

A JOURNAL OF
PAPUA NEW GUINEA
AFFAIRS, IDEAS
AND THE ARTS

JUNE 1980
VOL. 1 NO. 1

BIKMAUS

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SCENES FROM SUGAR CANE DAYS
Albert Toro
THE RESEARCHER/TOURIST CONTROVERSY
Talyaga, Reay, Douglas, Beier.
REVIEWS
Brash, Sharrad, Trist, Latukefu, Brennan.
IMAGES
Photographs by Students of the National Art School.
POEMS
by Seg Putahu

INDIGENIZING CHRISTIAN WORSHIP
IN MELANESIA
Alexander Dawia

WHAT IS PAPUA NEW GUINEA MUSIC?
Don Niles



BIKMAUNTEN, a very high mountain, a peak, a mountain chain.

BIKMAUS, (E. big mouth)

1. A twelve gauge shotgun.
tumaus-a double barrellled shotgun.
 2. The groper, a large salt water fish; also the cod.
 3. To shout, to bark, to yell, to talk loudly.
Dok i bikmaus long mipela-The dog barked at us.
 4. Shouting, yelling.
Yu harim bikmaus bilong ol?-Do you hear them yelling?
 5. To be impudent, saucy.
You no bikmaus long mi!-Don't be saucy.
 6. A loud speaker.
- BIKMAUSIM, to shout at someone, to yell at someone or something.
- BIKMONING, in the early morning, very early in the morning.

... Mihailic

BIKMAUS

A JOURNAL OF PAPUA NEW GUINEA
AFFAIRS, IDEAS AND THE ARTS.

Vol. I, No. 1, May, 1980.

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Subscription: K4.00 per copy.
Plus postage

Contributors' rates:

K5.00 per printed page

K5.00 per photograph for IMAGES
section.

K3.00 per photo or illustration accom-
panying an article.

First produced by Roger Hau'ofa on
National Broadcasting Commission starting
on 1st July, 1978 with the following cast:

YAHU	: Roshu Bobom
KATO	: Anton Kaiti
PIVI	: Albert Toro
LOKOUT	: Douglas Gap
CAPTAIN SHERMAN	: Peter Titi
MR. ROBERTS	: Oliver Sanders
MR. REYNOLDS	: William Takaku
JOHN	: John di Tokome

John: This afternoon, after everyone was
in the beach, I cried, hidden, away from
my mother's face for maybe forever. The
beach was shiny, dark, and damp, and space
was? I couldn't move about it. Fresh air
was coming short. Not one of us was hand-

EDITORIAL

In calling our new combination journal, BIKMAUS, the Institute pays compliment to ORAL HISTORY, that is spoken words, and PAPUA NEW GUINEA WRITING, that is written words. These and all other Institute periodicals may be replaced by BIKMAUS because of financial strictures. In this issue we bring you excerpts from a successful radio serial plus early Discussion Papers on the research/tourism controversy, papers which are now out of print but still in demand.

Our hope is that BIKMAUS will become a forum for the dissemination of information and the intelligent debate of controversial issues. Contributions are therefore welcome.

The Institute would like to pay tribute to Ulli Beier, Pamela Swadling, Jack Lahui and other editors of past periodicals to be absorbed by BIKMAUS now or in the future.

Complaints turned into action. John Kolia. and a fight was soon to begin amongst our own people who were already bloodied. I made my way between the legs. Readily opened for support would a fight be called. When I got to the very corner I moved two boards up to avoid being crushed by the fat people. The tanks were out-numbered. That added to the argument. So one by one, planks were dissembled. Just then I through sixth sense, felt another argument was up on the deck.

Johnson: Where's Roberts, Renold?

Renold: Why?

Johnson: Why? Would you want your brothers and relatives to be treated like these native kanakas? That is very dirty. Men being treated like sheep.

Renold: Don't blame that on me, Sir!

Johnson: I feel disgusted, very disgusted. I've never in my life experienced such things as this human ...

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SCENES FROM THE SUGAR CANE DAYS

Albert Toro.

In the first episode of this serial intended for broadcasting, Molen has described his experiences during the days of the Blackbirding Trade when, as he recalls, a group of recruits was captured with force and much cruelty. The second episode follows.

Episode Two: "The Route"

Cast:	
MOLEN	: Son
VAHU	: Mother
TOVI	: Uncle
TOBERTO	: Doctor
RENOLD	: Second Mate
JOHNSON	: Crew
SHERMAN	: Captain
DESMOND	: Commander
VOICE	: Sub-Lieutenant

First produced by Roger Hau'ofa on National Broadcasting Commission starting on 4th, July, 1978 with the following cast:-

VAHU	: Roslyn Bobom
RATO	: Anton Kaut
TOVI	: Albert Toro
LOOKOUT	: Douglas Gap
CAPTAIN SHERMAN	: Peter Trist
DR. ROBERTO	: Oliver Baudert
MR. RENOLDS	: William Takaku
MOLEN	: Johnbili Tokome

Molen: That afternoon, after everyone was into the hatch, I cried. Hidden away from my mother's face for maybe forever. The hatch was filthy, dark, and damp, and space wasn't available to move about in. Fresh air was running short. Not one of us was hand-

cuffed nor leg-ironed. It was a different story. Different from what I later was told by those I acquainted in Queensland. The deck roof was only an arm's length from where I stood, studying everyone's faces. Not one was happy. Blood, it's smell was real fresh recycled in the hold.

Complaints turned into serious arguments and a fight was soon to burst amongst our own people who were already bloodied. I made my way between the legs. Readily opened for support would a fight inflicted. When I got to the very corner I moved two boards up to avoid being crushed by the fat people. The bunks were out-numbered. That added to the argument. So one by one, planks were dissembled. Just then I through sixth sense, felt another argument was up on the deck.

Johnson: Where's Roberts, Renold?

Renold: Why?

Johnson: Why? Would you want your brothers and relatives to be treated like these native kanakas? This is very dirty. Men being treated like sheep.

Renolds: Don't blame that on me; sir!

Johnson: I feel disgusted, very disgusted. I've never in my life experienced such things as this human ...

Renold (shouts): Look Mister! You voluntarily joined us. And maybe all of us was committed for this job. You know I know, everyone on the "Carl" knows what we are here for. When we left Fiji everybody here signed himself to this new profession ... Why did Dr. Murray sack Bell and Gant? Or maybe you shouldn't have joined us at all!

Johnson: He never sacked them. After the quarrel they left on their own free will. This sacking is a new thing I've just heard. This method of recruitment is a death sentence to all of us.

Renold: But what else could we do? If we worked on the shore, you could die without seeing the British world of the Pacific ... Not a bloody Government Agent would be able to discover the secret. You see that flag — Union Jack — It is there that we operate this business from.

Johnson: Blood money. That's all. The same payment Judas Iscariot got for betraying the Lord. We! We are betraying ourselves.

Renold: You scared of being executed? *(Laughs)* I've got power to bet you live, forever ...

Johnson: I am getting off next stop. And be careful when tide turns to low. I'll be there ...

(footsteps)

Johnson: Doctor?

Roberto: Can I help you Mr. Johnson?

Johnson: What do you reckon these natives are?

Roberto: What makes you ask that question?

Johnson: This job is not a clean thing. The method of recruiting. This is slavery.

Roberto: Slavery? What do you know about it? You were a slave master weren't you?

Johnson: Never ... And I am telling you frankly. If we are caught by any Government Agents you'll be chiefly to be blamed.

Roberto: That's right. I've read through the Labour Trade Constitution and I know very well how to avoid it. *(angry)* Anymore?

(commotion)

Roberto: Hey. What's this. The natives are breaking. *(shouts)* Quick everybody. Fire, shoot them, shoot them. Kill every one of them.

(guns and pistols; timbers against timbers as natives try to break up the hatch way.)

Roberto: Patterson, what're you doing standing when everyone is firing. Come on shoot!

(pause)

Molen: It was all over. Just as it had started. Woundeds mourned everywhere. For their own pains and the dead's as well. Blood covered three quarters of the floor, with the deads swimming in it; ear-high their faces down against the floor. I saw another, gulping his last quick breath, and slowly lowered his head, dead. He was shot through his forehead. A wound deep enough to put three fingers through.

The firing was resumed at intervals of five, ten and fifteen minutes. Sometimes half an hour elapsed between the rows. At four o'clock everything was quiet.

When I looked hard at the dead bodies, I imagined myself dead. I would have been killed, if it had not been for the plank immediately above me. I was on my way out behind the others. But stopped breathlessly soon as I heard first gun shots. I backed and backed very alarmingly, expecting something to happen.

The hatch was opened and I knew morning light was up. All the wounded, and unwounded were called up to the deck. And a ladder lowered. The major wounded were slung up by rope with the help of two other kinsman — Hard voices still echoed.

(crowd noise)

Roberto: Is everyone out?

Renold: Ay sir!

Roberto: Give them their breakfast.

Renold: What would people say to my

killing twelve niggers before breakfast, Sir?
Roberto: My word, that's a proper way to pop them off! Organise it that the slightly wounded are in one section, the unwounded in another, and those very badly wounded near the rails.

Johnson: Right away sir!

Roberto (calling): Captain?

Sherman: Yes sir.

Roberto (calling): After breakfast I would want to see you in my cabin.

Sherman: Thank you sir.

Roberto: Johnson, you may take over from the captain soon as this is all sorted out.

Johnson: A pleasure sir. Everyone must have a go with that wheel.

Renold: Every passenger is happy about having hot coffee sir.

Roberto: What about the aft and forward passengers.

Renold: All the same ... I hate the way these cannibals stare at us.

Johnson: They're scared of you. I've said it. Life is not easy specially when it is in this method of recruiting.

Roberto: Well, boys, what do you think of doing with these men?

Johnson: What do you think of doing? You're the boss. Give us your opinion first. Over with them at once!

Roberto: Well (*sighs*) I think that the best we can do is to go the leeward of the island and land them there.

Johnson: How far are we from land?

Roberto: I don't know, but not very far.

Johnson: You have been a gaffer all along. What are you going to do?

Roberto: If no one can suggest what to do I'll do it my own way.

Molen: There was a body six fingers and six toes, who was wounded on his wrist. When Dr. Roberts told the friendly natives to pick up the boy the other natives screamed out 'No, No, No!' He was lifted on to the rail, and Dr. Roberto pushed him overboard. He was the first man thrown overboard. At this, all the Bougainvilleans who could do so, jumped overboard. Only seventy-six of the one hundred and sixty-one remained on board.

While everyone was jumping I burst into tears once more, to think how the badly wounded could make it to shore.

Before I could cry my last tears out, we were ordered back into the hold, and once more hidden from the outside world. I assembled a wretched bunk and allowed the ship to rock me to sleep, troubled by the thoughts of those who jumped and my dead father but never forgot the string of slow flowing tears that my mother would be shedding for me. I closed my eyes and floated away back to my mother.

(bridge music)

Vahu (lamenting): My son, ooo-oh-ah-my son. Hm, mm, ugh-my son.

(door slowly opens and closes)

Tovi (solemnly): You are left a widow once more my sister. Only this time with the loss of young Molen. I've come to tell you that the body of Rato has been found floating.

Vahu (cries): Where? ... Where? ... Where is he floating. Ooh ...

Tovi: Saosa's eldest son found it and some elders are on the scene trying to lift the body on to the canoe. His stomach would be swollen by now.

(crowd noise; cries and laments)

Tovi: The crowd. The elders must be on the shore now with the body.

(door opens)

Tovi: That's right. Vahu, we better go and help them.

(door closes; crowd noise)

Vahu (cries loudly): My husband ... eeeee ... oh! Oh! Ooh!

(pause)

Vahu! (sadly): I am happy to have seen my husband's dead body. But if my son was

to be returned to me like that, I'd kill myself.

Tovi: So the dream Rato had was all about being captured. I don't understand at all. It must be a foul coincidence.

Vahu: I know my son would come back. He said it himself in his father's dream. White men shall return him with the clothes his father saw him with in his dream.

Tovi: Maybe ... If he doesn't turn up, I'll take revenge on the nearest missions. I would murder.

(Pause, wind sound; high seas)

Molen: By night we were kept in the hold and allowed to come to deck during the day. That was our daily timetable. A few weeks after we were out of sight of the last highest peaks of the island, the understanding came to me that we were being taken as crew. For during one of those weeks all the able hands helped with the cleaning of stains. Stains that clearly witnessed the slaughtering of human lives. The deck the hatches, and the railings were white-washed now pure of anything.

On the afternoon of the next day the lookout high up on the mast screamed out an alarming cry. All the natives on deck, so frightened, dispersed into the hatches. I was becoming aware that it was illegal business.

Roberto: It's an English ship ... Hoist up our Union Jack ... Quick ... Don't stop for anything mate.

Sherman: They're flashing a signal. We must stop Roberto ...

Roberto (shouts): I repeat, don't stop for anything. Ignore the signal ... Give me my glasses ... Thank you ...

(telescope pulled out)

Roberto: Good heaven! It's "Rosario" the Government's ship ... They're closing fast.

Sherman: The "Rosario" I know very well. She's well equipped for patrols, with guns. And if he don't stop ...

(an explosion; scream; mast and lookout stations broken by exploding cannon-ball)

Sherman: See? Doctor! We must stop. The natives! The crew! How many more dead would you want?

Roberto (calling): All sails up! ... All sails up ...

(pause)

(high seas and wind)

Desmond: For goodness sake! It's the "Carl" of Melbourne sailing under the British Flag. But why wouldn't she had stopped earlier when we signalled?

Voice: I suspect it. She might be carrying a crew of kidnapped passengers.

Desmond: I do too ... Lower a boat and be ready to board her soon as we're near.

Voice: Ay Ay Commodore ... *(shouts)* Stern boat lowered. Main sails up! Stand-by for attack. Forward 42 stand-by! Man all midships ... Sir, I am very anxious to board the "Carl" May we leave?

Desmond: Whether she's been involved in blackbirding I wouldn't know. I am so confused why she has been sailed under if she was amongst the kidnappers! ... Anyway you may leave ... And see how much that toppled mast would cost us?

Voice: We have reasons, Sir ... See you.

Desmond: Good luck. Any resistance, call on the boys in the boat to pass us the message.

(slight pause)

Desmond: Her papers in order Lieutenant?

Voice: Yes, Sir.

Desmond: Any suggestions that her recruits are being held against their will?

Voice: No, Sir. They all look to be happy and enjoying the voyage. She is clean of anything you would suspect her for kidnapping.

Desmond: You asked them if they had seen the missing 'Petrel' anywhere along the coast?

Voice: I did sir. But they're on a return trip from Bougainville, and heading for Fiji.

Desmond: Fiji. With how many natives?

Voice: About seventy or more.

Desmond: Well, we better sail on ... Give them the signal to progress.

(bridge music)

Roberto: I would want to have a conference with you all in the Captain's cabin. Renold pass the message to the officers and mates ...

Sherman: What's the meeting about, boss?

Roberto: We have to decide on how to evaluate our profits of these pigs in the hold. Sherman I have a special bond with you and Pedro. I would also want to make it known to everyone on board, the crew and staff, that I have a feeling, that a grudge about the massacres has arisen. It must be halted.

Sherman: What bond is there between us.

Roberto: Bond of death. Ted and myself are disembarking at Epi, with a dozen recruits. You and the rest could sail on to Fiji.

Sherman: What do we do when we get to Fiji? Sail on to Queensland?

Roberto: It will be you and Pedro. Decide on how much you would sell them kanakas for. After that come back to Epi. By then the plantation would have been ready, and we could return to the islands for more natives.

Sherman: Sounds fascinating, but can't we do recruiting in a more reasonable way?

Roberto: There's no other method, than kidnapping. Reasonable methods mean paying a £500 bond to the Government. No-one would want to pay that much. You make more than paying a silly bond.

Sherman: I'm most concerned about the lives of so many natives. These kanakas have families you know. We have ...

Roberto: Certainly we've murdered numbers of them. It is because they're too stupid to resist our kind of invitation.

Sherman: Anyway, sir; as you are the boss I'll leave it all on to your hands ...

Roberto: What I'm now fearing is Johnson, Patterson and Sandy. They might breathe out everything and you know that would be the end of us.

Sherman: I'll make sure they get their fair share of the profit, if that could help them to keep their mouth shut.

Roberto: That's a gorgeous answer to it Captain ... Well, I better go and see Renold. I'm trusting you to make your journey to Fiji a fruitful one. Sail the sea with good faith.

Sherman: I've done it many times, I know I'll do it again.

(pause)

(knock, knock; door opens)

Renold: Hello Sir.

Roberto: Well, well, Renold! Hope you enjoy your trip to Fiji.

Renold: What do you mean.

Roberto: I'm getting off here at Epi. After Fiji I'll rejoin you and off for our second catch.

(door closes)

Renold: Excuse me sir!

Roberto: Yes?

(door opens)

Roberto: What?

Renold: I'd like to come with you, sir.

Roberto: No! Ted has already been chosen. Sherman needs you more on the voyage.

Renold: Thank you, sir.

(door closes)

(pause)

Molen: A few days after Mr. Roberto and the other whiteman had left for the shore everything looked very different on the voyage. The strain on the faces of the other mastas flourished. I left my hatch and walked forward, the brig rocking under my now skinny feet; but was called back. A man was only allowed to his little district of the hatch. If I could think correctly, I guess they, the recruits numbered about sixty. About another dozen gone with Mr. Roberto.

We arrived in Fiji at last. After a long perilous voyage. Fiji it was as I later learnt. There we were sold at £10 a head. Among us now, were twenty-five others from Malaita. All of us were then trans-shipped to the 'Peri' a smaller schooner than the 'Carl'.

Her crew part-Fijians and part-white. Just after we boarded her, she immediately sailed off. Off to Suva. Then, on the late afternoon, a few days later a seaman, suddenly enraged at our request for more rice, rushed into our 'group', seized a large pot of rice simmering quietly on the fire and hurled it. Forty men's daily ration, into the sea. The seaman called us disgusting pigs. The night immediately after that incident, the Malaita men attacked the crew. Every single man was systematically hacked to death, except for one Fijian who was deliberately spared to help navigate the vessel to land. He too dived overboard and escaped. We were left to do what we could. When deep in the night I slept empty-stomached. My mother never allowed for that sort of thing. Anyway, we were now drifting ... Oh mother what could you be eating? I said that to myself and slept.

(morning atmosphere; cock crowing)

Renold *(calling)*: Captain ... Captain!

Sherman *(disturbed)*: What the hell do you want?

Renold: Breakfast is ready ...

Sherman: Get stuffed with it ... Let me sleep ...

Renold *(insistingly)*: Sleep ... But we have to leave for Epi today.

Sherman *(shouts angrily)*: Can you let me sleep? Ask Patterson to master the ship out of the harbour. I'll relieve him then.

Renold: Fine sir ...

Sherman: Mate!

Episode Three: "Survive"

Cast:

MOLEN

KOREWA

SUSUN

RAYMOND

KEN

SAMUEL

Molen *(sadly)*: We have drifted now for three weeks ... Food had run out and our water dried to dust. Eyes pulled back into the skulls, ribs studding clearly under our

contracted flesh; and cheeks thinned to a mango leaf thickness. We were all but sitting skeletons. Sea water flooded the holds. None refused to swim in it. What could one have done but to drink it to quench his evil thirst.

Where I laid, water was knee high. I was in the middle of nothing. And death was now an eye-wink away. The vision of my dreams full of scattered skeletons. Earlier on, three days after we buried four kinsmen, another ripped his own throat with a sharp and rusted fish hook. All five dumped overboard to be strangers amongst the creatures of the sea.

I was awoken by an ear-piercing scream that lured me on to the deck, thinking it was land someone saw.

(high wind)

Molen *(wearily)*: Korewa! What was the scream I heard?

Korewa *(wearily)*: Fresh meat from a woman.

Molen *(wearily-surprised)*: What?

Korewa *(wearily)*: A woman, slain, so men can live. Our 'tabu' has been broken. Human flesh. We must eat that to live; but what is there to live for? It's too much for me already.

Molen *(wearily-insisting)*: You mean, there's no hope of us landing anywhere?

Korewa *(wearily-coughs)*: That's what you now start to think ... No matter how many times you scan this ocean for land, death still hangs over you ... See? see that bloke over there?

(scream, Mama)

Korewa *(wearily)*: I knew exactly ... Another one gone.

Molen *(stammers)*: D'd d'dead?

Korewa *(wearily)*: Dead. Yes ... Do you want to die, Molen?

Molen *(wearily)*: Die is what I have been anxiously waiting for, but it never comes. Why can't the waves capsize this little schooner. We need to die fast. I'm tired of living.

Korewa (wearily): Who is we Molen?

Molen (wearily): Ha! ha! ha! I thought you also wanted to die ... Everyone is dying ...

Korewa (wearily): Weak ones. (laughs) Your face was as smooth as a young girls when I first met you. Now? ...

Molen (wearily): Now what?

Korewa (wearily): A ... talking totem-pole ... (laugh)

Molen (wearily-angry): Don't call me that again. I assure you, that you'll be dead before we reach land.

Susun (wearily): What are you arguing about? Here take this and eat.

Korewa (wearily): A piece from a woman?

Susun (lively): Yes. She'll strengthen you. Her spirit.

Korewa (wearily): Don't talk smart ... What have you been eating to have such force in your breath?

Susun: Nothing ... I'm only excited about eating human flesh for the first time ... It's a big 'tabu' in our tribe, you know. But perhaps it will liven you up a bit ... Do you want to die or eat this meat to keep you alive.

Korewa (wearily): I must live to see my mother die ... Hmm, it looks quite good ... Would you like to try a bit, Molen.

Molen (wearily): My brother ... I have been only waiting for that question ...

Susun: Good for you ...

Korewa (wearily): Here take this piece ... It looks like her breasts ...

Molen (wearily): So long as I live (munch) Delicious ... Cooked in salt-water.

Korewa (wearily): Just like my mum used to cook pig meat.

(agonizing scream)

Molen (wearily): There goes another one.

Korewa: There are five deads, with bulging stomachs, and blood lazily pouring out from their mouths and noses. It is a real mess — the awful smell, flies buzzing everywhere.

Molen (wearily): No-one is strong enough to carry them out ... Just let them rot there.

Korewa (wearily): This is what the 'Mastas' wanted of us ... To die these terrible deaths. Many of those now dead, have

big families ... (vomits) Oh, Mama! (vomits-repeatedly)

Korewa (wearily): Molen can you give me a hand please ...

Molen (wearily): He's dead ... (angrily) This is murder!

Korewa (sadly): We must bear all ... No one would be dying if we had not attacked the crew and the whiteman of this schooner ... We must blame everything on us.

Molen (sadly): You are right.

(bridge music)

(sea gull noises)

(knock, knock)

(door opens)

Samuel: Good afternoon, Captain.

Raymond: Good afternoon ... come in.

(door closes)

Raymond: How are you feeling Lieutenant?

Samuel: Fine sir ... How are you, yourself?

Raymond (deep breath first): Not too bad and not too good ... But I'm fine.

Samuel (clears his throat): Nice afternoon, with those birds providing music!

Raymond: Very beautiful day ... Well Lieutenant ... sit down; sit down ...

Samuel: Thank you, Sir.

Raymond: Yes ... I've received orders from the authority for a new voyage.

Samuel: Where to?

Raymond: Along the coast to Brisbane then on to Cape York, another settlement. From Sydney we'll be sailing out on January 15th. It might take us approximately a week or less if the wind is good. In Brisbane, horses and stores will be waiting to be loaded for Cape York. We may take leave there, if it is necessary ... Then the voyage will begin.

Samuel: It doesn't sound very inviting, this trip. Why Cape York?

Raymond: It's an order we have to perform. I don't agree with it myself, but it lies parallel with the routine of the duty and my

service; it is wise that we do it.

Samuel: I agree ... I wish they'd given us the patrolling of the Solomon Islands.

Raymond: Captain Donald Fayton is taking care of that ... You know? I was reading through my papers yesterday and I came across a very interesting subject.

Samuel: Yes?

Raymond: Sometimes, last year Captain Norman recruiter now, recorded a conversation he had with a native, and this is what the native said, P'rap's by'm by. You buy yam? and Norman replied, Yes we buy yam together. All you have? See how now this native can speak some English? They understand. The returned recruits know exactly which is the best plantation to work in. Most prefer 'Molly Bulla'. A native interpretation of 'Maryborough'.

Samuel: Quite fascinating how we can be so cruel ... I've heard myself, but haven't proved it.

Samuel: It is the only reason why I personally prefer patrolling and hunt down the selfish devils.

Raymond: Money is the most important thing these days. A man wants to get rich just over-night.

Samuel: Sir, would it be possible if we ever have a chance on patrolling the islands?

Raymond: Oh yes ... But again a captain has to prove that the ship caught is involved in the act, so he might not get into trouble himself.

Samuel: What trouble, sir?

Raymond: Instigating the ship and arresting on false account. Surveying is all I'm interested in.

Samuel: When is the 15th, Captain. It's because an Army name to me ...

Raymond: You may call me Captain in the presence of everyone but not when we are alone ... *(sighs)* 15th is on the Monday week.

Samuel: I've got to a bit of shopping before we depart ... Would you ...

(knock knock)

Raymond: Come in, Sir.

(door opens)

Raymond: Hello, hello doctor. Come right in.

(door closes)

Ken: Hello Captain ... Hello Lieutenant.

Samuel: Hi doctor, how do you do ...

Ken: Fine thanks ... Er' Captain, a letter for you from the Authority!

Raymond: Thank you Sir ... How was your day in town?

Ken: Enjoyed it Sir.

(tearing of paper; letter opened)

(slight pause)

Raymond (sighs): Mm'm' ... Very good ... Doctor. You'll will be fed on the trip.

Ken (surprised): What do you mean?

Raymond: They at last gave me the key to take you with us as the 'Basilisk's' doctor.

Samuel: Congratulations Doctor ...

Ken: Thank you Lieutenant ... I am still not believing it though. Anyway, we'll drink on it tonight.

Raymond: Give him a little shot, Lieutenant.

Sam/Ray: Hip' Hip' ... Hooray!

Ken: Where are we going to this time Captain?

Raymond: Cape York, via Brisbane.

Ken: Oh, that place ... The new settlement.

Raymond: You like it?

Ken (happily): Oh course, Sir. A better chance to see them Kanakas at work.

(pause)

Molen: Four weeks now past. The days of which I engraved into a plank directly above me. I knew nothing more, since the second woman was slain for meat. We drank blood from the deads, whom we only could reach when thrown about by the savage waves. Waves that roared like thunders as they crushed against the ribs of the schooner. The smell of the rotten bodies filled the air, despite the strong winds that had already thrown the sails apart. Masts, ropes slackened, sails disorganised by the winds, and

rotting bodies swarmed by flies, everywhere. Some of us were still strong. Everytime any dying gulps his last breath we would all close our eyes; just to open them up on another preying on the dead man's flesh and blood. It was a race to survive.

That night rain blessed the salty deck and for the first time we fresh water drank. The scene was, it reminded me of the offering to the deads ... Skeletons stood everywhere on deck, drinking greedily every drop that lands on the palms of his hands or on deck itself. I woke Korewa to drink his share from the hammering drops.

Molen (very weak): Korewa! Korewa!

Korewa (weakly): Yes ... Oh it's raining!
(excited) Oh rain. *(drinking sound as of a dog)*

Molen (weakly): Heh! heh! he! ... Easy my friend. Your tongue might get caught between the plank's splinters.

Korewa (wearily-excited): Away with your splinters.

(rain)

Korewa (weakly): Ooh ... I feel so fresh. The salty smell on my body is no more to be smelt ... *(shout)* keep pouring water down ... It's the god of love and mercy from my tribe.

Molen (sarcastically): Ha! ha! He could've sent rain a long time ago.

Korewa I know why he didn't want to send rain then. It was a punishment to us ...

Molen: See that man there?

Korewa: What's wrong with him.

Molen: He's still pretty strong.

Korewa: You know, he was the toughest amongst the wounded when we were attacked in our canoes.

Molen: How were you attacked?

Korewa: It was a merciless attack. Heavy irons were dropped on the canoes as we neared the schooner. I heard the crew calling her the 'Nukulow'. We numbered about 180 not counting the many wounded thrown overboard.

Molen: That's exactly what happened in our harbour. My father was clubbed to death with an oar. He drowned like a rock

... I was only lucky as I was right at the back in our Mona.

Korewa: What's a 'Mona'?

Molen: Our long war canoes ... What do you call them at your home?

Korewa: My brain can't function anymore. Anyway, what ship did you come on?

Molen: The 'Carl'?

Korewa: How was she?

Molen: She's a good ship but her crew and others treated us just the same way we do to our enemy tribes ... Despite that, we were allowed on deck during the day. On our way another ship attacked us. When everyone heard screams, they all ran into the holds. Nothing happened after that first burst ... Everyone was shivering in the holds when a colourfully dressed young man checked through us. He smiled and nodded his head as if he was refusing to accept the situation we were in.

Korewa: And then?

Molen: He left.

(Scream; rain)

Molen: Another dead ... Do you want us to eat his flesh?

Korewa: I'd rather die now ... I've eaten parts of two women already, I can't go on eating my own people. You're just too lucky I stopped my tribe from killing you four days ago.

Molen: Why did you?

Korewa: You're become so much part of me ... A brother in other words ... You see! We from Malaita are savages. We are known head hunters. My tribe is favour for that ... But because you looked so young and reminded me of my brother, I decided I should stay close to you. And did, to prevent such attempted killings done to the two women.

Molen: So, I could have been dead then?

Korewa: You said it ... my brother, the day we were captured as I told you earlier ... we were overcome by whitemen, his cunning method of fighting, dropping everything on us. His muskets outranged our small bows and arrows ... if it was arrows to arrows he was a dead race.

Molen: I know, but it's too late to worry

about that now. We were just too silly to storm the ships on their arrivals in our water-fronts. Decoyed by the colourful materials hanged on the side railing.

Korewa: You're right ... I remember there was no peace at all in the hearts of those now dead ... The most uneasy feeling of hatred, emptiness, and of course as we are now, being starved to death because of our stupidity ... See? ... Most of us are now gone forever, the death none could have died, if only there was someone to ...

Molen: Someone who could have stopped the new row over that pot of rice.

Korewa: That one.

(Bridged music)

(seagulls)

Molen: Sea gulls? Korewa! Land must be close ... Can you help me please?

Korewa: *(sarcastically)* Ha! ha! Help you up! You're joking!

Molen: Ugh! ugh! ugh! I've made it. I guess I'm still strong enough ... *(Pause)* Oh, beautiful ...

Korewa: What's beautiful? You see land?

Molen: No ... The sea is ... the open sea similar to that of my vast fishing ground at home.

(wind; waves)

Molen: And the cool breeze too ... Come up and look at how the waves laugh at me ... A withering figure. Come up ... Want a hand?

Korewa: Yes ... it might be my last time too. To see what the sea is like. Ugh, ugh, ugh ... thank you ... boy I can feel the strain in my loin and knee.

Molen: Beat it ... Don't make it worse by thinking about it.

Korewa: I can't ... *(shouts)* ... Land! Land! It is the Solomons! Can you see it.

Molen: *(excited)* Where?

Korewa: Right where that black patch of cloud is ... It's the Solomons!

Molen: I can see it! Land!

(crowd noise; gulls)

Korewa: We are saved!

Molen: It's a different country!

Korewa: How do you know?

Molen: And how do you know?

Korewa: It must be. It's the only heavy forested country ... The reef! Look! We're sliding through untouched ... We are saved! We are saved!

(Music)

Molen: It was the fifth week when my friend sighted land; well blessed with thick green forest. And hidden from the fierce sun by the cloud. That day everyone on board was livened up by the sighting of land. Happiness stunned us all. If rain hadn't come, we would all have perished.

When the sun rose another day began we knew we were in strange land. Two more died. As land was now close, we intended to bury them on the shore. That day we saw a large ship. And among our renewed confusion and hatred, the thought of being recaptured, tortured again the already wounded hearts. Two Malaita had seen the Man O' War and the approaching boats and resolved to die fighting rather than surrender. They grabbed two rusty and lockless muskets and were ready to attack the approaching boats. The muskets pointed harmlessly at the same direction, and the sailors clambered on board and laid hand of these guns. They were good blokes, their sympathetic eyes. I could almost feel the tears of their eyes dropping, a scene of misery.

(bridge music)

(Wind; crowd noise)

Samuel *(Sympathetically)*: Well doctor, what do you suggest we do!

Ken *(sadly)*: Boys! Wrap up those two bodies and bury them in the sea.

Samuel: What a pity? I'm shocked and ashamed. This is a whiteman's job?

Ken: Certainly. Louis, you finished?

Voice *(sadly)*: Yes doctor.

Ken: Good. Lieutenant, can you read the seaman's prayer please.

Samuel: Yes ... *(sadly)* ... Lord Almighty you see here the withered bodies of your creation. We commit their bodies to the deep, in and certain hope of the resurrection of eternal life. Amen.

All Cast: Amen.

Samuel: May they rest in peace.

Ken: Right boys, let'em go.

(splash of bodies into water)

Voice: The weight isn't enough doctor. They refuse to sink.

Ken: Let'em float ... I hate ...

Samuel: Doctor! This one's dying.

Ken: Yes? Let him die. He needs rest.

Samuel: We better get moving. Load the rest ... We can take them to Queensland for treatment. I'll talk to the Captain about ... Louis?

Voice: Yes Sir!

Samuel: Check through the papers. Anything concerning these lot, take it. Captain Raymond has to approve of this.

Ken: The ship?

Samuel: That I'll leave to the Captain to decide ... But I'm sure we'll also have to tug it home ... Righto boys, move them into the boats.

(pause)

(horse neighing)

Raymond: What's the number Lieutenant?

Samuel: Thirteen Captain ... The papers here mention total of 80. Out of that, thirteen alive. Another died just before we left. Three dead. The ship?

Raymond: The 'Peri'?

Samuel: Yes Sir.

Raymond: We'll tug it home ... The survivors we'll take to Cardwell ...
(shouts) Sails down!

Molen: Later ... That's not very important. Are you tired?

Sebe *(laughs):* No.

Molen: Good ... How many years do you think I'll live, to see you wed to a nice girl like you?

Sebe: I don't know. But I guess you're still stronger than any other elders in the village.

Anyway ... After you were rescued and taken ashore to ... Hmm! ... What was that place again grandpa?

Molen *(laughs):* You've been listening well enough ... Kat Well.

Sebe *(questions again):* Ah?

Molen: Kat Well!

Sebe: Oh ... Kat Well ... Yes, so you stayed.

Molen: There, we lodged and were fed. The first good and delicious whiteman's foods. Everyone ate like high-tides that eats away the shores ... We were offered resas to shave our beards. That time, mine was only blossoming, but I cleaned it off, scared of the Masta's heavy and bushy eyes. He was a good man, kind and sympathetic. He was a top-man of some sort of organisation.

We were allowed to get out of the house and sun-bathe on his beautiful ground. He had a two or at least a few coconut trees, which weren't growing properly.

Sebe: Why?

Molen: Sebe, just listen ... I don't know myself. May be whiteman didn't have the knowledge then. But here you see they're doing well. You see them shipped in hundreds of bags ... The newly opened highway to Kieta pleases more than anything. But ...

Sebe: Never mind Kieta, Grandpa.

Molen: Yes. You keep dragging me away from the story with your questions. *(clears his throat)* Now lets get back to where we were ... Coconut trees ... Yes, he would allow us to go out of the house and all that ... Only night would arrest us back into the house.

One night, just before dawn pierced the sky I heard my friend from Malaita calling me in almost a whisper.

(children playing — fade into night sounds)

Korewa *(softly):* Molen ... Molen ...

Molen ...

Molen *(disturbed):* What? Who is it?

Korewa: Shh, easy; it's me ... Korewa.

Molen: Brrr, what a time to wake a person up!

Korewa: Easy ... little fish. You know I saved you so don't be upset.

Molen: Say what you want to say ...

Korewa: We must escape.

Molen: You must be dreaming Korewa!

Korewa: I mean it. Are you strong enough?

Molen: To do what?

Korewa (insistingly): To escape, of course.

Molen: Look, we'll talk about that tomorrow. And unfortunately I'm not quite strong enough yet.

(cock crows twice-faintly)

Molen You heard that? The rooster. Sleep.

Korewa: Molen, I'll kill you if you don't listen to me.

(cock crows again)

Korewa: The rooster again. Molen! Are you coming? See, I can see light!

Molen: I'm just too young to be playing around with life. The Mastas are going to kill us this time if we escape. Don't you understand?

Korewa (angrily-in whisper): What are you trying to prove to me?

Molen: Nothing. I'm just scared, don't you?

Korewa (sarcastically-disgusted): Scared? Hah! A young boy like you in my tribe will do anything to fight his deserters ... Look, you're holding up everything.

Molen (sighs): Okay, but on one condition.

Korewa: Good ... What is it?

Molen: That you promise to take good care of me wherever we're going to.

Korewa: Two months here in Dat Well have given me ample observation of everything. Where to get muskets and ...

Molen: Do you know how to handle that?

Korewa (exaggeratingly): I went shooting ducks for Mr. Cross yesterday. He showed me to load and fire, and how to aim for the death dot ... Just the same as we do with our dirty bows and arrows. Aim and let the arrow fly: Of course our little arrows don't

always land where you expect them to. But this thing *(laughs)*! As Mr. Cross yesterday said Kanaka, you shoot good too much. Masta he give you some tobaccky, p'ra'ps by 'm by we go house.

Molen: Very good of you ... I'm always wondering where these other natives could be from. Would you know ... ?

Korewa: Only a slight bit ... They're from islands somewhere across the sea. I'm not too sure ... Come on out of the bed and let's go.

Molen: But it's already broad daylight. How will we ... ?

Korewa (shouts): Time's being wasted by you asking too many questions.

(people suddenly awoken by Korewa's shout; yawning and crowd murmur)

Korewa (angrily): See? The others are getting up ... *(whispers angrily)* We must make it tomorrow night. That clear?

Molen (frightened): Yes.

(bridge music; door opening and closing)

Mr. Cross (to himself): Now ... Where did I put these bloody keys?

(things being moved vigorously)

Mr. Cross (sighs): Can't be here ... Hm'm' ... What about there?

(quick footsteps)

Mr. Cross: Not here either ... Certainly I mustn't have dropped them somewhere.

(very hard bang on table)

Mr. Cross (angrily): For goodness sake!

(knock, knock)

Mr. Cross (quickly): You're most welcome ... Come in.

(door opens)

Mark: What's the matter, Mr. Cross?

(door closes)

Mr. Cross: I'm not in a mood to answer questions. I'm looking for my set of keys.

Mark: I'm sorry ... You need help?

Mr. Cross: In a moment, yes.

Mark: Where did you lose them?

Mr. Cross (angrily): I told you I'm not in the mood to converse with anyone. Would you just mind standing back a bit please. You might be knocked over.

Mark: Right away, sir.

Mr. Cross: Don't ever call me sir again. I'm no longer 'sir' unless these bastards are found.

(sound of things being moved and thrown about)

Mr. Cross (sighs heavily): I'll forget them for a while ... Yes, now you, Mark; what do you want?

Mark: A telegram from Sydney I received yesterday confirming the repatriation of 'kanakas'.

Mr. Cross: The 'Tannese'?

Mark: No ... The survivors of the 'Peri'.

Mr. Cross: Where's the ship to transport them in?

Mark: It will be here a week yesterday. I was here to tell you but you were out on business.

Mr. Cross: Business? Who said so?

Mark: Bruce. He said you ...

Mr. Cross: To hell with him ... I was out shooting ducks.

Mark: On whose permission?

Mr. Cross: Whom do you expect me to get permission from?

Episode Four: "The Escape"

Cast

MOLEN

SEBE

KOREWA

MR. CROSS

MARK

VOICE

Molen: Young man, you're an educated now. Your education will soon take you far

and wide. There will come a day when you'll have a chance to see or read about the life lived by us in those gone days. The life nothing on earth could have lived. Many of us survived it ... Have you ever smelt a rotting human being? (laughs) of course not ... I did. Five weeks without food, and water. I lived it, just because we ate two women and drank sea water ... Now that we've been Christianized, we know that our Lord abstained or fasted for forty days and forty nights, of which we were only five days short and some of us failed to hold ... They faded away.

Sebe: Grandpa?

Molen: Yes my boy!

Sebe: Would you like a smoke? (music)

Mr. Cross: No-one else will dominate my authorities here. Sydney is too far and too long a time is wasted waiting for permission. I do it my own way. Thank you. (shouts) Now get out!

Mark: Let me have my freedom in this office. It's a Government building.

Mr. Cross (angrily): Shut up and get out!

(door opens; closes — Pause)

Mr. Cross (to himself): A telegram from Sydney? A ship, the 'H.M.A.S. Basilisk' I would say ... But Korewa. I would want him to stay ... I'm most certain they'll have to go through Sydney first then later, on to their various islands ... Oh shit, I've got to find these keys before I loose my title ...

(crowd noise)

Molen: Do you still intend to escape?

Korewa: I was about to ask you the question. You made up your mind? ... Look at these.

Molen: Yes, I've been watching them. They're cutting up a man, said to have been shot trying to set the plantation to fire ...

Korewa: I've tasted it ... more eating human being. He is a local native from here. Up those hills.

Molen: I know. I was told some days ago, that those islanders are being encouraged to kill the real inhabitants, the Abos they're called, cold bloodedly.

Korewa: Molen, we must go ... Makai is the place we're going to. It's not very far from here ... Mr. Cross confirmed that there are lots of kanakas like us working there.

(sound of children playing)

Molen *(clears throat)*: So you see, It was a real confusion in those days. A need to survive and an escape to nowhere. Escaping from one whiteman's town to another, when our goal was here. Our village. To come back home.

Sebe: Stupid wasn't it *(laughs)*

Molen: Don't laugh. You don't know what you're laughing about ... Like us ... We knew we were escaping but didn't know why. Especially when escaping was in strange land, a barrier as wide as seven years between the Masta's home and our mourning village. We walked the hot sunny days, at times almost running into our feared Aboriginal friends. At night when every colour settle their days discrimination, we would rest; eat whatever food collected along the way.

Sebe: Did you ever come across such birds as those we learnt in school.

Molen: You name it. They were birds of every colours and sizes ... We killed and ate them all. Their feathers we took, should those in Makai invited us for a dance ... They were a precious treasure on our backs, tied to the muzzles of the muskets. And Mr. Cross's keys dangled around Korewa's neck. A substitution to pig tusks.

(children playing — fade to footsteps)

Korewa *(panting)*: Can you hold on for another week or so?

Molen: I think so ... My young age is against this long trek. But my spirit quite accepts it. We have to get home somehow.

Korewa: That's just what I've been expecting you to say. We have to get out of this place somehow ... You hungry?

Molen: No.

(footsteps)

Korewa *(alarmpingly)*: Stop!

(faint crowd noise)

Molen *(whispers)*: What is it Korewa?

Korewa *(whispers)*: People! ... A hunting party may be ... There, look! ... A man on a pole. His legs and hands securely tied to the pole.

Molen: What are they doing with him?

Korewa: Wait ... Quiet ...

Korewa: My kanangi, they're killing him ... Give me some gun-powder, Molen.

(a click and gun shot — commotion)

Korewa: They've scattered. Don't move yet. They might regroup for an ambush.

Molen *(stammering)*: And the body?

Korewa: It's still there ... Wrangled in pain.

Molen: Did you hit any of them?

Korewa: I don't know ... I only shot to scare them off.

Molen: Shall we go now.

Korewa: No, not just yet ... We may have to sleep here and watch that body.

Molen: Did you recognise where they could be from?

Korewa: No, but they looked to be some islanders.

(a dog howling)

Korewa: A dog? Strange.

(drumming-distantly)

Korewa: Drums too ... Molen, we must be in some enemy district. Either that, or we are close to Makai.

Molen: I think we should walk on. Leave the body ...

Korewa: I think so too. Come on let's go.

(knock, knock)

Mr. Cross: Come in.

(door opens)

Mr. Cross: Howdy, Mark.

(door closes)

Mark: Good morning Mr. Cross. How are you?

Mr. Cross: Fine. Sit down ... What's the news?

Mark: The storeroom has been opened and two kanakas have escaped with two muskets and gun-powder.

Mr. Cross *(surprised)*: You must be joking.

Mark: There's nothing worse than the truth.

Mr. Cross: It can't be anyone else, but the idiot I went shooting ducks with some weeks ago ...

Mark: Then he could also be the thief. Your keys!

Mr. Cross *(thoughtfully)*: You're right.

Mark: What can you do now, they're gone! ... What can you do?

Mr. Cross *(angry)*: Let me think! What do you expect me to do and ... what can you do?

Mark: I suggest we dispatch a search party. The local police will locate these two run-aways, and a death penalty must be imposed on them for ...

Mr. Cross *(shouts)*: Don't tell me what to do.

Mark *(shouts)*: It's for the benefit of your responsibility to this place, mate. And you better do something before the ship comes.

Mr. Cross *(angry)*: Can you shut up and let me think and decide what to do?

Mark *(angry)*: You're becoming too friendly with these kanakas. You know very well how dangerous they are sir.

Mr. Cross: Will you not call me sir again. Get out of my office. I've got enough advisors already. OUT!

(door opens fast; closes with hard bang)

Mr. Cross: That's better. Now I can think ... How in bloody hell did this bastard get hold of my keys?

(bush sound)

Korewa *(excited)*: Masta! Masta!

Mr. Cross: What is it kanaka?

Korewa: I see plenty too much ducks swimming in the water.

Mr. Cross: Good. Give me some powder and, here. Don't lose it.

Korewa: What are they, Masta?

Mr. Cross: They're called keys.

Korewa: Keys. I see.

Mr. Cross: Quiet now.

(gun shot; sound of ducks)

Korewa *(laughs)*: Masta, you should have asked me to get them for you. *(laughs)* You're wet all over. *(laughs)*

Mr. Cross *(angry)*: Shut your neck! What's so funny?

Korewa *(laughs)*: The way you jumped into the water.

Mr. Cross: You think I can't swim. Better run before I bust a hole through you. Quick ... *(shout)* Get!

(running)

Mr. Cross: So that's how I lost those keys. What is my excuse, should I be held responsible for theft and the escape? A patrol may be the only solution.

(bridge music)

(footsteps of two; crowd noise)

Molen *(panting)*: Is this Makai?

Korewa *(panting-sighs)*: How can we be so right? It's it ...

Molen: You think so?

Korewa: There's no other place so full islanders. You know, after I was told of this place Mr. Cross and I, in fact I was the first one to see them. A small water hole clad with ducks. I told Mr. Cross about it. He fired at them killing two. He jumped immediately into the water. I burst into laughter which annoyed him and he threatened to shoot me, if I stayed laughing at him. That's how he forget all about the keys which he gave me before he ...

(crowd noise)

Voice: Kanaka, kanaka. Tellim' Masta

Kanaka!

Korewa: Careful Molen. They've seen us. It might mean death.

Voice (excitedly): You Solomon Man? You lilibit black. Laik me.

Korewa (hesitantly): Ye' Ye' Ye'. Mi Solomon. This one, hem from Buka.

Voice: Where you takem him?

Korewa: Fiji.

Voice: Fidi? Fidi no good, killim. (shouted) Andi Wande!

(crowd shouting Andi Wande! Andi Wande!)

Molen (screams-frightened): Ah! Mama Mia! Korewa?

Korewa: Leave him! ... Oh, you've hurt him.

Episode Five: "The Plantation".

Cast:

MOLEN

SEBE

WARNER

VANN

SASAMO

VOICE

GLEN

(surf; children playing)

Molen: When do you think those children will be called home by their mothers, Sebe?

Sebe: I don't know; why?

Molen: I'm sad in my heart, to recall that I had missed such games they're playing. I never had time to participate. It is worse to be telling you this story and I got no place to bury my sadness. If I die Sebe, I'd like to be buried in the same way as my comrades were buried. Look at how the sun is setting. Taking with it all of today's sweats and tears. The communal gatherings of the elders who have been trying to settle tribal differences. Anyway, let's get back to the story. (clears his throat) Where did we leave it?

Sebe: When you were attacked ...

Molen: That's right. So, I was hit at the

back of my head, a hit that could have killed me immediately. I remember nothing after that. I must have been unconscious for quite a while, for when I struggled for air, the next thing I heard was a gently voice saying ...

(heavy deep breaths)

Warner (fatherly): Just lay on easy boy. (Pause) Can you sit up?

Molen (slowly-whisper): Who are you?

Warner: Can you hear yourself?

Molen (louder): Who are you?

Warner: Very good. Open your eyes.

Molen: Water ... ! I want water —

Warner: You'll soon be wanting more than just that.

(water poured)

Warner: Here ... Drink.

Molen (cries-shout): Mama, Mama (more heavy; breaths deeper)

Warner: She's a long way away. She won't be able to hear you ... ! Nigger, your wound don't look too bad. A month or so and you'll be a fine boy again.

(pause)

Molen: Cough, cough.

Warner (lively): Sign of life, boy. Here eat this soup. The entire cup this time. You know it will make new blood. (Pause) Good. That's what you need most. Good sleep and food a whole lot of both.

(children playing)

Molen: So passed the black hours of my life. I still haven't discovered how many months or weeks I laid under a loving white-man's care.

Every morning he would wake me up with something different to eat. Stories at times.

(children noise; sound of birds creating morning atmosphere)

Molen: Oh, I love these birds, they remind me of the seagulls hovering over the salmon

Warner: You talk beautifully now. Much, much better than four months ago. I have long been waiting for this moment.

Molen: Who are you?

Warner: Just call me, doctor.

Molen: You aren't the same so called doctor on the schooner that kidnapped us.

Warner: Kidnapped?

Molen: Yes. We were lured on board, attacked and thrown mercilessly into the hatches and shipped to an island I remember as Fidi. There, we were sold for not shell money, but paper. Transhipped, and on the voyage to another of our mysterious destinies, the older fellows attacked the crew and the white bosses. From then on we drifted for five weeks, till we were sighted by a ship bigger than the one we were on that towed us home to a small settlement and from there after regaining strength we escaped. Just to be greeted here with a stick on my head.

Warner: So you're a run-away, eh?

Molen: I'm not sure. But from whom am I a run-away?

Warner: You're intelligent, boy. I would just say that you're endangering your own life.

Molen (laughs): Which way is my island? I'll keep on escaping till I reach my own village. Is it somewhere along this coast?

Warner: Forget it.

Molen: I should really have to thank you, if I should, for the food and care. I feel stronger and stronger each day. I can walk all my life, just to get home.

Warner: Relax your mind. Another man could have died from the hit. I was there, just in time to yell, a scream that halted the stick that I believe could have finished you off. It was a miracle that you survived it.

Molen: I survived the five weeks of unfor-giving heat and hunger drifting. Escaping this jungle is no problem. Food as I recently experienced is plentiful.

Warner: Of course, but to believe your village is somewhere along this coast is ridiculous. It takes ships so many weeks, even months to (pause); Where are you from?

Molen: You won't know it. Only a ruthless captain would. It's a long way from here.

Warner: I'm glad you're beginning to understand yourself — You know I was a

sailor myself.

Molen: And what are you doing in this hut. Just then, you told me you're a doctor, and now you're a sailor.

Warner: Easy boy. Remember, I saved you.

Molen: How much were you used to be paid?

Warner: Very good pay. But a massacre on board forced me to rest a while on the shore. I was charged but discharged on a bond to appear for trial if required.

Molen: Where was this massacre you're talking about?

Warner: You're too young; too much too young to be asking questions.

Molen (angrily-almost crying): You're a killer! You may be talking about the massacre in my harbour. A killer! A killer!

(bridge music; children playing)

Molen: After that argument, I escaped. I ran for my life as Warner was after me with a loaded musket. With my little torn piece of laplap, given to each of the kidnapped at the human market in Fiji, on my left shoulder, I was as free as newly borned child. I ran and ran until I was safe in a hut full of other natives. Confusion arose among everyone, but I was at least in the hands of my other so called kanakas. I was lucky for they weren't the same people who attacked us. There I learnt that my brother Korewa was later murdered under a wall of cane, and eaten, so the story goes.

(children noises; cast help with life confusion; Molen panting)

Voice Who's this man?

Sasamo: Let him rest. I'll make him talk. All of you, quiet.

(crowd noise gradually fades, Molen panting)

Sasamo: What's your name?

Molen (faintly): Mo ... len.

Sasamo: Who?

Molen: Molen

Sasamo: Molen. That's a familiar name.

Of an island along our coast.

Molen (*breathing hard*): Warner. He chased me with his loaded musket.

Sasamo: Here take this laplap and throw that rag away on your shoulder. Calm down. Warner won't harm you here. You're safe. (*pause*) You can't be from Teohop?

Molen: Yes I am. How do you know?

Sasamo: Your name distinguishes you, and your appearance.

Molen: Yes I am! (*sighs*) Safe at last.

Sasamo: Are you hungry? We've just roasted some chinese taros.

Molen: Later. Let me rest a while. I'll tell you everything when I know I'm fully recovered.

(*work bell*)

Sasamo: Oh, there goes our boss. You know these days our boss is that bloody rusty cylinder. Just sleep and rest. We'll be finished before the sun sinks behind that mountain.

Molen: Can I come with you?

Sasamo: Our boss, not that bell, but the Masta of this plantation is a very cruel man.

Molen: Cruel?

Sasamo: That's right. But maybe, yes, you may come.

(*pause*)

(*crowd noise; tree falling; crowd noise*)

Sasamo: This is what it is like here. We work all day without food. Occasionally we steal this cane for water.

Molen: Where are you from?

Sasamo: Your next door neighbour, south of your island. Half a month away from you.

Molen: How did you come here?

Sasamo: Recruited. We were an exchange for some axes and muskets presented to our chief. It's a long story. How did you come?

Molen: You mean to say, how were we recruited?

Sasamo: Yes.

Molen: Kidnapped. Attacked. Our canoes holed, capsized and those who attempted to escape to swim ashore were shot. Those

closest to the ship were fished out of the water like tunas and thrown into the holds, then on another fleet of canoes was dealt with systematically. It all started from the Solomon then down to us on Buka. (*Pause*) No, no. I don't want to tell you more about it. It's horrible how some of us died.

Sasamo: How did you survive it?

Molen: Be specific. There are many happenings that I survived. But during the voyage from Bougainville there was nothing but bloodshed. Many died unwillingly, under the supreme muzzles of the muskets and the smaller guns ...

Sasamo: Pistols?

Molen: Who knows. Yes, and on the ...

Vann: Sasamo!

Sasamo (*surprised*): Oh. The Masta ... Yes Masta?

Vann: What the bloody hell are you standing there telling stories for! (*Angry*) Who's that new bastard kanaka!

Sasamo (*frightened*): Mo ... Mo! Molen, Masta.

Vann (*very harsh*): Who is he! (*Pause*) Young man, what's he doing here?

Molen (*very brave*): I've been waiting to tell you that. I'd like to work for you.

Vann: Masta! (*Pause*) Masta!

Molen: I'd like to work for you, masta.

Vann (*stern*): Better. Speak to me with respect blacky. Where have you come from?

Molen: Nowhere but I'd be very useful here.

Vann: You talk bravely, young lad. Don't be too brave though, otherwise ...

(*rifle shot*)

Vann: You heard that? Brave kanakas fall to this familiar sound. They know when Masta has this rifle in the hand, silence and respect must prevail. (*Pause*) Yes, you can certainly work for me. (*hard*) Sasamo!

Sasamo: Yes Masta!

Vann: If you're caught telling stories once more, my boy that will be the end of your nice career here in the field. Understood?

Sasamo: Yes Masta.

Vann: Pleasant. Now, you may show this blackfella what to do. And in the afternoon bring him home to get his name registered

with the government and his ration for this week.

Sasamo: Yes Masta.

(crowd noise)

Vann (shouts): Shut up over there and bloody work. The overseer will be here soon to supervise the work. And if reports are unfavourable, you all know what flogging feels like.

Molen (whispers): He's gone.

Sasamo: His second boss will be coming to relieve him. He must have gone off to do other business for him.

Molen: What's the name of him who has just left?

Sasamo: Vann.

(children noise)

Sebe: Grandpa, that was very bad of the Mastas.

Molen: Indeed it was. We toiled under the hot sun. Thirst was my new enemy. Water in the barrel, on the cart was not allowed on the field anymore, as the Mastas thought it was only a reason for slowing down the work. We drank from muddy water holes, fit only for the pigs to swim in. Dysentery and various other sicknesses took their prizes. By then I was absent from home for nearly eleven years.

Sebe: That was a long time.

Molen (agrees): Aha. My beard was of a matured man, freaky, a beard of a man a pig could be slaughtered for.

Sebe: What were the main jobs in the fields?

Molen: Have you not seen your mother at it in the garden? Weeding, harvest, and re-planting. Of course, at times a bit of cleaning for new acres. The overseer a few paces behind your back, with a blood-stained leather belt and a cane.

On Sundays, when we were free, the only days without work, we would go hunting.

Sebe: With what?

Molen: Improvised spears; and guns which the boss handed out to responsible recruits

to encourage us to hunt.

On Saturdays would work in our communal gardens. We grew Chinese-taros, and many other plants. Those we would eat with our Sunday's catch of ducks, emus and kangaroos. We frequently fish. In the night, we would sit around a campfire and I would join in the songs I learnt in the sugar-cane fields.

(children noises-fade; traditional lament)

Sasamo (lively): You enjoying the song Molen?

Molen: This is a new composition. Seiki, has just put it together.

Sasamo: Sounds good.

Molen: It is. What is tomorrow's job? As you are the closest friend to the overseer.

Sasamo (laughs): Closest friend. What do you mean ... Yes. Listen, all of you.

(song-out)

Sasamo: Tomorrow, we will be laying irons into the field. That will be for carts on iron wheels, to truck the cut canes to the mill. That will make it even easier for us.

Molen: I've never worked so hard. The first three had really drained me out of my precious sweats.

Sasamo: I don't believe you've been here for almost eleven years.

Molen: What makes you think so?

Sasamo: A man is hired for only a period of three years, thence expires his contracts.

Molen: If I were a willing recruit, say I was recruited fairly, I would then be at home. But being a kidnapped is a different story altogether. I've been to many places. This would be my last for my contract is of three years.

(cock crows)

Voice (upsetting everything): Up on your feet. Hey! Ha! Up! Up!

(confusion)

Molen (angry): What's the hour?

Voice (shouts): Shut up and git!

Molen (shouts): You too. Git!

Voice (shouts): Black ass, another word and I'll hack you with this iron rod!

Sasamo: That's enough, Molen.

Voice: Tell him, Sasamo. Kanakas don't argue with their Mastas. You, You're the odd one here. Move! Move! Move!

Vann: How are the Kanakas doing, mate?

Voice: Not too bad, sir.

Vann: Any resistance?

Voice: That new beggar. He's a bit tough. Couldn't get him out of bed this morning.

Vann: That's the problem other planters are complaining about. Kidnapped islanders are a tough bunch to control. And if that fellow shows anymore of his game, drill a hole through his head with a bullet.

Voice: Is he a kidnapped?

Vann: Bloody right he is ... ! Well, see that the tram tracks are solidly supported.

Voice: Thy will be done, sir!

(busy working crowd-metalic sound of railings)

Voice (hard): Move it. Come on there.

(agonizing sounds)

Voice (hard): Git up. Git up. *(Pause)*. Take that other log and get it rolling ... One, two, up! Roll it up! Move!

(children playing)

Molen (coughs): We worked just, just like slaves. The overseer barking at us like a dog does when it traps a pig against the buttress roots of a tree. Working on that rail is beyond imagination. After the railing was completed, routine work in the field resumed.

Sebe: How was the food served?

Molen: Sometimes in the field, when these was task jobs, and when there was none, food was served in a hut house at home. A self-service meal. Eating with a sticky body; sticky with about seven layers of dried sweat.

Sebe: Grandpa, how many of our coloured skin people were involved in the sugar plantations.

Molen: So many as twenty big villages put together, of different races. You could immediately tell that tribal inheritance was absent, by the way people of the islands moved about.

Some islanders after expiration of their three years, after a long time in Queensland, refused going back to their islands. Life, most islanders thought was best lived in Queensland; where civilization feels the fresh afternoon air. Those time-expired boys having served their time built houses much similar to his Mastas.

One afternoon, after our ten hours days work, I was sitting in front of our grass hut when I was disturbed by a heavy footstep approaching fast.

(children noise-out; heavy footsteps)

Sasamo (calling): Molen! Molen!

Molen (wearily): What? More recruits?

Sasamo (laughs): No. I've come to tell you a surprise.

Molen: What is it?

Sasamo: It's rather sad to tell you this, but I should at least let you know ...

Molen: Yes, why?

Sasamo: It has been a happy time we've lived together, worked together, hunted together and everything together. You have been an honest lad, true to yourself and to everyone in this compound ...

Molen: What are you trying to tell me? Quick with it, I have to rest.

Sasamo: My contract expired yesterday and a ship will be here on Friday to sail us home. I'm sad, very sad. You'll be by your-self, but not the least, for I have many friends here who would be of uncountable assistance to you.

Molen (sadly): You're killing my heart. Really, to be true, I've taken you as my maternal first cousin. I have wholly been your dependent. You have become my sanctuary for this one and half years. Would have not been for you I would have died fallen to the musket of Mr. Warner.

Sasamo: I have to go now. Masta Vann promise me 6 pound, my wages of the year

and a few other things. See you again; pack up my personal belongings for me please.

Molen (sadly): I'll do that.

(bridge music; children's noise)

Molen: I was all but myself, amongst Sasamo's friends, who by then I was getting to know day to day, bit by bit. I felt very depressed, low in spirit losing every hope of being a happy man once more. I failed to register in my visions.

I couldn't do anything the day the ship sailed away, trembling hands waving goodbye until the horizon, swallowed everything. They were out of sight but the memory roamed my environment. I stayed to complete my term in the sugar-plantation.

(theme music)

Episode Six: "Return of A Stranger"

Cast:

MOLEN

SEBE

VAHU

TOVI

PAPO

VANN

GLENN

BANNY

(theme music fades into Bougainville flutes; faint crowd noise)

Vahu (sobbing): I am still not happy. The wedding. This is the third marriage.

Tovi (sympathisingly): It is better than nothing. Fourteen years have seen you in ashes and barren. You need a man to revive your life.

Vahu (sobbing): To give me another child? To be what?

Tovi: A mother once more. Our clan is a shame. Reduced by so many deads caused by sickness and the loss of those who died under whiteman's evil hands. Vahu, you must rejoice.

Vahu: Rejoice? Although it has been a

long time since I lost my only son. I'll be in ashes, until one such day, when I see his return. Either dead or in any form. A dream.

Tovi: He is long gone, and my hope is very narrow. I've tried every tribal magics to get him back, but that of the whiteman is too power.

Vahu: Would you think he is dead?

Tovi: He is. Fourteen years is a long time. If by any chance he could be alive.

(flutes up — and out)

(cock crows)

Vahu (yawns): Another beautiful day. *(clears her throat)* Papo, Papo; Pa ...

Papo (sleepily): Yes. What?

Vahu: Sun's up high. Are you working on that canoe again?

Papo: Probably so. *(pause)* Can you gather the fire together?

Vahu: Can't you do it?

Papo: I married you for this job.

Vahu: Don't try anything smart on me. You know how terrible I've lived these years.

Papo: Thinking of your son?

Vahu: My son, yes. How terrible could he have lived, if he ever survived the superiority of the whiteman.

Papo: Can you forget him. Look. We are a new marriage and I want everything to be new.

Vahu: You still haven't done anything to make me forget him. Make us a new garden. You still eating from my old hands. Catch fishes of the sea. Those will make me think of you as a man. Were you here during the attack?

Papo: Which attack?

Vahu: In which half the village was massacred next to a ship, clad in colourful leaves.

Papo: I was on a trading voyage. But when we returned I heard the tale.

Vahu (angry): Not a tale! It's a fact, witnessed by many. See how small the village has become after the attack!

(bridge music)

(train on tracks)

Glen (shouting): Molen, Molen!

Molen (hesitantly): Yes Masta?

Glen (harsh): Git your ass of that bundle of cane and look like a man!

Molen (firm): What do I look like, Masta?

Glen (harsh): A burnt tree stump. (laughs) You kanakas are a rotten race.

Molen (sad): White race has brought us here to looked down on as that and ...

Glen (sarcastically laughs): White race! (hard) Never say white race again. You aren't fit to! ... Not at all, bloody kanaka.

Molen (firm): Bloody white!

Glen (hard): Shut up!

Molen (firm): White man, you started it off.

Glen (angry): Masta! Not whiteman.

Molen (firm): All the same.

Glen (shouts): Quiet, blacky!

Molen (firm): You blessing yourself.

(a hard thump; Molen screams)

Glen: Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! You can scream well.

(squeaking of brakes)

(old time steam engine arrives; crowd noise)

Glen (harsh): Come on quick, unload. Quick! You there, move it!

(cast murmur)

Molen: Oh Mama!

Glen: Damn your mama. Keep on that.

(night sound; Molen sighs)

Sebe: You tired?

Molen: I think so. But this story must be completed too. Tomorrow may not find me alive.

Sebe: Grandpa, would you want some tea?

Molen: Has your mother not told you?

Sebe: About?

Molen: I've promised not to have anything with sugar in it. Tea, milo, anything. Sugar, everytime I see it, it reminds me of the hard days of old. (pause) Listen to the night sound.

(night sound)

Molen: What can you hear?

Sebe: Nothing, but the crickets and nameless insects.

Molen: That's what it was like in Queensland. The crickets are the — the — the — Mastas, while many of us Kanakas remain nameless. A few had names like my friend Sasamo. Only because he was next on the Masta's list as an interpreter to the other islanders. The years we were together, more ships loads of islanders arrived. On the shore, they sold like betel nuts to the planters.

Sebe (disgusted): Cunning bastards.

Molen: Easy. Easy ... Here, we treat them well. So much for the benefit of a country which is ready to achieve independence in a couple of years. Again, some are good hearted, and some remain addicted to colonialism. The councillors here, talk about themselves.

The mission has done a great deal to civilizing our once fierce and brave district. This island.

(night sound-fade into village religious song)

(crowd noise)

Tovi (calling excitedly): Vahu, sister! Did you hear ...

Vahu: Hear what?

Tovi: Molen is alive and well!

Vahu (excited): Where? Where?

Tovi: Makai! A whiteman place in, in, in ... Oh what's the name. (pause) Kinslans! Yes that place.

Vahu: Oh my son. My son. Where did you get that story from?

Tovi: Sasamo. A returned bosboi from that place. He said Molen's grown into a powerful looking man. It's a long story he hold me, but only wanted to tell this much ... He lived!

Vahu (sadly): The only thing I've believed of my son is, they were all killed. (pause) What could my son be doing in the hands of those evil men?

Tovi: They're good men. They give

tobacco and many other goods, big trunks and all, to returned labourers. I'm going, soon as any ship comes.

Vahu: No, No! (*sadly*) You are the only thing I now have.

Tovi: But see; when I return, I'll be as rich as Sasamo. I'll return with twice as much. I felt very jealous when I heard how much he has; which includes axes, knives, and many names too big to remember.

Vahu: That's enough! I need nothing more than the return of my son ... He'll bring you what you want. No. I'm not letting you go. I'll make sure my husband sees that you don't escape.

Tovi: Are we going to be this poor all our lives? You in ashes? We need whiteman's goods to make us look different, superior, to the others.

Vahu: My face is over-ridden by freckles. A sign of my old age. If you ever go, there won't be anyone to bury me properly, should I die before my son returns. Will he ever make it home?

Tovi: That will remain unanswered. (*pause*) I better go. It seems that you aren't in a good mood today.

Vahu: No-one has, for many years, been in a good mood, since the ship sailed away on this island. Good night.

Tovi: Where is Papo?

Vahu: Fishing.

Tovi: Good night.

(*door opens and closes*)

Vahu: My son. My son. Come back home to me. Mama is getting old, and I might want you to carry my dead body to the grave. I was so happy this afternoon, to hear you're alive. My happiness almost turned into tears (*laughs*) but a vision of you I saw, gladdened the balls of my eyes and I stared. Stared. Stared into the wall blackened by the smoke. My son. My son. My son.

(*bridge music; crowd noise*)

Banny (friendly): Young man, what's your name?

Molen (firm): Molen. Why do you ask so?

Banny: You want some tea?

Glen (calling): Molen!

Molen: Yes Masta.

Glen: Git! To work with others.

Banny: I was about to give him some tea, sir.

Glen: Banny you've been a vagrant too long. Vann wants people for his new mill. Would you like to work for him?

Banny: Yes. Soon as we've finished our tea. Molen! Sit down.

Glen (harsh): Come kanaka, sit down.

Banny: How much sugar, Glen?

Glen: Two thank you.

Banny: Molen?

Molen: It is for sugar that I was brought here. Brought here to be labouring in the hot sun while you Mastas enjoy life in luxury.

Banny: You sound very racial young man. What do you take us for?

Molen: Who is us?

Banny: Glen and myself.

Molen: I'm not being racial at all. It's life here that I hate. How cruel man can be towards his fellowman. Is it the colour of my skin that makes you think I'm being racial?

Banny: What do you think Glen?

Glen: I think he is very racial.

Molen (angry): Not racial!

(*crowd noise*)

Molen: Just don't talk whiteman's talk to me. See, how many of my comrades I could tell to wrangle your little white necks! Now, stop teasing me.

Glen: You little rogue. Banny, let's git.

(*crowd noise*)(*pause*)

Molen: All day we toiled under the hot Queensland sun. Years passed. It was my end of the hard days. I felt the end of my contract nearing. Each night I would lay in my bunk in the hut. Huts that were constructed in imitation to the ships holds, bunks strapped to the side with bush wires. A lament sung by a few islanders would carry out well in the night.

I saw the formation of the first big companies like Colonial Sugar Refineries Company and the biggest company, Burns Philip.

Sebe: You did?

Molen: Yes young man. By that time recruiting of our people around the Pacific Islands was, I thought, dying out. For in that year, the government was very frequent with checking our settlements.

Factories machine improved, from horse turn mills to steam powered.

Plantation rations allowance increased. Medical care improved. But that didn't stop the islanders from suffering winter nights. Our small fires couldn't supply the measures of heat wanted in the huts. We suffered all different kinds of hurtings from the whip in the field to personal grievances.

The afternoon after we buried seven of our comrades silence haunted the settlement. That same afternoon about thirty of us reported to the main office; scared of being flogged, we walked silently towards the office. A silence broken by a harsh rough voice of Mr. Vann.

Sebe: Was he angry?

Molen (laughing): Of course. Ha! ha! ha! ha! Repatriation of kanakas in those days especially when in that year, the return of Burns Philip schooner, the Juventa was very unproductive. After six months it returned with only one recruit, having spent much of that time vainly seeking to engage a competent interpreter.

After that I never saw her again. White-man, the planters, suffered the loss of black labour. Recruiting was descending the slope very fast. That affected nearly every planter around our Makai district.

Sebe: So Mr. Vann was rather sad about the expiration of your contract?

Molen: Exactly. So there we were. Standing looking stupid in front of the pay office.

(bridge music; faint crowd noise)

Vann (harsh): Matee! Vansu! Koka! Pama! Edeno! Roro! Wandis! Tamteta! Passasa! Kikuum! Andoma! Jiromo! Kak-kaka! Susma! Kohiama!

(repeat names from Matee onward — Molen dreams)

Molen: Mama. If you're still alive, let tonight be your dream night. I am now ready to come home. Would I be a stranger? Are you ready to welcome your huge son, whose beard has now been shaven clean!

I'm standing here to get my £6 wages and other possessions Mama, (sob) my name would be called soon.

Vann (shouts): Molen!

Molen (sob): Yes, Masta!

Vann (disgusted): You! You have been a headache in the field. I am so happy to be rid of you. The rest of you have been very good. Very well, as this day will be your last day here. I'm giving you all your wages. Can you all come up a bit please!

(happy crowd noise)

Vann: A ship would be here to drop you each at his place, as shown in the log-book and your card numbers.

Molen: But I don't have a number, Masta! You never had given me once.

Vann (angry): Speak when you're asked to kanaka!

Molen: Yes Masta.

Vann: A kidnapped savage certainly wouldn't have been given a card. My boy, you'll have to do it by yourself.

Molen: Do what Masta!

Vann (angry): Quiet! Boy I'm not gonna hesitate to blast your head with my pistol.

Molen: Do so Masta. Travelling home in a ship would be much longer and I know what it's like to be in a hold. A hold full to the floor with saltwater. If you kill me now, it will solve a lot of trouble trying to pilot the captain who is already familiar with his ship.

Vann: You're a brave little bugger, Molen. But not for long. You've shown how superior your strength is in the field. You were a good worker but you hated supervision. (firm-sternly) You! You'll be under my whip.

(waves on shore)

Molen: After I was flogged, I went to the beach to listen to the repetition of the waves. Singing filled the air.

(waves; local happy song)

Molen: Some were still packing what possessions they had gathered in the years they had been on the plantation. Possessions which includes the most-priced piece, the muskets, axes, knives, clothes, hurricane lamps, and kerosene barrels. Last but not the least was a quantity of salt. And ammunition, a large quantity. A week later we boarded a government ship, whose name I shall not mention, and sailed off.

Sebe: Why can't you tell me the ship's name grandpa?

Molen: It has been my intention to keep it, to myself until I die. Anyway everyone was treated fairly *(laughs)* Our characters on board was very much of a change from the old sugar cane days. Baggy trousers and shirts buttoned to the very last button of the collar. Comparing that with how you young boys wear your shirts today, it was a funny sight. To see a man in that fashion, sitting on the ships railing puffing on his pipe.

Sebe: There's nothing funny about buttoning shirts so high grandad. You know every button should be used for it's use.

Molen: You speak the truth. To us it was. It was a long journey home. Rough seas, high winds. After we've been to every island discharging the human cargo of returned civilised islanders, I had a great time trying to explain to the Captain I was from somewhere along the coast of Buka. Fortunately the Captain knew the route to Buka but my little island I had to show him, after many days search of it along the coast. I got home. No canoe attempted to come to the ship. A boat was lowered and my possessions, three trunks, and six members of the crew took me ashore.

There, guns on the ready. The crowd greeted us with arrows and spears, the atmosphere was thick with a war smell. I stood, to show we were not another recruiting ship. That they understood.

My cargo was unloaded, and exchanged good-byes with the crew I headed straight to our house. Was I wrong? Was it a different house? *(the crowd following)*

(crowd noise; knock, knock)

(door opens and closes)

Molen: Mama! Is it you?

Vahu *(scared)*: Who's this stranger. Another Masta? Get out! Get out!

Molen: Mama! Me! Molen! Can't you recognise me! Mama! Am I in the wrong house?

Vahu: Get out!

(door opens suddenly hard, closes with a slam)

Tovi *(rejoicingly)*: MO ... LEN!

Molen *(sob-almost)*: You still remember. My uncle ...

Tovi *(excited)*: Vahu! It's your long gone son. Molen!

Vahu: Really? *(Choked with happiness)*

Molen *(quickly)*: Mama! Mama! Ma! ...

Tovi *(sadly)*: Molen, she's dead.

Molen: *(Sobs)*

Tovi *(sadly)*: The moment she's been waiting for.

(sad piece of music)

Molen: We buried Mama the next morning, wrapped in a special dress I brought her as her present. I was too strange a man to her, my dress, my whiteman's appearance, everything added up to her sudden death. She died leaving me with a third father. He was a bad man indeed. Jealous, greedy, selfish, and refused to take me as a son. That reminded me of The Sugar Cane Days. I was unwanted in the community, and my grandchild you know why I have also chosen to be here by myself.

I hope you don't forget to write down the story.

But don't forget when I die, bury me without tears.

Bury me where my father is buried.

Sebe *(sadly)*: Yes.

Molen: Good night.

Sebe: Good night.

MAN FRIDAY

Reviewed by Elton Brash

Everytime I pick up a popular magazine I seem to find a cartoon featuring a shipwrecked white sailor on a 'desert island' — not really 'desert' for there is always a coconut tree or two, but 'deserted'... actually it's not always deserted either for there is usually a 'cannibal' or two, but can they be counted — as company, I mean the cartoons make fun of the agonies of isolation, of helplessness, of despair, of sexual frustration, and fear.

In my childhood reading, I vicariously experienced those agonies myself when I was marooned on the fictional desert islands created by Defoe, Shakespeare, Ballantyre, Golding etc. Small desert islands loom large on Western imaginative horizons. And on intellectual horizons too, for the marooned sailor, the desert island, and the 'Cannibals' have been turned into widely recognized symbols of the 'colonial experience.'

It was a stimulating and, at times disturbing experience to find these symbols so powerfully presented on the Papua New Guinea stage during the recent production of 'Man Friday' at the Waigani Arts Theatre. The play held me throughout. When it was over, I found myself wondering how the typical Port Moresby theatre audience of ten years ago, or five, or even three would have reacted. I suspect they would have been very angry indeed, many taking it as a personal

affront. Remembering that it wasn't so long ago that Australian Administrative personnel were refusing to admit that they were running a colony here. There is enough of the colonialist left in me to have caused me to react to some aspects of the play with embarrassment, guilt and, yes, some anger too. It was 'unfair' to so mercilessly treat the educational, religious, economic principals which Crusoe, the colonial symbol, brought with him and which Friday the 'Cannibal' failed to understand or refused to accept. The most significant difference between Adrian Mitchell's play and Defoe's story of 'Robinson Crusoe' from which it has been derived, is the shift in central focus from Crusoe to his protegee/servant 'Man Friday'. This single shift means that all fundamental to conquering, proselytizing, educating, colonizing, and developing, are brought into a different perspective — the perspective of the colonised. The minor supporting character of the novel has become the major character of the play.

I felt that Peter Trist's production on Man Friday worked at three levels. The critique of colonialism mentioned above was, for me, the most important level. But the strength of that critique was derived from the strength of personality of the two major characters, the misunderstandings and the conflicts between them. They thus successfully embodied and dramatized the broader socio-political issues, and full praise goes to William Takaku and Norman Vaughton for their portrayals. But at another level again, the play provokes questions about the nature of man, of god, of religion and of morality, that are not restricted to Friday's island or the colonial world but carry over to the context of a wide humanity.

Georgina Beier's stage design, by resisting any temptation to represent a simple 'reality', assisted the play to achieve its wider world of association and imagination.

The music composed and directed by students and staff of the Music Department of the National Arts School added a degree of forceful originality to this production. The dance sequences by member of the National Theatre Company added another important dimension.

AN OUTSIDE VIEW

Some difficulty in writing about the colonial experience must be expected. For a start, it is very rare for the 'inside' view to meet sympathetically with the 'outside' one, or vice versa.

The outsider is also hampered by the felt need to define the elusive spirit of his adopted land — witness the early Australian preoccupation with Adam Lindsay Gordon's melancholy bushland. (This concern perhaps explains in part the gothic mysteries of Rider Haggard's books, and is probably best illustrated by Forster's *Passage to India*.) Invariably, the colonial projects his feelings of isolation onto his surroundings and sees the land as being indifferent or hostile to his presence. This is a personal frustration for the well-meaning, as well as a challenge to the colonial system and the role it imposes upon the individual. Another problem, depicted so well in Conrad's *Lord Jim* and *The Heart of Darkness*, is the vulnerability of sensitive liberal-minded individuals in the colonial setting. For the 'outside' writer these are potentially the most worthwhile figures to examine, but their ambivalence and complexity often makes the single-minded administrator or the racist easier to portray and more accessible to the reader.

Trevor Shearston in *Something in the Blood* (U.Q.P., 1979), a collection of short

stories arising from his experiences during seven years in Papua New Guinea, confronts all of the above difficulties and, despite moments of uneasiness, deals with them reasonably well. The overall impression which the reader carries away, however, is a bleak one. The 'something in the blood' which separates the *masta* from the *boi* is ultimately destructive of both. White colonialism, even without blacks to rule over, carries with it a gallows, as we are shown in Shearston's retelling of the Marquis de Ray's doomed expedition ("Pages from a Lost Journal"). In dealing with a black society the local populace is brutalised subtly and crudely — a *kiap* kill a native construction worker with a shovel ("End of a Road") — while the white is destroyed by a combination of lust, love and loneliness. Neither group is seen to be satisfactory — Tony discovers his white workmates think of him as only 'a wog' and feel free to steal his woman ("Armenian Songs"): some mission natives kick a man to death over a card game ("A Game of Cards"). There are sympathetic whites, mostly teachers, and one feels that the author identifies strongly with their search for some point of contact with the local setting and people. All of these people fail in the search because their social roles place limitations on human relationships:

I won't know whether what he is giving me is the truth or only what he thinks I will accept as true, just as I never know with any of them, because I own so much of them already, and because of it there are things they won't say and parts of themselves they won't let me know for fear I will want to own those too ("Drowning" p.9) and sap personal reserves of fortitude and decency.

The shorter stories are generally the better ones, and as suggested above, the more effective ones are those which achieve a dramatic tautness by virtue of their reliance on unambiguous figures — the planter, the *kiap*, the policeman. These do not always prevent the examination of interesting social attitudes — the invalide Farrell, retiring to Australia, demonstrates that curious coexist-

ence of familiar affection for old servants and general deepseated racial hatred ("Leaving Molly"). But they can also cause a story to lean towards the melodramatic.

The inherent violence in colonial and tribal society can occasionally become humorous — the eradication of a rat plague by soaking rice with rum and then clubbing the paralytic animals to death ("Rats") — or pathetic — the humiliation of the town drunk pressganged into playing Santa Claus ("Christmas") — but it is everywhere present, and we sense the writer despairing of any real meeting of bodies, minds and cultures. A bit of John Kolia's rough-and-tumble optimism or even the 'inside' anger of Kasaipwalova makes a healthy change.

There are moments or relaxation from gloom, but these become involved in a kind of mystery-story, even Poe-like, atmosphere. The 'ancient mariner' story "Cowries" is the prime example here. In other stories the mystery seems a bit out of place ("Drowning" and "Arigato" for example), though again it demonstrates the inscrutable nature of 'the native mind'. This in itself places the author amongst the limited perspectives of his characters.

The major story, "Brothers" illustrates this fairly well. It is an ambitious tale and incorporates the element of plot mystery — what was the truth about the teacher's death? — with the elusive nature of the colonial landscape — as symbolised by the smoked corpse of a long dead village elder watching from a Highlands peak. The diary of the dead teacher reveals a *Lord Jim* naïveté and basic passivity, so that we feel his death-wish is the only way open to him to achieve oneness with the environment:

And you silent watcher. Here all this time and I never felt your gaze. You saw us come and you saw us go. You can't hurry us. We will go when it suits us, when we have got what we came for — whatever that is. Your only strength now friend is to outwait us.

I will die too, watcher. They will lay me to rot in a trench. But if you and I could watch it together . . . to watch it all around us still going on (p.60).

Yet there is a sense that the watcher and all he symbolises *does* hurry the going. None of the staff of the village, even the Papuans, are comfortable there, and with Gene's death they become increasingly reticent and restive when faced with the narrator — a total outsider from Australia come to sort out his brother's effects and his story.

As I said, this is an ambitious tale which, though good, remains unsatisfactory. The best stories in the collection are often the least meaningful and the ones with clear significance in terms of bringing out the underlying tensions of colonialism in a state of transition are often flawed in some way. In this case, the speech of the missionaries is a disappointment: too stilted even in the strained circumstances of the story. Even more of a problem, I find, is the failure to exploit the full symbolic potential of the 'silent watcher'.

There is, in the final analysis, some act of imaginative identification which makes all of these tales the work of an outsider. Shearston is unquestionably sensitive and perceptive about the double-bind of the 'white man's burden' and not without a worthy dose of the liberal guilt complex towards the natives. His stories are valuable as social documents but as creative art must be grouped along with Stevenson, Ballantyne, Rider Haggard and the rest — entertaining but somehow distanced from an integrating experience.

The stories are not so much about the something in the blood that divides ruler and ruled, but what it is that gets into the blood of the rulers and *that* something remains elusive.

Paul Sharrad

BLACK HERMIT

Reviewed by Peter Trist.

James Ngugi's play *'The Black Hermit'* was first produced by the Makerere College at the Uganda National Theatre in 1962.

The author, was born in 1938, educated in Kenya, Makerere, and the University of Leeds.

His motivation for writing the play is stated in a preface to the published edition (1968): 'I thought then the tribalism was the biggest problem besetting the new East African countries. I, along with my fellow undergraduates, had much faith in the post-colonial government. We thought they genuinely wanted to involve the masses in the work reconstruction. After all, weren't the leaders themselves son and daughters of peasants and workers? All the people had to do was to co-operate. All we had to do was to expose and root out the cantankerous effects of tribalism, racialism and religious factions.'

The play was chosen to celebrate the newly won independence of Uganda — a break with past. Considering the present brutal dictatorship under which Uganda has suffered, this fact has become bitterly ironic.

One can see why and sympathise with Arthur Jawodimbari's choice of *'The Black Hermit'* as a play to direct for the National Theatre Company. Here were distinct

parallels and echoes of problems facing Papua New Guinea.

In the National Theatre Company production were several outstanding acting performances.

Roslyn Bobom as the mother, *Nyobi* and Domba Galang as the village wife, *Thoni* were moving and articulate in their scenes together. Sam Paulus as the Pastor was dignified and impressive.

In the complex central role of Remi, Gundu Raka-Kagl was often strong in his concern and emotional outbursts. However, in the long and talkative scene with his politically radical and cynical friend *Omange* (Kilori Susuve), Gundu's performance lacked conviction and the scene became monotonous.

The author's decision to have the 'village' scenes delivered in a semi-poetic dialogue — and the "city" scenes in naturalistic prose conversation — was not really successful. The Remi/Omange 'debate' became too much a listing of political theories and alternatives.

The sincerity of James Ngugi's purpose in writing *'The Black Hermit'* and his idealism, was never in doubt. However, the end result, in this National Theatre Production lacked total conviction.

The problem of finding a play to perform that can relate to audiences in Papua New Guinea was again raised through *'The Black Hermit'*.

One looks forward hopefully to the time when Papua New Guinea writers will provide an available alternate choice for actors and producers in this country.

Groups such as the Raun Raun Theatre and the National Theatre Companies must actively encourage writers to come up with plays for them to perform, either by direct commission from authors or from within the ranks of their own Company members.

POEMS BY SEGPUTAHU

This Clay Plot

The once upon a time
boiling inferno of our shores
that caught the bouncing
heads of enemies and
intruders who never
completed the chants
and prayers to the blunt
stone axes of the heroes;

The strange blood that
chanted that boiling rhythm
that accelerated the maddening
thirst of the heroes who trembled
the merriment of victory;

For ageless years,
many more than grandpapa's
decaying teeth which once
devoured upon its palatable cookings;
has retired from boiling to
accommodate the secrets,
the power, and the pride, of
the thousand years long clan.

Though not to mention others,
and the many innocent
infants that grandmama
boiled at times, I wonder
how many missionaries went
to heaven from this clay pot.

Tribal War Drama

Arrows whistled to the moon,
Casting bloodbows across the highlands;
Flexing every relaxed muscles,
Scattered in the valleys and ridges.
Cold mist begged peace
To the mudmen behind:
the arrows that whistle —
the houses that burn —
and the blood that spouts.

Fire in his eyes!
a sorespot in his heart!
Energy on his toes!
He charges on tumultuously!
This is no western!
Pigs for horses!
Arrows for guns!
And the mudmen for Indians!

Mist finds the aftermath:
the arrows that whistle —
the houses that burn —
and the blood that spouts;
Lonely and haunted.

The dramas of tradition,
Never take many,
From good direction;
But the hearts that burn nonstop,
Must die with no hazardous
Hangover from yesterday.

My Story

When a mere baby — smile was I;
Life, joy, and light fondly
Crawled in through the cracks
Of the splitted bamboo walls to tickle me.
Time I learned not to wet my bed,
I left happy for lane one at the olympics;
... To buy the titles.

Running was for a while, too long;
Reaching down for a magical ending,
but no magic; Awaiting a miracle,
but no miracle. I took the short cut
through the University. In and out and
through

lectures, exams, and endless
pages of the thick textbooks —
dropped it on weight. Up and down
and through the high covenant quarters
of Korobosea, setting every servants
barking or laughing; Another kilometre
was a spend, coupled my chances.

Desperation crawled it to
Morata as dawn set in. Bastards!

They've built stairs. Flights of
stairs everywhere! And but

beneath, I will build a house
no bigger than myself. There'll be no

roof and no walls. I'll step out into
the darkness; Avoiding the blue

vehicles and the blue robots;

Avoiding the headlines of the Post Courier;

But when the security alarm goes

And darkness becomes blue

As cameras become lightnings

While radios become cockatoos

And the post Courier becomes me!!

And when a single shot says "freeze!"

You'll hear laughter in the departmental
stores,

And mourning in the squatter settlements,

They'll put walls and a roof to my

house then; you may post those letters

Care of the cemetery caretaker, Bomana,

And if you're in town one day, Pay me
a visit.

And please plant me a sunflower;

For — a little glow.

Father And Son

I laid quite awake
watching ripples
moving
towards each other —
dissolved into each
other forming what
appeared to be him

I could not confirm
due to the fall-short of
my vision to make it to
his face buried deep into
the dark blue skies — and his feet
deep into the earth.

For the first time in
my life I felt like
an ant — tiny and small.
But when I stood up,
I was even taller.

In Heaven And Alive

An eye closes to catch up;
The other be with it.
Weary mind goes to rest;
The ears be with it.
Noisy nose goes to sleep;
The heart be with it.

Flesh and blood lay motionless;
With that beauty — that innocence;
Worth having once in a lifetime.
It restores you, rebeautifies you,
Reborns you.

I wake up in a night;
No idea where on earth.
Rise! I bump the roof.
Curious fingers establish the walls,
Nailed hard and around
Senses arrive useless.

Tears flow uneasily.
Jesus! Up there — there is a mound;
With a monument and flowers;
But down here — I'm alive.

Paradise

Melting away from knots;
Expectation becomes reality;
Developing image at the four corners of the globe.
Fresh and virgin from stone age;
The bird of paradise builds a nest;
To house political masturbators.

Forbid the election of S.P. and San Miguel
They'd vomit intoxicated bills on the floor,
Till it could no longer be kept free.
Cancel the nomination of the crocodile,
Who wears the invisible crown to the throne.
The cannibal would devour gladly,
Every flesh of democracy.
Deny the entrance of the dwarf,
That wishes to become giant.
We know too well their adventures, —
Recited in traditional legends.

Hang a skull every anniversary.
Prove thy prolonged manhood.
The spirits are watching on.
Please them — the ones you can feel,
Touch, witness, and talk to.
Search thy soul — you've left back there,
Beneath rocks in the valleys of thy birth,
Where thy spiritual values and pride linger.
Open the limepot — fertilise that culture.
(Damn him that condemns it.)
Let: earth swallow every life,
lightning strike every brain,
mosquitoes suck every blood,
bees sting every muscle,
fire burn every finger,
Carrying destruction, condemnation,
humiliation;
Disturbing the babies' dream of harmony.

Stone the era when:
Cockatoos hated the crows;
Pigs laid unhatchable eggs;
Cassowaries borned retarded children;
(Whose plea for mercy rang in plantations)
The whip was an interpreter;
Haus Tambarans burnt to the Churches;
Head — hunting was every night.
Yes! When "Kanaka" was the word.

come what may!
But while I possess the limepot;
My head still on my shoulders
The stars up there good road marks!
I'm sure to get there;
Safe, warm, and laughing —
Under the wingpits of the Bird of Paradise.

The Private Baby

Cousin he went to toileting.
I wait and I waited.
He comes out fifteen minutes ya!
He sweating very much ya!
And tired very much too ya!
Smell funny came with him;
But cousin, he is very happy!
Happy, very, very, loud!
Cousin he forget flushing toilet again
I think and I think why he forget.
'Cousin, did it coming out? Yes!!
He mouth shut we go again.

Uncle, three days behind went to toileting.
I waited but he run out one minute ya!
'I hear noise inside ya!!
Baby he cry in toilet ya!
Baby cry very much I hear now!
Uncle he were cross —
He say baby was mine again.
'No baby not mine ya!!
I know! Cousin went to toileting three days
in front
This boy, he dropped babies very many ya.

Manhood

(Translation from Taku'u language)

Open the door
To let the sun shine
On his mother
Unwrapping his manhood
Lean light,
Your great is overmatured.
Fly from my armpit;
And harvest your manhood.
Go in my image.
Good be your days.

Friday Night Chant

Cars fueled with alcohol swaying,
From side to side—
They accelerate and smash a hit, then,
Leap and bounce and roll to the grave.

At a dance a woman screams a rape,
Enemies rush together —
They club and punch to a hit then,
Leap and bounce and roll to the grave.

At a residential home, the alarm goes.
The police moves in —
They bat and fire to a hit then,
Leap and bounce and roll to the grave.

At a club, two men jump into an empty bottle
To settle their differences —
They throw and kick to a hit then,
Leap and bounce and roll to the grave.

Port Moresby endorses a ban during the week,
But Friday arrives in the pubs —
They rush and bump a hit then,
Leap and bounce and roll to the grave.

Horn mourning, red signal light turns punctually.
Busy vans transport sad cargoes —
They charge and pick a hit then,
Mourn and weep and roll to the grave.

Wanpela Bilong Yumi Ologeta

Mi laikim tripela

Wanpela bilong mi,
Wanpela bilong meri bilong mi,
Na wanpel bilong pikinini bilong mi.

NOGAT!

Wanpela bilong yumi ologeta.

Mi laikim tripela

Wanpela bilong Papua,
Wanpela bilong Bouganvil,
Na wanpel bilong Niugini

NOGAT!

Wanpela bilong yumi ologeta.

Wanpela dei bai kam,

Wanpela pipol bai kam,

Wanpela kantri bai kam,

Wanpela bilong yumi ologeta.

NOGAT!

Wanem sais bai yu kisim?

Sais bilong mi tu?

Sais bilong meri bilong mi tu?

Sais bilong pikinini bilong mi tu?

Sais bilong Papua tu?

Sais bilong Bouganvil tu?

Sais bilong Niugini tu?

Sais bilong wanem?

En ino "underpants"

Wanpela bilong yumi ologeta;

Wanpela tasol bilong yumi PAPUA NEW

ORAIT!

Mi laikim wanpela

Wanpela bilong mi,

Wanpela bilong meri bilong mi,

Na wanpela bilong pikinini bilong mi.

EM I STRET!

Mi laikim wanpela

Wanpela bilong Papua,

Wanpela bilong Bouganvil,

Na wanpela bilong Niugini.

YES!

Wanpela bilong yumi ologeta;

Wanpela bilong yumi PAPUA NEW

GUINEA.

Humble kills

Sister she was in a coma;
Papa he was too sad;
Mama she was near breakdown;
Death was just outside our door.
Ready, ready to pucker up sister.

Sorrow had stolen our hunger.
For two days we lived
On sorrow and tears.
Food we thought none of, no more.

Eyes shone near twenty-four hours;
Between few minutes of intervals.
Night entered our eyes, no more.

The house of endless noise,
Had gone on a silence.
Talk was in whispers,
Shaky with the flow of tears.

The whole clan was there,
One time or another, to
Await death; Should it enter.

The government came morrow morning;
The doctor he be taking sister to Nonga;
Mama and papa too be going.

Brothers and sisters to stay home;
Amongst the string of relatives.
Papa appointed foster-parents;
Oh! how I forgettably forgottened.

Departure was real as death.
My mind zoomed over the fate of
My sister, little nephew, and two nieces,
Overflowing the lakes in my eyes, evermore.

Departure set the whole island a'crying
'Cause chances of sister returning were slim
Whereas chances of sinking
Into Rabaul's volcanic soil,
Were fat.

Watching I focused on the descending
Boat, till it sank in the blurry horizon.
With sister, perhaps for evermore.

Ashore turn, I wept home;
To bed in house, I shared with brother.
Awaking, I learned silently of no foster-par
No tucker for sunset nor the morrow.

Day after I staggered it to school;
Without exploding my emptiness to brother
Classmates ignoring me with sad hearts,
I fought a day of hunger.

Lunch arrived and gone
Without entering my stomach.
Sorrow melted and boiled into anger,
Self-pitying, and shame.

Afternoon arrived and punched
Me hard in the stomach;
Flooring me senseless and limp.

Awaking with a wet face,
To the background fighting,
And crying of relatives,
I vomitted no food, but my hungry tale;
To half the weeping island.

An Origin Of A People

No sun
No moon
No stars
No seas
No wind
No animals
No trees
No man
No light

Darkness
Was big
Deep, mysterious
Alive, adventurous,
Courageous, eating
Death

Touch me
I eat you!
Who are you?
Nobody! Nothing!
Just nothing moving
Eating every nothing
I bump into — them
Monsters

All sizes
All shapes
All movements
Moving freely
Blindly into
Each other's stomachs

For who knows
What who looks like!
Truth is, evil!
Monsters none others
Sure monsters!

Rock!
A stretch of rock
As long as darkness
As wide as darkness
As thick as darkness
A flat stretch of rock

A flat wide rock!
In it a life was borned
In it a fire lived
In it a life rested
In it Te Aitu Nnui rested

A life wakes up!
A life wakes up!

Move!
The rock quakes!
Oroatu moves!

Push!
Push heaven to heaven!
Push earth to earth!

From the-centre
The very centre
Of the mighty
Flat stretch of rock
Oroatu came of life

In darkness he pushed
The rock
Growing with it
Pushing heaven to heaven
Pushing earth to earth
Pushing east to east
Pushing south to south
Pushing west to west
Pushing north to north

Oroatu!
You have moulded
You have created
Something unique
Something good
Something bad
Who knows!
Who can see!

With his eye
He pulled out —
A spark of light
Rolled it and tossed
It up high
Lighting his creation.

With his other eye
He made the moon
And stars to light
The creation when
The sun is with him

With his penis, he made
Seas to separate lands
Flavoured the sea salty
And called it dirty
To the drinking mouth

With his tears
He made clouds, rain
And rivers;
Then he winked a lightning
And clapped a thunder
For a storm

Looking at himself
He discovered his body
The first time
Then he scratched himself
To find out what is
In him

From his blood
He made five Aitu
ASINA, PAKEVA, PAPARUA,
PAATARA, TANAROA.

TANAROA was crowned
Te Aitu of the sun, storm, stars,
And meteorites;
Oroatu's righthand man
Remained a bachelor;

PAATARA was crowned
Te Aitu of the forests
Gardens, and animals

PAPARUA was crowned
Te Aitu of the earth, man
Mountains, and valleys

PAKEVA was crowned
Te Aitu of the sea
Waves, wind, and fishes

ASINA was crowned
Te Aitu of the moon
Love, and fertility

Asina, te fine of the moon Married
Paparua, te tanata of the earth;
Pakeva, te fine of the sea Married
Paatara, te tanata of the forest Are
The Original couples of life

Their children — fishes, trees, birds
Pigs, cassowaries, wallabies,
Lizards, snakes, butterflies, flowers,
Ants and man!

Man!

The holy child
The holy breed
The image of Oroatu
The beloved child of
Asina and Paparua;
Pakeva and Paatara;
Was borned at Savaikii;
The holy land
The land of creation
After the birth of man
Oroatu went on a journey
To the land, to this very day.
He lives;

Leaving footprints
Tattooed on rocks on
Every island he stepped on

Paatara hasn't seen Oroatu since!
Paparua hasn't seen Oroatu since!
Pakeva hasn't seen Oroatu since!
Asina hasn't seen Oroatu since!
(She travels the wrong direction — west to east)

Tanarua the right-hand man
Te Aitu of the sun, life,
Storms, stars and meteorites,
The bachelor;
Is the only one
Who sees Oroatu in his
Heaven on the dark side
The side of the nights
The side of the evils
The side of the dead.

Tanarua visits
After going down behind the mountains;
After sinking into the sea.

Walls of flame
Floor of burning charcoal
Roof of burning wood
Is the heaven of Tanarua
In the sun.

Posts of rainbows
Roof of clouds
Walls naked
Floor of shiny mat
Is the heaven of Asina
On the moon

(She can be seen on
The moon's surface
Making rope
Hoping all the while
For the day her rope
Be long enough
To reach earth
For man to climb
Up to the moon)

Floor with taro
Posts of palm trees
Walls of banana leaves

Is the heaven of Paatarua
In the forest
Floor of rock
Posts of mountains
Walls of sand
Is the heaven of Paparua
In the ground

Roof of jellies
Post of whales
Floor laid with seaweeds
Is the heaven of Pakeva
In the sea

Alone they live
With their respective powers
They live
In their kingdoms
They live
To serve
Their children
In good and bad
Times

Awaiting
Waiting with their children
Awaiting
Waiting with their powers
Awaiting
Waiting with their everything
For the day Oroatu comes
Home to Savaikii

But when will he come
How will he come
Why will he come
What will he bring
What will come with him
Who will come with him

Will it be good
Or
Will it be bad

It's been such a long long time
Stories told
Here and there
Stories
Being told
To sons and daughters
To grandchildren

Every night
Every before sleeps
Stories
Told closed eyes
Opening them to the hidden wonders
Opening them to the hidden glories
Only found in Oroatu's heavens
Intrigue the mind
To move
Greed expeditions
Glory expeditions
Adventurous expeditions
Faith expeditions
Preparing

Blow!
Blow wind blow
Stronger wind stronger
Blow off the top of the coconut tree
Catch my sails
Pakeva blow me
Blow my canoe
The direction Oroatu went.

Had he been on this island;
No — no footprints carved
On the rocky shore
Move on
Sail on to the next island.
Had he been on this island;
Yes! There is a giant footprint
Carved deep on the rocky shores

Leave some people on this island
Leave some
This is Ratuma island
Tinilau, Tekoroa, Sione Faite
Stay here
Be the Original couples here
The land is inhabitable
He was here
We've created a taboo
'Sleep not with wife at new moon
When she has her period'
Asina will let you multiply
Build five Fare Aitu
Worship him here
Oroatu be with you.

Blow!
 Blow wind blow
 Stronger wind stronger
 Blow off the top of the kuru tree
 Catch my sails
 Pakeva blow me
 Blow my canoe
 The direction Oroatu went.
 Sail!
 Sail on
 Where the blue sea ends
 The black sea starts
 Where the black sea ends
 The yellow sea starts
 Where the yellow sea ends
 The red sea starts
 Sail on.

Had he been on this island;
 Yes! There's a giant footprint
 Carved deep on the rocky shore.

Leave some people here
 Leave some
 This is Nukutapu island
 Moefenua, Teura, Tauwakafa, Teone
 Stay here.

Be the Original couples here
 The land is inhabitable
 He was here
 We've created a taboo.

Move on;
 Sail on to the next island
 How far are we to Oroatu
 Will we ever get there
 Sail on.

Should the wind become a hurricane
 Waves become mountains
 Rain becomes waterfall;
 Should the weather be unfavourable
 Uncontrollable
 A taboo it broken
 Ask forgiveness from Pakeva
 Te Aitu of seas, wind and fishes
 Ask forgiveness from Tanaroa

Te Aitu of the sun, life, storms,
 Stars and meteorites
 Ask forgiveness.

Storm;
 A storm comes and goes
 Muscles be tested
 Tiredness
 Tie a kaisuru to a rope
 Drop it to a metre below the canoe
 Below the conch shell
 Let Te Ariki ask an anchor.

O Te Aitu of man, Paparua
 May you reach Pakeva
 Te Aitu of the sea wind, waves
 May you reach Tanaroa
 The bachelor
 Te Aitu of life, storms

Hold our course;
 Hang on the rope
 Let not the current alter our course
 O Te Aitu Paparua
 O Te Aitu Pakeva
 O Te Aitu Tanaroa
 We ask.

Had he been on this island;
 Yes! There's a giant footprint
 Carved deep on the rocky shore.

Leave some people here;
 Leave some
 This is Liua Niua island
 Moana, Kanae, Farefatu, Arei
 Stay here
 Be the original couples here
 The land is inhabitable
 He was here
 We've created a taboo
 'Women be tabooed from fishing'
 Asina will let you multiply
 Build five Fare Aitu
 Worship him here
 Oroatu be with you.

Sail on;
 Sail the angry seas
 Sail the kind seas
 Sail on.

When a canoe
Is wrecked and destroyed
Wear your kaisuru
Jump overboard
And call a fish.

O Te Aitu of man, Paparua
May you reach Pakeva
Te Aitu of fishes
May you reach Tanaroa
Te Aitu of life
May Tanaroa reach Oroatu
The Almighty
Send a fish
Ashore the drowning me
Send a whale
Send a dolphin
O Te Aitu Paparua
O Te Aitu Pakeva
O Te Aitu Tanaroa
O Oroatu
The Almighty
I ask?

Had he been on this island;
Yes! There's a giant footprint
Carved deep on the rocky shore.

We'll live here;
We'll sail no more
This is Takuu island
Tuila, Tauwea, Fariki, Pukuavaru,
Stay here
We'll be the original couples here
We've created a taboo
'Kill not the whales'
Asina will let us multiply
Build five Fare Aitu
Worship him here
Oroatu be with us.

Worship in the Fare Aitu
Worship at Marae
Worship in your fare
Worship.

Sail back to Savaikii
Bring taro, coconut, moa
Kuru, banana
Sail by Liu Niua, Nukutapu and Ratuma
Sail towards sunrise
To the land of creation.

A baby will grow
A population will grow
A village will grow
Problems will grow
Relationships will grow
Better or worse.

The five Fare Aitu now live
Fare Ata, Fare Mania, Fare Naoro, Fare
Maasani, Fare Aania
A bewitched child be cured
Evil deeds be revealed
Messages from deads be conveyed
O thanks Oroatu we have them.

A night
A beautiful night
Marae full of Taupeara and Taupu
Dancing
Dancing tradition
Enjoying tradition
Learning tradition
Reviving tradition.

On the beach
A school of dolphins
Shed their skins
Taupu group walks to Marae
Unnoticed
They dance till te ata
When they must retire, unnoticed
Put on their skins
Swim away

Women of the sea
Pakeva's queens
Practised Takuu tradition
Since borned
Unnoticed.

A taupeara
A handsome taupeara
Fell in love
Learned in love
The sea women
Secrets.

A night
One foolish night
Foolishly hid her skin
A life different from a life
Got its taboos

Sunrise would kill a life
 She begged her skin
 Taupeara threatened his life
 A promise then made
 Tomorrow night a spare skin
 A taboo was broken
 No more the sea women dance
 At Marae.
 A night;
 A beautiful night
 The moon fully out
 The village dozed romantically
 Asina out fertilizing the couplings.
 Avoid the romantic jokes of a tradition;
 Enjoy the romantic jokes of a tradition
 Free
 Free loving
 Not sick with christianity
 Free love
 Love free
 With Asina

Shake;
 A village shakes
 Ground shakes
 Earth quakes
 To assure welcome
 That's him
 Paparua
 Te Aitu of earth, mountains, valleys, man.
 That I may live;
 Herd the animals
 Grow the plants
 Paatara,
 I ask.
 Life;
 A life ends
 A life dies
 Goes to the dark side
 A life dies
 Mourn five days
 Feast five days.
 Enter respective Fare Aitu;
 Seek the mediator
 Ask death's reason
 O Te Aitu Paparua
 O Te Aitu Tanaroa

O Oroatu
 The Almighty
 We ask.
 A rock;
 A flat stretch of rock
 In it a life was borned
 In it a life lived
 In it a life must return
 On it a culture be based
 On it a tradition be built
 A rock
 A flat stretch of rock.

Handicap

See to identify
 But I can't I'm blind
 Run to escape
 But I can't I'm crippled
 Speak to express
 But I can't I'm dumb
 Listen to learn
 But I can't I'm deaf
 Unfortunate lives
 Arrived and exit sad
 Frustratingly imprisoned
 For cases prompted we are not
 Cases ears aren't qualified for
 But if the handicap
 Is punished for mankind's sake
 For our sins, our very existence, our cause
 Why let him alone
 To suffer silently in our
 Individual steads
 Imagine yourself theirselves
 With your throat-choking silent pleas:
 Help me I can't see!
 Help me I can't walk:
 Help me I can't talk!
 Help me I can't hear!

He Comes To The City This, I Know

Disgusting! that's the word,
It irks to witness in fifteen minutes
Fifteen empty bottles walk to the counter
In exchange for a bite
Dignity dissolves to nothing in a man
Plumed with high-hope
A rat plunged into an invincible environment
Has a better tale than the man who comes to
the city unskill

A city is a desert he denies
Claiming water prevails, besides the waters
in his eyes

A city is a desert of tall brick walls
With many critically sensitive eyes
The windows will spot a toea amongst
cobble-stones

In the streets below,
Eyes will pin a bum mockingly hard with
degradation,

But the victim sees you not at two metres
distance,

He'll deny you like glass, but his face
Will admit the unreveal.

What's wrong with the primitive village en-
vironment

Only too typical of a society so blessed that
way from the origin

What's wrong with the identity, the pride,
and dignity

Paved for you, recognised, and cultivated
unto you

By that society?

The peril behind city-dreams is void in the
mind

Revealed narrow-mindedly to shame and
condemnation

Inflicted upon it morsely at the meanest.

In the distance
She comes —
Slowly, gently, over smooth sand!
Nearer she comes —
raising limelike smoke in the distance!
Closer she comes —
her crown toward the ground!
Floating she comes —
her fleet well above the horizon!
Mesmerizing she comes —
her tears flowing down mine eyes'

THEN SHE STOPS!!

S-s-s-l-o-w-l-y s-h-e r-a-i-s-e-s h-e-r h-e-a-d!

Leaving mine eyes staring into my eyes!

Numb, I watch my figure dissolves in flame

Taking my breath

I personally feel that the only way that we can try to indigenize the present form of Christian worship is for each group of Church workers in each area of Malawi to start indigenizing the present form of worship from their particular socio-cultural set-up.

Over the past years the United Church in the Gochi area initiated group workshops on art, music and drama with reasonable success. This was to try and enable the development and use of indigenized forms, some of them to be used in worship. The

The Millar Orchid I, said The Foul Life

Though not a native plant,
She has grown well.
Her leaves now grey with age;
Her brain a vase of blossom;
Only got a while in the sun.
At sunset she will forever part.
Her sweet flavour and dedication;
Will be missed in the parks;
The forests and homes;
At displays and functions;
Before you close your petals;
Thanks for growing us a name.

Don't Forget Yourself

Don't leave your
Shadow to the light;
image to the mirror;
foot-prints to the sand;
voice to the air;
name to the Census.

Leave not your
faith to the priest;
key to the door;
vision to the future;
will to the bank;
body to the morgue;
So your ghost don't have to come for them.

That I may live:
Herd the animals
Grow the plants
Pasture,
I ask.

Life;
A life ends
A life dies
Goes to the dark side
A life dies
Mounts the days
Feast five days

Enter respective Part A
Seek the guidance
Ask death's name
O Te Anu Paparua
O Te Anu Tamarua

Twenty-one passed eventlessly
Like the straightforward riddles
That linger no attention
The game the butterflies play
With the ugly sour flowers
Rained down tears as simple as ugly
I've witnessed a good many sets of eyes
Narrowed and swelled with hungry emotion
But never at this point of focus
I've watched my shadow
At its longest and at its shortest
To steal the best of styles
But the heads never turned
I've observed a good many faces smiled -
The glitters of the cheeks and wet lips
The twisting and pokings of the tongue
Set off thousands of wishes
In the tickle of an excitement
Being at the crowdest of places
And hated its provocative loneliness
I've explored into this all about
And hated the choking truth
A pen had sketched an image supposedly
A mum-dad infant
With beauty blooming all over
But here it is absent loudly
Absent but hope shall never dry upon me
And I'll remember to visit a beauty parlor
The next time around.

Arrived and exit sad
For fear - prompted we are not
Cases of a man's qualified for
But if the headless
To suffer - silently in our
Individual stands
Why let him alone
To suffer - silently in our
Individual stands

Imagine - ourself themselves
With you - throat-choking silent pleas
Help me - can't feel
Help me - can't walk
Help me - can't talk
Help me - can't hear

"WHAT IS PAPUA NEW GUINEA MUSIC?"

Finding an answer to "What is Papua New Guinea Music?"

As described in the 1974-1978 report of the Institution of Papua New Guinea Studies, its two important tasks are: 1) the urgent collecting and archiving of cultural material; 2) the analysis of this material in order to help Papua New Guineans more deeply understand their culture. Both of these tasks, as well as the name of the organization itself, suggest that all interested parties should be able to look towards the Institute as the major resource center for the study of Papua New Guinea subjects.

It was with such a goal in mind that the Music Archive of the Institute was begun in 1974. Since that time Institute staff have made valuable recordings throughout PNG. Other researchers have deposited copies of personal collections so that the Institute has recordings from 15 provinces. Still, this collection barely scratches the surface of recorded PNG music.

The earliest field recordings of PNG music were made by the Austrian Rudolf Poch. From 1904 to 1905 he recorded in the Bogia area of Madang Province. A few years later a German, Richard Neulhaus, recorded Kate and Sialum music in Morobe Province. This was only the beginning of researchers recording music in PNG. These and other valuable field recordings are housed in archives in Austria, Australia, Germany, Great Britain, and the United States.

Commercial recordings began to appear

in the mid and late 1950s with releases by Columbia (U.S. and Australia), Australian Broadcasting Commission, University of Sydney, and Wattle Recordings (Australia). Foreign record companies which have recently issued recordings of PNG music include Viking (N.Z.), Kiwi-Hibiscus (N.Z.), Folkways (U.S.A.), and Quartz (U.K.). Releases in PNG have been made by such varied sources as the radio station (N.B.C.), schools (e.g., Goroka Teachers' College), and missions (e.g., Yule Island Mission).

Both field and commercial recordings are important documents of PNG music. Whether recordings of the long-silenced voice of a village elder, the latest innovation by Sanguma, an arrangement for the Royal Papua New Guinea Constabulary Band, or *peroveta anedia* sung by the Kilakila United Church congregation, all these types of music in PNG should be available for study in one location — the Music Archive of the Institute of Papua New Guinea Studies.

Efforts are now being made to obtain copies of historically valuable field-recordings housed in other countries so that they may be returned to PNG. Once reaching the Institute, copies could be made for the groups which were recorded and for broadcast over local radio stations. Researchers could then explore the question of musical change by comparing contemporary music from an area with

historical recordings from the same area. Very interesting publications could be produced contrasting old and new recordings of the "same" song or genre.

Similarly a complete collection of commercial recordings of PNG music is envisioned. A possible study with such a collection would be the development of string band music and the effects upon it due to commercialization.

In addition to accumulating recordings, printed materials on PNG music must also be available at the Institute. Frequently, articles and books are based on field collections. The Institute should have copies of both so that the full value of the work can be evaluated.

Bringing together historically important field collections, commercial recordings, and printed materials, in one institution would allow any individual to see what music research has been done from any particular area. Efforts could be directed towards augmenting an existing collection or initiating work in an area previously undocumented.

Such a collection would encourage answers to the question "What is Papua New Guinea music?" other than "Music performed by Papua New Guineans." Through study, common elements in PNG music will be revealed, as well as increasing an understanding of the reasons behind existing differences.

Towards this goal it is reasonable to request that copies of all commercial recordings of music made in PNG be deposited in the Music Archive of the Institute of Papua Studies — a policy that already exists for field recordings. Why should Papua New Guineans have to search overseas for recordings of their music?

Don Niles, Ethnomusicologist, IPNGS

ARE YOU AWARE



**MELANESIAN
BOOKS,
TRADITIONAL MUSIC
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AND
FILMS
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PAPUA NEW GUINEA.**

MARABE

'MARABE' — TALE OF LONELY REFUGEES

The first full length feature film produced primarily by Papua New Guineans is an ambitious undertaking. It attempts to communicate to a general cross-section of the national audience in Tok Pisin via dramatic presentation the theme of population awareness. The opening moments of the two and a quarter hour episode create high expectations: birds of the mountains soar effortlessly through the air, naturally and freely at home in their environment. That positive background soon fades in to the perils and trials of contemporary human existence in the Highlands.

Marabe is portrayed as a young father of the mountains whose control of his environment gradually disintegrates. His first wife dies; he remarries and struggles to regain control of his family, his gardens and his future. After 45 minutes we find him surrounded by tension: his two oldest sons desert him to find satisfaction in cities; his oldest daughter leaves him against his wishes to receive further schooling; his wife produces another child and struggles to produce adequate food from their gardens. The soil of Marabe's existence, both literally and figuratively, soon begins to weary from its burden to sustain him and his family's expanding needs.

If contemporary life for the father is difficult, the two sons find it even worse in their runaway homes of Port Moresby and Goroka. Hawaii encounters perpetual prob-

lems with rascal elements and eventually is convinced that a return to his father is not so unattractive after all. Kerebe, his younger brother, is less fortunate. He returns home in a coffin, after being shot for encroaching on native land.

Meanwhile, in the mountains, the passage of time has not changed Marabe's state. In fact, plans and efforts turn sour and Marabe is told in a court scene that all of the land he's been using actually belongs to a wantok; he must vacate and resettle elsewhere. The final scene shows the father, mother, and children straggling down the road with pigs in tow, off to find a new home. In short, 'Marabe' is a depressing tale of lonely refugees, a painful portrayal of society adrift.

The predominant message of this film is change — change in general but with special application to the younger generation. Acculturation in most every aspect — social relationships, economic plans, political activities, mobility — comes through in dark and negative tones. Perhaps the most specific message about change is 'don't leave your village,' in as much as more than half the total 135 minutes dwells on anecdotes from the cities.

A serious question must be asked as to whether the country's first feature film, costing K110,000 (not considering salaries), has been invested in the wisest and most effective way. The Office of Environment and Conservation first conceived the idea to dramatically portray through film the general need for Population awareness. The Office of Information, as the government's communication specialists, were requested to provide the technical knowhow and expertise to create the appropriate software product. Such a request is entirely legitimate and to be encouraged. Communication professionals have an increasingly important role to play, for no other country in the world shares the degree of PNG's communication problems interpersonally and cross-culturally. The mass media with their own special technological characteristics add an additional layer of complexities which must be carefully handled if messages are to truly hit their targets.

What went wrong with 'Marabe'? The problems primarily lie deeper than the

surface level participants — the actors, the producer, the technicians. Propaganda films are always more difficult than others, because they must do more than merely inform or entertain. They must convince and the heavier the doctrine, the more subtle must be the presentation. To begin with, the plot was never well conceived. Written by an inexperienced literature student at the University of Papua New Guinea, the narrative was not well adapted to dramatic portrayal or to film-making. The momentum of the story line was not well developed nor was there sufficient control of the population awareness message. The producer recognised these limitations and although unfamiliar with the country, especially Tok Pisin and Highlands culture, attempted to rewrite the script. Unfortunately nowhere in the development of it was there consultation with professional communicators or with social scientists. The research unit of the Office of Information itself was not consulted, and then only accidentally, until three days before the shooting actually began — obviously much too late to allow for the major adjustments required.

From an artistic point of view, the film has both strengths and weaknesses. The audio techniques are pleasing with a variety of local sounds ranging from jungle noises to flute compositions. The visual aspects of PNG are satisfying with interesting use of lap dissolves and zoom techniques. Dramatically, the young and mostly inexperienced actors and actresses are to be commended for portraying an uninteresting, uncreative and uncoordinated series of accounts with a fair level of empathy and conviction.

The greatest weakness of the film is its lack of accurate cultural representation. The language, clothing and body decorations often seem out of place and forced. The greatest artificiality, however, is in regard to the identity of Marabe's family. Supposedly from the Highlands, they emerge as an isolated nuclear unit rather than as corporate members of a clan — a most untrue and unfortunate representation.

The initial scenes make some attempt to communicate clan identity and participation but those which follow depict the family largely as unrelated mountain dwellers

devoid of the support of true clans-men. The loss of all of Marabe's property (not just a portion, as is common today) is unbelievable in the modern setting. When he loses this major possession there is virtually no expression of clan solidarity or assistance. Likewise there is little to indicate in the final scene of migration that clan brothers are even notified and involved. The true effect of such loss today in the Highlands would be nothing less than clan warfare or some similar drastic display of solidarity and concern. As it is, Marabe stands as a modern Western man, individualistic and non-group oriented. This is unfortunate for a film with a message as delicate as population awareness. For most Papua New Guineans such problems as controlling resources and conserving energies will only be understandable and convincing when addressed to the target audiences confronting them, namely corporate and extended groupings. Only here can appropriate solutions be found.

Predictably, 'Marabe' will leave many viewers depressed. Especially will this be true of Highlanders whose existence is portrayed exclusively in negative impressions. Few, if any, positive qualities of contemporary Highlands life — like co-operation, support and subsistence potential — come clearly into focus, even by contrast with urban living. Admittedly, capturing accurate and useful images of this young, diverse, emerging nation is no easy task for any communicator, especially a film-maker. But in the case of 'Marabe' the protracted characterization seems extreme. It is to be expected that Highlanders will be unable to identify the intended, programmed message because of preoccupation with the way in which their present realities, are portrayed. Greater care in caricature selection is absolutely essential if innovations, especially about attitudes, are to be effectively diffused.

'Marabe' thus emerges as a classic example of how many messages in Papua New Guinea have been prepared — without proper identification of purpose and target audience, and without sufficient consultation and research into structuring the message. The primary failure of 'Marabe' lies not with those directly assigned the project, but with the inability of the system to provide adequate support of a

management, technical and consultative nature.

This is not to deny that audiences will find high entertainment value in the movie. Many of the urban scenes have fast moving action and considerable curiosity appeal, especially to Highlanders. But that redeeming feature is a high price to pay for a film which is much too long, has not been sufficiently edited, and exhibits the liabilities described above. Expatriates with superficial knowledge of Highlands problems and insensitivity to cross-cultural communication dynamics will, predictably, give it high marks. That in itself is testimony enough to the Western orientation of the film both in terms of technology and content.

What are the lessons needing to be learned from 'Marabe'? Aside from the obvious fact that film as a medium has great potential usefulness within Papua New Guinea and deserves every support both government and non-government agencies can give it, the following basic points seem worthy of consideration and planning.

1. Nationals must be trained as script writers;
2. Nationals must be trained to handle the strategic roles of film producing, directing and editing;
3. Nationals must be trained as communication researchers;
4. The above training must emphasize the need to liberate nationals from Western notions of 'effective' techniques, plot content and impact measurement.
5. Nationals must also be trained as communication managers, so as to understand, for example, all that is required in making a film.
6. Subsequent reinforcement from other mass media and especially through face to face interaction, is absolutely essential in effectively communicating such developmental messages.
7. Sufficient consultation time must be allowed in the preparation of any software product (film, print, radio) designed specifically to convey important messages about attitude change.

Although 'Marabe' may fail to effectively convey a message about population awareness, it may contribute significantly to spreading the message of communication awareness. Increased national sensitivity to

this need, an increasingly important one, is a worthy accomplishment.

The national appetite for messages of many kinds, including visions of themselves and their environment, through media of many kinds, especially films, can only eventually be satisfied through 'homegrown' products, fresh from the rich creative soil of their own existence.

Paul Brennan

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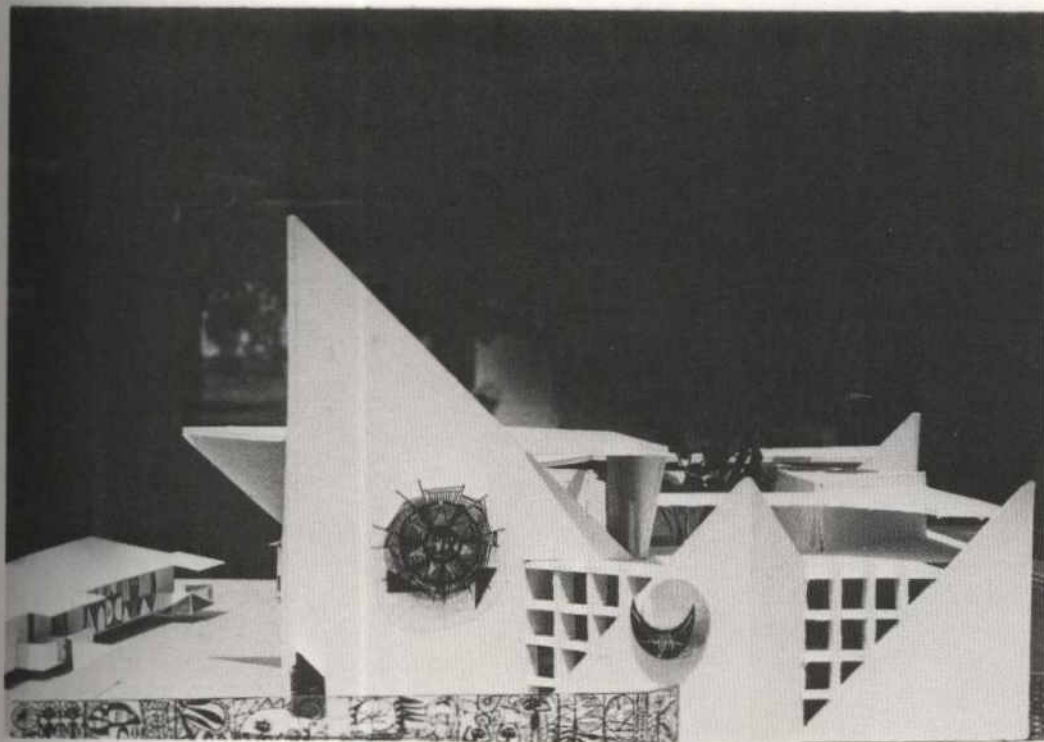
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AN APPEAL BY THE PRIME MINISTER

THE PROPOSED Institute building

This Institute is not a luxury item in our new country. It is not extra, or prestige item. We talk of "reviving our culture", we speak of "tradition" and "identity" and of the "Melanesian Way". Unless we can really define for ourselves what these things are, we might not survive as a unit. That is why I now appeal to all our friends abroad to help us build this Institution. Under difficult and improvised circumstances the Institute has already achieved much in the first five years of its existence: it has created music and folklore archives, has produced films and records, books and magazines. To ensure its continued success and stable future we must now provide the Institute with a permanent building. During these difficult times we find it hard to raise the K750,000 that is required. I therefore appeal to Papua New Guinea's numerous friends abroad to donate to the Institute's Building Fund.

Michael Somare
Former Prime Minister of Papua New Guinea

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A JOURNAL OF
PAPUA NEW GUINEA
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AND THE ARTS
AUGUST 1981.
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Colin De'Ath

NEED FOR INDIGENISATION OF SOCIAL SCIENCES
Pensa Roleas

IMAGES

Photographs by the Staff of the Institute of P.N.G. Studies

A KULA FOLKTALE FROM KIRIWINA
Jerry Leach

REVIEW: DUTIFUL DAUGHTERS
Nancy Lutton

POEMS

E. Samuel, Sorariba, O.O. Murphy



BIKMAUNTEN, a very high mountain, a peak, a mountain chain.

BIKMAUS, (E. big mouth)

1. A twelve gauge shotgun.
tumaus-a double barrelled shotgun.
 2. The groper, a large salt water fish; also the cod.
 3. To shout, to bark, to yell, to talk loudly.
Dok i bikmaus long mipela-The dog barked at us.
 4. Shouting, yelling.
Yu harim bikmaus bilong ol?-Do you hear them yelling?
 5. To be impudent, saucy.
You no bikmaus long mi!-Don't be saucy.
 6. A loud speaker.
- BIKMAUSIM, to shout at someone, to yell at someone or something.
- BIKMONING, in the early morning, very early in the morning.

. . . Mihailic

Original design of
BIKMAUS — by
Louise LavarOak

BIKMAUS

A JOURNAL OF PAPUA NEW GUINEA
AFFAIRS, IDEAS AND THE ARTS.

Vol II, No 1, August 1981.

Editorial Board: Jack Lahui
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New Guinea Studies
P.O. Box 1432
Boroko
Papua New Guinea.

Subscription: K4.00 per copy.
Plus postage

Contributors' rates:

K5.00 per printed page
K5.00 per photograph for IMAGES
section.
K3.00 per photo or illustration accom-
panying an article.

THE EDITORIAL BOARD NOTES
WITH REGRET THE DEATH OF
SEG PUTAHU WHOSE POEMS
APPEARED IN THE FIRST
BIKMAUS

Dr. Bromilow arrived at Buduwagula
[on Dobu Island] on June 19. He landed
at Buduwagula.

Cigaganumole, Kadoukula, and Gebel-
yam went down to the beach to fight
him. But they couldn't do it.

Dr. Bromilow prayed and they became
friendly with one another.

At night the Dobu and Bwaidyese [an
area on Ferguson Island] people gath-
ered and wanted to kill them. But Dr.
Bromilow turned the radio on. It was
"speaking" while they were sleeping.

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Louise Lavarde

REVIEW: DUTIFUL DAUGHTERS

Dutiful Daughters: Women talk about their lives. Edited by Jean McCrindle and Sheila Rowbotham. Penguin, 1979. Reviewed by Nancy Lutton

The collection of oral history is one of a number of methods used by researchers to gather source materials for whatever they wish to study. This book is unusual, because the oral testimonies stand alone. It is possible that they were collected for use later in a treatise on the women's liberation movement, or a similar subject, but this is not stated. Apart from an introduction written by the editors, in which certain points mentioned by the women are highlighted and commented upon, the rest of the book is a transcript of the interviews. Each of the fourteen chapters briefly introduces the subject, then the reminiscence begins. So skilful is the editing, the reader can almost hear the accent of the speaker, several of them being Scottish. The manner of speaking is also noticeable in the expressions used — the educated are quite distinguishable from the uneducated, the tales are fascinating.

Although the women interviewed range in age from over seventy to early thirties, there is a current of similarity in experience. This is probably because all are much of the same class, working class, with several middle class exceptions. Although two of the women were not born in England (one in Holland, one in West Indies), all have lived their adult lives

there. All the women are married and all have had children. The vague similarity probably illustrates just how strongly society forces people to conform.

The younger women are, predictably, better educated than the older. Yet we still find a woman born during World War II completely ignorant of women's sexual functions during her teens. About half the women had no clue what it was all about at the onset of menstruation. Two of them were scared and ashamed, and received no advice at all for at least a year in each case.

Most of the women show an underlying resentment of their mothers, and those with daughters claim they will treat them better. Those with sons only wish for daughters with whom they feel they can identify better.

Two of the women are university graduates (by no means the youngest) who also married graduates. These seem also to have had satisfactory marriages. One of these spent much of her early married life overseas with her husband, who was posted first to Burma and then to New Zealand. In Burma, not caring for the British social life, she became involved in social work with the Burmese. She observed how morality changed if you were hungry. In New Zealand she found she had to conform to domesticity and eventually joined a women's club, where they painted and made pottery. In order not to be rejected, she never told the women that she was a graduate.

Five only of the women could be classed as reasonably well educated. Apart from the two graduates, another is a teacher and one a hospital technician. Another, whose story is heart rending, is completely self-educated. Of these five, only three show any interest in women's lib or politics. Four women only are interested in women's lib and five are involved in socialist or communist activities. The two who had the hardest time getting educated are interested in both.

Only two of the women have actually separated from their husbands. One of these is over seventy and the separation is recent. The other is the self educated woman, now in her forties. This is the one who was menstruating for a year before her mother took her to a doctor to find out why she had not started, since it had never come up for discussion. She

was a top pupil at school but was not allowed to continue her education because she "was only a girl." Both her father and grandfather were drunks. She married at seventeen, a man who was not only also a drunk, he was not very bright, and would only give her £4 out of £20 a week he earned. Nor would he allow her to work. She must be completely dependent on him.

Nevertheless she insisted on working and also found she could easily pass examinations and got herself into College. In order to prevent her husband taking her money, she turned it into jewellery. She took up Labour Politics and was elected to Council. She is very keen on women's liberation, and at time of interview had recently divorced her husband and planned to move to a different country with a change of name.

A much older woman, with a very similar working class background has found life quite a different experience and much happier. As a child, her parents and eight children lived in one room. However, there was love and care and father was particularly interested in music. He never drank or gambled and he encouraged his children to learn. The family were very much involved in Socialist politics and the

children went to Socialist Sunday School where they learnt socialist slogans and a lot about morality. They also had a lot of good clean fun. It was her own choice to leave school early in order to supplement the family income. Nevertheless she refused to work for a pittance. She always bargained for a reasonable wage. When she married it was to a man with common interests, especially in socialism, and although now in their sixties they maintain their political affiliations. This woman is not particularly interested in women's lib. She considers that since women bear children, they must also look after them. However, in contrast to the younger woman, this woman's life has been full of equality of relationship with men and others and she hardly needs an organisation to free her.

The charm and interest of this book however, is not so much the lessons to be learnt in studying the lives of women. It is the series of intimate autobiographies that grips the reader. The reader does not need to be an academic, it will be of absorbing interest to the general reader, and that means men as well as women. That fact is more fascinating than fiction, is illustrated in this book.

POEMS

A Stranger to the Ancestors

E. Samuel

Squatting near the fire for warmth,
Like flowing water slowly moving towards
the outside sea,
Here comes the land breeze,
As the clouds become red against the sky.

Beyond the horizon I can see
The faces of the ancestors watching,
I can hear the distant drums
And the music as the waves
Break on the shore.

Around the fire I can hear the voices of men,
I can see the surprised looks on the
ancestors' faces,
Dancing around me, following their beat,
The powerful eyes look at my shirt
And shorts, boots and wrist watch.

There in the middle of the ancestral warriors
And gods, I was a stranger to them.
Now the surprised looks turn to angry faces,
And the magic powers split the
Stillness of the sky.

There, sitting and staring over the flames,
I can hear the drum beats fading,
I can see the men dancing away to the

Eastern horizon,
The homes of the spirits,
Of the ancestors.

Solitary Heart

Sorariba

The breeze refused to stir the lazy
atmosphere,
around my little hut.
Looking around in hope, not a soul do I see.
All deserted, silence alone.

Only my heart thumps with the kundu
rythm.
Kundu bongs on.
Quietness spreads its ugly tentacles all over.
Dumb and sinister.

Hungry masses of fog from the devils land,
devouring the beauty slowly.
Ha — not that, tears betrayed my eyes and
mind.
I was crying again.

Aiia — I'm desperate, only an ant would be
nice.
Not a living object around.
Yet — the only natural machine, my heart
still drums away.
In a sad little world.

Wow, the plants uproot and roll away to the
evil land.
Barren is the soil.
The rivers evaporate, leaving the shiny
charming pebbles behind; always giggling.

Then the sea turns to white crusts of
everlasting sand,
moving slowly away;
and the rocks depart — embracing the
laughing pebbles.
My heart still thumps.

The King of light murdered, is sinking in
agony;
and my hut escapes.
The earth separates from my feet, I'm
floating in space;
with solitary heart.

Farewell at the Moment of Parting.

O.O. Murphy

My mother
(oh black mothers whose children have
departed)
you taught me to wait and to hope
as you have done through the disastrous
hours

But in me
life has killed that mysterious hope

I wait no more
it is I who am awaited

Hope is ourselves
your children
travelling towards a faith that feeds life

We the naked children of the bush Papuans
unschooled urchins who play with balls of
rags
on the noonday plains
ourselves
hired to burn out our lives in coffee fields
ignorant black men
who must respect the whites
and fear the rich
we are your children of the native quarters
which the electricity never reaches
men dying drunk
abandoned to the rhythm of death's tom-
toms
your children
who hunger
who thirst
who are ashamed to call you mother
who are afraid to cross the streets
who are afraid of men

It is ourselves
the hope of life recovered.

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A JOURNAL OF
PAPUA NEW GUINEA
AFFAIRS, IDEAS
AND THE ARTS

OCTOBER 1987
VOL. II NO. II

BIKMAUS

WEEKEND MELODRAMA
Wilhelm Tagis
IMAGES

photographs by National Art School
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Pius Tikili
REVIEWS

PERIODICAL

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BIKMAUNTEN, a very high mountain, a peak, a mountain chain.

BIKMAUS, (E. big mouth)

1. A twelve gauge shotgun.
tumaus-a double barrelled shotgun.
2. The groper, a large salt water fish; also the cod.
3. To shout, to bark, to yell, to talk loudly.
Dok i bikmaus long mipela-The dog barked at us.
4. Shouting, yelling.
Yu harim bikmaus bilong ol?-Do you hear them yelling?
5. To be impudent, saucy.
You no bikmaus long mi!-Don't be saucy.
6. A loud speaker.

BIKMAUSIM, to shout at someone, to yell at someone or something.

BIKMONING, in the early morning, very early in the morning.

. . . Mihailic

BIKMAUS

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Vol II, No 2, October 1981.

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Subscription: K4.00 per copy.
Plus postage

Contributors' rates:
K5.00 per printed page
K5.00 per photograph for IMAGES
section.
K3.00 per photo or illustration accom-
panying an article.

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Wilhelm Tagis

ONE

Friday! An end of another monotonous and dull week for all government employed workers. A long awaited (always) day for a wage earner. Also a welcome day for his parasitic unemployed wantoks, relatives, parents and many others who rely on him. His relatives back in the village would probably make into town to "help him" spend the meagre wage he earned. (A wage which would sufficiently, barely cater for needs.) When one lives in a centre like Lae, Goroka, Moresby or Arawa this is a far cry. Personally I find it very impossible to feed a stream of wantoks and relatives who drop in now and then for a social visit or on other pretexts.

When the prices and cost of living have doubled overnight and are steadily rising, I find it impossible to live and fulfill my supposed traditional obligations. People are just managing to make ends meet.

The day, Friday, was due to come to an end at 4.06 p.m., for a few who stick to official hours. Others would have knocked off earlier on. Others hadn't bothered to come to work at all while others pretended, to be sick and so have taken the day off. (Medical certificate given by a friendly aid post orderly.) More still, this is pay day. So why bother to finish the week off? They've been paid already.

My wantok Toa and his office colleagues would be bidding goodbye to their desks and files until 7.00 a.m. Monday of the next week. A great relief to them all.

Within minutes the big office would have emptied itself of all human content, except for some departmental heads and some big nobs, staying back for a cocktail party in the lounge, and a few security men. Today the process of leaving the office had been quicker on account that it is Friday and pay day.

I had been asked by my wantok, Toa, who works as an assistant research officer in one of the government ministries, to pick him up at 06 on Friday, that afternoon. I watched many figures picking up their bone lazy figures quickly as the minute hand struck six minutes past four. I was overwhelmed by the thought of people get themselves into claustrophobic

offices for an eight hour period, when others enjoy the much freer life intended by mother nature.

A colleague says that to work in an office or to be employed is down right slavery. Having to wake up when one would prefer to sleep and get off to work when one would rather go out fishing or hunting any time of the day, when one feels free. Then to work, watched over by the manager or whoever is in charge. All these he argues are barbaric. Man being the master over another man.

How true are his words. I often feel the same myself. However, in my profession, there is not so much of the master/workman attitude. We work on the understanding that we have a responsibility to carry out. When one neglects his work he soon finds out and he immediately puts this in its correct perspective. (Those who fail leave the system-defeated.)

I must admit that many official affairs must be attended to and this is the only way it can be done, by confining people to little offices to clatter away with typewriters, with telephones brurrin away, for a period of five days a week of twelve months a year and years on end.

The main door of the Human Planning Ministry was jammed as everyone tried to go out at the same time. As workers filed out I could see men in smartly cut long socks and black brief cases. Women in skirts, meri blouses or jeans complete with assorted handbags, some leather and some woven by expert village women weavers. Buka baskets woven by Bougainvillean men and many many other types. Looking out longingly for a wantok who would pick them up or for the many turtle-slow city buses, operated by the urban management and the town council. A few had the luxury to be picked up by a friend, a sweetheart or parents. A few were trying to squeeze into an already full PMV and a locally owned bus. A Toyota Dyna laden with cargo for a party or tradestore had stopped further up the road to pick up a couple of girls who were probably going home for the weekend. Many of the buses that transport people between sub-

urbs had driven past without even stopping for they were already full to the brim. Some of the passengers were desperately trying to hold onto the hand bars while others were forced to sit on each other's laps.

It is not like this any other day except Fridays, because there are many more people then. As I stood in the shade of a huge rain tree waiting for Toa to come, I felt intense bitterness welling in my heart. Here now, were left tired and hungry people waiting for a bus to get onto, but now left standing where they had stood for many hours because the transport service was filled with the unnecessary undesirables who find it enjoyable to go into town aimlessly and fill the towns with more problems. I would welcome a government policy to curb this ridiculous movement into towns and keep these ignorant people where they belong. I would gladly give some of them a lift in my old Datsun, but what would happen to the others? They would probably stay there until someone had the kind heart to offer them a lift. Perhaps many will go hungry tonight not being able to do their shopping. And now that the government had changed paydays from Thursday to Friday, 4.06. These people would not be able to go to the bank in time.

As I stood there rolling these problems around in my mind, I could very clearly see how we are victimised by problems we see as very minor and such left alone because this is a democratic government. Where freedom for all prevails. My ancestors who now rest with "Pagelu" had never had democracy or if they did, never winked an eyelid at it. Although they lived in a society totally puritanical they were happy and did not have problems which one experiences under the principal of democratism. One critic may argue that this is a different world and needs a completely different social structure. This is perfectly true in the sense that the critic takes into consideration if we were a forsaken people being thrown about like a football from one colonial master to another until a kind hearted one possessed us and decreed we adopted its principles of government. But we never were. Our political destiny should have been decided by us and not by Canberra. The true 'Melanesian way' is questionable if one critic prepares to argue in favour of democracy in the West-minister context.

What the government could do to counter these problems is to restrict certain sections of its constitution which allows total freedom of movement. This is more Melanesian. In cultural Melanesian societies, movement between communities was (is) restricted. Everyone understood that a visit to another community is necessitated by important situations. But a no reason visit is unacceptable. It is understood that when one enters another community unnecessarily, he is interfering with the community's established code. A visit is often pre-arranged no matter how important or less. Supposing an impromptu visit eventuates, the visitor may be treated well with the understanding that he leaves as soon as he can. If he overstays the period normally approved then the question of whether he should stay as an honoured guest or as an intruder is raised. This was a case in the societies where fear about a secret plan was the criterion of the day.

I must have waited for about half an hour when Toa finally came out with a girl tip-toeing, (mimicking the expatriate females) behind him. She was one of those girls who delight at having her eyebrows plucked, polished eyelashes which I thought were quite irrelevant. She was pretty without the unnecessary make-up anyway. I thought she looked more like an ancient Egyptian scribe as I watched her through the corner of my eye, as she was standing there and talking "Australian-like" to Toa.

I have always admired women for their natural beauty. (Once, quite by chance when I walked into a ladies' clothes store, I had my first experience of seeing a woman all made up. In this case the woman was an Australian modelling the new outfits recently arrived from down South. I thought the figure was one of the many dummy models figures that were displayed inside the store. I was not attracted to her though, but what struck me most was her King-Midas-daughter-turned-to-gold-figure, and the thrust of her bustline beckoned me to go up and touch her; had my friend not stopped me. It was then that I realised she was a live human being and not the wax figure that I had thought her to be. Since then I have seen many girls copy this ridiculous fashion.)

Toa introduced her as Emily Tarita. She was half-Samoan and half-Papua New Guinean. There was an air of pretence about her which

did not fool me at all. I could see that she was one of those girls who only pretend to be elite and serious but who would be struck at knowing someone who has real dignity and sophistication.

"Do you work with Toa?" I asked her as Toa went over to the Minister's driver to send him off and tell him that he did not need him to drive him to his flat.

"I am the Minister's private secretary," she answered. I thought that was silly. I had not asked her to tell me who she worked for. But she said it and I accepted it.

"Oh, you work for the Minister?" I answered with pretended surprise and at the same time trying to be sarcastic.

"I assume you travel a lot as a private secretary to the Minister!"

"Yes, I have been to Kenya, Tanzania and will be going to India in two months time," she explained.

I must confess that I felt a little out of place and somewhat jealous knowing that this girl, who probably had gone as far as Grade Ten, had been to many overseas countries, while I, a professional, with a chain of college certificates to my credit, have never left the shores of the country.

I waited, expecting her to continue the conversation or ask me something about myself. But she did not ask any questions or attempt to talk to me. I tried once more to get her to talk but she continued with her "Yes" and "No" attitude and I gave up after several more attempts.

She merely stood there. I glanced once and noted that she was acting really silly. She held her head high and her mouth closed tightly together. She was involved in some very deep thoughts it seemed. (I once saw a university professor deep in thought at a seminar and I tried to compare her to the professor. But my thoughts turned out to be silly and they did not compare at all.) I concluded that she was just trying to be smart and immediately formed a poor opinion of her.

Toa returned immediately and said he was sorry to keep us waiting, and explained why. He was just about to introduce me to Emily Tarita when I cut in very quickly saying that I had introduced myself. I knew she wouldn't care the slightest whether she knew me or not.

I had already come across several persons like her who held themselves very high because they happened to work with or for a minister, or associate themselves with someone of high authority.

A good example is a Niuginian who had been living with an Australian family; I found out that he was really the Australian couples' domestic servant. It happened when I was on holidays with a group of Catholic Fathers. I had been working with the Society as a lay-helper and was known by the Fathers. I must have arrived at the Fathers two days earlier. Two days later an expatriate man, who it turned out was a friend of the priests, came in with his son and this silly Niuginian man. They were all impeccably dressed with shoes and socks and suits. I was overwhelmed at the sight, especially that of the Niuginian. The expatriate was a departmental head and I assumed that the Niuginian must be an executive officer or some big shot in the government. However it did not take me long to find out that this big show off was nothing but a show off and a grade six dropout. In fact, he actually betrayed himself. If he had kept his silly airs to himself I wouldn't have found out.

I was then trying to figure out the rock formation on the cliff side. I was using a pair of old army binoculars when the man's son, a lad of nine, came along and asked me what I was doing. I handed him the pair of binoculars and pointed out to him where to look. The show off just arrived when I was showing the lad that the rocks on the other side were in layers, which means that the rock on the top are younger than the ones underneath it etc . . . and the reason why there are such deep "V" shaped valleys.

He had snatched the pair of binoculars from the lad and studied every area as if he were an expert. The lad had continued asking questions about whether rocks in Australia were the same as in P.N.G. What other ways a "V" shaped valley can be formed and so on I offered many answers. I thought that I was becoming too dominant and so when the boy asked another question I refrained from answering hoping that the Niuginian would offer an answer. When I offered an answer and the boy had turned to him to confirm if the answer was true, he would only murmur

"Mino save." The part of his foolishness which eventually led to his well-guarded secret was when we argued about a very easy problem. He argued that Papua was in Port Moresby. When I tried to correct him he would not agree. When I told him that we were in Papua and not in Port Moresby, he was most confused. Knowing that he was wrong and that he had all his facts back to front, he said something in English which I and the boy could not understand. We laughed at his stupidity and walked away, leaving him all alone trying to figure something out in his stupid head.

Next time he attempted to take part in a discussion which we always have after every meal time, I merely looked him in the face and he stopped and walked out. After that he never said anything more and kept out of my sight until they went back two days later.

Normally we Niuginians are not that stupid. But for this one man I must say that he was influenced by his Australian master. This expatriate was probably a great talker and a first class boaster. He would talk from end on end and would never give others a chance. He would set himself at a point where he was sure to dominate the discussion and rattle away.

I was discouraged by his cheap talk after having sat through several monotonous post-dinner chats which always took place between me, the priests and the expatriate. It was before the arrival of the boaster. Later it became unbearable. Everytime he started talking I would sneak away into my room whilst his back was turned. One of his favourites was a Sunday afternoon comedy serial broadcasted by the ABC. The serial was a continuous HULLABALLO . . . hahah . . . yepypyp . . . you name the rest. He must really treasure it because he had a recording of the serial. Day in day out, when he was not talking he would play his tape and laugh and laugh, sometimes joined by his son and his puppet. But mostly he played it to himself. Once at the dead of night I was awakened with a start. I thought my neighbours were being attacked by some enemies but was relieved to hear the very familiar rattle. Luckily there was a brick wall which separated our rooms, had there not been, I would have had a few things to say to him.

But once I was not so amused. An older priest and I were busy reading some newly arrived "National Geographic" magazines when he came into the lounge with his radio cassette recorder. His favourite programme playing, volume turned on to full blast. He took his seat and started laughing away as if there was no one else there. I thought he would lower the volume down or cut out the silly business altogether when the priest looked at him disapprovingly. I eyed him several times with the hope that he might realise that we wanted some quiet moments. But not him. There he was laughing away happily just like the fools acting the serial themselves.

I suppose that sort of thing was made specifically for the entertainment of nits like him. But an average educated expatriate himself, would have some limitation to this racket. Even me who understood a few things about the western bureaucratic society get myself loaded with this garbage. Anyway I could not bear it any longer so I picked up the copy I was reading and walked out leaving the crazy old fool laughing his head off.

Another day however, he was unusually quiet. He failed to turn up for lunch, dinner and breakfast the following morning. We were worried. We thought he must be very ill. But when we asked his son, he said that his father was fine.

He just wasn't hungry. But we know too well than to fall for any cheap excuses. He must have felt upset about something. But why keep himself isolated? The other day the Father let me drive his brand new Nissan Patrol car to the airstrip to bring back a nun on her way back from holidays in France. We had discussed the trip during one of the afternoons. By the time he woke up I had already driven off and was almost at the airstrip a distance of fifteen kilometres away.

When I came back I saw him sulking about his room and when he saw me he purposely slammed the door and locked himself in for a period of crying. Later during that day I learnt that he had driven down to the blasting site on an ancient Ford tractor to see a blasting gang in action.

When he eventually came out I could see that his eyes were so red. I could prove otherwise why his eyes were so red. (Back at home

that is a sign of a longer period of crying or mourning.)

I felt so bad about the situation and learning that a man of fifty years and a departmental head should feel so upset about a little thing. I went over to the priest to apologise and said that Father should have given him the vehicle and not me. But the priest wouldn't have any of my words. "It wasn't his vehicle and there was nothing he could do about it" the priest said. (One of the things I admire about them is their steadfastness. They never backed from any pressure.)

Much later I learned about the man and he

was actually the departmental head for the national work authority. I could only realise why he wanted to drive the new Nissan Patrol vehicle. He wanted to drive in style, first to fetch the nun then to the blasting site to see personally what was being done out in the bush and perhaps write a personal report about his finding to the government. (He has gone out to the bush to see and given advice to the labourers using his own money and at no official time. He probably hoped to be acknowledged for his efforts and reports and perhaps given another senior position.)

It was only after we got in the car that Emily talked, after I had unsuccessfully and foolishly tried to get her to talk to me. She had asked Toa about his girl friend Jossie. Whether she was still going around with him. Toa had replied, "Not for the last two weeks." I wondered why she had asked. However Toa had called her during the day and would see her this evening Toa explained. Emily would see her then as we would stop at her hostel on our way to Toa's house. Emily lived in another hostel. Jossie was Toa's regular girl but he had a string of others. One was this white blonde who came in whilst Toa was with another in his bedroom. I had to lie to her. I told her that Toa had just left for the minister's home and wouldn't be back until very late. When she asked why he had gone I could only tell her that I wasn't sure about his going. But from what I could understand, it was something to do with a research that Toa must make on a particular subject and only the minister would know. She wanted to stay but I told her that that would be up to her. I would be leaving to go to my place shortly. I knew she was really upset. She drove away after I had assured her he would be back as soon as possible and she may try again if she really wanted to see him.

And then there was the particular one whom I almost got myself killed for. I had offered to drive her to her father's house when Toa had to send her out unceremoniously. Her father had rushed out to smash me and my car. Poor me! I thought that it was the end of me. Why should I have ever got myself into this situation? Had it not have been for the girl who managed to push him back and just giving me enough time to drive away, I would have most surely died.

On our way to Jossie's flat we were caught in one of the common afternoon traffic jams. But that afternoon's traffic jam was a lot heavier than usual on account of the third anniversary of the country's independence.

After crawling for almost an hour, we eventually arrived at Jossie's flat. And sure enough Jossie was there. She had greeted us, "Hi love" to Toa and "Hi," to Emily and me.

This was the same Jossie Toa was telling us about not long ago, who had not seen him for no understandable reason. But who is there to

believe this? Toa was a two-timing bastard and Jossie could have had good reasons for refusing to see him. On the other hand Jossie could have found herself another man and been seeing him for the period she had avoided Toa. However this is not my business to assess other people's love affairs. (I am no analyst.)

Jossie had asked me to pick her up at 6.30 p.m. after they had said a few words to each other. We left for Emily's flat immediately. We were just pulling out of the parking lot when she waved us to stop. I applied the brakes and shifted the gear to neutral and switched the car engine off while she walked up. She stood there waiting and undecided on what to say. After a moment's hesitation she said, "Thankyou for the lift. I enjoyed it. Thank you very much eeh . . . driver."

"My pleasure." I replied.

"By the way Toa, eeh, what's on at your place tonight? I hear that you always have a swing at the week end."

"Nothing much really. We normally don't dance but we do drink quite a bit. When we have the right number we dance and make merry." explained Toa.

"Oh is that so?"

"Yes."

"I wouldn't mind coming if you don't object."

"Object? Not a bit. Why you come along now if you wish, we'd love to have your company."

"Not just now, I have to change first."

"All right. When do we pick you up?"

"Half seven."

"Right. Half past seven then."

"I hope I am not giving you too much work eeh . . . eh . . . what's your name?"

"Oh him? Julian! Julian Sigho. Don't you remember him? I thought you knew him." Toa commented.

"Julian! Julian?" Emily questioned.

"Yes that's me." I answered for the first time since outside the office where I had unsuccessfully tried to involve her in conversation.

"Well, if you can come and pick me up at eight o'clock."

"No problems." I said.

We had said very little between all the way

from the office. Now as we drove to the shopping centre Toa was telling me about his latest conquest. It was a mixed race girl whom he met in the Lowland District. He said he was planning to marry her within the next two months. I was sure the poor girl would fall down the drain like the rest who were lured into marriage by this monster. So I asked rather stupidly what sort of marriage he was contemplating; a one month marriage or a proper marriage (Mind you the last time he was married it only lasted two months. He had been married several years ago to several other women and all had ended in divorce.) I also could not help questioning him about Jossie who was our wantok and how much it would mean to her when she heard about Toa's engagement to his new found bird.

"How will Jossie receive the news?" I asked.

"She wouldn't be hurt." Toa replied.

"Why?" I asked.

"We never discussed marriage and I wouldn't marry her for anything in the world."

"But she is our wantok. That is very bad. It is worse than leaving another girl from another area."

"Well I have made my decision."

"For the last time, why may I ask?"

Then he told me. For the last two week Jossie has been seeing another man, whom he has once met at school. Toa knew him but did not want to tell Jossie. He has seen them together several times.

I was not quite convinced. But I managed to give him a little advice. I knew that at home Toa's parents and Jossie's had been exchanging goods and half of the bride price was paid for. The ignorant people did not understand the ways of town life and presumed that everything was all set and had started planning the marriage.

The biggest danger was yet to come. When the old people hear about the break-up, the traditional rule of having to repay back all the expenses and pre-marriage feasts and the return of the partly paid bride price would divide the two family groups. Marriage in the traditional context is a form of unity between two clans. This custom is followed even to this day. When someone courts a girl from another area he is told that it is not proper. "Tradition decrees

that you take a wife from a clan that always provided his clans with wives or husbands." Toa's relationship with Jossie was acclaimed proper and a good choice.

We said nothing else until I pulled into the bottle shop. Toa had invited Emily to his house but did not know that his house, especially his liquor supply was out of stock. So I reminded him. He was very much alarmed but I had some money so I helped him out. He asked how I knew. I told him that I had drowned the last two bottles.

Our stock was enough to last the whole weekend. We drove into Toa's flat. He lived in the upper class residential area in a two bed-roomed flat unit. I was not sure why he was given or rather qualified for a married accommodation unit. My brother Constantine had told me.

Toa was at one stage married until he divorced his wife. He first lived in a single flat but later applied for the married flat on the pretext that as he was married and needed to bring his wife across to join him.

A very good friend of mine once wanted to play a dirty trick like this. He told me once that when the time comes when he needed a house — a married house — he would call his eldest sister and some little boys and go and present himself at the commission office and say that this was his family. When I asked him about what he would do about the marriage certificate he said that that was no problem. He would go to the Peace officer and say that he was getting married. He was dead serious about it and had the forms completed. I had to talk him out of it. He is now happy with a proper wife and a big high covenant house in the Eastern District.

The telephone rang and Toa answered it. It was Constantine from the university. He wanted to come over but had no way to come. He had no money to hire a taxi so he wanted someone to go over and pick him up. We told him to wait at the usual place. (We always had a hiding place where I always picked him up. We did this so as not to attract other wantoks who at one stage all came over and caused a fight which got us all in jail. We had to pay K8.00 each to get out.)

No sooner had Toa replaced the receiver than the phone rang again. This time it was Augustine Ioni from the army barracks. He

also wanted to come across. Fortunately he had a Toyota Corolla. Toa told him to come over on the condition that he bought with him four cartons of beer — his contribution. "Were there any wenches?" he asked

"No!" Toa shot back. "Our tribal chief has just written to us and said that because we were misbehaving a lot he had advised the police here to take us all to jail, because we were creating a bad image for the clan." Of course this was not true. We only wanted to play up with him and he knew it.

When I first went to teach at the secondary school outside the city I did not have so many people around me, nor did I know many other wantoks other than Augustine and Constantine. Since I bought my ancient Datsun I began meeting more people, especially those in my own profession. Toa is a newcomer. Augustine and Constantine came after me. The three of us have always stuck to each other in this rather dangerous and foreign environment. When Toa had arrived he suggested that we all meet at his flat every weekend.

His flat was situated at the central part of the city, and near the big business and shopping centre, which made it a more viable place. We all agreed unanimously, especially me. I did not want us to make a nest in my house. It was thirty two kilometres and so was a more difficult place to go.

It had become a habit for us to meet at Toa's flat, but sometimes we would all go up to my place, just for the change. My house was better. I kept the lawns green and I grew my own vegetables. I still had to buy my kaukau from the market.

It was my custom, (rather I made it my custom) that when ever I entered Toa's house the first thing and place I would visit would be the 'Ais Bokis' and then the toilet. The reason, beer first and then if there was any beer, then I would want to know if the toilet was clean. If the toilet was not clean, I would just excuse myself and go away. You may want to know why. Well I know from my past experiences that when one has taken so much alcohol one does not care where one goes. One may end up in the toilet and that is the most humiliating place one can ever be in especially when there is muck all over the floor. YUKE!

One of the things I find myself asking is the question why I like to drink too much with

many other people and not by myself. By myself I would touch no more than two bottles. With Toa and many other people, I am quite different. I drink just as much as the others perhaps more. But then I have come to realise that I really drink because there is someone there drinking and if I do not drink he will probably think I am a sissy or kid or chicken. These days I am a much more moderate drinker, and would drink only when I want but again not too much. (Perhaps the moderation operation campaign got me to change my drinking habits.)

I cannot really remember the first time I took a bottle. That must have been when I was still at high school. So when I went to college I already knew how to drink which is something I always wanted to tell other people about. At college we did not have much. We received some K5.00. We would put together the little money and go out to the nearest pub and 'hit it.' A common saying when we met at the pub. We called it "Wokim Konfidans." The idea was to get our head spinning before a dance. Other times we would purposely take a few bottles for the sake of knocking someone.

Normally the conflict was over a girl. When one sees a girl that one likes, go off with another student, he would go get drunk and come back prepared for battle. Most often when the person came back he is in no condition to fight.

Anyway it did not matter much in those days. I would be done away with after a few bottles. Anymore and I would sleep. When we were practically short of money we would drink our beer very quickly so as to get worked up very quickly

I drove straight to the university after I had dropped Jossie at Toa's Place. Constantine was at the hiding place when I got there. And since the time was still far off when I was supposed to pick Emilly up, I suggested to Constantine that we go off to the Iozokoz Tavern and drop a few bottles. This joint was frequented by many university students. I normally drop in there every other day when I am in town so as to meet many old friends, or swap a few gossips or catch on to the latest developments at the university. In all I find only two places that suit my class, or should I say two places where I find the right type of people and conversation and not the usual cheap drain talk one is always running into in lower estab-

lishments located throughout the city.

My other reason was to meet a very good friend of mine who had asked me to meet him at the Tavern. We had taught together for eight years until he decided to take a degrees studies course at the university. Nine years ago, he had graduated with an Arts degree but still was not satisfied. He has told me that he was not qualified enough to achieve the standard of education our politicians have been raving about.

I had often wondered why teachers, when I say teachers I mean many teachers, do leave the teaching profession for better paying jobs or go back to the villages rather than take on another job. My friend here told me that he wanted to bring himself to our politicians' expectations by taking another degree and come back to teach. But I think otherwise. He will surely leave the profession and end up in some business company's air conditioned office.

I had worked out a hypothesis on why teachers leave the profession. The most widely accepted argument voiced by many professionals are that the working hours are normally very long and tiresome, very little compensation from the amount of work done, (salary) and working conditions are not very attractive. However, the bosses are everready to suggest answers that cover many of its weaknesses. They can say that we must sacrifice ourselves for the sake of the nation, that the nation may develop. How would they expect us to sacrifice ourselves for the sake of the nation, while the others profit from our sacrifice. Sacrifice is only fair when every sector of the community is involved. And to do this successfully according to the aspirations of the people and the country, the system must be changed.

On promotion and further studies, one who is the rather minded has to have an immaculate record if he or she ever want to get to the top. If one is a rebel (like myself) he better know that he is destined to rot at the bottom of the ladder if he or she does not leave the system.

My friend had the idea that if he had another degree he would probably get himself promoted. So we both sat for the entrance examination and passed very well. We both qualified for a place at the university. But that was all. There was no scholarship coming.

One should be very well reminded that as we once led a students' demonstration through a

small rural government station to the ADC's office, in support of the nation wide demonstration against 'vast mineral overseas trips, double allowance and many other things too numerous to mention here' so for all these reasons one can just see why. We were suspended from work for two weeks without pay. We would have been terminated from work forever had not the teachers' association come to our rescue.

I wanted to resign and a private company had asked me to take up a position in their establishment, but decided against the idea and furthermore I wanted to show them that I was not a coward and that I was not scared of their bureaucratic hardware. I also wanted to demonstrate to them the rights of a public servant even if we are bound by the ridiculous imperialistic mentality, we also have a say and right to protest against bad politics and unfavourable circumstances.

I was immediately informed about my success and qualification for admission to the course. I took a trip to Headquarters to find out if I could obtain a scholarship.

The most odious character behind the executive desk ominously told me that I did not qualify for a scholarship. To make our interview short he told me that if I really wanted to enrol for this course, in the coming year, I should sponsor myself. As for the department there was nothing it could do. He did not even say sorry. No!

The department has a grudge against me more likely. What else could be the reason, especially when one has previously had an argument with a senior teacher and when the man is an expatriate. I recalled the incident in which I was involved with a senior teacher over the use of a school vehicle. I had received word from the national recreation body to attend a rather important meeting at its head office. I was involved with the school track and field club which took part in the district track and field competition. I had several very top class runners and I had hoped to take two of them down as observers. When I asked about the vehicle, the officer in charge of transport told me flat 'no' answer. It was the 'no' part of his answer that annoyed me very much. Had it or he (I call him 'it' because that was the name he carried at the school) answered with a 'no sorry'... and an explanation I wouldn't

have become very angry and the argument would not have occurred. That was too much for me. One would think that he had known beforehand that I would be asking him about the use of the vehicle. Because I was very much insulted I asked him just why shouldn't I use it. He could not give me a good answer so I told him, "God damn you. . . . you so and so and so." I told him further that he refuses me, a black man, but allows his fellow expatriate wantoks to use the vehicle for his own personal use, while I wanted to use it for something that would benefit the school.

This time even after self government we can still be subjected to discrimination. Most expatriate officers today, still do not trust a national to work on his own. So for this reason, we find this man's refusal for me to drive the vehicle on my own. But that is contrary to the point.

Professionally, one should be given a formal charge in written form. But I was given none. I was shocked to discover during an interview with the school inspector, the offences I am supposed to have committed and which I never thought would give me a bad name. I would have demanded a written proof but later decided against it as it would have been futile.

I have learnt my lesson since then. So whenever I get myself involved in an argument with a member of the top shots, I am always prepared to demand a written allegation of my convictions and a close interrogation of the defendant.

Taking you back to the Tavern. My friend however did not turn up. I wasn't surprised. That is typical of him. Tell you that he will come or be there at an appointed hour, he'll probably turn up two hours later or not turn up at all.

Time flies, and it was already eight fifteen when we walked out of the tavern. I had asked Constantine if he would get off to Toa's place and wait until I have returned with Emilly. But he insisted that we all go together with the hope that he might strike luck at the hostel.

As we drove up to the parking area, we could see many males in various vehicles waiting for their dates. Seeing them, I felt a bit uneasy as I waited. I had hoped that I had not come in vain to pick up a bird that had already flown with another mate. If she had not gone out yet then she would have been here minutes ago. Just as I was about to drive off she ap-

peared with another girl whom she introduced plainly as Maria. She was her best friend and wanted to come too. I said that Toa would not mind having another. He always wanted his house full.

"Oh does he? Ooh how sweet." answered a very peculiar feminine voice with a slight deliberation of the ooh.

We eventually drove off amidst a chorus of typical women's send offs . . . "mai au" . . . "ani mase" . . . "f. . . . a. . . . v. . . . o. . . . u. . . . r" . . . "her luck." There was even one who shouted out. . . "blue hates" I knew that comment very well and its interpretation. It has only two meanings. One, that whoever says it hates whoever the shout was aimed at or two, she said it in opprobrium:

I remember it from the day when I once winked at a girl and she replied, "hates," meaning wrong number.

Later, on our way to Toa's flat, I asked the girls why the other girls were so noisy.

"Oh, it's always like that. When a girl gets into a flashy car, everyone always says that," said Emilly.

Really, I did not know that my old bomb was all that new or flashy. That is if they meant my car. Come to think of it, I remembered that I had just got it out of the repair shop two days ago, and that is why it appeared flashy. Actually, it was not a second hand, perhaps a fourth hand even. Several teachers had owned it and each in turn had sold it, and now I am the latest owner. I bought it off an expatriate who was going finish. Price K850.00. I made sure that it was in perfect condition when I bought it. The engine was overhauled, tires changed and the body panel beaten. One has to be careful when purchasing a vehicle especially from an out going person who would only be looking for a chance to make extra money from junk.

A fellow Papua New Guinean who bought a similar car from one who was going finish, was attracted by the shiny body of the vehicle. I had advised him against buying it but he had dismissed my advice as 'ruddy' nonsense. He said he knew more about cars, that his father owned many cars and that was where he had got to know about cars. I knew all about the vehicle. It was salvaged from a rubbish dump. The previous owner had worked on it using mostly salvaged parts and bits of woods and so

forth. It was a 1960 station wagon model. But because he claimed to know more about it than me, I stayed where I was and watched him pay K1000.00 for it.

It made only ten trips to town and broke down one day. I had helped to tow it back to the school where the owner said he would fix it. Today the junk has continued to rust as it was when it was first salvaged. Come to think of it, a man loses K1000.00 for nothing because he is too proud to accept advice even from a person like myself who knows a little something about vehicles.

As I drove down to Toa's place I was having a serious thought in my mind. My wantok Toa is never satisfied.

I was contemplating on how to stop him making a mess out of the night. He is one of those who is never satisfied with one wench. He'll probably want to drag all the girls to bed one by one. That would be bad. Perhaps I should bring the girls back and lie to Toa. I would have to make up a very good story to convince him. But then Emily and her friend would be very upset. They had planned all this and I am destroying it. They will probably think that I am jealous. I gave it more thought and then decided to drop the plan.

Years ago, I and another wantok had bought along a wantok girl who was in a state of shock. Her husband had ditched her and run away to some distant place. She was now pregnant and wanted to get rid of the baby but we told her that that would be bad. She must not do it. We were having a party at Toa's house (that was before he got married, first marriage) and had taken her along to try to let her forget the situation. During the party, we suddenly noticed that the girl was not amongst us. But we dropped our search, thinking that she had gone out to ease herself. However, when her absence became too lengthy, we decided that we had better find her quickly. She had previously tried to commit suicide and we were afraid she would try another attempt again. We were most annoyed when we found Toa trying to kiss her. The girl was desperately trying to stop him. I calmly told Toa that the girl was not feeling very well and was not in the mood for being very affectionate. That is just one incident.

From that time on, I never bring any more girls to his house. I had in the past warned friends and wantoks going there, to take care. However those who didn't adhere to my words have always lived to regret it.

Tonight I told the two girls what to expect as it had become a custom to me.

I am convinced that Toa had a personal obsession about all these, because almost everyone that knew him would have heard a thing on his life. But when asked whether the story made any impact on his life, he would answer, "Not a bloody single bit."

A few minutes later we had driven into Toa's parking area. Toa had been with Jossie until Augustine had driven in with his own supply.

Toa and Jossie were beginning to believe that we would never come or that we had had an accident. Toa was just about to ring the police station.

Toa's eyes lit up when he saw the girls enter the room. As always he was the first to offer drinks and introduced himself as Toa Ghughuwea and gave his full title of 'Principal Research Officer to the Minister for Human Planning.' He then went on to say that he hoped they would like their stay at his house. I believed that, the last bit was not necessary. They would not be staying long anyway and beside that they would be enjoying their stay anyway and there was no need to remind them. This sort of reminder is only necessary when someone or the guests will be staying for a period of time.

"Thankyou very much." answered Emily.

"Don't mention it." answered Toa.

"Oh sorry. You must have been wondering who the other girl is?" Emily said. "This is my best friend. Maria. She had nowhere to go so I asked her to come along. Julian told me that you wouldn't mind if I brought her. I hope I am not storing up too much trouble for you."

"Yu no ken worri lon em wantok. Yumi ol Papua New Guinea Tasol."

"Ooooh thankyou very much." (again that ooh . . . this time with more of that typical Australian accent in parts,) I thought the "thankyou" was more a plea than a compliment.

THREE

My wantok Augustine from the army greeted me with a frozen cold beer as I made ready to sit down. He is a real gentleman now, from what I knew of a rugged, troublesome student at school, who never missed a weekend's punishment. Every weekend he would be seen with a group of students swinging away with their long grass knives. Many other weekends however, he would be on grass cutting himself. (Grass cutting was the common form of punishment then.) He often joked that students who were seen cutting grass with him were merely volunteers who gave some of their spare time to keep him company. Because of his reputation, he was nicknamed "kalabus man." He even had his hair cut short, a symbol of a "Kalabus man" and had a three leafed cassava plant printed on his shirts, which he wore both to school and to work.

As far as I can remember, I was only punished once at school. It was not that I never committed more offences than Augustine. I was just as notorious as Augustine, perhaps even more so. I was quite cunning really and somewhat a professional at making excuses. My wantok, Augustine, was an amateur and for that reason was often caught. But my luck ran out once, perhaps on account that I was caught with a group of other wantoks. We were punished on a Saturday of a very important day. Many visitors arrived on that day and many paid visit to our school seeing friends and relatives.

My wantok group, Augustine included, bought some rice and we had just cooked it and were getting ready to eat when the bell for bed rang. We hid our cooked rice very carefully and all agreed to sneak out after check-up as that was the common practice. We all crawled out an hour after check-up.

We were busy eating and enjoying our meal when out popped a head we all knew so well. That of the Headmaster. Next morning we were called to his office and he gave it to us. We were very bigheaded and weren't we satisfied with our meal that we ate in the afternoon. The rule states clearly that no-one leaves the dormitory after check-up, he was telling us. We would be punished on Saturday he told us. One of our group's most senior students had

asked if it would be better if we could do our punishment on Friday afternoon instead. "No!" came back the answer.

We did not want Saturday because everyone would be watching us and if they asked which group we belonged to they will say, "Ol Bannoni lain yah . . ."

They saw us all right and they laughed at us. That afternoon we were the laughing stock of the school. We dared not look up. What's more, our own wantok girls who came from the sister high school, had no-one to escort them around the school which was a custom. Each one of us was not sure who the cowardly cur was and for what reasons he betrayed us. There were other groups out that night and they did not get discovered; why had it to be us?

I was very sure that we were reported by someone who must have wanted something from us. It was obvious that the reason was food. We had been eating brown rice for nearly three months and nearly everyone wanted something new. White rice was not something altogether different but it was near enough. Every student wanted a change. So when ever there was white rice cooked everyone would all go for meals. We had brown rice again that afternoon and most students had chucked their plateful into the rubbish bins. I had seen one student vomiting into the toilet bowl and several others had stomach trouble. The trouble was not so much the food, but the way it was cooked. Often we had badly cooked rice. The cooks put too much water or too little water and everyone can just guess what the menu is like. Properly cooked brown rice goes very well with tinned fish. And I can tell you, it's just marvellous.

Anyway, I made an investigation and finally patched up the bits and pieces and came with an answer. A particular student was seen by my friends, who speak a dialect of our language, heading our way during the evening, and after the bedtime bell had gone, went over to our camp and located our food box and must have seen the cooked white rice that we had not started eating when the bell went. He had gone back and told his wantoks about the food, however, he found we were back and so reported us.

I decided to pay him back the hard way. One sports day, I deliberately missed a rolling ball and whack! He fell down with a first degree broken leg and was instantly taken to hospital where he spent two months.

So much for that, but putting you back to Augustine. He is now a much changed person.

The tough army life must have worn him down and modelled him into a smart, responsible and good mannered army lieutenant. He was a classic example of how an almost impossible to deal with character can change into an individual who can be relied upon, when given the best training and discipline. His example has also helped me at one time to make a decision which had benefited a particularly troublesome student. The student was about to be thrown out as an undesirable when I suggested that he be sent to the defence force and perhaps the army could make a man out of him there.

Today, he is a remarkable person. Always well dressed and polite and helpful. Several years ago, he had come back to school and helped to construct a cook-house rather than take his three months leave.

Since I came to take my place beside Augustine, we have discussed very few things amongst us. One of our favourites was to tell each other what has happened over the week. Did so and so come around to see one of us as promised? One of our usual discussions was to catch up on news from home. We made a promise amongst ourselves that whenever one received news from home, one must tell the others. During the last three weeks we had not received any news from home and we were beginning to wonder if people at home were still alive or not.

On Monday, Augustine had received a letter from one of his brothers, back home and he has told him about something which was quite ridiculous. He was telling me that Toa, who had just returned from a recent trip home, had gone around telling people that he was about to go to Brussels as an economic advisor to the PNG ambassador there. He had also told them that I had taken a wife from the local area and must now pay a sum of K6000. Augustine's brother had written to confirm these allegations so that he could tell the people at home the truth, especially my parents who were very

worried about me getting married in a far off place. We know that people at home do not waste time to make small talk grow to be very big. The gossip has been spread and exaggerated as was to be expected.

You know that at home little talk like this, especially when it happens to be a relative in a far off place, is great news and will be talked about for days to come.

I was boiling hot already when Augustine was telling me. I was thinking that if we were at someone else's house I would have already landed a good solid one on his mouth and knocked some sense into his empty head.

"Who the hell does he think he is?" I said between my teeth.

"That's right. Bai husat tink emi husat tru?" said Augustine.

"Man he is a real liar this bastard. Why doesn't he go and eat his father's excreta?" asked Augustine of no-one in particular.

"Oi! Sapos taim bipo olosem mi autim ticket belong em pinis," I explained to Augustine.

"You wait, one of these days when he will really burn my inside, I will make him taste the power of Bangawatsus' son." (Bangawatsus was Augustine's name a customary name given to every elder male son of the Wapasu clan.)

In the olden days liars were normally killed without hesitation. Lying was considered worse than adultery or murder, because survival in the past depended on accurate reportings of each group's daily affairs. If one did not correctly about the movement of the enemy the clan may be left at the mercy of the enemy. Chiefs especially regarded it most insulting if one of his subjects was known to be a liar. Customarily, he would advise members of his clan to have him disposed of, as he has brought shame to the clan. Many times it was believed that lying would provoke fighting between the clans if one clan was thought to have lied about the other clan.

Many years ago a man once killed his own nephew because his nephew was a liar. My grandpapa explained this to me.

Toa is a rat. No-one deserves his services. In fact he has nothing to offer the country. He was probably more interested in how much good things he can say about himself, than

what good things he can think about other people. In the first place he should not have been employed at all. Or better still he should have gone through the usual procedure everyone should get when applying for a job. Then at least they would have known whether he was a capable man or a bogeyman.

But who is there to question a minister? It is quite easy for me to say this, but when the big men hear me say this they will probably wish me to go to hell or one of those undesirable places we have always feared in our traditional times. (Many still fear these places, even those who are devoted Christians.) Mind you some are only Christians for the sake of their social standing. On their own they are very much a part of their own traditional beliefs. When one is in absolute power anything that he wishes can always come his way as he wishes.)

Many times, one reading through a paper will see advertised positions for jobs like, "position of private secretary required" and so forth. That is just fulfillment of one of those obligations which makes one look good in the eyes of the public. The position has already been earmarked for someone. (When I come across such ads I never bother to look through them).

There is also no denying that Toa is master of many difficult situations. He has held many responsible jobs before because of his masterful tactics. He has told me and our wantoks how much he cherished his old job and pay. But now he has to settle for a low paying job because he wanted to help his minister and his country. (His minister and his country he says. It baffles me to have to believe how this most derogatory individual who has no nationalistic feelings in his veins, is brave enough to say this.) He said he could have refused if he had wanted. But he had decided to accept so as to help his minister out of most difficult situation... ('Difficult situation.' More likely a chance to amass wealth while his wantok was in power.) For all his narcissism he has to lie to us to painfully explain to us his simplicity and devotion for his work. (If he is devoted.)

It has never escaped my mind the time I really proved to myself that he was really an imposter in his mannerism. We had been drinking at an exclusive place and we had become involved in a dialogue with a tourist who turned out to be

an ANU student touring the Pacific. He was a Canadian. He had asked me what I had studied at college and whether I had been overseas. I said no. Toa had cut in before I had even finished talking and hit straight on his hobby. He had gained his degree in public administration at the Australian National University and later enrolled at the Sydney University to do a master's degree in some subjects I could not very well catch. He was doing his Doctor's degree studies at Otago University when he was recalled by the big mining corporation to help solve a problem which the company was experiencing and losing a lot of money because of its effects. He would be going back to continue his research as soon as the ministry had rid itself of the problem he was helping to assess (A neat little lie. I knew that he was saved from humiliation from a particularly low paid job he found after he was booted out from an all national run company.)

If I had been drunk, I would have told the young man not to listen to this empty headed wantok of mine. However I refrained from speaking and putting him down. I knew he was just talking crap and he needed some standing just now. He was one of those, who had had the good old standard eight and nothing else higher than that. (That was high education in those times. Anyone who reached that standard was a "SAVE MAN.") In many ways Toa yearned for higher education but because his qualifications did not fit today's qualifications for enrolment at any place of higher education, I believe the only way he could ever feel satisfied and consider himself an academic was to cheat himself.

Augustine had asked me to introduce the two girls to him after we had had several glasses of beer. I had asked why and he had replied, "It seems I am the only one whom they know not well about. I think I should go home. I am feeling left out." I pitied him so I introduced him to the girls.

"Excuse me girls," I began, "I am sorry I have not personally introduced you to Augustine. Would you like to meet him?"

"Why sure," answered the one named Maria.

They all got up to shake his hand. (Already getting intoxicated.)

"This is Emily. She works with Toa. This is

Maria. She is Emily's friend." I said as I introduced them one after the other.

"Do you feel good now?" I asked mockingly in our language.

He only smiled and downed his beer down his throat. I added also in our language that if he had some ideas, he had better forget it as we would be going up to my place, I told him.

I began to discuss with Augustine what our people feel about women and men associating together at times like this. (Note I had to keep on calling Augustine by his Baptism name or Christian name because custom decreed it.) Every letter we received from our parents is never complete without the rock age advice that said "Yupela mas lukaut gud tasol. Ol meri belong despela hap lusim ol tasol. Em ol kwin belong despela hap. Lukaut gud tasol nogud oli kilin yupela sapos yupela pilai nabaut long ol" I had become sick having to be told this all over and over again. I did not think much about it. But somehow it had its wisdom and the words were wise.

Our people have always told us that people that do bad things to others live to regret it in the future. They do make it difficult for future generations to peacefully live among groups they have abused in the past, rather abused by their elders. The reason why we now enjoy very enjoyable times amongst foreigners where our elders had once worked, was because of their thoughtfulness for the future generations of their clans.

Now we hit the more contemporary subjects. Inter marriages between clans has rooted in our traditional context. Every marriage has always been between a hornbill and an eagle or other symbolic birds who are related to either of the two most important bird groups, the eagle and the hornbill. (Bannoni tribe are classified in two big clan classifications. Those who belong to the eagle and those who belong to the hornbill. These birds are not related. Anyone who is an eagle automatically is not related to any members of the hornbill.) So if one wishes to take a wife or a husband he or she has to take it from the side that traditionally provided it with either a husband or wife.

A man or woman who takes a bride or husband from another social group, breaks the age old rule (confounded custom) and becomes a centre of discussion. He may be told

that he has broken the most sacred bond of unison between the two traditional social units. (It is like cutting an umbilical cord that binds a mother to her son during the period of pregnancy and becomes separated from its very source that had supported it during its months of dependency. Such is one who takes a partner from elsewhere.)

A foreign bride or husband is resented and looked upon as an alien. He or she is not tolerated. Hopeful maidens or suitors become jealous. They feel that they have been defeated by someone who really and rightfully should not marry the individual of their interest. When the feeling becomes uncontrollable, drastic measures are taken as that of removing the foreigner or the both of them for all eternity.

Many areas have started to accept changes but many die hard conservatives are many years away from accepting any reforms whatsoever.

How would they feel now if they see us drinking with these women? Talking about women drinking that would be a most serious sin. There are many minor things that our women are not allowed to perform at home. A woman who is known to have climbed a coconut tree or betel nut is looked upon as someone who has lost her virginity. "Are you a man to climb a tree?" she may be asked. A woman should not sit amongst men and discuss many important issues that is only pertaining to men.

When we had finished discussion and were resting from the mechanical movement that we had repeated hundreds of times, lifting our beer bottles to our mouth and settling the beer bottle down again, I asked Augustine whether he was still on the opinion of taking the wife from another area? He looked at me searchingly trying to make out my question. After what seemed to be a hundred years he asked what made me ask that question.

"Oh olosem askim na tok back."

"Wanem askin na tok bak yu tevel yu."

We could not help it so we burst out laughing together.

"Eh! Stop gossiping!" threw in Jossie accusingly.

"Wrong tambu. We are not gossiping. We are grogsipping." answered Augustine comically.

“Eh lookin tupela ino gat sem bilong ol. Like good ones.”

I got up to get us some more beer from our already diminishing supply.

Upon my return I was surprised to see my chair taken over by some daft character who had entered the room whilst I was in the kitchen. He was dressed in a pair of bell bottom trousers, a safari shirt (commonly worn by politicians, persons who have associations with politicians and some jokers.) shoes, and smelt heavily of a massive application of after shave lotion. I had expected him to have a brief case, but this was after hours. Toa introduced him to me as Totana Tetanna, a fellow worker, “sorry a compatriot” he had corrected himself. He is . . . somethings minister’s something, which I could not quite catch clearly. A private secretary I thought. More or less a ‘tea boy!’ (That is the title I have come to give private secretaries. Both those working for the government or private enterprises.)

He was now telling me that he had decided to call in at Toa’s place to keep away from his wantoks whom he had seen standing around his flat waiting for him. He didn’t want to be with them because he did not want to be bothered.

One of the many vital points to discuss is that one should not believe at first encounter what someone tells you at first. You would never know if he is telling the truth or a great heap of rubbish. I have studied many characters such as this to find out the truth about their visits. The one that becomes continually lost or search for words as he talked according to my observations, is a liar.

Normally, I would have wanted to tell him not to beat about the bush and tell me plainly that he had come for the beer. Totana Tetanna had explained without hesitation his reasons for coming. If he was lying he would have hesitated. But he did not. Otherwise he was an old hand at this trade.

A neat little excuse. But somehow, it lacked integrity and I was not convinced.

I immediately withdrew to the dining table where Augustine joined me. Constantine had been busy trying to select a cassette from Toa’s album, ably assisted by Maria. The Abba’s had just finished playing “Mama Mia” one of the country’s favourites. (Call it music. To me

it sounded more like a continuous wailing of dogs during mating season.) I was feeling happy after it ended. Soon they played another high life. It was Maria’s favourite, Paloma Blanka from the George Baker Selection. It was one of her favourites she was telling us, from the George Baker Selection, she explained as if we didn’t know. I couldn’t care a bit where and from whose selection it is. Even from the father of pop music itself. Elvis Presley, himself I wouldn’t give a stuff. (Mind you, everyone, even in far off Papua New Guinea, where he was known only slightly, people went beserk, many cried openly. A few have had to apply mud on themselves and went into a period of mourning as if they had lost a relative or father. I saw a group of people weeping at the beach where they had found an old picture of the rock king inside a garbage drum. Two young couples were on the verge of hanging themselves when some neighbours found them.) What I wanted at the moment was for them to cut out the whole nonsense and play some civilised music, classics for example.

Despite this rather precipitous beginner ‘Na’, he had asked me to call him ‘Na’ in short for all the Totana and Tetana, a ridiculous way of naming a person he had told me. And I included Augustine and we became very good friends during the night. We began to discuss little things like what I did for a living and where I trained and so forth.

“Oh, you are a teacher?” He almost spat it out when he said it. “I would never had believed you in that overall. You really look like one.” He looked me all over.

“Yes really. What is the reason behind it?”

“My disguise.” I almost told him to go and jump in the lake. And just to satisfy his curiosity I pulled out an eye patch and an old army beret. I strapped the eye patch on my right eye and placed the beret on my head. Augustine and ‘Na’ burst out laughing.

“Yes a real army mechanic,” both chorused together.” I hope you are satisfied you hangman’s meat,” I almost shouted at him. Jossie had looked across and joined in the laughter, then she said.

“Show-off yah. Wait till your students see you.”

“How do you find teaching?” he asked after the laughing had ceased.

"Not bad as a matter of fact. It has its ups and downs. You know like other jobs. Many times I wish I would leave the job."

"But teaching is a noble profession. Without teachers the development of the nation would come to a standstill," Na replied.

"Yes, you are quite right there. That's how everyone sees it. People in community respect us but that's about all. (Used to be.) Other than that no-one thinks anything else about us. We have to wear good clothes, speak politely in public and the other countless shows we have to perform in order to create a good impression on the public. But deep inside us we feel an abandoned, betridden group, dominated. We are denied the chance to voice our grievances. We receive a tenth of what an expatriate gets for doing the same amount of work. (Now they do less and get more for doing less work)," I said.

"But you should be quite happy with what the government is giving you. You and me are getting more than what our own people get in three years."

"That is a lot of crap." I answered getting worked up already.

"You cannot compare the living standard in the urban areas with that of the rural areas. The rural areas are a different thing altogether. Their system of organisation, their needs and problems are very different.

They don't need so much money to survive in the villages. If it's money that you are talking about, I can tell you that I don't need much money."

"I think you got quite all wrong there. What I was saying is that we need to live in simplicity. We must learn to live within our means. We cannot ask for more when our resources is very limited", Na concluded.

'Na should make note of the problems which affect teachers before making sweeping statements that are quite contrary to the realities."

While 'Na was in the toilet, I was having a very serious discussion with Augustine who had not had a chance to voice a word during the time I was involved in a dialogue with 'Na. He was telling me that he was not quite happy with Toa having to invite more people when we already had more people. I sympathised with his thoughts but did not offer any suggestions.

I quite understood that what he was saying was very correct, but who is there to accuse him when we ourselves were paraciticing on Toa, (mind you, we bring our own grog, food) and when another comes to join in, there is really legitimate point to accuse him when we ourselves were in the same category.

I am a great advocator for anti-wantokism. (Wantok may mean that two persons come from the same area, province, region, to be able to speak similar languages or dialects, or someone who had lived a long time in ones area or someone who is distantly known to have been married to one who is ethnically related to one. There are many other categories, which are too numerous to list here.) I don't normally encourage it. I may invite one for a time but that would be it, unless someone is in real need.

But what I hate is the continual visits, most often unnecessary. A visit is never complete without a square meal. And when others drop in hourly that is just too much and it drains ones savings. One needs to fulfill these obligations less they talk rubbish about you.

I never experience this, but I have seen it happen to a wantok. He had to cook four square meals a day on weekends and two every week days. It so happened that these visits became customary and he always prepares a banquet to cater for the ever coming visitors. Somehow he enjoyed it for I never saw him get annoyed.

Seen from these and my little experience, the idea to reject wantokism became firmer. Beside this I never really like to play the good samaritan to any joker who drops into my house for the fun of it. (I am talking about urban situations.)

Once upon a time, I told a horde of relatives and wantoks to leave my house after I had fulfilled the ritual of having to feed them and gave this and that which they had started asking for as soon as they entered my house. The reason was that they did not notify me first and that I did not invite them.

At home, I was branded a selfish, ignorant, devil. I was most insulting. I had failed to fulfil my traditional obligations. "It was like having to chase my own parents out of my house," they said. (Those whom I had turned away from my house.) The accusations went as far

as having to say, (quoting the very words) "that I had shamed my parents' pride, not thinking about the times that they had to look after me during my childhood days. I deserved a thousand deaths, curse of the thousands of my ancestors." Those whom I refused to let in my house vowed never to accept anything from my hands nor set an eye to my face. Only death shall bring us together in the land of Toparitsi, (an imaginary ghost).

I believe that if a villager was cursed this way he would develop an intestinal disorder.

This occasion became a talk of the village for days on end. The start of every conversation could not get off the ground without a recital of the occasion. The mention of my name or any sound that resembled my name would make people gasp for air, the recapitulation of the near ancient case would come anew and talked about once more as if there is nothing else to talk about.

The many villagers' gossip would take this opportunity to mount their hobby pigs of having to explain and answer right through again the same rock questions which have been asked and questioned for at least a thousand times already. With that, new disciples would spread my convictions with much exaggeration. In retrospect, one need only to repeat the original wording.

When I heard about the convictions made about me from my sympathisers, I took a trip home to show them that I did not care a single bit about their accusations and their convictions. I even had a sign printed on my T. shirt that read, "MI SALBISS MAN BELONG MABES! MI DABBISS TRU! MI BREM BILONG DIAVOLO (interpretation: I am a selfish Mabels man. I am truly rubbish. I am

the devil's friend!)

I knew their cold feelings wouldn't last very long, because no sooner had I started rounding up the gossippers when those who had spread the lies about me came around to sue for peace. The fact that electrified their actions was for fear of being charged in court for defamation of my name. (I told them so.)

'Na did not spend long in the toilet. He had come out announcing whether we have heard about the latest development concerning the newly passed bill on parliamentary salary increases. The opposition had strongly opposed the bill at the beginning of the debate and at one stage the leader led a mass walk out of his party members, many shouting back, "Ok, yupela, ol man belong cry long mani."

It was after a very tense deliberation and bargaining that the bill was passed. The votes were at 110 all, until the Prime Minister cast his vote in favour of the bill.

I was most sceptical about the results, when I read it in the Pagine newspaper the following morning. I had followed the proceedings very carefully and even went to parliament on the day the opposition walked out with its party members, some conservative members and a score of the members of the ruling party. With all that crowd I knew that the bill would not stand a chance.

The day after the bill was passed every sector of the community took to the streets in protest.

But the march and demands fell on deaf ears. A few officials (who knows they may have been messenger boys? In a complicated set up know one knows whom one deals with.) performed half hearted actions. And while this was going on the members were out enjoying it, feeling happy at the same time.

FOUR

The funny thing about us wantoks, is that one would never know where we would end up, any night during weekends or drinking nights. One night we may find ourselves either in my house or at a 'friend's house', met during the night's odyssey. (As normally happens, one may run into a person who may be a friend of one of our wantoks, or a colleague and when one is under the influence of liquor many things can happen, like getting invited by someone who would never invite one when he is sober. I must confess that I have met tremendous friends under intoxication.)

I had not suggested the idea to the other two, but it was becoming obvious that we would probably be shooting off to some place as soon as we got fed up with Toa's place. Augustine had approached me five minutes ago and told me that he had already started loading up the boot of my old Datsun with grog. I asked him, "What's the idea, sonny boy?" He winked at me. I got the idea.

As I rolled my cold bottle in my hands, I weighed the situation here and back in the village. Here we went about because we had vehicles to transport us around. In the villages people went about on foot. In the city we had reasons different from the village. We may visit a friend or an elder wantok or as in most cases, seek someone who always has a supply of grog whenever we run out. In the villages people go after one who may have promised the group some drink. Where I come from people wander about aimlessly when they are under the influence. Sometimes one plays a dirty trick, like once upon a time I saw a group of unfortunates straggling out of a rarely used track that led out to the main road. Some joker has told them that he had left a full carton in the bushes beside the track. The men had spent the whole night turning the whole jungle upside down looking for the bogus beer carton.

The other related problem concerns married men who go out with unmarried men to gather at someone's place for an all night orgy.

Other times the group may go off on long drives and may be away for an indefinite period of time. The host of the trips and par-

ties (benificence) meanwhile not knowingly, or knowingly, drains himself out entertaining his so called friends, who are precisely a bunch of parasites.

Although I never catered and entertained a group, I personally gained experience through actual participation. I must confess, that I helped to drain a very distant wantok once and I never quite got over the situation. Knowing that it is an easy way for one who is a nut, to drain his savings away I quit being part of this ridiculous system. (Rather trying to.)

The married mans' involvement in the company of bachelors has often led to serious problems, often resulting in separation. A husband who tags along with bachelors all night is a liability to numerous questions. A wife may start to question his faithfulness. Certain rebellious wives would attempt to get even with their husband's unfaithfulness. But this only eventuates when the woman is absolutely sure that her man has been sneaking out with another woman. (I may be wrong here.) Then there are the ones that had simply left their man because of his unfaithfulness or for other reasons.

But on the other hand sleeping out does not always result with the man spending a moment with another woman. This is a wrong generalisation. One does not have to find himself in the company of another woman, if that is not what he wants. Man was created a being of action. He was the first in the world. (The Bible?) He should not sit confined to the house because his woman wants him to. Women are the same. They should not stay confined to the house. (Limited of course.)

I personally cannot tolerate having to spend my days inside the house, day in — day out. I need fresh air lest I go crazy. Most, rather some, people have become absent minded because of this.

We've got very bossy wives and bossy husbands. Under these circumstances both parties have to remain within eyesight of the other.

Really the whole set up needs common sense and a spirit of compromise and respect, when a climate of confidence exists.

Another problem which may be worth exam-

ining is the problem which concerns long absences, by the husband mainly. The problem is largely common in the village sector. A man absents himself from his family for an indefinite period of time. The wife labours to wean a couple of kids for a time, sometimes extending for several years. This is about the same as leaving the woman in the middle of the Sahara Desert to fend for herself as best she can.

In a society where the bulk of the population is heavily dependent on garden produce, where everyone must hack out virgin forest almost continually, leaving a woman on her own is most regretful.

Critics may argue that in the village, one need not be left alone in such circumstances as the woman being abandoned by her husband. I can counterargue that such traditional form of sharing and helping is rapidly diminishing. One does not see much of it practised today.

In this era of cash economy and capitalistic inertia, one is not in the process of being hampered by things that are likely to slow progress, (making money) or making them lose money, helping an unfortunate or the less fortunate ones.

I was at home very recently and was surprised to see people working single handed. When I asked one why others had not bothered to come and help he could only reply, "Keto vasi nobe tatsuwan." Meaning, "it is not like in the past."

You know what struck me most, was four years ago, when I was home on holidays trade sharing and a form of community help project introduced by the colonial administration (probably an indigenous local government council) which involved people in helping each other in their cash crop gardens was still in practise. I thought it was a marvellous idea and I secretly believed it would continue today. Today none of this system is practised. I imagine them to be like frogs which are often seen peeping out from some tall grass expecting a fly to fly past. In this case they don't expect a fly but an angel to come along to help them harvest their cocoa.

However, to take you back to the flat, I must say that I simply hate large gatherings. One knows just what could happen during these nights. The more beer that is consumed

the noisier the group becomes, and often unrealistic fights occur because one or several had drunkenly abused another individual. We are wantoks but that does not stop us from giving each other some. Once upon a time the police had to be called in to restore law and order and have some of us removed from the flat. The other occupants could not sleep. Several of our group members had had a bit too much and there was much singing, thumping of floor, shouting and hooting. Since then we had broken up into smaller groups in order to avoid similar incidents occurring again.

I got fed up listening to the same old story being repeated over and over again, an indication that everyone was gradually getting the effect. I decided to step into the kitchen area to have a bit more independence instead of getting rammed in every now and then by the beer talk stuff which was imminent.

Augustine and Constantine were involved in some very serious discussion. Maria, Emily's friend had joined in and become a very keen listener. Whatever their talk was I did not want to know, less still to get involved.

Emily had walked into the kitchen and caught me trying desperately to dig out a packet of sausages from the deep freeze.

"Yes wantok, oi namo?"

"Namo namo," I answered indulgently, uttering the only words I knew of the language.

"Soory tru mai dear yu hangere ah? iii . . . yoooo." She pitied me.

"Nogat Toa emi tokim mi long autim pastaim. Bihain bai yumi fraim." I had to lie. I knew I was very hungry. I had not eaten since 7.00 a.m. when I last had a mug of Milo and two Morobeen biscuits.

"Nogat ah? But gee sapos yu hangrere yumi ken kuk laga?"

"Nogat mai dear. Yu no ken wori. We are the host. We will feed you."

"As you please, but don't just pretend if you are hungry."

She inspected the fridge thoroughly and noted the contents. A half eaten tin of fish was most visible. Some dried slices of bread, which Toa had forgotten to wrap in plastic and several half eaten sausages lay about.

"Oh yeah. You've got a good stock here," she concluded. I withdrew immediately as she

slammed shut the door.

The little room was filled with the sweet smell of a very rare and expensive perfume. I had swallowed a great deal and I felt happy. (Many times I had turned around whenever the strong smell filled my nostrils. But once I turned around to face an idiot who had applied himself with one of those that are exclusively for women. It must have smelt like Twenty One but it must have been a different one. Several other men had turned around thinking that a woman was passing them; for his reward they complimented very nasty remarks. (I could not catch what they said but I dimly heard one remark. "Bloody stinking arse. Traim na using samting belong ol man.")

Anyway I thought she would not continue the conversation but she appeared to be thirsting to talk to me so I waited on her to begin.

"Olosem wanem na yu no joining mipela? Wanem yu kam hait nabaut hia? Yu no laikim mipela?"

"Nogat mi ga traipela laik truu yah," I answered comically.

"Yeuh . . . giaman! Lukim em, ino gat sem belong em," she said with a slight tilt of her head. "Maski long pilai nau, mi les pinis," she continued with pretended outrage.

"Sori tru mai sista. Mi no save pilaipilai."

"Yupela ol wantok tasol aah?" she asked.

"Em nau," I said although I don't like this form of address. I regard it as improper and insulting.

"Wanples?"

"Nogat! Toa em belong narapela village. Augustine Ghoghovea tu belong narapela ples."

"Yupela wanpela bisinis o narapela narapela?"

"I tru. Mipela ino wan pisim. Toa emi tambu belong mituhpela wantem Constantine. Augustine emi hap brata belong mitupela."

"Wanwem kain tambu tru?"

"Bikpela brata belong mitupela i maritim susa belong Toa. Na em tu belong pisim kokoma. Mipela arapela tripela i belong pisin manigulai."

"Mino understand."

"Sori tumas. Mino bin save." Anyway, I'll explain it to you.

Where I come from everyone falls directly

into two main categories. Everyone had to be either a 'Manuka' (or Manigulai) or a 'Komo' (or Kokoma.) There are many different clans but each are associated to either the 'Komo' or the 'Manuka'. A person who is a 'Manuka' can only marry a 'Komo', or vice versa. We use these two birds to distinguish our differences because they are the two largest birds in the area.

Anyone who belongs to another clan but hearing that one is a member of either a 'Manuks' or 'Komo' or whichever of these birds that is a symbol of his clan will instantly know that he has a relative. By tradition he must go up and introduce himself to him.

Although the two birds are opposites in traditional classification we have always considered ourselves as one.

Throughout the ages our ancestors have been married and exchanged lots of very valuable things between the 'Manukas' and the 'Komos.' So wherever a person who is a manuka meets another person who is a Komo he would know that he has someone whom he can go to when he is in trouble. Of course, I do not elaborate on the very sacred aspects of the things that had bound these two groups together.

Emily listened with heightened concentration as it seems from the look, in her eyes. When I finished she said it was very interesting and wanted to learn more about my place. "In due course," I said. "I am writing a book about the 'Ethics of the Muruwa tribe.' You may read about it from there better than me explaining it to you." She excused herself very quickly and I thought she wanted to sit down so I offered her a chair. She refused and walked to the other end of the room, apparently to the toilet.

I have often felt rather shy going to the toilet in full view of the others in the house. However, that was in the past, now I am quite used to it. I remember in my village we used a pit latrine.

Of course, like everyone else in the village, I had to build it metres away from my father's house to avoid the embarrassment many have, seeing someone going to the toilet especially when people are busy eating. I remember one character very well. Every time he sees someone heading toward his latrine whilst he was

having his meal, he would vomit all his food out and curse the person. Once I had asked him why he had often done it and he told me it was just like eating it.

Many boys took advantage of this. Everytime they find out that he is eating, one would purposely comment about some excreta or someone going to the toilet, and he would soon be heard vomiting his food and cursing the commentators.

The other reason why pit latrines must be built so far away is of course for health reasons.

Everyone knows that pit latrines are not particularly clean. It is not hard to keep clean, but if there is no proper security around, it becomes impossible to keep out pecking chickens and rummaging dogs.

One little boy fell down a hole once, made by dogs who had dug into the pit for the muck. He was fished out of the pit like a stewed possum all covered in the slime. His parents bought a carton of 'lime fresh' soap, and at one stage wondered if Zixo would be better.

Bucket latrines are a different thing altogether. I once saw one for the first time when I visited a cousin who worked for a Chinese businessman. I was at a secondary school where I was a student and my cousin had asked me to visit or rather I decided to visit him with the hope that he might give me some money. We were eating rice with tinned fish and drinking lolly-like tea. I had commented that the town council put too much chlorine in the water and that it makes the water smell very bad. My cousin must have felt bad but did not offer any words. After sniffing properly at my plate of rice and the cup of tea, I realised that the smell came from another source, so I asked what could be smelling. My cousin looked at me and smiled and said just one word. 'Bakete!' What bucket I asked? "Oh, the one people normally ease themselves into." Then I realised that the people in the town did not all have flush toilets, but used bucket latrines. That visit turned out to be my last.

When Emily came back, I was watching Augustine and Constantine discussing, something which tended to be something that irritated the feeling of the girl, Maria. Whenever they said something, they would turn side-

ways and face the girl. I could not tell what the subject of the discussion was. But seeing the way they kept looking at her pair of jeans I could only guess what.

Recently there have been many letters written to the editor-Paradai Niuspepa on the subject of 'jeans'. National women, mostly teenagers, had taken to wearing jeans and other supposedly male-only wear. The conservative male population felt threatened and somewhat dominated by this new female jiggery-pokery.

We have come to accept it, that jeans or rather any wear that may have a parting in the middle is meant for men only. (We must blame the missionaries and the colonial administrators for not clearly explaining that this wear was also made for women.) Our tradition also clearly explained and forbade women from wearing any forms of clothing that shows the parting of the buttocks and the legs (most recently, men only wear.)

During the German times (a common saying of the elders who were brought up during the German colonial era in the country) men themselves were not allowed to wear shorts or shirts. A man seen wearing a pair of shorts normally ended up having forty lashes. So it was not quite unusual to see men wearing laplaps over their shorts. I remember myself wearing my shorts under my laplap up to the age of fifteen. I did it for two reasons, 1. I felt embarrassed wearing it in public, where most men wore a laplap. 2. I used it as a sort of underwear. Most men still wear their shorts as underwear. Laplaps are not normally reliable in concealing private parts, so it is just as well that they do this.

Wearing of shorts had only been very popular during the late or rather middle 1950's. Even our police force who were in those days, the very acme of sophistication, still wore this up until very recently.

When wearing of shorts became an every day wear for most people, it sort of became a sort of status to men. Men then began to wear shorts as a mark of sophistication and won many village maidens hearts.

However, despite the rapid progress the country has made in education and assimilation of alien culture, (to a certain extent,) many still prefer to see women in skirts and

blouses.

Anyway, the crisis — jean crisis — hit head lines and at one stage there was a minor war of words between the sexes. I remember two letters written to the editor, one entitled 'imitation men in perfumed slacks' and then there was the one entitled, 'primitive men mind your own business'.

Emily returned and I offered her the glass which she had abandoned in panic only minutes ago because she had forgot to time herself properly.

Emily had seated herself on the chair and we resumed our discussion. I seated myself at the very extreme end so as to have a command view of the room and the people in it.

"Oh yes, where did we stop?" she began after she had sipped her bacardi and coke twice.

"We were in discussion about my place and you just asked me if you would be able to learn about my place and my customs."

"Oh yes! Oh yes! How absent minded of me."

"Oh, that has to be expected. People like you must be preoccupied with a lot of thoughts."

"Why?" she asked.

"Well as official to the minister you must have a lot of things to think about."

"Oh bother. Can't you talk about other things than ministers?"

"Oh sorry, I didn't mean to upset you," I answered.

"Don't worry about it," she said. "By the way, you have not told me where you work."

"Oh sorry. I am a chalkie."

"You what?" she asked.

"A chalkie. Chalkie means teacher. Rather it's our nick-name."

"Oh how sweet. Sir! Mr. Sigho!" she chuckled. "How do your students address you?"

"Simply Mr. Sigho." I answered. "Sometimes Sir."

"What if they don't address properly?"

"Normally I do nothing. Except very special cases, I demand to be addressed properly."

"Gee, you had me properly fooled there. I thought that you were one of those mechanics. But why? I mean why do you dress this way?"

"Sometimes I do it as a disguise. But as for

today, I had good reason to do it. You see I had to drive quite a long way, through dusty and muddy roads in parts."

"And as a teacher, do you like it?"

"Yes very well."

"What is teaching like?"

"Teaching is fabulous. You know, you talk and talk. Prepare lessons, correct papers, look after the kids and often working late into the night. Get up at 5.00 a.m. Proper school starts at 6.30 a.m. and work until 6.30 p.m. You just have enough time to get washed and prepare a meal and you are at it again," I answered exaggerating much of it.

"Good gracious. Do you work all that time?" she asked suprisingly.

"That's right ght."

"Goodness me, I would never want to be a teacher."

"Well that has to be if we are to drum the knowledge into their brains," I said. She slid next to me and I could feel her smell. We continued to drink.

Although I would gladly accept a good paying job, if one ever turns up there is the problem of how to get hold of one. You know, if you ever want to take on a good job with lots of opportunity you should be sure that you know some big guns, otherwise, if one does not know one he'd be better not try at all. For as the saying goes today, it does not matter how much one knows and is able to do, but who one knows and what one can do for one.

As for me it is only understandable why I am rotting in this base level position. I am not just one of those who is prepared to lick any big shot's shoes for the sake of getting a better paid job.

In the past we had criticised the colonial government for reserving better positions to its expatriate staff. Today, less than four years after independence we are still doing just the same thing. Other groups have become the masters and better positions have been reserved for their own kind, while the less fortunate have to be satisfied with the less privileged positions.

A parliamentarian at one stage had asked why the civil service was filled by a particular ethnic group. The same question can be asked by any one today. If it is a practise today we may well know that we are heading for the drink.

Critics may ask why my wantok Toa holds a very responsible position. Surely he must know some character of some reasonable standing.

I must say that Toa is not a real wantok, the sort of a character who wouldn't hesitate to sell his wantoks or his relatives down the drain for a mere porridge if he knows would benefit from any outcome of the situation.

Not long ago, he shamefully sold us down the drain for a lousy drinking party and a romantic party with his South Sea Island friends.

We were gathered at the business centre as usual, trying to figure out what to buy. We had very little funds then and it was quite impossible to buy many of the things we wanted. When his friends asked him to a party, he gladly accepted. At the same time his friends had asked who we were. He simply said that we were a group of wantoks whom he had met at the market and would be going out to a function some place tonight. He hardly knew us, he told them.

As we saw him getting into the vehicle we could only wish by our dear ancestors that he got into trouble which should land him in jail.

We paid him well the following week, rather three weeks later. His parents and Jossie's parents had come to discuss marriage plans between himself and Jossie. They stayed the whole two weeks and by the time they left he was practically broke. He had invited me and Augustine and Constantine to his house for a farewell party for his parents and tambus. As usual he had asked to be picked up at 4.06 p.m. It was only a little thing, he said. Everything had been taken care of. I had rung Augustine to investigate his visitors and he told me that they had gone on Wednesday of that week.

The same Friday afternoon we drove around to his office and parked just outside the office. A friend of his who came out before anybody else was standing there waiting for his friend to pick him up and he told us that he'd be out in a minutes times. We told him that we would be back in ten minutes time, so he must tell him. Ten minutes later we drove back and saw him standing with one of his colleagues. We kept on driving when we saw him waving to us. Five minutes later we drove past again. As soon as he saw us driving by he ran up to hail us to

stop.

We told him to wait as the parking lot was rather busy. During the next round we drove up to him and parked. He was busy talking to someone so we loaded the car with a couple of friends and drove off saying we would be back. That was the last time we drove to the office. When we dropped the friends off we continued on to my place.

We did not talk for many days from that time on. We have sorted out our differences now after making amends. These days he does not play dirty tricks on us like that incident before.

But putting you back to the discussion. When one knows someone at a responsible level whether wantoks or not, he has better access to good jobs than those who do not. One other place I am told where one is likely to be promised a good job is at parties. People come to meet other people and get better acquainted and when there is a job available and someone knows a fellow from a past association he could easily get picked, just like that.

Again in this stage, where corruption is imminent I tend to believe that jobs are created not necessarily for the benefit of the country, organisation or department but rather to benefit a friend who may not have a job. (Assumptions.)

By this time, I was beginning to feel very hungry indeed. When I could not stand it more, I walked in and started chewing the frozen sausages. Jossie walked in and saw me eating and suggested that she cook. I said, As you wish. By the time I had eaten two sausages I felt relieved but still wanted to have something hot. I remembered several food stalls which operated throughout the night. I suggested to Augustine that we go there and get us some chow.

"Man yu no save malolo long kaikai!" he burst out.

"Sapos yu les long kuk, why don't you get married?"

"Will you pay the bride price? Have you got a thousand kina?" I shouted back at him.

"Na wanem! Yu no lukim?" he tapped his pockets.

"Sure Mister Rich Man. Come over here, I want to tell you something." He came over.

"Yep, what is it?"

I told him to get into my car and drive to one of the food stalls.

"Red shit!" he murmured.

We got into the car and drove out slowly. Coming to the corner of the street, we had to pass by a pub.

"How about a few here?" Augustine asked.

"Not me mate", I answered.

This bar was notorious for its brawls. Nearly every day someone got his teeth knocked out. Tonight the sale was in full swing. It was only half past ten. They had half an hour more to go and already the tables were full of already opened bottles. The room was like a copra drying shed, smoke and heat, intolerable. The drinkers packed up like sardines in a tin. The noise was a continuous yepypyp . . . haw haw haw . . . Two old men by the corner were busy instructing each other on the tactics of marshal arts. One had tried to demonstrate a side kick and ended up on a pile of broken glass. How he did not get himself cut is a mystery. Everyone around them laughed. Their performance reminded me of spiders hooked in frenzy of battle. The old fellow got up and grinned at the spectators showing a toothless gum with a few teeth sticking out like an old witch.

We kept on going and soon came to the food stall. A middle aged man whose alcohol reeking breath hit our noses as soon as we alighted from the ancient vehicle was busy demanding his change of K30 from the stall owner. The man had already got fed up and had sent out his assistant to locate one of the police patrol cars. Very soon an officer and his constables had arrived and after listening to the stall owner's story had bundled the drunk into the van to spend the night or the weekend in the cell.

When I turned around to go over to the stall after watching the poor drunk getting thrown into the van, I saw a group of six or seven people scattered about behind the van but keeping well into the shadows. They wore dark clothes. I believed they had been watching me for a fairly long time. I wondered why.

Then I realised that prior to the arrival of the police van, I had carelessly dropped a bundle of twenty kina notes.

I paid for the two sausage rolls, one plain hamburger, two fried eggs and bottles of

lemonade, and retreated back into the vehicle.

I remained seated on the driver's seat and ate, while Augustine smoked his Camel Brand cigarettes. (He always buys the most expensive brands of cigarettes.) I offered him a bottle of star lemonade, but he refused. He said he wanted beer. If he drank soft drinks now he would have indigestion.

Meanwhile, I started the car and shifted the gears to first gear ready to go with my foot still on the clutch and my other hand on the hand brake, just ready to go. Presently another police van rolled by and I immediately sped after it.

"Are you out of your mind?" snarled Augustine.

"What do you mean, are you out of your mind?"

"But that is the police, can't you see it?"

"Is there such a law that says no-one must drive after a cop?"

"You are drunk mister. You don't know what you are doing."

"I disagree with that statement. I am quite as sober as the cops and these trees."

"Yeah? What if they suspect us as some thugs?"

"I still believe it is safer to drive after the cops. However, if you resent my driving, you are most welcome to step out and walk home."

"But why?" he asked, this time very much annoyed.

"Well, if you had bothered to keep your eyes open instead of thinking and dreaming of your rotten beer, you would have noticed a group of real thugs watching us from behind the stall. Perhaps you have a clear idea now why I decided to follow the cops."

"Yes. For precaution's sake. But I am still puzzled. Why should we tag along like a dog with its tail coiled between its hind legs?"

Then I explained to him why I had made such a move. I told him how I had dropped a bundle of twenty kina notes and how I heard a faint whistle and a female figure had beckoned me to go into the shadows. But after having looked about the place, I noticed that all the people I had seen had disappeared.

Any fool would have gone without thinking twice. I knew that behind that figure was a concentration of cut throats with sticks, sticks chains and knives, and who knows what else, ready to pound me to mincemeat.

"Oi ghelai. Olosem yumi lusim ples pinis," breathed Augustine.

The police patrol car which we had been trailing pulled to the side of the street. I thought they had spotted the drunk we had seen crying and vomiting into the rubbish drum already stained with betel nut ochre spat by thousands who buy the goods from the betel nut street sellers. Several seconds later the same police van had torn down the street, siren and honk blasting. It accelerated and soon caught up with us. I slowed down to give him space to pass. The van sped on ahead and about a hundred metres further on stopped, pulled to the side of the road and several constables got out and beckoned us to pull up. We went through the procedure of checking through my license, brakes, lights, blinkers. One constable shone his torch into the back seat. The constable who checked my license kindly reminded me to renew my licence in two days time.

Moments later, after what seemed like a decade the sergeant said: "OK. Kauwasi. Em tasol. Traiv tasol."

"Takinana," I said to Augustine, who had stopped smoking for that brief moment.

"I had my shit pumped up back to my mouth," said Augustine.

When the police first hailed us up, I thought we'd had it, and I quickly started to rack my brain to think up a very good defensive argument.

Footnote: (Takinana Nearly-in-Bannoni).

They did not ask for much and I was glad that it ended that way.

But this is not my first time that I had been stopped by a police patrol. I have had several encounters with them in the past.

Once I was caught riding a motor bike without the headlights switched on. A constable had barked, "Pull to the side, you blary you." I almost panicked. As soon as the police van had come to the stop, I was instantly surrounded by an angry crowd of blue uniformed men. (That was before they had police women.)

"Westap laisens? Watpo lait belong yu ino switch on?" They all seemed to have shouted at the same time.

I tried to answer their questions and explain myself as they pummelled me with word after word.

I found out that I had been riding without my headlights on. That seemed to be the only fault there. Other than that everything else was O.K. My licence was in order and I had signalled correctly when I took the other lane.

I am not normally so absent minded. I was not altogether to be blamed. The lights on the street being so bright, one would not normally need to switch his headlights on.

When I was commanded to pull to the side that night, I said to myself; "Well Julian boy, *evil smelling blankets, dry biscuits and tinned fish* for you tonight."

Anyway I passed through and was sternly told to always check everything before taking off.

But another time a group of friends and I were not so lucky. Our driver had refused to listen to us when we had cautioned him earlier on. He was out to prove to us his driving skills. He said that he has an international licence which he was given for passing his driving test in some draft overseas country.

A policeman was hidden in the bushes by the road side with a radar. He had contacted his colleagues about a mile away. We pulled to the side at the road check.

Our driver was charged K40.00 for 'speeding'. He was given a receipt and told to appear at court the following day. We encountered no more problems.

As we drove down the road with its brightly lit streets we were able to see many barbequeing groups. Some nationals, some purely expatriates and a few a mixture of all nationalities.

Further down we came to a set of hostels. There was no sign of feasting here, but somewhere in the main living room a dance was in full swing.

Far away into the residential area on the hill someone was laughing at the top of her voice, (more or less a scream). In the same direction an over excited character was hooting.

In a side street club hall, a function was on. There was a lot of chattering. Occasionally someone in the same company would let off a yah, yah, yah sound. The combination of the chattering and the yah yah stuff reminded me of a group of bats chattering over a ripe bread-fruit.

Several people were pushing a broken down car more like an 'old bomb' up a little hill. We could hear someone giving orders. But there

was too much talking and one wondered if they were obeying his orders or not.

The unique thing about Papua New Guinea's parties, functions, singsings etc . . . is its unpredictability of the times they start and end and the number of guests that turn up.

Talking about guests! Where one invites sixty people and least twice or thrice that number would turn up. Take for example an ignorant villager. He gets invited to a party with his family, which to many educated persons would understandably mean himself, his wife and his children. He is surely going to turn up with nearly all the members of his clan.

The problem which must be examined further and deeply is, should our elders' definition of invitation in the traditional pattern be applied to a western type feast, or should we strictly keep these two areas under very defined categories.

Traditional feasts and the system of inviting guests must follow the traditional concept and western type functions left to follow the western criteria? Or should we allow nature and the turn of things take care of itself?

Not many years ago, a school near where I was a student, organised a party for its Grade Six students after their external examination. Our Grade Ten students including myself, were invited and all the Board of Governors' members and the teachers. The hall where the function was staged was completely filled with almost everyone from the nearby communities, who never had any interest in the school, except to come to this function and several others during the year (as long as there is free kai provided.)

Young and old, crippled and blind, ably assisted by their relatives; The whole place was filled with breast feeding mothers, dogs, cats, old men and women and other forms of walks of life.

Then there was that time when our Headmaster had his birthday party. Hundreds of people just walked in and demanded food and drink. When they were refused they caused a fight which unfortunately ended the party rather early. (The police had to be called in to remove the intruders.)

But let's go back to the idea of invitation in national hosted parties. Because everyone knows of this attitude, a host normally would

prepare more than what he anticipated. (They really do have a very kind heart.)

Tonight Ta'a's friend Goro had asked us to a mumu party at his house. Funny time, rather scandalous time to attend a function, when people should be going to bed. But who is there to question this. This is Papua New Guinea. Anytime is good time. In rain, thunder, storm, tornado etc . . . , when one is invited he goes, come what may.

The three of us, Augustine, Constantine and myself were not in the real mood to attend. But since Toa wanted to go and there was no way for him to go we were left with no other option. The opposition leaders' private secretary had left when Augustine and I were out. We all agreed to go.

The mumu was exactly what the three of us wanted. There was just too much food. A whole mumued pig, (more fat than flesh) chickens, barramundi, kaukau, taro, bananas, greens and even bread, scones and butter for those who disliked potatoes. Grog was just too much, or so it seemed.

We finally moved out into the lighted area, after pushing and jostling about, trying to find out who should enter the lighted area first. I almost drove back to my place when it seemed that there would be no-one who would be brave enough to head our group. Constantine eventually led the way.

The host warmly welcomed us, knowing fully well before-hand that Toa would come with at least five others.

"This is our country not Australia's colony now. So don't expect to be too colonial and act gentlemanly and ladylike," he said.

Toa introduced us again even after our host had said that formality is an outdated concept that has died with the withdrawal of the colonial imperialists.

"Anyway wantoks, there is everything you need. Help yourself. Feel free," our host concluded and then he led Toa to meet some people. They were seated on armchairs, dressed in safari shirt and sulu. Most probably some big parliamentarians, I said to myself.

I looked at the food once and knew that this was something I was missing. I needed no further persuasion. I dug into it like the rest of us.

I threw lumps of fat over the hedge and soon

some stray dogs came upon it and started tearing each other apart for it. Many people stood around talking. I counted about a hundred and twelve people although some may have left already. A band was playing 'Mama Mia' Everyone went to dance. Only a few stood about doing nothing. Just drinking. A couple of elderly looking men crowded around the deep freeze.

When I had eaten enough (having had my third serving) I got rid of the paper plate and headed over to the deep freeze. A snorting pot-bellied man, a self appointed bar-man, eyed me suspiciously for about a minute.

"Yes me laddie, wat cen I oferin yuh?" he said at last.

"A good cold San Mig brown please," I answered. He opened it using his teeth rather than the opener which he was holding. I accepted it, turned around and pretended to be watching the crowd. I cleaned the top using my shirt ends and turned around to him and tossed it to him. He lifted his thumb up, signalling good luck, but really (probably) telling me to stick it up. I winked at him in return. I took two long sips.

"Good cold beer isn't it?" I said.

He didn't say a thing but looked straight at me, his blood shot eyes piercing me like an enraged bull. I made to move and join the others, but as I did, he poked me in the side. I turned around ready to block any punches he might throw. He beckoned me over with his thumb.

"You Goro's friend?" he asked.

"Yes, I am his work mate," I lied.

"My name is Jula Dasol Pinat," he said.

"Good! My name is Jobo Bona Curri," I answered mimicking the way he had said his name.

"Good. Veri goot. Goro is my brata's friend was a foreman in the Department of Public Utilities", or some department in that category, he was telling me. Then he said other unbelievable things. Held other positions which I didn't care what. He consumed more beer than he was talking. He opened one and offered it to me. I refused it. Quickly he poured it down his barrel-like throat. For that five minutes we spent talking together he must have drunk five bottles. I had never seen such a greedy fellow like him before.

When he went to the hibiscus garden to ease himself, I had a chance to scrutinize the area where he was standing and the surrounding areas.

I found a copra bag, hidden amongst the hibiscus scrub. It was already three quarters filled with beer. A battered Toyota Corona was parked two metres away from where the bag was laid.

I was still eyeing the place when he came back. He picked up a bottle, opened it, using the side of the table and quickly drank it.

"Don't talk about it," he said. "We will drink it in my haus. Plenti kaikai wui will kerituu. I putting it went I so yuu," he continued.

To hell with you, I found myself almost saying aloud. Bloody thieving bastard. He can ask the devil to drink his stolen beer with him.

Augustine came over to where we were standing, and I introduced him as Goro's brother-in-law. I was quite certain he was a bogus guest.

As I made to move out to locate Goro, I told Augustine to keep an eye on him and keep him talking I found Goro talking to Toa. I whispered to Toa to tell Goro that someone had a bag by the hibiscus hedge and would he be kind enough to see him. When Toa told Goro he was very angry and asked to be shown where he was. He was not an invited guest. But he pleaded to be allowed to drink. He claimed that he was a minister's driver.

We searched the car and saw four ruggedly-dressed youths fast asleep inside. Toa quickly rang the police from Goro's house. When the police arrived we woke them up and handcuffed them and threw them into the van.

The same police band who stopped us earlier during the night were there too. They smiled at us and eyed the deep-freeze. They probably hoped that as they were off duty they would be able to join us.

The band was still playing when we finished with the self-invited guests. This time they were playing local music. Many of the local girls took to the floor. A third of the dancers were dancing a "hula hula." The others who were not so used to the style were dancing a mixture of "hula hula" and western. Constantine was among these dancers.

I stood there and studied the dancers. I found that at least a number danced according

to the music. Several could not follow the beat of the music. One girl who was attempting to dance the hula for the first time, was throwing her hands about like someone drowning in deep water. A couple merely wriggled their bottoms. One dancer, a girl, practically stood there making very little effort at all. Her partner twisted and gyrated like an electrified object.

I thought that the woman was not being fair at all. To be asked to dance is a compliment and should be appreciated. If one does not want to dance she/he should refuse properly. Or if one does not feel like dancing, she/he should not be forced.

The next dance was a waltz. A few bold ones picked their partners and danced. At the end of the music everyone clapped.

The next one was a high life. A mixed race girl came and asked me for a dance. I was a bit reluctant and almost refused, but seeing how beautiful she was I accepted.

I do not normally refuse a girl. I just don't like to refuse her offer.

Years ago at secondary school, I used to see (from the window where those of us who were anti-social used to crowd up) many male students choose to dance with the prettiest girls only. The not so good looking ones used to be left out almost continually. (This had led us to protest to the headmaster that boys only choose the good looking girls and left out the not so good looking ones.) Then when it's girls choice we would watch who would be left out. We called those who were normally left out as "left on the shelf" and we would count how many times they got left out. Then during the post date dance days when there is a discussion on the dance, we would name those that were "left on the shelf."

Many took it as a joke, but others got quite annoyed, ending in some big fights.

But to bring you back to the dance. The first thing I told myself was to watch and note my partners' movements, timing following the beat of the music. Then step on lightly to get into my partners' steps and the rhythm of the music.

Years before at secondary school when I had my dance it turned out to be disastrous because I had not bothered to study the movements and to dance to the rhythm of the music.

I could hear my friends mocking me from somewhere in the dark. When the music started I went out and asked a girl who had caught my eyes as I was going out to make my choice. During that dance I kept treading on her foot, apologising all the time.

The only two dances the school organised when I did Forms 2 and 3, I spent observing and learning about the movements. When I did Form 4, I thought I was all ready. In fact the whole Form 4 students rehearsed three weeks before the dance. Some even practised in front of very big mirrors, which the school bought for our new bathroom block.

I knew it myself during the dance that I had caused a blunder. I continually trod on my partners' toes and obviously lost concentration and danced to a rather imaginary rhythm. I was not the only one though. Several others did not perform any better than me.

We had another dance together, during which time she told me that her name was Maria. She worked for the C.C.E. (Colonial Construction Enterprise.)

The party had now gone beyond our anticipated time. Most people would have gone home at this hour. But here we were, dancing and drinking away as if the night had just fallen.

After my dance with Maria Schwartz I looked around for Toa and the others. I saw the others talking to the other guests. I was not surprised to see him surrounded by an eager and curious group. He had hit upon his hobby of self acclamation. When I arrived he was telling them about some countries that he had visited and worked in. He was saying that he was a diplomat and an economist attached to a Papua New Guinea consulate in Brussels. Then he had been something else to some other countries, doing something else.

How he got people to believe his lies is quite unbelievable! Only he can make such a risky lie when hundreds have been prosecuted and sentenced to long jail terms for false pretence. I suppose he delights in it.

I left immediately and joined another group. This group was discussing a film which was showing in town at the time. "The Jaws" a motion picture of a giant human and ship wrecking shark. Many people had seen it and were crazy about it. Some even stopped

swimming on the beach. The national paper "PARADAI MAUS" wrote a very lengthy familiarisation article about it.

Previously there was the gigantic "King Kong." A fantasy of an enormous gorilla, as tall as Mount Everest that caught supersonic jet fighters filled with missiles tipped with nuclear war heads, walked over buildings and practically levelled cities as big as New York and Tokyo to the ground.

When I saw it I said to myself "A fantastic creation by man's crazy imagination." I hoped that none of the gorillas grew to this size during my life time.

I moved on further and soon came up to the host's group. The host was telling his listeners about the places he had visited when he had accompanied the minister for overseas training on one of his many overseas trips. One had asked him to tell them of some of the places he had been to and the very exclusive places they were accommodated in.

Very little in fact is known about the arrangements and the cost of the trips, particularly the costs of entertainments. It may be an idea to list at least the cost of travelling, accommodation, official functions hosted by officials concerned, days after the ministers and others who travel overseas, for the people, the tax payers, to see.

Other services that are not beneficial to the country like massages, to be bathed by females, having a company of beautiful women/men etc... should be paid out of their own pockets.

When these visits become very frequent, I wonder whether these visits are necessitated national concern or an opportunity to experience life styles and entertainment often missing from this country.

Talking about travelling overseas; persons who had gone overseas either to ordinary Australia, South Pacific States, upon their return have got a big kick out of it.

It does not matter who it is. Minister, businessman, a school student, they gain social status overnight.

Many leaders have gone overseas because of public money. Like the many urban councils that have taken a hobby of visiting Manila and streams of other Asian capitals. *One wonders why.*

Once upon a time I met a group who went overseas because of their own good luck. The group was a bunch of sailors. They had proudly told me about the countries they visited. As a matter of fact they named the capital or seaports and I figured the countries from these. To prove that their talk was no poppy-cock, they each showed me six passports. One showed me ten. Lucky animal!

But none has told me anything of the sorts that the people who travel overseas using public funds experience.

One funny case I remember so well concerns a fellow Papua New Guinean who was found by my informants living among, or I should say with a group of Gypsies. The story was that he was left ashore because he had got lost in an European City.

Apparently he had met a gypsy girl and had befriended her. The ships left without him the next morning. Today he still lives with his gypsy friends travelling through Europe. When these men asked him about coming back to P.N.G. he answered, "Mi painim ples pinis."

I looked at my wrist watch and saw that the time was 1.30 in the morning. I told the others that I wanted to leave now and if anyone wanted to go home now I would drive them back. None was willing. I left for my place without them.

I had the whole road to myself driving back to my place a distance of thirty two kilometres. The street was practically deserted, except for a few police patrol cars. Some people were still walking alongside the street. One man was bent with a big load of bananas and coconuts which he carried strung on a four metre pipe. He was obviously heading to the market. Further on I saw a drunken lout sleeping on his vomit. Around a bend I shone my lights on a man trying to scale a brick wall of a women's hostel. I blew my honk very loudly. Caught by surprise he fell on his back amongst thorn plants, like a frog.

Loud heart piercing cries came from some squatters' settlement to my left. It sounded like someone being gutted alive. The sound ceased for a few seconds but soon commenced again. This time I was able to hear some words. The famous national war cry, "Holim em!" "Killim em!" rang out very clearly. After all

this shouting I heard a squealing sound, like a pig does when an object is belted across its chest. But tonight, rather in the morning, the cries and squealing were very much human. Surely someone was getting killed in that "chase and kill brawl."

Fights like this are very common, mainly erupting from very small arguments. Every time this happens someone either gets killed or is seriously wounded. Fights which normally concern two people, soon get bigger as friends take sides.

I have seen fights where a whole group had rounded up one, if one has no friend, and thrashed the shit out of the poor fellow. And when this happens the relatives and friends of the beaten man, would in turn beat up anyone believed to be members of the other group.

When I heard this blood chilling cry, I stepped on the gas and went.

My pet parrot was asleep on its perch when I entered the room, but woke up to greet me, "Hello Julian boy." I replied "Hello Tony" and hit the bed fully clothed.

Paul Higgins, an expatriate and colleague at the school where I taught, woke me up at 8.00 am the next morning, in a way many people would not appreciate. He created very loud noises by throwing small pebbles up onto my roof.

If he hadn't woken me up I would have slept on until evening and thus miss my appointment.

The idea of creating loud noises, either by throwing pebbles or shaking the house was a silly joke Paul Higgins and I had started playing on each other six months ago. Paul had often asked me to wake him-give him a yell-after every late night. I had woken him up on many occasions but got fed up and decided to play a dirty joke on him. On another night, before we went out for dinner he had told me to give him a yell the following morning. In the morning I went to his house where the previous night I had tied several fire crackers to one central point and left it until the right moment. Now I lit the fire crackers and threw them under his house, right underneath where he slept. He almost flew through the roof when the fire crackers exploded. A colleague thinking that there was a fight going on, ran out of his house with nothing on. But an English girl was not very amused. Instead she went and reported the incident to the deputy head master. The deputy who was our friend took it as a joke and teased her. That made her even angrier.

"What the hell do you want at this time of the morning?" I shouted in mock outrage.

"Morning? My foot, this is afternoon. After all that all-night orgy you are in no condition to tell the difference between morning and evening," he shouted back.

At that time the English girl opened her door and beamed at us. We turned around and said good morning to her together.

"Call it good morning, waking me up in my sleep, throwing rocks on everyones roof, shouting like savages," she screwed her nose up into the air.

"Oh did we wake her royal highness from a very romantic dream?" Paul joked as she made to move back in. I laughed very loudly at Paul's silly remarks. She stopped in her tracks. "O.K. we are on our way," joked Paul again.

"Don't be silly," she seemed to be pleading.

Then she went in, announcing that she was having some coffee and if we wanted we could join her. Good, we said and walked into her house. She cooked us fried eggs, bacon, toasted bread and coffee.

Paul had woken me up because he wanted me to tow him into the garage and later carry his goods back to the school.

When I drove out into the main road with Paul's car tied at the back, one of our ancillary members of staff put out his hand and I pulled to the side of the road. I asked what he wanted and he said he wanted a lift into town. As soon as I said, "OK; Kalap," a group of five hiding behind the thick hibiscus hedge dashed out together and started fighting for the seat at the back. I got out and told everyone to get out. Then I turned to the man who had asked me for the lift and shouted at him, to explain why he hadn't told me that there were others that wanted a lift too.

"Orait you bighead man. You no ken kalap long car belong mi. What for yu laik trickim mi ah?" I was very angry indeed.

"Tasol masta Julian. Mino sabi long ol hia! Em ol no kam wantaim mi!"

"Yu no ken giaman. Em kaen trick belong yupela. Yu think husat ino save long trick belong yupela?"

I got in, started the car, and started to move again. The man ran up and tried to open the door again, while two others prepared to jump in.

I got out as soon as I had stopped the car and said: "Right ologeta. Mino laik lukim pes belong yupela hia. Paimim rot belong yupela yet. Raus pinis."

The others moved out but not too far away, except for the one who had asked me. Instead he asked; "Na bai mi olosem wanem nau?"

"Emi worry belong yu," I said.

I got in and started the car again. I looked out and saw his eyes misting. I felt sorry for him. When I said all right he could come, the others had moved out from their hiding places.

"Ok kalap. Tasol ino yupela," I said to the others who had started to run towards the car again.

I knew that this man was lying. They had arranged it that he would come and ask on the

pretext that he was the only one wanting a lift.

Taking them into town is not the end. It also means taking them back again, perhaps with several others. I knew this man would ask me to pick him up again in the afternoon.

Although I am not as selfish as others would think, I have my own reservations. I do not mind giving people a lift, in fact I had often given lifts to these lot. But what I don't like is their little tricks like hiding behind some bushes while someone else asks for a lift. I have often told them that if they want a lift, they should all ask me.

When I pulled up to the parking lot, the man asked me to pick him up again in the afternoon. "Right," I said and pointed to the clock outside the national bank.

"Lookim? Sapos emi four kilop, bambai mi kam karim yu hia. Sapos yu no stap or yu pulim ol narapela wantok belong yu bambai mi no ken karim yu wantaim ol. Bambai yu yet painim rot belong yu yet. Save?"

"Yes!"

"Good. Stap isi tasol. Noken painim trabel." I left him standing there.

"Silly of you to come and do your shopping at this time," I said to Paul after we had towed his car to the garage.

"Why? I think it is a good time to shop with everyone else. You don't feel out of place."

"Not so 'Mustaso' (this was another name we called each other.) When you shop on a weekday, you can choose better. Most goods worth buying are sold out, and you come and get the rubbish on the weekend." "You may be right there. But what would those big guns say. Don't forget departmental policy. 4.06 man."

"You are joking. That is only effective on paper. Look at this big nob that we meet at the restaurant. At what time was he having his lunch? 11-00 am. When did he leave for work in the afternoon? 2-00 pm."

"That does not mean you have to do it if he does it. You nationals are too proud. When you see someone else doing this and that, you do it too. Life is not and was not meant to be easy. If you want an easy life, I guess the village is the right place for you."

"Stop. That's too much generalisation, you've not had enough time to see for yourself what the truth is."

"What truth. I cannot see anything as the truth. Truth depends on what most people accept. It becomes a truth after that. I have read about it in books and I believe what this country is like. You take things too easily. You have been taught what to accept whatever the colonial government dished out. You have never been taught to think for yourself, you still expect to be given everything. Like to-day. I shouldn't be here. Your government should train most of its teachers, engineers and doctors. And if it doesn't want to lose them, it should pay them a better pay."

"But that is politics?"

"Damn the politics! What we need is common sense."

"What do you expect us to do then? Isolate ourselves from the world?"

"No! But your country should have some reservations. You shouldn't be too dependent on overseas aid. Look at communist China. It had almost wiped out all forms of peasantry and hunger. It is not the China of 1940. It is a modern China with the third largest army in the world, atomic bomb and relevant technology."

"Well I guess there is a point to your discussion. I see it all now. But I still blame you for all these. For creating an organisation like the United Nations World Bank and so on . . . When we gained independence you said, 'Here is some money to help you get on your feet. Later, more came in forms of aid, for two years. Now you have become committed to support an economy. When we need funds for this and that, we quickly dispatch officials to come over and negotiate for funds between our government and yours. Even your government is criticised by your own people for not allocating so and so amounts to us.'"

"You are not kids now. You are an independent sovereign. You should try to be self-reliant."

"We are not trying to make you feel committed to developing our country and solve the problems arising from these. But again, when we turn to other countries, like the socialist states, you grumble and you threaten to cut out all aid."

"Well we think we owe you something and we believe we should do something for you?"

"You think that, but I believe your real

interest in us is to always dominate us. Keep us in your influence and promote your system of organisations here for your enemies to see. Your system is not workable here. Look at all those African countries which were once colonies of the United Kingdom. There are coups almost every six months, followed by another counter coup. You said you gave us freedom, look at what your concept of freedom is today. Leaders after leaders are toppled. Different types of governments have been tested and all have turned out to be failures. Now you want to come back again and correct these mistakes."

"You are saying that our system of government is not correct. What about other countries like India, Australia, New Zealand and even Papua New Guinea? All these countries adopted the Westminster system. They are all stable governments."

"You are wrong to include India. India is not. Besides your system of government is totally ignorant of the fact that a country set priorities to meet the demand and the needs of the people. Your system of government is mostly concerned with seeing that its principal survives. If the Westminster system of government is a master-piece then why didn't you devise a plan to control hunger in India, the apartheid system in South Africa, the Israeli Arab problem."

"The Israeli state was formulated by the British, USA and France. So you cannot totally accuse us of master minding the plan."

We would have continued arguing had not a police constable stopped us. A typical Saturday street brawl was in progress. The police were trying to separate two men who were firmly locked in each other's arms. Both were practically stripped of their clothes. A large crowd had formed a big circle around the wrestlers and shouting encouragement to each of the brawlers.

More police arrived, dispersed the crowd and finally pulled the two men apart. Then the traffic began to roll again.

The first thing you notice about Saturday shopping is a great number of people, standing about and staring and doing nothing else. I suppose that's urbanisation.

I waited for a car pulling out from the parking lot so that I could park in that space.

As I drove in a delinquent dashed right in front of us and I quickly applied my brakes. Unfortunately for him he ran bang straight on to another parked car and fell down bruising his knees on the rough surface. I got out to help him but he had already got up. He looked at me accusingly. I pointed my finger at him and said very sternly; "Look it's your own fault mister, so get lost before I call the police."

He needed no further persuasion. He got out of the parking lot and immediately was absorbed in the large crowd.

While Paul shopped I took the chance to look around the supermarket, owned by Burns Phil, one of the largest foreign owned companies in the country.

I picked through the goods neatly stacked on the shelves. There were many goods here that I have heard advertised over the NBC-National Broadcasting Commission. I came across tins after tins of 'big sister cake rolls' arranged very neatly according to their sizes. There were small and medium sizes and very large ones almost the size of an ice cream container.

On other shelves were some other goods, quite foreign to me. There were packets of dry biscuits. Some imported and some locally made. I was mostly interested in the locally baked ones. I picked up one and read the labels. It read 'PARADAIS BUSIKIT' *namba wan tru, mekim yu sitorong na helti, Gudpela wantaem Markham pinat bata. Traim wanpela tude.*

I chose six packets and put them on the trolley that Paul was pushing about.

"What are these? Cakes?" he asked.

"No! Kaukaus," I joked and we both laughed. I picked up one and pointed to the label to him, to read.

"Oh! Morobeen biscuits! What do they taste like?"

"Beautiful! Especially with Markham peanut butter, jam or honey. Good for morning coffee."

"Oh really? I think I must get some to try. How many did you get?" he asked.

"Six packets," I said.

"I guess I'll get six too a jar of peanut butter and some honey to go with it."

Paul had yet to buy his freezer, so I decided to go over to the clotheswear section. I asked

the girl who was busy polishing her finger nails to show me some very good materials, that I could use for my curtains. (I had been using two old government blankets.) She did not look up but pointed to the rolls of materials and continued to polish her finger nails. I chose a bright red roll with "Jubian" mask designs and asked her to cut me two 300 cm. lengths.

"How much?" I asked.

"Forty kina", she answered, her hands stretched to accept the money.

"Forty kina?" I exclaimed. "That's broad daylight robbery!"

"They are very expensive, that is why," she tried to smoothen my rising anger. "Would you like me to cut cheaper ones?" she asked.

"No! Here! I'll pay. But your price surprises me."

Paul was paying the cashier when I walked out. A green aproned shop assistant helped to carry the goods to the car.

We drove over to the garden park to rest under the shade.

I was supposed to meet my wantoks here but seeing that they were not here yet, we decided to wait. While we waited we looked around at the many different groups running stalls all over the park.

A man with an ancient hailer was trying to get people to buy raffle tickets for a motor bike. I gave up trying these things since the last time, (the only time I ever tried,) I bought two tickets, but learned two weeks later that the organisation that raffled the car was a bogus organisation. (I never got my refund back.)

A group calling itself a 'Wantok Julia Aid' were playing a *two kina game*. The idea is to try to catch a falling two kina note. One person holds a two kina note, the competitor holds his rather like a "U" around the note with his thumb and the next finger, and waits for the latter to drop the note. However, it is not always easy to catch it.

Another group were drawing lucky numbers. The man with the megaphone has continued the parrot-like formulae; lucky! lucky! lucky! etc. . . which he had started saying since they set up the stall some hours ago. We noticed that instead of attracting attention he was actually sending them away.

A fairly large group gathered around some-

thing which I could not identify. I saw a figure or figures twisting about slowly on the bare soil. I asked Paul what he could see.

"Some crazy nuts performing a ballet or something," he said.

Suddenly a figure leapt up into the air and kicked out with both legs simultaneously. Next he climbed a tree and started to swing about the small branches like a large 'Orangutang.'

"That's the Kung Fu man!" I told Paul. "A self taught martial arts specialist."

"Really? So that's the character the kids have been telling me about. Do you think he really knows the art?"

"I wouldn't know. I guess he knows the basic techniques," I said, knowing that I knew very little about the thing myself. We watched for a while. When he came around to ask for donations from the spectators we moved away.

The long wait made me feel tired and a little hungry even though I had a square meal early on in the morning.

There is a restaurant which serves both foreign and Papua New Guinea dishes. Beside it was another one run by an Asian. This one served curried rice with heaps of chicken wings stewed with curry, spice and other asiatic ingredients. This is my favourite restaurant. Next to it a hotel which served very good meals, but very expensive. I never went there. Located at the end of the block of buildings is another one with very large signs that read; "OL WANTOK HAUS KAIKAI I STAP." My friends refer to it as Indian mess. This one served plain boiled rice eaten either with tinned fish or meat. Occasionally one would see several pieces of fresh meat also boiled.

I had been in this place only once, when I was really dying of hunger. I paid 40t for a plate. (College days.)

Paul selected the first one. We walked in and sat on a table facing the whole dining area and the park outside. A waitress came up to take our orders. Paul ordered fruit salad or cottage cheese — something of that sort — on account of that he was on a diet. I ordered boiled kau kau, pumpkin tips boiled in coconut milk and some fish. Then we both settled down with a cold glass of beer each.

From where we were sitting, we were able to see everything in the dining hall. There were

still very few customers. There were sailors seated next to the cashier. A couple of tourists mostly young wearing 'love' T-shirts were seated right in the middle. At the corner of the room a young national couple were seated, probably sweethearts. They seemed to be having some argument. The girl kept on rubbing her eyes and blew her nose into her handkerchief almost simultaneously, and the man had a very serious look on his face.

Outside, the park seemed to be filling up with more and more people. I looked at my wristwatch and saw that it was just past ten. That proves why more people were still rolling in.

Just then a pot-bellied character walked in followed by a fairly large encourage, numbering some ten persons. The manager, who had just seen some friends off was just heading back to his office, when this pot-bellied man called him by his name. He immediately turned around and said: "Oh, good morning Mr. Politician."

"Good morning Mr. Manasia," he replied. "How's business?" he continued.

"Not bad. Just starting to get the customers in now," the manager replied and surveyed the room to indicate the customers.

"Would you like to take a seat then, Sir?" the manager indicated a table near the bar. A "RESERVED" sign was removed and everyone sat down. Having seated, the manager asked:

"What can I offer you?"

"Whisky and soda for the whole lot of us," answered the pot-bellied politician.

This man must have been well known to the manager. It looked as if he had often taken his meals in this restaurant.

Then he whisked out a wallet, unzipped it and produced a personal cheque book. The manager saw him doing so and quickly waved it away announcing, "On the house."

Just as well I thought. Some of these jokers sign valueless cheques all over the place, and practically ruin business men.

The waitress brought in our meal, placed it on the table and went back to cater for some more customers.

The food was not bad. But the traditionalism of the cooking was not there. For example, the pumpkin tips which were supposed to have

been boiled in coconut milk, did not taste like been cooked in coconut milk at all, nor did it taste greasy.

After our meal we walked out and once more looked for my wantoks. They were not in sight, I suggested that we drive to Tao's flat.

Augustine's car was parked outside. There was not a single sound coming from inside, except for a few little birds buzzing around the trees that were in bloom.

The door was left ajar. I just walked in. Inside were Constantine, Augustine and another person sleeping on the lounge chairs and snoring like pigs. I went to the kitchen and walked to the fridge and saw that it was almost empty. Only a dozen bottles were left of the almost nine cartons from yesterday.

I opened the bottles and offered one to Paul. We sat on the chairs and drank. After a while I saw Augustine throwing his hands up as if trying to protect himself from some dangerous thing. I poured some beer on his chest and he leaped up saying: "Fire! fire! fire! fire kukim mi!" Everyone jumped up together. Tao dashed out of his room shouting, "Where, where? Boys! Buckets! Fetch water! Switch all lights off."

"Yes that's right, you switch your volume off!" I said laughing at him.

He stopped and looked around and then asked, "Who said there's a fire on?"

"Him," I said pointing to Constantine.

"Where?" Toa asked.

"There," I said pointing at his naked body.

"Here?" he asked looking down at himself, and for the first time saw that he was naked.

He doubled back into his room, knocking down everything on his way. Everyone just died of laughter.

When he returned after having dressed, Augustine and Constantine started to tease him; "Man! Toa i fret no good tru. Klostu emi pispis!" Augustine said.

"Nating pekpek belong klostu emi suut," laughed Constantine. Everyone burst out laughing again.

"Tru tumas! Mi bin fret no good tru. Mi ting ting long haus belong gavman," he said.

"Man na yu no save tu yu ron ikam wantaim nogut trouis. Yu aki yu ran i kam outside taem ino gat ol meri. Olosem oli ken lukim samting belong yu i "Waghughu." nabaut

closeol ol tumbuna bipo."

"Yu gen yah Julian, Yu giaman nabaut gen," Toa said.

I completely forgot about Paul and did not introduce him to my wantoks.

"Oh sorry wantoks! Meet my friend Paul. Paul Higgins! We are colleagues," I explained. "I am sorry, I completely forgot him. How ignorant of me," I said.

I introduced him to everyone, Toa being the last. I spelled out his name and position as research officer to the Human Planning Ministry.

He likes attention. He felt really happy. I saw his eyes light up as I introduced him. But what he did not know was that I meant it to be sarcastic.

Later, we all moved out onto the lawn and stood about supping our beer very slowly.

We saw a large and noisy but peaceful crowd passing by. All wore clothes that had traditional designs printed on. They were shouting chants. Hailers were blaring out, asking for contributions for a worthy cause. The announcements were being made in pidgin, motu and english.

A few carried placards, two of which read: HOLIM PASIM TUMBUNA: GIVIM EM HAUS: FORGET NOT YOUR PAST. We whistled and held out several coins. Two girls came up the drive way and we dropped the coins in the bowls they were holding. They said "thankyou" and we replied, "You're welcome sweeties." They looked back and giggled and showed their tongue at us.

Very shortly another group came into view. When I first saw them I was not sure what group they represented. Then I saw some

familiar faces. They were from the national theatre. The main centre of attraction was a character that was dressed rather outlandishly. He wore a crocodile head mask and the body of a snake and the tail of a pig. He smoked a pipe made out of an empty coconut shell. The screw was made out of bamboo. He carried a big string basket full of betel nuts, pepper fruit and several large empty coffee jars.

This group was predominately male. All were chewing betel nut, and they carefully spat the red liquid into the empty tins they carried. Many carried traditional musical instruments. They performed traditional dances every half a mile where they encountered big crowds.

We threw in some more coins into the wheel barrow that two strong men pushed. It was already half full with coins.

The government had started a massive campaign to revive traditional culture. The campaign had not been in vain. The revival of traditional culture had got off the ground like an epidemic. Traditional culture has been incorporated with new ideas.

Clothes were designed with traditional arts, public buildings were decorated with important traditional designs. The education department had issued instructions that art and craft lessons be entirely traditional. Now that the government was sure that the campaign had succeeded, it began to think of ways by which these may be protected and kept, so that future generations would be able to see and learn more about their past.

It then decided to organise yet another campaign to collect funds to help finance a multi storey building, "TUMBUNA HAUS."

SEVEN

I decided to watch the national rugby championship being played during that weekend. Paul objected. He said he hated to see such a wild game. People get broken necks or legs. "Such an uncivilised game," he commented.

I quite agree that rugby is a very rough game and many players have had broken legs, fractured skulls and a number of broken necks, resulting from very unorthodox tackles. But to say it is an uncivilised game is not very true. Given proper training and less savagery, the game can be played well, without much of the rough play like a "spearhead" tackle which had already taken a great toll of young promising players having to be taken out of the field with broken necks, either badly injured or dead.

A man dressed in a mechanic's overall directed us to a parking area. (I wondered how he must have felt in the overall. It must have a blast furnace in there, as the day was very hot at this time.)

I parked and we joined a long queue at the entrance to the stadium. The crowd was in an uproar. Someone had scored a try or probably executed a slick pass or something. The seats were full. We managed to squeeze into a seat at the bottom of the grandstand.

The game was interesting to watch. Both teams played well, passing out the ball as they shed down the enemy's territory. A few individuals tried to budge through their way but were stopped. One was lifted up and thrown out of the boundry. A scrum eventuated. A big man caught a pass and went tearing down the field. Several players of the opposition side tried to bring him down, but were thwarted aside like flies. It took nearly half of the opposition side to stop him. Several tackled him whilst the rest jumped on him and they all landed in one big heap of human heads, legs and hands. There was a great uproar from the crowd. Three fans wanted to run over to the field, but fortunately could not climb the fence as it was barbed-wired.

One side scored one try, converted the try and scored three more in succession. Play started to be rough. There was a lot of rough play like high tackle, stiff arm and the deadly spearhead tackle. The referee cautioned

several players. The spectators were on their toes.

The first time I saw the game played was when I was at secondary school. I had never seen the game played before. This game or a 'wrestling match' call it what you like, was between the police force and the miners. They practically fought, wrestled and brawled right through the game. No tries were scored. The game was a draw.

On the game I could see one player gather the ball and run head on at the other side, teeth clenched, fist ready to smash into someone's chest or abdomen. Several times I saw a group of policemen gather an already tackled miner, carry him out of the field and dumped him in the mud. The miners retaliated by taking one of the police by his hands and feet and thrown him into a heap of old army world war two tanks. At one time they ran with one for a good twenty metres and dumped the poor fellow in the lagoon.

I left, sick at heart at the sight of the game, vowing never to play this game. It was only at college, when our physical education instructor explained the rules properly to us that I took an interest and eventually began to play it.

It was half time. The players retreated to the dressing room; the field was immediately taken over by the Royal Constabulary band, a very popular band in the country. They marched around the stadium, playing music with their instruments before the referee came in and blew his whistle for the start of the second half.

The play was much the same, rough unorthodox and so on. The losing side managed to score one try and converted. This gave them an incentive to play even harder. After several more cleverly executed passes and dummy passes, they managed to score yet another try and again successfully converted. The winning side saw this as a threat and applied more vitality into their attacks.

Their clever full backs attacked more consistently and found gaps in the over confident side-stepped cleverly to score right between the posts. They converted and held onto their lead until the siren went.

I suggested to Paul and Constantine that we

move out. Passing the gate we could see many people, mostly delinquents perched on tree branches outside the stadium. A few were taking turns getting on top of each other's shoulders to have a free view from outside the fence. I thought that was very funny. We all died of laughter at the sight. The same man in the mechanic's overalls who directed us in now directed us out.

Outside we were surprised to see a long line of tipper trucks lined along the road facing the opposite side of the stadium with their trailers raised. Several hundred people were seated at the top. They looked like sea hawks perched on dry casurina trees after a meal of sea snakes. We drove on.

The auxilliary staff member was outside the national bank as I had told him to. There was a large crowd around him. I hoped he would not ask me to give them all a ride too. He came over and introduced me to them all saying they were all his brothers who had just arrived from their village to look for jobs in town. He got in after a few more words with his brothers and bade them farewell. (I quite distinctively heard him say that this was my car and his and that we'd all contributed to pay for it.)

The garden park was completely deserted except for a solitary man going through the litter containers. I blew my honk at him, he turned around, looked at us and gave us a bad sign. We all laughed at his stupidity.

The betel nut sellers were still in full swing. A lot of customers stood about buying and chewing at the same time. The interior of the litter containers were painted red I imagined. The auxilliary staff asked if he could buy himself some betel nut and pepper fruit. I pulled to the side and we all got out together. While the others were looking at the betel nut sellers, I gave myself a chance to inspect the long line of sellers sitting cross-legged on the sidewalk. They must have numbered several hundred. I saw some were selling lime in small plastic bags.

Lime is made by cooking coral, oyster shells from the sea and various other shells found in fresh water rivers and the sea as well. The process of making lime is not very complicated. Dry shells are collected, placed on a heap of dry wood. The dry wood is lit and allowed to burn. The fire is left to burn itself to ashes.

After a while, what is left is properly cooked white shells or coral. (Some are said to cook human bones for lime.) The shells are collected and wrapped in hard to burn leaves and covered over with hot sand. Another fire is lit over the mound of sand and left. This may go on for several hours or days depending what type of shell is cooking. Later when the lime maker is satisfied that the lime is cooked properly, the wrapping is taken out from the underground pit. It is left to cool for at least an hour or well into the evening. Then the wrapping is opened and a fine powder of white lime is seen. Later the lime makers will use a basket to screen the lime in order to separate the fine lime powder from the little 'bones.' The lime is stored in containers over a fire place. It may then be used whenever the person needs it.

The best lime shells are small kina shells found on black sandy beaches or shells that are found in mangroves. Coral is good but most fear it. It is said to cut into the chewers' lips if too much is taken.

I watched a middle aged woman selling lime. She scooped four desert spoonsful of lime from an ice-cream container full of lime, into the plastic bags I talked about earlier. Then she blew into the bag, swung the bottom of the bag around, causing the bag to turn about the top, to trap the air inside. Then she tied a cotton wool thread around the top.

I soon came up to some young sellers. I watched a little boy of not more than twelve years selling betel nut to an elderly man. I smiled at him when he looked up. He smiled back. I kept on walking. Very shortly he ran up to me and offered me four betel nuts. I accepted it. I fished out a twenty toea from my pocket and offered it to him. He refused. I insisted that he take it. He still refused. "It's a present," he said.

"O.K." I said. "I won't press you."

"You taught my brother at school," he said.

"Oh, did I? What is his name?" I asked.

"Michael Mage."

"Oh Michael! Yes I taught him. He is now at the university isn't he?"

"Yes he is."

"How did you know me?" I asked.

"He described you to me. He said you are very friendly and always smiling."

"And you remember the description?"

"Yes," he answered.

"You are a clever boy. By the way what is your name?"

"Alexis!"

"Alexis Mage too?"

"No. Alexis Ofoi."

"Do you go to school?" I asked him.

"Yes! I completed Standard Six this year. I am coming to your school next year."

"Oh are you! Congratulations. We will see each other more often then," I said. "And you are selling betel nuts to raise money for your school fees?"

"Well I've already raised K12. I am selling for my pocket money."

"Have you made much?"

"Yes! About K200."

"That's quite a lot isn't it. Should keep you the whole year."

"Yes, I think so," he said.

"Well Alexis, I'll be leaving you now. I am going back to the school. Make sure you look me up when you come next year. OK?" I asked.

He nodded. I left and continued looking at the sellers. I stopped to pocket three betel nuts. Then I removed the nut from the skin of the other betel nut by placing the nut on the side of my mouth between the upper and lower set of my teeth and clenched my teeth, forcing downward. The nut came out easily. I left it in my mouth and rolled it about like lolly.

I saw several other boys selling betel nuts under a small rain tree.

I began to think. Here are small boys selling betel nuts in order to make money to pay their school fees. I wondered when the day would come when there will be free education for all to a certain age.

My thoughts were interrupted by a chewer blowing out red ochre through his mouth. He was facing the rubbish drum I was standing next to, and he had practically painted his side with dark red betel nut, mixed with pepper fruit and lime.

He pulled out his tongue, looked at it, still full with already chewed betel nut, then he rolled the stuff back into his mouth and grimaced to show very black teeth, an identity

and sign of a very good chewer.

Then he took out a packet of king size cigarettes from his shirt pocket, lit one and stuck it into his already full mouth. He began to take very long pulls, keeping the smoke inside, which he eventually blew out through his nose. He turned away like a smoking volcano. Then everyone began to laugh. I joined in.

A big show off. He reminded me of a huge boar that my grandfather owned. It seemed to have its mouth always full with food. Only that it did not smoke otherwise the comparison would really fit.

We drove out and soon came upon a very scary scene. There had been an accident. Someone had driven straight onto an electric pole. The vehicle could not be identified, it was all smashed up. There was blood all over the car and bits of human flesh were spurted about the place. An arm torn off from its body was lying on the grass, the fingers making very feeble movements.

The police were already making investigations. Several cartons of beer had been located inside the car. Some were in the boot of the car.

Inside were six people, two girls among them. All dead. Not a single survivor.

The sight of the blood and the torn arm lying there, made me sick. I drove on without looking any further at the scene. I almost fainted.

Paul could only repeat, "Goodness heavens, what a terrible way to die." Constantine practically sat not daring to move. The other was saying, "God yet i makim ol long dai olosem. Warasem oli mekim paim sin, em nau bigman i krosim ol." I drove on saying nothing else. I was just too scared. Never in my life had I seen such a brutal way of dying.

I looked at Paul and said, "Scarey isn't it?"

"You've said the word," he said. "Did you see the blood?"

"Yes I did, plenty of it."

"I mean shooting out like spray. Not on the grass."

"Well I did not see that. Just as well," I said. "I think the less we talk about it, the better. I am just too scared," I explained.

We left the discussion at that.

EIGHT

The club of which I am a member, is built on a hill overlooking the entire valley, and the surrounding mountains. It was predominately a white persons' club until a few years ago. I became the first non-white member of the club since they started accepting national members.

When I began showing up, a few heads had turned around to study me. Perhaps some would have wanted to ask me, "What the hell is a black man doing there." But none dared. They probably knew that times had changed. And that if they kicked me out, they would themselves be booted out of the country.

The club has all the necessary amenities that a well to do club should have. It has a maximum size swimming pool, a mini golf course, an oval with a cricket pitch and a tennis court. There is a bar, a multi purpose room, a kitchen and barbeque areas. It employed full-time workers, who tended the gardens and cleaned the building and so on . . . and acted as the waiters at important functions.

The club was staging its annual Presidential ball. Invitations had been sent out to people in towns and affiliated clubs and members.

Paul and I jointly invited Constantine. Augustine was not there yet, but said he would be coming as soon as he'd had enough rest. Toa would not come. Something big had cropped up, and the minister had said that he would need him tonight. (As usual.)

As we waited for dark to come, I told Paul that it would be an idea to find some girls to accompany us, lest we look stupid again as we did once two years ago during another Presidential ball.

Two years ago we had sat right through the occasion. We could not dance because we had no partners. The others were practically glued to their dates or their wives. Seeing that we were looking stupid, I suggested to Paul that we move out into the lawn. We moved out right but with the rest of the wines which we gradually drowned outside.

The president had come out staggering. He saw us and asked us what we were doing. "Drinking," we chorused. He only smiled and simply said, "Give em some."

Paul answered. "Yes a good idea. But where?"

"Keep still," I said. "I am going to try the community school teachers."

"Goodness gracious! Not them! They are the most unfriendliest lot I've ever seen and known. Besides, they won't want to come."

"Just a minute. We haven't asked them yet, so don't go drawing conclusions," I said.

"O.K. you may try. But I still believe that they will refuse. Perhaps we'll ring them," Paul suggested.

"No! No! That would not be good. I will go personally to them, and ask them politely," I said.

"We'll ring them. That'll be the easiest," Paul said.

"You ring them and they will flatly say no! It is better to go in person and ask them politely. They will have two minds. They will feel shy to refuse if I go there in person. Besides, I have a way with women," I said laughing.

"The most luckless person alive says he has a way with women. Let us see! If they say yes, I'll buy all the wine, otherwise prepare yourself for the worst. I hope you'll have enough to buy all the wine I shall drink tonight."

"O.K. mate. It's a deal. You're on," I said.

I left immediately for the community school. They were not at the school, so I drove straight on. I met them coming from a long walkabout. I kept on driving and pretended that I was going to the club. I turned around a quarter of a mile up and waited. Five minutes passed and I drove down. They were seated by the side of the road apparently resting. They waved and I pulled to the side of the road.

"Would you like a lift?" I asked them.

"Yes please!" they answered simultaneously.

"O.K., hop in. Three at the back, one up the front."

They hopped in giggling. (No wonder Paul called them the 'giggling virgins'.) I started the car and drove the two kilometres to the community school slowly. They had taken a long walk to a nearby waterfall, they were telling me.

"Yupela ino save foret?" I asked.

"Long wanem?" one of them asked.

"Long ol plantation man." I answered.

"Eeeeh belong wanem. Na

sapos oli ronim mipela, mipela iken pait bek. Lukim?" They showed me small pocket knives which they had hidden inside their hair.

"Strong girls eh?" I said and eyed the one sitting next to me.

"Of course. Not only men are strong," she said and they all giggled again. Very shortly we arrived at the school, they began to get out, thanking me one by one as they did.

"My pleasure," I said, with an emphasis on the 'sure'.

"Oh, by the way," I said as I began to move slowly, "I want to know if you'd be interested in going to the presidential ball tonight."

"The what?" one of them asked.

"The presidential ball at the club tonight," I said.

"What is a presidential ball?" one asked another.

"It is a big party, in honour of the president of the club," I explained. "And if you want to know more about it, I would suggest you come tonight."

"Yeeeee but we are scared," another said.

"There is nothing to be scared of," I said. "We don't eat people."

"Yes, but we never go for very sophisticated functions like that. We are shy."

"There is always a first time. And if you go tonight you might learn something about the *masters*." They whispered to each other while I watched them. My chin resting on the steering wheel.

"We would like to but . . . eh . . . we don't have any money," the tallest of them explained.

"If you would like to come, that is good. As for money that is no problem. It will be taken care of. I'll pick you up at 7.00 p.m. O.K.?"

"O.K. . . . kei . . ." they all announced.

"But who is coming with you?" one enquired.

"There will be Paul. Paul Higgins my colleague, and my brother Constantine," I answered. "O.K.?" I asked, "Any more questions?"

"O.K. No more questions."

Paul and Constantine were playing 'frisbee' when I drove back. They stopped playing when they saw me.

"Well! How did it go?" Paul asked.

"No luck. A flat no!" I said.

"Well, I told you. Those girls are not civilised," Paul said. I got a hint that he felt sad.

"Don't feel so downhearted amigo. They all agreed to come on one condition. That we meet all cost of entertainment."

"How many?"

"Four."

"Four! Good gracious! That's K24.00." Paul gasped.

"Let's make it fifty — fifty. You give K12 and I'll give you K12 O.K.?"

"O.K."

"Good, now you can run up the club and purchase the tickets, while I show Constantine around the place?" When Paul had gone, I took Constantine around the school.

The school has started a lot of self-help projects. The biggest one being an Agriculture project. We had started growing our own crops, mostly green vegetables, to supplement the unpalatable ration of tinned meat and fish and brown rice, which the boarding schools are supplied with throughout the country by the government. Next was the chicken farm. Although not doing very well it had already supplied eggs to the mess.

We went over to the dormitories and saw students gathered about in several groups. Some were playing cards, four played chess, six were preparing their debate. Several read books. The rest just watched us as we approached the cook house.

The cooks were busy preparing the evening meal. There was a pot of *kaukau* and two pots of rice. Another pot, stew; which consisted of cut up flesh meat, lots of cabbages, onions and curry. The meal was ready.

Someone rang the bell. Very soon we heard plates rattling against cups and spoons. When they saw me they stopped and walked quietly to their tables.

As we watched them eating I turned to Constantine to compare this meal with the meals that we had had whilst we were at school. He just died of laughter. I could just see why he laughed.

Years ago at school, we hardly had a meal like this. At primary school (a boarding primary school) we had one meal a day of sweet potato. We hardly had any meat although there were hundreds of chickens, some cattle and lots of fish in the sea. We were not allowed

to fish. The chickens and cattle were kept exclusively for the catholic missionaries who came in two monthly to the school. (But that did not stop us from knocking off a dozen chickens). The food was cooked in a half 44 gallon petrol drum. (Hundreds were left by the army after World War II). We did not have any plates at that time, there would not have been any need for it. We all stood around and picked a kaukau by piercing it with a sharpened stick. Often we younger ones went hungry, because the older students actually pushed us away from the drum. When they had had their fill we would go in and pick up the solid pieces. But most often I was discouraged by the sight of the messy black muck-like thing.

Several times I was flogged by a teacher who caught me, rather found me eating dry coconut. He would not even listen to me when I told him I was hungry.

One other point is that when I went to boarding school, I was quite young. In fact, I was still losing my teeth, when I went. And so naturally I was at a disadvantage. I was unable to climb a coconut, and thus swallowed my saliva everytime I saw others drinking coconut.

Once I could not stand it any longer and so at the dead of night I ran away to walk the twelve miles all by myself. I was very scared and imagined that many bad spirits were around me. Once I saw a white thing moving about amongst the drift woods. I thought that at last the bad spirits had decided to move in. Here also it was believed a ghost of a man roamed this area. But when I looked very closely, I found that it was only a lame sea bird. I caught it and it accompanied me all the way home and it became my very good friend, until a neighbour's dog killed it one night. (I cried over it.) The next night the dog came to feed on the scraps outside my house, I killed it with one blow on the head.

On my arrival at home, I found everyone asleep because it was early morning. I knocked on the door and my father thinking that someone had come to ask for fire, had walked out with a very big piece of burning wood.

He was very surprised to see me, and cried a bit. He felt even sadder when I told him about how I had been very hungry and how I had watched others drinking good coconut milk

and there was no-one to offer me one.

My grandmother, who lived next door wailed as if someone had just died when she heard about how I had come all the way from the school by myself. "They come to take away our young to learn how to read and write, but they don't feed them. What sort of education is this?" she said. Although I thought she was being silly crying like that, because the whole village population had gathered around, I knew that she had a big point there. We were practically taken from the care of our parents and dumped in a so-called school, and left to fend for ourselves. No wonder many quit.

But to take you back to the school. The students eating there had three square meals a day. They even had cooks who cooked their food while they studied and played. In the morning when they were still asleep, cooks boil their morning tea.

High school days were not any better. Other than that we had plates and spoons, forks and knives, there was nothing much to be eaten with the utensils.

I rang Augustine just before we left for the club, to find out if he would still be coming up. I told him to drive straight for the club and ask for me at the gate.

We had to do two trips because there was not much space in the vehicle. I dropped Paul and Constantine first and then I raced back to pick up the girls. I had to wait fifteen minutes because they were not quite ready yet. When they finally came it was already 8.15 p.m. I whistled softly when I saw them coming out. All were dressed in long dresses, complete with high heeled shoes. The only thing which all of them missed were the little bags. So I jokingly asked;

"What about the little bags?"

"What bag?"

"The little bags," I said. "Olosem olo misis i save kalim nabaut."

"Stop joking, or we will get out again."

"Oh, no! no!" I said as I started the car and shot off, slamming the gear into second, third and fourth in succession.

Getting past the gate keeper and into the lounge became tricky. The girls were too shy and would not leave the car. I opened my side door, got out and said; "O.K. you can all stay

here. I am going in." "Please wait for us?" pleaded one of them.

I stopped to allow them time to catch up. They began to murmur to themselves again, about whether they should turn back or not. I explained that it would be silly to do that now, since they had already arrived and the people had already seen them.

"Just walk in as normal. Do not mind the other people. See that table?" I said as I pointed to the one that Paul and Constantine were sitting around. "Once we are there, you will be safe."

Paul and Constantine had selected a table at the corner. Rebecca Jones, the British girl who teaches at the school where I teach, was sitting with them. A plantation man passing through on his way to the table had stopped for a chat.

"Hello Julian!" he greeted with a slight nod of his head.

"Hello, Mr. Mackinson!" I replied with similar facetiousness.

We exchanged a few words and he quickly excused himself with a nod at the girls who were still standing.

"Oh, hi dynamite J!" said Rebecca looking up from her glass.

"Hi there sweeties," I said with a wink at her. She smiled. The girls looked at me suspiciously. I turned to Paul and Constantine and said;

"Gentleman and lady, please meet our colleagues!"

An ironic expression flickered over Rebecca's face for a moment, which was equally shared by Paul and Constantine.

"Oh I beg your pardon, Lady and Gentleman as they say it in England", I said. They all laughed. I would have supposed that since Paul and myself had used it many times, he would be obliged, whatever the circumstances to take his side in the usual way. But he did not. An imperialistic mentality, I call it.

"What can I offer you girls?" asked Paul as he uncorked the wine bottle. "Wine, beer or soft drink?" he continued.

I looked at the girls who had not made the slightest sounds since we arrived. I asked them by moving and keeping my eyebrows elevated. When they did not make any attempt to answer I said; "Soft drink for the start, then to soften

up a bit."

I knew the girl called Dulcie among them would have roared with laughter if she was outside. I saw the one called Maggie biting her teeth. The other two remained expressionless. We filled our glasses and Paul proposed a toast.

"To our newcomers to the club," we said.

We lifted our glasses. Paul, Constantine, Rebecca and myself had wine. The four girls had "Fanta". Paul asked the girls if they wanted to try some wine. They looked at each other, expecting the other to answer for them.

"You must try some," I said, "At least a glass each. It does not have much alcohol in it, like beer or spirits," I explained.

Dulcie and another girl called Theresa said they wanted to try. Paul poured them two glasses and they slowly sipped it. Maggie and Pauline tried to discourage them.

"Julian stop them," they pleaded.

"It won't kill them," I said, "It is like coconut milk," I said humourously. "You should try some too."

"The Band" struck up live music. Soon the floor was filled with young and elderly men and women. Constantine took Maggie for a dance and Paul asked Theresa. I and the others watched. Another high life music followed another. I had a few dances with the girls.

The next one was a waltz. Rebecca asked me for a dance. I held her around the waist with my left hand my right hand held her other hand. She wound her right hand almost all around my shoulders, thus bringing us very close indeed.

She pressed her firm, very well developed breasts on my chest and I could feel my blood pressure build up. I looked down at her and she smiled very sweetly.

I thought about nothing else but this woman. We danced on and on. The music was very long. I wanted the music to end very quickly before I started to become silly.

I remember the first time I ever danced with a white woman. She asked me. I reluctantly agreed. I did not mind the rock n'roll which we danced first, but I was most unwilling to dance the waltz. I think I was more taken back by shyness, inconfidence and a feeling of inferiority complex which existed at the time, than being unable to dance the waltz.

At first I tried to keep away from her as much as possible but she said it was not very good. "We should hold on more closely," she said. She pulled and I pulled too and moved closer and closer, as if gravitated by an invisible force. Our bodies touched. Her breast rubbing against my body irritated me, but nonetheless feeling happier.

The music ended. We moved back to our own table. Dulcie and Theresa looked up and smiled shyly. I smiled back and tried to read their mind. Perhaps they were thinking, "Lukim em, emi holim misis na emi filing SUWIT." I discarded the thoughts.

I skipped the next dance. I drank the full glass and then I watched the dancers. Some dancers stepped on very lightly. Some held each other by their hands at arms length. Others held on very tightly with their heads resting on each others necks. Another couple stole quick kisses from each other. And then there was this couple who had their mouths together, or so it seemed. They remained me of a couple of toads gossiping over a dead animal while waiting for the flies to come in.

A particular female hadn't missed a dance. She was married. Her husband as it seemed was gradually getting drunk but steadily. She was now dancing with a man with long thin features. They held on very tightly and I saw him rubbing her back. I wondered what made them want to dance with her so much, until I saw that she wore a transparent dress that revealed most of her features hidden inside. She had fairly large boobs and naturally every male was attracted.

Goodness gracious me, I thought. If my wife or my date ever dresses like this and asks me to take her to a function like this, I would flog her first.

Although I appreciated western style dance and functions there are areas which I do not appreciate. Mainly on traditional grounds. Critics may argue that this is plain jealousy or something else. They might be right to a certain extent. Naturally, husbands must or should feel jealous. The areas that I would normally not encourage or do feel silly about are, having to dance with someone else's wife or vice versa and rub each others back and so on . . . Then there is the silly, rather stupid custom of swapping wives. When I first saw

one man kissing another's wife and the other two go out somewhere, who knows where, I couldn't believe my eyes. I guess that it is their business and I should not stick my nose into it.

A curious, loose limbed creature came and joined us at the table. He wore a black pair of trousers and a light blue shirt and a bow tie. The eyes glittered with crystalline malice. I did not know him. But I could tell that by the phrases he used he was a plantation man. He stayed a while, bought a few wine bottles and drank one with us and the left for another table.

Someone started a silly game of shooting people with bottle tops. The next time he let fly one I caught him and I got ready my wine bottle. He is a young rogue I once met at a plantation sponsored polo cross. I edged the cork out of the bottle head slowly and I shook the contents. Then when his back was turned to us, I let go and the cork flew straight and hit him between the parting of his buttocks. He jerked and hit his groin on the edge of the table. He turned around and looked around searchingly. His friends burst out laughing.

We managed to open one more bottle just before a fat jovial man announced with a voice as loud as thunder, that the food was ready. Two ping-pong size tables were loaded with food. I let the girls who were almost adjusted to the occasion. I picked up several plates and handed them around.

The food was not bad. It was highly spiced. There was curried chicken, steak, roasted potato, roasted chicken, peas, and others too numerous to mention. I excused myself when I had placed my food on the table. I had forgotten to ease myself before eating, so I lied that I had forgotten to pay the entrance fee.

When I entered the toilet I saw a pot-bellied man and a skinny little titch of a man, arguing politics in the urinating trough. The pot-bellied man had a large plate loaded with food. He crammed his mouth so full of food that a great bulge appeared in each cheek. I was afraid that he might choke, because the monkey faced, hangman's meat was talking to him and offering him a drink from the bottle he held. I quickly did my business and was about to move out when another man came in.

"Is this an invasion?" I inquired.

"What invasion?" asked the pot-bellied

man.

"Just a joke," I said.

Then he shrugged, and his jaws began their rhythmic champing once more. I walked out much humoured. I went back to find everyone on my table almost finished eating. I ate my meal somewhat blushed watched by fourteen pairs of eyes. I wanted to finish quickly.

"Who'd want a chicken leg?" I asked.

"I'll take it," answered Paul.

"You pig. Don't you ever get satisfied?" I said with mock conviction.

"O.K.! Give it to the pig," answered Paul. Everyone just died of laughter.

"You eat a lot, but you don't get any fatter. Instead you grow thinner for any kilo of meat you eat."

"Don't listen to Julian everyone. Too much wine makes him talk too much," he said.

Everyone looked at me. I knew what Paul had said was quite true. I was beginning to be rather talkative. I tried to restrain myself by refusing the next bottle Paul had opened. I lied that I'd had too much and I wanted to let the food settle down first.

One of the waiters came and told me that someone was at the gate wanting to see me. I went out and saw that it was Augustine. I called him straight to the table after paying his entrance fee. He joined us at the table and ate his food as we drank. "Honoured guests," announced a thinnish man wearing a pair of large spectacles. "We are going to give the band members a rest. And while they are resting we will play a collection of high life and classical music from the club's own stereo system."

None of the younger guests wanted to dance to the classical music. We watched the elderly dance. I had never seen people dance classics except in movies, so I watched very closely. Those who knew the dance clapped. I asked Paul whether he knew how to dance Classic and he said that he had never learnt it. I wondered why he never learnt it at school. Or was it only taught to members of the aristocracy and not to the peasants like Paul.

Then the President of the club stood up and made his speech. He was a very fat man. His face showed the characteristics of a very kind man "Welcome people," he said. "This is our night, not my night but ours. Is that right?" he

shouted.

"Of course it is understood," shouted two men puffing large Havana cigars.

"Good. Very good! Haw haw haw haw", . . . he laughed. He lifted his glass to toast everyone but found that his glass was empty. Someone ran up with a full jug. He lifted it and set it to his mouth and drained every drop of it. Then he continued with his comic style address. He paused for a moment before going on pleased with the powerful impression his words had made on the audience. Suddenly some nut started singing "Oh, he's a jolly good fellow." We all joined in absent mindedly. When I turned around to see who had started the song, I was surprised to see that it was the same little monkey I met arguing politics in the toilet.

"Honoured again," said the president when the singing had ended.

"Hear hear!" shouted someone.

"Cut out that racket," cut in another man from the group at the corner who must have drank ten wine bottles already.

"That's right. Let him speak," said someone from the table next to ours.

"Silence! No interruptions!" someone shouted clapping his hands.

"Who dares to call for silence here?" someone asked.

The effect of these silly remarks were considerable. A murmur of disappointment was audible from every table. I was not sorry for them. It was being made by their own people. That shows how silly and stupid they can be. Then a man, a short sighted man said, "I am not absolutely sure what the president would like to say. Obviously he has said all he had to say. Why don't we drink to his health and wish him to serve as our president again next year."

Somehow the occasion looked prompt and dignified. But who is there to criticise this? It was not the first time. Last year the former president taped his speech and during the night merely played it through the stereo system. "Drink up people while you listen to the fool speak," he said. "Ha ha ha ha ha!" burst out everyone again.

I did not appreciate the proceedings much. But somehow, I admire the characters for their acting abilities, more so with the president. I began to get fed up and wished the comic scene

would end and we could continue with the dance for I was already beginning to feel cold.

A high pitched laugh made me turn around. Then I saw her. The same national girl. I've seen her in most places, in parties, dances and hotels always with a different guy. The last time I saw her was two weeks ago at the Inter-continental Motel. She was with my old college tutor. I was at the motel with a wantok who taught at another school. When the old tutor came in he quickly recognised me, we chatted for a minute, during which time I had a good look at her.

I wondered how many whites she had already gone around with.

Our eyes met and she smiled. I smiled back and said hello. Her escort or something looked at me suspiciously. I smiled. He smiled but his smile practically evaporated from his lips. It was more of a grimace than a smile. I wondered why. If he thought that I was trying to snatch his date he was very much mistaken. If he had enquired I would have told him that I had a whole harem and I did not need his 'everymans' woman.

Paul and Augustine asked me where I had known her.

"Everywhere!" I answered.

"Really?" questioned Theresa in agitation.

Then I told them how and where I had seen her with different men. The girls especially looked over to her table with hidden accusations. Dulcie shrugged her shoulders.

"What's that?" asked Paul.

"Nothing!" answered Maggie.

Paul looked at me questioningly expecting me to explain to him. I looked at Dulcie and the other girls. They started back, their eyes flickering.

"I think it means that she is really something, if I am not mistaken," I said.

"Oh, really," answered Paul. He imitated. The girls laughed.

Augustine beckoned to a waiter. A delinquent in white oversized shirt and wearing black 'laplap' came over. The shirt hung loose on his fleshless body. I wondered if it would be better for him to go without it. He soon came back with a bottle of 'sparkling wine.' Augustine paid him and gave him a 20t tip.

"They must be getting paid a lot of money at the barracks," Constantine said.

"You can say that again!" he replied.

"Look at him!" I said. "I suppose we'll let him pay for the 'liquid' since he has just arrived. Don't forget Paul. You're still on!"

"Oh brother. Why has it to be me?" he said. "I know you and your dirty little tricks," Paul continued. "You cheat — you play unfair! And tonight you have parasited on me."

Everyone burst out laughing.

"Parasited on you? Why, you lilly livered ungrateful beast. You've got a nerve to say that," I replied in mock outrage.

"Gabriel!" cried Theresa thinking that I was angry.

"Yes Theresa?" I asked.

She looked at me straight in the face and turned away to avoid my mocking look.

"Girls! Don't take this very seriously. We were just joking," explained Paul. They all looked up at us — Paul and myself — and we all laughed. Even Theresa smiled, who only a few minutes ago had had a very serious face. She gave me another hard look and then smiled very sweetly. I smiled back. I felt smitten. She was indeed very pretty. I liked her.

The band had struck another music. It was another waltz. I wanted to get to know one of the girls properly before the night was over. It was already getting late.

I asked Theresa and she accepted. I asked her whether she would appreciate dancing a waltz. She agreed. I held her very tightly and she snuggled comfortably beside my tall features. I asked whether she was enjoying herself. She looked up and replied; "Yes, darling!" 'Darling' I thought. What did she mean? I looked at her again, and she was still looking at me. I scrutinised her face. I found that she was much prettier than I thought. She has a very well facial complexion. She was slim, athletic type, although I never saw her play sports. She was not quite as tall as myself. After what seemed a decade, she said, "You are very funny, aren't you?"

"Sometimes," I said.

"How long have you known Paul?" she asked.

"Oh, since we started teaching together at the school."

"Are you best friends?"

"Yes we are, like true brothers. Only that he

is white and I am black," She laughed at my remarks.

"You never invited us nor talked to us much before."

"We were afraid that it might make you angry."

"You thought, but you never asked us. We've often expected you to talk to us. But you never tried."

"You are right," I agreed with her. "I like you," I said after a while.

"And I like you too," she replied. I squeezed her hand tightly. She replied by pressing her body firmly against mine.

By 2.30 a.m. a few guests had left. I also noticed that the girls were beginning to yawn. So I asked them if they wanted to leave. They looked at each other and nodded simultaneously. Paul, Constantine and Augustine decided to stay back because a lot of grog was still available.

I left saying that I would be back if they were still at the club. The girls filed out one after the other. Theresa got out last and stayed back whilst the other girls bade me good morning and walked slowly to their quaters.

"Good morning, Julian," she said. "Thank-you very much for inviting us to the ball. We sure appreciated the night."

"Our pleasure!" I said. Then I placed my right hand on her hands which she was resting on the car door.

"Where are you going tomorrow?" she asked.

"No-where special, why?"

"Nothing!" she stopped, holding back something she wanted to say.

"Well?" I asked. I could guess what she wanted to say, so I put in a few words of encouragement. "Feel free to say what you wanted to say. I wouldn't mind if you hurt me," I said.

"No! It's nothing," she said. "I was just thinking."

"And what may you be thinking about?" I asked. She just stood there looking at me. Slapping at a mosquito I swore softly, and she commented, "It's the blood. They like your blood," she laughed softly.

"Can I see you tomorrow, or rather this morning?" I asked after a moments hesitation.

"That's what I was trying to say, but I

thought you'd be angry if I asked you," she said.

"How could I get angry. You are such a beautiful thing and I love your company. I'll see you tomorrow or this morning then or you can come to my house. O.K.?"

"All right," she said. I turned the old Datsun and headed back to the club.

I was rounding the last bend before driving into the dirty road that led to the club, when suddenly Augustine's car shot around very dangerously. I quickly pulled to the side to avoid an inevitable collision. The driver of the other car braked suddenly causing the vehicle to make a half circle turn. I got out of my car to see if the occupants of the other car were right. Peeping in through the side door, I was surprised to see a half-wit scrambling out through the drivers' door. I ran around to intercept his escape. He threw something at me but missed. He quickly scrambled up the road side. I caught him by his legs and whacked him down. He landed very heavily on the road, but sprang up still full of fight. He kicked at my face but I was ready and avoided his poorly attempted kick. Next he threw a straight right which landed nowhere. He continued with a left right combination both which landed short of my face. I stepped back, causing him to swing another ill timed left. This time I was ready. I side stepped, stepping almost parallel to him and swung a bone breaking right hook, which landed on his chin. The punch forced him to stagger back several steps. I quickly smashed him on either side of his ears. Giving him no quarter to manouvre I smashed him on the mouth. He fell down and gazed at me. Then I picked him up and slapped him right across his face.

At that moment, Augustine, Constantine and Paul ran up and stopped breathlessly. The three of them looked at the figure lying on the grass and shook their heads together.

"Yeah, that's him all right. He tried to steal my car," began Augustine.

"He nearly did," I said.

"Yes, he almost," continued Augustine. "Bloody ungrateful bastard. I picked him up when several people were about to beat the living daylights out of him. Dropped him down the road where he said that he'd stay with his relatives. Then he followed me here to

steal my car. Well he deserves to be hung, the bastard."

The man tried to get up and dropped back to his former position crying, "Oh maus belong mi."

"Goodness heavens! What happened to his mouth. It's almost the size of a basketball," shouted Constantine in alarm.

"We had a little skirmish," I explained. "He was running away when I pulled him back and threw him on the road like a possum. Then he challenged me to a boxing match, so we thrashed it out."

"No doubt, he is suffering, but that is only temporarily. He'll be O.K. in a few minutes," said Augustine.

"No fellas. There's a problem which we must solve. Firstly, should we hand him over to the police or not. Secondly, should we release him?" I said. We all agreed that we should take him to the police. As soon as we took him out of the car he started accusing us of man handling him and deliberately tried to murder him without any legitimate cause.

"Plisman oli paitim mi nating long rot. Na oli bungim mi. Man hia i paitim taem tripela hia i holim pas mi." He said a few more things and broke down into uncontrollable sobbing. The officer on duty looked at us suspiciously and asked us to step into the office. The sergeant who knew me well and somewhat a friend looked at me and nodded his head. Then he looked at the man and said, "Just a minute." Quickly he entered another office partition and soon came out with a folder containing some photo's, presumably of wanted criminals. The two officers joined him and looked at some photo's.

They took one which they looked at more thoroughly. They then looked at the man; had not had the chance of knowing whose name more carefully and one of the officers said that he would like to interrogate us individually. He started with Paul, then Constantine, then Augustine, and lastly myself. He asked me whether I knew this man. "No," I said. "Then how come you got him here?" he asked. I told him the story of how I almost collided with him, how I stopped him from escaping and of the fight which we had before the arrival of the other three.

"This man accuses you of hitting him for

nothing, with no cause, and what is more, whilst your three friends held him."

"That is a confounded lie," I fought back in self defence. "I merely wanted to find out about my wantoks thinking that it was them, when this man attempted to run away. When I first blocked his way of escape, he threw something at me."

"Enough!" said the officer. "Where exactly did this incident happen?"

"A mile from here," I said.

"Good. Let's go and see," he said.

We all got into the police van and drove, followed by a truck load of policeman. When we arrived there, we got out and explained everything as it happened. The thing that he threw at me was a spanner. The police picked it up. Fortunately none of use four had touched it. The police took some measurements with the aid of some torches. Then they searched the side of the road where I had pulled the man down.

We drove back to the police station. By this time, it was just a few hours from dawn. The others man was suffering terribly from the injury he had received during the fight. His swollen mouth was now almost the size of a basketball was causing him too much pain and he was crying out. He reminded me of a bottle fish all puffed up. The police gave him some pain killers to ease the pain.

We were told to appear on Monday. The injured man was locked in the cell.

As we moved out, a friendly sergeant followed us out and said: "*Noken wari sol. Dis-pela man emi lida belong wanpela steal gang. Long taem mipela paimim em.*"

We bade him good morning and drove back to the school.

As usual my pet parrot woke up when I entered my house. "Hello Gabie," It said.

"How's yourself?" I replied and sat on a lounge chair which became my bed.

It was not the first time I did this. Often times after an all night drinking session etc . . . I would feel too tired to sleep on my bed. A lounge chair is often better than nothing.

After having directed the other two wantoks to two of the beds I had, I sat on the lounge chair and went into oblivion.

I almost flew through the roof when I was unceremoniously aroused from my sleep by three loud bangs on the table. I was dreaming that I was being chased by three huge ghostly figures. And although I was quick to outpace them my legs were not responding to my desperate efforts. I staggered and fell twice and was about to be caught by one of the monsters' huge claws-like hands, when with a big thud I woke up, apparently to three loud bangs on my table.

I woke up and tried to stand up but sat back groggily. In front of me stood the three community school teachers, smiling and saying, "Lukim em spak man." I smiled back somewhat ashamed of myself. I was still in my shirt, trousers, shoes and even the bow tie that I borrowed from Paul, was still on. On my shirt sleeves was some blood from the night's fight, on my shoes, some mud and dust.

When I saw them watching me questioningly, I stood and told them to make some coffee while I cleaned up. I rattled away somewhat absent mindedly and what is more, to escape their searching eyes. Having washed and dressed in new clothes I came out to join the girls. Augustine and Constantine were still asleep. We did not try to wake them up but left them plenty of scrambled eggs in a bowl.

During the breakfast, Theresa, who had been particularly concerned about my welfare, asked me what had happened to me to have so much blood on me. I then told them the story of the "night's adventure," as I put it to them.

They were surprised and rather dazed about the story. Theresa reminded me once during the breakfast that they wanted to go for a ride around. I debated the subject in my mind, questioning my conscious whether to go or not. I told myself to be very careful and not fall down the drain once more.

Several months ago, I was used by a woman who pretended to be madly in love with me. In the end it turned out to be very humiliating for me. She had left me for a 'better person' as she said. She had thoroughly exploited me, both materially and spiritually, by her charm and sweet tongue.

It took me a moment to nod my head. When I did give my assurances some of the girls were

a bit doubtful about my answer. One of them apologetically announced that "We hope we are not spoiling your plans for to-day."

"No! Not at all," I said. "I was just thinking that's all. In fact, I had no other plans for to-day."

"Really?" asked another.

"Sure," I answered with firm seriousness showing in my face.

"Ohoooooh! Thank you very much, Gabie!" they all chorused.

I went in to rouse up the other two, but found them unwilling to part from their bed. I left them with a note telling them where we would be going. I did not tell them about the food, because I knew that the first thing they would think about would be to search for food. Food would be in the oven or in the fridge.

I made out a list of places where I knew they wanted to go to. Fortunately they wanted to visit three places very much close to each other, which was just as well, because I was not feeling well either.

Outside was a big heap of food that the girls had prepared for the outing. The food was loaded in the boot of the car. Some of the perishable food was put up front or held by the girls.

We first drove to the National Park. From the crest we were able to survey the entire area below us. We were like kings sitting on the balcony of our palace looking down at our domain. I enjoyed it very much. One of the girls almost fell down the chasm, when we were walking slowly toward a 200 ft or so drop. I was terribly frightened myself.

Looking down the side of the drop reminded me of the experience I had several years back when I was a mountain climbing enthusiast. I and a group of four people had climbed the second highest mountain one day. It took us four hours of hard climbing to get to the top from the slopes of the mountain. When we had eventually climbed to the top, I stood up and looked about and marvelled at the pictorial world below me.

However, when I looked down the precipice a drop of 7000 metres or more, I got a shock that almost took the wind out of me. Not

wishing to slip and fall down the frightening drop of 7,000 metres, I hugged the earth down 300 metres until I came to a really safe place amongst some dwarf trees, where I waited for an hour for the other members of the party to come down.

However, the joke did not fall on me alone, but an expatriate colleague as well, who was less fortunate than I. The story was that he had half a carton of SP in his knapsack. A quarter of the way up the mountain we came across a precipice. The drop was roughly 250-280 metres. He became very scared, (including me) and decided to turn back. A few of us walked across, clinging to roots and vines. He was left on his own. Seeing that we were becoming very impatient waiting for him, he got up and announced that he would be with us as soon as he could drown a few cans. When we asked why, he replied that he was gathering courage. After having drank seven bottles, he was in no condition to join us. We had to leave him with a local boy. He was sleeping at the rest house at the bottom of the mountain when we came down from the mountain in the afternoon.

A number of campers and picnickers were spread about the plateau. We passed a group of young men drowsing beside a carton of South Pacific lager. A little distance away we came across some national delinquents playing 'Tarzan.' One of them saw us watching and put on a stern performance for us, swinging from branch to branch. I admired his skill, but he was not particularly thrilled when he almost fell down and broke his neck.

We walked over to the Park Information Centre. We signed our names and put our comments in the visitors book. I caught sight of a couple of white children who were watching us. I could not tell what may have attracted them. After I had scrutinised the book again, I realised the nature of their curiosity. In the comments column were a series of provocative comments. I assumed that these dolts had written it and now waited to see what we had written in the book. I took my opportunity to pay them back for their stupid remarks. I commented on some-thing about a USA park having been built on land stolen from the Red Indians.

When we left, the couple rushed in to see the book. When I turned around, I saw them

watching us. I stuck my left thumb up, indicating to them to 'get stuffed.' One of them shouted back at us; "Bloody lying black bastard."

We drove out to the beach from the national park. I parked the car on the edge of a small anticline, where a good breeze was blowing. I sat down apart from the girls who had started preparing our meal. I drank the fresh air as I marvelled at the calm sea and countless groups of sea birds flying effortlessly through the space, to dive, and fly out again. A variety of birds I noticed, were flying around something, possibly a school of sardines. I could just imagine that under the sea somewhere, the birds were circling many fat and meaty tuna which were swimming about.

Very few boats were sailing in the sea. In fact the beach below me appeared to be free from any form of life. The only sound which disturbed the near so placid sea, was an occasional one metre size wave which broke and splashed harmlessly on the golden sand.

After I had sat there at least fifteen minutes, my eyes became accustomed to the light and I could identify the locality more easily.

My eyes caught a flashing light, or something like a light reflecting on glass or something smooth and shiny. I could not make out what it was so I took my old pair of binoculars and focussed them on the spot. I made out two human figures lying on the beach on canvas mats. They were male and female. Both white people and partly bared. Apparently they were sun tanning. I also noticed that each of them occasionally scupped out something from a little container and applied it to their body.

I thought how silly for people to go through this painful ritual just to get a silly tan or a dark skin. I have seen many sun bathing at public beaches but never have I seen someone almost completely bare. I watched for another five minutes and was about to change to watch the fishermen, when I caught sight of a slight movement among the bushes by the sea shore, close to the area where the sun bathers were lying.

They turned out to be some young men hidden in the bushes and marvelling at the figures lying there, especially the woman, looking like a peeled banana, or a polished statue. The moment I shifted my gaze to watch

the people more closely, I saw them handling a long bamboo pole which they were using to remove the couples' clothes. After a while, they had removed all the clothes and had melted back into the undergrowth. I could see them no more although I searched everywhere with my binoculars. Several minutes later I saw the same three men scrambling up a small rise into their waiting vehicle which was hidden very well behind a rock. How clever I thought. Now what? Later I saw them driving away with their horn blasting.

The couple had gotten up and were searching hopelessly for their clothes. The man I could see running around with one of his hands holding down his private parts. The wife stood on the sand like a daughter, as in the Bible. One of her hands were covering her lap and the other clutching at her boobs. She was weeping and shouting something unintelligently, at her husband, who was dashing about like a headless chicken ready for the cook's stew pot.

Some minutes later, the husband came back with two white rag or something. I figured that it was probably a pair of underwear, because I saw them getting into them. Very shortly, I saw them getting into their car and driving away.

Very funny and somewhat silly I thought, when I began to analyse the whole episode. Although the couple were badly shaken, I could not see anything bad about the youth who executed such a dirty trick, but admiration. As for the couple, they were to be blamed. They had invited such danger upon themselves. If they had been killed or the wife had been raped, that would have been very bad. However, the whole episode was merely a good joke for the men who hid the clothes.

Talking about sun-tanning. I've seen hundreds sun-tanning on every beach that I have visited. A complete row of men and women lying on the beach getting cooked up so as to get a sun tan, to be gone in a few days and return again for another ordeal in the sun.

I think about the old Red Indian saying, which my history teacher had told me about the Red Indians version of human classification; how there came to be three classified human groupings: (Lately the unclassified) The Whites, the caucoid breed were not baked enough over the fire, the Blacks were

baked too much but the Indians were baked just the right length of time; so they are just right. A good argument but not so convincing I must say. One wonders how the 'unclassified' got their colour, steam heated I suppose.

Sun tanning is not entirely practised by people who have very light skin, although it is logical to argue that it is only the whites that want a darker appearance do sun bathe. Even our own people are known to practise this, though perhaps for medical reasons, otherwise for outright ignorance and stupidity.

A friend's sister is known to buy sun tan lotion which she applies on herself when she takes to the sun. One Sunday, we came upon her. She appeared to resemble a highland warrior smeared with pig fat, because the reflection came directly from her body. Another pot-bellied man gave up after we had teased him, several times we caught him in his vigil in the sun.

After the white couple had been gone for a quarter of an hour, I began to weigh the episode in my mind debating and arguing against my conscience. I put myself in the situation of 50 years ago when I would have been caught spying on a naked white woman. I concluded that I would surely have hanged for such an act. There was no other alternative. My grandmother's brother was hanged at Rabaul for allegedly peeping at a white woman. He had told his wantoks before he was hanged that the woman had actually asked him to bring her nappy for the washing basket and had gone up and found her lying on the sofa completely naked. Upon seeing her he had dashed out and it was at that time that one of the white men had seen him and instantly set a band of ten men to get hold of him. He was taken to court and instantly charged with attempting to rape a 'misis'.

Just before he was hanged, he was asked if he had any last words to say. The few wantoks who were eventually returned by the Australian occupying force had this to say about him; "He was magnificent as he stood tall and authoritative, as he said those last few words during his last moments on earth."

"It is most regrettable to have to die for seeing such a worthless creature in her nudity. For neither heaven nor earth can change the meaty appearance created by the creator of all

mankind. The flesh of the 'misis' so treasured by the 'masta' is no different than any native woman, or even pigs, dogs, and all other four legged creatures. Although you murder me today" he said, "you have shamelessly gone after our women as if they were your own people. You should be ashamed of yourselves for denying us blacks what is rightfully ours as decreed by nature." And with that the hangman drew the trap door and my relative swung and jerked from the end of the rope and hung still. Poor man, he died proud and true with his words.

But that was in the year 1901 or sometime during that period in history. But to tell the truth about my relative's last statement, I still remember people today who tell about a 'pamuk woman' in the 1900's, sought after by many visiting kiaps who would pay a bag of rice just to spend the night with her. What they did not know about her, (they ignored it perhaps) was that she had syphilis. And these narrators who told me about this affair, would die of laughter when they described how these 'kiaps' would wither away with terrific pain, complaining that they had terrific attacks of malaria.

The trip back home would have taken less time, had it not been for the heavy traffic one is bound to encounter on Sunday afternoons, when everyone comes back to the city after their weekends. It was just as well because I was not in the mood for driving flat out after a heavy meal of greasy kaukau, taro, bananas, chicken and a collection of other tropical delicacies.

We drove on acknowledging everyone that waved to us. As I drove on, I could see different people driving out or into the city. Those who were driving out were making for some rural outpost after having spent the weekend with some wantoks in the city.

Or perhaps someone who had driven a friend from out of the city. By the road side, a young boy and a young girl were vomiting buckets of porridge-like muck from the side of an unwashed PMV parked by the side of the road. Holding them were two elderly couples who were doing a half hearted job. One could see the reason why. They were busy stuffing into their mouths, dry betel nut, pepper fruit and lime, by the handful. The younger boy, by

now, was resting his head on the back seat, his eyes popping out like an owl. He reminded me of a captured South American sloth I've seen in a picture.

The old man after trying to relieve the boy with no success, blew his nose and cleaned the remaining mucus with his right finger, which he later cleaned on the end of his pair of shorts. (Very dirty, probably never touched water for at least a year.)

The four girls who were a while ago enjoying eating fresh cucumbers had now stopped and were holding the half eaten fruit as if it were rotten. When I said: "Oh, it's nothing, he's just an old man cleaning himself," Theresa rebuked me. I drove on.

Very shortly we drove up to a rise that overlooked the city and we stopped to view the panorama. A couple of old men who work at the plantation sat looking at us. I thought of the food which we had not eaten, and I asked the girls if they were still going to eat it. They looked at each other and shook their heads in disapproval. I suggested that I give it to the old men, (who, since our arrival, had watched us like hungry dogs,) rather than waste it by throwing it away. No sooner had I placed the food in front of them, when they rushed and grabbed a handful. (They reminded me of tuna fish chasing about after sardines in the ocean.) Each moved away to a safe distance from the other and ate, their backs turned to us.

At high school, once upon a time, me and my wantoks gave away some cooked possums to two older men. These two practically fought each other over the food. Hence, by the time we cooled them down, there was nothing left to eat. The possum meat either disappeared or was ploughed over in the soil by their fighting.

One of the men used his laplap to clean his greasy hands, (directly over the parting of his buttocks.) There was a tear in his clothes over his buttocks. As he bend down to pick up something, his pet dog licked at the part of his laplap where he had cleaned his hands. While doing so it accidentally licked at the part of the area where there was a tear in his clothes. This surprised the man and as he jumped, he almost dived head long into the precipice. Fortunately he held back on the nearest rock in front of him. I was afraid that he'd fall down and get smashed to smithereens.

He reminded me of a funny story told to me by a college friend, (man of course) about a python hunter from his area. There was this python hunter (they eat snakes there) who had been out hunting all day and it was already late in the afternoon and he had not yet caught any. Then as he was about to return home, he decided to ease himself. He found the nearest tree with high buttress and began to excrete. Suddenly, not very far away, his dogs started to bark. Without cleaning his arse he got up and ran towards the barking. He found his dogs barking fiercely at something inside a hole, in a log. He pushed the dogs away and peeped into to identify what was inside. As he bent down one of his dogs licked his soiled arse and thinking that another python was attacking him from behind, dived headlong into the log, straight into the python, which quickly coiled itself around him. Fortunately, he was a master hunter. He soon disposed of the python

and went home happy with his python.

His friends who had been eating (not wishing to be bothered) now turned around and began to laugh at him. Only one rebuked the others and scolded the other man for almost getting killed because of a silly, careless mistake. The dog was soundly beaten by the owner, joined by the others. It was kicked, held up in the air and its ears pulled. When they had finished and were satisfied the dog was thrown to the ground, where it lay with it's body twisting in pain and barely making any movements at all. How I pitied the innocent animal.

We left immediately not wishing to stay any closer to the group of blood thirsty individuals. The other reason we left early was for security reasons. In the event that the person was killed, his friends would surely have blamed us for his fatal accident. And one could guess what our fate would be.

As I sped through my lesson notes, the thoughts of the weekend began to dawn on me. Was it all worth going to all those parties, meeting all those people and spending almost all of our fortnight pay on beer, or was it another reckless weekend, spending at leisure and enjoying life for a moment, then to return to the usual and customary dull life of the working days? How would one manage things for the next two weeks?

I began to analyse and scrutinise my reasons in more detail as soon as I had laid down the notes on the table ready for Mondays lesson. Why must one stick to his wantoks, (a conservative, traditional hold back) when he could easily find company, perhaps better in other groups, for example, with other members of my profession?

Although my wantoks and I have made a pledge to stick together, sometimes I'd wish that I'd spent the weekend with other groups. Perhaps I wouldn't spend as much.

The piece of paper in front of me which I use to calculate all sorts of figures, shows I spent at least K100 or more during the last two and a half days. Boy! A hundred Kina. And where are the results of such spending? Nothing! Just grog which was poured through the mouth, down the throat and through the complicated system and out through the urinary outlet. Result? Energy, and plenty of it, but just for a few hours. The next day the consumer would look like a cow battered by a thunderstorm the previous night.

Come to think about my wantoks. Our close association is necessitated by the pseudo wantoks. (Or is it?) Either way is a point worth discussion. However, strictly speaking we are wantoks and related in one way or the other and that is that.

Our association is a common understanding that brings us together, once in a week to be as near as possible with someone who comes from the same area. It is also an opportunity to swap gossip about recent developments in the village. For example, two days before Augustine had received a letter from home telling him that a particular girl had fallen madly in love with him. That was a big news. Toa, as usual, looks forward to this meeting to discuss

women and tell us of his recent conquests, which most of the new comers swallow. (Those of us who know him of course, never believe a single word that he says.)

But to tell you, man; when I come to see how much I spent to entertain my wantoks and their friends, when people like Toa, who is on a fat wage and allowance did not spend a single toea, that is rather a hard thing to bear.

And to think about my poor old Datsun being used to transport all the women to enlighten and brighten the party just because my wantoks have asked them or have invited themselves. (As usual.)

Typical Papua New Guinea Custom — when one hears about a party or a singsing somewhere, even though one has not been invited, one will surely find himself there. I suppose it is a way of life.

An elderly wantok, who left us sooner than we expected, (he was retired,) often told us that it was a good thing that all wantoks whether as high officers or drain cleaners, should always stick together. This creates a sense of security, such that when one is in deep trouble the others naturally, must come to help. Perhaps because of his advice we have come to recognise the weekend as a time to meet other wantoks (Our wantok group is getting bigger, with numerous others coming to the city.)

In the beginning our group met in Toa's flat not merely to drink but to discuss economic and social problems in our home villagers. But our meeting changed from a discussion group to a drinking group. This eventuated when one of us would bring a few bottles that we shared. When we had finished our discussions (normally quite short because of the shortage of booze), we would look for more from the other many outlets.

In the village, each individual is the member of a clan, who either associates itself with the eagle or the hornbill groups. Thus, where one comes from, back in our little villages we are decreed by law to continue to maintain the status quo of our individual clans. There is a competition between clans, to see who is the best, normally measured by magical and supernatural greatness, based upon deceased

relatives. This realisation helps to keep the balance of power between clans. Each clan has what is normally known as their "Milina," which is feared even by those who are supposed to have a stronger "Milina".

Unfortunately this is weakened by the introduction of poisonous substances which today is everybody's fear. "Milinas" today, although still feared, has lost much of its power, and hence is tended to be regarded as a mere symbolic feature among the clansmen and women.

The tendency to fear someone from a rival clan has extended to urban centres within 30-40 kilometres from home villages. I do not fear any members of the clans that rival my clan, but just in case, for security reasons, I was often being told at home; "You people must always watch out for those people who are jealous of us. The fact that they cannot get us — the older generation means that they will get you. So always be on your guard."

Out here, in the city, 6,000 kilometres away from home this threat is only a vision. I have gone around and slept at members of our rival clan's house and have shared their food with them. In return they have done the same to me, and I don't feel scared a bit, although in our home villages we wouldn't dare share anything together.

Constantine and Augustine had left a note saying that they would be back and when would they hope to see me again. I re-read the note and after I had taken note of it, screwed up the paper and threw it in to the empty 'SP' case which I use as a waste paper basket. I decided I'd give them a ring and make up some stories so that I wouldn't be able to see them again. Theresa, on the other hand said that she would come and see me over the next weekend. But on the other hand when you come to think about what my wantoks would think if I miss seeing them just because a girl like Theresa had asked to see me; that would be something worth thinking about over the next four days. But that means that I was now left in a dilemma. I had to think about fulfilling my obligations to my wantoks and at the same time I couldn't tell Theresa that I couldn't see her because so and so had asked me to meet him, and so on.

I began to turn this situation around in my

mind trying to think about an alternative, but could not find a solution. The time, according to my wrist watch, was nearing news time. I switched on the radio to hear the late night news and at the same time, wishing to forget my problems.

Having switched the radio to the NBC frequency, the first thing I heard the popular announcer, advertising the 'Colgate' rattle. I've read the advertisement of this particular product both in the paper and heard it on the radio, and I was already getting sick of it, not merely its length and almost total monopoly of the ad programme, but on moral grounds as well, and that includes all ads. in the radio programme.

The advertisements merely tell lies and use economic jargon to exploit the unfortunate. And as for a poor man like me on a low salary which can hardly support me, the hearing of this ad. makes me see reason how another listener would visualise in my mind another listener with much money going on to buy the product, while I stand and watch and hope I could also have enough money to purchase something like this.

When news time came on, I was almost asleep, dead bored with the unscrupulous machination. However I managed to hear the same monotonous weekend reports such as the continuous highlands tribal warfare whereby so and so houses etc were burned down and police reports of weekend arrests and someone getting killed or run over or fell from a moving PMV.

Weekend by our own standards, is a time to rest, and perhaps meet friends, and for those who are lucky, a party or a celebration somewhere. The reader who may have followed the story in detail may be wondering what sort of man the narrator is. Is he really telling the truth or suffocating us with hot air? I will not by any means lead you to draw a wrong conclusion. It is, however, your prerogative to draw your own conclusions about weekends spent in an urban centre and one spent in the rural sector, or for those who are urban dwellers, whether vagrants or otherwise; your experience in towns over the weekend period.

The narrative here is not based upon a particular select group, but rather a collection of observations, although at times, a personal

participation was unavoidable, so as to get a clear insight.

A weekend as in the old western frontier towns is a time to meet and swap gossip and even to let out steam. Time has changed the cause of action a great deal. Today, our own heated or excited individual may let off steam with words, after having drowned a good number of bottles. In the old west it was the gin that spoke and often someone ended up shot full of holes. Today, one gets shot up full of grog.

Psychologically it is an occasion of refreshing the over worked or over bored mind to clear out the miseries and what not, and prepare the brain for another week of hard work for some and another dreadful week for others. What becomes of the spirit and the flesh, on this occasion? Quite a number of points can be raised on this subject.

Let me emphasise the point which I see as very important. The flesh will be fed or will probably be fed with food. And as on this occasion, food alone does not complete the feed. The owner will probably take on liquor a means of entertainment. When however, the body becomes accustomed once more and the desire becomes increasingly intolerable, the spiritual side of the being is slowly, (sometimes) defeated by the flesh's desire, for more. In the course of the process, the flesh steadily becomes too succumbed to the desire for more consumption. The spirit, stimulated by its bodies eggregariousness (characterised by alcohol consumption) will soon catch up and function side by side until the flesh starts to weaken because it cannot absorb the quantity into itself because the body was built as such an could only accomodate a minimum load. However, the spirit or mind, goes from strength to strength and soon begins to falter as both reach their climax.

Hence the flesh and spirit of a being which had at the start was intended to rest, after a while becomes not a rested machine but an over functioned and over loaded living being.

The dominant figure in the will to equal or to adapt to the existing artificial peer group, or otherwise a total ignorance on the part of the individuals to differentiate between the realisation as to rest and to celebrate.

On the financial side the wage owner,

becomes a hostage to his wantoks, relatives and friends. He is powerless to decide on an alternative. He sees the groups who have some association with him as his subjects, and his guests, and he instantly feels obliged to their well keeping; despite his apparent problems of which he is well aware.

The group gathered there in front of him will be fully treated to a square meal and of course, drinks. During the course of either preparing and eating, the individuals press for a little something else, himself or a father or some relatives who relayed his wishes for a small gift to him from the wage earner.

In the instance that the wantoks, relatives and others decided to stay the weekend, the cost of feeding and entertaining them, may well run into several hundreds, resulting in the wage earner being broke, and may have to borrow from friends some money to go through the next fortnight.

Visitors to my house have often come in without any money at all or otherwise, do not like to spend their money at all. I, seeing the need to feed them have often foolishly spent my meagre earnings to feed them lest they think otherwise and say rubbish about me to others.

So far, I have discussed those visitors who come and go, and spending a day or two at the most. The other group that I have overlooked are the permanent or the semi-permanent co-tenants of any wage earner. These lot, like the latter, group often or may have found their way to some 'wantok' wage-earner's house during weekends (or as common with Papua New Guineans invite them to stay with them.) At the end of their stay they go home (much to their sadness of leaving an easy life) loaded with goods, which they pride themselves with in front of their fellow villagers. (Who throng along, hoping that they might get a little something, which they often get.) So the parasite himself is parasited upon in return. No sooner has he settled, than he has lost all his possessions. Straight away he plans to go for another trip to acquire more goods to replace the ones as already lost or consumed himself.

I know of one who pays a visit to his son every month. (I know his son, a good friend of mine, resents his visits. He claims that the old man is a great burden to him as he has to look

after him just the same as his two little boys.) After he has stayed in the town for a week or even months, he comes back loaded with bags of rice, cartons of tinned fish and packets of 'gold leaf' cigarettes.

For the next few weeks, he and his old woman live on rice. They cease to go to the garden. He gives out free cigarettes to everyone. (Normally, he'll open one packet, get one cigarette and puff it to show the others that the cigarette he is distributing is not poisoned.) Some even pay him daily visits with the pretext that they have come to hear something about his son, at which time they may press the old man to ask his son to buy them a new pipe to replace the one one, already burnt down to the screw resulting from continuous lighting by burning wood. (When the tobacco does not burn quickly, a large burning charcoal is placed on the pipe end, thus slowly burning the wooden pipe while the person sucks the other end.)

When his supply runs out or after he has stayed in the village for sometime (due to boredom) or probably after having got tired of chewing kaukau, he goes back for another visit. He was so well known, that whenever he went away every villager would say that he had gone to get more rice and tinned fish. ("Ke tai n be mo kene raisi mea bosi.")

I was awakened by a school cook who had unceremoniously entered my room and demanded some money.

"Wantok halivim lapun pastaim," he said. "Mi lus tru long makmak na nambatu master i katim pei belong me," he continued.

He then went on to explain all sorts of reasons for him not having enough money, such as he has just paid back some K20 to another man, that he had two children at high school and so on. I knew that he was lying.

When I drove up he was among the group drinking and gambling at the Riverside Motel. I told myself that I would not give him any money. Just to convince him that I had no money either, I stood up and pulled out my short pockets and showed him a 20t. that I had forgotten to put away in my coin can.

"Sori tumas! Mi tink yu gat mani yah! Nau husat baembai mi lukim?" he asked.

"Traim masta Paul," I said.

"Emi gat mani, laga?" he asked.

"Em! Na wanem masta yah. Emi gat mani," I told him.

"Gutpela. Bai mi lukim em nau," he said.


"Gutpela," I said. "Hariap, nogut emi silip. Em kakaruk yah," I said after him as he walked away into the darkness. I was glad to be rid of him. Weekend problems never stop, I thought. What awaits me for the on-coming weekend. Fate only knows, what the next weekend would be like. Here was another sucker who had lost his money because of the meretricious weekend.

I wondered how many had become caught in the whirl pool of the weekend orgy of feasting, spending and entertainment.

The weekend had turned out to be a life on endless wondering: different people, changing ideas, from province to province and village to village. During these her peregrinations my wantoks and I have stuck together like eight limbs attached to the same body. (Like spiders.)

What did we do together? We shared the same food travelled in the same vehicles, were accompanied by the same women, experienced the same miseries, joy and disillusion.

In the end, we were back to where we were, as always. Each one waiting and looking forward to the experiences that the next weekend will bring.



CHRISTIANS IN THE TRANS-GOGOL AND THE MADANG PROVINCE*

Colin De'Ath

"Almost every modern official, whether government or religious, works on the assumption that Melanesians have nothing to teach them. The result is that every effort to develop, every effort to educate, every effort to Christianize, every effort to democratize is an external imposition."

Bernard Narokobi

*Originally written as background material for a Trans-Gogol social impact study by the same author.

Churches as corporate institutions

The history and province-wide organization of the churches are dealt with at some length because:

(a) Two missions, the Lutherans and the Catholics, were in the Trans-Gogol from earliest colonial times and helped establish patterns of interaction between Westerners and villagers. This relationship seems to have been built on a complete misunderstanding. The Trans-Gogol people are materialists and saw these missions as supplying key ritual for a millenium in which material things would be abundant. The missions interpreted local co-operation as an acceptance of their spiritual or non-material-

istic doctrines.

(b) The Catholic church has a direct interest in the Gogol Timber Project. Both churches, despite their avowed non-materialistic aims, helped to set the stage for a rather insidious type of exploitation.

The traditional churches in the Trans-Gogol

Two missions, now churches, have had, until quite recently, a dominant influence in the Trans-Gogol. They are the Lutherans and the Catholics. Some local Trans-Gogol people believe that the two churches are separate because of the following incident:

Two men and a woman were in a church putting white flowers in vases. One of the men, Martin Luther, kissed the woman and the other man, a priest, expelled them both. They took a small book, the new testament, with them when they left the church. However, a big book, the new and old testaments, stayed in the church. Now the anger of all parties has subsided and they are working together. Even the Government is sympathetic and because of this it pays for the running of church schools and hospitals.

The Catholics

The Catholics have been represented by the Divine Word which has been in the Utu area of the Trans-Gogol for the last sixty years. Immediately after the First World War, in 1918., the mission was set up as a staging point for inland proselytizing in a location somewhat further inland and at a higher altitude than it is now. Eventually it became a link in the overland route from Alexishafen to the Ramu (and Sepik) and to Bundi and the Chimbu.

In 1905 on the coast, Father Limbrock purchased a swampy area at Alexishafen and, significantly, his first task was to set up a sawmill after nine years of tortuous negotiation with the local people and the German authorities. Although Limbrock represented a Dutch based order, the Divine Word, he was German-speaking. The Catholics had selected this Dutch order because they were having difficulties with the German Administration about the language and nationality of previous French-

speaking Catholics in New Britain and about accepting spheres of influence with the Protestants. Their first leader was named Eberhard.

Most, if not all, of the first SVD Missionaries were German or at least spoke German. This Mission was eventually to cover half of the New Guinea mainland but was split into four dioceses in 1959 with Madang being the archdiocese.

In 1906 the SVD missionaries using local labour lost no time in filling in their swamp and planting it with 28,650 coconut palms and 28,550 rubber trees. By 1916 the mission was able to exist through surpluses created locally. It was cut off completely from Europe by the war. By 1930 the SVD expatriate missionaries numbered 11 and they claimed 18,600 converts. Shortly after this time, in 1933, two SVD missionaries walked through the Utu area, occupied first in 1918, en route to the Ramu and Bundi. Later they penetrated the Highlands and Bundi became a regular point of entree for the Chimbu and Wahgi valleys.

The struggle for souls

Competition between missionaries, then called sectarianism, reached a plateau in the 1930s when a Dutch SVD priest was arrested in the Ramu area not too far from the Trans-Gogol. He was accused of arson after he had burned the houses of three Lutheran Mission helpers who had encroached his territory. This happened in an uncontrolled area where missionaries experienced great hardship on their various road to martyrdom, beatification, or, in such cases as the above, ignominy. A particularly vindictive Territory judge sentenced the priest to five years hard labour which was reduced to six months on appeal. Because of the constant squabbling among the missionaries during this period, uncontrolled areas including inland Madang were eventually closed to them.

The Catholics at this time, incensed that the matter had not been settled in an amicable way between their own and Administration leaders, wrote the following in criticism of Administration *kiaps* in 1936:

"A patrol, which consists of an officer, is sent out to an area for some purpose.

He is accompanied by a number of armed native police boys and carriers. At night, or even during the day, while the European patrol officer is resting, his native police boys, taking advantage of the opportunity, interfere with the women of the primitive natives or rob their gardens. Disturbances are naturally the result. Then arms are put into motion to shoot down the primitive people; in this manner countless lives are lost, as everyone knows; in fact, on the word of numerous government officials with whom I have discussed native police boys, they have been the cause of untold trouble in uncontrolled areas. Yet a case such as I have described, if reported at all, is merely passed over as repelling an attack made by primitive natives, and praise is doled out as a result."¹

The antagonisms between the missions and the Administration were to simmer until the Japanese invasion. Even, however, with the counter-invasion by the Americans in 1943 and 1944 there is a strong suspicion that "an anti-mission element" from the pre-war Administration, briefed the RAAF to bomb and destroy the Alexishafen Cathedral on the basis that it was a Japanese arsenal. Later in 1944 the Americans were to strafe a boat, the Dorish Maru, off Wewak, which was carrying 122 missionaries, including both Catholics and Lutherans from Madang District. About a third of the missionaries were to die in this attack but in their travails together, the basis was laid for better post-war co-operation. However, even in 1960, the Lutherans could look back with a good deal of bitterness about areas in which they were bested by the Catholics:

"Of what happens when a region is not explored from a broad ethnic viewpoint we had a good example at Nobanob near Madang. There the strategic place of Sek was left unoccupied by the Rhenish Mission in 1890 when missionaries settled at Siar and Graged, thus enabling the Roman Catholic Mission to come in and to cut the linguistic and cultural area of Nobanob

in half. Today our Mission is using the Graged language in its section, and the RCs are using Pidgin English in theirs. Because of the superficial methods the Catholics use in New Guinea, many heathen elements of social culture are carried over to our people from the Sek side. The Letub Cults came from there to our people."²

Villages such as Riwo on the coast and Mawan in the Tran-Gogol were and are still split by their allegiance to the Catholics and Lutherans. It is not too unusual in such small village to find two large churches.

War and the reconstruction period

During the Japanese war a number of mission personnel were shot on the Japanese destroyer Akikaze and others were strafed to death by the Americans on the Dorish Maru. More than 100 SVD missionaries achieved martyrdom during this period.

After the war reconstruction was recommenced and it was not too long before "every station had emerged from the bush house stage to a complete set of permanent buildings, churches, schools, hospitals, rectories, convents and teachers' residences."³ A large cathedral was built in Madang town to replace that destroyed at Alexishafen during the war. Plantations initiated at the outset of the mission's arrival were flourishing but the Mission was becoming very defensive about its operation and profits. Among other things, the Archbishop suggested that they were started so that "both the people and the mission would benefit . . . people would learn the meaning of civilisation and work . . . contacts could be made for instruction in the Faith . . . income . . . could support the mission". He suggested that employees were provided with "good lodging, food, clothing". He also suggested that natives "lacked initiative" to establish their own plantations.

"Without the plantations, the Mission would have to close down completely. They would be held in trust for a Papua New Guinea hierarchy who will not have friends abroad to whom they can appeal nor will the people be in a

position to support all these institutions . . . Some . . . whites . . . have often tried to instill dislike and hatred of the mission in the minds and hearts of these simple people by pointing to the rich plantations of the missions . . . such insidious propanganda poisons the minds of the unthinking natives."⁴

The Archbishop, while defending the materialism of the mission, was not slow in putting down the materialism of Papua New Guinea residents:

"The people are certainly becoming more and more materialistic in their outlook. This holds not only for the ordinary little-educated people, whose chief interest is finding ways and means of getting material things without work, by the cargo cult, but also for those with a better education, who have drifted away from a Christian mentality and are engrossed in the pursuit of the things of this world."⁵

By 1971 the Catholics claimed 57,037 converts in the Madang District which had a population of 162,717. They employed 260 expatriates, had 42 national seminarians, 289 qualified national teachers and 230 catechists and claimed to have 11,926 students in their schools.⁶

The timber project in the Trans-Gogol and the Catholic Mission station at Utu

Within the Trans-Gogol, Catholic villages now cut a swathe through the eastern part of the timber-felling area. The Catholics who have their own sawmill near Utu have been cutting *kwila* logs for their own use and for outside sale for some years. After Jant had secured other TRP areas adjacent to the Catholic Mission TRP an agreement was reached in 1974 between Jant, the Government and the Catholic Mission for Jant to clear-fell the Catholic Mission permit area for chips. *Kwila* hardwood logs however would be left for the Catholic Mission.

The Catholic Mission itself has only been at its present site in Utu since 1966. Prior to this time the inland station had been abandoned for twenty years while coastal establishments had

been rehabilitating themselves after the devastating effects of the Japanese war. The current site was selected to take advantage of the timber and the Mawan road which was completed in 1966. A road, built by the Catholic Mission for its own logging operations, traverses the length of its TRP from the Mawan roadhead. Jant, however, has realigned the road system completely within the Catholic Mission TRP and this old road is in a state of disrepair.

Contact between Catholic Mission and the local people and Jant has been reasonably amiable, although there were some "bumpy periods" at the beginning of the association.

One of the first problems was securing an access road from Jant's main road No. 1. Jant built the road but did not build a bridge over a large stream intersecting the road. The people demonstrated against Jant and, after Government intercession, it was agreed that Jant would haul six large *kwila* logs for a bridge. The Catholic Mission would supply the decking and the Utu village people and the Ambenob Local Government Council would supply the means to maintain the road in the future.

Other problems which the people have had with Jant include the use of chain saws for their own gardens and commercial projects. Jant argued that over a ten-year period, before they cut the Utu timber, much of it could be destroyed. There is some force in this argument as more than a thousand migrants have been attracted to the Trans-Gogol and Catholic Mission TRP areas since the mission came to Utu. Some of the forest being cut is primary forest especially that north of the Ninam. However, the people themselves claim that Jant should not keep them waiting for many years before it reveals its logging road plans and decides to cut the timber. Given Jant's present logging plans it seems as though the area will be cut out in a shorter period. The Catholic Mission will stay on for another five years to cut its own timber (*kwila*) and will thus benefit from Jant's logging roads. The Catholic Mission has its own particular problems in the area. Some of the original Utu owners do not concede that the mission has absolute rights to timber in its TRP or over its station property where it has a school, a health centre, a store and a church. Their pigs tend to wander over

the mission ground destroying gardens as they go. Hard feelings have been caused because they have been shot from time to time. Migrants also have to come to terms with original landowners. Their adaptive strategies include offering local men their daughters in marriage and the giving of presents from time to time. When they built a store the landowners asked for a gift of K300. The Catholic Mission attempts to placate local landowners by offering them off-cuts and sawn timber from its mill for house construction. These gifts are made so that in the future the landowners will not be able to accuse the Catholic Mission "of making them poor".

The Utu Catholic Mission not infrequently has to negotiate with the local people to maintain its credibility in order to continue its commercial operations. Sometimes the Government becomes involved. In 1974, at a meeting with the Government, the following point was raised and disposed of fairly quickly:

"... Puro (a landowner) said that Brother ... (who runs the sawmill) would not be allowed to move the mill onto the people's land because he had refused to supply his truck to take school children to Madang. It was pointed out that this matter did not involve the Government and that matters of minor nature such as this should not be allowed to affect the operations of the mill and the jobs of mill workers."

When some of the local Catholic Mission TRP landowners had second thoughts about allowing Jant to harvest their logs for chips the following dialogue occurred:

"Valentine Gin, the son of Malalo agent Gin Senu, asked if his group could repay the money received in 1971 and 1974 and keep the pulpwood left after logging by the Mission. Forest Officer explained that it was not possible because if one group was allowed to change their minds then the whole project may be put at risk because other groups would then expect to be able to exercise similar options."

Periodically, Catholic Mission catechists in the bush north of Utu complain about their hard life including their K25 per month allowance, about cargo cults, about their problems in setting up trade stores, growing commercial crops and about communication with the Catholic Mission at Utu. Apparently there has been a wide variation over time in the number of circuits and special purpose visits priests make in the bush, especially for the administration of sacraments. The current priest, an Italian, tends to stay at Utu where he is deeply involved in commercial activities such as running a trade store, driving PMV, supervising a beer outlet and building up a whole sale operation for inland trade stores. Although these activities are nominally "run for and by the people" the Catholic Mission exerts a great deal of motive power to ensure that they will be economically successful. Timber royalty payments have boosted the revenue for these activities and the Catholic Mission hopes shortly to have generated K20,000 locally for a new church at Utu. The Utu Catholic Mission and the Divine Word order aims at creating enough local surpluses for expatriates and local workers not to have to depend on overseas assistance except for special projects. Both the school and the health centre are financed by the Government although they are nominally under Catholic control.

Table 1
Madang Diocese school and health facilities

		STUDENTS	
		Males	Females
Community schools	34	3,320	2,267
Provincial High School	2	885	307
Vocational centres	2	—	60
Health centres	9	—	—

SOURCE: Archdiocesan Office, Madang.

Recent developments

By 1977 Madang Province had a population of 191,570 persons. Of these the Catholics claimed 62,719 adherents or 32 per cent of population. Of the 47 priests in the province, 41 of them, including the one at Utu in the Trans-Gogol, belonged to the Society of the

Divine Word. A majority of the lay brothers also belonged to this order. The Diocese controls the facilities itemized in Table 1.

After being in the Province for seventy years the SVD Order has been able to place only two national priests in the whole of the Province. The order believes that the demands of the priesthood are too rigorous and that most seminary graduates from their seminary in Port Moresby (previously in Madang) drop out to get married or take up another vocation. The Archbishop himself says that he has an interim appointment until a national can take his place. However, this is unlikely to occur in the near future.

The SVD Order itself is still headed by an expatriate. The history of recruitment to the SVD Order indicates that there have been certain changes. Originally in 1906 there were German-speaking Dutchmen or Germans themselves. SVD headquarters moved from Holland to Rome in 1920. This led to some Italian recruitment. Americans also became more common. However, with the falling off in Europe of interest in the church and in missionizing after the Second World War, recruitment became more common in Australia, the Philippines and India. Although the need for laymen has slackened off, it is significant that banks underwriting the takeover of Catholic plantations insist on an expatriate manager. In terms of growth, the Order has doubled its expatriate population since 1947 but has of late reached a fairly stable state.

The former Archbishop, an American, and also a member of the SVD, still believes in hard work being the key to Papua New Guinea's future. The future still rests with individual effort, perhaps almost in a corporate vacuum. Archbishop Noser is reported to have said in a recent interview to the *Post Courier* (19 May 1975):

"The people must learn to work, then the future will be unlimited . . . this will take at least one or two generations . . . the country has good stable leadership and a good Christian outlook . . . The problems of the clans will settle. A way will be found to unite the nation . . . Economics, particularly in the cities are putting an end to the

wantok system . . . Everyone must learn to work and then there will be no need for the wantok system . . . the man on the land must be taught, encouraged and assisted to plan for the future. It is one thing to be a subsistence farmer, sell the produce and thus get a quick return. Everyone can understand and appreciate that. It is another thing to work a plantation. Why bother to cut the grass or keep the plantation clean when no money is coming in?"

The emphasis in this quote on hard work and individual responsibility, the implied criticism of clan or extended dependency relationships, and the espousal of delayed economic gratification all seem to point to a very limited understanding of the strengths of the Melanesian egalitarian system and the weaknesses inherent in his own Western system. For example, most economic enterprises in the western world are now relatively large-scale undertakings and such enterprises have large sources of capital or credit available to them. Sophisticated technology associated with these enterprises has made certain kinds of traditional "hard work" obsolete or uncompetitive. The plantation, a western invention, is a singularly poor example of an enterprise in which delayed economic gratification has had a pay-off. For New Guineans, and in particular for the Trans-Gogol people, no matter how they have planned, there has never been a significant pay-off from plantations. The real pay-offs have been for the Catholic hierarchy and other large plantation owners.

The people themselves are probably becoming aware of the real costs and benefits of this kind of historical relationship and are intuitively or consciously reacting. Although it is much more difficult to gain access to the Catholic financial records than those of the Lutherans, it is possible on the basis of certain fragmentary evidence to infer that the Church's income might not be altogether adequate for some of its purposes. For example, collections from the new cathedral in Madang town now total less than K80 per week although the cathedral is well attended by Papua New Guinea citizens and well-to-do ex-

atriates. Out of this K80 five nuns and a priest must subsist. After non-personal kinds of maintenance expenses have been met, they have the equivalent of K5 each per person per week to buy food and other personal requirements. However, it is still possible to see priests eating at the local hotels where in the evenings the lowest cost for a meal would be in the order of K6.50.

The Lutherans

The Trans-Gogol has, since contact with westerners, been much more influenced by the Lutherans than the Catholics. This influence has come from three directions: initially, prior to the First World War, from Astrolabe Bay with its Bongu and Bogadjim dialects and more latterly, since the late twenties, from Amele. Later still, after the Second World War, the Bagasin Station and Wanuma Station were to exert some control over the upper Trans-Gogol. Missionary Reitz from the Bagasin became well known for his attempts to unseat cargo cultists.

The coming of the Lutherans to Astrolabe Bay and Madang

Johann Flierl, who was to head the Lutherans, arrived in Finschhafen in New Guinea in 1886. For the historical period in which they existed the early colonials had a relatively straight-forward view of local people and therefore their tasks in rolling back an accumulation of ignorance:

"The first Europeans who came to New Guinea were convinced that the New Guinea people were not an inferior race, that they had a lot of innate intelligence. In 1886 Dr. Schelling wrote that the natives have been separated from the rest of the world for centuries and were, therefore, retarded."

Some of Flierl's fellow missionaries soon followed him to the Astrolabe Bay area in 1887. One of the first of these was "Missionary Thomas" who belonged to the Rheinische or Bormen Mission named after a town in Rhineland. Another man named Eich joined him after two months at Konstantinshafen.

Thomas was in poor physical shape because of malaria and it was decided to leave Bogadjim and go to the Sepik where there were larger populations. This was an unsuccessful venture. Eventually Eich, after going back to Finschhafen, returned to Bogadjim where he acquired six hectares of land to establish a station. He was joined by Bergmann, Scheidt, Kunze and later in 1889, by Klaus, Boesch and Arff. Bergmann and Kunze established a second Rhenish station on Siar island. It seems that island and hill tops were eventually preferred because they were healthier than the flat coastal or hinterland areas.

The mission expanded to Karkar where, in addition to volcanic eruptions, there was an outbreak of smallpox, possibly taken there by the missionaries themselves. Some mission historians suggest that these were crucial factors in the conversion of the Karkar and write:

"In addition to the eruptions and accompanying earthquakes an epidemic of smallpox has broken out. The Karkar people, now brought to their knees, were eager to hear the Gospel."¹⁰

The health of the missionaries became critical and they established a health station on a 420 metre peak behind Bogadjim. By 1895 they had lost ten missionaries, seven men and three women, and had to withdraw from Karkar.

The mission persisted in Astrolabe Bay, only to see a plot in 1904, supposedly hatched by its own congregation, to wipe out all the Germans and take the women as wives. About this time the mission told the Government that, 'the most important obstacle to be combated . . . is the so-called secret cult called 'Afa' in Bogadjim, 'Meziab' in Siar-Ragetta, and 'Ai' in Bongu. This secret cult, in conjunction with magic and belief in ghosts, holds the people in a vice."¹¹ Six men were shot before a firing squad.

Shortly after this event, in 1906, perhaps out of fear of retaliation, villagers from Siar, Graged and Bongu were baptized. "New classes were enrolled for instruction, and sorcery and sacred relics were denounced and burned at the baptisms."¹² In 1912 after a second scare, the villagers near Madang were

dispossessed of their land and they departed for the Rai Coast.

Nagada Plantation

In 1906 Nagada Plantation just north of Madang was established by missionaries Schumann and Welsh as an "adjunct" to a school where lessons were taught in the morning and work was taught on the plantation in the afternoon. The size of this adjunct is indicated by the size of plantings — 32,000 palms on 500 hectares of land. Later, the role of plantations, on which many Trans-Gogol men were to work, was justified as follows:

"If the spiritual life at the plantation is kept on a high plane, the plantation can offer the 'ideal life' to a young native. He is taught to work and learns a trade in an atmosphere which is in harmony with Christian principles and thinking."

Economic motives for establishing such ventures are downplayed:

"Lastly the reason for establishing mission plantation was to provide an added income for mission work . . . God has not blessed the business ventures of the Lutheran Mission in New Guinea . . ."¹³

This last statement might be true from the point of view of business ventures leading to acrimony within the mission between the worldly and spiritually minded but by normal economic criteria they have been extraordinarily successful in accumulating assets. By 1978 these were conservatively valued at K21 to K23 million.

In the light of what happened at Nagada plantation after the Second World War the following comments, reflecting as they do a great deal of Lutheran distrust for the business or economic acumen of nationals, are indeed ironic:

"Native business enterprises are usually marked by embezzlement, inefficiency, irregularity and lack of system. Usually they break down after a while. How can people with such a low standard of business sense be entrusted with such a work?"¹⁴

In 1948 the Lutherans, perhaps with some conscience or guilt because of the contradictions which had become inbedded in their operations, had begun sharefarming at Nagada, with men from the Trans-Gogol, Bagasin, Amele and Nobanob area. By 1952 there were 60 sharefarmers. The contracts they signed guaranteed them equal proportions of the profit from the large Nagada plantation but the mission paid them only the Administration minimum wage of K12.50 per month and gave the balance of their salary to the church elders for the congregations in the above areas, ostensibly for community work. However, in an area, excluding Amele, where at least 70 per cent of the population were cargo-cult supporters, it is very questionable whether the church elders did use it for popular purposes. In addition, seven church elders received minimum monthly wages (sinecures). In all, the elders during 1952 received K5,000 for circuit or community work in their areas. (Dividends for other years are not known.) Over time the manager wondered why the labourers, who worked in all-weather conditions, were getting "lazier". Grass cutters began to work only five hours per day instead of eight, and copra production fell from 100 bags of nuts per day, to sixty. He also wondered if the mission was "teaching the natives to give for the Kingdom" or whether they were "spoiling them with so much money". The aims of the project were to help spread the gospel by channelling money back to evangelists through the elders, to bring workers under the direct influence of the mission, to provide employment, to develop New Guinea, and business management training. However, there were some reservations about the latter aim as it was thought that native business and bookkeeping would not develop for some time "without a white man's guidance".¹⁵

The scheme eventually stopped in 1962 and the plantations were taken over by the Lutheran Economic Services Commission. Currently in 1978, they are controlled by Kambang Holdings, a Lutheran subsidiary. Bagasin, Trans-Gogol, Amele and Nobanob workers no longer work on the plantations as ordinary labourers and these now have to be drawn from congregations much further afield in the Ramu, inland Saidor and Finschhafen areas.

The Australian period

Progress after 1912 was slow partly because of "hostility to the Gospel" and partly because of the arrival of the Australians. By 1914 a mass baptism at Bongu drew 127 people to the church. A ship named the Rhine-Westfalia, paid for by German school children, was confiscated by the Australians on their arrival to take over New Guinea. (The original Westfalia had been acquired and wrecked in 1908.) Supposedly, the local people ran "panicstricken" into the jungle when the Australians arrived. However, the German missionaries were allowed to stay on and work in an administrative setting not too different from that of the German period. In fact the mission practices on their plantations and stations were so congruent with those of their contemporary Australian commercial lay brothers that after the conclusion of the First World War, they protested to Australian administrators when the abolition of flogging of labourers was contemplated.

Expansion in the Trans-Gogol

Conversions grew thanks to innovations introduced from the Morobe District. Instead of placing emphasis on individual conversion, a missionary by the name of Christian Keysser fastened onto the idea of mass baptisms and conversions after preparatory work. This approach, coupled with the use of volunteer evangelists, led to rapid expansion in the Madang area and in the Highlands. In 1919 Keysser, with ten evangelists sponsored by their Morobe home congregations, came to Amele near the Trans-Gogol:

"Most of these men (evangelists) couldn't read or write, they had never been to school, but they had learned the Bible stories, Scripture verses, and the Catechism, by listening to evangelists day after day during a course of instruction which lasted several years. They also knew many Christian hymns from memory and had mastered to a degree the art of free prayer."¹⁶

These evangelists spread Christianity in the Amele area and eventually in 1925 and in the early thirties their own converts were to go into the Trans-Gogol and in 1934 to the Bagasin.

The story of one of these converts, K, who now lives and preaches in Sehan, reveals how well the Lutherans were able to capitalize on the energy of volunteer workers:

"I was a child at Fulumu near Amele at the time of the first world war. My father had to work for the Germans on the North Coast road so that he could pay his ten mark tax. At that time the Lutheran Mission was at Bogadjim. From there it spread to Graged island and Karkar. Some missionaries visited Amele in 1911 when I was only about five years old. In 1918 or 1919 Australians, Americans and Samoans went to Nobanob. We had no mission and asked them to come. They came to Fulumu. The black evangelists in the Amele area came from Finschhafen. They used the language or tok ples of Amele. Kural had a school in our village in 1921. I learned from him how to read and write. I also learned Pidgin then. In 1926 I was baptized. I went to nearby villages and talked on Sundays. In 1929 I went to Bemal (in the Trans-Gogol). The Government had been there already and there were luluais and tultuls (village officials). The Germans had a "road" from the coast to Baisarik and from there to the Bagasim. Previously they had been there after birds of paradise and recruits. There were no cargo cults then (1929). I was too young to be a pastor and only preached on a part-time basis and went to many villages in the Kein-speaking area. There were villages then rather than hamlets and they had been in existence probably since 1920. The Government made the people form villages. These were no fighting. The spears and shields were kept in the houses. Gardens were very small. They were still ring-barking trees to kill them when making gardens. There was plenty of game. The Lutherans and Catholics didn't like or help each other. In 1931 I went to school in Amele where I was taught by Hannemann. They were Americans. I was there until 1934 and in 1935 I was sent to the Highlands to Kerowagi. I returned in

1944 after being recruited as a cargo boy in 1943 in the Highlands. I was in Fulumu in 1947 when Hannemann returned. I then returned to Kerowagi again. In 1958 when I came back to Amele there was lots of cargo talk. It was said to have started in 1952 or 1953. In 1959 I went to Sehan as pastor. There was a Lutheran teacher there then who is now at Tadup. I was also stationed at Mair. In 1966 I went back to Baimak where there had been lots of cargo cults. When the Mawan road came the village broke up. At Sehan, Talihun became a preacher and went to Bundi. When he returned he made all the Sehan clans come together. The Lutheran teacher Salu made the people plant coconuts. As early as 1954 Sehan had a bush materials church. From 1952 to 1954 they had a school to Standard Two. After 1931 the Bel or Graged language invaded the Gogol. All of the missionaries spoke it and used it in their school books. Before this time Amele language was used. In 1967 or 1968 the Bel language finished in the schools. The children used to learn well in the schools because there was lots of cane or kanda. The villages didn't start to fall to pieces until demarcation time in 1970 when boundaries in Amele could be surveyed and registered. This disunity still exists. It was a good time when the luluais were in control. The work of the church and Government has fallen down. The village courts are one-talk system. The magistrates are afraid of sorcery."

Areas of influence

In the inter-war period the German Rhenish missionaries, because of the unsettled state of affairs in Germany, were gradually replaced by the Americans some of whom had arrived as early as 1922; they were mostly the offspring of German-American migrants. The spheres of influence within the Lutheran Mission were at that time: Madang, Rhenish; between Madang and Finschhafen, American; and from Finschhafen southward, Nauende Helsau (Lutheran Mission). Operating later in New Guinea were also the Australian Lutheran Mission,

the New Guinea Lutheran Mission and the conservative Missouri Synod. These latter groups tended to move into new inland areas.

The Yagaum Hospital

The Lutherans, towards the end of the inter-war period, set up a hospital at Amele about 24 kilometres from Madang. The \$15,000 for its construction came from an American women's missionary group. After the war in 1950 Dr. Braun, who was the driving force behind the pre-war Amele hospital, opened another hospital at Yagaum only 11 kilometres from Madang. It was paid for by the same organization, which also provided a yearly operating subsidy. By 1956 the 200-bed hospital had 32 male medical trainees, 16 female nursing trainees, 3,666 outpatients, 896 surgical operations, 42 leprosy in-patients and had treated about 500 mission and non-mission in-patients.¹⁷ Many people from the Trans-Gogol, especially from the lower Trans-Gogol, spoke highly of its services. However, the mission withdrew from Yagaum in the early seventies and except for government health centre facilities, infant and malaria control services, the hospital no longer caters to local needs. Supposedly, new road systems make it possible for all patients with needs which aid-posts cannot service to go to a large base or central hospital in Madang.

Literacy and schooling

A printery was also established at Gonob before the war. It was the policy of the mission to have only Graged in Madang schools and only catechisms and Bible history could be printed in other languages. Hannemann and Mager produced a grammar, dictionary, a New Testament and school literature in the Graged language. This policy placed a heavy learning burden on people such as those in the Trans-Gogol before and after the war. Some of the present older church members suggest that changes in language policies introduced in the Amele and Trans-Gogol areas in the early 1930s were the causes of the post-war difficulties that the Lutherans began to have especially when the Government in 1958 began to take an interest in curricula and refused to subsidize Graged and non-English speaking

schools. As far back as 1955 the new printery at Nagada had printed 38,000 booklets, many of which were in Graged and other official church languages. The church's efforts to compete with the Government and its schools turned out to be somewhat of a failure. For example, in the 1962 results of external exams conducted by the Administration, the Lutheran Schools fared reasonably well. The results indicated that the Lutherans were on a par with other mission and government schools. By 1965, however, in for example the High School Intermediate Examination, the three high schools of Asaroka, Baitabag (Madang) and Bumayong had 70 per cent subject failure rates, i.e. 20 subjects managed a pass rate well below Territory averages. The Administration's non-subsidy policy put an end to the Lutheran village schools such as those found in the Trans-Gogol.

The war and reconstruction period

The Japanese war produced a number of martyrs from both the Catholics and the Lutherans. Both missions lost much property but were assisted after the war with compensation and American war surplus materials. After the war Madang, because of its strategic position *vis-à-vis* the Highlands, became the supply centre for New Guinea. By 1969 the mission supply house, started shortly after the war in Madang, had a turn-over of K1 million. In 1956, on the seventieth anniversary of Lutheran work in New Guinea, the Evangelical Lutheran Church of New Guinea (ELCONG) came into being. The lesson of Yali's ability to organize and mobilize a whole district without expatriates or outside assistance was not lost on the church's progenitors. It became a legal entity able to hold property in 1965.

Competition for the Lutherans

Before the Second World War the Lutherans had a "comity" arrangement with a number of other missions but not the Catholics whom they saw, because of historical reasons, as fair game. By 1969, however, the Lutherans were beginning to feel the effects of competition from smaller "faith missions". They objected because their own evangelists had "pacified" many areas, and brought

people to a stage where they could be baptized. They then saw faith missions, without resources and operating only out of white mission stations, come in and, without ado, baptize them as members of their own churches. Additionally, these centralized, station-only, faith missions created vacuums in the villages which were an open invitation for the Catholics to move in.

Some of the coastal evangelists, including those from the Madang area, established economic activities which were not viewed very favourably by local Highland people and in 1959 there were attacks on such evangelists in the Central Highlands and they were called, "filthy", "lazy" and "incompetent". It must be remembered, however, that the evangelists were going into the field with extremely meagre material support and frequently lacked even the help of neaby white Lutheran missionaries. There were also widespread problems with their breaking up long-standing polygamous marriages.

Pluralistic economics

Table 2 shows what it cost to keep a white Lutheran missionary in Papua New Guinea for one year in 1959. By 1978 these amounts have increased exponentially.

In 1959 the Lutherans were paying Trans-Gogol labourers K180 per year. By 1961 coastal teachers, pastors and evangelists in the highlands were receiving only K24 per year from ELCONG. In 1960 transportation of expatriates amount to 17 per cent of the total Lutheran budget. For the same period the school programme received 10 per cent of the budget.

In 1959 NAMASU (Native Marketing and Supply Ltd.) was formed. By 1969 it was doing \$A2.5 million worth of business and by 1978, K26 million worth of business. However, its operations were strongly criticized, especially its policies towards the original native shareholders who received negligible dividends and could not redeem their shares. A number of Trans-Gogol residents speak bitterly about Namasu's growth, its being run by secularists and of the lack of any benefits to them. Periodically the Church, because of impractical business operations, had to come to the financial rescue of Namasu. These bailouts, for obvious reasons, were not well publicized.

Problems of elitism and materialism

During this period, the early sixties, ELCONG felt some reservations about support for the church from white missionaries:

"Too often, it seems to me, we missionaries merely pay lip service to the fact of the church. For all practical purposes we have acted on the assumption that we are lords over God's heritage . . .".¹⁹

Kuder mentioned further that instead of the white missionaries withdrawing gracefully sideways they were withdrawing upwards into the church's hierarchy. Even in 1978 this is still evident, although their roles may not be formally recognized in the structure of ELCONG.

By 1964 ELCONG was worried enough about the decimation of its Bugeid circuit by cultists to issue the following statement of belief about material goods. In view of the

Table 2

Cost of keeping a Lutheran missionary in the field in 1959 (in kina)

	Single	Married	Married with one child	Married with five children
American	1,870.60	3,767.20	4,915.20	11,802.36
German	1,707.20	3,482.36	4,614.12	11,394.32
Australian	1,534.16	2,790.41	3,820.60	10,000.18

Source: Lutmis Staff Reporter, No. 51, 7 October 1959.

church's own materialism some of these tenets have an oddly hollow ring:

"Statement of belief to clarify thinking about material goods"

I as a member of the Church of Jesus Christ, truly believe in His truth and therefore I declare:-

1. God put all things on the earth in order to care for my physical needs.
2. God commands that I must be concerned about and do the work which he has given me to do, and to earn my food with toil and sweat.
3. Therefore I believe God and I pray and I give thanks for God's blessing.
4. There is no way of obtaining goods, money or other things for the body from cemeteries, mountains, ponds or caves.
5. Therefore I will not pray in cemeteries or speak about false ways, I will not tremble (shake), I will not build a retreat in the forest to pray there, I will not appeal to dreams nor follow other practices said to lead to the obtaining of material goods.
6. If I observe any such practices or hear any reports about them, I will not believe them, I will turn away from them. These things are the deception of Satan.
7. Sometimes a man says, I hear the voice of an angel, when a sound is heard at the time of devotions, or he hears in a dream a word like the word of a prophet or of a spirit — this is truly a lie of Satan.
8. Therefore if such a man urges me to follow this kind of activity, I will not listen to his words. I will report the matter to the congregation.

"I am a member of the Church of God and I will stand firm in God's Word and oppose the lie of Satan.

"May the Lord Christ help me to be strong in work and to put down the confused thinking about obtaining wealth. Amen.

Resolved that the Church Council is to discuss the problem of materialism

which has destroyed the Buge Circuit (south of Madang) and is to challenge all districts with their responsibility for re-evangelising of Buge." ²⁰

In the same year the Kabak circuit report included the following item.

"The Malalas are the best-off financially in our circuit. They are producing and selling considerable copra now. It hasn't shown up in their offering as it should have. A good stewardship emphasis is needed . . . How important it is that they should come to a responsibility to the church." ²¹

Traumatic happenings began to occur about this time on the national scene. "Sinister and Satanic forces" were at work. Papuans and New Guineans were given the right to drink intoxicating liquor. This brought with it all of "the usual social and economic problems" and of course political problems because drugs of any description, when used volitionally, have a tendency to make users less amenable to social control. Papuans and New Guineans were also "asking for higher wages".

By 1969 the Lutheran budget exceeded \$1 million. It had 333 expatriates, 300 native pastors and 1,300 evangelists. ²²

The new era and its impact in the Trans-Gogol

Since 1969 some fairly profound happenings have impinged on Madang Lutheran thinking and these have been reflected in the Trans-Gogol. However, these should be examined in terms of the history of the development of the Church itself in the Madang area.

In Keyssers' time the missions were able to embrace "families, clans and tribes". These groups formed into congregations and circuits around mission stations and were the units which sent out evangelists to the "heathen areas". However, administration of the sacraments and some of the most significant aspects of mission ritual, were to remain in the hands of expatriates until quite recently. Initially; support for mission workers was in the form of goods and services or in pre-monetary shell or other currency such as trade goods. The changeover to paying mission workers a survival stipend never eventuated and thus well-schooled youth were not attracted to mission

work. The work force of the mission began to age over time. In the Madang area, in particular, the elders or presbyters became very strong in Lutheran activities and eventually this was reflected in the whole mission congregational-presbyterial-synodal structure. In the Trans-Gogol area evangelists generally came from the Amele area and they usually brought in the mission institutions with which they were familiar. When mission districts evolved, mainly on the coast, common languages were imposed within these circuits. In the Trans-Gogol the mission language was initially Amele. Later from the 1930s onward, it was Graged or Bel. This language system was gradually superseded by the secular languages of Pidgin and then English. Nation building institutions, language, laws, and schoolings were gradually to ease aside the mission institutions. In terms of the mission hierarchy there were tiers of elected and administrative personnel, e.g. districts. The Madang district would eventually have a district president, an elected council and an annual conference and additionally a district missionary. There would

be some overlap between what black and white personnel were doing but generally the white missionaries were still very influential in money and property matters in staff postings and the like. In fact the bulk of the resources, money and theological and policy issues were, in the late sixties and seventies, still being heavily influenced by expatriates through the ELCONG bishopric, the synod, the home boards, and the ELCONG field conference. The ELCONG church, like its counterpart the Government, did always have, and still has an indigenous base which has few material resources and a strong expatriate hierarchy which has much in the way of resources. At present ELCONG has a black bishop at its head and black bishops in the districts. All lean heavily on white advisers for doctrinal, administrative, planning and financial advice.

Any synopsis of more recent church history in the Trans-Gogol would be incomplete without some examination of the church's economic base. Table 3 gives some idea of ELCONG's Madang budget for 1969. The Trans-Gogol was then divided among the

Table 3

Projected revenues and expenditure for ELCONG from Madang circuits in 1969
(in kina)

Revenue		Expenditure	
Circuit	Budget		
Amele	1,180	District President	500
Bagasin	180	House for President	1,645
Biliau	450	President's Office	150
Bongu	180	Secretary	175
Banara	200	Travel — President	500
Kabak	210	Other Work	470
Karkar	2,300	District Workers	1,200
Wanuma	160	District School Work	500
Madang ILC	300	Delegates to other	
		District Conferences	170
Madang MLC	300	Young People's Work	120
Namabi	120	Pay for Evangelists	400
Amron School	50		
Baitabag School	100		
Wewak (in the Sepik)	50		
Kaguam	150		
Total	K5,830	Total	K5,830

Source: ELCONG District Council Meeting minutes, Baitabag, 28-30 November 1968.

Amele, Bagasin and Wanuma Circuits.

It should be noted first, that in the year previous to November 1968 only K1,426 had been collected and second, that all of the District Budget is collected in addition to money collected by congregations for their own work. The magnitude of this budget might be compared with that of the Lutheran Economic Service Commission which in 1967 had a budget of K883,083, admittedly, for spending in all areas covered by LMNG, ELCONG and NAMASU. I 1969 LMNG itself had an "A" budget of K1,083,288 and a "B" budget of K62,500 contributed by outside agencies. It is not known what amounts were generated internally from Lutheran Mission economic enterprises.

Table 4 gives some insight into what happened to the Lutherans in the Trans-Gogol and surrounding areas during the period 1955-1970. Figures for subsequent years are not given because they have not been gathered since that time. It would seem that once white missionaries stopped controlling the circuits there was little impetus for the gathering of such information. In table 4 circuit popu-

lations probably increased as evangelists expanded further afield. The percentage belonging to other sects also reveals some fairly rapid changes. It could well be that in 1970 it was decided to include cultists in other sects although the statistical summaries do specify "Christian Sects". In any event the change from less than 10 to more than 50 per cent of the circuits being non-Lutheran indicates a fairly sudden change over the fifteen-year period. This change might be related to the fall in the amount of money being taken out of the area in collections. The changes in the numbers of persons dependent on the Church for schooling is likewise dramatic. This change is related to the secularization. It should be noted, however, that the churches continued to have a good deal of input into all levels of schooling through arrangements with the Department of Education.

More recent district developments

By 1969 cargo cult thinking had far from ceased despite some cessation of government persecution. Cargo cult organization and

Table 4

Lutheran statistical information for Amele and Bagasin (including the Trans-Gogol) circuits, 1955, 1968, 1970

Category	Amele circuit			Bagasin circuit		
	1955	1968	1970	1955	1968	1970
Circuit population	9,747	17,000	17,000	7,611	8,000	8,000
Percentage belonging to other Christian sects	10	18.8	50.5	—	6.3	62.5
Monies collected in kina	1,240	3,092	1,163.42			Not known
Percentage of monies collected given for work outside donor congregations	24.8	5.2	8.5	28.1	24.5	Not known
Persons receiving Lutheran Mission schooling, training or instruction (a)	5,332	893	1,267	697	750	74

(a) Includes registered and unregistered schools; intermediate schools; youth training; training; Sunday schools; Bible schools; schools, medical, technical and Bible; vernacular and English seminaries; village higher schools; kindergarten pastor and evangelists; secondary schools; religious instruction in administration; and teaching training courses. (Some of the above instruction was received outside the circuit.)

Source: Report of Statistics of the Lutheran Mission and ELCONG, 1955, 1968 and 1970.

philosophy had become imitative of the church's own hierarchical structures, "tax" system and belief system. It also had some centralization at Madang with Beig Wen as Yali's Chief Minister. Its parallelism, in terms of an emphasis on ancestors in the old testament, millennialism, and continuity of life after death, had made it possible for villagers to straddle both belief systems at the same time or to develop intricate syncretic belief systems.

Relations between the Madang Divine Word Catholics and the Lutherans became more cordial but perhaps there was also a little wariness based on the historical split between the two groups. It would seem as though attempts at mutual understanding had increased considerably since 1964 when a Lutheran Missionary was able to write:

"The Catholics built some kind of a cathedral at Saidor although they do not have the people yet to fill it. The co-operation between us and them was good especially during the time of the election campaign for the House of Assembly and the local council. They even voted for our candidate. The one priest there, a Dutch, pays tribute to the work by the Lutheran Mission and he is very fond of the Lutheran horses, nevertheless, he expects us to 'return' to the arms of Mother Rome. Some of them still seem to think that Martin Luther just wanted to get married."²³

The Lutherans, to win back adherents from the Catholics, cultist and faith churches in the Madang Province, have now made their hill station at Nobanob available to the Summer Institute of Linguistics for training purposes. In return, some of its linguists, whose avowed aim is to bring the Bible to all Papua New Guinea nationals in their own languages, now operate in areas such as the Trans-Gogol. Two linguists are currently working in the Trans-Gogol in one of the Austronesian languages found along the Madang coast. Since the advent of a black bishop in Madang, who comes from Karkar, there has been much more lip-service to local autonomy. It has meant fewer demands for support for evangelists who, up to 1961, used to go from their home congregations to other less enlightened

areas. Language policies have changed with much less pressure on learning outside languages such as Graged and Amele in order to participate in church activities and schooling. Most services are now in Pidgin and the texts used are published by Kristen Pres.

The tyranny of the older pastors is being challenged by the younger more worldly pastors who receive a fairly liberal, by traditional standards, schooling at the lavish Martin Luther Seminary in Lae. However, such well-schooled pastors tend to gravitate towards the wealthier congregations and neglect such poor places as the Trans-Gogol, which has one older Lutheran pastor, but a number of evangelists, to minister to the needs of the seven congregations. He has no means of travelling from Gonoa to other villages except on foot. He lives in a bush materials building and must cultivate his own garden. At present he is being assisted by a disillusioned trainee pastor from the Martin Luther Seminary who feels that the Madang Lutheran District Council is irresponsible for not providing facilities for its pastors in the field.

There has been much re-thinking about the role of expatriates in the Madang Church District. They now have more specialized roles and are seen much less frequently in the Trans-Gogol than in the past. Trans-Gogol people are not slow to point to the inequalities which still exist on the coast between blacks and whites in the church. The latter still have big houses, new cars, good food and travel a lot. The latter, too, with a few exceptions, lead much the same lives as previously.

Table 5 gives some indication of the organization of the Madang Church District. It does not, however, distinguish very clearly between the elective and bureaucratic structures. Both may have become weakened since the church ostensibly became more independent.

Each Friday evening the late Bishop Stahl Mileng, met interested Lutherans in Madang at the Thinking and Talking Committee, or *Tink Tink na Tok Tok Komiti*. Some reports indicate that this improved communication for people in the town and its environs, but did not benefit rural leaders unless they were visiting Madang. Other reports indicate that expatriate inputs tended to be great, especially

Table 5

Organization Madang ELC-PNG

National Organs		Madang ELC	Synod	Church	Council	Bishop	Talk- Commi-
District Conference	Council	Bishop					
Thinking and ing tee							
Thinking and Talking Committee							
		Asuar					
		Agricultural Farm					
		Education	Amele				
		Finance	Bagasin				
		Good news	Biliau				
		Housing	Bongu				
		Lutheran	Kabak				
		Church	Karkar				
		Madang	Ranara				
		Medical	Town				
		Statistics	Town				
		Stewardship	Wanuma				
		Trustees					
Committees							

Source: EL. PNG, Madang

Circuits

from some of the longer serving expatriate missionaries. The forty local Madang District pastors tended to be underrepresented at these supposedly informal meetings.

For 1978 50,000 Madang District Lutherans are being called on to raise K5,710 for the use of the District and K3,000 for the use of ELC-PNG. Of this amount Bagasin, Amele and Wanuma, in which the Trans-Gogol is now included, are being called on to provide K1,600, K700 and K400 respectively. Based on previous experiences it is likely that they might raise a quarter of this amount. The Bishop suggested that it is only the older people who will give to district and national organizations. Young people tend to give "red coins" — one or two toea pieces.

Impact of Lutheran thinking in the Trans-Gogol

After the experience of the Trans-Gogol people with Namasu there is some question whether they will again believe in the efficacy of a centralized venture perhaps initiated and or run by expatriates from an urban base. The people there are essentially materialists and attempt to manipulate deities through ritualistic means to secure material benefit. Christianity itself is rich in ritual and in material assets and can also provide an intellectual base from which to launch efforts to secure economic betterment. One of the more thoughtful Trans-Gogol Lutheran graduates of a Bible school confided in me that he had found a book which could perhaps provide for him the missing links which the white Lutherans had always hidden in their attempts to keep a monopoly on their wealth. This book included the following messages on prosperity:

"God wants you to be prosperous.

"God created a world of abundance — enough and to spare for all . . . His law of prosperity is in the story of the Prophet Elijah and the widow . . . the widow was left with a pile of debts when her husband died . . . she had only a small pot of oil . . . she was told to pour it into other containers and to go and sell it . . . it was bountiful and she paid all her debts . . . start with what you have and God will do the rest . . . God helps those who

help themselves . . . George Dunlop wound rubber, just a curiosity at that time, around the rims of his invalid mother's wheel chair. Out of that grew the famous Dunlop tires. George became rich . . . There is also the example of honest Abe Lincoln tramping through a storm to repay a widow he overcharged . . . Charles Dickens, the famous writer toiled for years to pay off his debts. But out of his toil grew some of the loveliest stories the world has ever seen . . . In the early days of the far west a woman who had never seen paper money came to her minister saying she was in dire need. She explained that she had a son who wrote her letters but never sent her anything to get along on . . . "All he sends me is letters and pretty pictures" . . . "May I see one of the pictures", asked the Minister? . . . from the leaves of the Bible she brought out a handful of bank notes. The Minister laughed, "Why you have more money than most of us. You are rich . . . You have fortune in your Bible without knowing it" . . . In an ancient city were two blind men, both of whom roamed the city streets asking help. The first cried: "He is helped whom God helps" The second cried: "He is helped whom the king helps". The King was flattered. He baked a bar of gold in a loaf of bread and sent it to the man who flattered him. Thinking the bread heavy and unfit to eat, the blind man sold it to the man with faith in God for a few pennies. The latter took the bread home, found the treasure and had to beg no more. The former continued to beg still crying: "He is helped whom the King helps." The King sent for him and asked: "What did you do with the bread I sent you?" The man said: "It seemed heavy and poorly baked, so I sold it to my friend" "Truly", said the King as he turned the beggar from him, "he is helped whom God helps."

The same book lists a number of prayers for prosperity:

"Help me to use whatever talents I have to gain security and prosperity . . . And help me to use whatever things I own in the right way so to increase them . . . Thou hast filled the earth and sea with all the good things we need to make us comfortable and happy, dear Father . . . You know that the goods and property and the business which God created and put into your hands is of as much interest to Him as it is to you. You should know that He wants you to be happy in the possession and handling of it . . . He (Christ) . . . regarded poverty as merely another opportunity to mould character."²⁴

It is not difficult to imagine how well this kind of material fits in with cargo thinking and the search for literal directions for gaining access to material goods and a social nirvana. It is also not difficult to understand how Christian teaching and cargo thinking both lead to an eschewal of an adequate analysis of how wealth is created and distributed in a society in which there continue to be gross inequalities and double talk.

The wide-ranging thinking of an older man about the timber project, religion and wealth is illuminating because it highlights some of the epistemological contradictions that Trans-Gogol men must try to solve. K. says:

"If our talk about money gets to the National Parliament they will probably give us more money. The Forests Office is putting us down and cutting our payments and there are others. In 1962 a kiap (names him) went around the Trans-Gogol. He took the names of all the agents or face men. I asked in Madang if these names were kept in Madang or in Port Moresby because I wanted to see how much money each would get. Their answer was unsatisfactory. Only the name of a Forests Officer went to Port Moresby. He got the money and broke it for us but he kept some back. In 1972 the second pay was big but later payments were small. The kiap came to see me at Bible school and I signed three pages. I was then twenty-six years old. This was in 1962.

He had to hide the way. There are two meanings to the Bible. The old-style meaning was given to use by missionaries. It was only the surface meaning they gave us — *kaikai bilong as bilong bibal istap yet* — the real food or meaning is still there. Because this missionary wanted to show us, he was sent back after fifteen months. The Government and the mission didn't like him. He said that the Europeans couldn't reveal the secrets of their lives. He said his meaning would become clear later. At this time I had doubts about whether the Government or the missions were helping us. The way we have been shown is very hard. The hidden way is better. We want to settle down like true men but we are forced to live like pigs. Before I thought white parents and white schools gave white children their knowledge of how to get wealth. However, now I think the answer lies in the true Bible. When Jesus died and rose again and came back for forty days with the disciples he told them something before he went back to heaven. I think he told Peter. This secret has been passed on to all white men who are now living in the Kingdom. First they get savi or understanding and then they know the *pasin* or work. The Europeans are at fault because they all refuse to share this knowledge. They know how to nurture body and soul. A good body is like medicine for the soul. Savi or understanding or knowledge comes up in the head. If a man is right thinking all his *pasin* or work will be all right. I have tried the prayers many times from Christian books but nothing happens to make me like the Europeans."

The pages were to go to Madang, Port Moresby HQ and a *tambu* place (registry or archives?). He told me I would not wear a rubbish singlet and laplap or loin cloth when the company came to work our ground. He said that we would dress the same as Europeans. The Reverend W. was there and shook his head and smiled when I looked up at him after signing. Perhaps the kiap

was telling us the truth but something happened. In 1963 a teacher Mr. T came and gave thirteen of us good understanding about the Bible. He said that we were all children of Papua New Guinea. Before he came from America he thought that our way of life was similar to that of the Americans but he found out that our way was *kranki* or no good. He said that the Government and missions were treating us like rubbish and our pay, dress and food were inadequate. He wanted to help us but the Government was very strong and wouldn't let him help us learn about how American young people did things. When he came he was told to follow the European way of doing things and not to change existing ways of doing things.

New vessels for old wine — national church structures

The national Lutherans in an attempt to reconcile their worldly and spiritual assets have adopted the structure in Table 6. The structure in Table 6 was intended in part to reflect the distinction and yet historical dependency between the church's religious and very secular economic activities. It has divested itself of its aviation division and sees no great problem with disposing of its shipping worth K2 million, and technical divisions.

However, the Madang coastal people, on whom the Madang District has always depended for a power base, want to have a special arrangement to guarantee that they will continue to have some control over their own shipping. Ironically, the plantations will probably not be sold for a number of reasons, one of which may be the doubtful validity of the original purchases and land shortages of the adjacent original owners. They are still expected to yield the church K100,000 to 200,000 yearly. NAMASU holding will continue with its branches in the Highlands, Morobe, Madang, Sepik. It will also continue with its activities in exports and imports, coffee purchases, soap, possibly chickens, transport (including air services), and wharf facilities. NAMASU will be linked to the national church through their property trust and economic services boards. A foundation

will channel NAMASU surpluses on a grant basis to projects worthy of support.

The number of working units of expatriates (which excludes dependants) has declined from an all-time high in 1970 of 383 working units to 156 in 1978.

The national budget in 1978 is K707,930 of which 55 per cent will come from overseas, 12 per cent from local contributions and 23 per cent from Lutheran economic enterprises. In terms of overseas aid, such traditional donors as the Lutheran World Federation, American Lutheran Church, Lutheran Church in Australia, Neuendettelsau Mission Society, and Leipzig Mission Society still donate to the Papua New Guinea enterprise, but these churches and newcomer donors are tending to be selective in determining how their donations are to be spent, i.e. the donations are being linked more to specific projects. This selectivity makes the national church less autonomous and possibly means that there is more bias towards the financing of large-scale, urban-based projects congruent with the priorities of the western donors. There is also a trend towards the short-term, specialized volunteers rather than the career missionaries who are being phased out. These trends have some fairly profound implications for such inland, rural areas as the Trans-Gogol.

An international evaluation team suggests that village people or congregations be induced to give more.²⁵ At present each of the 200,000 Lutherans gives 35t per year to ELC-PNG. The team recommends that by 1986 every member give K2.50 and by that time overseas subsidies be phased out. The budget of ELC-PNG will, of course, not be reduced during this period.

There are some cruel paradoxes in this whole situation which not only affect the Lutherans but also affect the Government and Jant *vis-à-vis* the village people. For many years people such as those in the Trans-Gogol have been told that they will have to make sacrifices, become self-sufficient or create surpluses for urban-based church personnel to use. Initially, these demands took the form of labour contributions for plantations, the erection of village churches, aid posts, schools or pastors' houses. Then there was a call for evangelists to go to the Highlands or else-

Table 6

Current (1978) organizational structure of ELC-PNG

ELC PNG	CHURCH COUNCIL	PROPERTY TRUST	ORDINANCE
LES BY	GUARANTEE	FINANCE	BOARD
DIVISION	DIVISION	DIVISION	
SHIPPING	AVIATION	PLANTATION	
DIVISION			
TECHNICAL			
BUDGET	AMPO	ALL	
	RISK	PASSIVE	
	MGT	INVEST.	
KPI	ELC		
BY	ACCT.		
ASSOC			
XXXXXX	ADVISORY		
.....	RESPONSIBLE FOR		
---	APPOINT BOARD MEMBER ONLY		

KEY CHART

UNINCORPORATED
ENTITY

Incorporated Source: ELC PNG, Madang.

X STAFF MANAGER
... OWNS REAL ESTATEKAMBANG
HOLDINGS
BY SHARES

where — pastors or evangelists still cannot be posted to their own villages. In return the Lutherans eventually offered some schooling or instruction at a number of levels. With the secularization of the schooling system by the Government in the 1960s, much potential value of Lutheran schooling to themselves was lost. Eventually in the last decade there has been increasing pressure by an aging hierarchy and elected leaders for rural congregations to contribute to the various levels of the church hierarchy — circuits, districts and ELC-PNG. There has been an assumption, frequently made explicit, that Papua New Guinea will always remain poor and that self-sufficiency and surpluses at the grass roots are really the name of the game, especially in the long-run. However, in the interim, outside aid is used for the following:

- (a) to support a church bureaucracy;
- (b) to establish or maintain relatively large-scale centralized institutions such as schools, hospitals and seminaries;
- (c) to provide a support system for expatriate missionaries;
- (d) to establish or shore up Lutheran Mission economic enterprises;
- (e) to provide reserve funds.

To be more specific, in the Madang situation the Bishop kept a tight rein on all funds sent to the District by ELC-PNG. Very little if any of such aid got below the circuit level. Only recently has it been decided to reward grass-roots church workers with long-service conscience money or *bel gut moni*. However, these kinds of rewards merely reinforce the authority of an aging group gradually being made obsolete by the functioning of other national and commercial institutions also based on western-type models. No amount of exhortation, leadership training, appeals for self-help and self-sufficiency will hide the fact that surpluses created by rural areas and aid from outside the country are being disposed of by westerners and urban Papua New Guinea elites. And this is not a temporary phenomenon. It has been occurring at least since before the First World War.

Because the Lutherans stopped gathering statistics in 1970 it is difficult to plot the recent health trends of the church. However, if offer-

ings and contributions are any indication of the state of health of the Lutheran Church in the Madang Province, and particularly in the Trans-Gogol circuits of Bagasin, Wanuma and Amele, it is in bad shape. The church's present strength can thus be attributed only to external aid and to its business enterprises and passive investments. The latter will probably continue to provide between a quarter to a half of ELC-PNG income until at least 1986. The church has become an organization with a dual clientele — those in rural areas, particularly the young and the cargo cultists, who see the historically extractive nature of church operations for what they are and have been, and those in urban areas or comfortable mission stations who have led a western-type existence supported by surpluses generated outside the country or in rural areas. In the Trans-Gogol the slippage between what the Lutherans advocate and promise and their actual past deeds has become very obvious to the people.

A recently conducted national survey by the church itself of its workers, not congregation, tells its own story:

“(a) Elders, pastors and missionaries are facing far — reaching problems or role insecurity. Their roles are not clear to themselves nor to others. Hence they often have difficulties responding to the expectations which people have of them.

“(b) The information provided about congregations indicates a crisis of motivation and Christian identity. Positively this is expressed in the chapter about worship where roughly 80 per cent of the respondents express a desire to change forms of worship. Negatively this crisis expresses itself in attitudes towards Christian giving.

(c) Particularly in urban areas, as a focal point of social change, the church and its workers often fail to meet people where they are and deal with their problems.

“(d) Circuits, districts and the national church represented in the National Head Office, seem to have become an organizational purpose in

themselves, without much relevant communication in terms of an apostolic vision going on between these various levels of church organization.

"Foreign Missionaries

(They are) seen only in terms of what they contribute to the work of the church, what they do or give, but they are not viewed as people living with people in terms of reciprocal relationships.

"Donations

(There are) very poor motivations to give work or money beyond the needs of the immediate congregational level. Many people clearly lack the feeling that the church is their own, and that they are responsible for it. The church, particularly at district and national level, is considered to be self-sufficient and in no need of congregational support because of the availability of funds from overseas and through profits from church-owned business enterprises. A crisis of motivation and identification is combined with a mistrust of the upper church echelons. One can recognize a fear of congregations and circuits being manipulated by upper church levels and of being misused as potential sources of funds only. . .

"The people do not understand the work of the church. And they also do not understand their own responsibility in the church. Such gaps of communication are further increased by tensions between expatriates and nationals in urban congregations and by tensions between people or groups coming from different areas or districts. The church does not bridge these gaps effectively . . .

"Eighty-three per cent of Madang church workers "do not experience the church helping in their economic problems".

"Reasons for dissatisfaction with church collections are as follows:

- (a) In favour of collection but short of money 28 per cent
- (b) Tired of being asked for money 16 per cent

- (c) Collection money misused 28 per cent
- (d) Controlling church bodies should find finance 18 percent
- (e) Miscellaneous 10 per cent

"(The answers to this last question on "dissatisfaction" were given by a national sample. The Madang respondents gave higher responses on "c" and "d" than the national respondents.)"²⁶

New Protestant and Fundamentalist churches in the Trans-Gogol

Newer, more radical, literalist and fundamentalist churches are moving into the Trans-Gogol to challenge not only the positions of the older churches but also that of the cargo cultists. For example, the Gospel Lighthouse (Four Square Gospel) acts as a funnel for American Christian comics which sometimes attempt to come to terms with social problems in the United States. One such publication seen by the author, titled "Run, Baby, Run", dealt with a Puerto Rican, Nicky, hitting rock-bottom in a New York ghetto. He gets "busted" by the police and the judge tells him that he has a boy about his age who "goes to school . . . lives in a good house in a nice neighbourhood . . . doesn't get into trouble . . . plays baseball . . . and makes good grades". The answer to Nicky's problem is lack of love. Once he has found a Christian to love him he has a sudden Christian conversion. It is significant that minority groups themselves, especially coloured groups, are still perceived by this church as having a problem and that conformity to the white-established social order, including religion, is still seen as a panacea. This sect sent word to the Trans-Gogol and elsewhere that it was having a healing mission in late 1977. I took some of the Trans-Gogol ill to a healing service held in one of the parks in Madang. The service was much more participatory and emotionally charged than those of the traditional church services in the Gogol. Some Gospel Lighthouse adherents believe that something will happen in 1982.

The Jehovah's Witnesses are also active in the Trans-Gogol and their emphasis on the old testament and its lineages has some appeal to

the older men who attach much importance to knowing about ancestors and the law as it is passed on through such ancestors.

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NOT YET A MAN

Pius Tikili

first produced by David Haro on National Broadcasting Commission on 19/3/'78 with the following cast:-

KOI	: Joseph N'draliu
AGNES WESTIN	: Jenny Cory
MR. WESTIN	: Peter Trist
KLAK	: Donald Penias
PAL	: Nell Haro
KOROWA	: Peter Broome
YAPI	: Joseph Pupua

(Theme)

(Sound of plates and cups)

Westin: Well, Koi, this is the last meal you'll be having with us before you leave for home.

Koi: Home! It seems so strange to think of anywhere else but here in your house, as home, Mr. Westin!

Westin: Six years is a long time in anyone's life, Koi, Perhaps more so when one is young. Agnes my dear, pass Koi some more of the fruit drink.

Agnes: Yes, Dad. Here Koi, let me fill your glass.

(Liquid pouring)

Agnes: There! Now, come on — let's have a toast.

Westin: Yes! Koi — to your successful career and perhaps to your future happiness together with my beautiful daughter, Agnes.

Agnes: Oh Dad — don't be embarrassing! You know Koi and I are just good friends! We're not engaged or anything!

(manual sound of glass overturning)

Koi: Oh! I'm so clumsy! I've spilt the drink everywhere!

Agnes: Don't worry Koi! I... I'll get a cloth from the kitchen. Excuse me for a moment.

(door closes)

Westin: It seems I always say the wrong thing! Anyway, Koi, I want you to know that you have brought much happiness to me. The years you've stayed with us — while you've been studying — have made me think of you as a son!

Koi: Thank you Mr. Westin. I really have appreciated your kindness to me over these years! My own parents could never have afforded the education you've given me! But life is like a circle, isn't it?

Westin: A circle?

Koi: Yes! Beginning from nothing, birth, growing up, having a family, growing old — then death and nothing again!

Westin: That's a gloomy view of life's purpose! Koi you mustn't become depressed!

Agnes (moving on): Here's the cloth! I'll wipe the table dry again. *(pause)* There! *(pause)* Hey! You two are looking very serious. What's the matter?

Westin: We were just discussing attitudes to life and death!

Agnes: Such a deep subject, Dad! We should try to talk about happy things on Koi's last day with us!

Westin: You're right Agnes! It must be old age catching up with me! I'll go and get the car ready... We'll have to leave for the airport soon Koi.

(door closes)

Agnes *(softly)*: Koi, I'm sorry if Dad upset you. Talking that way about us, I mean.

Koi: I wasn't upset. Is just that I'm on edge to-day. I'm sorry.

Agnes: I know. It's O.K. *(pause)* Oh! I wish you could stay here with us and not go back to Papua New Guinea.

Koi: I've been away for six years. I've missed so many things.

Agnes: Haven't you been happy with me? With friendship?

Koi: Of course I have. You know how I feel about you, Aggie girl!

Agnes *(near tears)*: I'll never feel this way about anyone else! Never!

Koi: It's only natural for me to have missed my family — and all the familiar faces and customs I grew up with. I couldn't ever be anyone else but a Papua New Guinean.

Agnes: You aren't part of that tradition anymore! You're become used to Western values — to our lifestyle!

Koi: I'm still between those two worlds! I must go back to see if I still really belong to my own country. My own people! *(pause)* And there's my initiation.

Agnes: Initiation?

Koi: The ceremony and tests I must go through before I can be accepted by my society.

Agnes: But does that custom still apply? Even now, in modern times? And you're already a man!

Koi: Until I've been through the ceremony of initiation I am still a boy in the eyes of my people.

Agnes: Its just — so hard for me to understand! That place up there seems so remote to me. So different.

Koi: Agnes, you know if you and I were married, you would have to become part of my society. You'd have to understand it then!

Agnes: Its just ... well difficult for me! But I'd try very hard.

Koi: I know that, Aggie! *(pause)* Look, its getting late! I'll go and bring my suitcases to the car.

Agnes: Koi? Do you mind if I don't come to the airport with you and Dad?

Koi: But why not?

Agnes: I ... I just can't bear to say goodbye — that's why.

Westin *(calling)*: Koi! Agnes! Its time to leave for the airport. Hurry along.

Agnes *(calling)*: Coming Daddy! *(to Koi)* Koi, you know I'll do whatever you want!

Koi: Aggie — I'll write to you when I get home to Hagen. Let you know how things are with my family. Then after everything's done — I mean my initiation ceremony — I'll tell them about you — and our plans.

Agnes: Please don't take too much time, Koi! I'll be waiting everyday for your letter.

Koi: I promise you. Trust me Aggie!

(door opens, close)

Westin: Come on you two! Get the suitcases, Koi. We have to leave now.

Agnes: Dad. I ... I ... er ... won't come with you to the airport. I'm not feeling very well.

Westin: All right dear. But it does seem rather strange of you. *(pause)* Here we are Koi. I'll take one — got your ticket?

Koi: Yes. Everything.

Westin *(moving off)*: I'll take this outside. Should fit in the backseat.

Koi: Aggie. I'll have to go now.

Agnes: Don't forget your promise Koi! Don't forget, please ...

(music bridge to end scene)
(airport crowd)

Koi: Hello Mother! Mother! It's me, Koi.

Pal: Oh my son! *(crying)* My son! I couldn't recognise you, after all these years! Oh, my loved one! You are back at last!

Koi *(nearly crying)*: Yes mother. Finally I've come. Those years, are gone. The staying away was hard but I've gone through it! ... *(pause)* Please stop crying!

Pal: I thought you were lost, gone for good, but now you are ... *(crying)*

Koi: Please mother, stop crying! There's nothing to cry about! *(pause)* Anyway, where is Father?

Pal: He's at home killing a pig for your return.

Koi: Aren't the young men obliged to do such work for the old people?

Pal: Ha, those men! Last time I told them to break me firewood they replied "We aren't your labourers, call your son".

Koi: You haven't asked them again, have you?

Pal: No! Haven't I any shame?

Koi: I understand. Come on mama, we'd better move. I'm terribly tired after that long flight.

Pal: Yes, you must be tired. Here, give me that big suitcase and I'll carry it in my bilum.

Koi: No mother, it is too heavy for you!

Pal: Don't worry son, give it to me. I'm still strong.

Koi: Mama, if you insist, I don't see why I should go against you will.

Pal: Come along now!

Koi: The sun's already going down behind Mount Poki.

Pal: We must go before the shadows grow tall and the spirits wake up.

(music bridge to water splashing)

Koi (after drinking): Haah! The river Kum! Fresh from the mountains and as cold as ice. This is natural and beautiful not artificial!

Pal: What did you say, Koi?

Koi: I was just saying that kum River doesn't need water cooler machines.

Pal: What are water cooler machines?

Koi: Machines run by electricity power to cool water.

Pal: Hmmm! Is that water as cold as the Kum?

Koi: Not exactly! Nevertheless, we still drink it.

Pal: Koi, here comes your father! He must have seen us!

Klak (fade in): Oh, my lost son! All those years of waiting have now come to an end! *(pause)* ... Come here, son, I'll hug you!

Pal (laughing): You'll dirty his fine clothes!

Klak: You've grown up, my son. You were only a child, when you left, now look at you! Bundle of muscles.

Koi: Yes, I've grown up and matured.

Pal: It's already getting dark. Both of you can talk later! Let's go home.

Koi: Yes, we'd better be moving, father.

Klak: Son, tonight we won't sleep. We'll talk

and talk until the rooster crows.

Pal (laughs): I hope your aging limbs let you stay through the night.

Klak: Koi, I forgot to tell you! You see, I'm not getting younger any more and you are no longer a boy ...

Koi: Which means?

Klak: We'll have to find you wife! Now that you are home. But first you must be initiated. You know the rules and customs, don't you?

Pal: Of course he does. You take him for a fool!

Klak: I'm sorry. From now on we'll look forward to the initiation which begins on the full moon. *(pause)*

(morning sounds, hold)

Klak: Koi, you've been here for two weeks, I don't like these rumours that I hear.

Koi: What is everybody saying?

Klak: It is being said that you've been making eyes at the village girls. Especially with Councillor Korowi's daughter, Theresa.

Koi: But that's not true father!

Pal: Please son, don't do it. If you do you are endangering our lives.

Klak: It would be O.K. had you been fully initiated, but you have still one more ceremony to attend to.

Koi: I know father.

Pal: If you try to win any girl before then, the people would drive us out of the village!

Klak: We'd be outcasts.

Koi: Now father, I never did anything wrong! Will you stop that talk?

Klak: But what happened at the river?

Koi: I was at the river when the councillor's daughter came down. When I dived under-water she stripped and just stood there.

Pal: That's bad. Did you see her? I mean did she? ...

Koi (interrupting): Of course I saw her! *(pause)* And she invited me, but I walked away so she said, I'll be sorry!

Pal: Girls nowadays want to marry young educated men. They want money, so you must be careful from now on.

Klak: Here comes committee Yapi, I wonder what's wrong? *(calling)*. Good morning Committee! What could bring you here?

Yapi: Its quite serious. The Councillor wants to see Koi for seducing his daughter, Theresa.
Pal: That's a lie? Koi wouldn't dream of such a thing!

Yapi: I know Koi wouldn't do such a shameful thing! But what can I do when Theresa says that Koi is guilty?

Koi: If Korowi's daughter wants a forced marriage, I won't accept it! We'll go to court!

Tapi: Did you really do it? I mean, take her?

Koi: I never did such a thing. But the girl told me, that she loved me! I told her, I already had a white girlfriend in Australia.

Pal: Ahh! She is jealous, that witch!

Yapi: Is that all, Koi?

Koi: Nothing else.

Yapi: We will go to village court then!

(crowd noises)

Korowa: So you don't want to marry my daughter after you've used her, ha? You want my daughter to be branded a prostitute? So no man will marry her?

Koi: Please councillor, I didn't do it! I've told you and the court the whole truth.

Yapi: The custom and the law says either Koi and Theresa marry, or Koi's family leave the society never to return! Then the girl shall remain unmarried until death!

Klak (shouting): My son did no wrong! It was the girl's fault! She's no good! And jealous!

Korowa: How dare you say that! My daughter is too pretty! Many men have fallen for her!

Yapi: Order please! Order! The decision is final and its no use you two getting mad at each other! Let Koi decide.

Koi: Have you forgotten something?

Korowa: What do you mean?

Koi: My initiation has not yet finished! I'm still not ready to accept a wife.

Korowa: Klak! You are this fellow's father. Is what he says true?

Klak: He speaks truly. It is our family's shame that he has not followed the customs of our people.

Pal (crying): He has been away with the whitemen too long! He was taken from us, before he was taught our ways!

Koi: That is true! But I'm back now, and will follow the rules of our society! I'm not yet fully initiated.

(crowd murmur)

Korowa: I accept your words as true. Therefore you *are* not yet a man for my daughter. She has done a wrong thing to accuse you.

Koi: Please do not punish Theresa! She did not know the truth about my not being initiated.

Korowa: To show that I do not bear bad feelings to you. I will have my family kill twelve pigs and make a great feast of payback. We will ask you to forgive us.

(excited crowd response to end scene)

(music bridge)

Westin (calling): Agnes! Are you there?

Agnes: Yes dad? What is it?

Westin: The postman has delivered this letter.

Agnes: Is it? ... Oh please dad? ... Is it from Koi?

Westin: Yes my dear. I know how eagerly you've been waiting for this letter. But Agnes, I want to ask you to do something for me.

Agnes: Of course, Dad. What do you want me to do?

Westin: If the news in this letter is not what you really wanted to hear — not what you've expected — please don't be sad. You can't live on dreams.

Agnes: Dreams?

Westin: Yes! What you've asked of Koi may just not be possible! Not practical. Agnes, you both are young people — with a lifetime ahead. To follow a wrong decision now, could spoil your future and bring unhappiness to you both. Remember what happened to your Mother and me?

Agnes: The divorce? But that was because you were so wrong for each other. Mother was not prepared to accept the responsibility of marriage. It was her own fault.

Westin: Perhaps it was as much my fault as hers. We had doubts before we were married. But decided to go ahead.

Then you were born, and it seemed that things would better. But nothing changed . . . nothing.

Westin: The fact is that you have never known each other anywhere else but here. An artificial situation. A friendship cannot always remain the same in another environment.

All I want you to accept, is that you both must have *no doubts* at all, before you decide to marry. *(pause)* I don't want to sound hard, Agnes. I'm only trying to advise you. I'll leave you alone to read your letter.

Agnes: All right dad, I accept what you said.

(door close)

(letter opening)

Agnes (quietly): Oh Koi, you seem so far away . . . *(pause)* *(reads)* "My dear Agnes . . .

(crossfade Agnes's voice to Koi's voice)

Koi: My dear Agnes,

I've been trying to write this letter in a way you will understand. I hope what I have to say won't hurt you. It's not meant to be cruel — Just to be the truth.

Since I returned home *(funny how this place, now, seems really to be home)* — I've realised how much more I need to learn about my society.

At first I felt so much an outsider — an outcast. Despite my education *(for which I will always be grateful to your father)* I realised how little I really know.

My parents are both old now, and need my help more than before. They are still part of the traditions of our society, and gain their strength and inspiration from the old ways.

I agreed to the initiation, not just for my parents' sake, but for my own satisfaction. I needed the guidance of tradition to gain a *true* sense of identity. To become a man.

I have met a girl of my own tribe here in the village. Her name is Theresa and her father, Korowa, is a big man in our clan. Although she is not well educated, she is intelligent and I like her very much.

Agnes, please understand you and your father will always hold a very special place in my affection. I will never forget your kindness to me over the years I stayed with you.

However, I now realise that my life, and the future, must be here — in my own country with my people.

Without their strength and traditions, I could never find my real sense of purpose in life.

I would have to remain . . . NOT YET A MAN.