

The PNG WRITER

The Magazine of the Papua New Guinea Writers' Union



PLAYS
POEMS
STORIES
REVIEWS
ARTICLES

K2-50

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10th Anniversary
Edition

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1985

THE WRITER

She writes
And he writes
Their topics
Unlimited.

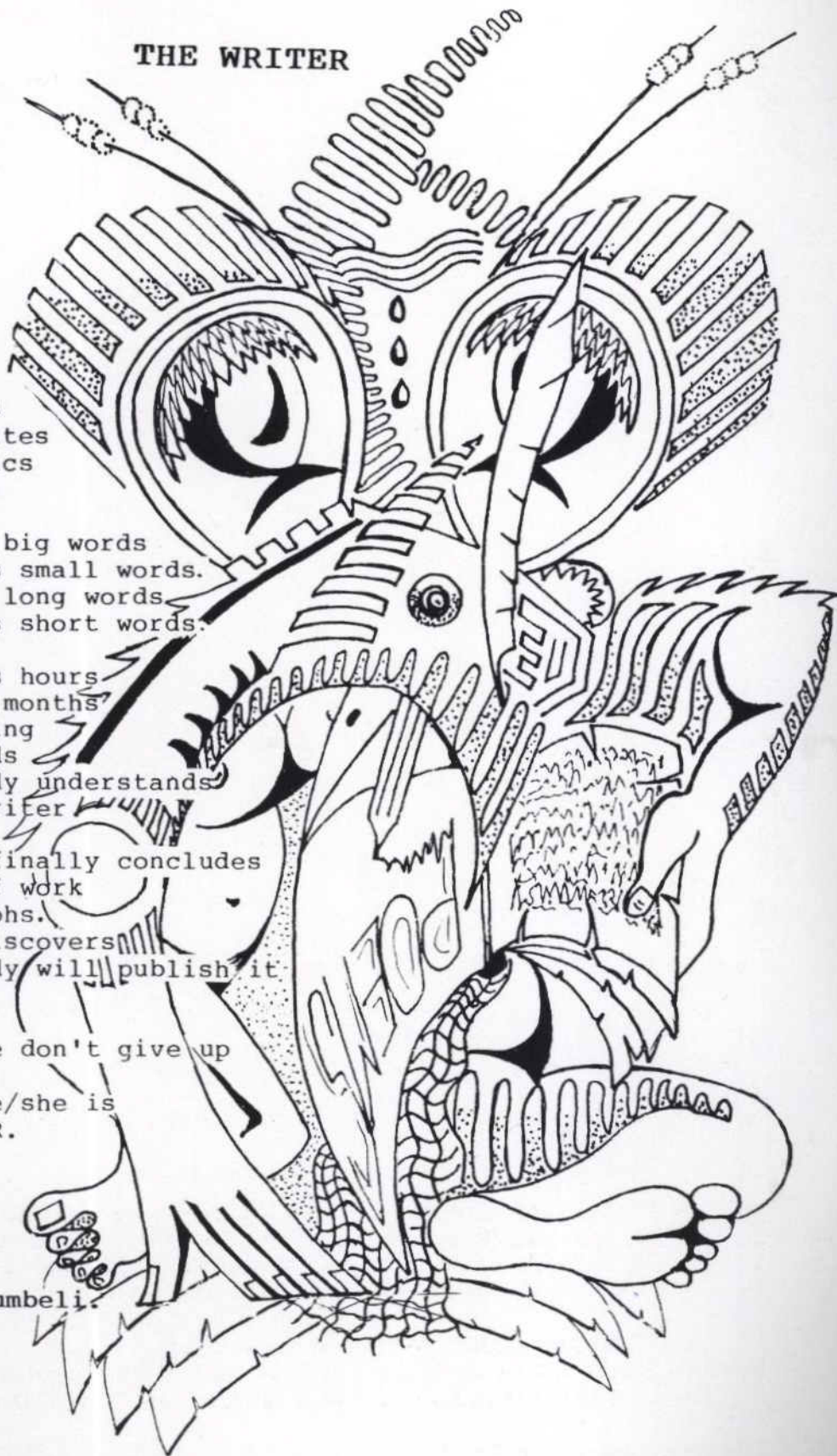
He writes big words
She writes small words.
He writes long words
She writes short words.

She spends hours
Sometimes months
Just writing
Using words
That nobody understands
But the writer

When she finally concludes
A piece of work
She triumphs.
When he discovers
That nobody will publish it
He curses.

But he/she don't give up
Writing
Because he/she is
THE WRITER.

Joyce A Kumbeli.



The PNG WRITER

The Magazine of the Papua New Guinea Writers' Union



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POETRY: Barfoot Dondoli, Arthur Jawodimbari, Yanopa Kai, John Kil, Silas Kili, Loujaya Kouza, Joyce Kumbeli, Benjamin Nakin, Francis Nii, John Sari, Russell Soaba, Kumalau Tawali, Ambrose Waiyin, James Wanjik, Steven Winduo, Abby Yadi and Justin Yatu.

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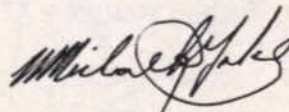
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Foreword from the PNGWU President.

Late in November '84 a group of eager young writers got together to express their dissatisfaction over the lack of publishing outlets for their work. Many had poems, stories and others tattered manuscripts tucked away which they couldn't get published because they were unknown. From that first meeting was born the Papua New Guinea Writers' Union. If you are serious about writing then you should join. Anyone resident in the country is eligible to join; adult fee is K5 and students K2.

Thanks to a very hard-working editor and his midnight co-workers we have managed to get our first publication to you less than a year later. I'm sure you'll find this an interesting and entertaining magazine and I hope you'll continue to buy future issues. From our sales we hope to be able to help other young writers by funding them to publish their work. We have two projects in mind for 1986: an anthology of PNG verse and a collection of new short stories from PNG. As Ignatius Kilage said in his interview, there is a wealth of creative talent in this country. Let's nurture it along so that PNG Literature becomes a living reality; not just something which academics talk about. The best way to do this is to join the PNGWU or to set up a branch in your school, college or home district. Why not hold a meeting in your own area? You'll be surprised at the number of potential writers who turn up. We hope to have our AGM at the UPNG campus in mid-November. We would be delighted to see you here. If not we look forward to hearing from you in 1986.



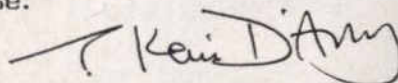
Micheal Yaki Mel.

PNGWU Executive(1985): President - Micheal Yaki Mel, Vice-president - Francis Nii,
Treasurer - Steven Winduo, Secretary - Kevin D'Arcy.

Editorial.

The launching of a new magazine is always a moment of trepidation. Like a ship, one wonders if it will sink or swim but after the initial push, one can only watch from the bank and hope for the best. To celebrate the tenth anniversary of our independence the PNGWU decided to publish this magazine to give young writers the opportunity to appear in print. To our request for items the writers were very generous: a flood of poems, plays, articles and minor novels arrived on my desk. From these we have made a selection which we hope you will enjoy reading as much as we have. The others will have to wait for a later edition.

A magazine cannot survive without readers and contributors. In our next issue we hope to include lots of work from people out in the provinces. So if you feel like writing something, do send it along to us but be sure to keep a spare copy for yourself in case the first gets lost in transit. If you have any suggestions for future editions please write to us; letters to the editor are most welcome. If you enjoy this magazine tell your friends about it and pass it on to someone else.



Kevin D'Arcy.

Editorial Board: Kevin D'Arcy, Pat Hardy, Juliana Njuba and Joseph Sukwianomb.

We wish to acknowledge the generous financial support of the National Literature Board, Dr. Elton Brash, Vice Chancellor of UPNG and the Rt. Honourable Pius Wingti, Leader of the Opposition, without whose assistance this publication would not be possible.

A DATE WITH DANGER

by Susan Balen.

Upstairs inside the two-storeyed dormitory in the third room facing north, I sat doing my homework occasionally glancing outside feeling restless. Although my cubicle was very narrow with hardly any room to move about I had the room to myself; the top bed being empty for my suitcase and other odds and ends. I was content as far as privacy was concerned. However that morning the room seemed even smaller and more crowded. It was hot and stuffy inside. Outside there was no music nor any noise as it was the first day of the Port Moresby Show and most students had gone to the showgrounds leaving a few who had taken to their rooms. The heat and the silence were oppressive; a falling twig outside my window sounded like an explosion. I felt the need to spread my wings and fly out of the room, only there were no wings on my shoulder. No one would be coming up to see me this weekend unless of course, Philip took pity on me.

I gave up struggling with my homework and drifted into daydreaming, moving further and further away from reality, into a land of happiness and total oblivion where I was the hero of everything my mind cultivated. I was so engrossed in it that I didn't hear my name being called. Only when one of my dorm mates opened the curtained partition and shouted, did I come back to reality. I knew she was annoyed with me but being an understanding person she smiled and told me someone was waiting outside for me. In an instant I was up, got a comb, pulled it through my hair and rushed outside to meet my visitor, praying it would be Philip. To my total dismay John stood there. He was the last person I wanted to see.

"What do you want?" I asked without concealing my annoyance.

He was surprised at my rudeness and asked what the matter was. I lied and told him I was still angry about an earlier incident when he had upset me. He brushed my reaction aside and told me he had come to take me to the show in his master's car. I had known John since the late seventies when he was living with my grandfather. I regarded him as an uncle but knew he was idle, a troublemaker, always in and out of prison, never having a steady job and living by his wits. But when he said his "masta" I thought perhaps he has turned over a new leaf or his luck had changed. Maybe he does have a regular job now. What I didn't know until much later was that he had been picked up by his "masta" only that morning.

I acted impulsively knowing that it was my only means of escape from school for a while. I changed my dress, got my bilum and followed John to the main road. He told me that his master was waiting at the Community School. I got suspicious. Why should he park so far away from my school? Was he afraid of being seen? These suspicious thoughts continued to nag me as I proceeded along the road. But oh my! Then I saw the car. It was a beauty; a new shiny air-conditioned Toyota Hylux. As we approached, I got a horrible sinking feeling like a

mouse finding a new piece of cheese, the same way I used to feel facing my father after being disobedient. My conscience kept reminding me that I was plunging into trouble with my sparkling eyes, fluttering wide open.

Demurely I took the middle seat between the two men. John's "masta" did not look like the man of my dreams. He wasn't elderly but rather middle-aged. Yet he didn't look strong or masculine. He had a round baby face with dark sorrowful eyes as if the world had treated him

badly. His head was almost bald and his legs were slender, hairless and quite girlish. He smelt of baby oil, cheap perfume and stale talc. The tobacco smoke nauseated me and I wished I had sat next to talc. The tobacco smoke nauseated me and I wished I had sat next to the window.

As we drove along we chatted. I asked him if he was married. He grinned and gave me a dirty look.

"Why do you ask that?"

"I just thought most men of your age are married."

"I'm not the marrying kind", he replied.

Oh perhaps he is one of those I thought and tried to change the subject. At Rouna, he parked the car outside the hotel and tried to persuade me to go inside for a drink. I refused.

"I'm not going to touch you," he said.

"I don't want to go inside. I'd rather stay here. You see I can't afford to be seen hanging around a hotel with a strange whiteman. I thought we were going to the show?"

"Come on Don't be childish," he said. "I'm not a stranger. I'm a friend of John. Look, I need a drink badly. There is no beer at the show."

I watched his small figure disappear through the gate. His comical bald head and large sad eyes reminded me of a picture of Nebuchadnezzar, the Babylonian king I had seen in a childhood bible. His scent of tobacco and perfume lingered in the cab. Would I enter the fiery furnace too?

I was cross and blamed myself for the entire incident. I hoped none of my school mates or wantoks would see me. Perhaps I could get a PMV. A bus came along. I waved but it sped on. Damn! Son-of-a-bitch I swore. What shall I do? It was hot and the vegetable sellers were staring at me. John was beckoning from the gate. At least it will be cool inside. I followed him into the dining room and sank into an armchair. Mark, the whiteman wandered over from the bar and sat down opposite me. I tried to tolerate his presence.

"Can I get you a drink?"

"No thanks."

I tried not to look at him but stared out at the trees. John was at the bar drinking. The man sat sipping his whiskey.

"John's a great guy", he said. "He's in Grade Ten isn't he?"

I knew John was a Grade Six drop-out with no hope of doing further studies. I was about to say something but John came over and warned me in our language to agree with what he said. He looked at me really strangely, his eyes burning with the beer.

"Oh yes...I haven't seen John for quite a long time."

"I really don't remember what grade he is in".

Mark looked at us both in silence as if he didn't believe us. Then he shrugged his shoulders and went to the bar for another drink. By now I was getting impatient. They had promised to drop me at the show. So why were we still in a tavern more than half a hour later? It was then

SISTER, MY SISTER

As a father,
I cautioned you not to leave
our traditional hamlet,
After Western Civilization,
Sister My Sister, I cautioned you
not to go.

Like a lover,
I looked into your eyes.
Just to show how much I cared for you,
Appreciation for this has been your kind,
But now you seem to avoid my eyes,
Sister, My Sister, I told you not to go.

As a counsellor,
I counselled you to my best
Thinking of you as a sister
But now I see that my advice has been
forgotten,
Sister, My Sister, I warned you not to let
me down.

As a teacher,
I taught you all I could,
Hoping that you would be a useful resource,
But now you have brought disgrace and insult.
Sister, My Sister, why did you do that?

As a mother,
I watched you grow strong and beautiful,
Anticipating your bride-price and wealth,
But now your actions have spoiled the dream,
You are a beer-bottle, used and thrown away,
Sister, My Sister, where is his daddy?

Justin Yatu

I noticed I was the only woman in the place. A group of Elcom workers in blue overalls sitting in a corner were laughing and giving me meaningful looks. I could hear their remarks. I stood up, straightened my dress and told John I would wait outside for them. As I walked out I could feel the barman's eyes bore right through me. What type of girl did he think I was? He knew the weekend fun girls who came out of Moresby with their European friends. Did he think I was one of them? A 'five kina' girl who thumbs a lift from a whiteman for some excitement and perhaps a red five kina note at the end? Had I already ruined my reputation I wondered as I pushed through the gate.

Five minutes later we were driving down the road. Despite the beer and whiskey, Mark drove slowly and carefully. It was while we were travelling through Ilimo that my fears were confirmed. He started praising me for being a good girl and placed a sweaty hand on my knee. I flicked it off and told him to behave himself. He smiled and ruffled my hair, touching my neck and shoulders. I felt annoyed and alarmed.

"I've just combed my hair and I don't want you touching it. I'd appreciate it therefore if you kept those sticky fingers right on the wheel," I snapped.

"Sure, why not," he said. "You're just a kid anyway."

"Let's not quarrel or we'll end up in the ditch," I said.

He smiled, bent down and handed me an empty S.P. bottle. I put it on the floor. Again he picked it up and shoved it in my hand. I handed it to John who sat silent, staring like an owl. Would this journey never end? Mark turned the stereo up full blast. It was one of those Boney M songs which I really hate. Above the noise, Mark bent over and asked me to hold him. I was shocked but I wanted to see if he was a real man. I lowered the volume and asked him to repeat. He looked embarrassed and said he hadn't said anything. Then I spoke very clearly in a cool calm voice.

"I don't know what John has told you but if you think I am one of your good-time girls, forget it. If you lay one finger on me again I'll have the whole Bomana Police Force right on top of you. So just keep driving".

I could see I had scared him. He looked very shocked, his face grew white and his lips were tight. He looked across at John.

"I don't know what's the matter with you," he said. "I was going to give you a good time, have a bit of fun. I don't know why you are cross. I've already given John the money."

We drove the rest of the way in silence. My anger with John was mounting when I realised how he had trapped me and tricked the foolish whiteman. It was a relief to arrive at the showgrounds with all its happy people and blaring music. John and I clambered out of the car. Mark leaned out of his window.

"Too bad things didn't work out."

He twisted the steering wheel hard and roared off back to town in a cloud of dust. To hell with you I thought. There must be better whiteman than you around.

At the gate John caught up with me and handed me a five kina note. I crumpled it up and put it in my bilum, undecided whether to throw it in his face or not.

"You are trouble enough John," I said. "I know life is tough in Moresby but if you want to make money, do it in an honest way. You may enjoy your life as a pimp but don't try to sell your sister as a prostitute. I don't ever want to see you again."

I turned and disappeared through the turnstile.

For a long time I've been so ashamed that I never told any one about this incident but now I'm writing for those who might find themselves in John or my place. Be my guest and be glad that you are the first to hear it.

Wimble

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CITY GEL

See! She! Gee! Saizo?
I'm trying to talk to you
My teeth out; lips as far as the ear.
An unsteady step forward.
All you say is: Too short -- Get lost!

People respect me back home,
Fetch water, cook my food.
People are frightened of me,
But you're a cool brave animal
To insult me so.

I look at you again,
You sure attract me.
I'll fetch your water; cook your food.
Even wash your clothes.
I'm a dreamer, determined to have you.

City Gel, be kind and generous,
I'm sober, though you may not think so.
When I hunt, you growl like a lion.
Is it because you have four lips?
When I catch you, City Gel
I'll fire my liquid gun.

Silas Kili

MERI UNIVERSITY (1)

Thud thud thud thud thud.....
"Oohoy! Who goes there?"
"Anything wrong?"
"No, just wanted to say good-morning."
"Morning" eh, I got nice guys who can
morning me."
"I did not want to morning you,
I was only....
"You think you fit my boy; you are only
size seven yaa!"
"No I wear size nine shoes, but yours
are too high for me and they make a big noise
too!"
"Ooh! Well see you!"
"Thud thud thud thud thud ... goes
the high heeled one.

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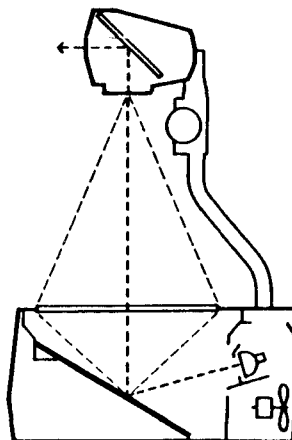
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A MELANESIAN CONFEDERATION

by John Koknack.

It is important to note the significance of the Pacific and in particular the location of Melanesia for international politics. The future strategies of the Super-Powers will depend on the attitude of the nations of the Pacific region. With adequate foresight and planning this region could become a powerful bloc. In the Pacific we have four ethnic indigenous groups: Melanesians, Polynesians, Micronesians and Australian Aborigines. Of all these groups, Melanesians have by far the best opportunity to be able to lead the Pacific to a successful future.

Exploiting Melanesian Resources

If we examine the situation more closely, there are three important points to note: the economy, the culture, and the location. Let us look at the economy for a start. Looking at renewable and non-renewable resources, Melanesia is the area most blessed with known but as yet unexploited resources. I want to argue that before exploitation begins we need a clear understanding of our common interests so that these resources will benefit the community as a whole. At the same time a comparison of wealth sources and population size shows us to be in a very favourable position. If we co-operate and distribute the benefits of our resources wisely and with good understanding we will be able to live prosperously. We could become one of the biggest world producers and become respected by the rest of the world. To achieve success we must respect the needs of others within our own community and the way to do this is to solve our own basic needs first. To do this we need proper economic organisation and complete economic integration of the whole region. Isolated pockets of development have little effect on the progress of the region over all.

Promoting a Culture of Co-operation

Before we can do this we must first promote the idea of our own identity. Our past is the key to our identity. Our past produced our own distinct culture which in turn will help us to produce an economic model suited to the needs of Melanesia. To do this we need an educational system to prevent the development of class differences which are now tearing us apart e.g. city vs. country; rich vs. poor and educated elites vs. the intelligent drop-outs. (or rascals as they are termed). In order to create a situation of harmony in our region it is best to look back and see what kind of harmony and restraints existed in the past in our communities. Members of the community must be free of feelings of dissatisfaction if there is to be harmony. New pressures of discontent were often due to colonial or imperialist suppression. If such dissatisfaction still exists then it should be an obligation for all people of the region to contribute with full commitment to help solve this difficulty as soon as possible. The enemy within our mosquito net is as dangerous as the enemy outside the house. The West Papuan Liberation Organisation, the Kanak Liberation Organisation and the East Timor Liberation Organisation are mosquitoes inside the net. When I refer to dissatisfaction I am not just referring to individuals or village communities. I am talking about freedom and justice in the region in general: the right to share land and property the right to use water and other natural resources and the right to individual, religious and cultural freedom. Culture develops

gradually by a people in a long slow process according to the situation. The destruction of a culture either by religion or economic means may also mean the destruction of the people.

In some ways our people have experienced and practised co-operation but in other ways they have been hostile and conservative due to their isolation. A big factor in our current development is contact with other nations and cultures. Contact with the West through the churches, media, economic and political systems has produced an enormous cultural clash. The effect of this is the break-down of law and order and the emergence of rascalism as a way of life for many young people. Unbalanced development between rural and urban areas, exposure to western ideas of freedom, conflicting views of new churches, unrestrained business ventures with no moral responsibilities, ("Get Rich Stay Rich"-mentality of educated elites and politicians), ridicule of old traditional systems - all these have led to a destruction of our culture which in turn is leading to a destruction of our people. Under colonialism and now under neo-colonialism our culture has had little chance to develop because of the power of multinationals and their claims to economic and cultural superiority. Every aspect of our new modern urban culture has been imported; foreign dress, foreign language, foreign houses, foreign food, foreign religions and foreign justice. A villager feels just as alien in Port Moresby as he does in Canberra. He can find nothing to identify as Melanesian or even Pacific. Now is the time to change this before it is too late. Other nations have done it. Africans have gone through a similar process of colonialism and independence but still retained their identity of Africanness. Why can't we do the same?

Location of Melanesia

Finally let us examine the importance of the location of our region itself. Politically, militarily and in terms of communication this region is located very strategically. Because of this it must not be allowed to become the base for any imperialist designs of any of the great Super-Powers. We must not become the tool of any neo-colonialism or imperialism. I believe this region is equal in importance to that of the Middle East. At present we do not realise the seriousness of this problem because the Super-powers are distracted by events in the Middle East and cannot fully implement their plans for the militarisation of the Pacific. Some of our member states are still under colonial rule or indirectly controlled by U.S.A. by investment and aid programmes. Two of our biggest problems are lack of unity and regional co-operation. The main reason for this is that our present leaders in PNG, Solomon Islands, Fiji and Vanuatu are playing flexible politics which results in an unstable directionless foreign policy. This weakness has been cleverly exploited by western countries to manipulate us and to convince us to adopt policies beneficial to themselves.

A Federation of Melanesian States

There is still time for us to develop a constructive policy which will prevent the creation of puppet-states as we have seen in S. America and the Caribbean. We must form a Federation of Melanesian States in which we would be able to act together in pursuit of our common political goals and in defence of our economic interests. The catastrophe of the Middle East is a lesson for all of us. They failed to build a strong organisation. Now imperialist powers have come from all corners causing them to fight and destroy one another. In our own region, I don't believe an organisation like the Commonwealth is of much practical use. An effective organisation can only come from within the region itself, from the people of the same race and culture. Its role is to come up with common policies and to prevent in-fighting in the region. With the resources we have in our region brought together under a Melanesian Federation we will be able to develop one of the best systems in the world, based on our own philosophy and culture and ensuring stable economic and political advancement.

TRIPLE C, P STAR

In a 15-seater bus,
Full of Luavi girls,
The only male student
Inspected bottle labels
In front of him, out of curiosity.
On his table, one P-star label
With a question, unobtainable in PNG.
Triple C P-Star,
A rare 10-year old brandy
Only for U.K. and American markets.

His host tapped his glass,
And proposed the ritual toast:
'To our great party and vote of no confidence'
The party that fast accumulates wealth,
The party with economic priorities first,
The party with unceasing care for grass-roots.

Glasses full, they stood up,
Drank it down and sat.
He drank.
'To our beloved country and its beautiful girls'
He ate.
Even the 50 year olds acted like 16.
He shook his head. His eyes forsook him.
Intelligent women winking at him.
'Come on Burfie, give us a toast'.

He shook his head and looked out.
Hugo's Heaven blazed on high
Below the squatters scavenged.
His tears flowed, yet he was not drunk:
'To Social Justice and our mother land,
To Triple C P-Star'.

B.M. Dondoli

Blowing in the Wind

Looking out through the glass cage
I listened to the breeze
Blowing over the euclyptus tree
I could hear the whisper

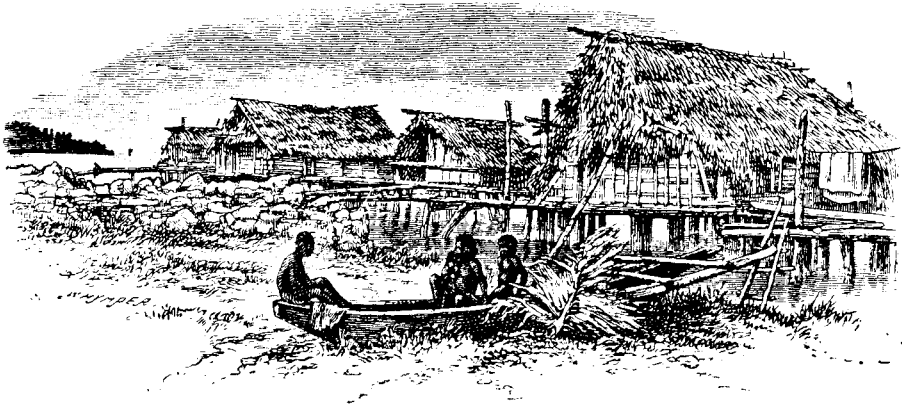
Times are bad these days
But backdoor dealings are useful
Committees formed to put up fronts
While goods delivered at the backdoor

Joe has been given a new job
An easy way to get rid of him
No one stays long Waigani way
Land of Musical Chairs and Portfolios

There is constant breeze outside Haus Tambaran
Where Cowboys and Indians perform.
Hardly anywhere near world standard
Auditioned through screams and demands

The weeping euclyptus trees swayed
The breeze blew the branches to and fro
Haus Tambaran ensemble formed another Committee
While battleship P.N.G. sank in the Ocean.

Prophet Melanesia (A.J.)



PEACEFUL VILLAGE

Kunai hut, remember-me-ever.
Wooden bed, forget-me-not.
Roasted kaukau is always sweet.
Flowers keep smiling.
Birds sing unchanged jungle melodies,
While country kids dance free for joy.

Water falls like silver crystals.
Early rainbows kiss the dewy treetops.
Kids hide and seek,
and mum and dad have endless honeymoon.
No gang of boars intrude.
Stay gentle village,

NEXT EXIT by John Kadiba.

The F28 touched down at Lae airport about 1.00pm. Genaia walked down the steps and said thank you to the air-hostess at the foot of the steps. The terminal building was crowded with people. He looked around for a welcoming face. People, people everywhere but not a friendly face in sight thought Genaia as he stood, a lone figure in a sea of travellers, waiting for his luggage. He had always been fascinated by airport buildings -- the bustle, the movement, the faces, dresses and confusion.

He picked up his things and went outside to catch a taxi. With so many passengers struggling with luggage it was obvious that it would be a long wait. As he had only a few pieces, he picked them up and walked towards the main road. Unexpectedly, a cab pulled up along side of him.

"Lae Lodge, please."

The driver nodded and off they went.

"Are you from Lae?" asked Genaia breaking the silence.

"I'm from Munam," said the driver.

"That's good. A wantok of mine is married to a girl from there. He works here with New Guinea Containers but right now he's on leave with his wife's wantoks. Have you been driving the taxi long?"

"Nogat. Dispela yia tasol. Bipo mi wok long wanpela kampani."

It was a short drive to the lodge. Genaia was glad the driver hadn't tried to trick him by taking him on a longer route. He remembered how it had once happened to him in New York. Finally he had to take his map out and order the cab-driver to take him back to the U.N. Building where the PNG Permanent Rep was. When the taxi reached the entrance the metre read K1.20. Genaia paid the driver and thanked him. At the office he re-confirmed the room booking made the previous week by his secretary.

"Room 15 in the new wing, sir," smiled the attendant. "Here is your key. Before you leave, please return the key and sign your warrant."

Genaia had about two hours to complete his business in Lae. It was sufficient. He had taken this new job which involved a lot of travelling to different towns and provinces. His first trip had been to Goroka where he spent the night locked in his bedroom, watching live TV from Australia. He put his bags down and looked around his room. It was very posh. Lucky I'm not paying for this he thought. Far beyond my means. He noticed most of the other occupants were expatriates and businessmen--all on expense accounts no doubt.

The evening meal was at six. He went to the dining room and sat at a corner table, a convenient place to observe the comings and goings. A smart shining-faced waiter came round with the menu. This would be out of his own pocket so he ordered the most economical meal; even then it wasn't cheap. The dining room was filling up. One table was jammed with a party of well-dressed nationals probably public servants or local politicians. Laughter echoed from their table. They were in a jovial mood but somewhat suppressed understandably so in such an environment. They will need a few more beers to loosen up, thought Genaia. Then they could become quite boisterous. They had a huge array of fine food in front of them. The clinking of wine glasses and beer bottles showed that it was a successful dinner party. Oh well, thought Genaia, they can afford it. Or else the government can afford it. That's government money; taxpayers' money really. My money in fact! People in power enjoy luxurious living at the expense of the people.

Back in his room, Genaia had to accept the fact that he too was enjoying luxury at someone else's expense. Well it hadn't been his deliberate choice. He had to sleep somewhere that night. With thoughts like these, he felt a little more relaxed. He said his evening prayers, remembering his dear ones and family in particular. Then he climbed into bed. It was soft and comfortable, soothing the aches away. Lying there, he remembered how for almost three decades, he used to sleep on a mat on the floor of his village home. He could not think of a time when he had been troubled by a hard floor. It was part of his life, his custom, his tradition. How many people still sleep today on mats and don't complain? They are content with their lot. As he lay thinking of his village and the changing times, a poem came to his mind:

"No more the same,
No more at ease,
Last night
Cocoa and copper
Invited disco and video."

Sleep was slow in coming. His dozing mind laboured with pictures of bygone days from childhood, from school and college. How simple and straightforward things were when I roamed innocently in the village, mused Genaia before falling into an uneasy sleep.

When he awoke he went for a shower. The water was refreshing for even at that hour it was growing humid -- typical of Lae. After breakfast he would catch the flight back to Moresby. It was due to take off at 9.00a.m.

The airport was just as crowded as yesterday and again not a friend to be seen. Genaia checked in his luggage and sat down. Most people preferred to stand around and chat with departing friends and relatives. A white woman and her five year old daughter sat down opposite. They smiled and acknowledged him. Genaia smiled back. Then he noticed a group of children crowding round a person a few rows away. It was just an old villager, nothing more nothing less. But the children were intrigued by him. He seemed different from other people. He wore an old green military cap, U.S. army issue and over his shoulder was slung a string bag. In the bag were an old telephone, a book and a mirror. Next to him, resting against a chair, like a rifle, was an old long-handled broom. His blue jeans were torn, revealing both scraggy knees and his rubbery feet poked through tattered sandals. Another pair of slippers lay beside him. What attracted the children was not his magical collection or his odd dress. But something else. He had a pad and was writing furiously on it; page after page, non-stop meaningless scribbles. He wrote fast, line after line but it was nonsense, jibberish, dots and doodles, squiggles and slashes. The children were amazed by his activity. Then abruptly he stopped, collected his things and went out. Genaia's eyes followed him until he was out of sight.

Exit to where my friend? asked Genaia silently. Exit to nowhere. To a world of your own. To your inner self; a self that is obsolete, dead to the world around you. Do you know what has happened to you? Better not to know, perhaps. Genaia thought of the old man's belongings. The only truly traditional thing has been his bilum. Yet even that wasn't really traditional for the string had been manufactured elsewhere in a modern factory. Perhaps he himself is traditional. But is he? I don't know. He doesn't know; he doesn't even care. Now he no longer belongs in the village or in this modern city. Like all of us, he is a victim caught in between, a victim of change. Genaia was lost in these thoughts when the flight departure was announced. He stood up, unsure of himself. He too had to make his exit.

AGING

Yesterday was a babe,
Boobed and cradled,
Bottle-fed and baby-sat,

Today is a machine,
Magic mirrors admire your gleam.
Girls sigh for steel thighs,
Surrounded by merry friends.

Tomorrow the mirror will curse you
Wrinkled grey, old withered stick.
You cannot hold your spear erect.
Broken, old rusty spring. Go!
Baruni is waiting you.

Francis Nii

ONE YEAR LATER

I though I heard him call my name
My heart leapt
As I turned around
But all I saw
was the blur of yesterday's shadows.
Too much pain
Too many tears and wasted years
Angry words said in haste.
Sometimes from within I hear
Mournful cry of my lost youth
I feel the sorrow of a child
Weeping for his gentle arms.
I turned casually to my friend
And said, "There goes my ex-boyfriend".

T. Jasmine Thomas

JEROME'S FATHER.

The old man's hand felt
Cold and far from here.
Warmth long gone, dampness dwelt with.
He jerked it towards me
Worn and gnarled with age.

A hoarse whisper through a rusty wind pipe
Goodnight he uttered, Goodnight
Then turned unsteadily with lamp in hand
And tottered towards the beach
Where sea met sky met sand.

Today I heard news of his death
A week since last we parted
Was it sickness, hunger or fear
I asked.
That claimed the old fellow
At the beginning of a new year.

Worry was the answer I got
For Jerome's son was slightly queer
And visited married women a lot
At odd times through the year
A dangerous habit for young men I fear.

One particular night
The moon was not in sight
He stripped off all his clothes
And towards the village naked goes.
What happened next I cannot say
Husband and wantoks waiting in the dark
Jerome was circled, held at hand.
Beaten till his life was just a spark
Back to his father's thatch roofed hut
His body bruised; his face all cut.

It grieved the old man sore to see
What his only son turned out to be
And while the villagers slept the night
The old man's soul had taken flight
They found him dead upon the beach
Where sea met sky met sand.

EMOTIONAL UPSETS AND WORRY

by J.N.N.

University is an ideal place to look at emotional upsets and worry. These can actually result in diseases which are just as real, and maybe just as fatal as other causes.

It is true, such things have their place in our lives but like any thing else some remedies are better than others. For instance take the students at the university.

The age range is around 19-25 years of age. This is the period where many are just taking up responsibility for their lives and planning for the future. Many worries settle in our minds. Financial conditions, spiritual, academic quarrels and love affairs, physical and psychological troubles are some of the main brain invaders in the field. We all have problems, but if people can discover ways of curing other physical diseases, why not find ways to cure the mental problems we have in common? Many of our problems originate from our society but some from within ourselves.

Here are some suggestions as to how we can help each other to lessen these problems and make our own lives more pleasant and comfortable.

SMILING. It demands 42 muscles to make a frown but only 14 for a smile. Less energy consumed will help others to have a more tolerable environment. Just imagine having bright smiling faces all around you. This alone can loosen the most tense minds and will make the burden lighter.

MAINTAIN SELF-CONTROL AND INNER CALM. Take it easy. It will make you relaxed, be at ease and be a lot more sociable. Definitely every one needs a gentle approach when there is a crisis. Therefore your being happy, kind, peaceful and loving will always help someone more than you realise. Next time you may be the one who needs a smile and reassurance.

INVEST IN PEOPLE. Be friendly and listen to others' problems. Help whenever you can and you will find your own problems are solved in advance. In other words, when your turn for a problem comes, you'll have more than enough friends to see you out of it.

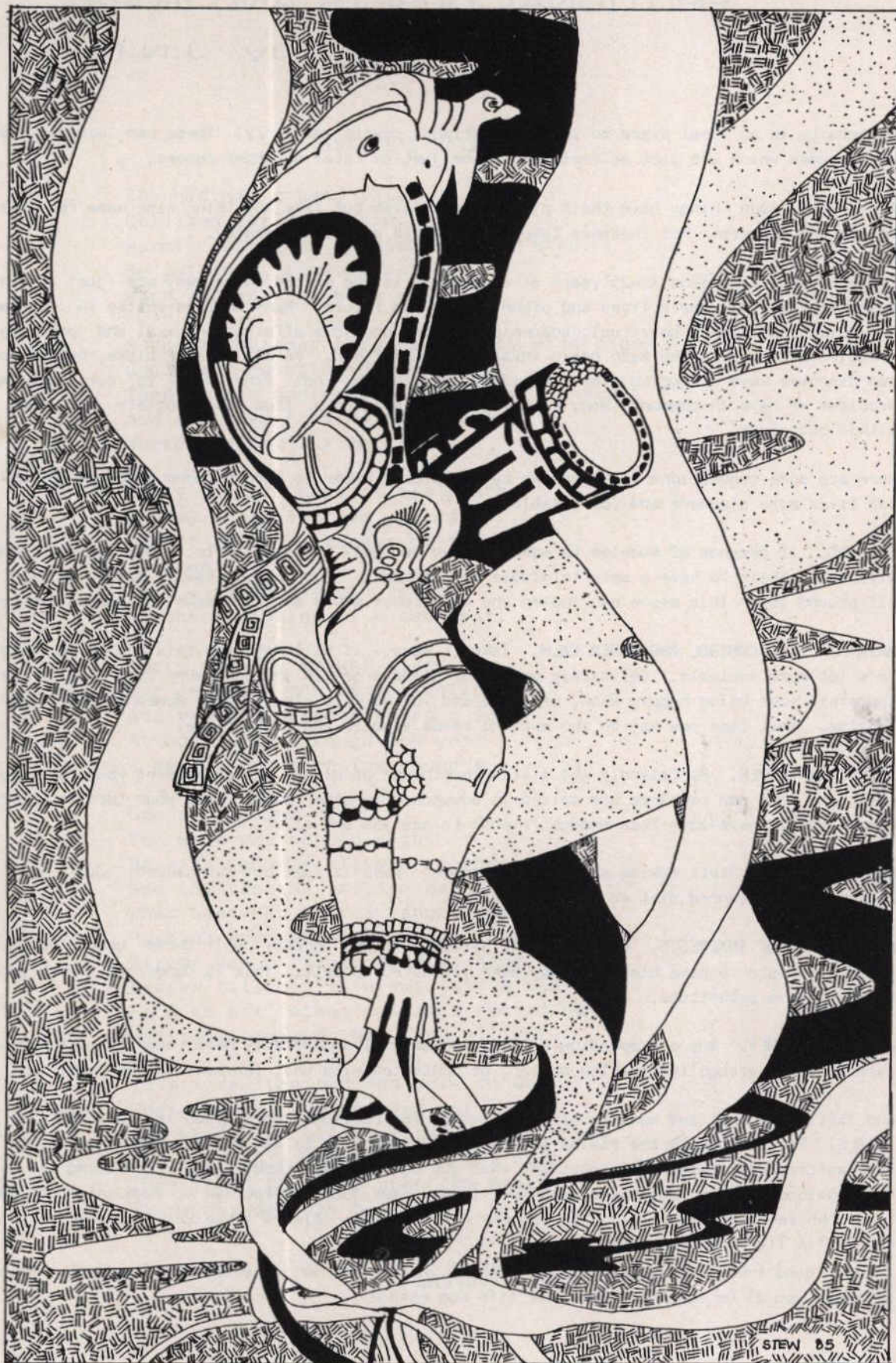
DON'T BE IDLE. Start making a weekly programme. Keep it full but not packed. Just like your body needs a balanced diet so does your brain.

HAVE PLENTY OF INTERESTS. Don't let one person or thing occupy all those good thoughts of yours. Failure to have him or it may make you hate yourself. This is dangerous. Make sure you always have a substitute.

MIND YOUR MONEY. Any one spending all his income will undoubtedly have cause to worry sooner or later. While struggling for the better, be contented with what you have in the short run.

And lastly the best and most excellent solution for emotional relaxation is to **READ THE HOLY BIBLE.** Try first with the Psalms and Gospels.² Take time to ask God to guide you. Write down your worries and a statement regarding what you can do today about them. If nothing can be done then obviously it is tomorrow's problem. If you have done all you can to find solutions ask God to do the rest, (and he will). So you may safely relax. Always leave the impossible to him, and you'll live a better life.

I have found those ideas particularly helpful in the most trying problems of my life. Have a go at them, you'll be surprised how your life can change.



THE DANCER

In solitude with the spirits
A silhouette
Dances against the blaze
letting words and chants re-echo
Fingertips of flames
Race to every part
Calling the sleepers to return
To life with the dancer.

As the fingers of flame
Returned to the beat of the drum
The dancer sweated and panted.
Sweat fire, breathe smoke.
Sleepers awake! Join the dance.

Edmund Winduo

WHISPERS

Oceans may separate us
Mountains may be big
Let the wind and the gull
Be our consoler
Let them hear our lonely call.

Upon this stone,
I sit in solitude
Watching birds fly
Seeing the sea foam.

Into the soft wind
Whispers of love and sorrow
I send.
Should the birds hear
Let them deliver my message.

Edmund Winduo

WANPISIN PAINIM WEL PIK

Long mun na dai mi ino save
Ol wanpisin painim wel pik.

Longpela lain tru ol wanpisin
Inap wan handed nain wanpisin
Wel pik ino moa longlong long ol
Ol wanpisin kisim taim

Sampela traim sipia banara na huk.
Tasol bai ol kisim wel pik wei?
Klostu taim i aua pinis,
Hauslain amaim wel pik.
Ol hambak momoa yet hauslain ya.
Tasol ol igat save long mura mura.
Taim wel pik i dai pinis
Big man katim na tilim.
Tel na leg bilong meri pikinini blong
bigman.
Wisket na hap leg blong kandre na
brata.
Panis na han blong ol haus lain.
Wanpisin i sot tru long hap pik
"Big man ino tilim gud" ol i tok.
Tasol i tru wei;kantim, hamas
wanpisin.
I luk bai wankain tu long taim i gam.

Tasol tinkim gud ol haus lain
Wel pik em blong olgeta wanpisin
Sapos yupela kipim tumas beksait
Devel bilong ol wanpisin bai leva
i sut.

Ambrose Waiyin

WOMEN'S LIB

A glib women's Lib.
Non-exhaustively
they grumble

In the house
In the bed
In the kitchen
In the office
In the toilet.

On the streets
They mumble
Women's Lib.
Still no action.

A lot of fuss
In-fighting against each other
Without a sense of direction
They wonder, lost in
A jig-saw puzzle.

A minority jump up and down
And complain
They are living under suppression
Expressively they cry
Equal rights, participation
Equity
Equality for all
Emancipation.

But then they don't understand
The system doesn't understand
How to fulfill their dreams
Maybe a time will come for action
Not faction against faction
I wonder when.....?

When it comes
Call on me
I'll toss in
A bottle of champagne.



Ben Nakin

BLAME YOURSELF

Out of the Darkness, Unwanted,
An insect attracted by bright lights,
You enjoyed what came your way.
Distrustful of tribal values,
You sucked the sugar-cane.
Now with a swollen belly,
And a fatherless piglet,
You twist the truth,
But cannot blame the Stone Age.
Sophisticated, overeducated, westernised
You scream, shout, yell:
Women's Lib., Women's Council, Women's Rights.
Granma is entertained by your comedy.
You've got your rights
You've got your piglet.

B.M. Dondoli

MERI UNIVERSITY (2)

Here I come, University.
You welcome me with open arms.
Your grass is so green;
Your trees are so tall,
Your roads are made of marble
Your buildings are a sight;
You have plenty for me.
You have plenty for me.

It is now five months since you welcomed me
But now your arms do not stay open for me.
Your flowers are no longer beautiful.
Your trees are no longer tall.
Your grass is no longer green.
Your roads are only full of loose gravel.
Your buildings are like ruins to me.

It's only five months.
If nature is against me, than I must go away
From this place.
For I can feel the movement in me.
I can feel the baby kick.
I can feel my tummy getting heavier and heavier.
Oh University, here I go.



John Kilburn

THE SEVERED FRIENDSHIP

by Toby Kagl.

She left me. We would have been married within six months, had she not left me for a clerk - yes, a simple clerk - from one of those defunct councils in our province. I thought she was insane to have run out as she did. Had I not been liberal-minded, I would have cursed her, her family and her people for doing nothing about it. When she left, she made me lose face in people's eyes. I felt offended, not because the girl had deserted me, but because of the humiliation. I could not bear it.

It occurred to me later that my mother may have played a part in the girl's running away. My mother being a very selective person who thought the girl was not a good choice for me had expressed her dissatisfaction to a third party who, then, reported it to the girl or one of her relatives. The thing that got me depressed was that nobody could explain why the girl decided to dump me in favour of a clerk.

I was introduced to her by her mother - a practice regarded as despicable by rival mothers and daughters. At first I was not aware that the woman had a daughter. The girl was doing her final year at Kerowagi High School. Her mother was kind to me; talked to me as if she had known me all her life and often invited me to her house. As a result, I knew the family well. All the time I was in her place, I never saw the girl nor did I have any idea that she existed. The mother occasionally referred to her as "mama" which I was stupid enough not to detect. I had a regular job in Goroka and was one of the few people in our village who had gone as far as Grade 10 and landed a good job - if a teller's job in Goroka could be categorised as good. I was also from a family of high repute - traditionally we were placed high in the clan. In a way, everything was in my favour so it seemed to the mother. She did not want her daughter to miss out on the most eligible bachelor in the valley.

One week-end I came home with Joe, a cousin who also worked in Goroka. When we got out of the vehicle at Joe's place, we met a girl near the road. She was on her way home. She was the girl as I was to find out later to my surprise. She was beautiful in her own way. She held her figure high. At that moment she was stranger to me. But I detected signs of recognition in her eyes. I thought she smiled at me but I could have been mistaken. The girl greeted Joe warmly. He introduced me to her, adding: "I'm sure you've met before." I quickly answered that we had not. The girl gave me her hand spontaneously. I was taken aback by this behaviour for normally it is the man who takes the initiative, not an unfamiliar girl who acts as sociable as she likes on the first encounter. She may have had her own reasons but her behaviour made me suspicious. I was feeling slightly dizzy because we had a few beers on the way - in fact, I had one in my back pocket at the time. I must have pressed her hand too hard for she withdrew it with alarm. She glared at me contemptuously - I believe because of the beer. "Sorry, if I hurt you," I said. There was no response. She was gone.

When I looked around Joe was not to be seen anywhere. I followed the path and found him in deep conversation with a woman. I recognised the mother. She had already been briefed by Joe for she said "Pikinini" when she heard me approaching. I returned her greeting. A few minutes later she left asking would we care to come to the house later. I knew that the "we" referred to me so I nodded in agreement when Joe was looking the other way.

The mother opened the door with "pikinini" when she heard my voice. All the children had dispersed when I entered for I had heard noises before I had knocked. Now there was nobody in sight except the girl and her mother when I came in. We talked - no, the mother talked at length. I contributed with one-word answers to break the silence that hung over the girl and me. But soon we were talking freely as if we had been one big happy family for ages. The girl got some peanuts for me from her bag. I had never tasted anything better. I must have fallen asleep for when I woke up, it was already dawn. I pushed the sheets and pillow to one side, managed to get out, and went in search of Joe. I found him in his elder brother's house. Later that morning we came back to the house. All were there. We had breakfast and left. That was my first meeting with the girl.

The girl and I got acquainted in the next three years after that meeting. We kept up regular contact through letters after she left school. She trained to be a teacher and, after completing her course, was posted to a local school. We thought that was a good omen as it would keep her within the confines of the valley. Everything seemed all right as the years passed. However my attitude towards the girl changed when I heard rumours that she was dating some other men in the valley as well. I drank heavily to forget. The girl still maintained a kind of loosely-knotted tie with me but I could detect that our relationship was losing its meaning. She would give me money and I would spend it on beer. I would come to work late. Sometimes, I would not go at all. My excuses were not satisfactory. Soon the manager gave me a stern warning either to improve or face the consequences. No improvement was forthcoming so I got the sack. Then the girl left me.

Had I married her things might have turned out quite differently. Now I am self-employed with a little money. I am pleased with my progress. I am doing good business and recently bought a Toyota Hilux. I have done well. Yesterday, after an absence of many months, I saw the woman again. Her right hand had been amputated. Her husband had caught her flirting with another man and had axed her. She tried to hide her hand but I saw it. I could see pain engraved on her once beautiful face. She knew that I knew. I wanted to walk away but, on second thoughts, I approached her. She saw me coming and deliberately turned her back. I came close and said: "Long time, no see." I held out my hand. She turned around and faced me. I could see tears collecting in her eyes. Next minute they fell freely. I withdrew my hand and said, "Did I hurt you?" There was no response.

LONELY DAYS

Days sad and lonely
Feel like calling it a day.
Wonder where all the wonderment has gone
Wander, still I get nowhere.

Silas Kili



ROOMINATIONS: THE BROTHER

Our brother loves his beer.
He loves his wife; he loves his children
When things get bad, he sends his wife
and children away and drinks more beer.

The new neighbours talk and talk,
about nobody else but our brother:
"He does not love his wife.
He does not love his children.
No, he's not a Christian.
Maybe he is a Gambler.
Maybe he is a Lusman."
The new neighbours talk and talk.

But our brother knows better.
He knows who the new neighbours are,
What they are. Which is why he sends
his wife and children away.

And who knows? It could be because
of him that we are secure and happy now.
He could be fighting for our rights,
while we are asleep.

He's on the road daily, chewing.
Sometimes he waves.
Sometimes he just says "Hi".
Who is he?
He is our Melanesian Brother.

by Russell Soaba.

MEMORIES OF GUILT

I can't forget
How depressed
How lonely I'd become
The day the world forsook me.

Pressurised by guilt
This so-called crime
Got on my nerves
Leaving me a wreck
The day they called me criminal.

But with your guidance
And your company
My life began anew.
That will not be forgotten
The day you gave me hope to fight.

You were my hope,
My peace my joy,
My last resort,
The day my friends
Called me
Animal in a human form.

To forsake the crowd
And hold out a hand
No greater love
Has any man.

Ben Nakin

HE WAS MY BROTHER

by Sorariba Nash Gegera.

How I grew up in Port Moresby is a lengthy account of hardship and suffering. My dad's fortnightly wages was quite inadequate to keep our large family going until another pay week. Hunger, we who grew up with the squatters knew the meaning of the word better than the dictionary writers themselves. I knew the taste of stale water, and hard biscuit trying to get my weak jaws to chew. Oh man what do you do when you spy somebody enjoying a plate of rice and stewed beef, while the smell hangs in the air? You can't afford it son. You can't afford it - you poor bastard. You don't understand and never will. It's fortnight you know and all the shopping centres are crowded, but you have nothing in your pocket; what do you do? It is food brother, food is what we need to survive. Not clothes, not stereos, not newspapers; oh brother, my stomach rumbles when you lick your ice-cream. The smell of fried steak, fish and chips tempt me beyond enduring. I keep swallowing my saliva. Please throw that bone in the bin and walk away - your stomach is over-seized. I need those crumbs! Please God, let him hear my silent prayers; make him throw some away. Oh Lazarus - you know how it is. Maybe I'll join you one day up there and we can enjoy a full plate of rice and beef each across the same table. Yes, I hear that everything up there is free of charge, and food is everywhere; they say the Lord provides everthing. Oh Lazarus my brother, right now I could eat a whole cow. I bet you've already belted that guy who fed you crumbs under his table. Ah Lazarus, yu no mangi natin: Listen mate, they are singing and yelling about Jesus there, under the tree at Tabari Place; but I don't have the strength to do that. I hope Our Big Man understands my problem. I haven't eaten for the last three days. You know what? I am going to steal: Don't worry I'll confess later; they tell me that he is the forgiving type.

Thoughts like these would play around vividly in my mind. Back home in our old run-down shack, I often worried about my little brothers and sisters. They would cry themselves to sleep, and my dear loving mother would be helpless; she could only join them with her own silent tears of sadness. The sadness of hopelessness, despair without taste. I would watch her, hiding my own tears of anger. They gave me the drive; an anguish to do something to help my family. It gave me courage to do things which people classified as evil. That meant nothing to me; that was my salvation. I went around with gangs from many parts of the city. It was school which brought us together. We would plan a break-and-enter and execute it without much fuss. But it's easier said than done, my first experience to break in and steal was very frightening; I almost pissed myself when the signal was given to run. Getting chased by policemen and bitten by dogs is not my kind of sport. There was one thing that gave us courage, that was the insatiable desire to fill up our little bellies. Our little gangs were well organized, although not like our big brothers who operated like professionals. We stuck to the pick-pocket style. We learnt that it was easy to pick-pocket when there were lots of people around. I was locked up in the cell twice for stealing. But I learnt things the hard way.

Collecting and selling empty bottle for two toea each became an important part of life for those of us who seemed to never satisfy our bulging stomachs. We would fight over those empty bottles; the bigger boys bullying us - twisting our fingers or ears. Sometimes they would beat us up, so we would end up giving away our lucky two toea collection for their loose cigarettes. I would search anywhere I thought empty bottles would be found, the stinking rubbish bins along the road sides and the front of residencies always had the privilege of being turned upside down. You found all sorts of rotting things in there, the ugly side of human nature inside those drums; things that would haunt one for a long time to come. When I think of it now it gives me a sense of nausea - especially when I think of how my little fingers tore apart that dead dog, with the flies coating its entire body. I still smell the stench of decaying flesh, and hear the hum of those busy flies. I am used to picking things up from the ground and eating them, the things that were thrown away by somebody who had had enough - or

because it was not pleasing to his delicate digestive system. Many a time I got caught shop-lifting, got bashed up by the bystanders crying with pain and humiliation; greeted by the jeering crowd with their piercing eyes of mockery. Sometimes I wished they would beat me to death instead of torturing me. But no; maybe all these acts justified my survival. I would have preferred a quick death, without knowing that I was dying. I don't know why but you see, everything ends. This much I have just learnt too late. I am lying here waiting to die. The bullets have pierced my lungs and I cannot breathe. How did it all happen?

I'll tell you why. I have killed two people while on the run just to keep silence, and I raped several women in the process. I don't remember how many. Women with children alone in the house were easy. The best times are at night when they are sleep in the house and the father is out - you know, you could take what you want plant your seed and leave. It makes me laugh to remember the power I had over those people. Like a drug once you start you can't stop. Nothing equals the excitement of a rape or the decision to kill someone. It gets in your blood. I used to carry a lot of cash on me, - you don't try to live in luxury, otherwise the CIB get interested in you; or even the neighbours. Just get drunk with the money or give some to wantoks including my parents, that has always been the attitude. My relationship with gangs throughout the city has been very good. They have never questioned me whenever I was in their territory. Sometimes they approach me for a deal; to spring a big job like tracing a payroll vehicle or assist some of their members escape from Bomana. Criminals still rule Port Moresby, every part of the city has its own gang. We have the SPIKES and HELTEX (JAWAS) at Gerehu, 585s at Morata, the WAGA (JAWAS) at Waigani, JAWAS - the main group at Tokara, LADDIES MAFIA at Hohola, GOIPEX 105 controlling Erima and Gordon, 6 MILE TIGERS at Six Mile, BOMAI APEX at Boroko. APES at Sabama and Kaugere, KOBONI at Koki, KKK at Newtown and the Konedobu area, and the CATS 32 at Hanuabada. Yes it's well controlled. Beating the Prime Minister at his own game is one of our greatest kicks.

I had been watching this house for the last couple of days; this expatriate man with two cars. I was sure there was a lot of money there. Yesterday backing out onto the road he said good morning to me, as I was passing just observing; no not yesterday, that was last week. Sorry, it's just that lying here bleeding jumbles up my mind; oh yes - it's getting dark. I can't tell whether it's night or loss of blood. There was a teenage girl outside the house. My word, what a beauty - she must have been a rich bitch on holiday, wearing the tightest pair of shorts she could squeeze into. Man! The mother, was mucking around in the flower garden. I walk away, knowing the man will return for lunch. I hear a baby crying, and see their haus-meri, a Highlander, hanging out the laundry. I'd been hanging around the neighbourhood for almost four days and I felt uneasy, because normally I pull the job on the second or a third day and clear off but this particular family made it difficult for me to understand their pattern of activities. I want the people in the house to drive off and leave the house empty. Being alone I don't like taking the risk of holding up three people, plus that crazy looking black dog. For now I shall lie low and observe their movements.

After lunch the family drive off in their smart Mazda car with the dog in the back seat. The house is quiet only the quiet singing of the Chimbu meri as she sweeps the gravel. Five minutes later, I am standing at the gate with a piece of paper in my hand. "Master istap?" I asked innocently. "Nogat, emi go wok". "Na misis?" "Ol i go long supa maket," she replies examining me closely. "Mi wok man bilong PTC. Em i ring mipela na tok telepon ino wok gut," From the overall pocket I pull out two tiny screw drivers. "Olsem bai yu kam insait na lukim," she said opening the gate. Mi bai sekim tasol na go", I said and followed her in. She led me straight into the house where the phone was in the corner of the living room, resting on a small wooden stool. "Na narapela istap insait?" I asked lifting the receiver to listen to the dial tone.

"long stadi bilong masta," she said and left for the kitchen.

"Hey, yu kam pastaim," I yelled.

"Stadi bilong masta we?" I enquired pretending to shake the receiver and placing it back.

"Long hap", she mumbled and led me inside, and opened the door. I had my knife at the ready when I follow her in. I covered her mouth and pressed the point against her throat.

"Sapos yu singaut, bai yu dai long hia," I told her. She was shaking when I tied her up and gagged her. Just then I heard the blast from a car-horn. I peeped through the thick blue curtains of the study; the mother and the daughter had returned. They kept on tooting the horn, expecting the maid to unlock the gates. I felt panicky, I wanted to pull off this job clean - but now I realised the burden and the risk. The mother unlocked the gate for the daughter to drive the car in. Then she came up calling her servant. I have to act fast. I got to the front door with my knife at the ready. She pushed the door open and walked straight into my arms. Covering her mouth with one hand and the knife against her ribs, I led her to the bedroom.

"One single word and you are as good as dead. Not a sound - do you understand?" She nodded shivering, and then she fainted. I tied her up and lifted her on to the bed. Nice legs I thought as I walked out. The daughter was calling her mother while moving the groceries out of the car.

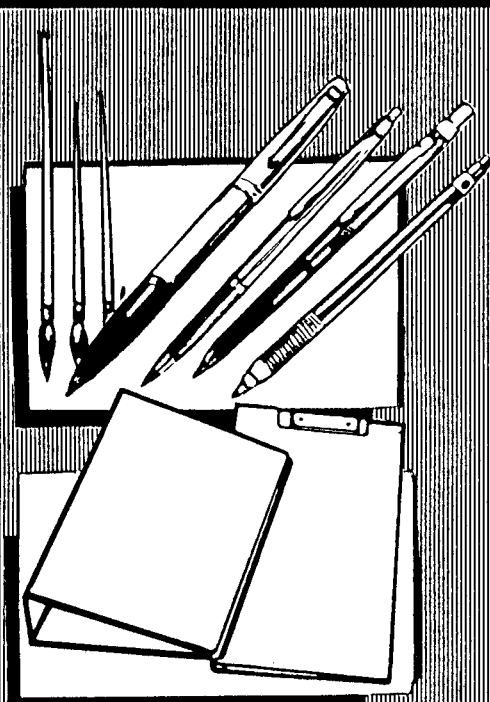
"Mum! Mum! have you found Timbi?" she complained loudly. Next minute, my hands covered her mouth as the point of my knife pressed against her throat.

"Do as I say and everything will be alright", I forced her onto a chair nearby and ripped off the end of the curtains to tie her up. I unzipped her bag and collected fifty kina notes and some coins; I wanted to hurry, but watching the shivering girl and her exposed thighs made me change my mind. Her chest was rising and falling fast with her young ripe breasts pushing her T-shirt out. I forced her down on the floor breaking her, entering her. Exhausted I lay on top of her smelling her damp hair. The telephone started to ring. I let it ring, watching small rivers of sweat flow between her breasts. My breathing was almost normal again. The ringing started to get on my nerves. I went over and ripped the phone from its connections, but the one in the study kept ringing. I looked at the girl on the floor. She was bleeding and her face had turned white; and there were tears streaming down her cheeks. I wanted to hold her in my arms and comfort her. Feelings of tenderness, hate, love, fear, desire, all boiled up inside me. I did it to her again but this time she was like a dead animal. I shuddered and walked over to the study to unhook the receiver. I don't know how long I spent doing these things, but I heard a horn tooting and rushed back to the study where I found Timbi, struggling to undo her knots. I kicked her in the stomach and looked through the louvres. There was the father opening the gate with three other uniformed men. To make matters worse the baby started crying! There was only one thing to do, I rushed to get the daughter as a hostage, but the baby was yelling and the man was shouting his wife's name! Shit! Things were not turning out right. For the first time, I realize my mistake; the phone in the study gave me away - I should have ripped it off like the other one in the living room! I feel a sharp pain - exploding through my right shoulder as I try to drag the girl onto her feet, then the echo of a revolver; and then my head seems to explode. There is blood everywhere. It is pouring down my face on to my chest. It must be coming from my head but it's funny I don't feel any pain. Just very weak and sleepy. Far away I hear the guards running up the steps and breaking down the door.

"Oh Jesus Christ this is terrible. You better not come in here George. It is Alex, your kid brother."

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ALU SIGNS CONGRATULATES PNG AND ITS PEOPLE ON THE
TENTH ANNIVERSARY OF INDEPENDENCE.

MORESBY: A CURFEW CITY, JUNE 1985

When the day was young
I came from my home in the sea
And met you, Moresby, my beautiful Moresby
Bare-breasted and long flowing hair
Smiling sweet innocence.
I always loved you.

In my heart still lies the memory
of a gentle Lahara breeze, blowing;
When I walked with my brothers Moi and Daro.
Proud, naked chested, and free.
Free to laugh, free to roam,
Dawn to dusk, dusk to dawn.

O Moresby, home of my gentle people
Who has tied your long flowing hair?
Who has knotted it into ugly locks?
Who has bound your free swinging
grass-skirt
As you danced to the Kitoro?
O Moresby, My Moresby.

O Moresby, my Moresby,
I see you through a mist of tears:
Yes, you struggle to hide your wounded smile
But blood that trickles down your lips
betrays you.
I see pain, deep, deep pain within
Let me heal you with my wounded love.

Kumalau Tawali

INNER SPACE

One of two cells
In communion
With the ancestors
Answers a call
To preserve the species.

Its immediate world
Was wet and slippery
A mystery to the human eye
Where in blindness
It lived in total darkness.

Growing inside
It lived by instinct
A harness to prevent
Unexpected falls: an astronaut in space.

Writhing up and down,
kicking, crawling,
Discovering, exploring,
It lived by its wits.

After a nine month voyage
In perpetual darkness
Waaagh! Waaaagh!
Was its greeting speech.
Man, it sure was dark in there.

Anyway, welcome to the world.

Ben Nakin

ASTRAL JOURNEYS by John Sari.

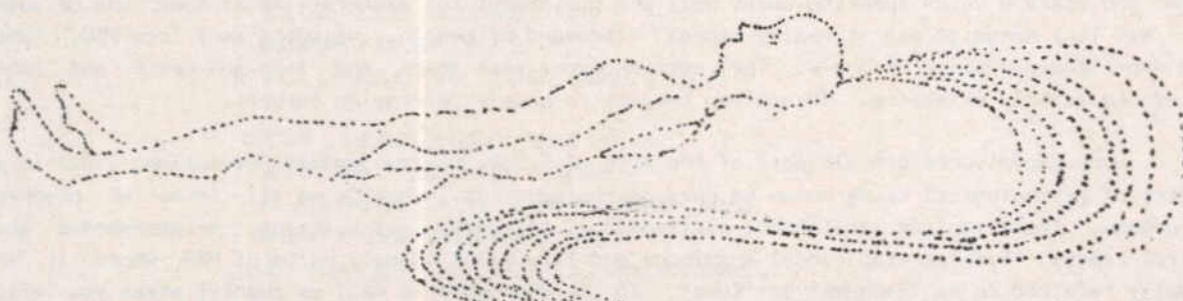
It was in a Pentacostal church that I first came to know Joe, a calm, passive character, always gazing at his feet whenever he came in contact with people even his own relations. Slightly paranoid, he was constantly distracted and nervous. After a life of crime he turned towards the church because of an inexplicable experience he had. One evening after an unsuccessful raid he was resting in bed when in a dream he seemed to drift off out of his body. Below he could see everything including relatives crying for his death. Then he saw a blinding light and heard a voice speaking about hell and punishment for sinners. After some time he woke up. Was it a dream or did it really happen? Thousand of people, including many from PNG, have had experiences similar to Joe's. They seem to experience death and life-and-death and then return to earthly existence. This often happens to people undergoing surgery.

Such experiences are all part of the area of E.S.P. **Extra Sensory Perception**. This is a branch of psychological study known as para-psychology. It investigates all forms of psychic phenomena. These include levitation, clairvoyance, telepathy, apparitions, metamorphosis and astral travel. Similar traditional knowledge and lore exist in many parts of PNG where it is usually referred to as "Sanguma" or "Kumo". In the Highlands as well as coastal areas you will find people with psychic ability. Some claim to be able to metamorphose themselves into flying foxes, dogs and rats at the end of their initiation period.

Most western religions do not approve of ESP study and techniques although Eastern religions e.g. Buddhism, encourage one to develop one's ESP abilities. The gurus and monks, through long hours of meditation and asceticism become masters of these powers. They believe that through Yoga they can utilise the "wild" energy of the universe. This energy is absorbed into the body through seven different points of the body called "chakras"; each chakra corresponding to a different level of ESP. Anyone attaining the fourth or fifth level can perform so-called miracles like healing the sick or controlling nature. If one could achieve the highest level of consciousness i.e. the seventh chakra, then one becomes a god in his own right. Such people can perform many psychic "miracles" such as levitation, being buried alive for several days and of course astral travel. They maintain the astral body or soul is able to leave the physical body and travel freely through space and time. It is strange that the founder of Christianity practised these abilities and encouraged his followers to develop them but the present-day Christian churches frown on such practises. Jesus urged his disciples to have "faith". If you have faith you can move mountains or raise the dead. The new charismatic movement in the Church is trying to revive these powers by encouraging a more spiritual approach rather than a rational attitude towards religion. No one can explain the miracles of Lourdes or the cure of cripples at revival crusades. It seems that people under intense emotional pressure can open their chakras and receive the powerful energy of the universe.

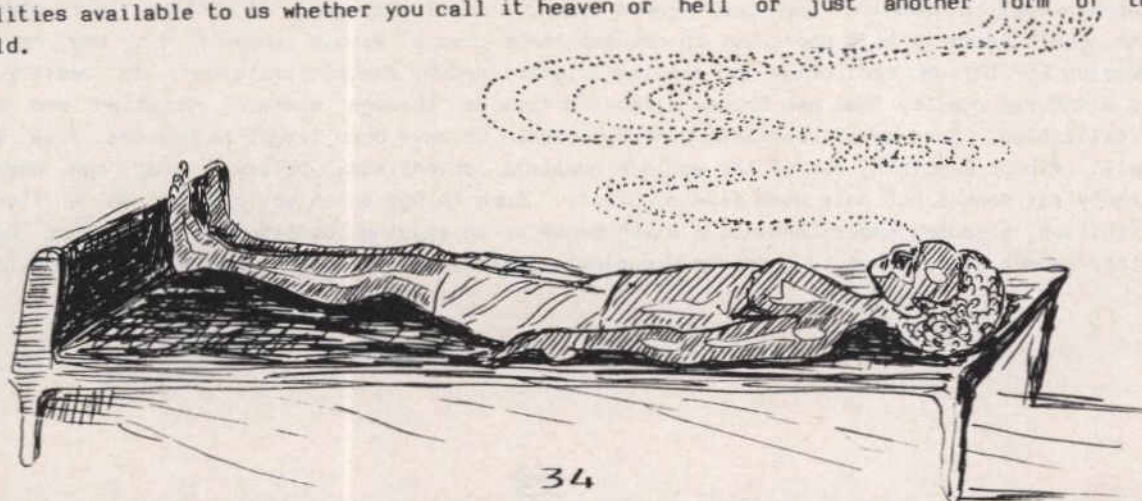
However many people are still frightened of ESP capabilities saying that it is supernatural or demonic. Such power comes from the devil they say. It is true that study of the occult seems to be a short-cut to develop these powers within oneself but one can also develop ESP through meditation and fasting as practised by eastern religions. In reality, ESP is a natural quality that has become alienated from us through western education and modern civilization. Because of twentieth century science we have been taught to use the five senses only. Albert Einstein, one of the world's greatest scientists, believed that man possessed twenty six senses but only used five regularly. Such things which we dismiss as a flash of intuition, a sudden understanding, a sixth sense or an amazing coincidence, may indeed be our other senses at work but in a random disorganised fashion. How often have you had the feeling

that I have been in this place before, although it is your first visit. Yet you recognise the room or the street or the place. Or sometimes you feel that this has happened to you before and you "know" what will happen next or what someone will say before they say it. Such feelings are called "deja vu" and many people have experienced them. Apart from this, people have premonitions of death or danger. For example they refuse to travel on a particular plane or PMV and later learn that the PMV or plane crashed. Did an angel or an ancestor warn them? Or was it simply their ESP at work? Just as electricity was once a mystery but is now an everyday commodity so there is no reason to doubt that one day ESP will be fully understood and developed for the benefit of all mankind.



Astral travel is just one aspect of ESP. The astral body has fascinated people for centuries. Sometimes it is perceived as a glow of light around a person. Some people have this visible glow much stronger than others. This is particularly true of holy people. There is a "brightness" in their countenance which is different from ordinary light. When trying to depict this special quality in the saints, the early painters put a halo or rays of light around their heads. Sometimes this light surrounds the whole body and recently Russian scientists have been able to produce photographs showing this strange glow which is found around animals and plants as well as humans. This method is called Kirlian photography. This glowing image or astral body can often account for apparitions or ghosts. People see this image of a person although they know he is elsewhere or even dead. Padre Pio, the well-known Italian mystic, was known to have such powers. This is called **bilocation** (being in two places at once). He was able to control his astral journeys unlike most of us. When we experience astral travel we think it was merely a dream when we wake up. Other people are afraid to try these experiments because they might not be able to get back into their physical bodies. If the link between the astral and the physical body is broken, then death will occur. For those who wish to practise it, the joys are great but the dangers are equally great.

Belief in astral travel is very widespread in PNG. Sorcerers claim to be able to travel at night to kill their victims. Young men in love will transform themselves into hornbills and fly into the room of the girl they desire. When a son is in danger or someone is dying in the village, a Highlands mother will often "travel" in dreams or thoughts to warn him of the danger. These are everyday experiences for most Papua Niuginians. We are very aware that there are other dimensions of existence. We know that reality isn't measured in three dimensions only and our knowledge doesn't come only from our five senses. There are other worlds and other realities available to us whether you call it heaven or hell or just another form of this world.



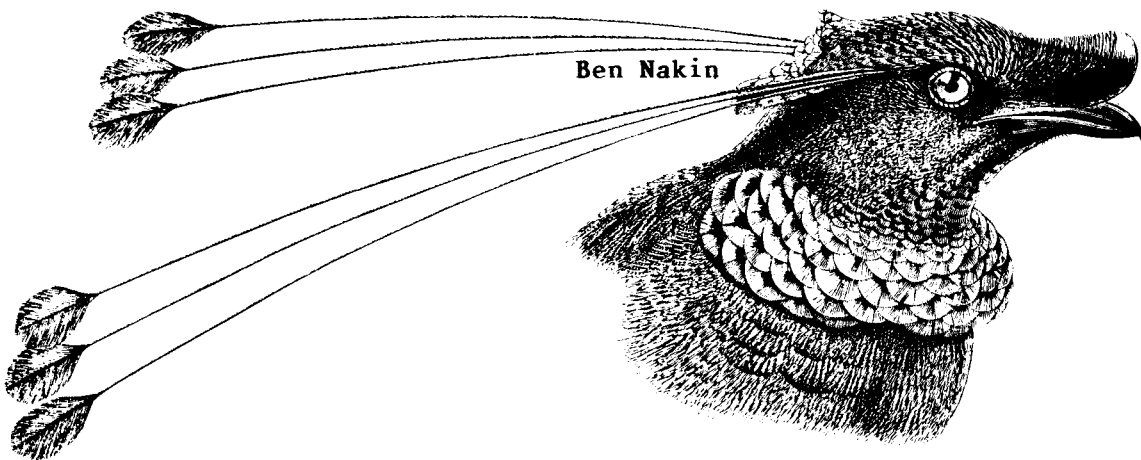
NIGHT OF THE SPIRIT-BIRD

The clock on the wall has struck twelve
Just a fraction of a second to be added
A shrill cry pierces the darkness.
Cries of "Piss off" with a sting,
Can be heard next door
With a quick Sign of the Cross
As an extra ingredient.

Doors slam in despair
Shutters hastily drawn down.
For this is the call
Of the Spirit-Bird
Out to claim an innocent soul;
A victim of the social problems
Of today's frustrations.

Another scream disturbs the peace,
And sweat beads breaking forth,
Means the time is close at hand.
Who then could the victim be?
For surely the Spirit-Bird's prowl
Will draw out blood and sorrow.
Only time will tell
Tomorrow the secret is revealed.

Dawn breaks.
Mum is wailing,
Grandma has chopped her finger off.
Dad curses the day he brought forth that life.
And lain stiff up in bed
Lies the victim
A memo of the Night-Bird's call
Oh why can't we live a natural life?



PACIFICATION RITES

"...must not the head of the vates be
severed so that he may continue to sing?
Must not the self be destroyed before a
new being can be born?"

- Chants of Saints

(for the Villager)

When Okonkwo committed suicide
We refused to touch the body
That was impure. Left it to
The Vultures and Crows
Carry on with the Pacification rites,
And we drove to the hills of Taworakawa
And Rewai, where sidelong lofty glances
Were cast at the now emptied fields,
And at men that groped along the veins of
Rivers that flow back;
Heard yarns; circle them as crows do after
High savannah fires,
Above the heads of a certain "madding crowd"
We looked out for signs of appeasement
In the wings of a raven sailing the wind,
Farther across the blue of the morning.
Mornings never felt fresher then: sunlight
On ridges, the women gathered: with pots,
Baskets, and wood; and twigs;
And leaves, that in cities once spoke of
Villagers betrayed, were gathered also;
At the fires of our offerings:

by Russell Soaba



THE ORPHANS

by Ignatius Kilage.

Once a strange epidemic swept over Simbu. It moved like a shadow and settled on a small house on the slopes of Kokewake mountain called Dikirwakir. Tinake and Daropere were stricken down leaving their children, Gand and Kuie alone. Neighbours came in mourning to help bury the parents in the ancestral cemetery and burn down the house lest the shadow still lingered there. Relations helped the children to build a new house further up the mountain near to the tree line.

Gand was now the provider. He worked hard so that his gardens were overflowing and his animals increased. Kine did a woman's part in tending the crops and weeding. They prospered and both grew strong in limb and beautiful of face. Kine was so radiant that people called her "Dragle-Kuie": The Yellow Orchid flower.

One day darkness returned to Kekewake. It o'ershadowed the house. All day hailstones fell and the air was cold. When night came the beautiful Druagle-Kuie died. Numbed by renewed sorrow, Gand went to seek his clansmen. Again they helped him bury a loved one and then silently left him to his grief. His sorrow was so great that he decided to fast unto dead. The gardens were neglected, the animals strayed as Gand, mindless and grief-torn, wandered endlessly in the forest. He grew thin and gaunt but death didn't come.

In Moki-Kaki, the land of the spirits, the soul of Kuie was greatly troubled by the plight of her brother. She resolved to return to aid him. Unaware of this Gand continued in his melancholy, sitting by the Golba river, contemplating tadpoles and river-birds. At dusk he returned to his house to find a fire alight and cooked food waiting for him. Amazed at this event, he searched but found no one except a gentle possum curled up by the fire stones. Gratefully he ate and slept.

From that day Gand's spirits revived. Each day when he returned from his gardens he ate the food which was prepared for him. He grew strong in mind and body again, attended parties and sing-sings. After several moons he was betrothed to a comely maid from Lower Simbu. The marriage was successful and the young bride accepted the possum as a pet. The bride and the possum became inseparable loving companions.

As was the custom, Gand prepared a feast to thank his wife's parents. He killed his finest pigs, cooked his sweetest kumu and boiled his choicest kaukau. Yet his parents-in-law tasted never a bite. Mortified, Gand walked away. When he left, the old parents explained they craved possum flesh not pig meat. At these words, the little pet fled to Gand by the river-side.

He was amazed to hear the little creature recount the sad news in his sister's voice. She begged him not to offend his in-laws but to do as they wished. Sadly he returned to the company of the house. The possum licked Gand's face and hands for the last time. As it ventured across the room it seemed to stumble into the fire-pit where it perished. Tearfully Gand retrieved the roasted body and offered it to his parents-in-law. They ate it with relish and then consumed pig meat and vegetables. Thus ended the era of human innocence. From hence forth spirits could no longer return to help their kinsfolk. The vital link between the living and the dead was broken by the greed of two old people.



GAIMA KOPO (YOUNG MEN)

She wanted
He returned
He giggled loudly.
"Sssssh!" warned she
"How many times have I kissed you
From spitting that sound".
Blanket of darkness
She led
To the empty hut, pulling
Hands locked, like an endless chain.
He pulled she followed.
She pulled he followed,
Effacing yesterday's footprints
Of the dangerous path to the hausmeri.

Eyes wide open
Guided through by hands
No blanket, no pillow, no mat, no fire,
He stretches powerful biceps
She rests head on and exposes
Two full moons, never to illuminate
But generate: heat and energy.
He she; she he; he she;
Snoring and farting,
Awake, asleep,
Touching feeling,
Heart beating, pounding
Suffocating...and recovering.

Cock crows,
The first hated Aurora bell.
Second crow
Confession sessions are over.
Third crow
He pinches, she pinches.
All awake, chains disconnect.
Journey back
There is no proof
Gone
Gaima Kopo: the Night lovers.

MY LAND

My blood:

Rivers, lakes, lagoons, wells
lying in craters,
Roaring from caves,
Falling from mountains,
Silent to the sea.

My flesh:

Grass, trees, moss, vine,
Creeping, coiling,
blooming, bearing,
fruit and tubers, multifold.

My bone:

Rocks, mountains, caves, cliffs.
Small gentle,
Rugged smooth.

My blood,

You give this precious food:

My flesh,

You tie with powerful strings:

My bone,

You were the first I touched.

Live blood, flesh, bone.

I will live forever in my land.



Yanapo Kai

THE FROST by Steven Thomas Lyadale.

It was May and the dry season was only two months away. The dry season starts in July and ends in November. Kambi Tofeu was only ten and lived in Kandep, a village high in the mountains of Enga. Life seemed much the same as usual to him. Nothing new ever happened but he was eager to see the white man again. He had seen him once three years ago. At first he was scared of this man but now that he was older he wasn't scared of anything.

As the years had gone by he grew stronger and more confident. His mother had told him many times that he was a big boy now and could handle things himself. This made him feel mature, strong and proud. He gained confidence in himself, in fact he was very hard working for a boy of his age. The other boys were not like him. They spent most of their time, playing games, doing nothing. Parents don't expect young boys like him to do very much but they appreciate it when they did. They were expected to fetch water, look after younger children and such things. But Kambi did more difficult tasks as well. He was different. He enjoyed working hard.

In his family his older brother, Kasa, was twelve and his sister, Lino, was eight. The family had a good life; there was lots of food to eat and a great variety too. There were kaukau, taro, beans, potatoes, sugar-cane, bananas, fish and sometimes even rice which was brought to them by wantoks from a place called Laigam. Occasionally tinned fish was eaten with the rice. There were no tradestores in Kandep because it was high in the bush and there were no road links.

'White man's goods' as they were called were sold at Laigam many miles away. The only whiteman's thing that they owned was a thick woollen blanket which Kambi shared with his mother. It kept them warm at night and they took good care of it. It was very useful during the cold dry season. The blanket had been given to Kambi's mother by a whiteman's cookboy in exchange for a fat piglet. Kambi wished that another whiteman would come to his area with a cook-boy because now he had a big fat pig. He would ask for two blankets in exchange for the pig. He had asked his mother many times if the Europeans would come again but she always replied she didn't know when they would come. He had also asked her many times if she would allow him to exchange his pig for a blanket. She said yes but he knew that his father had the final authority over all the pigs. Father used pigs in the Moka exchange and also for paying bride-price. He knew his father would never let him trade a big fat pig for a blanket. When he thought about it, he used to get angry. The men would never allow their wives or children to use the pigs in trade although they were the ones who looked after them and not the men. He told himself that he would secretly trade his pig and father would know nothing about it. However, the time went by and the whiteman and his cook-boy never came. His pig just stayed in the village and grew fatter.

Kambi enjoyed fishing so much that he called it his "kaikai" like the other children. Anything they liked doing and were good at was called "kaikai". Kambi loved to fish in Kandep Lake which wasn't far from his home. He liked the lake because he caught fish easily and usually they were big ones. There were lots of rivers around with lots of fish in them but they were hard to catch. However, many of the boys fished in the river because they had trout in them.

Trout is delicious, mainly white meat with few bones. Once a trout was caught, the boys made a fire on the bank and then waited until the flames had died down. Then when only the hot glowing embers were left, the boys would throw the fish on the red charcoal and wait until it

was cooked. They used a long stick to turn the fish over and over to make sure it was properly cooked. Then they pulled it out of the fire, removed the back-bone and had a feast. It was delicious.

Kambi didn't spend much time at the river because he didn't have much luck there. When he did catch something the older boys forced him to share and when he didn't catch anything they wouldn't share with him. So he often sat with his mouth watering as he watched the others eating because he loved the taste of fresh river trout very much.

His brother, Kasa, spent a lot of time fishing along the river banks. Often he was lucky to catch one or two fat trout but if he wasn't he would threaten the other boys and sometimes steal their fish to eat himself. He was very big for his age and he was a bully. But in doing general duties and helping his parents he was just the opposite of Kambi. He had to be told what to do. He was a very disobedient boy and father often had to spank him. Kambi called him a mad dog because even little things would make him angry quickly. He would spring at you and hit you. He did this to younger children especially Kambi. Very often Kasa would become very jealous of him. When everybody else had gone he would beat up Kambi for no reason and then warn him not to report to their parents what had happened. At other times he would prevent Kambi doing the jobs his parents had told him to do. Later when their parents returned they were very angry with Kambi for not doing what he was told. It wasn't his fault. He wanted to tell his parents but he was frightened of his brother. If he did, Kasa would beat him up the next day.

Kambi returned home from fishing, late one afternoon. He was very happy because he had caught very many fish. He knew that his mother and sister would be pleased with him. He loved to hear mother praise him. His sister had said many times that Kambi was the best fisherman in the whole world. Although he knew this wasn't true, it made him very happy and proud of himself.

He pushed a piece of bush-rope through the lower jaw of each fish and hung them on the end of a stick. It was quite a heavy load for a small boy. Soon he was tired. On the track home he met his brother who was crying. He asked him what the matter was. Without even answering, Kasa jumped up and bashed him on the mouth. It was a mistake to ask Kasa questions when he was angry.

As usual Kasa had been naughty but this time mother had caught him. During the day when everyone was out, he and some friends had slipped into the house and taken all the kaukau mother had saved for the night's dinner. They had cooked and eaten all the kaukau and they had also stolen and eaten all the dried pandanas nuts that mother had in a bilum at the back of the house. Mother was furious when she found out and had thrashed Kasa soundly for being so greedy. Kasa was feeling very sore and angry but since he couldn't hit his mother he had taken it out on his younger brother.

Kambi was confused and surprised at his action. Why was Kasa beating him this time? He was too tired to fight back and anyway he wasn't strong enough to beat his brother so he just started to cry. This made Kasa even angrier. He grabbed Kambi's fishing pole and shook him violently. Kambi almost fell. The load of fish slipped down the pole and the sharp fins stuck into Kambi's back. He cried out in pain. Just then they heard someone calling to them from the house. Kasa was afraid mother had heard Kambi's cries. If she saw what he was doing he would be punished again. Quickly he put his hand over Kambi's mouth and told him to stop crying.

Kambi looked up at him with big brown eyes full of tears. He was still sobbing and shaking with fright. His back was bleeding badly where the fish had scratched him. Kasa suddenly felt very sorry for what he had done. He wrapped his arms around Kambi and held him tightly to his chest. Using some leaves, he wiped away the blood and tried to clear the tears

from his eyes and nose. He kissed Kambi and promised he wouldn't beat him again. Kambi wiped his nose and looked at Kasa. He didn't know whether to believe him or not. Kasa now begged him not to tell his parents what happened. Kambi didn't say anything. He just picked up his fish and walked towards the house.

Kasa wasn't always bad to Kambi. Sometimes he helped him and he always protected him when other big boys wanted to beat him up. Kasa was big and tough for his age and the other boys knew that and respected him. Often he went hunting in the bush with father. Sometimes when they killed opossums, he would bring the baby ones home as pets for Kambi. So far none had lived more than a month; some escaped, others were killed by dogs but most just died.

More than anyone else Kambi loved his little sister Lino. She was a happy little girl. She liked Kambi. He was her favourite brother. She often said Kambi was the best brother in the world and she was very proud of him. Lino spent most of his time in the gardens with mother but at other times she had to baby-sit for her cousin sister. Her children were much younger than Lino. Kambi hated baby-sitting because he couldn't stand the crying. Babies were so stupid. They were always hungry and always bawling their heads off. This used to make Kambi angry.

Once when there was no one else around, his cousin asked him to look after her baby. Kambi held the baby and tried to get it to go to sleep but it wouldn't stop crying. So he sang to the baby but it still continued crying. Then he tried to bounce it up and down but the baby continued to cry. Kambi's ears were aching. He shouted at the baby and told it to shut up. The poor thing shook with fear for a moment and then started crying even louder. So Kambi got up and walked away from it. His cousin was very angry when she came back and found the baby alone. She said she would never ask Kambi to babysit again. Kambi was glad. Now no one would ask him to look after squealing babies because they couldn't trust him.

Lino, however, was a very good baby-sitter. She liked all small children and they seemed to be happy with her. When a baby cried, she comforted it as if it was her own. She would hold the crying baby close to her breast and pretend she was feeding it. The baby would pull at Lino's flat chest and feel happy. She would then rock the baby to and fro and sing,

"Come my poor little baby,
Drink your mammy's milk
And go to sleep."

Soon the baby would be fast asleep. Then she would carefully put the baby down, lie down beside it and go to sleep for a few hours.

Lino was a happy little girl and Kambi always tried to please her because he loved her very much. Often Lino got very wet when coming from the garden during the rainy season. So Kambi decided to make an umbrella for her. He went into the bush and cut down some very broad pandanus leaves. He took them home and left them for some time until they were dry. Next he gave them to mother to sew them together. She sewed many of them together until she had made a big square. Then she folded it in two and the umbrella was complete. When Kambi gave it to Lino she was delighted. She felt very grown up when she had her own umbrella. Now she wouldn't have to share any more with mother when it rained. She could now walk at her own speed when coming or going to the garden and she wouldn't have to run all the time to keep up with her mother's big steps. She felt very proud indeed. She put her arms round Kambi and thanked him.

It had been raining for the past few months but now it was close to ending. Soon it would be the dry season. All the children enjoyed that season because they had plenty of free time to play all sorts of games. One of Kambi's favourite games was called "Saka Yanda" which is a fighting game. The boys used tender young pitput shoots to try and spear each other. The children divided into two groups, each representing a different tribe or clan. These clans were supposed to be enemies. The make-believe fight would follow the same rules as a real fight.

First one group would accuse the other group of doing something wrong. That group would deny it and call back some insults to the first group. Then more insulting words would be exchanged. One boy would pretend to lose his temper and throw a pitpit spear at the enemy. The fight then started. Each side would start shouting war cries and make charges against the other. The pitpit spears flew and boys had to jump quickly to avoid being hit. As they ran they threw their pitpit spears.

Usually the girls stood at the side and watched but sometimes the really braves ones joined in. If someone was hit by a shoot it didn't really hurt because the soft part would smash against the skin leaving a wet mark. Some boys dipped their spears in mud so that when it landed on someone the mud would splash all over his body making him really dirty.

When the fight was over the wounded on both sides were counted to see who won. It was easy to see a wounded person because the splashed mud had now dried on his skin. After the fight, the groups would dance in a circle singing war songs. They sang about how strong they were and how badly they had beaten the other side. After the singing and dancing, speeches were made on both sides and compensation was claimed from the enemy clan. Usually the biggest and most talkative boys made the speeches while the girls and the smaller boys just listened. Pigs have to be given as compensation.

Instead of pigs, the children used ferns. They went into the bush and collected bundles of soft ferns. They used the fern shoots because they were hairy like pigs. The children now returned to the main play ground to make their exchange. The boy who had collected the most ferns was recognised as the Big-man of the tribe. The fern-pigs were all laid out in a long line. Each one was tied with a special kind of reed and tethered to a stake in the ground, just like a real pig. The pigs were now counted and the enemy clan were called over to inspect these wonderful pigs. They were counted again in front of the enemy clan. Now the leader of that clan could start distributing all the pigs given in compensation. He called out someone's name in a loud voice. The person came over untied the rope from the stake in the ground and led the pig away. As he walked past someone said, "Grrn!...Grrn!....Grrn!" imitating the grunting sound of pigs. Some children laughed at this but most of the children were silent and treated it seriously. When the compensation was over and peace was made all the children went home.

The rainy season was over and the dry season had come. The days were clear and bright. At night it was very cold. In the village there were two separate houses for each family; one for the men and the other for the women and children. It was against the people's custom for men and women to sleep in the same house. It was believed if men slept with women they would not become tough and strong. They would become weak and would lose most of their fights and they would be easily killed in battle.

Kambi still stayed in the women's house with his mother and sister while his father and brother slept in the men's house. He was old enough now to stay in the men's house but it was terribly cold there. Unlike the women's house, there were no blankets in the men's house. Kambi used to shiver when he visited the men's house. Men had to get used to the cold so that their bodies would become hard and tough and they would grow up to be strong fighters. So even young boys were encouraged to come and sleep in the men's house.

Kambi's father and brother often made fun of him because slept with the women. They said he would always be weak like a girl and would never grow up to be a great warrior. This upset Kambi so he decided to spend a night in the men's house. That night he went with Kasa and father to sleep with them. At first everything was fine but as the night went by it became colder and colder. Kambi was shaking all over and his teeth started chattering. He just couldn't sleep at all because it was so cold. About midnight when the other men were asleep, Kambi crept out of the house and hurried back to the women's house. He slipped quietly under his mother's blanket and held her tight to let some warmth into his bones. From then on, he never went to the men's house no matter what they said.

As the days passed, the nights became colder. Usually their blanket kept them warm at night but now it wasn't enough. Kambi still felt cold. Sometimes his mother would have to get up and make up the fire again to keep them warm. One particular night he was lying curled up beside his mother, trying to get as much heat as he could. But it kept getting colder and colder. Mother had to get up three times to light the fire again to get some warmth. Kambi would then be warm for a short time but as soon as the fire burned down he was cold again. So he didn't sleep at all that night. He just lay there waiting for morning to come but the night seemed longer than usual. Much later the sky began to lighten. A few grey fingers of light came through the door. Daybreak was close now. The first bird called, then the next. It was dawn but the sun hadn't risen yet. Everyone was wide awake and mother had the fire going again. Kambi was grateful for its warmth but soon the house was full of smoke. It was in his eyes. He went out to stretch himself and breathe some fresh air.

He stood on the verandah and breathed the cool crisp air. He felt good. Then he saw it. It looked as if white ashes had been sprinkled over everything. It was on the ground, on the leaves, on the trees. Perhaps it was salt. He had never seen anything like it before. He jumped down off the verandah and ran across the yard to have a closer look at it. It was all over the place. He bent down to look at it. He tried to pick some up and bring it in to mother. Perhaps some silly fellow had spilled salt all over their yard. He touched the white sparkling stuff but quickly pulled his hand away. It was as if he had touched hot coals. His fingers felt as if they were burnt. He looked at them but they weren't burnt, just wet. How strange! He had never seen such a thing in his life before. He felt frightened so he called out to mother to come quick. Maybe some kind of sickness was coming to the village.

Mother came out and looked around. She shivered a bit with the cold and then told Kambi not to be afraid. It was only ice. Ice only falls on the ground during the dry season when it is very cold. People call it frost. It is formed high up in the sky. The air becomes very very cold and all the water turns to ice and falls on the ground during the night. Soon the sun will come and turn it back into water when it warms up.

The ice was seen for the next four days. Every morning it covered the clearing, the yards and all the gardens. Kambi thought it was very beautiful as it sparkled in the sunshine. But the old people didn't like it. They were very worried and spoke against the frost. Kambi couldn't understand until his mother explained that heavy frost can kill all the plants including their crops. If that happened there would soon be no food in the village. Now he understood why the people were anxious.

Next day Kambi went to his own little garden and examined the crops. They seemed alright but when he returned two days later he saw something strange was happening. The leaves of all the plants were beginning to wither just as if someone had uprooted the plants and left them in the sun to dry. In a few days all the leaves, including those of the kaukau, had dried up. All the food plants had been killed by the frost. Not only in his family's garden but those of their neighbours' as well. All over Kandep the gardens had been killed. There were no fresh vines for replanting. Even if they could get vines from somewhere it would take another six months before harvest. In the meanwhile there was nothing to eat. All around the kaukau vines had withered up and died. Only the bare mounds, like graves, could be seen. They must move out or die of hunger.

With a sad heart, father decided they would have to leave their mountain home and go to live with a distant relation lower down in one of the valleys until times got better. Father had visited the place once or twice before. He knew a path across the mountains. The journey would take two or three days so they must start preparations. They decided to take only a few necessary things and their pigs. They had five pigs in all. Kambi felt very sad. He didn't

want to leave his beloved homeland. He didn't know anybody in the new place. There was no lake and so he was going to miss his fishing very much. He hid his fishing gear in the house and he pushed his canoe under a tree hidden with dry leaves.

They planned to leave the next day. Everything they could carry was already packed. It was still cold but not as bad as the nights of frost. Kambi lay under his mother's blanket thinking for a long time before he fell asleep. That night Lino became terribly sick. Her skin was hot and she complained of having pains all over her body. Then she began to shiver and her mother lit the fire again. But it was no good. Lino's sickness got worse her body was covered in sweat and she seemed to be talking nonsense. Kambi was sorry for her little sister.

Morning came and Lino was not better. She was too weak to stand. She lay on her mat unable to get up. The family had to make a decision. There wasn't any food left to eat and everything was packed up. All the other villagers were leaving. Father decided they must go too.

He asked his wife for one of her biggest bilums. He put the blanket on the bottom and then very gently placed Lino in the bilum. He would carry her like a small child to the place of safety and food. Kambi picked up his own small bilum and went outside. Mother untied the ropes from the pigs and led them outside. Kasa carried his father's bow and arrows, his bilum and some other things. Mother closed the door tightly and put a big log across it. She set out on the track calling the pigs as she went. They squealed and grunted but followed her very closely like pets.

It was very sad for Kambi to leave the place where he had been born and spent all his life. He remembered the good times and adventures he had. He remembered the lake and the fishing. He knew he would miss his best friends because they were all going off to live with wantoks in different parts. Perhaps he would never see them again. He stood by the side of the road and started crying. He didn't want to go. Suddenly he heard his father calling him and telling him to hurry up or he would be left behind. Quickly he wiped his eyes. Then he grabbed some red clay from the road side. This clay was used for decorating the body. So he rubbed some on his face. He didn't want others to know that he had been crying. He ran down the hill to catch up with them.

The first night of the journey was spent in a small hut by the roadside which had been built for travellers. Mother lit a fire and cooked a few kaukau in the ashes. The hut wasn't very comfortable but since it wasn't their home, Kambi couldn't complain. That night Lino was sick again with a high fever. Mother stayed awake all night trying to comfort her. The others didn't sleep either. They just sat around the dying fire and watched the sick girl.

It was nearly morning. Lino's fever seemed to go down a bit and now she was sleeping peacefully. The sun was already lighting the high mountains. The whole family were wide awake because they were very hungry. There was no food but at least they could get something to drink. Further down there was a little creek full of clear fresh water. Kambi picked up the bamboo water-container and went off to fill it.

The hut was built right on top of the ridge. From the top Kambi had a clear view of Kandep. In fact it was the last place from which he could see Kandep before descending into the valley. He stood and looked at it for a long time. The sun was shining on the roofs of the little houses. It looked very peaceful. Then he hurried on down to the bed of the creek to fill the container with water. The water felt cool and fresh. He let it trickled down his throat and some poured down his face and chest. It was refreshing. He felt good.

He rinsed the container out and began to fill it again for his family. Perhaps some cool water would help Lino. The container was about half full when he heard his mother scream; a loud high piercing scream that echoed through the trees and ripped into his ears. He didn't

wait. He rushed up the steep bank and raced across the grass to the little hut. He knew what had happened. He didn't have to ask. Now his mother was moaning; a deep low moan as if there was a deep wound in her heart. His brother was crying too. Mother was holding Lino and rocking her in her arms. She didn't move. She was dead.

The water container slipped from his hand and smashed on the ground. Lino was dead. Her eyes were closed and her body was limp. Kambi would never hear laugh again or see her running up the hill to tell him some secret. Darling little Lino was gone. His little sister whom he loved so much. He threw himself on the ground and rested his head against her soft little body. But it was silent, no moving, no breathing. Kambi just cried and cried. He thought his heart would break.

How unfair he thought, to die in such a lonely, empty place. There was nobody to mourn or make a funeral feast. Kambi now felt sorry for mother. There were no other women to help her to prepare the little body. No one to share her pain and grief. And poor father. No one to help him to dig the grave or say a few prayers for the soul of his sweet sister. At that moment it seemed as if they were the only people in the whole world. They had no friends, no relatives to call on for help. They were alone in their sorrow.

All afternoon and all that night they stayed with Lino's dead body. They watched and cried. Father kept a big fire burning all night to keep them warm and chase away the ghosts. Next morning father and Kasa dug a little grave by the roadside and placed Lino's body in it. There was no special clothes or anything because they didn't have anything. When all the earth was filled in father placed some heavy rocks on top of it. It was terrible to think of little Lino all alone in that lonely place. Kambi grabbed his mother and cried. She held him tightly against her breast as his sobs shook his body.

It was time to go. Father picked up the bilum and slung it across his shoulder. Although the bilum was empty he was now carrying a much heavier burden. His mother gently released Kambi from her embrace and called all the pigs. Then together they set off down the road after father.

Kambi turned round to take one last look at his sister's grave. Tears rolled down his cheeks leaving two dirty marks. He plucked a flower and some leaves and stuck them into the grave. He didn't speak but silently in his mind he said to Lino: I love you Lino and I will never forget you as long as I live. Then he turned and followed his family to the new land.

LOVE REMAINS

My memories are long
But your face retreats
A distant shadow
Shrinking beyond the horizon.
Still,
I'll dream,
I'll pray,
I'll hope
And wait.

Benjamin Nakin.

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THE WEST IRIAN CHESS GAME

(Winning, Losing, Drawing.)

by Samson Chicki.

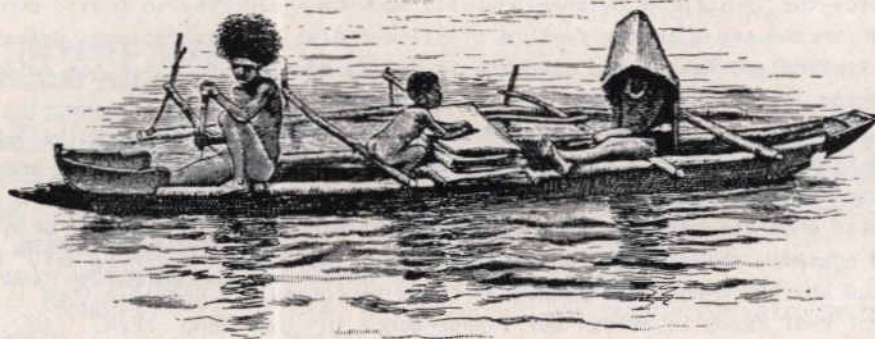
Over the past few years there has been wide coverage in the media about West Irian and the problems its people are facing. The OPM, the Act of Free Choice, illegal border-crossers, Irian Jayan refugees and West Papuans have all become everyday topics in the news. At first this revival of interest in a stagnant little province was exciting but then it grew dull until today it is totally disappointing. We expect nothing pleasant from that corner of the island. Where do we go from here? Should we continue, like our present government, to ignore the problem and hope that it will go away or should we like our academics and Australian newsmen continue to prod the beast and hope to get some sort of response?

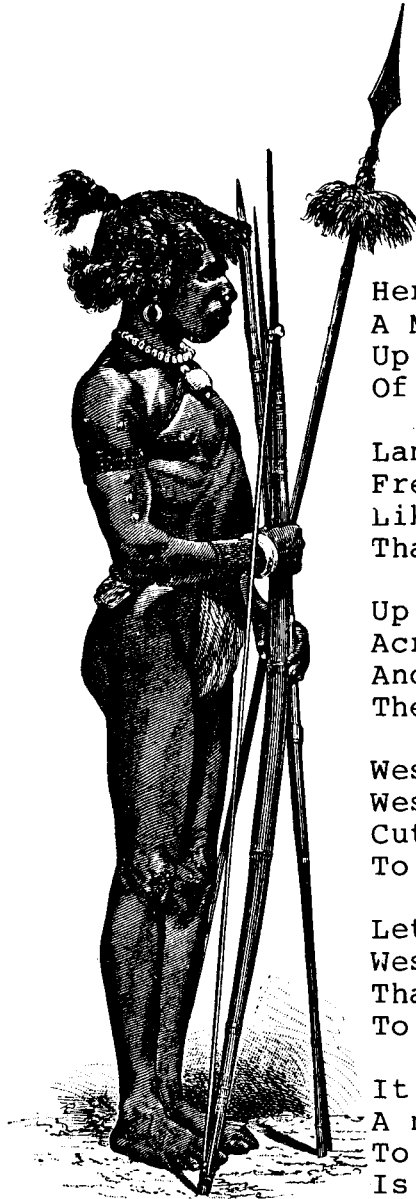
Several assumptions are commonly held by many Papua New Guineans and other western liberal-minded people. Firstly it is assumed that political independence is the only long-term solution to the West Irian problem. But do secessionist movements really solve anything? Often break-away independent parties create more problems than they solve. Such solutions were once advocated by academics and newsmen for N. Solomons and Spiritu Santu (Vanuatu). Now we believe those solutions would have been wrong. So how can we be sure it is right for West Irian to break away? Many people would reject this comparison in that the national government of PNG and Vanuatu were prepared to treat the N. Solomons and Spiritu Santu as equal partners whereas Jakarta is not prepared to treat West Papuans as equal partners with Javanese in political and economic aspirations. Further they would claim that the Indonesian government has simply taken over the role of the Dutch as the colonial masters of West Irian. They are demonstrating this in several ways. Firstly there is unrestrained exploitation of the natural resources by multinational companies; the wholesale destruction of vast forests and the destruction of habitat by mining companies. This greatly profits central government and the foreign companies but does nothing to improve the infrastructure of W. Irian. The biggest government project, the Border Highway is being built not to facilitate border-crossers or regional development but rather as a strategic military operation to maintain optimum surveillance on that troublesome area. Secondly we have the imposition of a foreign culture. This is being promoted in two ways; by the spread of an alien religion, Islam and by the teaching of a foreign language, Bahasa Indonesia. Within a generation Jakarta hopes that West Irian will be a peaceful Bahasa-speaking Moslem province. To make doubly sure that their policies work they are importing thousands of landless peasants and city slum dwellers from Java and other overcrowded islands to West Irian in order to "develop" that province. This is the **transmigrasi** policy. Thanks to this policy the indigenous Melanesians will soon be a minority in their own country. Such transmigration schemes are a common feature of all colonial administrations; Britain used it effectively in N. Ireland and France did likewise in New Caledonia - both are now suffering the consequences as George III of England said of the American Rebels.

"We must either master them or totally leave them to themselves" There can be no half-measures - either total subjection of the people or total freedom. It is because of this inevitability that the West Papuans have turned to armed struggle. Right now it seems a totally futile cause. That's what they said when the Mau Mau of Kenya fought the mighty British Empire, when blacks in Rhodesia struggled against Ian Smith and when a tiny man in N. Vietnam dared to defy U.S. the most powerful nation the world has ever seen. If these victories are possible then it is quite reasonable to expect West Papua to attain her independence in the long term. An indigneous people will always defeat a colonial master no matter how long the struggle. A conquered people have nothing more to lose but everything to gain. An empire can rise to its highest point and then it must fall. A defeated nation on its knees can fall no further; it can only rise. This truth applies as much to West Papua as it did to Vietnam.

Yet there is another way that this conflict could be resolved in a much more peaceful manner. In a capitalist world money talks and every man has his price. The same applied to governments. With a little help from their friends, West Papuans could literally buy their country and with it their independence from Indonesia. It may seem incredible but this has happened in the past. For U.S. \$5 million America bought Florida from Spain in 1819 and in 1867 she bought the huge country of Alaska from Russia for a mere U.S. \$7.2 million. To achieve peace in this region it should be possible for concerned members of the U.N. to offer Indonesia an adequate sum to purchase that part of the island. This could then be held in trust by the U.N. until proper administrative and political systems are established. To some this may seem a backward step but surely it is a small price to pay for permanent peace and stability in this island. To ensure Indonesian co-operation certain economic concessions could be granted to them for the next twenty five years.

What of the future of the West Papuans who have already fled to PNG? What they fled from is still uncertain. Was it the fear of the OPM who are their brothers? Or was it the terror and destruction of the pursuing Indonesian troops? Each side has a different propaganda story to tell. But one thing is certain: PNG has been put in a very delicate and dangerous position by the action of both parties. Indeed she is in great danger of becoming the Lebanon of the Pacific. Just as Isreal was forced to invade Lebanon to destroy the Palastinian refugee camps to ensure the safety of her own borders it is highly likely that if W. Papuan refugee camps became a permanent fixture, Indonesia will be forced to invade PNG to destroy them because she claims they are breeding grounds and training camps for the OPM. If Indonesia did invade there is absolutely nothing PNG could do. Militarily we are totally outnumbered. Our government fully realises the danger of the present situation and that is why the West Papuans must go. Although they are our Melanesian brothers we are not prepared to make the supreme sacrifice and come out in support of them. Sadly the West Papuans understand this all too well but in reply they say, "Brother it is us today. Tomorrow it will be you". So in the short term to avoid Indonesia incursions of "hot pursuit" we see that the government is probably right. But what about the long-term when West Irian has become a fully Indonesianised province, full of transmigrasi immigrants, all trained in military service and armed to the teeth? Do the government really think we will be any safer than E. Timor or W. Papua? Do they really think Australia will come to our aid? Remember in Indonesian school-maps PNG doesn't exist but there is a country called East Irian. Can you guess where it is? International politics is like a game of chess. You have always got to be six steps ahead of your opponent. The Russians are said to be champion chess players. Maybe that's why they have won in Cuba, Angola, Nicuragua, Vietnam and Afghanistan. Perhaps we should be taking our advice from them instead of the Australians who may be good at Ausssie Rules but are hopeless at chess. Right now PNG seemed to be in a "check" position no matter what way she moves but if she doesn't do something soon it is going to be "check-mate", mate!





FREEDOM TO SEEK

Heritage and race twined
A Melanesian to stand
Up against the flow of greed
Of those among the reckless

Land it was cried for
Freedom it was to seek
Like a wounded bird in the tree
That sings of its sufferings

Up on the mountain tops
Across the oceans roar
And in the twilight of noon
The cries are heard

West Irian my land
West Irian my blood
Cut my bounds now
To fly my wings high

Let the monsters of the northwest see
West Irian let them see
That I am not a common whore
To be used by dirty hands

It is freedom thus to seek
A new dawn after darkness
To be Melanesian by blood
Is ever to be Free.

Abby Yadi.

WHEN DID YOU LAST HAVE TEA WITH YOUR TUTOR ?

by An Observer.(J.K.)

The atmosphere in class is quite pleasant. There is a symbiotic relationship; not only do the students become learners but amazingly enough the teacher becomes a student. Each digs into the other's brain trying to suck out knowledge. That is not an unusual thing to happen in any learning institution. That's what is happening here at UPNG. Students and staff get on well together in class.

Nevertheless there remains a crucial question to be answered. What happens outside the classroom? One may wonder when a member of staff walks past the forum with his head down. How many times do the eye of staff and student meet, only to turn away suddenly as if they have seen a ghost or something equally unpleasant. How many times is there just the barest murmur of 'hello' and then they go on their way. These are just some of the simplest examples. One can further raise one's curiosity about the number of students who are actually prepared to have after-class discussions or the number of lecturers who are prepared to stay back and help the students with problems and questions. On investigation, you will find a small minority of staff and students sometimes hold afterhours discussions on their subject. The benefits are twofold. Both staff and students learn something; the student may learn something he did not quite catch in class while the lecturer will hear a different point of view he missed during the process of the lecture. The student will improve in his academic progress and the lecturer will have the satisfaction of knowing he is a better lecturer. But going back to the original question; what happens to the majority of staff and students?

Most lecturers come out of class and say, "Phew, thank God, that's over. Let's go home and relax with an ice cold beer." Others congregate in their common room and gossip about their stupidest students, how badly their assignment was done (forgetting the brilliant students; yes there are a few.) How hopeless the new tutor is or how cranky the visiting prof. Others stay behind locked doors engaged in their own private research. (You're lucky if you ever see these guys for consultation - They're either in Telefomin or the Computer Centre!) Others couldn't care less about the academic scene; they're only here for the diving, the wind-surfing or the gratuity. After all they're on contract to teach a specific number of hours.

What about the student? Well, he may take his books, filled with doodles and drawings because he couldn't get any notes from the lecture and head straight for his room. There he sits to proceed with his drawings or to try and make sense of his senseless notes. Others hit the bed in mindless oblivion and hope that the next lecture will not be quite so meaningless. Others gather in the forum to complain how useless a certain lecturer is, how boring or dense his lectures are. They swap ideas on what they actually understood from the lecture and then wander off to the library, try to locate a recommended text and spend the next couple of hours trying to digest the relevant chapters. For many it is just a giant jig-saw puzzle, trying to solve the riddle of the universe. Others just despair of the whole thing and go off to find solace in sports training or a SP carton.

Here one may ask: what has all this got to do with staff-student relationships? What is the good of such relationships? As was pointed out earlier, there are certain benefits. However there is more to it than just being aware of students' views or catching up on a point missed in class. The capabilities of students and staff to mix or socialise, to become part of a cohesive community is being questioned. Many are not interested in this question but what are

the majority's views about it. To visualise the problem more concretely let's take a talk from the main campus down to that well-known watering hole: the UPNG Social & Recreational Club, otherwise known as the Drill Hall. At first you will notice nothing unusual, just the usual alcoholics, both staff and student varieties. After a while when you are accustomed to the place you will notice that there are lots of small different gatherings and sub-groups. At one table which is really crowded you will find a party of expatriates who become louder as the evening wears on. Right in the corner you will notice two or three nervous students who are trying to finish their beer as fast as they can. Inside the bar, you will come across the non-academic bunch, playing darts, cracking jokes and enjoying their beer. Occasionally there is the odd student and the even odder expatriate among them. Further along your eyes will rest on another group of men, beer-drinking Africans, discussing Marxist politics and the latest coup back home.

As an outsider, which group would you join? Obviously the one you feel most at home with. So quickly you get into the grog and conversation and forget about the predetermined demarcations in the club and in the society of which it is a mirror. Eventually beer gets control of you. You go home with a headache. The lecturers return to sleep in peace; at least so they think, although it looks more like a penitentiary with high barbed-wire fences, bright security lights and armed guards on foot patrol. The students return to their dorms which couldn't look more like cells if you tried.

Next day you won't fail to read in the newspapers how a lecturer's house was broken into and robbed or how his wife or daughter was pack-raped at knife point. Why did it happen? One reason is that the lecturers and their families have made themselves high level targets for the rascals. They have totally isolated themselves from the host community. They refuse to integrate themselves or modify their values and opinions in the slightest degree. They are now seen as a greedy, selfish money-grabbing mercenary group and who are 'fair game' for any rascal activity. When the staff asked for more security, it was not surprising that the majority of the students did not support this demand. With their bulging cheque books and comprehensive insurance policies, lecturers are capable of dealing with most emergencies. They didn't need student sympathy and they didn't get it.

However in the long run, such attitudes on the part of the students and that of the staff can only be damaging to themselves and more importantly to the institution of the university which is supposed to be a place of friendship, co-operation and mutual respect. Without doubt students need the expertise of the staff but likewise staff cannot operate without the goodwill of the students. The university is a living community and lines of communication should not cease at 4.06. It would be nice if students thought they could drop in on their tutors for a cup of tea and a chat from time to time. And how encouraging it would be if staff came along and supported the university teams at weekends occasionally. Perhaps what we really need is a Student-staff Friendship Association with Christmas parties, picnics and general goodwill to all men and women. You may not think there is a problem but I'd interested to hear a staff reply in the next issue.



EDUCATION

Like the bee
I buzz away
Ignorance rules my warm hive,
Yet I buzz on,
Not sure of my destiny
In fact there is no destination.
Only dreams of
Eurocentric luxuries

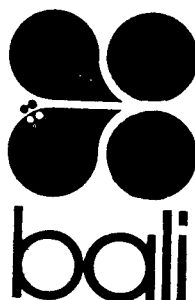
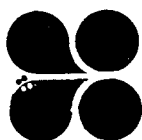
Like the bee I buzz
From flowers primary
To flowers secondary
To flowers tertiary.
Collecting nectars that I ought.
Only of West origin
Because my dreams
Are Eurocentric luxuries

From dawn to dusk
From days to weeks
From months to years
Like the bee I buzz
But the realities of my dreams
Will never be my destiny.

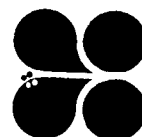
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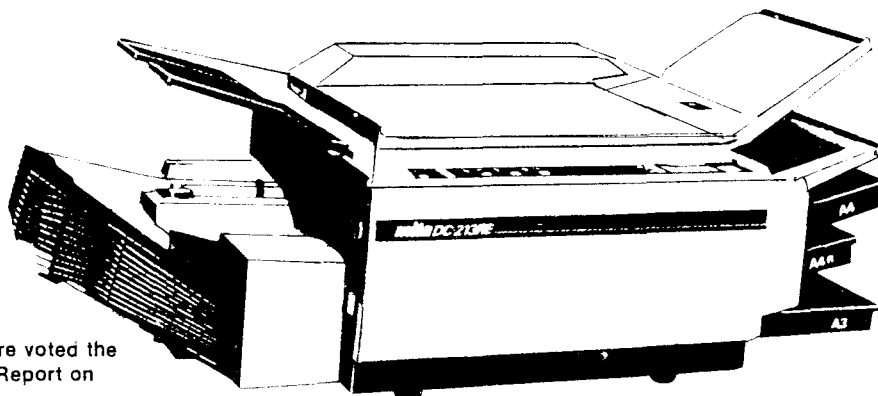
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ARE PIGS A MEANS OF WEALTH ?

by Joe Kunda Naur.

Anyone who comes from the Highlands, may argue that pigs are a primary form of wealth in PNG. Village elders, chiefs and ordinary villagers strive to raise as many pigs as possible in order to be highly spoken of and make a name for themselves. Traditionally it was the chiefs and elders who had the most pigs but this has dramatically changed in the last few years. Ordinary villagers are now able to raise a lot more pigs, thanks to modern medicines and new foodstuffs. Nowadays it is often the ordinary man in the village who has most pigs but not much prestige.

Pigs are of course necessary for the economic good of the village and make up a large portion of people's wealth in the Highlands. All traditional feasts and customary rituals involve the slaughtering of many pigs. The cooked meat is shared on a reciprocal basis and one's debts and obligations are fulfilled in this way. A pig-kill is big news in the Highlands and everyone congregates to get his share of the meat. The consumption of meat becomes a community activity although the hardship of rearing that animal was not shared.

Pigs are reared for wealth and they also ensure that there is a constant supply of pork for people in the neighbourhood. Since pigs are killed at different times people can usually obtain meat from different relatives throughout the year. Although long lean pigs would probably be more nutritious and have a higher protein content, most people prefer very large fat pigs. The size and fatness of the pigs are always talking points among the spectators. People who have exceedingly fat and greasy pigs are highly praised. A pig with a layer of fat several inches thick will be remembered and talked about for a long time. This seems to satisfy the people and they are happy for a while but not for long because soon they will have to start the cycle again of raising new pigs to replace the slaughtered ones.

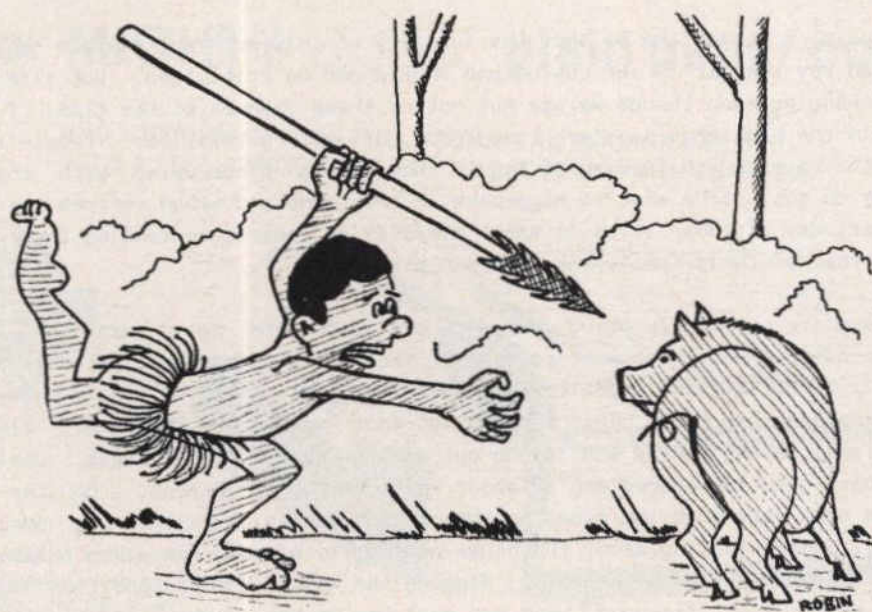
At this point I would like to show the futility of this work and explain what is wrong with it. One can say that it is our custom and should not be criticised. But life and customs are constantly changing even though we may not notice these changes at the time. I have already mentioned that in the Highlands pigs are the focus of all activities. People's lives are centred around the raising and feeding of pigs. They are so preoccupied with this old-style wealth that they do not notice what is happening in the towns and urban centres where cash has taken over. Every day of their lives is spent directly or indirectly tending their pigs. Their own welfare and that of their family takes second place.

New gardens are constantly being made and old ones are being expanded in order to facilitate the production of more sweet potatoes. These potatoes are not for sale as you might expect but simply to satisfy the appetite of the ever-expanding herd of pigs. Every man tries his hardest to increase his herd. This means a lot more work for the men: clearing bush, chopping down trees, making fences and laying out new gardens. Steel axes, chain saws and cross-cut saws have greatly reduced men's labour in constructing gardens. On the other hand women's work has been very much increased because of the explosion in the pig population. As well as her daily chores looking after the house and family a woman has a big responsibility in planting the new gardens, weeding the crops, digging the kaukau and transporting huge bilumfuls home. Then she must collect firewood, wash and peel the kaukau, cook it and finally feed it to the pigs. Usually it is dark by the time a woman has finished her work. This is asking too

much of our women. They soon become exhausted by the daily heavy workload as well as frequent pregnancies and poor nutrition. A 18 year old bride can look like a 40 year old woman after a few years of marriage. This is one of the reasons why our women seldom complain when a man takes a second or third wife. At least the work will be shared. The women are proud of their husband and are very willing to help him to increase his herd and therefore his position in society. Unfortunately they may be killing themselves in the process.

This terrible heavy work would be unnecessary if the number of pigs was reduced. More time would be available for cash-cropping, house-building and the production of nutritious family foods. At present the produce of the garden mainly benefits the pigs. If one observes closely one will notice that the best kaukaus are given to favourite pigs. These pigs do not fatten or grow fast like European pigs so an enormous amount of additional food is necessary to get these bush pigs up to an adequate size for market. While the pigs are feeding, the owner's family grow thin and become undernourished. This is clearly seen when a natural disaster hits the village. For example in a time of drought when the crops fail or during floods when the crops are washed away, the preservation of the pigs' lives becomes crucial. Instead of slaughtering them because there is no food, every effort is made to save the herd. Men and women will take their passbooks and withdraw money to buy sweet potatoes in the market to feed the pigs. This quickly drains their money. So that far from being a source of wealth, the pigs have now become a cause of poverty. Clothes, blankets and other household necessities cannot be bought while the owner is spending money to feed the pigs. This large investment in pigs does not directly benefit the family. People, especially the women, have no say in when pigs are to be killed. They are caught in a traditional custom which is of no benefit to them since all the status and prestige go to the men. Yet they are the ones who do all the work.

What is the point then? Wouldn't our lives and standard of living be much better without this expensive outlay on pigs? We would have a surplus of sweet potatoes to sell, a surplus of cash and extra time and space to devote to cash crops which would bring in more money. Pigs are no longer an economic asset in the Highlands. They are just an old-fashioned way of getting prestige but it is a very wasteful and expensive way which should now be replaced since we have entered a modern cash economy.



MORUROA MON AMOUR

Moruroa,
The island of love and beauty
Lying there in gentle innocence
Shedding the fragrance of frangipani.
Your drums of rhythmic dances and joy
Spoke the message of life in the evening
And the dawn broke.
With the whispers of gentle morning breeze.

O, Moruroa, mon amour
Moruroa the island of my heart
You walked in silent beauty
Under the quiet moonlit sky yesterday.
I died for you.

But now...but now...
 twisted minds
 cruel hands
 blinding lights
 explosions beyond a hundred volcanic
 power

have crushed you...

 to ugliness

and

 deformity.

O, Moruroa, my tiare
I love you
And I die for you every day.
Will you live again?

Kumalau Tawali

SOMETHING MUST BE DONE

A decade since independence
Is a decade of dependence.
Haunted by rascalism
A by-product of colonialism.
Something has to be done.

Ten years of democracy we have seen
The expansion of bureaucracy.
Or is it a new aristocracy?
Something wrong somewhere.

Employment of bribery tenfold.
Complexion of robbery barefaced.
Alien concepts of new corruption
Eat at the base and
A quiet corruption corrodes
The life-roots of our society.
Obviously something must be done.

James Yandu Wanjik

SERENITY FREEZES

This is the hour
When courage must be born
In the sons of this land.
And sacrifice must be their joy again.

For now the voice of steel
Makes war with mountain spirits
And serenity freezes in fear.
O, I hear no longer, the voice of peace in this
valley.

My sisters' virginity raped
My brothers' bodies butchered
And left for display on roadsides.
Is this the land of consensus?

O Land of ancient mystery
The veil of sacredness has lifted
Purity escapes my sisters
And you my brothers, where is your dignity?

Kumalau Tawali



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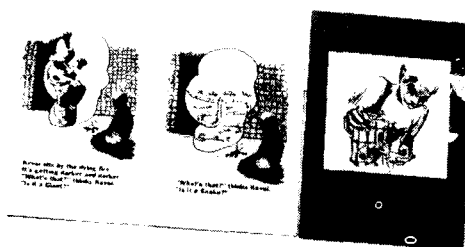


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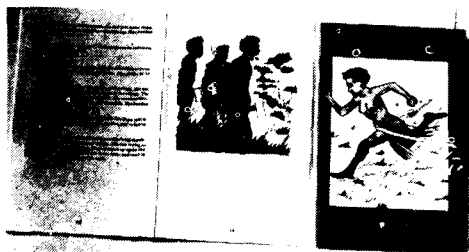


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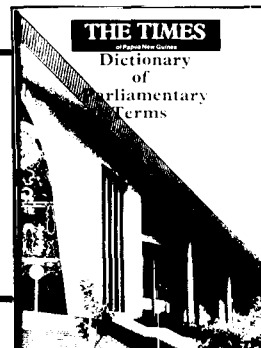
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OF ANGELS AND MEN

by Samu Batara.

- The setting: Imagine that Heaven is not only a condition of existence but also a place beyond the blue. In Fellowship Hall in the Divine Mansion Raphael is doing some strenuous exercises.
(Gabriel enters looking exhausted but happy.)
- RAPHAEL: (Stops his exercise) Hey Gabriel, welcome back. How was your trip?
- GABRIEL: Mission accomplished my dear Raphael. Mission accomplished.
- RAPHAEL: Was it thrilling? Any action? What about the demons, any trouble with them?
- GABRIEL: Not really. I found the woman easily enough. A lovely young lady filled with that beauty which springs from inside. Her eyes sparkled with joy. So full of grace.
- RAPHAEL: What's her name?
- GABRIEL: Miriam. Mary for short. How modest she was. Very humble. That humility that recognises reality in oneself and accepts it as part of oneself.
- RAPHAEL: That sounds too academic for me. What do you mean?
- GABRIEL: When a man says to a woman, "You are beautiful she normally replies, 'Oh you are only kidding". But she really likes to hear her beauty praised again and again. It is human nature to enjoy praise.
- RAPHAEL: Well I wouldn't know. You're the expert on human arts, Gabriel. Fighting monsters and devils is more my scene.
- GABRIEL: Rarely does a human say "Thank you" when you say nice things about him. I thought this woman would be big-headed. Remember of all the people created since Adam she was the only one found to be without sin. She was the only human pure enough to be the mother of the God-child. So when I said, "you are very gracious and the most blessed of all women", she merely bowed her head and accepted it. She knelt and glorified God.
- RAPHAEL: Lovely. Was she a virgin?
- GABRIEL: Yes and still is.
- RAPHAEL: Does she have a husband or a boyfriend?
- GABRIEL: There is this man called Joseph. Mary had been promised in marriage to him. They were already engaged and he paid the bride price and everything was settled.
- RAPHAEL: He must be a handsome man. Very manly I guess.
- GABRIEL: A nice man indeed. Very admirable and respectable. A great great great grandson of King David. At least he is in that line. One of the carpenters you know.
- RAPHAEL: Carpenters? Yes they are pretty popular folk singers?
- GABRIEL: No you rock-head. You got your centuries mixed up again. Carpenters are people who make furniture.
- RAPHAEL: Furniture?
- GABRIEL: Yes. Things people sit on. They can't fly around the place like us. Joseph has his own carpentry shop.
- RAPHAEL: Where did you find this lady? Whats-her-name, Mary.
- GABRIEL: In a pokey little place called Nazareth about 75 miles north of Jerusalem.
- RAPHAEL: Jerusalem? I think I've been there. It's that place south of the equator where they are having all that rascal trouble. The good sisters are always praying for me to protect them every night.
- GABRIEL: Sorry Raphael I think your geography is out again. Don't confuse Jerusalem with Port Moresby. It is much further to the north. In the Middle East between Africa and Asia.
- RAPHAEL: Sure I've been there. Last time we blasted those two nasty cities, Sodom and Gomorrah, out of existence. And I helped old Noah get all his animals safely down when his big boat got stuck up on the top of Mount Gilewe.
- GABRIEL: The trouble with you Raphael is you never show the slightest interest in geography. Each time we send you on a mission you end up in entirely the wrong country and sometimes even the wrong century. It's about time you did World History and a crash course of Earth-ography.
- RAPHAEL: Ssch! Not so loud. Micheal's in the next room adding up sins and subtracting good deeds. Last time he gave me a double F- in both subjects.

GABRIEL: Face facts Raphael. You are only interested in your sports. Calisthenics in the morning, gymnastics at noon and aerobics when the sun goes down. Nothing you like better than travelling three times faster than the speed of light and smashing any unfortunate molecules that get in your way. All power and no intellect. Only good at tidal waves, earthquakes and volcanic thrusts. All that terrible space ball frightening poor earthings with all your thunder and lightning.

RAPHAEL: Well at least I'm robust and healthy; not like you, all skinny and intellectual.

GABRIEL: As I was explaining Jerusalem is near the coast of the Mediterranean Sea. Come here. I'll show. We can look through the crystal floor and watch the earth as it passes by. (They both kneel down and stare through the floor) Now where are we? Yes there. Look. Do you see? That patch of blue water. That's the Med. And over to the right is Palestine. See that? That's the city of Jerusalem. And see that thing sparkling in the sunlight? That's the Temple of the Jews. There holiest shrine. King Herod has just had the whole thing covered with gold leaf. So it looks like one enormous solid rock of gold.

RAPHAEL: Where? Where? I can't see anything.

GABRIEL: (pointing) There. Better go and get your eyeglasses. Come on quick. The earth is turning. Hurry. Double time. (Raphael runs to his bilum and finds his glasses).

RAPHAEL: Alright. I've got them. Where is it?

GABRIEL: Sorry, you're missed it. It has revolved towards the other side now.

RAPHAEL: (staring at the floor) Oh dear I'm sorry. I did want to see Jerusalem... Hey what's that beautiful island down there covered with green mountains and crystal waterfalls?

GABRIEL: That's Papua New Guinea.

RAPHAEL: It looks a beautiful place. I bet the girls down there are beautiful too. Why didn't you look for a volunteer-mother in Niugini instead of going all the way to Palestine.

GABRIEL: You're right Raf. The women are very beautiful, hard working and honest. I'm sure I could have found a virgin-mother there. No, the women of that island are fine. The problem is with the men.

RAPHAEL: What do you mean?

GABRIEL: Well, The man are so jealous. If they thought you were mucking around with their women they would let you have it with an axe. They would also chop the woman up too. So we thought we'd better leave that place alone and try somewhere else. They are really a tough bunch.

RAPHAEL: Well they sound like good fighters anyway. Maybe I'll recruit some of them to help me fight satan and his mob. We need a few strong men who are not afraid of anything.

GABRIEL: Go to the Highlands if you are looking for fighters. Those guys aren't afraid of anything either in Heaven or Hell. In fact they are always chasing devils out of their gardens and villages. So most of the demons live on the coast where it is quieter for them.

RAPHAEL: Sound like great guys. But what happened after you found Mary? You didn't finish your story.

GABRIEL: I knew I'd find her in Palestine. Even if those Highlanders had agreed I could never pick the virgin mother from Papua New Guinea because everything had all been planned and arranged thousands of years before. The old prophets had guessed it all and it was all written down in their big books. One guy Daniel got most of it right. So when I told Mary the Good News she understood the message right away because she had been studying the Sacred Books especially the prophecies. Of course she never thought it would be her because she was just a simple village girl. I just told her "Don't be afraid Mary. Yahweh has been gracious to you. You will become pregnant and give birth to a son. You will call him Jesus. He will become a great man and will be known as the Christ, the Son of the Living God". She seemed puzzled at first and asked". How can this be? I am a virgin and I have slept with no man". But I assured her, "The Holy Spirit will come upon you and the power of Yahweh will rest upon you". She seemed to understand. But the beautiful part was when she said, "Behold the handmaid of the Lord. let it be done to me according to your word", Beautiful.

RAPHAEL: Yes but what about the future husband? He'll be pretty upset when he finds out. Poor old Jo.

GABRIEL: That's been taken care of too. Yes being an honest man he was furious when he found out that Mary was pregnant. He was really going to belt her up just like your Highlander friends. And you really can't blame him can you?

RAPHAEL: Well when the news got out it must have been a terrible disgrace for him. After all he is a wantok of King David. What a shame for such an honourable man.

GABRIEL: Yes I realised that. So I took him aside and gave him some private counselling. I explain everything to him and shown him how the prohecies were being fulfilled through his family. I told him not to worry. They would soon have a baby son and they would live as a perfectly ordinary happy family until it was time for Jesus to do his work.

RAPHAEL: That's a beautiful story. So what do we do now?

GABRIEL: Just sit back for nine months until the baby is born.

RAPHAEL: Good. Well I'll just get on with my exercises.
(he starts exercising again)

Enter Micheal.

MICHAEL: Raphael!

RAPHAEL: (Jumping up) Yes sir!

MICHEAL: Come here. I've got a little job for you.

RAPHAEL: Oh good. Some more demons or dragons to slay.

MICHEAL: Not quite. I think Gabriel has told you the Good News. God's plan for the world is almost complete.

RAPHAEL: Yes sir.

MICHEAL: Good. Well I want you to round up twelve thousand choirs of angels and teach them to sing "Gloria in Excelsis Deo".

RAPHAEL: But please sir I can't read music.

MICHEAL: I don't care. You've got nine months to learn. Gabriel can teach you. Get cracking. That's an order!

(Exit Micheal)

RAPHAEL: Yes sir.

GABRIEL: Okay Raphael. Go and find your harp and we'll begin.

RAPHAEL: Gabriel?

GABRIEL: What?

RAPHAEL: I don't like harps. Can I use my guitar instead.

GABRIEL: Okay Raf. We'll start with the guitar and later we'll try the harp.

RAPHAEL: Thanks Gabriel. You're a real angel.

(Both exeunt)

THE END

UNDER MY PILLOW

All the endless nights
I've slept on this bed
All I've yearn for in life
My hopes, ambitions,
My future, needs and wants.
My tormentors by day
That haunt me
And make me feel sorry
For poor ole me.
Now all are a fraction away
Under my pillow
For at night I have them intact
I achieve them by miracle
I see myself in all my splendour
As if in reality
All because of this pillow.
Maybe I should search
Under my pillow
For answers to all mysteries.

Ben Nakin

MY-OH-MY

I always assumed
They were just good friends
But yesterday
I was proven wrong
When both sweated their guts out.

The bed sheets crumbled
like yesterday's newspaper
The groans and moans
like thunder before the storm.

And when the lightning struck
Both crawled into each other
Like two little kittens
Having their fill of milk
Leaving their mouths
With a sour taste
And lips swollen
like balloons.

AIME CESAIRE

by Charles Hood.

Aime Césaire is a political, Caribbean writer. Since the 1940s he has been the voice of negritude in the West Indies. "I have worn parrot plumes/musk cat skins/I have exhausted the missionaries' patience", he brags.

Born in Martinique in the Lesser Antilles Césaire was brought up bilingually in Creole and French. Like Melanesian Pidgin, Creole is a specific language. But Creole remains a language of oral tradition, and although Césaire draws extensively from the patois culture of Creole, he has always chosen to write in French, a language he prefers for its literary depth and expressive capacity. Since 1945 he has been active in Martinique's political arena, being elected first on a Marxist ticket and later as head of an independent socialist party. His poetry reveals his political concerns, and he eulogizes slave martyrs, hails African countries, and pays tribute to Caribbean workers.

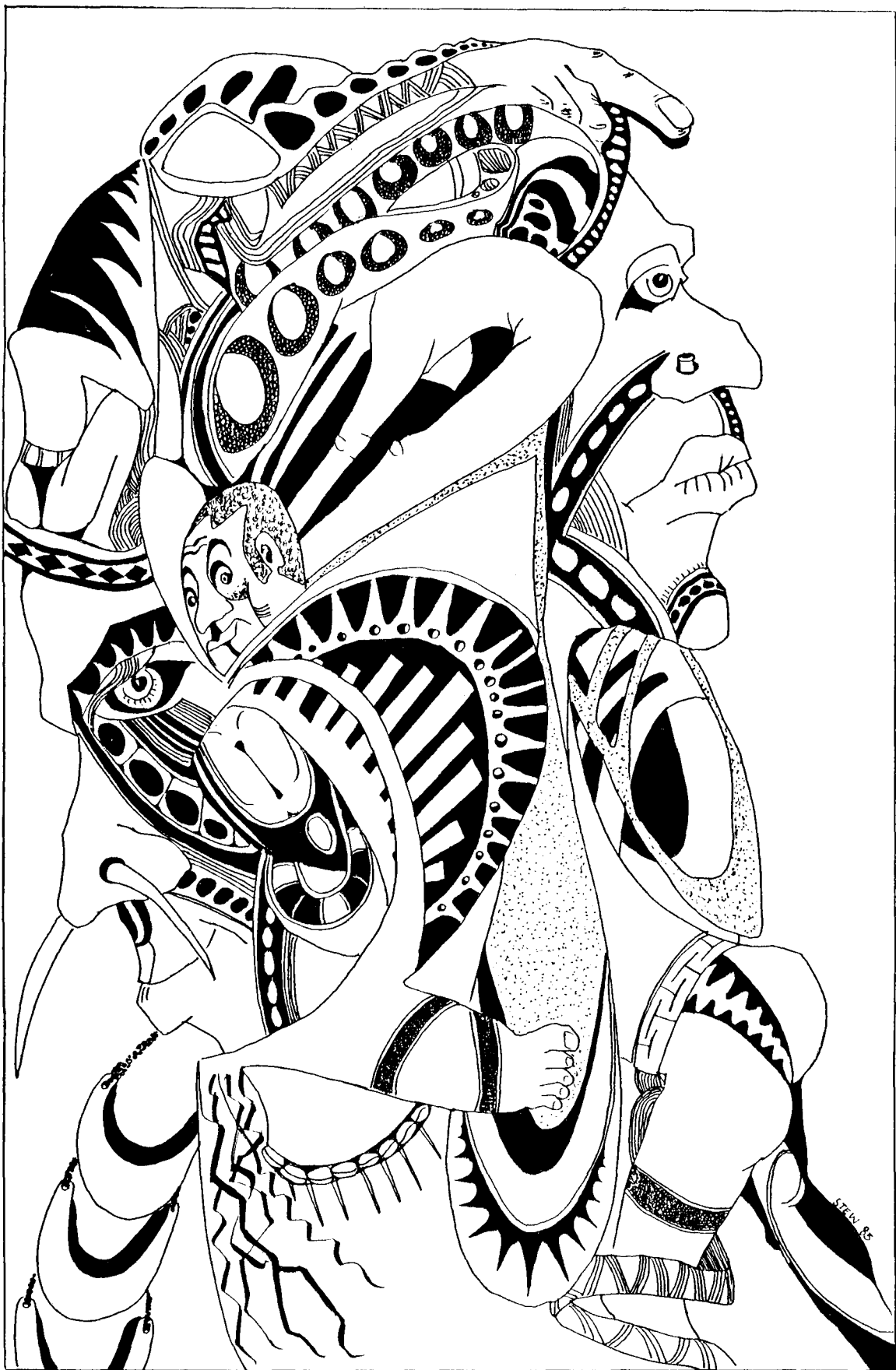
My article is occasioned by the publication of a definitive English language edition of Césaire's poetry. Put out by University of California Press, *The Collected Poetry of Aime Césaire* (Berkeley, 1983) should interest all Papua New Guinea writers. The UPNG library has recently acquired a copy, making the text readily available. Several things stand out about this book. Firstly the translations worked out by Eshleman and Smith are extremely competent and secondly, U.C. Press lay out their poetry books attractively and readers will be pleased with the book's graphics and page design.

Césaire is a political poet. He also is a poet of place. In his works we travel from Mississippi to Ethiopia, Senegal to Brazil. He draws inspiration and power from these primal cultures--"grant me the savage faith of the sorcerer" he asks the sky. He rejoices in the history of black societies, even turning cannibalism into material for tongue-in-cheek celebration. He speaks of his "castle of Papuan heads", or asks "can one kill Remorse, perfect as the stupefied face of an English lady discovering a Hottentot skull in her soup toureen?"

The poet draws from the natural world, the Caribbean World. Césaire describes his attitude towards nature. "I am an Antillean. I want a poetry that is concrete, very Antillean, Martinican. I must name Martinican things, must call them by their names. The *canafistula* mentioned in 'Spirals' is a tree; it is also called the drumstick tree. It has large yellow leaves and its fruit are those big purplish bluish black pods, used here as a purgative. The *balisier* resembles a plantain, but has a red heart, a red fluorescence at its centre that is really shaped like a heart. The *cecropias* are shaped like silvery hands, yes, like the palms of a blackman. All of these astonishing words are absolutely necessary, they are never gratuitous..."

I think that Niuginian authors could benefit from such an attitude. Césaire will speak of a "patyura", the wild pig of Paraguay, of the "Monsoon Mansion" and "the sob of the coral reefs", of "feeling the sand with the bamboo of my dreams", of fruit "boasting into bloom", and even of "a cave-in of parrots",. A cave-in of parrots! What a phrase! If you've ever watched the Rainbow Lorikeets around Port Moresby as they come chittering full-tilt across the savannah only to cascade tumultuously into a gum tree, you'll recognize the brilliance of that line.

As Eshleman and Smith point out, "the negritude movement set as its initial goal to renew awareness of being black, to accept one's destiny, history, and culture, as well as a sense of responsibility toward the past". Other writers see negritude as negation leading to integration, the antithesis of colonial thesis leading finally to a multi-racial synthesis. Césaire combines these two elements. Because of this, he is an important poet in his own right, and presents useful models for Papua New Guinea's artistic community.



AN INTERVIEW WITH IGNATIUS KILAGE

For many years now, Ignatius Kilage has been one of the best known and respected figures on the literary scene in P.N.G. For our first edition he kindly granted us this interview.

Editor: Is writing important for a young nation?

Kilage: There is no finer way sharing ones thoughts, feelings, and emotions than in the simple act of communication through writing. Being able to write with feeling is a gift which should be fostered and cultivated. Our national sentiments and aspirations can be easily expressed by people who are able to touch the finer points of the human heart. The peculiarities and sensibilities of our nations can be expressed by our own sons and daughters as an innate offering of the immortal values of our people, in words that can interpret our changing mood. There are a lot of talented writers in PNG who could be singing the glories of their land and praising the feats of its sons and daughters but their efforts are frustrated by lack of resources and encouragement from our authorities whose stated aims are to foster total and individual development of our people. The writers, I know, are mostly poor people. In order to foster creativity and originality we need to ensure that these writers' works get into print. Poor people can't find publishers. Hence it is up to government agencies to do this and ensure the dissemination of literature throughout the country. No commercial publishers are prepared to take the risk to foster creativity. In olden days writers and artists were supported by royalty. Now it is the state which has to take care of the Fine Arts.

Editor: Many people would claim that the government have other economic priorities and should not waste money on literature or the arts.

Kilage: That is a stupid thing to say. Man is not only material; like the Good Book says we cannot live by bread alone. Other values need to be considered. As I've said already only people born and bred in a culture can express the animus (soul) of a country.

Editor: Do we have a PNG culture yet?

Kilage: A PNG culture is emerging. It will take some time before it is expressed as one entity. At the moment we have various forms of culture and it will probable take another ten years before we have an integrated national culture and true national consciousness. It will be a combination of all existing cultures; Melanesian as well as the imposed culture. All influences will coalesce into one unity. Culture is a growing thing; it constantly changes and adapts.

Editor: Some of the minority cultures in PNG are very fragile. Are some likely to disappear when this present old generation dies out?

Kilage: That will happen inevitably. That's why it is very important that all the old songs and sagas should be recorded and written down. If we don't do it now we will regret it later. People talk about development but money isn't development. True development comes from the promotion of the finer things of the human spirit. Human aspiration cannot be denied. Economic development benefits only the few.

Editor: What is the purpose of writers in a country?

Kilage: As I said they are supposed to sing the glories and feats of their nation. They must sing about the beauty of their land and develop a national pride. We need people to sit down and look at the situation, to be aware of the aesthetic side of things and see what is beautiful.

Editor: Do they have any other function?

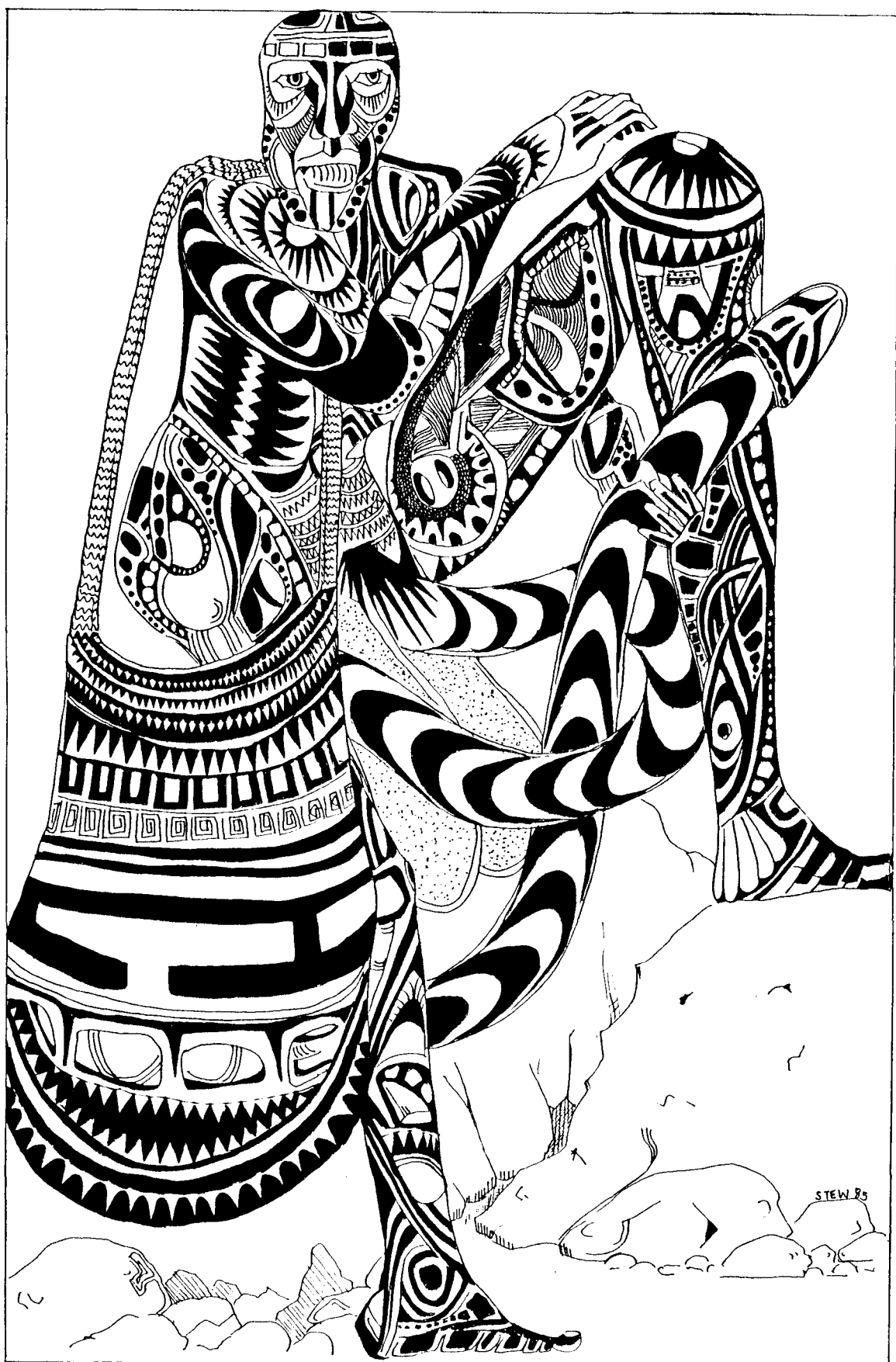
- Kilage: Yes, writers can criticise society. They can bring some sanity into the proceedings and show things in perspective. For example some of our newspaper reporters have produced excellent commentaries on the state of things. At present PNG national politics has become a kind of circus, a sort of musical chairs. Some one has to tell the politicians so. Look at British society; the English are able to stand back and laugh at themselves. This is because you had great social writers like Shakespeare and Dickens who were able to ridicule the rulers. I think almost every king of England had a critical play written about him.
- Editor: In some third World countries, writers are imprisoned if they criticise their rulers. Does that danger exist here?
- Kilage: No, Papua New Guineans love their freedom too much to allow that. This kind of government suits the mentality and traditional mode of the people. It is similar to a council of elders; a government of consensus.
- Editor: Are you happy with the progress we have made in ten years?
- Kilage: In providing externals yes but I think we could have done a lot more; a lot of little things need to be attended to. A lot of frustration has built up over the disparity of the accumulation of wealth. Politics have also become the "mumu and stubbie" type with lots of hand-outs. People should remember that politicians are elected to govern and legislate not to provide "cargo" to wantoks.
- Editor: When did you start to write?
- Kilage: I started writing in school for relaxation after the hard study of Latin and philosophy. I began by writing down the fables and fairies stories because I wanted to preserve them. Reading for pleasure such as the G.K. Chesterton novels, especially the Father Brown detective stories gave me the desire to write. I particularly enjoyed reading Shakespeare's sonnets and of course we had a marvellous literature teacher.
- Editor: Literature isn't taught in the high schools now. Is this a mistake?
- Kilage: Yes, it must be taught in schools. That's how a people express themselves. In literature you see the best of any nation. When you admire a country you think of its artists and writers, not its politicians. Well if he was a particularly clever politician he might be mentioned in the history books. For example, Churchill was a great statesman but nowadays he is remembered for his speeches and writing. So it is a false economy to neglect the arts, especially literature in our schools. The children will have a broader base for understanding things. All of the best thinkers in this country were taught literature. Because of this they are broad-minded about things. It makes them much more liberal-minded. Literature has a liberating effect on people's minds.
- Editor: We don't have many PNG novelists. Is it hard to write a novel?
- Kilage: Yes, it is tremendously difficult to write a good novel, not simply an autobiographical piece of writing. You have to be constantly aware of the theme, the plot and the characters. It is quite an effort to keep these all going for a sustained piece of writing. In a play or short story you might be dealing with four or five characters at most but in a novel you have a huge conglomeration of characters who must be realistically defined and who must remain credible and consistent throughout the novel. So in that sense, novel-writing is a full-time job.
- Editor: But most people say you couldn't make a living as a full-time writer in P.N.G.
- Kilage: Unfortunately that is true because of the small market, the high cost of publishing and the lack of proper copyright laws.
- Editor: How could the government help?

- Kilage: Well perhaps it could contact people like yourself, the PNGWU, and assist them to set up a publishing co-operative. They could do this in the form of a loan which later you would have to pay back from the profits of your book sales. Somebody should take the initiative but in the beginning the state will always have to assist artists and writers.
- Editor: What are your views on censorship?
- Kilage: It has a place in PNG. Pornography, blue movies and other such things should not be allowed. The spiritual welfare of the people must be protected.
- Editor: What about political censorship?
- Kilage: No. We are a democracy; all kinds of sentiments can be expressed but we should guard against propaganda whether it comes from the east or the west.
- Editor: Finally have you any advice for young PNG writers?
- Kilage: Write; write without fear or favour. Write objectively and always tell the truth. Sometimes the truth hurts but it is always salutary. For example if you write fearlessly and expose some evil then by the very fact of exposure you may have destroyed that evil. Always try to express the best in your culture and belief. Writers are a kind of lubricant; they help the wheels of democracy turn more smoothly. They also provide a wonderful system of checks and balances. By maintaining free speech and a free press, writers and journalists are powerful agents of freedom and democracy in any country.

BIRDS

Effortless
 They come
 One's and Two's
 Settling high and low
 On branches
 Singing tunes
 So lovely
 I stare
 In admiration.
 Their melodies
 Praising their Creator
 Stop
 Think
 Without them
 Life would be dull
 Don't you think ?

Benjamin Nakin.



INDEPENDENT SON

Short stocky furious warrior
Conceived of a white mother
Father unknown, time forgotten
From embryo to gallant warrior
Rising to confront the universe
In solitary splendour.

Like a hen that umbrellas her chicks
She protected her own child
Not a mulatto, but a genuine ebony
What I need to know
Arts of life and love
She unveiled to me at no cost

Conscious of my bulging muscles
My broad shoulders and steady legs
I left mama's breasts
Her suit of Blue and Red and White
I handed back without regret
Sparkling gold, blood red and Melanesian black
Are now my colours.

Ten years I've lived alone.
Mama no longer weeps
For her coal-black baby boy
I'm a man of many parts
I must walk away to find
New lovers and new friends.
Where?
Japan, Taiwan, West Irian?
Will mama like my new bride?

John H. Sari

NO MORE SATURDAY

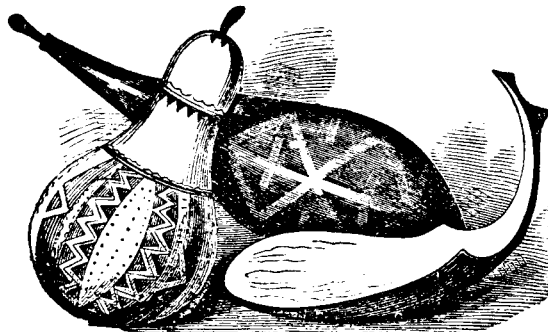
No more Saturday
No more of that weekend feeling
No more of that relaxed, easy feeling
No more for me.

After the long, tiring weekdays
A school boy looks to swimming
Father to punting
Mother?
What can she do?
No more Saturday for me, she moans

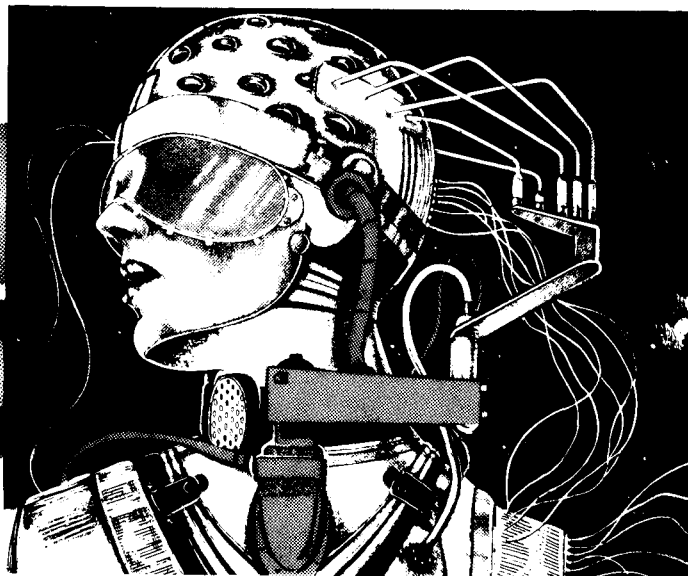
She rushes to the office
in a 7.30 PMV
Gets to work by 8
With a break at 12
then...
It's a rush back home again
For chores awaiting her.

Saturday draws near
Plans are underway
For a joyous gathering
but she moans again
No more Saturday for me.

Joyce A. Kumbeli



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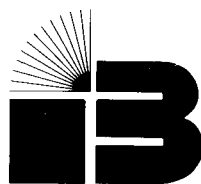
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My island is a dream
Life on it is poetry
The dreams of my soul
Are the treasures of my universe

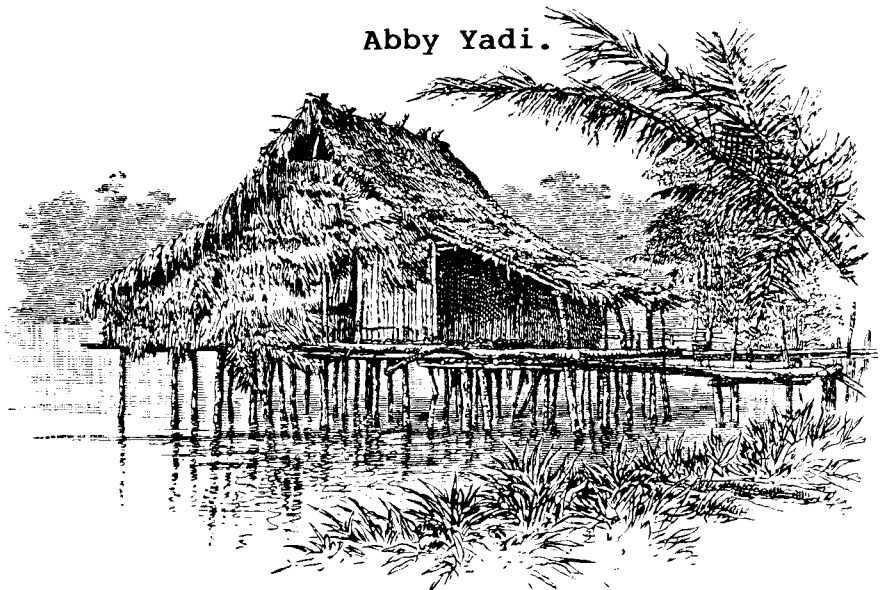
Like a potter
Who moulds life out of clay
My island is my work
Moulded by my own spirit

My dreams are endless thoughts
Great and small are bound together
Songs of my heart set aflame
Burning to the rhythm of life

Always singing to be brave
Singing to the twilight of life
And in the dim of the night
My dreams always flow.

To many it is only a thought
To me it's a dream of life
Where I am its very own
And it is my very own.

Abby Yadi.



THE CURFEW

Behind locked doors
Sitting in suspense
Hardly sleeping
Waiting,
Looking forward
To the day it will be over
The curfew.

Who am I hiding from
The blade
The man in blue
Or
The curfew

I'm an out-going type
I have a date tonight
Why imprison me
Why me
The law-abiding one
How I detest you
Curfew.

8 p.m. I go to bed
Instead of the usual 2 am.
But hardly getting a wink
Eagerly listening
And waiting
For the green light to come on
With news headlines all around
Saying...it's over
THE CURFEW IS OVER

Joyce A Kumbeli.

HIGHLAND TROUBADORS

Like evening stars
They twinkle across the Southern hills
And shine in radiant plumes
To hear their last words of good-bye
People come from miles around.
Hey mummy, who could they be for ?



Like parrots, exploding in the night skies
They roam the village streets
Singing in their sweetly voices
Shy sisters run to catch a glance.
Hey mummy, who could they be ?

Unlike the gaudy politicians
Boastful speeches are not their kind
Sophisticated language is not for them
Public exposure is not their interest
But kindness is their tone
Faithfulness and submission to your will
They are the brothers —
For two of your sisters.

'MACHORO'

Tonight I wept for my brother Machoro
A man of war and peace;
"But the blood you shed - my brother
Ran upon your motherland!
Dans la mare Pacifique!"

I ask you Niugini chiefs,
Why do you sleep with your women
While your brother's blood
Runs like rivers at your door steps?
Tonight was Machoro,
Tomorrow may be you-

Kumalau Tawali



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Boge bada e e heau lao, boroma gwada,
Magani gwada Ee - e Garago ta - na - mo e - e
Gwada, gwada, e e e gwada namo o o o.

Boge bada, you will run as fast as the fastest
hunting dog and catch me the wildest of the boars.

Bariabada vea namo garagota matana
hama na daia lai lai e-e toa namo
re manoka havaraia Garagota matana
hama na daia.

Biri bada, gentle wind blow,
give me strength and spiritual guidance,
quiet as earth mother bringing forth the harvest yams.
Blow, blow as you give strength to sacred yam,
all my strength. Come sharpen my spear.

Laura bada toa mai e e,
Vanagi, lakawaia hebubu
Lekwa, lekwa,
Taurama dorinai
Venagi lakwa o o o.

Blow Laurabada blow,
The waters of Taurama rise,
Open your jaws and swallow the passing canoe.
Take what is yours Laurabada,
give Taurama her sacrifice and appease the spirits.

Nora Vagi Brash

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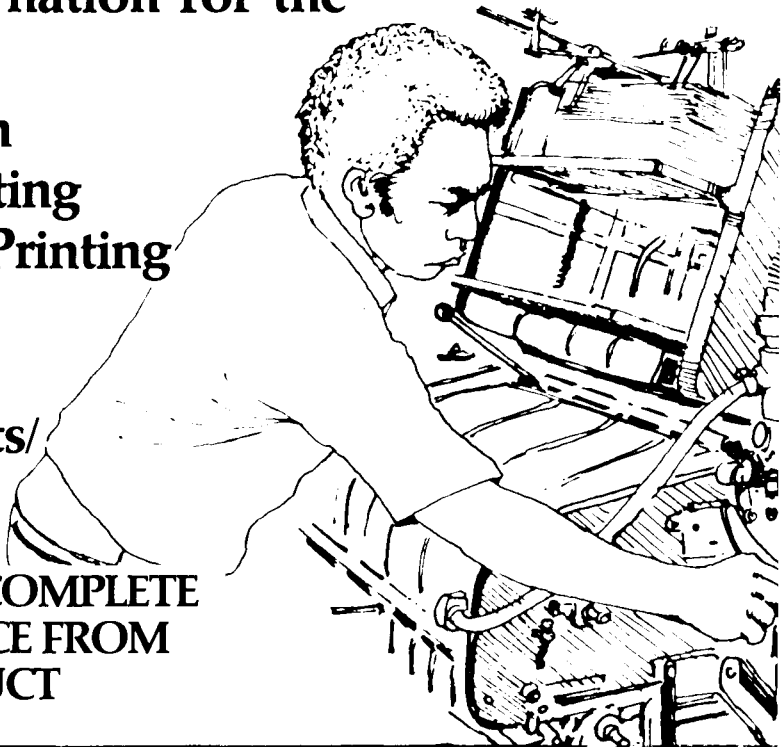
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