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WRITING

Number 2 - December 1970

STORIES AND LEGENDS

*by John Kadiba, Clemens Runawery,
John Walko and Peter Wia*

TUPELA STORI LONG TOK PISIN

*Pupiti Keglani na Elipasa Mosogo
i bin raitim*

- RESULTS OF LITERARY CONTESTS
- TWO POEMS
by Jack Lahui

- KUMALAU TAWALI INTERVIEW
- NEWS ABOUT WRITERS AND WRITING COURSES



20c

Selected Letters of Hubert Murray

Edited by FRANCIS WEST

Hubert Murray had a long and varied career: classicist and Amateur Heavy-weight Champion in England, barrister in New South Wales, soldier in the Boer War, judge and governor in Papua from 1904 to 1940. His letters are entertaining in themselves, but because he was addressing men like his famous brother, Gilbert Murray, O.M., and Australian ministers and bureaucrats, they are the inside story of a well placed observer discussing matters of importance with men of power and influence. In this selection Hubert Murray's character emerges. So does the raw material for Australian and Papuan history: people, politics and society in New South Wales and, above all, the genesis of Australian policy and practice in Papua. **\$6.00**

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December 1970

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Edited by Donald Maynard

Cover by Esau Reuben

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● Back Cover photo: The Administrator presents the Roger Boschman Prize to the winner of the 2nd Annual Territory Short Story Contest, Russell Soaba. Behind him are the Editor of New Guinea Writing and the Head of D.I.E.S., Mr. L. R. Newby.

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Results Of The Literary Competitions

We are pleased to announce the results of the three literary competitions:

2nd ANNUAL TERRITORY SHORT STORY CONTEST

First Prize: Russell Soaba, from Milne Bay, 1st year arts student at U.P.N.G. (\$50, sponsored by Mr. R. G. Boschman) for his story "A Portrait of the Odd Man Out".

Special Prize: Oria Gemo, from Gulf District, 4th form student at Kerema High School (\$20, donated by Mr. U. Beier) for his story "Hunters of Fictionland, New Guinea".

Deserving of *special mention* also are stories by Nopi Makap, of Mt. Hagen High School, and John Kagle, of Lae Technical College.

LITERATURE BUREAU PLAY CONTEST

First Prize: Arthur Jawodimbani, from Northern District, 2nd year arts student at U.P.N.G. (\$50, donated by Mr. M. Zahara) for his play "The Sun".

Special Prize: Leo Hannett, from Bougainville District, an arts student at U.P.N.G. (\$20, from an anonymous donor) for his play "The Ungrateful Daughter".

Deserving of *special mention* also are plays by John Wills Kaniku, John Douglas Waiko, Russell Soaba, and Bonita Jill Tiwekuri.

LITERATURE BUREAU POETRY CONTEST

First Prize: Kumalau Tawali, from Manus District, 3rd year arts student at U.P.N.G. (\$30, awarded by the Literature Bureau) for his collection "Signs in the Sky" (Papua Pocket Poets, Port Moresby, 1970).

First Special Prize: Jack Lahui, from Central District, trainee film director in D.I.E.S. (\$10, awarded by the Literature Bureau) for his poems "The Bride Price", "The Death Ceremony", "A Hiri Flattery" and "The Gazelle Incident".

Second Special Prize: Bro. Allain Jaria, M.S.C., from Central District (\$10, awarded by the Literature Bureau) for his poem "It's Me, That's Certain!"

The judges were: *Short Stories:* Albert Maori Kiki, Paulias Matane, Ulli Beier, Douglas Lockwood

and Don Maynard; *Plays*: Paulias Matane, Ulli Beier, Douglas Lockwood, Gregory Katahanas, Peter Trist, Michael Zahara and Don Maynard; and *Poetry*: Thomas W. Shapcott, Ulli Beier and Don Maynard.

Russell Soaba's story, "A Portrait of the Odd Man Out" (which will later be published in the literary journal *Kovave*) was praised by the judges as "very competent and sophisticated . . . with good atmosphere, humour, sensitivity and pathos, in its description of a very unusual Papuan-New Guinean student."

The majority of the 220 stories were really folktales — stories of "tumbuna" — and while these were often very well told (and, indeed, some have been published in this issue of our magazine, or will be broadcast later), they were not proper "short stories". An example of good fictionalised use of New Guinea material is John Kadiba's story in this issue.

Of the 55 plays in the contest, six were chosen for special mention. Arthur Jawodimbari's winning play, "The Sun", which makes poetic and dramatic use of an original Orokaiva myth, is published in the current issue of *Kovave*. One of the judges, Greg Katahanas, wrote an interesting criticism of the entries in this competition on page 18. Mr. Katahanas is Senior Lecturer in Expressive Arts at Goroka Teachers College and a well-known play producer.

Of the 350 or more poems entered, there were many single entries deserving of note, and it is hoped that a selection will shortly be issued in the Papua Pocket Poets series edited by Ulli Beier.

An interview with the winner, Kumalau Tawali, appears on page 12, and two of the four special-prize-winning poems by Jack Lahui are on page 7. The long poem by the other special prize winner, Allain Jaria, will be printed in *Kovave*.

Many of the poems, especially from school students, were not original. It may have been our fault that we did not make clear enough in the conditions of entry for the competitions that all work should be original work by the entrant. It was no use, for example, sending us a nursery rhyme, or a page from Shakespeare, or a version of Dorothea Mackellar's "My Country" (Papua-New Guinea!).

Sometimes it was difficult for the judges to recognize some of the stories and plays, which had been "borrowed" from famous writers and very cleverly made to fit a New Guinea setting by changing a few names and expressions. This is called *plagiarism*. If such attempts had been allowed and been printed in a magazine such as this, and later "found out", they would have landed their "authors" in very serious trouble with the real authors and their publishers.

On the whole, the results of the literary competitions were most encouraging — showing, as they do, great promise for the future expression in books of the ideas and beliefs of the people of this country.

— The Editor.

Extracts from Albert Maori Kiki's Speech

This is part of what Mr. Kiki, the well-known author, said at the Presentation of Literary Prizes at the University of Papua and New Guinea on 6th November:

"We, the black people, the Papuans and New Guineans, have heard that there are lots of books written about New Guinea, telling what New Guinea is like.

"Some of these books written about New Guinea by aliens are good ones but others have over-emphasised the primitive background of our society.

"There is lots of material to be written about our country and, at present, many people are writing books. But it is time for you, New Guineans, to tell the other side of the world about who we are and what we are like by dominating papers and pens to write such books.

"It is now up to New Guineans to write about the customs and cultures of their country as it is at present and also in the future. It is good to see that the indigenous people are taking this interest and it is good to find New Guineans who will sit down and write plays, poems and stories of our country and our people.

"You can write in your own language. When you are writing something in English, it is often very difficult to express yourselves. I found it easier to write in my own language. Sometimes if you are to use a swear word then you could write it in your own language, but then translate it into English later on in a mannerly way.

"It is difficult when you are beginning to write a book but the most difficult part, I find, is when you come to conclude the book. It is particularly hard for anyone in a foreign language. I'm sure that if I were to write a book in Orokaiva language I could finish writing the book within six months, but writing a book in English, it is often very difficult to complete it.

"There are lots of materials and things in this country to write on and Papuans and New Guineans must come forward and put their thoughts down in words.

"The Africans who tried writing down their thoughts in their own languages about their experiences

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● Above — Ulli Beier, editor of *Kovave*, and Vincent Eri, author of *The Crocodile*, with a group of the prize-winners (left to right) Kumalau Tawali, Arthur Jawodimbari, Leo Hannett, Russell Soaba and Jack Lahui.

● Right — Albert Maori Kiki addressing the meeting at the Presentation of Literary Awards at the University.

produced many books, which are wholly printed by African people themselves, and many people, who read these books, later criticised the writers.

“You New Guineans too, I hope, will take up this challenge in writing something about your country in the future and you will encounter the same problems as the African writers did.

“Now it is good to see that many young men are coming up and taking this challenge. I hope this will continue and that more writers will come up every year with good books.

“Not only young Papuan and New Guinean men, but women too, are beginning to write down their experiences, their thoughts and their traditional stories. These are the things the country needs to be expressed.”

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● *Arthur Jawodimbari, winner of the Michael Zahara Prize in the 1970 Literature Bureau Play Contest, receives his award from the Administrator, Mr. L. W. Johnson.*



Courses for Writers

During November the Literature Bureau in conjunction with the Department of Education held a one-week residential creative writing course at Wewak. The participants were twenty selected high school students from the East Sepik District, who have shown promise as writers. It was the fourth course in a series which was begun by Ulli Beier of the University of Papua and New Guinea. The first was at Rabaul in 1968. The course leaders were: Kumalau Tawali, John Kaniku and Don Maynard.

From November 30 to December 18, and again from January 4 to January 22, courses in methods of writing for publication are being given at the Creative Training Centre of Kristen Pres at Nobonob near Madang. These courses are for teachers and trainee teachers. The aim is to encourage New Guineans to write with the intention of seeing their material in print. Glen W. Bays, an experienced American journalist, is conducting both these courses.

TWO POEMS

— BY JACK LAHUI —

The Death Ceremony

He has fallen out of the parade of life,
So we farewell him with pints of precious tears,
Embroid the log in his best attire,
Smear the motionless figure with odorous spice.

Into church and then out of church,
A stately procession in silence,
With all heads inclined forward,
A stately procession we march out of our village
And into his village.

A village for the aged in need of rest,
A village for the fallen new,
A village lined with cracked wooden crosses,
A village lined with sad brick crosses,
Where tears roll loose on the part obliterated letterings.

At last we come to a spot
Where mother lies waiting,
Dear old mother with gaping mouth —
And that's where we lay him down,
Right down near the lips of the mother,
A mother with a perfect appetite,
Who waits to munch him to soft powder.

There we lower him down,
Down into her bloodless system,
And when she binds her mouth of soil,
We remember our own fall too.

A Hiri Flattery



Sail, sail, set sail you daring young sailors,
Sail your lagatoi with crab claw sails!
You have proved yourselves worthy and pure
And deprived yourselves of the scent of sex and women;
Your flesh is swollen and shining,
You have recently acquired sourceless energy.

When Baditauna told you you should fast,
You steadfastly fasted,
When Doritauna told you to abstain,
You wholeheartedly abstained,
So sail our pots to the land of abundance
In your mighty lagatoi!

Fast well all the way —
The spirit of Edai goes with you —
Sleep little, Vani! Remember the fire!
Eat little, Heni, lest it burdens you!
Boni will tie boi* at the casting of the dark
And record your adventure with pain,
With carbon on her face,

And I will sing your praise in Uparas,
On your safe return.

* A series of knots tied on a string and suspended from a rafter of the house, usually in a dark sombre confinement. Each knot marks the passing of a day from the time the lagatoi departed.

● *Hemisphere*, the Asian-Australian cultural magazine, published monthly by the Department of Education and Science, Canberra, is available on subscription at 20 cents a copy or \$2 post free for

12 issues from the Editor, P.O. Box 826, Canberra City, A.C.T. 2601. This magazine contains many articles on New Guinea's neighbours, Australia and the countries of South East Asia.

Uncle's Turn Again

John Kadiba

It was the early hours of the evening. Uncle Uru and his family had just finished their meal. Aunt Godana was sitting by the fire and getting it going to light up the room. The fire place was at one corner of the room. Above the fire was a *walateva*, a kind of a table, which was held some six to seven feet high by four poles. On the *walateva* were two big dishes of *ibisawo mao* or left-over food. There were some taro, yams, and bananas.

The room was the only apartment in the house apart from the verandah. One side of the room was reserved for sleeping. Here Aunt Godana, Bedai and the little ones rested at night. Out on the verandah, which was separated from the room by a wall, Uncle Uru and Karau made their beds at sleeping time. Often the room and the verandah were both used for eating.

Uncle Uru was leaning against the wall on the verandah and smoking his *lugu*. Aunt Godana was also smoking hers by the fire. Karau was playing with one of his small brothers on a mat at the centre of the verandah. The other small brother and a smaller sister had already gone to sleep. Bedai was out visiting some

of her friends in Aunt Kou's house. A hurricane lamp was hanging above the step leading down to the street from the verandah. It threw its light out to the street, and it lit up the verandah as well.

"Karau," said Uncle, "go and call your sister to come quickly. As usual she *won't* be coming quickly, so go and call her. We must talk about tomorrow."

Karau stood up reluctantly. The night was dark and the light from the hurricane lamp did not reach Aunt Kou's house, where Bedai was.

Uncle Uru knew what was bothering Karau. He said to Karau, "Do you get frightened at day time? When day comes you run here and there and when night comes you get afraid." Uncle stood up and took the lamp and gave it to him saying, "Here! go and call your sister. Tell her, 'my father wants you. You come'."

Tomorrow would be Uncle's turn. The turn had gone around every family in the village and it had once again come back to Uncle's family. This time the people would not be planting yams in his garden but making a new one for him. This was the dry season. The undergrowth had to be cleared and the trees had to be felled. These would have to be dried and burnt during the dry season, ready for planting in the wet season.

A little later Karau came back with Bedai. Aunt Godana was now sitting near the door, at the entrance to the room. Uncle was still leaning against the wall. When they were all together, he told them what to do the next day.

"Karau, you and Bedai help your mother tomorrow. Go to the garden at Ariarena and get some taro, yam and sweet potato. See the banana near the big stump — if it is ready, get it. Karau, you will find some pineapples at the *tako* (the old garden) and get them.

"When you come back from the *madava* (garden), Karau, you will climb the coconut tree near your grandfather's grave and get some coconuts — some green and some dry ones. Bedai, you will help your mother to peel the vegetables." Uncle looked at his wife and said, "Ask your friend Ila. If she is free tomorrow she might come and help you."

There was a little pause. Uncle Uru stood up and lit his *lugu* with the lamp and began smoking again. Sitting down again, he continued, "I am going to take the dogs to the bush, in the dark morning. If the dogs



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are good and kill a small pig, I will come back early. If they don't do anything at all I will come back at midday and help you."

Uncle had said what he wanted to say. Karau and Bedai retired to bed. Aunt went back to the fire place and put some more wood on the fire. Then she went to the corner of the room where she kept the vegetables, and pulled out a bunch of bananas. She put them on the fire one by one, and she turned them around from side to side until they were properly baked. She wrapped the bananas with some leaves and put them on the *walateva*.

She called out to Uncle who was now getting ready to go to bed, on the verandah: "I have baked some *lavata*. They are here on the *walateva*. Come and get them when you are ready to go tomorrow morning. I have wrapped them up with banana leaves."

She went to sleep. Uncle lay down on his mat and thought for a while, then closed his eyes.

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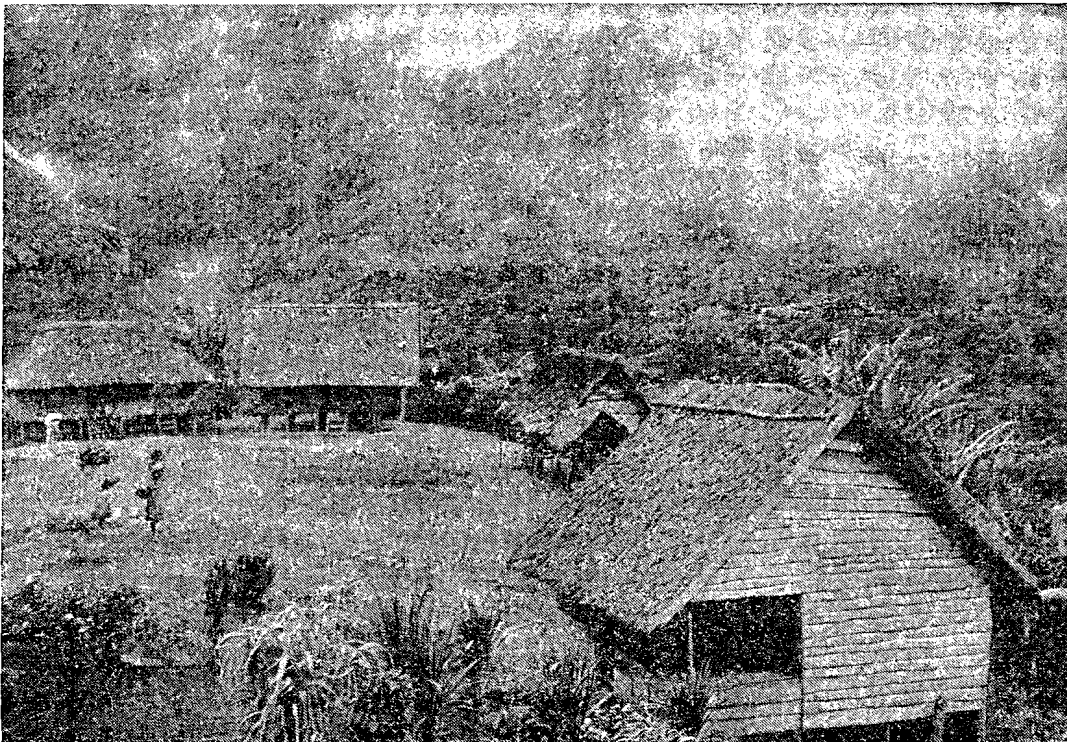
Uncle Uru woke about an hour or two before dawn and prepared for the hunting trip. The whole village was still asleep. One or two birds made noises and a dog barked at the other end of the village —

perhaps it barked at a village pig. Uncle Uru was now ready to leave the house. He took his spear out from the roof where he had always kept it — a metal spear, about three-quarters of an inch in diameter and about two yards in length. He hit on the spear with his knife and the sound of it was familiar enough for the dogs. Some sprang up immediately and others dragged themselves up wearily from where they were, and followed their master into the thick and still dark jungle.

Uncle needed no instruction from anybody as to where he should go and what path he should follow. As a boy he was brought up in this very jungle by his grandfather, and the paths, the streams, the hills and the mountains were all familiar to him.

This was the dry season of the year. Uncle thought of going to Boboku jungle. But no, that would not do. The Boboku area would be very dry and the wild pigs would not be around there. The pigs often liked to bathe in muddy areas and close to streams. Uncle thought hard. Tauatavagu area? No, that was too dry also. Garava would be the right place. Yes, Garava. There would be a muddy area under the sago trees, also it would be quite cool there, and there

● Continued Next Page



● A village along the Kokoda Track (— Photo by R. G. Boschman).

were a couple of streams nearby where the pigs would go and drink. So Uncle Uru changed his direction and followed the path to Garava jungle.

The sun had come up. It was a bright morning and there was nothing in the sky that hindered the morning rays of the sun. Before the people had eaten their food, the deacon rang the steel bar which hung outside his verandah. The men and a few women and children gathered in front of the deacon's house for the morning devotion or prayers. The deacon and a few of the elderly men sat on two stools and the women and the children sat on the bare ground. Some of the men sat on pieces of wood and others squatted on the ground. Aunt Godana, Bedai and Karau were present at the gathering.

The prayers were soon over. It was now time for announcements. The deacon stood up to inform the people about the coming Sunday. "The pastor's words are that the church members will go to Tanobada village for the service, on the Sunday morning. That is all the words I have." The deacon sat down and the councillor stood up.

"Today is Wuiniesa's turn," the councillor began. Wuiniesa was Uncle's nickname in those days. "We are going to make a new garden for him at Ariarena, today. While the sun is shining, Wuiniesa wants his *oioi* done. When the rain comes he will start planting. After you have eaten your morning food, gather your knives and axes and when you hear me call, we will all go together. Some of you small children, do not be lazy, some of you must come with us."

The councillor sat down and, after a few minutes of chattering, the people dispersed.

The people always looked forward to working for Uncle. Often more people came when it was his turn. It was probably the food that was prepared that attracted the people. Uncle was a known hunter and people ate plenty of meat when they worked for him. This morning he was not present at the prayer meeting, and people knew where he had gone. The thought of *auai*, the food prepared for those working, attracted a good number of people that morning.



Aunt Godana and her two children, Bedai and Karau, returned from the garden about two hours before midday. Aunt and Bedai did not wait to peel the vegetables for cooking. Ila, Aunt's friend, came to help them. Meanwhile, Karau carried out some more of his last night's instructions and came back with a score of green coconuts and another score of dry nuts. Aunt gave him a further job.

"Karau, make *iala ima lilia omu* (six ground fire places)."

This Karau did. These fire places were where the clay pots were going to be put when the time for cooking came.

Uncle Uru came back from his hunting trip a little before noon. As could be expected of him, he had killed a huge pig. He could not carry the pig by himself, but Uncle knew what to do. He singed off the bristles with fire, and cut the pig up into portable portions. The dogs were given the intestines and Uncle baked the kidneys for himself. When he finally appeared in the village, the portions of the dissected pig were dangling from two ends of a stick on Uncle's shoulder.

He had done his part. He handed the meat to the ladies — Aunt, Ila and Bedai — and then attended to other things.

The three women had finished peeling the vegetables. Six big clay pots were already on the *ialas*.

Aunt Godana said to her two friends, "We must cook the *moia* (meat) in two of the pots. If there is any left over we will put it on top of the vegetables in the other pots." So the meat was loaded in two pots but there was still some left. The ladies distributed the remaining meat evenly to vegetable pots.

"The people will like the *liu*," said Aunt Godana.

"Yes, they will leave it," said Ila sarcastically, and laughed. Then she added, "Knowing these people, they will finish everything and lick the bottom of the pot."

(*Liu* is the liquid that is left in the pot after the food is cooked. The best *liu* is often thought to be the liquid from the pots where the vegetables and the meat are cooked together.)

The six pots were now on the *ialas* and the fires were going well. The women went to the river to wash dishes and fetch water. There was nothing much for them to do now except to keep the fire going until the vegetables and the meat were cooked.

Meanwhile Uncle Uru and Karau were making a *garakusi*, which is a kind of fruit salad made out of pineapples, green coconut meat and milk, and some ginger. Because often the *garakusi* is regarded as a drink, it has more liquid than other ingredients.

Karau had been slicing the pineapple, which he got from the garden, into halves and scraping them into a huge dish. Uncle had been doing the same with the green coconuts.

"Karau, are you almost finished?" Uncle asked him.

"Almost finished, father," Karau answered.

"When you finish what you are doing, go to the back yard and pull out some of the *siwoa* plants. Wash them in the river and bring them up," said Uncle.

Karau finished scraping the pineapples and went

● Students attending the Second Annual Wewak Creative Writing Course, at a play-reading of John Wills Kaniku's "Cry of the Cassowary". John Kaniku, who was a course leader, is at the left. (— "Wantok" Photo).



to get the ginger plants. A few minutes later he returned from the river with the *siwoa* plants in his hand.

"Grind the ginger and put it on a plate," Karau was told.

Uncle had finished scraping the coconut. He brought the dishes, two of them, one containing scraped coconuts and other the coconut milk, and put them together with the other dish of pineapples. Karau brought the plate of ginger as well.

"Karau, go and bring the big bucket. We will mix *garakusi* in it. These dishes are a bit small to pour everything into one of them."

A little later Karau came back with the bucket. Uncle said to him, "Help me to pour the *ama aoma* into the bucket."

Karau held one side of the dish and his father the other, and they poured the coconut milk into the bucket. Then in went the pineapple, the coconut and finally the plate of ginger. The mixture was stirred and the *garakusi* was completed.

It was now three hours after midday and everything was ready. The two pots of meat and the four pots of vegetables were now cooked, and the pots were resting on the *ialas*. The three women were sitting and talking among themselves under the house, occasionally glancing at the pots so that the dogs would not pull them over. Uncle and Karau went to the river for a swim.

★ ★ ★

The people who went to make the *oi oi* or the new garden for Uncle returned about two hours before sunset. They looked exhausted. Almost everyone went straight to the river and cooled off their hot bodies.

Although tired, the people were not without humour. At the river the men talked and laughed among themselves and so did the women. It is part of their culture that men must always swim at the top end of the river and women always at the bottom end, depending on which direction the river is flowing. And both sexes must swim some distance apart — never together in public.

While the people were still swimming, Uncle's family took the *auai* to the councillor's house. Karau took the bucket of *garakusi*, and Uncle helped the two women to carry the pots of vegetables and meat. Having taken the food to the councillor's house, the family went back to their own house and prepared their evening meal. The food and the meat were now all for the people, and they could do what they liked with the *auai*.

Later that evening people were heard saying, "This is why we always look forward to Wuinesa's turns." When some women returned the empty pots to Aunt Godana after the food had been served, they said to her, "It was good to drink the *moia liu* (meat liquid). We have been almost dying of not eating pig meat and your husband saved us."

Such compliments were not new to Uncle. He had received them in the previous turns and he had wanted to keep up that reputation. So he did, and Aunt was proud of him.

It was night again. The hurricane lamp was hanging at the same spot as it was last night, but the house was empty. Uncle's family had gone out to visit friends. There was no doubt that, wherever they went, their friends praised them for the *auai*, when Uncle's turn came again.

★ ★ ★

● Our editor interviewed Kumalau Tawali, a third-year arts student at the University of Papua and New Guinea, and winner of the 1970 Literature Bureau Poetry Prize, in a special Australian Broadcasting Commission programme on 26th October.

This extract from the interview is printed with the kind permission of the A.B.C. Programme Director. It should be read in conjunction with the poet's book, **Signs in the Sky** (Papua Pocket Poets, Port Moresby; 45 cents) — which is available at bookshops in Papua and New Guinea.

An Interview

With

Kumalau Tawali

Maynard: Kumalau, many of the poems of *Signs in the Sky* make some reference to the sea. There are poems about canoes, and fishing for tuna, and turtles, and in one small poem about the death of your grandmother you mentioned "the great expanse of sea" that "cut off" the news of her death reaching you. Why does the sea figure so largely in the poems?

Tawali: I come from a small island just off the coast to the south of the mainland of Manus. My people are sea-faring so this, of course, shows in the poems I wrote which are mainly concerned with the sea.

Maynard: Perhaps, even with your writing and other activities, you would still like the life of a fisherman?

Tawali: Very much, I would love to go back and settle down just like a simple fisherman. My ambition in life really is to be a good and simple Christian father.

Maynard: In one of your poems you mention the "generation gap," the fact that the young people are leaving the old folk at home and rarely see them. Sometimes they leave it as late as the "death feast" — in fact you wrote a very good poem about that ("The Old Woman's Message").

Maynard: Are there plenty of books available for you to read — poetry, plays and novels, etc?

Tawali: Yes, at the University library we have quite a good collection of African literature, Indian and also Carribean and some other emerging countries' literature.

Maynard: What are you writing now?

Tawali: At present I have been concentrating on short stories. I hope to have a collection of my short stories published later this year or the beginning of next year.

Maynard: And you're having a play published too?

Tawali: Yes, I have just completed a second play.

Maynard: What is it called?

Tawali: "The Gun God".

Maynard: What significance has that?

Tawali: What I try to bring forward in this play is that there was this funny situation when the missionaries first came — they found the impossibility of communication with the people, who had never spoken English, so they tried to use some way of showing the people the power of their God, the white man's God's power. They used something like a knife or even fired a gun to show the people that their God was powerful.

Maynard: What does "Liandra" mean in your poem "My Canoe"?

Tawali: Liandra is just a name of the particular canoe talked about in the poem.

Maynard: Do you have the name of the canoe on the canoe itself?

Tawali: Yes, we have big canoes with only one outrigger and so the name is written on the bow side opposite to the outrigger.

Maynard: Is that your own canoe — "Liandra"?

Tawali: It's my father's canoe.

Maynard: You had a story about the ear-piercing ceremony in the "Post-Courier" (republished in *New Guinea Writing* Number 1) — are these traditional ceremonies still followed in Manus?

Tawali: Unfortunately they had vanished long before I was born.

Maynard: But the dancing carries on, doesn't it?

Tawali: Yes — the dancing carries on, at big occasions such as feasts or marriage ceremonies.

Maynard: And what is the music that goes with the dancing?

Tawali: Music is provided by an orchestra of garamut drums. I think there are only a few communities in the Territory which use garamuts — I think Sepik and Rabaul as well as Manus — but the way they beat them is completely different from ours. As you have heard, the beating is fast and rhythmic. They use about twelve drums in the really big feasts, and the biggest one is about eight feet. This is usually stood up against a tree or they hang it up by a rope and the rest are lined up until you get to the last one which may be only two feet long or less.

Maynard: They all make a different sound and they all blend together in different rhythms?

Tawali: Yes, and then they all finish together.

Maynard: Who is Tali Kumayon, in "Handing Down the Spear?"

Tawali: Tali Kumayon was one of the very famous warriors. He had made his name during the period in which he lived. He was really a fierce warrior and many people respected him in the area where I come from.

Maynard: You have a poem also in this collection of 19 poems called "Niu" — I take it that this is a sort of allegory of New Guinea.

Tawali: The word "niu" means "coconut" in my language — In fact, you are right when you say that it's an allegory for "New Guinea".

Maynard: Are you involved in politics yourself?

Tawali: I wouldn't say I am an activist or radical student politician.

Maynard: What is your impression of recent student politics?

Tawali: I do not really believe in what some of our leading student politicians have been doing. I'd rather follow people who are very constructive people who can put into practice what they say. I don't believe in those who just get up in front of other people and preach and preach and then achieve nothing.

Maynard: Do you think that the country needs constructive student politicians?

Tawali: Yes — there is really no need for us to have such things as "black power" and all this because I think internationally the world has enough troubles already. There are enough racial troubles in the world and the world has shrunk into a small community — there is no need for racial discrimination or racial identification. On the other hand some of our students only create racial disharmony by having such things as this. I would really go all the way with them if they proposed cultural reconstruction or something to do with the unity of the people — then I would go all the way with them — but I completely disagree with such things as the black power movement.

Maynard: Would you describe the poem "Niu" as a political poem?

Tawali: Yes — it is. It's a poem really about self-government.

Maynard: I think that, as has happened in West Africa, and Nigeria particularly, this new writing of novels and plays will find a level of new expression — I think

it will be most refreshing for Europeans too to see this new writing from New Guinea.

Tawali: Yes — I think that's very true — In fact most of the novels I had read before I came to the University were written by Europeans. But when I first came to the University I started reading African literature and I found that it illustrated the life of the villagers — and some of the things are similar to what we have in our villages. Really it was refreshing — and some of the concepts there were quite similar — and I say there is no reason why we can't describe our culture and things like that in a similar literature.

Maynard: Among all these 19 poems there is one that created some controversy when it appeared first in *Poetry Australia* and later in *Kovave* and that was the poem "The Bush Kanaka Speaks" — It's a rather bitter poem to find here amongst this collection isn't it? — How did you come to write it?

Tawali: I wanted to express what the ordinary man in the village thinks about — in this case, referring to the Kiap, and not only to the Kiap but to some white men in general.

Maynard: Was this the Kiap of past time? Do you think the situation has changed?

Tawali: I think we expect a change and I think things have changed quite dramatically. I think in the past the sort of treatment Kiaps gave the people was really bad and, in this way, I tried to bring out what really was going on in the minds of somebody back in the village who was being mistreated. I tried to compare his knowledge with the Kiap's knowledge. As you see from this poem, the New Guinea villager has an existing body of knowledge which it doesn't matter how long a Kiap stays in an area he doesn't know.

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The Taro And The Turtle

Clemens Runawery

In the old days there were two brothers, Saukak and Mansoben, who lived in a small beautiful village on the north-east coast of Japen.

Japen is an island situated in the then Geelvink Bay on the northern coast of West Irian. This bay has now been renamed, in Indonesian, "Teluk Tjenderawasih" or "Bird of Paradise Bay".

Saukak and Mansoben were very wellknown and popular among their contemporaries and the village elders, as they were born into a most influential clan called Papei, whose ancestor was regarded as the "mansren", the god, of both the Papeis and other clans. This mansren was called Mambepon or the First Man.

One day they decided to make a trip to the Padaido Islands in the far north of the Strait of Soren Arwa to carry out their traditional inter-barter trade system with their fellow islanders.

That night was bright moonlight. All people, except the two brothers' father, Sanoben, and some other prominent village elders, gathered on the sing yard.

The crowd was calm and quiet. Even the dogs too were lying silent. The only noise to be heard was the swishing of the soft-blowing night land wind coupled with the monotonous tune of an owl.

The crowd was waiting anxiously, while the moon went up higher and higher. When it was about five feet above the top of Mount Embare, a middle aged man shouted "Ye-he-heeee, Yo-ho-hoooo." Immediately a young decorated man came running towards them hitting a drum loudly with a traditional tune as a sign that they should be ready as Sanoben, the chief of both the Papeis and the village, would arrive soon.

There was a deep silence when the people saw Sanoben and his companions enter the yard. In the middle of the yard Sanoben took some more steps forward and stood between the people and his party. Then two of his companions came forward and gave him a sharp bamboo knife and a young smoked pig. He cut it into two pieces as a symbolic sacrifice to Mambepon.

Then some of the crowd joyfully beat their drums and danced while many others gathered in groups around the delicious food they had put collectively on banana and coconut leaves.



Meanwhile, Sanoben took his two sons to their grandfather's room. In his rather dark and smoky room they saw him enjoying the warmth of the fire, and when they got near they knelt down beside him.

"Father, here are your grandsons," Sanoben told his father.

"Yes, my dear son," the old man replied, "I know that my two beloved grandsons will set sail tomorrow so bring them closer as I want them to be blessed."

The room was as quiet as death when the old gray man put both his hands above the shoulders of the two young men.

"My grandsons," he told them, "our mansren Mambepon will be your guide and protector and will bring you home safely. A while ago your father cut the best pig we ever had for him and I strongly believe that he will be pleased to protect you from any rough and stormy sea or any other disaster that may befall you."

After a quiet moment the old man took a smoked taro out of his bag and gave it to Saukak, his eldest grandson. "Take it with you," he said. "It's a holy thing which I inherited from our grandfathers as a manifestation of Mambepon's presence in our everyday life. Now I give it to you as your real guide and protector during your trip."

The room was almost covered with darkness. And again a quiet moment interrupted them.

"Kiss it when you are running out of rations," the old man continued, "and I must remind you that you should neither break nor harm it."

By the next morning people left the sing sing yard and gathered on the beach to say a farewell to the sailors.

Days and weeks passed quickly. The canoe sailed peacefully from one island to another. The two

brothers and the sailors were happy as they had made a big profit from their bartered goods. They were also satisfied because they had taken the opportunity to strengthen the friendly relations between them and the Padaido Islanders which had been pioneered by their grandfathers.

Unfortunately, on their way home they were running out of rations. Consequently, a tense atmosphere grew among the sailors. But none of them dared to say any word against Saukak. When Saukak saw their unpleasant faces, he stood up in the middle of the canoe, telling them that Mambepon, their god, would not let them starve on the sea.

However, Mansoben reacted strongly against his brother, and said that he didn't care at all about their grandfather's advice. "I don't believe that this taro contains magic power to feed our hungry bellies. Give it to me — I want it to be divided equally among us!" he urged.

"No," Saukak replied furiously, "I can't allow you

to do that. Your desire is full of devils. It is contrary to our grandfather's suggestions and advice. Aren't you aware that it protected us from the dangerous storm we had two days ago? If you dare to do so, then I'm afraid we will not get home safely."

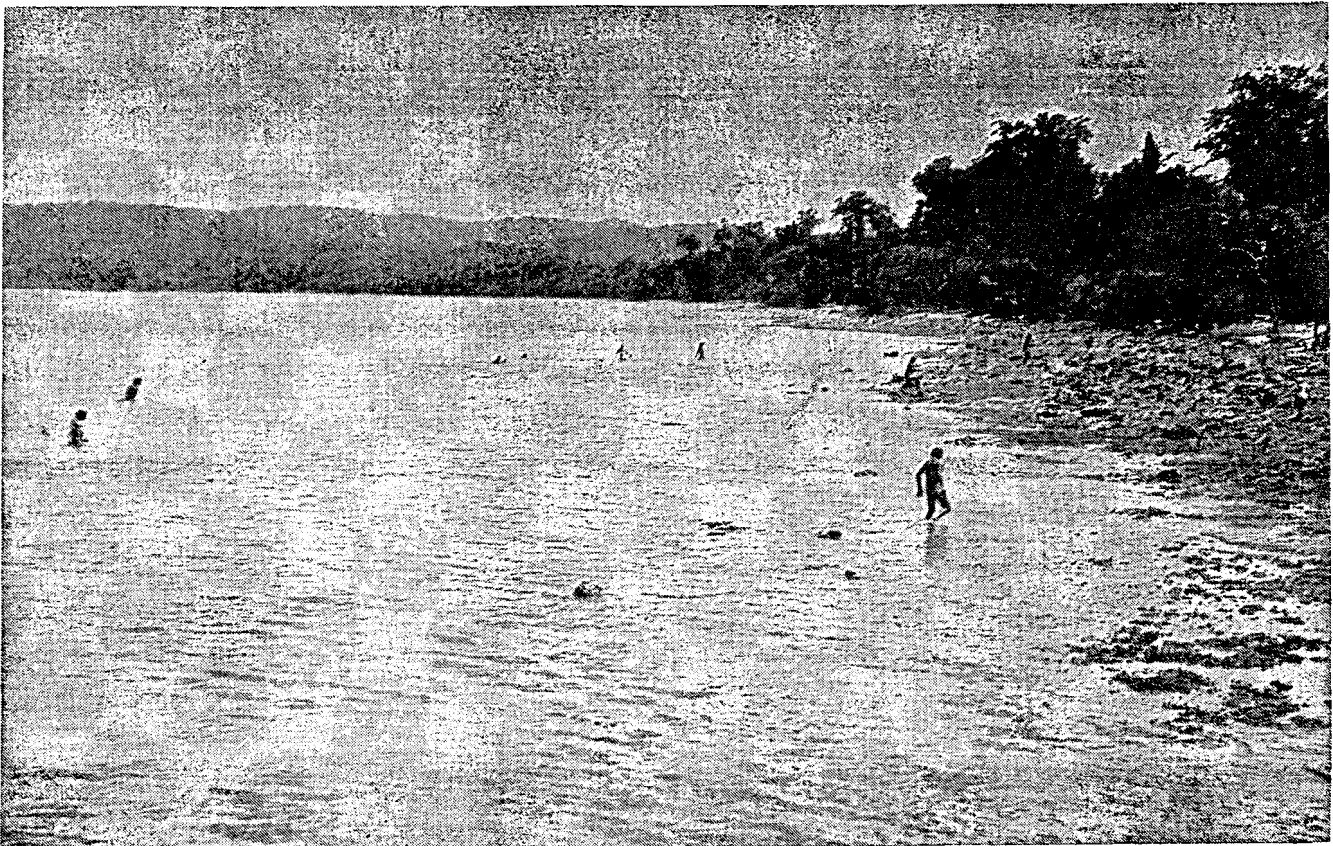
However, all the sailors disagreed with Mansoben. So finally he decided to follow them.

When it was his turn, he pretended to kiss it — but within a few moments the magic thing disappeared in his stomach.

Although Saukak was in a state of fury, he calmly ordered his men not to stop paddling as he wanted to anchor their canoe before sunset.

By sunset, they anchored on a deserted island of the Padaido group called Nukori and they went immediately to shore. There they made a big fire and gathered around it. Being tired from a whole day paddling all fell into a deep sleep.

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● A coastal scene from West Irian (Bird of Paradise Bay) — Photo by E. P. Wolfers.

At midnight Saukak woke up and kept watching for Tun Sar or the Morning Star. When he saw it coming out of the sparkled sea surface of Soren Arwa, he woke all his crew men silently except his brother. He warned them not to make any noise nor to disturb him and told them that they should leave the island before sunrise.

Saukak and his followers left him behind lying like a corpse near the fire.

In the morning when he was awakened by the soft sea breeze, he found that all his comrades had disappeared. Overwhelmed with anger and hate against his brother, he took a pandanus leaf covered cigarette out of his bag. He smoked it and then took another one, trying to calm his mind.

Finishing the second cigarette he decided to take a walk around the island to look for any sign of life on it. He shouted and shouted but his voice re-echoed from hill to hill and made him like a hungry crocodile.

The singing black parrots on the coconut and pandanus trees lining the coloured beach did not seem attractive to him at all.

At the end of the island he climbed a tall coconut tree and on top of it he could see the canoe's two pandanus sails sailing homewards. Angrily he returned and sat on a rock looking towards the endless blue sea of Soren Arwa. There he saw the light blue mountain tops of his home island, Japen, drifting beyond the horizon. Faraway in the northeastern corner he could recognise the half cloud-covered top of Mount Embare near his home area.

The panoramic view impressed him no longer as he was longing to have something to eat. His desire culminated when he saw the white sea birds flying from one reef to another enjoying their breakfast.

Although they were busily doing their normal morning duties, they seemed unhappy and disturbed when they saw this foreigner unlawfully sitting on their island.

This unpleasant situation between them was suddenly interrupted by a human-like voice calling Mansoben's name.

Frightened and amazed he rose up looking in the direction of this strange voice. He stared and stared but couldn't see any living creature except the hungry birds who were circling above his head as if they were trying to pick him up and carry him away from their island.

Again he heard the same strange voice calling his name.

He went towards the voice and when he got near he saw a big blue ocean turtle swimming peacefully in a coral lagoon. He stared at it for a while but fear and loneliness forced him not to take any more steps forward. But the sea monster lifted up her neck as though to persuade him not to be afraid and that she was there to bring him to his home island.

"No, I don't think you could manage it," replied Mansoben. "Yes, I could," answered the turtle, "I assure you that I could bring you across the Soren Arwa as I am her king. I am also the king of all animals living in it. Come, my friend, and take a seat on my back."

"Well, no matter whether you are the king of Soren Arwa or not I am sure you couldn't carry me safely to my home island. The waves of your sea will drag me off your back and the sharks will have a big party," replied Mansoben.

"If you are doubtful then I'll show you how able I am to carry a piece of burned firewood into the sea and carry it back unwet," said the turtle.

This sounded unbelievable to Mansoben but he then put a firewood stick on her back and away she swam.

By midday, the turtle came back and Mansoben was astonished to see the unwet firewood on the sea monster's back.

"Have you seen how able I am?" asked the turtle. "Yes, I have," answered Mansoben, "but I am still rather doubtful."

"I assure you that I would guarantee your life but if you are still doubtful, then put your betel nut bag on my back and I will carry it again into the sea. If it gets wet or drifts off then I am unable to carry you across the Soren Arwa."

After some consideration, Mansoben agreed to put his bag on her back, and she entered the sea.

After several hours, she returned and once more Mansoben saw his unwet bag still lying on the turtle's back.

Undoubting, Mansoben sprang on the turtle's back and their wonderful homeward journey to his beloved village, Wansma, ended successfully.

Nowadays you could find a stone shaped like a turtle in the upper reaches of Warkami River, near Mount Embare, which is believed to be the "king" of Soren Arwa, who had saved the life of Mansoben.



The Spirit Skull

A legend collected and translated by
JOHN WAIKO

Once upon a time there lived two brothers in a village. The two brothers were Pate and Tero. One evening they sat down on the verandah of their house to discuss bird hunting and trapping on the next morning. On the outside wall of the house there hung a skull of a man who was killed and eaten. The two did not know of the presence of the skull, so they discussed the arrangements for the bird trapping. They decided to go to a place where there was a tree on which many kinds of birds come to perch every morning. They prepared everything they needed for the hunting and the trapping of the birds. They took their strings, bird-nets, and put some cooked taro inside a basket made of coconut leaves.

Having prepared for the hunting the two brothers argued as to who should wake up early and remind the other about going hunting. Pate always slept late so he asked his brother to wake him up: but Tero was not sure whether he would get up early in the morning. They argued for a while and then they came to an agreement. "If you get up first in the early morning, make sure you wake me up," said Pate, "because I'll wake you up if I get up first, so that we can go hunting together." Tero agreed with him that they must leave the house in the early dawn before any other person was woken up by the singing of the morning birds. The brothers lay down to go to sleep.

While they were discussing and planning their hunting trip, the skull had overheard all the things the two brothers had arranged to do in the morning. The skull decided that it should be the one to wake up one of the brothers and go hunting with him.

Early next morning the skull came into the house and woke Pate up. Pate thought that he had been woken by Tero, as they agreed to do the previous evening. So Pate got up and went out with the skull, who had become a person, and they headed for the hunting ground. Pate was not conscious that he was going with a personified spirit to hunt and trap birds.



— Illustration by Russell Soaba

They travelled until they came to a tree on which many kinds of birds — *amone, woiwa, suriri, orero, ganema, gumbara, ovoto, siruwa, sirere, and ainya* — were perching on the branches.

The spirit-man persuaded Pate to climb up the tree and catch the birds with a string. Pate made a loop with one end of the string and tied the other end to a stick and he climbed the tree with it. He climbed right up to the very top of the tree, sat on a branch and set his trap. And he began to catch many birds. He caught them and killed them by twisting their heads and threw the birds down to the ground. But he threw the birds into the mouth of the "man" who stood under the tree. The "man" ate every bird that was thrown down by Pate. The spirit-man ate the birds raw. Pate did not realise that the "man" was eating the birds until he looked down. "Did I come with my true brother?" he questioned himself.

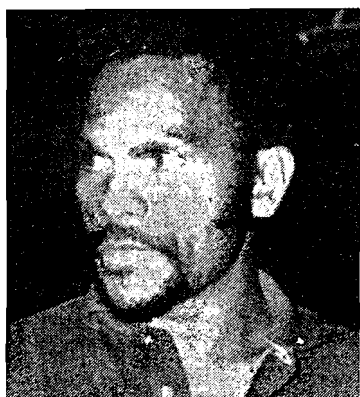
"I thought I had come with my true brother but I have caught many birds and thrown them down to the ground and that man had eaten them all up. It seems obvious that that man is not my brother, with whom I agreed to come to this place for bird trapping!" Pate did not know what to do so he continued to trap the birds and throw them down. He sat up in the tree trying to think of what he could do to escape, or to frighten the "man" to run away so that he could come down and go back to his village.

By this time it was noon and birds were not as plentiful as they were in the morning. Pate was frightened that the "man" might climb up to eat him after he had eaten all the birds. Nevertheless, he stayed up in the tree until a *biana*, a hornbill, came and

● Continued Next Page

sat on the tree. "Brother", the "man" called out, "You have been catching all the other birds until now, but do not trap that hornbill — let it fly away!" Pate pretended that he listened to the "man", but he caught the hornbill, and it began to make a frightful noise. From the moment the bird began to make the noise, the "man" left the tree and fled and ran back to the village of the dead spirits, while Pate was still up in the tree. "Good!" said Pate. He caught the hornbill, pulled it towards him and, holding tightly onto its beak, he climbed down to the ground.

When the spirit-man arrived at the village, the other spirits were making a feast. He looked very frightened and exhausted. The other spirits asked him, "Why are you exhausted and breathless? Who is chasing you, to make you run like that?" He replied: "Gena gawa, gena gawa — you will see what I saw and hear what I heard. You wait and see." The



spirit-man did not give a full explanation so they did not take much notice of what he said, and they continued with their feasting. But the spirit-man sat at a corner of a house and repeated his message of "Gena gawa".

Pate came down from the tree but found hardly any birds on the ground. He held the hornbill by its neck to prevent it from making any noise, and he pursued the "man" to the village of the dead. He came near the village and found that the people were busy making feast, and he saw the "man" sitting at the corner of a house. Then he let the neck of the hornbill free and there again came a thundering noise from the bird. The spirits abandoned everything of their feast — mainly pitpit and other vegetables — and dispersed in every direction.

Pate entered the village with his hornbill but nobody was left there, so he pursued them into the bush. But the spirits turned into rotten woods, bandicoots, trees and other animals. So Pate returned to his own village. This legend teaches Binadere children not to discuss any plan of hunting, fishing or trapping while a human skull or bone is near them.



Some General

Comments on the Plays

— A Producer's Criticism

G. Katahanas

As I have been involved with at least three of the plays, and as I am fully aware of the sources of all the plays, I find myself in an unenviable position in adjudicating the competition*. I think that without mentioning the plays themselves I can say that in making an effort at not being biased at all I may have ended up a little hard on those I could and might have favoured if let run wild. I have done my very best not to allow my private knowledge of any of the plays to influence my decisions.

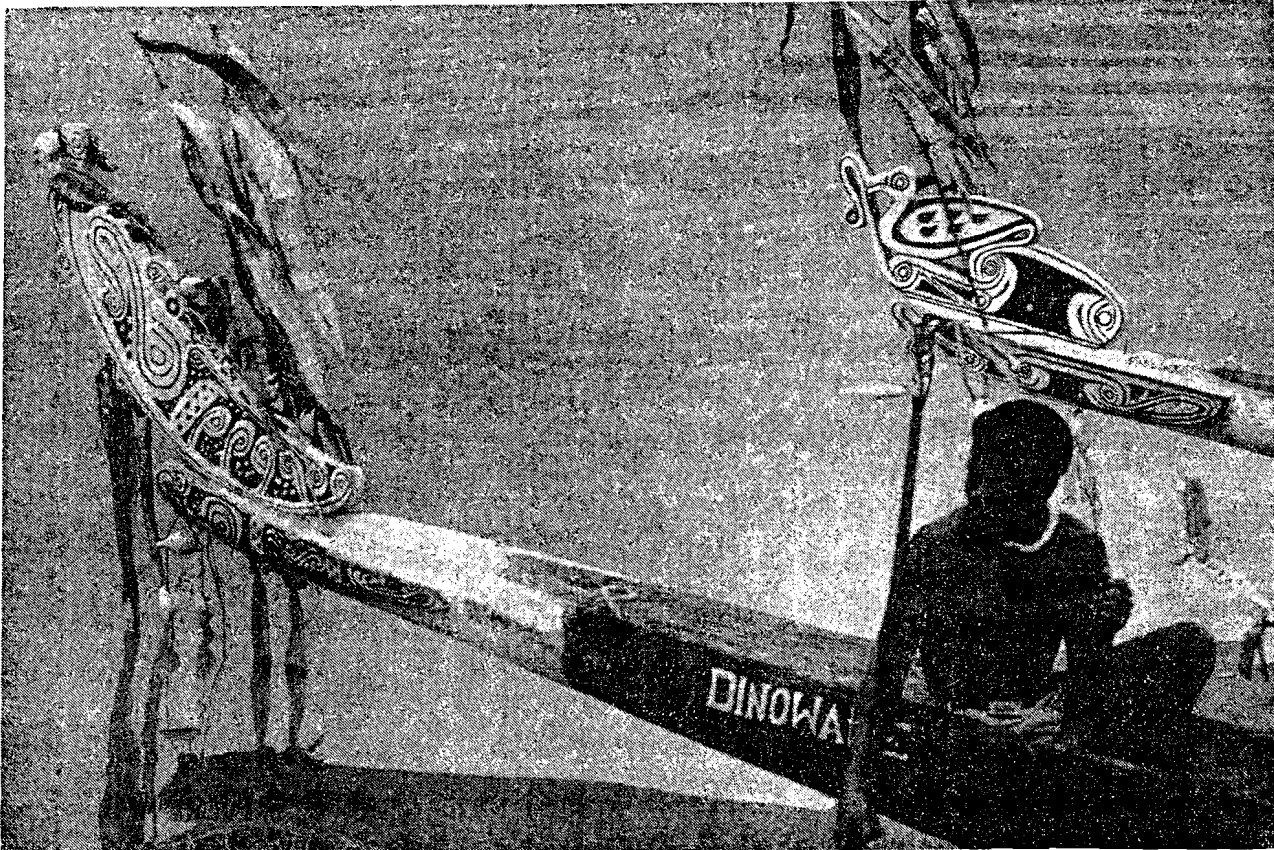
I found all the (six commended) plays of a very high standard and all are very commendable efforts — all I think are producible. But I also feel that all would require re-arranging and correction to a certain extent, and I feel that this should be done before any production of any of the plays is undertaken. The authors and producers should work very closely together on the productions, and the young authors would require the advantage of an experienced and efficient producer.

After such a production the authors should re-write, and then, I am sure, they will be ready for publication — and some are very much publishable material for both the Territory and Outside The Territory.

The plays are of as high a standard as any I have read being written in Australia at this time, but what the Territory authors have to learn is that an unproducible play is not a play at all! The only way to find out if it is really producible is to produce it, but the producer should never (except under very exceptional circumstances) be the author. The producer of a play is in a sense a minister who marries the literary work of a play to the stage — it is very rare for a parent (the author) to be also the minister (the producer) who performs this marriage ceremony.

Young writers of plays seem to suffer from the same complaint of having too much material for one play and too little expansion to carry it over to the audience. Some of the plays display sufficient material for three plays. The inability to expand this material is apparent in most of the plays. The following faults are general to varying degrees in most of the plays:—

- Very short scenes that could with a little experience or advice be simply compressed into a single scene.
- Completely irrelevant scenes not related to the play as a whole.
- Personalizing the setting of the play unnecessarily, and so lessening the universal appeal of the play.
- Due to both this personalizing and lack of ability to expand scenes, the authors tend to assume that the audiences will know what they as authors know and expect them to follow a plot that is not made clear in



● *Decorated canoe prows from Milne Bay District.*

the script. It is a good rule to assume that audiences are not intelligent and in fact they are stupid. Tell them everything, but don't let them know you are doing it!

- Most young authors display a loyalty to truth that is rather frightening. Truth and loyalty to truth has no place in drama if it kills the dramatic content of a play. All drama is fake but must *look* like the truth. The purpose of drama is drama and it should never be used as a servant to serve another master.
- Yet another fault generally is that characters tend to be as Bonita Jill Tiwekuri puts it: "black is black", and so become less human and more of caricatures than characters.

It was wonderful to see at least one play written by a woman and she and the others should be encouraged to continue. It was very disappointing however that not one play was a comedy.

I would love to work (as a producer) with most of these authors. Their work, if a little immature, is at the very least refreshing and exciting.

* The author's own preferences were: 1. "Scattered by the Wind", 2. "Kalawai Kwasina," and 3. "The Sun" and "Black is Black". (Editor's Note.)



THE CROCODILE

a novel by

Vincent Eri

This is the first novel written by a Papuan or New Guinean to be published.

It has two central themes: one deals with the hero's "payback" on the sorcerers who caused his wife to be taken by a crocodile: the other with his lack of understanding of the thought processes of Europeans, particularly the Angau officers under whom he served as a carrier during the war.

Vincent Eri was a student at the University of Papua and New Guinea, where his studies included a course in creative writing. This year he was one of the first graduates. He is now Acting Superintendent of Primary Education and a member of the Committee of Enquiry into Higher Education.

His novel, which is published by The Jacaranda Press, is now available in bookshops, at \$3.50 a copy.

A Father And His Son Living Along The Riverside

Peter Wai

Once there was a father and his son. They were living along the riverside. The little boy's father was a strong man.

One day when he was hunting near the river he heard something say "*TANKRAMORE!*" and then in the afternoon he heard it say, "*TUNKRAMORE!*" He told his son to stay in the house because he wanted to go and see what it was that said "Tankramore", and "Tunkramore", all the time.

Next morning the father went down towards the river. He saw the footprints of a man who had been walking up and down, up and down all the time, every morning and every afternoon. So he decided to set a trap to catch this creature walking up and down all the time. He went home and told his son about what he had seen, and later on he went out to the bush, where he cut a strong bush vine and also a very strong stick with which to catch the man who always said "Tankramore, Tunkramore".

So he collected these things and brought them to the riverside, and he made a trap. Afterwards, he went to bed with his son.

Early next morning he heard that something say "*TANKRA . . .*" and then stop completely. "Ah, that's it," the father thought. About 8 o'clock in the morning, when the sun was shining brightly, the man decided to go and see his trap. He told his son to stay at home. Then he walked all the way to the riverside.

When he came close he saw a man hanging on the trap; a man with long curled hair like the roots of fibrous trees, a short flat nose, and bare feet with all sorts of hair growing on them, and big round eyes like globes. So he was frightened inside.

When he was close enough the man on the trap said:

"Will you help me, will you help me? I'll give you all my pigs, kina shells, cassowaries, native oils and everything if you help me."

The man thought: "If I let him go then I'll get all his wealth and I'll become rich!" So he decided to bend over the strong stick and to take the bush vine and cut it and let the man go free. But the hairy man grabbed him and poked out both his eyes and carried them away and planted cucumber seeds through each of them. So the hairy man went away with the eyes and the poor man went home blind.

He told his son what had happened to him. But his son was very small and he could not help him then. After a while, this cucumber which was planted by the hairy man in his eyes grew big and bore fruit. People from various places came and picked the fruits. It was really painful to him because the cucumber was growing right through his eyes.

One day when his son grew up he asked him: "Father, what happened to your eyes?"

"Well, you want to know what happened to my eyes? Early in the morning you go and stand out in front of our house and listen. And again late in the evening around 6.30."

Next morning the boy went out and stood outside the house. He heard a sound "*TANKRAMORE!*" And then, late in the afternoon, another sound: "*TUNKRAMORE!*" The boy told his father that he heard sounds like this.

"My son! That's the man who poked my eyes out, and he carried them with him, so I don't have any eyes now."

His son said: "Father, can I help you? May I try to kill him and get your eyes back?"

His father told him: "Son, it is very hard to get my eyes back but you may try to do it. Make a trap again. If you catch him this time, then we'll do something about it."

So the boy went and collected the same materials as his father had used before, and he went once more to the place where his father had set the trap. When he came there he saw the tree which his father had planted was still growing. And he took the branch which was bent by his father and put it in the sand to set the trap. So he made a trap in the same place, and then went home.

Early in the morning he went up to the trap and he stood there and listened for a while until somebody said, "*TANKRA . . .*" and then stopped completely. He went and told his father that the sound had said "*TANKRA . . .*" and then stopped suddenly. The blind father said:

"I know that. Well, we will stay here until 10.30 or so, then we'll go down and see what has happened." So around 10.30 the son led his father down the pathway to the place where he had put the trap. When they



● *Sing-sing warriors at a Highlands Show.*

were close enough the boy saw the man with the curled hair, all sorts of hair growing on his chest as well as on his arms, legs and feet. The very same person. And the hairy man said the same words as he had said to his father:

"Young man, will you come and help me? I'll give you all my kina shells, all my pigs and everything that I have. I'll give it all to you and you'll become a rich man in the village." He told him to loosen him. But instead of loosening him the boy came close to him and said:

"Before I let you go, will you help me put back my father's eyes? If you do this I'll let you go and I'll get these riches!" So the creature told the young boy:

"You must follow the river track up until you come to the top and you'll find a house there. You go in and you will find a big post in the centre. Dig down around it for a bit and there you'll find two packages. You bring these two packages to me and I'll fix your father's eyes."

After that the boy went up and did as the owner of the house had told him. And when he came back with the two eyes the hairy man was still hanging on the trap. He came with the two eyes and he said:

"Will you put these two eyes back into my father's

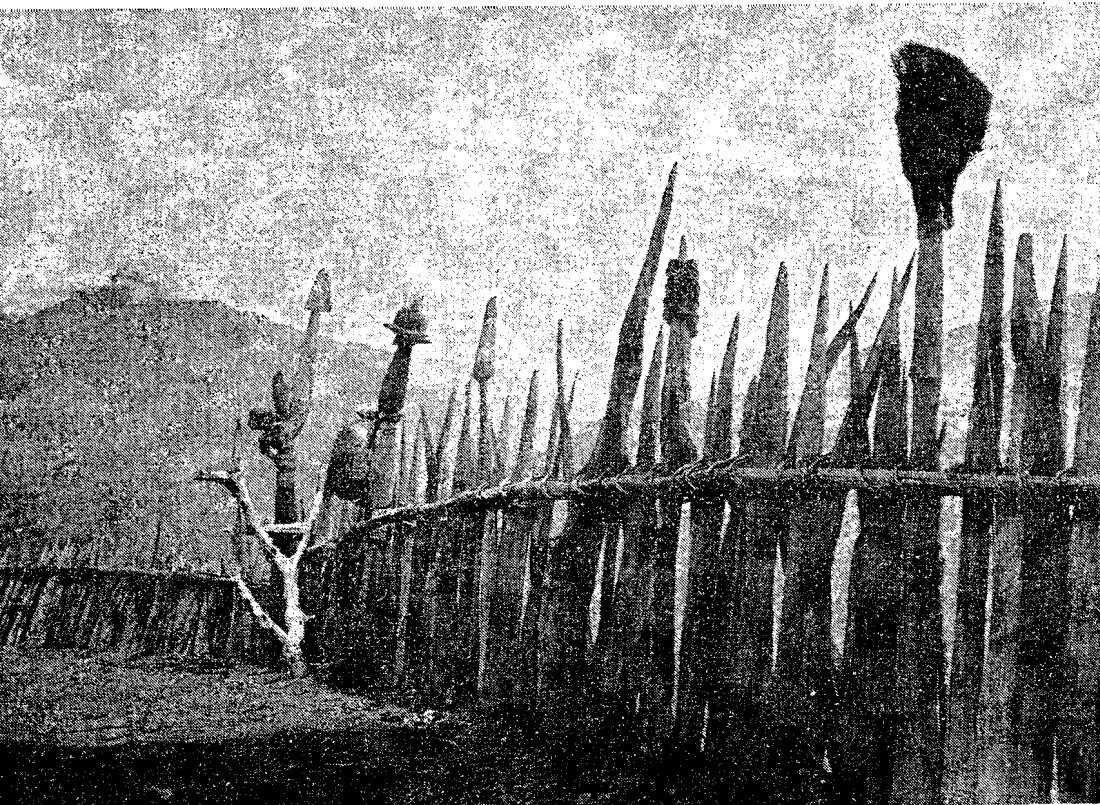
face?" The creature pulled them out of the packages and put the eyes back. Then the boy asked his father: "Father, can you see places and things now?" and his father said: "Yes, I can see them now."

Then they turned on the creature. They picked him up. They brought an axe and cut him into pieces, but he didn't die. This fellow joined the pieces together again. They cut him into pieces again, and again he re-joined. The same thing happened again and again. They fought for at least five or six hours. Then a voice said: "Will you people never understand about this man? This man is a devil. One of you run and burn his house and pull up the red tree which he planted near the house, and burn it with the house."

So the young man went and pulled out this tree and placed it on the roof of the house and burned the house down. Then this man died. And they made a big fire and they put the man's body on the fire. They burned him into pieces, and all the ashes flew away.

So it is that these two people saved the life of all of us in the Highlands. If they had not killed the creature then all our eyes would have been poked out by that same man.





● Fence decorations near Gumine in Chimbu District.

Stori Bilong Man

i Dai na

i Stap Laip

Stori bilong tingting long Mt. Hagen

Pupti Keglami i raitim

Stori i kamap long tingting bilong ol man na ol i tok olsem: Bipo tru ol man i no stap, long dispela taim tupela man-meri i stap. Dispela tupela man-meri i kamap lapun pinis, na dispela lapun meri i karim wanpela pikinini man em i pekpek antap long lek bilong mama bilong em.

Na lapun papa i lukim dispela pekpek antap long lek bilong lapun mama na em i tok. Meri, yu no ken rausim pekpek kwik long lek bilong yu, mi go kisim wanpela lip diwai na sol bilong tumbuna, na yu rausim pekpek long lek bilong yu. Lapun papa em i tokim lapun mama olsem, na em i go painim lip bilong diwai, na sol bilong tumbuna, na em i go painim i stap, na lapun mama i pret long pekpek na em i kisim wanpela lip diwai na gras. Dispela tupela lip long tok Melpa mipela i save kolim olsem: De Pokta ongom na Pinz

ngomong, dispela tupela lip em i kisim na rausim pekpek long lek bilong em.

Na bihain lapun papa i painim lip bilong diwai Pikus na sol bilong tumbuna,* na em i bringim i kam bihain na em i lukim lapun meri rausim pinis pekpek long lek bilong em. Na man i askim lapun meri, yu kisim wanem lip na yu rausim pekpek long lek bilong yu. Nau meri i bekim tok. Ni kisim lip bilong (Pokta na Pinz) na mi rausim pekpek long lek bilong mi. Meri i tok olsem, na man i tromwe lip bilong diwai na sol bilong tumuna long bus.

Na as bilong lip na sol i olsem:

Na man i lukim dispela pekpek na em i tokim meri olsem. "Yu wet long mi, na mi go kisim lip na sol na yu ken rausim pekpek long lek bilong yu." Dispela tok lapun meri i bihainim, em bai yumi stap laip long graun. Bilong wanpela lapun man i tok: Em i laik kisim tupela samting em i bilong yumi stap laip long graun. Na dispela tok lapun meri i bihainim em inap. Tasol meri i bikhet na mekim long laik bilong em na yumi painim dai bilong yumi long olgeta man i kamap long graun; na yumi dai oltaim, na kamap nupela gen, na i dai, mekim olsem. Nau mipela nupela man-meri i kamap, dispela lain mipela ol i harim dispela stori bilong tingting bilong ol tumbuna, na mipela kros long lapun meri.

* Sol bilong tumbuna ol i bin mekim long wasim gras long sampela wara i gat sol long en. Behain ol i kukim dispela gras. Taim gras i kuk pinis ol i save kaikai sit bilong paia, long wonem, i olsem sol.

Lukluk Long

Sampela Nupela

Buk

Elipas Mosogo i raitim

I gat sampela nupela buk ol i bin raitim ol dispela nupela buk, i gat sampela stori long poem na singsing em ol pipal yet bilong Papua na Niu Gini i bin raitim. Ol dispela buk i bilong lain buk nem bilong em i Papua Pocket Poets.

Namba wan tisa bilong Inglis long Universiti bilong Papua na Niu Gini, Mr. Ulli Beier i kisim ol dispela na bungim ol wantaim.

Mr. Beier i bin mekim planti wok moa long kisim na bungim wantaim ol samting em ol pipal bilong Africa i bin raitim, em i bin putim wantaim na raitim planti buk long ol dispela samting. Em i bin helpim tu planti pipal bilong Africa long raitim planti buk.

Planti pipal nabaut bilong Saut Pasifik tu i bin raitim sampela buk, na Mr. Beier i bin bungim wantaim.

Nem bilong wanpela buk long dispela lain buk i *Wiliwil*. Leo Hannett i bin painim planti singsing long tok pisin long planti hap ples na i bin bungim olgeta wantaim insait long dispela buk. Leo Hannett em i wanpela sumatin long Universiti bilong Papua na Niu Gini. Long dispela buk i gat musik o nek bilong sampela singsing.

Ol singsing insait long dispela buk i kam long planti hap bilong Papua na Niu Gini. I gat nem bilong ol man husat i bin salim ol dispela singsing i kam.

Ol singsing i gupela tru na i samting long mekim ol i lap.

Bai yu lap nogut tru na hamamas moa sapos yu ridim ol dispela singsing olsem dispela ating i kam long Manus na Kumalau Tawali i bin salim i kam long Leo Hannett.

Meri wantok
yu raitim leta
na yu tok mi baim sigaret
na mitupela i go.

Kumalau Tawali tu i bin salim narapela singsing i kam long Leo Hannett.

Wanpela Meri
i karai long mi.
Na mama i tok
mi no nap yet
long marit.

Kumalau Tawali em i sumatin long Universiti bilong Papua na Niu Gini.

Narapela sumatin long Universiti Leo Laita bilong Buka i bin kisim dispela singsing na salim i kam long mipela.

Taim mi skul meri
mi laik mariti
mariti finisi
mi hatu waka tumasi.

Hatu waka tumasi
mi go kukim kaikai
manki i karai
mi no save silipi.

Man, ating dispela meri i bin sigirap nogut tru ia taim i stap long skul. Yu sigirap long laik marit? Yu gat planti wok, pikinini i karai na yu no save silip, pilim?

Yumi ken lukim ol dispela buk i nupela, tasol i gupela moa na i soim yumi olsem ol pipal bilong yumi i ken raitim gupela stori long poem na raitim tu gupela singsing.

Sapos yu laik ritim ol dispela buk kam long wanpela buk stoa long Niu Gini na baiim.

Ol liklik buk mi toktok pinis long en nau i stap long ol buk stoa, na yu ken baiim wanpela bilong yu.

Em hia nem bilong sampela stoa i gat ol dispela liklik buk: "Books New Guinea", Boroko, na Kristen Buk Senta, Madang. Pe 45 sens tasol na yu ken baiim tu long narapela stoa nabaut i gat buk insait long ol.

★ ★ ★

Talking of Books

KOVAVE is the literary journal of the University of Papua-New Guinea, and the fourth issue (November) is now available from Books New Guinea, Boroko; Post News Agency, Port Moresby; and Christian Book Centre, Madang; at \$1 a copy. Contributors include Leo Hannett, Albert Maori Kiki, Kumalau Tawali and Maurice Thompson. Arthur Jawodimbardi's prize-winning play "The Sun" is published in full.



Copies of the February (No. 47) issue of the Australian literary magazine OVERLAND will be available at 50 cents a copy (plus postage) by application to this Bureau. It is a special issue containing work by many well-known Papuan and New Guinean writers including Kumalau Tawali, Leo Hannett, Albert Maori Kiki and John Kasaipwalova, and introducing several new writers such as Jack Lahui, Aloysius Aita, Allain Jaria and John Jamenan.



Three anthologies of poems and traditional songs written or collected by school children have been produced and are available on application to the schools concerned. NAD-USINEL (edited by R. B. Helfert, Port Moresby Technical College, Idubada, Central District), FORM III POETRY (edited by Miss S. J. Rudofsky, Wesley High School, Salamo, Fergusson Island, M.B.D.) and SAGO AND RICE (edited by Nigel Gregory, Brandi High School, Wewak, E.S.D.). The Bureau would be interested to hear of any other such slim volumes of verse.



Paulias Matane, whose "Four Stories" appeared in our first issue, has a second book coming shortly from his publishers, Oxford University Press, of London. It tells the story of his life, from his birth at Viviran, New Britain, to his taking up of his post as Head of the new Department of Business Development in Port Moresby.



Joseph A. Nidue, a second year student at Goroka Teachers College, recently won first prize in a writing competition run by the Kristen Pres, with a story about the traditional beliefs of his people, the "mountain" Arapesh of East Sepik District. Second prize winner was Usurup Pasin-ganlogo, a sixteen year old pupil of Utu High School, Kavieng, who also won a first prize for a legend in the literary section of the Port Moresby Eisteddfod. Besides a \$50 first prize, Mr. Nidue will receive three weeks free tuition in writing at the Creative Training Centre, Nobonob.



About Our Writers

JOHN KADIBA, who comes from Amazon Bay, Central District, is one of the first graduates (B.A.) of the University of Papua and New Guinea. After graduation this year he worked as a tutor at Rarongo Theological College, Kerevat, before going to the University of Queensland to study for a divinity degree. He has had stories published in the literary magazine *Kovave* and read on A.B.C. radio.

PUPTI KEGLAM, who comes from Kindeng village, in the Western Highlands, is a trainee teacher of Pidgin at Rintebe Lutheran Mission, near Goroka.

JACK LAHUI, from Porebada village near Port Moresby, received his secondary schooling at Sogeri High School and is now a trainee film director in D.I.E.S. His poems were commended in the 1970 Literature Bureau Poetry Competition.

ELIPAS MOSOGO, from Umbukul, New Ireland District, received his secondary education at Utu High School. He is an assistant extension officer at D.I.E.S. and recently represented Papua-New Guinea at the Brisbane Exhibition.

PETER WIA PAIYA, from the Western Highlands District, is a student at Holy Trinity Teachers' College, Mt. Hagen. He says that his story, which won a prize in the creative writing section of the first Port Moresby Eisteddfod, is "a legend told by my great-great-grandfather, who told it to my great-grandfather, who in turn told it to my grandfather, and he told me".

CLEMENS RUNAWERY, who was born at Wansma, Japen Island, West Irian, received his secondary schooling in Djajapura (then Hollandia) and later graduated from Tjenderawasih State University. He is now a publications officer with the Department of Education, Port Moresby.

JOHN DOUGLAS WAIKO, from Ioama (Northern District), is a third year arts student at the University of Papua and New Guinea. His play, "The Unexpected Hawk", which has been performed in Canberra and Port Moresby, was commended in the 1970 Literature Bureau Play Competition. He recently won the Te Rangi Hiroa Fund prize for an historical essay, which will be published soon in *The Journal of the Papua-New Guinea Society* (P.O. Box 172, Port Moresby). He is working on a book of Binadere folktales.



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The present Atlas represents a 'snapshot' of the stage of progress in our understanding of New Guinea: it is to the great credit of the compilers in the young University of Papua and New Guinea, and of the contributors, that so impressive a collection of information has been prepared. Much of the material presented is a compilation of work carried out by academic research workers, and by government and semi-government bodies — outstandingly the Division of Land Research at C.S.I.R.O., but there is in addition a number of wholly new maps, prepared from existing data not previously collected together, or interpreted in the ways here essayed. The result of this latter contribution is a better-balanced collection, presenting comprehensive data on population, history and settlement, natural environment, and productivity and tertiary activities.

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