

'I HAVE JOINED
THE MATAUNGAN'

by Herman ToRarau

As the sun was rising, old Anton ToLom was sitting on the verandah of his newly-built permanent house overlooking the picturesque Simpson Harbour. In the distance he could hear the church bell and the conch shell calling the village folk to the usual Sunday service. His little grandsons and granddaughters darted past him to have their baths. ToLom glanced back at the harbour, the peaceful harbour. To him the two "Dawapia" or rocks in the middle of the harbour were like two giant couples coming to help the Tolais solve their conflict.

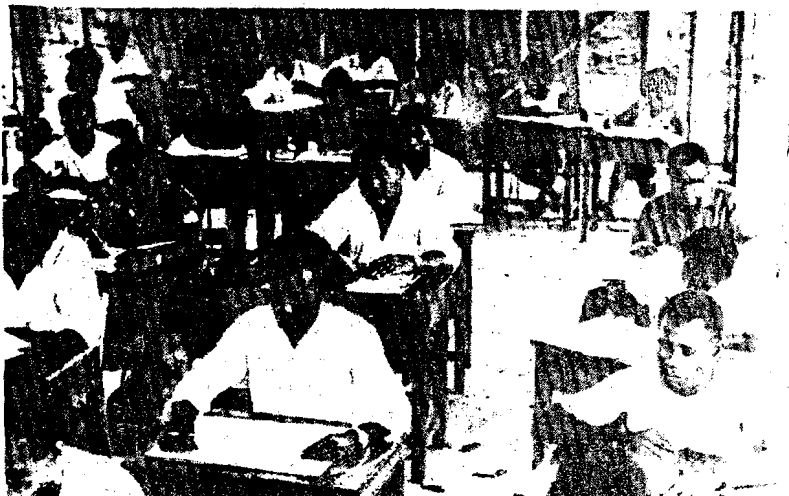
ToLom, deep in his own thoughts, his eyes still gazing over the empty sea, worked his hands through his basket, picked out one betel nut, some "daka," his lime in an old container, and began to chew.

"Papa," said a voice from the back, "I am going to be taken away by the police today." Old ToLom looked back and saw his eldest son Timon.

"Timon, why are they taking you away? You are the only one that supports me here. You are the only son that knows our traditional laws, our land tenure and all that is needed to have an honourable way of living. Your brother, ToRobert, is now teaching in Lae; he's no good to me. ToIosep, your other brother, has joined the evil police force in Moresby, and your youngest brother, ToPatrik, is still studying in the seminary. They haven't given me any help, even though they are all my sons just like you. When they were young they were a burden to both your mother and me.

(continued on page 2)

A writers' workshop in session at Raronga
Theological College, in East New Britain.



Now they are like wild hens hatched from the eggs and never to return."

"Papa, I have joined the Mataungan," Timon began. "I believe in what the Mataungan is doing. Yesterday we hunted all the disloyal councillors. They think that what they are doing is right. In fact Papa, they are betraying our own people. Soon all our customs and traditions will vanish. Now they are getting the Europeans, Chinese and New Guinea mainlanders to join the Tolai council. What a pity! The Chinese and Europeans have sucked enough money out of our little Peninsula. Now they are taking the next step. Like devils they pretend to join our local government council. In reality, papa they want to destroy our culture, customs and traditions. They want to get rid of our pride and identity. Lust and greed fill their stomachs for our beautiful women and for the money that they can make out of our land, our land, our mother land that hatched us. The people that help the government are traitors. They were indoctrinated to take that foolish step, poor fellows, they don't understand. They are blinded by the crumbs from their masters. They prefer crumbs to that honour which identifies them as being Tolais in the face of the world. Papa do not grieve for me if I'm in jail--I believe my course is right and honourable. I am determined to fight for it, suffer for it and even to die for it. Papa tell my sister IaAngnes to inform my three brothers about the situation."

Just as old ToLom was about to say something, a police van pulled up outside the house. Out of the van came three black police constables and a Tolai Sub-Inspector.

"Who is Timon ToLom?" asked the Sub-Inspector. "It's me sir!" Timon shot back.

"Well, Timon you are now under arrest."

"You, the Tolai Sub-Inspector, so you say that you were educated, educated to arrest your own Tolai brothers for the good of the white man. I bet you'll be sorry if you try to find the truth. You poor being, poor creature, cutting your own flesh into pieces!" Timon shouted in the ear of the Sub-Inspector as he was hauled into the van and locked.

Timon was brought before the court and after trial was sentenced to two months' imprisonment with hard labour. He was not the only one in jail; there were many others who were his accomplices.

While in jail Timon received three letters from his three brothers. The first was from his youngest brother, ToPatrick, who was astonished to hear the terrible news from his sister IaAngnes.

Channel College Ulapia,
P.O. Kokopo.
November 21st.

Dear Timon,

I am shocked by the sad news that you are now in jail. I am very sorry to hear that you are one of those people using violence. Violence is bad because you hurt people. You also break the law of God.

I have been in school for many years and I denounce the action that you took part in. When you break the law of the country you break the law of God.

When you return home, please support the laws of our country. I also wish to advise you not to associate yourself with the Mataungans.

(continued on page

Timon, think of our old parents. Your action has brought shame and sorrow to the whole family.

Your Loving brother

Patrik ToLom

"ToPatrik doesn't understand," Timon muttered angrily in his cell. "He has been in school these many years but has learnt nothing! What have you learnt ToPatrik? You wasted your years! You're wasting your time!" His voice began to sound louder when a warder marched up to him and told him to shut up. The warder handed him another letter. This one was from his other brother ToRobert.

Popo Primary T School,
c/Education Department,
Lae, Morobe District,
November 22nd.

Dear Timon,

Yesterday I received the news about the incident that occurred in the Gazelle Peninsula. I am very sorry that you are now in jail and that the Government can't listen to our people.

I understand why you had to take action against the foolish local government councillors. They are like me, used by the whites for the good of the whites. Simon, I've had enough of the way these foreign birds have been treating us.

We have a European woman here in our school. She's just another teacher with less training and experience, yet she's getting much more money than I am, the headteacher. I can't understand this. In fact, we are both human beings, living in the same age and needing the same things for our living. It seems as if colour is the key to a good life. Not what you can achieve.

We all have to run the race, but if the winner is black the prize must go to the white be he the winner or the last.

At the end of this year I am resigning. I am coming home for good to live and work with my people.

Timon, I support you fully in what you have done. When I come home I'll be another strong supporter of the Mataungan.

Don't loose heart.

Your dear brother,

Robert ToLom.

After reading ToRobert's letter, Timon folded it carefully and placed it near his heart. It was like someone offering him a cool drink in the centre of a hot desert. His eyes caught sight of ToPatrik's letter which was still lying on the floor. Quickly he snapped it up and tore it into pieces, his teeth gnashing as he muttered, "You haven't learnt anything ToPatrik! You have wasted your time in school."

The mess bell rang and the prisoners lined up for their evening meal. "Timon! Yu gat wanpela pas." shouted the warder on duty. Timon at once opened the letter and began to read:

(continued on page 4)

Central Police Station,
Port Moresby,
November 22nd.

Dear Timon,

I am very concerned and ashamed to hear that you were one of those people trying to take the law into your own hands.

You are an uneducated fellow. What do you think you know? You are being pulled by the nose by someone who wants to get into power. Now you are in jail, but the fellow who used you is enjoying a good life at home with his family.

I believe that what our people want is good, but the way to get it is not through violence. Violence is unlawful and is disorderly. It is a dirty way to get what you want. If your leaders are really clever, wise and really interested in the good of the people then they would not have encouraged you to use violence. They would be tactful enough in getting the government to listen to what they want.

Two months in jail for striking all the wise councillors, the men who worked so hard these many years. These men have won for themselves a long and honourable reputation. You put them to shame in your beastly act. I think the court was good with you. If I were put in the place of the judge, you would be sorry, for your term in jail would be a little longer.

If things don't change, I might be called to help in the duty of reinforcing law and order. I am prepared to stand, fight and even to die so that the laws of our country can be upheld. Remember Timon, a lawless country is a miserable place to live in.

Timon my brother, open your heart to my advice.

Your loving brother,

Iosep ToLom
(Sub-Inspector)

Timon put the letter on the palm of his hand and squeezed it firmly with all his might. As soon as he got near the dancing flame in the kitchen he tossed Iosep's crumbled letter in saying, "Your ideas, your advice can go to hell with you."

The next day, after a hard day's work, Timon went back to his cell. Lying on his bed he pondered the incident which had brought him to jail. This was the first time for Timon to be in jail. He recalled the forty years of his life, the days when he attended classes in the village school, how he was taught by the nuns to memorize the ten commandments of God. "Yes, I've broken one," he whispered to himself, "but what else can we do if our government turns a deaf ear to our plea." His mind turned homeward, to his young sons and daughters and to his old parents. His head dropped and tears ran down his manly cheek. "No!" he shouted to himself. "I'm a man and I must stand for what I believe!"

Biography of a West Irianese Boy

by Boas Wiriringa

"John," who is now at Bumayong Lutheran High School in Lae, was born in 1954 in Djajapura, the capitol city of Indonesia. At the age of five he went to school and learned to read and write in Dutch. When he reached the third form level of education he was 15 to 16 years of age.

At that time he saw how Indonesians treated his parents and his people. This hurt him always so he decided to escape into East New Guinea.

Early one Monday morning he appeared to his parents who were very surprised to see him because that was a school day. John, without hesitation, asked his parents for some money to spend during his way to East New Guinea. But they couldn't allow him to escape because he was too young and they thought he could be killed on the way.

Anyway, afterwards his father said that John was looking for his freedom so they gave him his money and let him pack up and set off for New Guinea. His mother was very sad.

When he arrived at Hollandia, with some companions, they were very careful about the Indonesian border watchers. They got into a motor boat and mixed up with the fishing boats and sailed out into the large ocean at night.

At dawn they sailed towards the land and crossed the border. When they approached land the New Guinean border watchers saw them and captured them.

They were sent up to the Patrol Post and stayed there for six months. Then the refugees were flown to Manus Island. This was about Christmas of 1967.

A year later a Dutchman living at Garaina in the Morobe District, Mr. Von Burgan, went through the list of names of West Irian refugees and he found John's name together with the father's name. John's father had been a police officer when Von Burgan was in West Irian, although he retired later. Von Burgan knew John, so he sent a letter to Manus asking the district Commissioner to send John up to Garaina. John was then sent to stay with Von Burgan.

In 1970 he started attending Std.6 in an English School. It was very difficult for John to learn English because he had been taught to read and write in Dutch. Anyway he tried his best always. He used to learn English on radios, tape recorders and record players.

At the end of 1970 he took the Territory's Primary Final Examination and passed. So this year he is attending Bumayong English High School in Lae. He is probably 19 years old now.

John's parents do not know whether he is alive or dead because they never knew what happened after he left them.

John says that he does not contact them because it would be too dangerous for the Indonesians to find him out. He also says that he doesn't have any intention of going back home, but will serve the government of Papua New Guinea if the government wants him after his schooling.

The Mighty Sepik

by Clement Joko

North to South is my head and mouth.
Swift and soundless, but fierce,
I capture the land as I walk,
Swallow the weak and vomit the tough.
High to low down I come.

Canoes paddle on me,
Crocodiles swim on me.
Sunrise to sunset knows my name.
Dumb and blind have heard of me.
Glassy and muddy is my blood.

Pitpits grow on my gum,
Thin-legged cranes sit on them.
I have ruined the land,
Unkind and nasty is my weight--
Blame me not, but the Creator.

* * * * *

How My Island, PARAMA, Came Into Being

by Ronnie N. Pakini

Once my people lived in a place called Kudin in the mainland, approximately 20 miles from the town of Daru. Daru was not like you see it today, with roads intersecting here and there and houses everywhere. It was just a muddy old mangrove swamp. Crabs crawled everywhere with their nippers alarmingly open in order to seize their prey.

As turtle hunting expeditions were very common in those days, my people used to go out regularly in search of turtles and dugongs which still exist today. The canoes they used in those days were called Moto-Moto. These canoes have outriggers on either side, three sails and two masts with riggings supporting them. The largest Moto-Moto can be about forty feet in length and nine feet high.

One day while my people were out in the crystal clear sea, eagerly seeking the relevant mammals, they came across a whirling of the water in the deep sea. This, they thought, was some sea creature living there. So the Moto-Moto was turned and the people went home immediately in fear. The information was scattered to everyone. All the men there prepared spears, harpoons,

more

and bamboo and wooden poles. Stone axes and knives were all sharpened to a razor's edge.

Early next morning while the north-west wind was blowing calmly, swaying the cedar trees gently and with the hissing of the coconut trees sounding so melodious, the one hundred warriors on board four well-equipped Moto-Motos then sailed away anxiously.

When the whirling water had been approached, the four canoes surrounded it. Then some of the men seized hold of their weapons while the others felt the bottom of the sea with the poles. While they were doing this, men in one of the canoes realised or felt that this wasn't a living sea creature, but a sand-bank. The men then placed the poles in the sand as beacons and returned home with great pride, singing, dancing, yelling, "diriomoro-diriomoro" (land).

A couple of years later, the sand-bank appeared out of the sea. Some men were then sent in one of the Moto-Motos across to the Kiwai Islands to fetch a man called Adagi, who was believed to be a great sorcerer. The men returned with Adagi two days later after crossing the milky Fly river to the Kiwai Islands. So the next day the men went across in their four Moto-Moto with Adagi to their newly found island for the first trees to be planted. Adagi then planted them with his great magic power.

They observed the sand-bank for some years until the whole island was covered with trees and suitable for them to live on. The people then commenced felling the trees for building sites, constructing houses and planting coconut trees. When all was done, everyone with their dependants shifted onto their new island, which they named Tetebe. Later the permanent name of the village became Parama.

They lived happily in this new village but later realised that there was inadequate land as the population was increasing. A quorum was called to discuss what should be done. During that meeting some people decided that they would identify land for themselves in the mainland. So they went and settled in a new place which they named Orubo-Gowo.

One sunny noon, some old and young men gathered together and began to discuss possible ways of improving the island. While they were talking, a huge heron appeared and started to dance about, looking around from side to side, endeavouring to figure out what was on the island. The children rushed out in order to slay it but were stopped by the elders, who told them that the heron was the owner of the island. This heron is conspicuous from the rest of the herons because its legs and beaks are covered all over with feathers.

All the writings in this edition are by students of Madang Teachers' College. They were produced during a five-day writers' workshop held at Nobonob, Madang, in mid-September. A second edition by MTC writers will follow.

The Blood Feeders

by William Laisuit

Ever since I was born
I bore not a heavy burden
Of my own blood's parasites
But at no time was I annoyed
By their disturbance.

They all sucked my blood,
No movement I made.
Deep they struck their trunks.
I lay still as if drunk.
They whispered as they drank,
"Wake before it is too late."

Their whispers were faint.
No movement I made
Because they were my own burden,
Slumbering I went again,
Whispering they said again
"Peaceful dreams to you young maid."

Wake up you monstrous woman!
White parasites are not mine.
Who's your blood donor?
Why have you landed here?
Remember, I'm not your blood feeder.
Anyway, I'll feed you for a little time...

White parasites, thirsty bellies,
Devour my children's spice.
Won't you seek your own mother?
Where from have you reached here?
Black parasites take your shelter
And dwell in peace ever after.

I'm weaker and feeble,
My cuts and deep wounds are horrible.
White parasites, yellow parasites are drilling,
Where has my blood been taken?
Whose sick mother is receiving
My precious, valuable blood?

Black parasites are pressed down harder,
"We're the owners", the whites say,
"We'll show you how to be learners,
Learners of the white suckers.
You white suckers---no longer!
Chocolates don't need cream any longer.

My own parasites
Lift up your battle spears!
For the blood is yours.
Fight to cure the cuts and wounds
And show the world
You don't need any intruders.

* * * * *

"JOURNAL KEEPING. Many writers regularly collect scraps of interest from their day to day experiences. But our students have taught us a further use for a journal: not only can it be a place to record finished ideas or the raw material for ideas; it can also be a place in which to explore and create. We realized after it had happened that some of the most stimulating journals from our students had been not a record of their conclusions, but their thoughts in progress."

(William Sparke & Clark McKowen,
authors of Montage.)

KAVE THE HOLY MAN

by Vai Uran

Kave Koivi was known to his people as a holy man. His name was raised high by the Pauaea tribes of the Purari River.

It was the Second World War that brought him this title of holiness among his people. Children were told of the stories of Kave's bravery as a young man during the war. He had seen the king of the earth, the man who changes the skin colour of our dead relatives. The stories went like this:

"When Kave was a young boy, he was always quiet and thoughtful. He was brave. He volunteered to go to Port Moresby and fight Japan. Many young people of his age ran away to hide in the bush when the white man and his native policemen came round our villages to take them to Port Moresby to fight the Japanese.

"When Kave got to Moresby he was taken away in a giant war ship by American people. These American people had the same skin colour as ours but they were big and tall. We never heard any news of Kave since then, but we heard that his father was killed by a Japanese bomb in the beginning of the war.

"The war ended and Kave never came back. No one knew what had happened to him. His relatives mourned and later they made a big feast to send away his spirit. The white man and his native policemen came round again and rounded up all the men available. They were taken away to work in Port Moresby.

"In Port Moresby, your fathers working on the wharves saw Kave in a great ship like a piece of floating earth on the water. Kave was in a white uniform in the ship among the white people, some of whom were our dead relatives. They had come with Kave to visit their relatives but, the Moresby government would not let them come ashore.

"Kave had seen the white men's secret. White people were poor like us, but now they are rich. They stole the things that our dead relatives sent to us. The government in Moresby was afraid of Kave because he knew the white men's secret. Kave had power given to him by the king of the earth. His power was the little Bible which he carried around in his pocket.

"You young people are lucky! You will just sit back and take everything you want! We are old, we have just seen and heard what wonderful things are going to happen to you young people. We had to spend our youthful lives working hard to find food and warmth. You will be better off, you'll get everything without doing hard work to find it. Kave has opened up the way to your freedom!"

CROSS OVER

by Pun Elipa

Let us go together
Brothers and Sisters
Where is everyone?
They are everywhere
Highlands and Lowlands

(more)

Let us go together
It is too heavy
It is too long
For one or two
It is not only theirs

Let us go together
Start now--now--right now
For tomorrow is a century
What is there--there?
Between today and tomorrow

Let us go together
Where will the bridge cross?
Short cut--or long cut?
But where is everyone?
Everyone is to decide and build

Let us go together
Listen brothers and sisters
We only need togetherness
To build the bridge
Either shortcut or longcut

Let us go together
Still everyone is not here yet
They are coming but hesitating
Today we join our hands together
Tomorrow everyone will build the bridge
to cross over.

"How Sissano Lagoon was Named."

by Joseph Raire

Many years ago, there was a village on the coast of the West Sepik District. It was a very big village, and many people were living in it. There were very happy people; they used to dance and feast nearly every day. They sometimes were invited to another nearby village to dance and trade.

One day they had been invited to go to a village about 33 miles away inland. Everyone got their head-dresses prepared and also some food to take with them. The name of their chief was called Sissano. He told the people that everyone of them should go to the party. Then, next morning, they set off their journey. No one was left behind in the village, except a woman who had given birth to a baby just on the same day as the other people were leaving. She was the only person who stayed behind. Her husband Olo went with the other people.

The journey took them almost two days. As soon as they arrived in the village they began to dance. The dance continued until the next morning. They shared the food which was given to them by the visiting village, and ate and ate until they were all satisfied. Then they all started walking back home. Olo, who was the husband of the woman, was the first person to leave the village.

(more)

(Sissano Lagoon, continued)

However, the poor woman who had been left behind was already in trouble. She was very, very hungry as she had no fire to cook her food. So she came out of the house and looked for fire. She saw smoke from one of the houses at the far end of the village. She then took a walk to the house, went in and got the fire. There was no-one in the house when she got the fire. But when she wanted to walk out someone grabbed her by the hands. She turned and looked and there was an old man with a horrible looking face. The old man said, "You are mine. I am going to eat you."

As soon as she left, the beat of the drum began. The house where she got the fire was not open to anyone to enter. Only chief Sissano and his assistant chief Bakuk were allowed to enter it. The woman had made a mistake and so she was going to be killed.

However, as soon as the people who went for a visit approached the village, they could hear the beat of the drum. Then they knew that there was something wrong. When Olo the husband of the woman heard the beat of the drum he was very worried because he knew that the beating was for his wife. She was the only one who had been left behind.

Sissano the chief and his assistant Bakuk gathered all the people together and asked: "Who entered the house when we were away?"

Then Olo said, "My wife."

The chief shouted at him "Bad luck! Your wife is going to be killed tomorrow. The woman should be killed and put in the chief's house for the evil spirit to eat, otherwise the whole village will be destroyed."

The woman was killed and put in the chief's house for the evil spirit to eat. The evil spirit was the Chief's god and used to live in his house.

Olo was very sad about his wife. He tried hard to find some way to take revenge for his wife. He then decided to burn the chief's house where the evil spirit lived. Everybody was fast asleep. It was in the middle of the night. Olo went into the bush and collected wood and put it under the chief's house. And then he set the fire. Sissano and his assistant were fast asleep; they did not know what was happening. Both were burnt in the house.

In the same night, the whole village started to shake. The ground began to sink and the water started to rise. All the people could do nothing; they were all fast asleep. And also it was very dark and they could not see where to go. They all stayed in their houses and all of them were drowned.

The place where the village sank is now a lagoon. It is known as Sissano Lagoon, named after the chief of that village.

You can look at a map of the West Sepik and see Sissano Lagoon, and also a small village called Sissano. This is the place where this story comes from. It is one of the most popular stories in the West Sepik District.

The Holy Book was opened in front of me,
I gazed at the symbols on the white pages
But my thoughts could hardly read a word,
Can I really read?

I looked again and again,
My mind ceased thinking,
My eyes steadily fixed upon those beautiful symbols,
Do they mean anything to me?

Cool breezes flow across my brain
Carrying away my day-dreaming thoughts,
"Ei! I wish I knew how to read," my thoughts return.
But when, when will it be the time?

The Holy Book, the chaplain would say,
Contains the food of life.
But how? I've never read any book,
My thoughts wondered sorrowfully.

Can He above show me how to read now?
I'm too old
My bones are dried up
My eyes are almost blind.

My Good Lord
Help me to live
by your Words!

Abu Saaki
(Maisin word for grandmother)

by Alma Saul

Are you Abu Saaki?
You were a mother to me
You kept all the good things for me
You did this through rain, through the night
And when the river was flooded---
But you did not care,
For you loved me!
Your love was like the singing of Foroga *
By our people in feasts and ceremonies.
Your eyes had the joy and shine of the
Tambun*coming up from the Tasa*in the night.
Your face had the smile of a young girl
Laughing with her friends on the Sane.*

Abu, will I have the love you had?
Will I follow your footsteps in this
modern life put before me?
Will I? Will I?
I hope I will!

- * Foroga - a song sung by Maisin people, Papua.
- * Tambun - moon
- * Tasa - sea
- * Sane - beach