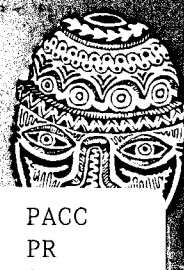


The PWG PWRITER



PLAYS
POEMS
STORIES
REVIEWS
ARTICLES

PACC
PR
9655.45
.P64

K2.50

ETHICS & DEVELOPMENT

Brian Bell & Co Pty Ltd

"THE ELECTRICAL APPLIANCE SPECIALISTS"

PNG SALES AND SERVICE AGENTS FOR:



(AUSTRALIA) WASHING MACHINES
CLOTHES DRYERS, DISHWASHERS,
ELECTRIC STOVES & HOME FREEZERS



REFRIGERATORS, STOVES AND FREEZERS



(AUSTRALIA AND UK) WASHING MACHINES
AND DISHWASHERS, HOME APPLIANCES

RODEN

GAS AND ELECTRIC COOKING APPLIANCES
MICROWAVE OVENS



FROST FREE REFRIGERATORS AND
AIRCONDITIONERS



REFRIGERATORS AND FREEZERS, COOKING
EQUIPMENT

Amana[®]

REFRIGERATORS, MICROWAVE AND
AIRCONDITIONERS



AIRCONDITIONERS, WASHING MACHINES
AND HOME APPLIANCES

ESTABLISHED IN PNG SINCE 1958
"THE ONE STOP SHOPPING SPOT"

VISIT THE BOROKO
SHOP FOR ALL YOUR

**ELECTRICAL APPLIANCES & HOMEWARES,
KITCHEN UTENSILS, GARDENING & HOME
HANDYMAN NEEDS.**

PORT MORESBY,
HEAD OFFICE,
BRIAN BELL PLAZA
TURUMU ST, BOROKO
25 5411

LAE,
CORONATION ST,
PO BOX 225
42 3377

GOROKA,
EDWARD ST,
PO BOX 336
72 1622

MT HAGEN,
PARAKA ST,
PO BOX 88,
52 1999

The PNG WRITER

The Magazine of the Papua New Guinea Writers' Union



CONTENTS

	PAGE
1. Tony Deklin: Keeping Our Roots	6
2. John Muingnepe: Towards a Non-Capitalist Path of Development.	8
3. Sorariba N. Gergera: Ethics of Development	15
4. Bernard Narokobi: Old and New: Ethics of Development	19
5. Powes Parkop: Speaking From the Grassroots	21
6. Orovu Vitaharo: Women in Politics	26
7. Joseph Sukwianomb: Thunder From the Mountains: A Book Review	30
8. East Sepik Women's Communication Project: Doing our own Development Documentation A Reflection on the Power of Song	33
9. Regis Stella: Beyond Those Hills: A Book Review	38
10. Loong Wong: The Writer and Politics: Spirit and Substance This Earth of Mankind: A Review	41 45
11. Sorariba N. Gergera: The Melanesian Policeman	51
12. Samu Batara: Quickly: A Play	59
13. Steven Winduo Ben Nakin: Two Reports From the World Black Black Literature Conference	64
14. Jacob Kila Harry: Bobby	75

POEMS: Nicholas Umba Tagai, Steven Edmund Winduo, Daniel Kumbon, Jacob K. Harry, Arma de Blacke, Journaliza S., Abuc N. Danial, Gideon Ginkawa.

COVER DESIGN: Kevin D'arcy and Robin Ugere.

ILLUSTRATIONS: Robin Ugere and Elizabeth Cox.

TYPING AND WORD PROCESSING: Judy Rekere.

Published by the PNG Writers' Union, P.O. Box 320, University.

Editorial Board: Joseph Sukwianomb, Steven Winduo, Loong Wong, Mel Michael.



FOREWORD

This volume of THE PNG WRITER is a special issue. Its coverage of materials is partly devoted to the forthcoming 17th Waigani Seminar to be held on the 7th to the 12th of September, 1986. To coincide with the theme of the Seminar, Ethnic and leave this as it is, say Development we have included in this issue some critical and objective essays, poems, creative stories, a play and bookreviews. This is meant to allow Papua New Guinean writers to express themselves in writing. It also provides publishing venue for Papua New Guinean intellectuals, students and others. The release of this volume marks an important move by the PNG Writers Union in the promotion of a national literature in Papua New Guinea.

The PNG Writers Union not only promotes literature but also promotes and exposes hidden talents of young, up-and-coming writers. We provide an inspirational force to young writers. These young writers need motivation and active support The PNG Writers Union has shown to the writers, that it union is available to support them. Recently, after ten years of quietness in the literary scene, Papua New Guineans surprised the world. Two of our new young writers, Ben Nakin and this writer were in Australia to attend two international conferences. The World Black Literature Conference in Queensland University, Brisbane, and the Association for the Study of Australian Literature conference in James Cook University, Townsville.

Writing is an effective mode of expression. It stresses the importance of our national literature and shows that Papua New Guinean writings are becoming attractive and interesting to read. We need to keep up the pace and popularity. This is a timely challenge for us all.

I am making a special plea to all Papua New Guineans to take up their pens and make special efforts to write down their feelings, moods, expression, culture, life style, values, customs, sufferings, frustration, and sentiments; especially during this critical period. Writers are urged to write and contribute regularly.

The next issue, we plan to make a special women's issue and we invite all writers who are concerned about the promotion of women's literary works to send in articles, plays, short stories, poetry and case studies. This issue is planned for March of 1987.

On behalf of the executive of the Writer's Union I would like to thank, the past editor, the guest editor, his support staff and others who have helped to make this issue a success.

Steven E. Winduo



FOREWORD

This volume of THE PNG WRITER is a special issue. Its coverage of materials is partly devoted to the forthcoming 17th Waigani Seminar to be held on the 7th to the 12th of September, 1986. To coincide with the theme of the Seminar, Ethic and leave this as it is, say Development we have included in this issue some critical and objective essays, poems, creative stories, a play and bookreviews. This is meant to allow Papua New Guinean writers to express themselves in writing. It also provides publishing venue for Papua New Guinean intellectuals, students and others. The release of this volume marks an important move by the PNG Writers Union in the promotion of a national literature in Papua New Guinea.

The PNG Writers Union not only promotes literature but also promotes and exposes hidden talents of young, up-and-coming writers. We provide an inspirational force to young writers. These young writers need motivation and active support The PNG Writers Union has shown to the writers, that it union is available to support them. Recently, after ten years of quietness in the literary scene, Papua New Guineans surprised the world. Two of our new young writers, Ben Nakin and this writer were in Australia to attend two international conferences. The World Black Literature Conference in Queensland University, Brisbane, and the Association for the Study of Australian Literature conference in James Cook University, Townsville.

Writing is an effective mode of expression. It stresses the importance of our national literature and shows that Papua New Guinean writings are becoming attractive and interesting to read. We need to keep up the pace and popularity. This is a timely challenge for us all.

I am making a special plea to all Papua New Guineans to take up their pens and make special efforts to write down their feelings, moods, expression, culture, life style, values, customs, sufferings, frustration, and sentiments; especially during this critical period. Writers are urged to write and contribute regularly.

The next issue, we plan to make a special women's issue and we invite all writers who are concerned about the promotion of women's literary works to send in articles, plays, short stories, poetry and case studies. This issue is planned for March of 1987.

On behalf of the executive of the Writer's Union I would like to thank, the past editor, the guest editor, his support staff and others who have helped to make this issue a success.

Steven E. Winduo



Editorial

Congratulations University of Papua New Guinea for hosting yet another important event - the 17th Waigani Seminar - an event that has come to be identified with the institution. We wish to extend our welcome to the many guests and friends who have come to the Seminar.

Exactly fourteen and half years ago the 6th Waigani Seminar was the forum for debating the theme **Priorities for Melanesian Development**. The future of Melanesians, the quality and direction for development in independent Melanesian states were among the issues explored in that Seminar.

In retrospect some of the aims, objectives and plans which were discussed in the 6th Waigani Seminar have been achieved (ie independence, decentralisation). But so much more remains to be done. There remains the task of turning rhetorics into reality for the good of the people, and without compromising the ethics that echo through our constitution and the National Goals and Directive Principles.

The 17th Waigani Seminar aims at taking stock of what has happened in the past fifteen years. How far have the people of the Pacific come in their development - development for them as people and for their country and their environment of rich natural resources.

Daily one hears of corruption in high places, the arm-twisting of our political leaders by outside interests, of bullying tactics used by super powers to get what they want. These and many more issues confront our Pacific people today.

The central purpose of all our endeavours in developing our respective Pacific Island nations must be for the confidence and comfort of our people. Unless we realise these tangible benefits for our people then development is meaningless.

The rights of our people to be involved in and benefit from any form of development must be weighted against the actions of the few. While we will be exploring the issues within one island state, it is clear that the whole Pacific Region is full of undesirable guests and suspicious activities of the super powers that undermine the independence of our people.

To mark the theme of the 17th Waigani Seminar the PNGWU presents part of its collection which is devoted to the theme of the **Ethics of Development**. These pieces represent a certain level of awareness among our people. We hope this small contribution will add to the concerns of our people and their leaders.

We also hope that the rhetorics that will be repeated throughout this Seminar will bear fruits that people of our respective Pacific nations will pick and enjoy.

Loong Wong and Joseph Sukwianomb

FOOLS

There goes the underdog
Scapegoat to a system
His conscience a dead log
From which corruption will stem.

There goes the public servant
Tea-boy to a system
His efficiency is insignificant
Yet 'Pay Increase' is top item.

Hi, there goes the politician
Puppet of a system
His mind malfunctions decisions
Yet his countenance is stern.

Ho, there go the nobodies
Prisoners of a crafty system
Dancing to foreign melodies
From where can our future stem?

Ignorant scapegoats
Obedient public servants
Little puppy politicians
Leading us to nowhere.

Nicholas Umba Tagai

BOTTLE CULTURE

First bottle of bitter liquid
Goes down hard
Second one follows slowly
This time a little easier
Third one follows quickly ...
Where's the next one?

Until at long last
Emotions run loose
Red eyes leads to black eye
Ego boost leads to pocket bust
Hazy head leads to crazy head.
Swaggering walk leads to another bedroom!

Until at last
This country won't last
Going down the drain
Beer is consumed like falling rain
To satisfy beer lust
This country must go bust

The PNG cult
Is "Beer and me" cult.

Nicholas Umba Tagai



MIND POLITICS

They didn't want me to think
Gave me Independence too quick
While I played with politico-feelings
They control the economic ceilings.

They fool my so-called leaders
Encouraging them to display peacock feathers
Manipulating young intellectuals
Who soon become useless clerks.

The battle to control human minds
Is as old as the devil
The nemesis of free thinkers
Is the power of status quo.

True power is in controlling
The minds of unsuspecting people

Congratulations oh, you Waigani advisers
You've got politicians by the balls
Congratulations oh, you holy priests
You've got the grass roots by the balls too!!

Nicholas Umba Tagai

A WORLD NOT MINE

Open the tin pis
Putim pis long rais
Na empty tin?
Give to our dog!

Open up Ok Tedi
Put the money into our coffers
Infrastructure and Percentage?
Give to PNG Government!

Open up the economy
But monopolise the market
Cheap meat and rice?
Give to PNG pipol!

Open up the world
Take control, take control
Exploit, exploit
Feed them bones!

Oh hopeless me
In a world not mine.

Nicholas Umba Tagai



TOWARDS A NON-CAPITALIST PATH OF DEVELOPMENT

By: John Muingnepe.

The development of the neo-colonial economy in Papua New Guinea required the transfer of state authority into indigenous hands. Political independence ended Australian direct political control of the affairs of state. This enabled the agitating local elite to obtain political power. The new ruling elite pursued the task of policy formulation and development which were nationalistic in character.

In the early 1970's they put forward a strategy for development called the "Eight Aims": a strategy based on nationalistic ideology, which emphasised that the economy should be largely in the hands of nationals, and that there be equal participation, equal distribution of income, etc.¹ They took control of public investment funds, of tariff and industrial policy, created a national currency and formulated fiscal policies and the allocation of foreign exchange. A central Bank was established, able to regulate the money supply and currency exchange.² State policies were made to protect and subsidise local commercial investments by bank loans and protective tariffs, tariff rebates on imported technology, tax holidays, the provision of services, etc.³ The post-colonial state controlled the allocation of profitable opportunities, which could be used to create protected niches for its clients, and enabled the nationals to share in the spoils of the neo-colonial economy and to accumulate capital.⁴ Thus we have the formation of class structures in Papua New Guinea where previously the traditional societies were basically egalitarian. As the country becomes increasingly incorporated into the world capitalist system, the formation of social classes take sharper forms.

DEVELOPMENT STRATEGIES

The so-called Eight Aims Development Strategy was announced dead in the mid 1970s with the emergence of another, this time a Post-Independence, Strategy, namely the National Development Strategy, which was believed to have been more practical than the autarchic Eight Aims. The inception of the National Public Expenditure Plan (NPEP) in 1978 and the Medium Term Planning in 1984 was to programme the recommendations of the National Development Strategy which was formulated in 1976.⁵ This post-independence, strategy is by no means clear and coherent. Its essential thrust, nevertheless, was obviously a preference for capitalism. It stressed the indispensability of foreign investment and Australian aid to stimulate economic growth, trade and capital accumulation.

The Strategy was presented in a way that naively underestimated the role foreign capital was expected to play in the economy of Papua New Guinea. And I believe that naivete was partly the result of a subdued ideological preference for capitalism.

THE CAPITALIST PATH OF DEVELOPMENT

The capitalist mode of production reproduced here in Papua New Guinea has assumed the character of a "peripheral capitalism."⁶ It is characterised by agricultural and raw material and mineral production for export. The manufacturing sector is very trivial and only accounts for about 10 percent of Papua New Guinea's GNP.⁷ Similarly, formal employment in the economy is also very trivial compared to the public sector.⁸ The international specialisation and division of labour is tying Papua New Guinea down to mere primary commodity production for export to the metropolises, with an unequal exchange mechanism by which imperialism realises

surplus value in international exchange. Monopoly capital in Papua New Guinea maintains various techniques for the purpose of maintaining unequal exchange through the transfer of surplus: underpricing of Papua New Guinea exports and overpricing of imports from Australia and other economies. This and the pricing policies of the Marketing Boards delay the development of industry by limiting the expansion of the market. It has also set back the development of indigenous capitalism, which has prevented Papua New Guinea from achieving autocentric development, resulting in underdevelopment.⁹ I will now focus on a major aspect of the peripheral capitalist development in Papua New Guinea.

The dominant institution of neo-colonial political economy is the multinational corporations (multinational in its operations more than its ownership and control, which remain firmly outside underdeveloped countries). The productive, distributive and financial activities of the corporation are vertically integrated. They are able to control and diversify their sources of inputs, investments and markets in such a way as to ensure their own profitability, security and expansion.¹⁰ With the operations of the gigantic Bougainville and Ok Tedi Copper Limited and with a host of foreign companies exploiting timber resources came a structural transformation of Papua New Guinea's economic base.¹¹

Markets and sources of investment and technology have been diversified among different metropolitan countries, or, in other words, foreign exploitation has been multilateralised.¹² The current central-provincial government conflict over the allocation of foreign capital in Papua New Guinea, if resolved in favour of provincial governments, will lead to a combination of subsidies, protection and promise of profit repatriation rendered to foreign capital. Considering the rate at which the National Investment and Development Authority (NIDA) is allowing multinational corporation ventures, within the forthcoming decade it may well be beyond Papua New Guinea's capability to maintain these global corporation under its management.

The direct effects of the operations of multinational corporation in Papua New Guinea are the chronic conditions of unemployment resulting from an increasing number of capital-intensive industries. Only the highly educated middle class can be employed in capitalist firms or the state bureaucracy. They are provided with economic privileges and political superiority over the poor. They have thus come to share with the metropolitan capitalists a commitment to the development of capitalism at the expense of the poor and the under-privileged rural peasants.¹³

THE RURAL PEASANTS AND CAPITALISM

Indeed, the development of capitalism depends on the domination of peasant and petty commodity production, enforced by the state rather than produced by market competition. This is the way it is done. Monopoly purchasing power of the Marketing Boards enables the State to increase the rate of exploitation of rural peasant labour to finance the emergence of the PNG petty capitalist class, and to finance the development of industrial investment and the provision of urban services and amenities. Peasants and petty commodity producers provide input which capitalist firms cannot produce profitably. These include cheap food and consumer goods of the informal sector which are consumed by capitalist and state employers. But the development of capitalist production restricts the development of peasant and petty commodity production. The transfer of resources by the State from agriculture and the rural sector to itself and to capitalist production and the urban based economy reduces the return on rural labour and investment, which impoverishes farmers and encourages the transfer of private resources, including skills, from the rural to the urban economy.¹⁴

Thus the capitalist development is parasitical on peasant and petty commodity production. Control of state policy and relations of unequal exchange enables capitalists to determine the conditions of production of peasant and petty commodity producers. This and the state loans and tax and tariff incentives subsidising capitalist firms at the expense of rural producers has led to the distortion of the economy with a strong urban bias.

So far I have been focusing on the salient features of Papua New Guinea's neo-colonial political economy and the path of development for which the ruling class has opted.¹⁵ Now let me turn to a brief discussion of what development ought to be.

MASS-ORIENTED DEVELOPMENT

It is argued that we have misconceived the nature of the main challenge of the last half of the twentieth century. This has been seen as achieving an increase in the national income of the developing countries formalised in the target of about 5 percent growth rates set for the first (post-independent) development decade.¹⁶

But why so much concentration on the national income? Politicians and economists trained in the orthodoxy of neo-classical analysis accept it as the most useful and appropriate measure. It is understandable as to why the term 'development' is confused with 'economic development' and 'economic development' with 'economic growth'. If the increase in national income is faster than the population growth, it might sooner or later lead to a solution of social and political problems. But of course the experience of the last 10 years in Papua New Guinea has not shown any indication of solving all problems affect those countries with higher and rapid social and political inequity rising per capital incomes as well as those with stagnant economies. In fact, it looks as if economic growth may not merely fail to solve social and political difficulties; certain types of growth can actually cause them. It is apparent that the developmental strategies pursued so far are a preference for avoiding the real problems of development. We have looked at the capitalist path of development which is based on the philosophy of competitive individuals and therefore militates against mass-oriented development.

We can now brush aside the web of fantasy woven around the term "development" and decide what we precisely mean by it. "Development" is inevitably a normative term and we have in our national constitution some goals and principles which indicate what development ought to be. Let us consider, for instance, human integral development. We have to ask ourselves if the potential of human personality has been realized.¹⁷

After 10 years of so-called development we ought to be asking ourselves: Do we have poverty? Do we have chronic unemployment? Do we have inequality? Do we have repression? If all four of these have declined from high levels, or are kept minimal, it can then be said that beyond doubt this has been a period of development. If one or two of these central problems have been growing worse, especially if all four have, it would be strange indeed to call the result "development", even if per capital income has doubled.¹⁸

The challenge then to those who lead the drive for development is to find a path for development that can capably accommodate, embrace and focus on the criteria mentioned above. There must be mutually consistent policy, coherent and comprehensive programmes and thus a strategy geared to achieving a mass-oriented development.

THE ORIGINAL PATH TO DEVELOPMENT

To achieve such a consistent policy. I believe we must opt for an original path to development. By "original way of development" I simply mean a shift in the dominant neo-colonial paradigm for development, i.e., the belief in the international environment, the magic of money, science and technology to a greater focus and appreciation of the local and internal forces.

What should be done then? It is clear that the answer is not easy, nor more of the same. Neither more funds, nor better planning and more management development along the lines of the last decade, will make a difference. We must all accept that there is no ready made answer but the challenge. The challenge that lies ahead is a painful search for original alternatives that will be found only if the following conditions are being adhered to.

First is the realisation of the limitation inherent in solutions developed as results of disciplinary specialization. The tendency to be specialised in one's own particular field and to approach life and development on a compartmental basis militates against Papua New Guinean traditional values and approaches to life and development as a whole. This does not only apply to the technical field, it is equally valid in fields like economics, management and administration. For too long, experts have us believe the assumptions that their principles are applicable universally, irrespective of differences in the fabrics of societies. What is needed now is a greater readiness to step outside one's own discipline to look afresh at the validity to the Papua New Guinea development situation of premises underlying specific disciplines.

The second is the need for a greater appreciation of the historical circumstances under which development in Papua New Guinea is being proposed. The debate about the prospects and problems of progress in Papua New Guinea has so far lacked a historical perspective. Development planners have ignored it either due to lack of knowledge or simply because they have a strong belief in the magic of money, science and technology. Transfer of capital and technology would rapidly transform Papua New Guinea. We have yet to decisively accept our history, not just merely in placing it in the global context but to appreciate prevailing trends in Papua New Guinea society itself. We could talk about Papua New Guinea being in a transitional process from capitalism to socialism, for instance, and reflecting contradictions in the world economy, but we must focus on the internal trends. Thus what is needed for a redefinition of the development problematics is a closer look at the historical realities intrinsic to Papua New Guinea that which goes beyond colonial experiences, into what is often called pre-contact period.

Third, the whole debate about development in this country is brought closer to action and practice. Development theory, as far Papua New Guinea is concerned, is still a subject that draws its inspiration from experiences in other parts of the world. Dependency or underdevelopment theory, for instance, is derived out of the Latin American context and advocated by local scholars. The Modernisation theory is rooted in the experiences of Western economies. Therefore, while some minimal progress towards a closer link between theory and praxis may be on its way, the distance to the ultimate goal where the two meaningfully complement each other is still long. The dominant paradigms do not yet point to the roots of the problems. The knowledge generated is not easily usable in policy-making or management for development.

All actors in the development process of Papua New Guinea therefore, must be ready and prepared to question the premises on which they base their outlook and strategies. The politician, the administrator, the manager, the academic and the donor, all have their part to play in placing development theory and practice in closer relation with each other and in close touch with Papua New Guinea realities.

New and controversial questions have been raised concerning the nature of the Papua New Guinea economy, the role of the state in development, accountability of public servants, contribution by the private sector and voluntary sectors, building local organisations and management capacity, erecting a new way in which foreign capital can be managed and how donors can assist these efforts. All these have a bearing on what is meant by "the original way to development" and how it can be promoted and managed.

CONCLUSION

The salient aspects of underdevelopment in Papua New Guinea's neo-colonial political economy cannot be alleviated unless the state becomes conscious of the situation and addresses itself to the real needs of its people. They must be convinced that development does not simply mean copying existing models. Development of Papua New Guinea must not be carried out by simply imitating either the East or the West. Papua New Guinea must therefore adopt an original way of developing, which respects its tradition, history and its cultures. Most importantly, development must be mass-oriented.

REFERENCES AND NOTES

1. The National Public Expenditure Plan, 1978-1981, p.2.
2. P.S.A. Dahanayake, (ed) 1981. 'Post-Independence Economic Development of Papua New Guinea', Monograph 19, p.5.

The striking instruments of economic policy in Papua New Guinea include: public investment funds, tariff and industrial policy, national currency (hard kina policy) and allocation of foreign currency regulated by Bank of Papua New Guinea.
3. Ibid, p.3., Public Expenditure and National Development Strategy was geared towards making government policies effective in aiding Papua New Guinea.
4. McWilliam, Scott, 1985. Finance Capital, Indigenous Accumulation and the Post-Colonial State in Papua New Guinea, UPNG. p.2.
5. Ibid, p. (iii) (NPEP - 1978-81)
6. Amarshi, Good & Mortimer, 1979. 'Development and Dependency, the Political Economy of Papua New Guinea', Oxford University Press, Melbourne, Chpt 6.
7. Mughes, Helen, 1984. Industrialization, Growth and Development in Papua New Guinea, Institute of National Affairs, Discussion paper No. 17, pp 30-31.
8. Ibid, p. 22.
9. Sawyerr, A., 1980. 'Relations of Dependency and the Papua New Guinea - Australia Trade Agreement: A Preliminary reaction of an outsider', University of Papua New Guinea.
10. Muller, Ronald, 1973. 'The Multinational Corporation and the Underdevelopment of the Third World', in Political Economy of Development and Underdevelopment, (ed) Wilber Charles K., Random House, New York, pp 124-151.

11. Ibid, pp 46-48.
12. Ibid, p. 78.
13. Amarshi et al (1979) define peasant or the peasantry as "small agricultural producers who, with the help of simple equipment and the labour of their families, produce mainly for their own consumption and for the fulfillment of obligations to the holders of political and economic power". Please see the Analysis of Amarshi et al in pp. 101-122.
14. Ibid. pp 114-118.
15. The salient features of Papua New Guinea's contemporary neo-colonial political economy as discussed above are as follows: (I) the distortion of PNG's development strategy by the bourgeoisie ideology of development, for instance, the Eight Aims. (II) The capitalist path to development which has resulted in a mere 'peripheral' development and enclave development. See Amarshi, 1979. (III) Specialisation in raw material production for export, mainly agriculture forestry and mineral resources. (IV) The acute dependency of Papua New Guinea on the external environment for its economic survival - See Sawyerr, A., (1980). (V) The increasing intrusion by finance capital which is transforming the economy in the way plantation capital failed to do, and its domination of PNG economy. (VI) The deteriorating balance of payments, domestic savings, and unemployment, problems which may be aggravated by multinational corporations' domination of the economy.
16. Seers, Dudley, 1973. 'The Meaning of Development', in The Political Economy of Development and Underdevelopment, (ed) Wilber, Charles K., Random House, New York, p. 6.
17. See National Constitution, National goals and principles, p. 2.
18. The incidence of poverty has emerged in urban centres of Papua New Guinea. One only has to take a walk down the streets of Boroko any time of day and see beggars line up on the pavement. Employment in the private sector is small. There is a bias toward capital-intensive industries rather than labour. See Mughes, Helen, (1984) p. 22. Inequality has become rampant with a few people able to obtain good education, good jobs, business opportunities etc. The neo-colonial state has also become quite repressive as demonstrated by the imposition of curfew in the national capital district (1985) to combat the so-called rascals.



I'M A WRITER

I am a writer:
My scalpel is words
My surgery; the human emotion ...
Cleverly I stipulate.

I'm the fear of conformists.
I am an unpredictable writer.
My form and style
Defies manipulation

Let someone rule the world.
Let anybody rule my country
Let someone have all the money
But let me be a poor writer.

I can't be bought.
I can't be predictable
I can't conform
I am a free fighter.

I am a writer
Because I am a fighter
Though I can not manipulate
I can stipulate.

Nicholas Umba Tagai



CONSPIRACY

Chase the ball, chase the ball
One score, another score
But no score to win the game
Captain confused ...
But coach knows why.

Run for election, run for election
One victory, another victory,
But no victory for ever
Prime Minsiter confused ...
But Canberra knows why.

After money, after money
One multi-national, another syndicate
But no empire holds monopoly
Millionaire Tycoon confused ...
But capitalism knows why.

Chase the wind, chase the wind
One world, another world
But no world too many
Computer confused ...
But I know why.

Nicholas Umba Tagai



**ETHICS OF DEVELOPMENT:
From Development to Undevelopment.**

By: Sorariba Nash Gegera.

In this country at this time it is wise to ask what is the ethics of development. We reply it is a philosophical inquiry into the nature of our development trends. What is development? Everything that has to do with change, positive change. This word "development" has been used, re-used, overused and misused so that its meaning has become confused. Each writer uses it to mean something different. We are all trying to understand its meaning and relate it to our own experience but this has been mediocre. Mr Grass Roots calls it "handastandin develhophmen." Perhaps that's what we need.

Here I am talking about development in terms of positive change; social, economic and political change. These constitute our entity Papua New Guinea as a national in progressive motion towards betterment and beyond. Look at our social development. Education has been a major factor for change in this aspect. Not the formal student teacher affair that has created class within our society and has become an instrument of oppression to our own people but the actual experience of newness beyond the limited cosmos we knew. Learning that other nations existed with their history, their literature and philosophy has broadened our perceptions.

As such Papua New Guinea has never clearly formulated any overall code of ethics of development except perhaps in the Eight-Point plan which is now quietly gathering dust on some minister's shelf. Let us take a walk through PNG today and look at our goals, the progress of development and its nature. We see there is little assurance and less meaning for the majority. We have lost our real selves, alienated from our determinate selves as Marx has said. That is we are alienated from our original philosophies and needs.

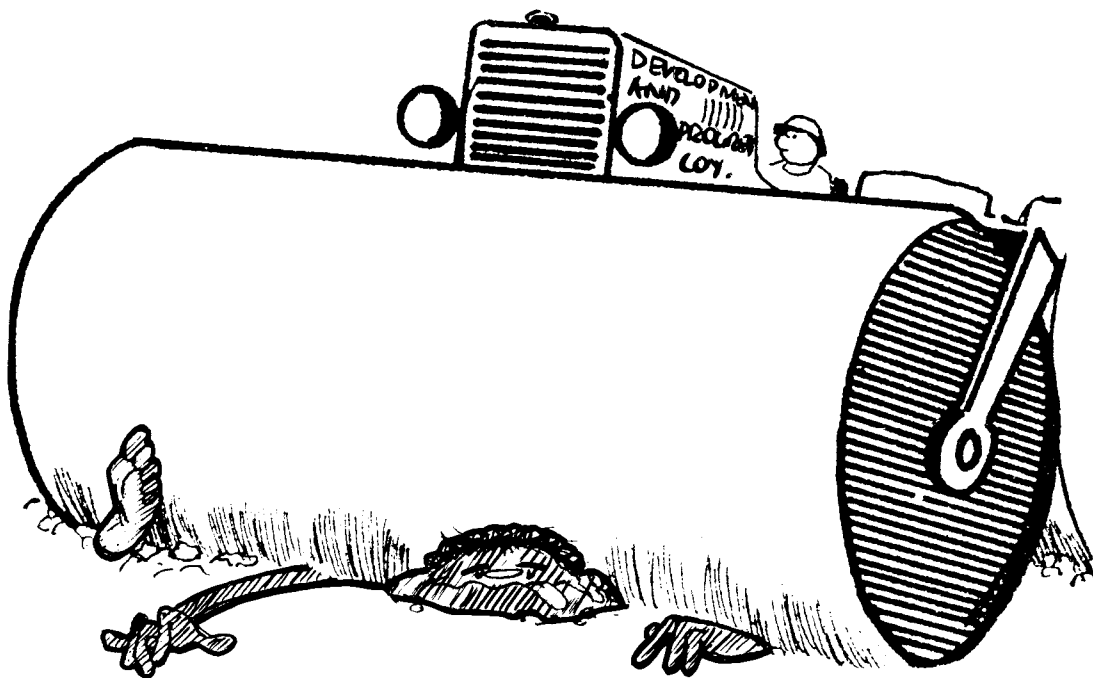
The Existentialists believe that man exists only when he acts. Orestes in Sarfe's play, "The Flies" does not exist until he assumes responsibility for his country and himself. Could this be also true for us? Our changes are not the sum total. We have created classes, divided and discriminated. There is no balance in our endeavours; we have forgotten the spirituality and poetry that once existed in our souls. Our sense of justice is bloated with the sour semen of modernization, confusing our ancient Melanesian jurisprudence of equality.

If anyone doubts this, take a look around at the faces of PNG in the making. Stand at a PMV stop or walk through a village anywhere in the country and see the blank hollow bitter faces, concealed by our everlasting Melanesian enthusiasm for nothingness. Sit in a government cafeteria or VIP lounge and see those faces set in rigidity yet pompous with unawareness in timid bureaucratic compliance; PNG career-women in tasteless western fashions and men acting like cowboys. Our desecrated mountains, ravished forest and polluted rivers are more than simple allegories for what is happening in PNG today; not only to the landscape but to the people. Saddest of all is the fate of most of our youths; drop-outs branded as failures even before they had a chance to get started.

Perhaps the title of the Waigani Seminar 86 speaks for itself. Slowly we are becoming aware of what is happening to ourselves in light of the country's present development trends. A good state draws its vitality by a process of universal improvement, not through mistaken priorities, lack of awareness or even greed. Unfortunately the developmental progress of a state is often built on the destruction of existing values and the suppression of minority groups. We are guilty of moral failure if in our rush to acquire material wealth we have ignored these deeper qualitative values. We have simply not assumed moral responsibility for how things are used;

the ends to which the new technologies and systems are used. Without a clear definition of priorities, and values, we have pursued ill-defined goals in the first place. A more pessimistic view would be that our success in a single decade has blinded us. We have seen too much and heard too much without pause for consideration.

In short we have managed to use the advantages of progressive westernization but we have failed to tame its disadvantages. Hence in our race to develop this country we have underdeveloped it in the process; the disadvantages having neutralised the advantages. So in the final analysis we have not achieved what we need to achieve. We are still on the "rot bilong cargo."



EPITOME OF A SILENT DREAM

(Dedicated to my father on the 10th Independence Anniversary)

Your sweat has told me of your destiny:
To work your soil, to die under the sun
And vanish anonymously without a taste
Empty eyes that reveal nothing.
Your respected and sanctified bowl
Of dead prophets' and God's vision
Rooted deep in the spring of divinity
Has all evaporated
In the heat of a decade of betrayal
Inhibiting our desire, blinding our visions.

Their eloquent voices impressed you
To elect the paper-signers to the Haus Tambaran
Who under dark glasses betray their voters
And defy their black eyes.
In the ironed noose of their black ties,
That drags them to cocktail parties,
Spilling wine and champagne,
They sit like salivary frogs
Waiting for the next election season.
When each will disguise himself again
In a traditional mask to deceive the masses.

We watch with satiable eyes
As our nation's dream is converted
To a soccer game played by drunkards,
Shouting, swearing with power-hungry tricks.
Ambitious to be civilised and serene,
Dressed in a black bureaucratic skin;
Dark glasses, shiny briefcase, polished shoes.
I travelled blindly in the abyss of the world
Where corruption, bribery and 'who-you-know'
Wait to strip me naked and bastardise
My manhood, root and time.

Now I am left to envy you
"Pasin bilong Iumbuna yu holim,
Iasol mi lus pinis long bus
Olsem rot long kambek i pas tru
Iasol, noken wari papa,
I no asua bilong mitupela."
At dawn on the first independence morn
we watched without asking
As our binding rope was cut
And departed in tears.
You, gripping tightly to night's tail
While I, a new bud, sprouting in the early dew
Watched the sunrise, without knowing
What it would bring.



What sucks greedily on us like a leech
Is the grin of the new tyrant merchant
Who in dark shows, with mutant claws
Has ripped us to nothing, leaving
Walking bones and collapsed hope.

The echo of your silent sorrow
Reminds me that I once burnt
Like crimson charcoal in your flames.
Ancestral flames. Now under blue inks,
Time has traced your skeleton
Giving you no form or shape
Turning you to shadows
Under the coldness of a new pop-culture.

Before the clouds disappear completely
From the sky, mutiny and outcry will ricochet
Like bells that were rung too soon
Lamenting the shattered dreams of our nation
To relieve the pain in our heavy hearts.

Steven Edmund Winduo

GRAFFITI

Desktop graffiti still rules.
Yet I burden myself to understand
The absurdities of the world
In lines of crying words.

"Catchup! I was here and gone.
See you in the other corner."

Still I persist between unspanned words,
Written unglamorously on toilet doors,
White-washed walls to relish,
And cherish my dampened heart
With yelling abstract words.

"Jesus is the Answer and the Way.
What is the Question?"

My heart desires to pause
And search again for truth
But to no avail, I cannot trace the path,
Overgrown with thorns of absurdities,
From a rear bumper a sticker bids farewell.

"Travelling? To where?
Hope you return."

Retire to my sack. The banging,
Roaring, yelling, laughing
Tremble my solitude to fear and shame.

"To Hell or Heaven
You'll find absurdities."

Steven Edmund Winduo



OLD AND NEW: ETHICS AND DEVELOPMENT

Excerpts

By: Bernard Narokobi

THE CONSTITUTION'S VISION

I suffer the distinct disadvantage of having been involved in the making of the Constitution of Papua New Guinea. And I also suffer the equally distinct disadvantage of seeing it getting abused daily. The provisions which are particularly dear to my heart are the preamble, the national goals and the directive principles. These are expressions of hope in a better world of balanced development, equality, participation, care of the environment and a maximum use of Melanesian values in development.

These are not my original ideas. They were borrowed from all around the world, but especially from the hearts of the people of Papua New Guinea.

Yes, the time has come now for a new commitment to these values. In the days when we were struggling with the making of the Papua New Guinea Constitution, we were groaning for a new birth, and that birth did come about. During those days of our struggle, as our brothers and sisters have been describing, there was much hope, and a lot of discussion by men like Rabi Namaliu, Stephen Pokawin, Leo Hannett, John Kaputin, John Momis, Gabriel Gris, and many more. But as the exciting days of Independence and the glowing lights after independence began to disappear, we also saw the disappearance of that hope, the lights and the dreams. With the hopes fading into the background, clouds of despair, frustration and tension, increased.

Now ten years since the enactment of the Constitution, we can discern the Constitution in full practice, and to a large extent we can say it is being made to work, perhaps nominally! For example, the Somare Government was replaced by Mr Wingti and Company peacefully, so it must be working!

A serious question is whether the spirit of the preamble to the Constitution is being realised? Have our people caught the vision, the dream? Perhaps! Was it a vision at all, or just unnecessary meanderings, the useless writings of stupid men? Were the dreams for equality and justice empty rhetoric? Will they be made to become mere rhetoric?

MY VISION: A MANIFESTO OF ETHICS IN DEVELOPMENT.

I come now to my own manifesto on the do's and don't for the ethics in development.

Thou shalt not dominate but oversee.

Thou shalt not corrupt self or others but ennoble self and others.

Thou shalt not exploit, but nourish and divinise.

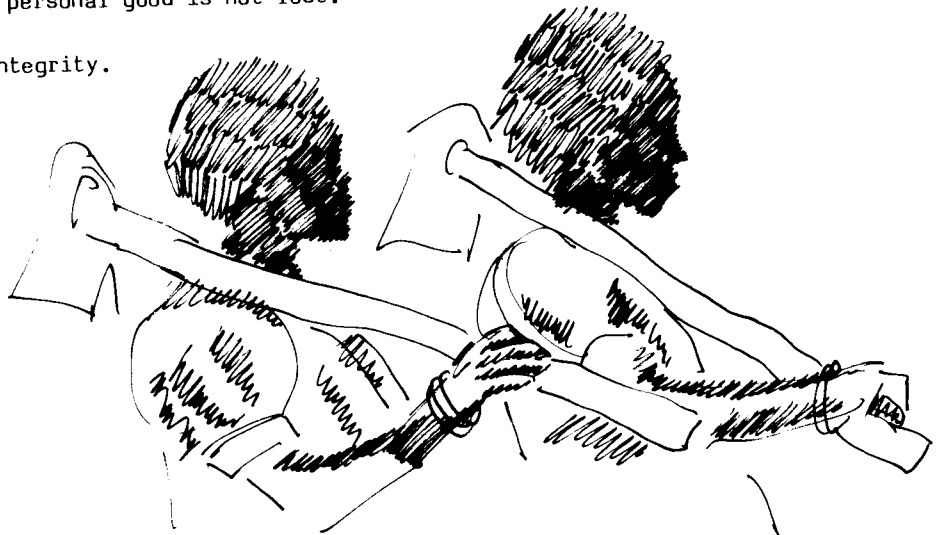
Thou shalt not be selfish but generous.

Thou shalt not be voiceless when your voice is called for; or actionless when action is called for.

Thou shalt identify with the least and not oppress opponents, save to correct a wrong.
 Thou shalt work hard and not shun responsibility. Some people do not want to be leaders.
 Do your share of what is boring.
 Thou shalt treat your opponent with the utmost respect and not with contempt.
 Thou shalt love and not hate; forgive and not avenge.

...AND FOR DEVELOPMENT

Promote a balanced development.
 Promote the maximum involvement of the maximum number of people.
 Support genuine leadership.
 Avoid narrow ideological polarisation.
 Seek out optimal living standards.
 Train trainers and leaders.
 Promote unity of values.
 Discourage divisions based on geography, politics and religion.
 Posses a clear vision of what the good life is.
 Control technology.
 Promote community good where personal good is not lost.
 Promote personal and group integrity.
 Speak with honesty.
 Speak not from the back.



SPEAKING FROM THE GRASSROOTS

Powes Parkop

"WE WANT SOCIALISM!" heralded a placard message that confronted the Prime Minister Mr. Paias Wingti on his recent outing to Telefomin in the West Sepik Province. It was in fact in the remote village of Tifalmin that the Prime Minister and his entourage encountered this message. Bearing the placard was a youth of no more than eleven years of age.

Though this gesture was as remote as the Tifalmin locality, and the fact that such a message was made should make one pause to consider the message; can we or should we have socialism!.

It is an accepted fact that within some circles in this country this line of thought has been thrown around, analysed and advocated. Though these voices have not been as explicit as that of the Tifalmin youth, the writing is on the wall: the present political economic system is in crisis. It is not meeting the needs of the majority of our people and the aspirations of the country.

After 100 years of capitalism and Westminster democracy, can our country depart from this 'traditional' system towards a Socialist system? Can we achieve the egalitarian and peaceful society we envisaged at Independence under the present system or are there any other alternatives? Let us analyse the case for socialism.

Before proceeding to analyse the case for socialism one must analyse the present system, its achievements and short-comings and compare it with socialism. At the same time, the cultural geographical and social structure must be taken into consideration. It must be remembered that although socialism is an international concept, it cannot be adopted or applied in its pure scientific form. That is to say, it can not be applied according to the blueprint of the likes of Marx, Lenin, Mao Tse Tung, Castro or Nyerere. In the final analysis, it would be a question of which system is best suited to our country, taking into account the cultural, geographical and the socio-political situation and nature of the particular country.

IS THE PRESENT POLITICAL SYSTEM DEMOCRATIC?

Accepting the fact that it was the capitalist countries that carved up the world into colonies in their desire to obtain raw materials and markets for their finished products due to the Industrial Revolution in Europe, it was by no accident that we adopted a Westminster style democracy and a capitalist economic system. The metropolitan powers that colonised us were themselves Capitalist countries. Our political system of Parliamentary Democracy which was adopted from the the Australian colonial system is modelled on the British Westminster system.

Under the present political system, the people express their political will every four years by electing our 109 representatives to parliament. The representation here is based only on the colonial created provincial and district political boundaries. Thus the only political unit recognised here is the broad-based provincial and district unit. Within these broad-based political units are other political units that are not recognised, in the sense that they are not politically represented by their own accord.

When electing these 109, we are assuming that these representatives represent all our interests, be they political, economic, social, cultural or otherwise. This is due to the fact that these representatives are expected to be and will be legislating and making decisions that will affect

and concern the social, political, economical, cultural well being of the people, the voters. During these entire five years the people are also said to have given their mandate to these representatives to make these decisions for them. The people, within, these five years have no control over their 'supposed' representatives. These representatives have no legal obligation to come to their voters to get their views.

Decisions made by these representatives are based on their own conceptions or from advice received from public servants who are themselves not very representative or well vetted on most of these matters. Most of these advisors are usually 'wantoks' of the particular representative and are often not qualified on the issues in question. Given the above scenario, can we honestly say that the parliamentary style democracy that we have adopted is democratic and the best system for us?

In assessing whether the present system is democratic or otherwise, we have to assess the scope or the extent by which the people participate in the political and decision making process. After all, democracy is all about the rule and the power of the people. Using this as the test, one could hardly say that the present parliamentary style of democracy is indeed a democratic system. The people hardly participate in the political and decision making process. They only exercise their limited control in the political process in every fifth year by indicating their 'choice' in a ballot paper. In the final analysis, the claim that the government created under the present system is a 'Government for the people' and by the people is an illusion. It is in fact a mockery of the people.

The present system is operating at the expense of the people. Decisions are made in isolation resulting in many government decisions being made without much public debate and discussions. The end result is that most of these decisions do not represent the views and interest of the broad masses but those of a few who are in position of power and knowledge and thus, able to capitalise on this advantage. Since the people are not involved in the political and governing process of the country, the government and the present political mechanism can not be said to be serving the interest of the people.

Whose interest, then, is the present political system serving and who is benefiting from the system? To answer this we have to look at the economic system and analyse the control of the economic sector. This is because whoever controls the economic sector controls the political apparatus since it is from the economic sector that the state derives its revenue in order to provide government services and maintain state institutions.

IS FREE ENTERPRISE FREE?

Our economic system today is based on the 'laissez-faire' system, again having its origin in the Western capitalist countries. Colonialism was in fact the process by which our country was integrated into the western capitalist system, since colonialism itself was an exercise of economic domination by a few rather than a process of social development for the 'many'. It is by accident of history and not by choice that these colonial powers are now assuming to assist us in our social progress today.

Under the present capitalist system, everyone is assumed to be free and given the same opportunity to set up and enter into any business venture he or she is capable of. Everyone, in this sense is free to compete with each other in the pursuit of Capital and the maximisation of profits to raise the standard of living. Thus the economy is in the control of private individuals and bodies and not the state. The state in turn levies the profits of these private bodies from which it uses the money to provide social services like health, education, housing

etc. These services, however, are not free. Individuals have to meet the cost of these services personally.

Those who are not directly involved in the ownership of the means of production from which they make profits, instead made their living by selling their labour or knowledge for wages. If one is not involved in such a process then one must be forced to sell whatever is available in order to gain profit or earn a wage. This could and does now includes the possibility of selling one's body and the utilisation of ones natural ability to survive and steal.

Under the pretext of free-enterprise, well established foreign firms and multi-national companies have come to invest so much in the economy that they are now controlling the economic sector. In fact 80 percent of the economy is controlled if not owned by foreigners. Some of these foreign companies have become so powerful that they are beginning to control the economy on their own. If this trend continues is, the economy will come to a stage where it is monopolised by a few very powerful companies. In the process, the economy will no longer be free, thereby defeating the very notion of 'free enterprise'.

Given the fact that the state relies on these enterprises for most of its revenue, the state will have to provide an atmosphere where these enterprises have to make profits. This is a very sensitive area and if the relationship is not handled properly, the state will in the process tend to serve the interest of the economic sector rather than the public sector which it is supposed to serve. Given the dependent and 'stunted' nature of our economy and the reliance on foreign companies, aid, investment, technology, personnel etc, the state is now beginning to serve the interest of these minorities rather than the majority. The recent state of emergency and the move to impose commercial television are testimonies of this situation.

Under the present political system the following have become common feature:

1. Unemployment - due to their demands and desire to maximise their profits, the private sector cannot provide employment for all. More employees would mean more wages and therefore less profits. This is also aggravated by the fact that most of the foreign investment coming into the country is of a capital intensive nature and therefore can not be able to meet the labour market needs of the country. Taking advantage of this surplus in the labour market, the private sector is able to hire the present labour force at very minimum cost to them.
2. Unequal distribution of wealth and opportunity. Due to the control of the economy by the few, the fruits of collective labour are only enjoyed by a few while the majority are paid mere pittance. The profits remain with the individual employer who is able to use it to acquire more profits and to gain more material wealth. Most of these profits are shifted out of the country due to the large foreign involvement in the country's economy.

With these profits, these few are able to send their children to private schools and even overseas schools while those who strive to make these profits have to sweat to meet the fees of their children in public schools. The country is therefore disadvantaged because it could not utilise its full labour and intellectual potential. A potential professor or doctor may exist in Sabana or Morata but the country may not be able to utilise his or her resource owing to the fact that the parents are not able to meet the school fees.

3. Crime and disorder. Unemployment and unequal distribution of wealth breeds discontent and therefore break down of law and order and respect of society. These problems all arise because of the capitalistic nature of the economy. Not even the staunchest defender of capitalism can deny this. These problems definitely do not arise accidentally or for individual reasons. The fact is that the basic decisions in our society, the really vital questions that affect our lives, are made by a minority to suit their interests - these are the foreigners and the small PNG population who control the economy. The state does not make the decisions because it is not in control of the country.
4. Instability - Because of the nature of the political system, there is continuous struggle for political mileage and power. Political parties, leaders, parliamentarians etc are therefore continuously out to destroy each other instead of constructively assisting the leadership to formulate better policies and leadership for the collective welfare of the people. There is too much destructive criticism and not enough that is constructive. The end result is that the entire country loses out due to this continuous political infighting and greed for power.
5. Inconsistency and improper planning - Due to the instability in the political system and therefore the leadership, there is continuous inconsistency and improper planning. This is also brought about by the fact the membership of the governing and political apparatus itself is inconsistent. In order for the parliamentarians to secure their re-election after five years they have to provide something to their voters within that five years. As a result, the current leadership, the parliamentarians and the entire political system can only plan for five years since their re-election and attainment of power is not guaranteed. This problem is a chronic one for PNG owing to continuous changes in political affiliation and therefore political leadership. The country today can not have long term planning due to these inconsistencies and instability and therefore cannot address the long standing problems confronting the country today.

In the final analysis, even though some of our present leaders may be genuine in their task to help the people, the capitalist free-enterprise economic system can not allow them to provide the leadership, policies and actions that would meet the collective demands of the popular masses. Capitalism, by its nature is based on the "profit motive" and therefore can not address the social demands of society adequately. In the process, the leaders have a hard task in attending to the needs of the people whilst having to satisfy the demands of the private sector. Today, the State can not adequately provide social services for the majority of the people because it does not control the economic section.

The economic system has propelled the people on a race for capital and material wealth that the country can afford today. The economic system promises the good life by assuming that more profits and capital is the answer to our problems. Today people have become blinded by this desire for capital and material wealth that the system is supposedly offering society that there is an abundance of capital and material wealth just waiting for us. This is a 'cargo cultist mentality'. This assumption will be disproved when our unemployment multiplies, crime multiplies and the controllers of the economic sector enhance their hold on the wealth and profit of the nation. Anarchy seems not a remote possibility anymore.

Power to the people?
Rhetoric accorded
and reality denied
at two levels ..

In the still darkness of a rural settlement
wide, expensive roads
by-passing families
huddled by lights
of basic lamps

Between grand buildings
grander lifestyles of
development agents
technicians
educators
researchers
managers
and a missionary
Under bright lights

Lights burning
night after night
to the 'security' edges
of 'their' stations
which separate
settlers
the subjects of development

And in those houses
Where they meet
through nightly spins
in government toyotas
watching video
powered by fuel
provided for village development
sipping wine
smoking cigars
all silently assent
That development ... after all
is easier
with people kept in the dark

Sabet.



WOMEN AND POLITICS IN PAPUA NEW GUINEA RESEMBLANCE OR REPRESENTATION ?

By: Orovu Vitaharo.

After a decade or so of its existence, it is evident that the national goal of 'equal participation by women citizens in political economic, social and religious activities is far from being achieved. It is, in the words of the editors of the 1982 Waigani Seminar Papers, in the realm of rhetoric rather than a reality'.

In this short article, I would like to discuss the theme 'women and politics in PNG' in relation to a recently organized seminar workshop held at the University of Papua New Guinea. It is not my intention to judge the merits or otherwise of the meeting but rather to create an awareness of certain important issues that arise from the meeting.

What is addressed here are the concepts of resemblance and representation, and their relevance to the seminar.

WOMEN AND POLITICS SEMINAR WORKSHOP

The Seminar was held on 18th to 20th July, 1986. The theme of the Seminar was 'Women's development and the 1987 National Election'. It was organised so as to "provide an opportunity for interested women leaders to talk about a greater participation of women in the 1987 Elections, with the aim of increasing the number of women member in the National Parliament." Several major political parties, more precisely their 'spokesmen', were also invited to take this opportunity to spell out their policies on women.

The objectives of the Seminar were stated as:

1. To create political awareness amongst women leaders and mobilize women in general for the greater participation of women in politics,
2. To create a women's working committee to assist women candidates in 1987, and
3. To seek and establish funding assistance to women Candidates.

The objectives of the Workshop included;

1. Formation of a working committee on women in politics and
2. The establishment of funding assistance to women interested in politics.

The outcome of the Seminar workshop was the creation of the working committee envisaged above, given the name 'Women in Politics' (WIP). The brief outline of the Seminar workshop suggests there has been a genuine effort on the part of the organizing committee to get 'women's power' off the ground; and it is understood that, a second session of this seminar is forth-coming.



RESEMBLANCE OR REPRESENTATION?

Any informed person in PNG would certainly agree with, and support, the theme of the Seminar. However, just as there are optimists, we also have pessimists.

There are some people who are pessimistic about WIP, perhaps because these people would like to retain their monopoly of leadership status and do not wish there to be rivalries between the up and coming young women leaders. However, not all of these 'pessimists' are leaders but just ordinary PNG'ns in villages, housewives, students, etc. What exactly is their concern?

I believe their concern has to do with the very question of 'representativeness' of women who may enter politics. Exactly whose interests would these women politicians be representing?

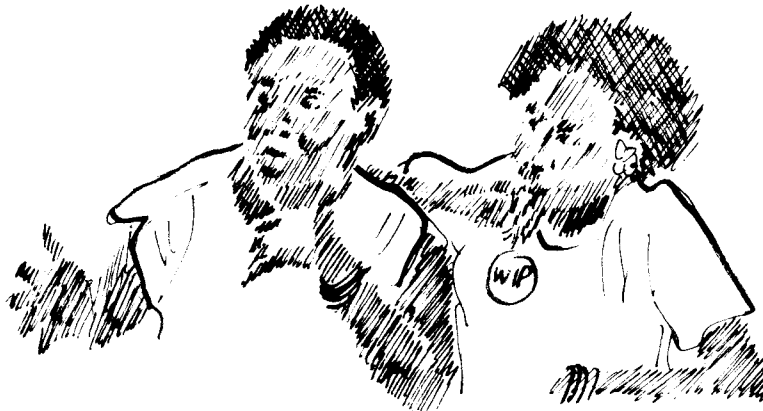
The theme of the Seminar seems to emphasize the numerical increase of women in Parliament but is that all important for all women in PNG? Is this the most feasible means to a greater participation of women in politics? The underlying assumption seems to be that having more women in Parliament would ensure more thought, more consideration and the articulation of women's interests.

One very important point which seems to be missed is that resemblance does not necessarily guarantee representation. In real political life it is not so easy to turn election promises into worthwhile actions, or even to uphold them. Political tides do change and so do the interests of the actors. The order of the day is that private interests predominate over the public interest. The interests of the elites (whether politicians or bureaucrats) are not the same as those of the rural majority.

TOWARDS A SOLUTION

Because of the clear difference in outlook between the urban politicians and the village based majority, it may be well worth the effort to mobilize women to engage in politics in the rural areas, rather than to impose on them ideas which are urban oriented. Another issue raised by the workshop seminar was that of splits between various women's organisations. Women need to avoid feelings of competition between older, established and new women's organizations through concentration of resources (time, effort and finance) in achieving the objectives of established or existing women's organisations such as the Churches or the National Council of Women (NCW).

No doubt the physical presence of women in Parliament and in greater numbers would be a great achievement for women in PNG, but let us not be too optimistic about it. We cannot be overly optimistic that the strategy adopted at the Seminar is likely to improve the status of women. Other strategies need to be adopted as well. Furthermore, the task may become even more difficult, as after getting more women elected into Parliament the next step would be to make them actually represent women's interests.



Come on, just one more beer
 Let's go to the flicks
 No, to Disco
 No, to Haus Meri!

Come, just one vote for me
 On to Party Convention
 No, to Party Function
 No, to Haus Meri

Come celebrate our win
 Let's to the lobby room
 No, to Parliament House
 No, to Haus Meri.

Come now, we are Government
 Lets play super politics
 With two kina girls
 In the tall kunai grass

PNG Politics is going between
 Two kina legs.

Nicholas Umba Tagai

LET THE WOMEN BE

In the Markham Valley gliding effortlessly
 Above the smoke of a bush fire
 An eagle casts a fearsome shadow
 O'er fleeing small game.

From the land where the air is thin
 I come riding the wings of the Miok
 With childish glee I have flown before
 But this time in fear with a loved one
 Sipping orange was short-lived
 Like Dendrobium Engae in full blossom.

I go where P.R. men walk the streets
 The smile from the hostess comforts
 But is it a smile from a lady trained to smile
 Concealing the terror lived by Moresby women?

In Australia, dingoes attack in numbers,
 In biblical Egypt the locusts destroy in swarm
 South American piranha infest brown rivers
 In Africa the hyena hunt in packs.

Ah, to Port Moresby where vicious packs
 Force animal desires on mute women
 Think then

At the base of a mountain digging kaukau
 In a canoe, catching fish
 On the seashore, collecting shells,
 In a stilt-built house, chewing buai,
 A rapist's sister lives free

Do not enslave our young women
 Behind locked doors



AN OLD PHOTOGRAPH

Returning from what seemed like death,
Journeying quietly and contemplatively,
Each pace taken with cautious inspection,
leaving not a solitary sign in the sand,
For death walks on invisible carpets.

Reaching the original destination
Shocked and unprepared,
Ruled by forgetfulness and oblivion,
The past retells another story.
The person or place is meagre.

Like the wind we blow forth,
The victims of our own destruction,
Mourn in an endless age.
and call ourselves dreamers.
In a distant thought
We dream of reconstructing a forgotten face.
A frame of reminiscence moulds.

Steven Edmund Winduo

TODAY'S HERO

Today's hero is a tourist brochure
dazzling features captured in full
beckoning beauty in clearest exposure
expensive taste with an eye to fool

His salesman's tongue plays sweet music to us
bulldging kinas by our endorsement
of this man who lacks the endowments
of real men of high status

In white wealth is his stardom
Supreme he struts before all
Yet in Melanesia's eyes he seldom
can hide the lies that tell all

Melanesia has known true man
of bold spirit; virtuous, wise and able;
not these simpering fools who demean
themselves for scraps from white tables.
Sadly those true men quietly depart,
leaving brazen-eyed children whose duty it is
to find a way unlike the past
when real men ruled the roost.

Jacob K. Harry



THUNDERS FROM THE MOUNTAINS: MAU MAU PATRIOTIC SONGS

By: Joseph Sukwianomb

The area now called the 'white highlands' of the Central Kenya was once a bloodbath when Kikuyu nationalists battled against imperialist Britain from 1952 to 1958. The Kikuyu instigated war was actually fought by the Mau Mau guerillas against British tyranny over the indigenous people of Kenya. It was an uprising by the people who suffered humiliation, oppression and exploitation. Much of the fertile land belonging to the Kikuyu people had been expropriated by the small number of settler community in Kenya. The people of Kenya, like the oppressed people everywhere suffered humiliation through transplanted alien institutions like Christian Churches, the transplanted Western education system and slavery such as infamous forced labour. According to the author of *Thunders from the Mountains*, time was ripe for action by the African population over what he believe was the darkest period of our history...the period of foreign domination, unbearable colonial exploitation, the calculated massacre of the Kenyan people, and systematic destruction of our culture' (p.1). Rebellion was inevitable.

In addition to these physical hardships experienced by the people, there was an inspirational realisation by the African soldiers and carrier corps who helped the British and the Allied forces in their campaign in the Middle East and Burma. The returnees could not understand why a small group of white settlers owned all the land that were alienated from the Africans. To make matters worse the Africans could not stomach the fact that they had greatly contributed to the success of the British led war. And now they were returning home to become permanent labourers and squatters in farms and cattle ranches owned and operated by foreigners.

This historian has taken trouble to collect and translate a number of works which are hybrids of religious, tribal and contemporary folk songs. He has appreciated that more needs to be done to find out why and how Mau Mau as a peoples' movement was supported by thousands of peasants and workers. The author sees the songs as the sources of '...information, a kind of archive, on the Mau Mau Movement...'

But for the fighter on the battlefield what actually did the songs mean to him? The author has this to say;

Specifically the songs eulogise the heroism of the Mau Mau guerrillas and sing praises of those who distinguished themselves in destroying the enemy forces and those others who made ultimate sacrifice by hurling themselves into the cannon fire rather than fall into the hands of imperialist hordes. They speak of mountains, valleys, forests, rivers and plains of village, towns and street which were drenched in the blood of those gallant patriots who courageously laid down their lives for the liberation of their country.

From the written evidence which is at hand it seems safe to suggest that Kenyan academics in recent years have been engaged in 'ivory tower' wars of words over the question of whether Mau Mau was in fact a nationalist war. It is true that there were no serious representations from the other Kenyan national communities. There are certain truths in that sort of criticism, because it was largely the people of Central Province whose land and lives were endangered and therefore had to take up arms to fight the oppressors. The other tribes of Kenya such as the Akamba, Luhya, Kalenjin and Luo were not very much affected, at least not as much as the Kikuyus were. Some claim that the Kikuyu tribalists whose land and lives were affected started

the movement against British occupiers. Whether the movement was tribalist or nationalist is a question that need not be discussed here.

Whichever way the argument goes remains to be seen. But the task of establishing the direction and the interpretation of the place of Mau Mau in Kenya national history will be incomplete if those individuals who actually faced the foreign forces have not told their part of the story. Many young men and women have given their support to the Mau Mau struggle. Few are occupying high places in Kenya's social and political echelons but many of the Mau Mau recruits are residing in the reserves or beggars in cities and towns. They are among the major sources of data.

Some of the Africans who were engaged in the Mau Mau army have written or have told others to write about their role in the struggle. Others have not, and before it is too late, now is the time to collect, translate and preserve the oral history of the Mau Mau which involved several thousand native Africans from Kikuyu, Embu and Meru tribes of Central Kenya.

The British on the other hand, engaged over ten thousand soldiers and twenty-one thousand policemen. The latter group were mainly Africans brought from Tanzania and Uganda. To my knowledge very little has been said about the war against the Mau Mau forces by these alien men fighting for the British throne against the Africans. It is hoped that one day they will tell their side of the Mau Mau war; why they were fighting in Kenya.

One method of reassessing Mau Mau history is through the use of oral narratives. **Thunders from the Mountains** is one such undertaking. Maina wa Kinyatti collected and translated a total of one hundred and two Mau Mau Patriotic songs. These songs are then chronologically reproduced. These are grouped into three main sections. The first section is entitled 'Mobilization Songs' which describes the events of the period before the October 20, 1952. It was on this date that the British government declared war on the Mau Mau. The second section is entitled 'Detention Songs'. The songs in this section highlight the involvement and sufferings of the Mau Mau men and women, many of whom were in the course of the war brutally attacked or punished. The last section of the book comprises songs which were composed to praise and glorify the movement itself, the heroes and heroines of the movement, and the great support that the guerrillas received from the peasant communities. The songs for this section are conveniently put under the heading: **The Guerrilla Songs**.

Let us just show one example, from **"The Home Guards Destroyed our Homes"**

I left home,
Promising my parents and friends that
I was going to the forest
To fight for the land
And freedom for African people

Chorus

Follow the young man
And to remember
This soil is ours

The hero you see
With a gap between the teeth
Is called Ndungu wa Gaceru
He shoots down enemy's warplanes
When they come to harass itungati in Nyandarwa

The songs composed and sung tried to articulate the unique and relevant events and actions of people at war with an alien army. But these songs did more than just keeping the fighters in the bush contented. There are other stronger reasons. One of these is that the songs helped to strengthen the cause for the rebellion. They portrayed the inner spirit of the people, explained and appealed to their support. The songs also served as outlets for expressing feelings of pain and pleasure of the many devoted Mau Mau men and women fighting from bushes and under the cover of darkness. In short the songs helped significantly in promoting the ideological dimension of a people's struggle.

The author in his short introductory chapter tries to explain to the readers why there is a need to address the themes of the Mau Mau Patriotic Songs. As a historian wa Kinyatti sees that one of his roles is that of relating a war of the people to the younger generation of Kenyans.

The lesson for us in Papua New Guinea is simple and clear. Our history is as old as the duration of our existence on this land. We may find time to appreciate what foreigners have written about our country and its people. But let it be reiterated here that a largely selective foreign written history must not be the ultimate history of the people. For this is only a partial or biased documentation of one race or people seen by outsiders.

The authentic history of the people is with the people themselves. We would urge the educated section of the people of this country to be pen-wielding revolutionaries. There is a need to collect, analyse and store people's history now before it is too late. History will be incomplete if PNG's literate society is contented with history in books written by foreigners.

In East Africa they have started this task some few years back and the results are very pleasing. This is witnessed by **Thunders From the Mountains**. We can adopt the same approach in Papua New Guinea.



A REFLECTION ON THE POWER OF SONG

We are impressed by the special, subtle power of song. For while a song may appear to be very simple, it can have special powers. We have worked with song because it brings life to development training workshops, joy to the daily grind of subsistence production and determination to the women who struggle to take charge of their own lives.

We first started songwriting with school teachers who were being trained to break out of the boundaries of formal education and to bring development information and education to their own people. The initial inspirations were stifled somewhat by the tendency to work with very 'European' school tunes that would fit easily back into the formal situation. But even at this time, with these limitations, we found that this format for messages is very popular and fast-spreading for songs are learnt quickly and very easily fixed in the 'consciousness'.

When we use songs for communications in women's work, or in settings involving the whole community we found that they were taken up in very creative, innovative and provocative ways.

Strong songs about decisions in development which are provocative and to the point might make some people ashamed, but they rarely make them angry. Songs can make us very happy. Together in the singing of challenging lines we can become unusually courageous and outspoken. Creating a song is a chance to put into bold and tuneful form a warning, an (otherwise) depressing development concern or a simple, straightforward but important facts like "our (indigenous) good is better" or "our forest is sacred and finite."

Serious messages can be captured and communicated in song and become at once cheerful and challenging. With indigenous/traditional/folk music and expressive language and lyrics, songs can be learnt at 'lightning speed' and shared among all sectors, sexes and ages of rural communities.

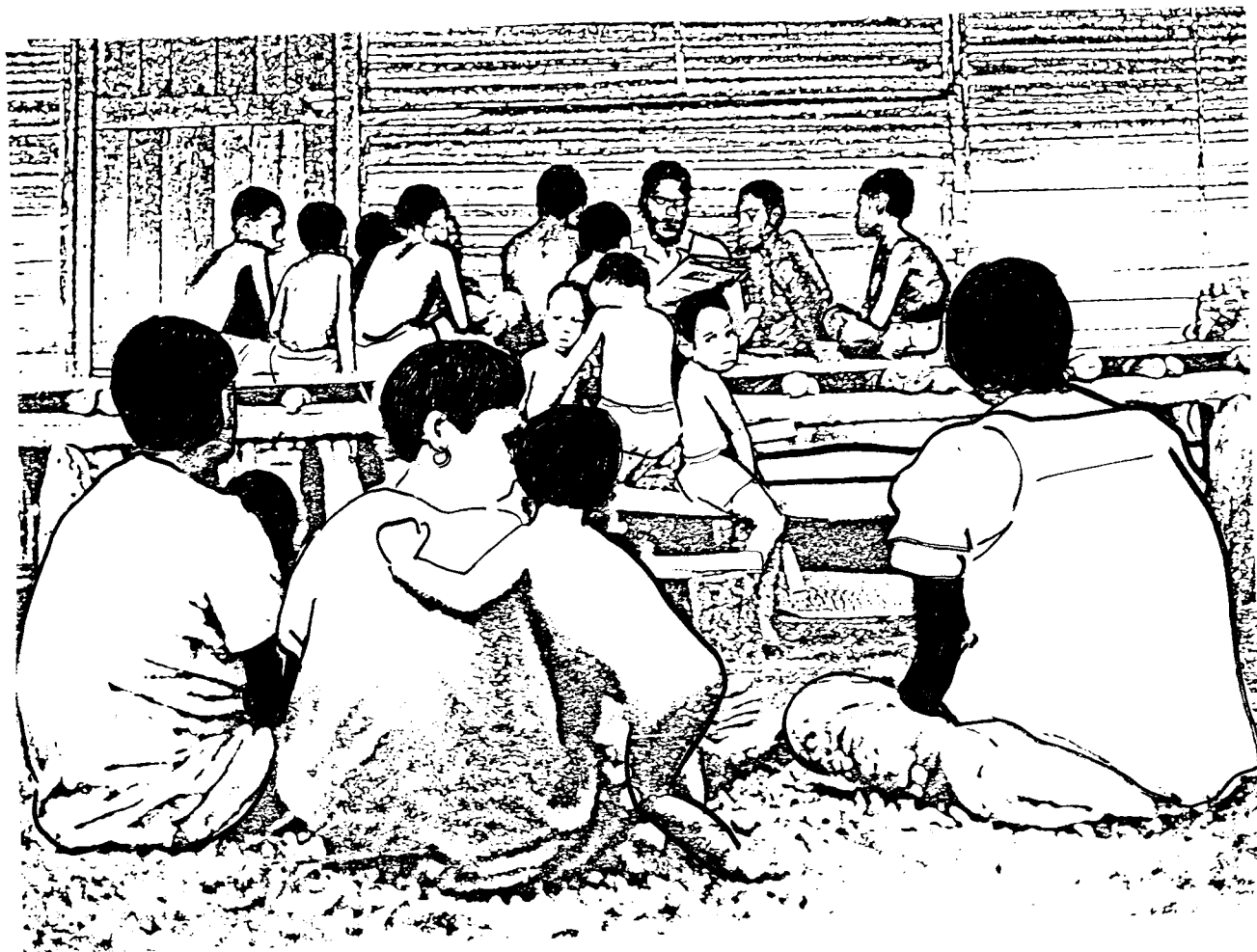
As an 'anthem' or a 'theme' a song can help us to set our goals and determine to overcome obstacles what we or others set before ourselves. Songs can remind us to work cooperatively and to discipline ourselves against damaging talk against each other. Songs can thus define, declare and develop our principles for cooperative community work and continuous development campaigns.

Anyone can make a song. It does not have to be written or recorded on paper. By listening one learns and therefore one does not have to be literate to join in or to create songs. In the Sepik area of Papua New Guinea, thousands of rural people - women ... children, youth and elders have performed and passed on songs about 'development' - about farming, food, forest, women and children's rights and youth's responsibilities.

These songs are not big and universal in their themes and for this reason it is sometimes hard for outsiders to appreciate their significance. When you sing development songs with people you stand with them and you support their statements. You demonstrate that you can relax and really be happy with them. This is sometimes very hard for those who have more formal approach to educational or an elitist distance from the clients of their development efforts.

Songs are made by the singers to be sung with others to confront problems in the home (eg. drunken fathers, gambling mothers, hungry children etc;) or in the field (where male extensionists invoking patriarchal tradition, may claim that they cannot talk or work with women - while actually they might happily and publicly exploit their power over the naive sexual vulnerability of young girls from poor farming families!)

Development songs come from the people and can spread like our annual grassfires---extending the fire which is consciousness. For surely you cannot reprimand a man or woman for singing? Once a popular development song has been passed on and out over a whole province, it can only be shared, not stolen. You cannot silence children who sing at the top of their voices about food imperialism and overwhelming multinationals all the way to school, within the classrooms, compounds, playing fields, and all the way home again. No one can prevent the young and the old at home in the villages from picking up these songs. One cannot surrender a song to disapproving authorities. They cannot confiscate a song then burn or destroy what is alive in the spirit and buried in the consciousness of the people. Songs are simple, subtle, but super powerful. They overcome the boundaries and limits of literacy and enable everyone to learn, and in turn to teach.



DOING OUR OWN DEVELOPMENT DOCUMENTATION

There is appearing on the world market a mass of material, case studies and complicated analyses of 'women and development' - principles and practice.

There is a lot of personal power, prestige and credit to be gained from publishing or presenting such manuscripts and material to international audiences and consumers of development documentation and dossiers.

As this practice proceeds and gains popularity there is less and less chance to 'prove' the validity of apparently scholarly documents. The products of consultants and development academics can rarely be seen by the 'subjects' of study, of observation-the people at the very base of theorizing and generalizing about this very new field of development study.

Not only do academics who document on 'women and development' often not share their 'insights' with women at the base but they can also clearly rise in name and fame by writing about ideas and initiatives which may have partly derived from another development planner or practitioner but which become only practical and real when described in practice at a very personal (not academic) level. In this process it's easy to forget that development and development programmes depend on people and that if they work-and work well-there is much more than the plan and the planners to thank. Programmes depend on the personalities and styles of participation and the performance of some particular individuals. There is a great need to let our documents of 'women in development' deal with these elements and give credit where credit is due. There is a need to record and document directly the women's own statements on what they do and experience in the name of development. Popular development programmes which work and which grow thrive not so much on the basis of 'brilliant' plans and their permutations as they do on the often accidental or incidental popular products and promotional styles of the people involved.

In our work we have produced many development products - papers, posters, pamphlets, booklets, popular song recordings which have been taken up and published by other development programmes and agencies who have identified their usefulness as aids and stimulants in rural education and extension.

However when simple publishing, popular recordings and official publications arise out of this work - the efforts energies and expertise of the 'grass root' women behind these programmes and the time they spent to produce these development product tend to disappear as their work is captured by clever writers and consultants. They then loose control over the production and distribution of their own material.

In the East Sepik we want to work with our own experiences. We want to control the material which we have developed, which we still deal with in our day-to-day programmes, and which we believe will be of value to women's workers and leaders in other places who have begun or are well into the same programmes and the same processes of organizing their rights and rationalising their role in and contribution to development.

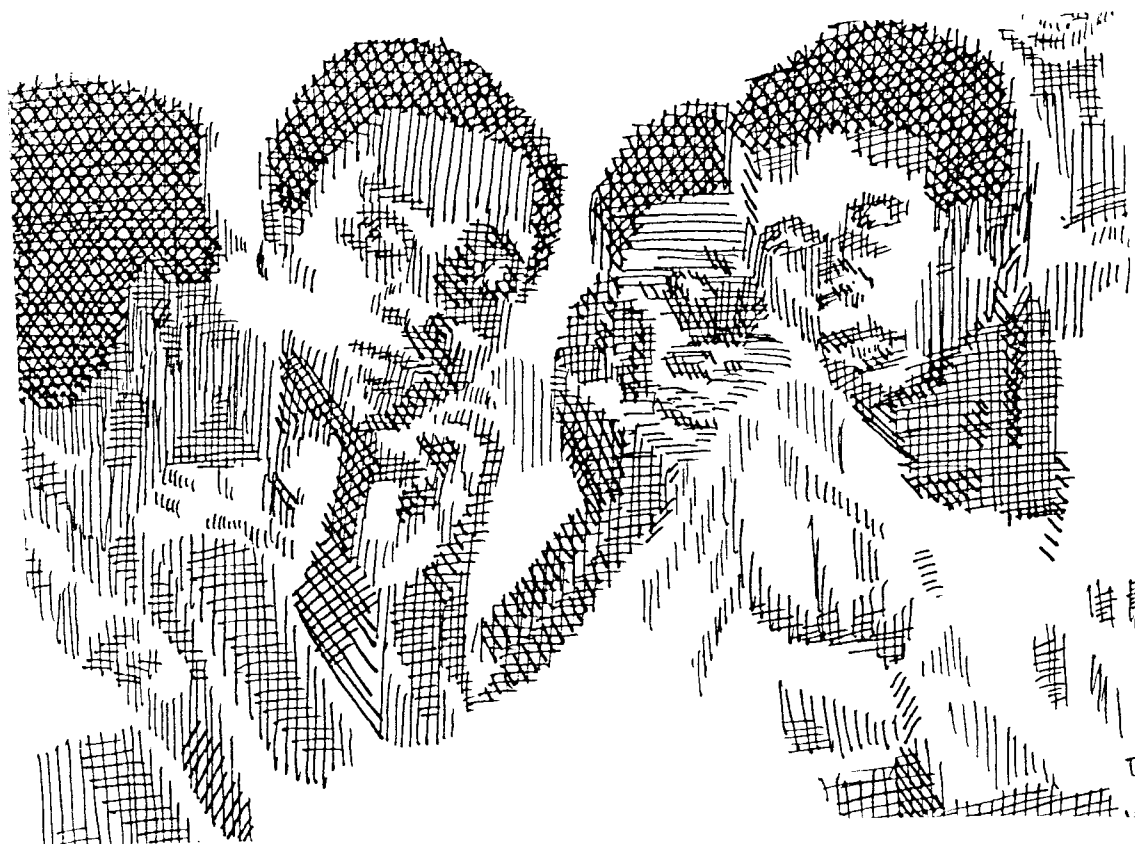
We intend to produce workbooks handbooks, songbooks and posters on-the-spot and during our workshops so that the women participating can take these aids home and take on the role of teacher/innovator/extensionist in their own community.

Some of these products may be further refined and developed and made available for wider distribution, eg. songs recorded in professional studios but reproduced and 'packaged' and distributed by our own women. Posters, leaflets and a newsletter can also be produced. Where

these products are particularly successful, popular and in demand, then negotiations could be made between the women and large scale printers. Maybe even then women would need to control distribution because previous experience with development agencies willing to handle these products has shown their distribution systems seem to be inadequate to reach across to other grass roots organizations.

We also want to encourage local resource people and researchers to use our service and to allow their materials to be prepared through us and translated where appropriate for local readership or into information for local radio programmes. But more importantly, we want our women to record, transcribe, translate and print their own statements on their own experiences in their different development and education efforts. We have begun this process and we believe that the results are very frank and faithful accounts of what it is to be a rural PNG women in this "women and development" business.

THE EAST SEPIK WOMEN'S DEVELOPMENT COMMUNICATION AND DOCUMENTATION PROJECT. WEWAK/1985.



Like a motion picture film
The scene unfolds:
Nature in its entirety
Untouched and unblemished
By iron or steel; just total zeal

Wise old men strut around
With flowing bushy beards black
And ancient as the soils they tread
Wisdom flows from every vein, ever artery
They carry no books nor transcriptions;
Just oral traditions

While sag-breasted mothers beat sago
Bare-breasted daughters struggle with yam-bags
Passing their strapping young admirers
Who sit up attentively: the inevitable stir in their loin
Who needs dresses, who needs sleeves; okay with leaves

Young children blissfully amuse each other
Playing husbands and wives for future
Pupus and piglets are their children
With shells and sticks they count their clans and tribes
There are no schools nor formal institution; just tribal intuitions

Everything exists in perfect harmony; a natural stage
I see myself playing a minor role amid stars
I mumble my lines, they voice theirs clearly
They look at ease, confident; I panic with stage-fright
There are no directors nor cameramen; just tribesmen

My entrance is shaky, as I approach centre-stage
All eyes feast upon me, scrutinising me
I tremble; clearly I am not a star
Some-one grabs me from the back, off centre-stage
And I find myself waking and screaming: was only dreaming

Arma de Blacke.



WOMAN ...TO A MAN

A friend said to me once.
You women are so hard to please.
"Not all of us," was my reply.
I felt sorry for him.
His woman of a decade,
left him for another man.
Then another.
He swore to wait for her.
For another decade.

A friend said to me once.
You women are.....
He could not find a better,
word to describe women.
"We are not all that bad,"
I told him.
"I had a man who was hard to please.
Things had to be done his way.
If not he'd sulk and get angry.
If we argued, he felt unloved and unrespected."

A friend once said to me.
He could not understand women.
His woman had packed up and left.
He was at work.
He could not understand why she left.
Loneliness and misery filled his life, but...
He is still waiting for her return.



LOOKING BEYOND THOSE HILLS

(A Review of John Kil's novel: King of the Marbles.)

By: Regis Stella.

This paper looks at the theme of Kil's novel. In fact it's a novella but that in no way detracts from its merits. I want to focus on the theme is because it is a very important one, especially in our rapidly evolving society.

To many Papua New Guinean parents, education is seen the key to tomorrow and a kind of investment (the children being the merchandise in the investment). This notion is not only prevalent among illiterate Papua New Guinean parents but it circumscribes a good cross-section of PNG parents including the educated ones. This conception of education is somewhat fallacious but there are some truths in it. It is time that education is one of the keys to tomorrow but the PNG parent has continuously applied too much weight to the notion of education being an investment. In other words they are leaning more to the materialistic interpretation of education. This is where the predicament arises; the PNG parents have adopted a materialistic view of education.

The realization that this notion would not always be true was not evident until today when a lot of our children are becoming drop-outs. Many with grade ten and even with some university education are unemployed and jobless. This is proving contrary to the conception and mentality of the Papua New Guinean parents of what education really is about.

John Kil's novel which shared the major prize in the 1984 Annual Literature Competition carries the theme of education being a key to tomorrow and an investment: The author lets his characters argue on the issue until the last paragraph when - he reveals his personal view. Kil employs two elements, each antagonising the other. The two can be categorized as materialistic and abstractive, both serving as two pipelines connecting to a common well. These are the game of marbles (materialistic) and school (abstractive). Kil is skilful in his utilization of these elements create the conflict in the story. Children of course do not comprehend the abstract notion of education, whereas marbles is easily comprehended by them. They are involved in the game and it is a source of enjoyment, satisfaction and competition.

"...The whole thing would bring shame to their families and the village. To lose a student meant no money in the future for the family or prestige for the village..."

The above summarizes the central theme of the novel; that education is the key and an investment. We are shown that Papua New Guinean parents view education from a materialistic perspective and not from an academic viewpoint, i.e. getting educated to be a learned man.

From the commencement of the novel we are given lessons in economics by the author, the concepts of exchange, barter and wealth are exposed to the readers surprising. This is not surprising. Being a highlander the author employs everyday analogies from the Highlands.

"...He had with him six sweet potatoes and one and half metre long sugar cane. He charged twenty marbles for everything..." (p.20).

or again

"...One of the village boys lost all his marbles in the game. He took out a twenty toea coin from his belt and bought ten marbles from Thomas..." (p.21).

Apart from the main elements (marbles and school) around which the author weaves his conflict, there are two other elements: the boys equate with the marbles and the fathers with school or education. Playing marbles is a practical experience in which the children are able to participate physically whereas education is something abstract. The ultimate purpose of which is incomprehensible to the children.

Highlands children have a clear concept of wealth because from the earliest age they witness ceremonies involving wealth display e.g. Moka and the exchanges. As much of human learning is by imitation, the children imitate adult transactions in a small way in the game of marbles.

"...It had meant a lot to him when he won lots of marbles in his village. For a man, wealth flows in if people see that they will benefit from him somehow. For a boy with lots of marbles, the marbles brought many things to him. He could buy food with marbles. Other boys would bring money to buy marbles from him. That was a source of income for him, a way of earning money..." (p.21).

The game of marbles can be seen as a synthesis of interconnection concepts. The traditional notion of wealth is exemplified here by the boys playing marbles. The idea of wealth, of competition of earning an income and of selling one's labour to earn money is portrayed through the game. "It was a kind of sickness," this playing marbles.

Kil expresses and exposes one side of the story through the boys playing marbles and not attending school. On the other hand, parents lean more towards the purpose of education (the materialistic advantage). Their children are seen as investments. This is expressed of Thomas' father. We see that the two boys' fathers are very concerned when their sons are expelled by the school's Board of Management. This is shown "when they further pleaded for the committee to review its decision on the two boys' expulsion." Thomas' father subsequently, "offered to pay a fine of twenty kina so that the boys could be reinstated but that offer was turned down." The boys' teacher, Miss Nancy was also concerned but this was from purely an academic viewpoint.

The author takes us down memory lane on a nostalgia trip to the time when Thomas' father worked in the tea plantation to try and earn money to send his children to school. He worked only for one reason, "that was his son." Now three of his sons were educated and were working in town.

"...He foresaw the future. He knew the effect of ever increasing urbanisation and the growing influence of the culture brought by the Western countries. he was not educated but he was wise enough to see that..." (p.29).

The author shows us the boys' fathers being very concerned about them when their mood changes to anger. At the end the author leaves us hanging without any resolution. Thomas is belted very badly by his father. As he is belting him he asks, "Do you want to wash your brothers' pant? Do you want to look after children? You will get nowhere in this world without an education." But Thomas' compassionate mother intervenes;

"...I do not care, if he misses out on his education. The other boys have been taken away to the whiteman's world and I do not think

they will ever return to till this earth. So he will stay with me no matter what you do to us..." (p.32).

Thomas' mother does not care whether her son gets an education or not. There is plenty of land lying idle without anyone tilling it. The closing of the story is very interesting.

"...What does it matter if I do not go to school?

Father thinks I am useless; but who cares what he thinks. I will show him that I am not useless. I can get all the boys to work for me. Yes they will do anything for my lovely marbles. After all I am the King of the marbles.

...His voice grew louder and louder. "I am the King of the Marbles dad! I will show that I am not useless. You hear that dad? I am the King of the Marbles!..." (p.32).

The above passage wraps up the boys' attraction and commitment to the marbles. It is not just the simple game but there is much more to it. The point of view of the author is revealed here too. He is supportive of his protagonist, Thomas. In other words he sides with the boys. Kil seems to imply formal education is not the only key to tomorrow or an investment as many Papua New Guinean parents see it. Going back home to till the land and start business is much more vital.

Kil throughout the story lets his characters debate the common materialistic concept of education by the average PNG parent, that education is an investment. The tug of war is not won by any side until the close of the story when the boy tries to convince his father.

So far "King of the Marbles" has only been published in Bikmaus (Vol II No 3 1985), the literary journal of the Institute of PNG Studies. It deserves a much wider public. Because of its theme, brevity and simplicity of language it would make an ideal school text. It is surprising that it has been ignored by the dept of Education for so long. Hopefully some of the more enterprising local publishers will republish this short novel as an individual text. In the meanwhile we hope Kil hasn't been discouraged from further writing and we look forward to his next novel.



THE WRITER AND POLITICS: SPIRIT AND SUBSTANCE

(A Review of Pramoedya Ananta Toer's Work)

By: Loog Wong

Writers in Papua New Guinea today may be interested to know about the life and struggles of most prominent writer in our neighbouring country, Indonesia.

Indonesian literature is generally considered the most vibrant in Southeast Asia if only because it has the longest tradition of socially conscious poetry and folk plays. In many ways it has also been the best known outside the region thanks to the penchant many writers have shown to get involved in national politics. They thereby attract, consciously or otherwise, international publicity.

Few embody this turbulent yet eminent literary heritage better than Pramoedya Ananta Toer, Indonesia's premier novelist. During the last decade, he has also been the country's best known political detainee (tapol); he was among the 600,000 men and women arrested for communist affiliations following the attempted coup of 1965. His confinement on Buru Island has been yet another experience for Pramoedya to draw upon as he pursued his literary activities.

Born in Blora, on the north coast of East Java, on 6 February 1926, he was rather a poor pupil, taking six years to complete the first three years of primary education. It was this childhood that shaped and influenced the man later in his writings, especially the relationship between him and his mother.

Pramoedya's father was a school teacher working in the nationalist Budi Utomo school system. He married one of his pupils, the daughter of a highly placed Muslim official. After the marriage, he left the teaching service and committed himself to the awakening of his community; towards the end of the 1920's, he organised literary classes, scouting organisations, football clubs and co-operatives and swadesi activities (particularly weaving and shoemaking). These were later closed down by the Dutch and, frustrated, he turned to gambling, an activity strongly proscribed by Islam, and this invariably led to arguments with his wife. Significantly, in the stories of Pramoedya's early childhood, it is his mother who takes him walking and so forth, his father is almost never there.

The influence of his childhood on his later development cannot be underestimated. On the one hand, he writes as though this was a golden age which cannot be repeated. It is a time of great emotional intensity, of strong love, particularly between himself and his mother and the peasant nursemaids who looked after him, of a closeness to the beautiful (even when harsh) changing seasons and landscape of the Javanese countryside, and of a closely knit community. On the other hand, he is clearly aware of the continuous class conflict in Javanese rural society, particularly between the upper class 'priyayi' and the peasant 'abangan' groups. The society was suburban to such an extent that as a child, he did not even know who was living three or four houses away.

After finishing high school, he attended the Radio Trades School in Surabaya, from 1940 to 1941. Unable to join the Dutch home guard as a telegrapher, he returned to Blora. On 3 March 1942, the Japanese passed through Blora, ending over three and half centuries of colonial rule. During the occupation, he worked for the Japanese news-agency, Domei, as a stenographer, leaving shortly before the end of the War. He was in East Java when Independence was announced on 17 August 1945 and went straight back to Jakarta where he soon joined what was to become the core

of the new Indonesian nationalist army. He saw action in West Java several times and in 1947, now a civilian again and head of the publications section of the Voice of Free Indonesia, he was arrested by the Dutch, with incriminating documents on him, and imprisoned until the end of the Revolution in December 1949. Some short stories, a novelette and a novel he wrote while in prison were smuggled out by sympathetic Dutch intellectuals and later published.

A large part of his writings deals with three stages of his life: his childhood, the Japanese Occupation, and the Indonesian Revolution. His attitude to war is very clear - brutal and dehumanising. Although he clearly supports the Nationalists, they were no more highminded than the other indigenous forces - the strong Muslim troops or the Communist brigades. His father died shortly after the Revolution, and an unknown stranger comments at the end of one of his most revered works, 'Bukan Pasar Malam' (No Night Carnival): "Politics killed him ... He fell sick with disappointment, at the way things were after independence. He couldn't stand to see so much confusion. And its consequences. Those who had been generals in the guerilla units, who had taken over before the Dutch came back, led the people and been true fathers to them... as soon as were free, they fought among themselves for power and glory".

The Revolution had failed to bring about the transformation of society he and his father sought. Ironically, many members of the Javanese upper class who had co-operated with the Dutch before the war, moved into top positions in the administration. Pramoedya, on the other hand, lived poorly, running his own literary features agency between 1951 and 1955 and incurring a heavy financial loss. He saw Jakarta as the centre of a still feudal state dependent on overseas capital and local comprador bourgeois, who cared for nothing but their own aggrandisement.

From 1952 on, he wrote a number of essays indicative of a growing interest in social criticism, revealing in it a desire to bring about change. He visited China and on his return in 1956, became more convinced of the role of the writer as an active agent in the building of a new society.

If the after the Revolution, Pramoedya was isolated and alienated from the world around him, concerned and yet ignored, his growing identification with left-wing causes gave him the opportunity to be involved in many important nationalist issues.

He campaigned with Sukarno in an attempt to halt secessionist movements in Sumatra, was active in the People's Cultural Institute (Lembaga Kebudayaan Rakyat, or Lekra), and was head of its Literature Section, attending the first Afro-Asian Writers Conference in Tashkent in 1958.

For his overzealous support of the Chinese he was imprisoned for a month in 1961 and it was during this period of 1959-1965 that he was most involved in politics, lending support to the Sukarno's policy of 'Guided Democracy', land reforms, the campaign against Malaysia and the liberation of West Irian.

His major literary works, during this period, were fairly low-key: a retelling of the Javanese legend of Calon Arang, a history of the Chinese in Indonesia, a biography of the early feminist, Kartini, and various speeches and articles on Indonesian literature and society.

In 1965, the history of Indonesia took a turn and witnessed the ascendancy of Suharto and the military government. Following this change of power, an anti-communist programme was launched, culminating in the deaths of at least half a million communists and sympathisers, with another 750,000 imprisoned - amongst whom was Pramoedya.

Straddling different periods, with his creative initiative, Pramoedya consistently maintained his contemporary significance as a writer. Every turn of history was exploited. Typical was 'The Fugitive' (translated by Harry Aveling), set on the eve of the Japanese surrender in 1945 and centered round three revolutionary friends, one of whom betrays his comrades to the Japanese.

His latest work, Bumi Manusia (now translated by Max Lane as 'This Earth of Mankind'), has been banned and burned in Indonesia - a compelling story of an Indonesian youth caught between cultures modernity and tradition. It is but the first of a quartet. That his latest offering is doing well internationally, especially in Malaysia and the Netherlands, as well as the enthusiastic welcomes within Indonesia itself is proof that the man of Indonesia has returned.

That Pramoedya himself is treated shabbily in his own country is not only shocking but sad. His freedom is illusory. He can vote but cannot run for public office and government departments will not hire him. The biggest barrier, according to him, is the "E.I." imprint on eks-tapol identity cards, which he likens to "a sentence, passed without trial and after upwards of a decade of unpaid, sweated labour", and the weekly meaningless reporting of the authorities.

Pramoedya's dedication to a vision of equal justice, an organic whole community, the importance of education and the "social realisms of life", has, I believe, made him a most celebrated individual internationally. A noted modern Chinese novelist, once remarked that there are two kinds of revolutionaries: activists and artists. In spirit and substance, Pramoedya is clearly the latter.

When thirty years old Pramoedya wrote in an essay entitled 'Letter to a Friend from the Country':

"I grant it is more pleasant to believe that one's country is always in the right. We writers are little more than an underground force, an unofficial opposition. Officially, we are writers, unofficially, we starve. Yet we speak out with everything that is in us, automatically, subscribing to only one morality. Which is why, when we lose, we lose completely. We grow fat and stodgy only by compromise."



**PRAMOEDYA ANATA TOER:
MAJOR WORKS**

- Krandji-Bekasi Kjatuh (The Fall of Krandji-Bekasi), 1947
- Perburuan (The Fugitive), 1950 (English translation, Heinemann 1976)
- Pertjikan Revolusi (Flashes of the Revolution), 1950.
- Keluarga Gerilja (Family of a Guerilla), 1950.
- Subuh (Dawn), 1950.
- Mereka jang Kilumpuhkan (The Crushed), 1950-1.
- Bukan Pasar Malam (No Night Carnival), 1951. (This and several stories from the next title are to be found in 'A Heap of Ashes', University of Queensland Press, 1976)
- Tjerita Dari Blora (Stories from Blora), 1952.
- Gulat di Jakarta (Struggles in Jakarta), 1953.
- Midah Simanis bergigi Emas (Midah, the Gold-toothed Lovely), 1954.
- Korupsi (Corruption), 1954.
- DiTepi Kali Bekasi (Besides the Bekasi River), 1957.
- Tjerita dari Jakarta (Stories from Jakarta), 1956.
- Suatu Peristiwa DiBanten Selatan (An Incident in South Banten), 1957.
- Tjalon Arang (Legends of Calon Arang), 1957.
- Hoa Kiau DiIndonesia (The Chinese in Indonesia), 1960.
- Bumi Manusia (This Earth of Mankind), 1981.
- Anak Semua Bangsa (A Child of All Nations), 1981.
- Jejak Langkah (Footsteps).
- Rumah Kaca (Glasshouse).

THIS EARTH OF MANKIND, PENGUIN, 1982
BUMI MANUSIA

Pramoedya Anata Toer
 (Wira Karya 1981, 354pp.)

The eleven years Pramoedya spent in detention on Buru Island were not washed. Sequestered on that island the writer who is widely considered Indonesia's greatest living novelist, penned this extremely readable and interesting novel. 'Bumi Manusia' is clearly an unquestioned masterpiece and a harbinger of his return to the literary scene after a prolonged absence.

Referring to 'Manusia', a critic writes: "Pramoedya has broken the stalemate in Indonesian literature which had sunk into technical innovation, got entangled in frustration and individual emptiness, isolated itself from current social problems or degenerated into the cheap hedonism of pop". The government of Indonesia, however, disagrees and argues that Pramoedya's latest offering "could incite a class struggle" and, since then, has banned the circulation of this telling piece of work.

But it was the style of the novel rather than its content that really enraptured its critics. Most had expected a heavyweight, in the veins of 'Keluarga Gerilja', the most representative of his early work. What they got instead was a breezy, suspenseful tale. Set at the turn of the century, the 1890s - a period never before touched by the Indonesian literati - 'Manusia' traces the first stirrings of Indonesian nationalism and the influence of humanitarian philosophies on the nascent pribumi (the indigenous) intelligentsia. The first person narrator is Minke, an 18-year-old pribumi youth, who will eventually become the central figure in a quartet of novels of which 'Manusia' is but the first. Centre stage this time, however, is reserved for a Javanese woman, Nyai Ontosoroh; 'Manusia' is essentially her biography.

An illiterate village girl, Nyai is sold by her father to Herman Mellema, a Dutch dairy farmer. "Your mother grew up to become a new personality with a new vision," Nyai tells her daughter, Anne.

"I felt I was no longer the slave girl sold at Iulangan. I felt I had no past. Often I asked myself: Have I become a Dutch woman with a brown skin?".

When Mellema finally leaves Nyai, his concubine, the astute Nyai has acquired the skills of management and thus carries on the management of the dairy farm. She is thus liberated, not only from her Dutch "mountain of flesh" but the Javanese feudal system.

She then meets Minke, another 'superpribumi', who promptly falls in love with her daughter Anne. Minke, who has rejected the lifestyle of his aristocratic Javanese family and obeisance to his Dutch overlords, teams up with Nyai in her bid to retain possession of the farm.

"Stories of pleasant things never attract me," Nyai asserts in the novel. "Those are not stories about man and his life, but about heaven. They do not happen in this world of ours".

And so it turns out that Pramoedya does not contrive a happy ending. Nyai loses the farm and Minke is separated from his beloved Anne. But clearly they live to fight another day - in subsequent volumes of the quartet.

"Rarely does an Indonesian novel succeed in presenting a character description that is so sharp, understandable and manifold," writes a reviewer. This is indeed 'Manusia's forte... Though readers meet Herman Mellema but twice, he leaves a vigorous impression; Nyai Ontosoroh is as

well drawn and credible as Tess in Thomas Hardy's 'Tess of the D'Urbervilles', and Minke grows with every page.

Also impressive is the author's eye for detail: the intricacies of gas lighting, the system of patronage between the Dutch and the Javanese aristocracy "who only know how to crawl and stoop to examine their masters' shoes" (a most apt description that applies even today, especially in a lot of the neo-colonial states of the present). I look and await eagerly the follow-ups to this gripping novel: 'Anak Semua Bangsa', 'Jejak Langkah' and 'Rumah Kaca'. 'Bumi Manusia' has been translated and is titled 'This Earth of Mankind', and released through Penguin books. Its translator, Max Lane, a former second secretary at the Australian embassy in Jakarta was hastily recalled for translating this banned novel. Read it!

PUBLISHED IN ENGLISH FOR THE FIRST TIME

This Earth of Mankind

a compelling novel of love, oppression and awakening by

PRAMOEDYA ANANTA TOER

the voice of political consciousness of a modern Asian nation



MADE OVERSEAS

I love the image that looks back
 from within this gilded mirror
 proclaiming all its virtues
 bettering its comparison
 to others of worse addiction

I tarnish the image
 at the shrine of fashion
 desireing this style and that habit
 to the wont of the media man

Layer after layer of inheritance
 Copied from screen and page
 layer after layer of defiance
 to the generation beforehavd

I am of the media man
 my cognitire activity he plans
 my desires and dreams he shapes
 My loves, hates, wishes and plans he proposes
 I am not of my mother
 nor am I of my father
 I am a robot of times creation
 a 'made in somewhereelse' man
 I dance to the tinkle of coins
 dressing in the cream of fashion
 praying in imitation of his religion
 I learn his books and live his ways
 I am the automation
 "Made overseas Man".

Jacob K. Harry

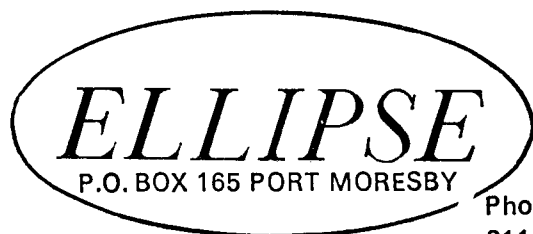


The answer is an

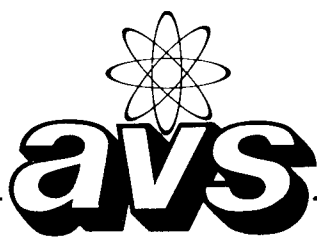
apricot



From



Computer Services Pty. Ltd.



Nita Street, Boroko
PO Box 5371, Boroko
Telephone 25 8517

Papua New Guinea's Audio Visual High-Tech Experts

AVS SERVES PNG WITH AUDIO, VIDEO
PROJECTION & SATELLITE TV EXPERTISE

- TOSHIBA PROFESSIONAL PRODUCTS
- NEC • JVC PROFESSIONAL PRODUCTS
- KODAK • GENERAL ELECTRIC
- SYLVANIA • DX ANTENNAE
- HOKUSHIN & FOR-A PRODUCTION EQUIP
- VIDEO HIRE

A Reminder....

The next issue of PNG Writer will be on the theme of women. Past issues have lacked women's contributions ... so sisters and their sympathizers, take up your pens, and get your contributions in to The PNG Writer, P.O. Box 320, University.

UNIVERSITY BOOKSHOP

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

General and Academic
Paperbacks and Childrens
Cards and Stationery

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

Open Monday - Friday
9-00 am - 5-00 pm

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

Which Would You Rather Do ...

**Try To Remember All
The Complicated Key
Stroke Commands To
Enter Your Data?**

Or Just Point & Click!

**Macintosh + Makes Your
Life Simpler ...**

Clickety, Click!

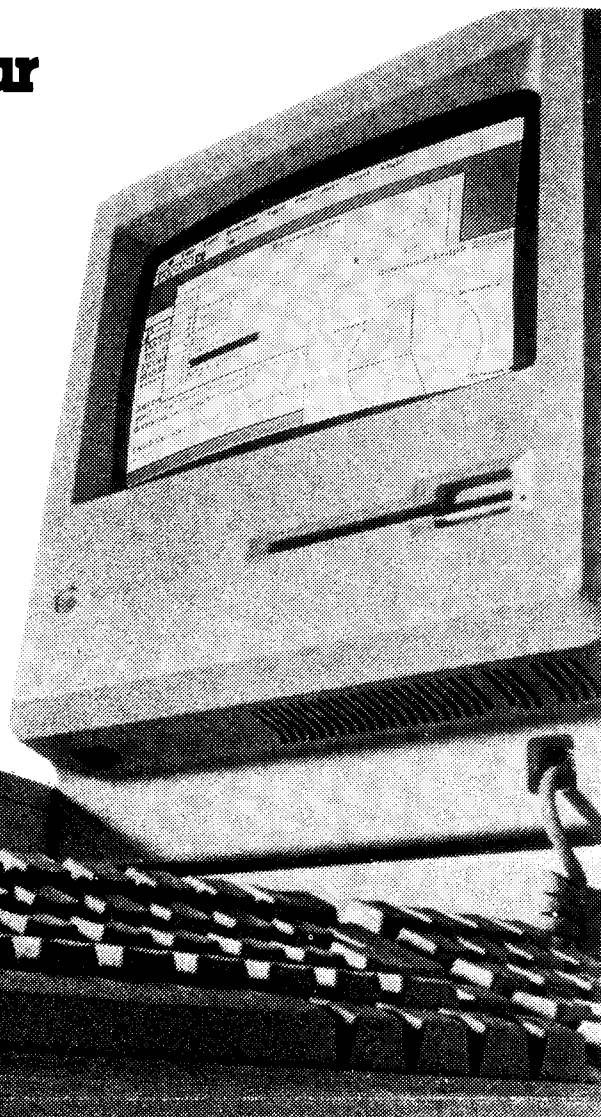


Macintosh™
Plus

The New Macintosh™ Plus Computer is the fastest, most powerful, most expandable Macintosh™ ever. A full megabyte of memory, an 800K disk drive, high-speed expansion ports, built-in networking capabilities and more. See us for our special low introductory prices and dare to do more ... for less.

BUSINESS SYSTEMS

PORT MORESBY: Phone 22 9206; Telex NE 22116; Cables BURPHIL.
LAE: Phone 42 3666



DREAMS

Dreams of tomorrow.
 Mingle softly.
 Interloping with.
 Thoughts of yesterday.
 Yesterday takes her leave.
 Tomorrow flows in.
 full of vibrating intensity.
 Eager fire ready.
 To tackle yesterday.
 Tomorrow brings promises.
 Visualizes the impossible.
 Telling me that I can.
 Do easily.
 What others have taken.
 Years, work, and stamina.
 To accomplish.
 My, my, my.
 What a sweet, scrouging tongue.
 Tomorrow has.

Abuc N. Daniel

DAWN

As Dawn breaks gently
 over the hills
 caressing them with
 the warm light of her companion the sun
 beckoning man to rise
 with fingers of light
 flooding thru' windows
 of thatched palm huts
 a gentle breeze
 rises from amidst the swells of
 the undulating water
 giving life to the early-risen
 who came forth
 to the call of the cock
 who needed the voice of
 dawn and the Sea Breeze

Abuc N. Daniel



THE MELANESIAN POLICEMAN

By Sorariba N. Gegera

The seconds on my Seiko digital watch switched on and off, killing time painfully. It was 3.45pm when I glanced at my watch. I couldn't leave the office as I knew. An order is an order - or better still a command. When a policeman receives his orders, there is nothing he can do to dispute them, especially when they come from the top. It was Thursday afternoon and I had planned to be with my family before visiting the Police Club for a beer. However, the plan was not going to work. I would have to be on night patrol till midnight. Things had not been going well for the last two weeks. A policeman stabbed to death, a professional golfer robbed and shot, another policeman wounded, a man murdered in broad daylight and a high number of break-and-enters. Oh Port Moresby, I have no word to describe the city I live and work in. Being a Police Officer means nothing to the city thugs, whom the public call rascals. As a result of that chain of events or what we lawmen call crimes, the Prime Minister backing up the Police Force declared out-right war on crime and criminals in the city on Wednesday December 3, 1981. That was yesterday and here I am slumped in my chair and nervously lighting yet another cigarette. Yesterday our Chief Mr. Michael Toten handed in his resignation after a tough time of three years trying to break the crime ring of Port Moresby. Now we have a new man, Chief Superintendent Anton Goro.

The operation to combat crime began this afternoon. Our Project '21' Elite Squad returned from North Solomons yesterday evening on a specially chartered air-craft. The orders have brought out three quarters of the policemen working indoors to active duty all nights and weekends. I fixed on my cap and strolled out to the parking lot, leaving the cool air-conditioned office. My squad would leave the base at 4.30pm, but first I just wanted to have a look at the vehicle and meet some of my men and chat. I caressed my hard leather holster as I strolled leisurely across the yard. It usually gives me confidence. Although I was allowed only plastic bullets for my pop-gun, I tended to rely on it more each time I wore it. The thought of finding excuses to use it made me nervous; the thought of confronting my younger brother Kamburi, who called himself "Pexy, King of the Kanakas." He was a gang leader of Six Mile 'Black Kaivas'.

"Pexy", I said as he was hungrily feeding himself with some rice and bully beef in my house at Gerehu, "Why don't you get out of all this bullshit style of life and become a simple orderly citizen".

"There is nothing in that style of life for me", he had replied calmly.

"Oh come on, you can find some odd jobs around the place", I was saying perhaps for the hundredth time. On all his visits to my place, the subject upset him a lot, but he had no intention of quitting. He needed money and I had to see to it from time to time. This was a tough situation to be in; I, a police officer, the lawman and my brother a rascal, a youth whose profession was breaking the law. "I wouldn't like to see you in one of those stinking cells at Boroko. It would be embarrassing for me", I had said.

"It's my life. You were lucky. You finished your high school education. Father never had the money for all of us. Bokoro is in grade 8 because you helped. Me? - you were in training and I had no one apart from daddy. The other two are still at primary. I tell you I help a bit although I am not a working man". He was silent again eating. I felt guilty and ashamed in front of my wife Hilda and her sister Nelly. Sandra, our only baby was fast asleep in the bilum suspended on a hook connected to one of the cross-beams below the ceiling. Pexy was right, bloody rascal; I loved him as part of my blood.

The patrol van sped down the Guise Drive towards Waigani Offices. I was nervous and jumpy. It showed when I tried to handle the lighter. Corporal Poiki behind the wheel noticed it.

"Sir, you alright?" he asked without turning to face me.

"I'm okay Corporal, Maybe just tired. That's all", I replied with a sigh. I never wanted to show any weakness to my men. It was very embarrassing so I puffed hard on the cigarette to feel the effect of burning nicotine. Constables Osiri and Meakoro with Sergeant Piripo were silent at the back. I sent the powerful light slicing through the dark blanket of the night in search of trouble.

At the Waigani Offices constable Osiri and I changed places; he took over the spot-light and I moved to the back. The van cruised along at our standard pace. Waigani Drive traffic was heavy as we could make out from the moving lights, perhaps to Skyline Drive-in or to any of the city night-clubs. It was obvious that our boys enforcing road-blocks made them slower. We were conditioned to be alert. Sergeant Piripo kept busy with the radio, while I just let my eyes follow the light. I thought of my old man and woman with the little ones at the settlement. Although I saw them whenever I had the chance I always worried. The thought of them starving always pierced my inside with sadness. My thoughts were disturbed by the Sergeant's concentration of light and sharp command for the driver to step on the gas for P.S.A. Haus.

"Keep moving and don't be slow!" he shouted as our radioman started calling the other patrol vans to come in.

"What is it?" I called out as I held my pop-gun. The others were ready with their weapons.

"I saw some men climbing up the walls and some taking cover!" said the sergeant.

Our blue lights flashed and spun crazily as the siren gave out the usual war cry.

"Steady all of you. We don't know what weapons they have with them." I commanded as the driver swung the van to shed light on our objective. A sudden smash of the windscreen and constable Osiri moaned and his head slumped out of the window. Sergeant Piripo ducked with several cuts.

"That's a shotgun. It's coming from the second floor!" I got out fast, forcing fear away and ran firing with the sergeant sending off a flare. The flare illuminated the area of the P.S.A. Complex. The man with the shot-gun stood out. I could tell the barrel was pointed at me. Any second now he will fire I thought with fear. I dived hurting my shoulders. The ground just beside me exploded like an invisible force of spirits uprooting the earth as the deafening bang of the weapon echoed. This is not what I had seen in movies, this was real; I thought with mounting fear of death.

Osiri, one of my best young men, was in a critical situation. "Shit!" I spat with anger and fear boiled in agony. Sergeant Piripo and constable Meakoro charged blindly to escape the line of fire while I made it back to the van in record time for our own shot-gun. I fired blindly as other vans began to arrive with reinforcements. Our men overran the area and outflanked the possible routes of escape. I got hold of a corporal who jogged past and ordered him to take our van straight to the hospital. Amidst the confusion of the cross-fire I realised that the gang were using three weapons covering the main angles of our approach. I could tell by the sounds that two fired plastic bullets. A constable had caught one on the shoulder and rolled painfully with the stinging sensation. Without thinking I dashed into the darkness and moved cautiously while avoiding every beam of light.

"Officer Diriba is shot! Somebody help - over here!" the voice carried naked fear and it had come from my right flank. I wouldn't go to get help. I would avenge my comrades I thought. Dear God, let me not die tonight please, my coward side prayed in my mind. Suddenly, the noise of a landing body captured my sharpened instinct and transformed itself into a man - not a policeman. "Halt!". I roared not sure of myself. The figure, taller and bigger than me made a run and I levelled and screamed, "Halt I say!" The figure stopped and whirled around unstable. I saw a flash and felt a piercing pain in my side before I went deaf with my own discharge. A scream echoed in the mountains and the figure dived head down. I knelt down slowly with the pain on the spot where I had stood and fired. God, please don't let me die. Two policemen were helping me to my feet. I couldn't hear what they were saying. "I want to see the man I shot".

An officer and three policemen were bending over the fallen man when we got there. Not close but I saw the man clearly by the powerful spotlight. I had shot and killed Kamburi, my own blood brother; my mother's son. I felt my head spin. I knew I was bleeding heavily and I felt dizzy and weak, as the lights and noises faded away.

I opened my eyes but the glare of fluorescent lights forced me to close them again. The ceiling was all white.

"Where am I?" I tried talking but my mouth was dry. My head was heavy; my nostrils caught the usual smell of hospitals; my abdomen was bandaged. Fresh piercing pain shot up from my left side when I tried to move.

"Don't move", a female voice sang and I felt the touch tender and comforting. I kept my eyes closed.

"What's your name?" the voice again.

"Samson", I responded weakly.

"Samson what?"

"Samson Kakito",

"Where do you work?" the annoying and yet sweet voice sparred on.

"I am a Police Officer."

"Are you sure?"

"As sure as you are beautiful and I am half dead - get some water".

There was silence and seconds later I felt a cold touch of the container on my lips. A hand supported my neck and I sipped greedily.

"Can you open your eyes?" the voice came on. I tried and then my eyes hurt real bad.

"I'm weak," I mumbled.

"Your wife is here," she said.

"Sam". It was Hilda's voice and I felt her soft fingers on my face caressing.

"Sam are you alright?" It was shaky. I knew she was in tears. I didn't answer her question.

"I killed Kamburi," I lost my manly hard core and tears flowed loose from my weak closed eyes.

Hilda was weeping silently.

"Please, Mrs Kakito would you sit quietly away from the patient and not talk to him? He has just come out of the surgery an hour ago. We'd like to have the patient rested thoroughly". The voice directed to Hilda.

"Sister Mavis! Some policemen wish to visit your patient. Thomas has just rung up from the inquiries desk." The voice of a female was accompanied by scurrying dit-dat of sandals.

"Not now - just tell them that. How many times are they going to ask? Oh sister Pauline!"

"Yes sister?"

"Page Doctor Sere. The patient has come around and is talking now." I felt the presence of Sister Mavis beside my bed. The smell and the air told me.

"Sister can I have the lights out so I may try my eyes?" That seemed my longest speech and it stirred a sharp pain below my left ribs. I forced my eyes open and held them there, blinked twice and stared up at Sister Mavis. So this is the owner of the nice voice, I told myself. I could move my head. Hilda was staring when mine met hers at the far corner slumped in a chair. She looked as though she had been sick for a week. "Kids?" I asked.

"Home with Charlotte," she responded quickly, somewhat relieved. Sister Mavis left the cubicle. Hilda left the chair and walked up to me.

"What are we going to do?" She pleaded holding my left hand - trying desperately to hold back the tears.

"I'm finished," I said.

"What do you mean Sam?" She was scared.

"From the Force. I've served this bloody force for eight years and all the things I tried doing have all turned out wrong".

"Sam I don't understand."

"I am quitting Hilda, as soon as I leave this bloody place of the half-deads. Question me no more on the matter; talk about something else." Just then Sister Mavis made her entrance followed by Doctor Sere.

"How are you feeling Officer Kakito?" The doctor's rich growl reported with a smile. He was very dark-complexioned and bearded, not very big though. Signs of baldness showed his age. He must be from North Solomons, I thought.

"Doctor?"

"Yes Samson?"

"I would be interested to know about Officer Diriba and constable Osiri."

"Yes, ... well," he scratched his head lightly, "Osiri has very little chance. He caught it in the face. I understand he is your man?" He looked at me.

"Yes," I said.

"I'm sorry," he continued. "Officer Diriba, well - he may pull through hopefully. Really I cannot give a clear report on their conditions as I am assigned to you and the others who have had minor injuries. However, I was beside Dr. Chantlon when Office Diriba was taken in." He ended with a shrug.

"And the gang members?"

"Four died at the scene and two hospitalized," he replied briefly. "You feeling any sort of pains?" he asked.

"Only when I try to move and when I talk too much."

"Yes - I thought you'd say that. Try not to talk and rest most of the time. Ask Sister Mavis if in need of anything. I'll get back to you later." He left. Four dead, he had said; one of them was my brother and I was his killer. Policemen will say I did it in the course of duty, but I knew better; I was a criminal, a murderer. How will my folks take it?

The question frightened me. They would learn that Kamburi died during the fight with policemen, while on a break-and-enter spree. How soon will it take them to learn that the killer was his own brother? I knew that the police do not talk about their operational activities. It is kept confidential. The only person would be Hilda. I had to tell her because I needed to tell somebody to share it. To make me feel a little comfortable. I glanced through the louvres. The trees hid the setting sun from me. "Why didn't I die?" The question sprang into my mind in torture. I was on the top floor ward and I could look down and see the other wards and the patients and guardians alike moving about.

"I am the last of the policemen", I mumbled absent-mindedly to myself.

"Sam what is that?" Hilda! I had forgotten. "What did you say Sam I didn't hear you properly," she asked again.

"Nothing",

"But Sam I heard you say something," Hilda insisted. She was near my bedside and we stared at each other. Hilda searching for words in my eyes.

"I said, Goodbye to Papua New Guinea Royal Constabulary and the uniform; I don't like it anymore".

"It's your decision Sam," Hilda mumbled unsurely.

"I will never forgive myself if I wear that uniform after this episode. I know I will have to live with the guilt for the rest of my life. I want to walk away from it all." It was getting dark outside and Moresby lights greeted the night in thousands. I heard the siren howling wildly but lonely in the distance. My friends, my mates. I found myself thinking about everyone in the force; I loved them as they loved me. The noise was going further and further as I fought to hold back tears that were the compliments of proved and dignified memories.

As I had feared, my old man and woman were at my cubicle the following morning, at barely 8.00 a.m. News had travelled fast; I was hospitalized due to injuries. My old mother kissed me all over my face, cuddled my left hand in her spent bosom and wept bitterly. I wondered whether

they knew about Kamburi. My old father sat near Hilda and wept silently. I started to feel relieved when my mother spoke.

"Kamburi should have been here and stayed with Hilda. He stays away for weeks and we don't know where he stays. Is that where they shot you my son?" she asked sadly pointing to the linen covered bandaged ribs.

"Yes," I replied feeling weak. Good old Police Public Relations I thought. They had not released the names of the dead gangsters, only ours. My old man wanted to hear what had happened.

"I'll tell you later when I feel better," I said.

"This job of yours is very dangerous. You should leave it and find a new job - I'm worried about Hilda and the children," my father was saying thoughtfully.

"Good Morning." Sister Lillian entered and interrupted. She turned to me. "You will have your injections now." She drew the curtain around my bed. I could feel the muscles of my bottom tightening with imaginary pains. I had been receiving so many shots lately that my bottom hurt. Deep down inside me I had this living fear of having the news of Kamburi's death announced. I knew that the Police would release the names of the dead after positive identification. How would my parents take it? I got restless and worried.

"Have you been getting enough rest?" It was Sister Lillian. "Your blood pressure is very high. That will cause excessive bleeding; we might be forced to put you on a drip." She was flipping through some papers.

"I've been on this bed ever since - resting," I said.

"No, you are thinking and talking too much. You need to sleep and relax," she said. She left the cubicle and returned a minute later. "These valium tablets will put you to sleep." She dropped two 20 milligram tabs on my accepting hand. I took the water from her and drained it down with the tablets. My dreams were heart-breaking; Kamburi was begging me not to shoot him, while I held the gun levelled. I saw myself throwing the gun down - embracing my brother in my arms; we cried together. It was in a cell somewhere; I could not recognize the place. We walked hand in hand out of the cell and out onto the streets of Port Moresby.

"I'll leave you here - you're a freeman", I had said to him.

"Yes - my brother, I belong to the streets and I shall follow the streets where they lead me," he had said.

"I understand you, but I want you to know - as my mother's son and bearer of our father's name. I love you with all my heart", I had said and we embraced once more - I had remained still and watched him walk away to nowhere.

"Stop! Kaburi! Don't go away. Come back! come back!" I was just too late. He had turned the bend and disappeared. I turned around and was shocked to find my old father in our Commander's uniform, levelling a gun at me.

"So you have set your brother free and forgot to free yourself." His old eyes were cold and piercing.

"Father you -".

"Call me by my rank!" he had ordered.

"Commander," and I tried to come to attention and salute him. He fired and shot me in my guts, my thighs, my upper arm. I was screaming and dying. Coming to my senses Sister Lillian and Hilda seemed all over me. The bright light made me blink.

"Sam you were screaming in your sleep. What's wrong?", Hilda was frightened.

"Are you alright?" Sister Lillian asked.

"I'm feeling some pain now," I mumbled. "I need water."

"I'll get some," Sister left.

"What time is it?" I asked Hilda weakly.

"You slept the day and half the night. It's 2.45 a.m.," she reported nervously.

"Mum and Dad?" I asked.

She hesitated and said, "Sam, they found out."

"How?" I was jumpy.

"The parents of other gang members. They have taken it real bad; you were asleep and I was there with them until half and hour ago."

"Where?"

"Near the morgue, There's a crowd. Charlotte brought some food and I left it with them. They are taking it so hard and I'm worried," she was in tears. "Simon came and saw you asleep so he went down to be with our old people. He is taking care of them." she said wiping her tears. Simon was her brother. He worked with Wormald Security Services. "He brought some food and I'm keeping it for you," Hilda said trying to be brave.

"I can't eat," I said. "Do you think they know?"

"No, the usual story - Police."

"Yes it's better that way", I said and received the icy cold container of water from Sister Lillian.

"Don't you want something to read? It's going to be morning. You had a nice sleep. However relax your body and mind. Some policemen were here while you were asleep," Sister was saying.

"Oh yes, Sam. I forgot to tell you. Inspector Lucas Tama and the others I don't know their names," Hilda joined in.

"They wish to see you in the morning," Sister Lillian said and left.

"Goodday Sam," Inspector Tama's voice boomed as he materialized at my bedside flanked by a constable and a corporal.

"Goodday Sir," I tried bravely.

"How are you feeling?" his usual rough manners.

"Oh - not too bad. It's the pain that is killing me," I said.

"Don't worry, you're in good hands. You will be fitter than ever in no time," Inspector Tama said. "We need you back as soon as possible Sam. You're taking over the 'Hit Squad'. The chair is yours. I am off to Rabaul within a month." He took my left hand in a tight grip. I was stunned. Me promoted? "There is no one else besides you. My personal congratulations. Take it from me Sam, I know you're the right person don't let me down", Inspector Tama was saying. He turned to the Corporal standing beside him and took a small black box from him, then brought it close to my face. "From the commander to you," he said and removed the cover of the box. Just then two press photographers barged in and started clicking away while I remained paralyzed. Flashlights from their cameras annoyed my eyes. Then I saw what was in the box; a silver shield shaped medallion awarded to the bravest coppers; the highest award of honour in our business.

"Sam, you've won it - you lucky bastard," the Inspector grinned as the pressmen went hay-wire crazy.

"I - I don't know," I mumbled. The open black box was trust into my hand and I saw the inscriptions: "Yopare Samuel Thomas Kakito".

O.H.M.S. FOR BRAVERY

The Commonwealth coat of arms and the Papua New Guinea coat of arms occuppied each side of the worded column.

"Inspector Kakito, my congratulations."

I heard the voice and looked up. God, the Commissioner of Police was there, followed by the ever-smiling commander. The cubicle was crowded. It was just like a beautiful dream. I tried to shift my body and greet the pair of VIPs but my ribs screamed in pain. The curtains closed to bring darkness and deafness. I was floating and passing quietly through some dark space.

When I came around, only Hilda, a nursing Sister and Simon - my brother-in-law were there.

"Sam," Hilda called softly, "you passed out and fell into a deep sleep."

"Where are all those...?" I started to ask.

"They left hours ago Sam," the Sister said with a smile as she felt around my wound delicately.

The smell of sweet-smelling fresh flowers filled the cubicle. I saw the flowers in the vase and little black box beside it. The several get-well cards in a neat little pile. I knew they were all from police.

"Samuel, a reporter from N.B.C. is waiting to see you. Will you be able to talk to her?" Sister asked and I nodded. She left the room. A young reporter entered with a smile. She was pretty with a light brown complexion and a neat Afro.

"Hi, I'm Cathy from N.B.C. news. You're Inspector Samuel Kakito I understand?"

"Yes," I said trying to smile with admiration at her well-formed teeth. She had a shorthand note book and a pen in one hand while the other cuddled a tape - recorder from her left shoulder.

"Care to make some comments? Everyone knows you're the bravest copper in the country to win such a medal. I should say the first and only policeman in the country to be awarded the medal. My congratulations." She was smiling.

"Thanks," I replied. "I'll make no comments but I'll tell you more than you wish to know." I motioned Hilda to come over and fix the pillows to suit me comfortably. Cathy settled on the chair that Simon had offered.

"Just tell the nation that I refuse to accept the award and the promotion. I'm finished from the force."

"What? you ...". She was shocked, and kept her mouth open.

"You heard me," I said staring into her eyes.

"Y-Yes," she managed with a nod. "But, are you serious?" "I am completely serious Cathy. Go back and write your story," I told her but she remained sitting.

"What are you going to do if you leave the force?" Cathy asked with new-found courage.

"I'll say nothing on that. I have said what I had to say - that is all from me, Cathy." I tried a weak smile. "Goodbye Cathy - pass my goodbye to the Police force," I said.

"Goodbye and thanks a lot Sam. I'm walking out of here to shock the whole nation," she said and held my hand. "I'll always think of you as the bravest copper this country has ever had".

A SHORE SO WILD AND DESOLATE

I came upon a shore so wild and desolate
 dark rocks tortured by whipping waves
 swept by a howling crazed wind
 that ran madly through dark toothless caves
 and send spray flying in mad frenzy
 beneath which green crabs clung like impets
 to rocky crevices as where seashells slept tight
 A feathered bolt skimmed over the pinnacles
 of the charging legions of waves
 while another wheeled afar and cried
 a call of sadness upon the silent cliffs
 I cringed in cold fear and awe
 revering the vibrant emotions exploding
 on the widely desolate shore

Jacob K. Harry

SERENITY FILLS TIME

A full yellow moon
 Like the eye of the sky god
 Beholds to us his beauty
 Displaying great rings of gold.

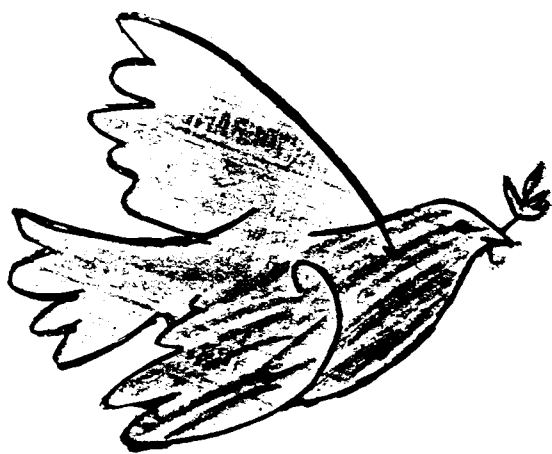
Its shame displays in sea-blue veils
 Like ripples
 Announcing a hidden message.

Tired of the hot day
 The coconuts and betel-nuts sway
 Like seaweeds in harmony

The target of my eyes
 The rough horizon of Prince Alexander Range
 Like a gap-toothed giant's mouth
 Slanting lines
 Divide blue from green.

The birds repeat
 In unending chorus
 'Serenity owes today a life.'

Steven Edmund Winduo



FLOWER-POWER

I have seen flowers in boundless beauty
 But swear I never saw a bud so pretty.
 Dignified petals so agile
 The whole world in one smile
 Glittering with radiance to thrill the air,
 An act of murder to pluck such petals fair
 So deep within me I pause and admire
 Philosophy of nature but guilty desire.

Gideon Ginkawa

QUICKLY

At the crossroads back to the village, Mando is seen dressed up in a T-shirt and short pants, carrying a bilum. His jubilant walk is interrupted by Kisme who enters in traditional bilas carrying bow and arrows on his shoulders.

KISME: (walking towards Mando) Hey Mando! Where have you been? I did not see you at the village meeting.

MANDO: (turns to face Kisme) O Kisme, you! I have been to town. For a spin and vist my brother.

KISME: Buai na daka bilong mi where?

MANDO: (searching his bilum) Yes, here. Samplea kambang tu.

KISME: And smoke?

MANDO: One at a time, Kisme. You better come to the house where we can sit down.

KISME: Did you bring home some beer too?

MANDO: I was going to to. But I met some wantok on the way. We gave it a go.

KISME: It would have been better if I went with you to town. Let me know when you next go. I'll come along.

MANDO: Well, if you came to town you would have missed them, yu bin tok wanem, village meeting?

KISME: I would not have missed anything.

MANDO: What was the meeting all about?

KISME: Those big men coming in the yellow trucks. They come telling us to do so many useless things. It would have done me more good if I went hunting. My family would have some abus for dinner.

MANDO: Before we get burned in the sun, we better move to the house and tell our stories there.

Both moved on. The curtain closes.

The curtain opens. The two, chewing buai, occasionally popping out smoke and spitting red volumes, are sitted in the shade near the house. On the background, some women are peeling potatoes from large bilums.

KISME: (closely looking at Mando) Did you notice your shirt put on the wrong side?

- MANDO: Yes, I know. The correct side will be cleaner to use when I go to Church on Sunday.
- KISME: Do you still go to the old Church?
- MANDO: Yes, I have to. It was that Church that put my brother to school. Now he is in town, with a big house and a car.
- KISME: Did you stay with him last night?
- MANDO: Three nights actually. I like to stay longer but the meri gets the belting and the punch planti taim.
- KISME: Meri bikhet? She tough fighting brata bilong yu?
- MANDO: I no meri bilong ples olsem na she strong tumas against him buying all the beer and smoke he drinks with wantok and friends. Every night he bought plenty beer. We drank and drank till the morning. That was probably why I was very weak this morning as I walked home.
- KISME: You should have driven his car home. We could go together in it for some spin. Pick some meri along the way. Easy when you have the car, they say.
- MANDO: I don't know how to drive. And brother tells me it does not drive on four wheels. That's why he has not driven it to the village, and he has not come home since Just on two wheels, he says.
- KISME: Does the car stand on two wheels?
- MANDO: I have no idea. I have only seen it on four.
- KISME: Yes, you are lucky. You got a brother that finished school na kisim wok gavman in the town. These government people seem to own those magical things, like the piksa-box holding the people and the cars moving and talking, mi bin harim, and now the car i ken sanap on two wheels.
- MANDO: And in their house, just turn a liklik cross, ol i kolim tap, and water comes. Just sit on olsem wampela sia na bihain let the water wash the pekpek down a white bowl. Then the water in the bowl becomes clean again, clearer than the water we drink from that creek when it is raining.
- KISME: I wish I hav a brother too. I myself went to that Church school. But after a while the tisa did not bring me to another school as did those other guys. I guess our ancestors did not like me to go away from the village. It would be harder for their spirits to follow and look after me. Since the beginning I knew that was their intentions because they had never been anywhere else during their life time.

- MANDO: Yes, I know. The correct side will be cleaner to use when I go to Church on Sunday.
- KISME: Do you still go to the old Church?
- MANDO: Yes, I have to. It was that Church that put my brother to school. Now he is in town, with a big house and a car.
- KISME: Did you stay with him last night?
- MANDO: Three nights actually. I like to stay longer but the meri gets the belting and the punch planti taim.
- KISME: Meri bikhet? She tough fighting brata bilong yu?
- MANDO: I no meri bilong ples olsem na she strong tumas against him buying all the beer and smoke he drinks with wantok and friends. Every night he bought plenty beer. We drank and drank till the morning. That was probably why I was very weak this morning as I walked home.
- KISME: You should have driven his car home. We could go together in it for some spin. Pick some meri along the way. Easy when you have the car, they say.
- MANDO: I don't know how to drive. And brother tells me it does not drive on four wheels. That's why he has not driven it to the village, and he has not come home since Just on two wheels, he says.
- KISME: Does the car stand on two wheels?
- MANDO: I have no idea. I have only seen it on four.
- KISME: Yes, you are lucky. You got a brother that finished school na kisim wok gavman in the town. These government people seem to own those magical things, like the piksa-box holding the people and the cars moving and talking, mi bin harim, and now the car i ken sanap on two wheels.
- MANDO: And in their house, just turn a liklik cross, ol i kolim tap, and water comes. Just sit on olsem wanpela sia na bihain let the water wash the pekpek down a white bowl. Then the water in the bowl becomes clean again, clearer than the water we drink from that creek when it is raining.
- KISME: I wish I hav a brother too. I myself went to that Church school. But after a while the tisa did not bring me to another school as did those other guys. I guess our ancestors did not like me to go away from the village. It would be harder for their spirits to follow and look after me. Since the beginning I knew that was their intentions because they had never been anywhere else during their life time.

- MANDO: Is that a reason why I don't see you in Church anymore?
- KISME: I go to the new church, with the masta and the misis pastoring. They give us something nice bilong pulumapim bel. Some rice, some tin meat, some tin fish.
- MANDO: Since the white pastor left the old church, we don't get those things anymore. We are even asked now to supply our kandere pastor kaukau, taro, kumu, and money ... for feeding his large family.
- KISME: And I see so many wantok staying with him all the time.
- MANDO: They expecting us to feed them all. It would be good if the people the church helped like my brother would live here to support them. Gavman tasol i save kisim halipim.
- INDI: (one of the women, carrying a basin of peeled-off kaukau passes between the two men) You two better go digging what them bikman a-saying. (Exists into the house).
- MANDO: What did these people ask you to dig? Matmat bilong ol yet?
- KISME: No. Haus benk. Where to keep pekpek.
- MANDO: Making it to some kind of, ol i kolim wanem nau, compose?
- KISME: Nogat a. These people called it toilet. They said sapos we don't make the human rubbish go down deep in the hole, some other set of people will come shooting painful needle into our skins. To keep the sick away, they say.
- MANDO: It's nonsense. For a long time we have had acres of toilet. And our pigs have benefited from them.
- KISME: The gardens too. They become greener with them pekpek around.
- MANDO: So these people came telling you to do them some work. I thought they come bringing sampela cargo.
- KISME: They did not even share their smoke.
- MANDO: These government boys just come in their nice trucks, always forgetting to load them with the rice and meat.
- KISME: Those white people when they were running the government, we tasted with them nice good things then, asking us always to do the mumu for them.
- MANDO: Now these kandere kiaps, they just tell us to do this and that. They better give us the money first before we do what they like us to do for them.

KISME: That's a good idea. If they give us money, as some villages mi harim had received from big men, we could buy a big truck we can all ride going to town. And, cartons of beer to load it with.

MANDO: If I had the money, Kisme, I would buy something better to use in our hunting.

KISME: What? Bigger arrows? And a bow which needed four people to lift it?

MANDO: Nogat. Something those men in blue shirts riding blue cars making the spin around town use to kill people.

KISME: Not magic? Or is it another kind of sorcery?

MANDO: On my way home this morning, I saw how easy, how quick it is to use.

KISME: How? Tell me. I am excited to hear about it.

MANDO: In front of a church school, the children were crossing the road. Plenty cars were held up. Among them was the blue truck. I suppose they in a hurry to pass. Those boys in blue came out and one just shot the headmaster standing near the road watching of mangi cross. Quickly he fell down dead. The pastor came to rescue. Bang, it also hit his head. Two dead in a few moments. Very quick.

KISME: Powerful! Yes, if we had one of those bang-bang we could catch plenty of abus, cassowaries, wild fowls and birds. Quickly.

MANDO: Tribal fights would quickly be won too.

INDI (come out of the house) You two better come inside and drink the tea before you start digging a toilet.

KISME: That was quick too. I have been so thirsty from chewing buai. Spet is pinis.

MANDO: (puts an arm on Kisme's shoulder) Yumi go insait and drink. Quick, Hariap. That beer was my last.

Both moved in. The curtain closes. **THE END.**

Samu Batara



I WAS GOD OF ALL GODS

For a day I was God of all gods,
 I sought to bring to the troubled world
 the soothing caress of peace
 So I waved the wand and made the wish
 but to greater problems this was the sequel

Men became equal in wealth
 all had enough - filled belles, sated thirsts
 Yet some sought more, others took little
 many cared not at all.

I gave them love and joy
 to wipe away tears - end strife and pain
 but some kept crying, others wanted more love
 many cared not at all.

I made them one of colour
 to break the walls of race
 so all became green (a shade greener than frogs)
 but some were richer more loved and greener
 others kept crying, ate little and grew pale green
 and many cared not at all.

I remixed unity, love, wellbeing and peace
 but the dumb things grouped in categories
 of richness, poverty, strenght and brains
 they fought, fueded, loved and died
 in groups of height, weight, activity and birth
 they killed, raped, prayed and died
 Frustrated I decreed to end the world
 and to being anew this human race
 but my glee was so shortlived
 For fate's clock clicked the last minute
 and the wand was taken away.

Jacob K. Harry



WORLD BLACK LITERATURE CONFERENCE - BRISBANE.

The University of Queensland hosted this 'first' conference which commenced on the 3rd and ended on the 6th of July, 1986. The conference was sponsored by various institutions, organisations and countries, including the Aboriginal Arts Board of the Australian Council, Australian Department of Foreign Affairs, Literature Board of the Australian Council, Government of Papua New Guinea, United State Information Agency, University of Queensland's Aboriginal / Islander Studies Program, Department of English, Pro-Vice-Chancellor (Humanities) and the vice-chancellor.

The delegates, participants and conference attendants came from all over the world. The audience included researchers, educationists, critics publishers, students of black literature and black Writers. Black literature of black nations like Africa, West Indies, Black America, Aboriginals, Australia and the Pacific were for the first time exposed, studied and assessed, in an international conference. The participants delivered papers on their studies and black writers read and discussed their works.

The World Black Literature conference was a success and the beginning of a force encouraging critical views, perspectives, research and opinions dealing with literature by blacks. One question of relevance importance to our department was whether black literature is being analysed and examined by academics, researchers, and scholars of black literatures. Emphasis were centred around Black Australian Literature, Feminism and Cross - Cultural Imaginations, Race and Religious Ideologies, Christianity and African Humanism, South Pacific Literature, History and Ritual, Renewal through Re-appropriation, Race, Gender and Politics, Critical Practices: An Afro-American Model, Language and the Racial Self, Literature and Politics in Africa, Black Literary Theory: Beyond the African Diaspora and Issues in Black Australian Literature.

While studies were presented, Black writers also took the opportunity to speak-out, express and educate the world, about their struggle, dissatisfaction, feelings, their peoples life style and their black consciousness. Though not many black writers were able to attend, a good selection of writers showed up, a female black American poet Sonia Sanchez; An Aboriginal novelist, Archie Weller; An Aboriginal Poet, Garry Bostock; an Aboriginal female writer, Faith Bandler and two Papua New Guinean Writers Benjamin Nakin and myself.

The actual conference started on the 4th July. After the introductory address by the chairman of the conference, Emmanuel S. Nelson was followed by the Welcome Speech, by the Pro-Vice Chancellor Peter Edwards of the University of Qld. The keynote Address of the conference was given by Dr Roberta Sykes, an Aboriginal researcher of Aboriginal affairs.

Immediately the session on Australian Literature started where three papers were delivered, "Background to Aboriginal Literature" by Cliff Watlgo of the University of Queensland, 'Fiction or assumed Fiction' The short stories of Calin Johnson, Jack Davis and Archie Weller" by Adam Shoe-maker from the Australian National University, read by Chris Tiffin of Queensland University and "Forms of Aboriginal Oral Literature" delivered by Stephen Mucke of the New South Wales institute of Technology. The chair of this session was taken by Jennie Bill of the University of Qld.

A reading of works by guests writers followed soon after. Following the reading two sessions eventuated simultaineously: Feminism and Cross - Cultural Imagination and Race and Religious Ideologies: Christianity and African Humanism; chaired by Sonia Sanchez and Bernth Lindfors respectively. The session on Feminism and Cross - Cultural imagination had three women speakers. Arlene Griffin of the University of the South Pacific opened this session with paper

"The different drum: a feminist critique of selected works from the new literatures in English from the South Pacific." Then followed by Jennie Bill of the University of Queensland with her paper on "The relevance of Alice Walker to Australian Aboriginal Women." The final paper of this session, "Adelaide Casely Hayford: an early nationalist and feminist" was presented by Kirsten Petersen of the Scandinavian Institute for African Studies."

The session on Race and Religious Ideologies Christianity and African Humanism featured three speakers on "Women, tradition and religion in Ovimare Semberes work." John Strugrell of the University of Queensland, in his paper talked about "Frederick Douglas: Black, white or mulatto" and finally by Carral Simons of The Autonomous University of Barcelona, in her paper examined "God the Father: religion and fatherhood in novels by Baldwin, Ngagi and Soyinta."

The serious tone of Friday's session was appropriately concluded with an Aboriginal play, Malinga and Childs Play. directed by Maureen Watson of the Cement Box Theatre.

Two sessions started simultaneously on the 5th of July, South Pacific Literature and History and Ritual: Renewal through Re-appropriation. The chair of South Pacific Literature was taken by Bernard Minal and of the History and Ritual: Renewal through Re-appropriation was chaired by Chris Tiffin. Three speakers talked in the South Pacific Literature session, David Headon of Australia Defence Forces Academy talked on "Coming of the diagoes: perspectives on black/white interaction in the Northern Territory literature." Trevor James of the Darwin Institute of Technology, presented a paper on "Black Literatures in the Pacific: The speaker and the Bee" and Ben Nakin of Kaindi Teachers College, who presented a paper on "The Present State of Writing in PNG."

In the other session, three parts were given, "History as threat and condition of possibility in the Literature of African Diaspora" by Samuel Johnson of the University of Michigan, the second paper, "Rewriting history in the works of Paul Marshall" was given by R. Sethuraman of the University of Florida and the final paper of this session "Ed Bullers: Black Theatre as ritual" was given by Arlen Elder of the University of Cincinnati.

The next two sessions featured Race, Gender and Politics, and Critical Practice: An Afro-American Model. The session on Race, Gender and Politics was taken Sue Thomas of the La Trobe University and Maurice Shipley of Ohio State University. The papers were "Sexual Politics in Edward B Brathwaite's Mother Poer and Sun Poer" and "A testament of time: The black woman writer in America" respectively. The chairman was Ken.

In the other session, Critical Practices: An Afro-American Model, chaired by Helen Tiffin, there were two speaker, Ron Baxter Miller of the University of Tennessee and Theodore Hudson of Howard University. Miller's paper talked about "Critical methods of black America An Overview" and Hudson paper examined. "Activism and literacy criticism during the Black Arts Movement."

The afternoon session started off with writers reading their work. Their two simultaneous sessions began. These sessions were on Language and the Racial Self and Literature and Politics in Africa.

One session was chaired by John Strugrell and the other by Professor Ken Goodwin, respectively. In the session language and the Racial Self, three speakers gave three different papers. The first one "Dialogue in Afro-American autobiography" was presented by William Andrews of the University of Wisconsin, the second paper "Inggumbo/The Wrath: an analysis of translation by David Kunene of the University, and followed by Judith Lindfors paper "I can dig where you're coming from: American blacks treat speech in Childrens Literature" University of Texas.

Literature and Politics in Africa had three papers also presented. The first paper, "They difire the happenings: Black South Arican Writers and a literature of resistance", by Neville Chooro of state university college of New York, the second by H.C. Navange of Jawarhal Nehru university his paper was on "Writer in politics: Ngugi Wa Thiongo." And finally by Bernth Lindfors of the University of Texas, his paper was on "Contradictory and complimentary strategies of protest in Alex La Guma's A walk into the night."

On Sunday, July 6th there were paper discussions. The first session was on Black Literacy Theory: Beyond the African Diaspora. The parts included Helen Tiffin, Stephen Macki, Ron Baxter Muller, Lemuel Johnson and Kenneth Ramchand. The moderator of this discussion was Sonia Sanchez.

The second part, Issues in Black Australian Literature was chaired by Roberta Sykes. On the panel were Faith Bander, Berry Bostock and Archie Weller. They discussed issues affecting Aboriginal Authors and publishing problems.

The conference ended with a special dinner. The conference was successful and there are signs of future similar conferences, this time the participants assume will include more writers, academics, scholars and researchers. Much emphasis of this first, World Black Literature conference was on Aboriginal Literature. It would have been more exciting if there was more studies and researchers in South Pacific Literature.

After this conference we were invited to attend a conference of the Association for the study o Australian Literature at James Cook University, Townsville. In this programme emphasised Australian white writers and literature. This conference also was very successful. However th content this time was quite different and to discuss it will require a separate report.

By. Steven Winduo

REPORT ON THE BLACK LITERATURE CONFERENCE

The Black Literature Conference was held in Brisbane, Australia at the University of Queensland. It was held over a period of four days. Papua New Guinea was represented by two delegates who are members of the Papua New Guinea Writers Union. They were respectively myself, Benjamin Nakin from Kaindi Teachers College and Steven Windo, a third year literature student at the University of Papua New Guinea, Waigani Campus.

The Conference began on the 3rd of July with poetry recitals. This led on to papers being presented on the 4th, 5th and 6th of July with the after sessions having poetry recitals. Participants to the conference included professors, writers, poets, playwrights, film makers, critics, educational personnel, editors, and representatives of publishing houses. Also the world over was more or less represented with delegates from the Carribeans, the United States of America, Africa, India, the Asian region and the Pacific region.

The topics presented at the conference ranged from the review of books by black writers, criticisms from critics, poetry recitals, screening of films and the state of black writing throughout the world. This also discussed the problems and frustrations that were common to black writers throughout the world.

PURPOSE OF THE CONFERENCE:

The purpose of the Conference was a means to expose to the world Black Writers and their writings as well as to create an awareness among others the extent to which black writing has developed and to encourage others to speak out through writings and other forms of literature. This particular conference was the first of it's kind ever to be held and it provided the opportunity to create a global awareness. Topics of general concern among third world writers and black writing were exposed, discussed and possible remedies sought to rectify or to at least try to overcome the common problems being faced.

For our contribution to the conference as Papua New Guinea's delegates, I presented an overview on the present state of writing in our country and answered questions on the trends in Papua New Guinean writing. We also were given opportunities to recite poetry in which we could recited our own works as well as those of some of our country's writers. The Conference also provided us with the opportunity to present our writers views, frustrations, hopes and aspirations. Furthermore it was educational in the sense that we taught the audience about our country since. Most were ill-informed about our country. In turns we offered insight to what was happening in our repective countries in terms of literature, and about the changes in the forms of writings being produced.

The audience was ten years out-of-date in terms of their perceptions of the trends of writing in Papua New Guinea. They had the notion that our writers were still writing about colonial frustrations and antagonism. Through us they learnt that todays Papua New Guinean writers were writing about contemporary Papua New Guinea society. Writing about the social problems and injustices that they have experienced and seen that are part of a developing nation. This was further cemented by the tone of our poetry when recited. Conference participants were very much interested in writings from the third world such as Papua New Guinea. They believe we have much to offer. We found that there is a great reading audience waiting outside our country. It's such a pity we have not been able to get our works published outside and that we did not previously have exposure to the world scene.

The Conference to a large extent exposed us to the global stage where we saw what was happening in the world literature scene and more in especially in black writing. We saw that all black nations have had similar same experiences. Experiences of colonialism, oppression, suffering and so forth. In this sense writings then came out in the form of protests and a bid to reform for a better tomorrow. It was pointed out that "we have not come to terms to emotionally write ourselves about ourselves and the situations we live in." It seems we have some limitations as well.

The first and foremost concern is the possible venues for publication. Publishers have generally refused to publish books etc unless they are subsidized. Writers thus to come to terms with this by finding willing publishers to publish cheaper books of user quality or else make extra efforts to make them of quality yet cheap. Thirdly, there is the question of whether the money or royalties would go to the authors. Here writers should insist for more royalties. Legislations must be drawn up to protect our written work. In Papua New Guinea's case this means copyright laws to protect our writers interests. This is a must for our country. Legislation must be passed not only to protect our writers but also to encourage more writers to submit their work for publication.

Thanks to the Conference Organisers, the three days conference was very rewarding. It was mentioned that the rights of Black writers must be protected. Writers are indeed exploited. Its a privilege to have our works being published but the work involved must be taken into consideration. The importance of a Union was stressed in the sense that it should be protected like any other trade. It was further emphasized that there is a need for black publishing houses and editors. We need editors who will not omit certain things which might erase the essence and emotions and distort certain facts.

There was mention that the white 'system' has served to ignore, degrade, insult and suppress the black people. In fact our hate is suppressed, since we still feel inferior. We as writers have a great responsibility and that is to break this barrier and speak out. Take for example the subject of history in Papua New Guinea. All history or historical records have been written from foreign perspectives ie. Australian, or British etc, not indigenous perspectives. Have a closer look at the facts - they say this white man or so was the first man to contact Papua New Guineans, but how about the forerunners? The actual person to scout different parts of the land and send out warning messages to make the people aware before the white man entered? I reckon it was a Papua New Guinea yet he has not been given his due recognition. The interpreters, the policemen and carriers I believe are still around from the old days thus efforts should be made to record their accounts before they perish.

People tend to about generalize us all as blacks! They don't understand the complexities that are involved. We have different tribes with different perspectives. We don't decide for everyone. Decisions are communal. I, for one, speak only as an individual.

Writers and intellectuals today have a big task. We should now consider writing and being critical of people who have been writing about us and their works. How much of the facts, emotions and the interpretations of certain situations are fully represented and accounted for or expressed? They are more or less superficial and are meant for an outside audience other than for study in our educational institutions.

FINDINGS DUE TO THE CONFERENCE.

I found that we were restricted, to a large, extent in our writings. It was pointed out by participants that it is common among third world countries in one way or another have being

colonised, for a colonial vocabulary and mentality to limit our writers in their forms of expression. We speak colonial English and have colonial attitudes. We have been greatly influenced by the colonials and their impact on our writing has been great.

An important aspect of literature that sprang up during the conference was the question of oral literature. Oral literature is by far, one of the most significant historical records of our day to day life. Oral literature among Pacific countries including Papua New Guinea and the Aborigines is more important to us than the printed matter. We express ourselves with more confidence orally rather than in print. To put oral literature in print is very difficult for us, but efforts must be made. When trying to translate and interpret we are unable to expressively put our emotions perfectly thus along the line the essence of the whole thing is lost. The emotions, the feelings and significance are not fully contained. Instead writers in our case Papua New Guineans would start writing oral history from Papua New Guineans perspectives according to our own societies. We are very rich in this particular literature and it should be preserved by all means and also experts in this field can come in, study and criticize. It also led me to realize that literacy input in upbringing in Papua New Guinea is almost nil. Very little is mentioned about it in the educational institutions except for the teaching and using of 'correct' English. It's time now that the essence of literature in language be taught to add flavour to our expressions.

Too often when translations are made, certain parts are omitted by the translator. The printed matter then is only to please others or to say something to a certain audience. This I feel should not be the case.

Furthermore, Papua New Guineans are writing almost in a vacuum. Papua New Guinea writing started too early, not for the writers but for the readers. Papua New Guinea has not developed enough readers in our country to read and appreciate our own writers works. We should encourage readers to read our works and to educate people in Papua New Guinea to read and enjoy our literature. This can be effectively done through the educational institutions. To do this teachers must first be taught to appreciate literature.

Writing then in Papua New Guinea is restricted due to :-

1. Colonial limitations through the language taught to us.
2. The attitudes and values passed on to us.
3. The audience it is deemed for.
4. The critics that would come out due to our expressions in terms of printed matter.
5. The limitations in firmly grasping, understanding and expressing in the English language.
6. The difficulty in translating effectively.

"ASAL 86" 7th - 11th July.

(Conference of the Association for the study of Australian literature).

In addition to attending the Conference on Black literature in Brisbane, we were invited as guests to the Association for the study of Australian literature held at James Cook University in Townsville. At this particular conference we were primarily observers though we were presented with opportunities to informally discuss our situations about writing in Papua New Guinea and we were also given two opportunities to recite poetry. I am sad to say that there were no aborigines present. Anyway the discussions and papers presented here were of very high level in which authors and critics came together to review, discuss and criticize works of others.

RECOMMENDATIONS.

Due to the two conference I have realized that there are certain things that have to be done in our country. That is to promote and encourage our writers as well as to preserve and appreciate our own literature. Not only so it will be available for Papua New Guineans, but for the world as well to appreciate. My recommendations are as follows:-

Emphasis should be placed on promoting literature throughout the nation. A literature campaign or awareness program should be embarked on by authorities concerned with literature like the Education Department, National Cultural Council, Writers Union, the Language and Literature department at the Universities and so forth, about the importance of literature in our life and society. Not only for the purpose of preserving our various forms of literature but to encourage third world writing for the world scene as well as to write and express in a better sense.

Funds be made available for a national conference within our country whereby writers all over Papua New Guinea be provided opportunities to come together, discuss, review, recite and be critical about the literature been put out.

Emphasis be placed on the teaching and appreciation of literature in all the educational institutions.

In teaching, teachers should put some emphasis to read and appreciate literature and then encourage students to read and teach them to appreciate it. Prior to teaching the students, teachers involved in the teaching of English in all institutions of education be equipped well in literature to appreciate and to foster the value of literature. In the educational institutions the tendency has been to teach grammar and the correction of grammar Literature as an input would greatly enhance better expression with a better taste.

Encouragement and promotion of oral traditions and customs as well as being recorded by sources involved in literature since this particular area is very rich about, the way of life of our people. Due to the rapid changes in our lifestyle and the fast diminishing extent of our languages, the essence of our oral literature will be lost. Therefore it must be recorded before it's too late.

Young and budding writers be indentified and encouraged to produce work and to provide venues for their publication.

More women writers be encouraged to write from the feminist point of view so as to have a balanced outlook of Papua New Guinea society in all aspects of literature.

More critics should come out and speak, criticising existing works so that better material can be put out. Presently we lack very effective critics.

Legislation be passed by parliament to protect our literature and writers. Copyright laws should be a must for the purpose of encouraging writers.

Finally my sincere thanks to the authorities that were responsible in making the trip possible and worthwhile. Furthermore for conferences which would come up in literature it would be worthwhile and of great encouragement to Papua New Guinea to send delegates to represent us and to come back with new and fresh ideas as well as exposing our values to other countries.

THE SONG BCS BUSINESS COMPUTER SYSTEM

JUST
LOTUS 1-2-3
VERSION 2 & MANUALS
ARRIVED

from
K 2495



The SONG Business Computer system has a growing club of satisfied users from every one of its installations in Papua New Guinea.

This XT compatible machine has components from reliable Japanese suppliers, so you get more system up-time. And we include a complete set of printer, RS-232 and clock interfaces — no more wondering how much more you have to pay to add-on that extra peripheral!

A graphics display interface is standard (which shows you text in **BOLD**, underlined and *italics* fonts on-screen). Plus a massive 640kB of useable RAM to get you flying with the new range of integrated software.

Don't get a computer that "may" run the software you need. The SONG BCS will run all PC and XT software and do it better at a price that simply can't be beaten, feature for feature.

Come join the BCS club. The BCS is available now, only from SONG Computers.

Features:

- * 360kB Disk Drive(s)
- * 20MB Hard Disk optional
- * Wide range of printers
- * Free software support
- * Complete SIX MONTH warranty!!



SONG COMPUTER SYSTEMS

a division of

PNG RESOURCES PTY LTD, P.O. BOX 27, UNIVERSITY, NCD,
PAPUA NEW GUINEA.

SHOP: WATKINS MALL. BOROKO, Phone 25 6642.

NIUS

I'VE SEEN THEM ALL

I've seen them all in my time,
 The magic brush of a sun's farewell,
 Splashing brightly coloured rhymes on cosmic canvas.
 The stillness of breathless moonlight,
 Wearing silken threads of light upon the earth.
 Cold lovely moros when beautiful dawn danced,
 Shedding her tears on the lawn in parting.
 I've seen lillies yawning open into majestic bloom,
 in the eerie mistly virgin light.

I've seen playful little children - singing in the rain,
 with bright flowers in their hair.
 Love birds hugging on a powerline,
 to keep out the gripping cold of the rain.
 Sunbathing green crabs that scuttled,
 in the flying spray of some rocky bay.
 The quiet calm of a sleepy ocean,
 on a windless sunloved summers day,
 and lone lights fluckering on the horizon,
 tiny specks of life in the vast death of darkness.
 Fields of golden kunai being combed.
 by the running teet of the Eastern wind.
 All these I've seen and made more,
 Since out of the dark void I came.

I've seen the man who took my hand,
 In an embrace as cold as windy shore,
 and promised me worldly gain, glory, and fare,
 proceeding to create beauty out of my dark void,
 to bring life to my emptiness a barren mud flat,
 filling me with cool waters of abundant wisdom,
 He showed me his terrible blazing hands,
 hand, that built dreams to ease mans pains,
 hands that reached greedily for gods crown,
 that conquered all, created a new and never doed.
 He showed me blazing lights not unlike the sun,
 Imager that flashed and hung like cobwebs in the air,
 Speaking in tongues - calling my name.
 I saw fingers that held up the sky,
 Granite serpent that wiltered overland,
 Amphibian steelfish that swam the seas,
 Birds of stone zipped through skies,
 "All from these hands," he cried,
 as he faded into the darkness I'd left.

But now I see more macabre sights,
 A white dove glazed eyes unseeing,
 starring into its own pool of scarlet blood,
 rotting black trees stumps in shapes grotesque pose,
 silent sentinels of forlorn ruins.
 Lifeless fish floating like leaves,
 in the rainbow screen of oily seas,
 flightless gulls decaying on seaweed coated shores,
 upon whose flesh dark fires swarn to feast.

I see miserable children crying amongst,
 wilted roses in endless fields of tombstones.
 armoured warriors all splattered with blood,
 strangling babes in a garden of blooming orchids.
 robed figures upon a foggy mountainside,
 chanting prayers to a serpentine god.
 Again I see bright light unlike the sun.
 Lights that take all and leave no life.
 and all receded to darkness as it once was.

Jacob K. Harry

HURT

It pierces my heart,
 like a poisoned arrow.
 causing it to writh in agony.
 It's sound so ominous,
 it chills my blood.
 I can hear my heart pounding.
 in my head,
 burning through me.
 Like a wild beast,
 tearing up its prey,
 it rages from head to toe
 threatening to turn
 all hell loose.
 Like a disease,
 it blocks my mind
 from the outside world
 making me withdraw
 Into myself
 in my bid
 to justify
 my hurt

Abuc N. Daniel

ONE DOWN; ANOTHER TO GO

Salty words
 Spill in streams of hatred
 Not as any icy stream
 But in molten magma
 From the caldera of my Father's heart.

As if threatened by a venomous snake
 Into the air his legs carry him
 Forgetting his white-ant-bitten stool
 As if commanded by mystical force
 His heavy blow brought billions
 of stars on dizzy consciousness.
 The forgiving earth I feel.
 A thousand shooting stars meet
 Before the brightest shouts my fate.
 I faint; coldness numbs my eyes
 Tears I treasure
 The pains of Calvary return.
 Like a rag I am pressed to the earth.

Pain stripped of mercy
 A wall of curses hinders my pleas
 "Ears of stone, son of nothing.
 My house breeds leeches.
 Disappear into the darkness."

Of all friends I treasure dust.
 It clings to me.
 A soft gentle friend
 He shares my misery.

Door shut he left
 Stars slowly disappear
 But heartfelt memories remain
 Deeper than a cut
 Blood returns to its origin
 But will the taste of hate
 Gather into a solid foundation?

Below, my beloved mother
 Now in her grave
 Agony and pain open new wounds.
 Did we love him or he love us?

Her grave answers "Life is not ours"
 She has had it.
 A deep well is at peace
 Disturbed by sudden turbulence
 "One down; another to go"

Steven Edmund Winduo

BOBBY

The field is covered by flowers of the wild; a sea of fragrant vibrant colours in bloom that ripple in the nudging breath of the wind. The carpet of colours lies broken by a squared line of pale white stones that mark the boundary of her final haven of rest. At the head of the square, a weather beaten board stands askew against the blue sky, leaning into the face of the wind as if in defiance of the wind's might. The flaked letters on the board are faded and old but on closer inspection they reveal a simple lone name; BETTY.

To this oasis of devotion, comes Bobby. Each day he makes the journey, faithfully dragging his aged bones along the path to the river where dragonflies in jerky motion harass the rustling reeds startling the feeding grasshoppers who hop up and down in anger. Above the softly flowing banks of the river, in the swaying branches of the leafy trees, birds twitter and exchange gossip or glide into the open air showing off in aerial acrobatics for their mates. Brown leaves flutter to earth, gently eased by cushions of air, some land on the water and are carried boyant downstream. Bobby strides unaware of the rats that scamper from their holes and the butterflies that play amongst the blooms and the sun baths the earth in the warm lazy heat of the afternoon. Always he comes to the grave and lies silently staring at the blue sky over the marker but not really seeing anything, just staring vacantly at the world, deep in remorse and lost in memories. I have often come upon Bobby in this way when I take my evening stroll. I have tried talking to him to shake him out of the mental torture he inflicts upon himself but silence always greets my words and he closes his eyes to shut me out. So I never disturb the curled up form whenever I meet him because I feel that some things are best left alone.

Bobby and I live in the same house near the Oki river on the Fudi plateau; at least we both do know that Betty is gone. I always feel pity for Bobby's devotion and his daily ritual of mourning for I've seen the love that flamed bright within him when Betty was alive. Yet these days he moves like a zombie or lies quietly beneath the trees in the backyard till the light of day is gone then he comes indoors only to pick at his dinner and retire. What was once a perfect physique has dwindled to a lean frame upon which sagging crumpled skin hangs in sad folds. His eyes are coated with the dullness of indifference, his shoulders drop over his body in helpless resignation and his frame slouches when he walks. Since Betty's death, he rarely utters a sound not even a whimper when he cut his foot on the broken window pane I'd carelessly thrown on the lawn.

But there had been a different Bobby once, a spirited young and happy lad who'd run and play in the fields or go swimming in the river. But that had always been with Betty. When she was around Bobby became animated, alive and carefree. She had been his shadow's companion in work, play and leisure. Inseparable those two had been, Betty had been his lifeline, in her brown cheerful eyes Bobby had seen the churning whirlpool of love that had dragged him in and enveloped him in its ecstatic frenzy. That's not to say theirs was an open untroubled love; often the storms of anger broke over their ties sparked by slight differences of opinion and little incidents that evoked disappointment or jealousy in either one of them. Still, despite occassional rifts, true love returned always, returned to cement its passion and faith in twin hearts that throbbed with deep emotions of adoration and devotion. They'd been here long before I came to live in the house. They accepted me the first day and the cordial link had survived all along. I minded my own business they minded theirs.

Then that fateful Monday came. I had gone to the village store to buy some batteries for my calculator as I was taking a maths correspondence course. The morning had dawned bright and lovely, the sky was the deepest blue with no cloud in sight. As I set off from the gate, I could see Betty in the distance followed by Bobby who was trailing some few metres back. They were going to the Asi's who lived further down the road near the old church and school grounds. In an instant the shroud of quiet was torn apart by the roar of a screaming engine as a dilapidated Hilux shot out of the corner of the school yard and swept down the middle of the village. Betty walking in front had been crossing over from the other side of the road where

Bobby stood sniffing some flowers. The impact of the vehicle threw Betty's broken body into the air and she landed with a thud by the roadside as the drunken fool sped away in a cloud of stifling dust.

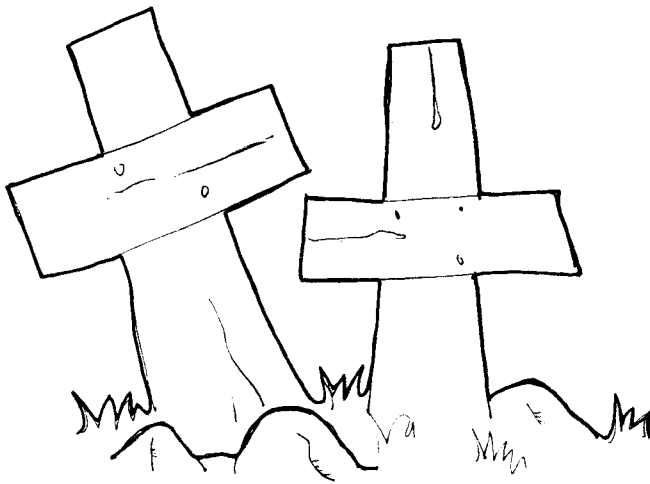
I had seen the accident and I ran as fast as I could to the figure of Bobby hunched over his love, whimpering and shaking with grief. Blood has splattered all over the dusty ground and her silent face was smeared with dirt and blood. I checked for a heartbeat but it was too late. Betty was dead.

So we buried her in the field by the river where the romantic couple had so often come to chase the birds or sniff the new grass after the rains and roll in the cool ponds. From that day Bobby's pilgrimages of love had begun as well as his fall into silent obscurity and declining health.

Today I returned from my shopping and decided to go for a swim. I changed into my trunks and with a towel slung over my shoulder I headed for the river. At the junction where the road pairs off to the river and to the village I stood and called for Bobby. Hearing no reply (as always) I took the little path to the grave and there he lay, cold to my touch - old and frail. He had tucked in his front paws and stretched his hind legs in the sleep of death. His head lay at the head of the grave with a smile that shone on his old wizened face. I sat beside the old veteran of pain and ruffled his head. Then I closed the eyes that shone in death.

Now two old weather beaten boards stand next to each other in the field of wild blooming flowers. Butterflies play amongst the petals and humming bees search for pollen. Birds often rest on the stones and headboards and the river goes on flowing.

Jacob Kila Harry



CLAWS

Is that your voice I hear?
 My long lost brother dear?
 Dripping in the sadness of jungle morns
 like the dew that blesses the leafy mound.
 Is that your tired, sad wail of gloom,
 Fluttering like leaves of autumn's bloom?

It is I, heart of my heart.
 Wretchedness covers my lonely hearth
 The fire burns icy fingers of heat
 Deepening my sadness in its spit.
 Oh, Rib of my Rib
 Enslaved in rustic chains that rub
 Painfully in my maggot-festooned sores
 Running with putrid milky pus and gore
 I beg you give me from our mountain spring
 To ease my fever, mother's sweetest drink.

Oh Soul of my Soul,
 Companion of my mother's womb
 Your sad lamentations I do hear
 Those mournful words I hold most dear
 To you I pledge an ocean of tears
 In my heart a mountain of pity lies
 But forbearance holds my love so ripe
 And wise counsel that lengthens my own life

Twin of my birth
 Life's tortures fill me with dread
 Hate's cold hand ruffles my sweaty brow
 My swollen eyes see the dark crow
 And ugly vultures that gather to feast
 On banquet of horror laid by the beast
 While feathered minstrels sing in my father's hills
 Their laments riding the winds that blow ill.

Hold Brother, be steadfast in faith
 Each setting sun holds the promise
 Of a better dawn from the East.
 Let not life's tide recede and fade
 From those sleepless weary eyes so red.

No more! I beg you Brother dear,
 Long have I waited on the grassy plains
 In the jungle I sought your voice in vain
 From the mountains I searched for signs
 Even the seagulls had no news of thine.

No more! I leave for shores of joy
 To the spirit of our land I give myself up
 To walk my father's trail for I hear him call
 Leaving no promises, only a glimmering hope
 That burns in this waddling tote
 That his hands shall weave enough rope

To one day hand the beast who dashed my hopes
 And broke my body to sate his greed
 I only pray someday we shall be freed
 For no legal moralising at best
 Nor propositions nor wishful thinking
 Can solve this damned dilemma of the West.
 Only blood and the gun shall win the day
 Brother, do not try to rationalize
 This situation of no compromise
 No legal answers you should realise
 Only by blood and gun shall we survive
 Where are the voices shouting in the wilderness?
 Why are they silent and drained of faith?
 Are their bellies full that they care less?
 Or is it that they fear the eagle's wrath?
 I saw them marching faintly in the streets
 Raising clouds of dust in arid cities
 Shouting solgans of paternal love and freedom
 Were they only the cry of young rash spirits?
 Brother, listen the eagle has feasted well
 Now to your own door he draws ever nearer
 For his avarice has seen countless fall
 On your peaceful shores he plants his dark fear
 And plans your demise by his cool cunning
 Brother be wary for he is coming.

So let the blood flow in scarlet rivers
 Crowning the dark soil in its red aura
 Let us bear arms in hot battle fever
 Till the eagle is no more marauder
 Arise all you children of bleak bondage
 Strike off your fetters and claim your birthright.
 From East to West, children congregate
 In the bloodbath of the eagle deity
 Sing songs of battle you women sing
 Sing songs of death you children sing
 For men's discourses bear no promises
 Except blood and the gun shall surmise.

Jacob Kila Harry.

NAMU

Solomon Islands
 Cry with me
 Soloman Islands
 Mend my broken heart
 Solomon Islands
 Put something in my belly
 Solomon Islands
 I have lost my beloved ones

Though you see me
 I can't see you for my eyes are
 listless, unseeing.

My peaceful life shattered
 The unexpected happened
 Forces of wind, rain and flood
 Left nothing but my bare body.

Solomon Islands
 Share my sorrow
 Oh peoples
 Cyclone Namu
 Has taken from me
 Though I want to cry, no tears come

Solomon Islands
 Your efforts touched my heart
 A lump in my throat
 A mixture of joy and sorrow
 Yet I have hope
 I'll see my loved ones again
 But first help me bury my dead.

Lemu Darcy.

PNGWU MEMBERSHIP FORM.

I wish to become a member of the Papua New Guinea Writers
 Union Please acknowledge receipt of
 my membership fee.

☐

K5.00 adults

☐

K2.00 students

Name.....

Address.....

.....

Cheques/money orders should be made payable to PNG Writers'
 Union, C/o Language & Literature dept. P.O. Box 320 University
 Port Moresby, Papua New Guinea.

**For 25t a day
we'll take you around the world
five days a week.**



**Whether it is a crisis in the Coffee Industry
or a nuclear plant disaster in Russia
we'll keep you informed.**

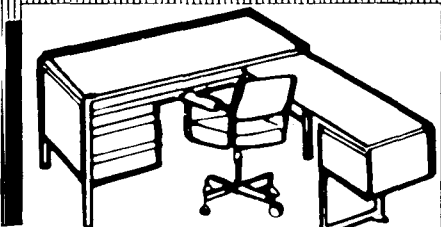
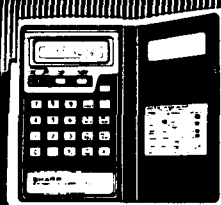
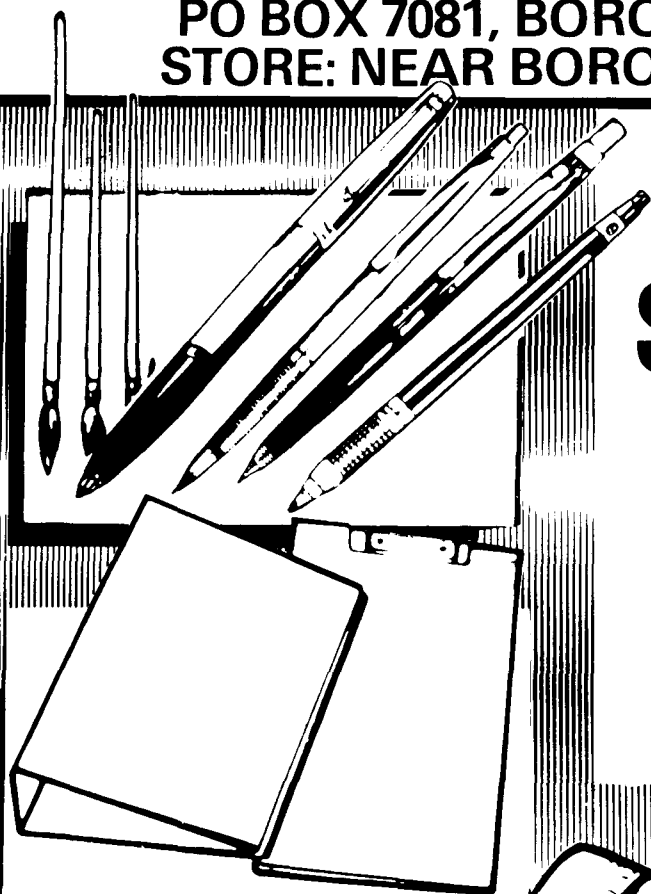


***The largest selling daily newspaper
in Papua New Guinea.***

ALU SIGNS PTY LTD

PO BOX 7081, BOROKO Tel: 25 4600
STORE: NEAR BOROKO POLICE STN.

*The Full Range
of*
**STATIONERY,
OFFICE
AND
SCHOOL
SUPPLIES**



I.D. BADGES



SPORTS TROPHIES for Sale

Speedy engraving service
Retail/Wholesale Country Orders



SEE WHAT YOU
STAMP
SEE - WHAT YOU
STAMP



QUALITY - DEPENDABILITY - DURABILITY
CASIO®

the best impression
hebamo
printing • advertising • publishing • paper

the best impression

Creative Printing and Advertising

full art and layout facilities

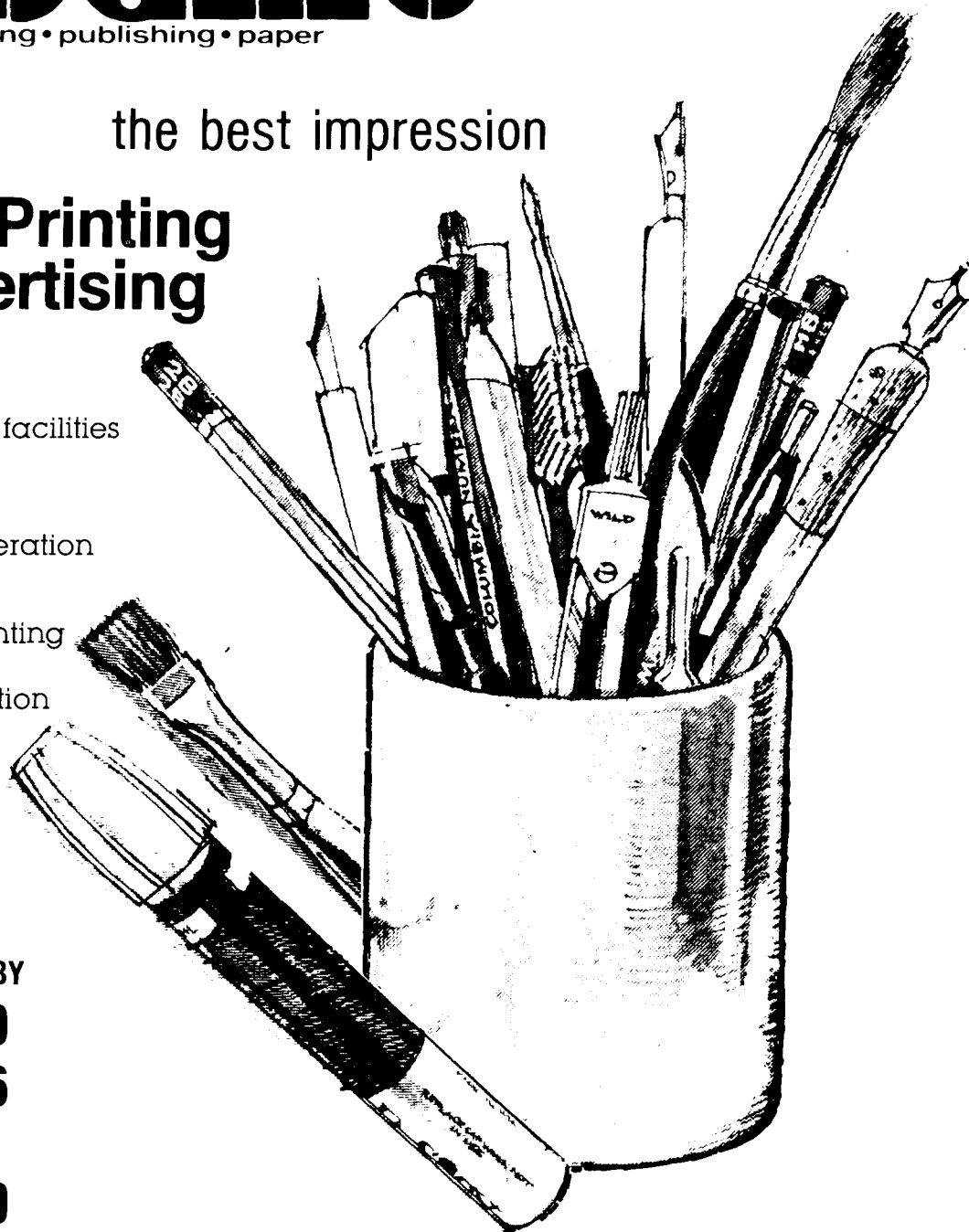
photo typesetting

binding and numeration

full colour
or multi colour printing

book and publication
specialist

photography



PHONE
PORT MORESBY
25 7909
25 4546
LAE
42 1460

COMPLETE SERVICE FROM DESIGN TO FINISH

HEBAMO PRESS PTY.LTD.
Varahe Rd.
GORDONS

P.O. BOX 6033
BOROKO, P.N.G.
TELEX NE 23244

the best impression
hebamo
printing • advertising • publishing • paper

the best impression

Creative Printing and Advertising

full art and layout facilities

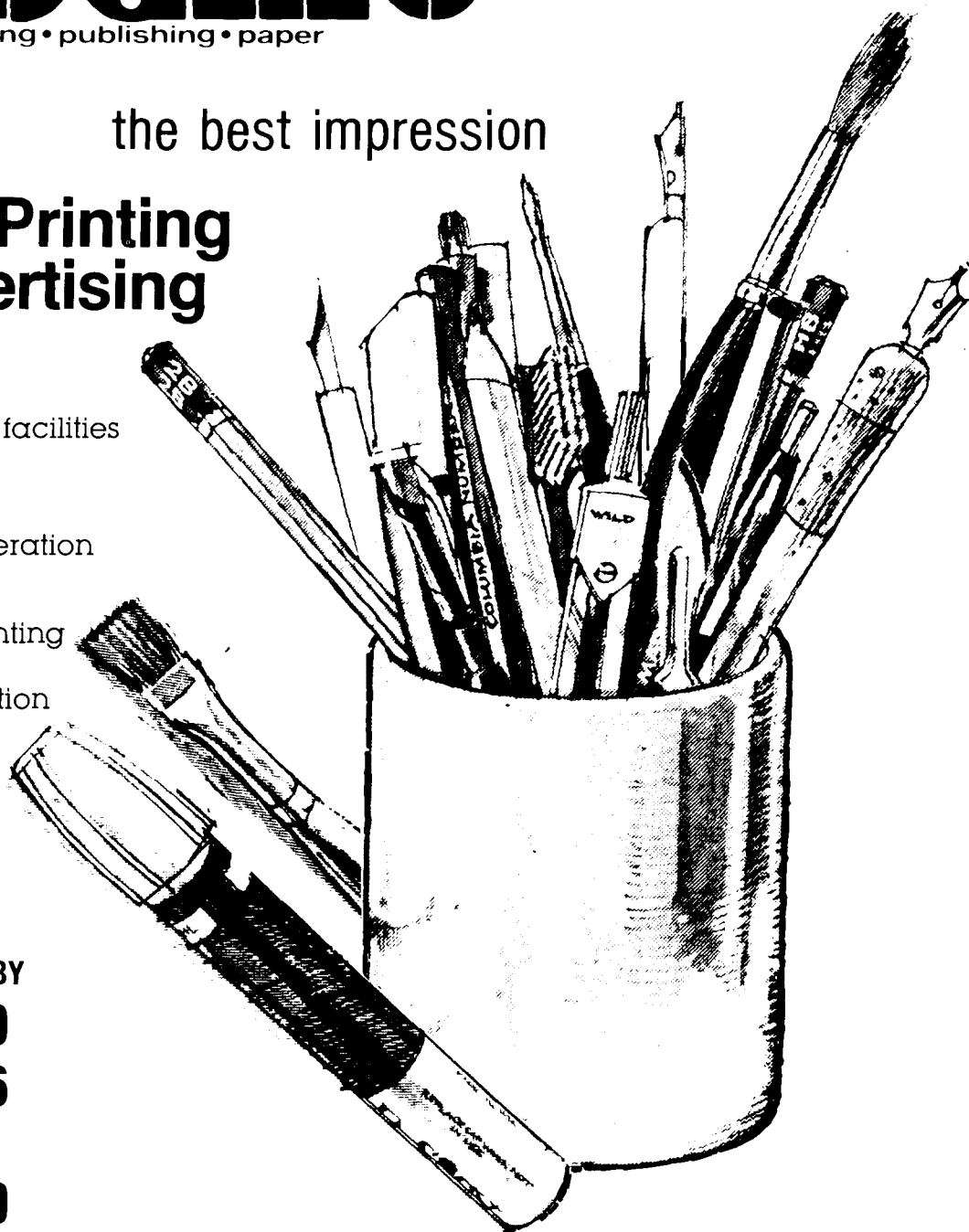
photo typesetting

binding and numeration

full colour
or multi colour printing

book and publication
specialist

photography



PHONE
PORT MORESBY
25 7909
25 4546
LAE
42 1460

COMPLETE SERVICE FROM DESIGN TO FINISH

HEBAMO PRESS PTY.LTD.
Varahe Rd.
GORDONS

P.O. BOX 6033
BOROKO, P.N.G.
TELEX NE 23244