



CALUSA NEWS

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From out of the darkness comes Great Crane Spirit.



He moves gracefully past the chant-singers toward the plaza's crackling fire, his plumed head bobbing with each step.

At first he does not notice the several hundred people seated all about him. But now he stops, hops backward two steps, and abruptly straightens to his full height.

He is obviously disgusted at this worthless bunch of fisherfolk, and lets them know it. The crane's beak opens, his neck extends forward. Strutting haughtily about, Crane Spirit menaces the crowd.

The youngest boys and girls squeal and scramble over one another, desperate to escape his clutches. But the older children laugh along with their elders. They have seen this dance before, and they know it is make-believe.

Now First Ancestor steps forth from the opposite end of the plaza, singing a challenge to Great Crane Spirit, who stops pursuing the children and whirls to face her.

First Ancestor speaks...



Was this the way an origin myth was once played out among the Calusa at prehistoric Pineland, south-

Merals
1973

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