

calling out *xiyent gənu ha'o* "fogbound I you" (Ahoj, I am lost in the fog), and the singers sang the song associated with this name.

2. White Owl. When all the guests were seated the lights were turned on and a new song was begun:

Where walks the white owl

On the outskirts of the great village.

Amidst the usual excitement a figure came in wearing an owl mask, a feathered garment, and long metal talons. One by one the guest chiefs were grasped in the usual order of rank. They did not sing or otherwise perform, but were compensated by nephews and nieces of the host.

Naming: The latter were <sup>mere</sup> children, and were escorted by their fathers. It was the obligation of the father to assist their children to attain recognition at the halait feast of their uncle.

At the later *oix* feast these same children would assume names by another process, and that expense would be ~~stood~~ <sup>borne</sup> by the maternal relatives. The father's obligation ceased with this participation in the halait feast.

known of father's uncle  
with halait

3. Grandmother of cuts. A weeping woman came carrying a doll in a cradle, apparently unconscious, <sup>she was</sup> ~~and~~ crying out: "Oh my child, who can restore my child?" Once again the aspect of curing was present. One by one the chiefs, fewer than usual in this case, took the doll and sang their *ksoné'tk* songs, trying to revive it. Finally *sans's* of *Kiteegukla* ~~took~~ put the cradle on the floor and danced and sang around it, and the doll arose and stood erect (manipulated by

strings). As the woman was led out, the master of ceremonies called out: "Go, grandmother of cuts, put cuts to sleep again", thus dramatising the name.

4. The Moon Crest. This performance was different in several respects from the others, and was the dramatisation of a crest rather than a *naxnox*. ~~The singers took up a slow~~ The lights were extinguished, and the singers took up a new song which they sang slowly, in the manner of a dirge rather than a halant song:-

(burdens) where across walks the moon  
to where my master is lost (burdens, grief)  
At the rear of the hall  
~~On the stage~~ a light appeared and slowly moved across the stage, starting as a new moon and gradually waxing to a full moon. This crest is one which was incorporated on the totem pole <sup>later</sup> ~~to be~~ erected.

5. Snipe (t'six). This was <sup>an ordinary</sup> ~~the usual~~ dramatisation of a *naxnox* name. Amidst the usual warnings the masked figure representing this bird came in and danced about to a peculiar rapid beat, then disappeared.

6. Stealing (t'sa'wols). The dramatisation of this name was an elaborate affair, obviously the main event of the evening.

6. Always Hiding (gwok'ya'ux). A small, bewildered figure <sup>wearing</sup> ~~in~~ a large mask and carrying a heavy pack came in, but would not dance. He was eventually ushered out by the attendants

although fears were expressed that the *naxnaxs* would be angered and disaster would befall. In this way the dramatization of this name set the stage for the next performance.

7. Stealing (t'sa'wols). The elaborate dramatization of this name was obviously the main event of the evening. In brief, a strange warrior split the skull of t'sa'wols with an axe, and <sup>the</sup> chiefs <sup>to attempt</sup> one by one used their curing powers to restore him to life.

Shouts of fright and the sounds of struggle were heard outside the door. The din increased, and an attendant came in and rushed to the master of ceremonies: "Why didn't you prevent the thoughtless ones from putting out that *halait*. Now we are in great danger. There is a great warrior outside, and if he comes in we are all in great danger." After much commotion the warrior came in, wielding a spear and also carrying a bow and arrows and a club. He attacked the spectators and also the master of ceremonies, and only the greatest efforts of the attendants saved them from injury. They finally rushed him and got the spear away. Then the warrior fitted an arrow in his bow and again threatened the chiefs. "Disarm him before he kills someone," shouted the master of ceremonies, but the warrior kept eluding his pursuers. They finally crowded him over to the door and took his bow away. Then he attacked with his club, and he seemed intent on killing t'sa'wols, who was sitting at the rear of the hall. Once again he

was disarmed.

Near the door he saw an axe, and he seized it and started wielding it. The attendants scattered, then chased him as he made for t'sawwals. ~~In the melee, he~~ When the melee had cleared, t'sawwals was on the floor with the axe sunk in his head and blood flowing down his face. Many of the spectators were in terror and started to weep. The warrior backed away and then retreated through the crowd and out the door. There was confusion / 3<sup>33</sup>

~~hag~~ haxpəgwətk spoke: "Do not despair, maybe some of the chiefs here will have power to restore our dead chief to life." A bearskin robe was placed on the floor and the "dead" man laid upon it and covered up. The axe was thrown on the floor (this time a real axe) for everyone to see. The master of ceremonies called out, "Chiefs, chiefs, you will all try to lighten our grief. Surely one of you has sufficient power to restore to life our murdered brother."

He addressed first ksg.əg.əm hīg.əx of Kitwanga: "Come great kalait ksg.əg.əm hīg.əx, you had better try your powers where my brother's body lies. Perhaps you have the power" (The same pattern of address was used for all the chiefs in their turn.) All the Kitwanga people gathered in a group to sing. They had rehearsed all of their chiefs' kalait songs before they came, and were ready. They had their own drums and rattles. g.əx rose and began to sing his kəənək, very faintly at first, then louder, and all of the Kitwanga joined in. Then he went forward to where the body lay, began to

dance around it and sing once more, softly and then louder, and once again his tribe joined in and sang with him. Finally he stopped, and said "No, I can't do anything." The master of ceremonies said: "You were very nearly able to restore him, great Kalart, I thought I saw a slight movement."

Then te'ngwax was called in the same way. He sang and danced in the same ~~pattern~~ <sup>manner</sup>, supported by all the Kitwanga, before announcing "No, I can do nothing. I was very nearly able to, but my naxnōx has gone and I must give up." The other Kitwanga chiefs were called in their turn: 'ast'ye'x, ha'lu's, t'awa'istk, l'elt, q'il'awō'ō, s'amdiks, and xpila'xe. Each was compensated by the nephews and nieces of gwaxsa'n. The chiefs of Kitwancool, Hazelton, ~~and~~ Hazelgate, and finally Kitsegukla were called in their turn.

Practically all <sup>of them</sup> followed closely the ~~same~~ procedure ~~as~~ outlined above, but a few enacted curing performances patterned <sup>more closely</sup> on those of ~~the~~ <sup>an actual</sup> shaman. [perhaps these were shamans]. For example, g. amnaxye'ltk of Kitwancool came forward and sat down beside the body and went into a trance. Coming out of it again, he announced: "They are now here; they that will assist me. They have come." He sang his kson'e'tk song, supported by his Kitwancool people, then lapsed briefly into a trance once more before dancing around the body. He too gave up: "I cannot help you. My naxnōxs do not respond to me in this. This is something different."

lutkudzit'us of Hazelton removed his ceremonial robes and put on the bear robe of

a swa'nsk halait (curing shaman). He sat down by the body and went into a trance. Then he arose, sang his kson'e'tk song and waved his rattle. He took a charm ~~that~~ which was suspended from his neck and placed it on the body, then grabbed something, threw it into the air and blew from his mouth, saying: "Go away, go away evil spirit, you have done enough harm." He danced again, but still the body did not move, and so he gave up: "No, I can't do anything. This is beyond my powers".

The Hagwulgat (Carrier) sham halait 'wɔ's, la x kibu, was then called, and his procedure was entirely different. He came forward carrying a huge pipe carved of black birch and sat ~~beside~~ <sup>down</sup> the body, smoking and blowing the smoke around the body. Suddenly he reached into the smoke and plucked something out of the air. Putting aside his pipe, he placed his charm on the breast of the body, stood up, and sang his song and danced. His song and dance were in a much faster tempo than the others. Finally he gave up, saying in perfect Gitskan: "I give it up, I cannot cure him".

After the Kitsegukla chiefs had performed, their head chief wig'e't was called: "Well, great halait. Our expectation now lies in you. You will bring back our brother. Come, try your powers". [wig'e't was gisg.ah'e'st, and this is the first instance of a chief in the host's own phratry being called upon. The reason is not given] All the Kitsegukla sang his kson'e'tk with him. A slight movement was seen under the blanket. Vigorous and prolonged singing brought t'sa'wals back to life and he finally arose and weakly walked away.