

# **Last Virgin in Paradise**

**a serious comedy**

**by**

**Vilsoni Hereniko  
and  
Teresia Teaiwa**

**second edition  
Institute of Pacific Studies  
2001**

822.8  
H539La  
2001

**USP Library Cataloguing-in-Publication Data**

**Hereniko, Vilsoni**

**Last virgin in paradise : a serious comedy / by  
Vilsoni Hereniko and Teresia Teaiwa. – 2<sup>nd</sup> ed. –  
Suva, Fiji : Institute of Pacific Studies,  
The University of the South Pacific, 2001.**

95 p. : ill. ; 21 cm.

ISBN 982-02-0317-7

**I. Fijian drama (English) I. Teaiwa, Teresia  
II. The University of the South Pacific. Institute  
of Pacific Studies III. Title.**

PR9650.9.L37H47 2001            899.5

Copyright © Vilsoni Hereniko and Teresia Teaiwa, 2001

No royalties are paid on this book.

**Cover design:            Graham Taylor  
Word processing:        Seraseini Colata and Mary Leano  
Typesetting:            Ilisabeta Soro, Matt Wilson Limited  
Proofreading:           Emelita Wilson, Matt Wilson Limited  
Production:             Linda Crowl  
Printing:                 Bluebird Printery Ltd**

**Institute of Pacific Studies, University of the South Pacific,  
Suva, FIJI, phone +679 301594, fax +679 301594, ips@usp.ac.fj**

**The first edition was published by Mana Publications, 1993.**

grad  
41446005  
p  
7130/02

## **CAST**

- Hina:** Pacific Islander, female, nineteen.
- Temanu:** Part-Pacific Islander, female, mid-twenties.
- Jean:** Australian, female, late thirties.
- Helmut:** (of European extraction) fifties, male, balding  
(must be able to wear a toupee).
- Jeke:** Pacific Islander, male, twenties.
- Male Clown:** Pacific Islander, over forty.
- Hina's father:** Pacific Islander, mid-forties.
- Hina's Mother:** Pacific Islander, early forties.
- Mere:** Pacific Islander, late forties (she also plays the  
role of female clown in the wedding scene.)
- Lele:** Pacific Islander, female, over forty.
- Announcer:** Pacific Islander, female, over forty.
- Wedding Guests and Dancers.**
- Ancestral spirits**





# **CONTENTS**

---

The action takes place on a fictional island in the Pacific called Marawa.

Time: The present.

## **Scene one**

The verandah, Marawa motel.

Page 11

## **Scene two**

Open air, the following day.

Page 27

## **Scene three**

The night of the wedding,  
Helmut's bedroom, Marawa motel.

Page 45

## **Scene four**

The airport, the day after the wedding.

Page 64

## **Images of Paradise**

Essay by Robert Nicole

Page 83

## **Pacific Clowning**

Essay by Vilsoni Hereniko

Page 90

The first performance in Fiji of the original *Last Virgin In Paradise* was given at the Playhouse, Fiji Arts Club, Suva, on 3 July 1991. Vilsoni Hereniko directed it. The cast was as follows:

Hina:	Donina Va'a
Jean:	Rosaleen Smyth
Temanu:	Kara Sewale
Helmut:	Ian Johnston
Jeke:	Rico Tupai
M/Clown:	Faasalaina Taaloga
Mere:	Betty Inia
Father:	Iosefa Misa
Mother:	Merewai Owens
Lele:	Ana Tavola
Announcer:	Gary Wong
Guests:	Aren Ueara, Ana Tavola, Ross Sivo, Gary Wong, Robert Thomsen, Edwin.

## **ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS**

---

The following script, written by Vilsoni Hereniko, is based on a story told by Teresia Teaiwa. As the playwright and first director of the play, Vilsoni would like to thank friends and colleagues for their contributions to the final version. Some of the contributions from the people below are very substantial: Brian Macdonald-Milne, Tisha Hickson, Karen Peacock, Edith Bowles, Jan Rensel, Alan Howard, Tom Farber, Leslie Poland, Joan Teaiwa, John and Nathalie O'Carroll, and the students of my Pacific Literature course at the University of Hawaii in Spring 1992: Diane Aoki, Eric Kjellgren, Kathy Aki, Salome Samou, Ruhiyyih Spock, Jane Reeves, Malia Kaai, Robin O'Connell, and Upokoina Manuel-Karika.

Vilsoni is also grateful to Kumu Kahua, and in particular to its artistic director, Gene Shofner, and his cast, for the directed reading of this play in December 1992 in Honolulu, Hawai'i.

Both Vilsoni and Teresia share full responsibility for the sentiments and any shortcomings in this play.

## **NOTES FOR THE DIRECTOR**

---

This play is a serious comedy, intended to be staged simply and symbolically. The choice of four paintings hung on the backdrop for the four scenes need not be identical to those described in the script, as long as they capture the dominating mood of each scene. Instead of paintings, projections on a screen could be used. It is important, though, that the audience be aware of the symbolic nature of the set, and the function of the paintings/projections. The paintings and descriptions of the set alluded to in the script are those used in the 1991 production at the Fiji Arts Club in Suva, Fiji, with some modifications. Any variations or changes to the set that help to make the play more accessible to the audience without detracting from the main concerns of the play are encouraged.

The wedding scene is difficult to capture in print. In the course of production, improvisation should help to determine the talents of the cast and the best ways of portraying a carnival atmosphere, typical of Polynesian weddings. Casting that brings together people from different Pacific islands is encouraged and, where possible, vernacular expressions should be used and a way found to communicate their meanings in English. Another possibility is to have the non-English dialogue in the native language of the local inhabitants wherever the play is performed, for example, using the Hawaiian language in Hawai'i. The anticipated audience should influence language choices. The success of the wedding scene will depend largely on the talents of a clown (or clowns) who know how to make people laugh. A talented cast that is capable of involving the audience (by including them in the singing of popular songs or the dancing perhaps) should allow for variation in each performance and ensure that this part of the play is always stimulating.

Every attempt should be made to make the main characters Hina, Helmut, Jean, and Temanu three dimensional. Certain characteristics, in dress or manner, could help enormously in this respect. For example, Helmut's character could be individualized by making

him flamboyant in dress so that he looks like a much younger person. A thin red scarf around his neck in the first and last scenes could communicate this impression. Because he wears a toupee, he could unthinkingly try to smooth out his hair as he talks on certain occasions. He is also fastidious about order, and in the bedroom scene, this concern could be exploited to humorous effect. Jean's costume at the wedding could be inappropriate but becomes less so as the play progresses, in contrast to Hina who wears traditional costume at the beginning but changes to western-style clothing during the course of the play. Temanu could start off looking westernized but then goes 'native' in dress in the last scene.

A note on Helmut Klinghorst. Helmut's country of origin is in Europe. This is left deliberately vague. In performance, this role could be played in such a way (through accent, dress or manner) so that the character could be identifiable as being from a specific country, in which case; minor changes in the script may be necessary.

At the end of the play are two brief essays that will be of assistance to anyone interested in directing this play. For further reading, see Bernard Smith's *European Vision of the South Pacific: A Study in History of Art and Ideas* (London: Oxford University Press, 1960), and William Mitchell's (ed.) *Clowning as Critical Practice: Performance Humor in the South Pacific* (Pittsburgh: University of Pittsburgh Press, 1992).



## SCENE ONE

### THE VERANDAH OF MARAWA MOTEL

*(A dark stage. Sound of waves that slowly recedes to be replaced by soft melancholy Polynesian music. Spotlight on Hina who is performing a Polynesian dance that is graceful and restrained, as though the dancer is rooted to a single position. The dancing ends and Hina exits, spotlight on a backdrop of a well-known Gauguin painting of Polynesian women reclining. The backdrop runs the full length of the stage. In front of this backdrop are Jean, Temanu, and Helmut, frozen in positions that communicate something about their personalities. Spotlight on each of these characters as they address the audience directly.)*

Jean: Fulbright has given me \$20,000 to study sexual harassment among the Marawan people. I'm from Harvard; arrived nearly two months ago; I haven't quite mastered the language yet, but I'm making good progress. *(Slaps a mosquito on her forehead and looks at it, then at her notebook.)* Bloody mosquitoes! The Marawan word for mosquito is... is... *(Jean flicks through the pages of her notebook. As she freezes in position, the spotlight shifts to Temanu who puts down the book she has been reading, looks up and addresses the audience.)*

Temanu: Temanu's my name, history graduate at the Australian National University. Been away from home since I was twelve. Now I'm here to find my roots. Just arrived, yesterday in fact. *(Spotlight shifts to Helmut who holds a bottle of whisky in one hand and a glass in the other. He takes a sip and bursts into his rendition of the song 'It's not the islands fair that are calling to me.')*

Helmut: Helmut Klinghorst ... my name. I've come here to get me an island wife. A virgin!

*(Lights slowly become brighter to reveal three chairs behind a low coffee table facing the audience. A teapot and several cups are on the table. It is late afternoon. Whereas the characters address the audience directly before, here they begin to interact.)*

Jean: *(addressing Temanu)*. I like your shirt. It's very nice. *(holds out her hand to Temanu. Temanu shakes it reluctantly.)* I'm Jean. Who are you?

Temanu: I'm Temanu.

Jean: Te for short?

Temanu: No. Temanu in full.

Jean: Are you from here? A Marawan? *(Temanu stares at her but doesn't answer.)* Could I have an interview with you ... please? I have a questionnaire. I'll pay.

Helmut: *(singing)* 'It's not the islands fair that are calling to me ...' *(He takes another swig at his bottle. Temanu gives him a disdainful look.)*

Jean: *(to Helmut)* Do you mind my asking you what you're doing here?

Helmut: It's got nothing to do with you.

Jean: I know. But who are you, and what *are* you doing here, in this motel, on this island, in the middle of nowhere?



- Helmut: I'm a retired psychology professor...
- Jean: Where from?
- Helmut: From Europe.
- Jean: But where in Europe?
- Helmut: Does it matter?
- Jean: No ... not really. Why are you here?
- Helmut: Why am I here? Well... I've been searching ... looking ... for the perfect one! And I've found her!
- Temanu: Poor thing!
- Jean: You mean, you've found a woman?
- Helmut: Woman? (*laughs*) Listen, you nosy anthropologist. I've found a virgin! Here, on this island. I'm marrying her, and I'm taking her with me, home.
- Temanu: A virgin? (*pause*) Does she want to go?
- Helmut: Does she have a choice? (*laughs*) Of course she wants to go. Why should anybody want to stay here on this island that's got nothing to offer but pigs, flies and cemeteries? (*laughs*) The land of pigs, flies and cemeteries!
- Temanu: And virgins!
- Helmut: Yes ... and virgins. (*sings*) 'It's just a little brown gal..'

*(Jean prepares to take a picture.)*

Jean: *(to Temanu)* Do you mind if I take a picture of the two of you together?

Temanu: Yes, I do mind!

Jean: I just wanted a picture of the two of you!

*(Temanu reads, ignoring her.)*

Don't you like pictures? I thought all Marawans are fascinated by the camera. *(Temanu is offended, walks over and tries to grab Jean's camera.)*

Jean: Oh no, please ... let me have that back! Please...

*(Temanu hands back the camera and glares at Jean.)*

Temanu: You bloody *palagi*! *(exits)*

Helmut: I don't like her. I definitely dislike her. Well... well... Do you know that I looked everywhere for a virgin wife and couldn't find one? *(Jean stares at him.)* I've been to New Guinea, Vanuatu, Solomons, Fiji, Guam, Saipan, Samoa, Nauru... I couldn't find one. Not a single one who's untouched. Then I came here, and within two weeks, I find one! Yes, I've found the perfect one!

Jean: The perfect one? *(She takes a picture of Helmut who obliges her by striking different poses.)* So when are you getting married?

Helmut: Tomorrow.

Jean: **Where?**

- Helmut: In her village, by the cemetery.
- Jean: Kanikani village?
- Helmut: Yes, that's it.
- Jean: *(Jean takes her book and notes it down.)* Morning or afternoon?
- Helmut: Late afternoon of course, the morning's far too hot. And then... to bed... *(laughs as he takes another drink)*
- Jean: And then?
- Helmut: She's mine. I take her away!
- Jean: Where?
- Helmut: Europe.
- Jean: And then?
- Helmut: I'll send her to school. Give her an education. Are you married?
- Jean: No.
- Helmut: Kids?
- Jean: No.
- Helmut: Are you a virgin?
- Jean: Really! You shouldn't have asked me that question!
- Helmut: I know. But keep doing it, and doing it.

*(Laughs. Sings 'It's just a little brown gal in a little grass skirt' when his wife-to-be Hina enters. Hina is the image of the beautiful South Seas maiden - young with flowing black hair, brown skin, and barefoot. She is dressed in a grass skirt and pandanus bra, the same costume we see her in when the play begins. A hibiscus flower behind her right ear. Helmut tries to get up, trips, and curses. Grabs Hina by the waist and smacks a wet kiss on her cheeks. Announces proudly to Jean.)*

This is her, the perfect one! She's come to take me to her village.

Jean: *(shaking Hina's hand)* I'm pleased to meet you. Helmut's been telling me all about you.

Hina: Thank you.

Helmut: *(trying to be formal)* She's nineteen. Her father's a high chief. She's a very nice girl.

*(Embarrassed, Hina bows her head.)*

Jean: Would you like a drink, Hina? Some tea perhaps? *(Hina shakes her head.)* No?

Hina: No, thank you very much.

Helmut: She also speaks English.

Hina: Yes. I try to speak English when I can.

Helmut: Yes. And she wants to improve her English too.

Hina: Yes. *(Jean takes out her notebook and starts making notes.)*

- Jean: Have you been out of Marawa before?
- Hina: No. This will be first time. I look forward to it very much.
- Jean: Are you afraid? Your culture and Helmut's are very different.
- Hina: Human beings are same, everywhere.
- Jean: I suppose you're right.
- Helmut: She's right ... about many other things too. She's taught me so much about her people. Everyday I learn something new. *(laughs as Temanu walks in to take her book which she had left on the coffee table.)*
- Temanu, meet my wife-to-be, Hina.
- Temanu: Your wife?
- Helmut: Not yet. We're getting married, soon.
- Temanu: *(reaching out to shake Hina's hand)* I hope you'll be happy. *(Hina tries to respond but Helmut beats her to it.)*
- Helmut: We're in love. We'll be very happy. What do you think, darling?
- Hina: If I'm not happy, I come back.
- Temanu: I hope so. There's no place like home.
- Hina: How long you away?

- Temanu:** Twelve years, studying about the *palagi* and their way of life, their history, their language. One day I realized I didn't know my own history or the Marawan language. Then I decided to come here ... I want to know who I am.
- Hina:** I know who you are. You Temanu, daughter of Etika who marry a white woman. Etika is my father's older brother. Your parents take you to Australia for good education. We related.
- Temanu:** We are?
- Hina:** Yes. Your father write to my father. He tell us about you. He say you will come and stay with us, but when you arrive, you stay in motel instead. Why?
- Temanu:** I was going to come. Tomorrow.
- Hina:** I marry tomorrow. To this man. You come to my wedding? You meet my parents, and relatives.
- Temanu:** *(pause)* Is everything arranged?
- Helmut:** Yes. I've taken care of everything. I've given Hina's parents \$2,000 for the feast. Everything's been arranged. Why do you ask?
- Temanu:** Because ... God, is this real?
- Helmut:** Sorry, I don't understand. What do you mean?
- Temanu:** I wasn't talking to you! *(to Hina)* Do you mean we are related?
- Hina:** Yes. We know about you.

Temanu: And you're marrying this ... this...

Hina: Yes.

Helmut: We've decided already. Hina, let's go. We don't want to be late. *(to Temanu)* We're supposed to visit the minister, to prepare for tomorrow. *(to Temanu)* You keep out of this; it has nothing to do with you. *(He indicates to Hina to follow him to the exit.)*

Temanu: Hina, may I speak with you for a minute, alone?

Helmut: There's no time! We have to go, Hina.

Hina: Please, Mr Helmut, I speak to Temanu, alone. *(Helmut hesitates.)*

Helmut. Oh, all right. But don't be long. I'll wait for you outside. Five minutes only. *(He exits.)*

Jean: May I stay here? *(Temanu glares at her but doesn't say anything.)*

Temanu: *(to Hina)* Do you really want to marry this man? He's three times your age! He could be your father! And he's an alcoholic. Do you know what that is?

Hina: No.

Temanu: So why do you want to marry him? Listen, Hina. I know what men like that are like. All they want is someone to cook for them, look beautiful when they return from work, and be able to satisfy their insatiable sexual appetite!

Hina: In...sa...tiable?

**Temanu:** Yes. He can never have enough of it. He'll just want more and more of it! And when he's had enough of you, he'll leave you for someone else, someone younger than you. He doesn't care about you, all he wants is to prove to himself that he can still get it up!

**Hina:** Get it up? I don't understand.

**Temanu:** Oh, Hina! *(pause)* How long have you known this man?

**Hina:** Four weeks.

**Temanu:** Is that all?

**Hina:** Yes.

**Temanu:** And do you love him?

**Hina:** Love?

**Temanu:** Yes, do you love him?

**Hina:** I say yes to him already.

**Temanu:** But you're not married to him yet. You can change your mind.

**Hina:** Why?

**Temanu:** You don't love him.

**Hina:** I don't understand...

**Jean:** What is it that you don't understand? Don't you believe in love? *(prepares to take a picture)*



**Temanu:** If you take a picture of me, I'll strangle you with the strap of your camera.

**Jean:** What did you say?

**Temanu:** You heard me.

**Jean:** I did, and I don't like the way you speak to me. Who the hell do you think I am?

**Temanu:** A bloody nosy foreigner who cares for nothing but her research. Now shut up! *(pause. Jean retreats and busily takes notes.)*

Tell me, Hina. Do you really want to marry this man tomorrow?

**Hina:** I don't know anymore. I confuse now. *(begins to sob)* They keep asking me, and asking me, until I say yes. Jeke, he find me, he bring Mr Helmut to me five times, and he say I should marry him because he has plenty money and he can take me to see the world. I say no first, but they keep coming to the bar where I work, and then I say yes. But now I don't know anymore. Jeke go and talk to my parents.

**Temanu:** And what did they say?

**Hina:** At first they angry but now, they say I marry and go, and send them money or come to see them when it Christmas time. They say it better I marry a man with plenty money.

**Temanu:** But it's your life! You alone can decide who to marry! I'll tell you something, Hina. My first time with a man.

We were all going out dancing at a nightclub. I was only sixteen then. Three boys and three girls. My Australian boyfriend told my friends to go ahead, that he had forgotten his wallet at home. We arrived at the house, only to find that his parents had gone out. He pushed me onto his parents' bed and started kissing me, then he climbed on top of me. I said no, no, but he wouldn't listen. I was wearing this white skirt and red blouse that I didn't want creased. So I told him to wait so I could take them off but he wouldn't stop. He just pushed my skirt up and started to... *(realizes that this is making Hina too uncomfortable, so she stops)*

Hina: It too late now. I say yes already. *(begins to sob)* He promise he send me to school, to get good education. I always want good education, like you. But my parents, they only want me to be good daughter and good wife. This my only chance, Temanu. But I afraid too. He frighten me sometime, but sometime he very caring. If I want something, he get it for me. And he buy me books to read. If only he stop drinking, he be good man, maybe I can stop him. Oh, I don't know what to do. *(Helmut enters to see Hina crying.)*

Helmut: *(to Temanu)* Did you make her cry?

Temanu: No. You made her cry.

Helmut: You think you know everything, because you're educated overseas. Well, let me tell you...

Temanu: Spare me! I came to take my book. *(She picks up her book and moves toward exit.)*

Hina: Temanu, you come to my wedding?

**Temanu:** Oh, Hina! You don't have to marry... Yes, I'll be there.  
*(Exits. Helmut grabs Hina by the waist and sings his favourite song.)*

**Helmut:** Isn't she beautiful?

**Jean:** Yes. Very pretty. You're a lucky man, Helmut.

**Helmut:** She's more beautiful than the women in Gauguin's paintings. Don't you agree? She's got the hair and the skin colour, but not the fat. I'm a lucky man indeed!  
*(to Hina)* Darling, why don't you stand against the sky, and let us have a look. *(Hina obeys while Helmut goes to stand next to Jean; they admire Hina, as though she were a museum piece.)* What do you think?

**Jean:** What do you mean?

**Helmut:** You know what I mean. Isn't she beautiful against the sky? Do you want to take pictures of Hina?

**Jean:** Temanu doesn't want her picture taken. What makes you think Hina's any different?

**Helmut:** Of course she's different. She's all woman! *(to Hina)* Dear, could you turn to the side? This nosy anthropologist will take a picture. *(Hina turns.)*

**Jean:** I'm nosy, am I? I can't see how I can do my job otherwise! *(to Hina)* Hina, how about a smile? *(she smiles).*

Thank you. *(She goes to Hina and turns her right around with Hina's back to the audience, smooths down her long hair.)* What lovely hair you have! *(walks back to take another picture)* Thank you.

Helmut: What are you going to do with those pictures?

Jean: Do you want copies? You'll have to pay for them.

Helmut: Of course I'll pay. I want a copy of every picture you take of Hina. Wait. I tell Hina to take off her bra for a picture.

Helmut: Hina, you take off your top for a picture. Just leave your grass skirt on. Yes?

*(Hina hesitates. Helmut tries to take off Hina's pandanus bra. Hina pushes him away.)*

Hina: No, Helmut. No!

Helmut: What's wrong, Hina?

Hina: Not here, Helmut. No!

Jean: Stop it, Helmut!

Helmut: You don't want a picture?

Jean: No.

Helmut: You come to the wedding tomorrow, you can take pictures of us then.

Jean: Thanks. I have a video camera, too. Shall I bring it along?

Helmut: Of course. I'll pay for a copy of that, too!

Hina: I turn around now?

Helmut: Yes, darling, turn around. You looked really beautiful against the sky. *(Laughs. Hina turns. Helmut goes over and puts his arm around her waist. Says to Jean.)* One last picture before we go. *(Helmut pulls Hina to centre stage. Jean obliges.)*

Hina: What you do with picture?

Jean: I keep them, they're mine.

Hina: Yours?

Jean: Yes. It's my camera and film.

Hina: I see. I have copy too?

Jean: They're 50c per print.

Hina: Helmut, you buy copy for my parents, please.

Helmut: Of course. Now we must go.

*(He sings as they exit, 'It's not the islands fair that are calling to me...' Jean stares after them, then calls out...)*

Jean: Helmut! It's all right. I don't want to be paid! *(Helmut looks back but doesn't stop. Jean addresses the audience.)* Hmm. So now you know why Helmut's here! Do you know why I'm really here? I'll tell you. I'm here to write the definitive work on sexuality among the Marawan people. My book will make me famous. *Coming For Sex*, that's the tentative title. I can see it now, my book in the hands of thousands of graduate students across the globe, listed as required reading in every anthropology class. *(pause)* If only these natives

would answer and return my questionnaires! So far I've got only 10 out of 200 back. I don't understand ... they're all poor and can use some money, so why aren't they responding! Mmm ... what should I do? Jeke ... yes, I'll get Jeke to collect those questionnaires! Jeke's one of my informants ... funny guy, and not bad-looking either! I wonder what he'd be like ... Oh well...never mind. Yes, the wedding, tomorrow. Maybe I'll get lucky!

*(Blackout.)*

## SCENE TWO:

### OPEN AIR, THE FOLLOWING DAY

*(Spotlight on the picture on the backdrop which has been replaced with one of a huge kava bowl with brown sennit cord and white cowrie shell, to symbolize the community as well as the marriage. General lighting. The clown is standing at centre stage. Upstage centre is a pile of mats for the bridal party. Wedding guests are seated, including the father and mother, waiting for the bridal party to arrive. At the clown's command, singers and dancers enter to take their positions at downstage centre. The clown conducts the singing and performs funny antics during this scene. Songs chosen should be familiar songs with sexual allusions and imagery. The following songs were used in the 1991 production, but could easily be changed to similar songs that achieve the same effect.)*

Samoan song:

Tuli Mai, Tuli Mai  
Tuli Mai, Tuli Mai  
Tuli Mai Le Aitu Ma Le Sauai A Maua E Ai  
Tatou Sosola Ia  
O Le A Sau Le Loomatua  
Faapea Ma Le Toeaina  
E Fulufulua Lona Papatua

Aue! Aue!  
Aue! Aue!  
Aue Lo'u Loto Ua Le-Moe  
Na O Lou Fia Vaai  
Funa Ia Oe  
Ma Lou Fia Faatasi  
E Malu Ai Ita I Nuu Ese.

*(A short parody follows. Hina's auntie, Mere, wears a blonde wig that is similar to Helmut's hair throughout this scene. After this song, she grabs the male clown (M/Clown) by the waist. Role reversal here, with Mere playing the part of the male.)*

Mere: Hey, darling! You virgin? Me wanna marry you!

M/Clown: Virgin? *(to crowd)* What she talking about?

Mere: You don't know? Here, let me whisper in your ear!

*(She whispers. He laughs, then he chases her around the pile of mats. He reverses direction and bumps into her stomach.)*

Oh Sina! Why you play hard to get? I come all the way from Jamani to find virgin, so why you give me hard time? Here, how much you cost, my little sweet pussy cat?

M/Clown: *(purring...)* Only three cents, for three minutes.

Mere: Oh, you very cheap. Make your price higher. Don't forget to add VAT - Value Added Tax. VAT. What about five dollar? Yes? Five dollar, five minutes?

M/Clown: Oh, that very kind of you! I can buy lipstick, and some underpantie.

Mere: Yes. And you buy underpantie for mummy, and daddy, and grandmama, and your little sister, and little brother. And don't forget to buy the nappies too.



M/Clown: Oh thank you. You so generosity. Me like you very much. No man love me the way you do. I just love you full speed.

Mere: You do? Then you must kiss me now.

M/Clown: A kiss will cost \$10. Plus VAT!

Mere: What? That too much!

M/Clown: Inflation very bad! *(Lele, a wedding guest jumps up.)*

Lele: Hey rich man! Me very cheap! No VAT! No inflation!

Mere: Oh yeah? But are you virgin?

Lele: Oh yes! B-i-g virgin!

*(At this point, the two women converge on the male clown as though to assault him sexually, and the clown pretends to be afraid. As the two women grab hold of the clown, the crowd bursts into another song ('Sulusululu') and the clown and two women dance the tauratale, a Fijian dance in which individuals hold each other by the waist and dance around in a circle.)*

Samoan/Fijian song..

Sulusululu o la'o manue (2x)

E o lau siliva e (2x)

E lelei o manue.

*Velo mai lau kako o lau manue (2x)*

E o lau siliva e (2x)

E lelei o manue.

Tube mai na kato me daru mai dro (2x)  
 Kua ni kila o ganei o momo (2x)  
 O qori ga nodaru ka lo.

*(Before the song ends, the mother of the bride goes and whispers to the clown who stops the singing.)*

M/Clown: Stop fooling around! They coming.

*(Everyone stops laughing. The wedding guests at the front arrange themselves in a straight line, in readiness for the next dance. As Helmut and Hina enter, everybody stands up. They freeze as the father sings this Samoan love song.)*

Lo'u sei e, lo'u pale auro e  
 Le maa taua sa faaliloe  
 O le upu ua tonu i lo'u lotoe  
 O le uo moni e le galoe

Sau ia, sau ia, lo'u fiafia e  
 O oe o la'u aumea mamae  
 O le faamoemoe e le uma e  
 Se i loga ua mate la'u lamepae

*(Jeke, who is amongst the singers, helps the drunken Helmut onto the seat of mats as this song is being sung. He then takes his position again amongst the singers. Father and mother stand behind the pile of mats as soon as the bride and groom appear. At the end of the Samoan song, everyone claps, then the clown conducts the singing of this Fijian song, 'Kisi Mai o, Kisi Yani'.)*

Kisi mai o kisi yani (2x)  
 Sa vinaka vakalevu na kisi mai (repeat)  
 Vude mai o vude yani (2x)  
 Sa vinaka vakalevu na vude mai (repeat)

*(The singers and wedding guests dance around the stage in a tuiboto, known as the 'toad dance'. The tuiboto involves men and women forming a single file as they hold each other by the waist and alternate hopping on either leg. At the front is the male clown, at the back is Mere, who also clowns around. Hina and her parents do the tauratale round the pile of mats. Helmut is the only one not participating. Before the song finishes, the singers take their seats, clap and sing as Hina and her parents do the tuiboto round the pile of mats. Helmut watches, feeling left out. Two men try to involve Helmut by grabbing him and trying to lift him up. He protests by kicking his legs in the air. The two men put him down. The song ends and the male clown announces.)*

**M/Clown:** And now, ladies and gentlepeople, Chief Wastemytime is going to speak, in native language. *(The chief stands up and speaks in a native language. After the first three sentences (using any Pacific language) the lights are dimmed, and everyone freezes, as the volume of the speech is lowered. Spotlights on Jean who sits at stage left and Temanu who sits at stage right.)*

**Temanu:** Instead of mourning and gnashing of teeth, we have a celebration. For what, may I ask?

**Jean:** For the end of prejudice. For love which overcomes barriers of colour and race. Oh, that we all can learn from these two people, to defy the shackles of fear and to follow the desires of our hearts.

**Temanu:** To conquer and rule. To impose upon another our values, our fears, our unfulfilled dreams.

**Jean:** To join together into one flesh.

**Temanu:** Whose flesh? (*Temanu and Jean stare at each other; Jean picks up her video camera and begins to shoot pictures of the chief who is still giving his speech.*)

**Temanu:** She wanders in and out amongst us, a child of nature, free as the wind, capturing us all in pictures.

Yaak! Can I never ever be free of the intruding presence of the *palagi*? I ran away from people like her; here I am on the most isolated island in the whole Pacific, and what do I find? The dregs of western society, washed up on the beach!

*(General lighting. Chief Wastemytime concludes his speech. There is clapping as the chief sits down. Temanu turns to face the crowd as the Chief concludes his speech, and everyone claps.)*

**M/Clown:** And now, ladies and gentlemen, we have the couple dance. (*Jean stands up with her video camera to shoot. The bride and groom stand up to do the waltz, but then Labamba music (prerecorded on tape) comes on. Helmut is surprised but recovers and the couple do the twist (or dance disco style) as everyone claps. Helmut occasionally trips and falls on his knees. After watching for a while, Jeki and the male clown dance around Helmut; they finally sandwich him in the middle. Helmut is annoyed and sits down. Someone turns the music off. Jean retires to her previous position at stage left where she takes notes.*)

**M/Clown:** The bride's father now give speech. I tell you in English what he say. O right? You listen carefully and don't laugh. (*Everyone claps.*)

Father: *(In Rotuman or other Pacific language) Noa'ia te 'ne gagaj 'atakoa. Gou fu sio e ao hete'is la na ta fäeag ne 'ua'ua'akit se gagaj 'Aitu.*

M/Clown: Thank you all the whole people. I stand up to give thank you speech to God.

Father: *'Otou huga 'oaf ne 'Aitu a'roa 'otou mauri ma gou po la kel se terän helav te'is.*

M/Clown: I thank God he make my life long to see beautiful day like this.

Father: *Gou 'ua'ua'äk tape' ma ne 'Aitu ho'am ta fa keleag lelei, fa 'es teet, la ia täla vävän ne 'otou le' hän te'is.*

M/Clown: I thank God for he bring very handsome man, and man with plenty money, to be the husband of my daughter. Before we very poor, but now that our daughter getting married, we soon be very rich. Now we can pay back the credit we take from the village co-op and all the money we loan from all our relatives. Praise be to God! God is good! Yes, Hallelujah!

Guests: Hallelujah!

Father: *(looking at the clown suspiciously) Gou far'äk se fa helav teis, kepoi ka 'e ta avat ka 'on 'ofa ofien se 'otou le' hän te'is, ma figalelei ma ia la hö'äk roam se 'otou si' hapa, po 'e 'otou le hän te'is ia hän pumua paut se 'amuarua. (His voice breaks and he sits down.)*

M/Clown: And I ask this stranger who is marrying my daughter, if ever he finish loving her, please bring her right back to my hand, because our daughter is most precious to us. And now I gonna sit down and cry a little bit because

my heart heavy. *(pause)* The father sit down now on heavy heart. Mr Helmut from Jamani will now speak.

**Helmut:** *(Ignorant of the traditional custom, Helmut stands up on the pile of mats to speak. The guests nudge and giggle as Helmut stretches his legs to get rid of the numbness.)* I would like to say just one thing to my bride's parents. I want you to know that you are not losing a daughter, you are gaining a son!

**M/Clown:** *Fa ta 'ea ia pa 'es la 'ea se ö'rua 'on let hăn ta ne ia mafua 'ia ma fakikia se pulut 'a ma măm ta öf sia. (This translation means: "The man wants to say to the parents that they are gaining a useless old thing, like chewed bubble gum." The crowd laughs.)*

And now, our dear brother Jeke will give speech.

**Jeke:** *(a bit unsteady on his feet because he had been drinking)* Ladies and Gentlemen, and Gentlewomen too. I want everyone of you to know I fix this wedding. You should all thank me, for I find the rich husband for our Hina. Without me, she still poor and unmarried.

**Temanu:** *(standing up)* How much did he pay you?

**Jeke:** *(pause)* Not much! Not enough!

**Temanu:** *(to audience)* My hunch is right then!

**Jean:** *(to audience)* What is going on here? *(shrugs, writes furiously)* I can't believe this! Oh God, that's Jeke. Isn't he handsome?

**M/Clown:** Hurry up, Jeke, and sit down. We want to dance.

- Jeke:** We should all be proud... we are the only island in the world where you still find virgins. This white man go everywhere to look for pure girl, but he no find one anywhere. Only here, in Marawa. *(Everybody claps.)* Yes, in Marawa, we should all be proud. Hip hip!
- Guests:** Hooray!
- Jeke:** Hip hip!
- Guests:** Hooray!
- Jeke:** Tiger! *(Jeke throws single rolls of cigarettes to the wedding guests who scramble for them. As they do, Jeke takes out a small bottle of whisky hidden inside his lavalava and takes a swig.)*
- Guests:** Eii *(Different members of the crowd [M1, M2, M3] stand and heap praise on the groom.)*
- M1:** He's handsome.
- M2:** He's young.
- M3:** He has sober habits.
- M1:** He's rich.
- Temanu:** Filthy rich.
- M/Clown:** And she can share his flush toilet! *(Everybody laughs and claps.)*
- M/Clown:** And now, for the final dance, Hina, the village virgin, gonna do the *tau'olunga*.

*(Another song is sung. Jean hurries over with her video camera as Hina dances. The male clown and Jeke act as the tulafale, creating wild disorderly behaviour at the periphery. Jeke, during the excitement of the dance, shakes the seat of mats and Helmut falls over. Helmut misunderstands and is annoyed. He stands up during the dance and starts pulling Hina away. The singing stops as everyone watches, in frozen positions. No one moves except for Hina and Helmut.)*

**Helmut:** Hina! Let's go! Come with me, now!

**Hina:** But the wedding not finish. Helmut, this dance very important in my culture. You not suppose do this to me.

**Helmut:** You my wife now. Come!

**Hina:** But I not eaten yet, Mr Helmut!

**Helmut:** *(to the wedding guests)* You people think only you can sing. Well, I can sing too! *(Sings in flamboyant style, moving all over the stage.)*

'It's not the islands fair that are calling to me, It's not the balmy air or the tropical sea, It's just a little brown gal, In a little grass skirt, In a little grass shack in Marawa....'

*(Helmut grabs Hina and pulls her offstage as Hina protests. The wedding guests unfreeze, then resume the singing. The clown jumps into the centre and dances wildly. Some of the others join in as well. The dancing ends abruptly. The clown begins to chase the guests offstage.)*

**M/Clown:** Now the wedding over. Go home and have your bath! Now! *(He hurries people offstage, prodding the slow*



*ones with his foot and arms. The female clown refuses to leave and the clown chases her around until she finally exits. Some guests pair off and sneak away. Jeke falls on the ground, pretending to be too drunk to go home. The male clown goes over and kicks him but he doesn't move. Jean watches then walks over to protest.)*

Jean: What are you doing? Don't be so rough with him. *(The clown stares at her.)*

M/Clown: Why? Is he your sister?

Jean: No ... but...

M/Clown: What wrong with your butt? *Ae fa'fäeag ma nono ma gou kapita kia ae.*

Jean: What did you say?

M/Clown: I say I love you full speed. *(The clown laughs, turns around and sees Hina's parents looking very disappointed. He consoles them in the vernacular in exaggerated politeness. Keeps a straight face until the parents exit. Laughing his head off, the clown exits. Only Jean and Temanu remain.)*

Jean: This is the most extraordinary wedding I've ever been to! Tell me, is this wedding typical?

Temanu: You're asking me? How should I know?

Jean: Oh, I forgot. You left when you were twelve. What do you think, anyway?

Temanu: What are you referring to in particular?

Jean: The dancing, and the clowning. They look so authentic.

Temanu: Authentic?

Jean: Yes, everything seems so real. I've never seen such uninhibited carryings-on. (*sound of farting from Jeke. The two women stare in his direction, not quite sure they heard correctly.*) The textbooks don't quite capture the spontaneity and the innocence of island life.

Temanu: You make me laugh! (*pointing at Jeke*) Is that what you mean by innocence? Do you really think that we don't know pain and sorrow? I suppose you think we are happy-go-lucky, that we don't feel angry when people like you treat us like curios in a museum.

Jean: Why do you hate me so?

Temanu: I don't hate you! I just hate your arrogance! The arrogance of people like you!

Jean: What do you mean? What have I done wrong?

Temanu: Do you really think my people could be fully understood in a few months? Are we that simple? Then there's your male counterpart, Helmut, the virgin-seeker in Paradise! You're all the same, you come here to plunder and steal; you take and take until there's nothing left that's sacred anymore.

Jean: I'm sorry you see us that way. (*pause*) Just one thing, though ... I cannot be held accountable for Helmut! We are not the same!

Temanu: Are you not?

- Jean:** Of course not! I want to learn the Marawan language. I want to understand the Marawan culture and its people. Can you say the same of Helmut?
- Temanu:** *(pause)* Maybe you are different then. If you are, then we should stick together. As long as there are men like Helmut, there can never be equality. Flying to the end of the world looking for the perfect one! Yaak! The arrogance and conceit of men! Do we women expect our husbands to remain virgins until they marry? This is the battle we have to fight!
- Jean:** It's not my battle! I'm just here to observe.
- Temanu:** Wouldn't you be angry if the same thing were to happen in America? Why should you behave differently in Marawa when the issues are the same?
- Jean:** But are they? Isn't it the custom in Marawa that women should aspire to remain virgins until they marry? *(Jeki shouts, "No! Yes! No!" and turns over. Jean walks over and touches his arm. Jeki doesn't move, pretending to be fast asleep.)*
- Temanu:** To men like Helmut? No, not anymore. Marawan culture has got to rid itself of all kinds of oppression. Marawan women must learn to fight for their rights. This means there's nothing authentic anymore! No longer do the Marawan people dance the way they did when Captain Cook first arrived.
- Jean:** Why is it so wrong to hope that somewhere in this world there's a culture that has remained pure, untainted by western influence?

- Temanu:** You foreigners want progress and development too, so why should you deny the Marawa people the same? If you Americans want equality for your women, why shouldn't Hina want the same?
- Jean:** But I'm just an anthropologist passing through. It's not for me to say what's right or wrong for the Marawan people!
- Temanu:** Why not? To be a true anthropologist, you have to get involved! How else could you understand other people? Why then shouldn't you try to stop Hina from marrying that old fart! *(Laughter from Jeke as he turns over. The two women walk over to Jeke. Temanu rolls him over with her feet and peers at him. He convinces them he's asleep.)*
- Jean:** I suppose you think you know everything about us. We, the *palagi*, are the villains, while you, educated islanders like yourself, are the self-appointed saviours. Interfere if you wish; as far as I'm concerned, it's none of my business.
- Temanu:** Then stay away! Don't ever venture out here if you are merely going to be a spectator, just passing through.
- Jean:** You're a fine one to talk. You return after twelve years and what do you do? You book into the only motel on this island. If you are so committed, why don't you go and live with your relatives?
- Temanu:** *(pause)* I will, when I know exactly what I should say and do. Right now it's more important that I stop my cousin from leaving this island and thereby destroying all her chances of a happy married life. You can help me stop her before it's too late.

- Jean: But they're already married!
- Temanu: Yes, but they're still here.
- Jean: What do you think will happen to Hina if she left with Helmut?
- Temanu: Helmut will eat her up! And I will hold myself responsible!
- Jean: You're crazy!
- Temanu: Let me tell you something I've never forgotten. Once, when I was feeding the chickens, my father suddenly lunged forward and grabbed the neck of one. He proceeded to strike its head with a stick ... blood dripping from its eyes. Then he told me to clean up the bird for dinner. I thought, "Why is he forcing me to eat my friends?"
- Jean: I don't want to hear the rest. It sounds gruesome.
- Temanu: Crying, I rushed back to the house and threw the bird in a wooden bowl. Then I went to my father who was pulling up the canoe on the beach. I shouted to him that the bird was ready for the pot and then quickly turned away so he couldn't see my tears. I heard a noise and looked up, only to see the rear end of the featherless chicken staggering out the door. (*Jeke pretends to be the chicken, runs around on his hands and feet then collapses in a heap. The two women do not notice this at all*)
- Jean: You must have imagined it.

**Temanu:** If I did imagine it, how do you explain its disappearance? That bird has been my inspiration all these years. Like that chicken, I'll always fight back, my rear end pointing haughtily at the faces of my enemies. I've never forgiven my father...

**Jean:** Do you think Helmut's like your father?

**Temanu:** Men are monsters! *(She heads for the exit. Jean stares after her. Temanu stops abruptly before she disappears, shouting back.)* How dare you compare my father to Helmut? *(The two women stare at each other. Temanu exits.)*

**Jean:** *(addressing the audience)* If men are monsters, what about women? Are they the victims? *(writes in her notebook)*

How can I capture in writing something that has to be felt to be fully understood? But can I ever understand these people? That parody of Hina and Helmut. What is one supposed to make of that? Are these people for the wedding or are they against it? Are they Christians or are they not? It all seems so inconsistent and contradictory, yet, somehow, so real. I thought these Marawans were straightforward, easy to understand. God! If I can't figure this out, how on earth do I learn about their sex lives? And how do I know whether my informants are telling me the truth? But I must press on... *(Jeko slowly crawls toward Jean during the rest of this speech.)* Theory 1: Marawans suffer from irrepressible desire when visual and auditory elements in the atmosphere impinge upon group chemistry and *communitas*. No ... that doesn't sound right... Theory 2: Marawan virgins are afflicted with a disease known

as coconut fever, meaning that although they are brown outside, they are emotionally and psychologically stimulated when confronted with old men with white or pink foreskin. Getting warm eh? Theory 3: All Marawan men have big dicks! *(At this point, Jeke touches her on the arm and she lets out a scream. Jeke puts his hand over her mouth and there's a struggle. Jeke has no intentions of molesting her. All he wants is to be alone to talk to her.)*

Jeke: You okay? I won't hurt you. I just want talk.

Jean: *(still a little frightened)* About what?

Jeke: About everything. You want to drink homebrew? I have some in my garden.

Jean: No thanks.

Jeke: *(smiling cutely)* Don't you want to plant some taro?

Jean: What?

Jeke: I say do you want to plant taro? I help with your research.

Jean: I don't understand.

Jeke: *(smiling again)* No? *(moving closer to her)* Okay. What about this? Me Tarzan, you Jane. We make fire! Yes? *(He smiles and holds out his hand. A smile creeps over her face.)*

Jean: Me Jane, you Tarzan. We plant taro! *(They both burst out laughing.)*

**Jeke:** When we finish, we clean up, with your questionnaire!  
*(Jean realizes that her questionnaires are being used as toilet paper!) We go then?*

**Jean:** No, Jeke. Not today. We plant taro another time. Okay? Please go! *(Jeke stares at her, then leaves. Jean is relieved. At Jeke's exit, Jean takes out her notebook and writes.)* Ouch! Bloody mosquitoes! *(She rubs her thighs vigorously.)* The Marawan word for mosquito is ... is ... is ... *(flash of insight)* it's Jeke!

*(Blackout.)*



## SCENE THREE

### HELMUT'S BEDROOM, MARAWA MOTEL

---

*(Spotlight on the picture on the backdrop, which has been replaced by one of a large eel that appears to be about to eat a sea urchin. General lighting to reveal a bed placed diagonally at stage centre. A table and chair at upstage right. A bottle of whisky, two glasses and a parcel are on the table. A red bedsheet for the bed and table. Three books are piled up neatly on the bed.)*

*Two ancestral spirits enter, one male (M), the other female (F). They are Hina's deceased grandparents. They dance their way into Helmut's bedroom, examine the bed, feel and smell the bedsheets, sit on the chair, lie on the bed etc. Then they see the whisky bottle. M pours a drink and gives it to F who drinks it like water. F screams, grabs her stomach and runs around in agony. She ends up on the bed. M is surprised, but drinks nonetheless. Gurgles the whisky. M sneaks up on F who is lying on the bed and pretends to make love to her. They giggle like little children, pinch each other under the armpits etc. Then they sit up, and slap the palms of each other's hands as they chant the first few lines.)*

F: Ta

M: Rua

F & M: Our names!

F: Grandma!

M: Grandpa!

- F & M: Our names!
- F: Hina's grandpa! (*pointing at M*)
- M: Hina's grandma! (*pointing at F*)
- F & M: Guardian angels!
- F: Well ... not really.
- M: Fallen angels more like!
- F: Tell them, I don't mind!
- M: One day, a missionary caught us...
- F: dancing on the beach...
- M: Doing the *panana* ... on a moonlight night.
- F: We were banished...
- M: To hell! But we love it there,  
no missionaries...
- F: All the buggers in heaven...
- M: What they do there, hah?
- F: Nothing. They just sit and wait for Second Coming!
- M: In hell, we dance all the time! We do the *panana* on a  
moonlight night. Join us hah!
- F: But first, you have to die...

M: Like us.

*(F lies back on the bed as though dead and M wails as though at F's funeral. Quick switch over so that F wails over M. They both stand up, move away from the bed, and address the audience.)*

F: We are *not* dead!

M: How could you forget us?

F: Us, the ancestors.

M: Short memory, hah?

F: Very short! Only seven inches!

M: May you remain in hell!

F: Oh, for heaven's sake!

M: Don't swear!

F: Why can't you see us?

M: Too much education?

F: Too much money?

M: White man's religion?

F: We're always around.

M & F: How could children of the land forget?

- M: Yes, how could you forget?
- F: I held you in these arms!
- M: I toiled to send you to school!
- F: How could you forget?
- M: Yes, how could you forget the ancestors?
- F: When you fell from the mango tree...
- M: I caught you in these arms!
- F: The doctors said it was a miracle!
- M: That accident beyond the reef...
- F: We saved your life!
- F & M: How could children of the land forget?
- F: *(to M in mock anger)* Yes, how could you forget me!
- M: What?
- F: When was the last time you poked me, hah? *(She pokes M from behind.)*
- M: What?
- F: I want a love bite!
- M: A love bite?

- F: I saw you last night! At the beach dance! You were eyeing the ghost of Folu, my younger sister!
- M: Oh hell!
- F: A love bite! I want a love bite!

*(F chases M around the bed. He gives her a love bite on the neck. They end up playing a silly game on the bed. This game involves them pinching the skin on the back of each other's wrist, moving them up and down, and chanting these lines in a sing-song tune: "Dudu moto, Dudu moto, Lave i colo ko toka ira, cavuta!" At the end of the last line, the bottom wrist shifts to the very top, its fingers pinch the skin on the back of the wrist below, and the chanting continues. M notices the books on the bed and stops. He looks at the pictures in one of the books and laughs, just as they hear Helmut's singing. They put the books in order again and hide. They crouch and watch as Helmut and Hina enter, still in their wedding clothes.)*

*Enter Helmut and Hina, still in their wedding clothes. Helmut carries Hina's suitcase in his right hand while Hina carries a pandanus basket in her left hand. Helmut has his left arm around Hina's waist. Helmut puts the suitcase down and tries to lift Hina to carry her across the threshold but realizes she is too heavy and puts her down. She looks at him with impatience, and walks across the threshold on her own. Surveys the room and decides to sit on the bed in Pacific-style 'lady-like' fashion, legs tucked to the side. Picks up each of the books in turn and looks at the covers. Helmut goes over to the table, picks up the whisky bottle and pours himself a drink. Hina watches him carefully. He sings his favourite song, and straightens out his hair.)*

Helmut: *(sings)* 'It's just a little brown gal in a little grass skirt...'  
*(Offers Hina a glass of whisky. She shakes her head. Holds her pandanus basket close to her body, as though to protect herself. She watches him.)* You're the most beautiful thing I've ever seen. Did you know that? Don't be afraid, I'll be very gentle. I'm experienced at this kind of thing, so there's no need to fear anything. Soon you'll have your legs around me, moaning for more and more...

Hina: What are these books?

Helmut: Those? *(Walks over and takes them from her.)* These are my favourite books. Do you want to read them?

Hina. Now?

Helmut: No, later. Who would you like to read? Somerset Maugham, Jack London, Margaret Mead?

Hina: Are they your relatives?

Helmut: *(chuckling)* Well, I suppose they are, in a way. But we're not here to talk about them, are we? *(Puts them on the table, then opens the parcel that is on it and takes out a red negligé with black lace at the edges.)* Change into this, you'll look very sexy. *(She doesn't move.)*

Hina: Aren't you going to read to me? I thought the *palagi* read story before you go to bed?

Helmut: Look. Just forget those books. One day you'll be able to read and understand them. Right now, I want you to change into this. *(Holding up the red negligé.)* Do you want me to undress you?

- Hina: Where you buy this from?
- Helmut: From a shop ... in Europe.
- Hina: New?
- Helmut: Yes.
- Hina: You look away so I put this on.
- Helmut: Don't be silly, Hina. We're man and wife now. We can see everything and do everything and not feel ashamed.
- Hina: It's not my custom.
- Helmut: No? Don't you natives practise free love under the coconut trees? That's what the books say. You have no hang ups like us, sex to you is like drinking whisky. You can never have enough of it.
- Hina: But if we like that, there be no virgin left.
- Helmut: Except you. You are the last virgin in Paradise. That's why you're so desirable. Why don't you put on the present, then come and sit here on my lap.
- Hina: Do you love me?
- Helmut: Of course I love you.
- Hina: Why?
- Helmut: Because you're pure, untouched by any other man.  
*(Refills his glass.)*

Hina: Why you drink so much?

Helmut: I want to forget...

Hina: Forget?

Helmut: Yes, forget the past. *(pause)* Two of my wives died, one of cancer, the other in a car accident. My third wife ... she left me for another woman. *(drinks)* So you see, when I drink, the world is bearable! When I'm sober, the past comes back to haunt me. And I can't sleep at night. Look, why don't you have a whisky, then you'll know what I mean. Yes?

Hina: No.

Helmut: Is there anything else you'd like to drink?

Hina: You have Coke?

Helmut: Coke? No, who would have thought you'd want Coke on our wedding night?

Hina: I only want Coke.

Helmut: What about me? Don't you want me?

Hina: I don't know, Mr Helmut. I.... Please... I'll put this red thing on, but you must close your eyes.

Helmut: *(Jumping on the bed and closing his eyes.)* I'm yours to command. *(She tries to take off her wedding dress with some difficulty. He sneaks a look and she shyly turns around. She undresses finally and is left wearing a lavalava, or cotton wraparound.)*



- Hina: Open eyes. What you think? (*Helmut sits up and stares, speechless.*) You find me attractive in *lavalava*?
- Helmut: Yes. Definitely. But...
- Hina: But?
- Helmut: I can't get it up with a *lavalava*! That's why I got the red *négligé*. (*losing his patience*) Put it on! Now!
- Hina: I only get excited in *lavalava*.
- Helmut: You don't need to get excited. All you have to do is lie there and close your eyes. I'm the one who has to get it up. But first, the foreplay. We kiss first. (*He tries to kiss her. She pushes him away and runs to the other side of the bed. He instinctively straightens his hair*)
- Hina: Please, don't kiss. I don't kiss.
- Helmut: No? What do you do then?
- Hina: Kissing dirty. It filthy.
- Helmut: Who cares if it's filthy. I want to be filthy tonight. Don't you?
- Hina: No.
- Helmut: No? Then we've got a problem, haven't we? Look, why don't you put the *négligé* on...
- Hina: This? *Négli*...?
- Helmut: Yes! Put it on! As your husband, I command you to put it on!

- Hina: Don't shout ... please. I put it on. But you look away.
- Helmut: Why should I look away when I want to see what you've got?
- Hina: I'm ashamed. It's my custom.
- Helmut: Your custom! Your bloody custom! Before the missionaries came, you wore just a leaf, like Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden. Now, you can't even take off your clothes in front of your husband. And you say this is the custom? Well, tell me, is it your custom to do it with your clothes on or off? Yesterday I saw some Marawans jump into the swimming pool with all their clothes on! I suppose that's the custom, too! Everyone on Marawa is so missionized I wouldn't be surprised if they're too ashamed to pull up their *lavalava* to shit!
- Hina: But that's different. When you shit, no one looking.
- Helmut: Thanks to the missionaries, everyone on this island is confused about their custom. But I thought you were different.
- Hina: No, I'm same, same. Please, you look away. (*Helmut reluctantly looks away while Hina puts on the negligé over the lavalava.*) You can look now.
- Helmut: Oh God. You look surreal. Just as I imagined. Oh I love you Hina. (*As Helmut lunges toward Hina, the ancestral spirits trip him up. Helmut is surprised. He stands up and looks around before he grabs Hina and tries to kiss her. She pulls away before climbing on the bed. She opens her pandanus basket.*)

**Hina:** *(excitedly)* I just remember something my mother gave me. *(She takes out a favourite dish, taro leaves and corned beef cooked in coconut cream, opens it and stuffs her mouth with food. Licks her fingers. Disgusted, Helmut rushes to pour himself another drink.)* Some corned beef, my mother put in my basket in case I'm hungry. When you say to kiss I think of this! *(Holding out some corned beef to Helmut.)* You have some, Helmut? They nice ... corn beef inside. Do you like corn beef Mr Helmut? *(Helmut stares at her in disbelief. Suddenly he lunges at her, grabs the corned beef and throws it away. Jumps on her and tries to kiss her. They struggle. She grabs him by the hair and his toupee comes off. She stares at what she has in her hand and screams. At this point, the ancestral spirits scream and jump around in the room. Hina tries to throw the toupee but it becomes entangled in her fingers. She runs around screaming while Helmut chases her. Helmut tries to cover his bald head with his hands all the time. Loud banging on the door, then Temanu and Jean appear. The two ancestral spirits calm down and crouch, watching. Jean is wearing a nightdress, minus her make-up, Temanu is wearing a lavalava and T-shirt.)*

**Temanu:** Hina! What's going on here? *(Helmut runs around trying to put things in order again. Hina sits on the bed sobbing.)*

**Helmut:** What do you want? How did you get in?

**Temanu:** Through the door, where else?

**Helmut:** Oh God!

**Temanu:** *(to Hina)* Are you all right? *(She nods.) (to Helmut)*

You forced yourself on her, didn't you? (*Jean stands watching.*)

Helmut: She's my wife.

Temanu: That doesn't give you the right to rape her!

Helmut: Rape! You exaggerate. We were trying to make love, and because this is her first time, she was nervous. Maybe I was a bit too enthusiastic, but not any more than any other man in the same circumstances.

Temanu: (*to Hina*) Get dressed! You're coming to sleep with me in my room.

Helmut: She's not! What business is it of yours anyway? Just get out of my room!

Temanu: This is my business. Hina is my cousin and this is our island. (*to Hina*) Let's go. (*She picks up the suitcase.*)

Helmut: You can't barge in here and take away my wife! She's sleeping with me! I've married her. Understand?

Temanu: Try and stop me! (*to Hina*) Come on, Hina, you're coming with me.

Helmut: We're flying out of here tomorrow.

Temanu: You might have to fly alone. We'll see if Hina wants to come with you tomorrow or not. Good night, you bald-headed rapist! (*Hina takes off the red negligé and throws it on the bed. Temanu leads Hina to the exit. The ancestral spirits follow. On their way out, M grabs one of the whisky bottles on the table while F runs her*

*hand along the hair behind Helmut's head. Helmut reacts to this although he doesn't see anyone. He looks scared. Jean is about to leave when Helmut calls out to her.)*

**Helmut:** Jean, please don't go. Have a drink with me. *(She hesitates, then decides to stay for a while. Sits on the chair. Helmut prances around excitedly as he talks.)*

Tell me, you're an anthropologist ... do you understand these people?

**Jean:** No, but I'm trying. Anyhow, I'm not marrying one, so my situation is different from yours.

**Helmut:** In what way?

**Jean:** I came here thinking I can understand these people in a few months. Until your wedding. Your wedding has made me realize that I can never really understand these people. Malinowski, Mead, Raymond Firth ... all of their books and more haven't adequately prepared me for life on Marawa.

**Helmut:** But these people are easy to understand.

**Jean:** Can you honestly say you understand Hina, Helmut? *(Helmut doesn't answer.)* I can't say that I understand her either. Then there's Jeke. He's strong, yet so gentle, exploitative, and yet his sense of humour is so winning. He could have taken advantage of me on a few occasions but he didn't. He's an island gentleman, but oh, I can't say I trust him.

**Helmut:** Are you in love with Jeke?

- Jean: Oh no! Infatuated perhaps. All that has happened is that I have become emotionally involved. I must retreat to safe ground. *(pause, looking rather upset)* But your case is different. You're married to one of them, so you can't afford to be detached or uninvolved.
- Helmut: What about them? Do they try to understand us?
- Jean: You were the one who went looking for her, not the other way round.
- Helmut: So?
- Jean: So perhaps you should make the first move. For a start, you might consider learning the language.
- Helmut: At my age? Why should I? Hina speaks English enough.
- Jean: They say that language is the key that will unlock a culture. That's why, as an anthropologist, my first task is to learn the language.
- Helmut: I have no time to learn a primitive language spoken by only a few thousand people!
- Jean: Then don't complain if you don't understand them.
- Helmut: I understand Hina enough. It's that cousin of hers I don't understand. Barging in here and acting like she was her bloody saviour!
- Jean: Can I have a drink?
- Helmut: Of course. *(Helmut walks over to the table, pours Jean*

*a drink, and hands it to her. Then he tries to straighten out the sheets on the bed and to fold the négligé.)*

Jean: I noticed that Hina didn't protest at all. On the contrary, she seemed only too happy to be free of your clutches. Perhaps you don't understand her as well as you think, otherwise you wouldn't have pushed her to screaming point.

Helmut: I didn't try to rape her. Anyway, how can it be rape when she's now legally my wife, and this is our first night! Do you believe me?

Jean: I don't know.

Helmut: But that's the truth.

Jean: Truth? Helmut, you and I know that truth is relative. How do you know that what I've told you is the real reason for my being here in Marawa? Right now, I don't think you really care what is or isn't the truth. All you want is your own fulfilment, your need to be young again. Tell me, why is it so important that you marry a virgin?

Helmut: *(surprised by this question)* Ever since I was a little boy, I've always wanted to own what was new. I've never liked anything that's used, old, or worn out. I suppose my being here is an extension of that need to be first. You see, I've been married three times before. None of my other wives was a virgin before we married.

Jean: I suppose you were.

Helmut: I was a stud before I was sixteen, even! But not once was I the first.

Jean: So that's why you're here in the Pacific. The last frontier, I suppose.

Helmut: Are you mocking me?

Jean: No, I understand you, Helmut.

Helmut: You do?

Jean: I think so! We both think there's a Paradise! But we're wrong, Helmut. Western civilization has penetrated every corner of the globe; we're centuries too late, Helmut!

Helmut: No... no...

Jean: Were your wives bad to you too?

Helmut: Bad? With them, I didn't feel loved. Something was always wrong with me ... I wanted it too often, I was a lousy lover, or my hard-on wasn't hard enough! With Hina, I had hoped to find love. Do you think I'm crazy?

Jean: I don't. I think you're a little lost, but so are most people. Look at Temanu, deluding herself that she's here to find her roots. But when she finds them, will she want to embrace them? Of course not! Her roots sound grand and noble to her because she doesn't live here. As soon as she arrives at the airport and sees the dilapidated buildings, the thatched roofs and the deep pit latrines, she heads straight for the comfort of a motel. She wants to be decolonized, yet she can't do without the colonizer's symbols of the good life. She thinks she knows what's best for her cousin and I suppose for everyone else on Marawa. But she doesn't know them anymore than you or I.



- Helmut: And me? Tell me more about me?
- Jean: You were attracted to the Pacific because of all that you've read about free love and sexual freedom. Am I right?
- Helmut: Yes, carry on.
- Jean: Why then did you expect to find virgins here? For a psychology professor, I find that rather curious.
- Helmut: You make me sound twisted.
- Jean: We all are. I came here expecting Marawa to be primitive and what do I find? Natives dressed to the ankle, a fledgling feminist from ANU, and a toupeed alcoholic from a continent called Europe! *(Jean laughs. Helmut sees the humour and joins in.)* It's ridiculous, isn't it? We all think that Paradise is a place, when all the time ... it's a state of mind!
- Helmut: I'm afraid of growing old, of not being able to get it up. Jean, I'm afraid of a limp penis.
- Jean: And I'm afraid ... I'm afraid of you, Helmut! *(They both stare at each other and chuckle. Helmut puts his arms around Jean who gently resists.)*
- Helmut ... I'm serious. I'm afraid of men like you, men who are ruled by their penis. *(pause)* It's late, and I must go.
- Helmut: Please don't go. Stay the night here, with me. Please...
- Jean: You're drunk, Helmut.

Helmut: I'm not drunk.

Jean: Yes, you are.

Helmut: You can sleep next to me. I promise I won't touch you. Or you can sleep on the bed, and I'll sleep on the floor.

Jean: Go to sleep, Helmut. You've had a hard day.

Helmut: *(holding her hand)* Please don't go, I want to be with someone. I feel so lonely. *(Begins to sob.)* Nobody loves me...

Jean: Go to sleep, Helmut. I'll see you in the morning.

Helmut: Will you come to the airport?

Jean: Are you still leaving tomorrow?

Helmut: Yes.

Jean: And Hina? Do you think she'll join you?

Helmut: She's my wife now.

Jean: Of course. Well, I must be going. *(Jean moves to the door as Helmut tries his luck again.)*

Helmut: Jean.

Jean: Yes?

Helmut: I love you, Jean.

Jean: You only say you love me because you're drunk and feeling lonely. When daylight comes and you're sober, you'll hate me for having revealed your secrets to me.

Helmut: No, I won't. Even in the daylight, I'll still love you. Jean, spend the night with me. I have more secrets to reveal to you. Please...

Jean: *(seemingly undecided)* Thanks for the offer, Helmut, but I'm not so desperate, yet. *(pause)* I'll be at the airport tomorrow. Good night, Helmut! *(Quick exit. Helmut turns around and sees the negligé on the bed. Holds the red negligé to his chest as he lies down on the bed and curls up like a foetus. Faint sounds of his favourite song)* 'It's just a little brown gal, In a little brown skirt, In a little grass shack...'

*(Blackout.)*

## SCENE FOUR

### THE AIRPORT, THE DAY AFTER

### THE WEDDING

---

*(Sound of a small aeroplane is heard, landing. Spotlight on the painting on the backdrop which is now that of a frigate bird flying in the sky. General lighting. Seated on stage waiting for Hina and Helmut to arrive are Hina's parents, Hina's Auntie Mere, and Jeke. Hina's mother and auntie carry flower garlands in their hands. Hina wears the wig she wore during the wedding scene. Jeke is strumming a ukelele and singing a farewell song (such as the Samoan song 'Tofa, mai feleni') when this scene begins. Before he finishes the second verse, an officious looking person (announcer) appears):*

**Announcer:** I announce arrival of aeroplane. Passengers leaving on flight to Puva please check counters for your seat numbers. Thank you! *(Jeke continues singing, then Mere walks over to him.)*

**Mere:** Your voice sound like a cockroach. I don't know why you come and show off here.

**Jeke:** At least I can make a tune, and the toads don't come out when I sing. But when you open your mouth, all the frogs poke their heads out of their holes. See, one big one over there. *(Pointing at a spot somewhere between Mere's legs. Mere jumps.)* And another one there. Hey, go away, it not suppertime yet. *(Laughs at his own joke.)*

**Mere:** See, you so stupid you don't know that frog never live in hole. Only your rat always looking for a hole.

*(Hina's mother laughs, while Hina's father smokes away.)*

*(to Hina's mother)* What you gonna ask Hina to bring? When Hina come back at Christmas, I tell her bring me earring.

Mother: I want new dress. A white dress for church on Sunday.

Father: I ask her to buy me two cartons Pall Mall. That all I want.

Mere: Pall Mall? They don't have Pall Mall where she going. They only smoke expensive cigarettes, like Benson and Benson.

Father: I tell her bring me that too.

Mother: Don't ask her too many things.

Father: Why? This is her chance to do something for me.

Mother: But she has no money. Her husband own the money. And he not millionaire you know.

Mere: What say Jeke? How much he give you?

Jeke: I'm not telling. All I tell you is that he give me good money. But I use it all now, so when he come I'm gonna ask him for more.

Mere: If he had good time last night, he give you more, otherwise...

Jeke: Why shouldn't he have good time? Surely Hina very good in bed?

- Mother:** Hey, you shut your face. What you know about my daughter, eh?
- Jeke:** Nothing, I just joke.
- Mother:** Well, don't joke about my daughter or I remove your head from your neck!
- Mere:** *(laughing)* That surely improve the way he look, eh? Make him look more like Mr Helmut. *(Laughs, but then realizes Hina's mother is not amused. Stops.)* It's Mr Helmut's fault if he got nothing last night! He should follow the custom and sleep in the village, instead he take Hina to motel. Just like she has no relative.
- Mother:** He white man, so what you expect? *(Enter Helmut and Jean. Helmut is drunk as usual. He is dressed in a formal suit and carries a briefcase. Jean wears a dress with a floral print. Her camera hangs from her shoulder.)*
- Helmut:** *(singing)* 'It's not the islands fair that are calling to me...'
- Jean:** *(to the assembled company)* Hello, I'm Jean, a friend of Helmut's.
- Jeke:** *(reaching out to shake Jean's hand enthusiastically)* I'm happy to see you again.
- Jean:** Thank you. Have you all come to say good-bye to Hina?
- Jeke:** Yes, this Hina's father, mother and auntie.

- Jean: Hello. I saw you all yesterday at the wedding.
- Mere: Yes, you took video. When we see video?
- Jean: I'll let you know when I can show you.
- Mere: Thank you very much. Where you stay?
- Jean: At the motel.
- Mere: You save your money, come and stay with us. You stay with me and my husband or Hina's parents.
- Jean: Really? (*Putting away her notebook and looking up at Mere, touched.*) I would really like that. That is most kind of you. (*Thinking she had not heard correctly.*)
- You can't be serious, you don't even know me.
- Mere: What?
- Jean: How much do I pay you?
- Mere: I don't understand (*pause*).
- Jean: What about ten dollars per night?
- Mere: Oh, you mean you give us money? No, you just come, and bring yourself only. Anytime. You know anyone else on this island?
- Jean: Well, I've met Hina, and Hina's cousin Temanu. She stays with me at the motel.
- Mother: Hina's cousin?

- Jean: Yes, she was at the wedding.
- Jeke: *(to Hina's father)* She is daughter of Etika, your brother.
- Father: Oh, yes. She at the wedding, too.
- Mother: But why she never come to stay with us?
- Father: She'll come when she ready. Is she with my daughter now?
- Jean: Yes. I think they'll be coming later. *(Jeke takes Helmut to the side where they whisper animatedly.)*
- Mother: Did something happen?
- Jean: Nothing serious, but Temanu took Hina last night to her room. They slept there.
- Mere: Oh, ho! So something did happen last night, eh?
- Mother: What happen? Tell me the truth.
- Jean: You will have to ask Helmut.
- Mere: *Jeke, saio'se fa ta ne tes ta ia re se 'otou le hän ta e pög ta? (Ask the man what he did to my daughter last night.)*
- Jeke: *(to Helmut)* Hina's mother wants to know what happen last night? Did you two do anything?
- Helmut: We had some problems, that's all.
- Jeke: What problem?



- Helmut:** She didn't want to kiss me, and she screamed, that's all.
- Mere:** *Ka gou a 'häe ia keleag raksa 'ta sirien ma ta 'on 'on ta kapat as ra se ia. (I think the man is so ugly that Hina did not want to kiss him)*
- Mother:** You always laugh at everybody. If Mr Helmut that ugly, my daughter never marry him.
- Helmut:** What did she say?
- Jeke:** She said she was very sorry to hear your story.
- Announcer:** Passenger boarding aeroplane to Puva please proceed to departure area. Your flight will be leave in 15 minute. Tank you! *(There is pushing and shoving between Jeke and Helmut.)*
- Helmut:** No wife for me, no money.
- Jeke:** You promise me money after wedding.
- Helmut:** And you promised to find me a good wife. Where is she?
- Jeke:** You took her with you to your room. If you lose her, that your fault.
- Helmut:** *(Grabbing Jeke by the collar of his shirt.)* My fault! My fault! You didn't warn me about her behaviour! You didn't tell me what I should have done to get her into bed.
- Jeke:** Let go! You never ask.

- Jean: *(pulling them apart)* Helmut ... please. Control yourself.
- Helmut: How can I? I gave this man \$200 to find me a virgin. He's used up all my money, now he wants more. But I still don't have a wife. I've been cheated, cheated .... *(Sits down and begins to weep. Hina's mother and auntie try to comfort him by patting his hair and massaging his legs.)*
- Announcer: All passenger leaving for Puva please proceed to plane .... Sorry, I repeat again. All passenger leaving on the plane to Puva, please proceed to departure area. Thank you!
- Jean: Helmut, you must board the plane now, I don't think Hina will come. *(She hugs him.)* Good-bye, Helmut. *(Helmut looks at the others tearfully, not sure what to do. Mere shakes his hand and kisses him on the cheek. Mother does the same then puts her garland of flowers around Helmut's neck. Jean takes pictures during all this. Helmut puts out his hand to shake Hina's father's hand but he turns away and spits.)*
- Helmut: I'm sorry. I'm sorry...
- Father: Get out!
- Helmut: I'm sorry. Please forgive me.
- Mere: Send him Pall Mall then he forgive you! *(She laughs.)*
- Helmut: Good-bye. *(Mumbles, "I'm sorry," as he moves to exit. The women wave good-bye as Helmut moves to board his plane. Mere calls out)*

- Mere:** *(shouting)* Mr Helmut, look after your hair! *(She takes the wig from her head, twirls it around her fingers, and exits, laughing. Hina's mother moves toward the exit, walking past her husband who remains seated. She points at her husband and points at the exit.)*
- Mother:** Shh! Home! *(He obeys instantly. Jeke eyes Jean who seems lost in thought as she stands waving to Helmut. Jean turns and sees him.)*
- Jeke:** You're not going?
- Jean:** Not for another two weeks.
- Jeke:** You like to dance?
- Jean:** Me? *(pause)* Yes, I do like to dance. Why?
- Jeke:** I come to take you dance tonight?
- Jean:** Oh, no. No thanks, I've got a lot to do in the evenings.
- Jeke:** Like what?
- Jean:** I've got to write up my research.
- Jeke:** All the time? Sometimes it's good to go dance, do something different. What you say?
- Jean:** Well...you're right, you know. Sometimes I wish I could go out dancing. But I don't want to go out alone.
- Jeke:** I will look after you, take you wherever you want to go. You don't need to pay me anything, I just help you with your research.

- Jean: You will?
- Jeke: Yes. I have a theory.
- Jean: You mean theory?
- Jeke: Yes, you know. Why Marawan people make love all the time, and why Marawan man, when he see lovely girl like you, his heart go boom butudoom, and it miss a beat. What you say?
- Jean: Well...
- Jeke: You want to have drink with me, and we talk?
- Jean: Now?
- Jeke: Yes.
- Jean: Where?
- Jeke: Close by. We drink and watch the plane take off. And you can take picture of me, eh?
- Jean: *(snapping a picture of Jeke)* There, I've taken a picture of you. So now I don't have to come.
- Jeke: Oh yes. If you want picture of private part! *(Jean blushes.)* Tell me, why you always take picture?
- Jean: I don't know. Haven't really thought about it. *(pause)* It's something that we anthropologists do ... and tourists too. I think I know the answer! We can hold pictures in our hand and say to folks back home, "I've been there, I've done Marawa, and here's the proof."

Without something concrete to show, how do you know they'll believe you? In my case, pictures are the most tangible evidence of my having done fieldwork! So far, anyway.

Jeke: I see. You want more evident of fieldwork ... now?

Jean: *(pause)* Okay. But no funny games.

Jeke: You can trust me, I'm a very good boy. I only tell the tuth.

Jean: You mean truth! *(Jean hesitates, then follows Jeke. Both exit as Temanu and Hina appear. Temanu is dressed in 'native' style, Hina in a western dress, canvas shoes, and carrying a shoulder bag.)*

Announcer: Calling passengers leaving on aeroplane to Puva. Please, board plane now. Passengers leaving on Pathetic Air, please, board plane now!

Temanu: Take out your boarding pass.

Hina: Boarding pass?

Temanu: Yes, it's inside your passport. You'll have to show it as you enter the plane.

Hina: Thank you.

Temanu: Take my word for it, Hina. I've seen the world, it's no better than life here. You won't be happy. Aren't there better men here who will love you and care for you? Much better than you can ever hope for with a *palagi*?

- Hina: Sister, don't stop me. You go around, you see the world, but I not. I never go out of this little island, never. I want to get out. I want to see the world, to experience it myself. And I want good education too. This man, he my passport.
- Temanu: Your passport to misery!
- Announcer: Calling passengers leaving on plane to Puva. Please, board plane now! Tank you! (*staring at Hina and Temanu*) Hina, you coming or no? The plane not wait for you all day, you know! (*Shakes her head in frustration and exits.*)
- Hina: Sister, I understand what you saying. But ... I tell you my secret...
- Temanu: What is it, Hina?
- Hina: I not virgin, Temanu.
- Temanu: You're not a virgin?
- Hina: Like you, I girl no more. I woman now.
- Temanu: Hina...
- Hina: It was Jeke!
- Temanu: Jeke! Oh God. Jeke!
- Hina: Yes. (*brightening up*) And he very good, I enjoy it. I only wore one leaf, so I don't mind if it get crease. (*a slight mischievous smile*) Jeke experience, not like your Australian boyfriend.

- Temanu: *(pause)* I see... But what will you do when Helmut finds out you're not a virgin?
- Hina: Helmut? There are ways... Right now, let him dream his dream. Let him think I virgin. That his problem. But don't worry. I have brain too. Like you!
- Temanu: Well, if he lets you down, don't say I didn't warn you.
- Hina: I won't blame you. This my choice. If I make mistake, I learn. But I got to do this. And please tell my parents, I'm sorry. Maybe they feel ashamed, about the wedding. Good-bye, Temanu. *(Hina embraces Temanu, turns and heads toward exit.)*
- Temanu: *(shouting after Hina)* Look after yourself! Wherever you go, never forget your roots. Never forget who you are, or where you come from.
- Hina: *(shouting back to Temanu)* I know my roots. You come to find roots, that fine, but I ... I want to find wings too!
- Temanu: Hina! I have a present for you! *(Temanu rushes to Hina. Temanu removes her lavalava to reveal a pair of shorts underneath. Ties her lavalava around Hina's waist.)* Take this, a reminder of Marawa. Wear it whenever you feel lonely. There'll be many nights when you'll be on your own, when Helmut will be out drinking with the boys or pursuing other women... Wear this *lavalava* and know that you always have relatives who love you and care about you. They'll always be here waiting for your return.
- Ann: This is last call for passengers flying Pathetic Air to Puva. Please board your plane now or we leave you

behind! *(stares at Hina)* Hina, you think this your father's plane or what? *(Makes an ugly face at Hina as she storms off in a huff!)*

*(Temanu and Hina hold hands briefly. Temanu wipes the tears from Hina's cheeks before Hina moves to the exit to board her plane. Temanu waves and then stands staring after Hina. The two ancestral spirits rush in to catch the plane (laden with mats, kava bowl, green leaves, coconuts etc.) and brush against Temanu who feels their presence but can't see anyone. She is puzzled. She turns to find Hina's parents and Mere entering.)*

Mother: You must be Temanu.

Temanu: Yes. You're all too late. Hina's gone.

Father: *(waving a stick in his hand threateningly)* We been looking everywhere for you two.

Mere: Yes, we went to motel. They say you had come here, so we come quickly. Now I know why I still holding this. *(referring to the garland in her hands)* It for you. *(Puts garland around Temanu's neck and kisses Temanu on the cheek.)*

Temanu: I did try to stop her. I did. But she wouldn't listen to me.

Mother: Hina gone, but you come home, Temanu. We lost her, but we find you. We so happy you come. Now we take you home with us. This way ... *(As they turn to exit, Jeki and Jean enter and proceed to centre stage. Jeki is playing his ukelele and singing a love song. Hina's parents, Mere, and Temanu stop and stare at the couple, surprised. Mere calls out to Jeki.)*



- Mere: *Jeke, ka 'äe hoa 'hän mafue ta se tei? (Mere laughs and runs off. Temanu asks Hina's mother)*
- Temanu: What's she saying?
- Mother: *(to Temanu) She said, "Where you taking that old woman?" (Hina's parents laugh as they exit.)*
- Jean: What did she say? *(slapping a mosquito on her arm)*  
Bloody mosquitoes!
- Jeke: *(whispering in Jean's ear) She said you look beautiful! (Jean realizes the joke is on her and laughs.)*
- Jean: Temanu, I have something to tell you.
- Temanu: I suppose you're going to say you're in love.
- Jean: No, Temanu, I'm not in love. All I want to say is that I'm leaving the motel tomorrow to stay with your relatives.
- Temanu: You mean you won't be playing the *palagi* anthropologist anymore?
- Jean: That's what I mean,
- Temanu: I see. So you and I will be in the village then.
- Jean: That's right, Temanu.
- Temanu: Well ... maybe we could be on the lookout for each other.
- Jean: Yes. I'd like that very much, Temanu. Maybe we could be friends.

**Temanu:** Maybe. *(pause)* Do you think that by going to stay with my relatives, you can become one of us?

**Jean:** No, I can never be one of you. I know that. And neither could you ever be one of them, Temanu! But I can be myself, among you. And you had better learn to accept me. I'll see you in the village. *(Moves to exit.)*

**Jeke:** Hey, wait! You forget me!

**Jean:** I'm not staying because of you, Jeke. I'm staying because ... because I want to. For a change, I'd like to simply relax, and enjoy being here. *(pause)* Don't spoil the rest of my time here, Jeke.

**Jeke:** You don't like me?

**Jean:** I didn't say that. But I'd appreciate it if you left me alone from now onwards.

**Jeke:** I get message. You want me gone.

**Jean:** *(a brief kiss on Jeke's cheek)* Goodbye, Jeke. And good luck!

**Jeke:** No more research?

**Jean:** No Jeke.

**Jeke:** Too bad for me, huh? *(to Temanu)* What about you? You do research too? Yes?

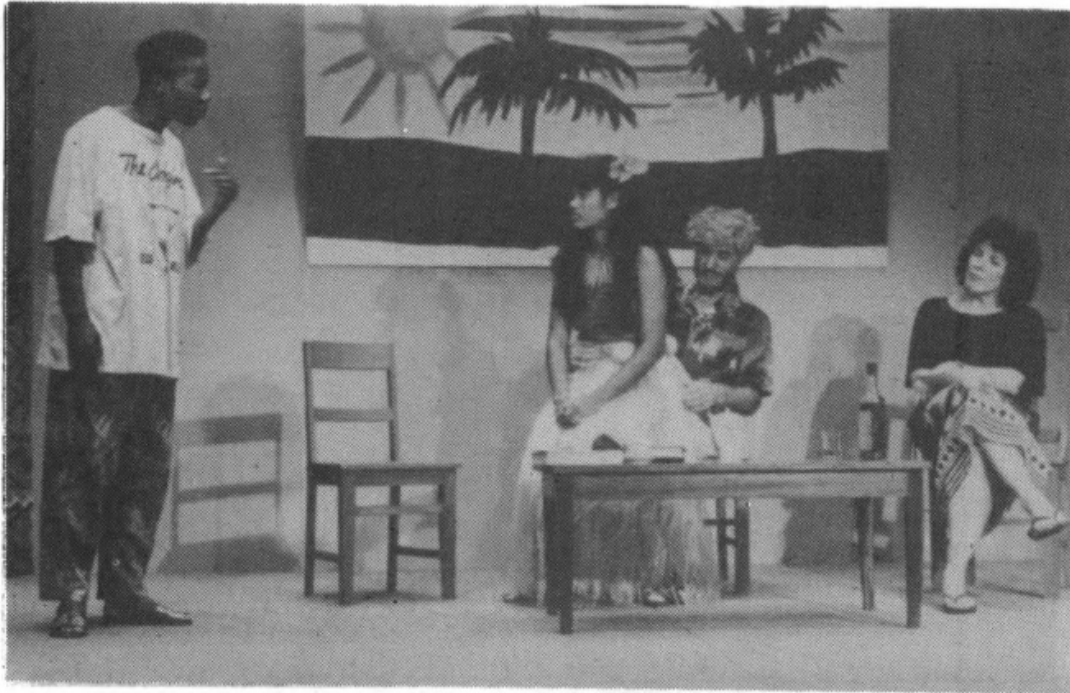
**Temanu:** Baby, if I did, it wouldn't be with the likes of you! Piss off!

- Jeke: Okay, okay, I go. (*Moves to exit.*) Bloody women, both of you! (*Makes a rude sign as he disappears.*)
- Temanu: So, why aren't you panting after him? Isn't desire the second language white anthropologists learn as soon as they hit these islands? Don't you just want to be deflowered by a big black gorilla?
- Jean: (*silence*) How did you know I'm a virgin?
- Temanu: What? (*pause*) My God, I'll be damned! (*Stares at Jean in disbelief as Jean begins to shake.*) I had no idea. (*Moves to Jean.*) I... Look, I'm really sorry.
- Jean: (*trying to be in control again*) I'll be all right. (*Temanu gives Jean some tissue paper from her pocket.*) Thanks. I didn't realize it's so obvious to everyone.
- Temanu: (*addressing the audience*) Was it obvious to you? It wasn't to me. God, I don't know about you, but I've had enough surprises in a day! I'm ready to make my exit from this play! (*to Jean*) Tell you what? Let's go back to the motel, where we can really talk. I've got a 40-ounce bottle of whisky in my bag. I'm not sure if that's going to be enough...
- Jean: (*eyes brightening up*) Yes, I'd really like that! I feel better already.

*(Jean and Temanu exit together as the sound of the plane taking off is heard, and becomes louder and louder. A spotlight on the image of the frigate bird on the backdrop. Hina appears in modern dancing costume [wearing the lavalava her cousin had given her] and stands in the spotlight. Crouched on either side as though to protect her are the two*

*ancestral spirits. The sound of the aeroplane is now replaced by Polynesian drumming or music. Hina dances unrestrainedly, using the whole stage.)*

~ THE END ~



**Temanu (Kara Sewale) advises Hina (Donina Wa) as Helmut (Ian Johnston) and Jean (Rosaleen Smyth) listen.**



**The male clown (Faasalaina Taaloga) leads the singing during the wedding. The anthropologist videotapes the scene.**



**Hina dances the *tau'olunga*, watched by Helmut (now her husband) and her relatives.**



**Temanu accuses Helmut of being a rapist as she removes her cousin's luggage from Helmut's room.**

## **IMAGES OF PARADISE**

Belief in the existence of an imaginary world where people lived in total peace, harmony and happiness is probably as old as the world itself. Somewhere in the direction of the setting sun, existed, it was thought, islands where people lived in a state of perfect happiness. The enchanted islands described in Homer's *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, and other tales relate one of the most ancient and common aspirations of man: the need to escape from his social and material environment.

This urge to find a terrestrial paradise to be liberated from the difficulties, ills and increasing complexity of society reached its peak in the 18th century with the ideas of Jean-Jacques Rousseau and the notion of the 'noble savage.' With him, the image of the 'savage' was turned upside down. At that time, the old European society was showing signs of fatigue, and the emerging capitalist middle class needed as a weapon a basic belief in the goodness of human nature, personal freedom and boundlessness to justify its assault on the privilege, corruption and failure of feudalism and *ancien régime*. It would serve the purpose of creating a new man in a new society.

Rousseau clothed his ideas in such forceful and persuasive terms that they became very familiar and popular in his day. The idea was that it should be possible to find in a 'simple' society the happiness that was so hard to achieve in Europe. As such, a myth about the Pacific islands was already created before their 'discovery.' The 'discovery' of Tahiti was to provide the climax of this enchantment. In fact, everything was to happen as if the islands of the Pacific had been invented (even if they really were 'discovered').

In 1756, Charles de Brosses published his highly influential book *Histoire des Navigations aux Terres Australes*. De Brosses argued that the discovery of an unknown Southern Continent, or 'Terra Australia Incognita' (where it was thought existed many nations, kingdoms, riches, gold, stones, minerals, perfume, strange races,



and entire populations to be saved for Christ) would be 'the grandest, noblest and most useful enterprise.' Of course, France should get it before England could.

Among those who read Rousseau and de Brosses was a man who was destined to create for Europe a reality out of a dream: Louis Antoinne Bougainville (1729-1811), an educated man with the wide interests and unquenchable curiosity of the age.

April 6 was to be the day the legend of Tahiti, the last paradise, was born, although in a way, the legend already existed. It was in his mind. Bougainville arrived in Tahiti with a sense of *déjà vu*. An ideology was determining his reactions. He was looking to confirm the theories of political and social progress popular in Europe of a lost golden age, the noble savage and natural societies. His vision was conditioned by preconceived ideas to such an extent that the images he saw were already distorted. The fact that he and his crew had been at sea for a long and difficult time made the vision even more appealing. Consider the description of the panoramic scene that greeted him and his crew on arrival:

*I ask: how could one keep at work, in the midst of such a spectacle, four hundred Frenchmen, young sailors who for six months had not seen a woman? In spite of all our precautions one young woman jumped aboard onto the poop, and stood by one of the hatches above the capstan. This hatch was opened to give some air to those who were working. The young girl negligently allowed her loin cloth to fall to the ground, and appeared to all eyes such as Venus showed herself to the Phrygian shepherd. She had the goddess's celestial form. Sailors and soldiers hurried to get to the hatchway, and never was the capstan heaved with such speed. At last our cares succeeded in keeping these bewitched fellows in order, though it was no less difficult to keep command of ourselves.*

He called the island 'Nouvelle Cythère' after the island in Greece where the Goddess of Love, Venus, first emerged from the sea. At last, the enchanted land of the noble savage had been found.

Everyone in Europe was eager to read about the island where free love appeared to be the norm and where everyone seemed to



live according to the gospel of Jean-Jacques Rousseau. Bougainville was able to communicate and transmit all the enthusiasm which he had felt in the islands, and Europe was ready, willing and even demanding it all.

Bougainville's botanist, Philibert Commerçon, wrote about Tahitians: "they know no other god than love. Everyday is consecrated to him, the whole island is his temple, all the women are the idols and the men the worshippers. And what women! the rivals of the Georgians in beauty, and the sisters of the unveiled graces. The act of procreation is an act of religion; its preludes are encouraged by the voices and songs of the assembled people, and its end is greeted by universal applause." 'Noble savage' was not good enough a name to call a Tahitian; he called them '*les bons utopiens*' (the good utopians).

Numerous other writers and philosophers who had never set foot in the Pacific were soon using the ideas of sexual liberty, eroticism, love, religion and women, which had so shocked and fascinated society, to show how sick European society was and how therefore it should be abolished. This was to be the Pacific's contribution to the French Revolution. They could not have cared less if their observations ran counter to reality. Their purpose lay elsewhere – at the heart of European society. The birth of the South Pacific myth was hence a creation in which an already flawed reality was transformed to suit the needs of a Europe struggling to understand itself.

Yet it all left one more factor to complete the dream come true: The noble savage himself. That cry for a representative of the state of nature was answered. Ahutoru and Omai, brought to Paris (1769) and London (1774) by Bougainville and Cook respectively, made their appearances in coincidence with the current vogue of Rousseau's writings. They descended as 'living trophies' from the Pacific on societies prepared to acclaim them as men whose basic goodness had never been corrupted by the falseness of civilization. Both were pleasant, quiet spoken, good humoured, friendly with inclinations for feasting; they showed a great sense of music and

dance, learned horse riding and even skating, and of course showed great passion for the ladies. They became in France as in England, the subject of gossip in the salons and cafes. They went to the opera, mixed with high society and the court, met scientists and linguists as if they had done it all their life. One of them even created a grand surprise by cooking a lamb shoulder in an earth oven which he had himself prepared! Their influence on the myth was also quite extraordinary considering the avalanche of verse, satires, critical articles, pamphlets and paintings which followed their stay. The amazing story of the *Mutiny on the Bounty* was to have an equally powerful impact in capturing the imagination of millions of Europeans.

The turn of the century saw a definite decline in the popularity of the islands and their people, caused in part by the arrival and influence of the missionaries. The resurgence of evangelical thought during the last decade of the 18th century in England, meant that increasingly, Polynesians were depicted not as 'carefree Adams' but 'indolent Lucifers'. Tahiti, for instance, was no longer viewed as a paradise or ideal society from which valuable lessons could be learned, but rather as a land of depraved or incompetent savages, the direction of whom the evangelizing forces should take up.

As the first agents of colonialism, they taught the Islanders how to serve Europeans, declared the goods which they were to be supplied with, and immediately demanded land on which houses were to be built. All 'pagan' singing and dancing, nudity and other 'care-free' and 'idolatrous' habits, which had been worshipped twenty years earlier, were now forbidden. One reverend in Hawai'i, for instance, went to the extent of accusing dogs which barked while missionaries walked by, even on the Sabbath, to be as pagan as their owners! More importantly though, the Islanders were forced to work to be able to buy English cotton clothes imposed on them by the new spiritual fathers, and were thus assimilated into capitalism.

The eclipse was, however, only temporary. The exotic aspect of the myth came back in full force in the second half of the cen-

ture thanks to a new wave of sentimental writers, led by Pierre Loti, Chateaubriand and R.L. Stevenson. Crying out from under the increasingly oppressive nature of the Industrial Revolution, this new wave of writers rebelled against the status quo and church values, and used the faraway Pacific Islands as refuge from their mechanical and commercial society and the monstrous alienation of the factories of the grey cities of Europe. But literature about Tahiti remained wholly constructed out of the Western imagination.

The first renowned fiction writer to visit Tahiti was not French nor English but American: Herman Melville (1819-1891). He thrilled the public with his first two novels *Typee* and *Omoo*, both of which were based on his life in Tahiti and the Marquesas as a marooned whaler. Tahiti was to make his fame and never was he able to regain that popularity, not even with his masterpiece, *Moby Dick*, which he wrote much later. Other writers would only follow in writing dream accounts of palm trees, lagoons and beautiful women.

Paul Gauguin (1848-1903) is only the most famous of all those whose imagination was filled with visions of Tahiti. He arrived in Tahiti in 1891 and was immediately conquered by the myth, and as a disciple of Rousseau let himself slip into it, its notions of the noble savage and paradise lost. Tahiti would transform him and allow him to realize his art and above all himself. As a writer, his subjects included anti-militarism, anti-colonialism, opposition to Christianity, women's liberation, all of which often landed him in great trouble with the colonial administration. Disenchanted by Tahiti and its decline, he sought the last refuge of the Marquesas where he died, sick and lonely. But his paintings never ceased to glorify the Tahitian myth, synonymous of Eden and many were those who, inspired by him, came on pilgrimage to Tahiti.

From the 1950s, the exportation of the myth became a viable and lucrative investment and acquired an economic value. Its survival now depends on successful advertising, usually in the form of the four S's: sun, sea, sand and sex. The gospel of Rousseau has

been replaced by that of the sun! Tourism, thanks to its advertising techniques, has transformed the sociological, philosophical and literary myth of the 18th and 19th centuries into a lucrative 20th century economic myth.

But what about Tahiti today? For 200 years Europeans have done nothing but talk about themselves. The myth does not say anything about the 'real' Tahitians. On the contrary, it never ceases to express the desires and fantasies of Europe. Tahiti has been maintained under the colonial empire of the myth. In terms of ideas, it remains a dreamed-up past and hopeful future for Europe. But this before and after still ignores the present. All along, the Islanders have been condemned to play that very role of the noble and handsome savage in a luxuriant nature. Their part is clear: half-naked, smiling, they should sing and dance like puppets. As long as they perform that role, mother country will provide for everything. That is a normal and accepted aspect of a myth; things are never said as they are but as they should be. This myth as it exists today is European colonialism at its most effective.

But behind the myth exists a people! A country, like any other with its difficulties and aspirations; a Third World nation with many poor, almost non-existent economically, with a corrupt elite, etc. As such, Tahiti is very much like the rest of the Pacific, Africa, Latin America and Asia.

It has scarcely been acknowledged that real men and real women exist in Tahiti and that they should be respected for who they are, not who they should be. This attitude has persisted to this day in the minds of both Tahitians and Europeans. However, several recent phenomena have begun the process of destroying the myth, or at least reshaping it. Tahitians, for so long kept out of history, have stepped into history through a variety of events publicized world-wide (numerous hotel strikes, a dock workers' strike, followed by the burning of downtown Papeete, the assassination of prominent colonial administrators and businessmen, prison and anti-nuclear riots, etc.). This expression of dissent found a written voice from the late 1960s when several Tahitian poets began searching

for ways in which their people might acquire a more satisfying role in the myth. For the sake of cultural decolonization and postcolonial reconstruction, the success of this 're-mythologization' is vital.

**Robert Nicole**  
**Department of History/Politics**  
**University of the South Pacific**

## **PACIFIC CLOWNING**

---

As a performance genre, clowning is popular all over the world; in recent years, clowns have not only continued to achieve popularity in film, on the stage, in the circus, literature, television and newsprint, but they have also made their way into non-traditional arenas. For example, in the 1990s clowns may be found performing in operating theatres in a New York hospital, or as priests serving the Eucharist in a Honolulu church.

In the Pacific, ritual clowns were woven into the ancient religious fabric of society. With the spread of Christianity world-wide and into the Pacific, the old beliefs in spirits disappeared, and so began the demise of the ritual clown. Although in some parts of the Pacific ritual clowning is still evident, its performance has lost much of its *mana*, 'potency and efficiency', and socio-religious import. Papua New Guinea, due to the late penetration of colonization, has been more successful in preserving its sacred ritual performances. Accounts of the Iatmul mothers 'brothers' naven clowning, the fertility ceremony of the Umeda villagers in the Sandaun Province, and the *niyel* 'curing' carnival amongst the Wape of Papua New Guinea include characteristics—such as the wearing of masks, elaborate costumes and explicit sexual displays — that did not survive the 19th century in Polynesia.

But although the religious significance of ritual clowning in Pacific islands societies has severely eroded, the urge to mimic or amuse others cannot be suppressed by westernization or by Christianity. Thus in the Pacific, clowning, in secular or ritual contexts, is pervasive.

### **Secular Clowning**

Secular clowning, which is usually spontaneous and improvised, usually occurs whenever individuals gather together for celebrations of one kind or another. Those who are sufficiently excited at social gatherings may suddenly jump up and, with gay abandon,

dance in a ludicrous manner—hipwagging, parodying someone, flirting with another, rolling on the floor, or generally behaving in a manner intended to cause laughter. The 'capacity for laughter' is the motor that drives individuals to act the role of clown voluntarily and thereby become the focus of laughter. The spontaneous clown on such occasions provides a 'service' to the community, for laughter is viewed as intrinsically pleasurable and an indicator of the community's well-being. Since dancing is the most popular form of entertainment in the Pacific, clowning is often part of dance, although it may occur independently.

The literature on the Pacific includes accounts of dramatic storytelling (which includes clowning) that demonstrate imaginative stagecraft. Roles were taken up by costumed actors; sometimes a whole community was involved. The arrival of Christianity and western education provided Pacific Islanders with new material to dramatize-if not satirize-and encouraged the performance of sketches or longer plays. Compared to spontaneous clowning, which is like short pithy aphorisms, comic sketches are like dramatized short stories.

### **Ritual Clowning**

Ritual clowning occurs either in the context of ritual, or within a frame of privileged licence. Designated individuals usually act the role of clown on such occasions. Close relatives of those undergoing the rites are usually obliged to join in as well. Although their antics are reminiscent of clowning in secular contexts, the juxtaposition of humour with serious ritual alters the significance of their antics.

Members of a society may believe that a clown is possessed by a ghost or spirit or is a representative of the spirits, as was the case with Fiji's masquers, and the ritual clowns of Samoa, Tahiti, Marquesas and Rotuma. The old belief that clowns are spiritual mediums or representatives partly explains the deferential treatment accorded to them, even though their actions and behaviour may be disruptive or humiliating. For example, licence to ridicule



was bestowed upon members of Tahiti's *arioi society*, membership of which depended on one's ability to prove possession by the god Oro.

Ritual clowning may take the form of satirical comic sketches. Fiji, Samoa, Tahiti, Tokelau, Tonga, Vanuatu and Papua New Guinea had structured performances that satirized or ridiculed authority or foreign persons and their behaviour. These performances relied primarily on the human body for communication. There is, however, evidence that puppets were used in Aotearoa and Hawai'i, and a type combining strings and rods existed in Mangaia. Furthermore, there are theories that Easter Island had a sacred puppet theatre, though some scholars have dismissed these as mere speculations.

In the contemporary Pacific, the contexts for ritual clowning have become increasingly secularized. For example, the comic sketches of Samoa are now performed in schools and viewed on television. Troupes also compete for prizes during Independence Day celebrations. Once a part of *malaga* 'boating expeditions between villages', Samoa's *fale aitu* 'house of spirits' is now dissociated, an institution in its own right.

Roles, status, and gender reversal are often features of ritual clowning. For example, the lead comedian in a Samoan comic sketch, customarily a man, sometimes dresses as a transvestite. He may use both male and female voices, switching whenever appropriate. In Tokelau, during performances of *fale aitu* sketches, brother and sister relationships are transformed into relationships of husband and wife engaging in name-calling and mock quarrelling. Reversal, however, is not a hard and fast rule, but rather a general pattern which actors can exploit for its comedic effect.

According to published accounts, there existed in the Pacific a very strong theatrical tradition. Note the few brief accounts following.

**Tahiti:** The amusements generally took place at night, when the great *arioi* house was illuminated with fires and candlenut tapers. On a high platform ... erected at one end of the house were placed



high stools and seats for the chief *arioi* of both sexes. In the centre of the building were the comedians, over whom presided the *arioi-hi 'o-niao* (master of ceremonies). The royal family had their seats of honour, and within the building and outside upon the grass were the spectators... In their plays the actors flattered or ridiculed with impunity people and even priests, from the greatest to the least, and they often did much good in causing faults to be corrected (Henry, *Ancient Tahiti*, 1928:237).

**Cook Islands:** The vineyard was made up of small children, dressed in green and trailing from hand to hand long green creepers. As they marched and wheeled into position we saw a Rarotonga version of Birnam wood marching to Dunsinane. Costumes are often elaborate and always colourful. Adaptation and ingenuity are tested. A man needs a long beard - get the grey trailing moss off the old coconut trunks; David's soldiers need helmets - use the traditional Cook Island helmet of coconut husks; Joshua's men need trumpets - use the Polynesian trumpet, the conch shell (Thorogood, *Not Quite Paradise*, 1960:16-17).

**Samoa:** The stage was to consist of not only the centre of the village square but the coconut grove that lined the beach and the lagoon beyond it. The season had been timed so that on this night the full moon rose soon after sunset and lighted up the whole world with its pale white iridescence, furnishing the stage with a backdrop almost too beautiful to be real. First came a pageant in honour of the copra season that had just ended. It told the story of the first traders... Throughout the whole performance the white men were mimicked behind their backs by a group of able clowns who kept the crowd roaring with laughter from beginning to end. Next was the re-enactment of an old legend showing how weeds, nettles and thornbushes came to the islands. It lasted for an hour or more; nearly a hundred people took part in it. A chorus of about fifty people sat off to one side of the square, singing throughout the entire length of the play, chanting the old legend that told of this ancient event (Sloan, *Polynesian Paradise*, 1941:106).

**Fiji:** They sometimes amuse themselves with masquerades. I remember at one time of the public masquerades, an individual who took the character of a white man, and performed it so well, that he caused great mirth. He was clothed like a sailor, armed with a cutlass, and as a substitute for bad teeth..., he had short pieces of black pipe-stems placed irregularly .... This masquerade is carried on by the slaves when they bring in the first fruits and offer them to the king... (Diaper, '*Jackson's Narrative*' 1853, cited in Clunie and Ligairi, *Domodomo*, 1983:60).

Vilsoni Hereniko  
Center for Pacific Islands Studies  
University of Hawai'i

**Vilsoni Hereniko** is Associate Professor at the Center for Pacific Studies, University of Hawai'i at Manoa. Born in Rotuma, Fiji, he taught literature and theatre arts at the University of the South Pacific from 1985 to 1991 before moving to Hawai'i. His other plays are *Don't Cry Mama* (1977), *A Child for Iva* (1980), *Sera's Choice* (1987), and a collection of one-act plays entitled *The Monster and Other Plays* (1989), *Fine Dancing* (1997) and *Love 3 Times* (2001).

**Dr Teresia Teaiwa**, known as Terry or Tere, was born in Hawai'i and raised in Fiji. She identifies as African American and Banaban/I-Kiribati. After teaching in the History/Politics Department at the University of the South Pacific for five years, Teresia took up a position at Victoria University of Wellington where she now coordinates the Pacific Studies programme. She has a collection of poetry entitled *Searching for Nei Nim'anoa* (Mana Publications, 1995) and a CD entitled *Terenesia: Amplified Poetry and Songs* by Teresia Teaiwa and Sia Figiel (Hawai'i Dub Machine and 'Elepaio Press, 2000).

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



3 9015 05517 7003

THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

DATE DUE

~~MAR 15 2004~~

FEB 24 2004

76 442 RA 0268  
FMR  
11/02 02-013-01

Digitized by Google

Original from  
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



Take a beautiful young girl desperate to get out of Marawa, a fictional island in the South Pacific. Add a retired psychology professor from Europe looking for a virgin bride. Stir, then sprinkle liberally with an anthropologist from Harvard collecting data on sexual harassment. Pour into mixture a native feminist, educated at the Australian National University, in search of her roots. What do you get? Last Virgin in Paradise.



Institute of  
Pacific  
Studies

Digitized by

Google

IPS, USP



Original from 982-02-0317-1

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN