

## HOW THE TUBUAN BEGAN

In ancient times when people were carrying on with traditional culture, two girls discovered how to make the Tubuan, or Tubuanavavina. They were from Siar, on the north-west side of New Ireland District.

Once upon a time a family went to the garden. While there, Bau, a 15-year-old girl, took a banana pod and peeled it. Then she carved the face of a man in the pod.

Sanura, her sister who was two years older, got cassava leaves and made a shirt for the pod. They displayed their work.

The girls decided to put their handiwork together. Sanura put the shirt on the pod. Then Bau took the model and played with it. When they went home the girls showed the model to their grandmother.

The grandmother was interested to see this thing. She said, "Ha, this is good! I am going to enlarge it." She peeled the bark of a Malefautu tree for the mask. For the shirt she sewed the cane's leaves. She called Sanura and Bau to take turns dancing with her model.

People came and watched the girls dancing. They asked, "What is it?" One of the girls said, "Tubuanavavina," because the thing had been made by the old woman of that name. As people came and watched the Tubuanavavina dance they had to pay shell money. This was carried on for a long time.

The Siaras saw that that family was getting rich. So they killed the family, got the model, and studied how to make it. The Siaras cut off Tubuanavavina and called it "Tubuan." People from all over East New Britain and Central New Ireland went to Siar village to learn how to make that thing. Now every village in New Britain and New Ireland Districts know how to make the Tubuan costume.

When the eldest men and the Melems (members of the Tubuan secret sect) prepare the materials for the Tubuan, nonmembers aren't allowed to move around the bush. When the Melems meet nonmembers they take them to the place where the Tubuan is kept and cane them until they become unconscious. Then the victims have to get shell money and pay for their mistake.

The Tubuan can be the property of a chief. When two men quarrel, the chief, dressed in the Tubuan costume, comes and stands in front of them. They stop their quarrel straightaway. They rush to give shell money to the chief.

When a child cries for a long time, the Tubuan comes and the parents have to pay.

We regard the Tubuan as a spirit. ---Kaminie Masagi

## THE MOON

by Sam Rabonara  
Slowly and quietly  
Climbs the yellow young moon  
Up the peaceful soft sky  
With soft see-through  
Clouds around it  
As the flowers around  
The King's palace.

"How Gule Lost His Village"

--Kaminuel Masagi

MY COUNTRY PASTAIM

Dark were the days when men  
lived in fear,  
Fear of the arrows, stone  
chips and spears.  
Fighting and hatred filled  
every hand.  
That was my country, that  
was my land.

WEAK STRONG MAN

The Eagle is tough and strong.  
His claws are sharper than  
swords,  
He carries even a cow.  
He flies as the rockets in  
space--  
He suppresses the clouds in  
summer.  
But hunger coils him down with  
ease.

---Nemuel Laufilu

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STORM

The Night was dark and  
Fear came upon me.  
Soft air raced across  
the room,  
Then a gust of wind.  
Thunder mumbled and  
rolled across the sky.  
Rain came tumbling down--  
What could it be? A Storm!

THE SEA

Looking across the blue sea  
It looked so calm and peaceful  
It took my heart away.  
Oh I wish I had a boat  
To take me across the sea.

I watch the sea-gulls  
Busily looking for food.  
Some sit on logs and sail  
Across the blue sea.  
Oh I wish I had a boat  
To join the sea-gulls.

The sea, the sea  
How wonderful you are!  
How tempting you are!  
You look so peaceful  
The sea-gulls seem to be  
enjoying you so.

But you can get restless  
And roll from side to side.  
That's when you frighten me  
Then I don't wish a boat  
Oh the sea, the sea, my  
friend and my enemy.

---Sagilam Kadeu

Gule was a young boy about  
8 to 10 years old. His par-  
ents died when he was 6 and he  
was looked after by his grand-  
mother. Gule lived at Guma,  
beside the Raga river, 18 miles  
west of Hoskins in West New  
Britain.

One day when Vali was fish-  
ing he saw Koko, a kind of eel  
which lives near the bank of  
the river. He rushed to the  
Village and told the people a-  
bout the Koko that had gone  
into its hole. They came and  
dug and dug until they found  
and killed it. They took the  
sumae (strip of wood) and cut  
it into pieces, then distribu-  
ted the koko to everyone in  
the village. They gave the  
head to Gule, because he had  
discovered the Koko.

Gule put the head up on the  
matalauma, then laid down be-  
low and looked at the head.  
(Matalauma is the place for  
storing firewood.)

The head spoke to him,  
"Don't eat me, or you'll die."  
When Gule's grandmother came  
home he told her what the Koko  
head had said to him. That  
night, when everyone fell a-  
sleep, the Koko parts broke  
out of every person's stomach.  
All who had eaten the Koko  
died. Only Gule and his grand-  
mother were left.

When morning came the Koko  
parts joined together and told  
the grandmother to leave that  
place straightaway. So Gule  
and his grandmother ran to Vu-  
vol for their lives and set-  
tled there.

Gule is still alive but he  
is very old. Vuvol is on the  
south coast of New Britain.  
(Sumae is a plant similar to  
the bamboo specially used for  
cutting animals.)  
After they had cut up the Koko  
the people had thrown the  
sumae away. The pieces grew,  
and now, if you happen to go  
there, you will see all the  
sticks which they used for  
digging and cutting the Koko.  
The tunnel which they dug for  
Koko can still be seen when we  
go fishing there.

GISOGASO, THE LONELY MAN

A man by the name of Gisogaso lived in a big village. He had no wife and children. He was poor but not in the sense of material things. He was very hard-working and had lots of food in his gardens.

It was a custom in the village that if a man wished to make a garden he must consult the others and make gardens in the same area. One of the reasons was to keep enemies away, and wild pigs from destroying the gardens. Gisogaso's gardens were always the most rich and the most attractive.

While others worked together and talked and laughed, Gisogaso worked hard. He wanted to achieve something. Others knocked off early. Gisogaso finished up late at night. Part of the reason could be that he did not have a wife and children to worry about, therefore he worked day in and day out.

In fishing, too, when the villagers went out with Gisogaso he caught the biggest fish and they caught the small ones. The lazy fishermen would wander around to see who had caught the most fish. When they discovered that it was Gisogaso, they would beat him up, steal his catch, and take the fish away to their wives. Poor Gisogaso got only the small fish.

In all the things of life that a man can do to keep himself alive in the village, Gisogaso beat everybody. He never did any harm to anybody. But because he was a hard worker they stole his food and did many other unkind things.

One day while Gisogaso was working in his garden he cut his finger on a sugar cane leaf. The idea came into his mind to store the drops of blood. So he collected six drops of blood into a leaf, covered them up nicely, took them home, and put the parcel on a shelf where nobody could touch it. He kept the parcel under cover until the drops of blood had changed into eggs, then babies, and slowly grew up to be adults. He kept his

"children" hidden from the villagers, fed them and prepared spears, shields, clubs, and dress for the sons. He spent time giving instructions on how to attack enemies.

One day the whole village planned to go hunting. Very early the next morning Gisogaso decorated his sons and took them away to the common place where people had often belted him up and stole his meat. Gisogaso set his sons up around the spot. The sons were well equipped with fighting gear and some rattles to make extra noise and frighten the villagers.

After the day's hunting was over the people had no pigs or wallabies. So they came up to Gisogaso and saw that he had killed some pigs and some wallabies. They hit him down, tied him up in a tree upside down and began butchering the pigs which the poor Gisogaso had caught.

The boys did not make any move. They waited for their father's orders. Giso waited until everybody was very busy with their heads on the ground and then he gave a sign.

The first son shook his spear and the other five shook their spears. The rattles on their spears began to make noise and to shake the place. People began to wonder what was happening. Giso's sons came out of their hiding places and killed all of them without leaving a soul.

They untied their father and carried the meat home. While the sons were coming slowly, Giso ran to the village quickly. The women were surprised with the amount of the meat, and because it was the first time for Gisogaso to come home so early. They asked him where their husbands were. He said that they were coming afterward. When his sons arrived they picked some women to be their wives and killed the rest. The six sons of Gisogaso settled there and lived happily ever after.

Oh! It's Awful.

Oh! It's Awful  
It's awful  
It hurts.

The days ahead  
Those awful days ahead  
Oh! It's awful.

As I sit and imagine  
And look ahead  
The world seems to tremble.

New-born beings  
Will you enjoy life,  
The awful life?

Oh! It's awful  
It's awful  
It hurts.

Mr. Wind

Sheee....Sheee....Sheee....  
Comes Mr. Noman  
Going nowhere  
Sheee....Sheee....Sheee....

Sheee....Sheee....Sheee....  
Where it comes from  
No one knows  
Sheee....Sheee....Shee.....

----Sam Rabonara

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War Memory

Hurry! Hurry my sons,  
Run to the mountains,  
Japs are coming,  
Hurry! Hurry!

Hurry Rorogara,  
Hurry Patari,  
Hurry Daguna,  
Japs are at our heels.

You get axe,  
You get knife,  
And you get firestick.  
Hurry to Sipeada.

O mama! my sons!  
Run to the cave,  
Japs are here,  
I hear a man cry.

----Desmond Bundu

---Sagilam Kadeu.

"Little more than 100 years ago Henry Bessemer ushered the Western world out of the Iron Age. Today geneticists determine sex in a test tube and before the advent of the millenium parents will be able to have a boy if they want a boy or a girl if they want a girl.

"Meanwhile, the Anglo-French Concorde flies on its maiden wings, taking the first tottering step into the Age of SST..."

--Kristen St. Noble

WRITERS HEAR POET, LINGUIST

During the second and third weeks of their course, writing students at Nobonob heard from a poet, a linguist, and discussed ways of writing about independence, especially for Christian readers.

The poet was Mr. J.R. Burns of Madang. He discussed what poetry means to him, then read a few of his own works.

Dr. Wesley Sadler, the linguist, talked about the kind of writing which he hoped will "go on here for 50 years!" This would be writing for adult new literates. He urged students to treat religious and health subjects as first and second in importance for new readers.

Students discussed with the Rev. A. Walck, editor of the New Guinea Lutheran, some of the questions that might be written about in a series of articles on the subject of independence, or freedom, and what a Christian attitude and response to it should be.

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\*\* "In its very first pages, the Bible describes sin as disregard for God--- loss of the communion of love with God--and disregard for the other person. The immediate result of sin is domination of man over woman."  
\*\* --Bernard Haring  
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The Coconut Tree

Raising my head to look up  
to your lofty height  
You seem to be proud,  
Looking down at me, as at  
an ant--  
You say, ha! ha!  
I'm much taller than you  
are!  
I'm proud--'cause  
My leaf gives a basket  
My nut gives food and water  
Oh man! How wonderful it is  
to have me.

## PETER, THE EDUCATED MAN

"I know what I am doing, shut up old man!" shouted Peter Sani to his father.

Peter had come home, on holidays, after completing his 3rd Form.

During his holidays, Peter wasn't relaxed at home. He had many things on his mind. Peter thought his father was the ugliest, and most brainless man in the village. He had this thought because his parents had marked a girl in the village to marry him. Peter didn't like the idea because he had another girl in mind.

Peter's father tried to talk him out of marrying Sandy. Marry Pirin, the father urged, whom they had marked. Every time, Peter would say, "Sorry old man, I am going to marry Sandy. She is educated and I am educated. Why should I marry an idiot from the village? Father, you don't know anything. You keep shut, and let me do what I want!"

Night after night Peter and his father sat and talked. But Peter's father never seemed to win. Peter thought he knew everything. His way was the best.

After the three-week holiday Peter took up a job at a bank. Sandra, his girlfriend, worked in Burns Philp's. They liked each other very much.

At home, Sani, Peter's father, was burdened. He worried about his son.

One day the father got a letter from Peter. The boy was getting married the following Saturday. Peter stressed in his letter, "I do not want to see you or uncle or any relation at my wedding."

Sandra and Peter were married, and had a house in town.

After some time, Sandra quit work because she had a baby to look after. They had

a little boy named Paul. After Sandra quit work, she had to rely on Peter for money. Peter earned about \$60 a fortnight.

It so happened that each payday Peter would give \$10 to Sandra and keep the rest for himself. Of course, ten dollars was not enough for Sandra to buy clothes, food, house rent, etc. Sandra was furious because Peter would not give her more money.

One Friday evening, Peter came home with ten dollars. "Do you mean to say that you are the only one educated and can earn money? No, sir, I am educated and I can work, too!" shouted Sandra. "Why didn't you marry Pirin, that Kanaka? You cannot trick me, because I know more than you do!" This quarrelling went on for several weeks.

At home Sani wondered how his son was. He sat down one evening and wrote a short letter. In it he said, "Please tell me how you are getting on with Sandra. I am always thinking of you, my only son."

Peter ripped the letter into bits and pieces. He didn't want anything to do with his father.

The time dragged on and there was no laughter in Peter and Sandra's home as before. Peter hated Sandra because she was a bighead. Sandra hated Peter because he gave her only \$10.

Sandra, being proud of her education, tried to take a job at the bank, too. The bank manager interviewed her, and thought that she was smart. So Sandra worked at the bank, too.

The manager liked Sandra's work. Soon she was promoted and paid more than Peter earned. This stirred Peter up. Envious, he thought, "I must get rid of Sandra tonight. But I'll keep my son, Paul."

(continued on page six)

The Educated Man, (continued)

TOWN SCENE

As soon as Sandra opened the door to the house, she felt an angry grip on her throat. She struggled hard, tried to scream, but there was no help. After 10 minutes, Peter let go and Sandra fell down dead.

The Chinese lass lifted her head as high as she could. Then she stood on the bags and lifted one of her legs onto the glass-counter. Gradually she shifted her weight onto it until her other leg was barely touching the bags.

Eventually, the police caught Peter. After a trial he was sentenced to life imprisonment. His little boy was sent home to his family.

At last she was able to cast her watchful eyes upon the crowd--lifting, shifting pushing, looking, talking, asking, standing, buying and slowly marching in queue to and from her store.

Peter sat down and cried bitterly one night thinking of his father's words. "Oh, I wish I could tell him that he knew better than I. But I thought I knew everything."

TELL THE TRUTH ABOUT TOWN LIFE

Police today have the power to send "parasites" who hang aimlessly around town back to their villages.

All Peter's education was useless in the prison. The labour was very hard. Peter lost weight. Then he gave up hope. Before long he was dead.

"These bloody idiot, unsophisticated villagers are upsetting everything." This is what we so-called sophisticated people say about our fellow countrymen, or "parasites" every time we hear of them getting into trouble in towns.

--Sagilam Kadeu

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WHERE AM I?

But do we really have a right to call them "idiots" or "unsophisticated"?

Here he comes!  
Then he came.  
A stop! A look! A question.  
"Where am I?"

Let me put it this way: how many "sophisticated" persons have gone back to their villages and explained to the would-be parasites the trouble they are sure to encounter if they go to town without a job?

He smiled  
Like a lost, found child.  
A tense flying moment!  
A laugh  
"Oh! Where am I?"

I haven't come across any yet. All we do is sing out praises about the good food, entertainment, richness, and other things that make town sound like a place where anybody can be rich--just as the "Gold Fields" sounded to those Europeans way back.

He sat.  
His colourful shirt created stares.  
He spoke.  
All stared with wide opened eyes.  
"Oh! Where am I?"

This arouses the curious minds of these "parasites" and so generates the flow of villagers to the towns. Thank heaven I have come across some ex-parasites who said, "Taun ia sapos yu gat wok o moni, em bai yu hamamas ia..."

"A dream world? A poetic world?"  
His poetic speech sets me swaying to and fro.  
Up! Away! Fast! into the endless sky.

Let's go home and tell the truth, not create curiosity!

Oh! bring me back  
I'm going fast! fast! faster!  
It's the poet, the poet.  
"Oh! No! Where am I?"  
Swept away by the poet talking."

--Paul Kavon.

--Paul Kavon

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"The gospels speak of two kinds of grave. One was whitewashed, false facade...The other was empty...he is no longer here...but promises to come. Make your choice!"

(J.C. Hoekendijk)

## PIDGIN BRINGS LAUGHS IN WRITERS' COURSE

During one week of our writers' course, we students were taught how to write dramatic plays. We had a play to read and each person had one part.

"Are we all set now?" asked Mr. Glen Bays, the teacher.

"Yes," answered the six students.

"Right. Go ahead Mr. Narrator," said Glen.

Pidgin sounded a little funny to myself, Nemuel Laufilu, from Mailaita, British Solomon Islands Protectorate. So I read nearly every word with laughing. Everybody laughed, ha! ha! ha!

"Some one take my place to read," I said. I couldn't stop laughing.

The other students enjoyed reading the play with laughter and completed it.

That evening, five of us students went on reading, writing, playing and talking till the lights went out at half past ten.

Our talk went something like this....

"Malaita, wanem taim tru yu kam long dispela Christian Leaders Training kolege yu stap long en?"

"Mi? Ah, oh...mi kam long dis yia no moa...."

"Dis yia no moa! Ho, ho, ho ho!" laughed Desmond, from Moresby.

"Hem nao," I murmured.

Paul from Manus spoke then. "Sori bai Buka i lusim yumi long Sande nau hia." (Sam from Bougainville was getting ready to leave the course early.)

"Olsem wanem yu go hariap Buka?" asked Masagi, from West New Britain.

"Planti samting moa bai mi wokim long dispela wik Mande. Olsem nau mi go kwik taim," Sam answered.

"Paul, bai yu go long wanem rot? Bai yu kam bek long Chimbu gen o nogat?" Desmond asked the question.

"Tingting bilong mi olsem bai yumi pinis, orait mi kisim balus na go long Manus. Bi-hain mi laik go long Rabaul. Na sapos mi laik kam bek long Chimbu moa ating bai mi kam. Sapos nogat, Maski, mi tisa long ples, tasol."

"Em i laik bilong yu, yu yet yu bos," said Masagi.

At times the students discussed the words in Solomon pidgin.

"Malaita, raitim no moa?" Sam asked. Then they all burst with laughter.

"No, no, no, no," I said. I think you're wrong, Sam. You must put the word in the right place to give it meaning. The word "no moa" means "em tasol" or "nogat" in your pidgin.

"Ah...that's interesting. I didn't know that before. I see," said Sagilam, our woman student from Madang.

On Saturdays we went to town for either "wokabout" or "shopping." On one trip Desmond asked me, "Malaita, after seeing the town, the people and the food here in the market, do you think of home, O nogat?"

"Ei! Man, mi long hom pinis hia," I said.

After shopping, a trip to the beach, and movies, the students were filled with eagerness at their final week of training. Not so much for their work, but about where and what they would be doing after the course at their homes. On Friday, December 18th, the students will all return to their various places --Desmond to Port Moresby, Kaminiel to Rabaul, Paul to Manus and Nemuel to the Christian Leader's Training College at Banz. Glen and his family will then be lonely, but will have great hope to see the next group of students coming to the Creative Training Centre from the 4th to 22nd of January, 1971.

--Nemuel Laufilu