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New Guinea Writing — Number 3, March 1971

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In This Issue

We are very happy to welcome our first woman contributor — Ikini Yaboyang — to the pages of "New Guinea Writing".

We also have a first contribution in Motu, from Renagi Renagi Lohia, as well as some New Guinea Pidgin pieces.

We hope you will enjoy reading these new writers of our country — together with the stories and articles by Joseph Saruva, John Kaugle, John Kasaipwalova, Hesingne Naremeng, Matthew Maot and Kumalau Tawali.

Write to us and tell us what you think about them!

★ ★ ★

There has been criticism of our magazine — that it does not publish work by expatriate writers, but only by Papuans and New Guineans.

This is not so!

As we announced in the editorial of our first issue (August 1970) all writers of this country are invited to send contributions. There will be payment for anything we find good enough or interesting enough to print.

Obviously, the final decision on whether or not a contribution is worth printing — whether it is written by an indigene or an expatriate — must rest with the editorial staff. (In fact, we published a piece by an Australian, Greg Katahanas, in our last issue.)

As our purpose is "to stimulate reading among Papuans and New Guineans and to encourage publication of material by them", we shall continue to seek out the best contributions by native writers. But we shall certainly consider everything that comes into our office, from whatever source.

And we want our readers to know that the views expressed in this magazine are entirely those of the authors, and do not necessarily reflect the views of the editorial staff.

We welcome any and all views in our magazine.
— The Editor.

New Guinea Writing

SUBSCRIPTIONS

If you have any difficulty in getting your copy of *New Guinea Writing* write directly to the Editor, Literature Bureau, D.I.E.S., Konedobu. The subscription rate is $1 a year (four consecutive issues, including postage). *For students it is 50 cents a year (including postage): for bulk orders of at least 10 copies for class sets it is 40 cents a year (post free) per subscription.*

The Entertainer

Joseph Saruva

The sun has long set behind the thickly-forested mountains of the Central Ranges in the Highlands of New Guinea. Smoke from many fires can be seen snaking into the sky against the dark shadowy forms of the towering mountains. Shouts echo from the carefree children playing the universal game of hide and seek. Women can be seen moving briskly about their business, carrying out normal female chores. Here and there are groups of men passing time, discussing their day's achievements or future plans.

This is the evening scene in the village of Kanakaiufa, balanced on a very narrow crest, bounded on all sides by the soaring mountains of the central cordillera. Practically unblemished by western civilization, this village had been unaware of the world beyond the mountains until fairly recent times. The only contact the people of Kanakaiufa have with the world beyond the mountains is the occasional administration patrol which comes through this village.

It was during one of these patrols that the people were told of the coming of the Namba Wan Man. They were also told that many people from distant places were coming together at Goroka to see and welcome the Big Man or the Namba Wan Man.

So the women moving around briskly and the men talking in groups did have some hidden significance. Suddenly, the stillness of the mountain evening air was rudely shattered by a deafening clangour. A metallic object looking like an axle from a bygone vehicle, suspended by a cane in front of a house, was savagely hammered by the Luluai's son, with the head of an axe.

The noise summoned the villagers to a gathering in front of the Luluai's house. Within seconds, the villagers hurried to his house. All the people in the village turned up for the meeting. Despite the large crowd, there was complete silence.

Presently, the eyes of everyone were fixed on the elderly figure of the Luluai, the headman of the Kanakaiufas — a man respected and admired by all both as a warrior and as a leader.

Having made himself comfortable on a large stone in front of his subjects, he slowly but distinctly raised his right hand. After clearing his throat, he addressed the people.

"My people, can you all remember the time we all went to a very very big singsing at Koroka?" referring to one of the Goroka Agricultural Shows.

Nodding of heads and whispers of confirmation assured the Luluai they all remembered the occasion. They recalled the biggest gathering they had ever seen.

"Well," the Luluai resumed, "There's another gathering similar to that one at Koroka, after two moons." He held up two fingers indicating the two months. The old man looked around and then continued.

"There's going to be a very big singsing to make the Namba Wan Man happy. He is Ingilis."

Murmurs and whispers of surprise and astonishment, ooos and eees arose from the crowd. "Namba Wan Man", and "Ingilis" — a term used to refer to any white person — were whispered by everyone.

"I have made up my mind", continued the old man, "that we must take part in the singsing and we have only two moons to get ready." Having said this, the old man raised both his hands indicating that he had finished what he had wanted to tell them.

The old man waited for any queries, but, receiving none, told the villagers that they could go back to their houses. The chief's decision was final. The idea of making the Namba Wan Man happy was relished by everyone. The people would prepare for the day — putting together of head dresses, fixing up of bows and arrows and the making of masks.

As the people dispersed to their respective houses, one family walked slowly, deeply engaged in an argument. The woman was protesting.

"No, Hati, no. I don't think we should go."

"But why? Look, everyone is going so we should go too." This was Hati, the husband, arguing with his wife, Woku.

"And what's going to happen with Natini? Is he coming as well?" She was referring to their son who was walking between them.

Before Hati said anything, Natini wasted no time.

"I want to come too."

"No!" interrupted his mother harshly.

"Oh, I want to come and see the Bik Man. I want to see Koroka, too." Hating the idea of missing out in the fun, Natini began to sob.

By now they had arrived at their house and Natini was at once hustled to sleep.

"O.K. you can go by yourself, if you want to," said Woku, "But, I'm not moving from this house and this village."

"Woku, my wife, everyone is going and the Luluai said we all have to go," said Hati, trying to talk his wife into going to Goroka.

"But I can't see any good reason for going to Koroka."

"What! Don't you want to see the Ingilis Man, the Namba Wan Man? We must show him how we dance."

He was quiet for a while, his thoughts going back to his father's days. Then he said, "Why didn't he come during my father's time? He was the best dancer in our tribe."

"You are forgetting something. Last time you forced me to go to Koroka for the big gathering. And I've never forgotten the hard time we and the rest of the village people had. We went hungry, walked a long distance and . . . ."

"But that was a different occasion. This is to welcome the Bik Man from Ingilis. You don't walk this time. Remember those big things which made a lot of noise and went very fast on round legs? Well, we'll go by that."

The argument took the couple to well after midnight. They spoke in whispers. Woku, though not entirely convinced by Hati, succumbed to her husband's wishes. Then the man and his wife huddled themselves round the dying fire.

The best news awaited Natini in the morning. His parents had decided to take him with them.

The weeks that followed saw the villagers labouring in earnest — preparing for the big day. Two weeks was allowed for the journey. When all was ready, the older people and some of the people who were not in the Goroka trip came and grabbed and hugged those who were going. The long talks which were uttered during this scene were no doubt good wishes for a safe journey and return.

★ ★ ★

The journey from Kanakaiufa was a long tiring business. The progress during the first three days was good, covering about fifteen to twenty miles a day. After this, progress was rather slow, as the people, especially the women and children, began to show exhaustion. Typical cold rain of the highlands poured down on the fifth day of their journey.

Although the men had quickly put up crude huts to protect them from the rain, everyone was cold and miserable. On the sixth day, the rain stopped and as the sun slowly broke through the clouds, the people resumed their journey, but progress was still slow. On the seventh day a sorry looking group of people arrived at Minj.

However, here the people found that there were none of those big noisy things which ran on round legs, waiting for them. The people decided to spend the night at Minj. Early next morning, the people got up and started the long journey towards Goroka. Occasionally, the daring ones attempted to hitch-hike, but in all cases they were made to spring back to the ditch as the big things gathered speed down the road.

After a day's journey from Minj down the great Highlands Highway, the Kanakaiufas camped for the night. They found that there were many people on the road and the general course of the journey showed that, like them, they were heading for Goroka. They were all included in this one big game of fun of making the Namba Wan Man happy.

Hating to walk during the hot part of the day, the people left very early next morning and by midday they had travelled about ten or twelve miles. Having been on the move for just over a week, progress during the day was slow but the people made up for it during their early morning walks. It was sheer determination that kept them moving all the time.

Just when all hope of getting to Goroka in time seemed lost, one of those big noisy monsters was heard coming from Hagen way. So deafening and terrifying was the noise that some of the people took to the bush. It seemed as if it was a god-sent monster, because the driver, who was from Minj, stopped when he saw the people. The driver made signs for the people to get on the truck. Those who took shelter in the bush were called back.

With the help of the driver, the bilums containing kaukaus and bundles — no doubt containing the valuable feathers — were hustled onto the truck. There was fear and excitement as the truck started off. Every time another truck passed, the people lay flat on top of each other with fright.

So happy were the people that they never stopped singing all the way to Goroka. It was late in the afternoon when they arrived there. As the truck moved off the people discussed where they were going to sleep.

There was one man who was doing most of the talking — it was Hati. Holding tightly on to one of his hands was Natini, his son, who had survived the trip. Hati told the people that they should go to where they had stayed last time they came here.

At this moment, two figures approached the group. They were some Luluais of this place, as they had shiny small things made of metal stuck on their shirts. After an exchange of words, the two men led the people away. They were shown some crude huts where they could stay.

As everyone settled down for the night, the old man from Kanakaiufa told his people to be up early and get ready to welcome the Namba Wan Man.

★ ★ ★

It was not yet daylight, but the people were up already. The little camp was full of life—men, women and children moving around very briskly. Over their heads were multi-coloured feathers forming the headdresses. Near the forehead of each person was a set of neatly attached plumes of the bird of paradise. Faces were concealed with colourfully decorated masks. Those men without masks together with the women wore kina shells around their necks, and long thin bones and feathers through their noses. The faces were painted with mud and charcoal.

• Continued Page 7

PIDGIN POEMS

Here are examples of work done by two young Sepik writers at special courses recently. "Pes" was written during the Second Annual Wewak Creative Writing Course, and "Wait Dok na Blak Dok" was written at the Creative Training Centre at Nobonob, Madang District. (Reprinted from "Nobonob Nius", No. 3.)

Wait Dok na Blak Dok

Asde blak dok tasol i stap,
Em tasol bos long em yet i stap.
I nogat planti samting i stap,
Em i no save tumas long ol samting,
Tasol bus bilong em nambis bilong em,
Olgeta samting biiong em.
Em i wokabaut long bus bilong em,
Em i wokabaut long nambis bilong em,
Em i hepi long ol samting bilong em.

Tede tupela dok i stap,
Waitpela dok na blakpela dok i stap.
Waitpela i tok: "Yu blak yu rabis,
Yu blak yu no save painim abus.
Bus bilong yu i no bilong yu,
Nambis bilong yu i no nambis bilong yu,
Em, olgeta samting bilong mi.
Mi save long olgeta samting,
Mi mas skulim yu long olgeta samting."

Tasol blak dok i tok: "Yu save God i putim mi hia,
God i putim mi long dispela graun hia?
Em i mekim mi masta long ol samting hia,
Em i givim lo long mi long dispela graun,
Em i givim pasin bilong sindaun long dispela graun.
Yu ken skulim, yu ken lainim mi,
Yu ken helpim mi long painim ol abus,
Yu ken helpim mi long painim ol pis,
Sopos yu pikinini bilong God, yu no tok ol bilong yu!"

"Yes brata blak dok, tumora mi givim yu,
Ol samting bai i go han bilong yu.
Nau mi lukautim yu na stretim yu,
Nau mi wasim yu, mi soim yu.
Tumora ol bus ol nambis i bilong yu."
Blak dok i tok: "Nau brata givim mi
Tumora, wenem tumora mi no laik tumora,
Yu givim mi bek nau yu go!"
Tasol wait dok i tok: "Wet liklik bai mi go."

Leo Saulep

Pes

Het wantaim tupela ia,
Gras i katim rait ia long lep ia.
Tupela wasket wantaim tupela ai,
Tasol nus i banisim tupela ai long kam wantaim.
Poret wantaim tupela arere bilong maus —
Wantaim nus i brukim tupela arere bilong maus.

Sampela man i ai pas,
Ol narapela i ia pas,
Planti mo ol i kela.
Tasol i no planti i nogat nus.
Yes mipela olgeta i gat wan wan pes,
Olosem bai mipela i ken luk save.

I gat waitpela pes na i gat blakpela
Yelo, braun na ret tu.
Sampela pes i raun,
Sampela i olosem bokis masis,
Planti i gat arere bilong maus i no patpela
Narapela i gat patpela arere bilong maus na longpela nus.

Sampela pes i save tanim bel,
Ol i mo mo yet olosem kumul!
Ol narapela i popaia!
Pes i krukut nambaut.
Gutpela tasol i no rong bilong ol
Em i pes bilong yu
Yu no nap pailim o soraim hap i go antap!

Joseph Maingu

* * *

Sopos yu laik ridim moa liklik stori o "poem" long tok Pisin yu ken baim wanpela liklik buk ol i kolim NANSEI.

Dispela i sampela liklik stori, ol pipal bilong yumi yet i bin raitim long tok Pisin, na Kumalau Tawali i bin bungim na stretim ol i go long wanpela buk. Prais bilong em i 45 sens tasol.

Yu ken baim buk hia long "Christian Book Centre", long Madang, o "Books New Guinea", long Boroko.

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Whatever was put on was done with great care. Nothing was to go wrong. They had not forgotten that they were to make the Namba Wan Man happy. They were not to disappoint him.

The old man of the Kanakaiufas strolled around looking at all. He was proud of his little group. He nodded his head in approval.

The bright rays of the morning sun promised good weather. All this time no one had given any thought for food, except one person. A woman was talking to a small boy, probably advising him. Yes, she was telling him what to do. As she gave him a baked kaukau, she said:

"Stay close to me, Natini, and don't leave me whatever you do." This was Woku advising her son. Natini, quietly gnawing the kaukau, nodded his head in confirmation. Just then, a figure covered with an enormous head-dress approached the mother and her son. It was Hati, looking his best and holding a set of arrows and a bow.

"You two must never leave me," said Hati to Woku and Natini. "There's no knowing what may happen today."

"What am I going to do with this bilum of kaukaus?" asked Woku.

"You'd better carry it with you, because all the women are taking theirs with them."

"When is the man coming, father?" inquired Natini, who had finished the kaukau.

"I don't know but he will be coming in one of those big things which fly in the air like a huge bird."

Then a word of warning to his son: "Natini, stay close to your mother!"

At this moment, the singing of hundreds of people dancing as they came along the road held everyone's gaze. The big head-dresses swayed with the rhythmic movements of the dancers. This was the signal for everyone to join in the big welcome singsing. Then the Luluai of the Kanakaiufas told everyone to get ready to move. They all joined the singing group. Traffic was stopped, as the road was full of dancing people.

The dancers proceeded towards the airstrip. They were all led and directed by people who wore blue clothes. Natini was having trouble understanding all that he saw. The people who had different colour skins, wearing strange clothes, baffled him. He tried to sort out just why people who had the same colour skin as himself wore similar clothes to those people with white skins.

There were many other things which were equally amazing and which his little mind refused to make any sense of. Within his heart he thanked his kind parents for letting him come with them.

Suddenly a jerk on his hand by his mother brought him back from his dream world. There was a renewed vigour and excitement in the dancers. The Big Man had arrived. The people danced and sang like they had never done before. What a spectacular sight!

"The people whom time had forgotten" had been somehow brought together for a common aim — to please the Namba Wan Man.

The feeling of tribalism was momentarily forgotten. Everyone's attention was focussed on a group of people standing on a platform. Everyone pushed and shoved in an effort to see better. As for some, they could hardly see a thing because of the throng in front. Among the disappointed were Natini and Woku.

"I can't see, mother," said Natini, almost in tears.

"I can't see either," replied Woku, rather disappointed. Then close by, someone said:

"Which is the Namba Wan Man?"

"That one there with blue clothes and holding a thing like a knife," was the reply.

"But there are two of them dressed the same," someone put in. "Which one is it?"

"Must be the tall one standing in the middle". The guessers continued in frustration.

Natini and his mother had given up searching for a place to see better. Then Hati, after looking around for his family for quite some time, came and stood by them.

"We can't see the man," said Woku with a tone of disappointment in her voice.

"Lift me up, father. I want to see this Namba Wan Man," pleaded Natini.

Handing the bow and arrows to his wife, Hati hoisted Natini upon his shoulders.

"It's useless, father. I can't see a thing. The head-dresses are stopping the view."

Then someone who was up in a tree shouted that the group of people was getting into a small thing on round legs. "It's moving away," was the tree person's cry.

Utter disappointment showed markedly on the faces of Hati, Woku and Natini. The mass of people started moving away, still dancing and singing.

Hati, Woku and Natini were rather quiet and gloomy. Woku, with hatred in her voice, said:

"I can't understand why the people still want to sing and dance."

• Continued Page 8

Competitions for Writers

There are four big competitions for Papuan and New Guinean writers this year, details of which will be announced on separate circulars to our readers.

The competitions are:

- *The Third Annual Territory Short Story Contest* (sponsored by Roger Boschman, Box 2035, Konedobu), which offers two prizes of $50 for short stories in English;
- *The Second Annual Literature Bureau Play Competition*, and
- *The Second Annual Literature Bureau Poetry Competition*, both of which offer $50 first prizes for plays and poems written in either English or Pidgin; and
- *The Second Annual Kristen Pres Writing Contest*, which offers $50 prizes in sections for biography and short stories, and $30 prizes for essays and drama, in English or Pidgin, as well as free tuition at the Creative Training Centre, Nobonob (enquiries to Box 676, Madang).

• Continued from Page 7

No reply was offered by Hati. He knew quite well what she meant. He well remembered himself saying on the night after the meeting at Kanakaiufa, "But, don't you want to see the Namba Wan Man, Woku, my wife!" He was ashamed of himself now.

By now they had arrived at the camp. The small group of Kanakaiufas stood around talking. They all seemed disappointed. Those who managed to see through the throng of people said they could not tell which person was the Namba Wan Man.

The old man of Kanakaiufa told them that there was no need to stay in Goroka any longer.

"Tomorrow, we'll start for our village. If we are lucky, these big things will carry us. If not, we'll just have to walk". He avoided talking about the morning's events. He was just as sad and disappointed as his people were. He blamed himself for making them come here.

As the people took off their decorations and found something to eat, Hati and his wife Woku were discussing something.

"We can start now, Hati," insisted his wife, "there's plenty of daylight left."

"We will go together with the rest of the people tomorrow," said Hati.

"No, we are leaving right now," was Woku's stern reply. Any further argument was useless. Hati had to listen to his wife. So packing up their few belongings, the trio started the long journey home.

As they were approaching Asaro, much to their joy, a truck loaded with bags of coffee and on its way to Kundiawa, stopped and picked them up. The long winding climb up to Daulo Pass held their breath. As the truck, having left the pass behind, descended towards Watabung, the trio on the back of the truck kept silent with fatigue. Natini was fast asleep and Hati and Woku dozed off.

Suddenly there was a yell from the driver and a loud crashing noise. The truck, for a moment, was airborne and landed with a sickening crash at the bottom of the cliff. Hati vaguely felt himself plummeting through the air and then a heavy thud. That was it. There was complete blackness.

★ ★ ★

People dressed in white with masks over their faces watched the still form with concern. Hati, all wrapped up in bandages, slowly turned his head to the left.

"Keep him down, please," said a voice.

Hati tried to move his body but it was impossible. It seemed as if a whole mountain was placed on him. Where were his legs? His hands? He could not even get a feel of them.

"Woku! Natini!" he cried. "Where are you?"

"Sssh!" someone hissed, and there was a gentle pat on his cheek.

Hati tried to see where he was, but he could not. His face was bandaged up together with his head. Hati was being treated under "condition very serious". He received multiple fractures when he was thrown off the truck. He had a fractured skull, a broken spine and a broken left leg. He was now under close observation at the Goroka Hospital.

Hati was unconscious most of the time, but screamed every now and then. After a week, he regained consciousness and when the wrapping round his face was removed, he found that he was in a strange place. Strange looking people dressed in white were around him.

"Woku! Natini!" he cried, and tried to get up, but he was held tight to the bed. Tears started coming down his cheeks. Then, closing his eyes, he fell into a deep sleep. He kept calling for his wife and son. He was in no state, especially in his mind, to sort things out. He saw everything as if in broken dreams.

Hati, who was between life and death at the time of his admission to the hospital, had come through the nightmare amazingly. He would be a cripple probably for the rest of his life. But, without doubt, he would live, with this terrible nightmare.

On waking from one of his deep sleeps, he saw to his joy the old man of Kanakaiufa and two of his village men. Their bodies were smeared with mud and they had shaven heads. As he moved his eyes round the room, there were none of those people in white. He fixed his eyes inquiringly on the chief, and then:

"Woku! Natini! Where are they?"

There was no reply. Tears rolled down the cheeks of his village folk. That was quite enough. His suspicions had been confirmed. It was just a torture trying to understand. His feeble mind could absorb no more. He dozed off into a deep sleep again.

Yes, falling off to sleep was a perfect escape from all the perplexities. It was a haven. While in this state he saw things clearly. He saw his wife and son, saw the preparations before the long journey to Goroka, the singsing, the arrival of the Big Man. He found himself in the truck with his wife and son. Then a deafening scream from Hati brought the hospital officials round his bed.

He opened his eyes and found that they were wet. It was a dream. He stared into the ceiling.

"If only I had listened to Woku, my good wife," he kept telling himself. "All that hard work, the long weary journey, all for what? Nothing! Except that I lost my wife and son and I won't be what I was."

"Oh, Natini, Woku!" he cried out. "I should have listened to you, Woku my wife. It's all my fault. I did not . . . . I did . . did . . . ."

As tears rolled down his cheeks he cried his way into a long sleep. He slept peacefully, but with nightmares lurking around the corner.

★ ★ ★

The four line illustrations in this issue, which are based on traditional canoe and mask designs, were drawn by Nelson Pokari Nicholas.

As It Is

Ikini Yaboyang

Faharec (his name means "Wake up") stirred in his sleep, as a sound fell on his ears, and drowsily opened his eyes.

The house was still dark and only faintly lit by the streaks of light that filtered through the cracks in the walls and floor. Dawn was just breaking and Faharec knew that the sound that had wakened him was caused by his mother going out to start breakfast. His sister, Jambungnuc ("Bless me") was still fast asleep on the other side of the room.

"I've a little time left," he thought sleepily and, pulling his single blanket over his shoulders, he snuggled down in the comforting warmth, for early morning in the tropical mountains of Finschhafen could be cold at times.

Outside, Mother was busy blowing on the embers of last night's fire, and coaxing them into flame. Soon the water in the pot was boiling, ready for the day's only cup of tea.

Faharec's home was typical of any villager's house in the Morobe District. A wood and bamboo house with thatched sago-palm roof, it only comprised two rooms. Like most New Guinean houses there was a fire place in the corner of one of the rooms where the cooking was usually done.

"Faharec! Jambungnuc!" Mrs. Mainao called, "wake up! Come and eat your food."

Faharec sat up and reached for his laplap before going outside to the big pot of water to rinse his face and hands. He noticed his father, already seated on a stool by the fire with a steaming mug of tea in his hands.

"Come along," said the father, "come and have your warm drink."

"Good morning, Father," said Faharec, going over and taking the cup his mother had ready.

"Where is Jambungnuc? That girl is always last," said the mother. But just then the youngest child, about 12 years old, made her appearance.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Mainao was busy scraping the taro kongkong which she had roasted over the open fire. There were four taro kongkong; one for each person. Jambungnuc fetched four plates for her mother to serve aibika, a green vegetable, with taro kongkong for breakfast.

The family sat down to their meal. When it was over, Father and Mother set off for the gardens. Like all villagers, the Mainaos were subsistence farmers, growing taro kongkong, yam, sweet potato and vegetables like aibika, cabbage, beans, corn, which they sometimes sold to earn money. But they were better off than other villagers because they also grew coffee as a cash crop, which they sold for cash to pay taxes, buy clothing and other necessaries.

The Mainaos also grew rice. This was grown in a primitive way. They would make middle sized holes and plant about four to five grains of rice in each hole. This would take about six months before the next harvest.

Rice was considered very rare, and it could not be used as a cash crop. It was stored up to be used for important festivals such as Christmas or would be used during rainy seasons when the rivers flooded and it was too wet to go to the gardens.

Before setting off for school, Jambungnuc helped by washing up the dishes and sweeping the house, while Faharec refilled the water containers from the nearby stream and released the pigs from their pen. Every pig had a rope round its neck and at the end of each rope was a small stake. When the pigs were staked out in the pasture the ropes prevented them from straying.

There was no bus, for Faharec and Jambungnuc lived well out in the mountains (I suppose what Australians would call the "country"). Nor was the school near at hand. Some children had to walk as much as seven miles. As they reached the red dirt road leading from the village they met other children schoolward bound.

Faharec immediately attached himself to the group of boys while his sister sought her own friends. The children struggled off down the road, the boys laughing and indulging in horse play while the girls were more sedate in their behaviour.

It was a merry, chattering throng that ultimately arrived in the school compound. The yard itself was merely a patch of bare ground surrounded by trees and bushes with a sprinkling of six-foot high plants, something like elephant grass, marking the edge of the bush.

The school was as simply constructed as the village huts, with walls built about four feet high to keep out dogs and fowls but let in fresh air and daylight. The local teacher, with one assistant, had to deal with all the children whose ages ranged from six to twelve.

The schoolroom furnishings too were of the simplest: a few wooden desks and forms on the dirt floor and a roughly built blackboard in front.

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In areas near the towns most school rooms were fully equipped, while in the larger towns the schools were comparable with those of any European country.

But whether a school was barely furnished or lavishly equipped, the scholars had one thing in common. The pupils, especially the older ones, were anxious to learn and lessons were done with zest.

Sharp on 9 o'clock, teacher appeared and the children filed into the schoolroom for the first lesson. In most schools this is religious instruction and is the longest lesson of the day, lasting about 45 minutes, the remaining lessons being limited to periods of 25 to 30 minutes.

In Jambungnuc's school this was usually followed by arithmetic and then handiwork, the latter being a popular subject with the girls. They would carry out bilum (string bag) making, basket weaving, broom making or gardening such as weeding the flower beds around the classroom or the peanut and pineapple fields. For the boys, it would be planting peanuts, pineapples or other vegetables in the new school garden or carrying out maintenance work in the compound.

Afternoon lessons were kept on the lighter side. Reading might be the first item. For the beginners there would be simple reading material while the older pupils would alternate their reading between the more advanced text books and the church magazine (which is now called "New Guinea Lutheran") in their own vernacular.

Generally this period for the older boys and girls would be followed by what is called "Conversation". This would take the form of a discussion, introduced by the teacher, on the latest topical events. For the younger ones there would be a story, perhaps one of the "tumbuna" stories or tales from the tribe's history.

In the village school a great deal depends on the teacher but some of the teachers are not very well qualified and do not work to a rigid timetable.

For most of the children the village school could be the only one they would attend. When they left at the age of 12 they would work in the family fields. Only the more fortunate ones would go on to secondary schools.

Few of the girls would have such opportunities because many parents feel it is a waste of time giving a girl much education. Schooldays over, most of the girls would take their place in the homes and in the fields until they were ready for marriage and a husband could be found.

Midmorning break came round and the children filed out into the playground. Football was the most popular game for the boys and soon Faharec and his fellows were rushing around their section of the compound punting the ball.

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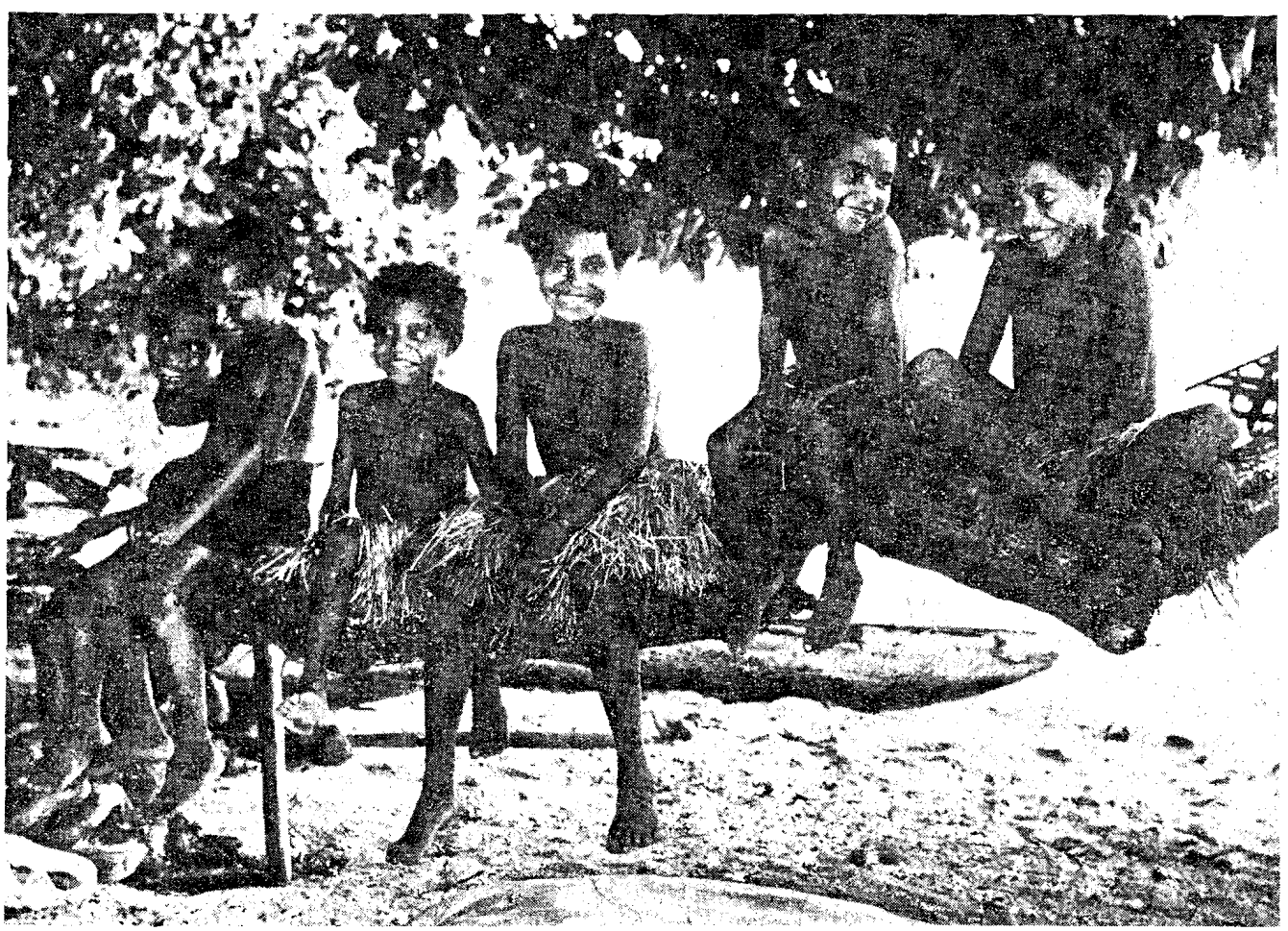

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The school possessed a real ball presented by the local women's club. Many schools did not possess such a thing, but that did not stop the youngsters — they would soon make a ball out of the inner part of a tree or they would use lemon fruit.

The younger children would choose a secluded part of the compound and would be busy playing make-believe "lucky" with some twigs and leaves and heaps of dust, or were enjoying a game rather like marbles, their marbles being large round seeds.

The girls, too, had separated into groups. Perhaps a few of them would sit under a tree and start singing, then one or two would dance to the singing. Soon there would be an impromptu concert underway, some singing and clapping out the rhythm with their hands while others danced.

No formal dancing here. Each dancer improvised as she thought fit, copying some of the steps she remembered from watching the adults dancing during a feast day.

At mid-day those children who lived near at hand went home for a meal. Faharec and Jambungnuc, however, like most of their friends, remained at school.

Some of the children produced little parcels of bamboo leaves containing the grated taro kongkong boiled in the morning or the night before. The leaves kept it nice and fresh for the next meal of the day.

This was a practice the teacher tried to discourage, as he preferred the parents to contribute a small sum each so that foodstuffs could be bought and the children have a hot meal at the school.

Unfortunately, it was not every parent who could afford to pay this, especially the villagers with several children attending the school. Faharec and Jambungnuc were lucky — they were the youngest of a family of six. Their elder sister was married and living away from the village while their three brothers were also working away from home.

The eldest, Paulo, was a corporal in the police force in Lae about 60 miles by boat and 25 miles by plane; a second, Jakobo, was a clerk in Government service in Gagidu, the administrative headquarters of the Finschhafen Sub-District, on the beautiful shores of Buta River. The other brother, Locnuc, was a student at the Bible Training School at Rintebe in the highlands.

Father was very proud of Locnuc. He was delighted to tell his fellow villagers of how Locnuc was training to become pastor. Indeed the whole family was proud of this fact, and Paulo and Jakobo sent some of their pay every month to help the expenses of Locnuc's studies.

This is quite a characteristic of New Guinean families. Those who are working, no matter how far away, contribute towards the cost of educating other members of their families.

After tidying up the compound the children were free to resume their games. Most of them, however, decided that it was too hot to run about, especially after a satisfying meal, and little groups

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MIDNIGHT ATTACK ON THE WAHGI VALLEY

John Kaugle

In this short story, I would like to retell our midnight adventure, of which the two characters are Nano and myself. This incident took place last year during our Christmas holidays. We both come from the Chimbu District and, as a matter of fact, we both live close to the steep Highlands Highway.

It was many many days since we had been waiting on the overhanging cliff, watching carefully for the insignificant truck to arrive from Lae, with loads of sweet and hard biscuits, plus some other cargo.

Nothing special had occurred during these five days, and we were growing weary and tired of watching, on the dark cliff where the hungry mosquitoes were buzzing about in hundreds. Nano and I were so tired of getting rid of the disobedient mosquitoes, that at last Nano gasped and said:

"Hey, John! That damn truck has probably got broken down at Daulo Pass — or it passed us when we were busy chasing the mosquitoes! So let's go home!"

"O.K. Nano. But we must try out last luck tomorrow, just in case it arrives."

The fearful night was approaching, and we went home sadly and hungrily.

The sixth morning, we woke up early as usual, roasted our kaukaus as quickly as we could and then came to wait at our usual hiding place, without letting anyone know of our secret.

It was still half dark outside, though we could hear the housewives shouting with rage at their poor children, who were crying for their morning kaukau, on the far side of the Wara Chimbu.

The time was about six o'clock now and we couldn't see or hear the slightest sign of human beings on the road twenty feet below. The bitterly white fog and mist was blanketing the entire district while a few red society trucks were roaring up the hill on their way to buy coffee.

Every sudden noise of a truck was of great interest to us, though it was not the particular one — which was a big blue and broad short-nose with a brownish coloured bumper bar, driven by a European man.

Soon the fog was disappearing into the mountains, as the golden pumpkin was peeping over the hills and showing its colourful rays which brightened the whole of Chimbu. The place was getting warmer as the sun rose higher and, eventually, everywhere was hot.

We could take a quick glance at the young girls, dressed in their best, with colourful faces, hurrying for their boy friends, who were waiting for them at the Chinese shop.

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Only a few trucks passed that whole morning, and nothing special occured. Nano seemed to take no notice of anything. He was trying to roll his black tobacco, with a horrible smile on his dusty filthy face — of which he was fond.

Now the sun was overhead and we were getting hungry. The afternoon was sliding by slowly, inch by inch, and second after second, as if it would never end. Then the sun set over the horizon while the black fierce rain was starting to drop from all corners.

The women were hurrying home to get their bedding in — such as blankets and mats made from the leaves of marita. At last, when all were in, we could see the smoke pouring out of the kunai houses.

From this, of course, we could know that they were preparing to cook their evening kai. Nano, who couldn't withstand hunger and the cold wind, shouted:

"John, let's get going!"

"Going home?"

"Yes!"

"No, let's get into the cave."

Nano, who was now very angry, crawled into the cave.

And soon both of us were lying uncomfortably on the dusty floor with the mosquitoes swirling around in their usual number. All was quiet. We could not hear anything except the sound of the mosquitoes, of which some were already drilling for their water.

"Bang! Bang! You naughty little creatures, can't you leave me alone?" shouted Nano.

It was just then that I caught a glimpse of something like a red and blue light. Looking more carefully again, I could see its colourful headlights with its brownish bumper bar.

"Nano, look up there!"

"Yes John, I was just wondering what that truck was."

"Get on your feet and do something. It's the very one."

Rolling down like a football, he was on the road as the truck was just beginning to roar up slowly with a heavy load on its back trailer. I also got ready and was standing on the over-hanging cliff. If my jump wasn't accurate, I would land on the solid stones pointing out in all directions.

Five more minutes and I would be on the truck.

"Ready John? It's coming!" whispered Nano, from the road, forty or fifty feet below.

One, two, three! I jumped on, landing right in the centre. I stood on top with my legs shivering and my heart beating faster and faster as if I was in a race. As it was pitch dark, I searched around for a gap in the canvas. At last I found a place where I could put my hand in at the corner where the canvas had not been tucked in.

I did not care to look at what was inside but threw down any case that could be pulled loose.

I kept on throwing the 'things' while Nano collected them and piled them at the side of the road.

At last I threw down a heavy case that contained nails. It banged on the stones and the lid flew off. Nails were pouring out like water.

Immediately the car stopped and the driver jumped out.

Seeing the plates lying everywhere he looked up and saw me standing like a dead log as if my nerves were stiff. Jumping up to pull me down, I quickly threw my right foot at his broad chest with my whole strength. He fell off backwards, head first and legs up in the air.

Boom! The rough pointed stone dug deep into his head. Fierce as a wild beast, he jumped up, and grabbing me tightly by the neck, he said:

"You liklik Chimbus, always attacking me!" and with a mighty force plunged me off into the air.

Fortunately I landed at the side, where the ground was muddy. Nano, seeing this, swung a big stone that swooped through the grass.

The European man, angry as anything, struck a mighty blow which Nano received full on his left ear. Another on his forehead, after which he rotated like a cricket ball and fell into the deep ditch beside the road.

Up and on my two strong feet, I was just going to swing another blow when the European gave me his on my broad chest. My collar-bones and whatever was inside cracked to pieces.

Another one and I would be in the grave but I didn't receive it. Seeing that the two of us could not move, he picked us up, and threw us in the back.

We were lying unconscious as he drove us up to the police station. From there, we were sent in the Chimbu ambulance to the hospital where we got fixed up. On Monday, we were brought before the magistrate.

★ ★ ★

● *Chimbu villagers cooking food in a hollow log*

★ ★ Book Review ★ ★

Every poet, novelist and playwright is a delicate artist, each having his own style and using words as his tool to carve a mask called expression.

Louis Johnson has used his tools very well in his book of poems, *Land Like a Lizard*, published by Jacaranda Press. He has artistically mastered his words to give a feeling of primaeval New Guinea, colonial New Guinea, and today's New Guinea.

Within the brief period of one year as officer-in-charge of the Bureau of Literature, Louis Johnson learned to understand something of the mind of the New Guinean and his problems. His poems show his, and perhaps other white men's, attitude and sympathy towards the New Guinean.

One feels, reading these poems, that it is the privilege of the writer to write freely about his experiences, whether they be nightmares or a passionate love affair. He can go as far as his words can take him. Here, a native intruder enters a European house: there, is a painting of Queen Emma's kingdom. Here, a nasty accident: there, a piece about some strange New Guinea customs. And though an outsider, Louis Johnson carries some of our nationalistic dream in his poems — "Flying from Goroka" shows this:

> "Something about this flight has made me clinical.
> Goroka was home for a conference that probed
> Language, the possibility of learning,
> Of sharing the stuff of life through webs of words
> And the wounds of difference . . . .
>
> But out of it, one might hope, could come
> One of her sons, as I come, painting the clouds
> With words that work for himself. Who,
> Looking down from his life on the land unfolding
> Under his airborne porthole, finds revealed
> Such love for what is exposed, and such metaphors,
> All may be shown and known; wounds healed, the scars
> For themselves cherished, and a new age begin."

Louis Johnson has shown in his poems that he has tried to understand the New Guinean mind. But try as he could, he still holds certain prejudices, and does not really understand the intricacies of the New Guinean mind at both the lower and more advanced levels. His attempt, however, presents the challenge to New Guinean writers that there is a rich source from which they could draw their own themes.

Yet, one would not hesitate to comment that the level of his writing is too sophisticated and therefore limited among local readers to academics, tertiary students and perhaps some students of senior high schools.

Louis Johnson has a good style of writing. His work is an achieved literary piece, revealing subtlety and richness of experience, and his poems are refreshing to read.

I feel, however, that these are not real New Guinea poems. Vincent Eri's book, *The Crocodile* — though it is a novel — carries with it the authority of what one means by *real* "New Guinea writing".

KUMALAU TAWALI

● *In our last issue we published the transcript of an A.B.C. interview with writer Kumalau Tawali, in which he had some strong things to say about the "Black Power" movement, headed by John Kasaipwalova and Leo Hannett. We invited John to reply to Kumalau in our pages, on whatever subject he choose: what follows is his unedited article in reply:*

What is "Cultural

John Kasaipwalova

By way of reply to a somewhat vicious broadside from a Niugini writer as well-known as Kumalau Tawali, I believe we — the black people in Niugini — need to define for ourselves our own cultural values. Can we say there is a Niuginian culture, and if so what is it? This question will be posed again and again by nationalists as both a cause and a result of the new awareness of some sort of identity for Niuginians — be it in dress, literature, or the style of politics.

Kumalau made a call for "cultural reconstruction" as a way to establishing a Niuginian cultural identity, the political implications of which would, one supposes, be to unite a "nation", or — putting it another way — to bend "culture" to nationalistic aspirations. The inconsistencies of Kumalau's statements ought not to be passed by, and it is for this reason that I wish to make a criticism of the concept of "cultural reconstruction".

When one speaks of "cultural reconstruction", one immediately makes two basic assumptions, which in themselves embody a set of value judgements:

● The first assumption is that there is in existence a process of cultural *destruction.* In Niugini, this means the destruction of traditional systems of cultural values, which in turn gives rise to the black people abandoning certain practices of "cultural forms", such as dances, magic, and marriage and initiation rituals.

● The second assumption is that it is beneficial to the present human condition to reconstruct what has been destroyed. This overt value judgement seems, to me, to be one which laments the present and overglorifies the past.

No-one can deny the first assumption, since Niugini has been and still is at the mercy of exploitative colonialism. Forced by seemingly inextricable historical circumstances, we have been conditioned to accept colonial suppression. Because it seems a reasonable price to pay for the acquisition of modern technology for our material welfare, the bitterness and human suppression is camouflaged, and in its stead rationalisations such as "modernisation", "economic development" and the establishment of "democracy" are superimposed. Despite the acceptance of such rationalisations, the underlying anxieties still remain a reality.

It is only recently that we begin to see, from Niuginians, the articulation of such anxieties — what better example than to quote from Kumalau Tawali's own poem, "The Bush Kanaka Speaks":

(The white man) says: *you ol les man!*
Yet he sits on a soft chair and does nothing
just shouts, eats, drinks, eats, drinks,
like a woman with a child in her belly . . . .

Cultural forms are manifested always within a context — that is to say, they are integral aspects of any prevailing politico-economic ideology. The disintegration of many Niuginian traditional forms of art, for instance, cannot be seen alone, without recognition of the colonial intrusion by way of its political institutions, economic system and "Christian" ethics. In most places the role of sorcerers and magicians has been replaced with the intercession of priests and the "good Christians". Instead of the rule of the chiefs and the "big men", the kiap and the feared "police man" have established a completely new ruling class. From subsistence farming, many black people have been sucked into the new economic system which depends on the making of profit for its very existence.

The destruction of the traditional value systems which prescribed the human condition in the "pre-contact" period has led to the negation of many cultural activities of the black people.

To call for "cultural reconstruction", then, would be to re-establish the traditional societies — for it is within such circumstances that the "destroyed culture" becomes vital and a part of the living life-blood of a people. Culture cannot be alive without the "way of life" and the type of environment (which man creates for himself), in sympathy with the forms and contents of cultural manifestation.

● " . . . . some of our students only create racial disharmony by having such things as (Black Power). 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 . . . . " (Editor's italics)—Kumalau Tawali, in *New Guinea Writing*, No. 2.

Reconstruction"???

Hence, we see the irrelevance and the impossibility of the concept of "cultural reconstruction"! Giving validity to the second assumption (that the past culture was the best) would be to adopt the philosophy of "museum culture". There, "culture" is placed on a pedestal in special centres for people to devour!

This is not an uncommon practice — in fact, it is one compatible with many Europeans' aims, for whatever is "reconstructed" then becomes a pleasing exotica for a consumer white society and the cosmopolitan tastes of the (white) "cultured" blacks. Indeed if we wish to promote the tourist industry, "cultural reconstruction" *will* provide an answer.

The paradox of such a claim is that it betrays a racist mentality, for it views Niuginians as creatures of exotica, something for whites to see and derive pleasure from. How many whites, for instance, who attend the Goroka and Mount Hagen "Shows" each year see the tribesmen putting on the enormous sing-sings as human beings? — *or*, simply as objects providing them with exotic entertainment for the day??

For Niuginians, I wish to pose a question — how many of you, when passing the Konedobu "Cultural Centre", feel its "cultural vitality" and can identify in pride with the painted shacks there? Yet here is an example of an official attempt to reconstruct for the "museum culture" some forms of Niuginian architecture and painting. I certainly find it boring and extremely insulting to see those grass houses fenced and erected in confusion and cynicism. If we must opt for "cultural reconstruction", we must necessarily establish custodians of "culture", and so remove "culture" from the way of life of the people. The concept of "cultural reconstruction", *at best*, could be described as patching up the outside shell when the inside substance has been drained to a vacuum.

The process of "cultural reconstruction" is a narcissistic one, dreaming about or, rather, using the rhetoric of internationalism. This in itself calls for a very strong racial identification, by the mere fact of over-glorifying the past of a particular people. Look at how Europe upholds the relics of its past culture — "the grandeur that was Rome", Shakespeare, "the immortal bard", "America, the land of the free". In museums and in beautiful texts their pasts have been reconstructed and, unconsciously or otherwise, these have been re-inforcing factors towards the myth of "western civilization" and its great mission on earth.

Show me a country that has not used its "reconstructed" past culture as a factor in propagandizing for a strong nationalistic spirit and racial identification. More often than not, nationalism is inverted to become an end in itself, rather than a means to an end. Instead of making the liberation of man an end for nationalism, the power struggle between opportunists becomes the end.

If it may seem I am unconstructive towards the concept of "cultural reconstruction", it is because I am opting for a different view of what "culture" ought to be. It is a view which expresses an existential philosophy of transforming the present human condition onto a higher level of sensitivity. For such sensitivity to find its expression in the finer forms of art, we need to recognize the present nature of human oppression. It is a state of maturation, whereby we can understand the various forces that operate upon our consciousness, and from which we can then make a decision as to what should be our moral and aesthetic values. The claim to such a view of culture must necessarily involve, and be alive in, the political and economic grapplings of the black people.

One could say that the beginnings of an anti-colonial drive from Niuginians is necessary as the conducive environment; for basically the confusion and non-identity of the black people in Niugini today could be painted within the framework of western colonialism.

Black Power does not seek to create racial disharmony, but harmony between races. This may seem a paradox to the politically naive. But before we can stand with dignity and equality with other human beings of different ethnic origins, we must strike at those that divide and prevent us from so doing. Our present condition is one pregnant with racism. It is white defined by white, re-inforced by white interests, and maintained primarily for the supremacy of whites. Not to admit this fact is to hide the reality of the process that is imposed in Niugini. On the national level, the fact of imperialism in its various facets cannot be shrugged off.

Does this, then, suggest that cultural manifestations in the forms of the finer arts ought to embody an element of political agitation? Yes! The arts ought to be a mirror for self-examination, where the inconsistencies and situations of human oppression could be expressed. For this to be effective, they must communicate the message to the people with a view to enlightening and transforming our society. This does entail an awareness of past cultures as sources of inspiration, but certainly not an over-emphasis on their reconstruction — for that would be to shut our eyes to the present condition of our people.

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Kekeni na Rabia Garabina Lalonai Enohomu

Renagi Renagi Lohia

Ina kekeni rabia garabina lalonai enohomu herevana na Tubusereia senedia edia hereva. Taunimanima badadia ese danu doini egwauraiamu natudia memerodia esisiba henidiamu negadia iboudiai. Rabia garabidia na nila hegeregeredia bona ehegwadamu danu mai hisidia. Una dainai goada tauna bona merona sibona garabi lalonai baine vareai bena kekeni baine adavaia eiava kekeni lalona baine hamanokaia bena rabia garabina lalona amo baine raka lasi bena una mero ese baine adavaia. Hahine eiava kekeni lalona ihamanokana gauna ta be kohu bona moni, a ma ta be mero bona sinana, tamana bona varavarana iboudiai edia mauri. Bema idia taunimanima namodia bona taga bona biru taudia neganai kekeni lalona baine hamanokaia bena rabia garabina lalona amo baine raka lasi, bena mero ese baine adavaia. Una dainai kekeni davana ehenimu bena gabeamo mero ese eadavaiamu. Bema davaheni monina bona kohuna dia hegeregere neganai kekeni sinana bona tamana bona varavarana iboudiai ese mero ena ura na asie abia daemu, bona una kekeni danu ia ese basine adavaia diba, badina asi ena kohu bona asi goadana biruai, haodiai bona labanai. Varavarana danu dia taunimanima namodia. Una dainai taunimanima badadia egwaumu, headava na mai hitolona, mai ranu masena bona mai masena. Kekeni davana na maoheni matamana amo ela bona mase ese unu gau iboudiai baine hadokodia. Hahine davana na mase ese bena eha dokoamu, una dainai hahine iadavana na auka bona auka herea badina ia na rabia garabina lalonai enohomu.

SENEDA EDIA LALOHADAI TAIDIA

Guna taudia ese kekeni na kohu badanai chalaoava badina kekeni namona be davana eheni namonamova bena varavarana iboudiai ese davana eaniva bona moalelaiava. A kekeni dikana be davana asie heni namonamova bona varavarana iboudiai lalodia ehisihisiva. Una dainai kekeni sinana bona tamana ese enaria namohercava. Aniani namodia sidia be natudia kekenidia ehenidiava, a natudia memerodia be sibo sisidia ehenidiava. Vamu namodia, bona vasiahu namodia iboudiai kekeni ana eheniva. A mero be egwau heniava, "Oi na mero be bogamu ba ha-aukaia, hitolo ai ba manada. Oi taihumu be aniani bona vamu namodia iboudiai baine ani badina ia begwaumu oi boheadavamu". Guna taudia be mai taihudia memerodia be eheadava haragava, a asi taihudia memerodia madi be hekwarahi ai emaseva. Haida be madi asie headavava bona eburukava, badina asi edia kohu davari daladia. Tauhau bona haneulato danu asi edia hereva ta idia edia headava lalonai.

Sina bona tama sibodia edia ura gabudiai natudia memerodia bona kekenidia eheadavava. Ina kara na seoremu, gabunai mia. Memero bona kekeni ta ta mo sibodia edia ura gabudiai eheadavamu, ini bamodia ekaramu taudia na ura kwalimu taudia.

MAKA KARA

Bema sina tama euramu natudia tauhauna baine headava neganai hanua kekenidia iboudiai mai varavaradia ida edia mauri do eitadia gunamu. Idia ese etahuamu kekenina be ruma gaukaradiai egoadamu, biru ai eraka goadagoadamu, bona hemataurai mai dibana kekenina. Mero na asie nanadaiamu. Ia ena hereva sinana bona tamana ese ehenimu gauna tamona moni baine habou davaheni gaudia bona biru, haoda,

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To carry this view to its logical conclusion, the philosophy I am advocating is one which is alive within the everyday manners and aspirations of the people. This approach, then, is constantly in a state of flux — contrary to the ossified view of culture which is implied in the concept of "cultural reconstruction". By definition, my approach is "radical", in the sense of always changing within the context of black people consciously deciding what they wish to hold as their values. But this can only become an actuality when they possess a full understanding of themselves and the nature of the physical and social environment in which they find themselves.

The most obvious qualitative difference between the "reconstructed culture" and the continuous transformation of the present which I am advocating, is that the former strives to achieve a fallacious perfect state, while the latter engages human creativity, without goals and values having already been defined and set by cultural custodians.

Look, man, to raise the cry for the milk of "cultural reconstruction" seems to me to ask for life from a corpse! Black man wants LIFE! — to live and be free! If we are to be consistent, we should be looking for life in something that's alive — but certainly not from a CORPSE!

★ ★ ★

bona labana ai baine goada bona taunimanima baine matauraidia. A ia kekeni enai na asi ena hereva.

Mero sinana bona tamana ese kekeni namona ta edavariamu neganai mero ena bese vada ehaboudiamu bena eheboulaiamu. Bema varavara iboudiai ese una kekeni euralaiamu neganai mero vada ehadibaiamu. Bona mero ina kekeni ladana na sedibamu bona varavara iboudiai ehaere gunamu bena gabeai ia edibamu. Bona sene taudia negadiai kekeni idadaraina bona ihalouna na helaga bada herea badina hedadarai merona bona kekenina na sehaedava haragava bona taunimanima edia hebogahisi amo eheadavava, a bema lasi vada egorava.

Hari hebou lalonai euralaiamu kekenina na mero sinana, tamana taihudia bona tubuna hahinedia ese vada edaedaeamu. Kekeni idaedaenai ini hahine ese eabi kaumu gaudia be toea badana siri ta, doa ta, moni $40.00 hegeregerena bona buatau bona raurau. Ini vadivadi ini bamodia na malokihi lalodiai ekaramu. Vada ainato hanuaboi ihuadiai eiava malokihi kahadiai. Kekeni sinana bona tamana na asi edia vadivadi haida. Kekeni danu mahutanai mero varavarana ese eha daedaemu. Bona kekeni sinana na semahuta haragamu badina natuna haneulatona e nariamu memero haida ese bae ha siharia henao garina. A kekeni tamana na vada mahuta mase badina kekeni inaridia na sinadia, dia ia tau ese.

Mero sinana, tamana, taihudia haida bona tubuna hahinedia malokihi kahadiai kekeni sinana tamana edia rumai edaemu, vairadiai ehahelaimu vada buatau eanimu bona chabouheboumu to idia hereva a elaohaiamu gauna na do asie hahedinaraiamu. Bona maka kohudia, monidia danu edia kiapa lalodiai do ehunimu. Kekeni sinana elalo pararamu neganai vada ehenanadaimu. "Umui ina gau ta dainai oma eiava sibo vada oloaloamu?" Bena mero sinana eiava tubuna hahinedia ese maoheni bae karaia herevana vada ehahedinaraiamu kekeni sinana vairanai. Bena hari toea, doa bona moni vada eato lasimu kekeni sinana vairanai. Bena kekeni sinana ese adavana vada ehaoamu. Tau enogamu bena natudia haneulatona edaedaeamu taudia ida vada ma ehereva-herevamu bona buatau beanimu. Bema kekeni sinana bona tamana ese edia noinoi eabia daemu neganai hari kohu elaohai gaudia vada erakatanimu kekeni sinana tamana ediai. Nega haidai be kekeni do ma behaoamu bena ma benanadaiamu. To kekeni edia haere tamona be ina, "Umui na lau sinagu bona tamagu. Una dainai emui ura lau ese na basina hamoruamu."

Ina nega evaramu neganai maoheni vada ematamamu, badina kekeni makana na vada eha karaia toea ta, doa ta bona moni $40 hegeregerena. Bona ina kekeni na mero ta ese ma basine loa henia eiava

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● *Women making pots at Aibom (Sepik River)*

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daedaena basine kara. Ina kekeni na vada mero ta adavana, eme makaia ini kohu bona moni ai.

KUKU HENI

Kekeni makana ekaraiamu murinai mero sinana bona tamana biku biruna vada enaria namonamomu. Bema edia diraha mai bikuna neganai aria maragina ta, ladana senu, vada eabiamu. Ina senu ai mero varavarana ese biku reana sinahu rua bona parao, suga bona raisi baegedia bona boroma ta hegeregerena bona bisiketi tini rua bamona ehaboumu bena kekeni sinana tamana ena ruma elaohaimu bena kekeni varavarana ese eaniamu. Ina senu murina mero sinana, tamana bona varavarana kuku heni monidia, toeadia bona doadia vada etahumu bona ehaboudiamu. Nega haidai mero tamana na toea bona boroma itahudia elaomu bona Aroma, bona Mailu. Nega haidai ma elaomu bona Maiva bona Erema kahadia. Maka ekaraia negana ela bona hua tauratoi hegeregerena kuku vada ehenimu.

Kuku heni lalodiai taunimanima ese ehahisimu hahine davanai gaudia haida be ini: raisi, suga, parao baegedia, bisiketi tinidia, biku, boroma, mamoe, toea, doa bona moni. Nega gunadiai be toea, doa, boroma, vanagi, hode, bara bona aivara ai hahine davana eheniva, a harihari na vada moni eme bada herea bona moni ai ehoimu gaudia vada eme bada herea dainai moni ai hahine tahoiamu.

Kuku heni ai be varavara bona ura taudia ehedurumu bena taudia iboudiai ladadia bukai etorediamu. Hegeregerena bema lau mero ta kukunai moni $40 nama ato neganai lau ladagu bona moni hida nato gaudia na kuku heni biaguna ese etoretaova badina lau egu negai ina mero ese lau ma $40 baine henigu bona ena heduru gaudia haida ma baine heni. Kuku heni ai moni kavakava be $800 eiava $1,000 hegeregerena.

DAVA HENI

Kuku ehenimu murinai mero sinana tamana kohu bona moni tahu vada ma ematamaiamu.

Bona kuku be maraki herea, a dava heni be bada herea. Taunimanima edia gwau kekeni eiava hahine davana korikori be dava heni ai ehenimu. Una dainai mero sinana bona tamana bona varavarana moni bona kohu bae haboudia ela bona lagani ta hegeregerena. Haida be lagani ta mai kahana kohu bona moni etahulaiamu. Dava heni ai moni, toea, doa bona raisi, suga, parao, boroma, biku bona ma aniani haida ehenimu. Dava heni monina Tubusereia hanuai be $1,500 hegeregerena. Hanuabadai be $5,000 hegeregerena. Motu hanuadia iboudiai hahine davana ini ekara tomamu. Moni badaherea enegemu, aniani bona kohu idauidau danu hahine davanai enegemu. Bema raisi, suga, parao baegedia bona boroma bona mamoe monidia ina davaheni monina latanai baine atoa neganai na reana moni bada herea. Raisi baega ta davana $5.60; boroma ta davana $50; eiava $100; bisiketi tini ta davana $10; eiava $12; bona mamoe ta davana $20 hegeregerena.

Dava heni haidai parao baegedia be 60 hegeregerena, suga baegedia 10 bamona, raisi baegedia 10 bamona. Bema ini gau iboudiai monidia baita duahi neganai be tadiba maoromu moni na bada herea elusimu. Bona ina kuku heni bona dava heni monina badaherea na abitorehai monina. Mero madi na ena moni iboudiai ehaoremu kuku bona dava heni ai, bena latanai hanua taudia bona mero varavarana ese mero abitorehai badaherea lalonai eatoamu.

HEADAVA

Headava be kekeni sinana bona tamana ese negana egwauraiamu bena mero ena kaha bona kekeni ena kaha taudia iboudiai vada ma moni, kohu, aniani etahumu bona headava negana ekaumu. Headava hisina be mero ena kaha bona kekeni ena kaha egaukara heboumu. Mero varavarana ese kekeni varavarana adia aniani dabarana ta ekaraiamu, bona kekeni varavarana ese mero varavarana adia aniani dabarana kekeni sinana tamana edia rumai ekaraiamu. Ina nega matamatana lalonai dabara ihatoina ma eme karaia vadivadi taudia adia. Vadivadi taudia be nao bona hanuahanua.

Headava na dubu ai haroro taudia ese ekaramu. Bena headava taudia dubu amo erakalasimu neganai elaomu vadivadi taudia ida dabara tamonai ehaanianimu — vada nao edia headava moaledia ekaramu hegeregeredia. Headava kekenina danu vadivadi taudia edia aniani dabaranai emoalelaiamu. Mero varavarana be elaomu kekeni varavarana ese ekaraia dabaranai eha anianimu, a kekeni varavarana be mero sinana tamana edia ruma dabaranai eha anianimu.

Vadivadi taudia edia harihari kohudia danu aniani lalonai vada headava taudia ehenidiamu.

Aniani murinai, hanua memerodia bona kekenidia ese headava merona bona kekenina emoalelaidiamu ane abi ai eiava gita gadaradiai. Bona ina moale lalonai headava matamata taudia na hanua memerodia bona kekenidia ese eharihari henidiamu kohu ai bona moni ai.

Headava merona bona kekenina eharihari henidiamu kohudia bona monidia na sinadia tamadia ese eha pararaiamu bena varavaradia ese eheharilaidiamu.

Headava merona bona kekenina na gau ta asie davariamu. Hari vadivadi taudia ese ehenidiamu kohudia danu varavaradia ese eabimu. Idia madi na imadia kavakava enohomu.

Headava murinai mero na adavana matamatana ida kekeni ena gabu ai bae noho ela bona nega namona ta kekeni varavarana ese ena kohu bae abi bena vada bae siaidia baela mero ena gabu. Headava merona be ekara adavana ese ehoia hegeregerena be vada kekeni sinana bona tamana ida enohomu, a hekwarahi taudia bona lusi taudia be madi vada enohomu.

Ina maka kara amo ela bona headava negana, mero bona varavarana iboudiai na ina maoheni hegamena bae karaia. Ina kekeni sinana, tamana bona varavarana veridia iboudiai ina mero ese edia moni, kuku, buatau bona aniani baine heni. Bona mero varavarana ese edia ruma bona uma gabudia bae kara edia urai. Ini kara hegame kohudia, monidia bona karadia iboudiai na asie duahimu kuku heni bona dava heni lalodiai.

Bona headava murinai mero na do unu adavana davana baine kara ela bona mase ese ina headava maurina baine hadokoa. Bema ia do unu mauri neganai ia na sinana bona tamana baine naridia bona ravana veridia baine naridia. Mero ravana na una ia adavana tamana sinana, vavana, lalana, bona tubuna veridia iboudiai ihana iboudiai danu ia ese baine naridia badina edia bese ai kekeni ta ina mero ese eadavaia. Mero sinana bona tamana danu ina mero adavana davana ekaramu bona mase. Una dainai hahine davana na bada herea, lata herea, bona dobu herea.

KUKU HENI BONA DAVA HENI MONIDIA BONA KOHUDIA

Kuku heni bona davaheni kohudia bona monidia na kekeni ena bese taudia ese eabimu. Bena iharidia negadiai iboudiai eheaimu bona eheatumu danu, badina asie haridia namonamomu. Ini hahine davana ruaosi lalodiai kekeni be asi ahuna — pene ta lasi, toea eiava doa ta lasi bona mereki ta lasi.

Dava eiava kuku heni monidia bona kohudia na kekeni sinana bona tamana ese ehapararaiamu bena tamana ena kaha gauna tamana varavarana ese eheharilaiamu, sinana ena kaha monina bona kohuna sinana varavarana ese eheharilaiamu. Nega iboudiai ina hahine kohuna bona monina iharidia negadiai na heai hanaihanai bona heatu danu evaramu. Varavara bona bese daladia danu edikamu. Haida be ma hari davana eanimu kekenina enai badu vada eatoamu bena ena headava lalonai ta ese danu asie itaiamu.

Lau ese nalaloamu ina dava bona kuku heni monina taina na kekeni ahunai bema halaoa bena ia bema headava neganai adavana ida sibodia edia ruma ta bema haginia eiava edia kohu haida bema hoilaidia. Motu memero bona kekeni eheadavamu negadiai madi asi edia kohu, asi edia moni bona asi edia noho gabuna. Lalonai kekeni adavana ena mauri dinadia iboudiai lalodiai ia kuku heninai eiava dava heninai moni bona kohu eato taudia edia moni bona kohu davadia do unu bekaramu ela bona nega daudau herea.

Bona lalohadai ta be una headava merona bona kekenina bamodia bona turadia ese headava ai eharihari henidia kohudia bona monidia na varavara ese basiema abidia. Lau egu ura harihari kohudia bona monidia iboudiai na headava merona bona kekenina

ese edia bema abi badina unu gau na idia edia headava maurina ihanamolaina turadia bona bamodia namodia ese ehenidia, to madi taunimanima badadia gau momo euramu dainai natudia asie lalodia badabadamu bona asie durudiamu. Idia edia ura be idia mo ladadia bae dae, bona idia mo bae abi bona bae ani.

Bese evaramu na dia ta ena urai sevaramu. Bese na sina bona tama edia kerere ai evaramu dainai bese bae naridia ela bona bae bada bena edia noho gabudia bae hanamo bena sibodia adia edia vada bae tahu. Sina bona tama, emu hekwarahi baine ore gabuna be una headava murinai.

HEADAVA MATAMATA NATUDIA ROBOANA

Headava matamata taudia natudia roboana na etahutahulaiamu bena hahine ena kaha bona tau ena kaha una bese matamatana eharihari heniamu kohu ai bona moniai. Ina be kara namona, to edika gabuna be ini heto. Hahine ena kaha bona tau ena kaha taudia ese hari bese matamatana eharihari heniamu kohudia na ma idia ese ehapararamu bena eheharilaimu. Ina headava matamata hahinena, tauna, bona edia bese roboana ida na gau ta asie dogoa taomu edia. Kohu moni iboudiai sinadia bona tamadia ese eabimu vada edia ura taudia ehenidiamu.

LALOHADAI DOKONA

Guna maurina be idau, a ina nega maurina be idau. Bese matamatana ana ena edavarimu gabuna badana be moni. A guna taudia edia be biru. Guna kekeni be rabia garabina lalonai enohova be itahuna, idavarina bona iadavana be auka bona auka herea. A hari ina nega matamata lalonai kekeni be garabi lalona amo eme raka lasi vada gabu laihanai gini una dainai mero ese iabina na haraga herea. Kekeni danu sibona adavana namona etahuamu, mai ena moni merona, bona eskuli namonamo merona badina nega na eidaumu. Mero danu seuramu kekeni sesikuli kekenina baine adavaia. Ia euramu na ia hegeregerena ta baine adavaia.

Kekeni na asie sikuli namonamomu badina sinadia bona tamadia ese bae hoihoilaidia bena davadia bae ani dainai. Kekeni madi na boroma bamodiai sinadia tamamui ese sikuli esiaimuimu anina be sikuli gabudia namodiai tauanimui baha bada namonamo bena bae

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As It Is

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lay or squatted in the compound chattering away, telling stories, or just lying sleeping in the shade.

Soon the teacher was calling, and it was back to the classroom, for the afternoon lessons. Jumbungnuc found it difficult to concentrate. She had some exciting news to pass on to her Father and Mother and could hardly wait until the class was dismissed. But even lessons had to end sometime and, as soon as the class was dismissed, she sought out her brother.

"There is to be a wedding tomorrow, we must ask Father if we can go," she told Faharec. "Nini, Sika and Zure's daughter, is being married: she is Father's niece so I expect he will take us."

Faharec was not very impressed. He felt he would rather be off playing with his friends, but he knew that if Father said they were going that was final. Jambungnuc said, "There will be a wedding feast and a lot of your friends will be there." With this Faharec brightened up.

When the children arrived home they found Mother waiting for them. Usually she would still be in the gardens, but left a snack ready for them when they returned from school.

"Mother! I have some exciting news!" began Jambungnuc.

"Yes," said Mother with a smile. "We are all going to a wedding tomorrow. I was keeping it as a surprise for you. Remember Father and I went to town last week? Well, we knew the wedding was arranged and that was the reason for the journey! Now hurry up, I have something for you both."

Jambungnuc, who loved a surprise, almost choked in her eagerness to finish her meal. "I am ready now," she mumbled with bulging cheeks. Mother laughed. "All right," she said. "Come inside." Jambungnuc was in the hut in a flash and Faharec was not far behind her. "Here, go and put these on," said Mother handing each a parcel.

An entranced Jambungnuc was soon back. "It's beautiful," she said, dancing up and down in her excitement. "Faharec, look at my new blouse, my laplap!"

This was an event in itself, for like most New Guinean children Faharec and Jambungnuc enjoyed wearing their best clothes.

But Faharec was too taken up with his own parcel, which contained a brightly patterned shirt and a new pair of khaki shorts. "I have my shorts and shirt too," he declared proudly.

"Well, you look very handsome," said Mother, laughing at their excitement. "Now, take them off and keep them good for tomorrow. You must remember to thank your father when he returns."

"Did you get a new blouse and laplap too, Mother?" asked Jambungnuc.

"Yes, I have a pretty blouse and a laplap, but you will see them tomorrow."

"Now, I must go and prepare the evening meal. Father will be here soon. Faharec, see that the water bamboos are full. When you have done that collect some more wood from the wood-pile. If you are both good and work well I shall tell you a story after we eat."

The children were delighted. They liked nothing better than to sit in the evening round the fire as darkness fell, listening to one of Mother's tales. Sometimes Father sat too, quietly smoking his pipe. Faharec often thought that he enjoyed the stories as much as he and Jambungnuc did. But he could not admit it; it would be beneath his dignity as a man to show an interest in the old tales.

Just then Father appeared.

"Jambungnuc, here is Father," called Faharec, and they both ran to greet him. "Thank you very much for the gifts," they both said at the one time as they took their father's hands one on each side.

"That is all right," said Father. "We must have you looking your best for the wedding."

While Mr. Mainao was washing, Mother was dishing the meal, and then the family sat down and

● *Students at the Creative Training Centre, Nobonob (Madang District), attending a special session on creative writing, conducted by our Editor during January. (Photo by Glen W. Bays).*

ate in silence. The children set about the task of helping Mother clear up while Father filled his pipe. Then Mrs. Mainao took her place near the fire, with Faharec on one side of her and Jambungnuc on the other.

"Once upon a time," she began, "in the beginning of the world, the Creator called the people together to receive chieftainships."

The entertaining story that followed centered about the origin of the moon and why flying foxes hang up in the trees during the day. It also explained why the New Guinea dove is a good messenger today. Such a well recited story as this would arouse weird imaginations in the minds of all children, and Jambungnuc and Faharec were no exception. They began asking their mother questions.

"Would the sun really kill the flying foxes?" asked Jambungnuc.

"The flying foxes must think so," said Faharec. "They still hide from the sun."

"No questions," said Mother. "Off you go to bed. We have a busy day tomorrow."

Next morning Faharec and Jambungnuc did not need to be called. They were up at the first streak of dawn. "Shall we put on our new clothes now?" they wanted to know.

"Certainly not," said Mother. "We have work to do first. We must prepare food and take it with us for the feast."

To Jambungnuc and Faharec the morning passed on dragging feet. At last the household work was done and they were sent off to wash and change. Soon they were waiting impatiently on Father and Mother. "Be patient children," Mother called, "there is plenty of time."

When they were both ready in their new and best clothes, Father was the first one to appear.

"Come along," said Father, and off they set, with Jambungnuc and Mother following Faharec and Father. As they made their way along the road they met up with other neighbours making for the wedding, and soon the men were busy discussing the state of the crops or the iniquities of the tax system. The womenfolk followed behind and everyone entered into a holiday mood.

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itamui namonamo bena sikuli amo bae hadokomui vada bae hoihoilaimui. Dia namo! Gavamani edia moni bada herea kekeni emui ai eoremu. To dia umui emui kerere to tamamui sinamui edia kerere. Badina umui be boroma eiava boromakau ai ehalaomuimu bena sikuli ai eatomuimu bena gavamani ese tauanimui ehanamomu bena idia ese eabimuimu vada ehoimui negemu bona emui ura memerodia ida danu asio headavamu. Dia asina hegwauhenimu to nauramu eda mauri baine namo. Kekeni bona memero na ede tama kara toma ina eda tanobada madunana tama huaia mai goadada bona mai moaleda ida. Kekeni na moni ai tahoihoilaiamu dainai gavamani kekeni edia sikuli lalonai moni enege kavamu badina sina tama ese natudia kekenidia sikuli bona gaukara amo ehadokodiamu bena boroma bamodia ehoihoilaidiamu. Dia namo ani!

Eda University bona sikuli badadia momo na memero namodia momo behavareaidiamu. To idia danu euramu kekeni namodia, idia esikuli hegeregeredia esikuli kekenidia. To ina eda tanobada Papua New Guinea lalonai kekeni na dia momo sikuli namodiai. Una dainai eda memero momo herea nao kekenidia ida eheadavamu badina edia ura kekenidia na sinadia tamadia ese edia sikuli bona gaukara ehadikadia bena vada ehoihoilaidiamu. Eda memero nao kekeni eadavadiamu badina be dahaka? Papua-New Guinea kekeni be dai kekeni a? Mani umui kekeni sibomui ini henanadai ruaosi anidia ba lalohadailaidia. Dia namo ani.

Papua New Guinea kekeni na kekeni namodia, mai hairaidia danu, to eda memero ese vada erakadia murimu. Reana eda kekeni na boroma ai ahalaomuimu bena a hoihoilaimuimu, una dainai eda memero asie uramu boroma ida bae headava. Idia euramu taunimanima ida bae headava, to kekenidia iboudiai boroma be sinadia tamadia ese ehoidia negemu. Davadia danu daha daha egwauraimu be monidia danu asi eda davari daladia be vada ta ta eda ura gabudiai baita headava. A sina bona tama edia hereva sina be iniheto: "Kekeni guna be rabia garabina lalonai enohova, a ina uru matamatana lalonai kekeni be rabia garabina lalona amo elasi kone ai gini adavana mero namona ta etahuamu." Una dainai madi badurua ena ura merona baine adavaia, badina umui ese otahuamu merona na dia ia ese etahuamu merona hegeregerena.

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Fugo

Hesingne Naremeng

It was midday. The sun was directly overhead. Breathing a sigh of relief after walking for two days, Manesu, a twelve year old boy, walked up the steps of the fence that encircled his big village. While standing there with his little net bag in his right hand he scanned the houses along the left row to the other end, along the right row and back to where he stood.

The village was so quiet that he could hear the dry falling leaves of coffee behind the far end of the village. No one was to be seen in the village except an old woman sitting in the shade, twisting string for a new bag perhaps, and three little boys amusing themselves with a young gecko.

He came down the steps and walked up the village. The little boys saw him and came towards him timidly. Just then, in a frightened voice the old woman called out: "Fugo!" The little boys without hesitation ran back.

"When I came into this village last year every little kid hugged me," thought Manesu, and he walked on till he was out of the village. "Why did that old woman call me a leper? I have no leprosy," he whispered to himself.

To his surprise his parents' house was not there, except for ashes that lay where the house had been. All kinds of thoughts ran through his mind. "Where can they have shifted the house to? I know; they must be at the pigs' house." With that, he decided to go for another three miles from the village to where the pigs were housed.

Nemeto, Manesu's six year old brother, who was hunting geckos for fun, ran to his mother. "Manesu is coming," he said, and ran back to meet his brother.

The mother was full of heartbreak and sorrow to see her own two children coming happily towards her without being aware of what had happened. There was a look of sorrow, a yearning to see her son after a long year, while continuous drops of hot tears ran down her cheeks.

"Mother!" said Manesu and hugged her. He couldn't tell why mother couldn't speak. He couldn't tell why she stared at him with a look of yearning while tears fell from her misty eyes. "What's the matter, mother? I'm here. I'm not dead that you should cry like that." Still his mother couldn't speak. "Why are you putting on this veil? Is aunty or uncle dead? Where is father?"

Putting Manesu on her lap, she ran her hand from his forehead to the back of his head and turned his face towards her. Staring into his eyes she said, "Your father is gone."

"Where to, mother?" he begged to know.

Intending not to tell him the truth she said, "You have neither uncles nor aunties."

"Why?" he asked with earnest interest.

"They have rejected us. They burnt our house with all the cargo in it. They told us to go away, so we have been waiting for you all this time," she told him.

"Where was dad when they burnt the house?"

"He was gone."

"Where is he now?'

His mother paused for a while. She didn't know how to answer that question. She looked into his face. "He's g-gone n-never to return," she said, wetting her throat with spit and with tears flowing very fast down her cheeks. "We're leaving tomorrow for Megunagu," she said.

"But, mother, it's a day's walk from here, isn't it?"

"I know, but we have no friends here. We have to go to Megunagu where my brother lives. He's the only friend we have. All the others have forsaken us," she said with a dry voice.

"Mother," he paused for a while, "I was walking through the village and an old woman called me a leper," he managed to say.

This was too much for the mother. They had called her son a leper as they had said it to her. Out of all the villagers who was on her side? Where was her husband now? He was the bravest and kindest of all the men in the village. Every day the house would be full of men, women and children. It was six months since she'd been chased out of the village.

Since then she'd been waiting for her little Manesu to return. How would Manesu feel and react if he were to be told the truth about his father? All night she was thinking while her two children slept beside her resting their heads on her arms.

She looked at each of them and sorrow filled her heart. "Where did their father go?" she thought, and more beads of warm tears ran down her cheeks.

In the late afternoon of the next day, they were standing on a ridge, at the foot of which her brother's house stood alone. When they arrived, her brother cried for joy. They had arrived at Megunagu.

The following morning Manesu's mother was not there. Manesu's uncle went out. He ran towards the garden and just before entering it he saw something. He recognised it. It was his own sister. She was hanging from a branch of the tree which stood in the middle of the garden. The sorrow was intolerable. He cut the rope and brought her home.

The two orphans asked their uncle why this had happened. "She loved your father and you very much. She is going to join your father," he replied.

"Do you mean to say that father is dead too?" asked Manesu eagerly.

"Yes," reqlied his uncle, "he died of leprosy and that's why the old woman called you a leper."

All that the two boys had in the world was their uncle. For the simple fear which the villagers had of contagion, the brothers had lost everything — their mother, father, and all the things they possessed.

★ ★ ★

Stori Bilong Aiwara

Matthew Maot

Long taim i go pinis long taim bilong tumbuna ol i laik i go na kisim ol pis, maleo na kindam long wara.

Pastaim tru ol i redim ol umben, spia na arafela samting. Bigpela kukurai i bin paitim toktok long putim wanpela de long go long wara. Na wanpela de ol man na meri i go long dispela wara ol i toktok long en bipo.

Dispela wara i pulap long liklik maleo na bigpela. Tasol papa maleo o bos long ol dispela maleo i stap long hul long as tru bilong wara. Taim ol meri i go daun long wara, ol i kisim plandi, plandi liklik maleo na kindam na pis. Taim ol i kisim yet ol man i lukim wara i go daun isi, isi. Tasol bigpela papa maleo i stap yet.

Olsem na wara i no trai ariap. Ol man i tok, "Ah! Olsem wonem wara i no save go daun? Ating i gat wanpela bigpela maleo i stap yet." Ol i toktok olsem na ol i go long bus na katim bigpela, bigpela stik na ol i dikim graun.

Ol i painim bigpela maleo i slip olsem i sik i stap. Ol i sutim bos bilong ol dispela maleo na ol i singaut wantaim na ol i tok. "E, e, e, na mipela i kisim bos bilong ol pinis". Taim ol i kisim pinis papa maleo, dispela wara i drai olgeta. Graun tasol i stap.

Bihain ol i sutim pinis ol i mekim bet bilong papa maleo na karim em i go antap. Em i no maleo tru. Em i wanpela lapun man bilong bipo na i bin mekim ples long wara. Ol man i karim i go wantaim sinsing mambu na putim em long wanpela haus bilong kukurai. Maleo hia i stap olsem wanpela de. Long wanpela moning taim tru luluai i paitim garamut long bungim ol man na meri i go long gaden. Ol i rere long kaikaim dispela papa maleo nau ia.

Olgeta man, meri, na pikinini i go long kisim kaikai. Na ol i tokim wanpela lapun man long stap na was long dispela maleo. Taim ol i go pinis, maleo hia i lusim bet na i kam daun long lapun man. Maleo i tokim lapun man long givim em buai, daka na kambang. Maleo i kaikai buai na i tokim em sampela tok olsem: "Lapun man, yu ting mi maleo? Mi no maleo mi wanpela man bilong bipo tru. Taim graun i no kamap yet mi stap. Ol man i no save long mi," maleo i tok. "Sikin bilong mi i olsem maleo," i tokim lapun olsem. "Taim ol man i katim mi yet yu mas go stap long as bilong wanpela liklik kokonas."

Taim ol i toktok yet ol i harim ol man i kam bek long gaden, na singsing i kam. Man hia i go antap ken long bet na tanim em go long maleo olsem bipo.

Olgeta i kam pinis, orait lapun man i tokim ol: "Yupela i no ken kaikaim dispela maleo. Em i man. Em i kam daun na i toktok wantaim mi. Mi tupela i toktok na em i kaikai buai wantaim mi. Moa beta yupela i go putim em ken long ples bipo yupela i kisim em". Ol man i tokim lapun man olsem, "Yu giamanim mipela. Em i no man, em i abus". Ol i go het na tokim lapun man ken na ol i rausim em i go long wei. Ol i krosim na paitim em nogut tru. Lapun man i no toktok moa. Em i go na sindaun wanpis, long as bilong kokonas, em maleo i tokim em bipo.

Bihain ol man i bringim maleo daun na ol i, katim i go liklik, liklik hap. Ol i tokim ol meri long putim ol sospen long paia. Ol i dilim mit long ol sospen na ol meri i kukim.

Ol man i mekim bigpela hamamas na singsing. Taim ol i kuk yet wara i kamap isi isi, tru.

Tasol ol i no save bai bigpela aiwara i kamap.

Dispela wara i kam antap, antap moa na karamapim olgeta man na meri. Lapun man i sindaun long liklik kokonas. Wara i go antap moa na kokonas bilong em tu i kamap longpela. Ol man i ronowei i go long ol maunten tasol wara i go antap, antap yet na karamapim ol. Olgeta man, meri i dai. Lapun man tasol i stap long kokonas na em i no dai. Taim olgeta i dai pinis bigpela aiwara i go daun ken. Taim wara i go daun, kokonas bilong lapun man tu i go daun isi, isi. Em i tromoim wanpela trip bilong traim wara. Em i lukim trip i bruk na i tok, "Wara i trai pinis". Em i lukim bun bilong ol man na em i sori tumas.

Taim em i sori yet maleo i lukim em na i bringim em long ples bilong em. Nau long dispela hap lapun man i tanim em olsem wanpela bigpela ston na i stap yet. Taim yu lukim bigpela ston long ol wara yu mas tingting long dispela man.

★ ★ ★

About Our Writers

JOHN KASAIPWALOVA was born at Yalumgwa village on Kiriwina (Trobriand Islands), and educated at St. Brendan's College, Yeppoon, and the University of Queensland. He is a second year arts student at the University of Papua and New Guinea, and has taken part in student conferences in Brisbane, Sydney and Melbourne. He has written three plays.

JOHN KAUGLE comes from Kup village in the Chimbu District. He is a second year student at the Lae Technical College. His story in this issue was highly commended by the judges in the Second Annual Territory Short Story Contest.

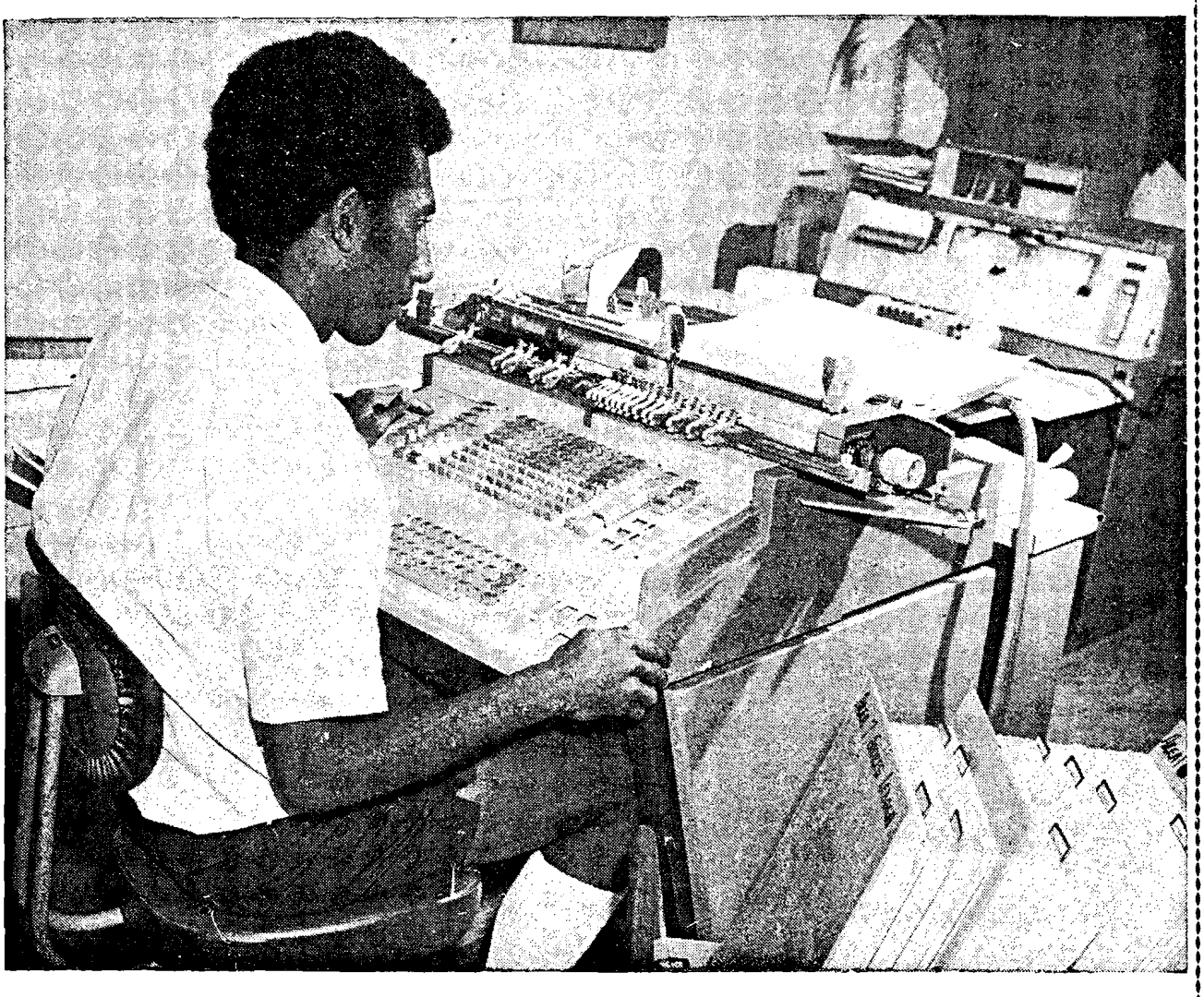
RENAGI RENAGI LOHIA from Tubusereia, Central District, was educated at Sogeri High School and the University of Queensland. He was one of the first graduates (B.A.) of the University of Papua and New Guinea. He is working in the Educational Materials Centre of the University and studying further for a degree in education. He is married, so his article (in Motu) on the "bride price" question is written from personal experience.

MATTHEW MAOT from Saramun village in the Madang District, was educated at Lourdes College, Malala, and is now teaching at the Catholic Mission primary school at Ulingan, near Bogia.

HESINGNE NAREMENG from Kuyahapa village near Henganofi in the Eastern Highlands, trained as a patrol officer at the Administrative College, Port Moresby, and is now learning to fly for the Lutheran Mission at Goroka.

JOSEPH SARUVA was born at Kokoda in the Northern District and was educated at Martyrs' Memorial School, Popondetta, and Mitcham High School, Victoria. Since graduating with the Diploma in Teaching from Goroka Secondary Teachers' College, he has been teaching at Goroka Technical School. He attended the 1970-71 "Lahara Session" in Education at the University of Papua and New Guinea. He won the short story section of the 1969 Waigani Writing Competition and is planning a collection of his stories.

IKINI YABOYANG comes from Gurunko village in the Morobe District. She was educated at Busu High School, Lae, and is now a cadet journalist with the Australian Broadcasting Commission, Port Moresby. During 1970 she attended the World Youth Assembly at the United Nations in New York, as one of two representatives of Papua-New Guinea youth. She has a special interest in the Girl Guide Movement.



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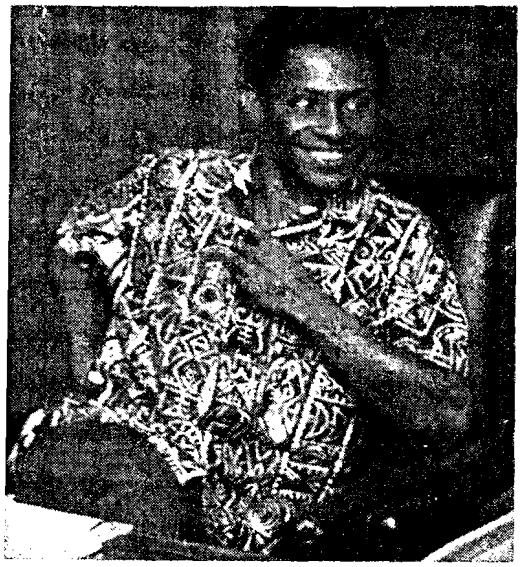

● *LEFT: Assistant Editor of our magazine, Kumalau Tawali — he has also been appointed a member of the judging panel for this year's Poetry Contest. (Photo, Dept of External Territories)*

● *BELOW: Esau Reuben (left) discusses his cover design for our magazine with another D.E.E.S. artist, Moses Tulu.*

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