his nephew the critical eye.*

## KALANI'ŌPU'U

Maika'i ke kūlana o ke keiki! U'i ke kino kanaka mamua o na kino malihini a pau! U'i ka 'ahu'ula mamua o na lole malihini a pau!

## READER 1

That should make them envious! They have nothing as beautiful as these, those foreigners, neither the body nor the cloak!

*Exit KAMEHAMEHA and guards. KALANI'ŌPU'U calls playfully after him.*

## KALANI'ŌPU'U

E ke keiki! Mai kū'ai aku 'oe i ko'u 'ahu'ula no kekāhi mea kua malihini—ka hao, ka waipū, ka waipahū! E ho'omaopopo 'oe! Mai kū'ai aku! 'O ko'u 'ahu'ula kēnā!

*A toothless laugh, tapering silently throughout the English lines.*

## READER 1

And don't you dare barter my beautiful cloak for iron daggers, or even for some of their new-fangled fire-bamboos. That cloak, it is mine. And don't you forget it!

## Act III.

### Na Mea Nā'auao

#### *The Wise Men*

*Island of Hawai'i, February 14, 1779. COOK's ships are anchored at Kealakekua Bay.*

*KALANI'ŌPU'U's enclosure at Ka'awaloa. Same backdrop as Act II. Stage right, the edge of the chief's sleeping hut. The time is early morning. Downstage right, seated on a mat, KALANI'ŌPU'U sips 'awa from a coconut cup proffered by an attendant. Seated slightly behind the chief, a woman past middle age, KALOLA, his favorite wife.*

*Stage left enter three kahunas, or priests. KA'Ō'Ō, the high priest, old and bald. The middle aged KOA, with bushy hair and beard. KA'ILIKI'I, a young man. All three are draped in white tapa. KA'ILIKI'I and KOA wear leis of maile leaves over head and shoulders. KA'Ō'Ō wears a similar head lei, with a crimson tapa strip thrown over his shoulders. An attendant follows the priests, robed in black. He carries a net bundle, a shallow wooden bowl, and a short bamboo container.*

*Enter both English READERS.*

KALANI'ŌPU'U

E na kahunas ekolu, e Ka'ō'ō, e Koa, e Ka'iliki'i, e noho mai!

READER 1

Priests from the temple of Hikiau, you Ka'ō'ō, you Koa, and you Ka'iliki'i, be seated.

*The priests kneel at a respectful distance, facing the chief. Attendant remains in the background, standing.*

KALANI'ŌPU'U

Ke kauoha nei au iā 'oukou e 'ākoakoa mai i mua o'u no ka mea he 'ōlelo a'o ka'u iā 'oukou.

*Priests acknowledge the statement by bending low.*

READER 1

I summoned you before me to seek your advice, and if it is not already too late, your help!

*Priests straighten up.*

## KALANI'ŌPU'U

Pilihua ko'u mana'o. Kaumaha ko'u nā'au. A pēlā no ho'i  
ka'u wahine, 'o Kalola.

*A loving gesture towards his wife, held throughout the English.*

## READER 1

My heart is heavy. My mind is ill at ease. My beloved wife,  
Kalola, shares in my sorrow.

## KALANI'ŌPU'U

Pō ke ao, weliweli ko māua moe 'ana. He moe 'uhane! He moe  
'ino! Maka'u ka 'ike 'ana i na 'ōpua ma luna. Eia a'e he make,  
he luku. 'Oia ka mana'o o na hō'ailona a pau!

## READER 1

We both have been sorely troubled with omens. Dreams  
dreamt. Signs observed. Auguries detected. They all point to  
the coming of some overpowering dreadfulness!

## KALANI'ŌPU'U

E kilo 'oukou, e na kāhuna. E huli 'oukou i ka pane o kēia  
pō'ino nui. E 'imi 'oukou i ka mana'o 'oiā'i'o o kēia hana  
'ano 'ē!

## READER 1

Priests, root out the meaning of these unbearable nightmares!  
This once, no soothing pap will do! The truth only! Proceed!

*At a sign from the high priest, KA'ILIKI'I detaches himself from the others, kneels between them and the chief. Attendant hurries forward, lays before KA'ILIKI'I the wooden bowl, pours in it a thick trickle of sand out of the bamboo container, retires. Moving the bowl in slow rotary motion, KA'ILIKI'I looks into it intently. As he does so, a tense silence.*

## KA'ILIKI'I

*Sing-song voice, high-pitched.*

He 'alele Lono mai ka lani!  
He haole Lono mai Kahiki!

## OFFSTAGE CHANTER

*Same pitch.*

A messenger, Lono from the heavens!  
A stranger, Lono from a faraway land!

*KA 'ILIKI'I resumes his former place. Attendant retrieves the bowl.*

KALANI'ŌPU'U

*A shrug.*

'A'ole ho'ākaaka kēia kilo 'ana. E like no me ka 'ōlelo a na kamali'i me ko lākou pā'ani pe'epe'e-kua!

READER 1

Not very enlightening that! A silly ditty, such as children hum at their games!

*KOA takes the place vacated by KA 'ILIKI'I.*

KOA

'A'ole he mea 'ano kamali'i kēlā, e Kalani! He 'ōlelo la'a no! He 'ōlelo kahiko i ke au o ke ali'i o Hawai'i nei iā Kūali'i. 'A'ole he kanaka maoli kēlā mele haku. He akua! He mana no kēlā mau hua'ōlelo. 'A'ole kēlā he mea pā'ani!

READER 2

Far from childish that ditty, chiefly one. Indeed, a most holy text, one revealed by the gods in a vision, in the reign of Kūali'i. To disregard this "ditty" would prove unwise. To disdain it means death!

KOA

Ao ka pō, pō ka lā, nui ka hana o na kāhuna nā'auao e 'imi i ka mana'o o kēia 'ōlelo. I ka hō'ea 'ana mai o ka malihini i 'ane'i, ia manawa maopopo ke kaona o ke mele iā kākou. Weliweli 'ē ka mana'o huna!

## READER 2

Nights and days, generations of priests, in the quiet of the temple precincts, pondered over this sacred saying. As yet, none has reached its innermost substance. The coming of the foreigners sheds new light on its meaning. Perhaps alas too late!

*KOA turns towards KA'ILIKI'I.*

KA'ILIKI'I

*Sing-song as before.*

He 'alele Lono mai ka lani!  
He haole Lono mai Kahiki!

## OFFSTAGE CHANTER

A messenger, Lono from the heavens!  
A stranger, Lono from a faraway land!

KOA

'Elua na Lono. He 'elele kēlā. He haole kēia. He akua ka 'elele.  
He kanaka ka haole. Ka hō'ea 'ana mai la o na moku malihini  
la, ua pa'a ka mana'o o ka po'e maka'āinana: 'o Pakakū 'o Lono  
ke akua 'oia no, a 'o kona moku he heiau la!

## READER 2

Two Lonos. A messenger the one. A foreigner the other. Both are Lonos, identical and yet dissimilar. One a god. One a man. Awed by the sight of the foreign ships, commoners firmly believe that Lono has returned. Country priests elaborate on the rustic version. They confuse Lono the foreigner with Lono the messenger descended from heaven!

*KOA turns towards KA'ILIKI'I.*

KA'ILIKI'I

*As before.*

He 'alele Lono mai ka lani!  
He haole Lono mai Kahiki!



## OFFSTAGE CHANTER

A messenger, Lono from the heavens!  
A stranger, Lono from a faraway land!

## KOA

'A'ole he 'ano akua 'o Lono ka haole. He malihini no ke 'ano. Ho'opunipuni ka kākou hana. E ho'okahakaha kākou i ka haole i luna o ka mamao o ka lananu'u! 'A'ole he ki'i akua, he akua ola 'oia. Kupanaha ka nānā 'ana! He hoaloha 'o Pakakū-Lono no ke ali'i nui! E kama'ilio ke 'li'i me ke 'kua. E kama'ilio ke 'kua me ke 'li'i! Hanohano ka nānā 'ana!

## READER 2

Cook is of course Lono the foreigner. We wise men know it and so do you, o chief! We share the guilt of keeping the pretence alive. It profits us, priests, to display for the faithful a live god instead of a carved stick. It profits you, o chief, to be observed basking in the friendship of the god!

## KOA

He hana ho'okohu kēia. Pono paha i ke 'ano kālai'āina. 'Ino 'i'o ka hana o kēia 'ano ho'omanamana! Nolaila, huhū iho la ka Lono maoli, Lono ka 'elele, Lono i ka lani! He mea maka'u loa no ka huhū o ke akua. E pepehi paha a make na kāhuna a pau a me ke 'li'i!

## READER 2

To further the deceit seemed political. In so doing we sinned against the spirit and today the backlash of our sin is upon us. Lono the messenger, the true one, is angered. What chief or priest could shield himself from the wrath of the god!

## KALANI'ŌPU'U

He ala no e pakele ai?

## READER 1

Any way out?

## KOA

'A'ole loa. Inā 'a'ole e loa'a kekāhi mea haina, i kūpono ka nui me ka nui o ka 'ino!

## READER 2

No way out. Unless a victim be found of a worth commensurate with the enormity of the guilt!

## KALANI'ŌPU'U

Auwē! E hō'olu'olu paha a e ho'omānalo i ka huhū o ke akua  
me ka mōhai ola—'oia ho'i, 'o kekāhi ali'i nui 'elemakule?

*From behind, KALOLA embraces him, puts her hand over his mouth. He pushes her gently aside. This last gesture coincides with the end of the English lines.*

## READER 1

No hope then. Or would the corpse of an old chief exposed on the altar pacify the god?

## KOA

He mea nui no ka hai ola! Akā, ka'a 'ole i ka lawa ka hai kaka i kēia wā!

## READER 2

For this once, to sacrifice even a high chief is not enough!

*KOA resumes his former place. He is replaced by the high priest, KA'Ō'Ō.*

## KA'Ō'Ō

Ho'okāhi wale no 'ano o ka mōhai kala hewa e hō'olu'olu ai a pa'a ka huhū o Lono ma ka lani. 'O kēlā mōhai 'o ke kino ola o kekāhi akua!

## READER 2

To soothe the god one must sacrifice a god!

## KALANI'ŌPU'U

He 'ano kauwā ke kino hai o ka mōhai hinu. 'A'ole he 'ano akua.

## READER 1

To sacrifice a slave, granted. To sacrifice a chief, if need be! But to sacrifice a god, how?

## KA'Ō'Ō

Lono ka haole he kanaka hana 'ālunu. No ka mana'o 'ana o na kānaka iā Lono he akua ia, ho'omana nui lākou iā ia, a hā-'awi manawa le'a i na pua'a, a i ka 'ai, a i ke kapa, a i na mea a pau. E like me ka hā'awi 'ana i na akua, 'a'ole lākou e kū'ai.

## READER 2

Lono the foreigner, an ambitious man, took advantage of his assumed godhood. Commoners freely gave him of their taro, breadfruit, *tapa* cloth and hogs. God-fearing, they asked for nothing in return.

## KA'Ō'Ō

Alaila, hā'awi aku la ke ali'i wahine, 'o Kamakāhelei, i kāna kaikamahine pono'i, iā Lelemahoalani, i wahine na Lono. Moe iho la 'o Lono i ua wahine la. Ua hana lokomaika'i 'oe, e ke ali'i, iā Lono. Ua hā'awi 'oe iā ia i mau 'a'ahu hulu manu a i mau kāhili.

## READER 2

Chiefs brought helmets, cloaks and feather staffs. On Kaua'i, the chiefess Kamakāhelei gave Cook for his pleasure her one daughter, beauteous Lelemahoalani!

## KA'Ō'Ō

Ua ho'okoko ke mākou, na kāhuna, iā Lono ka haole me ke kūlou 'ana. Ua ho'olei mākou i ke kapa 'ula'ula ma kona po'o-hiwi. Ua alaka'i aku nei mākou i ka haole i ka hale o ke akua, a ua ho'omana mākou iā ia malaila!

## READER 2

Our guilt compounded your guilt. We priests anointed the foreigner's head with sacred oil, draped his shoulders with crimson *tapa* cloth, hoisted him on top the temple tower. We paid him what respect befits only the god!

## KA'Ō'Ō

Ua 'ae mai 'o Lono i kēia ho'omana 'ana. 'A'ole 'oia i pāpā mai. No Lono ke kanaka kekāhi hewa. Ua kū ka haole ma luna o ka lananu'u. Malaila ua lilo kekāhi lihi o ka Lono 'i'o iā Lono ke kanaka. Ua lilo ke 'ano akua o ka Lono 'i'o ma loko o Lono ka lua, 'o Lono-Pakakū! Weliweli ka hopena!

## READER 2

Cook pridefully wallowed in his fake godhood. A dangerous gamble that, to play at being god! Unknown to himself that man, Lono, partook of the nature of that other Lono, the heavenly one! Truly a god's revenge. Man into god!

## KALANI'ŌPU'U

Ua maopopo ia'u kekāhi mana'o huna o 'oukou, e na kāhuna!  
'O Pakakū ke kino haina paha i kūlike ka nui me ka nui o ka hewa?

*Priests freeze into a stony silence throughout the rest of KALANI'ŌPU'U's speech.*

## READER 1

Stated daringly, if deviously. You suggest then that Cook should be slain, and his body exposed on the altar!

*A pause as KALANI'ŌPU'U thinks it over.*

## KALANI'ŌPU'U

He pili hihia ka 'oukou nonoi. He hō'ole kēia i ke kumu kānāwai o ka ho'okipa ali'i! He mea 'ano 'ē 'o Pakakū. He kanaka 'olu'olu 'ole. Kohu 'ole kona 'ano lole. Hikapalalē kona 'ano 'ōlelo. Eia kekāhi, he ali'i 'oiā'i'o ka haole. He hoaloha 'o Pakakū na'u!

## READER 1

Our chiefly hospitality is involved and, to put it bluntly, friendship. Even though his manners be overbearing, his clothing absurd, and his language hardly better than the grunt of a hog, I love Cook.

## KALANI'ŌPU'U

*Forcefully.*

Ke hō'ole nei au i ka 'oukou nonoi!

## READER 1

Loving him, I refuse!

## KA'Ō'Ō

E Kalani! 'A'ohe mākou i nonoi iā 'oe i kekāhi mea. He aha kāu mea e hō'ole ai?

## READER 2

O chief, nothing having been asked, what is there to refuse?

*KA'Ō'Ō signals to attendant who comes forward with the net bundle.*

## KA'Ō'Ō

Ua wāwāhi na malihini i ka pā kapu o ko ke akua hale. Ke lawe ala na malihini i ka lā'au akua.

## READER 2

The foreigners, our guests, wrecked the temple enclosure and stole its sacred wood.

*Attendant unties the bundle. Iron daggers clatter to the ground at the king's feet. Attendant retires.*

## KA'Ō'Ō

E kū'ai 'ia mai kekāhi pāhoa hao. Haumia na mea kaua ma loko o ko ke akua heiau!

## READER 2

When I objected, they threw these things at me. As a barter they claimed! Daggers in the temple, an abomination!

*KALANI'ŌPU'U takes one of the daggers, tries its edge over a finger tip.*

## KALANI'ŌPU'U

He hao maoli na pāhoa. He pa'a maoli no a he 'oi maoli no!

## READER 1

Iron daggers, harder than the hardest, sharper than the sharpest!

## KA'Ō'Ō

E Kalani! Nāu kēia mau pāhoa 'oi. Hā'awi manawa le'a kēia—he makana! A e nonoi aku ana au i kekāhi mea li'ili'i?

## READER 2

Keep the daggers, o chief! In return may we ask of you a small favor?

*An assenting nod from KALANI'ŌPU'U.*

KA'Ō'Ō

Kanaka ke 'ano 'i'o o Pakakū. E ma'i ana paha a e make ana a pau paha ka haole. Inā e make ana 'o Pakakū, e kauoha a'e 'oe i kāu mau koa e lawe i ke kino kupapa'u i uka, ma ka heiau o Lono ke akua. Ka mana'o o kēlā lawe 'ana he hana ho'omana.

READER 2

Lono the foreigner is, as stated, a man. As men do, he well may sicken. Die even. Should this happen, see to it that his corpse be carried to the temple of that other Lono, Lono the deathless one. And leave the rest to us.

KALANI'ŌPU'U

*Laughing.*

Makehewa kāu mea e nonoi mai, e ke kahuna. 'Apōpō e holo aku ana 'o Pakakū a me kāna po'e luina a pau, i ke kūkulu o ka moana! Mai kekāhi Kahiki a ma'ō loa mai kēlā holo 'ana, Uliuli, Melemele, Ke'oke'o. E 'ae no au i kāu mea i nonoi 'ia mai.

READER 1

Nonsense! Tomorrow Cook and his crew sail away. Headed for some farflung land beyond even the farflung lands whose names chanters chant about! Ship, and captain, and crew, tomorrow they'll all vanish over the horizon.

KALANI'ŌPU'U

'O kāua i 'elua, he mau 'elemākule, 'o ke ali'i nui a 'o ke kahu-na po'o. Nāwaliwali ke kino. Make paha kāua mamua o Pakakū, he kino ikaika kona! E 'ae!

READER 1

Two oldsters, Ka'ō'ō the high priest and I the high chief! We are weak. Cook is strong. Obviously, ancient one, you and I are meant to die before him! Petition granted!

*KALANI'ŌPU'U dismisses priests and attendants with a gesture. He rises. KALOLA rises. Priests back towards exit.*

KALANI'ŌPU'U

E ho'i ana au e hiamoe.

READER 1

I to sleep.

*Helped by KALOLA, KALANI'ŌPU'U exits, entering the low door of his sleeping house. Two spearmen enter, stand guard at the door. KALOLA squats alone on the mat.*

KA'Ō'Ō

*To KA'ILIKI'I.*

A e noho mai 'oe. A i ka manawa e puka mai ai 'o Lono ka haole, e pule 'oe. No ka mōhai ola ka pule.

READER 2

You stay. When Cook, this so-called Lono, appears, pray. The formula of human sacrifice.

*KA'Ō'Ō takes the crimson tapa strip off his shoulders, gives it to KA'ILIKI'I. KA'ILIKI'I receives the cloth over the extended palms of both hands. From now on, he will hold this liturgical gesture to the very end of the play.*

*KA'Ō'Ō, KOA and attendant exit. Turmoil offstage. Enters a RUNNER, followed by an excited cluster of angry men.*

RUNNER

*To guards.*

He 'elele au. Nui ka pilikia! Pono e komo wau ma loko a kū i mua o ke alo o ke ali'i.

READER 1

Urgent news. I must see the chief!

*Guards cross their spears before the door, to signify entrance is taboo.*

RUNNER

Ke holo mai la 'elua ali'i mai Ke'ei mai, kāhi o ka wa'a. Ua kī  
mai nei na haole o ka moku a ua make 'o ke ali'i Kalimu!

*Ominous voices from within the mob, heard subdued throughout the English lines.*

READER 1

Chief Kalimu has been murdered. For no reason. The foreigners shot him while he was paddling across the bay!

*KALOLA stands up. Guards waver uncertainly. Tempers rise. Men seize the daggers lying on the ground, slip them between hip and malo. A pause, then a crescendo of offstage voices.*

OFFSTAGE VOICES

Ua pae mai la 'o Lono!

READER 2

Lono has landed!

OFFSTAGE VOICES

Ke hele mai la 'o Lono mauka!

READER 1

Lono is on his way!

OFFSTAGE VOICES

Āulu, e Lono!

READERS 1 AND 2

Hail, o Lono!

OFFSTAGE VOICES

E Lono!

READERS 1 AND 2

O Lono!



*Exit READER 1, replaced by WOMAN READER at lectern stage right. Simultaneously, enter CAPTAIN COOK and PHILLIPS, young lieutenant of marines. Both are in full uniform, black ribbon at their powdered wig, three-cornered hat, brass buckles at their shoes. COOK has a short sword at his belt, holds a double-barrelled gun. PHILLIPS is unarmed. The people readily make way, giving the foreigners free passage towards the chief's hut.*

*Both actors speak English. No translation.*

PHILLIPS

Begging pardon, sir. Is it not a bit of a foolhardy thing just to walk in and kidnap their king?

COOK

Not a bit, Mister Phillips. Naive rather these natives. For them, by gad, I am God!

*Emphatic gesture to guards at the door.*

Fetch me your king!

*Guards obediently exit, entering the hut. KA'ILIKI'I intones a chanted litany close to COOK's ear, tapa strip extended over the palms of both hands.*

KA'ILIKI'I

...Ou mau kino, e Lono i ka lani. He ao poko. He ao ki'ei. He ao hālō. He ao 'ōpua i ka lani. Mai Uliuli, mai Melemele, mai Ke'oke'o, mai Ulunui, mai Ha'eha'e, mai 'Ōma'oku'ulu-lu...

*Silent mouthing of words throughout the English.*

READER 2

*Low-keyed plain chant.*

O Lono, yours are the long clouds, the short clouds, the dark clouds, the clustered clouds. Come from Uliuli, from Melemele, from Ke'oke'o, from Ulunui, from Ha'eha'e, from 'Ōma'oku'ululu...

COOK

*To KA'ILIKI'I. Not unkindly.*

Pipe down, will you!

*To PHILLIPS.*

Mister Phillips, would you be so kind as to get in there and drag the old man out, or we'll never be done!

*Bending low, PHILLIPS enters the hut. KA'ILIKI'I continues unperturbed.*

KA'ILIKI'I

... Mai Hakalau'ai, mai ka 'āina o Lono, iā wahi aku. I ka lewa nu'u, i ka lewa lani, e ke akua mai ka 'āpapa lani, o ka 'āpapa nu'u, mai Kahikikū a Kahikimoe...

*Silent mouthing of words throughout the English.*

READER 2

*Low-keyed plain chant.*

... From Hakalau'ai, from Lono's own land, from the lower heavens, the higher heavens, from the upper regions, from the lower regions, the Kahiki of the East and the Kahiki of the West...

*PHILLIPS emerges, holding by the hand the king, half-dazed with sleep. KALOLA rushes to her husband.*

KALOLA

Ua kī pū na haole i ka pū, e Kalei, a ua make a pau 'o Kalimu!  
E Kalei, e noho mālie kāua! Weliweli no kāua moe 'uhane. He mea maka'u ka 'ikena i na ao 'ōpua o luna!

WOMAN READER

Beloved, these foreigners, they just shot Kalimu. For no reason! Do not leave me! Remember the frightfulness of the omens!

*WOMAN READER exits, replaced by READER 1. KALANI'ŌPU'U, embracing KALOLA, takes in the scene, notes the empty tapa sheet that held the daggers.*

KALANI'ŌPU'U

*Sadly and tenderly to KALOLA.*

'A'ole no kāua na hō'ailona! No Pakakū no! A hiki mai ka mō-lehulehu o kēia ahiahi, e ho'i mai ana au mai uka mai, mai ka heiau o Lono ke akua. Mai maka'u 'oe!

READER 1

Ah! The omens! They concern him, not us. At dusk I shall return from the temple. Have no fear!

*COOK forcefully tears away the old chief from the embrace of his wife.*

COOK

To the ship! To the ship!

*The crowd kneels respectfully as KALANI'ŌPU'U exits, a prisoner between COOK and PHILLIPS. Daggers are drawn out. All exit, including KALOLA. Only KA'ILIKI'I is left on stage. Center downstage, the young priest raises heavenwards the tapa strip extended over both palms. Words are now loud and clearly articulated.*

KA'ILIKI'I

Eia ka mōhai, eia ka 'āлана. E ola ke ali'i, ola na pulapula, kau a kau i ke ao mālamalama, iā lana honua...

READER 2

*Plain chant, clearly articulated.*

Here is an offering a gift. In exchange, grant life to the chief life to our children and to the children of our children until we all meet in the land of light...

*Offstage, close by, drowning the following words of the prayer, two gun shots. Shouts. A rolling volley of musketry farther off. Turmoil. Throughout, KA'ILIKI'I stands impassively in the liturgical posture, mouthing his now inaudible prayer, tapa strip raised straight to heaven. The noise abates. His voice is heard again.*

KA'ILIKI'I

*Spoken.*

... e Lono. 'Āmama, ua noa!

READER 2

*Spoken.*

Praise to you for evermore, o Lono!

CURTAIN.

In these bilingual plays, the actors on stage speak Hawaiian, and readers at the sides provide English summaries of their speeches.

Basing itself on a traditional folk tale, LAUKIAMANUIKAHIKI develops the theme of a father's longing for his lost daughter. The plot intermingles the doings of chiefs and gods.

NA LONO ELUA presents the earliest Hawaiian views of Captain James Cook's so-called discovery of the Hawaiian Islands. Commoners, chiefs, and priests, all have their say. In the end, Cook's misuse of local beliefs and customs brings about his death.

Jean Charlot the playwright shows his respect for ancient Hawaiian culture and literary forms. Too often studied in isolation, the multiple aspects of ancient Hawaiian culture regain their organic unity.

Charlot the artist has himself cut the color stencils for the cover design: "Puppet Hula." Thus each cover is a genuine original print, an authentic work of art.