

Papua New Guinea Writing

Vol. 15 SEPTEMBER 1974

20
cents

Registered at the General Post Office, Port Moresby, for transmission by post as a qualified publication

A LITERATURE BUREAU PUBLICATION, NOW READ IN TWENTY COUNTRIES

STORIES BY:

Gai Jaria

Mary Paulisbo

Ann Pipi

Opunai Hosea

Darius

Phillip Bowindu

Arthur Jawodimbari Dewa Saba

INTERVIEW:

- Minister for Culture

CULTURAL REVIVAL:

- Article by Arthur Jawodimbari

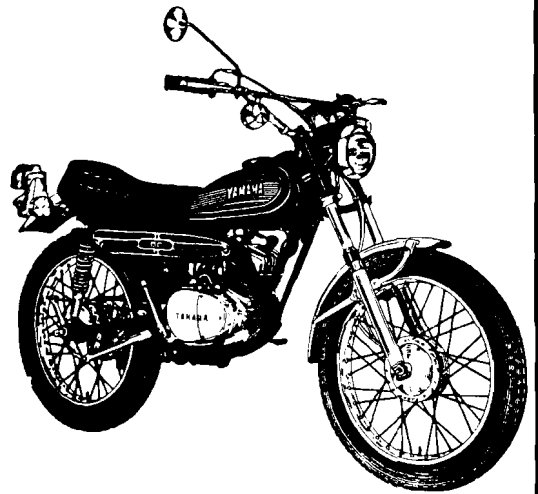
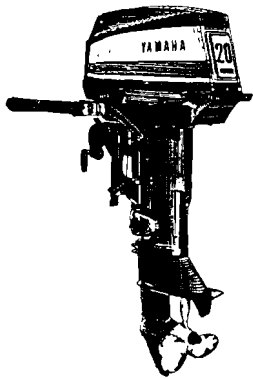
POET'S CORNER

NEWS ABOUT COMPETITIONS



YAMAHA

It's a better machine



OUTBOARDS AND MOTORCYCLES

FROM ELA  MOTORS LIMITED

**BRANCHES AND DEALERS
THROUGHOUT
THE COUNTRY**

JOIN A YOUNG TEAM GOING PLACES

... A CAREER FOR YOU IN THE "WALES"

Young men and women leaving school this year with the School Certificate or higher should consider these benefits and opportunities:

- **INTERESTING AND VARIED WORK**
- **QUICK PROMOTION**
- **JOB SATISFACTION**
- **TRAINING THROUGHOUT YOUR CAREER**
- **GOOD CONDITIONS**

IF YOU ARE INTERESTED, WRITE TO:

CHIEF MANAGER
BANK OF NEW SOUTH WALES
PORT MORESBY, PNG

OR CALL AT ANY BRANCH OF THE "WALES"

Editorial

ADIEU TO AN EDITOR

Editors come and editors go. "Wanderlust" which brought a young traveller-writer to Port Moresby years ago was Canada's loss and Papua New Guinea's gain. Roger Boschman was that traveller and Papua New Guinea was the place he came to visit. Soon after his arrival Roger Boschman found the country just the place to satisfy his adventurous mind: It was more than another country on his travel schedule — it became his home.

In 1968, by means of a prize incentive, he started the first National Short Story Contest which has now survived its sixth year and has four sections with good prizes totalling \$180. Now this traveller-writer has decided to go. It will be a gain for another country and a loss for Papua New Guinea.

During Roger's editorship readers of 'Papua New Guinea Writing' have found in him a man of admirable qualities. A lot of young and trying writers have, through his efforts, found themselves in print here and overseas as well as through radio broadcasts. By the same token and for the same reasons I now find myself in charge of the Literature Bureau. I have found the period as an understudy the most interesting of my career.

On behalf of you young interested readers and those who work in your National Literature Bureau, let us wish the outgoing Editor the best of luck wherever he may go. The Literature Bureau will always remember him as the founder of the National Short Story Contest and an active promoter of Literature through the Bureau.

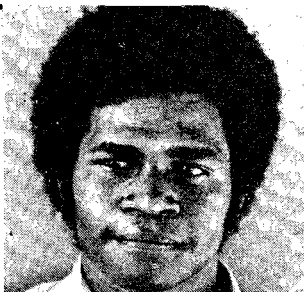
A few changes have taken place for which I am very glad as I do not find myself alone in my task since Russell Soaba has joined the Literature Bureau. A graduate of Martyrs' Memorial High School, Russell was awarded a Scholarship to study at Balwyn High School in Victoria where he matriculated.

In 1970 he enrolled at the University of Papua New Guinea and studied Arts for two years majoring in Literature and Creative Writing. Russell is best known as a dramatist and a short story writer and has been widely published. His writing may be found in "Black New Guinea Writing", "Pacific Writers Series", "Kovave", "Papua New Guinea Writing" and "Youth Writes Again". Together we hope to help our interested readers and writers

enjoy the magazine thoroughly. Writers especially should note that the Literature Bureau is always ready to assist them with their writing such as finding markets for them or providing constructive criticism if asked.

The three Literary competitions this year have brought in a record number of entries in Short Story, Poetry and Plays. Last year our total number of entries in the three sections was 1080. This year our total entries were 1260 and this shows how over the last three years the people of this country have acquired the interest and urge to put pen to paper. Our thanks are well deserved by the National Broadcasting Commission and the Post-Courier for their part in providing the time and space for wide publicity.

JACK LAHUI,
Editor.



RUSSELL SOABA
Assistant Editor

Contents

SAINTLY MAGICIAN	2
Allain Jaria	
THE RECLUCTANT BRIDE	4
Sally Anne Pipi	
A GLIMPSE OF THE SUN	6
Arthur Jawodimbari	
POET'S CORNER	8
with Jack Lahui	
ENCOUNTER WITH A GHOST	10
Michael Danga	
INTERVIEW	12
CULTURAL REVIVAL	13
Arthur Jawodimbari	
MY UNCLE'S P.M.V.	14
Walter Darius	
ANABOSIN	16
Phillip Bowindu	
CAPTIVE OF THE TURTLE	17
Mary Paulisbo	
INITIATION	18
Dewa Saba	
PES KOKONAS	20
Opunai Hosea	
ABOUT THE WRITERS	22
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR	23

Editor: Jack Lahui

Assistant Editor: Russell Soaba

Editorial Consultant: Glen Gaywood

Layout: Jack Lahui

Cover Design: Jimmy Oka

Drawings on pages 2, 4, 17, and 18 by Tex Moeckel, Art Section, Office of Information, and on pages 10, and 14 by Iava Geita, on page 20 by Vivienne Sambuda of the same section.

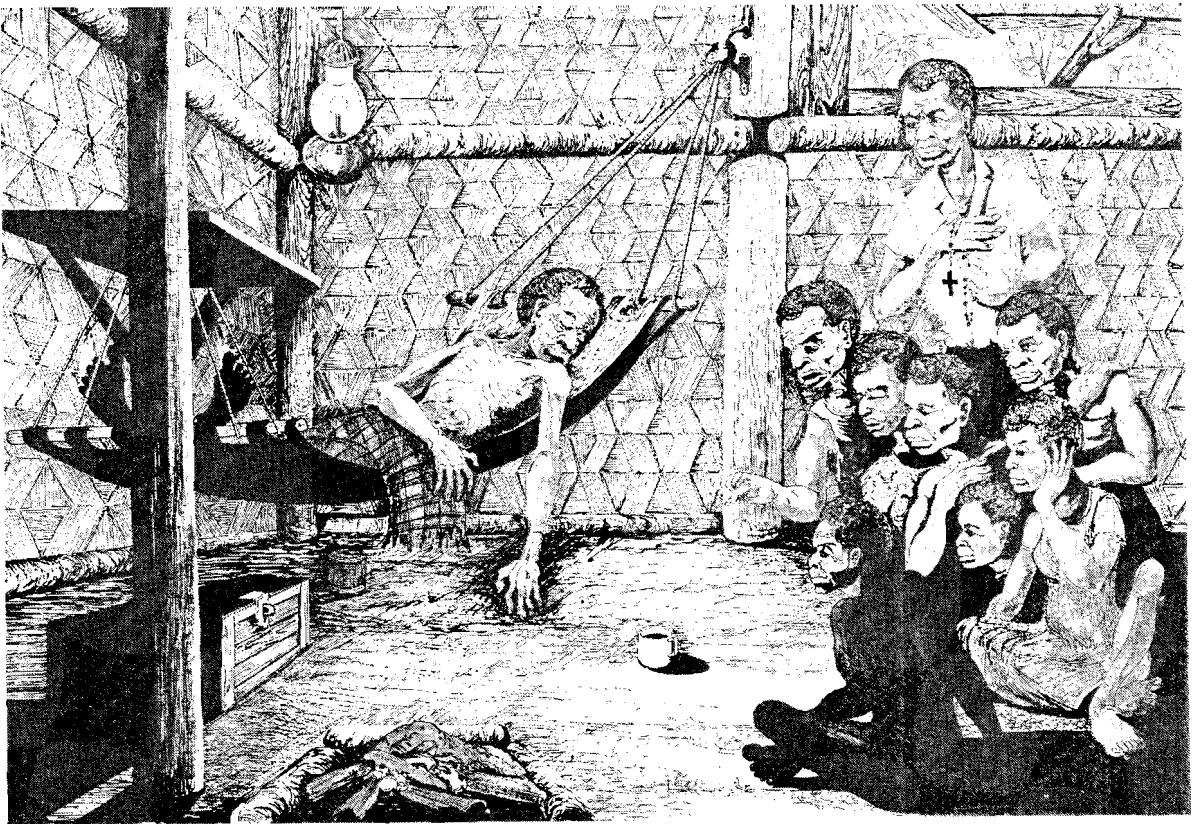
All photographs by the Photographic Section, Office of Information.

(C) Copyright reserved, September 1974 Number 15 issue: Literature Bureau.

Published by the Literature Bureau, Office of Information, Konedobu, Port Moresby.

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording, or otherwise without the prior permission of the publisher.

Views expressed in this periodical are specifically those of the authors, or those interviewed by our Editorial Staff and do not necessarily reflect those of the Editorial Staff, or the Office of Information.



"The water is turning into blood?" uttered a man who was nearest to the cup.

THE SAINTLY MAGICIAN

by Allain Jaria

The occupants of the house sat huddled in silence as if expecting an imminent happening. Beside a dying fire, on a hammock, lay the sick man, more dead than alive. Directly opposite the sick man was a white metal cup half filled with water. All eyes were on the cup. After moments of solemn silence an elderly man, who was nearest to the cup uttered: "The water is turning into blood?" The man who had placed the cup of water began, "Pass the cup around so everyone can see. A magician has made a knot on a sacred rope and has tied the heart of the patient. I'm afraid the heart is broken. The blood you see in the cup is from the heart of our patient. Once the knot is tightened, God will bless him. What we must do quickly is find a person able to undo the knot right away."

Iosepa Aida Mona was glad he had come home for his school break. He thought this stay would give him the opportunity to ascertain the values of tribal traditions. Iosepa gathered himself upright. He could now feel his heart beating. He looked up at the ceiling then at the chimney which he could imagine was blacker than black magic. Iosepa looked at the man fully in the face as he began addressing the sick man. "Sometime ago, a little over a week to be precise, I came to see you. I'll see you now for the second time."

There was hardly a noise apart from their slow uneasy breathing. Iosepa cursed under his breath. The white cup had not played magic on the sick man but

on them. As he looked at the strange cup, Ond Akai, the magician, spoke again. "Everyone must see the inside of the cup. Pass it around."

As the cup changed hands someone sitting close to Aida Mona shouted "Aye! Look at the water! It's clean again!"

Ond Akai said confidently, "Everyone can see that the water in the cup is as pure as it was before it turned into blood. Not a drop of blood may be found in the cup. Shortly you will see whether the water in the cup will remain as it is or change form. This, I hope, will be the last and final sign."

To the audience's bewilderment Ond Akai produced his rosary beads from his shirt pocket and after crossing himself reverently, started counting them in silence. Iosepa's heart was in his mouth and he shivered as he gazed at the white cup, then at the man who perched powerfully like a mighty rock behind the cup. It was then that the same person who saw the first transformation broke the tense silence again.

"There seems to be soil on the bottom of the cup."

To this Ond Akai said, "Pass the cup so that the others may see. The sickness of our patient hasn't gripped me nor will it ever become my sickness. Pray for me and pray for the patient. I shall know tonight where he is walking. I won't wait any longer. May I be permitted to leave now?"

There was now a change of tone in his voice as he rose and made for the open door without another word. However much he had tried to retain his normal face, one could well see both sorrow and pity gripped his countenance. Iosepa, despite his hatred for magicians, felt sorry for him. He too stood up, and followed the man. It was chilly outside, the evening fog rising high along the peaks and valleys and the countryside was beginning to lose shape. Iosepa called out to Ond Akai.

"It's getting dark and cold; can you spend the night with us?"

"I don't stay in one village half a day, my good brother. My presence may help some lonely patient elsewhere."

"But surely you must have something to eat before you go," Iosepa insisted, intending to stop the man from proceeding any further.

"I'll get my food in the next village and see what sort of night is coming," Ond Akai spoke over his shoulder as he climbed the village fence. Iosepa hurried to the fence and spoke softly but deliberately.

"What was the meaning of the lump of earth in the white cup?"

"The lump of earth in the white cup means the loosened earth from the grave."

"You mean the patient is going to die?"

"It means death. We speak around and about and heaven picks out the message."

"When will it be, do you know?"

"I've just told you I'll spend the night in the next village and see where he walks tonight. This means this night will bring important messages. If you don't know the meaning now you will know it tomorrow morning or perhaps in the middle of the night." Saying this Ond Akai headed along the fence and was soon hidden by the dense Kunai grass on the outskirts of the village.

Iosepa stood there as though the core of his heart, like a ripe betelnut, had dropped to the ground. The man's impatience and the loose evasive explanation posed questions for him. What if the patient by some unforeseen power became ripe and broke? Ond Akai himself was another of those mysteries Iosepa vowed he must solve, next time he met him. Yet whatever Ond Akai was by profession Iosepa thought of him as a model missionary man. His name, Iosepa knew, was on the lips of the people. Questions still posed in his mind, Iosepa turned to his house and slowly approached with heavily drooped shoulders. On the veranda of their home Iosepa met his mother.

"Why are women gathering at the house of the sick?" he asked her.

"Don't ask me that question!" his mother scolded.

"You mean the person is going to die tonight?"

"Iosepa! Iosepa! My son. You're walking blindly over everything. We say the ripe cucumber will break. This is the language we use tonight. Remember that, Iosepa. There are lots of nights to see friends, to sing with friends, to play and to dance with friends. Get to bed early."

Darkness had descended and was quickly shrouding the twilight. Iosepa obeyed his mother and prepared for bed.

Iosepa slept like a cassowary, his knees drawn right up to his chest. Sweat bathed his body, while the air

he breathed felt cold. He could imagine and feel his heart beats in the silence crossing out minutes by tally. Pray, as he did, Iosepa felt his prayer bounce back like a rubber ball. The face of the patient kept appearing in his wakeful eyes from every corner of the house. He reasoned that either the man's spirit was moving around him or that his imagination was playing havoc with him.

It was again morning, a bright morning with the sun rising in its glory from the top of the Eastern mountains.

"Chase all the sleep from your eyes and hear the news," his uncle Mana forced the words out. Iosepa yawned and straightened up.

"Is Ond Akai still making magic?" Iosepa asked his Uncle Mana, unaware of the death.

"You'd better not talk about him. He seems to know when people talk about him."

Iosepa pushed his blankets aside and retorted, "I'm not saying anything bad about him, am I? I just want to know more about him."

"In the first place," Uncle Mana explained, "he is not a magician. Ond Akai doesn't use magical formulas, magical leaves, stones, barks of trees, vines or spirits or snakes. He uses the rosary when he prays. He has faith and that's what makes him different from any of the magicians I know. He goes to Mass, to Confessions and Communion. Before examining the sick, he uses the rosary and says a prayer for them."

"Any practising Christian can do that," Iosepa interrupted.

"What made me think twice was the water in the cup that turned into blood and later into lumps of earth. I don't understand these things, but he is a good man."

"Maybe good men should perform miracles rather than magic," Iosepa replied cynically.

"I don't know whether he has great faith," Mana said, not realising he was contradicting himself. "But I do know that he can tell if you've stolen this and that or you've been with a girl or another man's wife. If you are a magician he points it out in public. Since he received this extraordinary power all the villagers have come to know who practices what type of magic. This is what makes him different and a good and just man." Iosepa felt ashamed of himself, but stood his ground.

"He has great faith," Iosepa managed to say.

"I've not the slightest doubt about his faith," Mana said with an air of importance. "He lives his faith more than anyone of us, I can assure you."

"Perhaps his Christian belief is blended with that of his magic or his pagan religion," suggested Iosepa.

"See if you can think it out," Mana encouraged his nephew.

"Maybe so," Iosepa said voluntarily, "they call it magic - religion. However, at the moment I'm not in a position to say that Ond Akai lives a magic-religious life. I have to do more research to prove he lives such a life."

"All I know is he has great faith," said Mana, "but be careful if you're going to study him."

The conversation at its peak of interest was now overridden by the noise of the wailing and weeping of the relatives. Indeed the sick man had died. The boy and the uncle were now obliged to go to the house and comfort the relatives.



She found refuge in a cave besides which ran a stream which only she and her dead grandmother knew.

THE RELUCTANT BRIDE

by Sally Anne Pipi

Through her window Ikena stared at the ominous shapes appearing in the breaking dawn and secretly wished the sun would never rise to spare her the day ahead. She was confused about the coming marriage to Boga, a man she considered a clumsy, unattractive pig.

"Ikena! Ikena! Open the door and get your breakfast." It was her mother who was silently sharing with her daughter her unhappiness. For months Ikena had to idle away the days, sometimes reluctantly helping Boga's mother in the gardens, housework and shopping. However, she had never spoken to Boga, as she herself put it to friends, "It's too dangerous to talk to a wild boar, when your hatred keeps reaching the boiling point at the very sight of him."

"Ikena! Ikena!" Her mother was now pounding on the door. Slowly Ikena got up from the window seat and opened the door to take the tray her mother offered her. Her mother showed no reaction at the sight of Ikena's tear-stained face and puffy eyes.

"When breakfast is over," her mother said calmly, "get ready as Lea will be calling for you." That was all and she was gone. No offer of encouragement, no offer of last minute advice, she thought. Too bad, I can't win. She recalled how her brothers belted her a couple of

weeks before the engagement as she would not consent to the marriage, and how they used to drag her around by the hair. "No wonder they sold me like a prize pig," she said aloud, then noticing the tray on her lap, she tackled the food ravenously to ease the tension.

When she was ready she took the tray and went into the kitchen where to her surprise she found Boga's sister, Lea, already waiting for her. The two girls left while Ikena's mother looked on sadly, wondering why her daughter hated the young man, when he seemed to be so gentle. She wondered if it was the new way of life, not the customary way, that was eating the girl's heart.

By lunch time the girls were back and nicely done up with Ikena carrying her wedding gown in a paper box.

During the mid-day meal, she said nothing and her parents thought it better to leave her alone. She then turned in for a short rest. In the afternoon Lea came in to help her dress, then the bridal party was whisked away to the church which was already packed with guests, friends and relatives. Silently and masterfully her father led her up the aisle while a soloist in her best singing voice sang the 'Wedding'. In front of the altar the groom came out to meet the bride and so for the last time Ikena's father left her.

"In the name of the Father, and the Son and the Holy Spirit," the Minister started off the service after which 'Namo badina Dirava' was sung in the Motu language of Papua, ending in a lovely "Amen".

"Before we continue the marriage service," the Minister interrupted, "if any one has anything against the marriage, please come forward." The waiting was an eternity to the bride who was irritated the more she glanced sideways at Boga. "Idiots! Why doesn't anyone want to save me?" she thought bitterly.

The Minister continued: "Now that we have no objections from the congregation, we shall continue the service." Silently the congregation watched the proceedings. Ikena could not remember anything until Lea pressed her arm. She was back on earth in time to take the vows.

"Do you, Ikena, take this man as your lawful, wedded husband?"

"I do," she replied automatically. "Till death do us part." The Minister then turned to Boga.

"Do you, Boga, take this woman for your lawful, wedded wife?"

"I do," Ikena was shocked, wondering why Boga had not said "Till death do us part."

"Repeat after me now," continued the Minister, "in sickness and in health, in trouble and in pain, in good times and in bad, in kindness and in sorrow, shall I abide with thee, till death."

The exchange of rings took place, then Boga led his bride down the aisle while the choir sang "Hail to the Bride."

Outside the church, well-wishers and photographers lined the pathway. Click went the cameras, but the bride did not smile. Boga was disturbed but kept on smiling as if nothing was wrong. At the reception, happy guests thronged the hall but the wedding dance had to be cancelled due to the obvious unhappiness of the bride.

Boga still felt uneasy and when they reached home that evening, he decided to play along with her.

"Ikena," he said, "you can have the room to yourself. I will sleep out on the verandah."

One evening Ikena's mother came to the house and asked her to go down and see her father who was not very well. She knew it was just an excuse to take her away, as she already knew gossip would get around and for the sake of the bride price her family was ashamed. At the house her brothers gave her more lashing and then turned her out, hoping she would feel ashamed to enter her inlaws' house again. It was dusk so no one would see her wandering away to the foothills where her grandmother used to make her gardens. There she found refuge in a cave beside which ran a stream, which only Ikena and her grandmother knew. There she settled down for the night and there she dwelled, living on the forgotten vegetables and the fish from the stream.

The cave was covered by vines and shrubs and besides that no one ever came this way and the grass was so overgrown, the whole place looked like a jungle to her. In the cave she found a small fish-net which her grandmother had used when she was alive and every time they came to trap fish.

The marks on her body began to heal and she herself lost count of the days. In her plight, she began to reason with herself over the whole affair from the engagement

to the wedding. There was nothing wrong except that she found it difficult to love Boga. She kept asking herself whether she would ever change her mind about Boga, as all this seemed so difficult and impossible. She decided to forget everything and live as a hermit for the rest of her life.

But one evening while she was scraping her baked yams she heard the faraway roar of a car engine. She was sure the sound was growing louder and seemed to be coming her way, so she extinguished the fire and retreated into the cave with her meal. She waited for so long that she gave up and began to eat her meal.

Ikena was just lying down to sleep when she heard footsteps. How would the mysterious person know of her hideout unless it was one of her brothers coming to murder her. Whoever it was that was approaching her, she decided not to make herself seen.

The footsteps stopped by the stream, as if the intruder was thinking whether to go on or to return. Softly she heard her name being called: "Ikena, Ikena, can you hear me?" She dared not answer and fearfully waited for the next move.

The caller too waited for any sounds or any sign of answering calls but none came, so at the top of his lungs, he began to yell: "Ikena! Ikena! Can you hear me? It's me, Boga."

Unwillingly Ikena came out from behind him almost sending the poor fellow into the stream for fear that a spirit had answered his call.

"Oh! It's you! I thought I had lured your grandmother's spirit out into the open. By the way where did you emerge from?"

"From there," Ikena said, pointing to the thick layer of vines over the cave. When Boga lifted the vines he found, to his surprise, an entrance to the cave and an airy, lighted hall.

"Here," said Boga as he extended the bag to Ikena, "go in and change into something decent."

Ikena looked at Boga then opened her mouth as if to say something but decided not to. She slowly took the bag from him and quickly made for the cave.

"I have to take you to 'Y'," said Boga before Ikena reached the entrance. "The matron is expecting you."

Ikena stopped where she was and without turning around, said, "Why?"

"Because that's where you should be," said Boga. "You will be free there. You can forget everything and start again." Boga paused, trying desperately to find words. "What you need," Boga continued, "is happiness. And happiness is all that matters."

Ikena stood for a moment, without a word, then abruptly entered the cave.

Boga went and sat by the stream. For reasons known only to himself he felt self-pity well up inside him. "I won't permit my parents to force me into another unhappy marriage," he thought. Once the girl was out of the way Boga had planned to go to Bougainville to work and never return to Hanuabada.

He stood up as Ikena put down the bag near him. Taking hold of the bag, he led the way through the grass and bush to the car which was about thirty metres away. As they came out into the clearing, Ikena wiped away a tear and slid her hand in his.

"I don't want to go to the 'Y'" she said. ●

A Glimpse of the Sun

by Arthur Jawodimbari

A strong land breeze swayed the leaves of the tall coconut trees on the banks of Koko River. Tita was hurrying to avoid the dry nuts that were being sent down by the breeze. He was sweating heavily under the weight of a bunch of green nuts.

As he walked past a log, white-washed by the regular floods, a bony figure in tapa cloth rags stirred and coughed. Tita started and screamed, almost dropping his burden. An old man with deep folds above his eyebrows smiled and his face became alive and glowed.

Tita, stunned and shocked, stood for a while and then made as if to go. He looked at the old man's eyes which seemed to be pleading for help.

"Who are you?" Tita asked, after surveying the old man from head to foot. The old man shook his head. "Where are you going?" Tita asked again, a bit irritated.

"I am lost," the old man mumbled.

Tita hesitated then asked the old man to follow him. He turned around to the old man and said, "The rain is about to come." The old man nodded and followed Tita to the village.

They had hardly reached Tita's house when the rain started. Tita's wife gave him a big stare as if she could not recognize him.

"What are you waiting for? Make fire and spread out the mats!" Tita screamed at her.

Gobe, Tita's wife, hurriedly unfolded a mat and spread it near the fire place. She then put two plates of food before them.

As they settled down to the food Gobe asked sternly, "Where is the old man going?"

"Nowhere," Tita replied while munching some sweet potatoes.

"What do you mean nowhere?" Gobe asked her husband.

"Let him stay here for the night," Tita cut in. The old man kept on eating with his head bowed.

After a few minutes of silence the old man cleared his throat and then spoke slowly: "Allow me to stay for the night here. I left my canoe down at Koko River. Tomorrow I set sail again."

Tita had gone out fishing some hours before and left the old man to rest in the house. Gobe kept the fire going because the old man appeared ill and was shivering with cold.

"What is the name of this village?" the old man asked softly, after his fever and the shaking had eased. There was sweat on his forehead.

"This is Beube," Gobe replied. The old man was again silent as if to recollect his memories.

"Where is Tutuma?" the old man asked again.

"Tutuma was deserted and all the people moved here."

"Then I'm in the right village." Gobe watched him without a word. "Whose daughter are you?" the old man asked again with eyes transfixed at the glowing fire.

"I am Doma's youngest daughter. There were four of us in the family, two boys and two girls. My eldest brother left home and wandered to a far off place because my father would not let him marry the girl he loved. My second elder brother now lives with his wife's people. My eldest sister married a man from another tribe. I am the only one left in this village," Gobe finished off with a sad tone.

"You must be Gobe!" the old man exclaimed with delight as if he was not sick. Gobe looked stunned and opened her mouth as if to ask the old man who he was but words failed her. The old man looked across the fire and their eyes met. In the dim light of the dying fire, Gobe could see tears running down the old man's cheeks. There was no need to ask why the old man was crying. A scar which her eldest brother had received on his elbow during a hunting expedition was similar to the one on the old man's elbow.

"You are my brother?" Gobe broke down weeping. Tears flowed down the old man's cheeks and he seemed both deaf and dumb.

Tita who was still out fishing did not have much luck. Someone, it seemed to him, was following him as he tried to catch fish. Every time he speared a fish it did not stick to his spear. It must be a relative of mine or my wife's, Tita mused. Who is it I wonder? His fishing basket was almost empty. He decided to return. As the canoe touched the beach, a huge firefly¹ flew out of the canoe and fell dead on the beach. Tita ignored it.

In the morning the old man was on the beach watching the sun as it rose from the depths of the sea. Gobe walked down and asked him to come up to the house for breakfast. "You can rest in the house when it gets very hot," Gobe said to him during breakfast. The old man ate some fish with a bit of taro and then returned to the beach.

"It is beautiful to see a sunrise in one's lifetime," the old man said to himself. He stared into the horizon, his mind far away.

Most of the people in the village had left earlier for gardening or fishing. Tita and Gobe decided to go to the river to swim and wash their utensils. Meanwhile, on the beach the old man began to draw on the sand anything that came to his mind.

A young man walked past the old man carrying some green coconuts. The young man had removed a coconut and was handing it to the old man who, until he was only a few feet away, was not aware of his presence. The old man accepted the coconut then looked up at the sky.

After a while the old man asked, "Whose son are you?"

"Mota's and my mother's name is Bobora," the young man replied.

"You are the rising sun I have been searching for all this time. It's too late, but I'm glad I had a glimpse of the sun," the old man moaned in tears. The young man was puzzled.

"But I have a father and mother!" the young man exclaimed.

"You are my son," the old man repeated.

The young man walked away very confused. The old man followed the young man along the beach.

Tita and Gobe saw the old man talking to the young man as they came up from the river. The old man seemed very happy. Gobe and Tita saw a great resemblance between the old man and the young man, as the two walked along the beach.

"They look alike," Tita had commented.

"Maybe the same firefly² which gave life to my brother gave life to Mota's son," Gobe had spoken wonderingly.

"People say Mota is not much of a man, that's why they don't have any other children," Tita had explained to Gobe as they approached the house. "That boy was fathered by someone else."

That afternoon the old man started talking to himself about his past experiences.

"What are you talking about?" Gobe interrupted at one stage.

"Oh, nothing at all," the old man replied. He was quiet for a while and then began to survey the house with wistful eyes.

"Are you looking for something?" Gobe asked in a gentle voice.

"Yes, my son . . . Oh! I'm sorry, Mota's son," he mumbled. "Get him for me," he continued as if he was in a hurry to go somewhere. Gobe shook her head and told him she could not do that. The old man gazed calmly at her without a word. The message was conveyed in silence.

Gobe slipped out of the house and went to Mota's house. Mota and his wife had gone to the garden. The young man was working on a men's house. He stopped when he saw Tita's wife approaching him. "Kombare, are you working?" Gobe asked him. Kombare nodded with a slight bow.

"Could you come with me?" Gobe requested politely. Kombare followed her to the house, unaware of the presence of the old man there.

The old man sat up and took the young man's hands in his. "My son, the rising sun," the old man mumbled under his breath.

"No, uncle, I am Mota and Bobora's son," Kombare said.

"Yes, but you'll soon know who your father was," the old man cut in.

"But I know who my parents are," Kombare insisted.

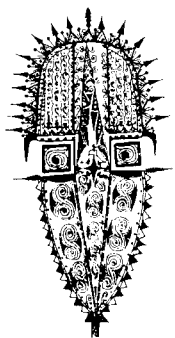
The old man produced a small parcel wrapped in a piece of paper and gave it to Kombare. Kombare watched the old man in confusion. "For your protection and to get what you want," the old man whispered. Kombare unwrapped the parcel. In the parcel was a toe nail and a tooth from a human jaw.

The old man fixed his eyes on Kombare. Gobe shook the old man calling out "Aomi! Aomi!" There was no answer. Gobe fell on the old man. Kombare turned to go but Gobe wailed, "Don't go! He was your father, your mother's true lover." Kombare sat on the steps and reflected on the old man's attitude towards him, especially his last words. "You are my son, the rising sun."

As he thought of the treatment he had received from his father, Mota, during his childhood, tears filled his eyes. A thick mist gradually clouded his vision as he thought about his own illegitimacy. ●

¹ *The presence of a firefly can mean life, death, sickness, or if not a spirit, a person in disguise — Ewage superstition, Northern District.*

² *Referred to here as a family totem.*



POET'S CORNER

with Jack Lahui

GOLDEN ARMS

by Theresa George

*The birds wake the sun
It stretches its glorious hands
They begin penetrating the clouds
And make them shake their saliva.
In the valley below it is dark
The village is quiet
But suddenly the arm shoots in
It brightens up with a smile.
The pools dry up
The doors open
The chickens pour out
How glorious your golden arms are!*

TYPEWRITER

by Sally Anne Pipi

*Oh! How my back aches
Day after day
Eight hours a day
And five days a week,
Oh! How my back aches!
Each morning she undresses me
and gives me a quick brush over,
Then gently she touches me
and softly lets me write for her;
But suddenly her grip tightens
and she strikes me harder than ever
Oh! When will this end.
The rougher she handles me,
The harder she rides me,
Oh! How my head spins
and how my inside churns.
I wish it were over soon
But how can I tell her.
I was born dumb
and my pleas are deaf to her ears
So here shall I sit
begging wordlessly day after day
Oh! How my back aches.*

KOKODA TRAIL

by Lyle Ajedo

*Day and night,
Lightning and thunder
Devoured the jungle,
Blood and rain
Flooded the trail.
The whole jungle trembled.
Hunters and hunted.
Striking and running.
Hand in hand,
Black and white,
Tramped the trail
In true brotherhood.*

MOUNTAINS

by Gapi Iamo

*The hills —
those rocky hills
like sculptures
worked by a skilled craftsman.
The green clad trees
sweeten the air.
Rising mist glows
like the grass skirt of a woman
displaying her wealth.
Rivers flow fast and clear,
strong like young warriors.
Insects, flowers and birds,
bear the touch of my ancestors.*

SINGI-GAI

by Henginiki Riyong

*See there, see over there!
Passing daragis puffing their smoke
Into the deep blue sky.
There rides my everything
Him to whom I owe everything,
Tattooed is his face,
The fat flesh is his bottom.
The eye that winks and flashes
At me and my gang.
See there, see over there!
See there, see over there!
My heart and the breast is for the pigs
So are my dirty wigs
They hang low over my pulpul.
I am waiting and am impatient
But still conscious
Longing to see the Nokondi
of Elimbari suck my breast,
See there, see over there!
See there, see over there!
'Oh! Lonesome me!
The tribe is with its drums
The very occasion in which my pig is
Going to be slaughtered.
The father that loved me is with his drums.
Milky and tender was my mother
She was soft as the feathers
But her days have been withdrawn
And there she now rests in the graves
See there, see over there!*

THE HIGHLANDER AND THE TURTLE

by Sally Anne Pipi

The night was young and dark
 When Kano, the Highlander,
 A new recruit strolled along the park
 Towards the sandy beach:
 Where hot afternoon hours were spent
 In drill and games.
 How he loved this blackness
 So like his faraway home
 Not a soul nor the stars to spoil this blackness
 Save him and nature and the beach.
 This is how it should be.
 Near the cliff where sand meets the rocks
 A mother turtle crawled up the beach
 To the tideline where she began to dig.
 Her heart marvelled at the darkness.
 Now she could lay her eggs
 And crawl back to the sea unseen.
 At last the hole was dug and the eggs laid.
 She looked up at the sky,
 Good! She climbed out and began to cover the hole
 Hub!
 Kano screamed, the turtle scurried:
 Fear gripped both
 The Highlander ran and the turtle crawled
 As never before
 Till both found safety,
 The Highlander in his bed
 And the turtle far out at sea.

CHILD'S MOON

by Gapi Iamo

The moon, like a flower,
 sits and smiles at the night.
 The moon, the eye of the night,
 softly rises, it keeps the mountains pale.
 Bright ruler of the heavens
 come down and play with me
 let me follow you to your house.
 But you must bring me back!
 For my parents will look for me in the playground.
 Speak, moon, tell me,
 why all things are calm and sweet
 when you are absorbed into my skin.

BEER BOTTLE

by Sally Anne Pipi

"I love you," he whispered,
 As he pressed me closer to his heart,
 "I love you," again he whispered,
 As he gently stroked my back,
 "Till death do us part," he quoted
 and pressed my lips to his.
 "Oh my darling," he wailed,
 As he drained the very life from me,
 "I adore you," he cried
 and threw me against the wall
 Then kicked me down those slimy stairs
 Onto the street and into the drain
 Where I shall rot till someone picks me up.

OH GIVE ME A NAME

by Mary Paulisbo

Oh, give me a name,
 I'll proudly bear,
 Through countless ages
 After you've gone.
 Oh, give me a name,
 I'll proudly possess,
 A name befitted to me
 A name to ease my vanity.
 For, I'm a proud and beauteous land,
 Of tall gracious palm trees,
 Of coloured coral reefs,
 And dazzling coral sands.
 For, alone I'll stand in my beauty,
 Of my lush rain-drenched jungles,
 With my many turbid rivers,
 I'll stand to face the world.
 So, give me a name
 I'll proudly bear,
 To face the world
 After you've gone.

YOUR WILL BE DONE

by Theresa George

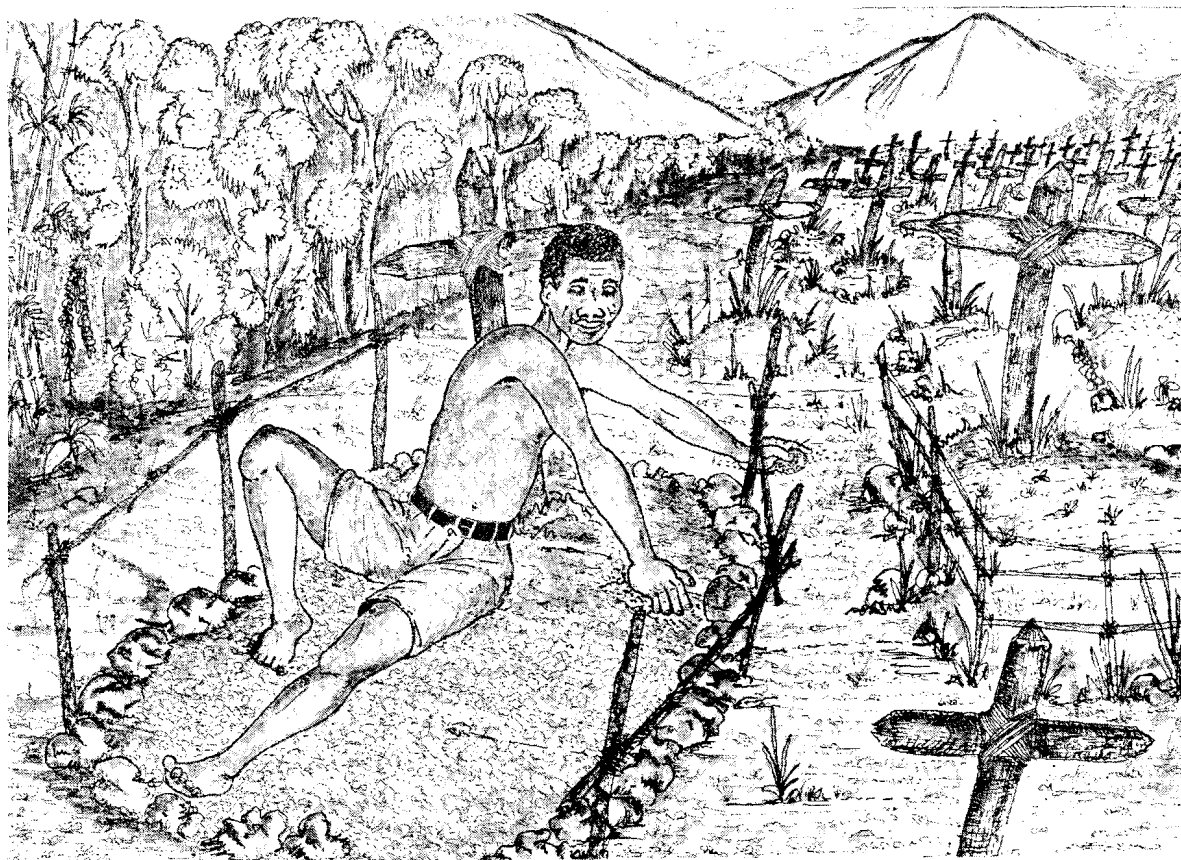
You walked across the Earth
 Healing and teaching the sheep
 Bringing back the lost ones
 Forgiving the wrongdoers
 Lord count me too.
 Your father's glory is great
 But it is seen a little late
 Just in you, in you, Lord
 Rescue us from dangers
 For wicked are the flames of hell.
 Lord you sat by the Lake of Galilee teaching
 If I were the Lord
 Could I have been bad?
 Lord nothing but your will done,
 You are glorious
 You are loving
 Your love is the greatest love
 You shine your light upon all.
 Lord nothing but your will be done.

ON MY DEATH BED

by Sally Anne Pipi

On my death bed I lay
 Waiting for the end to come;
 On my mind peace has entered
 On my body calmness has settled;
 Then I perceive two winged babies.
 From nowhere had they come
 Gently taking my hands in theirs;
 "Come with us" they seem to say
 "We have come from a far off land
 To guide you to our Heavenly Home;
 There shall you find no pain nor sorrow
 Nor shall there prevail evil or crime;
 There only shall you find peace.
 Come with us and we'll take you there."
 "Take me," I said,
 "And guide me to your far off land,
 Where I shall dwell in peace."





"... I realised there were rows of graves and that I was sitting on a new one."

Encounter with a Ghost

by Michael Danga

"You won't believe me but it happened to me," said my distant uncle when we were getting ready for bed. We all sat up to listen.

"I was on my way to a distant place for Karim Lek,"¹ he continued, and we all made ourselves comfortable for a long night's tale. "It was almost sunset when I came to a wooden bridge. All around me I could see curls of smoke snaking slowly into the night sky, telling the story of the mumus being prepared for the big evening meal. The thought of the mumus made me feel very hungry. But this was going to be a night when food did not matter much, so

I decided to cross the bridge and go on.

The cool breeze that crept up from the valley below rustled the tanger² at my back as I crossed the bridge. For a moment I stood still, amazed at what I saw just across the bridge. I thought my eyes were playing a trick on me but no she was there! I crossed the bridge until I found myself staring down at her. She slowly looked up and our eyes met. We stared at each other in surprise. I never saw such a beautiful girl in my life before. The reflections of the setting sun casting its golden light made her more than

beautiful. Oh! the very sight of her was beyond imagination!" My uncle paused, searching for words to suit his description of this strange encounter. "All the things she wore," he went on, almost rising to his feet from his mat, "were perfectly made as though they were a natural part of her. The new woven purpur was like an invitation to the animation that she hid from the outside world. Her breasts heaved up and down under her quiet breathing and the nipples looked more inviting than ever.

The night crept closer and closer until we realised that none of us had spoken a word. I could have fallen over the bridge if at that moment she didn't invite me."

¹ Common traditional practice of courting in the Highlands

² Special leaves worn by men.

"Well, you don't have to stand there staring at me," she said. "It's getting dark and if you are after Karim Lek, why don't you come up to my house? I live all by myself."

"How do I get to your house," I asked.

"Follow the track on your right. You'll find the houseman on your left. Keep walking until you see a new house among the trees. In front of this house is my grandmother's house. Do not disturb her. Walk straight up and you will find me." She then smiled, showing the fullest white of her teeth.

"I thanked her and walked up the road. My heart was beating faster. What a lucky man I am! I thought. I must not let this girl be known to any of my friends. She will be my secret girl until I ask her for marriage! All thoughts and plans for the future filled my mind as I neared the place the girl had directed me to go to. I went past the houseman and came to the trees, following her instructions. And . . . there she was with her door open! I climbed over the fence as there was no gate and sat beside her. Nothing much was said and, as the night began to mature, we lost ourselves into the chasms of love in the normal karim lek fashion.

The time travelled on and we clung to each other in the warm darkness. Let the world outside be forgotten, I thought. Who cares for the things that surround us? Let it

be now that I must feel the purge within our youths.

The cock crowed for the fourth time.

The cold morning breeze that crept up from the valley below chilled my back when the cock crowed for the fifth time. Soon the twilights of dawn began to fade into brightness and the birds began singing their lovely morning songs which woke the cicadas which in turn went shrilling all over the valley. I stretched my numb hands to feel for the fire but discovered there wasn't any. I tried again and to my horror I grabbed loose earth.

Then I felt it. The hair on my back stood still. I looked around in the morning dawn to see the girl but she was gone. I discovered to my horror that I was inside a newly built fence! When I took a more conspicuous stare around me I realised there were rows and rows of graves with crosses on them and that I was sitting on top of a new one!

"I tried to shout but no noise came out of me. I tried to stand up but I was partly paralysed. Fear and sheer fright took hold of me. I only croaked and moved around the grave on my bottom. I gathered all the strength that was left in me and gave out a loud shout but all I heard was a faint echo in the distance. Perhaps it is the girl calling me, I thought. Then the cold morning air engulfed me. I knew nothing after that until I opened my eyes."

"What am I doing in this place?" I said, squeezing my sleepy eyes at the crowd around me.

"We found you on top of the grave," someone said, and the memories of my experiences the previous night came flooding back. When I looked up again the people were weeping.

I told them about my encounter with the girl's ghost. I was then told that a young girl from that village died three weeks ago and that I was with her ghost. The parents and the relatives of the girl took two very big pigs and other gifts to my relatives explaining the encounter I had with the ghost.

My clan put on a big Bugla Tawa,³ thinking I might die anytime from then on. The days passed into weeks and the weeks into months, but I didn't die. It's now possible that I will meet her in my old age. If in heaven, as they say, everyone will be young then and I will seek her in that world forever. The memory of her is still in my heart."

Well, I never knew that such things could happen to mortal people. Sleep began to smother me as I quietly granted my appreciation of my uncle's story. One thing I now know is that ghosts exist in this world.

Believe me?

³ A feast to determine the fate of a sick man or an unlucky person.

ANOTHER PUBLICATION BY THE LITERATURE BUREAU

The pilot issue of a simple story booklet published by the Literature Bureau of the Office of Information is now in circulation.

The booklet, titled: 'STORIES FROM PAPUA NEW GUINEA BOOK 1' is the first in a series of short stories and legends of Papua New Guinea written by Papua New Guineans. The pilot issue is supplied free on request.

If you have not received your copies, please write:

THE EDITOR
LITERATURE BUREAU
BOX 2312
KONEDOBU





MR MOSES SASAKILA M.H.A.
Papua New Guinea's Minister for
Culture and Recreation

The Second World Black and African Festival of Arts and Cultures is a year away. The venue for the 1975 festival is Lagos, Nigeria.

Papua New Guinea is a member of the international body. The Minister was interviewed by Iava Parapa, of the Literature Bureau.

Block and African countries doing about their cultures?

M.S. In some African countries, their Governments' aims are similar to ours but in others I do not know about their involvements in preserving their cultures.

I.P. One of the aims of our Literature Bureau is to promote writing among Papua New Guineans. Is this similar to other Black and African countries?

M.S. As far as Literature is concerned, some African countries are well ahead of us.

I.P. In what categories?

M.S. Novels, poetry, short story and drama.

I.P. What about artifacts and other things of that nature?

M.S. I feel some countries are well ahead of us, especially Nigeria, where more is done in the way of leather work and traditionally based carvings.

I.P. Are there as many differences as there are similarities?

M.S. True, there are some aspects of African cultures which are alike and some which differ greatly.

I.P. In regard to language, did you find out if the Black and African countries have adopted national languages besides English?

M.S. English is used by most African countries and was used at the conference but there were French-speaking African countries also represented at the conference. Of course on top of this they have their tribal languages, some spoken over large areas and others within limited geographical areas.

I.P. Do you know if the participating countries at the conference teach their national languages at schools and colleges?

M.S. Yes, in some African countries children in elementary schools learn in their vernaculars and as they grow older,

are taught international languages such as English and French.

I.P. What were the main topics of discussion?

M.S. The main topics were what aspects of Arts and Culture the participating countries would send to the festival. This more or less confirmed the discussion made some time ago at an earlier meeting. At the same time some new topics were introduced for discussion, all aimed towards discovering who is to attend the forthcoming festival at Lagos, Nigeria in 1975, and what Arts and Culture they would exhibit at the festival. An interesting topic discussed at the conference was a beauty queen contest. The meeting decided that this should not be a 'beauty' queen contest but an exhibition of examples of black women who have provided good and loyal service to their communities. Religion was also discussed and it was agreed that it be added. Not the religions introduced by foreigners but those of our ancestors.

I.P. What was your impression of the other Black and African countries' culture and artistic achievements?

M.S. Some independent Black and African countries are well ahead of us in their culture and thus have made vigorous efforts to promote and preserve them. As a result, some African countries are well ahead of us in cultural preservation and development. However our Government's efforts in this direction are most encouraging.

I.P. What can festivals like this do for Papua New Guinea?

M.S. International festivals like this can do a lot for our country if we participate. Firstly, by participating we show the outside world the rich and artistic cultures we have, and we get the chance to learn about the cultures of other nations. Secondly, through participation we get to know and become friendly with other nations who could be of help at a later date in whatever field we need them. Thirdly, it gives us the opportunity to observe and learn how various cultural activities are being carried out and how successful they are in newly independent and developing countries, so as to help us draw up our policies for cultural development.

I.P. Can you tell me more about the festival to be held in 1975?

M.S. In the 1975 festival many countries will be sending in items from their countries representing their Culture. It will be an event which concerns a large part of the world and many nations are now actively preparing for it.

I.P. What categories of Culture and Art will Papua New Guinea contribute to the 1975 festival?

M.S. These have not yet been decided. I intend to draw up a list soon of elements of Culture and Art that will be sent to the 1975 festival. ●

I.P. Mr Minister, I understand you have returned from a meeting in Lagos. Who extended the invitation to you?

M.S. Papua New Guinea was invited by Chief Anthony Eahoro, President of the International Organisation Committee and the Nigerian Federal Commissioner for Information and Labour.

I.P. What was the meeting about?

M.S. The meeting was the International Festival Organisation Committee of the Second World Black and African Festival of Arts and Culture.

I.P. You were accompanied by several people during your tour. What role did they play?

M.S. I was accompanied by Siaras Kavani, my personal staff, John Haugie from the Department of Culture and Recreation, Nelson Girawe and Arthur Jawodimbari who were sponsored by the National Cultural Council. They fulfilled the roles of personal advisors on cultural matters while we were at the conference.

I.P. What is your present role in this International Cultural Festival Organisation?

M.S. I am the President of the Australasia Zone which comprises India, Australia, New Zealand and Papua New Guinea as well as other neighbouring Pacific countries. I am also the Vice-President of the International Festival Committee.

I.P. How many zones participated in the conference?

M.S. Thirteen zones participated, each representing black nations and liberation movements in these zones from all parts of the world.

I.P. Mr Minister, as you know, one of the Government's prime aims is to preserve our culture and this is done through teaching it at schools. What are the

CULTURAL REVIVAL

by Arthur Jawodimbari

ARTHUR JAWODIMBARI was among a group of advisers and observers who accompanied the Minister for Culture to the conference in Lagos, Nigeria. Arthur is a lecturer in drama at the Papua New Guinea Centre for Creative Arts.

The first World Black and African Festival of Arts and Cultures was hosted by Senegal, West Africa. In September, 1975, the second World Blacks Festival of Arts and Cultures will be held in Lagos, Nigeria.

All the Black countries right round the world are divided into thirteen zones. Each zone is headed by the Vice-President of the International Festival Committee. Papua New Guinea is in the Australasian zone (this includes India, Australia and New Zealand) which is headed by the Minister for Culture and Recreation, Mr Moses Sasakila. Within those thirteen zones there are sixty-four countries participating in the World Black Festival of Arts and Culture.

One of the aims of the festival is to reassert and revive the spirit of the black people. It is an attempt to give black people their own identity and to face the changing world with dignity and confidence. In the last several centuries black countries have been the victims of the white civilisation and cultures. There has been so much influx of western music, dance, art and mannerism. One of the sad influences of the western culture is the introduction of drugs and alcohol. Quite a lot of drugs and alcohol are consumed by black people and at the same time black people support the western industries.

The black countries have been isolated from each other for so long. It is now time for them to get together not only physically but also in spirit, brains and experiences to decide

the future steps to be taken by their own race.

Black countries have come to realise that they have been kept apart by propaganda and various western orientated institutions and organisations. A step forward today by black nations to work together would decide the future of their descendants.

The International Festival Committee decided that the events during the festival will be mostly non-competitive, but if some countries wish to compete then it is up to them. The events for the festival include Art Exhibitions, Dances, Drama, Literature, Films and Music. If it is impossible for us to send participants in any one

of these fields then some of our Papua New Guinean writers, painters, wood carvers and musicians should be sent to broaden their knowledge in their respective fields.

After the festival, Papua New Guinea will be known right round the world. It will not be known as a primitive and impossible country but as a dynamic and versatile young nation. We have nothing to be ashamed of. Our simple economy of the past is changing fast but we own a very valuable treasure which most of the western countries lack — our cultural heritage. Now is the time to reassert ourselves. ●



Arthur Jawodimbari at the Lagos Conference. Next to Arthur is the Liberian delegate.



After looking at the engine the machanic said "Papa we are sorry your truck cannot be repaired".

MY UNCLE'S P.M.V.

by Walter Darius

My uncle, Pius Tomaana, owned a small plantation on the island of Matupit, near Rabaul. For seven years, Tomaana was busy with his copra and cocoa plantations. He was a hard working man. Time meant money to him. The little money he earned, he saved in the bank.

During those seven long years of hard work, Tomaana was able to save enough money to purchase a new truck. His aim was eventually to operate a taxi business, carrying people in a Passenger Motor Vehicle.

For many years the people on the island had either walked or used canoes to go to work in town.

¹ *What do you want?*

The Friday Uncle Tomaana decided to buy a truck was a government pay day. I had accompanied him into town for the last time as I was about to enrol at a high school that afternoon. After withdrawing the money from his savings account in the Bank of New South Wales we hurried to the vehicle dealer's office; I loitered in the display yard while he approached the salesman.

"Yes big man, yu laikim wanem?"¹ the young European salesman greeted him with a tap on the shoulder. My uncle hesitated to reply. But somehow he managed a few understandable words to the dealer in English and the latter pointed to the trucks for sale. My uncle was a typical Tolai village man and I felt sorry for him

in this situation. As I had hesitated too long, he had to do the talking himself.

"Oh yes, that one's \$2,000 and this one's \$4,000" explained the salesman pointing at the two trucks and asked, "Which one do you want?" My uncle looked at me for an answer and I turned my head toward the \$2,000 one. I picked the \$2,000 one only because I liked its colour which was dark blue and white at the top.

Tomaana and the salesman walked into the office and after half an hour they emerged and I could see my uncle smiling. The truck was finally his.

"But yu mas look afterim good truck ya, Papa," the salesman said.

"With ten months service guaranteed if you follow all the instructions. You must always keep this truck in good condition so you won't have any trouble, O.K.?"

My uncle nodded happily. Then, puzzled, he asked, "Ah . . . masta . . . wanem toktok 'kondison?' Yu inap tokim mi gen, tenk yu."²

"Oh well," said the salesman, "you must always see that the truck has enough petrol in the tank every morning, enough oil in the engine, enough water in the radiator and clean, distilled water in the battery before you drive it." The salesman stopped and pointed at the different parts he had named while my uncle followed his hand with curiosity.

"Another thing too," he continued. "You must always use the right kind of fluid in the right places. Don't put petrol in the water tank. This will ruin the engine. You must also clean and wash the truck every day after work." Again Tomaana nodded happily, indicating he had understood everything.

"Bai mi bihainim olgeta samting yu tokim pinis kam long mi, masta, tenk yu tumas."³ He finally thanked the salesman and took the driver's seat and gave an indication for me to take the other seat. I could see he was growing impatient. This was the time he had looked forward to during the few weeks he had spent learning how to drive. Now he was going to show me how good he was. He shook hands with the young salesman, and drove off.

I secretly suspected he had not really understood all the salesman had told him and I was expecting a long conversation with him during our pleasure drive around the town. He was so much enraptured by his ownership of the vehicle that the salesman's instructions for the care of the vehicle were a matter of little or no importance.

We drove through nearly all the well-known streets in the town of Rabaul and I could easily see that he was very proud of his new Toyota truck. We arrived home late in the evening and a crowd of admirers gathered around the new truck to talk and congratulate him.

Two weeks went by and Tomaana's little business was quietly taking shape. He was making good money out of the people who worked in town at first. He kept up with the few instructions he was given when he bought the truck and he was the happiest man in the island when his name came out in the papers and over the radio, as the first taxi truck operator on the island.

After a few months things began to happen which later were to cause him a lot of trouble. For instance he never bothered to wash the truck. He had also completely ignored the maintenance instructions. "I don't care long kar bilong mi," Tomaana said one day after he had got himself drunk and had come to visit my parents. "Mi gat mani pinis long poket ya, Papa!"⁴

He would not care much now. He was in a new world. The truck was only five months old but the time for servicing was already overdue. One day while driving to his copra plantation, he found his radiator was boiling. Realising there was no fresh water nearby he decided to fill it with dirty water from a rusting 44 gallon drum. After this he looked at the battery water level and finding it low, filled it up with water from a green coconut.

He also abused the petrol tank. One day when he was running out of petrol he decided to mix it with kerosene to make it last longer. He felt guilty after doing this but thought he could get away with it as the salesman was not around.

"Yupela i bin stap we bipo taim mi no baim trak yet?"⁵ This was his answer to anyone who tried to bother him with advice.

My parents tried their best to remind him of all the advantages he had in possessing the truck. Even his brothers tried to tell him, but uncle would not listen to anyone.

One morning he woke up to do an early trip to town only to discover his truck would not start and many of the people who worked in town were late as they had to walk all the way to work that day.

During the day Tomaana called in the salesman and a mechanic to look at his truck. After looking at the engine and the battery and trying all sorts of knobs and wires, the mechanic said, "Papa, we are terribly sorry, but your truck can never be repaired. It is out of use for good. We can't fix it nor can anyone else. The cost of repair would exceed the cost of a brand new one. Either you buy a new one or don't bother if you cannot look after your truck and follow instructions!"

Tomaana shook his head and dropped it without a murmur. The salesman tapped him on the shoulder and said, "Papa, we gave you instructions to follow, but you failed to follow them and your truck has refused to work for you. There's nothing we can do now." They walked to their car and drove off with a loud roar.

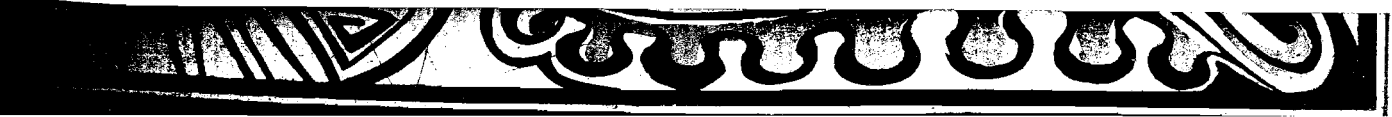
Their words struck Tomaana's heart like a sharp knife driven into his back. He was ashamed in the face of the crowds who had gathered around the truck. This was what my little sister who was there wrote me, two days later, and told me about. I felt sorry for my uncle because he had learnt his lesson the hard way. ●

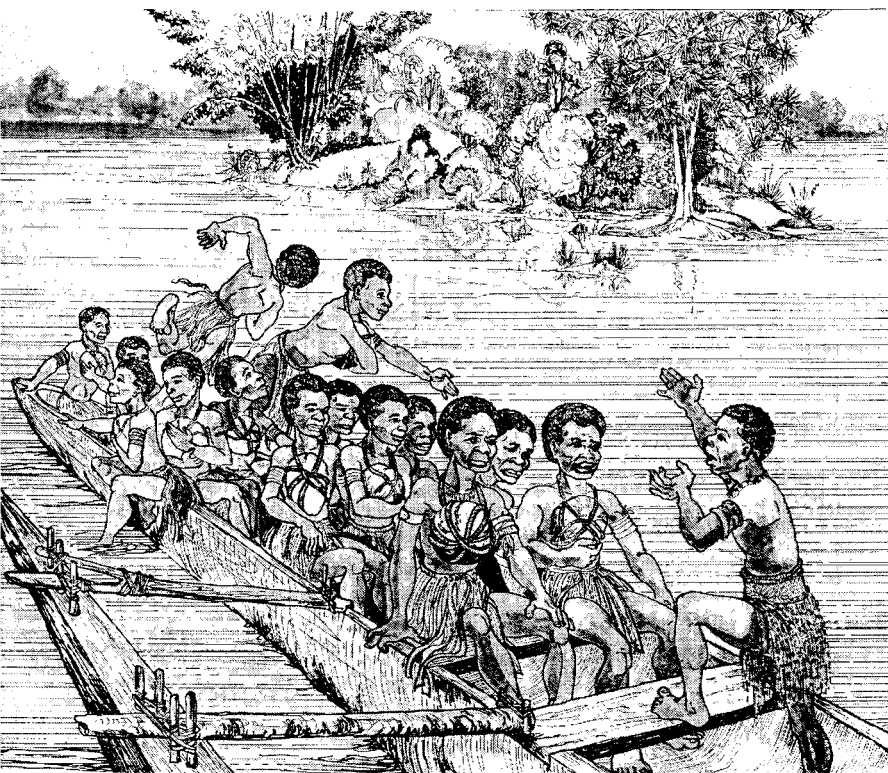
² What do you mean by condition. Can you explain that again, thank you?

³ I will follow all the instructions you have told me sir, thank you very much.

⁴ I've got money in my pocket.

⁵ Where were you before I bought the truck.





Oli pul igo long namel long raunwara na Anabosin tokim ol long pasim rop long ston na hangamapim long nek bilong ol. (All went with Anabosin in a canoe and Anabosin told them to tie ropes with the stones to their necks)

A N A B O S I N



by

Phillip

Bowindu



Anabosin i wanpela lusman tru long wanpela ples. Olgeta de em i save belhat i stap.

Wanpela taim em i bungim ol gras bilong kakaruk na bringim i go long haus bilong em na kukim i stap. Win i kisim smel bilong dispela gras kakaruk i go long olgeta haus. Ol man smelim em na i kam.

Ol i askim Anabosin, "Yu kukim wanem kain abus ia?"

Na Anabosin i tok, "Mi kukim liklik pik mi bin kilim long bus wantaim spia."

Ol i tok, "Man, yu gutpela sutman tru ia."

Na em i tok, "Ia, sapos yupela givim mi wanpela meri bai yupela kaikai mit bilong pik olgeta de."

Em giamanim ol olsem na ol i ting tru na bringim wanpela gutpela meri tru na emi slip wantaim em.

Long moning бага ia i ronawe i go long narapela ples. Bihain em i kam bek wantaim tanget na i tokim ol man na meri long ples olsem.

"Sapos yupela i laik toktok wantaim tumbuna bilong yupela ol i bin dai pinis, bai yupela i mas kam long tumora."

Ol man na meri i askim em long wanpisin bilong ol na em i tok, "Olgeta man tasol long ples bai i kam wantaim mi bilong lukim ol tumbuna."

Orait long narapela de ol i redim ol samting. Ol i karim ol bikpela ston i go putim long kanu wantaim ol strongpela rop olsem. Ol i pul i go long namel long

bikpela raunwara na Anabosin tokim ol long pasim rop long ston na hangamapim long nek bilong ol na i go daun long wara. Tupela man i bin i go daun pastaim na i bin dringim wara na idai. Olgeta man askim Anabosin bilong wanem tupela i no kam bek.

Anabosin i tok, "Tupela i wari na toktok yet wantaim ol tumbuna." I olsem na olgeta i kirap na i go daun wantaim bikpela ston long nek bilong ol na ol i drinkim wara na idai. Anabosin em i wanpela tasol istap na i kirap i pul i go bek long ples.

Taim em i kamap long ples, ol meri askim long ol man bilong ol na Anabosin i tok, "Nogat, ol i wari tumas long lusim ol tumbuna na mi wanpela mi kam; bai ol i kam."

Long nait Anabosin i raun long ples. Em i amamas tru tasol bihain ol meri i painim autim dispela samting Anabosin i mekim long ol man bilong ol. Tasol i asua pinis olsem ol meri i gat bel pinis.

I olsem tasol tupela meri i toktok wantaim na askim Anabosin long tripela i go painim pis long raunwara. Orait tripela i go nau. Anabosin i sindaun long namel bilong kanu. Wanpela meri i sindaun long stia na narapela meri i sindaun long porhet bilong kanu. Taim ol i pul i go kamap long namel bilong raunwara meri i stap long stia i sutim em long pul na meri i sindaun long porhet i kisim spia na sutim em. Tupela kilim em na tromoim i go daun long raunwara. Tarangu, emi pinis bilong Anabosin. ●

THE CAPTIVE OF THE TURTLE

by Mary Paulisbo

One sunny day, an old man from Awaibi village on the southern side of the island of Misima, decided to go fishing. He paddled his canoe slowly out until he was a few miles away from his village. He then dropped anchor and started to fish.

A few hours later the wind started to blow and the waves grew bigger. The waves tossed the little canoe here and there but the stubborn old man continued fishing without a thought of returning home.

He was surprised when a bigger and stronger wave swamped his canoe and broke his outrigger, leaving him clinging onto the remains of the dug-out canoe. He still held his fishing line in the water.

Suddenly a turtle mightier than any he had seen in his life, surfaced slowly and swallowed the bait on his line, then began dragging the terrified old man down. Try hard as he did, the poor old man had neither the breath nor the strength to free himself from the turtle's pull. In haste he had tangled the line around his wrist. After a few unsuccessful attempts, the old man gave up struggling and was pulled under the huge waves by the giant turtle.

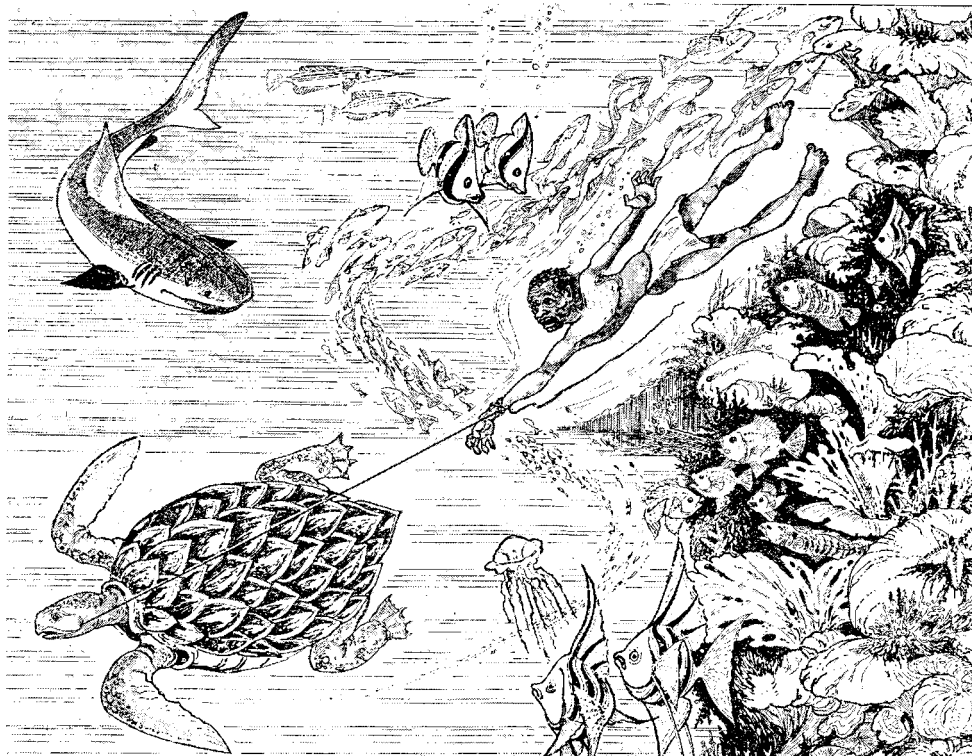
The turtle took the old man east, to the island of Panaeati, and all this time he stared in horror at different sea creatures, great and small. He was most frightened of sharks which came up to look at him out of curiosity. Sometimes, when the old man and the turtle were near

the coral reefs, the colourful coral fish swarmed in hundreds to stare at him.

Back in the old man's village, relatives and friends mourned for him, assuming he had perished in the rough sea.

Meanwhile under the sea, around the Deboyne Lagoon, the tour of the turtle and the old man continued. Now in the deep seas, now past sleepy villages with palms that swayed on the hazy twilight beaches or isolated islands away from any living soul. This went on for three days and on the fourth day, the sleepy-eyed people on the beach at Awaibi beheld an incredible sight. Out of the sea, and stumbling towards the beach, was the same old man whose death they had mourned. With loud cries which rang throughout the sleeping village, the folks on the beach soon woke the others. In no time the shore was crowded by young an old, with terrified children clutching their mothers' skirts, to see the old man who had returned from the land of the fish. The great throng of spectators moved with the man back to his house and his wife, each trying to get as close to the man as possible to hear, with delight and curiosity, the strange tale of his mysterious survival.

The old man still lives in his village. Although he does not dare go out fishing alone, especially on a canoe, he never tires of repeating his wonderful and unusual experience to the keen listeners around him. ●



The huge turtle pulled the terrified old man down into the depth of the sea.



The young men danced as they moved through the village and song I had never heard before.

INITIATION

by Dewa Saba

Early one morning I woke and listened for the noises women make when preparing breakfast. There was not a single sound: not a dog barked nor a cock crowed. I listened again and then thought I must have been the first to be awake in the entire village. As I made for the door I was pushed back by my sister and fell to the floor. I started to cry but stopped when my sister held me to comfort me.

She took me to the verandah where my mother and eldest sister were seated. I looked over to the other side of the village where I saw women, girls and little ones sitting on the verandahs of their houses. I could see older women with grim faces. Like my mother they were moaning. Not a single person moved in the broad street of our village.

I went to my mother, sat on her lap and asked her what was wrong.

She told me it was the men's day called 'Mabae Pup Lenand' and they were taking my big brother away with the other boys to be initiated. I felt sad at the mention of my brother because I thought he was going to be killed for at that time I did not know what initiation really meant. But my mother explained that my brother was not going to be killed but was going to learn to become a man. She told me he would be

killed only if he missed any steps or made mistakes during the ceremony. The women were moaning for fear that this would happen to one of their sons.

Suddenly I felt like going with the men so I asked my mother if she would allow me to go, but she told me I was too young to know men's secrets.

At that moment a kundu drum sounded from the place where the men and the boys had gathered. It was a warning to women, girls and children that the men and boys were ready to go to the men's secret place, 'Mabae'. It was forbidden for women, girls and children to follow, for if they did, it would mean death for them.

If a boy died through his mistakes in the ceremony, his death was never talked about in the village for fear it might bring more deaths to innocent people in the village.

A kundu drum sounded once more and this was the signal for the men and boys to start to move to 'Mabae'. The chief led the way followed by the older men and then the boys.

The young men danced as they moved through the village and sang a song I had never heard before.

All the little ones like myself were locked inside the houses. This was to stop us laughing at the dancers as they made their strange gestures. If anyone laughed at the dancers, he or she would be taken away by the men and boys to be beaten.

Each boy to be initiated was dressed the same way so the women could not identify those from their families. The custom was that if a boy was identified he would find the initiation proceedings difficult to learn. To avoid this mothers and relatives tried not to look at the men and boys going through the village.

When the men and boys had gone, those of us locked in the houses were allowed out to stay, but not to leave the village as we had to be back inside before the men returned. Any child caught outside the houses when the men returned was likely to be poisoned by the magical powers of the men.

The secret rituals went on for a week, the men and boys going to and from 'Mabae' each day, and then they left the village for a month,

which they spent roaming in the bush in order to get more spiritual power from eating leaves and fruit.

After a month the men returned to the village and their wives and children, but the boys spent another three months in the bush foraging for food. They were allowed to travel together, but each was to sleep alone at night.

When the boys had spent three months in the bush they were called back to the village but were taken straight to the men's house, to face one more ordeal. They had to spend another month without drinking, washing their bodies, or even touching water. If it rained they had to find shelter before a drop touched their bodies. This was called 'waiting on the moon'.

When the month was over they were told to go and wash and return to the men's house. In the evening there was dancing and feasting in the village to welcome the young men back to the village after their ordeals of initiation in manhood. They had completed their duties, and were now called men, in accordance with their village customs. They were now allowed to choose their wives. ●

NEWS ABOUT COMPETITIONS

THIS YEAR FROM 1st MAY TO 31st JULY THE LITERATURE BUREAU
CONDUCTED THREE COMPETITIONS IN SHORT STORY,
PLAY AND POETRY

In the short story where there were four sections we received 310 stories and in the two sections of the play competition we received a total of 51 plays. This year's poetry competition was the highest ever recorded. A total of 829 poems were received.

Winners in the three competitions will be featured in our next issue.



PES KOKONAS

by

Opunai Hosea

Meri i bin go long ples i bin plainim het bilong man bilong en na painim samting i kamap. (The women went to the place where she had buried the head and found something growing out of the ground).

Bipo tru ol pipel ol ino bin gat kokonas. Diwai tasol is stap long olgeta hap long yumi.

Wanpela de sampela man long wanpela liklik ailan ol i go bilong kilim pisin long wanpela liklik ailan i stap klostu long we Rabaul istap tede, ol i kolim Pisin Ailan.

Ol man i kisim ol kanu bilong ol na ol vanien bilong kilim pisin.

Bihain ol i stat pul igo long dispela pisin ailan. Taim ol i kamap long dispela ailan ol i pulim ol kanu bilong waisan long nambis na bihain ol i go long bus.

Ol igo long namel bilong bus na ol i stat kilim pisin. Olgeta i wok tru na ol i kilim planti pisin tru. Bihain ol i go bek long nambis na ol i pulim ol kanu bilong ol i go long solwara na ol i pul i go bek long bikpela ailan bilong ol.

Ol i no save wanem i bin lusim wanpela man bihain. Dispela man i kilim planti pisin tasol i laik bai kilim planti moa. Tasol i no save long ol poroman bilong em ol i lusim em pinis.

Taim i kamap long nambis na i lukluk long kanu bilong em tasol ol man ol i go pas ol i kisim pinis. I singaut tasol ol man i go pas ol i kamap pinis long ailan bilong ol.

Bihain nau i pulim wanpela diwai na i swim i go bek long ailan wantaim ol pisin. Turagu i swim i go tasol i lak longwe nau long Pisin Ailan na ol sak i stat kamap na traim kaikaim em. Dispela man i tingim wanpela tingting na i stat tromwe wanpela pisin i go bek long solwara na olgeta sak ol i swim i go bek na kaikai dispela pisin na ol i swim i go bek long dispela man. Tasol ivok long tromoi pisin yet i go bihain long em na i swim kuik i go long ailan bilong em.

Ino long we nau long ailan bilong em na ol pisin i pinis. Na bihain ol sak i kaikaim em. Ol sak i bet

long em tasol het bilong em tasol nau i wok long tirip long solwara.

Meri bilong em i askim ol man i go pas bilong man bilong em tasol ol i no save long en. Het bilong em i wok long trip na i kam suwa stret long ples bilong em.

Moning tru meri bilong em i go waswas long nambis na bihain lukim het bilong en, solwara i wok long patim long arere long nambis. Meri bilong em i kisim na krai tru. I kisim het bilong en na i planim bihain long haus bilong tupela. Tasol i no tok aut olsem man bilong en i dai pinis.

I planim pinis na i wok long krai tasol long man bilong en. Olsem tupela wik i go pinis na meri i go bek lukim peles we i bin planim het bilong man bilong en, na i painim olsem i gat wanpela samting i kamap stret long hap i bin planim het. Dispela olsem het bilong man kru i kam aut pinis.

Tasol meri i no tokim ol pipel lon gen. I laik naen mun olsem kuru i gro antap pinis na i karim pikinini (kulau).

Meri i traim bilong kisim wanpela pikinini long en. I katim na i painim i gat wara insait na mit. I tring long gen na wanem em i suwit moa na i stat long kisim planti na i tring na tring i go. Bihain i tokim ol pipal olsem i gat wanpela niupela samting i kamap long haus bilong en.

Olgeta pipal long dispela ples ol i kam long lukim dispela samting. Na olgeta i traim tringim na ol i laikim tumas. Na bihain sampela kulau i mau na ol man i kam na kisim na plantim na bihain i gro olsem het bilong dispela man. Ol pipal i tromwe long solwara i karim i go long arapela ples. Tude sapos yu go long dispela hap yu ken gen lukim as bilong dispela kokonas long dispela hap. Olsem na yumi gat kokonas long Papua New Guinea. ●

"ANABOSIN"

TOLD IN ENGLISH

(Page 16)

In a certain village in the Highlands lived a man named Anabosin. All day every day he was hungry. He was a lusman (equivalent of a 'Hobo' or 'Swindler').

One day he had plucked the feathers of a cock, went to his house and started burning them. Soon the breeze carried the smell of the burning feathers right through the village. Every man gathered in front of Anabosin's house.

"What meat are you cooking?" they asked him.

"Oh, I'm just cooking a small pig which I caught in the bush with a spear."

"Man, you are a sure-shot hunter!" they all marvelled.

"Yeah, if you give me one girl you will eat pork every day," he had told them with an air of modesty.

The men, thinking he was true to his word, brought a very beautiful girl in the village for him. He slept with her.

The next morning Anabosin fled the village. Some time later he returned with an air of changed disposition. There was an inviting look on his face.

"If you all want to speak to your dead ancestors," he addressed everyone, "you must come along."

Men and women, together with their tribesfolk, gathered in front of Anabosin.

"I will only take the men with me," Anabosin told them, "to go and see the ancestors."

The following day they had everything prepared for the journey. The men loaded enormous stones and some strong ropes on the canoe, following Anabosin's instructions. They paddled their canoe to a big lake, where Anabosin instructed every man to tie a rope around his neck with a stone before jumping into the water. Two men did this, eagerly. They never returned. The others restlessly asked why the two men did not return.

"Those two must be wrapped up in meeting with their ancestors," Anabosin explained.

Excited, everyone jumped overboard with the ropes and stones around their necks. They too never returned and Anabosin, pleased, returned to the village. In the village the women asked where the men were.

"They were so much engrossed in seeing their ancestors they decided to stay a bit longer. I came home by myself. They will come."

That night Anabosin wandered the village, visiting every woman in the village. He was quite happy. However, it was soon found out that every woman in the village was pregnant.

One day two girls asked Anabosin if he would go fishing with them. He agreed so the three paddled out into the lake. Anabosin sat in the middle of the canoe while the two girls sat and paddled on either end.

When they were in the middle of the lake, the girl from behind struck Anabosin with a pole. At this opportunity the girl in front turned around and speared him. Then they threw him into the water. That was the end of Anabosin. ●

"PES KOKONAS" TOLD

IN ENGLISH "FIRST COCONUT" (Page 20)

A long time ago people had known no coconuts. There were only ordinary trees.

One day some people from a little island went to catch birds on another little island a fair way from where Rabaul stands today.

All the men loaded their canoes with their bird nets then set sail for the island. When the group reached the island they pulled up their canoes on the beach and went into the bush.

The party then went to the middle of the bush and started catching birds. They all worked hard and caught many. Later the party returned to the beach, pushed their canoes out to sea and paddled away.

When the hunters started for home they forgot they had left behind one man who, although having caught many birds, wanted to catch some more.

Finally, feeling satisfied, he came back to the beach and found that everyone had left, taking his canoe with them. He called after them but the men had reached home by this time.

He dragged a log out to sea and began swimming on it towards home. He swam

until he was a long way from the island of birds and the sharks began to swim towards him to try and eat him. An idea suddenly occurred to him; he started throwing birds to the sharks to keep them busy while he swam away but the hungry sharks only returned to him after finishing that bird. By making the sharks busy with the birds he was able to swim quicker to his island. There was one problem; he was running out of birds. He was not so far away from his island when he ran out of birds. Later all the sharks devoured him. The sharks ate all his body except the head which kept floating towards the island.

During his absence the wife asked the other men where her husband was but they said they did not know.

Meanwhile his head kept floating until it came to their place.

Very early in the morning his wife went to bathe on the shore and found the head which was floating near the shore. The woman took it and wept bitterly. She took the head and buried it behind their house but did not mention the burial to the relatives. After she had buried it she mourned for her husband. A few weeks later the wife

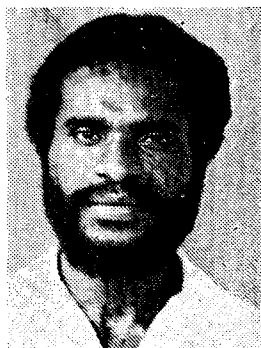
went back to the grave of her husband and found that there was something growing out of the ground. The head grew out to be a young shoot or a bud of a plant. But the woman did not tell her people this either. The green shoot grew taller and taller and after about nine months it became a tall tree and bore fruit.

One day the woman tried to get one fruit off the tree. She cut it and found that there was water and meat in it. She drank the water and found it sweet so she decided to collect many more. She then told her people that something new had grown behind her house.

All the people from this village came to have a look at the new tree. She gave them one nut each and they found the water inside good. Later the respected elders directed everybody to plant the fruit which grew the way the head of this man had grown. Some of the nuts were thrown into the sea and floated to many distant places. That is how we have come to know coconuts in Papua New Guinea.

Today, if you go to this island, you will still see the first coconut. ●

ABOUT THE WRITERS



Bro. Allain Jaria

BROTHER ALLAIN JARIA comes from Tsianiv village in the Gailala Sub-district of the Central District. He attended Fane and Kosipe Catholic Primary Schools near Waitape and did his Standard 7 at Yule Island. Later he attended Chanel College Seminary at Ulapia near Rabaul where he completed Forms 1-6. He is now doing his fourth year towards priesthood at the Major Seminary at Bomona near Port Moresby.

Sally Anne Pipi

SALLY ANN PIPI was born in Hula village in the Central District. She attended Kila Kila and Kavari Primary Schools before going to St. Katherine's High School in Warwick, Queensland. She is now a director's secretary at Steamships Trading Company in Port Moresby.



Mary Paulisbo

MARY PAULISBO is from Moveave village in the Gulf District. She completed her Queensland Junior in 1959 and trained at Port Moresby Teachers' College. She is now teaching at Panaeti Primary School, via Misima, in the Milne Bay District.

Arthur Jawodimbari

ARTHUR JAWODIMBARI comes from Konji village in the Northern District. He attended Martyrs Memorial School near Popondetta. In 1969 he enrolled at the University of Papua New Guinea, where in 1972 he graduated with a B.A. Arthur is presently a lecturer in Practical Drama at the Centre for Creative Arts in Port Moresby. Many of Arthur's plays and short stories have been published in "Kavave" and "Papua New Guinea Writing".

Walter Darius

WALTER DARIUS comes from Matupit Island near Rabaul on the Gazelle Peninsula of East New Britain District. Walter attends Kambubu Primary School and Kambubu High School. In 1968 he attended Malaguna Technical School where in 1970 he completed his Form 4. He is a Third Year Cadet Journalist with the Office of Information and is presently based in Rabaul.



Writers New To The Pages Of



'Papua New Guinea Writing'



Dewa Saba

DEWA SABA comes from Seba village in the Western District. He obtained his primary education at Kosora and Oriomo Primary Schools. From 1968 to 1972 he attended Daru High School. He is now employed by the Department of Finance as a Trainee Examiner of Accounts.



Opunai Hosea

OPUNAI HOSEA comes from Malot village in the Duke of York Islands about 20 miles from Rabaul. He attended Vatnabara Primary on Duke of York Islands and later Malaguna Primary School near Rabaul. In 1972 he attended Malabunga High School where he completed his Forms 1 and 2. Opunai is now in Form 3 at Malaguna Technical School in Rabaul.



Michael Danga

MICHAEL DANGA comes from Kerowagi in the Chimbu District. He attended Goroka High School from 1954 to 1959. In 1960 he commenced Teacher Training and has taught in a number of schools around the Territory. He is presently headmaster of Hobu Primary School in the Morobe District.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR MOST BE GENUINE. WE ARE INTERESTED TO KNOW WHAT READERS THINK ABOUT THE CONTENT OF THE MAGAZINE IN ITS PRESENT FORM. PLEASE WRITE TO THE EDITOR.

Dear Sir,

I must say that although your magazine has not a large following here as yet I enjoy reading it myself.

I just wish I could understand Pidgin to enable me to understand these items also.

Best wishes to all contributors.

S. A. JENSEN
Norfolk Island Newsagency
NORFOLK ISLAND.

It's nice to have a friendly word from our most distant retail outlet, nearly 1700 miles from Papua New Guinea.

We plan to continue giving English translations of all Pidgin stories appearing in our issues and hope they help readers who do not know this delightful language.

—EDITOR

Dear Sir,

I would like to make one comment regarding your efforts to encourage Papua New Guineans to write. When a story or article is submitted please acknowledge that you received it and tell the author whether or not it will be published.

A young woman from the village where we work submitted a story last October and has never heard a word from you. I know she is certainly not encouraged to submit any more. We appreciate your magazine and all your efforts to further creative writing by Papua New Guineans, however, a word to the wise is sufficient.

HELEN MOITEN
S.I.L.
UKARUMPA.

We try to acknowledge every piece of material submitted for publication. Please let us know the name and address of the author, and the title of the story.

—EDITOR

Dear Sir,

I recently arrived in Papua New Guinea from Canada and was wondering if I could obtain past copies of 'Papua New Guinea Writing'. Please let me know how many back copies of 'Papua New Guinea Writing' you have and how much they will cost me?

GEOFF STUBBS
St. Ignatius High School
AITAPE.

Back copies of Nos. 5, 6, 7, 9, 10, 12 and 14 are available at 20 cents per copy.

—EDITOR

Dear Sir,

At Goroka High School our English course is built around the literary output of this country. We would like to subscribe to 'Papua New Guinea Writing'. Not only are we interested in current copies, however, but we would like to obtain any back numbers available.

We would be also interested to obtain other sources of local literature such as: Kovave, Papuan Pocket Poets Series, Pacific Writers Series, Teaching Literature in P.N.G.

Any assistance you may be able to offer regarding these publications would be greatly appreciated.

P. MITCHELL (Mrs)
Librarian
Goroka High School.

Dear Sir,

I first came to know about your magazine when I was a student at Goroka Teachers' College several years ago. Since then I have also drawn the interests of my other fellow mates and other people I have met.

Presently I am teaching here at the school addressed below. Recently I brought to the classroom the March issue of 'Papua New Guinea Writing' which I had bought from the local newsagency. I told the class about the magazine and read to them some of the poems and stories by our writers and also showed them the pictures. The children became immediately interested in the magazine.

I am specially writing this letter asking if you could help me by supplying more information as to how I can help these people or students to write something for the magazine.

The students have shown great interest already and many have asked if they could write for the magazine. Your help in this matter will be greatly appreciated here.

Enclosed is a postal order for \$2 to cover the cost for the coming issue.

KASSE H. AARON
Kondiu High School
CHIMBU.

Dear Sir,

I do agree with Gamaliel Pidik who said he wanted to see more Pidgin stories in 'Papua New Guinea Writing'. Firstly the Editor states that there are thousands of people in twenty overseas countries who are enjoying 'Papua New Guinea Writing'. If we include more Pidgin stories, people in other countries who do not know Pidgin will not be interested in the magazine. Of course no one wants to read what he cannot understand.

Gamaliel also said that inclusion of English translation was a waste of paper and money as well as not encouraging and promoting Pidgin in that field. Although I think he had a good argument, I still feel the inclusion of English translations is worthwhile because it benefits the non-Pidgin speaker. I would like to suggest a separate issue of Pidgin stories if necessary.

LUDDER MONDO
St. Fidelis College
ALEXISHAFEN.

'Papua New Guinea Writing' will continue to publish a maximum of two Pidgin stories with English translations from now on.

—EDITOR

LUKSAVE

Luksave, a publication which gives a simple account of research projects undertaken by scholars seeking to answer interesting questions on Papua New Guinea and its people. Luksave is intended for use in schools and is a most useful aid for school teachers and community development workers, and recommended for general reading by young people who are interested in the development of Papua New Guinea. The following issues are available now:

IN ENGLISH: Rabia Camp, Port Moresby
Badili canoe settlement
A history of Bulolo
Papuan businessmen
New Guinean businessmen
Namasu
New Guinea, Australia and the United Nations
The Changing life of the Nasioi people
Life in Sinasina, New Guinea Highlands
The Riga Road
Situm and Gabori
Voluntary aid in Papua New Guinea
Would-be big businessmen in New Guinea

IN PIDGIN: Man bilong Niugini i kamap bisnisman
Rigo rot
Ol senis i wok long kamap long sindaun bilong o Naioi pipel
Situm na Gabori
Laip long Sinasina, Niugini Hailans

IN MOTU:: Rigo dala

Luksave costs 20c per copy and can be purchased from the New Guinean Research Unit, P.O. Box 1238, Boroko, Papua New Guinea.

YOU CAN HELP US . . .

Writers sending their contributions for publication in 'Papua New Guinea Writing', can help us by enclosing a short note about themselves. We like to know the name of the writer's village, the names of the primary and secondary schools he has attended, and the school form or job he is in at present.

If the contribution is used this information will be used in the section called 'About the Writers' or the one called 'About the Poets'. It would also be helpful if story writers would enclose a photo of the type seen on Page 22.

The Editor.

THE CROCODILE Vincent Eri A Novel of Papua New Guinea

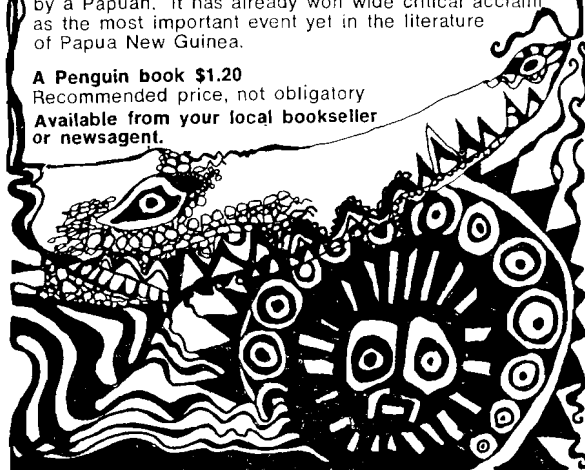
Hoiri Sevese is a Papuan villager, educated in a mission school and married in a church. He is a man between two cultures—he understands Papuan village life and knows he must seek revenge on the sorcerers who have caused his wife to be taken by a crocodile; he knows also that he must come to terms with the unfamiliar and often brutal ways of the Europeans.

The Crocodile is the first published novel written by a Papuan. It has already won wide critical acclaim as the most important event yet in the literature of Papua New Guinea.

A Penguin book \$1.20

Recommended price, not obligatory

Available from your local bookseller or newsagent.



Thank to our ADVERTISERS

● 'Papua New Guinea Writing' sells at 20c per copy. This retail price does not cover a third of the actual cost of production. Advertisers make vital contribution towards the publication of this important Papua New Guinea Literary magazine.

● The firms and organisations listed below show their support for the provision and distribution of literature by reserving advertising space in 'PAPUA NEW GUINEA WRITING', during 1974-75.

Oxford University Press
New Guinea Research Unit
Ela Motors
Kristen Pres Inc.
Wantok Publications Inc.
The Bank of New South Wales
The Jacaranda Press
The Metric Conversion Commission
Penguin Books

The Literature Bureau,
Office of Information,
P.O. Box 2312, Konedobu

ANOTHER PUBLICATION BY THE LITERATURE BUREAU

The pilot issue of a simple story booklet published by the Literature Bureau of the Office of Information will be released in June.

The booklet, titled

'STORIES OF PAPUA NEW GUINEA, BOOK 1'

is the first in a series of short stories and legends of Papua New Guinea written by Papua New Guineans.

The aim of the booklet is to develop reading habits among the literate and newly-literate majority and will also serve as a suitable text for upper primary levels.

The pilot issue will be distributed to primary schools and others free.

Samples supplied on request by writing to:

THE EDITOR
LITERATURE BUREAU
P.O. BOX 2312
KONEDOBU.



Wantok Publications Inc.

Box 396, Wewak, Papua New Guinea. Phone 86 2488

PAPUA NEW GUINEA'S PIDGIN NEWSPAPER WITH 50,000 READERS

Annual Subscription — \$4.00
(24 issues by airmail)

Bulk orders (10 copies or more) get
special rates.

If to schools, these include free maps for
social study broadcasts, plus teaching aids.

WRITE FOR A SAMPLE COPY

PAPUA NEW GUINEA WRITING

4 ISSUES ANNUALLY \$1.00
(including postage)

'Papua New Guinea Writing' aims to provide a genuine means of expression for Papua New Guinean literary and artistic talents. Since first issued in 1970 an increasing number of Papua New Guineans from all parts of the country have contributed stories, poems and articles. We hope their number will increase and that they make full use of the magazine as a means of communication.

'Papua New Guinea Writing' is widely distributed through newsagents and book-stalls in the country, and includes many overseas readers in twenty countries.

Write: THE LITERATURE BUREAU

Office of Information,
P.O. Box 2312, Konedobu, Papua New Guinea.

ADVERTISING RATES PER INSERTION PAPUA NEW GUINEA WRITING

4 Issues per annum

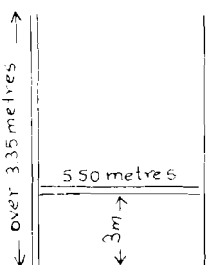


Full Page \$90
Half Page \$50
Quarter Page ... \$30
Outside Back Cover
..... \$150

• Contract Rates on
application
A guaranteed qualitative
circulation.

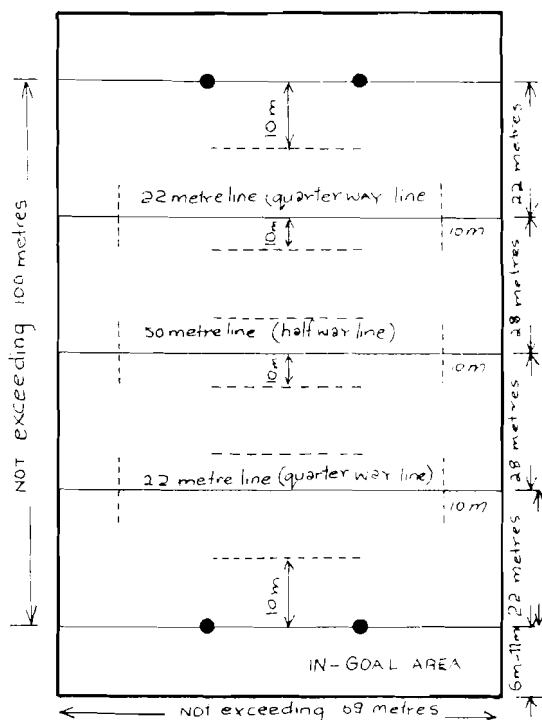
**APPLY
LITERATURE
BUREAU
Box 2312
Konedobu
Papua New Guinea**

PAPUA NEW GUINEA SPORTS GO METRIC



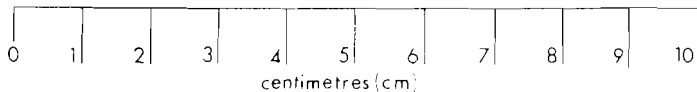
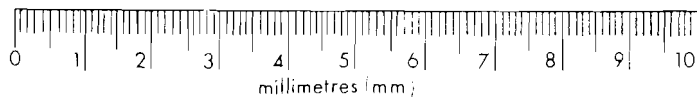
MARTIN BENI Papua New Guinea's
Junior Welterweight boxing champion.
Martin weighs 59.8 kilograms (Kg).

1 kilogram (kg) = 1000 grams
= 2.20 pound (lbs)



Martin Beni at the weigh-in for the
Beni-Briggs bout in Port Moresby.

Papua Rugby League Football field in Port Moresby, will soon be measured in
metric like that in the above model figure.



ISSUED BY THE PAPUA NEW GUINEA
METRIC CONVERSION COMMISSION

Korua Club Building, Hubert Murray Highway,
Boroko, Port Moresby, Papua New Guinea.
Tel. 57555. Box 5286, Boroko.

