PACIFIC WRITING

Number 1 – August 197

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New Guinea Writing — Number 1, August 1970

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About This Publication

We have called this collection of stories, poems and articles "New Guinea Writing", and added "No. 1" to the title, because we hope it will be the first of many publications to appear with that name.

All the works in this issue (except for the Editor's review of some new books of poems) have been written by indigenous people — and that is the main purpose of the publication. We want to encourage people of the Territory of Papua and New Guinea to speak to each other through the written word.

Though we have called the collection "New Guinea Writing," we do not mean work done in the northern part of the Territory only. New Guinea is the name given in atlases and geography books to this whole island which is made up of West Irian, Papua, New Guinea and the offshore islands. So "New Guinea Writing" means writing from the entire area. In this issue, you will find works written by Mekeos — Alain Waike and Allan Natachee — and there are pieces by John Bonu, from Bougainville, Paulias Matane and Jacob Simet, from New Britain, Vincent Eri, from the Gulf District, Bob Giegao, from the Chimbu District, and Kumalau Tawali, from Manus.

For the indigenous people of this country, writing is one of the newest and youngest arts. Before the coming of the white man, the native races had their own community and decorative arts — dancing, singing, music, and the making of houses, carvings, pottery and weaving. All of these helped them to remember things — about their ancestors and tribal laws — but there was no written art; only the arts of talking cleverly (oratory) and of story-telling and singing.

For many years now, both government and mission schools have been teaching more indigenous people to read and write the languages they speak. It is natural that a developing country like New Guinea should look towards its own writers to help in development. Through writers and thinkers often come ideas

that will help other men to understand themselves and their neighbours better.

Sometimes a writer will want to tell his readers what happened to his ancestors or to re-tell a folk story that used to be told around the fires at night. But at a later stage, writers become more interested in themselves and in the people around them, the problems they have to solve, and the way they live now.

We have included a short extract from the first full-length novel to be published overseas from a New Guinean author. A novel is a long story divided into many chapters and though it may have characters based on fact or the writer's memories of the past, it is purely imaginative fiction. If you think you are good at writing short stories, then you might like to try your hand at writing a novel some day. "Hunting the Killer," from chapter six of Vincent Eri's novel The Crocodile, *has been reprinted by kind permission of the publishers, Jacaranda Press, of Brisbane.*

Writers of this country are invited to send poems, stories, articles — anything they have written — for future issues of "New Guinea Writing." There will be payment made for anything we find good enough or interesting enough to print. Your stories and poems should be sent to:

The Editor,

"New Guinea Writing,"

Department of Information and Extension Services,

Konedobu, Port Moresby.

The next issue of "New Guinea Writing" will appear when we have enough new material to publish. Meanwhile, we hope you will enjoy this first issue of a magazine printed for you — the people of New Guinea — and written mostly by your own people for you to read. The writers who will emerge in this country have many challenges to meet — and we are only at the beginning of it.

LITERARY COMPETITIONS

Results of the Bureau of Literature Poetry and Play Competitions, and of the Second Annual Territory Short Story Contest will be announced on or after September 30 in the **'Post-Courier'** and **'Our News'** and **'New Guinea News Service'** publications.

There have been so many entries that it has been hard for the judges to pick the first prize-winners. We hope to print some of the best entries soon in *New Guinea Writing, Our News* and other publications.

Here is a little poem entered by a student of St. Paul's Lutheran High School, Pausa, Western Highlands District. Kamund's verse may not be the best entry, but it *is* a very moving and colourful poem to have been written *by a deaf boy*:

MY COUNTRY

Highlands and mountains,
Sunshine and breeze,
Flowers and moonlight,
Make a glistening in the dim light
Without a light of its own.
Swaying palm trees,
Jungles and rivers,
White coral sand —
This is my country,
This is my land!

Kamund Piki

About Our Writers

JOHN BONU, who comes from Buin (southern Bougainville), is a first-year Arts student at the University of Papua and New Guinea, Waigani.

VINCENT ERI, who was born at Moveave in the Gulf of Papua, has been a teachers' college lecturer and a district inspector and is at present Acting Superintendent of Primary Education. He is one of the first graduates (B.A.) of the University of Papua and New Guinea.

BOB GIEGAO, born at Chuave in the Chimbu District, has attended writers' courses held by the Lutheran Mission, is a director of Kristen Pres Inc. and circulation manager of the "Post-Courier" in Port Moresby.

PAULIAS MATANE, who was born at Viviran, East New Britain, has visited African countries, Australia, New Zealand and the South Pacific, has been a member of the Public Service Board, and is at present Acting Director of Lands, Surveys and Mines, Port Moresby. His stories and articles have appeared in many publications, including "Kum Tumum of Minj" (O.U.P. *Stories of Our People* series).

ALLAN NATACHEE is the pen-name of the Mekeo poet, Avaisa Pinongo, whose collection of Mekeo songs, "Aia," is one of the recently published booklets in the *Papua Pocket Poets* series. Mr. Natachee says that his poem, "Fear," is not a translation of any one Mekeo song, but something he made up and which yet has something of the tone of some of the more warlike traditional songs of his people.

KUMALAU TAWALI, who was born at Tawi, Manus District, is a third-year Arts student at the University of Papua and New Guinea. He was a member of a New Guinea traditional dance ensemble which recently visited Australia. His play "Manki Masta" has been produced in Canberra, and he won the 1969 Territory Short Story Competition with the story in this issue. ("Breaking the Ear" was first published in the "Post-Courier.")

ALAIN WAIKE, a Mekeo, trained for the priesthood but later became a public servant, working for D.I.E.S. as an extension officer, and later for the Public Service Board. He is now studying at the Public Service Training Centre, Waigani.

JACOB SIMET, from Matupit, East New Britain, attended the 1968 and 1969 Creative Writing Courses at Rabaul, and has had poetry published in the literary magazine, "Kovave." He is now studying at the Papua and New Guinea Institute of Technology in Lae.

Four Stories

Paulias Matane

☆ ☆ ☆

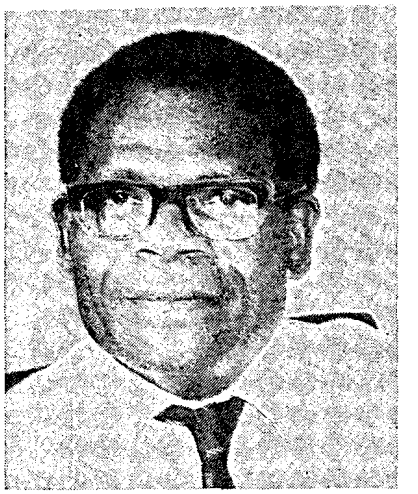
The Thief

There was once a village in the Warongoi Valley, west of East New Britain District.

Every morning all the people of the village, except a weak old woman, went to their gardens to work. The old woman had a son who often brought back food from his garden in the evenings.

When the people returned in the evenings, they would find that someone had taken food from their houses. They blamed the old woman for this loss.

The son felt ashamed when he heard this. He said to himself, "Tomorrow I'll find out who the thief is."



Next day, when all the people were away, the boy hid himself up in a big tree just near the village.

After a while, he saw a very long and big snake. Its head was like that of a man. The snake crawled into every house and came out with food. Then it returned to its place. The boy followed and put ashes along the snake's track. It came to a lake known as To Garagaraloko. This was where it lived.

When the people came home, the boy told them about the snake.

In the morning, they put different colours on their bodies and faces, and feathers in their hair. Then

they took their spears and followed the boy down to the lake.

They caught many fish and snakes but had not found the thief. They grew tired and said that the boy told them lies. They were just about to hit the boy when he said, "Is there anything hard in the water?"

"We can't find any more living things here. There is only a long log here which some of us are standing on."

"That's him. Spear and cut him," the boy ordered.

They did. Sure enough, it was the thief. They cut the snake to pieces, packed it up and left for home. When they were on the way, a heavy rain fell, lightning flashed, the thunder boomed, wind blew stronger than before and the earthquake shook the forest and village. However, this didn't worry them.

When they arrived home, they divided the pieces of snake among them. The head was given to the old woman. She roasted it in a hot stone oven.

At night when everyone was fast asleep, a great mass of smoke came out of the stone oven. Soon after, she heard a small voice say, "Thank you very much for saving my life. Go and tell your relatives to pack up and go away from here as quickly as possible to the villages up on the mountains. I'm going to destroy this village and its people."

The head of the snake came out of the oven. It moved from kitchen to kitchen, joining the pieces of its body together again, and waited. When the woman and her relatives had left, the snake ordered the rain to fall on the village heavily. The water came pouring down and rose up around the village. The snake asked for more rain. More came. This time it was so heavy that the whole valley was in flood. When the people woke up, it was too late. The water carried them down to To Garagaraloko. All the people died except the old woman and her relatives.

Nowadays, one can still see the bones and skulls of the unfortunate drowned people near the lake.

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Talking of Books

Albert Maori Kiki and Ulli Beier have written a new book called **Hohao** (Nelson; $3.95) which has many photos and describes the arts and legends of the Elema people of the Gulf District.

Albert Maori Kiki's popular first book **Ten Thousand Years in a Lifetime** (Cheshires), the story of his life, has now been put out again at the lower price of $1.95: available at all bookshops.

Mr. Kiki, who is national secretary of Pangu Pati and a leading trade unionist, was recently given a Commonwealth Literary Fund award of $3,000 to work full-time on another book.

Producers of school plays and little theatre groups will want to buy copies of **Two Plays from New Guinea** (Hienemann; $1.60). The plays are "Cry of the Cassowary" by John Kaniku, set in the Milne Bay District, and "Kulubob" by Turuk Wabei, from Karkar Island in the Madang District; both plays were first presented at Goroka Teachers College. Available from Books New Guinea, Boroko, and Christian Book Centre, Madang.

The Man who Wanted to Float

A villager named To Keake, watching the dew rise up into the air when the sun shone on it one morning, got the idea that he might be able to make himself float off the ground.

When he had given the matter a little more thought, he collected four pieces of bamboo and filled them with dew from grass and taro leaves. He tied them together, put them on the grass where there was no shade, sat on them and waited. The dew leaked out at the bottom of the bamboo pieces. But nothing happened. He had hoped that as the dew rose up into the air, it would lift him and the bamboo with it.

Next day, he filled the bamboos again and closed them tightly. He lay down on the grass, put the pieces of bamboo on top of him and waited. The sun slowly rose. The morning was bright, the sky was clear and everything was perfectly silent. To Keake waited patiently. Every moment he was hoping that he would soon float into the sky. Still nothing happened.

The sun was now overhead. To Keake felt a little light-headed with the heat. It was almost as though he was beginning to float.

The heat became so great that To Keake lost consciousness. The villagers found him, still lying on his bamboos, at the end of the day. The heat of the sun had killed him.

★ ★ ★

The Lost Clan

Many years ago, a number of clans lived in a big village called Rakamara. A few miles away lived an enemy clan. The Rakamaras hated this clan because its people had often killed and captured people of the Rakamara.

One night, the Rakamara chiefs held a secret meeting to decide what would be the best way to wipe out the hated clan. They prepared their bows and arrows, slings, stones and other weapons for fighting. They decided to make an attack the next night.

When the time came, they went to the hated clan village. Everyone there was asleep.

They arranged themselves into a very big circle. The chiefs gave orders to attack. The battle began. The air was filled with arrows and stones.

The families of the hated clan woke up to find the enemy among them. They were not prepared for the surprise attack. They cried and rushed about but could not do anything to protect themselves. The attackers went to the houses, set fire to them and burnt them down. The poor people inside tried to escape but were shot. Others died in the houses.

Everyone was killed except two babies — a boy and a girl.

On the same night, a pig found the babies, took them one by one into the bush where she made a bed out of dry leaves for them, and nursed them. She looked after them very carefully as if they were her piglets.

When the children grew up, they got married. They had many children who grew up and married and had more children. In this way the lost clan came back again.

Today there are more people at Rakamara than there were before. There is no more fighting between the various clans now, and everybody is happy.

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The Bird Boys

Once in a village there lived two brothers whose parents had died and left them alone in the world. One day they left their home because they were always hungry. They went to the forest to find food. They found a lot to eat. They grew fat and healthy.

They also built a small hut in the forest and lived there for a long time.

One day, a hunter came to the boys' hut when they were out looking for food. He wanted to find out who owned the hut so he hid behind the tree and waited. After a short time, he saw the boys coming. He let them into the hut. Then he ran to the door, and ordered them to come outside. He took them by the hands and brought them home.

"Wife", he called, as they were near the house, "I worked hard today looking for pigs. I couldn't find any. Instead, I found these boys. We shall have plenty of meat tomorrow. We'll kill the first one but leave the second because he is still small. We'll give him a lot of food so that he will grow big and fat quickly."

In the morning, the man killed the first boy. Then he went to the garden to get some taro.

The second boy was very sad. He longed to see his brother alive again. Then he whispered to the boy's ear, "I believe that you will be alive again before the bad man comes back." He opened the dead boy's mouth and hit the tongue with his finger. Then he said, "Brother, move your tongue." The tongue moved. Next he hit the legs and said, "Stand up." And he did. Then he hit the mouth and said, "Speak up." He spoke and thanked his brother because he had saved him. They both ran out through a small opening and back to their hut.

They coloured their bodies with different colours. Then they danced.

When the bad man returned from the garden, he found that the boys had run away. He became very angry. He took his spears, called his dogs and went to the forest to look for the boys. He first went to the boys' hut. When they saw him, they said some magic words and were at once changed into two beautiful coloured birds. They flew up to the tallest tree. From there, they sang sweet songs which the bad man liked listening to so much that he didn't try to spear them.

Today, if you see two birds flying together, they are likely to be the only birds which were once boys.

Fear

Allan Natachee

Out of the dark of deepest gloom
we were born to live in fear
from the cradle to the grave
and never to see the light of day.

To be filled with fear when thunders peal
and lightnings flash.

When war drums beat and war trumpets blow,
when the advancing yell of foes rings
through the dark and fearsome forests,
when chiefs of peace call forth:

Flee! Flee ye women and children,

Flee! Foes, foes are advancing!

When chiefs of war yell out their word of
command:

To arms! To arms my men!

For we are the defenders of our women
our home and our land!

Beat on our drums and blow on our trumpets
of war
in answer to drums and trumpets of our foes!

Yell out our war chants
to let the enemy know
that we are going forward,
forward to meet them!

Behold I sway my red plant of war
to defeat and scatter the foes,

And never to spare the life of any foe,
but to kill and kill alone.

Cut off the head of every fallen foe!

Cut and take out their hearts
that we may feed upon their brains and hearts
to please our gods of war
and our spirit fathers.

—"Post-Courier" Picture

The Editor of 'New Guinea Writing' talks to Vincent Eri about his new novel 'The Crocodile', which will be in the bookshops very soon. It is the first novel ever published by a Papuan or New Guinean. The story is set in Papua-New Guinea before and during the Second World War, and tells how the people from all over our country began to feel united.

Just published is **Signs in the Sky,** a first selection of nineteen very expressive poems by KUMALAU TAWALI. It is one of the **Papua Pocket Poets** series of booklets, edited by Ulli Beier (see "About Some New Books" on Page 21), and costs 45 cents, from Books New Guinea, Boroko.

HUNTING THE KILLER

Vincent Eri

This is an extract from the author's forthcoming novel, The Crocodile. *It it set among the Toaripi-speaking villages of the Papuan Gulf in the late* 1930s.

This is what has just happened in the story:

While the young hero, Hoiri, and his cousin Meraveka are away from their village, paddling a canoe for the kiap's patrol up-river, Hoiri's wife, Mitoro, is taken by a crocodile while fishing. Hoiri's uncle, Aravepe, catches up with the patrol and tells him that his wife is missing. So Hoiri deserts the patrol and returns home to try and find the mortal remains of his wife. Hoiri and his father Sevese set out at night to hunt the killer.

★ ★ ★

Dark shadows were already engulfing the bushes and palm trees on the banks of the river. The canoes in the hunt had little difficulty in finding their way over the glassy water. Three canoes travelled side by side, with Hoiri in the middle one. Several yards of water separated one canoe from the other. They were all large canoes capable of carrying a dozen men.

Like everyone else on board, Hoiri wore a 'sihi,' a narrow strip of bark cloth that covered his sex organs, passed between his thighs, up his loins, and around his waist. A tomahawk was stuck firmly in the sihi on his left hip.

Barbed spears and arrows were strewn all over the floor of the canoe. Many of the arrow heads and spears were made of steel rods. There were others that were made of black palm and had as many as six barbs on them. A full length crowbar with three barbs was tied to the end of the longest pole they could find.

They were silent. Their eyes scanned the shoreline and the surface of the river for anything that moved. Their ears were on the alert for the sound of the conch shell which every canoe carried on board.

"She has not been eaten yet," Sevese said in a voice that was deep and full of anxiety.

"No. There's no smell in the water. And there is no oily substance in the scum when the tide changes. We should concentrate on the parts of the river and its tributaries that are on the seaward side."

The sky was clear and the stars produced a dim light, as if to help the flustered humans down below.

It was almost pitch dark where Hoiri's canoe inched its way to a stop, below towering coconut palms. The tide was nearing its highest so Hoiri was able to jump from the bow of the canoe on to the damp but firm soil. While the darkness swallowed him, his canoe noiselessly pulled away. With the aid of his spear, he located the coconut trunks as he moved further away from the river. Hoiri selected a sizeable trunk and stood with his back to it so that he was facing the river. He found that he could see better. Following the line of ripples, Hoiri was able to make out the dark shape of his canoe which became smaller and smaller until eventually it was engulfed by the night.

Hoiri pressed his back firmly against the scale-like rings of the palm tree. Comfort and confidence travelled up his arm and into his body as his fingers meticulously moved from one ring to the next. The tree was a companion, tall, solid and rough-skinned. It did not matter that no conversation passed between them.

In his left hand, Hoiri held his bow and arrows. One arrow was in place ready to be set off at a moment's notice. The spear stood parallel to his right side with the steel point just above his head.

"How nice it would be, if people co-operated in the affairs of their day-to-day living like the two feet of a man," Hoiri thought. "One foot does not boast of holding up the rest of the body longer than the other. If one is maimed, then the other accepts the responsibility without a grudge."

There was a rustle of coconut fronds directly above Hoiri and something swished past his forehead, missed the tip of his nose by a fraction of an inch, and landed with a thud between his feet. Particles of soil splashed over his ankles. To his dismay, Hoiri discovered that his mind had suddenly decided to fly in all four directions without his permission. It left the body, which it was supposed to control, paralysed.

A flutter of wings overhead and Hoiri's senses began to return. His fingers loosened their grip on the cold metal on his hip. He was embarrassed that a smelly creature no bigger than his fist could easily upset him like that: the flying fox had dropped a smooth young coconut. It certainly was close. "Could it have been purposely aimed at me?" Hoiri asked himself. It was hardly an accident. "The bird must have been directed by some power," Hoiri concluded.

● *Continued next page*

Hoiri was not sorry that the flying fox had dropped the nut. It came down dangerously close to knocking him unconscious. But it had also prevented him from falling asleep standing up.

Across the river, the four-star constellation which the people call 'Oamalala' rose steadily above the darkened greenish mass. Hoiri's eyes moved from the real star to its reflection in the water. It was not a perfect replica of the real Oamalala. All the four beams merged into one that reached almost to Hoiri's feet; the high tide had almost reached its highest point.

For the time being sleep made no further attempts to cast its spell over Hoiri's eyelids. Somewhere along the same bank of the river, his cousin Meraveka was also watching the water. It was believed that this was the place where the hunting magicians, riding the crocodile, would meet their masters on the shore, who were waiting to receive the catch.

Hoiri thought again about that nut. He was sure now, that someone must have protected him from its deadly impact. Then suddenly his blood gathered warmth: why hadn't he thought of his ancestral namesake Hoiri? He remembered the time his father had told him about the phenomenal escape of his grandfather when they were on board the lakatoi sailing to Moresby. Hoiri was overcome by a feeling of tremendous relief; he was not without an ally.

Hoiri felt no longer dependent upon the steady coconut palm. He did not press his body so hard against its rough trunk. The fingers of his right hand moved, loosely probing areas of the trunk which they hadn't been over before. There was a deep slot that had been cut into the palm. Someone had cut his name deep into the poor tree. No thought of the pain that the tree had to put up with every time the knife or the axe cut deep into its life. Hoiri's finger followed the slot and traced the shape of the letter V.

A moving object, faintly visible, attracted Hoiri's attention. The object was moving upstream in a west-east direction. Gentle ripples rolled away from a ball-like object that formed the bow, a sure sign that the marine creature was a crocodile. The soft light of the Oamalala constellation was reflected by one of the eyeballs. But its cool blue glow was transformed into a reddish brown, more like the coals that are left after the flames are out.

Thick matter like the web of a spider began to weave itself rapidly in Hoiri's throat. His knees felt weak and then began to shake violently. Hoiri grappled with his mind to take control of it so that he could halt the violent shaking. "I said I loved her and this

● *Browsing at Kristen Pres bookstall, Madang Market.*

is my chance to take my revenge," he said to himself. The muscles in his body tightened. Hoiri blew a low but fairly loud whistle and waited.

"Yes, this is no ordinary crocodile," Hoiri said to himself when he saw the crocodile make an about turn and head towards him. He heard a whistle, presumably in reply to his, come from the direction of the crocodile. He did not reply, fearing he might give himself away the second time. Still the crocodile kept coming straight towards him. The edge of the water was no more than a foot away from where Hoiri stood. Finding itself in shallow water, the reptile raised itself on its legs and hands. The object that had seemed no more than a yard in length a few seconds ago, seemed to transform itself into a huge dugout canoe. With slow steps, the horrifying creature advanced; then it stopped.

Hoiri did not dare to breathe. His sihi felt loose with the tomahawk out of it. Already his fingers gripped the handle so tightly that, had it been hollow, it would have crumbled between his fingers. "If only I could have somebody here right now who would throw the spear while I use the axe," Hoiri thought.

The coconut palm, which he had leaned on for stability and comfort, now shielded him from the hideous beast. He knew that someone was alighting from the tail end of the crocodile. The splashes his feet made in the water were unmistakable. The head of the crocodile was on dry land, so Hoiri could not tell whether anyone was alighting from that end. His eyes were fixed on the splashing footsteps that were moving towards him. He placed his spear loosely against the trunk, ready to use when he needed it.

When the footsteps had come quite close, Hoiri lunged at the invisible being with all his might. There

was a scream that almost drowned Hoiri's battle cry. His axe had struck fast into some invisible object, and before he could retrieve it for a second blow it had disappeared into the night. Hoiri jumped aside from the tail of the crocodile to avoid having all the bones in his body broken. He hurled his spear, and it struck deep behind the crocodile's right shoulder. One after another, his arrows penetrated into the sinewy flesh.

On the opposite bank of the river, the sound of a conch shell rang loud and long. In the cool night air, the sound was carried a long way. All the canoes, that heard the original sound, blew on theirs, relaying the message that the crocodile had been found. From the creeks and different parts of the river, canoes converged on Hoiri. The waves these canoes created lapped against the banks of the river, awakening the crabs, frogs and mosquitoes. The shaking of the river reeds also dislodged fish that had found a haven under the dark waters. Many of them angrily streaked off as fast as they could to the bottom of the river when the canoes came too near.

"Son of Hoiri Sevese Ovou," Hoiri yelled, when he could find the breath to do so. "From now you will know the power of my hand!"

By the time his canoe had reached him, Hoiri was very weak from exhaustion; he was exhausted from his one-man victory dance and not from fighting the crocodile. The pleasure of seeing his enemy writhe in agony kept him going. In his exuberance, he shot all his remaining arrows into the air, leaving only two as companions to his bow in his hand.

The crocodile seemed unaware of Hoiri's presence. All the yelling that Hoiri made neither increased the swiping movement of its tail nor made it go into a frenzy. The greatest source of its troubles was Hoiri's big spear which must have gone through the ribs midway between the right arm and the right leg. The point of the spear was clearly visible from the underside of the reptile as it tried to relieve the pain by keeping it off the ground. Hoiri was amazed at the rapidity at which this enormous creature spun itself around, sometimes clockwise and at other times anticlockwise. It seemed dizzy and confused in its directions. At one time it came to rest with its head pointing directly at the coconut palm which shielded Hoiri. It was only by pressing his nose and mouth firmly against the coconut trunk that Hoiri avoided inhaling a dangerous quantity of the scorching breath full of the stench of rotting vegetable matter.

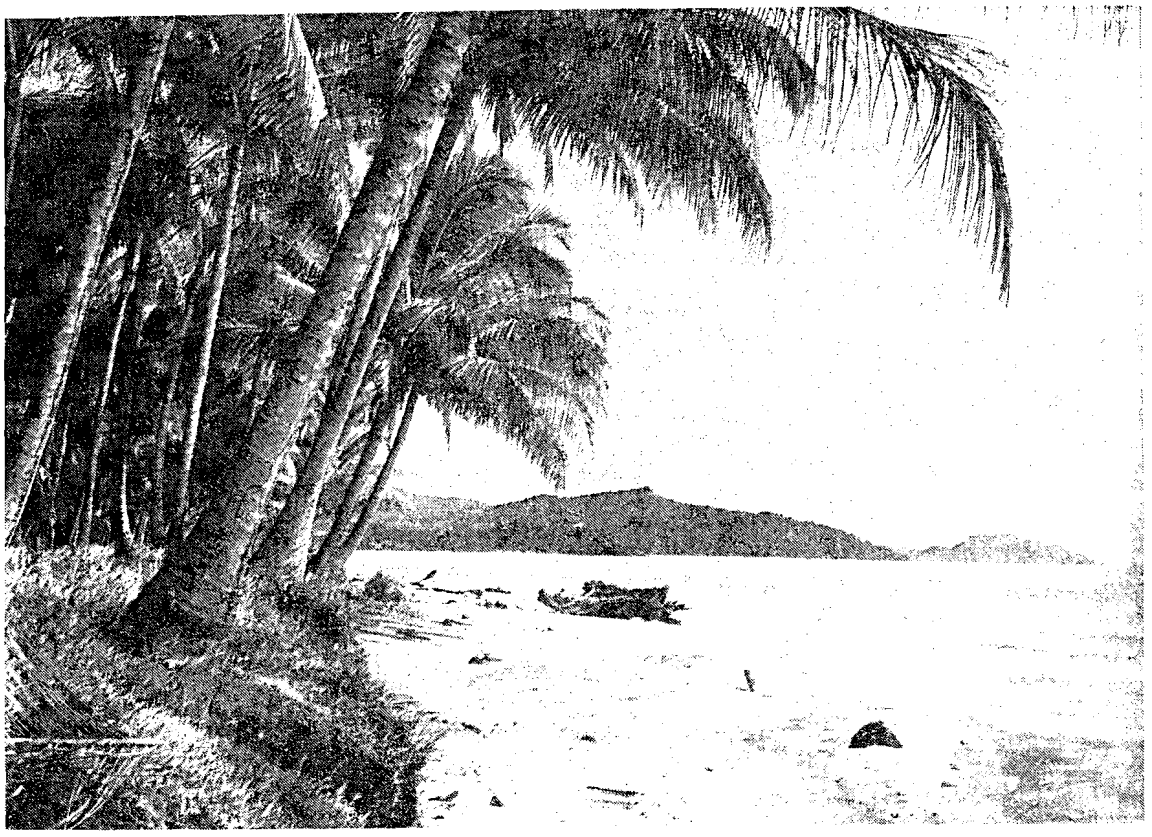
The dawn sky had opened up, and, for the first time since the tragedy, the sun seemed to shine sympathetically, happy that the exhaustive search had been fruitful. But just as its life warming rays had kindled the hope of the men, it also enabled the crocodile to reconsider its position and act wisely. The steel point of the spear dug a small trench as it laboured to reach the water. Whenever the point got caught in a shallow root, the crocodile roared like a bull in pain. But its senses were too late in returning. Just as its head went under water, it had to stop. Sharp tomahawks were quickly cutting through the base of its tail. In vain its powerful claws dug deep into the mud as it was being hauled up onto the land. Soon these too became useless. When it opened its mouth, a short stick sharpened on both ends was stuck fast between the upper and lower jaws.

It was Hoiri's privilege to deal the fatal blow. Sevese handed his son a middle-sized axe. The first blow only made a dent and produced a lot of sparks. On the second blow, the axe stuck fast, embedded in the skull.

How The Missionaries Came To Buin

John Bonu

The villages of the Akanbosi clan at the southern tip of Bougainville were usually quiet and peaceful places. The people went about their tasks —hunting, fishing and gardening—and prospered in all they did. But if they visited each other in their houses at night, they would usually talk about the last big fight. This was the time when the Togana warriors from Shortland Island crossed



the sea in their canoes, and swept through the villages of the Akanbosi and their coastal kinsmen, the Nomororai clan.

Some time after that big battle, when the Nomororai dared to return to their lands, they rebuilt their village, Unakau, at the delta of the Moin River. From here, they could look out over the sea towards the island of the Toganas. They could make out the curls of smoke from Togana fires rising into the sky, and, every day, kept careful watch to make sure that raiding enemies would not catch them while they were unprepared.

Though the fight with the Togana had taken place a long time ago, it was still talked about so much by the Akanbosi and the Nomororais that even the young children of the villages knew they had to be careful of their enemies who lived across the water.

The people of the two clans used to come together at Unakau village for meetings with the chief, and, to the west of the village, a watchtower had been built. This was in the spreading branches of a huge fig tree that grew up to 120 feet. The watchtower was like a room built into the tree-top and was big enough to hold four people. As the sun sank each evening, the four night watchers climbed into the tree, and the four who had been there all day would climb down and return to the village. One person was on watch all the time; the other three slept or talked together or prepared food. All of the village boys had to take a turn in the watchtower, and they were told that this job was as important as any other done in the village. And hearing so much about the time the Togana wariors had come made it easy for the boys to believe that the watch-keeping was very important.

The Togana canoes had come on the first day of the south-easterly winds which helped them to sail across the rough waters. Every year since, the Akanbosi and the Nomororai held a feast on that day in memory of the invasion and how they had stood together. They feared that the start of the south-easterly winds might once again bring the Togana to their villages, and by having a feast and bringing all the people together on that day, they would be more ready to meet invaders. At the feast, goods were bartered, gifts exchanged, and marriages were arranged.

Both clans had been busy preparing for the annual feast when one morning, they heard the "Tung! tung!" of the chief's special drum calling them to a meeting at Unakau. The chiefs and the council of

elders sat on stools in the clearing, and Chief Pinike of the Akanbosi rose to speak to all the villagers who came running.

"My people," he said. "This morning the watchers saw a big canoe disappear behind the point. We are afraid the Togana might be returning. The chiefs have talked together and we think it will be best for everybody to leave the villages. We must pack up everything we can carry and take it into the mountains."

The people all murmured together, alarmed at the news, and Chief Baisi rose to speak. He asked for volunteers — some of the fighting men — to remain behind with him and watch what went on. Then he said, "My people! We should leave nothing for the enemy to use. Let him come and find nothing. Then he may not want to come back at another time. When we leave the villages, let us set fire to all the houses."

Though the villagers did not want to destroy what had taken them so long to make, they agreed with Chief Baisi's plan.

Everyone went back to their own houses, and each village was a scene of great activity as women, girls, children, and the old, packed their belongings into bundles ready for their escape into the hills. Far to the north were mountains, and in the mountains, caves, which would do to live in until they could safely return to the coast.

At last the "Tung! tung!" of the big drums sounded again — the signal for the villagers to leave on their long walk. Soon the air was filled with smoke from the flames that lept up from the burning houses, and Chief Baisi and his volunteers felt sad as their villages fell into ash around them. From the watch-tower and the branches of other trees, they peered at the coastline, especially at the point behind which the big canoe had been seen.

They had not long to wait. Attracted by the smoke from the villages, a party of men soon came over the brow of the hill towards the place where Chief Baisi and his volunteers were hiding. But to the surprise of the chief and his men, they saw that the newcomers were not Togana warriors. They were strange-looking men with white skins. The villagers had never seen men of this kind before, and they were filled with fear.

They watched while these strange new men moved about the burning village, talking about what was happening. Why was the village burning? Where had all the people gone?

Some of the white men moved towards the fig-tree where Chief Baisi and some of his men were hiding. They did not want to be caught up the tree, so they jumped to the ground and ran quickly into the forest. When they were safely sheltered among the banana palms, they hid again to watch the strangers. One of the white men had followed them, and he advanced towards them making signs with his hands. He went back to the other white men and picked up some things from the ground, and came back towards Chief Baisi's watchers, holding out his gifts for them. There was an axe, a blanket, and some beads.

Then Chief Baisi saw that the white men had some natives with them, and that the white men were able to talk with them in a strange language. These natives were then able to talk with Chief Baisi, and so the white men and the Akanbosi and Nomororai were able to uderstand each other.

The white men were French missionaries who had come in peace to tell the people of Bougainville about their God. The big canoe that had been seen by watchers in the tower was the Mission ship, "Santa Maria," which was now at anchor behind the point.

As the sun set, the missionaries returned to their ship and the elders set off towards the mountains to take their news to the escaping villagers. By the next morning, most of the people had returned to their villages, and many of them thought they had been far too hasty in destroying everything before they ran away. Now it would all have to be built up again — the houses, the pig fences, and the gardens.

The missionaries came ashore again and said that some of them were willing to stay and help the people in their rebuilding. One of the natives, who could speak the white man's language, was Paul Balonan, and he told the villagers that he was a Togana.

"You have nothing more to fear from the Togana," he said. "The white men now live among the Togana and have taught us the ways of peace. They want to do the same thing here."

The Akanbosi and Nomororai were delighted with this news. That is how the missionaries came to Buin, and with them, a long time of peace for the coastal peoples.

"Read", the quarterly adult literacy magazine (25 cents a copy; from the Summer Institute of Linguistics, P.O. Box 43, Ukarumpa, E.H.D.), should be of interest to our readers.

A Morning At Koki Market

Alain Waike

Koki Market — about a mile and a half from the main shopping area of Port Moresby — has become the unofficial town centre for the Papuan people. Here, members of the many coastal and island tribes gather each day to trade their goods, to gossip, to learn what is going on in other parts of their country.

Koki Market is famous throughout the Pacific, and attracts tourists from all over the world when they come to New Guinea. Almost any day you will see visitors from other countries wandering among the stalls, cameras slung over their shoulders, waiting to take their pictures of the characters and the sights that belong to Koki.

And the people of Koki are not slow in their trading ways. Some of them charge tourists a small fee before they will let photographs be taken. Selling is the very life-blood of Koki Market, and anything that can be sold is put to use.

Though Koki Market can certainly be called an exciting place, it is by no means a beauty spot. It is hot, dusty, often dirty, and very often smelly as well. People who come from Lae, Goroka and Rabaul say that Koki is nowhere near as good as the markets in their towns. It has not so much to offer in the way of fruit and vegetables, and the prices are said to be much higher than in the other markets. A great many of the Koki Market traders will not argue over prices; they set their figure and stick to it, and will not be "beaten down" by those who think the prices are too high.

Koki Market had its humble beginnings at the end of World War II, when there were only two small market houses there. But it has grown almost each month since then, and now covers about two acres of ground. Further developments are planned. Land in Koki Bay is being reclaimed from the sea, and Gabudu Island, which is joined to Koki by a causeway, is being levelled by bulldozers to provide further market amenities as well as recreational areas.

Gabudu Island has a grim history. It was once a prison where those who did not behave as they should served the sentences imposed upon them by the courts. There are still men to be found at Koki who remember Gabudu when it was a prison, and who will jokingly recall having spent a holiday there "at Government expense."

In the early days of Koki Market, only a few traders, from Hula, Mekeo, and Rigo, took their goods to sell there. Now they come from a much wider area, and on a busy Saturday morning, you may even see Europeans getting rid of their old clothes and furniture at a Koki stall. A small fee of ten cents is charged to trade in the market. Koki is the only market in the Territory which is open seven days a week, and like most other markets in the country, Saturday is the big day.

While other markets in the territory have well built stalls under solid roofs for the traders, Koki Market authorities have done little to give their traders shelter from sun and weather. There are several sections of roofed stalls under a thin thatch, but many of the traders spread their goods out on bags or mats in the open. In the rainy season, shopping at Koki can be a very muddy adventure, while in the dry weather, dust coats everything thickly.

There are three distinct sections of Koki Market: the fish market, the meat and game market, and the fruit and vegetables section. The fish section is largely run by the Hula tribe, famous as fishermen, whose home territory is about 60 miles from Port Moresby along the south-east coast. The Hula people are thought to be Polynesian. They will go fishing by day and by night, and while at Koki, draw their canoes up on the beach and sleep in them. Fish that is not sold on the day it is caught will be smoke-cured on the beach for sale at the next day's market.

Between the market area and the beach where many of the market people live in houseboats, great piles of rubbish — leaves and branches from the

fruit and vegetable stalls—are kept piled up ready to burn for smoking the fish. Many of the Hula people have their base at Daugo or Fisherman's Island in Moresby harbour, fishing by night, and taking the catch to Koki in the early morning.

Chief among the gardening people are the tribesmen from Rigo whose home is some 40 miles from Port Moresby. A good road now enables them to bring their produce to Koki without too much trouble.

The traditional hunters are the Koeari and Doura people, who, though short in stature, are known as fierce fighters and dangerous foes in time of war. They come from the Sogeri and Brown River districts. Apart from hunting, the Doura people are also famous for their dancing.

Mekeo people come from the coastal plain, and are tall and well-built, most remarkable for their fuzzy hair and their love of brightly coloured clothes. Many Mekeo women are tattoed, and at home they do the garden work. The Mekeos bring their betel-nut and vegetable crops to market by canoe, but sometimes they will even come by plane to sell them.

Among the other tribes to be found selling goods at Koki are the Toaripi people who travel over a hundred miles to sell their sago. The Toaripi women also make a very fine white lime which is used with betel-nuts. To cover the great distance from their home ground to the market, the Toaripi's often use double-canoes driven by outboard motors.

One of the reasons given for the higher prices at Koki Market is that in Papua transport is so much more difficult and more costly than in other parts of the Territory. In other centres, such as Rabaul, market gardens and fishing grounds are placed close to the market, and the produce does not have to be carried over long distances to the selling-point. In the Central District, though, the road system is not good, nor do crops grow easily in the poorer soil of the south. All of these things add to the scarcity of goods, and their costs, at Koki Market.

Still, Koki Market remains one of the more colourful places to visit in Port Moresby. Without question, it could be improved, both in terms of appearance and in general facilities. Without very great cost, it could be made a most attractive Papuan centre, something which the people of Papua and New Guinea could be proud of, and which would make a memorable place for our visitors to see when visiting our capital city.

Breaking The Ear

Kumalau Tawali

"Have you heard?" asked Makaras.

"What is the thing?" wondered Hilan.

"They say they are going to break the ear of Tokios' son."

"To some of us the ear breaking means a lot. But Tokios would say that it is nothing."

"Maybe the boy's uncles have sailed to Lumbucho Island."

"Eh! A long time ago. By now they will have drowned their canoes with coconuts. They may be on their way home."

"The boy's mother must be very busy."

★ ★ ★

It was true. At the other side of the village there was much noise as the preparations for the ceremony went on.

"One hundred sago are at the old man's house," said the mother. "It's Polin's." Father just nodded. He was taciturn.

Now his mind was sailing far away. He was worried about his brothers-in-law.

It was the season of the *chiar,* the north-west wind.

For the past two weeks it had been blowing strongly and incessantly.

But the day they sailed it had been unusually calm.

It was still calm now, though the *chiar* had begun to blow softly again.

"Tell Kanawi and the other children to climb up some coconut trees to see if they are coming!"

Kanawi was only too willing to do so. He climbed up a *talisa* tree.

"Eh, eh, they are coming! They are sailing there! They have almost reached the two rocks," Kanawi shouted and climbed down from his tree. Already the conch shells were sounding from the canoes: *pooooo — pooooooo — pooooooo.*

"Eh, it's them," said the mother. "Both canoes. Two sails, two sails."

"When they land, bring them to the house. They must all eat, before they unload the coconuts," the father said.

"Oh, my cousin Polin!" shouted Kanawi, as the first canoe came in. "You sail like you do not sail. You sail like you fly." The second canoe was also coming in now.

"Polin! Chapau! All come in," the mother invited.

"Oh, you all have come."

"Oh! Ua! We have come."

—"Post-Courier" Picture

They all sat down. While the father talked to the men, the mother quickly cooked sago and mixed it with scraped coconut. She placed the sago into several bowls and placed them before her brothers. They ate the sago with tuna fish that had been caught the same day. When they had finished the sago they drank soup. They washed their hands. The father went into his small store house and brought some betel nuts and pepper leaf. They chewed the betel nuts and talked about the expedition.

★ ★ ★

"Makaras, did you hear the shouts? Who were they?" asked Hilan.

"It was them! The ones who went to Lumbucho."

"Where are they all?"

"Where else, but at Ikanau's house? The father of the boy must feed them first. Soon they'll come punting over here to unload their coconuts."

"Here they come. This is Polin's canoe landing now."

Hilan pushed her head through the window, to look.

"Siai! The coconuts are drowning their canoes!"

"Where are they going?"

"To Weya's house. The breaking of the ear will take place there."

★ ★ ★

The next day was the day of the ceremony. Kanawi was amazed to see how many people contributed food for his big day.

All mother's relatives contributed. Even the most distant ones. Altogether there were two hundred sagos, five hundred taros, two hundred tunas, ten turtles and many other things. How much work was involved in it all, Kanawi thought? One day he would have to do this himself for his sister's children.

The cooking of the food went on until mid-

afternoon. The piercing of the ears was to take place then. Kanawi was sitting on the floor in the middle of the house.

His uncle Polin came and he began to pinch his earlobes with thumb and forefinger until they became red and thin. This was to make the piercing easier. Then the painful part of the ceremony began:

"Kanawi is my name and I gave it to him.
Now, when I break his ears, this is my mark.
When they ask: Who broke Kanawi's ears?
They will say: Polin, the son of Tali Weya.
Now that I am piercing his ears,
I want him to be like me."

Kanawi felt a sharp pain when his uncle pierced the ears, but it was soon over. There was blood flowing down from the lobes. The piercing instrument was a cylindrical piece of *limbung* wood, sharpened at one end.

The holes made in the lobes were filled with twisted coconut fibres.

★ ★ ★

For the next two weeks Kanawi had to remain in the house of his grandfather, the house of Weya.

It seemed a long time to Kanawi. For at the end of that time he would be allowed to go out with the men on their fishing trips to prove himself a man. He waited impatiently. But at last . . . .

"The waiting days for the boy are over, " said Uncle Polin. "We'll take him to his father and mother." Then he paddled Kanawi over to his parents' place by canoe. His father was very happy to see him. And that day he began to put the dogs' teeth and shells together, with which to pay his in-laws for the ceremony.

That evening the father and his cousin Kichawen were planning to go fishing.

"Tomorrow, at first cock crow. Don't hold on to your wife for too long, or you won't wake up," the father teased his cousin. "The tide will be low and the small fishes will not be able to return to the deep water quickly. They'll be waiting for us. So just carry your body and your testicles and come!"

When Kichawen had gone, Kanawi asked his father:

"Where will you go?"

"Both of us are going to catch *kepal.* Then over to Lompwan to hook some gropers there."

"I am coming aboard." Kanawi said.

"You may, if you like."

Kanawi said nothing, which meant he was coming.

★ ★ ★

Just before the first cock crew Kanawi heard his father saying: "Ikanau! Ikanau! Wake up, and cook some food for the boy. He is coming with us."

Then he went and started to scrape some coconut; the mother lit the fire and started to fry some sago. When the sago was cooked she mixed it with coconut and placed it in a bowl. She put a smoked mullet on top and the father brought the bowl over to his son.

"Kanawi, Kanawi!"

"Oi!"

"Are you coming, or not?"

At this Kanawi jumped up like lightning.

"This is your food. Do you want to eat it now?"

"No, I'll eat it on the canoe."

It was still dark when they went aboard. They talked in soft voices.

"We'll go," the father said.

"We'll go. What else?" said Kichawen.

"Nothing more."

The father took one paddle and went to the prow, Kichawen took the other paddle and went to the stern. The first cock crew, when the canoe was afloat.

They paddled and paddled without ever breaking the rhythm.

"Nearly," said the father, breaking the long silence. "There is the point!"

They paddled around the point and he said again: "We've gone!"

By now they could see each other clearly.

"There! Can you see them? They're being

scattered by some gropers," said Kichawen.

"Bring out the net, Kanawi."

Kanawi went and took the net from its place near the out-rigger. He started to unroll it.

"Can you do it?" his father asked.

"It seems not," Kanawi said, embarrassed.

"Give it to me and watch. This goes up, and this goes down. Then you can start tying it up."

The men, holding the net between them, waded through the low tide.

"Kanawi, hold the canoe and stay behind us."

The men made for the *matachau,* a depression in the reef, where the water was a little deeper. They waited.

Then the small fish were bombarded by gropers and they came swarming through the *matachau.* Like cranes stalking fish, the two men moved up slowly. *"Ekilu,"* said one of them and they pushed the two poles in on both sides and the small fish flooded the net. That one catch was enough for that day.

They paddled on to Lompwan. Kanawi threw the live bait overboard and in answer several young gropers came up darting. So they anchored and fished. When their live bait was finished some seventy gropers were lying in their canoe. Enough for a day's expedition.

They turned towards home. They stopped briefly at Peli Island. Kanawi climbed some coconut trees and cut some of the nuts.

They ate and drank them on their way home. It was quite dark when they arrived.

★ ★ ★

That night, when the mother cooked the evening meal, Kanawi tried to recall what he had learned that day: how to tie the net; how to put the bait on the hook; how to catch the small fish with the net.

It all seemed simple enough. He was old enough now. His father had been doing these things since he was his age. But Kanawi knew that he would have to learn a great deal more. He was not a "real man" yet.

He would have to prove his manhood by his doings. The young girls would be watching him now.

They were not looking for beauty — they were looking for a good fisherman, a man of strong character.

The task ahead was big. But he was now on his way: his ear had been broken.

How Wai Dealt With A Thief

Bob Giegao

In the old days before the white man came to the Highlands of New Guinea, the Koroul tribesmen were known far and wide as fierce fighters. Their fighting leader was a young man named Wai. His father had taught him to shoot the bow and to carry a shield and spears while he was still a young boy, and most of the games the boys of the village played were about fighting and shooting.

As they grew older, the boys joined with the men when they went on their war parties. By this time, they had had plenty of practice in fighting.

The Koroul tribesmen only went on war parties in the daytime. At night, women and children were locked up in the houses, while the men guarded the village. Wai became such a good fighter that he was made fight leader while he was still a young man and his name became known all over the district. The Koroul won all battles with their enemies.

When Wai led his men into battle, he would often carry only his clubs. Throwing aside his shield, spears, and the bow and arrows, he would run towards

the enemy waving his clubs and yelling the most terrible cries. The sight of Wai running towards them used to fill the enemy with terror. Though they were using bows and arrows, none ever seemed to hit Wai, so the enemy probably thought he had magic powers and that no arrow could touch him. And so the name, GIRI, was added to his own name, and he was then called Waigiri. "Giri" means "spirit."

When he was given the new name, Waigiri became more fierce, brave, and cruel than ever before, and because the Koroul beat them in so many fights, the neighbouring tribes started to move further and further away from where the Koroul lived.

With so much fighting, in those days, many of the tribes had little time for gardening. They moved from place to place gathering their food by fishing, or hunting birds, and collecting roots and fruit. But because nobody dared attack the Koroul villages, they started to have bigger gardens and to grow more of their own food.

One day, Waigiri's father, who was growing too old to fight, and who spent most of his time growing food, went and complained to his son. "Somebody has been stealing bananas from my garden."

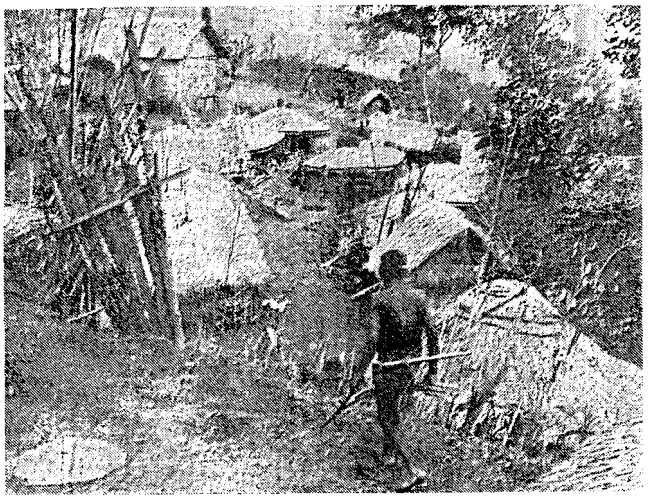
"Tonight I will watch for you," said Waigiri.

That night, Waigiri took four of his favourite warriors, and they went to hide in his father's garden. Just as they were about to get through the fence, they heard a noise from inside.

Waigiri put one of the warriors to watch on each side of the garden, then quietly he let himself in. It was dark, and Waigiri thought he could see someone moving about in the garden, but he sat down and waited for the moon to rise.

Soon, when the moon rose above the trees, Waigiri could see quite clearly a man moving among the trees. He rose to his feet, sprang suddenly, and grabbed the man by the neck. He screamed and tried to escape, but Waigiri's four warriors rushed into the garden, and there was no hope for him.

People from the village came running to the garden to see what the noise was about. Among them was Waigiri's father. "That's the fellow who's been



stealing my bananas," he said when he saw the thief, and struck him a blow on the face. The thief was very frightened. Everybody wanted a turn at hitting him.

Waigiri ordered his people to collect firewood and strong ropes. The thief screamed and struggled to get free but he was quickly tied up.

"Now," said Waigiri, "Light the fire and we'll cook the bananas that our friend has cut for us."

The fire was lit and begun to burn fiercely. Waigiri ordered more wood to be thrown on.

"Now throw on the bananas," he said, and his people did as they were told.

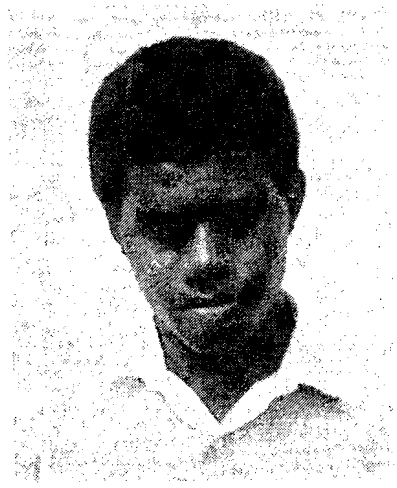
"Now throw on the thief," said Waigiri. The thief struggled and cried, but he was picked up and thrown into the heart of the fire and held there with long poles.

"Nobody will rob the village or the gardens of Waigiri," the fight leader said loudly for all to hear. "We will not let any of our enemies off easily."

Some of Waigiri's people thought they might be attacked by the thief's friends when they heard about what had happened to him. But there were none brave enough to do it. When the news of how Waigiri had burned the thief in his garden got around all that happened was that the other tribes seemed to move even further away from the lands of the Koroul.

The Pakupak

Jacob Simet



The moon had gone to the west to take its rest, and the sun was coming over the hills, sending its tentacle-like rays through the forest. The morning was quiet except for the singing of birds.

But far, far away from his village a man was running breathlessly through the forest. He had started his run at about midnight and now it was six in the morning and he was still on his way.

He was a little short man of about 30 with short black hair and beard. His eyes looking straight ahead, he followed the footpaths that led from village to village. With his dark small eyes looking straight ahead and his mind working on the business he was after, he ran over hills, down gulleys, across streams.

He was little ToPakupak, the message carrier, trying to deliver the message to the villagers that one of their relatives had died.

He had been doing this job for a couple of years. Most villages in which he operated had some sympathy for him. They gave him canoes whenever he needed them, trying to make his job easier. This time, a man had died in the night and he was trying to deliver his message to friendly villages. It sometimes took him days but he usually got the message through.

The dry season had gone — it was now the wet. A man lay dead in his house, with relatives weeping over him.

It was six o'clock, and little ToPakupak was still on his way. But he was running much slower and was looking very sad. Was it because he was tired? Was it a relative of his who was dead? Anyway, he was trying hard to deliver the message. It was raining and cold but he urged himself on.

At the top of a hill he could see the sun's rays, and knew it was already morning. He was pleased at this, because he had been running in pitch darkness.

As he neared the top of the hill, he saw a figure against the skyline. The silhouette was still, and he recognised it as that of an old woman. Without the slightest feeling of fright he ran up to this woman who was standing in his path. He stopped about five yards from her. The spirit-woman ordered him to advance. He obeyed her and came closer. Putting her hand on his shoulders, she started to speak.

She said that she had seen ToPakupak running on the path many times, in bad weather, looking very exhausted. And now, she said, since he had no children and had been a very helpful little man, she was going to change him into a bird, so he could do his job much faster.

After some magic words, ToPakupak was changed by the woman into bird form. There he was, sitting on the ground in front of her. A few more magic words sent ToPakupak flying off in the direction he had been going.

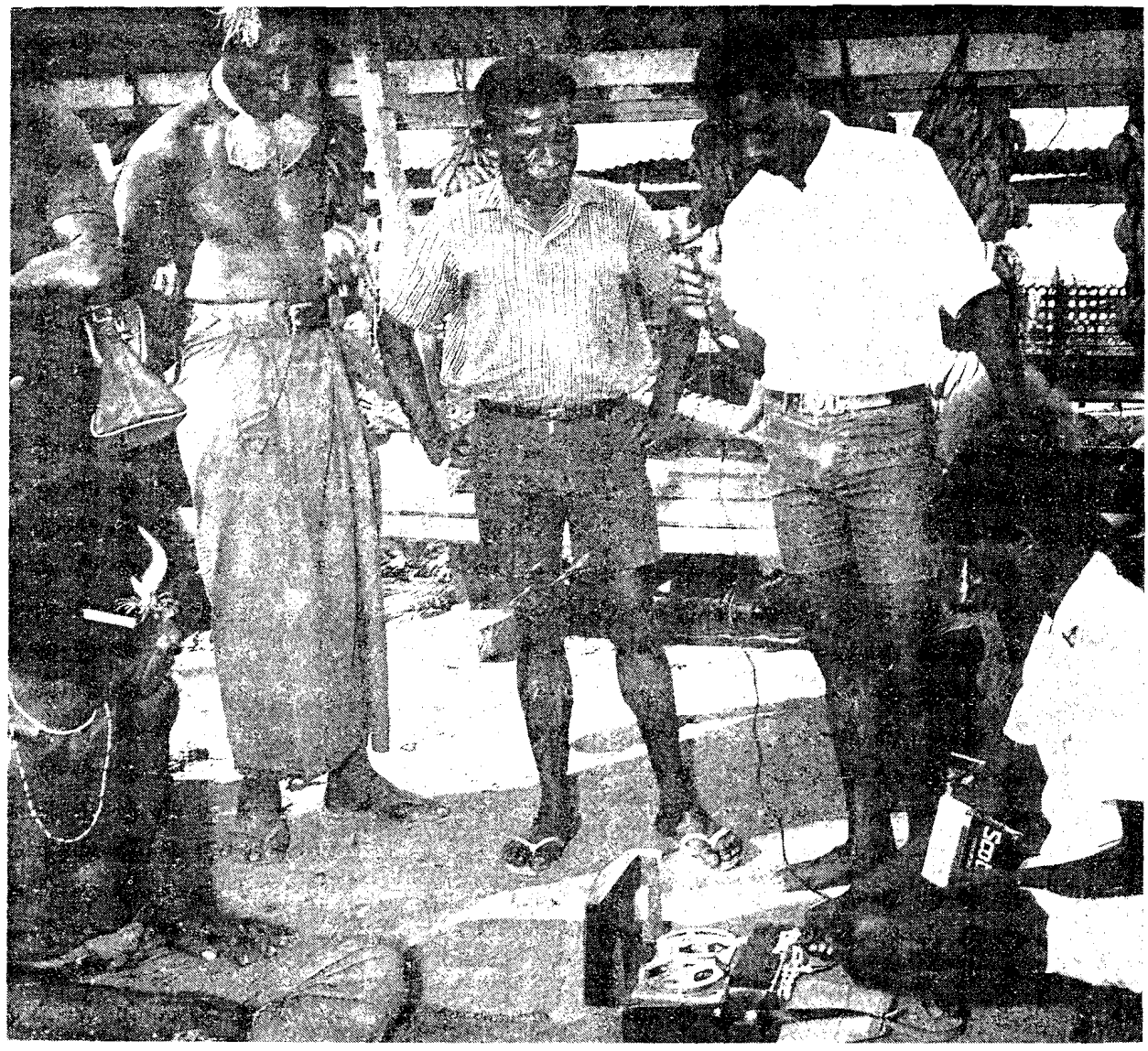
In every village he made a special cry. which the people had never heard before, and they understood that something was wrong somewhere.

After delivering the message he went back to live with the old lady, and when anything important happened he went around spreading the message.

And still today, when a person dies or somebody is attacked by a beast, ToPakupak goes around spreading the news.

And the little bird, the Pakupak, is respected everywhere.

Today's Stories from New Guinea (Kristen Pres; 40 cents) contains three good modern stories. One, called "Kai Finds It Tough", is by Worike Narewe, from Morobe District; the other two are by Australian missionaries. Available from Christian Book Centre, Madang; C.L.C. Bookshop, Boroko; Namasu Bookshop, Lae.



Officers of the Government Department of Information and Extension Services recording interviews with Koki Market vendors.

About Some New Books...

A number of small books, some of which have in them poems written by people of Papua and New Guinea, are now being published. The books belong to the *Papua Pocket Poets* series, which is being collected by Ulli Beier, Senior Lecturer in English at the University of Papua and New Guinea, Port Moresby.

Mr. Beier has done a lot of work in collecting writings by the native peoples of African countries, and has published many books about it. He has helped many Africans to write and print books.

Not all of the *Papua Pocket Poets* series is written by people of the Territory. Some have been written by Africans, some by Indians, and Indonesians and Malays. Others are by people of many islands in the Pacific Ocean. But they have been written by the dark-skinned peoples who belong to those places. These poems are put into the books so that Mr. Beier's students at the university can read them and know what the native people of other lands have done.

One of these books is called "Aia", and is a collection of Mekeo songs, written into English by the poet Allan Natachee. Some of them tell of the creation of the earth

by the gods of the Mekeo, others sing of war, of sorrow, of poverty, and of everyday feelings.

Here is the poem "Aia", from which the book gets its name:

Aia walks on the road
Aia all naked.
He walks on the road.

Aia my hand is faultless,
Aia all naked,
My hand is faultless.

Aia you shake your spear,
Aia all naked,
You shake your spear.

Aia in war decoration
Aia all naked
Aia in war decoration.

Another of the books is called "Love Poems of Papua and New Guinea". They have been collected and written down by high school students and students at the university. From Rigo comes this short poem, "The Snake Bride", written down by Lahui Sabadi:

O mother, o father,
what tail am I holding?
Python's tail is sticky,
python's tail is slippery.
Daughter of a chief,
a gift to the python.

Poems about the love between young men and women are often very short and very tender. They seem to have only one thing they want to say, but the poets find many different and beautiful ways of saying it. E. Emori, a university student, wrote this one:

Last night you came
to lie on my head rest.
With fluttering stomach
I awoke from my dream.

This poem, written down by James Numbaru, of Goroka Secondary Teachers College, comes from Yuo Island:

Two white birds
Fly fly together,
Sit sit together,
One fruit on a tree
Steal steal together,
Eat eat together,
Swallow swallow together,
Take off, take off, together,
Fly fly away together,
Sit sit together.

Another book is called "Birds Pierce the Sun". All of the poems in it were written by children in different parts of the world. Ignas Benny, from Brandi High School, wrote this short poem which he called "The Sea":

The sea is an angry dog.
It rolls and bursts on the white angry shore.

When the sea is hungry you cannot swim or
surf in it.

It swallows you like a bird swallowing insects.

Also from Brandi High School, at Wewak, comes this poem "Back Home", written by Stephen Andimba. It is a sadder poem than the others:

Two years I'd been to school and went home.
In the village I saw my sister.
She told me, "Our mother is dead."
I put my baggage in my sister's room,
And looked around the house.
Then I started to memorise my mother's face.
I saw every single thing lying dusty —
Her kitchen, cooking pots, knives, her bilum and
walking staff.

I left the house and went down the steps,
And walked around the house.
I saw nothing. Only the tick grass and bushes.
I couldn't imagine her face,
My mind was full of sorrow and I saw the trees
going around.
My eyes started with tears.

There are two other books, which are collections of New Guinea songs, called "Lim Libur" and "Akaru". "Lim Libur" — which means "walkabout songs" — is a collection of songs and poems from New Britain. They are printed in both Kuanua and English. Some of them are old songs of the Tolai people, but many more are modern and funny and tell you about young people in love.

In the same way, "Akaru" is a collection of traditional songs from southern Bougainville, printed in both the Buin language and English. Here are some of the striking images in a long poem, "Renremu", which is a woman's song at a young boy's initiation ceremony:

Bamboo shoot, come down so we can see you,
o you fledgeling parrot!
from where you are shut up in the house . . .

Your uncle, the hornbill,
sealed the door with your own belongings . . .

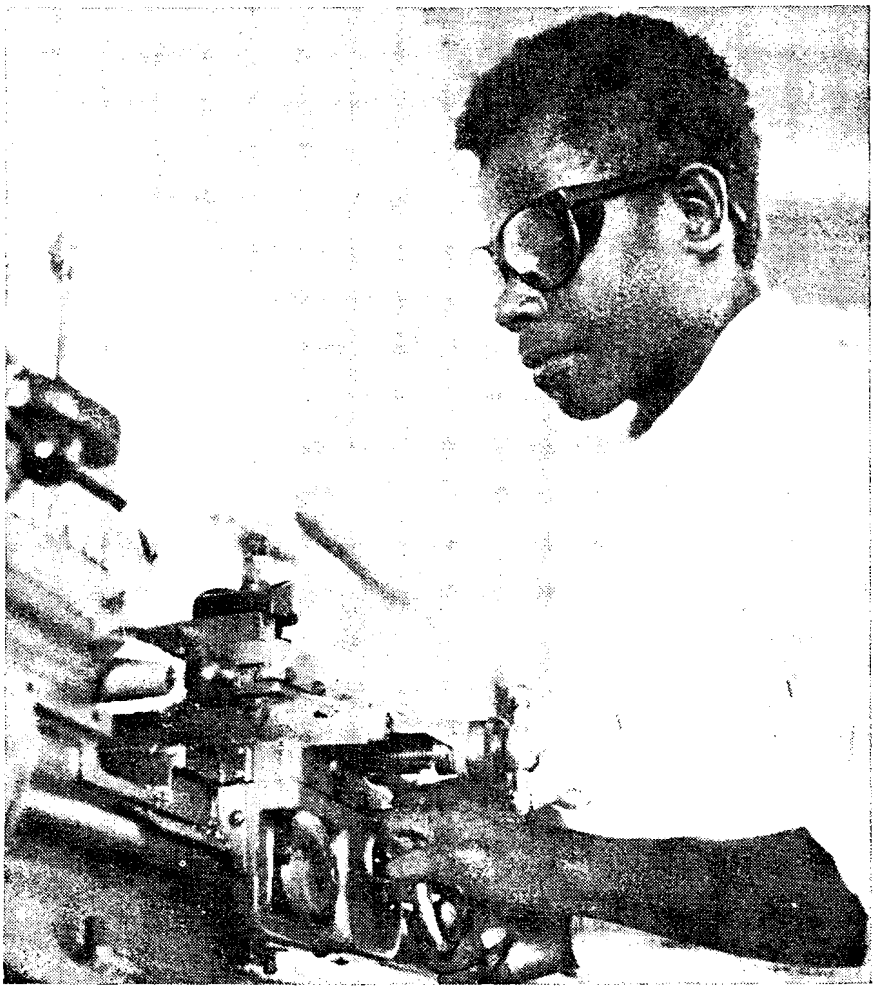
Your brother, the scented fern,
sealed the door with the Bible . . .

Your grandfather, the ficus,
sealed the door with red shell money . . .

Two more books will also be in the bookshops soon. They are called "Kakaile Kakaile" (Tolai Songs) and "Wiliwil" (Pidgin Songs).

These books are only a beginning, but they show us how interestingly our people can write. If you want to read more of them, you can buy copies at most of the bookshops in Papua and New Guinea.

Shaping a Nation



An apprentice at the Electricity Commission's Hohola Training Centre works with a lathe. In 1970-71 the Commission will spend over half a million dollars training young Papuans and New Guineans to shape this Nation.

tomorrow is electric

PAPUA AND NEW GUINEA · ELECTRICITY COMMISSION ·

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These publications are now on sale:

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2. Around the Bush, with Vincent Serventy.

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60 cents.

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