

No. 5

SPA FESTIVAL 1984

# ONDORONDO

A Papua New Guinea Journal of Arts and Letters 400 F. CFP

UNIVERSITY OF HAWAII  
LIBRARY



PERIODICAL

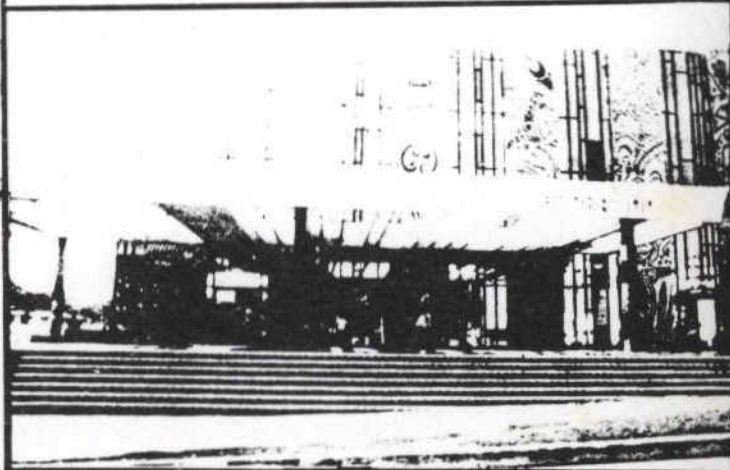
Pac  
PR  
9655.45  
.053

U.H. LIBRARY



# **PNG BANKING CORPORATION**

**...SUPPORTING THE ARTS  
IN PNG...**



**... AND PROVIDING THE  
COMPLETE BANKING  
SERVICE THROUGHOUT  
PNG.**



Head Office: P.O. Box 78, Port Moresby  
Telephone: 21 1999. Telex: 22160/22209

**PAPUA NEW GUINEA BANKING CORPORATION**



# ONDORONDO

No. 5

A magazine of new writing from Papua New Guinea

SPA Festival 1984

## Forward

The 4th Pacific Festival of Arts, a Major Cultural event in the Pacific Region has been going from strength to strength since its inception 1972. The number of participating countries has increased, the nature of the Festival Program has been diversified and the standard of presentations from each country has been raised.

The Pacific Festival of Arts is not just a coming together to share and experience each others' music, dance and songs. It is a forum for regular informal contact and a review of the trend of development in all aspects of the arts. It is hoped that through such a festival there will emerge a voice in the Pacific, a voice sounding through the writing and publishing of Literary works by Pacific Islanders about their past, present and future.

I am happy to find in this issue of the **Ondorondo** a testimony to that voice. It will abide.

Arthur Jawodimbari Director National Cultural Council.

## Contents

### Cover Poem Stories

### Poems

### Play Reviews

### Contributors

#### Editors:

Prith Chakravarti  
Patricia Hardy



ISSN 0254 0673

#### Illustrators:

Sibona Buna  
G. Bogama  
Bob Bopieng

J. Baida  
Louis Palaru Warimi

Motifs: Courtesy of Michael Webb at Sogeri National High School

Cover design: Dekoy Obu

**Lead Article** Papua New Guinea's Participation in the 4th Pacific Festival of Arts by Arthur Jawodimbari

by John Kadiba	<b>Where's the Pig Meat</b>	2
by Seri Sebea	<b>Nego</b>	3
by Sorariba Nash Gegera	<b>Tears of My Soui</b>	4
by Regis Stella	<b>Wanbotol</b>	10
by May Paipaira	<b>Yapune</b>	11
by John Kadiba	<b>The Widening Gap</b>	13
by Joyce Kumbeli	<b>Papua Niugini Ol Taim</b>	13
	<b>Wind</b>	
by Steven Mago	<b>Let's Be True</b>	14
	<b>Struggle</b>	
	<b>You've Slept Too Long</b>	
by Arthur Jawodimbari	<b>Let's Talk Business</b>	
by Abby Yadi	<b>Loneliness is My Life</b>	15
	<b>My Last Breath</b>	
	<b>A Day in the Islands</b>	
by Meau Andrew	<b>Brightened Morning Star</b>	16
	<b>My Joy and Consolation</b>	
	<b>Amber Flames Charcoal</b>	
	<b>You're My All</b>	
by Shern Yarupawa	<b>The Rainbow That You See now</b>	
	<b>Just This Silence</b>	
	<b>Waves</b>	
by Pascal Waisi	<b>Weli Nimou</b>	17
	<b>Mother Right</b>	
	<b>First Blood</b>	
	<b>The Circles</b>	
	<b>Shame</b>	
	<b>Courting Lament</b>	18
	<b>Becoming</b>	
	<b>Sago Making Ritual</b>	
	<b>Magic Stone</b>	19
	<b>A Mother's Lament</b>	
	<b>Childbirth Lament</b>	
	<b>Humanity</b>	
by Steve Edmund Winduo	<b>Shrivelled Shrine in a</b>	
	<b>Smoke Crowned House</b>	
by John Kasaipwalova	<b>My Brother My Enemy</b>	20
by William Ferea	<b>The Boy From The Sea</b>	28
by Lorena Ferguson Ruberz	<b>Nema Namba Moves with Flutters</b>	29
by Kevin D'Arcy	<b>The Birth Pains of a Writer's Union</b>	30
by Kalyan Chatterjee	<b>Kumalau Tawali's Poetry</b>	31
		32



# PAPUA NEW GUINEA'S PARTICIPATION IN THE 4TH PACIFIC FESTIVAL OF ARTS

The first Pacific Festival of Arts hosted in Suva in 1972 by the Fijian Government was on a much smaller scale. It was in a way like one of the national cultural festivals. Papua New Guinea sent a few students and two Mekeo dancers (Ame Kape and Ngu'u Aisa) to Suva, and the group was led by Lady Cleland and Ms. Dawa Solomon.

The Papua New Guinea contingent's program included some traditional dances, a Pidgin play by Rabbie Namaliu and a dramatised legend in English by Arthur Jawodimbari.

In the 1972 the Labour Government of Mr. Whitlam of Australia gave a grant of A\$5,000,000.00 to the Papua New Guinea Administration for the purpose of encouraging, developing, promoting and fostering cultural development in this country.

The Interim National Cultural Council was established in 1973 under the Chairmanship of Dr. Alkan Tololo. The Cultural Development Act came into effect in 1974, enabling the Council to establish various national cultural institutions.

In 1976 the New Zealand Government hosted the 2nd Pacific Festival of Arts and it was staged at Rotorua.

Papua New Guinea was represented by what was formerly the National Dance and Drama Company (now known as National Theatre Company — a separate institution) from the National Arts School.

There were twenty-six members in the contingent and their program included a repertoire of traditional dances, marionette/glove puppets, contemporary dance productions and a play — "Voices from the Ridge" — by Peter Kama Kerpie. The contingent also toured Wellington and South Island on the return trip.

Papua New Guinea hosted the third Pacific Festival of Arts in 1980 and staged it in Port Moresby with satellite festival centres throughout Papua New Guinea. Twentyone island nations sent their participants to make it the most colourful event ever held in this country. All the ethnic groups in Papua New Guinea were represented in the Festival and all the National Cultural Council Institutions poured their resources and energy to make it a grand success.

The Fourth Pacific Festival of Arts is to take place in Noumea, New Caledonia, between the 8th to 22nd December, 1984. It is anticipated that twenty-eight Pacific countries will participate in the forthcoming festival.

Papua New Guinea is sending 146 participants to Noumea. The contingent consists of performers, craftsmen, contemporary artists, writers and officials. The performers include National Theatre Company, Raun Raun Theatre, Raun Isi, Dua Dus Theatre and Kissi Bamboo Band of North Solomons Province.

Author Jawodimbari

## WHERE'S THE PIG MEAT?

by John Kadiba

Tis early morn,  
The hunter whistles, taps on metal spear with knife.  
Tis familiar signal, dogs follow owner into dark jungle,  
Sniffing here and there for possible prey.  
The sleeper half-dreaming, half-awake,  
Vaguely hears the barks fading into the distance,  
And knows what it means. Expectation is high.

Tis mid-noon,  
Women return from gardens,  
Baskets hanging from hard-worn heads,  
Laden with taro, yam, sweet-potato and firewood,  
A dip in the river to freshen,  
Then to prepare the evening food.  
As the vegetables are peeled with shells,  
The hunter makes his appearance,  
Chunks of singed dissected pig meat,  
Dangle on either end of his pole.  
Each family receives its share,  
The evening meal is relished,  
With the appetizing meat and liquid.  
All food is heartily eaten. Spirit is high.

The dawn breaks,  
The hunter gives the familiar signals,  
The dogs sleepily drag themselves onto feet,  
Disappear with owner into the dark, barking.  
The sleeper half-dreaming and half-awake,  
Becomes half-conscious of the barks,  
Knows what they mean,  
Falls back into sleep, with mouth watering,  
At the thought of a savoury evening food,  
Savoured with pig meat and liquid.  
Expectation is high.

Tis evening,  
Men gather around the mat, mouths watering,  
With high expectation,  
Anticipating a delicious meal. Alas!  
Taro, yam, sweet-potato is all they see,  
Their appetite suddenly ebbs. Where's the pig meat?  
The hunter keeps enough for the family,  
The rest is sold, sold at the market.  
The meal is eaten quietly, spirit is low,  
Not all food is eaten.

Where's the pig meat? Sold at the market. Alas pig meat.  
Once you provided flavour to an appetizing meal.  
Now you have become a food for thought.  
Once a symbol of communal life,  
Now a symbol of individual life. Once freely eaten,  
Now only those who can afford to buy you. Oh pig meat,  
What has come of you? Oh hunter!  
You have prostituted the communal life,  
You have sold your own being.  
Oh pig meat, once a free nourishing meal,  
Now a food for thought.



## NEGO

by Seri Sebea

"I, Hoeke Ono was born during 1889 until today," wrote my grandfather in a thick Collins Australian Diary, 1957, in Motu.

My grandfather was one of the more literate of the common people of Koitabu during the colonial days. He could use three languages: Koitabu, his mother tongue, Motu, and English. He could read, write, and speak both Motu and Koitabu very well. But in English he could only read and understand the Bible and English reading books such as fairy tales and stories for children.

The Bible was the first educational reading book used by missionaries to teach our grandfathers how to read, write, and speak English in relation to Motu. It was translated into Motu before being translated into any other language in Papua New Guinea. Motu was the language of the prepared educational materials used for three quarters of a century by missionaries (L.M.S.). A form of Motu, Hiri Motu or Police Motu was the trade language along the coast for many centuries as well. Therefore, most of Hoeke Ono's written documents were done in Motu and not in his mother tongue; Koitabu.

I have always admired my grandfather's delicate hand written works: traditional poetry, chants, songs, and his own legends in detail. He has also written a great many "Perovetas", prophet songs from Rarotonga, Cook Islands. These Perovetas were taught by Pacific Islanders, mainly from the Cook Islands.

The Pacific Islanders and Papuans had similarities in the old animistic beliefs, and there were some points of contact between cultures. However, while the Pacific Ministers showed little appreciation and sympathy with the old

Papuan religion, they did not endanger the Perovetas which were much loved by the older generations of Papuans with their singing and dancing. These Perovetas became one point of contact between the cultures of Papua and the Pacific Islanders.

Although my grandfather could not speak and write English well enough to write this himself, I proudly transcribe his delicate literary knowledge into English especially for him.

When I look at the nervously written words and sentences on the wornout pages of my grandfather's work, I actually feel the richness of the sacred culture: rites, deeds, chants and poetry culture; rites, deeds, chants and poetry used to perform magic. The magic was done during the tribal days of wisdom and freedom by particular Koitabuans who had the wisdom to express their nature and the freedom to exercise their own "Kaivakuku-hearts" (sacred hearts) in order to survive in an environment. These particular Koitabuans, called, Kilakila, had a distinct culture, sacred deeds and rites different from other Koitabu clans. Today you may find that KilaKila have modernised and have thrown away nearly all traditional elements and deeds. Only a small number of chants, legend songs and poetry are still practised and memorised. But some Koitabu villages still have quite a few traditional elements and sometimes practice their cultural beliefs because they are in rural areas and have a chance to preserve traditions.

One evening, when I was doing the research for this work, I asked my grandfather if he felt like writing more legends. He replied, "Now I am very old and I can't write properly, nor can I memorise any more legends. No, I won't tell you the legends. They are not valuable to tell in these days and it is against white culture and forbidden by the church to practice the magic in

the stories".

So I sat back and wondered what the church and foreign cultures had done to our fore-fathers' sacred culture. My grandfather sympathised and said,

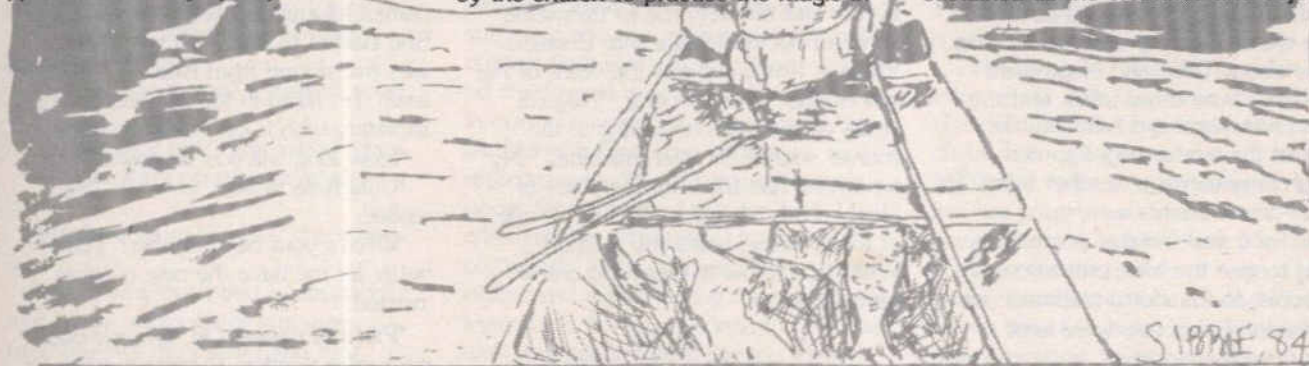
"Whenever I put a pen on the paper, no words come to my own hands because my words are thoughts. I can only hear tribal remnants in the wilderness of technological writings and appreciations. The legends are lost. He continues on saying, "I feel very sorry for the loss of one legend story, The Origin of My First Ancestor. I proclaim him to be our Koitabuans' first man created by Tabu. The church has discouraged this story and the Bible teaches us how the first man, Adam, was created by God."

My grandfather did recite the story of Koitabuans' first ancestor and it begins this way: Darkness, superstition, myth, and sorcery are the sources of life acquired by 'Tabu' (taboo). Tabu is believed to be a supernatural-being who upholds all the creatures and objects of the earth, the sources of life-darkness, superstition, myth and sorcery, before any man known around the lands of no-man Koitabu.

A sacred and primitive cave was the shelter of the Tabu where he lived and performed his sacred duties with the creatures, atmosphere, and nature around him. He lived in the cave in the valley of Durigoro which lay between the Sogeri and Rigo mountains and valleys.

The first time Tabu realised that one part of his body was different from anything in the collection of creatures he had, he gathered all the creatures in one place and checked them one by one. Then he said secretly to himself: Godiva! This very part of my body is very smooth with soft hairs, unlike all the other creatures. I think I will create a creature from this.

Tabu was a supernatural being who sustained all the creatures and objects



Illustrated by Sibona Buna



of the earth before any man was known around the lands of no-man Koitabu.

At once he took a piece from each of all the creatures plus the smooth part from his own body and created a human being. Then he gave the human being his breath by blowing through its nostrils. And thus came to be the life of a human person. But Tabu saw that his new creature was too clever for him, so he took his sources of life; darkness, superstition, myth and sorcery, and planted these in the mind of his new creature. Later, these sources of life became the first beliefs, attitudes, and habits of that first human creature. Then Tabu named the man Nego. Nego was the first ancestor of Koitabu and the KilaKila people.

Nego came out from the supernatural cave to search for a life of wisdom and freedom amongst nature. Hoeke Ono is a descendent of Nego and can recite the entire family history.

When my grandfather outlined the generation history he did so in the form of chant,

"Nego,  
natuna Binani Nego

Binani Nego, adavana  
natuna Kou Binani

Kou Binani, adavana  
natuna Guduha Kou,

and so forth.

Most likely, "divahia-vahie" (my fore-grandfathers) have used such a chanting method to memorise and preserve their geneology and family history.

I did notice that the names of the wives were absent in the family legends from the beginning of Nego all the way down to Geita and Hari's generation. I have three suggested reasons for this. But first let me say that in traditional days the older people used to tell sacred stories in special cult-centres where women were prohibited to enter. Stories about Tabu and Nego were kept secret from other tribes and the women were kept out because the words of the stories might spread through intermarriage to other tribes. In the cult-centre chants were sung to please Tabu and magical poetry was recited to give the tribe protection, to kill people, to transform creatures, etc. The chants and poetry were kept secret from the women.

I suggest that one reason why the geneology and family history outlined by Hoeke Ono had no female names is that the wives of men were regarded as domestic creatures in the traditional days of Koitabu. The women were treated as elements of fertilisation in the gardens performing such duties as crawling along the ground and bringing their sexual organs into contact with freshly made piles of earth. This was done to ensure the success of the harvest of yams. Such things were done during the Kaivakuku days of Nego's first to third generations.

By the fourth to tenth generations, nature had changed and some of the sacred deeds were left behind. A new attitude rose to life within the culture. Women (wives) were so respected by the husbands, in-laws, and relatives that their names dared not be mentioned at all. These generations believed that the spirits Nego and Tabu would haunt anyone who released the name of a wife, and thus the names were lost to future generations.

My third reason behind the loss of names of wives is because of the intermarriage between tribes. One of the strict rules in Koitabu society — that men are not allowed to marry women from their own tribe — was strictly followed because the tribal members came from one "vahie". The physical appearance of women from other tribes was highly prized by the husband's parents and relatives rather than the names. The words "sibaga, enduna, and varu" were exchanged in the family to call and signify the respective person. "Sibaga" was used to signify brother-in-law, "enduna" for calling sister-in-law, and "varu" to name the parents-in-law. Therefore, "enduna" was used as the second-hand name for the woman in her husband's clan.

In conclusion I want to thank my grandfather, Hoeke Ono, for confiding in me, and allowing me to transcribe some of his knowledge into English. Perhaps I may support the voice of my grandfather when he says, "Nego-di vahia vahia which is waiting in the forever sounds of steel machines." My typewriter has tried but the voice of Hoeke Ono, almost ruffled at his age of ninety-three, holds the memory. What I do know is that I too come from Nego. □

## TEARS OF MY SOUL

by Sorariba Nash Gegera

Ever since we met, I never heard Linda say, "Michael I love you". It was always me, being a crazy fool, always admitting my feelings for her like a mad man. I took it for granted that I loved Linda so much and that was that. Of course there were doubts at times in my mind, but those doubts I never cared to expand and consider. Linda had a lighter complexion than I with long straight hair that waved and caressed her back. The features of her face reminded me of a portrait of "Miss Asia" which I had seen in some magazine. Slim and well curved, Linda stood five feet six inches tall. She was everything I ever looked for in a woman. Linda came from a wealthy family who owned two 25 seater buses that joined the city's public transport fleet. Hanuabada was the village where she originated. I was but a poor crazy thing. My family brought me up in the squatter settlement at Konedobu, one of the prominent squatter settlements in growing Port Moresby. I was never keen to tell Linda about my family. I easily dodged the subject from her questions.

Outside the hall, there were wooden seats scattered here and there under the trees. Linda and I walked side by side very close, away from the loud music of the band and people. We occupied a spot where the raintree branches almost blocked the lights from the hall and the nearby buildings. It was dark and peaceful. We were alone — Linda and I. I did not know where and how to start her talking, so I began by asking her about her work at the Bank. We were at Bomana Police College, and I really missed Linda down in the city and me 12 painful kilometres away at the College. She started to talk, "Oh yes, Mike, I was transferred from Boroko branch to town. I'm filling in for our accountant's secretary who is on maternity leave".

"How long will you be down there?"

"Until Kala returns to work," She replied.

"What's your new number? You'd better let me have the new number," I insisted.

"Piece of paper? Oh, give me your pack of cigarettes. I'll write it down for





Illustrated by J. Baida

you." I let her pull the pack out of my shirt pocket, while I lit a match to give light. She retrieved her Parker pen from her little brown pouch and wrote down the number. "How is your collarbone now? She asked me flatly.

"Oh on the mend I guess," I said.

"Does it hurt like before?"

"Sometimes, but not as much as it used to," I said smiling and then I realised that I was holding Linda's right hand with my left. Boy, I'm getting smart and brave, I kept thinking. I could feel that my palm was moistening with the sweat of excitement. I felt a bit shaky.

The magic of the touch was driving me slowly beserk as the sweet perfume replaced the cool oxygen around us. Linda paused halfway through her subject. God, I wasn't listening — bloody crazy me! She smiled at me when she realised my loss and humiliation.

"What were you thinking?" she asked, still smiling.

"Always about you." I tried to cover up.

"What about me?" she asked again.

"Just thinking about your work," I lied.

"What about my work?" she came on.

"Linda, why don't you understand that I think so much of you every minute — it's my crazy head that

knocks."

"That's a good one," she laughed. Hell, I wasn't lying when I said my crazy head knocked. Linda was a pain in my heart and a dream under my pillow. Time to turn the tables I thought.

"I was also thinking that you have something to tell me," I said.

"Like what?" she said teasingly.

"I'm just making a wild guess," I said. She smiled and squeezed my hand. Please don't stop, I heard my heart begging. I was right, I had seen her expression change. "Something serious maybe?" I added from nowhere. That did it. I knew I had caught her good and proper.

She did not respond. Instead she looked into my eyes and pulled me closer.

"Tell me," I almost whispered hoarsely, as I took her in my arms with crushing power. The emergency of the subject gave way, as our bodies made contact with electrifying unison, setting off the fuse of emotions. We were lost in our own world, nothing existed but us. My ever throbbing heart beat to a record-breaking rate, leaving me wet under the arm-pits. I wanted to consume her wholeness, possess her completely as the flames of love soared higher and higher taking me and driving me insane. It was a moment of its own with a magic in killing climax. Please

don't stop, cried my greedy crazy little mind in the distance, aia mam be po!

Suddenly Linda touched the switch. She pushed my head away from hers, but not so far that I could feel her gushing breath brushing my face with the rhythm of her heavy breathing. We stared into each others eyes, nursing our breathing speeds and temperatures. Damn it, she broke the magic moment.

"I — I'm pregnant," She stammered. Her voice sounded calm and musical. God it wasn't me. What could I say? I was spelled-bound, feeling numb all over. It wasn't me, I knew. I always had a feeling that Linda was too beautiful to be mine alone. Of course I always suspected her playing about behind me, but I never had the courage to try anything that would make her dump me and so die in my dreams. The bloody bitch! My mind cried with the inaudible bells of torture. Oh Yaweh. Oh Linda. You devil of an angel.

I still love you. She was a witch in front of me. Her face seemed wrinkled. Her delicate little fingers turned to claws with ugly pointed nails. I was frightened to look at her face. I could feel her hungry, venomous stare penetrating my helpless self. Her pretty eyes ejected tiny pearls of tears, I don't know for what reason. I thought back a long time to when I raped her with insane ecstasy. It hadn't been an



approach to love making. It was rape. She cried and told me I behaved like an animal. But now, I just knew it was not my seed in her womb. Some invisible weight attacked me from the head down. I lost my voice. Just this minute I was experiencing a feeling of hate for Linda; yet deep down in the depths of my ego I cried for Linda. I knew I was a coward, a bloody fool. I had fallen in love, I didn't know how to get up.

"It's not m-m," my throat tried a rough whisper, weak and drying.

"I know it's not you Mike."

Linda, chopped at me painfully. "But this guy refuses to have anything to do with me." Her voice was shaky.

"Who?" I whispered hoarsely.

"Frank Henderson," she said without mercy, spearing me, crippling me.

"But If you..., I don't Linda I don't — I love you," God! Where did that desperate pleading come from, my nose or my ass? What a bloody suffering maniac of a man I am.

"Then — you will marry me?" she asked carefully. I nodded in agreement as my guts and my heart danced like a yo-yo. I wanted to tell her to get an abortion but I didn't have the courage. I was hurting all over, with the thought of becoming father to some bastard blood of an Australian. A white man had made my darling pregnant! It was just like a nightmare. I didn't want to see Frank Henderson's face. I would rather see him dead — the bastard son-of-a-bitch. If my grandfather had his way we would have Frank Henderson's flesh steaming inside the giant clay-pot over the fire.



Illustrated by Sibona Buna

A horn tooting from the bus brought us back to the present. Though I dared not make a move, not having recovered from the spell of the situation. The horn was meant for Linda, "Give me a call," she commanded coldly and left.

How could she? I was stunned because she should have been ashamed of herself, but she seemed so sure of herself and in control of the situation. Then I realised that she had cheated on me, made a fool of me and didn't love me but I, the fool, loved her. I heard the bus leaving. I felt weak and sick. God, give me your wisdom. My pounding mind screamed with helplessness and I wanted to break down and weep. No, I told myself. I got up drunkenly. "I need a drink!" I said to the trees and life around. "Goodbye Linda!" I shouted at the car park.

There were no cars, no bus, neither people nor the band. The place was deserted and I was alone. I started walking away from it all but not from Linda. Twinkling millions of stars danced within the heavens above. There was no moon. A chilling cool breeze blew lightly from the mountains, carrying smells of cattle dung and chicken droppings from the outlying farms. The country air felt good and relieving. It was going to be a beautiful but long and painful night for Cadet Officer Michael Joroba. I headed for William Torero's room. There would be drinks available I knew. We had it arranged, just among some best friends. I really needed a drink to knock me out cold for the night. I felt weak and spent. Along the cement footpath I walked drunkenly as though I had gained an extra 20 kilograms. Dragging my weight, I allowed the tender hibiscus lined path to brush against my tired body. Music was humming out of William's room. The lights were on and soft grumbles and humorous dry laughs confused the music. As I approached closer, the words and the tune caught my entire self in a painful grasp. John Denver's heart-breaking soul-breaking song — "Sunshine". I stopped walking and for no reason I felt like beating my chest and weeping. A lone night bird cried as it passed overhead. A burst of strong breeze from the north hit my face. To the west, I could make out the rough outlines of the Koiari

Mountains against the dull yellowish sky in the horizon where a late moon was rising. I wanted to accompany John Denver then. I tried to sing but felt a lump down in my throat and gave in easily. Sobs from my miserable depths took over, shattering the manly hard core of my personality. Rich tears misted my vision and the lights blurred, dancing through the flood of tears from my soul. Let them flood, I told myself. I badly needed to relieve myself. I wept in silence — crouching under cover of the hibiscus plants. I was only human, behaving under the circumstances as only I could. But my grandfather, if he were present, he would have said I was a soft woman — that I did not deserve to own a penis and testicles. Just as I felt guilty, so too, much relieved. A good half an hour passed before I was ready to enter William's room. Talk and laughter accompanied by the clink of glassware told their own stories.

I was welcomed into the room happily, "Come right in Mike, You're late for the party," William said, giving me space to sit on his bed. Vincent Tore, Ludwig Kapipi, Selwyn Atawa and Steven Umbuka were all there. Two empty bottles of Bacardi rum and a whiskey bottle stood as idols at the far corner under William's study table. So, we had four bottles of Bacardi and five of scotch whiskey to drink. Ludwig was doing the mixing and asked for my taste.

"Bacardi and coke," I said weakly.

"What's wrong Mike? You look sick," Selwyn asked. I just shrugged and received my full glass from Ludwig.

"Yu save. Man ino holim pas gut na om ting-ting planti," Steven said teasing. "Noken tok-tok, brata bilong mi. Holim pas meri. Hanuabada istap na draiva i putim hon igo na emi less." That Selwyn was trying to start me talking. I kept my weak smile and reached for my second glass.

"Take it easy Mike. We don't want you knocked out in the first round. We want you to stay with us and dance the night in the ring." William cautioned me.

Hell, he was right. I received my second glass two minutes after the first one. "Sorry guys," I said. "Maybe I am being careless." I apologised and sipped hard.

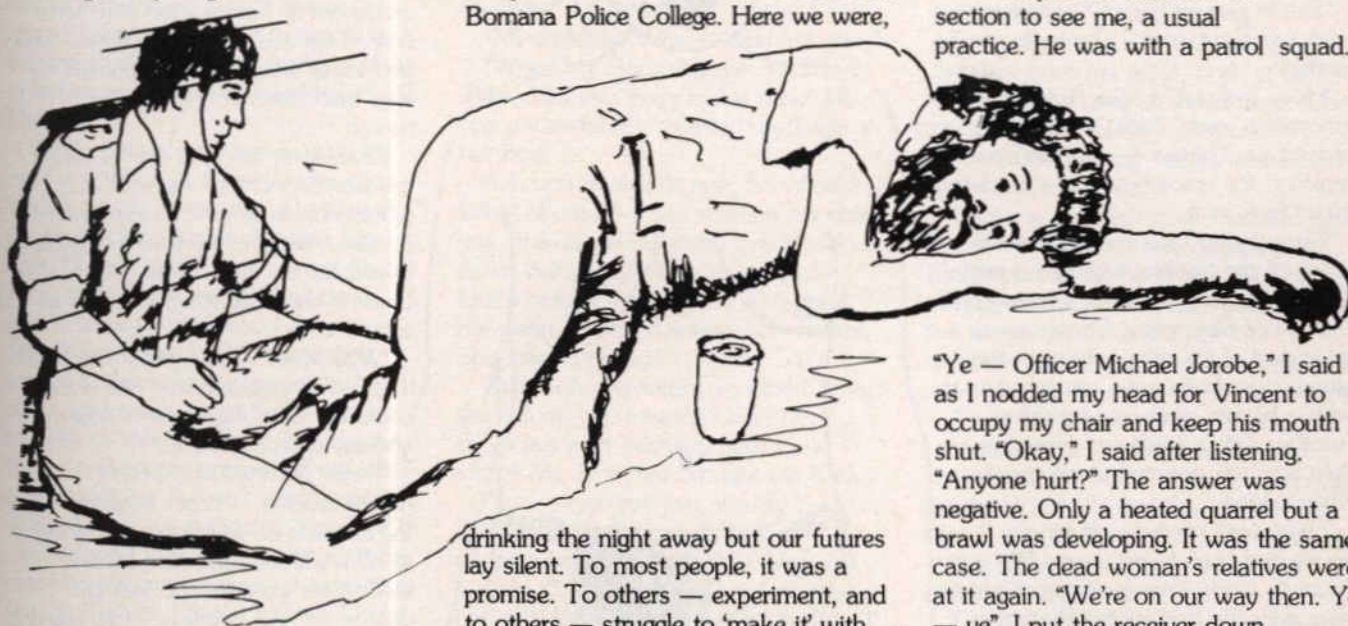
"Oh come on Mike, pour it out and let's all be merry. After all, we are best friends," Selwyn said seriously.



"Yes, yes — spit it out Mike. See if we can help our buddie," Vincent contributed.

"I don't know," I said calmly, giving them a chance to detect my troubled self.

"Cheer up and drink up Mike. I know what you're thinking and she is safe and sound back in the House Champion — maybe dreaming of you," Ludwig tried joking.



Illustrated by Sibona Buna

"Em nau. Yu wari long wanem — em bai ino inap silip gut ia; leva bilong em bay tainim planti ting-ting. Yu save pasin bilong ol lalokau," Vincent was saying setting up others for a joke.

"Mike — smoke? Steven threw a packet of B & H and it landed in front of me. Gosh, all this time and I had forgotten that I smoked. I grabbed it and nervously took one between my lips before accepting a light from William who was worried about me.

"Thanks," I mumbled and accepted my refilled glass. "I left my pack in my room," I said.

"Don't worry about anything Mike — this is to our pass-out guys!" Steve lifted his glass and we all followed. I gulped angrily and swallowed hard as Linda's smile transfixed in my mind.

"Selwyn," I called

"Yes Mike — I'm listening," he answered more interested.

"Do me a favour. Feed in Jim Reeves."

"Any particular number?" he asked as he searched noisily among the many

cassettes that lay in a heap.

"Bottle take Effect" I replied.

"Now you're talking!" William said excitedly and punched me lightly on my right shoulder.

"I'd like the song played over and over until I am satisfied," I told Selwyn with a sad smile. We drank and drank, allowing the words of Jim Reeves to come right in to honour the night of our passout as Cadet Officers from the Bomana Police College. Here we were,

drinking the night away but our futures lay silent. To most people, it was a promise. To others — experiment, and to others — struggle to 'make it' with anticipation. There were some who doubted, but for me it was hesitation and a broken heart. The future didn't matter much to me.

Six months passed to nowhere. I was learning and working at the Boroko Police Station attached to the Criminal Investigation Branch.

Today's case was very serious and as a new man on the job, I had to present a straight forward report on how I handled the case. Tatana man, now serving his jail sentence at the Institution, had burned his wife alive by bathing her with kerosine and lighting it. Now the dead woman's relatives had destroyed the man's house in revenge and threatened the man's relatives — it was becoming a head-ache. They also demanded the jail term of the man to be increased to life instead of the fifteen years imposed by the Supreme Court. Plus they wanted a K20,000 compensation claim. While I waited for the second part of my report from the typist, I made myself comfortable with a hot cup of coffee. It was barely nine when the shrill high scream of Sergeant Coumba's telephone, a metre away

from my desk, caught me.

Sergeant Coumba, a big bald headed man, listened for a while and glanced at me with a smile. "Wait a minute," he told the caller. "Mike, this is yours — your follow-up." I drained the bit of coffee and moved to get the receiver from the Sergeant.

"Hey, morning Mike!"

"Morning," I replied to Vincent who had just walked into our section to see me, a usual practice. He was with a patrol squad.

"Ye — Officer Michael Jorobe," I said as I nodded my head for Vincent to occupy my chair and keep his mouth shut. "Okay," I said after listening. "Anyone hurt?" The answer was negative. Only a heated quarrel but a brawl was developing. It was the same case. The dead woman's relatives were at it again. "We're on our way then. Ye — ye". I put the receiver down.

"Take Sergeant Sorovi with you. I'll stay in — hell," Sergeant Coumba said after searching for the Sergeant with his eyes. "Check for him in the coffee room He could be swallowing an extra cup at this moment," he said.

"Vincent, tell your boss that we need an escort — two vans," I said and he left in a hurry. Sergeant Coumba was right. Sorovi, a skinny grandfather type emerged from the coffee room — a cup in hand, with Corporal Tapake, an old timer, short and stocky with greying hair. "I'll need you two," I said.

"Long wanem taim?" Sergeant Sorovi asked.

"Now," I replied and walked over to Inspector Thomas Yomba's glass covered office. I knocked and entered.

"Yes Mike," he said without looking up.

How did you know it was me I thought. "Follow-up sir. I've just received the call and I'm leaving."

"Oh — sure, sure, get going. Your escort?" he asked looking up with a grin.

"Arranged."

"Good man. Be on your way then." Yes sir," I nodded and left. I



took my gun, fixed my cap and headed for the transport bay. The escorts were already leaving the gates. Corporal Tapake took the wheel and the Sergeant and Constable Epaki occupied the back seats. The engine was already warming up when I got in. "Let's go," I said and we shot off, passing the escort to take the lead. I started to man the radio. "Leader to escort one, over."

"Escort one to leader — receiving loud and clear, over." The reply came loudly.

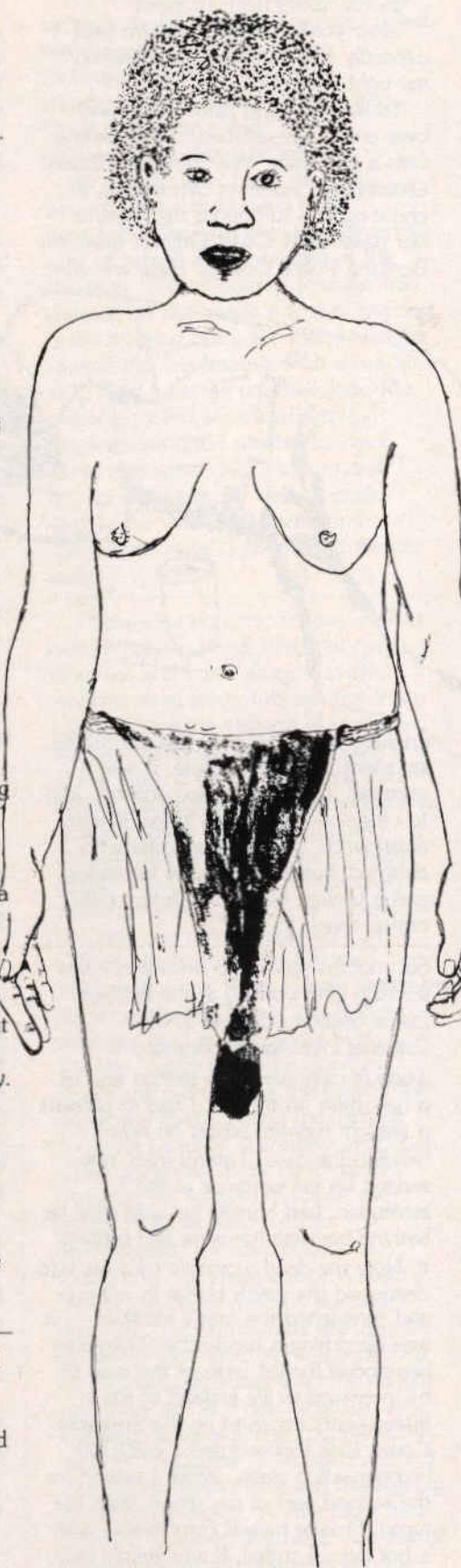
"Over and out," I said. "Leader to escort two, over". "Just routine procedure. Thanks — over and out." I replaced the voice box and a crackling static took over.

Ten minutes later we were at the scene of the trouble, with our escort patrol vans doing a lot of whining and flashing of blue lights. There was a great deal of shouting, although the situation looked under control. A man with a bloody nose was rumbling. Another with a fresh cut above his right eye was pointing at his chest while talking.

There was smoke everywhere. A house had been burnt down. We got down to work, interviewing and hearing tales with the help of the Councillor. Witnesses and offenders filled our boxed patrol vans to go to the station for further questioning. We had spent a good half hour at the scene, looking over the destroyed property. Two fire trucks called in noisily but I waved them out. They were late, the inefficient idiots. People tried to put out the fire on their own, only to fail and let the fire take its claim without mercy. I was thankful to Sergeant Sorovi, Corporal Tapake and the escort boys for their cool handling of the situation.

Back at the station, we continued our dirty job of questioning and taking notes. More reports to write, I thought with disgust. I was feeling the pressure of work and felt as though I was already forty.

According to the records, Linda and I were married legally. She visited me every lunch hour with her growing stomach that accommodated a bastard child. She looked uniquely pretty in that state, though the thought of fathering a white man's child gnawed away my pride as a man married to a beautiful woman. My friends, workmates and relatives never knew



*Illustrated by Sibona Buna*

that the child Linda carried wasn't mine. Some commented I was a lucky man. They would carry on to flatter me — not knowing that their words were demoralizing my entire self. We had no house, so I was living at Waigani Police Barracks and shared Linda's time with her parents. I had applied for a Housing Commission house, high covenant flat, through some people I knew at the Commission. I knew I would get it, but it would take some time. This was a situation where 'who you know' counted, so I counted my eggs with patience into the third month.

I lived with fear, the fear of seeing my woman's child — a child who would obviously take on European features, more white than my blood. I hoped for the child to die. I had asked Linda if we could leave the child for adoption.

"Why Mike, what makes you think that?" she answered me. Her voice carried a tone of you either take me and my child or nothing!

"I was just thinking," I had replied quickly — eager to leave the subject. All my fears were going to be rewarded, and here I was looking for excuses and feeling depressed and helpless. How could I carry around a mixed-race child of different complexion, so obvious that people would know by intuition? I could try to kill the child, but Linda might find out and point a finger at me, for she knew that I despised the idea of having that bastard child around. I was desperate to find some sort of a solution. I had my pride, my personality to protect and my father's name to be kept clear of unhealthy shadows.

Finally the flat came through. It was old, located on towering Toaguba Hill, overlooking the old Parliament House. The place wasn't well-furnished though it was a high covenant flat and I didn't complain. A house of my own, equipped with a medium sized refrigerator in the kitchen, a shower/toilet and a hot water system, two bedrooms, and study. God it was heaven! It even offered a beautiful view of the waterfront port crowded with sea-going vessels of all kinds and sizes.

Linda and I sat on the verandah. It was not big enough, only space for four armchairs. There were cases where applicants waited years before



# SHORT STORIES

getting a house but in my case, wantokism payed off well. Linda relaxed on the chair next to mine. Her eyes were glued to a magazine titled 'Pregnancy and Parenthood'. I was reading the Editorial piece from the 'PNG Times' — a usual Sunday afternoon lazing and reading. Below the water remained calm as the sun lost height to sink in the unknown west. Occasionally a light breeze stirred. I kept staring out to sea at a fine line that marked the meeting place of the sky and the sea. I wanted to kill Linda.

Weeks passed and I grew used to my flat with Linda the wife. However, Linda's people never seemed to leave my place. Her people's demand for K10,000 as a bride price always stuck in my mind like a leech. I had no means to pay what looked like my debt. I was under strain, immensely soaked in the sinking juices of my desire for Linda's body. Surprisingly, my feelings were changing, leaving me baffled and staggering to hold my job as a policeman. I wasn't sending any money to my old people who needed it and deserved their share, which left me brooding with unhappiness. I wasn't so sure, but I think I began to hate Linda. Responsibilities accumulated with every dawn. A Melanesian is born to responsibility, to obligation — though unlabelled and unnumbered. At the rate I was being paid I would have to save a lifetime to buy a car. To the expatriates in the country, life was easy with the salary and privileges they were given by the government. But for us Nationals it was a struggle to live in Port Moresby. As I had foreseen and cried for during the night of my passout at Bomana Police College, my life was already a struggle in every department.

After Linda's crowd left the flat around 9:45 pm in one of their buses, I helped myself to a glass of cold water as Linda cleared the table and the general mess of betelnut skins. I felt an urge to say something then. I was standing near the fridge. "Linda!" I called.

"What?" she came to where I was standing, looking innocent.

"I don't like the way things are going at the moment," I told her, not looking into her eyes.

"What do you mean?" She said, equally businesslike.

"The way things are going, we are going to be sucked out of everything we own in this house. and before you can say Mike, we'll be flat broke and down the drain." I was getting worked up.

"Mike, they are my people — you can't say that."

"To hell with your people. They are parasites. They're bloody idiots, useless bludgers!" I cut her off.

"Mike please. Why — why are you?"

"Why? My God, you ask me why? That child you carry is not mine! Do you understand!" I pointed my finger in her face.

"Oh you miserable ape. So what! What about it — you married me didn't you. You hopeless man. You knelt down below my knees to get me!" Linda moved towards me. I slapped her clean and hard across her mouth. She started crying.

"What do you mean, so what! What the hell do you mean?" I held her shoulders with both my hands and shook her. Her slap brought me back.

"You — you are just an ugly duckling. I can put away this child for adoption and have my time. You can just die..." I slapped her hard shutting her up. Linda flung herself onto me and ripped my shirt from the pocket. Her finger—

nails took the skin away from below my chest. I got hold of her hair as she clawed all over my face, almost screaming.

"You have no money. You're penniless! Who cares about you! I never loved you. Only because I was pregnant..." I slapped her again and dragged her to the chair and threw her in a bundle.

"You are one expensive bitch, a whore — a whiteman's concubine. It's in your blood. That's what your kind are! Spreading your legs for whiteman's money." I kicked her legs.

"Please leave me alone!" she screamed. "I don't want to have anything to do with you! I'm not your wife! You are not like the whiteman I go around with!" I moved close to hit her again but she picked up the bread knife from the coffee table and stabbed my left thigh, opening up a wound. I kicked her and made for the knife. Like a wounded animal she was all over me. Missing my face, she landed the blunt weapon behind my neck. I slapped her with both hands. Linda

blindly made for my groin, the most vital part. I was slow. She dropped the knife and made a grab — squeezing the power out of me. I wasn't going to die without a fight but Linda had selected the spot well and caught me full with the trousers, slowly squeezing the life out of me.

"Hey Linda — you're killing me! Stop it! Let go!" It was no use, "Linda please, please!" I was begging desperately to no avail. Gasping with the pain from my groin, both of my hands involuntarily clamped around her neck, clinging for dear precious life.

Linda died in my hands and I didn't know.

I felt my senses return, dazzled and drunk with lack of energy and pain. Linda's beautiful body slumped in a heap on the floor, with a young human perhaps dying inside her stomach, her son. I fell onto a chair not knowing the nature of my emotions — I just didn't know. I was shaking as I made for the telephone at the far corner of the study. It took me ages to get the Boroko Police Station number right. I was melting. "C.I.B." I managed.

"What? Whom do you want to speak to?" the reply came.

"I said C.I.B., C.I.B.!" I screamed at the mouthpiece and I started weeping like a kid, why, I don't know.

"Inspector Yomba — C.I.B. here," the rich strong voice boomed.

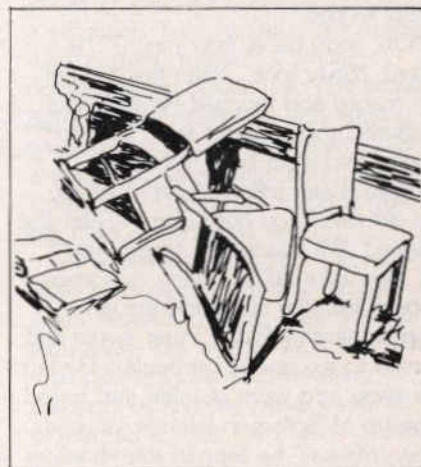
"Chief! It's me — me Mike!" My voice was shaky and weak, still weeping hysterically.

"Mike — what's wrong with you!" he demanded.

"Come and get me!" I yelled.

"What?"

"Come and get me — Please, hurry up!" I smashed the receiver and hung my head to cry and cry. □



Illustrated by Sibona Buna



## Wanbotol

by Regis Stella

He was drunk, he could not walk properly. Every step he took he nearly fell. He cursed and swore at anyone his pair of eyes could track.

"Kei yu lele ya,"<sup>1</sup> he called to a Morobe girl walking past. "Hi! shame on you, like good one," the girl shouted back angrily at him. He felt very upset and he did not bother to say anymore words to the girl. The students playing snooker laughed. He held a Highlands student by his shirt collar and warned him not to laugh at him or else he would take the shit out of him. He let go of him and the boy shook with rage. He wanted to fight with him but some of the students held him back.

Peter was an Economics student, doing his third year. Every weekend he would go to Dr. Omimong's residence, his wantok who was a lecturer at the university and would get drunk. It was under the hold of liquor that he would give long lectures on economic issues. Other wantoks did not approve of his drinking or his lectures, but no one dared to talk against him. They just ignored him.

He took out a two kina note and waved it to a girl, perhaps one of the secretaries at the university. She looked twenty-one but that was just a guess. "Hey! nice Bola, inap mi garen sikel?"<sup>2</sup> Peter asked her. "Hi! hemarai lasi oi."<sup>3</sup> If you want, dogs are there," the girl answered. He fell down and nearly hit his head against the snooker table. He swore as he got up.

He walked into the canteen and got himself a packet of Benson and Hedges. As he came out, the shop assistant, a girl, called him. "Mister you forgot to pay."

"Oh! sorry babe, how much?" he asked. "Sixty toea." Peter handed her the money and touched her buttocks. "Beautiful thing," Peter said. The girl giggled and went back into the canteen. Peter followed her. Jokingly the girl said "You not fit bro." Then she laughed. "Mi takem you tonight ya?"<sup>4</sup> As they were talking many customers flooded into the store and the girl stopped teasing Peter. Peter swore and cursed to no one in particular. He left the shop and went outside and found a group of Solomon Islands students. "Hey, Mister," he tapped the shoulder

of Michael, one of the Solomon Islands students, "that girl really made me crazy. I should have taught her a lesson she would never forget." They laughed. He was unsteady, he swore at anything that was in his sight. He walked off leaving his friends and headed for his room. He could not make out which was his room. Finally he was directed to his hideout. "Thanks mate," he spoke to the young guy who directed him.

He opened his room and fell on top of his chair. His room-mate had gone out, perhaps to the library or perhaps he was at Adcol, where his Sunam lalokau<sup>5</sup> was.

Peter got up and started dressing. He was warned a couple of times already by the Subwarden, a Gailala bloke, for disturbing the peace. But he never really absorbed the warning.

He sang in his language. It was a well known Buka Tsigul<sup>6</sup> song called "Tokapi". A Goroka student, his next door neighbour sang with him. He may have learned the song at high school during the Papamai programme. Peter got a broom and tapped it on the floor. He thought back to his village, remembering the time for sing-sing. The people of his village and surrounding villages would gather for the occasion. They would sing their guts out, like a heavenly choir.

Peter learned to sing when he was about three, back in the village. His father would carry him on his shoulders and dance. And yes, he remembered his mother's lovely high voice ringing out from the chorus.

Now he was twenty, here at the university, undertaking his degree programme in economics. Peter sometimes wondered whether he would be offered any job when he graduated. Why was he here?

Today, Peter was here in his room alone, a lonely man, singing, but not one of his wantoks was around. Luke, his best wantok had deserted him this weekend. He wondered where the bastard had gone.

Peter was drunk, so drunk that everything was blurred. His K13.00 pocket allowance had gone like a flowing river. He tried to budget but all in vain.

Peter changed into his old ex-army trousers and walked outside. Then he started to walk to Dr. Omimong's house. Perhaps he would find his

wantoks there. He cursed at the distance he had to travel. He could not tolerate it. He sang along the way. People watched him as he passed the houses. Some laughed and others cursed at him for disturbing them. He did not care. He was a hero.

Finally Peter arrived at his destination. He opened the gate and walked in. Luke was already there. Luke was his drinking mate, but today he had deserted him. "How are you Petrus," Luke enquired. "Where the hell were you," he replied. He took off his boots and went inside the house. He looked around. Then he found it. It was the cassette UB40, where his favourite song was. Yes, "Sweet Sensation". The last time he played it, he cried like a child. Perhaps it reminded him of someone special. "Beer in the fridge, Petrus," Dr. Omimong called him. Peter grabbed one and kissed it. "Gosh, so cool babe," he whispered to himself.

With Dr. Omimong, Luke, and his wantoks, Peter gossipped and sang. Here were his wantoks who could sing with him. The tunes of the Tsigul songs were implanted in their hearts and souls.

The stereo was blasting away. It was one of their favourite cassettes playing. They drank, danced, and sang. It was as if God had sent Angel Gabriel down.

The clock on the wall indicated that it was four o'clock in the morning. They had all blacked out. They slept anywhere, some on the floor, a few lucky ones on the bed. Peter slept outside on the verandah. He vomitted and slept on top of it. He smelled horrible. He could not take anymore. He had enough.

The next day Peter awoke to find himself sleeping on his vomit. He swore. He got up and got a towel on the line and went to have his bath. He was sober now and felt sick.

He could not remember how he had come to Dr. Omimong's residence. That was a riddle he could not solve. He had to wait for the others to answer it for him. He hung the towel and strolled into the kitchen, looking for something to eat. He was so hungry and could eat anything. He opened the fridge, but the fridge did not smile at him. He closed it and pulled the drawers. The drawers looked sad. Luckily in the last drawer he



found a half plastic of trukai rice. He cooked it and ate it hungrily. Then he tiptoed out of the house and walked back to the campus.

Peter tried to do his assignment due the next day. He read his lecture notes and texts which Dr. Omimong had given him and the other students to do. He had given them four weeks to complete the assignments. Yes, four solid weeks and Peter had done nothing but drink away all his time in the pubs. He remembered the first assignment he handed to Dr. Omimong, he scored 15 out of 40. He thought very hard, wondering whether he could apply for leniency from Dr. Omimong. He looked at his notes again but nothing went into his skull. It was hopeless trying to do last minute work.

Peter lay down on his bed. He was sick. He tried to think positively but to no avail.

Then he flowed into a deep sleep. □

## Notes

1. In Solomon Islands pidgin meaning someone or something is beautiful or smart.
2. Means beauty can I have share?
3. Shame on you.
4. I will date you eh?
5. Manus friend.
6. Traditional Buka songs.

## YAPUNE

by May Paipaira

The distant wailing of a siren brought me back to my senses. I had been floating above the tall trees trying to land in a good spot on the ground. I failed everytime I tried. The funny looking umbrella I hung onto was blown further away. My legs were bundled together and they floated behind me. The umbrella kept rising and rising and I began to feel sick in my stomach, but I couldn't let go. The ground was a long way away. For the first time in my life, I prayed. Suddenly, there was a snap and a crash.

I forced my heavy eyelids open and tried to see what was in front of me. There was broken glass in many different shapes. There were diamonds, squares, rectangles, circles, triangles and numerous stars. The star of David was probably one of them, but I didn't see well. Many of the shapes were painted red. Some Painter had done a very good job indeed. I pressed my lips

and slowly parted them. I pushed my tongue over them. They tasted a mixture of blood and sweat. I closed my eyes and the umbrella appeared again. The invisible driver seemed to be inviting me for yet another ride. I didn't accept the offer.

The wailing siren sounded much louder now. I couldn't tell whether it was the Fire-brigade, the Ambulance or the Police.

There was movement and I felt hands on my body. I was pulled roughly but gently out of my crooked bed. This bed was the best one I'd ever lain upon. My legs moved out first but my body was still on the bed. There was something hard against my middle. I tried to see what it was but I couldn't bend my neck. It was stiff. I tried to heave off whatever it was. Instead I felt a sharp pain that shot into my chest. I closed my eyes and stopped moving around, but those hands were still working on me. I tried to push them away but I couldn't even lift my two hands. My two hands hung helplessly beside me.

Suddenly there was a crash behind me and I heard the door of my bedroom open. Somebody had entered my house. The bed I was lying on, slowly, began moving backwards. When it finally stopped moving, I felt light. The heavy object on my chest was gone. I was gently laid on a soft bed and I felt cold water on my face. I opened my eyes, and looked around.

There was a glass wall and some white figures moved around beside me. They were gently massaging me or were they trying to arouse me? I felt nothing. I tried desperately to ask them for some water. My throat was painfully dry but worst of all, the bad taste in my mouth. My lips opened but no words flowed. I decided to go back to sleep in order to forget everything.

The Ambulance came to life as it screamed down the road like a dog in pain. The lights went off and there was complete silence. "Doboro! Doboro!" I heard someone call my name. It came from my right. I turned in that direction, and then I saw her.

This time, she had a grass-skirt on. It was made from long white pandanus fibres, that went down to her ankles. She wore necklaces of shells, nuts and leaves and her body glistened with sweat. Her arms were enclosed in black armlets and Wane leaves were pushed inside to tighten them. She shone from

coconut oil and dirt. She had the smell of a dense forest, where dead leaves multiplied each day onto the wet soil with less sunshine from above, leaches danced away under those damp leaves. Her scruffy hair was pulled back, so that it hung carelessly on her shoulders. Her face was the ugliest I have ever seen in my life. Her eyes popped out as if they were two raw kina shells attached to her face. Her ears resembled an angry dog defending its female partner. Her tongue flew right out of her mouth and it rolled on the ground. It reminded me of the story my mother told me years ago. She said this was exactly what girls looked like when they hung themselves on trees.

This woman who was standing before me had the teeth of a wild boar attached to her red gums. She was smiling fiercely as she called my name.

I screamed and began to run. I threw my legs in the air and I struggled to run. I gasped for air as I ran but it was hopeless. I was losing .... that woman was gaining on me. I could smell her breath as she came closer.

I asked her what she wanted from me. I offered her money, land, my knowledge and other valuable items only if she left me alone. That ugly thing, threw her head back and laughed. It was more a scream than a laugh. I shivered.

She looked me straight in the eyes and answered. "You will pay, you will pay" You have disobeyed, you will pay, you pay." "What have I done that will cost me something. I haven't done anything wrong to anybody." I answered. "You don't understand, but you will pay, you have to pay. You have disobeyed so you will pay."

Suddenly, there was a stop. I opened my eyes as I was lifted out. It was then that I realised, I was heading for the surgery room of St. Miracle hospital on a stretcher. Two Ambulance officers were carrying me and a white doctor walked beside me. The beautiful nurse on the other side was smiling encouragingly ..... just as well. I was in a coma for three days and on the fourth day I came to. I slowly opened my eyes and looked around.

My feet were hanging in the air. They were bandaged. The familiar green hospital curtains hung just an inch away. On my hands, I saw tubes with different colours swimming upwards behind my head. I saw an oxygen tank close by. I didn't question



its presence. As I looked around I saw a card hanging just beside me, "Doboro Koso", was the name written on it and the card was sent by Wendy. I figured that it was a get-well card because a bunch of fresh frangipani flowers lay beside the card. Suddenly, I felt tears flowing down my cheeks, "Wendy must have been here, waiting all along, praying that I'd make it through. I wonder who informed her about me, and where is she right now, when I have made it," I thought. "God bless her."

The nurse on duty, saw me weeping quietly so she walked up to my bed. She held my hand and gently called my name, and told me not to worry. After I quietened down she asked me if I was crying because of some pain, so that she could give me some pain killers. I shook my head. Instead I asked her if she could read the card's message to me. She picked up the envelope delicately, and tore it open. She began to read:

Doboro, my beloved.  
Days may come  
Nights may go without you  
But my love centres around you  
With all my heart I pray  
you will get well....soon.

It was signed by Wendy, the most beautiful person I'd ever known in my life. The nurse asked if I wanted anything-else but I shook my head, so she left. I turned my head away from the card and fell into a very peaceful sleep.

It was a beautiful day when I woke up the next day. The warm sunshine filled the air with its music. Birds were chipping happily nearby, while the green leaves swayed to the gentle beat of the sea breeze. The sky was naked except for a few patches of clouds that drifted lazily across. Somewhere nearby, I heard a child singing and clapping.

"The world is still a good place to live I thought. As I sat and observed the beautiful scenery outside my room, I began to recall what had actually happened to me.

I was driving down to 'Ol meri' hostel to pick up my fiancé, Wendy, an Australian, who had been living in Papua New Guinea for six years. We'd been going steady for three years and recently, we started thinking seriously about settling down together. That night, we planned to go to the drive-in for a midnight show. They were

showing a movie Wendy had seen before, and she wanted to see it again. I was just going along with her.

Every Friday, we went out together, so I did not bother to ring and let her know that I was going to come. Exactly, at 10:45 p.m. I pulled out of the yard. The grass had been cut the day before and the smell still hung in the air. It reminded me of my childhood days when I used to pile dry grass outside my house and dive into it, slowly scattering it. When I got tired, I would set the heap on fire and admire the flames leaping into the air.

I sped past the shopping centre, and eventually went out onto the deserted road. I slowed down and began to hum a tune I had just heard on the radio while I was in the shower. I could still feel the water in my damp hair, and it made me feel fresh. I was at peace with myself and it made me feel good.

Just then I noticed that I was passing the 'Sparker' hotel, because there was a lot of noise. The 'Goads' band was roaring away on the stage while drunkards were singing and dancing on the floor. In the nearby seats other men sat with bottles of locally produced 'Jungle Juice'. There were no decent women around except for those Two Kina who filled almost all the cheap hotels in town. There was never a place without them.

I drove on without bothering to take a second glance at those humbugs. I just turned into 'Giaman' street, when suddenly, I saw a figure standing in the middle of the road. It was a woman dressed in a meri blouse and laplap. She didn't cross the street quickly, as she was limping. Her right leg seemed to be dragging behind her. To avoid hitting her, I swung the car to the right and then to the left, and before I knew it, I had lost control of the breaks, and I hit the nearest thing in front of me. It all happened too fast.

I realise now, that, it was a trick and Yapune was behind it all. Yapune, was a name I had heard so often in the village. She was not one woman, but many, and she appeared in many different forms, both human and non-human. She was a destroyer, a killer, and her main purpose was to hurt people both physically and mentally. She brought misery into the lives of many people.

Because of Yapune, many villages in Anuki were not developing. If a family decided to build a tradestore,

someone in that family would get sick, and eventually die if nothing was done about it. If all the children in one family were educated, that is, went further than primary school, then one of them would be mentally affected. If a man in town was going home for holiday, something would happen to him, for example a car accident. These are just a few of the examples but Yapune's activities are well recognised and highly despised.

The woman I saw in the Ambulance was Yapune, in her widely recognised form. With her evil face, it probably meant bad luck for me. Perhaps I would never get out alive from this hospital. But what did I do to the village people that brought about this accident. I had done everything I could as a member of that community.

Suddenly, a thought passed my mind. I was on my way to pick up Wendy when the accident happened so the answer must lie in this. It must be this village girl, who was betrothed to me traditionally. Kawabura and I were born during the same month so our mothers joked about us getting married when we grew up. As we grew up we were regarded as brother and sister, only in the day-time. At night we were seen as boyfriend and girlfriend. The joke became serious when we started going to school. I left the village to go to high school, but she was left behind. She didn't qualify. I wrote back telling her about all the beautiful things I saw during my wanderings. Just a few years ago I stopped writing simply because I ran out of stories. Maybe her old woman was upset because of that, or they probably heard about Wendy. News travels faster than the wind, ... I thought sadly.

Two months later, I was discharged from the hospital, in a wheel-chair. I was paralysed from my waist down. I couldn't return to my old job as a carpenter so I applied to work in an office. But most painful of all, I lost Wendy. She returned to Australia because her mother died the same night I had the accident. She was needed at home, to take care of her younger brothers and sisters, and she was not going to come back to Port Moresby.

This was more than I could tolerate, so I decided to go back to my Anuki village. □



## THE WIDENING GAP

by John Kadiba

As the years passby,  
Running their course,  
The gap widens.  
Between me and the dear folk,  
The chasm grows,  
Inevitably,  
Unintentionally,  
Unwillingly,  
Somehow it widens.

Nostalgic moments —  
Of youth roaming  
The cool jungles and hills,  
Of hunting trips,  
Of swimming in the fresh creeks and  
rivers,  
Of fishing,  
Of exuberant feasting —  
Fill the imagination,

And arouse pleasant feelings;  
But nostalgia bridges not the gap.

Visiting the dear folk.  
Mats are placed before me,  
On them I am invited to sit,  
Children are told to get away or keep  
quiet,  
With undue respect, I am treated,  
As if I am an important visitor,  
As if I am not their blood,  
As if I am not nursed on her grass-  
skirt,  
As if I did not drink from her breast.  
A strange feeling of estrangement  
Tingles down my spine.  
The gap widens even more I sense.  
The strange bird returns me,  
Back into the strange world.

Letters received,  
Dear nephew send me this,  
Dear cousin send me that,  
Dear brother I want this,

Dear uncle I want that.  
Wish I could meet all their needs and  
wants.  
But obligation conflicts  
With meeting ends  
In the strange new world.  
Letters unanswered,  
Silence — the way out,  
The chasm widens still.

Not only are we separated  
By distance in space and time,  
But in way in living,  
In experience,  
In thought,  
In outlook.  
As the years move on,  
The gap grows,  
Inevitably,  
Unintentionally,  
Unwillingly,  
Sadly,  
But somehow it happens.

## PAPUA NIUGINI OL TAIM!

by Joyce Kumbeli

Papua Niugini,  
Mama ples bilong mi,  
Bipo tru, long taim bilong tumbuna,  
Ol isave long nem bilong yu olsem,  
Papua Niugini.

Taim yu kisim self gavman,  
Ol big man na save man  
i bin kolim resis  
long traim na senisim  
o kamapim niupela nem bilong yu.

Ol itok,  
Yumi kolim kantri bilong yumi  
Papua!  
Sampela itok,  
Niugini!  
Na sampela ken itok,  
Papua Niugini!  
O Kumul!  
Tasol,

Papua Niugini,  
Mama ples bilong mi,  
Ol save man na ol big man  
bilong yu yet  
inonap bagarapim yu  
long traim na senisim nem bilong yu.

Taim yu niupela,  
Ol wite man ikam painim yu,  
Na ol tumbuna bilong mi isave long yu,  
Igo inap yu kisim self gavman,  
Na tu independens,  
Na ikam inap nau,  
Plantim man isave long yu,  
Olsem Papua Niugini,  
Na wanem big man o save man,  
Istap long wanem hap,  
Inonap senisim  
na bagarapim nem bilong yu.

Papua Niugini,  
Mama ples bilong mi,  
Nem bilong yu istap olsem,  
Na imas stap olsem!

## WIND

by Joyce Kumbeli

you come from all directions!

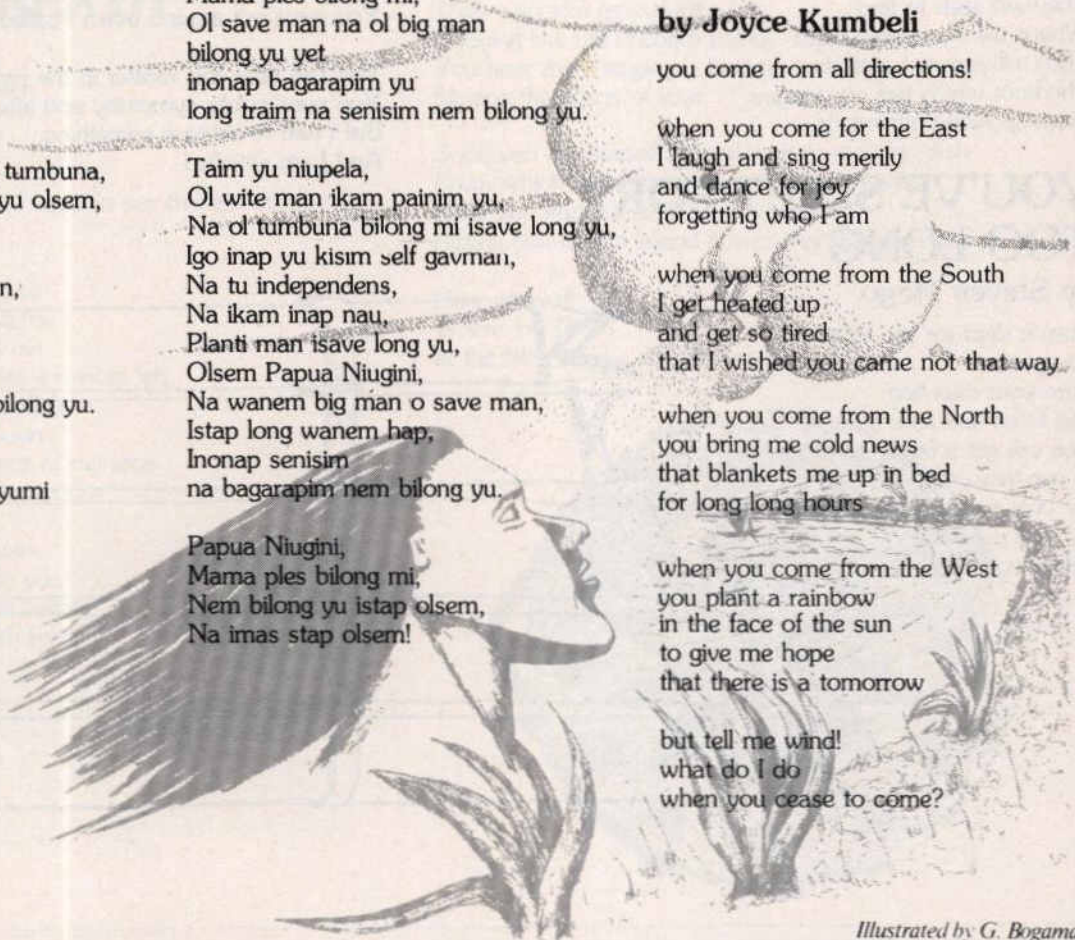
when you come from the East  
I laugh and sing merrily  
and dance for joy  
forgetting who I am

when you come from the South  
I get heated up  
and get so tired  
that I wished you came not that way.

when you come from the North  
you bring me cold news  
that blankets me up in bed  
for long long hours

when you come from the West  
you plant a rainbow  
in the face of the sun  
to give me hope  
that there is a tomorrow

but tell me wind!  
what do I do  
when you cease to come?



Illustrated by G. Bogama



## LET'S BE TRUE TO OUR PEOPLE

by Steven Mago

Only time will tell  
when the next catastrophe will occur  
So let's all live through life  
with our eyes wide open  
glancing all around  
And be true to our people  
You know as well as I do  
that we can't all get through  
the next upheaval  
For if we do  
we won't see that next great day.

## STRUGGLE

by Steven Mago

Men have a two world dimension  
To boss and to laze  
Women have a one world dimension  
To work or to serve.

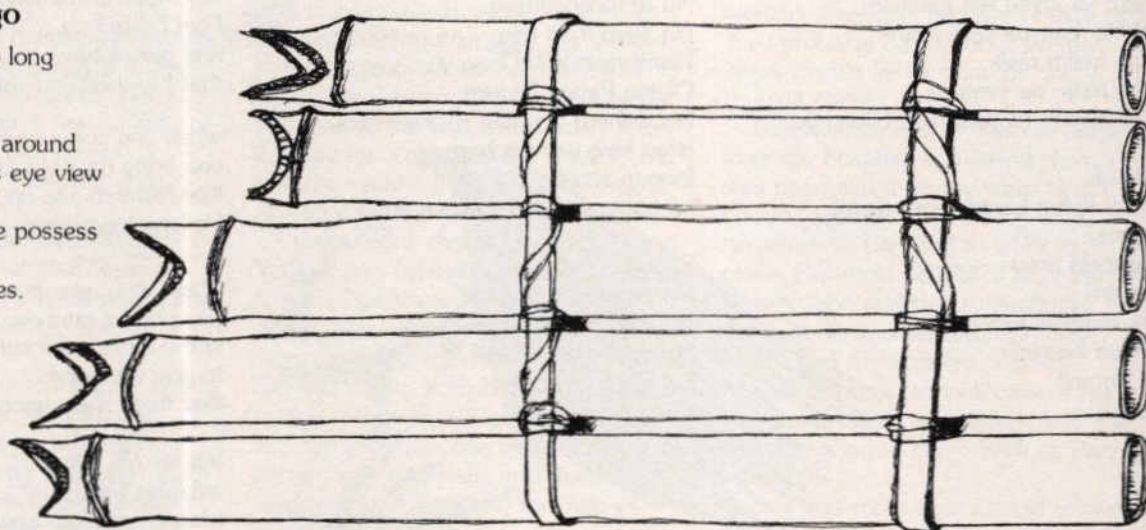
But the time has come  
When our daughters will rise  
Above the ignorance of the masses  
To pull down the pillars of 'our' houses.

They will seek to find  
Where we have been blind  
They will not rest until they unwind  
The knot which ties our tongue  
From speaking our minds.

## YOU'VE SLEPT FOR TOO LONG

by Steven Mago

You've slept for too long  
Sit up now  
Turn your direction  
and listen and look around  
You will get a bird's eye view  
of our treasure  
the only treasure we possess  
the one you see  
before your very eyes.



## LET'S TALK BUSINESS

Arthur Jawodimbari

We dropped in accidentally  
I know, you're a busy man  
But I had to see you  
Sorry, to bother you like this.

Yes, I'm going out now  
I have an appointment  
I'll see you for only two minutes  
Really, I'll have to go.

This is my telephone number.....  
I'll talk to you over the phone  
Pleased to have met you, young man  
I have heard of your name.

Hello, can I help you?  
Yes, please, I need your help...  
May I speak to Papuan Solidarity  
No, he has gone out as usual.

Hello, young man, I'm disappointed  
Sir, I, disappointed too  
I was not invited to your festival  
Sir, You were invited by all means.

You left me, and my people out  
Sir, but you were busy  
I was not contacted at all  
You were not around when I called, sir

You can raise this matter in the parliament  
You need public sympathy and attention  
But I had to achieve something,  
And I am satisfied.



## LONELINESS IS MY LIFE

by Abby Yadi

Sitting there, by the seashore  
On a lonely island  
Disturbed only by the cries of birds  
And the roar of waves on the reef  
But these I regard not as disturbances  
They are a rhythm of my music of loneliness

A dream drifts across my deep thoughts  
Like the drift-wood in the Blue Oceans  
A dream of a friend I once had  
But the dream ends in loneliness

Solitude is my life  
Loneliness is my friend  
Tears drain down my cheeks  
I mind not about them  
I taste the salt of my own tears  
The tears of loneliness  
The tears of solitude

I hear faint voices calling my name  
Fear of loneliness forces me to turn back  
But what I see is my own shadow  
A lonely shadow  
All because of loneliness  
And LONELINESS is my LIFE!

## MY LAST BREATH

by Abby Yadi

Oh my children, my children  
Come to my side  
Oh my love, my love  
Come to my side  
Come to my side because I have to say the last of my words

My last breath I have to take  
The breath God gave to me  
My loved ones, sit beside me  
Listen to me, for I have not a minute left  
It is time for me to say goodbye  
For I will close my eyes soon  
On the morrow you see not of my face  
For I will close my eyes for good

I have to take my last breath  
My last breath I blow unto you  
For I have no more breath to take  
Yes I have no more breath to take

GOOD BYE!

## A DAY IN THE ISLANDS

by Abby Yadi

On an island, in the Eastern tip of Papua  
You wake up to the glistering summer sun shining gold in the morning sky  
Rising slowly over the horizon  
You hear the cries of the island birds  
You walk down to the glittering beaches  
On the seashores you will be met by soft rolling waves  
The waves of the Pacific Ocean  
White foam gathers in the Lagoon as the waves crash  
Against the colourful corals of the coral sea

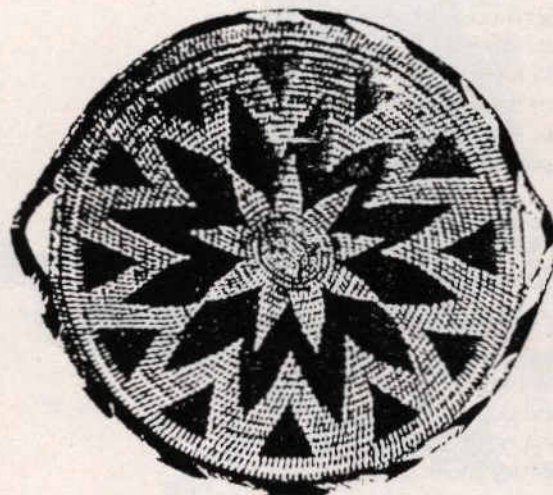
From a canoe you see almost any kind of fish:  
Biggest to the smallest,  
Swimming gracefully with the ocean currents  
Over head you see the seagulls flying swiftly in the blue sky

The sun is over head and you feel hot  
You jump into the cold water  
A feeling of happiness washes you over  
You lie on the sand and you feel the warmth  
Like the living warmth of a mother

Night comes and with it, another world  
A world of celebration  
You see the beautiful girls at the island dance  
The famous "tapioka"  
You see them sway and with them  
Their colourful grassskirts  
Swaying like the coconut palms  
You hear them singing  
Singing the songs of love

Soon you are seated around a great wooden dish  
From which delicious odours of the pork arise  
Later you find yourself in bed dreaming  
Beside you lies an island flower sharing your dreams.

Now you ask,  
Where am I?  
In the Islands, she will answer





## BRIGHTENED MORNING STAR

by Meau Andrew

You're my dawn  
Of a new day  
In my life, a sunshine ray  
That keeps my heart warm  
A lone star in my dark days  
To beckon me home

## MY JOY AND CONSOLATION

by Meau Andrew

Through my teary eyes of sorrow  
You're my rainbow  
My hope and promise of a brighter morrow  
Without you my life is hollowed  
Out of the harmony of your grace  
And in tune with the world of shadows

## AMBER—FLAMES CHARCOAL

by Meau Andrew

I was born with them  
The ambers of love  
They gave me a warm heart  
And I was told  
To live is to love  
To love is to live

Living by these I met you  
Something about you invigorated  
My ambers of love into flames  
Flames so hard to tame  
Flames that consumed my whole being  
I was a dehydrated love patient

Of course you didn't tame the flames  
You didn't cool down my temperature  
Anyway you aren't to be blamed  
I should have known the rules of the game  
My own flames of love have burnt me up  
I'm now a worthless heap of ash and charcoal  
That will never again be the same

## YOU'RE MY ALL

by Meau Andrew

You're my every breath  
You're my life  
For you I shall live  
You and you alone  
You and none besides  
Until life for me is gone

## THE RAINBOW THAT YOU SEE NOW

by Shem Yarupawa

Today I see you with another  
He has stolen your heart away from me  
He paints your life  
With the colours of rainbow  
And you laugh at me mockingly  
As I ride the stormy clouds  
But one day, some day  
The wind will change directions  
Kaliwabu will blow on my side  
The storm clouds will be swept away  
And I'll see before me  
The rainbow that you see now.

## JUST THIS SILENCE

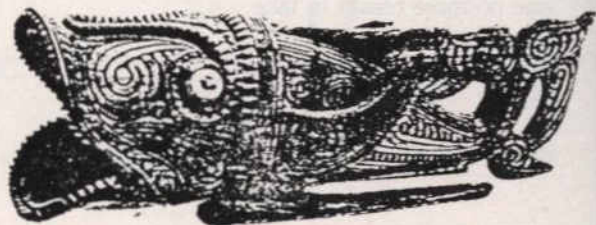
by Shem Yarupawa

Today as I board this bus  
You fill my palms with the tears  
Of years of longing  
Why did you not tell me then?  
When the moon had a long way to journey  
Did you not read it in my eyes?  
It's too late now  
Do not expect me to speak at this moment  
Nor shed a tear  
For my great ancestor does not approve of this  
But just this silence  
This unforgiving silence  
which has denied me of my due  
All along

## WAVES

by Shem Yarupawa

They rise to embrace the air  
But can not maintain their composure  
Timidly withdrawing  
As if refused by the air  
Racing on nevertheless  
To commit a half-mind suicide  
Against Makoyas rocks  
That guard the shores  
Only to retreat  
Half alive half dead.





## WELI NIMOU

by Pascal Waisi

Elders brought the weli nimou to the village  
From the village last to stage the singing  
Now it was our turn to stage one  
So we swung into preparations.

Alas, women and children saw no weli nimou  
Forbidden by man-made customs  
It was men who lit it in the homes  
Spread it in the whole community  
So the whole village was warm.

People came to the Fish Singing  
Heavy reciprocal exchanges occurred  
Old kinship ties revived  
New ones established  
The bond, the unity with the neighbours  
Found its complete expression.

*Weli nomou is a ritual torch used in Wapi  
Fish Singing, analogous to the Olympic torch*

## MOTHER RIGHT

by Pascal Waisi

This bouncing baby of em  
A living reality of Man  
Labour to get him born with nem to stay  
The coming to be from two cell-sperm.

Watch him grow through storm  
She beats him to stay in form  
For it is according to our norm  
That he stays upright as a good boy.

When it comes to the final hour  
She'll choose him a woman who is not sour  
Since it is em who has the power  
To keep the young wife under cover.

## FIRST BLOOD

by Pascal Waisi

A husband walks into her bedroom  
Asks her to smoke in a happy mood  
Were it not for the light from the moon  
She would have mistaken him for someone new  
And would have chased him with a broom.

They stayed on smoking through the night  
They had never smoked in their life  
They continue exploring without the light  
Morning comes: the wife sees her first blood.

## THE CIRCLES

by Pascal Waisi

At this water fall  
An old lady sees in the pool below  
Formations of circles come and go  
'Disappearing' into the pool once more.

Beyond this coming and going of circles  
She interprets her life's circle  
In her old age her skin wrinkles  
She contemplates herself  
She longs to become and to disappear.

On her head she wears stinging nettles  
Then looking inwards she sees herself  
But looking outwards she sees no person  
Who would imitate her like the pool's reflection.

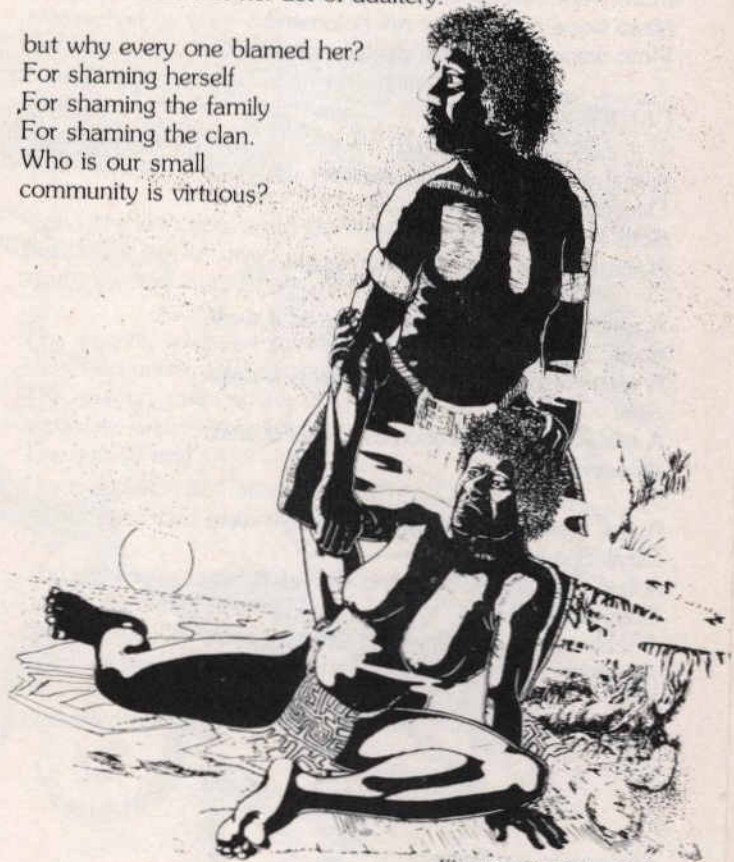
## SHAME

by Pascal Waisi

The sister of her mother's mother  
Drunk a fabe — a poisonous rope  
And died standing in the centre of the house  
She took her own life out of shame.

She shamed herself  
She shamed her family  
She shamed her clan — by an act of adultery.  
She blamed herself  
— out of shame of her act of adultery.

but why every one blamed her?  
For shaming herself  
For shaming the family  
For shaming the clan.  
Who is our small  
community is virtuous?



Illustrated by Deksy Koi



## COURTING LAMENT

by Pascal Waisi

Look look look-him  
See see see-him  
Saw saw saw-him  
Symbol of his tribe.

You the Kaunguru ninge  
You the he bird who dances  
on the clan's banyan tree  
Salam — the decorations you wore  
See you and feel no bore.

Long for you the first  
Wish for you the best  
Want for you the noblest  
Desire for you the handsomest.

## BECOMING

by Pascal Waisi

Moto wape naule nulu ku  
Toa naule nulu ku  
Riril naule nulu ku  
Wautei naule nulu ku.

Moto wape nweitei nire toa  
Moto wape nweitei nire riril  
Moto wape nweitei nire wautei.

Moto wape nweitei nire toa nolomen?  
Moto wape nweitei nire riril nolomen?  
Moto wape nweitei nire wautei nolomen?

### (Translation)

A real woman she-came she-saw us  
Devil she-came she-saw us  
Soul she-came she-saw us  
Ancestor she-came she-saw us.

A real woman she-becomes she-as it were  
Devil  
A real woman she-becomes she-as it were  
Soul  
A real woman she-becomes she-as it were  
Ancestor.

A real woman she-becomes she-as it were  
Devil She-how?  
A real woman she-becomes she-as it were  
Soul she-how?  
A real woman she-becomes she-as it were  
Ancestor she-how?

## SAGO MAKING RITUAL

by Pascal Waisi

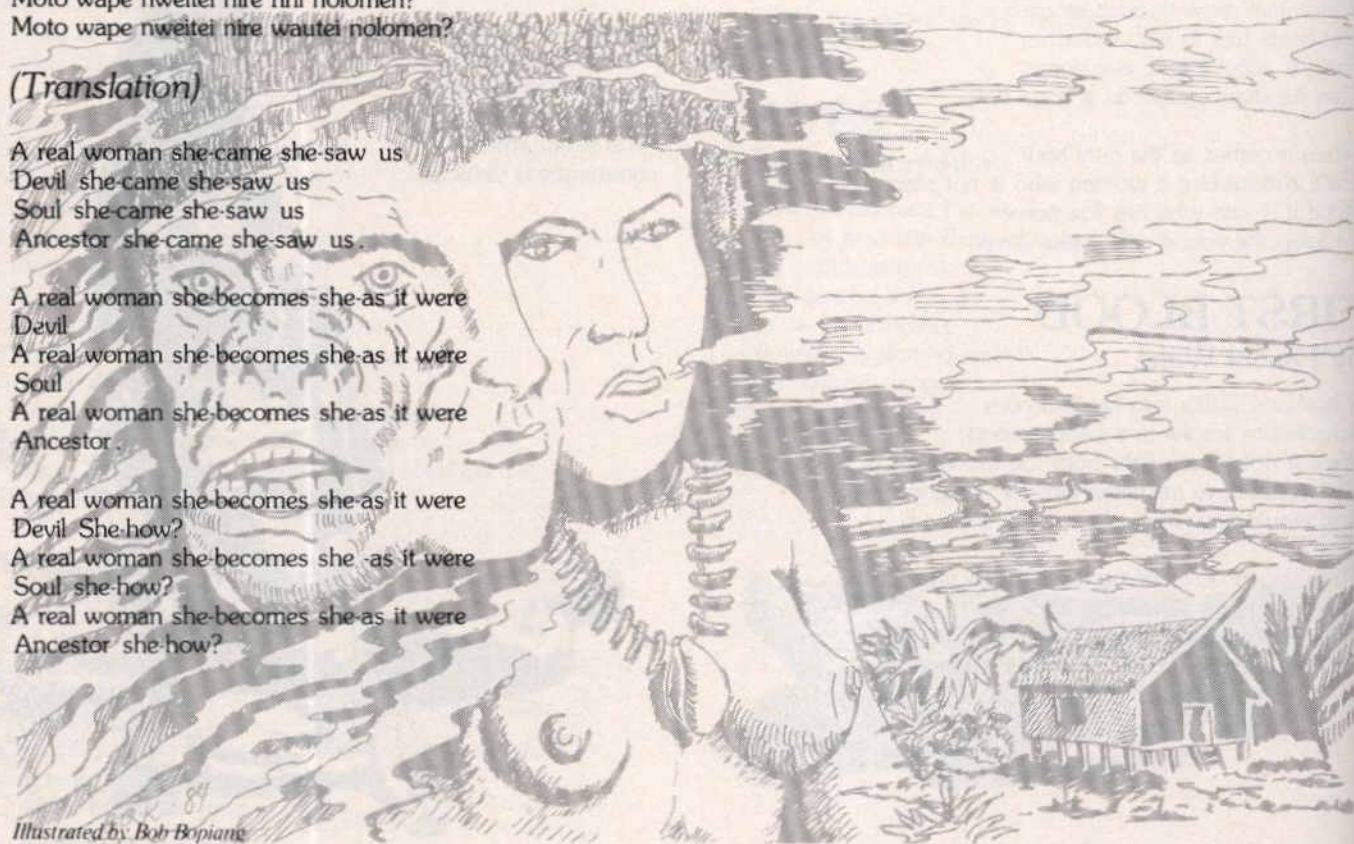
One of us sago I about to make  
Two of us sago I now name  
Three of us sago I have shake  
Four of us sago I will bake.

— must be the taste  
— have to be first rate  
— would bring me no shame.

On mother's mother guide my vision  
Oh father's mother take my esis  
Oh husband's mother sharpen this milel fomu  
Oh mother make this sago disease free.

chop chop chop  
Drop drop drop  
Knock knock knock.

Glut glut glut  
Luck luck luck  
Smug smug smug



Illustrated by Bob Bopiane



## MAGIC STONE

by Pascal Waisi

Shape-like eagle egg  
In a sacred place it lay  
Holy water's spring from hard rock  
Where once a culture hero  
Seeks to perform a coitus ritual  
But whose wife only urinates  
Becoming a spring.

Picked up from its natural habitat  
Invoked into it a code, a secret name  
of the culture heroine  
Washed in eagle's blood  
And wrapped in Kafilais leaves  
Lays beside the burning bayan coal  
Heated, it bursts forth,  
Thunder, lightning, rain, storm.

## A MOTHER'S LAMENT

by Pascal Waisi

I walk the bush in bare feet  
— see no spirit  
I walk through the black forest  
— see no Being

Memories of my loved one  
Passed away on a far away plantation  
Linger on in my loved one  
Passed away on a far away plantation  
Linger on in my dreams.  
See vivid and strong his spirit  
Vomit blood  
I ask:  
Can this world I am now  
seeing immediately turn on its head?

## CHILDBIRTH LAMENT

by Pascal Waisi

I wailed and I wailed  
Till the sun set  
I long for the rope to hang myself  
I want to communicate the pain  
But no one will listen.

Bring me the bark of a Yelu tree  
Strain the bark in water and wash me  
Fetch some water from that gentleman's house  
Whose evil spirit daunts and holds up  
my delivery.

Bring all the children I have closer  
Let them see me experience in an  
enclosure  
I shall embrace them before my departure  
For I will not curse the life's pleasure.

## HUMANITY

by Pascal Waisi

This bedrock of defined role  
Strips one part of her her soul.  
Day and night she cooks for him  
While he chews beetlenut and is merry.

The child she carries to wash sago  
She returns with child on top of sago load  
Her back heavy with pain  
At night she lays awake massaging her back.

Talk to her about reciprocity  
Talk to her about humanity  
This talk is too heavy  
This talk is too mysterious.

## SHRIVELLED SHRINE IN A SMOKE CROWNED HOUSE

by Steve Edmund Winduo

Colours of nature shine bright on your body  
You are brightened by the sunset rays  
You attract the men  
Who carry the bride price for the groom  
You carry the babies for the groom  
And you are admired from North to South, East to West.

But I wonder why you lay idle in the corner  
Untouched by your owner  
You have lost your bright wonderful colours and  
Now you are painted with grey mud colours  
And lay untouched under your  
Sorrowful mourning  
With little or no comfort

You only wish you could get down from that crucial place,  
Reach the sunset rays,  
And incarnate into a butterfly or some colourful flowers.

The designs you once portrayed  
Vanished under your sorrow  
The quantity you carry now  
Vanished under your isolation  
The quality and style  
Once admired and attractive to men  
Now diminished in the ugly grey colours.

The owner says you are no longer helpful  
he lets the white ants and  
the cockroaches build their homes in you....  
They weaken and hurt you more  
Now you only can wrinkle and be worn into a  
Shrivelled shrine in a smoke crowned house.





## MY BROTHER MY ENEMY

by John Kasaipwalova

### CHARACTERS:

**DUMAAS SARI:** *Rebel. Leader of OPM (Organasia Papua Merdeka) or "Free Papua Movement". Legal citizen of Indonesia.*

**THOMAS:** *Cousin brother of Dumaas Sari and*

**SOKARU:** *Minister for National Security in the Papua New Guinea Government.*

**PETER SANGO:** *An Officer of PNG Defence Force.*

**SOLDIER 2:** *Members of PNG Defence Force.*

**SECRETARY:** *Personal Secretary of Minister for National Security.*

**EXPERT 1:** *Expert adviser in Justice Ministry.*

**EXPERT 2:** *Expert Adviser in Foreign Affairs Ministry.*

**DRIVER:** *The Minister's personal driver.*

**SHARON:** *Receptionist for a Foreign Embassy in Port Moresby.*

**WARDER:** *A prison warder at Bomana Corrective Institution. Often called "senior" as abbreviation of official rank and title of "Senior Correctional Officer".*

### SOLDEIRS CROWD AND THE "IN GROUP"

**SCENE 1:** In April 1977, the OPM (Organasia Papua Merdeka) or "Free Papua Movement" instigated a popular rebellion against the Indonesian colonial authority in Irian Jaya. The rebellion succeeded in capturing two police posts, Pagai and Kobakma. The Indonesia military retaliated with planes, rockets, and modern weapons to squash the rebellion. The Indonesian Government explained to the outside world the cause of the unrest to be "a soccer match which developed into a tribal war". Thus began an intensive military exercise to search and destroy the rebels and their collaborators. Indonesia succeeded in getting the official support of the Papua New Guinea Government also against the rebels. Dumaas Sari, the leader of the small OPM guerilla force has been isolated. All his followers have either been captured or killed by Indonesian troops. He is wounded and his only escape is to cross to the hills within the

Papua New Guinea side of the border. It is evening twilight of an exhausting day of fleeing before the Indonesian soldiers. As he prepares to take some rest, he surveys the slopes around him to make sure there are no signs of his pursuers.

As he stands overlooking the valleys in the evening twilight, the silence of the forest brings back to him the death of his own brother and his other followers. He thinks of his girl friend whom he may never see again. Is it worth the struggle, the sacrifice? Tears come to his eyes as words and music of a song he knew come back to him.

(music commences softly and builds up with the words)

### JUANTANAMERA

**Verse 1:** Juantanamera Guajira Juantanamera  
Juantanamera Guajira Juantanamera  
Yo soy un hombre sincero  
De donde crece la palma  
Yo soy un hombre sincero  
De donde crece la palma  
Antes de morir me quiero  
Echar mis versos del alma

Juantanamera Guajira Juantanamera....  
(humming of the tune with music continues to provide background for narration of his thoughts)

**Narration 1:** I am a truthful man from the land of palm trees  
And before dying I want to share these palms of my soul  
My palms are also of soft flaming crimson  
My palms are like a wounded fawn seeking refuge in the forest.

**Narrations 2:** My dreams run lonely in the forest of my tearful nights  
The peace of these mountains cradle my tears in silence  
My dream is to sing and dance  
My dream to give you my soul to touch  
But the river takes course by shapes of mountains unyielding.

**Narration 3:** My soul carries a sadness like the fire of twilight setting  
The fire that stands midway to day and night  
This glowing fire fans my dreams  
My dreams flame my sorrow and loneliness  
My loneliness too deep in my soul crying comfort of you breasts.

(music becomes louder for verse 2 to be sung while Sari prepares for some sleep).....

**Verse 2:** Juantanamera Guajira Juantanamera  
Juantanamera Guajira Juantanamera  
Mi verso es de un verde claro  
I de un carmin ensendido



# PLAY PLAY PLAY PLAY PLAY PLAY



Illustrated by Louis Pularu Warimi



# DAY DAY DAY DAY DAY DAY

Mi verso es de un verde claro  
I de un carmin ensendido  
Mi verso as de un eserdo querido  
Que busca en el monta Amparo.  
Juantanamera Guajira Juantanamera.....

*(lights fade with fading of of music. During the pause a scouting party of PNG Defence Force that has been following his movements from the distance during the day now quietly surrounds the sleeping rebel leader. Torches suddenly illuminate the sleeping fugitive.)*

SANGO: Dumaas Sari, you are completely surrounded! Do not reach for any weapons or we fire!

SARI: *(springing to his feet in surprise and fear)*  
What! Who are you!....  
*(he tries to run for the shadow of the trees but is immediately caught by three PNG Defence Force soldiers who then drag him back to the officers.)*

SANGO: My name is Peter Sango. I'm in charge of this patrol. We are members of the Papua New Guinea Defence Force. Please do not try to do anything stupid.

SOLDIER 1: Sir, this man is injured!

SANGO: Right, get some dressing on his wound. *(he pulls out a packet of cigarettes.)*

SOLDIER 2: Sir, we have some rations in my haversack. Yes, go ahead and give him something to eat. He looks tired and hungry. *(he offers a cigarette to Sari while the soldiers quickly prepare some food and medicine for the rebel leader.)*

SARI: No thank you. I don't smoke.  
*(he begins to feel at ease from the fact that these are not Indonesians.)*

SANGO: You are Mr Dumaas Sari aren't you?

SARI: *(hesitantly)* Yeh...ye...yes, that's correct. How do you know my name and what are you going to do with me now?

SANGO: Answer to your first question is simply that Indonesian Intelligence has passed to us all your particulars and your photograph. As you know our government is friendly towards Indonesia. The answer to your second point is not so easy. Our orders are to make sure that you rebels do not use Papua New Guinean soil for launching attacks against Indonesia.

SARI: Officer, I had no such intentions. I am simply looking for a place of safety.

SANGO: Our government does not want to harbour you and your fellow rebels. We have orders to see that you immediately return to the Irian Jaya side of the border.

SARI: But I can't go back just now! The Indonesian troops are after my life. My own brother and some of my followers have already been killed in the last two days and.....

SOLDIER 1: *(breaks the rebel's pleadings to bring his officer's attention to new developments.)* Sir, look across the valley! I think the Indonesian

patrol has spotted us and is trying to move closer to inspect.

SANGO: O.K. Signal them that we are a Papua New Guinean Defence Force Patrol!

SOLDIER 1: Yes sir! *(he turns to signal with torch flashes.)*

SARI: *(Thinking of a solution.)* Sir, I have a request and suggestion to make to you. Please let me remain hiding in the Papua New Guinea side of the border for a few days until my wounds get better. Then I shall return on my own to safety among our mountain villages.

SANGO: I'm sorry, but my orders are either to see that you return immediately or to arrest you if you refuse to return.

SARI: If you arrest me, then what?

SANGO: You have to come back to Vanimo where most likely you will be repatriated to Irian Jaya by your own Indonesian authorities.

SARI: Repatriation! That's not true! For me that will mean either imprisonment or death. I hate the Indonesian colonialists and they are not our rightful authorities!

SANGO: I'm sorry, only Waigani answer that one for you. My orders are my orders! Are you going to your side of the border now or not?  
*(suddenly sounds of shooting can be heard from the other side of the border.)*

SARI: Please my brother, not now please! Let me hide a few days then I promise to leave the Papua New Guinea side of the border.

SANGO: *(becoming angry as he senses new danger.)* In that case, Mr Dumaas Sari, you are now under arrest for illegal entry into Papua New Guinea!

*(then snapping orders to his men.)* Quickly! Make tracks for base camp at once. We must avoid direct contact with the Indonesian troops at all costs!

*(they leave in haste amid sounds of shooting.)*

**SCENE 2:** Minister's Office, Waigani. The Minister for National Security is at work preparing notes for a submission to go before the National Executive Council. Thomas Sokaru is first cousin to Dumaas Sari and successful member of an electorate adjoining the border of Irian Jaya. The Prime Minister has chosen him to be responsible for the Ministry for National Security.

SOKARU: Shit! I can't even think straight. I wish the party had finished earlier. *(remembering last night's company.)*

Yes ... Mandarin Night Club has some nice girls .... *(then realising there's work to be done)* ... Anyway tonight's is only ten hours away. Ah, yes, yes ... where was I ... *(picks up the hand written submission and reads.)* Honorable Prime Minister and fellow



# DAY DAY DAY DAY DAY DAY

cabinet members, as Minister for National Security I am responsible for the peace and welfare of our people first. The Irian Jaya border issue now places us in an extremely delicate position. It is my conviction that at all costs we must avoid confrontation with Indonesia and I would strongly recommend this government to take positive steps in making definite compromises towards Indonesia, particularly in their request for joint operations to wipe out the rebels. I base this recommendation on the following facts:

1. Indonesia has an army that is forty times as big as our Defence Force.
2. Indonesia's military hardware is grossly superior in sophistication and quantity to ours and should it so decide to invade Papua New Guinea, she has the physical capability to do so within twenty-four hours.
3. We cannot rely on military support from Australia as has been strongly believed in the past. In the event of an Indonesian invasion of Papua New Guinea, Australia will be incapable to act in any real military support. Indonesia has too large an influence among the third world bloc in the United Nations and particularly more so through her financial power as an influential member of OPEC.

The safety of our people must therefore come first to all and therefore ... *(a knock and the secretary enters.)*

SECRETARY: Excuse me Mr. Minister, there is Mr. Peter Sango from the Defence Force to see you.

SOKARU: *(Starting promiscuously at the secretary's semi-transparent dress.)* Ah yes! Good morning my beautiful secretary. And how are you today? You are looking very ripe and very sexy! *(he leaves his desk and comes closer.)*

SECRETARY: *(embarrassed by the suggestions.)* Please, Mr. Minister, be serious.

SOKARU: Bloody oath I am very serious. You are very sexy and very beautiful. Hey, what are you doing tonight? How about I take you to dinner at the Mandarin Club eh?

SECRETARY: Please Mr. Minister be serious. What will the other girls in the office say?

SOKARU: Come on! There's nothing to be afraid of. Nobody will know. We'll go to the exclusion section of the Mandarin Club.

SECRETARY: People will talk, I know for sure and also what about your wife?

SOKARU: My wife will not know, anyway that has nothing to do with you. You know you are so beautiful it makes me want to come here everyday to work in this office. It's much more encouraging here than wasting bloody time in useless meetings with the village people. Well, shall I send a car to

pick you up at the Hostel tonight?

SECRETARY: No, please Mr. Minister, I really can't make it. *(remembers her old tricks.)* Tonight one of my girl friends is taking me to her parent's home for dinner.

SOKARU: Come on! Forget her! I'm more important than she.

SECRETARY: Please Mr. Minister be serious. Mr. Peter Sango is waiting to see you please.

SOKARU: Bloody hell! Appointments, appointments! Always bloody interfering with my important work. *(walks sulkily back to his chair.)* O.K. you can show him ... But before you go I want you to think about tonight. Don't say no. When this bugger goes away, I want you to bring me some coffee and we shall talk about it then O.K.? *(gladly for an excuse to leave.)* I'll show Mr. Sango in straight away. *(she turns and heads for the door.)*

SOKARU: *(staring at her departing undulating bottoms.)* Shit me blue! Yes, yes, very sexy bottom!

*(the Minister straightens some papers on his desk to give appearance of serious work as Peter Sango knocks on the door and enters.)*

SANGO: Honorable Minister, you honour me with your kind consideration for my request to see you at once. I apologise for being so insistent even though your Secretary informed me that you were absolutely busy, and you couldn't see me.

SOKARU: Lieutenant come now sit down please. There is no need to apologise. It is my policy to make time for duty to the Nation no matter how busy. Would you like some coffee?

SANGO: No thank you Mr. Minister. *(handing him a sealed report.)* Sir, this a full report of the matter which you must consider immediately. The commanding officer requested that I deliver it personally to you and to brief you fully should you be too busy to read the report.

SOKARU: Yes, yes Peter, please do. I promise to read every word of the report today, but I also want to hear it from your mouth too.

SANGO: Thank you Sir. Briefly, Mr. Minister. Four days ago my patrol arrested the leader of the rebels on our side of the border. The Indonesian authority want him repatriated immediately to Irian Jaya but the man refuses to go back.

SOKARU: Well, did he give any reason why he doesn't want to go back?

SANGO: Yes sir, he says he is your cousin brother and wants to see you.

SOKARU: *(suddenly nervous)* What! I have no cousin brother! Bloody nonsense. All our family are good Christians and not communist rebels who are trying to destroy the work of



# PLAY PLAY PLAY PLAY PLAY PLAY

- both Indonesian and Papua New Guinean Governments.
- SANGO: Sir, his name is Dumaas Sari and...
- SOKARU: *(shocked.)* Dumaas Sari! What, the hell... *(then realises he could be admitting something, so instead he forces a laugh.)* Hah, hah, hah! That's bloody rubbish. I have no cousin brother by the name of Dumaas Sari!
- SANGO: But sir, all the village people around Vanimo have identified and confirmed that he is your cousin brother!
- SOKARU: Which village people, the bloody liars!
- SANGO: Your Uncles brought one pig and food for him at the Station Holding Camp yesterday. They told us about how you used to grow up together as boys in your village before his father decided to go and live in his wife's village in Balim Valley, now part of Indonesia.
- SOKARU: Bloody shit! Why did they ... eh ... sorry, sorry Peter. Please excuse my language but you know, Papua New Guinea.
- SANGO: Yes Sir, I understand. Papua New Guinea.
- SOKARU: Oh hell what shall I do! Yes but first of all I want everything on the report classified "TOP SECRET" immediately. I don't want NBC or the Post Courier to even get a whisper of this, understand?
- SANGO: Yes sir, immediately but what shall we do with Dumaas Sari?
- SOKARU: I shall deal with that later. The first thing is that my name must not be spoilt. I don't want the people to think that I am also a rebel communist. *(contemplates a plan.)* Yes, yes I know what's to be done. Peter please stay where you are. I want you in this discussion so you know what's to be done. *(picks up the telephone.)* Hello ... Oh hello ... Gee your voice sounds good ... Oh yes, yes, of course! Eh Secretary send me immediately the top expert in Justice Department and the top expert in Foreign Affairs Department ... Eh yes, straight away ... Oh hey, don't put the 'phone down yet. Hey, thing good about what I told you! Good, thank you too! *(puts the phone down and begins to pace his office nervously.)*
- SANGO: Sir, your Uncles asked us if we could release your cousin brother from the detention camp so they could look after his wounds in the village.
- SOKARU: Shut up you monkey! Don't you think I know that! They rang me last night. Interrupted my important meeting! I was very angry because I thought my wife was checking on me by phone. *(knocks on door and two experts enter saying polite "good mornings".)* Good morning gentlemen! Please sit down.
- I want you to have quick a look at this report and advise me on what I should do. *(he hands them the report.)*
- EXPERT 1: Thank you, Sir.
- EXPERT 2: Thank you, Sir. *(they read and after a silent waiting.)*
- SOKARU: Well gentlemen? Don't keep me waiting. I want your very best expert advice. Firstly, what does the law say?
- EXPERT 1: Mr. Minister, with all due sympathy to you and your cousin brother, I understand that basically you would like to know whether you could allow your cousin brother to be released from detention camp so your uncles can look after his wounds in the village.
- SOKARU: Eh, yes, yes. That's what I want!
- EXPERT 1: Legally, your cousin brother has not applied to Immigration for a visa and therefore, cannot just go and reside with your relatives in your village. Furthermore, you cannot make exception in this case as this can be construed as corrupt use of power under our Leadership Code.
- SOKARU: Hell no! I don't want any trace of corruption whatsoever in my Ministry and I want to set the example.
- EXPERT 1: Well in that case, the law says that your cousin brother has entered Papua New Guinea illegally and it is a matter for the police and the courts to decide.
- SOKARU: Ah ha! I see, I see ... now can I have the advice of the Foreign Affairs Ministry?
- EXPERT 2: Well, the official government policy is that the rebels are entirely an internal problem for Indonesia and also we have agreed to make sure the rebels do not use Papua New Guinea soil for any purpose. Any Irian Jaya citizens who cross the border are to be repatriated to their homeland. Now in you cousin brother's case, the Indonesian representative has already specifically requested for his immediate repatriation back to Jayapura.
- SOKARU: Christ they'll kill him!
- EXPERT 2: Sir, we don't know and it may only be speculation on our part. In any case that point is irrelevant to the principles chosen by our government. We have made a commitment to another sovereign state and therefore we must honour our commitments.
- SOKARU: That's it! You know what I mean. I don't want any politics to be involved in this.
- SANGO: Yes sir! I will leave for Vanimo straight away. *(gets up and heads for the door.)*
- SOKARU: Oh Peter as you go, could tell the Secretary to come in please. All this bloody paper work will soon get me down onto the floor!
- Yes, yes, I see, I see. Well gentlemen, thank you very much for your expert ad-



# PLAY PLAY PLAY PLAY PLAY PLAY

vice. I'm glad we have experts like you to make sure we politicians do not make a mess of the country. I know you are very hard working and busy so I won't delay you anymore. You may go now.

EXPERT 1: Thank you, Sir.

EXPERT 2: Thank you, Sir.

*(both leave and the Minister slumps into his chair with worry).*

SOKARU: Oh my God! What a fucking mess! Peter!

SANGO: Yes sir! Can I get you some water?

SOKARU: No Peter, I'm not thirsty. O.K. listen carefully to what's to be done. Go back to Vaimo and put the matter in the hands of the police and the courts. Charge him with illegal entry and send him to Bomana Kalabus. Make sure that my name is not involved in this at all.

SANGO: Yes, sir, I understand. In other words you want it to appear legally and with no politics involved.

**SCENE 3:** Bomana Prison. Dumaas Sari is breaking rocks in the prison quarry and transporting them by wheel barrow to a heap. His determination for the future becomes even stronger from the hot sun.

WARDER: Hye, kakabus! I no taim lon malolo! Come on hurry up, you criminal!

*(music begins and the song grows louder as Sari works. Full chorus with bank).*

## MALAIKA

VERSE 1: Malaika nakupenda malaika  
Malaika nakupenda malaika  
Nami nifanye je  
Kujana nwenzio

Nashidwa na mali sina e  
Ninge kuoa malaika  
Nashidwa na mali sina e  
Ninge kuoa malaika

VERSE 2: Kindege kukuacha kindege  
Kindege kukuacha kindege  
Nami nifanye je  
Kijana mwenzio

Nashidwa na mali sina e  
Nige kuoa Kindege  
Nashidwa na mali sina e  
Ninge kuoa kindege

VERSE 3: Tomorrow where lies tomorrow  
Tomorrow where lies tomorrow  
Today burns the sun  
Sun of my pains

Cascading waters wash me through  
My wakened soul shines anew  
Cascading waters wash me through  
My wakened soul shines anew

VERSE 4: Brother, can you hear me my brother  
Brother, can you hear me my brother  
Let your ears turn my way

Ways of our hearts

Like my love waiting for me so

My morning breeze carried by night

Like my love waiting for me so

My morning breeze carried by night.

*(lights, music, song freeze suddenly)*

**SCENE 4:** The Minister decides to visit his cousin brother in Bomana prison out of guilt and half belief that he may persuade him to give up his claim for Irian Jaya Independence and maybe accept a Papua New Guinea citizenship.

*(inside visitors reception office).*

WARDER: This way please sir.

*(places a chair behind a desk with empty chair at opposite.)*

SOKARU: Thank you Senior.

WARDER: As a matter of formality sir, would you be kind enough to sign this application for a visitor's permit.

*(hands him pen and paper forms to fill in.)*

SOKARU: Certainly Senior. Whatever you want done. I don't want the relatives of other detainees to feel that I get privileges because I'm a Minister.

WARDER: That's very true Mr. Minister. By the way sir, I would like to congratulate you on your excellent statement against corruption. I'm glad we have leaders like you who have strong Christian principles.

SOKARU: Thank you Senior. Unfortunately Post Courier didn't report my full statement. Yes, there are very many foreigners bringing corruption into our country and we must control it from spreading to our village people.

WARDER: *(taking up the completed forms.)*

Thank you Sir. I will send for your cousin brother immediately.

*(walks to the side and calls out.)*

Detainee Sari! Detainee Sari, please! There is a visitor to see you.

*(Sari appears in his prison uniform feeling ashamed to be seen by his cousin brother as a criminal. The Minister feels so guilty that he stands speechless.)*

Detainee Sari, your cousin brother, the honourable Minister for National Security wishes to talk to you, but please remember you have only twenty minutes.

SOKARU: *(walks hesitantly to shake hands with his cousin brother.)*

Dumaas, my brother, what words can I say! The news of your imprisonment made me cry all night for you.

*(the warder shows where they should sit facing each other across the table while he*



# PLAYPLAYPLAYPLAYPLAYPLAY

*stands guard.)*

WARDER: Eh ... eh excuse me senior, can you wait further away. I would like to talk to my brother on some confidential matters about our families.

SARI: If you like Sir. It's just standard practice for the protection of visitors as well as our detainees.

SOKARU: Our uncles told me in Vanimo that they had tried to contact you by phone in Moresby.

SARI: That's true. Unfortunately by the time I got the message, the matter of your arrest was already out of my hands. As you know once it gets into the hands of the police and the courts, we politicians cannot do anything about it.

SOKARU: That's O.K. No need to feel sorry. I guess it is just one of those things. Anyway tell me how are your children.

SARI: Oh ... all very well except their mother thinks I spoil them too much. I'm sending the boy to school in Switzerland and the girl has already left for America.

SOKARU: That's good. I hope they get a good education.

WARDER: They should because they are costing me a fortune for their education. But that's not what I wanted to talk to you about.

SOKARU: Excuse me Sir, ten minutes up already! You have another ten minutes to go.

SARI: Yes O.K. Senior. Listen Dumaas what do you plan to do after your term here in Bomana. Can I help in anyway?

SOKARU: I don't know whether I can trust you. No, I don't think we should discuss this.

SARI: Oh, come on Dumaas, don't be ridiculous. Am I not your brother? Didn't we grow up together?

SOKARU: Thomas please don't hurt me anymore! What I cannot understand why is your government treats us as your enemies. What kind of a brother is that?

SARI: Be objective please Dumaas, there's no need for you to be personal. You know I am only one voice in the government and since we are a democracy, the majority have their way.

SOKARU: Surely, you could have explained to your fellow Ministers that what we are struggling for is Independence for our country and the right to shape our destiny.

SARI: My brother I did, I did. I argued for you in Cabinet but the Indonesian lobby was too effective against my effort. I'm sure if you have patience things will work out for you.

SOKARU: You ask me to be patient? What utter rubbish! How can I be patient when you are joining hands with Indonesia against us. You must think we are stupid.

SARI: No that's not true! We are not joining hands with Indonesia. It's just that we don't want a war with Indonesia

SARI: But Thomas, can't you see that we don't want you to fight our battles against Indonesia. All we beg from you as our brothers is to give us diplomatic support. Surely that is not going to spoil your relationship with Indonesia.

WARDER: O.K. it's nearly time now. One minute left! *(getting up quite glad the visiting is over.)*

SOKARU: Listen Dumaas, I have to go now. But please I want you to give up the dangerous ideas of OPM. Why can't you be practical?

SARI: *(amazed and angry.)*  
What!  
Our brother has been killed and all my followers killed or are now in prison and you come asking me to forget them. Who are you? Our struggle may be long and dangerous but we cannot turn back the river! Can't you understand! I shall not forget my rights to independence!  
Never! Never!

**SCENE 5:** A cocktail party at the home of the Minister. Some foreign dignitaries and 'in' group are eating, drinking wine, flirting and even some are dancing to the music. The Minister is busily greeting his guests and asking them to help themselves to the drinks and food. He sees his driver at the door ... (cautiously trying to signal him to come. He walks cautiously so not to attract the attention of his guests.)

SOKARU: Hei bro! Yu kisim em pinis eh?

DRIVER: Sori big man! Meri i no laik na i tok no gut tru long mi ya.

SOKARU: Ah! Olsem wanem i no laik? Bloody pamuk. Ai tin yu no grisim gut.

DRIVER: Big man mi grisim pinis tasol i no laik yet. Man em i kros tru. I tokim mi mi koapim dok or pik. Bloody bastard!

SOKARU: No, no ... Ai tin meri i pret liklik. Go back again and this time try to be subtle O.K.?

DRIVER: Olrait big man bai mi trai gen! *(turns to go.)*

SOKARU: Hey wait liklik, draiva! Tokim meri bai i no ken pret. No worris O.K.! Yu save private haus bilong mi. Olrait kisim bugger ya na lusim long dispela haus. Sapos i no laik gen, O.K. tokim meri bai i lusim job lon em, yu save eh?

DRIVER: I dai pinis! Big man yu no ken worry!

SOKARU: O.K. go now! Quickly! There's too many important people here.

*(He returns to entertaining his guests. After a few minutes Sharon arrives at the door. All the male eyes pretend not to stare as she catches all their focus. She is wearing a see-through long dress.)*

SHARON: *(In silky voice as she greets other people at the same time as making her way towards the Minister.)*  
Hello ... hello ... hello ... hello



# DAY DAY DAY DAY DAY DAY

SOKARU: *(His eyes burning with desire.)*  
Shit me blue! Just as well my wife is not here today.

SHARON: Hello Thomas dear. I just want to thank you for your kind invitation.

SOKARU: Oh! Hello darling! *(embraces her obviously and at the same time briefly palms her two o bottoms.)*

It is my pleasure that you have accepted my invitation. And your husband?

SHARON: Oh, Brian is away in Kieta for this weekend.

SOKARU: Well that's even better. Sharon darling, please make yourself at home. You will have to excuse me for a minute. I just want to listen to the 7 o'clock news. You don't mind?

SHARON: No, no not at all Thomas. Please go ahead. I'll just go and fix myself a drink.

*(She goes to get a drink while the Minister goes to the corner to switch a radio loud enough for his ears only.)*

RADIO: ... This is the news from the NBC read by Roger Hau'ofa. Here are the headlines. A national court judge in Port Moresby today sentenced the leader of the Free Papua Movement, Mr. Dumaas Sari to six months imprisonment. Mr. Sari from Balim Valley in Irian Jaya was charged with illegal entry into Papua New Guinea. Mr. Sari pleaded not guilty. In sentencing, Mr. Justice Sweeney said that he was satisfied beyond reasonable doubt that Mr. Sari had entered Papua New Guinea without a visa, thus contravening the Immigration Act.

Meanwhile the spokesman for the Indonesian Embassy said today that the Indonesian Government expressed satisfaction about the friendly ties between Papua New Guinea and Indonesia and urged that the two countries undertake economic and cultural co-operation for the development of the region....

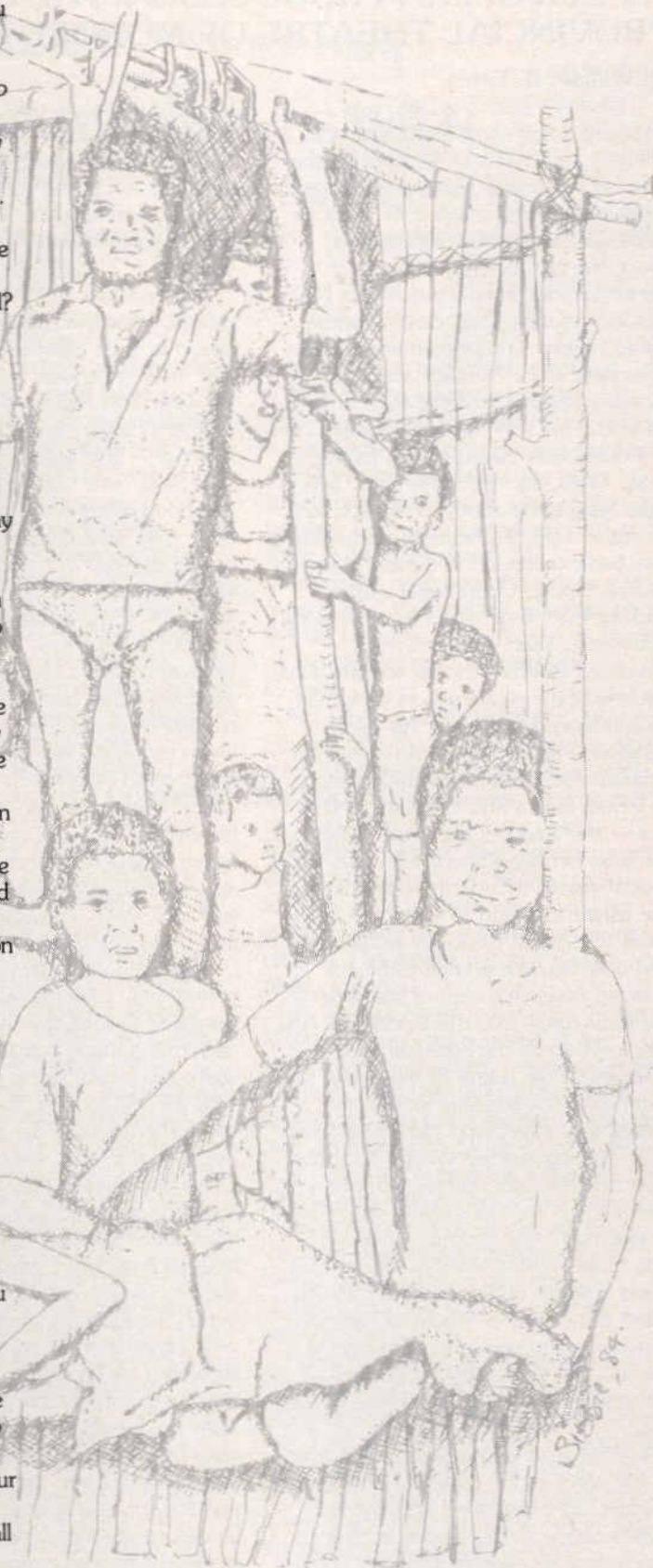
*(the Minister switches off the radio.)*

SOKARU: Thank heavens that problem is now solved. *(feeling quite proud of his achievement in handling the crisis, he wants to make a speech to his guests.)*

EXPERT 2: Ladies and gentlemen! May I have your attention. The honorable Minister wishes to make a short address.

SOKARU: Thank you Mr. Secretary. Distinguished guests, ladies and gentlemen. You have honoured me by your acceptance of my rather short noticed invitation. To you one and all I extend you my very warm welcome in the true Melanesian way. Some of you my visitors may wonder what this Melanesian way is. Well I don't wish to take up your time in unnecessary words except to reassure you that I am a friend to all of you and enemy to none of you. So please honour me by attacking, without reservation, my food, my wines and my hospitality. That's all ladies and gentlemen. Thank you.

*(Cheers and clapping from his guests). □*



Illustrated by Sibona Buna



## "THE BOY FROM THE SEA"

### A FOLK-OPERA PRODUCED BY THE DUADUA PROVINCIAL THEATRE OF MOROBE PROVINCE

by William B. Ferea

"The Boy From The Sea" was originally a migration myth from the Madang area but was adopted by the Duadua Provincial Theatre of Lae and produced as their major folk-opera for 1984. Under the direction of Pias Wasi, the play derived cultural elements from throughout Papua New Guinea including Pias' own Chambri Lakes region. The performance of this folk-opera at UPNG's forum on Monday 18/6/84 was the third time on stage but the first time out of Lae. The folk-opera was based on the following story: Wasi, the main character, was a baby lying in his mother's arms when his father Pali, the bigman of the village was badly wounded in a tribal war over a land dispute. Upon being carried back to the village, Pali had a last look at his wife, Wari, and son. He presented to Wari, for his son, his kina shell necklace — a mark of a bigman — and then died. Before his death however, Pali asked Wari to leave the baby on the sea shore at night where he would return and take him to the sea — the world of the dead. Wari followed her dead husband's wish and amidst severe thunder and lightning she asked the wind to effect the waves so as to carry Wasi to his father who had now become a large turtle.

Wasi, under the care of his father the turtle, grew into manhood. Pali had shown Wasi all the beauties and wonders of the island of the dead. Such were the peaceful waves; the beautiful beaches; and the friendly sea-gulls. Having noticed Wasi's manhood, the turtle told him that he must now return to his mother's island where he would marry and produce offspring. The turtle warned Wasi however, that when children or people of the village, either out of fun or argument, ridiculed him for having grown from scraps in the sea, he (the father) would appear and take him back to the island of the dead.

The father and son wept and waved as the son's canoe departed amidst thunder, lightning, wind and waves. Wasi's canoe at last landed on the beach near his mother's village. The children playing on the beach fled at

his sight. They thought he looked rather strange. Upon being questioned by the villagers, he revealed himself. Then his uncle and mother, Wari, grabbed him in tears. The villagers welcomed him with much feasting and dancing.

Time passed and Wasi, having proved a hard working man in the village in such activities as gardening and making canoes, was given Sare as his wife. This had been arranged by his mother's brother and Sare's father Borong. A little later Sare bore him a son, Salu. Salu had barely grown into manhood when a sad event took place. Sare, over an argument with Wasi, suspecting him of trying to seduce a village woman had ridiculed him. Sare told Wasi that he had grown up from scraps from the sea. On hearing this, Wasi announced to his old mother what his father had promised would happen if such a thing was said to him. Upon giving to Sare his kina shell necklace to be given to his son Salu when he grew to manhood, Wasi farewelled them and retreated to the beach. There his father, the turtle, appeared amidst thunder and lightning and took Wasi away to the island of the dead once more.

Salu grew up to be a promising young man. Like his father Wasi, he appeared to lead the village men in performing many activities. On one such day, while fishing out in the sea with the village men, they heard the conchshell blow in the village. The message was that someone was dead. Upon returning to the village, Salu found his mother Sare was dead. He wept and then took from her body the kina shell necklace which she was soon to give to him had she not died. When the funeral ceremony was over, Salu announced he must leave. He had to search for his father since there was no one to care for him now.

At the beach where the villagers sang farewell songs and waved, Salu paddled alone into the open sea. He paddled for a long time when at last he landed on an island where people received him with curiosity but kindness. He explained that he was

searching for an island called Vokea. The islanders having indicated that they had no knowledge of where this island was, asked him to stay with them since it was dark. While asleep Sare, his mother's spirit, appeared to Salu in a dream. She told him that early next morning he must continue on the journey, but this time paddle towards where the sun rises. There he would find Vokeo Island, the island where his father lives. So with taro which the villagers gave, Salu left on his canoe and did this.

Salu paddled for quite a while when suddenly a group of seagulls flew near and around his canoe. It was as if they were welcoming him. When they dispersed, one remained perched on the front part of Salu's canoe and then flew away following the others. The sharks also surrounded his canoe with merriment. Salu, out of weakness, however, got washed onto a reef with his canoe. He lay there unconscious.

On Vokeo Island, Salu's father, Wasi, who was a bigman of the village, organised a fishing expedition that morning. As they were fishing, one of Wasi's men reported seeing something on the nearby reef. It looked like a human being. Wasi ordered them to bring that person and he went ahead to inform the village people.

Salu, in the village after gaining consciousness, woke up finding himself surrounded by the islanders. On revealing his name, whom he was looking for, and the island he was looking for, namely Vokeo, his father, Wasi, grabbed him and they both wept for joy. There was great feasting and dancing for this reunion. Wasi then, with the consent of the Vokeo Islanders, made his son Salu a bigman of the village by placing on his head his (Wasi's) head bracelet made of sea shells and pig tusks.

"The story ends".

As mentioned earlier "The Boy From The Sea", was based on a migration myth. Pali had to die so that Wasi's journey was made possible, so too Sare had to die. It was necessary for Salu's journey not only in justification but in direction and guidance. This was apparent when she appeared to Salu in a dream, thus telling him to paddle towards where the sun rises. There he would find Vokeo island and his father. Here the story ended with the father-son reunion. This called for a time of joy despite all the tragedies they



encountered. Indeed this feeling and image was created in the folk-opera by the inclusion of traditional singings from Manus, Daru and the Morobe areas. This was accompanied by the garamuts and kundu drums.

In contrast to Pali, who must die necessarily, Wari, his wife cannot die. She, as the mother of Wasi and the grandmother of Salu must remain alive to see life continue. She was the source of everything, even of comfort. Her death would mean the end of life.

"The Boy From The Sea", like all myths is a mixture of sad and happy events. This particular myth ends with happiness and indeed it reminds us of the ancient doctrine of "Manicheism" where good and bad were thought to be in an eternal war with each other, but in the end the good would win. This doctrine is already dead, but sometimes dead things are useful.

What can be said of this folk-opera which the Duadua Theatre produced, is that it assumes the cosmological beliefs of Melanesians. Like many other Melanesian myths "The Boy From The Sea", contains the basic Melanesian assumption of their world-view which Roderic Lacey once mentioned as involving "...not only men and women who are alive now, but in a community of men and spirits, all of whom are alive."

The plotting of the scenes is extremely clear, so although there are no written pamphlets for elucidation, those who are handicapped in interpreting artistic symbols will have no overall difficulty grasping the essence of the story. Even the "grassroots" will understand the play since the language used is "Tokpisin". Theatre groups using Tokpisin have an advantage in getting their message across to the less learned people, especially if their productions are didactic in essence.

Imagery in "The Boy From The Sea", is created by the use of sounds from instruments both traditional and western. Western flutes, for instance, are used in the background to create the image of sorrow and loneliness when Pali dies. The sounds resemble the traditional Chambri flute sounds. This is accompanied by the slow beat of the kundu drum derived from the Baruga drum beats of Morobe Patrol Post area. In contrast to this are the rapid garamut beats and kundu drum beats which produce the image of

happiness and rejuvenation of life. Such an image is created when Wasi returns to his mother's village from the land of the dead. The same happens during Salu's arrival at Vokeo Island. □

## NEMA NAMBA MOVES WITH FLUTTERS

Poetry of Kama Kerpi, Riyong, and Jawodimbari introduced to Iowa City, 1976.

by Lorena Ferguson Ruberz

There's a clock jetting out from the bank on the corner of the busiest intersection in town. A series of light bulbs flash the numeric figure of TIME and TEMPERATURE. At 11:02 this morning it was 6 degrees Centigrade, 40 degrees Fahrenheit. In September this would seem cold, but in February it feels balmy and ticklish—it's first hint that Spring will come.

At 11:14 I wandered into Epstein's, a small shop adjacent to the bank.

Epstein's is stuffed to its brim with books. They're on shelves, on tables, on the floor. They cover every inch of wall space. On entering this world of books, I can feel each one announcing itself—each calling out its name—each one demanding my attention. Rumaging through piles of books for moments or hours, I lose all track of time and place. The books are inanimate. Time only makes them dusty, more fragile. Their words are not affected by the rhythmic flashing lights of the TIME...TEMPERATURE machine outside. In a book there's something captured which has escaped time and place. These words refuse to participate in the movement of that which flashes on and off and comes and goes so quickly. The words reign on sheets of paper and do nothing but remain there unchanged.

Entering into a story or poem, I can place myself outside time. The words carry me off to the remote. Yet, all the while the clock keeps moving, flashing and ticking, demanding that I keep pace.

Back in the middle of November, Epstein's held a 24 hour reading marathon. It was an occasion for an array of book-makers to bring their words out amidst the tick of time in the form of a spoken performance. That was months ago, but I can recall

it as though it happened yesterday.

When I arrived at the reading marathon, some fifteen or more visiting writers were drawing numbers from a cardboard box to decide the order in which they would read. One of the persons who read that afternoon was Prithvindra Chakravarti. Mr. Chakravarti read two of his own poems, and three others which were written by some of his former students at the University of Papua New Guinea.

Mr. Chakravarti's first poem, "We All Discard Our Eyes", helped me set my mind for listening. I played along with the suggesting of his verse and pasted my eyes onto the book-lined wall behind me. I let my eyes wander over the faces and motions of the crowd, for now what my eyes saw could no longer distract me. For the rest of his reading, I let myself become freely blind.

As he read his second poem, "Twin Mangoes", my ears behaved as my eyes. The words which I captured from the voice in the air were transformed into warm colors and shapes which the poet arranged into patterns. With the final word of this poem a complete picture was formed, and I saw my mind emerge outside of me, adopting the form of a mango, hanging on the forked bough of an ancient tree. I shared a moment with the poet of being timeless.

Following a brief introduction, Mr. Chakravarti took us across to the opposite side of the world to listen to the, "Call of Midnight Bird", a poem by Kama Kerpi. My eyes still behind me, I listened to test how much I could see. It was impossible for me to see all that the poet described, for my mind projected the images with a double vision. I imagined the poet and



followed him through the poem, seeing as he told me, but all along my personal associations framed these new images. The effect of this dichotomy was not merely distractive. The call of the midnight bird, harbinger of the poet's great sorrow, seemed so real to me that I could feel what Kama Kerpi described and did not just abstractly understand.

The next poem, "Return To My Land", by Arthur Jawodimbari offered an invitation to join the poet on a journey. Over the sea, up a river, through a stream, winding into a creek, then onto the land. Finally, arriving at the path home. The poet moves from the wide expanse of the sea onto a waterway which leads to a solitary pond, and there is only a mud-path connecting the pond to the highway. It is as though the world which lay on the other side of the sea is completely disconnected from the poet's homeland. The outside world is siphoned through a path of narrowing funnels, and the small amount of that world which survives the criss-cross channelling is captured and halted. The outside world comes in no further than to one isolated pond. The mud-track is no sea or canoe-river between me and my home, no mudpaths--it is all highway. I am grateful to Mr. Jawodimbari for taking me along on a different route.

There was one more poem, "Nema Namba", by Henginike Riyong, which Mr. Chakravarti read that afternoon, but the clock beside me is demanding that I catch up with it. It is not November, the marathon was months ago, "Nema Namba" lies in front of me as print on a page. This time I hear it read in my own voice.

A bird has flown down the chimney, trying to escape from the chill in the wind. It is either a snowbird or a blackbird or a sparrow--perhaps it's a bat. I won't find out. I shall pretend it's a Nema Namba drawn to my chimney having heard its name called out. Like the rhythm of the poem, this bird moves with flutters and stops, flutters and stops, then the sound dissipates back up the chimney. I try to call it back, rereading the poem out loud. But the bird has moved on, and the tick and flash of the clock confirm that it must be so.

The swish of the highway traffic passing outside my window sounds like

breaking waves of water. Re-reading, "Journey To My Native Land", I catch the poem at the point of the highway and follow the sounds from outside to make the journey of the poem backwards and then forwards over and over again.

These five poems which Mr. Chakravarti read several months ago are not yet silent. I re-read them and feel their words crawling around in my mind. With my eyes blocking out the familiar, these poems carry me off into a state of being beyond the constant push of time. The call of the midnight bird echoes back to me. I sing out and hail it, breaking through the darkness surrounding its wings with the release of my own sorrow. □

## The Birth Pains of a Writer's Union

Report by Kevin D'Arcy

A Union! The very word tends to make some people shudder and see red. Are they malcontents, agitators or left-wingers? Let's check for 'reds under the bed'. They say that students are born grumblers. If it isn't the food, it's probably the assignments or else their pocket allowance. This time it was something quite different. After a lot of buai spitting and beer swallowing, a group of young writers decided that they didn't have much clout as far as the rest of the world was concerned. Although they felt they had something important to say, no one was listening.

Last September these inarticulate grumbles were skillfully orchestrated into the voice of a new pressure group. The architect of this group is Regis Stella, a fourth year literature student at UPNG. For some time, he had been trying as an individual to communicate with higher powers--that-be only to find that the channels of communication were completely clogged with red-tape, regulations and refusals. It was impossible for a young writer like himself to make himself heard, let alone published. As he shared his buai, he discovered that there were others like himself, with manuscripts hidden under the bed, love poems in an overdue library book, jokes and funny stories scribbled on a cornflakes packet. Were they any good? Were they worth reading? Worth publishing?

Who knows? Maybe there is some organisation that can advise the would-be writer what to do to improve his work and his chances of publication. This, then, was one of the main reasons behind the creation of the Writers' Union: to give support to established writers, to encourage new writers and to help them gain access to publishers, both in PNG and overseas.

Another aim is to ensure that the copyright laws which are now on the books, become reality. Many writers are reluctant to hand over their manuscript lest they lose financial control and even ownership of their work. When their material is re-issued or published elsewhere they feel they should be paid royalties like writers in any other country. The Union will work to ensure that writers receive full remuneration for their efforts.

At the moment membership is open to any resident writer in P.N.G. Next year we hope to affiliate with similar writers' groups throughout the Pacific. Looking at the success of African and Caribbean writers, we see a great interest in post-colonial writing from the Third World. It is time to put Melanesian Creative Writing on the world literature map. People want to read Pacific authors. There is a huge readership waiting. They want to hear the new voices of this region.

Productions like **Tukana** and **Sail the Midnight Sun** have demonstrated to the international audience that P.N.G. artistes & writers are capable of achieving world standards. Can we do the same with the printed word? The Writers' Union believes we can and that is why it is encouraging all writers, young and old to join the Union to promote Melanesian and Pacific writing and to safeguard the rights and freedom of all writers in the region. You can join the Union by sending 2 kina to the Secretary, Papua New Guinea Writers' Union, c/o Language & Literature Dept., P.O. Box 320 University, Port Moresby. □





## KUMALAU TAWALI'S POETRY

by Kalyan Chatterjee

The most refreshing thing about Kumalau Tawali's poetry is that it goes beyond the culture-boundedness so pervasive in PNG literature; his poetry is made by art and intended ultimately to be enjoyed as art. The kind of socio-culturism which is the fruit and result of our concern with *le tier monde* is not so inevitable here. Art must necessarily express and refine culture but culture-boundedness can only lead to claustrophobia, a dubious diet for the soul which yearns and reaches after the sky.

Appropriately enough, Tawali's first book of poems bears the name *Signs in the sky* (1970). And it is remarkable that one of the poems with which he came back to print after a long absence is called "The Charm of the Sea" (Ondobondo, Lahara, 1983). Tawali, a son of Melanesia, is a poet of the pacific seascape and delicate nuances. To quote a few lines from this poem:

You are the external receding  
playful water  
Upon a lonely sandy beach  
I heard you like the quiet call of a  
seagull  
Singing the eternal charm of the  
sea.

Verses like this partake of that pursuit of beauty and bemused wonder which has been a long-felt absence in world-poetry.

This note of natural wonder, this touch of strangeness and beauty — this is that call to dream and reverie which the Romantics sounded on their lyre. "May this be a token of friendship of a son of the South Seas" ("But It Hurts", Ondobondo, Lahara, 1983), says Tawali in his clear friendly accent. From the Romantics he has learned the secret of painting with the colour of the Sun and Sky:

The resting sunset sky  
Opened her arms to receive  
The warm body of twilight  
("The Mountain Breeze",  
Ondobondo, Lahara, 1983)

Tawali sounds the much-needed personal note in PNG poetry although I do not mean that he is the only one doing that. But a world of personal imagination is what mediates between the published poet and the reader. The reader wants to see the poet as an

artist, a philosopher, an existentialist, but above all else, as a **persona**. But once the point is raised, the question that hovers in the air has a tragic ring. Is the society ready for him? Would it buy his ware of words and bring him bread and water and a roof over his head?

Unlike many, Tawali has not stopped with one inspired outburst, although the momentum is sometimes slowed. Unfortunately, Tawali's books of poems are no longer in print, a common fatality in Papua New Guinea writings. But Tawali himself has moved from poetry to short story, from short story to play and back again to poetry with that ease which characterises the oral tradition in PNG.



Illustrated by Sibona Buna

Compared to the explosive rhythm and fiery rhetoric of Kasaipwalova, Tawali's characteristic touch is a poised stances between **tok ples** and natural imagery and a rhymed articulation clear as a crystal. Take for example the unforgettable little gem, the darling of anthropologists, "The Old Woman's Message":

Stick these words in your hair  
and take them to Polin and  
Manuai my sons:  
the ripe fruit falls and returns  
to the trunk its mother.

If one tries to analyse Tawali's technique in this poem, it may yield a classic formula: blend **tok ples** and

Melanesian life-philosophy with an ear sensitive to rhythm. It is possible to be pleasantly unEnglish in English. But note also that there are echoes here as old as life and time: a message to be taken from a suffering languishing on-to an absent beloved, the inevitable passing away of time, and a yearning homesickness. The theme is universal, appearing, for example, in classical Indian poetry as much as in the old Anglo-Saxon poetry.

The closeness of relationship between the Niugini poet and his culture is not an easily answerable problem. I venture to suggest that it should lie in a tension between the call of the village and the need to be unique and individual: To have a personality and yet not turn back on the culture where his roots run deep. But Tawali's view is distinctive also in that he understands his subject not as a direct sociocultural transcription. A poet cannot subsist on direct socio-political messages. He has to give to his poetry an objectivity and a detachment so that it can live and grow in another mind.

Neither prose fiction nor poetry deals with life directly. What is unmistakable about Tawali's poetry is that its imagination flows gently into a sensitive awareness. Let me quote from the opening verse of *Signs in the Sky*:

Facing the Sunless Sky  
What was in his mind,  
What would he see in the Sky?  
Like a man with his mind adrift  
he whispered to himself.

It is a great poem, although one of his very first. Is it the young poet's answer to Wallace Stevens' "Sunday Morning"? To be sure, in both poems there is a subjective speaker, "Whispering" to himself/herself, contemplating life and nature. This is how Stevens Concludes:

Sweet berries ripen in the  
wilderness  
And, in the isolation of the sky  
At evening, casual flocks of  
pigeons make  
Ambiguous indulgences as they  
sink  
Downward to darkness on  
extended wings

I can't help comparing this with Tawali's conclusion:

Tonight the skies are red  
From the west to the eastern  
horizon  
The signs are in the sky  
The wind has been appeared



Calm days return to us.

Tawali has no rhetorical anxiety. He does not burden his lines with adjective. He is suggestive and manages to say more.

In his recent poetry, as exemplified by the poems in the **Ondobondo**, one can see that Tawali's lyrical line has not lost its power, inspite of a decade that seprates **Signs in the Sky**. In the course of reading his poems to a UPNG class in May this year, Tawali is reported to have said: "If I make my poetry a servant of any political or ideological movement, I would be spoiling my inspiration and creativity. Politics cannot contain the poet. People must stay true to express themselves". Tawali's views were echoed by his fellow poet Arthur Jawodimbardi, who confessed at the same poetry reading that there was an element of personal experience going into a poem and that poetry was a craft and a skill. Theirs is a message that should not be allowed to get lost because of the very ease which tempts the young initiate to pluck those fecund flowers in the name of poetry. □

## WORKS: POETIC WORKS

*Signs in the sky*, 1970 (Book)

*Tribesman's Heart Beat*, 1978 (Book)

Other poems singly published in

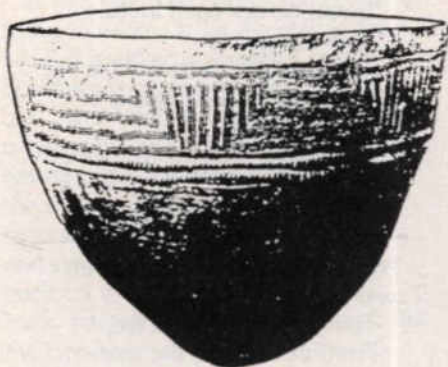
*Himmat*, 1973 (INDIA)

*Meanjim*, 1978 (AUSTRALIA)

LALI, (Anthology), 1978 (F JI)

PNG TIMES, 1984,

ONDOBONDO (LAHARA, 1983).



## CONTRIBUTORS

**MEAU ANDREW:** Keravat National High School student. Published in Ondobondo, issue 4.

**KALYAN CHATTERJEE:** from Santiniketan, Bengal, India. Presently lecturing in Literature at U.P.N.G. His works have appeared in American, British, Indian, and many other journals.

**KEVIN D'ARCY:** from Omagh, Ireland. Currently lecturing in Language at U.P.N.G. Writer of Children's Books in the U.K. and Papua New Guinea. Secretary of the P.N.G. Writers Union.

**WILLAIM B. FEREA:** from Morobe Province. Published poems appeared in Ondobondo, issue 3.

**LORENA FERGUSON-RUBERZ:** from University of Iowa, U.S.A. Currently living in New Orleans.

**SORARIBA N. GEGERA:** from Northern Province. His short story, "Melanesian Policeman" appeared in Ondobondo, issue 3.

**ARTHUR JAWODIMBARI:** from Northern Province. Director of National Cultural Council. Published in Ondobondo, issue 3.

**JOHN KADIBA:** from Mailu, Central Province. Currently lecturing in Humanities and Social Sciences, U.P.N.G. His short stories have appeared in Australian and Pacific publications, including the book, **Lali**. This is the first venture into the writing of poetry.

**JOHN KASAIPWALOVA:** from Trobriand Islands. His works have appeared in **Papua Pocket Poets**, **Kovave**, and many other Pacific and overseas magazines. His **Sail the Midnight Sun** was produced by Raun Raun Theatre for the 1980 South Pacific Festival and two sequel parts of the trilogy, **SanaSana**, have been performed in the last two years.

**JOYCE KUMBELI:** from Milne Bay. A playwright and poet published in Ondobondo, issues 2 and 4.

**STEVEN MAGO:** from Matupit Island, Rabaul. Currently a First Year student in Journalism. This is his first publication.

**MAY PAIPAIRA:** from Milne Bay Province. Currently a final year student at U.P.N.G. majoring in Literature and Creative Writing.

**SERI SEBEA:** from KilaKila village, National Capital District. Studied Creative Writing at U.P.N.G. Currently attending Rarongo Theological College, Rabaul.

**REGIS STELLA:** from North Solomons. Currently an Arts student at U.P.N.G. Two of his poems have been published in "Mana" magazine and in the Ondobondo Poster Series. A collection of his short stories will be published soon.

**PASCAL WAISI:** from West Sepik. Currently a Teaching Fellow in Philosophy at U.P.N.G. who is now attending post-graduate courses at A.N.U., Canberra.

**STEVE EDMUND WINDUO:** from East Sepik. Currently a First Year student at U.P.N.G. This is his first publication.

**ABBY YADI:** Keravat National High School student. Published in Ondobondo, issue 4.

**SHEM YARUPAWA:** from Milne Bay. Currently a student in Creative Writing at U.P.N.G. This is his first publication.





You are invited to come and browse through the wide range of **LITERATURE** we now have on display, including

Anthologies, Classics,  
Biographies, Papua Pocket  
Poets, African Writer Series,  
Penguin Modern Classics, etc...

## UNIVERSITY BOOKSHOP

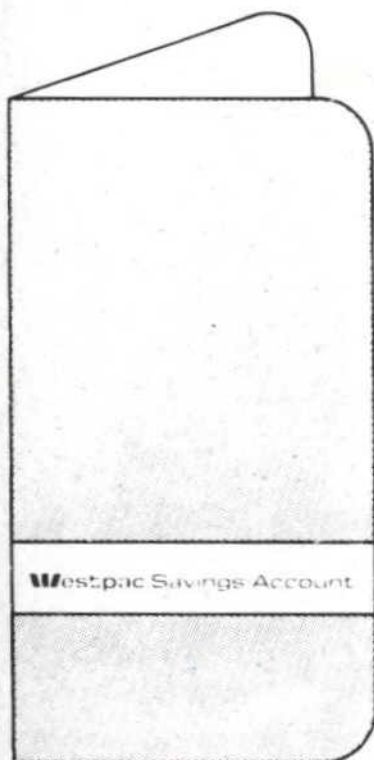
One of the best  
bookshops in the South Pacific  
situated on the campus of the  
University of Papua New Guinea

General and Academic  
Paperbacks and Childrens  
Cards and Stationary

We also have a  
Special Mail Order Service  
to most overseas publishers  
in U.S.A, Europe, Asia and  
Australia, etc...

Open Monday - Friday  
9.00 am - 5.00 pm

Box 114,  
University, P.O.  
Tel: 24 5375



**Save for your future,  
open a Westpac  
Account NOW.**

Personal, joint, trust  
accounts, clubs, societies,  
churches and charitable  
organisations

Ask at your nearest branch  
for details.

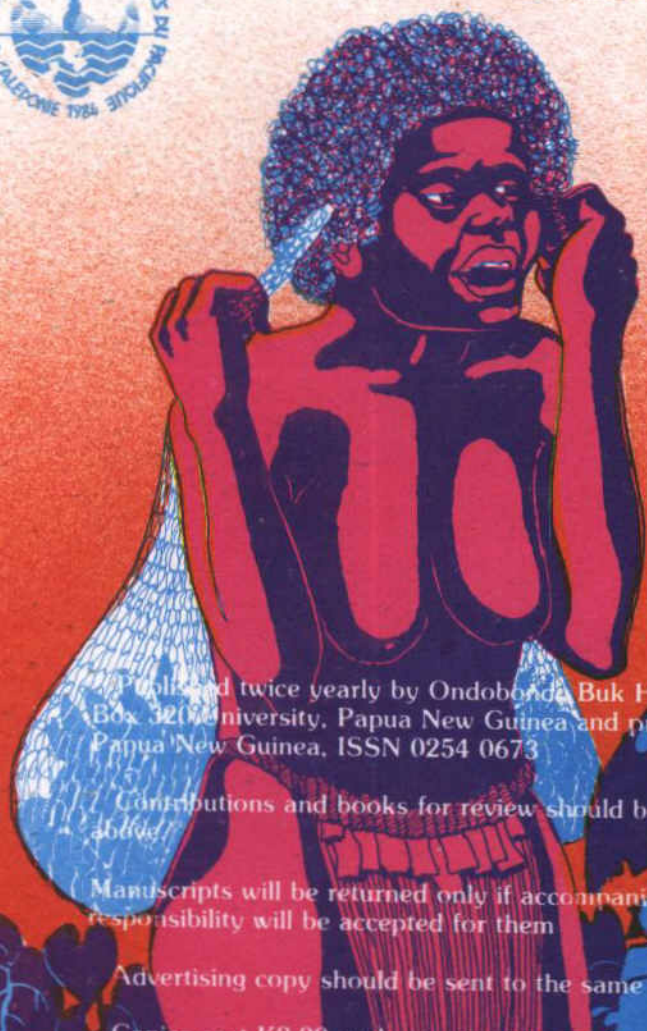
**Westpac Bank - PNG - Limited**





## Where's the Pig Meat?

The hunter makes his appearance  
Chunks of singed dissected pig meat  
Dangle on either end of his pole  
Each family receives its share.



Published twice yearly by Ondobondo Buk Haus, The University of Papua New Guinea, P.O. Box 320 University, Papua New Guinea and printed by Hebamo Press, P.O. Box 6033, Boroko, Papua New Guinea, ISSN 0254 0673

Contributions and books for review should be sent to Ondobondo Buk Haus at their address above.

Manuscripts will be returned only if accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope but no responsibility will be accepted for them.

Advertising copy should be sent to the same address.

Copies cost K2.00 each; ten or more can be bought at a cost of K1.50 each. Cheques should be made payable to Ondobondo.

