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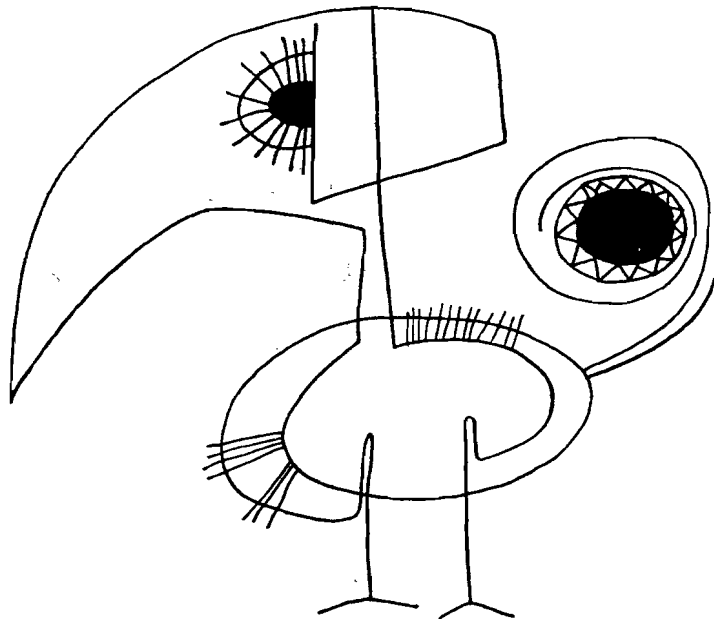
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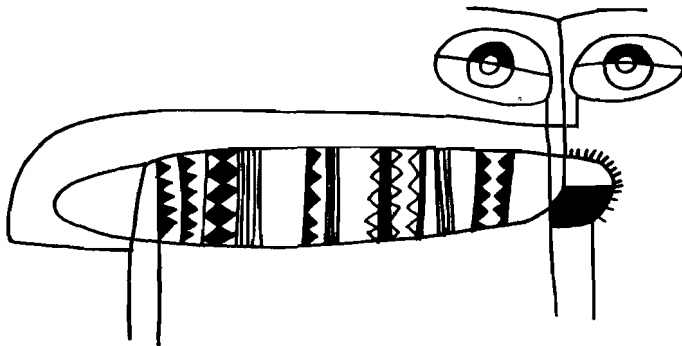
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**Publisher's note:** *John Kasaipwalova's* play "*Kanaka's Dream*" was awarded the Michael Zahara Prize for the best play in the Second Literature Bureau Play Competition.



# MOON

Nothing is tender and soft  
like a handful of glittering grass  
cuddling my back with gentle fairy fingers.

The mountains, packed on to each other,  
sit with mighty bottoms and golden heads  
puffing blue clouds from bamboo pipes;  
they cast dark shadows  
on the sloping kunai grass.

The river Fly flows to the sea  
not chattering like starlings do around their nests  
nor giggling quietly like midnight lovers  
but silently, like a bracelet of silver  
it seems to encircle the earth.

The scent of frangipani  
is heavy under the coconut palms  
and bats play the love games  
against the moon.

Steal away, then,  
steal away tonight  
to the dance of the fireflies.  
Fly away  
let me love you  
with moonlight touch.

*Apisai Enos*

# MY LIFE YESTERDAY AND TODAY

*by Henginike Bosomu*

GOING UP INTO THE HEART of New Guinea you will be amazed by a village which is the most famous village in the Territory of Papua and New Guinea. Birds of the air and bees make a sweet tune when you sit along the bank of a slow flowing river. Surrounded by mountains and by the tall huge trees, a stranger wouldn't make his way through, unless by a guide who knows where the right track is to my village.

The voice of children here and there makes the village more lively. Here I was born to a family of eight people. I will never know and have known how I was treated at my village by my parents, but in fact I was born to one of the parents.

At the age of five I was sent off to a distant land where I was not accustomed to or familiar of. My father, a local missionary from the Finchafofen area, was pretty tough on me. He, I mightn't know, thought I would bring forth a rich fortune by sending me away to a distant land. Influenced by the Germans, his characters were peculiar. He used to go about beating people for education and religious reasons. Whether this was justified or not I am still in doubt.

Amongst the cannibals of these new areas, which I was allotted to, lived my uncle. Having left my home and living sixty-five miles away was too much for me to bear. Sometimes I had to go away and sleep under a tree or under a house. As young as that, I came to forget my parents. I never knew where I came from and who were my parents.

One of the crafty tricks that I used to do was, we had a hole right in the middle of our floor. This hole was made by fire one night. This hole came to be my doorway and if I happened to slip

through I could do it very thoroughly. It was my doorway for getting in and out to steal food from the gardens. Those gardens were my uncle's and he was unaware of this business. This incident went for many months and my uncle was unaware of it. As the weeks and months passed and I became very expert in doing such things and I was quick as a rat. I became very proud of myself and thought what a proud 'human rat' I was.

As usual, my uncle used to go out giving bible lessons to the people who were attending for a baptismal class. One night, not knowing that he was outside, I slipped out of my nest to do my night thieving. Unfortunately my uncle caught sight of me. He was suspicious whether it was a thief trying to steal his goods, or was it a supernatural being doing his night performance or bringing good fortune to his house. Bearing this curious subject in mind he quickly got to a place higher and closer, where he could have a good contemplate.

Unaware of the outside world I timidly with quick short steps went past my uncle. He could have at that moment instantly given me a shock, but he was suspicious to watch me doing this brave act in such a quiet night. Every step I took and the food that I embezzled were all perceived. However such as small as my size I thought to myself that no one would remark me. He then inactively slipped away to the house. I knew that he would not bother looking under his bed to see whether I was in bed or not because at such times they (with his wife) never really cared about feeding me. But unfortunately this time he did. He then knew that it was me who was there in his

new garden stealing all the food. He then quickly pretended to be fast asleep.

Satisfied with the green vegetables, I slowly made my way back to my resting place never knowing that I had been remarked. Nevertheless, the following day, my teacher and his wife decided to starve me deliberately as usual. To me it wasn't much meaningful change, because I was always in that sort of situation always. As the night drew near the couple decided to do a drastic thing to me. As any children I was not suspicious of what would happen to me the next day or so, as the evening was drawing in.

I, unaware of their contrive, went straight ahead with my night duty as I supposed. I was so hungry that I didn't notice my teacher exiting to be on the watch near his garden. I, not realizing this, quickly went out of my hole and headed towards the gardens, as soon as I approached the gardens he gave me a hard blow and severe beatings which I thought was from the evil spirits who punished naughty children. I screamed and shouted, running for my life to the hole where I used to go in and out. However as I was approaching the hole the wife of the teacher was already on her knees, half naked, holding her club. As I pushed my head through the hole to get into the house she gave me a hard blow, that I laid unconscious under their house like a rat, which when hit by something, lies stiff and dead. Such as that I laid there all through the night.

In the morning Oguri, a fellow worker in the church, passing by noticed me. He had his guts, so having sympathy on me laid his hands to help me to recover. After, with proper meal and proper sleep I recovered myself. All these problems were ignored because there was nobody who cared for me or took care of me.

At the age of six I was sent to a mission school, where an American missionary was running. It was a primary boarding school.

Seeing that I was naked and dirty every day, the missionary one day took me to work for him and this continued for several months. He then gave me a red laplap to cover up my naked body. It was a real pleasure having such a nice beautiful laplap.

Rejected by every child and every adult, I had no place in the whole society. The mission station was much better than the village school that I had attended. That was because we had enough to eat and spare some for the pigs that the local teachers had. On the social aspect such as playing with other boys and girls I was discarded and was reckoned as a bastard.

Out of 200 people in my school I had only one boy who was originally from my village, by the name Awono. With his physical strength he could provide food and firewood for both of us. Sometimes he beat me which I usually accepted as a father and son relationship. Days and months passed, I never saw a person who was termed as 'father'. When Awono tells me to go to our village I used to say no, because of the fear that I had developed in my heart and the fear that I had that I was born without proper parents.

I could hardly bear the situation in the mission school. Monono was a centre of all the people who needed a trade store to buy their things. Sometimes I had people from my village but they never realized me that I was their missionary's son.

Troubles began to arise when I got into Standard Three. The first part of the day used to be an English lesson and the last part of it was a vernacular language that we had to learn as church students.

The first part of the lesson taught by the missionary did not differ much. I used to receive many beatings that I sometimes thought of committing suicide. The missionary, Bob Hueter, in some ways was good, but at other times he would grab a person's neck and throw him out of the class through the window.

I could recall one incident that Bob Hueter did to one of the boys in my class that made me feel unconscious and die. I could hardly believe it. It was only a minor problem as I would say from this day's point of view. But at that time it was a very severe crime to just jump across the lawn to the other side of the lawn around the missionary's house.

The missionary seeing this didn't take any action. This crime was postponed to the coming Sunday where a special great action would occur.

The criminals of that week were all postponed for the coming Sunday.

Sunday! The church bell rang and everybody was on the double. Having early breakfast all the people were coming for the Sunday worship. The 'criminals' were very intimidated of these heavy beatings. They on their part were also trying to protect their poor bottoms on which they were going to get the beatings. Others looked awkward with those heavy clothings on them. In particular, the person who jumped over the lawn was really sweating all over and couldn't control his breathing. With the heavy coat and the blankets under his thick laplap gave him another burden. He could hardly wait and through the worship he was having his secret prayers either to the gods of the mountain or to the Christian God.

Unfortunately that Sunday must have been those Sundays when Yariabai, the mountain god, was at work. That morning I decided not to go to church with one of my school mates. So we played marbles while others were in service. Bob Hueter while preaching his sermon noticed us, running around and playing marbles. What a poor day it was. Before we had the time or the energy to escape ten people were on each of us. We gave them our excuse for not going to church, even bit their hands but we were instead held more firmly and wouldn't be released. At last I had no strength to bite them so I gave up to their hands in which they squeezed me harder. In their hands I was like a rat trying to escape.

With my secret prayers I asked the lucky gods to come and release me from such pain. Whether my suffering prayers were heard by the lucky gods or not, still I was going to face this trouble. Bob Hueter pointing to me asked, 'Don't you remember that this is Sunday?' Standing in the midst of those hundreds I could hardly let out a word or even breath.

The missionary raising his hands ordered the people to stand in a long queue. He asked the people to come in a straight line and as they passed us, would spank us on our bottoms as hard as they could.

I was shocked to see about 600 strong men accepting every word the missionary was telling

them. On the contrary the weeping mothers and fathers, thinking of their own children going through such sorrow, though it was not proper for them to involve. Others did know what was going to happen to us, didn't realize what a suffering it would be for such young kids, of seven or eight years of age.

The missionary ordered three strong men to approach us to hold us firmly, sticking out our bottoms on which the people could spank us as they went past us.

I heard a wild roar from my classmate who was first in the row, and the second person who was all well equipped with those heavy clothing did him good. I was so nervous that my blood clotted before they reached me. Finally I had the first thick palms of a person reaching me with a strong and powerful force. As it was continuing, the missionary was there to make certain that I had a good hard one. He stood there with no sympathy, smiling at every jerk a person made when hit by somebody. By the sixth person reached me some of my flesh were hanging loosely like a flesh of a pig after grinding, the veins held them together loosely. Those who saw the great disaster and the flesh that was coming apart from our body ignored us and realized that it was Sunday and they had no right to shed blood on Sunday. Some of those who wanted to show the 'old white dog' how faithful they were, used their fists or spanked us twice. The only treasure and valuable thing I had was torn into bits and in the midst of the crowd I stood naked. By dozen and half beats I was unconscious and didn't know what was going on and the people did all that was expected of them to do.

Later on our supporters who were grabbing us threw us on the grass and left. After their departure the dogs were having a nice meal. Others who watched us realized that it was a real human slaughter, and of those who had sympathy on us couldn't believe their eyes, and couldn't believe this bloody day. We layed there till six. I never knew who fetched me to my house.

In the morning I could see the bright lights again after several injections. The medical orderly told me not to go to school till my bottoms were in some way satisfactory to sit and do my work.



Meanwhile I had to lie in bed always and if wanting to sit, I usually laid on my stomach. I stayed away for three months before I went to school again.

My guardian, Mr Awono was active every moment. I in trouble did expected my parents visit, either to take me away or settle the matter with the missionary. But in fact they had forgotten me; as usual Awono was most active in everything I required.

After few months I went to say how sorry I was to the missionary. I didn't know whether such punishment was justified for a six year old boy.

On the contrary Muingre, our vernacular teacher was no better. He, indoctrinized by the Germans, having gone to German schools was much worse than the missionary. He did all sorts of abnormal things, and use to order students to do unhygienic things. He even ordered small boys to do long distance of walk, covering sixty to 160 miles, carrying mission mail.

I was then in Standard III and knew bits of English which I sometimes used to communicate with the patrol officers or the white missionaries. I use to make them buy my artifacts. Whether I deserved cash for them I was in doubt, because they were only pieces of bamboo that I carved designs on them. In this case it didn't resemble much to a real native artifact.

From the few pennies that I collected every time selling my artifacts, I made enough to buy myself a laplap. This piece of laplap which I bought with my own money, I valued more than owning a huge sum of money.

We were then drawing to our final year at Monono. Having good results in my exams I was one of those eight chosen to go to Asaroka area school which was sixty miles away.

The day came in which we had to depart. My school mates loaded on their backs were goods such as their clothing and other stationery. I hopped into the car without any single thing on my back. A small piece of laplap in which I wrapped my taro. Through rough and unwelcoming journey we reached our destination.

The natural and the physical environment of our new home was lively. The atmosphere of the

school was filled with songs and whispering. I was at a complete loss for there were nobody whom I knew except my seven friends. I then thought of my unlucky guardian whom I missed very much. He wasn't successful in his exams to go to Asaroka, so was discharged. Nevertheless I came to meet another 'Awono' whose character was much the same as old Awono. I anchored my faith on him for support in need of food or when involved in a quarrel.

The new school year began and on the morn of the first day the headmaster and the teachers told us about the situation and the life there. I was struck when I saw my freedom were all taken away by imposing strict rules, after the headmaster had read out the school rules.

I realized that it was much more worse than the last course primary education I had attended. That is, every activity we did were approved by the teachers such as going to toilets, eating, sleeping and working. The penalties for law breakers were much more worse if a boy was greeted by a teacher and if he didn't reply or his minds were not on it, then it was a bad luck for that person. He was given as his punishment work thirty feet long, three feet wide and eight feet deep trenches to dig. The bigger boys with their physical strength finish within three or four days and returned to school. But those unlucky ones were the smaller kids, who had hard time digging the holes or the ditches and removing dirt from such a deep height. Once a boy took three months to finish his punishment work.

The headmaster of the school was not better than the missionary that I had previously. He was a missionary, and also the principal of the school. Scharke, wanting to exercise his power, use to kick boys with his heavy boot or use his fist to hit people on their heads. These were done to those who were misbehaving and also to those who were causing inconvenience to the school by stopping taps on and off from the main tank.

He had every single right to force us to do anything, whether it was against my native custom or anything that seemed bad in my sight, such as washing ladies' underwear and clothing, or their toilets. All these were against my native custom but the headmaster had every right to force

people into washing them or the teachers themselves. There were no relation between teachers and the students, there were in fact no close communications. The headmaster would not let any student enter any teacher's house to sit with them.

I was reached Standard VI by then. I then thought if I get into higher forms then teachers might recognize me as a grown-up and treat me as a grown man. The final day came and everyone was nominated for the public examination in my class. Soon after the exams I had no place to go to. By then I knew roughly how to type. So I went about hurrying on the streets half scared and at other times being mocked at. I had a hard time seeking for a vocational employment.

At one stage I came to a white exploiter standing on his verandah. With courteous manner and with politeness I asked, 'Master can I work for you for the period of eight weeks?' He gave me a wild laugh which embarrassed me. He asked me to go down to his steps. He quickly ran in to his house and came out with a great bowl which I was unaware of. The young 'white dog' commanded me to look up, and down came the bowl landing on my face, the old skins of potatoes, paw paw, tomatoes etc. I got up and said thank you to my new master and went away sadly. As the sun shone on my school uniform the awful smell swelled up the air and by-passers not going more than a yard would spit and look back at me.

Remembering my new master I quickly made for my house. I was really struggling to get into high school. That is to say our school fees were £2.10, but in my lifetime I never had that much. At other times after a hard day's search, crying and saying I wish I had parents. Sleeping under the houses and among the kunai grass I sacrificed my life for the benefit of school fees. I fought hard to find £2.10 for my school fees but I couldn't.

Nineteen sixty-six was drawing near and I was still in this struggling state. All the jobs and employers failed me, so I decided to go to Yupuufa — a village just north of Asaroka High School, which is about five miles. There I asked a local missionary if I could spend my night with him. He welcomed me into his house.

The following day I decided to go down to the high school and in fact I did. He gave me 10 shillings which was one-third of my school fees. The cash tightly in my hand I ran down to the high school.

The students were called in for their school fees as I stood there staring at the boys, pulling all their money out and putting the remaining back into their pockets. Everyone proudly walked in and paid their school fees. I was standing there waiting to pay my share, but I had only ten shillings. The office closed and everyone except those who couldn't pay the full amount.

On the morn of the second day the headmaster ordered everyone to pay their school fees and their stationery was issued. By the eve of that day everyone had paid his school fees but I was still in trouble. Not knowing what to do I was roaming around in my garden looking at the nature and recalling old memories of the past. Meanwhile everyone was running here and there searching for me, because the headmaster needed me, but I was in world too carried away by the nature that I forgot to turn up for classes that afternoon.

The headmaster lost all his patience and was waiting just to see me. The day drew to its closing and the sun was hanging very low over the mountains made the school area a real golden place. The birds with the song of laughter everywhere and the choir of the church sounded beautiful and the school seemed a real paradise. The bright lights among the green leaves made the sky an extra beauty. Here and there boys were chanting and whispering. After the bell had gone for worship the prefects were on duty checking beds and dormitories in case of others not wanting to go to church service. Rev. Scharke was making sure that everybody were going to church and his prefects were also make sure that none of them was sleeping. Every possible place where he thought someone would be hiding were all spied. Going into the kitchen he was pouring people's food and kicking boys out of the kitchen to go to church. Others who hadn't had their evening meal or were just having them, were all scared that he might come and upset them. Others were putting away their plates of food

under their beds and hurried for the evening devotion.

People when in the church were not concentrating on what was going on. They thought of their empty stomachs, and wouldn't listen to any of the preacher.

As soon as they were in the chapel I was under the dormitories scratching and looking for firewood to cook my *kaukau*. At my movements a curious teacher through his window observed me. Lonesome and weary with empty stomach I hurried back and forth preparing my meal. Not long a small saucepan was hanging in the flames. Hardly could I wait. Before I had some of the cooked ones I had to say my table grace. While I was still shutting my eyes a bright light was shone into my face. The pot of *kaukau* was taken away from me, and I was led to the headmaster.

In front of the teachers and the headmaster I stood shivering from hunger and the fright. I could hardly say any word. Even though I spoke to the teachers ridiculing me, not even one could listen to my words. Much of their proudness and superiority drowned all their good character that they acted stupid in our sight. With their proud faces and reactions ignored me standing in such a place shivering and shaking from hunger and fear.

Rev. Scharke strode up to me and asked me why wasn't I attending classes that day. Without any word I stood there like a person who had been electrocuted. Standing for some hours I started to shiver and drop on to the floor. Teachers ordered the boys from the nearby class to come and carry me to the dormitory. I was in bed unconsciously and motionless as the moon was on its full smile. I got up after a few hours of sleep. The alarm clock struck two and a rat ran down the wall to escape. As it reached the corner of the room it had no opening to escape. Every time it jumped up and down I could hear its thumping on the floor of the room. Finally the poor beast gave in and waited for its chance. The time dragged on as I sat on my bed watching the moon disappear into the clouds.

The cool breeze was on its way like a god throwing its wings over his children to make them stay in ease. The birds sang from the tops of their

voices. The beasts of the night were on the double, making their way through for their shelters. The cock from the nearest yard gave its last cock-a-doo-doo!

The beds shook and before I had a careful observation who those fellows were, others were already out on the steps. Half raced cleaning away the puss in their eyes, all were heading for the latrine.

Not very long the sun was clearing its way up behind the mountains. Before the hot air was breathed in Asaroka everyone was outside shouting, dropping plates, spoons and pots. All this noise was just for the preparation of meals for the day.

Basawenu came dashing into my room madly calling for help. He frowned at me saying, 'You lazy rat, what are you doing? Can't you see everyone doing the day's work?' Whitout any accepting harsh words I fetch water, and peeled *kaukau* and filled up Basawenu's saucepan. I then went to have my bath while he did the last part of the job.

The bell rang and everyone was with his uniforms. As I walked with the rest of the students for the morning parade I looked bit outstanding. Everyone who passed me asked me whether I had any uniforms. Hundreds of mouths asking the same question motivated my emotional feelings. Having fed up with their questions I decided to go to the headmaster and ask him to give me the new uniforms. Not going far from the parade ground, I realized my old subject again. The school fees. Instead I headed for the dormitories to pack up and leave for good. On my way I remembered the rat who was trying its best to get out of the dormitory. I thought of that strange illustration over and over again. I should say that it was my first time to think over a personal problem or take such an illustration and compare it with mine. Having given a careful thought on my problem I also decided to struggle much harder and overcome the burden in one way or another, but not to escape from school. It was the hardest problem for me to tackle.

Doubtedly with a light tongue, I asked Basawenu if he could lend me some money. As these

words had been said, I was really embarrassed at such thing and I was not accustomed to asking people for such favours. Basawenu stood there for a while, looked at the clouds, the birds and as he saw my eyes I was in some way suspicious for the answer. Though he did not wanted to give me, others joined in to listen what the matter was all about. Before he had the time to say, one heard the matter and asked Basawenu strongly to lend me £1 or \$2. At last spending some time he made up his mind to pay for my school fees.

With a smile for change, I proudly gave my £2/10/- to Rev. Scharke. Before accepting the fees he told me that I was late deserving punishment and there was only one seat spaced for another person who was not in due at the set date, so I was told to take his place. He then allotted me to hard labour for fourteen days under strict check-ups.

Nineteen sixty-six drew towards its mid-terms, and so the mid-term exams were set. With some regret I managed to get through, though it was tough and challenging after missing several months of schooling.

By then I was accepted by the whole community and I found myself in a better situation. However, the general feeling of isolation still existed in me. The situation then rules and the punishments didn't vary much. As usual the prefects really sacrificed their lives for the benefits of the 'dictator'.

The school as a whole was not co-operative in everything we did. The headmaster with his staff members and the prefects were on one hand, while the student body was on the opposite. That is in every action, word and meetings, every staff and the headmaster would impose a certain rule without consulting the student body.

The weeks and months were dragging as the students were grumbling and moaning to the school for food and water, because a serious drought was wiping the gardens and the vegetation around into brown. After a month everything was to be seen brown everywhere in the valley. Even some of the rivers stopped flowing. But as we drew to the closing of the year, there was to be seen rain dropping. The rains poured in and filled to the tops our tanks, fish ponds, swim-

ming pool. It poured everywhere and the gardens were soaked with water. The small gulleys were almost filled with water. Ponds and lakes of water everywhere. By the time 1966 came to its end, green grass were to be seen here and there, the beasts of the air were attracted by the beauty of the flowers everywhere.

The closing ceremony and the presentation of books for the best students of that year were at hand. For my class I was given two books.

On the morn of the next day my *wantoks* urged me to go with them to Kebereu which was my village. The boys, seeing my hesitation, ignored me and departed for their villages.

Everyone filled with joy and recalling the scenes their villages motivated them to hurry back to their homes. On the way, no matter what happened to them, everyone headed for his village. These natural barriers, crossing rivers, climbing steep mountains, crossing rugged hilly ranges, slipping on sharp edges of stones, and mud; all these were drowned by their shouts and songs. Others who were to cover 150 miles walked both during the day and night, hoping to breathe the hot air from their families' houses, and sit by their lovers singing and clapping their hands on the Christmas Eve.

Nothing much to do, I hopped into a mission truck which was going in the direction which I was heading. The missionary, when he saw me sitting on the back of his truck, jumped out and told me to jump out again, calling me 'bush kanaka'. Excepting his words with glad heart as he preached or getting angry at him as I thought. Nevertheless I walked and not before long I arrived. It was the town of Goroka with its bright lights on the streets. People shouting here and there, others lying in the middle of the street, others swaying, swaying back and forth. Ignoring this 'happy' sight I made for my *wantoks'* house. As usual they were sitting around a short table enjoying their beer. As I approached their table they offered me hundreds of bottles but I told them I was forbidden to drink by our headmaster.

The following morning I went directly to an office. The person who was working there was a

manager of a large trading company, telling him the skill I had which was typing, he gladly accepted me to do some of his office work. On my part I was really grateful and I was prepared to do anything the manager told me to do. If not of those young clerks, I would have bowed down to the manager and worship.

After being employed for some several weeks I had my *wantoks* gathering around me begging for money. I took no notice of them and openly told them that I had never known them in my life. At that moment I was realized as one of those young people breaking down the traditional obligations and rites.

People after going back to my village spread all the false stories and made my name real bad. People in the village got up and told my father that his generation were the ones now going to cause inconvenience to the village. Whether this was true or not I wouldn't know. But from my part I would say they were just generalizing the whole matter and some of their words were all false. And others made the situation worse by destroying my 'father's' property.

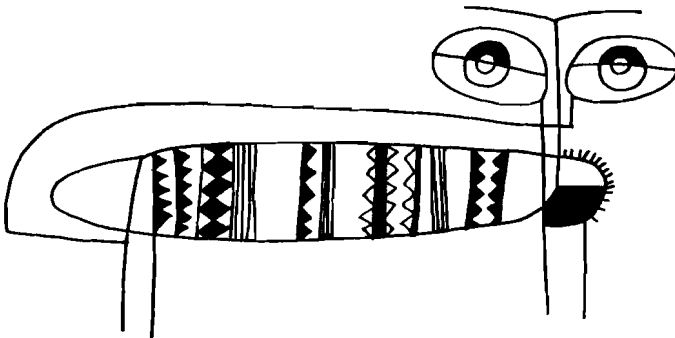
The news spread all the way to the town and finally it reached my ears. After knowing that people have said that I must not return the

village, I thought to myself, it was time I escaped from Goroka to anywhere in the Territory to live and die anywhere which would suit me the most. After discussion with my school-mates I was comforted.

Having such troubles I forgot the days and the weeks and they passed like a water flowing and disappearing into the sea. That is the problem arises but once it gets calm and cold the normal life begins again.

At last I had to go back to school for my second year in high school. The circumstances were the same till I finished my Form IV last year. But there was one problem which carried all through my life and is going to be that is, I was cast out of my society for good. Whether one of these days I am going to get back into my society I wouldn't know.

Here at this university I am being shaped into another form which I never thought would happen. That is I am becoming more and more independent and feeling as an individual. However, the seed that my great parents have laid in the hearts of the New Guineans is still in me. That is one must be entitled to a society to meet his social demands. Whether if this is the case to me then . . . ?



# THREE POEMS

## NIGHT

Slowly the work of man draws to an end.  
Far in the West, land of the dead.  
The fire goes to rest, blazing and red.  
The power, the life, the warmth of earth  
Are gone.

Slowly the task of ancestors is born  
There, yonder, in the home of gods  
The ancient mother and her countless children  
Come to work.  
In her pale light the mystic power and the other-  
warmth  
Are now revealed.

## DEFIANCE

wash  
    turn me  
you try all  
    I can't forget my camp  
I laugh you off  
    destroy  
        kill kill us  
    use might  
        I cannot go with you  
I challenge . . .

## BORN A MAN

born under the trees  
    guarded by spirits  
        was I

born a child with  
    a head like stone  
        they told me

born a stone age  
    savage  
        they tamed me

born a man  
    with child's thinking  
        I was fooled

born a real man  
    before the age of profits  
        I was discovered

born intelligent man  
    into a dark corner  
        was I  
        not to be a slave of time

*Meakoro Opa*

# THE EXECUTION OF KARO

*told by Sergeant Bakita*

*transcribed from a spoken tape by Albert Maori Kiki*

I JOINED THE ROYAL PAPUAN CONSTABULARY in 1916. I was then a fresh youth in Port Moresby. I did my first service in Kairuku. Then I was sent back to Port Moresby.

One day a telegram arrived from Ivan Champion, the resident magistrate at Rigo, saying that the bank in Rigo had been broken and the money stolen. The Rigo station policemen looked for it but could not find it. They searched the whole area for two months asking people if they knew someone who had stolen the money. But without result. Then the authorities sent me to Rigo to investigate.

Karo Alaua and two of his friends, Tete and Mape, had stolen the money. Three of them had broken the bank. I found the three of them on Rigo road and handcuffed them. I did not know then that they had stolen the money. Karo refused to be handcuffed. He dragged his hand, 'Why you put handcuff on me?'

I said, 'No, Taubada told me to come and put handcuffs on you.' I lied to them. I brought them to Rigo station. Ivan Champion was in the office.

When he saw four of us walking in, he called to me, 'Hello Bagita! You fin' im?'

I said, 'Yes we found the robbers who stole the bank.'

He said, 'How you know?'

I said, 'We will talk first.' I went inside the office.

Karo said, 'Bagita is telling lies. We did not steal the bank. He handcuff us for no reason.'

I said, 'No, you steal it.'

But Mr Champion supported their argument. He said, 'Did you find any money?'

I said, 'No, I did not find any money. I opened

their cases. I only found a tea leaf packet. No money.'

Then Ivan Champion said, 'There you are. You are in trouble. You found no money; you handcuffed them for nothing.'

I said, 'No, they stole the money. You looked for them and could not find them. But I found them, these three men.'

Champion said, 'Bagita, how you know they steal the bank?'

I said, 'I know I will find it out later.'

He said, 'Bagita, like this I will get into trouble.'

I told him, 'No you won't get any trouble. You will not be jailed, you will not be sacked or fined.'

'The way of justice is not like this!'

'I am sure they removed the bank. Keep the handcuffs on them and put leg irons! Do not give them any *kaikai* and water. Do not give them any work until I come back from Hula.'

I waited until they put leg irons on those three. I went back to Hula. Karo was very angry with me. The other two men were crying. Taubada was very worried.

'How you going? You waiting for the boat?'

'No, I'll walk.'

'What about giving you some rations? *Kaikai*?'

'No, You give me one loaf tobacco. You break one case you give me one loaf. I buy *kaikai* with that.'

That night I slept at Bonanamo. Next morning I walked to Hula, arrived there at 6 a.m. I called the village policeman to bring Polo, Itama and Vealau. They were Karo's relatives. I told them that I had already taken their relative—Karo—to jail in Rigo. They pretended that they

knew nothing about Karo's trouble. I asked them if Karo had given them some money. They denied it. I asked Polo to give me a canoe and take me to Kalo. I paid them with tobacco and walked to Venupupu and arrived there at night. I went up to the village constable's house.

'You are a village constable. Why are you sleeping? There is big trouble at Rigo. Why are you not looking for this trouble? Give me a canoe. I want to go to Wanigera.'

He gave me a canoe and a crew of six. We paddled to Wanigera and arrived there at midnight. I woke the village constable and told him to wake his people up. I lined them up and asked them whether some Hula people had bought logs for their canoes recently. They said that they knew that some Hula people had bought canoes from them. They said that Itema spent twenty-four dollars for a canoe, Polo spent thirty dollars for another one and Vealau spent twenty dollars for a third one. I asked them if they still have that money. I told them I wanted to see the numbers on those notes. I tricked them. I don't know how to read and write. They brought the money. I counted it. I told them that those numbers on the money were those of the Rigo bank. They brought some more money. I counted it until the number reached two hundred dollars. I folded the money and tucked the money in my sack bag.

I told them, 'If I am wrong you will get your money back from the Arau District Office. If I am proved correct, you don't wait, you must go and get your canoes back from the Hula people.'

I got up in the night and walked to Venupupu. The village constable told me to sleep there. I was very excited because I had found the money. I walked to Aroma and told the village constable to take me to Gabagaba by canoe. From Gabagaba I walked to Rigo station.

Mr Champion was sitting on the verandah of his house. He saw me and called out, 'Hello Bagita, you come back?'

'Yes,' I replied.

'You find any?'

'Yes, me lucky, me fin'im one hundred pound.'

'Whereabouts?'

'Wanigera village.'

'How did you discover it?'

'Oh, Hula people went to buy canoe, I bring the money back altogether now.'

Taubada held the money and counted it all up. He was very happy.

'All right. You win one shot gun,' he said to me. I still keep the shot gun with me. We came to Hanuabada and we had court. The three of them were given life imprisonment. Karo was sent to Daru. The others to Lare Island near Samarai.

This was Karo's second trouble. He had already served a previous prison sentence for murder. Karo joined the police in 1920. He was sent to Buna in the Northern district with another policeman called Bili. They were told to carry the mailbag across the Owen Stanley Ranges to Buna. Karo carried the mailbag all the way up to Naoro then to Kokoda. When they reached Kokoda, Karo told Bili to carry the mail. But Bili told Karo that he was an old policeman and that carrying mail was Karo's job, because he was a young policeman. After a while Karo asked Bili a second time to carry a mail bag, but Bili refused again. Then Karo got very angry and he shot Bili dead.

Karo's first trouble is remembered chiefly in songs.

*White man sent friend Epe with Malala Halai,*

*King and Queen sent friend Savola with inland man,*

*Sent him with Malala Halai,*

*Sent him with inland man.*

*Friend Epe used European's mouth;  
He said 'Bloody fool' as he walked up.*

*Friend Savola used Motu woman's mouth;  
He said 'Ogagami' as he walked up.*

*Used 'Bloody fool' all the way up.*

*Malala Halai's feet walked under the Mao tree*

*With his shadow before him.*

*Eroe Tati's feet walked under the Aisa tree*

*With his shadow before him.*



*Friend Epe's mouth asked Malala Halai to take over the mail bag;*  
*Friend Savola Sava's mouth asked Eroe Tati to carry the mail bag.*  
*Malala Halai's heart disliked it, he walked up the Koro Polosiri mountain first.*  
*The inland man's heart refused, he walked up the cold mountain first,*  
*Walked up the cold mountain first.*  
*Pepa Karo Alaua—savage and courageous man!*  
*A true policeman!*

*Friend Epe's hands took rifle of the man of the deep sea*  
*And placed it on his shoulder ready to shoot;*  
*Friend Savola Sava took the rifle of the man of the horizon*  
*And placed it on his shoulder, ready to shoot,*  
*On his right shoulder ready to shoot.*  
*Placed it ready on his shoulder and shot Malala Halai*  
*On the cold mountain and turned back.*  
*Placed it ready on his shoulder and shot Eroe Tati*  
*In the cold place and walked back on his feet.*  
*Friend Epe's hands held the rifle of the man of the deep sea,*  
*Shot Malala Halai and excitedly called the name of Oa Epe;*  
*Friend Savola Sava's hands held the rifle of the man of the horizon*  
*And shot Eroe Tati and excitedly called the name of father Savola.*

It was because of this previous trouble that Karo was given such a long sentence for breaking the bank in Rigo. Karo stayed in Daru until he played a trick. He pretended to get blind. The doctor at Daru sent him to Moresby. They found he was not getting blind, but from then on he was kept in Koki jail.

Ume Nou from Kairuku was the head warder in that jail. One day Karo asked Ume Nou, whether he had any debts in the store. Ume said he had some debts, but he could not clear them. He said he owed S.T.C. thirty dollars and B.P.'s forty dollars.

'Do you want money?' asked Karo.

'Yes I want money. But how am I going to get it?'

'I make money come up,' Karo told Ume. 'I learned some tricks from the Malay people.'

Ume believed him, because Karo had taken the bank from Rigo office by playing trick, even though the bank was heavily guarded. Ume was happy with the prospect of obtaining quick cash.

'Tomorrow you must get pick and shovel. Take an empty case and a sack bag. You go and dig a hole and put the empty case inside. Cover it up with the sack. Then come and tell me.'

Ume did as he was told. He dug the hole on the island which was used for European lockup. There were no European prisoners at the time. Ume told Karo that everything was ready. Karo told him to wait until night when all the sanitary line had finished. (In those days Moresby had no septic system and waste matter was removed by prisoners.)

'You must come and wake me up. Take your wife and daughter with you,' Karo said. They waited until late at night. Then Ume woke up Karo. Four of them walked together to the island. Karo told Ume's wife and daughter to stay down below. He took Ume up into the building. Ume was completely convinced that he was going to get wealth from Karo. Karo told Ume to lie on the floor. Ume lay on the floor while Karo took a rope and tied Ume's arms to his body. He told Ume not to move. Karo pretended to murmur some sacred words. Ume waited patiently. Karo took Ume's head and placed it in his lap. He murmured sacred words again. He told Ume to close his eyes. Ume obeyed. Suddenly, Karo took out a knife and cut Ume's throat. Ume could not run away because Karo had tied him with ropes. Karo waited until Ume had completely passed away. He went down and took Ume's wife. He told her that her husband was collecting the money. It was heavy. She should go up and help him. He brought her to the kitchen and told her that they were very lucky people. They were going to be very rich. He held her hair and cut her throat. Then he went to Ume's daughter. She asked for her parents. Karo told her that they were trying

to take the box out of the hole. It was very heavy, they could not remove the box by themselves. Karo pretended to play with her hair. Then suddenly he cut her throat. Karo went back to the cell. He opened the door of the cell then walked in quietly and slept. He left the key outside the cell.

Next morning the European warder went to Ume's house for the keys to open the cells. He found no one at home. He asked people in the jail if they had seen Ume. Some people said Ume might have gone fishing. Others said he had gone to Pari village to play cards. Mr Corphy took his jeep and went to Hanuabada and Tatana to look for Ume. He went to Tubusereia and Pari. No one had seen Ume. The police started to look for Ume. They looked for four days. No one thought of looking in the European lockup on the island. On the fifth day Mr Corphy went to the island and found the dead bodies of Ume and his family. He brought some prisoners across and removed the bodies and buried them.

At that time some Maiva people had come from Kairuku to visit Moresby. They had returned a few days before Ume was murdered. Mr Corphy flew to Kairuku to arrest those Maiva people. He locked them up at Kairuku, then returned to Port Moresby. At the time I was in Ioribaiva to investigate some shotgun trouble. When I returned some people told me that Ume had been murdered and that Mr Corphy had gone to Kairuku to arrest some Maiva people.

'Why didn't he wait for me?' I said.

The Governor was looking for me. I was taken to his office and he told me to carry out the investigation. He said; 'Bagita, your sleeping places are Manumanu in the west and Gabagaba in the east. You must find the murderers.'

I told him I was not going to look for the murderers in those places. I said, 'I will stay in my house and look for the murderers.'

This worried Mr Corphy. I started my investigation. Next morning I told Mr Corphy to take me to Koki jail. I told him I wanted to see Karo. He took me in his jeep to Koki. I told him to bring the night sanitary prisoners out. There were forty-four of them. They all lined up. They

were in four lines. I inspected all four lines. I paid attention to their eyes. I know if a Papuan has stolen something or has killed somebody the first sign would be the movement of his eyes. When I had completed the round, I asked Mr Corphy if there were other prisoners inside the prison. He said there was only one man with bad eyes.

'What is his name?' I asked.

'Karo,' replied Mr Corphy. By this time Karo pretended that he was getting blind. He could not walk.

'Shall I bring him out?' asked Mr Corphy.

'No, I will see him inside.' I went inside and saw him sitting down. 'Good day, *nakimi*,' I said. I called him 'brother-in-law' because I was married to a girl from Hula.

'Good day *nakimi*,' he replied.

'Good day Karo, how are you?'

'I am all right,' he replied. I went and sat near him.

'Karo, can you hear me? If you listen to me, government will look your way, if you tell me lies you will get into big trouble.'

He thought for a while then at last he said in a very quiet, apologetic voice, 'Yes, *nakimi*, I killed Ume and his family, because Qoava told me.'

'All right, leave that there,' I said to him. I went and called out to the brothers Corphy, 'Taubada, George Corphy and Tom Corphy, come inside.'

Both of them came inside. George Corphy sat on Karo's right side while Tom Corphy sat on his left.

'Taubada, the Karo he speak Ingilis, he understand Ingilis very well. I found out from him. I found out the trouble. Now you write down what he says, I am not a reporter.'

I went outside and rolled my tobacco. When they finished taking all the stories from Karo they came out and told me:

'Oh very good, Bagita, you catchim true.'

They told me that this was Karo's third major trouble. First he killed the policeman on the mountain. Then he stole the money in Rigo, then he killed Ume and his family. He must be hanged.

Karo was taken to court. His hands were handcuffed, leg irons put on his ankles. He was found guilty of killing Ume and his family. He was sentenced to death. He admitted the killing. In Koki he had told me that Qoava had asked him to do it. But in court he said, only himself. The judge told him that his neck would be cut off on Wednesday. Mr Corphy and I took him by his hands. While we were about to leave the steps Karo said,

'Taubada, excuse me, I want to talk.'

'What talk?' asked Mr Corphy.

'I want to talk to the judge. I want to tell the judge that Qoava told me to kill Ume. No good, they will cut my neck. I want to tell the judge about Qoava.'

We took him back to the judge again. When the judge heard what Karo had told us, he said,

'Why don't you tell me first? You see, I have already closed my book. If you had mentioned Qoava's name, you both would have been hanged together. Now Qoava is going to get a life sentence and you will be hanged alone.'

Karo cried. I felt for him. We took him to Koki prison. I scolded him at Koki prison. I told him that it was his own fault. Why didn't he mention Qoava's name? He was sad. He said, 'It does not matter. It was my fault, therefore I will die alone.'

The day he was hanged, it was a very fine day. Plenty of people came. Many women were crying. Some of them were not his relatives, but it was the first time they had witnessed the white man's capital punishment. We brought him up to the platform, which was already built by the prisoners for the occasion. We tied his hands together, put a belt round his body, then put a rope round his neck, and put something to crush his neck. We stood aside. Then they told him, 'Karo, you say goodbye to everybody. Today is the day you die.'

Karo called out, 'All my friends from Kerema, Koiari, Hanuabada and all other places. Today you are all watching me. I am going today, alone. Do not do like I did. Because of my troubles, today I am going to die alone. That is the end of my talk.'

'You finish your talk?' the judge asked.

'Yes,' Karo replied.

We put a piece of cloth on his face. All the Europeans who were standing on the platform took their hats off and called to Karo.

'Goodbye Karo.'

Then suddenly the lever was lowered. Karo hung like a wild boar. They sent me to see. They told me to watch for any blood.

'If blood comes out of his mouth, nose and ears, you call out.' I went and saw the blood coming out. I felt the pulse on his leg. I thought he was dead. I called the doctor.

'Doctor, you come and see him. I think he finish.'

The doctor went and felt his pulse and called out that he was dead. They called the prisoners to bring the coffin. They took him off and placed the body in his coffin and took him to Badili Cemetery — where the government store is now. I was very sad on that day. Many people were crying. They were told that they must not do the same thing.

Oh Karo Alaua! Half Kerema and half Hula. Very strong and handsome. A typical Kerema. Feared by many people because of his strong temperament. Envied by many whites. He died in the eyes of his tribesmen, and his mother's people were all there. Papuans saw one of their kind dying at the hands of the white men. This was their law. Papuans must obey it—or they would follow the same track.

This happened in 1936 and the Keremas made many songs about this man: *Pepa Karo Alaua, Epe Savola!*

# POEM FOR SANDRA

girl  
today as i step away  
and out of myself to look  
i wonder about the change  
and bump  
it is your birthday

forgive me:  
but it's not too late  
to send you a kumara  
or book—which seems  
ordinary

outside  
there's a hell of a struggle  
going on  
between my cabbage tree  
and the wind  
but because rain threatens,  
the sun has decided  
to hit the sack early:

i cannot  
and for all i know  
you may not like  
the kind of bullshit  
and jazz which sometimes  
go with the poetry i write  
and if i tell  
of an earlier my-time  
in another place,  
another country, well hell  
i leave you no choice girl.

another country? nothing special  
just another kind of growing  
that's all  
and anyway at fifteen  
the contours of the land  
didn't interest me very much  
and i only noticed it  
when i climbed the hill

to school; it got steeper  
as the work became harder  
there were compensations: i  
was aware that girls were  
different: grew kind of  
secretive when i discovered  
i had a flair  
for growing body-hair:  
recall the day  
the sky fell on my head  
when the lining of my  
pocket broke letting out  
a sudden harvest of clay  
and glass balls which  
chattered and bounced  
on the school floor:

*trevor, doug, jimmy,*  
i cried, and with my voice  
in top gear screamed  
*gimme back me fuckin'*  
*marbles, youse kids*  
(they thought my throat  
was cut)

and i cannot  
count the times  
i walked the grey streets  
of the city with a face  
like an eagle, sardined  
feet confined in shoes  
too tight for them: yeah  
its hard looking  
back on the wincing times:

but o  
what a good hell it was  
to be young and vulnerable  
to cry joy alive  
to the whip and zip  
of blood leaping in  
the veins . . .

girl  
i cannot write a pretty  
poem for your fifteenth  
birthday  
for i write only  
to thank you for  
the bowl of raw  
marinated fish-flesh  
which awakened my  
taste buds yesterday  
and to tell you tonight  
of the furl of music  
unfolding to the wind's skirl  
in the cypress tree  
next door: imperious rap  
of rain  
on the windows

*Hone Tuwhare*

# THE BIRD CALLS

by Arthur Jawodimbari

UNDER THE SHADOW of the tall trees Bogo trod cautiously. His wife Doga followed him closely. The night was unusually dark, so the couple felt their way using their feet. Somewhere in the distance an owl gave a mournful cry and Doga plunged forward and held her husband tightly round the waist.

'Do you hear that call?' she asked nervously.

'It's just an owl,' Bogo said.

'But why is it crying out like that?'

He took a piece of dried bark, chewed it and spat it out into the air. He shook his hand viciously in the dark air and mumbled, 'Am I not Bogo the great hunter and is my grandfather not that famous warrior Makada?'

They stood still for a moment, while their hearts were beating violently. Then Bogo grasped his spear tightly and led the way along the small path that was almost hidden by the undergrowth.

They approached the garden that lay a couple of miles outside the village. Most of the taros and sweet potatoes had been eaten by the wild pigs. Bogo heard the breaking of twigs and stopped abruptly, rubbing his chest with his hand. Doga ran into her husband and made him jump. He motioned her to sit down, while he stepped forward. The sound of breaking twigs came nearer and nearer. Bogo held his spear tightly and muttered under his breath, 'Come forward steadily, you hungry creature. Come and show me where your mother kissed you, when you were a piglet.' As the noise drew nearer, a huge firefly dashed towards him and disappeared behind the clumps of sugar cane where Doga was sitting. Doga screamed and rushed towards Bogo. Bogo

spat in the air and held his head for a while then mumbled, 'There is trouble, somewhere. I wonder if it is man or woman who is following us.' Doga was shaking all over with fear. As they turned round a corner the *koenana* bird gave a fearful cry and Doga once again curled round her husband.

Half a mile away they could hear the dogs barking. Bogo's parents were in the village with the children. But nearly all the people of the village had gone for a feast in a neighbouring village. Bogo heard now the uproar of the barking dogs in his village and raced to the village, half carrying, half dragging his wife. He suspected that his family were being attacked by some dead people or enemies. About a hundred yards from the village, Bogo trod on a snake, which coiled round his leg and bit him between the toes. He yelled out and dropped his spears and his wife. Doga fell on top of the spears, moaning. Bogo cut a piece of vine with his teeth and tied it tightly round his leg. He snatched the spears from Doga and dragged her to the house. Above the dogs' barking, he clearly heard his father's voice, 'Go, go, attack!' In the distance the *koenana* bird's cry rang out, as if it were being attacked.

The dogs barked furiously as Doga and his wife rushed into the scene.

Bogo's father screamed, 'Oh, hi, oh, hi, oh, hi, who is there?'

Bogo breathed heavily, 'It's me and Doga, we have just come back.'

His father was annoyed. 'Why are you so late? Remember, work time is day time.'

'We were followed by the spirits,' Bogo explained.

'The *koenana* bird pursued us all these long hours,' Doga added.

The children were already asleep, so the couple sat down and ate the food that was set before them. They built a big fire to warm themselves. Bogo's father and mother had retired to their room. Bogo took off his clothes and sat near the fire, warming himself. Doga sat on the other side. From time to time she looked across to watch her husband's penis move from side to side between his thighs. Bogo was drowsing, but he caught his wife's eye, as she was watching him intently. 'Put the fire out,' he said, as he jumped from his side of the fire over to her.

'But we are going fishing tomorrow,' Doga objected.

'Never mind, we are not going right now. We have this long night before us.'

The fire was burning low. The only sounds in the room were the couple's whispers and the children's breathing. Bogo was getting between his wife's thighs when the *koenana* bird gave another terrible cry. Doga tried to get up but Bogo pressed her hard against the mat and both were lost in their small world. After the spasm had passed, they were both lying on their backs, breathing heavily. The *koenana* bird was now crying just behind the house, but the couple was already fast asleep.

Bogo was fishing in the river with his wife. The fish were biting their bait, and they caught many. Their canoe was almost sinking. Nearby they saw a girl diving for oysters. The girl was so attractive to Bogo that he decided to swim out to her. Looking back towards his canoe, however, he saw that his wife was pleading with him to come back. Doga was pointing towards a big bunch of bananas on the platform of the canoe. At the same time she was paddling towards her husband. The girl asked Bogo to swim away with her, but by now Doga had come so close, that Bogo decided to give up his plan. As he returned to his canoe reluctantly, he heard the piercing cry of the *koenana* bird . . .

Bogo woke up with a start and sat up. The dawn was just appearing. In the faint light he

could see his wife sleeping naked. Her body seemed inviting and the cool land breeze had stiffened his penis. He could not resist. When he touched his wife she asked, 'Time to go?'

But he replied, 'Keep quiet, it is still dark,' and he took his position between her thighs.

'The children might wake up,' Doga moaned, while her husband galloped away, both deaf and dumb. The cocks were crowing all around the house.

'Get up and put your clothes on,' Bogo said at last. 'The day is breaking.'

They picked up the fishing gear, the water container and a basket of food. Then they sneaked out of the house. They untied the canoe and pushed out to the river and paddled away, while the children were still asleep.

The current helped Bogo and his wife to paddle down the river without much effort. The rising sun sent its rays to the tree tops. The birds sang and the sweet smell of the wild flowers filled the air.

The sun climbed higher and reflected on the surface of the water. Doga embarked on the bank of the river to dive for the oysters. Bogo paddled down a fair distance and tied his canoe onto a tree. He threw his fishing line with baits of shrimp but the fish hardly noticed his bait.

The crows flew down the river, crowing. Bogo knew immediately that the tide was going down. He untied his canoe and went up to fetch his wife. She had collected plenty of oysters. Bogo steered his canoe to the bank of the river. Doga looked under the canoe to see if there were any fish, but there were only the empty coconut shells for bailing out water.

'What, you did not catch any fish?'

'The water is probably clear, that's why the fish are not biting,' Bogo tried to explain.

'No, no, it must be because you made use of me last night.'

'Foolish woman, with empty head. Who told you such things?'

'You know it is against our custom!'

'Shut your big mouth and load those oysters.'

Doga loaded the canoe and they paddled down the river.

They reached the junction of the river, which

had always been known as a good fishing ground. Koro, the messenger of death, flew up the river, crowing furiously.

'There is trouble somewhere,' Bogo said. 'Someone is dying, or is about to die.'

Doga nodded, looking up at the birds. Bogo tied his canoe with reeds that were growing on the bank of the river. He set his fishing line and sat at one end of the canoe. Doga sat on the platform of the canoe, watching every movement made by her husband. But by midday she felt drowsy and fell asleep, her legs stretched out towards her husband. Bogo was bored holding the fishing line. He got up to piss and saw the spotless thighs of his wife. Doga woke up with a start when his shadow fell on her face.

'What do you want?' she protested. He pulled up her grass skirt. 'Look, we are in the middle of the river!' But already Bogo was inside her. The canoe rocked backwards and forwards and broke loose from the reeds. 'The canoe is floating towards the strong current!' Doga shouted in fear, moaning under his heavy weight. Bogo steered the canoe with one leg as he was miming the well-tutored act.

On the banks of the river people were working in their gardens. They came down the slopes of the hills to watch the act with amusement.

'People are looking at us,' Doga stammered. Lying on her back she could see their attentive gaze. Bogo did not say a word. The play was reaching its anti-climax and the actors froze on stage.

'Let us go home immediately. We'll never catch anything today.'

'No, we'll go out of the river and fish in the sea.'

They came out into the sea in the later afternoon. They anchored their canoe and threw the line. Bogo stuck a knife into the platform of the canoe. He bent down to drain out the water with an empty coconut shell. A huge fish tugged at his line, and Doga yelled out. Bogo tugged at the line with all his might. The line got entangled with the knife. The knife flew up in the air and landed on Bogo's head. The blood was pumping out vigorously. Doga poured some seawater over his head from an empty coconut shell. The salt

stung his wound and he fell on the platform, waving his hands in the air. Doga held on to the fishing line. The canoe was dragged out towards the depth of the ocean.

Bogo recovered from the pain and struggled with the fish. It was a great struggle between that huge fish and Bogo. In the evening, both Bogo and the fish were tired. With the help of his wife Bogo pulled the fish to the side of the canoe. He pushed his hand through the gills and his whole arm went inside. Bogo lifted the fish's huge head, but before he knew what was happening the huge fish was in the sea, trapping Bogo's arm in its closed mouth. Bogo swam with the huge fish. Doga yelled out like an owl crying in the gloomy night. She could not believe what had happened. She swam to and fro, but there was no sign of her husband. As the night fell, she cried coarsely like the *koenana* bird. She gave up all hope and drifted in the open sea.

Meanwhile Bogo, with his comrade, the huge fish, entered the mouth of the river. That huge fish swam to the cold depth of the river under the reeds, water plants and sago palms. Every time it breathed, it opened its mouth a bit. Every time it opened its mouth, Bogo managed to withdraw a few inches of his arm. Gradually he pulled it free up to the wrist. Once more the fish breathed and Bogo pulled out his hand and made for the surface of the water. He was spinning on the surface like a fly gone mad.

Doga had been paddling up the river listening attentively for the slightest noise. She heard the splash and paddled towards it. She found her unconscious husband and pulled him into the canoe. She banged the paddle on the canoe and yelled out in a shrill voice, as if she were the messenger of death. The people from the nearby villages pushed out their canoes and paddled to the scene. They gazed sullenly at Bogo and shook their heads.

'He is dead,' they murmured.

'Let us bring him to hospital,' someone suggested.

Bogo was transferred to a big canoe and the young men with mighty arms paddled away to the nearby hospital, while the women wept bitterly.

In this hospital the water was removed from Bogo's lungs and he was given oxygen. Doga sat next to him and sighed with relief. Bogo came to, but went to sleep almost immediately. Bogo's parents, accompanied by the children and other relatives, arrived wailing. The medical orderlies came around and asked the villagers to calm down. Women sobbed quietly, while the men chewed betel nut and smoked home-made tobacco. Bogo's father came to sit next to Doga.

'Tell me, dear daughter, tell me what happened.'

'Oh father-in-law, I don't have the courage to tell you. But I'll give you the story when Bogo is up and well again.'

Bogo's father nodded gravely and looked across to where his son was lying.

'Did he touch your body before you went out fishing?'

Doga looked down on the floor, then spoke slowly and firmly, 'He touched my body twice in the night, and once again in the river.'

Bogo's father let out a whistle of surprise. 'It's against our custom to even touch a woman's clothes before going out to fish or hunt! He is a lucky man. For such an offence he had deserved death.'

Doga felt relieved that the secret was out at last. She fell asleep by Bogo's bedside with exhaustion.

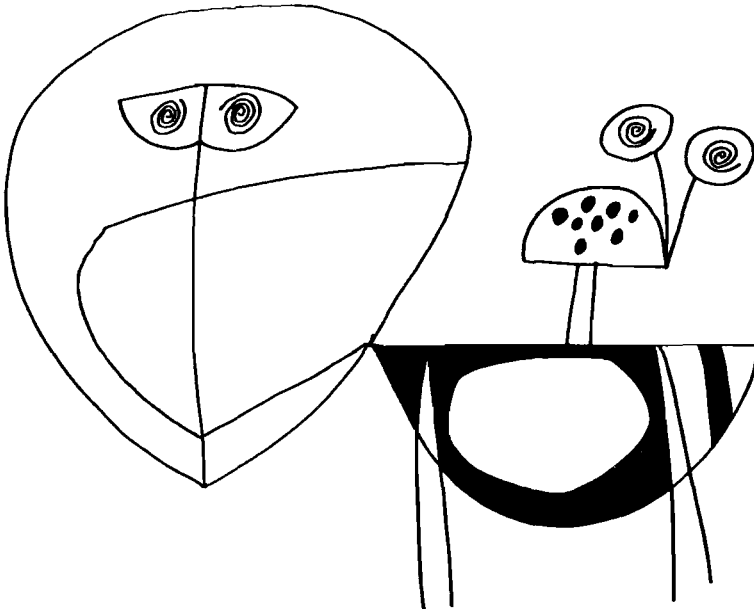
In the middle of the night Bogo's father touched her shoulder. She stirred up.

'My daughter, it's me. There is trouble in the village and we must be going. We shall be back tomorrow evening.'

'What happened?'

'The *koenana's* cry was not other than your sister-in-law, Dabada,' Bogo's father replied, and he left Doga lamenting by her husband's bedside. Bogo, in his half conscious state had heard the tragic news.

'My sister, my sister,' Bogo said, shaking. The tears filled his eyes and the whole room blurred.

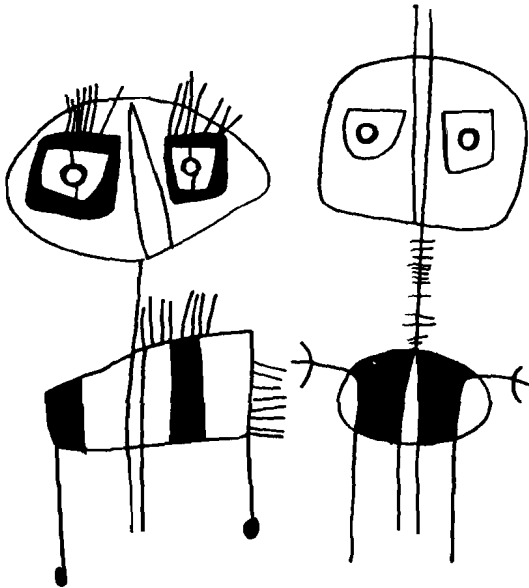




# CHANGE

Blue mountains turned  
into red battered hills.  
White smoking waterfalls  
dried on brown cliffs.  
Faint smoke from gardens  
trailing into clear air  
all smothered now by  
black industrial fog.  
Swift birds landing to surprise  
the helpless grasshoppers  
are scattered now by the bigger one  
whose cry pierces the mountains.  
Brown houses of old replaced  
by white houses 'without doors'.  
Naked breasts once standing up proudly  
now shrink and sweat in 'breastbags'.  
O New Guinea!  
You are changing fast into Niugini.

*Bede Dus Mapun*



# DE NA NAIT

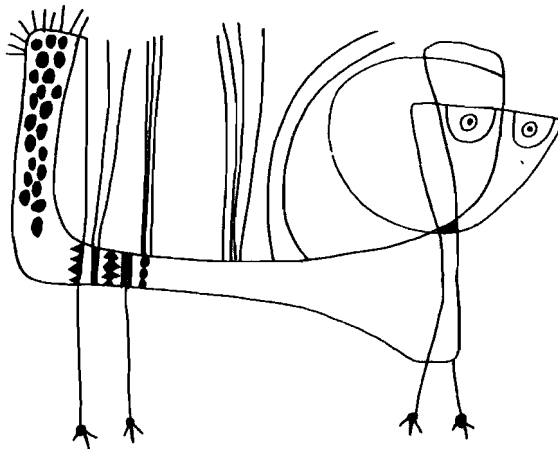
Oh mi laik kirap long bignait  
taim nait i klia olsem taunwara ananit long bus  
long taim mun i lait na planti star i stap  
na lukluk i go antap long skai.

Sore ol wantok mi no laik tokim yufela  
desla em i naisfela mo long lukim.  
I save mekim bel i sore turu  
atin wanfela de, bai mi go antap  
na mi lukim desla hap.

Oh mi no laik kirap long bigsan  
taim san i lait olsem big kunai i paia  
taim kilaut i ron olosem sumuk bilong paia  
na lukluk i go antap long skai.

Sore mama  
kisim ai we na lukluk  
kisim leg we na sanap  
mi ronowe man nau, painim peles bilong hait.

*Lazarus Hwekmarin*



# HOW THE VILLAGE CAME INTO BEING

*A myth from East New Britain told by William Varmari*

'GRANDFATHER!'

'Sh . . . sh,' responded Grandfather.

'Grandfather, how did our village come into being?'

'That is a question that is forbidden to be answered before sunset because the creator would not be pleased with anyone that preaches his creation.'

So late one evening I took a visit to my grandfather when he told me the secret of creation:

'A long long time ago, even before the cockatoos were first sighted on the tree-tops, there was nothing: no rivers, no trees, no pigs, no houses and, sorry to say, no people. Only two objects existed, namely the Sun and the bare earth of our village. Nobody knew, nobody knows and nobody will ever know where the earth of our village and of course god, the Sun, came from.

'Now, it was during one of those clear days when the Sun was overhead, for one reason or another. The Sun felt very lonely. Although it hadn't seen anything in its long existence except the bare earth below, it just wished there should be something of some sort to accompany it. In no time, the Sun was looking so disappointed and sad that it began to cry. As it was crying, its tears fell as the first rain. Meanwhile the rain was forming creeks and rivers. Therefore, by the time it stopped crying, it could see its image on the biggest river and this obviously made it decide to

try to make another object like itself.

'The Sun called its image and invited it to come up to the sky but the image was a bit too shy. Anyway, it finally came up in the night. The Sun named its image the Moon.

'Soon they fell in love with each other so that some night they had their wedding-singsing. They danced hard for a long while, during which the surrounding air and even the bare earth of our village were trembling. It was an interesting night because, on the earth, mountains were shooting up with trees and grasses; there were also caves.

'Within a few days the Sun as the father and the Moon as the mother were already bearing their children; hundreds of them were being born each day, and they were called stars. However they were not all good children. They fought each other a lot and some were dishonest while others misbehaved.

'So there came the day when the father, Sun, got so fierce with them that he started kicking and pushing off the bad ones down to earth. Those stars that fell into the rivers became fish, shells and starfish. Those that rested on top and within the trees became birds and the others that fell all over the grass became animals. But the stars which became the first people were the ones that fell into the caves, and that's why our ancestors first lived in the caves.'

# THE SIMPLE PEOPLE

*Three tales from the Solomon Islands told by John Saunana*

## CATCHING FISH

LONG LONG AGO the earth was inhabited by simple minded people. Their foods were wild fruit and roots from the bush and prawns and small fish from the streams.

In those days there lived a couple and their children on an island. One day the man had collected a huge bundle of green leaves from the bush, and on his return to the house he told the wife and children to go and catch fish and prawns in the pond. When they reached the pond, he told them to drink the water and suck the pond dry, because then it would be easy for them to collect the prawns and the fish. So the mother and the children began to drink as they were told. They drank and drank until they could take no more water into their intestines. Then the wife asked the husband to assist them, and at the same time she secretly motioned the children to give up the arduous task. Unaware of this, the man drank and drank until he couldn't suck any more into his water-tight belly. Soon his belly became such a huge and ugly bulging pot, that he could hardly breathe and he lay prostrate on the ground before his wife and anxious children. Seeing him in such a helpless position they all climbed on top of his bulging belly, and the pressure of their weight forced the water out through his mouth, ears and bottom. Thus they were able to resuscitate him again. When finally he came round, the family went home empty handed. And so all the leaves which the man had collected were of no use after all.

## THE SEARCH

ONE DAY A MAN AND HIS WIFE were out as usual searching for wild fruit and nuts, when they saw a betel palm which was laden with bunches of ripe nuts; and the man, tempted by the lovely sight, decided to climb the tree. Hurriedly he climbed the palm tree while his wife waited for him some distance away. On reaching the top, he hastily plucked away the bunches by the ears and flung them to the ground. Instead of descending slowly, he hastily and carelessly slipped down the trunk, and sticking to it as closely as he could. He hardly had time to breathe, but when he reached the ground he realized that all was not well with him, because he felt a strange sensation between his legs. When he took a closer look, he noticed that his foreskin had mysteriously disappeared. He had no idea where it was gone and it angered him that he couldn't trace it. With maddening rage he began to search for it under the betel nut palm, weeding out smaller plants and brushing aside bigger trees in frantic excitement. At first his wife had thought he had scattered the betel nuts and was only searching for them. But after some time, she realized that this was not so.

'What are you looking for?' she asked.

'Don't ask such a silly question. Come and see for yourself!' he answered her angrily. And, with the fingers of his hand gently tickling his organ, he shouted at her again, 'Come and see if you can find it. I have searched for it without success.' She went closer to him.

'Show me what's missing,' she instructed him.

'You must be blind! Don't you notice anything? It could be laughing at you this very moment! You see? You see it now?'

'Yes, but it's actually laughing at you, not me!' she retorted. 'All right, now, stand still and look up to the sky, if you like,' she commanded. Slowly and gently she tucked at the folded-back foreskin and skillfully stretched it back into place.

'Ah,' shouted the man, when he felt her fingers tickling his penis. But the sensation was quickly gone and when she told him to look down he noticed with relief, that the missing foreskin was back at its place.

## THE ORIGIN OF SEX

LONG LONG AGO in the forgotten days, men and women only lived together but they never copulated and had children. Sex was discovered purely by accident!

A man and his wife were hunting for wild fruit and roots in the forest when they saw a betel palm with many bunches of nuts. By a strange coincidence the husband had fallen ill, and so it was left to the woman to climb the palm and bring the nuts down to the ground. As this was against the custom, the husband walked several steps away, in order not to stand directly under her ascending body. But the higher she climbed, the more he became worried about her safety, and driven by fear he walked right back to the bottom of the palm, where he might catch her should she lose her grip. Standing right under her, he shouted up his instructions:

'Climb slowly, very slowly . . . balance yourself well . . . hold on tight to the trunk of the tree. Once you let go, you are a dead stone on the ground,' he warned her. But looking up more closely now, he was startled by the sight of a strange thing, the like of which he had never seen in his life. This elongated object was completely red with blood. At first he thought that it was a stain of betel nut spittle on her grass skirt. But

then he noticed that the object was in the exact place where her thighs joined. He became extremely concerned about his wife. Was it a sore? A huge tropical ulcer? Would she gradually die of snakelike worms eating her blood? 'No, I will certainly not allow this evil spirit to eat up my wife's bottom!'

Meanwhile the wife had reached the top and began plucking the bunches by the ears and throwing them down to the ground. But the worried husband called out to her, 'Enough, enough, come down carefully now, but as quickly as you can. Climb carefully and don't hurt your ulcer—it is already bleeding profusely.'

When they came home to the village, the man reported his discovery to the wisest medicine man in the area.

'That's easy,' the medicine man assured him. 'You know that I have the most powerful curing herbs, and I have cured far worse ulcers and fought and conquered the fiercest demons. Only have faith in my power and the bleeding will cease.'

Thereupon a day was fixed for the medicine man to cure the woman. When the day came he led the couple into the forest where he had prepared a bed of dead leaves and twigs for the woman to lie on, while he performed the healing ritual. While they were still some distance from the spot, he advised the husband to stand watch by the footpath and keep his ears wide open, so he could hear the demon who was afflicting his wife as he would make his exit in great agony.

'And don't be terrified, when you hear the voice of your wife, as though in mourning—because it is really the demon who has caused the sore who is in mourning. You will hear it wailing, as I am driving it out of its abode by force.'

Then he led the wife into the thicket and there instructed her to roll up the hems of the grass skirt up to her waist and motioned her to lie down on the bed of twigs which he had prepared.

The husband waited and listened and then there came the unmistakable voice of his wife, as she was mourning and in great agony. More cries and pain could be heard and he knew now that the spirit was mourning because it was driven out of his wife. This made him happy and he shouted

encouragement to his wife, 'Take it easy, doctor, or you'll kill him before his hour is up.'

'I'm doing my best, but this is no easy work, you know,' the medicine man called back.

Suddenly the woman was crying out more hysterically, but not in pain any more, but rather with immense satisfaction. Then the husband realized that the demon had at last been driven out and that she had been cured of her ulcer.

Some days later, however, the wife told her husband about the healing act and how rewarding it had been. And so they tried it out together for the first time and when they enjoyed it they did it again and again.

In time, the husband told all the men in his village about sex and the wife told all the women. And this is how sex came into our lives and has stayed with us until today.



# INCANTATIONS FROM THE SOLOMON ISLANDS

*translated by John Saunana*

## **Incantation to restore consciousness**

I spank the black rat  
Black rat run away and leap  
I trounce the leaping rat  
You leap and run away fast.

## **Incantation to bless the sacred stone before which oaths are taken**

Red hot the fire  
Heat up you fire  
Red hot the fire  
Heat

Heat up you fire!

## **Incantation spoken while planting taro**

The Tara wind descends from the sky by day  
Tara will not pluck you clean  
It will only expose your fattish rump  
The Tara wind descends from the sky by day  
Tara will rout your tender stem  
It will never uproot you clean.

## **Incantation to kill a shark**

I grabbed it by the tail  
and twisted it by the head.  
I grabbed it by the head  
and twisted it by the tail.

### **Blessing a newly completed canoe**

I anoint the bow of the canoe  
that the fish may die whole.  
I anoint the stern of the canoe  
that the fish may die of their own accord.

### **Incantation to cleanse the house after a recent death: to be spoken to the rod with which the spirit is to be fished**

Spirit of the house  
you leap on the pinnacle  
to see only the sun and the moon.  
Spirit of the village  
you leap on top of the beam  
to see only the sun and the stars.

### **Incantation to woo knowledge**

I chip a little of the *diri* leaf of the day  
for the kingfisher to peck  
who sees by day.  
I chip a little of the *diri* leaf of the night  
for the owl to peck  
who sees in the dark.

### **Incantation spoken when planting taro**

I round the loose side of the hole that's caving in.  
I think it is the forehead of the dugong.  
I round the side of the hole that's caving in,  
the hole that refills to the brim.  
I round the hole in sandy soil that does not hold;  
I think it is the forehead of the shark.  
I round the hole that does not hold.



### **Blessing fish bait**

Where is the bait?  
Where is the sacred bait?  
It is clutched in the claws of the eagle  
enticing the fish to bite my line.  
The fish will bite my line.  
Where is the sacred bait?  
It is stuck in the claws of the hawk  
Enticing the fish to pull my line into the deep;  
The hungry fish will drag my line into the deep.

### **To bring back the soul of a sick man**

I tie my knot ship-shape  
I wriggle it  
It takes me across the sea  
In search of the soul of ——  
In the dark and desolate land  
The land of outer darkness  
We  
The two of us must return to our land  
Our land  
The land where we eat from one dish  
Go!  
Fly like the flying fish over the surface of the  
ocean  
Swirl like the shark through the surface of the  
ocean  
Swish like the swordfish under the surface of the  
ocean  
Skim like the dolphin above the surface of the  
ocean  
Swim like the Iri on the surface of the ocean  
Fly, swirl, swish, skim, swim  
Till you land on the shores of our island  
But wait awhile on the beach  
Till the token money has been placed in my hand  
Then you shall reach your destination.

# AWAKENING BIRDS

*A Mendi folktale retold by Bede Dus Mapun*

'IF ONLY I KNEW what they do!' the young man thought. He was sitting under the *yar* tree, on the cool, green grass in Tapini village.

'Ten days have gone and soon it will be dark, to dawn for the eleventh day. And it is tonight that I will have to go out for the thing the newly married couples call "awakening birds".' He had no idea what was expected of him.

Kusa was sitting in the middle of the sing-sing ground of the village. The needle-like leaves of the *yar* tree began to hiss gently with the late afternoon breeze. Kusa's searching mind lingered on the same question: what kinds of birds were these, and how were they to be awakened? 'I should have found out about it before I married! I suppose I should have discovered by now where the birds build their nests and on what trees they rest at night.' Kusa sat wondering as the leaves were playing louder above him.

'Oh my father, I didn't find out anything,' he thought, noticing that the shadow of the *yar* tree lengthened across the green ground.

'Maybe they just meet and talk. Maybe they decide what they will do after the ceremonial period is over. Or do they just meet and say nothing?' Anxiously he stared at the sun that was dropping lower to the western horizon.

'It is my turn tonight and . . . I must find out! I must ask somebody what "awakening birds" means, before the day is over.' Kusa rose. But whom to ask? He was ashamed to ask his father. When he was small his father had beaten him a lot, and even now they didn't discuss things, really. No, he couldn't ask his father. And his mother? How reluctant would a woman be to

discuss such things with her son. Deep down, Kusa suspected that 'awakening birds' might have something to do with love making. But the thought frightened him and so he pushed it out of his mind.

There seemed no one left to ask except Yako. Yako was a *rimbu*—that is he was too short and too ugly to find himself a wife. But even though he was unmarried, he seemed to know and talk a lot about married life. Kusa had confidence in Yako, because he was always happy, full of jokes and popular with the children. Surely he must know what 'awakening birds' was all about.

As he moved along slowly he remembered what his mother had told him many times about his maternal uncles, who had died when he was still a child. 'Your *mae'al* were very good men. They were both kind and gentle. They could have given you everything you wanted and taught you anything about life. Your father has no brothers, so there is really no one to help you.'

Kusa wished his uncles were alive. Now there was no one to turn to but Yako. Where would Yako be now? 'I must first go to his little garden. He might be there attending to his new vegetables.' Kusa hurried along.

He soon came to the new brown track leading to Yako's new garden.

'I must avoid touching those harmful trees on the left,' he thought. Touching them, or even walking under them, would mean a poor, quarrelsome marriage and even divorce. If his first wife abandoned him, it could mean no more marriage for him. But he soon arrived, satisfied with his precautions. He looked down on the

green garden from the little hill at the entrance. And to his joy, Yako was there! He climbed over the fence.

'Yako ta!' he called out loud. 'I need your help. Please father, help me.' He addressed Yako, who was much older than him, respectfully as father.

'Wa! Leave it! Let's talk about something else. I know you married ten days ago. Wa! I am a poor man. Don't ask me for anything. Wa, wa!'

'Wo! I don't want material help, Yako. I want you to tell me something, father. Look, the sun is setting now. Soon it will be dark, and I still don't know what I ought to know.'

Yako smiled as Kusa began to present his problem, as if he was getting into his joking mood. He turned away and continued to tie the tender bean vines to the supporting sticks.

'What's the matter? Let's see if I can help you just by talking.' He smiled again.

Kusa lowered his voice. 'What do they mean by "awakening birds"? What do they do, when they go out at night to awaken the birds?' he asked slowly, emphasizing every word.

'Wo! Don't you know what they do yet?' Yako asked, after a moment of surprise.

'I don't! Please tell me quickly, because I have to go out tonight,' Kusa begged.

'Well,' Yako sat on a rock near a cucumber vine. 'When you go out to look for your bride tonight, she will go out looking for you in the dark. You must find a high ground, and signal her to come to you there. When she comes to face you very close, you must grab her breasts and pull her towards you. Then you lift her up as high as you can and drop her very hard on her back. When she hits the ground she will make a big noise and that noise will awaken the birds in the nearby trees. That is why they call it "awakening birds". You must be careful to keep awake after midnight, when sleep becomes very sweet and "pregnant women give birth". You must go out before dawn. If your bride comes out looking for you and you are not there, she will go away and never return, because she will know that you won't be a good husband to her and her people.'

'Aaa. Eiee.' Kusa was satisfied that his problem had been solved at last. 'Thank you

Yako.' He got up. 'I must go home to prepare. Some other time I will come and you'll give me some beans and cucumbers. Stay now.' Kusa began to walk out of the garden.

'Eiee! come back any time you like.'

Kusa climbed over the fence. The sun was already deep down below the mountains and the birds began to sing their pre-dark songs, warning the people that the day was over.

'I must hurry and roast my bananas before dark,' Kusa said to himself, and cautiously hurried along the small forest track.

When he reached his little temporary hut, he saw that he had enough bananas for the following day. He picked a bunch and set about to roast it quickly. He would have to go to bed early so he would be sure to wake up in time. Already he was worried by thought that he might wake up late. . .

He soon had the fire blazing under the bunch of bananas. The *yar* wood burnt hard enough to turn the bananas into charcoal in a very short time. He had to keep turning them over.

When he had eaten he lay down in the corner, away from the fire, where he had slept for the past ten nights. He lay there thinking about the coming night, which would be the climax of the Mendi marriage ceremony. He also thought of many things ahead.

'I shall no longer depend on my mother and father for food and other things. I am married now. I will have to look after myself, my wife and my children, my in-laws and the rest. I'll have to work hard from now on. Oh my father!' Kusa tried to sleep, but for a while he could not.

'I saw her ten days ago. Sombur! She is surely my woman! She is beautiful. That lovely face, all painted in red and yellow. Her sturdy, smooth breasts, her long, fat thighs. She's a real good woman, daughter of good parents. I must meet her tonight.' Kusa looked his bride all over in his mind and soon fell asleep.

'A-aa-aah. Apa! Have I overslept? Is it dawn already?'

With his left hand Kusa parted the banana leaves that made up his door. He looked out. It was still dark, but he decided to make sure. He crept out carefully and looked to the east and to

the west. The moon was still bright over the mountains. It shone through the *yar* tree leaves, as they bowed motionlessly to the great earth. He checked his dress in the moonlight.

'I must go. Perhaps she is already looking for me. But it is not too late. It will be quite a while before dawn breaks.' And he stepped out into the moonlight and into his great venture.

'Sombur's sleeping in the valley below. I must go and wait for her.' He was to meet her in the sing-sing ground.

He followed the main path that was lined with *yar* trees and crotons on either side. He moved along very quietly. He stopped on the edge of the sing-sing ground and looked around. There was no sign of anybody yet. Kusa stepped towards a tree, leaned his back on it and waited. Filtering through the tree leaves, the full moon made the dew glisten on the broad grass blades. Kusa looked in the direction from which Sombur would come. But there was nothing.

A stick went 'to-o' on the other side. Somewhat excitedly Kusa looked up into that dark spot. But there was no movement. He tugged at the little branch overhead. The dew from it dropped down on the grass below, making a faint rhythmic sound. Then, slowly, out of the dark shadows under the trees, a figure emerged into the clear moonlight. He waited a little while longer and screwed up his eyes to see her more clearly. 'That surely is Sombur.' Kusa pushed a couple of steps through the leaves and grass to direct her attention, and waited. She came forward with small, quick steps. He came out into the moonlight too, keeping his eyes on the glistening pearl shells that surrounded her neck and weighed down on her breasts. As they approached the centre of the sing-sing ground, she stopped. Kusa moved on slowly.

'Sombur?' he called in a prolonged, doubtful whisper.

'E-e-e . . .'

Kusa felt the excitement ring through his nerves. His limbs began to shake a little. It was a cold, starry night, but he did not feel cold. He moved within an arm's length of her.

He stretched out his hands over her shoulders. She did not move at all. He balanced them there

for a few moments, without touching her. Then he gently lowered them onto her shoulders and slowly moved them forwards, down her chest, feeling the smoothness and warmth of her soft body flow into his cold hands. Her immature breasts came up slowly and filled his hands. He rested them there. He felt them push hard against his hands as he stood there. The exciting sensation ran through him and into the cold earth below him. He let his hands gently trace the shape of her breasts.

'Sombur? What shall we do?' he enquired softly.

'Don't you know? You are not a child . . .' she whispered.

Kusa pulled her tighter and with little effort had her in his arms. He slipped his left hand down her right shoulder and into the hollow of her back. He could feel her breast against his left armpit. He put his right hand behind her, across her long fat thighs, and he let her head fall lower as he bent over her under the shadows of the trees. He could feel now that she was going to be heavy. He stopped momentarily to adjust his balance. Then he suddenly lifted her—nearly above the level of his shoulders. He jerked his hands to the side so vehemently that they almost tore out of their joints. She went down and rocked the earth below with a great booom.

For a moment she lay completely motionless, as if stunned and Kusa could hear the silence that followed the sudden rocking sound.

Then he saw Sombur curl and stretch in pain and anger. Before Kusa realized what was happening she was up on her feet and rushing down the hill in the direction she had come from. Kusa tried to call but she had already disappeared into the dark gate.

'Oh my father! What does it mean?'

The next day he was told that Sombur had packed before dawn and had left before her guardians realized. No matter how many times her parents and his tried to reunite the couple, she always refused to return to Kusa.

In the end, when all hope was lost, a divorce was officially declared by returning the bride price.

# A BIG FELLA SNAKE

*An event believed to have been experienced by Old Molly's great grandparents when the first telegraph line was brought into the Northern Territory*

*told by Old Molly—a Warumungu woman—in July 1966 at Banka Banka cattle station of the Northern Territory, and reproduced by Prithvindra Chakravarti*

IN OLD DAYS people gathered food from the bush and they hunted birds and animals. The women-folk hunted lizards and the men-folk hunted big animals like kangaroos and wallabies. People were at war with each other for a matter that may seem silly today and they had to obey their elders. But apart from hardship and worries and all that, they had a lot of fun, too. They sang and danced for the whole night and sometimes met with other tribes in big corroborees.

Our country in those days often suffered from drought. There were not enough sources of water in the area. People did not know how to dig a deep well in a hard ground. They were completely dependent upon natural water springs and such springs were not many in the area. In the wet season, one could see water in creeks and lakes and rock holes, but soon the hot days came to dry them up. One could dig wells in the dry season in their soft beds to get water, but many of such wells did not last more than a few months. So the people had to know which of the dry beds would give them a whole year's supply and they moved constantly from one place to another for such sources.

It was nearly four generations ago when my great grandparents were alive and when the telegraph line was first brought into our area, the people living there were experiencing a severe drought that had been continuing for several successive years. The spinifex grasses became dry

and the sparsely grown trees all over the land turned grey and many of them died. Animals fled from one bush to another to search for water and people moved desperately from one place to another for the same.

It was in this circumstance a group of my people—the Warumungus—lived, in a village some thirty miles east to the present Stuart Highway. There was a lake nearby. The lake, having miles of water in the wet season, looked very big and it attracted all kinds of birds. The people had a lot of fun in that time in catching crabs and in stoning birds. In the dry season, though one could not see any water in the lake, there was plenty of it under the surface. One could get any amount of water any time of the year, if he dug a well in its bed.

For ages the people had been living there. And, in the course of many generations, there grew a big village as there was no dearth of water from the lake.

But, nearly four generations ago, one fine morning the severe drought that was ravaging the whole country, terribly alarmed my people who were merrily living in a big settlement by the lake. The whole village rose to its feet and went to the lake and dug wells all over its bed. Ultimately there was no water left in it. The villagers could store only a few coolmans of water in their humpies.

The elders assembled in the afternoon and

immediately decided to leave the village for good. Within a few hours they started on their journey. They had no idea where to go. Only the oldest man in the village could faintly recall that there was a big rock hole somewhere to the west of the lake. How far it was, he did not know. Which way to follow, he did not have any idea. Only he could tell that it was somewhere in the west.

The elders decided to spend only three days and nights in their search for a water source in the west. All their coolmans, filled up with water, could give them only four days' supply. To make the reserve usable for a longer period they rationed the water. The elder men would get two cupped handfuls of water a day; babies and their mothers and lubras would get only one cupped handful each; and the same amount for every two of the rest of them. They had to carry their households. The young boys and girls carried most of the things; the elders did the least. The babies were carried by their mothers. There were a set of twins and their mother carried them in two coolmans, one on each hip. There was an old lubra, who was almost invalid. She was carried in a big coolman by two strong young men.

Before they left their village, the villagers burnt all their humpies. They also burnt all their material possessions which they could not carry.

Now they started to move in a long line. In the front of the line stood half of their young men, in the end the other half. All women with their babies, including girls and lubras, were put in the middle of the line. The elderly persons were divided into two groups before and after the young people, inside the line.

They started on their journey. It was already dusk. They moved slowly towards the west. The night was cool. They all passed the night without facing any danger. The next day in the noon they took a little rest under gum trees on a dry creek bed. In the afternoon again they resumed their journey. That time, two more old lubras had to be carried. But, as there were no big coolmans with them, those two lubras were taken on the backs of the young men.

The second night was also peaceful. But when

the dawn approached, an interesting thing happened.

All the people had their eyes fixed on the track for their safe walking. The ground was rough and full of bush thorns. No sooner had the sun appeared than they crossed over a hillock. And just after a few steps from the bottom of the slope, the young men in the front of the line noticed a terrible thing and they shouted, 'Beware, a big fella snake!' It was indeed a big fella snake, as fat as an emu. The young men looked at their right and left and saw that the snake was infinitely long, as long as their journey perhaps.

The elderly people, who were also wise people, admitted that they had never seen such a huge snake in their life. But the eldest and wisest man remarked that it must have been the Wallunga, the great mother snake, which lived under the earth, but due to the prolonged drought even the mother snake could not get a drink in her abode. She had to come above the ground.

They all decided that they should not touch her and they should not wake her up in that early morning.

So the young people jumped across the big fella snake. No lubra could do so easily. The young men were divided into two groups and each group stood on either side of the snake. They tossed all the lubras bodily, one by one like balls, from one group to the other, who caught them with great care so that no one was hurt.

All women with babies jumped across the mother snake safely, except one. She was too young to be a mother, who dropped her baby right on the back of the snake. And at once, all the people screamed and hissed. But as they saw, nothing happened—neither the baby cried, nor the snake moved—they all looked up above. And at once a loud laughter came out of their mouth. All of them laughed hilariously and sat down on the ground. Young boys and girls rolled upon the ground while laughing. It was the shadow of the telegraph line that was brought over that area only recently, which looked like a huge snake.

All the lubras laughed for the whole day and they forgot about their thirst. The people happily found a big well nearby—dug by the telegraph people only a few months ago.

# INTERPRETING THE SIGNS

by Nigel Krauth

LONG BEFORE the first Romantic poets were learning from the sky's changing complexions, the sea's moods, and the land expressing itself in its vegetation, the people of New Guinea were deriving mental comfort and knowledge from their physical environment. Whereas the Romantics were too self-conscious in their contemplation of nature, too concerned with their disjunction from the physical universe to be able to derive much benefit from it without reaching for the doubtful contact of a transcendental union, the New Guinean attitude towards the environment was one of unquestioned identification between man and nature. The sky, the sea, the land, and all the processes they supported, had one prime function: to help man live.

The symbolism associated with ritual belief and supernatural concerns often modified this attitude, yet here was not a case of man's mental powers severing the basic man-nature link. Rather it arose out of a situation where man's imaginative life and the life in the physical universe were manifestations of the same process, expressed at different levels.

Modern Romantic poets like Wallace Stevens and e. e. cummings have had to work hard to unclutter their minds of Western culture's paraphernalia in order to achieve that poetic vision which penetrates with the clarity of noon sun, moves with the variety and depth of sea waves, and renews itself with the rhythm of seasonal change. Modern New Guinean poets don't have to work to establish this poetic attitude: they inherited it when they were born.

The first New Guinean poet to offer a sustained presentation of this vision, with its metaphysical

purity and its sensual richness, is Kumalau Tawali, a Manus Islander whose experience, both traditional and personal, has attuned the processes of his mind to the processes of his environment, and has produced a poetic perspective particularly New Guinean yet embodying universal significance. His first volume of poems, *Signs in the Sky* (Papua Pocket Poets, 1970), is an anthology of extraordinary power and beauty, stark in its strength, unselfconscious in its sensitivity, loud and desperate in its criticisms, quiet and secure in its faith in the methods by which it interprets.

Tawali is both the receptive link in the chain of traditional lore, and the youthful questioner. He accepts the old man's explanations: 'The sea is rough: "God breathes hard" '; and submits to the taboos surrounding the quest for his society's ideal, the tuna: 'All this awkwardness my duty'. But he knows the result: 'You are worth the pain in my veins'. He accepts the spear handed down to him, for with it comes ideal life and knowledge, and god-like respect:

*'your name shall touch the sky  
and the drums  
shall spread your name  
across the islands.'*

And with the traditional ideals comes the traditional faith in the purpose of the universe. Unembarrassedly he accepts the turtle's eggs because he and the turtle are as close together in the universal process as are the turtle and her own offspring:

*'When light rain falls in early evening  
go out to the sandy beach.  
You are sure to find  
that she who has four wings  
is already labouring there  
labouring to give you her eggs.'*

The whole universe gravitates to human relevance. The black outline of ten fingers counted against the red sky is typical of the means of interpretation:

*'Ten—ten—yes, ten days!  
Ten days since the wind started blowing.  
Tonight shall see the end of the storm  
and the beginning of good sky—  
according to our ancient calculation.'*

Absolute faith—the human body made in the image of the universe; the mind made in the image of the universal process. When this type of man expresses himself, the links between his creation and nature's creation are obvious:

*'I sat and listened to him  
mourning his mother.  
The song's rhythm  
almost possessed me to tears.'*

*There were peaks and valleys  
each peak a painful memory  
each valley the receding image  
of his mother.*

*I realized the thousand things  
which must have rivered through his mind.'*

The landscape of this mind is a perfect replica of the external landscape. Tawali's knowledge of nature is also knowledge of himself.

In spite of its so-called immaturity youth rarely questions in areas not in need of change. Tawali's questions don't always find answers, but they are aimed in the right directions. He finds it hardest to criticize deep-rooted traditional concepts like the power of ancestral spirits:

*'O skull  
a smoked old bone  
that's what you really are!*

*But you are the father of this house  
your spirit guards us  
we fear you.'*

The poem continues to debate, but its conclusion fails to conclude the argument:

*'Oh skull  
my ancestor  
mysterious skull  
skull . . .'*

Here Tawali stands outside his traditional culture, in that ill-defined area of existence which is modern Papua New Guinea. He views his ancient culture and the modern European culture from a precarious tightrope stretched between the two vastly different ways of life. Yet this position is a vantage point: he has the chance to select the better aspects from both worlds.

He criticizes modern New Guinea, 'the baby that crawls too long', for not standing up, as its name suggests it should do when transposed phonetically into local language ('Nui gini' means 'coconut, stand up!'). But he is most powerfully outspoken and most sure of the significance of what he says when he lets the representatives of the two cultures, the kiap and the bush kanaka, fight it out together:

*'The kiap shouts at us  
forcing the veins to stand out in his neck  
nearly forcing the excreta out of his bottom  
he says: you are ignorant.'*

*He says: you are ignorant,  
but can he shape a canoe,  
tie a mast, fix an outrigger?  
Can he steer a canoe through the night  
without losing his way?  
Does he know when a turtle comes ashore  
to lay its eggs?*



*The kiap shouts at us  
forcing the veins to stand out in his neck  
nearly forcing the excreta out of his bottom  
he says: you are dirty.*

*He says we live in dirty rubbish houses.  
Has he ever lived in one?  
Has he enjoyed the sea breeze  
blowing through the windows?  
and the cool shade under the pandanus thatch?  
Let him keep his iron roof, shining in the sun,  
cooking him inside, bleaching his skin white.'*

Human dignity is undoubtedly on the bush kanaka's side. He is secure in the knowledge of his own talents and his environment's demands. He has plenty in reserve; he doesn't even work up a sweat in this ideology tussle. But the kiap is at breaking point. It is brawn not brains with which he attempts to influence the old native, this being the result of a basic misconception of the so-called primitive culture on the part of the so-called advanced culture. Tawali's perception is precise. The muscle-bustle tactics no longer work for the European culture. The New Guineans now know enough about the two ways of life to realize what aspects a comparison favours. The shrouds of mystery are unravelling from around the European culture, its faults are being laid bare. In the clash of cultures the native has learned more quickly than the Australian.

But there are also values in his own culture that the poet's insight identifies as misconceptions. In the poem addressed to his canoe, Tawali shows that his own individual pulse beats with a rhythm closer to the rhythm of nature than does the general pulse of his traditional village life:

*'O Liandra! You were like a girl  
with breasts standing up:  
a thousand glances came your way.  
Now we think you are nothing!  
But you have returned to log,  
your real self.'*

In his search for answers Tawali is not afraid to cross and re-cross the culture gap. His most adventurous experiment occurs in the final phase of the description of his friend's mourning song:

*'I realized the thousand things  
which must have rivered through his mind.  
I saw his mother, looking at me now,  
his mother cooking food, his mother  
talking now in her soft voice . . .*

*And suddenly I understood:  
a phantastic process was taking place,  
a miraculous communication.  
A spectacular re-enactment  
took place on the vast stage in his head  
and my mind was the audience.'*

Tawali is trying too hard to convince us here: he has fallen into the culture gap. Nevertheless, we cannot fail to admire the grand dimensions of his attempt.

But when he interprets the signs in the terms with which he is most familiar, Tawali creates wonderful poetry. *The River Flows Back* shows life as a canoe ride from the womb down the childhood stream of innocence to the storms and treacherous currents of experience. Man must turn his canoe around and fight against the life whose seductions, once sweet, become fatal:

*'The river my helper  
has become my enemy  
I fight the river  
until my veins stand out  
until the paddle blisters my palms.*

*Yet in this battle I gain glory  
I win fame  
I grow a name  
the true essence of it.*

*One day I will reach the source again  
there at my beginnings  
another peace  
will welcome me.'*

Tawali's life ideal is also his poetic ideal: to 'reach the source', to contact the universal creative principle. The physical battle is important, but the decisive factor in his achievement of the poetic ideal lies in his knowledge that he is organically related to the universal creative process, and that its principle will welcome him

when he contacts it. Thus the title of the poem: the river flows in the way the individual wants it to. But there are certain qualifications the individual needs if he wishes to direct his life or work towards an ideal: courage, strength, and most important, a faith in one's relation to the ideal derived from either traditional or personal experience.

Tawali has most to offer when he expresses universal themes in New Guinean terms. When he does so, he invariably captures a truth with application far beyond the culture from which he draws his imaginative language. Love, fear, pride, faith, all take on new dimensions and significances through the qualities of his particularly Niuginian imagery and polemic. However, he is most startlingly successful in his treatment of death. During the tribal battle prepared for in *The Drums of War*,

*'the inland men  
shall lose many  
and the beach shall chew betelnut.'*

The richness of this imagery is noteworthy. The blood-stained beach will resemble the red-stained teeth of the chewers who will assemble there to celebrate the victory. The image links the outcome of the fight with the appetite-arousing function of the war preparations which continue until

*'The treacherous spears  
tired of ceremony  
look hungry for the real thing.'*

In *Funeral Feast* Tawali laments the severing of the bond of a human relationship by death:

*'Powsu you have flown away!  
You have untied us two  
O Powsu!  
I am drifting.*

*'Your hands,  
the axe hands!  
Countless canoes they built,*

*canoes  
that went to touch the west  
canoes  
that went to touch the east . . .*

*Now the hands fly . . .  
Where will we go?  
Where is our name?  
Our canoes are gone  
the turtles are gone  
the sea is forbidden to us.'*

Instructive traditions rely on life for their conveyance, and death's disorienting effect emphasizes the identity of human processes and environmental processes. But involvement with death does not have to disrupt contact with life. As *The Old Woman's Message* shows, the life process accommodates death. What it cannot accommodate are the onslaughts from external, less pure dimensions, like the sets of values Western culture imposes on existence:

*'the ripe fruit falls and returns  
to the trunk—its mother.  
But my sons, forgetful of me,  
are like fruit borne by birds . . .  
Let them keep the price of their labour  
but their eyes are mine . . .  
Already I sway like a dry falling leaf  
I see with my hands—  
oh tell Polin and Manuai to hurry  
and come to my death feast.'*

The old woman and the natural process are indistinguishable. This identity is arrived at not by intellection but by a simple sense of belonging. Here we are as close to the real rhythm of life as we will ever be. We see it in its naked, natural beauty, we feel its heat and cold, we touch its shape with fear and desire. With Polin and Manuai we must rush back from the wild Western culture if we wish to contact this rhythm, if we wish to lay our fingers on the pulse of life.

Hurry!

# KANAKA'S DREAM

*A Play*

*by John Kasaipwalova*

## CHARACTERS

DIKODIKO Coffee boi for a white accountant

FATHER }  
MOTHER } Dikodiko's parents

ACCOUNTANT White employee of a company and Dikodiko's boss

WAITER }  
MABEL (waitress) } Both white; Dikodiko's fantasy characters

PARAMOUNT CHIEF

HIS WIFE

1ST ADVISER }  
2ND ADVISER } Subjects of the chief  
1ST SORCERER }  
2ND SORCERER }  
MESSENGER }

COUSIN }  
and } Dikodiko's admirers  
FOLLOWERS }

## SCENE I

*In a small office of a warehouse. It is partitioned into two, one for the white accountant with his books and a typewriter, and the other for the coffee boi with the utensils for his master's service.*

*The accountant ('masta') is typing busily while DIKODIKO is stirring the sugar in the cups.*

ACCOUNTANT: Diko! Diko! bring the coffee.

DIKODIKO: Yes sir! *(He carries the coffee to the accountant, hands it to him and stands there, not knowing whether to leave straight away or not.)*

ACCOUNTANT: What took you so long to make only one cup? Look mate, this is a business and everybody has to be smart, otherwise the whole works goes to the dogs. Next time I call for coffee, you have to be quick smart, you hear!

DIKODIKO: Yes sir.

ACCOUNTANT *(tasting his coffee)*: How many spoons did you put in this?

DIKODIKO: Three sir.

ACCOUNTANT: Three? Diko, how often must I tell you that I only take two sugars on Wednesdays? Today is Wednesday not Friday. Take this back and make me another one, and this time with only two sugars. You understand?

DIKODIKO: Yes sir. *(He takes the cup and goes to the other side of the partition.)*

ACCOUNTANT *(grumbling)*: Bloody boongs! They can't even tell the difference between two and three.

DIKODIKO *(coming back to his 'masta' carrying another cup of coffee which he had already prepared before):* Here sir.

ACCOUNTANT *(taking the coffee, tasting it):* This is more like it. *(He waves to the coffee boy.)* You can get back now!

DIKODIKO: Yes sir. *(He walks away quickly. As soon as he is past the partition he begins to imitate his 'masta's' voice.)* Where's my coffee? Two sugars not three! *(Becoming angry; he mumbles half curses.)* Today's Wednesday not Friday! Who does he think he is anyway? Aah! and he says to me 'you can go'! *(Sneering, he puts his thumbs in both ears, turns towards the accountant and pulls faces at him behind the partition.)* You dog! You pig!

ACCOUNTANT: Diko!

DIKODIKO *(changing posture immediately):* Yes sir! *(He walks to the accountant.)*

ACCOUNTANT: Take this away. *(He hands him the empty cup.)* Oh yes, take this too! *(He hands over a slip of paper.)* And don't forget. Go to the cafe before twelve. I know you! When there's a rush hour, you just stand around like a gook and by the time you come back, it's nearly four and time to knock off. Remember to hurry and don't forget!

DIKODIKO: Yes sir! *(He walks back to his section, puts the cup down abruptly, throws the slip of paper onto the floor and walks sullenly to a small table at the corner and sits down to brood.)* Ever since I come here, I get nothing but hard words. Every day he turns me more and more into a woman. *(He swears in tok ples.)* You, hey you! *(Addressing the two dirty cups.)* You think I'm going to wash you. No fear! No bloody fear! Lie on that until you rot away! You think I will make you clean again? No gat! *(He pulls out a betel nut from his pocket and husks it with his teeth. Looking around to see that the accountant is not watching, he chews it with lime and mustard that he carries in a match box.)* I wish he would go away. *(He thinks twice about his words.)* No, no, not go away because he might come back. Disappear, that's right. I wish he would disappear like smoke in the wind where he will never again set foot before my eyes! But how can that be? *(He scratches his head in deep contemplation.)* Sunday! That's right, Sunday! That man wearing a woman's dress. All the people there listened very carefully. Maybe he's right! *(He gets up and paces the floor.)* What did he say? Come on, come on! *(hitting his head with his palms.)* Come on think you! *(Suddenly stops.)* I remember now. Yes, faith . . . faith . . . fish . . . bread . . . Of course that's what he said . . . If you have faith even the mountains will run away when you shout at them. *(Trying to picture the priest's stand and gestures.)* This man had faith so out of the sky came five hundred loaves of bread and twenty fishes. But wait! *(Turning his back to the audience.)* He also said you must pray before you receive faith. I wonder if it is really true. I know the sorcerer's magic works but this one is new magic. That man inside that big building said anybody can do it. Maybe he's right! *(Softly.)* Maybe . . . maybe . . . *(He clasps his hands together and lifting his head heavenward he bends slowly until he kneels on the floor and begins to pray fervently.)*

Lord, lord give me faith  
 Lord, lord give me faith  
 Lord, lord give me faith  
 Give me faith now  
 Give me faith now  
 Now! now! now! . . .

*[Suddenly sounds of rushing water and drums. A white waiter is pushed onto the stage. He staggers for a while to adjust to his new environment. Dikodiko is astonished.]*

WAITER *(standing erect with respect and fear)*: Master, did you call? What is it that you wish to have me tend to sir?

DIKODIKO *(still trying to comprehend)*: Then it must be true! For a while I thought I made a mistake in the prayer.

WAITER: No master, mistakes do not come your way with natural propensity. Whatever you say is always invariably correct to the point of precision, sir.

DIKODIKO *(still half lost but beginning to believe)*: What will my boss say about this?

WAITER *(anxiously wanting to serve his master)*: Give it not a moment's bother, sir. He's nothing but a miserable vagabond washed ashore on this great estate of yours. Perchance he casts a dirty glance at you, well sir, I have no doubts whatsoever of your competency to deal with that wretch. Sir, you could of course send him down to the wharves to carry the copra bags.

DIKODIKO: What a brilliant suggestion! This might teach him what hard work means. *(Under his breath.)* I'll get even with him yet.

WAITER: Pardon me sir, but you still have not told me what you want us to do for you. Master, excuse my ignorance of your wishes.

DIKODIKO *(realizing the excitement had made him hot)*: I'm sweating and my throat is like a small river in the dry season.

WAITER: That can easily be fixed sir! *(Turning to the exit door, he claps his hands.)* Mabel! Mabel! Bring the electric fan and some lolly water immediately! *[Enter a white waitress carrying an electric fan and a bottle of lolly water.]*

DIKODIKO *(delighted with her beauty)*: Waiter, where did you get her from?

WAITER *(taking the fan and the drink from Mabel)*: Master, dispel your curiosity. She's just one of the wenches we brought from Australia. Unfortunately that trip of white-birding was rather a failure. But we thought she could make an excellent hand at looking after your sugar cane in the gardens.

MABEL: Sir, with your permission, I would much rather do the housework. As you know sir, I am not quite used to this tropical sun.

DIKODIKO *(smiling)*: That could easily be arranged my dear. You could be the Haus Meri. I'm sure it would be much better for you. *(Grinning wickedly.)* You could look after the bedroom too.

WAITER *(coming now with the drink poured into a glass)*: Here's your drink sir! It shouldn't be a while before I have the fan operating sir.

DIKODIKO: Thank you sir. *(Without taking his eyes off Mabel, he takes the glass and sips.)*

MABEL *(feeling embarrassed)*: Sir, since you will be attending a dinner at Government House tonight, I have had your dinner jacket dry-cleaned and pressed.

DIKODIKO: Thank you Mabel, it will be a good change from this *(holding his lap-lap)* dirty lap-lap. *(Then remembering.)* Hey wait a minute! No public buses go to Government House! How will I get there?

WAITER *(still carrying the fan and looking for the electric point)*: Master that could be arranged quite easily. I shall ring the chauffeur later and tell him to bring the black car tonight.

DIKODIKO: Oh yes that's right! I quite forgot. *(Suddenly a loud bang is heard.)* What's that? *[Waiter and Mabel turn, frightened, and start running towards the exit.]* Hey, what's the matter? Why are you running away? Come back, I command you, come back! I haven't finished yet. Where have you gone? *(He stands there confused.)*

ACCOUNTANT: Diko! *(No answer.)* Diko! *(No answer.)* Diko where the hell are you?

DIKODIKO *(suddenly realizing who's calling and that his mouth is red with betel nut, tries to wash it quickly)*: Yes sir, I'm coming! *(He walks awkwardly to the accountant's desk.)*

ACCOUNTANT: What the bloomin' hell were you doing when I called? Six bloody times I had to call! And look, your mouth is red with betel nuts. So that's what you've been doing. Just sitting there, chewing betel nut and day dreaming. By God, you've got a hide and a half. Look mate (*standing up and pointing his fingers*), we have enough losses in this warehouse with your wantoks pinching stuff when we're not looking, without your loafing. As from today you're sacked, you hear, you're sacked. We'll put you on the Pipi Gari on Saturday and you can get back to your village and loaf as much as you like. This is no place for lazy crooks like you!

DIKODIKO (*terrified*): Yes sir!  
[*Lights fade.*]

## SCENE II

*Dikodiko's village. His mother is busily washing yams and sweet potatoes into a pot. Dikodiko's father enters carrying a bundle of firewood.*

FATHER (*throwing down the bundle*): Oi! Tetalaga latuda ipilaseda! Every day it's the same. Hot sun, long walk and sweat are eating my youth away!

MOTHER (*looking up*): Mokwita! But instead our neighbours look at us and shake their heads pitying. Soon they will believe we never had a son.

FATHER (*sitting down and blowing his body and under his armpit to cool himself; clearing his throat*): Roll me one betel nut so it can scratch my throat!

MOTHER (*getting up, taking a basket and handing it over to her husband*): This morning, when I rose to go early to the gardens, something happened.

FATHER (*half curious*): What something?

MOTHER: Not very important, but maybe these things have meaning.

FATHER: I will tell whether they have meanings or not. You didn't fall down on your way to the garden, did you?

MOTHER: E-eh! You think I have no eyes? No, something else. (*Uninterested.*) I saw three owls flying across my road. All of them were flying close to each other and their wings were touching.

FATHER (*surprised*): No! no! It cannot happen! Two years ago the same thing and your mother and sisters had to come and look after you for months! (*Then he remembers the incident and falls into a laughing fit.*) I remember it now. Ha ha ha! Dikodiko was in the yam house, you stood there asking him to throw you the yams one by one. Ha ha ha! It was very funny to see the whole basket of yams fall straight on your face. Ha ha ha, You were like a ripe pawpaw falling to the ground. Ha ha ha!

MOTHER (*annoyed*): Stop it! You are like your son, only much worse.

FATHER (*changes immediately*): How can you compare me with that fool? I didn't run away from my father. I stayed and helped until he was ready to die. But him! He runs away. Too lazy to work with me so he runs away to Pos Moresby. (*Shaking his fist heavenward.*) Wait till he comes back. I will give him this!

MOTHER: Whose fault is it? You taught him to dream, you with your big talk. So he doesn't want to work, only day dream.

FATHER: Old woman, you insult me! That son of yours has a head like our ancestor's rocks. He doesn't dream; only wastes his time. When I dream I know what they mean.  
[*Sounds of excitement at the back of the stage; they approach.*]

MOTHER: What is that noise? It sounds like women in a Sagali. (*Listens.*)

VOICES: He's here! Our lost brother is arrived! He's here! How handsome he has become!

FATHER *(recognizing the voice of the young people of the village)*: Who's coming? It is not time for Kitava to come for Kula yet. Bwalimila is still blowing.  
*[Enter Dikodiko wearing long trousers, second-hand white shirt, sandals without socks, his hair full of hair grease. Young men of the village are carrying his bundle of mat and his suitcase.]*

MOTHER *(hardly believing her eyes)*: Wi latugu! Wi pougu! *(She runs and embraces her son.)* Where did you go these six months?

DIKODIKO *(feeling very important but hesitates when he sees that his father hasn't moved towards him at all, but is looking sternly)*: Bring the suitcase here. *(Opening it, as they all look amazed, and taking out a red rami.)* Here father, I brought this all the way from Port Moresby for you. A very important dimdim friend gave it to me and he said 'you take this and give it to your father'.

FATHER *(taking the rami and changing his mood)*: My son I missed you very much. You have come back to me at last. I am very happy to get you back.

DIKODIKO: Did you have any idea about my arrival?

FATHER *(in his normal self)*: Of course, my son, I dreamt last night that all my troubles will go away today. So the spirits were right.

MOTHER *(excitedly putting the pot on the fire)*: You *(to one of the young men)* husk one coconut for his food. *(To the other young men.)* Catch your father's hen. Your cousin must eat properly. He has travelled a long distance. *(The young men leave to chase the hen.)*

FATHER *(spreading a mat)*: Sit down, sit down. My son, you look very handsome and very educated.

DIKODIKO *(embarrassed but not wanting to dissolve his father's illusion)*: Er-r . . . well, er-r . . . not really . . . you see father . . .

FATHER *(cutting him short)*: My son, do not be modest. Everybody knows; even the young men who used to play with you once, say so. You have grown handsome and very, very educated while you were gone.

DIKODIKO: No, no, let me explain. You will know when I explain . . .

FATHER: Rubbish. Nonsense. Be modest only if you have a lie to hide. All the world can see the truth about you. *(Addressing the heavens with spread-out arms.)* My son, when you were born, Taubada starts coming here. He was young and very handsome. Young women used to laugh and giggle to attract his attention, because he was wearing shoes. I said to myself, Togai, one day your handsome son will come home wearing shoes and all the young girls will break his house all night. *(Looking and fondling Dikodiko's sandals.)* Uuu . . . u . . . u . . . my son these must be very expensive. *(Inspecting them very carefully.)*

MOTHER *(picking up the broom and striding angrily to her son, beginning to beat him up and yelling)*: You rotten pig! You wallaby! You lazy image of your father!

DIKODIKO *(jumping up in agony)*: Hold that broom! Hold that broom! Why are you beating me like a snake?

FATHER *(surprised, not knowing what to do)*: Woman why are you hitting my handsome son? Stop it. What reasons?

MOTHER *(attempting to strike again and again, but her son is holding her arms firmly)*: What reasons? What do you think after six months? You think I have no anger? It builds up and it builds up and now . . . *(Tries harder to loosen the grip.)* Let my hands free! I will teach you, you stinking flying fox!

DIKODIKO: You greet me kindly first and now you flog me. I cannot understand. *(Firmly.)* I will let your arms free if you promise not to use that broom again. Mother, you cannot do

that any more as if I am still a baby. I am educated now, you hear. I am educated. (*Feeling that his mother has quietened, he lets go her arms.*)

FATHER: You ignorant woman. Have you no eyes. (*To his son.*) Come, come back to the mat. Do not feel hurt, she's only ignorant. It is people like her that Taubada calls bush kanakas.

MOTHER (*still furious*): Why did you run away from me? You think I have no heart? Look, look, (*pointing to her hair*) What do you think they look like?

DIKODIKO (*looking at his mother's hair*): Like dry grass.

MOTHER: Yes, it is white. You left me and I worry and I cry, I worry and I cry until my tears washed the colour from my hair.

DIKODIKO: Mother, but I sent the message from Port Moresby with your dress and father's calico. (*pronounced as Balekwa*)

MOTHER: Pos Moresby! I do not know where it is and we have no relatives there. Who will give you food?  
[*Dikodiko's third cousin runs onto the stage.*]

COUSIN (*taking Dikodiko's hand and shaking it excitedly*): So it was true. It is truly you after so many moons. News of your arrival is going from one end of the island to the other like the westerly gales.

DIKODIKO: Get your breathing back and give us what you have to say.

COUSIN: Our uncle has heard the news. He sends me to tell you that he is killing a pig tomorrow and he is coming to see you.

DIKODIKO (*amazed*): What! He's a big man. I am only nothing.

FATHER (*clearing his throat*): Do not be modest. My son lift your head high. You are big news.

COUSIN: Yes and already the young girls in our village are talking about you.

DIKODIKO: But . . . but . . . I . . . (*His father stops him.*)

FATHER: We know everybody who goes to Pos Moresby comes back with plenty of money and also they become very educated. You have just come back from Pos Moresby, you are a big man. Look (*pointing to the sandshoes*) how can you wear those if you are not a big man now. Everybody knows it.

### SCENE III

*In the paramount chief's house. The chief's favourite wife is dishing out food onto plates while he and two advisers sit on a mat chewing betel nut.*

1st ADVISER: In a cyclone no one knows what turmoil goes on below and above the sea. Sometimes the creatures from above are swamped below while strange objects from sea bed scum are thrown above into the air.

CHIEF: Yes I know, but how long can they live out of their place?

1st ADVISER: Lift not a finger. They do not last long. Remember last year? Some flying fish were found in the inland villages. You think they lasted long?

CHIEF: But Dikodiko is not a flying fish. His popularity grows every day.

2nd ADVISER: No, we cannot just ignore him. His popularity could undermine the chief's authority.

CHIEF: Have you heard any more of his doings? Our trusted messengers are still out trying to find the roots of his success.

2nd ADVISER: Only yesterday, two more pigs were killed for him and the day before that coastal people brought tributes of fish. And the week before that some smaller chiefs have been visiting his house at night. The people of his own village have built him a big house and the visitors have to be inspected by the young men before they let them see the man. Women in our village say that he takes a different woman every night.



CHIEF: What does he give in payment for these tributes?

1st ADVISER: Nothing. That is the mystery. We ask the people who go there and they say they are not mad, but keep saying, Dikodiko is wise, handsome and very generous.

CHIEF: If the people take the tributes there and come away empty-handed, how can they call him generous? (*Beating the lime pot with the lime stick.*) What is it that the people go there for?

2nd ADVISER: We couldn't believe it at first, Your High One, but it is true. They go there to hear stories about Pos Moresby, Lae, Rabaul, Mount Hagen, Manus and all the places we never hear about. The people go there with foods and all kinds of gifts and they go away with their stomachs full of stories.

CHIEF: But the missionary has already told us about some of those places. What is new about Dikodiko's stories?

1st ADVISER: High One, you see, the missionary near our village only talks about God and how he is working in these places. Dikodiko's story is different. He says many white people in Pos Moresby do not believe in God or in the spirits. His stories speak about different types of men and what they do in order to live in these places. And any other questions the people have, he answers them.

2nd ADVISER (*searching his basket for some tobacco*): We cannot ignore him and we cannot oppose him because the people love him, so there is another way of saving you. Chief, you have not betrothed your sixth daughter yet.

1st ADVISER: I thought the same. Offer him a marriage and all the tributes will soon find their way into this house.

CHIEF (*weighing the suggestion seriously for a while*): Yes, yes . . . (*Turning his attention to his wife.*) Is the food on the plates? It is nearly midday and the messenger should be arriving with him soon.

WIFE: Food is ready, but I will put the soup on the fire while we wait. (*Continues with the preparation.*)  
[*Enter a messenger, bowing.*]

MESSENGER: Your High One, the man you seek to see, the very one that people flock to hear, follows and awaits your command to enter your house.

CHIEF (*rising*): Good, good. Bring Dikodiko before my company. (*Nodding to the messenger, who bows and leaves to conduct Dikodiko inside.*) Quick, spread out the new mat. (*To the other adviser.*) Bring down the bunch of betel nut from that shelf behind you.  
[*All are busy rearranging the seating and as they do Dikodiko enters with three young men, one carrying his basket, one carrying a brown parcel and the third a small umbrella.*]

DIKODIKO (*bowing from a distance*): O chief of this beautiful island, I am not good enough to be here before you. But it was your messenger's pleading . . .

CHIEF (*dazzled by Dikodiko's long trousers and sandals, hurries to stop him from bowing any lower*): Do not do those actions. They do not suit a man of your importance and education. Come now (*leading Dikodiko by the hand*), sit down on this new mat.

1st ADVISER (*noticing Dikodiko's followers start to follow their master to the new mat, and turning, annoyed, behind the chief's back*): Get back and sit there by the door. (*Cursing under his breath.*) You wild pigs. Following him around and sucking the scraps from him. You shouldn't be here, you scoundrels. (*Followers obey and retreat to sit by the door.*)

CHIEF (*sitting down with his guest*): Woman, bring out the food. (*His wife goes about silently putting the plates before them and later takes some to Dikodiko's followers.*) I am very pleased that you are able to bring new knowledge to our land. For a long, long time

we have only foreigners telling us about unknown places, but now you have seen everything. Anything they forget or do not want us to know, you can open to us.

1ST ADVISER *(seeing the chief's wife serving the followers, curses under his breath)*: Scums! Blood suckers!

DIKODIKO: High One, you should know the truth. There is nothing much inside here *(pointing to his head)*.

CHIEF: Dikodiko, your name has penetrated every village, like the torrential storm. You are known by every mouth and ear. Why be modest? *(Then fondling the sandshoes with his eyes.)* They must be very expensive.

DIKODIKO *(signalling one of his followers)*: Bring that parcel. Your High One, I have brought for you the marks of very important people. I have not allowed the common people to see them or touch them. *(He opens the parcel and reveals a pair of second-hand black shoes and a necktie; all are amazed.)*

CHIEF: My tongue is drunk. It cannot find any word good enough to thank you. But tell me about their powers. I always see white people coming off the ships and they wear them *(holding up the shoes)*, but only the very important wear this one too *(holding the tie)*.

DIKODIKO: I had your ignorance once, Your High One, but not now. You see, in Port Moresby, if you wear those on your feet and tie your neck, you think you become ordinary? Why, you only have to walk along the road and everybody bows to you. They will give you many things quite easily.  
*[Chief and advisers respond with wonder.]*

CHIEF: I do not know how to thank you. I and my advisers have thrown our heads together searching for a suitable reward for a great man like you. Finally . . . *(hesitates)* Er-r . . . my sixth daughter is in need of a husband and my advisers tell me she is still a virgin. So I have decided that you will marry her.

DIKODIKO *(exploding suddenly with surprised anger)*: Marriage! *(Getting up with disgust.)* Your sixth daughter!

CHIEF *(surprised)*: What's wrong with her?

DIKODIKO: She's not a virgin!

CHIEF *(shocked)*: How do you know?

DIKODIKO: I know. *(He suddenly realizes what he said.)* Er-r . . . I mean I don't want to be your son-in-law. I don't want to be a slave to a chief! *(He starts walking arrogantly to the door taking his followers with him.)* Marriage to your sixth daughter! No sir, I'm educated. You hear? I am educated.  
*[Exit with followers.]*

2nd ADVISER *(almost out of breath with shock)*: How can he act like this before the chief?

CHIEF *(trying to control his anger)*: I have never been insulted like this before. *(To one of the advisers.)* Quick, get me the two sorcerers. *(The first adviser quickly leaves.)* You, take this food away and give it to somebody else: It has turned sour in my eyes.

2nd ADVISER: This man does not deserve to live. In the history, no scoundrel has lived long after insulting the chief.  
*[Enter the first adviser with two sorcerers.]*

1st ADVISER: Your High One, these men await your command.

CHIEF *(letting his anger full vent)*: Dikodiko insulted me in my house. He called my daughter a disreputable woman. He refused to eat my food and stood above me without bowing. He's a wild pig! Uncivilized wild pig. He will contaminate our society. The people must be saved!

1st SORCERER: Your High One, our herbs have been sleeping in the ashes too long. You have made the gale to blow away the ashes.

2nd SORCERER: Give us only one week. Meanwhile chew your betel nut and laugh again. We know Dikodiko, he possesses no magic to ward us away. He is a dreamer.

CHIEF (*happy again*): Many chiefs are corrupt and they do many things to bribe the people of your trade. I do not want to bribe you nor wish to corrupt your honesty. All I can say is that my betel nut trees are ripe and have no one to chew them and my pigs are lazing around the village, too fat, and there is no one to eat them.

1st SORCERER: Have no fears, everyone knows your honesty and your generosity. As for us, our magic protects us from corruption and bribery.  
*Lights fade quickly.*

#### SCENE IV

*Very late at night. Dikodiko is snoring in bed. The two sorcerers enter furtively. One is carrying herbs wrapped up in dry banana leaves; the other is carrying a fire stick. The lights are very dim.*

1st SORCERER: Which way is the wind blowing?

2nd SORCERER: This night breeze is confused a little. But more often it blows towards his house from here.

1st SORCERER: We are against the walls of his house and there are enough holes between the sago to drink the smoke. Here, bring the fire.  
*[The two sorcerers unwrap the herbs and begin to burn them and mumble magic formulae. As they do Dikodiko starts to toss about uncomfortably in bed. When one of the sorcerers sprays the air with his spittle mixed with ginger, Dikodiko starts to talk loudly in his sleep.]*

DIKODIKO (*groaning*): I ate their pig . . . I told them . . . I told them . . . about Maut Hagen . . . I never killed that shark . . . in the reef at Maut Hagen . . . Never been in Maut Hagen . . . never . . . never . . . They brought their wealth . . . but I told them lies . . . (*He lies limp and starts snoring again.*)

2nd SORCERER (*rising gracefully from his squatting position and spraying the air with his spit*): Kalima tou tou, kalima tou tou. Kalima duku duku, kalima duku duku. Duku yagilegu, duku u ulegu. (*Blows the spittle and ginger into the air.*) U ulegu togegu, u ulegu togega. Mwadukiya agu dou, dou dou dou . . . (*Sprays the air the final time and gracefully settles back to burn the herbs and mumble.*)

DIKODIKO (*groaning again*): Chief's daughter . . . marriage . . . marriage. No . . . no . . . no . . . this means I must work . . . many hours in the gardens . . . I have no lands . . . I will die from hard work . . . (*groaning and thrashing his arms about*). The chief . . . his eyes . . . I refused him . . . I broke the law . . . he was angry . . . his eyes like crocodile (*panting*) they are coming . . . coming coming . . . Aaa! Aaaa! Aaaa!! (*He screams and shakes on his bed. As he screams the sorcerers quickly move out of sight and the parents, half-shaking, enter from the other entrance. The lights brighten as the parents enter.*)

FATHER: Diko, my son, what is it? (*Shaking his son by the shoulder.*)

DIKODIKO (*jumping out of bed in shock and struggling with his father, all the while screaming*): They're coming for me. They want to kill me! They want to kill me!

MOTHER: Stop it! You are not a baby! No one is coming to kill you! (*Seeing that her commands have no result she picks up a broom and starts slapping her son on the bottom, yelling out all the while.*) Stop it. No one is going to kill you. Your mother is here to protect you.

DIKODIKO (*coming fully awake*): Mother it is you. Quickly stop them. (*Releasing the grip on his father and clinging to the mother.*) Save me mother, save me!

MOTHER (*stroking her son's forehead*): Do not be afraid. It was only a bad dream. Soon it will be daylight. I am here to protect you . . .

FATHER (*shaking his fists at the darkness outside*): You jealous spirits of the night, leave this house at once. I command you. My son has done you no wrong, leave him alone. We have not taken anything from the sacred places, so leave us alone. (*He curses in tok ples loudly.*) (*Lights fade and in the background the sorcerer's chant can be heard.*)  
 Kalima tou tou, kalima tou tou  
 Kalima duku duku, kalima duku duku,  
 Duku yagilegu, duku u ulegu  
 U ulegu togega u ulegu togega  
 Mwadukiya agu dou . . . dou . . . dou,  
 dou . . . dou . . . dou . . .

## SCENE V

*The same warehouse office as in the first scene. The accountant is typing and Dikodiko is sweeping the floor around the accountant's desk.*

ACCOUNTANT: Go easy on that broom. That's my foot.

DIKODIKO: Yes sir. (*He continues to sweep.*)

ACCOUNTANT (*without looking up*): Diko.

DIKODIKO: Yes sir?

ACCOUNTANT: Take a break from that sweeping and make me some coffee.

DIKODIKO: Yes sir. (*He walks to the other side of the screen and starts making two cups of coffee.*) . . . Wednesday two, Friday, three, no . . . no, Friday two, Wednesday three . . . (*in despair*) aah maski! (*He walks away angrily to a small table at the corner and sits down, contemplating.*) Why did I come back? (*Hitting his knee with clenched fists.*) Why? Why? Why? (*Holding his head in shame.*)  
 [*Enter the two sorcerers laughing loudly and talking between themselves.*]

1st SORCERER: Ha! ha! ha! Only two weeks and the fraud ran away like a beaten dog!

2nd SORCERER (*laughing*): No it was worse than a dog! It was worse than that. Ha! ha! His parents and all his admirers are still looking for him and asking why he has disappeared again so suddenly.

DIKODIKO (*frightened*): Go away. I'm working, can't you see. Leave me alone.

1st SORCERER: Working! So this is the important work you talked about so much.

2nd SORCERER: Yes, the great talk which earned you all those gifts and nearly the chief's daughter. Ha! ha!

DIKODIKO: All right, all right you would not let me sleep for two weeks. I thought I was going to die, so I ran away from my parents. Now why do you come back and taunt me like a lost canoe?

1st SORCERER (*laughing*): Lost canoe is what you are. But that's not all, your great lies have turned into ocean currents searching with revenge to swallow you up.

DIKODIKO (*cringes and trembles a little*): No, no, no! Leave me alone!

2nd SORCERER (*laughing*): Look at him tremble like a woman.

1st SORCERER: Somebody has castrated him. (*Laughs sarcastically.*)

DIKODIKO (*rising to his feet*): Stop it! Leave me alone. You jeer at me as if I am a woman but I tell you I'm not afraid, you hear. I'm not frightened.

2nd SORCERER (*bored*): We have heard you speak about your greatness when you were in the village. You think of yourself as somebody when you are really nothing.

1st SORCERER: Soon everyone in the village will know the truth. You are nothing but a coffee boy pushed around by a white man. And you don't even have the courage to tell him to stop it. (*Laughs.*)

DIKODIKO: I'm not afraid of him! He doesn't push me about. That's my job. (*The two sorcerers laugh, amused.*)

2nd SORCERER: If you are not scared of him why don't you hit him? But instead you let him push you around like a dog. (*Laughs.*)

DIKODIKO: Stop your laughing (*angry*) I'm not afraid of him. He's a white man; but I'm not afraid of him!

ACCOUNTANT (*from the other side of the partition*): Diko!  
[*Only the two sorcerers hear the call and immediately hasten towards the exit, both laughing and talking loudly to themselves, 'He's afraid! He's a coward'!*]

DIKODIKO (*shaking his fists at the departing sorcerers*): I'm not frightened of your magic or him, you hear. I'm not afraid! I'm not a coward!

ACCOUNTANT: Diko, hurry up with that coffee.

DIKODIKO (*not hearing*): Gone now, but for how long before they return to tear me apart? It was not enough for them to hold me sleepless for two weeks and now they follow like clan enemies in search of revenge. I have spilt no blood. I have stolen no wealth from the chiefs. Yet everywhere I spear my thoughts, shields of revenge spring up to lock me in. Revenge. But revenge for what? I know it was the herbs which turned into sleepless dogs. They chased every lie from my mouth back to my eyes to see. But now it is not the herbs that haunt me but the mocking truth they vomit before my very eyes; when I know I have for long attempted to shut my eyes. Coward and castrated is what they said. This truth is like a needle which no padding could enclose. I have used submission, prayer and fantasy to pad this truth. But it is all in vain. The truth still pricks me. I live from day to day covering this naked pain. I have converted the pain into reality and the naked truth into the world of fantasy. I cannot separate the dream from the nightmare because the two of us do not know which is the true me.

But look, look at these hands (*staring at his palms*). They are the hands of a man once but a mountain now lies on top of him. I am not afraid of your magic and your herbs, yet your words have removed every cushion from the pricking truth and my whole body trembles with pain and fear. I can run no further, you sorcerers of the night. You have cornered me with your mockery. Let the truth of your laugh prick me so hard as to fill me with loving hate. The hate which I seek to batter those shields to ashes. Let this pent up blood of manhood flow through these veins again!

ACCOUNTANT: Diko! (*No answer.*) Christ, what the hell's going on in there. Diko!

DIKODIKO (*suddenly realizes who's calling and grumbles a reply*): I'm coming. (*He carries two cups to the accountant.*)

ACCOUNTANT (*surprised*): What are you doing with two cups?

DIKODIKO (*curtly*): For you. (*He places one cup on the table and holds the other.*) I didn't know what you want, sir.

ACCOUNTANT: Listen boy, you know very well I take only one cup. Take the other one back, you stupid idiot.

DIKODIKO (*angry*): Yes sir. (*As he turns the cup slides and falls on the floor.*)

ACCOUNTANT (*rising*): Now look what you've done! (*Dikodiko is busy trying to clean up the mess with the broom.*) That cup costs money. What the flamin' hell's wrong with your

fingers? (*under his breath*) Bloody kanakas! (*Dikodiko continues gathering the broken pieces.*) And stand up when I'm speaking to you.

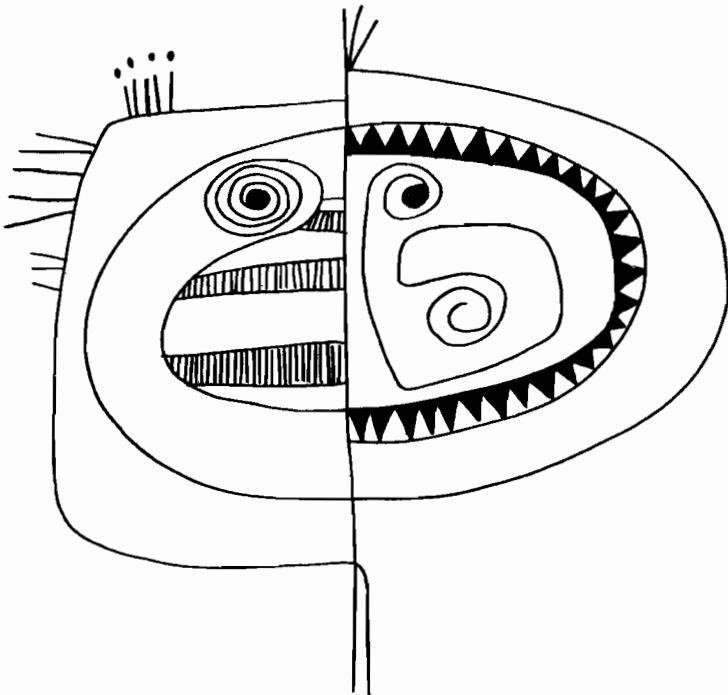
DIKODIKO (*grasping the broom tightly to conceal his anger*): Yes sir.

ACCOUNTANT: Listen boy, you were fired once before and I never wanted to see your face in here again. This office was very efficient in your three months' absence, but now you want to turn it into a zoo; that's what you're doing. (*Warning with his fingers.*) Look mate, I didn't want to employ you again in the first place, but for that great yarn you spun. (*Sarcastically.*) It was so convincing, especially that bit about the sorcerers running after you with herbs and magic. I wouldn't have given you this job, if it wasn't for your own good. But now instead of doing some work, you bludge and break things . . .

DIKODIKO (*exploding his anger; drawing out his words firmly*): ALL RIGHT! You bloody bastard! (*Smashing the broom handle on top of the desk.*) You think I'm a pig! You think I have no anger. I'll teach you, you bastard! (*He advances upon the accountant with hate.*)

ACCOUNTANT (*backing away nervously*): Put that broom away! What are you so shitty about anyway? I'm warning you. Put that broom away or I'll call the police.

DIKODIKO (*firmly*): Call the police and see if I care. I'm going to teach you a lesson. You bloody bastard! White pig!  
[*Lights out quickly.*]



## DAUNPASIN

**daunpasin**, humility

**de**, (E)

1) day

*Sande* = Sunday

*Mande* = Monday

*Tunde* = Tuesday

*Trinde* = Wednesday

*Fonde* = Thursday

*Fraide* = Friday

*Sarere* = Saturday

*de bilong limlimbur* = a day or rest, a free day, a holiday

*de bilong malolo* = a day of rest, a free day, a holiday

*de bilong wok* = a workday

*de bihain tru* = doomsday, the last day

*debuk* = a tablet, a composition book

*givim gude long* = to greet someone

*Gude!* = Good day! Hello!

*long de* = in the daytime

2) weather

*De i gutpela.* = The weather is good.

**dek**, deck

**deliget**, (E) delegate

**demdem**, a snail

**demim**, (E) to damn someone, to condemn someone

**des**, desk

**Desemba**, December

**didiman**

1) an agricultural experimental station or garden

2) an agronomist, a district agriculture officer

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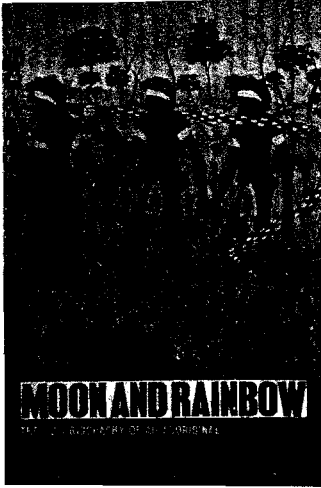
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