

# Papua New Guinea Writing

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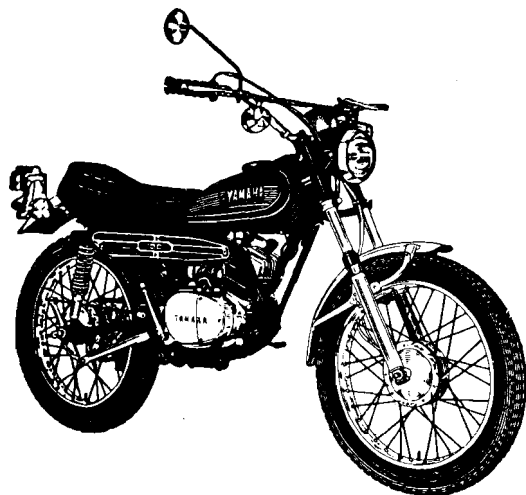
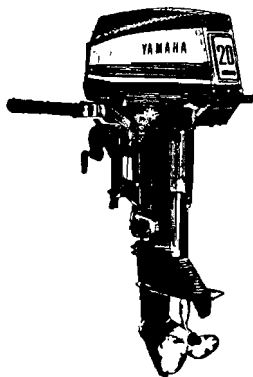
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## Editorial

Our hearts perhaps palpitating for the arrival of Independence, we may for the first time ever in our political lives relax and say: let bygones be bygones. People here and abroad who have harboured strange thoughts about Papua New Guinea should dispel them immediately. Our country with its many cultural and tribal differences, like many others, has developed in a way which some political observers may have mistakenly described as heralding chaos. To us, it has been the most natural way of working out our differences prior to our forthcoming intiation into political manhood. Papua New Guinea should therefore achieve Independence on 16th September this year without qualms.

The last ten years, especially, saw extensive developments in the fields of politics, economics, social and cultural matters as well as a general enlightenment in the minds of our people. "Papua New Guinea Writing" has displayed this process of enlightenment vividly to the world through the most interesting stories and poems published in it.

Our artists and writers have with style and sincerity recovered our lost dignity erroneously created by outside writers.

Our writers, by the same token, have displayed their support for "Papua New Guinea Writing" in the same way they had needed it to have their works published and read throughout the world. Our writers have grown with the magazine from their earliest attempts at writing to the present stage.

I now make an additional call to them to keep on writing, retaining their Papua New Guinea taste and originality. I know that, simple and straightforward as they appeared to be, they have brought in many a good comment from people all over the world. An indication of this may be seen on our regular Letters to the Editor pages.

Indeed, we do not want all praise and no criticism. We want constructive and fair criticism from as many readers as possible to enable us to plan ahead and to produce the magazine in the way the public would like it.

I wish to ask all writers for stories for our December No. 20 issue. Stories, though not expected to be all with religious themes, must endeavour to carry the usual Christmas spirit. Writers, for instance, must endeavour to portray ideas about harmonious co-existence between men, etc. All contributions for the December issue should reach the editor's table by 30th September.

**JACK LAHUI,**  
Manager (Editor).

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Editor: Jack Lahui

Editorial Consultant: Douglas Rose

Layout: Jack Lahui

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The taxi was caught in a shower of rocks and there was nothing the driver could do except abandon the vehicle and run back the way way he had come.

# The Last Riot

By  
Joseph Saruva

I had waited nearly an hour and strange to say no buses or PMVs came. I tried to look calm and at ease but found myself trembling. The shouting was getting closer and louder. Satisfied that I might never get any type of transport at all, I decided with reluctance and fear, to walk.

Looking back, I saw the first lot of people running. I began to run too and as I rounded the corner, a taxi pulled up near a house to drop a passenger. I called out to the driver who himself displayed fear on his face.

"Tokarara, please!", I gasped. "Tokarara, please driver!" The driver took one look at me, shook his head while slamming the gear into low and reeved the engine. "Please driver! I am from Papua!" I pleaded, hoping he would realise how desperate I was. That surprisingly did the trick.

"Quick, hop in!" he ordered.

As the taxi lurched away, I looked and saw the mob spilling onto the main highway shouting what

sounded like a war — cry and brandishing sticks bottles and stones as they rushed towards some cars parked near a garage.

All the way to Tokarara neither of us spoke. I was most interested in the ticking of the fares-meter than anything else.

"Stop driver!" I said, when the meter had reached ninety nine cents. "I only have one dollar".

The taxi screeched to a halt, I got out of the car. My hands dug into the pockets for the dollar note I knew I had there. The driver still wore that look of fear and anxiety which he obviously displayed on the accelerator.

"Thank you bada herea,"<sup>1</sup> I said as I handed over the dollar note.

"Bamahuta,"<sup>2</sup> he replied and with a sudden jerk, the taxi roared down the road.

Half walking and running, I headed towards my house and at the same time tried to observe the

1. Motuan for thank you very much. (literally — a big thank you.)

2. Good bye. (Motuan) literally — to sleep.

people on either side of the road. They looked unconcerned. It was obvious they knew nothing of the outbreak or rioting. For some reason the relaxed attitude of the people annoyed me.

"Fight! Fight!" I shouted out the warning. The people's reaction to the warning was like a nest of hornets disturbed by wild tossing and within minutes the streets were deserted. Only men were now seen in front of houses, their eyes turned towards the main road. The whole place was suddenly quiet.

I hurried towards my house hoping and praying that my wife and children were home. I felt uneasy when I saw the door closed, but when I turned into the pathway leading to the house, I saw my wife squatting beside an open fire at the rear of the house, laboriously fanning and blowing to make it light but in doing so had visibly swallowed a mouthfull of smoke. She straightened up, coughing and rubbing her eyes as I reached her.

"Badi, what are you doing out here? Can't you cook inside?" I asked angrily.

"Oh Vagi," she said with relief. "Now I feel some comfort and safety with you here."

"Where are the kids?"

"Inside," she told me. "I managed to get the vegetables and rice cooked on the pressure stove. I made the fire out here to cook the fish when the kerosene ran out."

"Well, you'd better come inside quickly" I said pulling her by the hand. I could see Kila and Heni peering out of a window asking me if I had brought with me some P.K.

"No, Heni. Didn't have time to. Now, you two listen to daddy", I told them to go to their room and stay there. "Mummy will get your food".

They stared at me for a while and then walked into their room. They looked frightened as they had probably been told of the fighting by their mother.

The news of the rioting was broadcast by Radio from the football ground and I knew Badi had heard it.

"How bad is it?" Badi asked.

"Pretty bad. It's likely to continue for days. Go ahead and feed the kids." I went to do the round of the house. Badi followed. From under the house I took out a grass-knife, a muttock, a spade and a long bush-knife, took them inside and placed them near the door. After double checking the windows, I began shifting the kids' bed away from the walls. I quickly nailed a sheet of plywood across the window, although I doubted an attack would be made from the back of the house. This done I went outside to see the pot that was still on the fire. The rioting mob could not be far off by now. Among the distant wild clamour, I clearly heard the loud thudding noise followed by smashing of glass windows. I knew the Chinese trade stores down the road were being given a working-over. From inside the house Badi called me in a frightened voice.

"Vagi, come inside." I knew she had heard the shouting. I went inside and saw Kila and Heni sobbing. Badi was trying in vain to calm them down.

"Don't cry, children. Everything will be alright. Daddy is here. You just stay here with your mama". It was then I heard a knock on the door.

"Badi! Vagi! It's me, Kari!" I stood up at once and went to open it.

"Come on in, Kari. Where is your husband?" I asked.

"He went to watch the football and hasn't come back," she told me.

"I was at the football ground too but I felt before things got worse. Come this way," I said and led them into the room where Badi and the boys were.

"Our house is safest so we thought we might be safe here", she tried to explain.

"I'm glad you came. Settle down and make yourself comfortable. We just can't tell how bad things

may turn out to be".

It was already dark outside. I noticed under the street lights a group of people making a desperate run for the safety of their houses, the sight of which reminded me of insects, birds and animals fleeing from a bushfire.

The shouting was much closer now and sounded more terrifying. Then I noticed a dark patch of moving figures further down the road accompanied by hideous yelling. I saw sticks brandished and stones and bottles hurled and fibrous walls and glass louvres crushing into smithereens.

"They are coming up. Don't move away from this room".

I went back and took my position near the door armed with a muttock.

"Whoever dares to enter this house will receive this good and truly", I vowed. At this moment I saw a taxi tearing down the road towards the approaching mob. "What a mad fool," I said, "going straight into the teeth of trouble". Several people from either side of the street began shouting warnings but it was too late as the mob rushed at the taxi yelling and the driver, in avoidance of pedestrians skidded to a halt, tried to do a U-turn but never managed it. The vehicle was caught in a shower of rocks and bottles and there was nothing the driver could do but abandon the car and run back the way he had come.

With a victorious cry, the mob attacked the taxi and overturned it in the ditch. Surprising enough, the driver kept running along and it annoyed me to find that no one was brave enough to ask him to take shelter in a house. So enraged and surprised at the insolence and cowardice of the people I called out to him to come to my house.

"Thanks", he said, breathing heavily as he rushed into my house. "Christ! where is this country heading for? What future does it hold for us? The bloody stinks! Bastards!"

"Please sit down and take your breath, wantok\*," I told him. "The people are coming now," I said as I went towards the door.

With a deep sigh, the taxi driver stood up. "Wantok, what's that you're holding?"

"A muttock", I replied.

"Is there anything I can use?"

"There's a spade and a bush knife", I said and handed him the spade and together we stood near the door and waited.

"It won't be long now", I said to him. The next instant something landed on the roof with a deafening clangour. That really started the kids crying. I ran inside.

"Shh! Keep quiet," I cautioned the children who by now had all huddled together with their mothers.

"Try and keep them quiet, Badi" I whispered as I left the room.

It was then that our first glass louvres shattered. As the rioters proceeded up the road, the driver and I went out on the verandah.

"Christ, just listen to that," the driver said. "Don't tell me they are going through the whole settlement. Is there a public telephone here?"

"One would think that a big residential area such as this would have a few. That's why we just couldn't contact the Police".

"Oh by the way," the driver said, "I'm Tom from Madang". I introduced myself in return and told him I was from Central. "Did you see the football match?" Tom asked.

I was there. Papua defeated New Guinea by a big margin. Do you think this fighting is the result of the match?"

"I don't know," he replied. "If that was the case you would have every New Guinean living in Moresby involved in the fighting".

\* One who speaks the same language; a compatriot or a neighbour.

He paused for a few moments then continued, "I bet the minority involved are the frustrated and disillusioned ones because they are simply parochial".

I wonder if the fight was because of the recent secessionist movement in Papua. Tom told me he was not a politically minded person but he thought a secessionist movement should be treated as a political right.

"I mean, you see, there's far too much noise for unity in this country", he went on. "I know this country needs it and it is very essential but we are expecting far too much. The whole thing is abstract."

"I agree with you," I told him. "Just think. How united are the districts of New Guinea, say the people from the New Guinea coast and those of the New Guinea Highlands or, for that matter, with those of the New Guinea islands? The same could be said about the districts in Papua."

"That's why," he put in, "there are these secessionist movements in the country. People are beginning to realize that only by doing so, can they hope to rescue good political future for themselves."

For a while we had almost forgotten about the destructive terrors of the night.

"Hey! Look at that!" Tom said. About half a dozen Police trucks were just pulling in. Out jumped Police Riot Squads and after some instructions from their officer, disbanded into groups. One group followed the road the rioters had taken while the others cut across the other side. A few minutes later, the whole settlement was lit up with flares. Then we heard some shots fired.

"Vagi, what's happening?" Badi called from inside.

"The Police are here," I answered.

"How ironical!" said Tom. "The Police don't seem to appear when needed urgently. And now that the outbreak is over, they show up! Anyway, I'd better go and ask for help".

Tom took the money box and I followed him onto the road. A car stopped and he told the Police Officer what had happened. He then turned to me and said, "Thanks very much, Vagi. I'll come and see you sometime". He got into the car and they headed towards the over-turned taxi.

I went back into the house and put the light on in the living room.

"It's all right now," I called out to those in the room. "Don't come out yet, though. I'll have to sweep up these pieces of broken glass first."

"Now I can breath freely," Badi said. "It's time now we thought of going back to the village where it is a lot safer".

"I hope Horo is well tonight", I said to Kari.

"If he gets into trouble, that will be just fine. I told him to go to the market this morning and he refused," Kari said angrily.

"Badi, can you serve the food for us now?" I asked.

"Hey, how is the fish?" asked Badi.

"Oh my God!" I said, almost shocked and rushed out of the house to see the fire had burnt out and the cooking done.

After we had eaten, I told the women to go to sleep. I took out a mat from under the cupboard and spread it near the door in the living room. I decided to stay up as long as I could just in case.

"Don't worry about me", I said. "If they are after me, they'll have to break into the house to get me!"

My eyes began to get heavy with the cold morning air.

As I lay on the mat, I remembered what Tom had said about unity.

All I knew was that in the suburb we lived, it had been more like a village. I knew that everything would be normal the following day.

I took a heavy breath and yawned. God help us. ●

## TRIBUTE TO KIRSTY POWELL

Kirsty Powell, well known and highly regarded by the first generation of our national writers died on Thursday 7th August, 1975 in Port Moresby.

The magnitude of her interest, coupled with her far sighted research as well as practical guidance and constructive criticism on our national literature is much appreciated.

An article titled "Some Perspectives on Papua New Guinea Writing" by her was published in "Papua New Guinea Writing" issue No. 16 of December 1974.

It is our deeply felt sorrow that she could not live to see better days of writing in this country.

Editor.

PAPUA NEW GUINEA WRITING publishes the best literary works by the budding writers of Papua New Guinea.

Since first issued in 1970 an increasing number of writers and poets have contributed stories, poems and articles.

We hope their numbers will increase and that they will make full use of the magazine as a means of communication.

"Papua New Guinea Writing" is widely distributed throughout newsagents and book-stalls in the country and includes many overseas readers in twenty-six countries.

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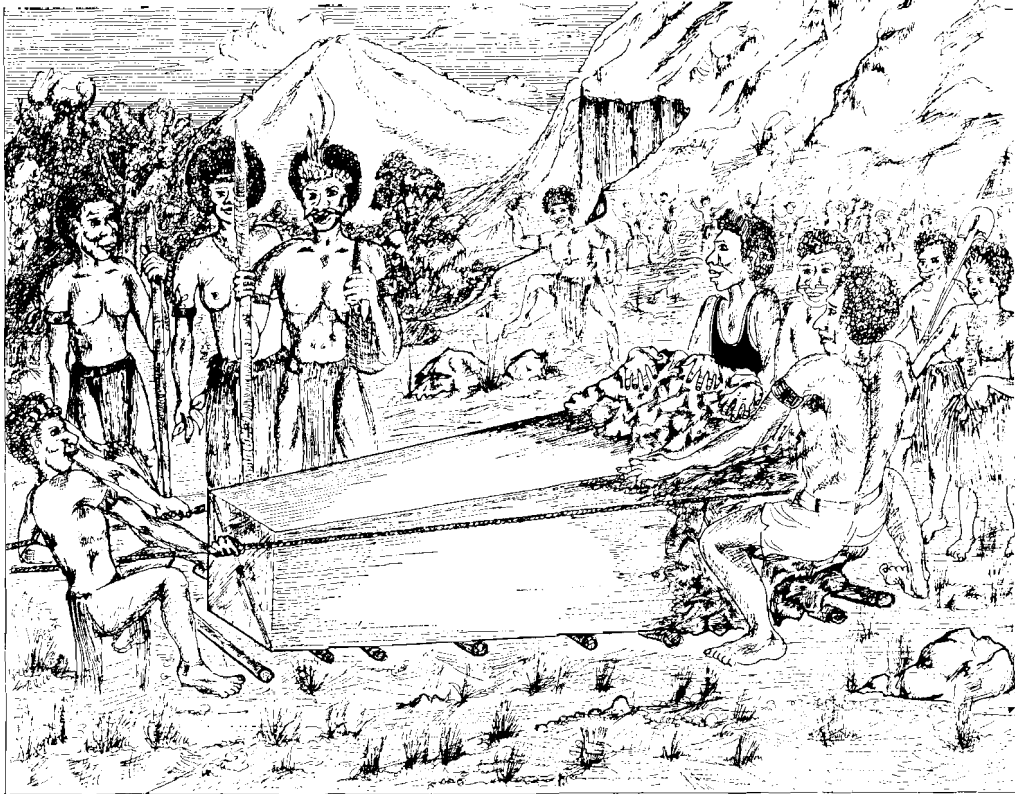
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# STONE HIDE OUR CARGO

By  
Michael Mosoro



*The unearthed huge stone was then carefully pulled down to the foot of the mountain.*

One morning the people of Iutopia village began decorating their houses as well as their bodies with flowers and leaves of trees. The tops of fences enclosing the meeting ground were entirely lined with colourful flowers. The sun's bright rays shining on the flowers created a very admirable scene of the whole places. Such occasions were rare and when one happened it was the sign of the arrival of some important man. It was not very long after the work of decorating the place was finished that the people saw a red car enter the streets of Iutopia.

Two elderly and important men of the area, Kavi and Gawi rose to meet the new comer whom the people had so well prepared for. The two welcomed the big man and took him over to the people assembled in the village courtyard. The important visitor was gripping a Bible to his chest. After a short silence the visitor spoke, "Good morning everyone, my name is Petrus and I have asked your elders that I be given the pleasure of speaking to you today".

All the people silenced and mutely stared at him as if in want of deliverance.

There was however one man who could not be told to shut up and he was doing his best to interrupt the distinguished guest speaker. He was an indigenous catechist for the Catholic Church, who was very much opposed to Petrus' ideals. Bruno's interruption were gradually subdued by the crowd and therefore he stopped.

The visitor started again by signalling for silence then spoke: "One night when I was in a jail cell I had the blessing to see Santa Maria holding a crucifix. She told me that I should pray nine times and not the usual five as taught to us by the Mission. If we are to pray nine times we may be able to witness untold miracles. The Missions have fooled us into praying only five times and have stopped us from receiving goods while they continue to pray nine times and receive goods.

Bruno the Catechist could not bear his anger for long and therefore spoke out: "How do you know we received goods? I do not know of anything that can come to me by praying alone. There is absolutely

no line written in the Bible which says I must pray nine times to receive these goods."

Petrus was most annoyed by Bruno's words and had a reply for him, "You Mission and Government servants are a lot of crooks in that you stop the way for cargo reaching us. You did so by putting a stone at the top of the hill over there", Petrus said pointing to an elevated hill which everybody knew had a cement marker put during a recent survey by the Lands Demarcation Surveyors.

A young man among the crowd was most annoyed by Bruno's refractory words against their leader and was preparing to fight Father Bruno. Bruno with his priestly mannerism was not the fighting kind therefore left to see the Head Priest from the Mission Headquarters not far away.

The Head Priest soon appeared on the scene by a motor-bike but was beaten up by the angry crowd and sent home. There were still people shouting at the father to have him killed and threw stones after him.

After the incident the crowd gathered again and their guest speaker spoke again. "This stone I mentioned is truly closing the traffic for all cargo and goods. If you go to the bush you will find there is no game. Similarly if you go to the river or sea you will find there is no fish. If you go to see your garden you will find the crops drying up and there is no food to dig up".

The crowd roared with a reassuring chorus of "Yes! that is true".

A youth among the crowd stood up to question Petrus. "What are we supposed to do to the stone?"

Petrus showed the crowd his nine-fingers and answered, "On the ninth day of the ninth month, September, we must remove the stone.

"To achieve this you and I must contribute nine dollars as Membership Fee. The money will be enough to buy each of us a box. The box must be hidden in secret places until after the stone is removed from its position".

• (continued on page 11)



*Gogobe began to stage his part of the show with two articles: an object wrapped in a piece of cloth and the knife.*

# Powerful Magic

By Arere Hitolo

Gogobe tripped and nearly fell on his knees while walking along the Sir Hubert Murray Highway, in Port Moresby. He stopped, picked up something and instantly became attracted by it, not because it had a very good shape, but because it glistened in the sun.

It was a piece of metal. Gogobe held the metal in his palm and discovered that it was heavy. He thought that if it presently served no purpose, he would keep it until somebody would tell him the best use for it. Satisfied that nobody was watching, he quietly slipped it into his hip pocket.

At home in the evening, he wrapped the metal in a piece of cloth and tucked it among the armshells in his old wooden box. He had forgotten about it, until one day, while pulling his sheath-knife out of the box he felt a slight pull. Gogobe did not doubt that it was a pull. Maybe, he thought to himself, I just imagined the pull, or I underestimated the weight of the knife and did not pull hard enough, or maybe there are spirits in the box who pulled it back in. To satisfy his curiosity, he decided to repeat the action by pulling the knife up in the same angle, and this time, slowly.

As the knife was moved closer, Gogobe sensed the pull. He pointed the tip to the armshells lying closest, then to the Bird of Paradise plumes, but felt no pull. He decided that he would try it on every other article in the box, to find out which object had attracted it.

After testing each article in the box Gogobe discovered that it was the shiny piece of metal in the piece of cloth that had pulled the knife. Gogobe

lifted it up, in its aged wrapping. He could now feel again the weight of it in his palm; a weight so unusual for a piece of metal no larger than a match box. Gogobe became deep in thought. Could the piece of metal contain magic or some supernatural power, the nature of which he had not heard of or seen before? It occurred to Gogobe that, although he was not sure why, owning the metal might give him an advantage over more powerful magicians in the village.

Gogobe wrapped it and placed it back in its place in the right-hand corner of the box. At the same time, he wished his long dead father was alive and able to advise him.

Many good as well as bad years had since passed. According to the custom and belief, good years were those in which no death or sickness occurred.

It was during one night of those so-called bad years, that Gogobe had an unexpected visitor.

Gogobe's house, like all other native houses, had a kunai thatched roof and walls made of sago fronds woven with fibres. There were two low, heavy wooden doors, roughly hinged and nailed to the side walls.

It was a popular fashion that the door should have many locks of pieces of wood five inches by two, nailed in the middle, and which could be aligned with the side of the door to allow it to open. One of these wooden lock types could be described as a propeller if turned violently. Gogobe had gathered from various people that these sorts of locks, unlike all modern locks, were burglar and magic proof, as they never allow a door to open easily for two reasons: firstly, there are a number of them; and

secondly, not all can lie in line with the edge of the door easily, except by chance.

The other means of entering, of course, was to break the whole door unit, which could mean making a lot of noise, and no thief or magician likes making too much noise, especially at night when even a small sound can be heard clearly.

In his sleep, Gogobe was dreaming of playing the popular juvenile game of 'hide-and-seek' with another man who was a stranger to him.

Although the stranger was visible to him, he could not see Gogobe hiding under a tuft of short grass. Realising the strangeness of his experience, he had suddenly woken up, only to find himself sweating profusely.

Like whizzing propellers the door locks were spinning madly, as if summoned by a strange order to do so. A low, curish growl could also be heard from outside, followed by a noisy but sure movement of some creature on the verandah. Gogobe could feel that unmistakable vibration on the end of the same floor board, which ended in the temporary bedroom partition. He scratched his head in confusion and with the same hand reached for his old leather bag under his wooden pillow. He produced a piece of dried herb, which he placed in his mouth and began chewing. As he chewed the herb, he whispered a spell of magic to himself. He decided to wake his wife.

Henao, was so startled by the shaking that she stirred, was about to ask Gogobe a question, when firm hands held her signalling for silence. She obeyed and tried to focus her eyes to the dim light of the low burning hurricane lamp. The wooden locks were now spinning madly and making a noise similar to that of an electric fan at top speed.

As it happened, Gogobe softly scratched his wife's arm and whispered the word, "knife". Henao produced the knife from their bag and held it to him. With the knife firmly gripped, Gogobe tested the floor for creaks, then crawled towards the door. He was assured that whatever was there hadn't decided to go, otherwise the locks would have stopped spinning.

Gogobe found himself standing near the door with one hand firmly gripping the sheath-knife and the other reaching for the top lock. He began by stopping the top lock, the second, the third, the fourth, the fifth, then the sixth while all the time pulling the door towards himself. Once the sixth was aligned he applied enough pressure on the door, which began to open of its own accord.

There was a moment of silence whilst the door creaked to a stop on its hinges, leaving it ajar. A man, huge in stature, appeared in the door-way, obviously surveying the scene. Satisfied that the door had opened of its own accord, the stranger made his entry.

Gogobe felt alarmed, yet the knife in his hand gave him some confidence.

If the prowler meant trouble, he could easily stab him to death. He hoped this would not be necessary, as he did not want to kill people needlessly. Then the stranger walked calmly to the centre of the room where Henao sat, her eyes nearly popping out.

"Gogobe! Gogobe!" Henao's shrieking shattered the night. Gogobe quickly jumped out from behind the door and shut it behind him.

"Who are you and what business have you in my house?" Gogobe asked the stranger in an angry, authoritative voice. The stranger was indeed surprised and, realising his predicament, remained calm.

"I came to visit a friend," he mumbled, after a prolonged silence, and Gogobe assumed that he needed the pause to find a suitable story to tell.

"What is your name, stranger?" Gogobe asked.

"Audabi."

"Why did you come here?"

"To beg for tobacco," Audabi answered in a trembling tone.

"You lie," Gogobe cut him short, "why couldn't you knock if it was only tobacco you wanted".

There was again silence.

"I have tobacco indeed, but I cannot give any to you unless you tell me your village."

"Boteka," replied Audabi.

"Where is that?"

"On the Sogeri road . . . er . . . the Brown River road."

"So, you are a puripuri man, and a type that prowls at night, hunting for people to kill."

"Only on request."

There was silence, in which time the stranger and Gogobe eyed each other. Each probably hated the other, but neither showed it. This was what Henao was curiously witnessing. Gogobe broke the silence with another question.

"You must . . . or else," Gogobe tried to persuade the man, and in the meantime produced the knife from its sheath and pinned it on the soft floor board. "You must admit the truth or you never get out of this house alive."

Gogobe could by now see that his methods of persuasion were getting him nowhere, as the man was still adamant. Turning to Henao he said, "Get me my roll of black tobacco and some newspaper and also that thing wrapped in the white cloth."

Moments after Henao had produced the tobacco and the newspaper, the two men were smoking two hand-rolled cigarettes. Henao began to feel at ease; so much that she was eager to serve her husband with things to entertain the stranger. Henao anticipated that Gogobe would soon show the man his luck magic. She was therefore not surprised when, after a convivial talk, Gogobe invited the other to watch him demonstrate.

"My friend, I have this simple magic to demonstrate and would like to know what you think of it."

The stranger was thoughtful before he pledged, "Providing you won't make it on me."

"Maybe, if your magic is more powerful," Gogobe said with indifference.

With these words, Gogobe began to stage his part of the show, with just two articles — an object wrapped up in a piece of cloth and the knife, which was now lying close to his thigh.

"Look," Gogobe said, taking the knife in his hand. "Tonight you came to this village and house for no better reason than to ask for a smoke."

Audabi agreed with an uneasy nod, his rather sad, brown eyes quivering in the dim light.

He was beginning to look puzzled, yet curious of the outcome.

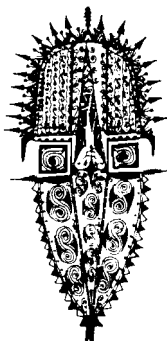
"You watch carefully as I put this knife close to the 'Father of all Magic'". As Gogobe did so, the tip of the knife moved towards the wrapping. Audabi had not seen anything like it before and was visibly surprised.

In the deep silence that followed as the two men sat face to face, one of them felt beaten at his own trade. Nevertheless, he tried to be convivial and interested in the conversation. Both men chewed, and then drank tea which Henao made, and talked about many things totally unrelated to magic. Then, when the conversation was becoming sparse and dry, the visitor asked if he could leave as dawn was close.

The other two agreed, Gogobe gave Audabi a stick of tobacco, a box of matches and a bundle of newspaper.

As they shook hands on the verandah, Henao heard Audabi say to Gogobe, "Thank you for everything. I think your magic is more powerful than mine." They were the last words from a hello-and-goodbye friend, who did not know what a magnet was and who believed that it could attract people and lead them to places to which they had no intention of going.

The two men never met again. ●



## POET'S CORNER

### FIGHTERS OF UNITY

By Siwid Gihey

*Maintain the struggle  
Loyal brothers  
Lovers of peace  
Maintain the struggle.*

*Like a necklace  
wear the precious unity  
around your necks, wherever you are  
The mighty necklace.  
Paddle hard  
the wind is howling*

*This is political storm  
Paddle hard.*

*Clear of reef  
Steer  
Political sharks are desperate  
Steer clear of reef*

*Behind the clouds —  
is laughter —  
is sunshine  
Behind the rain, brothers.*

### THE INHABITED GARDEN

By Larry Mahiro

*Love is a w  
e  
l  
l  
from which we can drink  
merely as much  
as we p  
o  
n  
r  
i  
n*

*and the star that shine from it  
are merely our eyes l*

o

o

k

i

n

g

i

n

*People are but birds  
protected and fed from birth*

*There comes a time  
when wings are stronger and eyes are eager to unveil  
the unveiled  
when they depart hardly ever to return*

*There come a time  
when wings are tired and eyes are tired  
when dusky seasons come to all living creatures  
when weary wings come to a final landing.*

*People are but birds  
unprotected and unfed at death*

*The world is so empty  
if one thinks only  
of mountains  
of rivers  
of cities —  
but to know someone who  
thinks and feels  
with us  
and who  
though distant  
is close to us  
in spirit  
this makes the earth for us an  
inhabited garden.*

### TIME

By Thomas Kuli

*Don't you know you're cruel,  
You call me to my grave,  
Making me older,  
plodding steadily on,  
as you have done for centuries,*

*My fathers you have trampled.  
My children you will crush,  
as you move on,  
the never ending journey.*

*Generation will come and go,  
nations will rise and fall,  
we shall go down as ancient history,  
that future generations will study.*

*You the living history book shall live on,  
consuming all history.  
How shall you tell them,  
what you have seen,  
when you're deaf and dumb?*

# FIVE SILVERY TEARS

By Dominica Yaiyin

You look so real, flying up there.  
You look most representing, fluttering away  
on a red cloth, as though your blood has spilled  
to save, to unite us under your name  
Your Five Silvery Tears, fall on a black shield,  
As you raise your voice to spell out Unity at dawn.  
Oh! Bird of Paradise you are our own bird and symbol.

Yes! how assuring.

You look like a map of your tropical Paradise,  
Spread out over a Jungle of Battle.  
Clothed in red blood of war — black blood of Pay-Back.  
As you look down, you disguise your sorrow,  
With those sweet, chanting choruses of nature.  
Your Five Silvery Tears flow mournfully to  
Cleanse the deep felt misery of murder and revenge.

Yes! at one time you fell prey to us,  
You provided food for Life your colours you lent for joy.  
Times change! You are symbol and Master now.  
Through your sympathy, you turn saviour to us.  
An emissary over stretches of Ocean and Land.  
On distant Mission; you cry, shout and chant our motto,  
far and wide — "Papua and New Guinea Unite Under  
Me".

# LONELY HEART

By Gapi Iamo

Deep, deep in the heart of silence  
he sat on his naked bottom  
longing for happiness  
but locked up in himself  
feeling far away, out of reach.  
Low, low into the graves of his ancestors  
he sank  
terrified by the darkness  
afraid, blinded.  
He wept for his tiny life.  
When morning came  
he did not see the dawn  
and the sun could not warm his heart.

# 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."

# TO INDEPENDENCE:

By Ben Gomara

Our country is full of life.  
Every village, every soul, is full of life.  
Now our country is preparing  
for the day that is coming:  
  
For the day it looks after itself,  
For the day we become brothers and sisters;  
Singing and dancing will the happy villagers be.  
Talking and laughing will they be.

We must help one another;  
We must help our country;  
To make it strong;  
To make it a great nation.

# GENERATION GAP

By Gapi Iamo

The father has gone to the West  
The son's birth  
too bright too soon.  
To celebrate the new image  
the mother cried out,  
"The feast shall be postponed  
till the son is old enough to learn  
about his dead father."

# THE KABORI THUNDERSTORM

By Moses Nasam

From the North-West  
clouds come speeding with the wind.  
Sharply turning  
there and here,  
Like dark night wings.  
whirling where the palm trees sway,  
tossing up leaves and dirt on its tail,  
or like a Spiritman chasing human beings.

Sacks of clouds ride stately on Din's back,  
crowded as if to perch on hills  
like a band of locusts,

In Kabori village  
children of delighted  
and wobbling screams,  
toss and turn  
in the din of whirling wind.

Women with babies attached like frogs on their backs  
madly ran about in and out.

The wind whistles by  
whilst trees bend to let it pass.  
Clothes wave like Papua New Guinea flags,  
Flying off  
to expose dangling breasts  
As jagged blinding flashes  
crack and tremble  
spreading the smell of watered fire smoke  
during the pelting march of the storm.



Before the giant could throw his shell, Riba Bada had had his spear thrown, and speared the giant in the eye, blinding him instantly.

## Dauma

By Ben Gomara

## Vegani

## Vegani

Long, long ago the people of the Rigo area spoke one language called Sinaugoro, and belonged to the same tribe.

One day, a giant from a far away land came to their area and started killing and eating people. The people called him Dauma Vegani Vegani and he lived in a place called Karuka Goro. He was a strange giant and was most feared by the people because he only killed and ate humans, while looked upon animals and birds as his pets. All the people of the area had since fled to secret caves and others ran away to faraway places.

They cooked their food by putting them out in the sun. They worked and hunted at night because Dauma Vegani Vegani hunted in daylight and slept at night.

His weapons were made of flat oysters shells and which he used skilfully. Whenever he saw a man he would take one of his huge oyster shells, throw it at him, cutting him in half, then take his body home for food.

One day while out hunting, the giant came across a young man of that area and his expectant wife who were on their way to their garden. The man was killed but his wife escaped and hid in the

forest where the giant could not find her. The giant left the woman and went home carrying with him the husband's body to a cave on top of a mountain called Kapakou.

The woman dwelled in a cave on her own until she bore twin boys.

The first she named Riba Bada and the second she named Kauri Bada, because the first born was right-handed and the second was left-handed. The mother looked after them until they grew into strong, handsome men. One day they asked their mother if they had had a father at all. Their mother sadly answered them that their father was killed Dauma Vegani Vegani.

Again they asked their mother who Dauma Vegani was.

Their mother told them that Dauma Vegani was a giant and a cannibal and he lived on top of Karuka Goro.

Many years passed and the two boys grew and always assured their mother that they would one day fight and kill the giant. At first, their mother did not approve of the idea but they persuaded her into agreement. She then showed them what strong wood to use for spears and how

throw them. Their mother instructed that, to fight the giant, they would have to go near the giant's place and put up three platforms. On how to position themselves during the fight their mother said, "Riba Bada will have to stand on the right hand side and Kauri Bada will stand on the left so that you will both have equal chance to throw your spears."

Following their mother's instruction, the twins erected three wooden platforms; one near where Dauma Vegani Vegani lived, the second on the hillside, and the third on top of the hill. For the fight, each of the boys prepared a bundle of spears. The night before the fight both had a meal of dried sweet potatoes and banana and both retired to a good night's rest.

About mid-day the following day, the two brothers left their cave to go to the giant's place, which was far and high up on Karuka Goro.

Before they left, they showed their mother a flower which would let her know of the outcome of their fight with the giant. "If the flower sways to and fro," said Riba Bada, "that means the fight has begun, and if the flower breaks into halves, the giant has won, but if the flower shakes and sways faster, that means we have killed the giant."

Riba Bada and Kauri Bada arrived at the giant's place and immediately took their positions on the platform they had erected. It was then that Riba Bada called down to the giant: "Dauma Vegani Vegani, why can't you come and fight us like a man, rather than hunt helpless people? Come up and fight us!"

When the giant heard the call he laughed and laughed until he cried.

This was something he had never experienced before in his life.

Dauma Vegani Vegani had not gone out to hunt that day, and his supply of meat had run low. Perhaps, he thought, he could find his meat for the day near his house, rather than hunt in the far bushes.

Infuriated by what he knew was an insult he took his oyster shells and approached the brothers. As he approached, he took one of his shells and threw it at them. Riba Bada jumped to the right side and Kauri Bada to the left and the shell whizzed past them with all its deadly force. The brothers quickly jumped on the first platform and together threw their spears at the giant and speared him in his legs; then both ran to the second platform to await their next opportunity.

The giant removed the spear head from his legs with a curse and chased after the boys and again threw another of his mighty shells at them. By then the two boys were on the second platform. The brothers again did the same thing; one jumped to the right and the other to the left and then they jumped back onto the platform and together let their spears go. This time, both spears entered the heart of the giant. The brothers abandoned the second platform and ran for the third platform but when they turned around they saw the giant poised to throw the third shell at them. Before he could throw the shell, Riba Bada had his spear thrown. The spear with all its force pierced the giant's right eye and blinding him instantly and he fell to the ground with a mighty thud and died immediately.

Back in their cave, their mother saw the flower shaking and swaying very fast and she sang and danced and called the people from the many hide-outs and announced that her sons had killed Dauma Vegani Vegani. All the people then gathered and cut the giant's body up and shared it among themselves. Each family was given a different part of the body to eat. After eating the flesh of the giant, all the families started speaking different languages. This is why all the people from R go area speak different dialects. ●

● from page 5

The atmosphere in the village was that of joyous celebration as people broke branches of flowers and trees and decorated the already decorated fences and houses.

The meeting ended and the village people returned to their houses. For two weeks that followed they worked hard in their garden to find enough food to sell in their local market to find the money for the boxes and their contribution to the People's Association.

It was the morning of ninth day of the ninth month of the year nineteenth hundred and sixty nine when the villages all gathered on the foot of the mountain. A long queue of people trailed up extending to the mountain top. A long rope stretched the equal distance to the top and all along it stood people holding onto it. Those up the top worked carefully to remove the earth hiding the base of the 'Big stone'. All worked very hard and it took them up to twelve o'clock to unearth the stone. Some who were most impatient even jumped into the pit to see if they could discern the entrance to the cargo storage. Some were already imagining what goods or wealth were already contained miraculously in the newly bought boxes. Each of them, however, did not admit his thought but concentrated on the task of removing the stone. Then carefully the unearthed stone was pulled down to the foot of the mountain. The people were so excited that they sang, joked, and clapped hands as they slowly retreated down the slopes.

On reaching the village, they placed the stone under Petrus' house and turned to their houses to see if their boxes contained anything, however, on finding them still empty they all gathered again to bring their complaints to Petrus.

Petrus was most disappointed and had little to say, but assured the people that while to him everything had gone through as planned, something may have gone wrong.

That same evening Petrus called a big gathering in the village and told the people. "I believe the Government has blocked the road of cargoes from Port Moresby. The Government has done injustice to us, therefore I urge you all to avenge this by not voting for anyone except me in the coming elections. On winning this electoral support I will be in a position to appoint each of you as District Commissioners for each of the districts, with me as head of the country. "That is very correct!" everybody roared to a tumultuous crescendo.

Kavi one of the disciples and who was among the crowd asked Petrus, "How do you know if all the people in other electorates will support and follow you?"

Petrus replied by saying that they too would vote for him as long as the government did not bar them.

Everybody in the village of Iutopia was happy and they began to sing and dance after been reassured again by yet another promise. They lost their will for gardening and therefore their coffee, cocoa, coconut and food gardens were now covered by weed. Why should they do that if they knew they were receiving cargo miraculously appearing in each of their houses? While people from other district of Niugini questioned the probability of the arrival of the cargo they were satisfied with it and awaited the elections. Surprisingly, the news of the cargo had spread to other villages so they came and waited with the people of Iutopia. They had nothing much to do and therefore in return for the still to come goods, they build their leader Petrus a three-storey house and many more for the cargo.

They could still be waiting to this very day? ●

# "A HOUSE FOR THE SPIRITS AND A PLACE NOT ONLY FOR THE PAST BUT FOR THE PRESENT AND FUTURE GENERATIONS OF TRADITIONAL ARTS", SAYS THE DIRECTOR OF PAPUA NEW GUINEA NATIONAL MUSEUM AND ART GALLERY.

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Geoffrey Mosuwadoga

"Art is the signature of a civilisation" — Beverly Sills. The definition of a Museum according to Webster's Seventh New Collegiate Dictionary is, "An institution devoted to the procurement, care and display of objects of lasting interest and value".

The concept of securing valuable cultural objects is important within all cultures. This could take the form of an object which has been regarded as the property of a group, looked after by an individual and kept in his residence or kept in a special house by a group of people. The responsible attitude adopted by individuals or groups is governed by their social status or knowledge of the significance of the objects. To ensure the security and welfare of an object in Papua New Guinea society, one must feel the responsibility and respect for the pieces.

The ideals and attitudes for procurement of pieces can be entrusted by the society to an individual for an initiation purpose. The initiate is permitted by his elders to care for the object, for the security, protection and transfer of power from the object to the initiate or for other valid spiritual reasons. By doing so the society can look upon that individual as a complete socialised being in their organisation.

Not all group in Papua New Guinea society have a house for spiritual objects. In some areas an individual has his own secret place for reasons other than the community need. A person can be a magician or a great believer in certain spirits and he may wish to have an object for his own purpose, for example, the image of his ancestors.

A special house in our society also has many functions. Many events take place in these houses. A person is born into a new world through initiation, or is purified or anointed into the society. However, at the same time the house contains the spiritualized objects which are of great importance in the society. The person, therefore, pays either homage to these objects or begs for their pardon. On the other hand in some areas where there is no house set aside by the group, the objects are kept by an individual for the whole community and are brought out in the open for the group to worship or to admire. In most areas in Papua New Guinea, the objects

are kept in the houses not only for spiritual purposes but for functional purposes as well. They are used in the daily lives of the people in the same way as bilums, foodpots, sago storage pots, carved pillars and implements etc.

If we were to delve deeper into the significance, function, and social importance of the house in our society, we will find that the necessity for building a communal type of a house to secure and to house these objects is not a new or uncommon practice. Papua New Guinea has done this long before the Museum reached our country. The name and function of a museum can be looked upon in our society today to fit into our basic ideals that have been with us long before any influence actually reached us.

The task that we are facing at present is the presentation of the objects; the questions we now ask ourselves are: How are we going to present these objects? What sort of material can honestly represent the material culture, art and underlining spiritual values of the many groups in Papua New Guinea? What sort of people are likely to come and admire the objects?

What I am looking for is better presentation of these valuable objects so that our Museum retains its definition of a house in our society. I see the Papua New Guinea Museum and Art Gallery serves two aspects for the procurement of objects. The first one is the community type where all the objects of great significance and use are kept in one house and cared for by many; the other is where an individual is permitted by society to ensure the security and welfare of the objects for the whole country.

With this criteria in mind, the Museum staff accepts these burdens or responsibility and care for the country's most valuable cultural objects.

As a Papua New Guinean placed in the position of Director, responsible for the country's treasures, I believe in the light of our rich culture that a Museum in Papua New Guinea serves more than the western definition of the word "Museum". It serves the traditional concept of a house securing important objects in the Papua New Guinea society.

I believe that in our society, the National Museum is the house of spirits, surrounded by the decorative ornaments made by our craftsmen as material gifts to these unseen beings. The Papua New Guinea Museum is not an institution for great external admiration stored with

the country's valuable treasures, but a place of spiritual values. It is a place not only for the past but for the present and the future traditional arts. What we display in the Museum are objects of various sizes and functions. There are ancestral figures, spears, ornaments, shields, houseboards and other general ethnographic material. There are also pieces in the Museum which can be considered as utilitarian objects, used by the people of Papua New Guinea in their daily lives. It is a collection acquired by the Museum over the past twenty-one years.

I believe the functions of the Papua New Guinea Museum are:—

1. To house the cultural heritage of the people of Papua New Guinea.
2. To provide adequate facilities to review the material culture and arts for the village people and scholars.
3. To look upon the Museum as a united cultural institution for all the ethnic groups.
4. To establish it as a monument to the past and a source of inspiration for the future culture of Papua New Guinea.

The Museum has the enormous task of educating the people of this country to appreciate and to review the aesthetic quality of our art and to protect the inner meaning of our culture. A superficial belief is that the Museum is a place where old material is stored and displayed for the tourists and other interested persons. If such an attitude is adopted then the National Museum fails to serve the people of this country.

From the point of view of culture, Papua New Guinea can be very proud indeed. It is a wrong attitude to look upon Papua New Guinea art and culture as "Primitive". The richness of our culture and the deep meaning of our art rank us high among the cultures of the world, both for the past and for the present.

Today, young artists and craftsmen have the task of pursuing and retaining this rich art for Papua New Guinea, but in a context where it can be looked upon as contemporary art. The modern artist's expressiveness, combined with his own interpretation of the traditional forms, becomes Papua New Guinea's signature in the eyes of the world today. This is a challenge for the young artist; to project and to interpret their cultural richness in today's art scene. The Museum collects these new works and cares for them. From the house of spirits a new art is born for the future.

The Papua New Guinea Museum and Art Gallery has been operating for almost twenty two years, and now employs a staff of twenty eight. The Museum has both professional and semi-professional staff to preserve the culture of this country. We have in the Museum, sections or departments such as an Administrative section, Anthropology, natural History, Art and Education departments. Though we lack the number in staff to fulfil the requirements in each section, nevertheless, we are doing all we can to educate the public and preserve the country's cultural heritage.

The preservation of Papua New Guinea's cultural material is a major problem for the Museum. We receive co-operation from the general public, government agencies and other individuals who help retain or trace pieces that are in danger of being illegally exported. The Museum endeavours to carry out the National Cultural Property (Preservation) Act, and do what it can to implement it's Act. In this way the Museum has saved a substantial amount of valuable material which was in danger of leaving Papua New Guinea. A very good example is the Madang seizure in 1972, when a substantial number of important and prohibited items were prevented from being exported overseas.

There are approximately 17,000 pieces in the Museum, but that number is small compared to other Museums in the world who have acquired Papua New Guinea cultural objects. We have lost literally thousands of pieces abroad. We have at present, apart from the Museum collection, the remainder of the old pieces left in the villages with the people. It is extremely important that these pieces be not moved but fulfil their function in village life and serve as examples for the present generation of artists.

in other countries for the repatriation of Papua New Guinea's cultural objects. We have failed with some, but others have agreed to return our objects. Even if we have been unsuccessful with some Museums, there are other alternatives we can explore such as exchange of items. The first country to sympathetically consider our proposal and return material is the National Museum of New Zealand in Wellington. Australian Museums have also agreed to return some of the pieces after our new Museum is built.

The new Museum and Art Gallery will be built at Waigani on the hill adjacent to the Supreme Court. The architects' inspiration is derived from traditional architecture but the building will fit into its environment. The new Museum will be a building of which this country can be proud.

At present, some of the many fine examples of quality craftsmanship of our culture are on display in our present building, which is located under the House of Assembly. We regret the limited display area prevents us from fulfilling the needs of the public. However, we will try to do better in the new Museum. The present Museum is open seven days a week for the public to view their culture, and no admission fee is charged.

Our Museum can be viewed as a common initiation house for all those who are born in this rich culture. ●

GEOFFREY MOSUWADOGA  
Director.

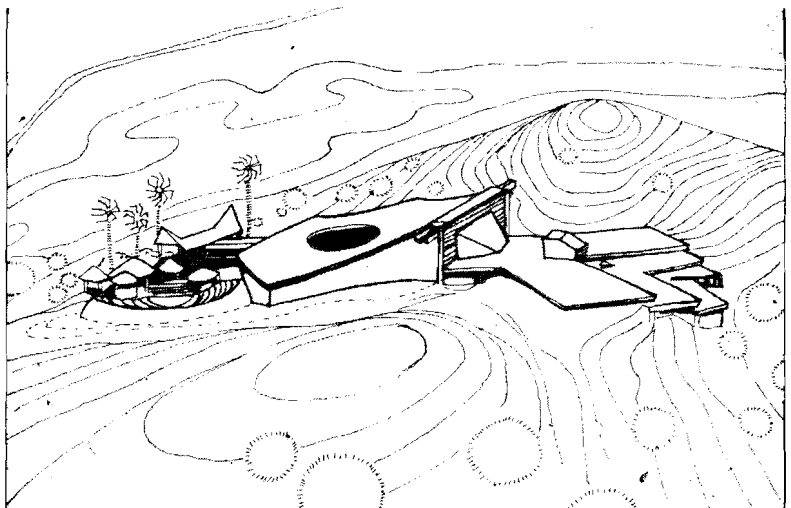


● Above: Francis Batamatuk, Conservation Officer, carefully applying preservative to a rare piece.



● Left: Group of ceremonial objects of the Kwoma people of the East Sepik District displayed in the Museum.

● Below: A perspective view of the New Museum (Copied from the architects' original sketch).





*I climbed the fence and was just about to jump over to the other side when my shoes caught. I fell forward and hit the ground hard with outstretched arms.*

# RETURNING HOME

By  
  
Benjamin  
  
Umba

The light Cessna owned and operated by the Divine Word Mission touched down at Keglsugl. I was the only passenger. As we taxied along the runway, my heart was beating wildly like the propeller in front of us at the thought that after a few minutes I would be stepping down onto the soil; my soil, the soil which had given me birth, the soil which had raised me during my early years.

The plane had reached the end of the airstrip, turned around and coughed several times before it stood still. Someone outside opened the door and I stepped down, slowly, cautiously, almost reluctantly, almost tearfully. I waited. A little later, my suitcase was delivered. I picked it up and, with faltering steps, went to the end of the strip and waited.

Where was dear old father? Wasn't he supposed to be out waiting for me, ready to hug, fondle and kiss me on my safe return? Wasn't there even going to be a party tonight? God help me for I feel so lonely, so deserted, so rejected, so empty, so darned naked.

I looked around. Not a soul was in sight. I looked up. There was no sun and no blue sky. I was staring up at a dark, ominous and extensive stormcloud. She seemed disturbed. Like a wounded dog she was ready to bark and spit those nerve-soaking drops of rain at me. I looked down. The soil, the black soil, cold and uninviting was only too glad to refuse me back. I stood there, not knowing what to do or where to go.

## poet's corner continued

### "THE SECRET OF THE MELANCHOLY TOTEM"

By Makis Karau

Then Lo, I saw people running along the road towards me. No! Not adults; they were little children, who probably had nothing to do in the village and were going to the bush to kill time and to prove to their parents that they had no time for 'pig-sitting'. They were screaming at the tops of their voices and were waving, or maybe just wiping the sweat from their foreheads. I waited.

There were twelve of them; All Wandike children from Nigilguma, our village. Some ran faster than others. The slower ones had fallen behind and were now walking. Such unshakeable determination. But there were four little children who, surprisingly enough, had managed to keep well ahead of the others and were still running equally fast. I watched. They were fifty metres away . . . forty . . . thirty . . . twenty . . . ten . . . gosh, it's Michael, my fourteen year old brother. With him was eleven year old Matella, with a string-bag hanging from her head. Mother had indeed turned her into a fine, young woman.

There was also Dre, who has just turned seven, and who was very dusty, as if white ashes had been sprinkled on her. And the one who had persevered the most was tiny Rekina, also very dusty and still naked. "So young, so innocent. Mother soil, I must shed a few bitter tears at the joy of seeing my beloved ones, even if you won't accept me back . . ."

Michael came and suddenly threw his arms around my waist and refusing to look into my face, wept. After him was Matella, who grabbed my right thigh with both arms and also refusing to look into my face, wept. She was followed by Dre, who clasped herself to my left thigh and wept secretly with her head between my legs. Finally, Rekina arrived. She was walking slowly towards me with her face thoroughly bathed with a smile. She looked so beautiful, so delicate, so innocent. I scooped her into the air and caught her. She was still smiling. The two dimples on her cheeks were conspicuous. I threw her up in the air, caught her in my arms again and sat her on my right shoulder. That used to be her usual place when I had been with them almost a year ago. Very calmly, I encouraged the other three to stop crying.

"Rekina," I called. She didn't answer. "Rekina! Rekina, can you hear me?"

She had refused to respond. I brought her down on my arms again.

*On a hill nearby stood a melancholy Totem.  
It was carved from the wood of Red Cedar,  
With many designs and patterns carved on by ancient  
skills, the figures that tell of ancient deeds.  
Through all kinds of weather: wind, sun or rain stood  
the lonely Totem.*

*Blackened by the sun's heat, scratched by the lightning's  
flashing whip,  
he stands reflecting the legends of the past,  
to the passers-by who come and go.*

*"What a silly, stupid, piece of carving?," comes an insult  
from a passer-by.*

*Strangers, youngsters, little ones, pelt it with small and  
big pebbles.*

*Now with scarred body, the neck on the verge of break-  
ing, stood the poor wooden Totem,*

*Yet, its golden secret lies unknown to these new comers  
of this world,*

*With a sad face looking on, it seemed to say "My  
friends don't hurt me,*

*your stoning, insulting, even curses, don't hurt me,  
but it does hurt when I see you reject your past,  
for I carry your forefathers greatest deeds and legends".  
"By and by, one day you might need me.*

*But, Alas! What have you done, to your only one?  
Without a bead I cannot speak nor see.*

*Now your forefathers deeds cannot be told for they are  
buried deep in my scared wooden body".*

---

### PRISONER OF THE WESTERN SUN

By Awoko Ukura

*There he sits,  
the prisoner of the western sun.  
Sweat pouring down his cheek,  
the sun having no mercy,  
shone on him brightly.  
With an unhappy heart,  
he cries aloud,  
"Lord! what have I done?  
You dropped me out in the wilderness  
with the wind to take care of me".  
There he sits,  
the lonely prisoner  
with the sun's angry looking eyes,  
looking down on him.  
All he sees with his mind,  
no one will ever know.  
With the last sad look on his face,  
he dropped his head,  
carelessly to the ground,  
and went to sleep,  
never to open his eyes again.*

"Oh, mother, why did you allow that to happen?" Even Rekina had shed a few, treacherous tears. Her cheeks were wet and her whole face was clothed with a thin coat of mud from the dust and ashes which had previously covered her. Even then, she was still smiling as our eyes met and stared at each other, I wept.

The other children finally arrived and threw themselves upon me and encircled me, joyfully welcoming me home. I wondered if they had already known the fate of my future while I greeted them as best I could, calling by name those I already knew and inquiring about the newer faces, who seemed more enthusiastic about establishing a relationship with me than I was with them. They were beautiful children; so local, so noble, so human, looking almost divine, untouched by the whiteman, uncontaminated by his civilization. Admiration and jealousy infiltrated the unbarred gates of my heart, my blood, my nerves.

"Are father and mother home?" I asked them.

"They have gone to Gambugl," Matella barely managed to toss in first.

"We have gardens at Gambugl. Father said he would collect some firewood and mother and Begere said they would get some vegetables," Michael filled in. "They left very early this morning. Maybe they have returned already," Dre joined them. "Let's go quickly," she proposed.

I hesitated. "Who is this Begere?" I asked no-one in particular, hoping that each one would lend a hand so that the heavy burden in my mind could be lifted.

"A young woman," Michael returned quickly, as he bent down and attempted feebly to lift my suitcase. His ribs and nerves stood protruding. "I could carry this, but it's very heavy," he reported helplessly.

"No, you better not try that again. Leave that to me," I told him, as I shook my head disapprovingly. Two-thirds of the weight of the suitcase has come from the books I had in it and it would have been very insulting to the innocent eyes to see him burdened with such crap. "But who is Begere?" I wasn't satisfied with what he had told me.

"She is my mother," Rekina whispered gently into my ear. She sounded annoyed and impatient with me.

"Our father and mother haven't told us," Michael replied abruptly. I sensed that he was deliberately concealing the truth, either to surprise me later or had been instructed to do so by our parents. I was anxious to find out.

"Let's go home," I suggested and they readily conceded. I picked up the suitcase and with Rekina still on my shoulder, we started down the road again. They ran ahead, singing, shouting and playing happily. "Look at them go," I told myself. "The new, young and noble generation".

The prodigal son, like the lost sheep, like the wounded warrior, I was led home by a very hospitable generation. Rekina was encouraging them, congratulating some, and severely reprimanding the others who were showing symptoms of weakness and fatigue.

"Let me go and join them", she begged, as she threw her legs around restlessly and enthusiastically. I carefully set her on the ground and she raced wildly towards the others, throwing her tiny arms around in a great frenzy as a cool mountain breeze reached her and accepted her into her own environment again, separating me in my confused, shaky and fragmented world.

We turned off the main road and followed a path till we came to the hill overlooking and protecting Migluma, our village, our home sweet home. There she stood, affectionately sun-bathed in the early midday sun, tenderly protected, well nourished and prominently staged upon a naturally green country with cool swift-flowing rivers on two sides.

"I don't think father and mother and Begere have returned from Gambugl yet. Maybe they are in the house already. Let's go closer and find out..." Michael suggested, as he started down the slope. The others raced after him, crossed the bridge over the river, Kualke, and were going straight for the village gate to see who would get there first. I followed them down the hill, staggering at almost every step, but slowly and cautiously to avoid rolling down the hill. Had I been bare-footed like them, I wouldn't have had that much trouble but like a white man's son, I had returned home with shoes on my feet which made the descent a very strenuous effort. I sighed with relief when I reached the bridge. Below was the Kualke — cool, fresh, clear and very inviting. I walked on. And then the village's main gate, high, and the individual poles, very muddy from the dirt that had been drabbed on through those long wet moons. I climbed up and was about to jump down onto the other side, when my shoes caught. I fell over and landed forward and hit the ground, hard, with my arms outstretched. I lay there, trying to regain consciousness.

"Are you hurt?" A boy's voice penetrated my unconsciousness. I lifted my head off the ground, but refused to face the interrogator. Instead, I looked at his legs, tough-skinned and bare-footed; the short toes incidentally reminded me of my short toes. He must be Michael, I convinced myself, since he and I had inherited similar physical characteristics from our father. I felt blood trickling down my throat. I swallowed it. It was my own blood, extracted from a fractured lip after having kissed the soil very respectfully and somewhat gratefully. I looked around for my suitcase. It had landed a few metres away and the impact as it hit the ground had forced it open, spilling the books all over the place. Michael rushed over to collect them, but I couldn't allow that to occur.

"No, Michael, leave them to me. I'll collect them myself," I pleaded. Michael seemed bewildered, but obeyed, and stood there speechlessly wondering what those were for: to be eaten, slept with, worn, or hunted with. They could only be read, an art which he had neither heard of or practised. I told myself that that was it. It was the final struggle of the two persons in me: As the retarded Wandike, the stipulations on my growth and maturity towards a noble Wandike tribesman had been lifted having paid homage to the mother soil at her gate.

The superficial Westerner, incorporated in the books I had brought, had finally collapsed and was lying there. "Mother, forgive me. I deserted you. I don't know your language. We can never really communicate, can we? I know not your traditions, customs, and cultures, neither you, mine. I am nothing but a dry leaf, suddenly dropped here, ready to be picked up by the next breeze. We don't belong to each other; not anymore. You nursed me when I was small and for that I must thank you. I fled from you as if you were a leper... oh, for goodness sake mother, forgive me..." The prodigal son returning home.

It was apprehensible that this final scene should be dramatised at the entrance into the village. No impurities were to infiltrate her system then. One of them had to lose and it was the retarded Wandike who prevailed after the superficial image of the Westerner which I had idealized but which had shattered into tiny fragments just before I stepped into the village.

A purified Wandike, I then followed Michael to our house. ●

# "STONE HIDE OUR CARGO" TOLD IN PIDGIN 'STON I HAITIM KAGO'

By Michael Mosoro (Page 5)

Long big moning tru ol pipel bilong ples Iutopia i bilas karanki tru na bilasim ples bilong ol long ol palawa na ol diwai bilong bus. Ol i wokim purpur na hangamapim raun arere long banis ol i mekim long holim kibung bilong ol. San tu i kamap gut no olgeta samting i luk nais. Dispela ol samting i luk olsem oli wetim wanpela pati or wanpela bikman. Ino long taim na oli lukim wanpela retpela kar i kam pasim arere long ples bilong ol.

Tupela bikman bilong ples, Kavi wantaim Gawi igo daun hariap long rot na kisim dispela man ol pipel i bin wet long em. Ol dispela tripela man wokabaut igo na sanap long namel bilong ol pipel i wet istap. Man ya i holim korona wantaim Baibel na tok.

"Gud moning olgeta, nem bilong mi Petrus na mi kam long mekim sampela toktok long yupela".

Ol pipel i sarap olgeta na wet istap. Wanpela man tasol em ino laik harim na em i singsing na mekim ol toktok nambaut. Tasol ol pipel i kros long em na i sarap. Dispela man i no laik harim tok bilong Petrus. Em i wanpela katikis bilong Lotu Katolik, nem bilong em Bruno.

Petrus i putim tupela han antap na pasim ol nois na stat long tok-tok, "Wanpela nait long taim mi stap long haus kalabus mi lukim Santa Maria i holim rop korona na tokim mi olsem mipela i mas beten (Pre) nainpela hap na ino faipela hap olsem ol mission save tok. Sapos mipela i beten nainpela hap bai ol samting i ken kamap, tasol ol mission i giamanim mipela na oli save beten nainpela hap na stilim ol samting bilong mipela".

Bruno, em dispela katikis i kirap na askim Petrus, "Tasol bai mipela i kisim ol samting na kago olsem wanem? Mi ino ting wanpela samting bai kamap nating long beten bilong mipela tasol. Nogat wanpela hap tok long buk Baibel i tok olsem bai mipela i mas beten nainpela hap na kisim ol kago samting".

Petrus i belhat nogut tru na kros long Bruno na i tok, "Yupela ol mission na gavaman i pasim rot bilong kago na ol gutpela samting. Dispela ston ol gavaman i putim long maunten i hatim ol kago".

Narapela ol pipel i belhat na laik paitim Bruno tasol em i ronawe igo long lukim pater (priest) bilong ol. Taim dispela Pater tu i kam kamap wantaim motor baik bilong em, ol pipel i pulim em na paitim em nogut. Pater i poret nogut tru na kirap ronawe igo. Tasol ol pipel i bihainim em wantaim ol ston na singaut, "Kilim! Kilim!"

Bihain long dispela ol pipel igo bung gen na Petrus i tok "Dispela ston i banisim tru ol kain rot bilong ol kain samting. Supos nau yu laik go long bus, bai yu painim bus nating i nogat abus. Sapos yu go long wara bai yu lukim wara nating, nogat fish. Na sapos yu planim ol samting long garden bai yu go lukim ol tu i stik nating i nogat kaikai."

Ol pipel i bekim tok bilong em na tok, "Yes, em i tru." Wanpela bilong ol pipel i kirap na askim Petrus olsem, "Bai mipela i mekim wanem long dispela ston?"

Petrus i holim nainpela pinka bilong em na i tok, "Long namba nain de bilong namba nain mun long Septemba bai mipela i kamautim dispela ston. Tasol nau yupela mas painim nain dolar long membasip fi na baim wan, wan retpela bokis bilong yupela. Ol dispela bokis bai yupela haitim na wet, bihain tasol long mipela i kamautim dispela bikpela ston."

Bihain tasol long tupela wik nait bilong kamautim ston i kamap. Ol pipel i singsing na singaut, sampela i brukim han bilong diwai na bilasim skin bilong ol. Taim oli kamap long maunten, ol i beten nainpela hap Korona na stat long rausim ol graund arere long dispela simen ston. Ol i wok isi, isi tru nogut spet i pas long ston bai em katim rot bilong ol samting. Ol i wok igo inap long 12 o'clock na ol i kamautim dispela ston. Olgeta pipel i ron igo na lukluk go daun long dispela hul tasol

oli no painim sampela samting. Sampela bilong oli ting ating samting istap long ol retpela bokis long ples. Tasol oli no toktok long planti pipel. Taim ol i karim dispela ston igo daun long maunten ol i singsing, toktok, singaut na paitim han tu wantaim.

Long ples ol i putim dispela ston ananit long haus bilong Petrus na wokabaut hariap tru long ol haus bilong ol. Ol i opim bokis ol isi isi tru, tasol ol i no painim samting insait. Petrus i sori na tokim ol long kam long apinun olsem bai ol i mas toktok na painim wanem samting i bin rong.

Long apinun Petrus i tokim ol olsem, "Mi ting gavaman i banisim rot long Mosby. Long taim bilong elekksen i kamap yupela mas makim mi namba wan olsem taim mi go long Haus of Assembly bai wan wan bilong yupela mas kamap olsem Distrik Comisina long olgeta distrik. Baimbai mipela i ronim dispela kantry".

"Yes em i gutpela tok na i stret", ol pipel i bekim tok na paitim han. Kavi i sanap na askim Petrus na tok, "Olsem wanem long ol pipel bilong narapela elektoret bai ol tu i kam long rot bilong yu o nogat?"

Petrus i bekim tok olsem: "Ol tu i mas vot long mi, long wanem ol i baim memba moni pinis. Sapos ol masta i no pasim ol orait ol i no ken vot long ol narapela man tu".

Ol pipel i pinisim ol toktok na ol kirap go ikam. Turangu, ol bisnis bilong ol pipel, ol kaukau garden, kofi garden, kokonas plantesin bush i kamap na bagarapim. Nogat man bilong katim garas na klinim ol garden long wanem ol i wetim tasol bai ol kago bipo i haitim long em bai kamap insait long ol haus bilong ol. Ol narapela pipel i tok pilai long ol tasol, ol i no sem, ol i hamamas tasol na wet m de bilong elekksen. Sampela long ol pipel bilong narapela elektoret tu ol i kam wet long ples bilong Petrus istap. I gat planti pipel tumas na ol i wokim wanpela nupela tri storey haus bilong Petrus na sampela moa long ol kago.

Ating ol i wet tu tete? ●



*As we watched Kurumba and Kleptu stretched and skewered their limbs by putting one's onto the other's.*

# Not for My Daughter

By Wilson Kakimbi

I was sitting over a nicely cooked plate of rice and stew in a friend's house during a party, when suddenly I began to recollect an incident. I remembered it so vividly as if it had happened the day before. The plate of rice and stew was the transposing object because it reminded me of the first time I tasted rice and stew many years before.

My two sisters and I lived in our small village called Dowagle, situated between Kerowagi and Kewanugl in the Chimbu District. My elder sister, Kurumba, was 18 years of age, while Maria, the younger, was 4 and I was 9. Our father died from wounds in a tribal fight and for which our mother hanged herself. The three of us were left in that family and of course we were the poorest in the whole village of Dowagle.

One rainy morning my eldest sister, Kurumba, awoke and cook-

ed some kaukau for breakfast, while Maria and I were still asleep. When we awoke Kurumba told us to accompany her to our small garden to dig some kaukau and to feed our pigs. We hastily ate our breakfast and hurried to the garden which was about two kilometres away.

Kurumba dug the potatoes and weeded the garden, while Maria and I called our pigs to feed. Late in the afternoon, we called the pigs again and fed them with some more kaukau and then left for the village.

We had not walked for long on the main road, when suddenly we saw a handsome youth. We knew him as a carpenter from Kerowagi. His name was Kleptu and he was from Aitape in the West Sepik District. We had seen him many times before, either going to or returning from work. My sister, Kurumba, had many boy-

friends and Kleptu was one of them.

As we walked past, Kleptu and Kurumba glanced at each other and started talking and laughing. Kleptu then approached Kurumba, who stood with a great bilum of kaukau and touched her on the neck, while we sat and waited on the dirt road. Both conversed in Pidgin therefore Maria and I could not understand what was being talked about. At last they finished and we continued on our way to the village. Kleptu walked across to his residence which was not far from where we sat.

When we reached our small hut, I asked Kurumba what she and Kleptu had talked about on the road. She said that she had invited Kleptu to our house for the night. On hearing that, Maria and I felt happy, because we thought Kleptu would bring something different and good to eat.

This was an opportunity we could not allow to slip by for in those days, food such as rice and meat were considered luxuries due to their rarity.

The sun was quickly setting low in the western sky and Kurumba began to cook our dinner of sweet potatoes. While the potatoes cooked, Maria and I slept. Kurumba woke us up when she had done the cooking and we all sat around the fire and had dinner. After the meal, we sat and told stories and joked.

It was about eight in the evening when we heard a wild knock on the door. As was my duty, I rushed to the door to open it. It was no other than carpenter Kleptu, holding a big pot by the handle in his right hand. A strange appetising odour reeked into the house which made me wonder what was in the pot. Kleptu, smiling, handed the pot over to Kurumba, while Maria and I eagerly rushed over to see what was in it. Kleptu told us that it was rice and stew. Happily, we gathered around the pot and started eating. Kurumba ate a little and then took her position near the wall and invited Kleptu to join her. It was already dark inside apart from the dim glow of our night fire, and as was and is customary to have someone related to the girl there to watch and keep the fire alight while the Karim-leg\* was being performed, so Maria and myself lit our small hurricane lamp and watched eagerly. Kleptu, following Kurumba's words, sat beside Kurumba near the wall. As we watched Kurumba and Kleptu stretched and skewered their legs by putting one's on top of the other's which was the normal fashion. They began to shake their hands and heads, joked, laughed and sang. At the end of each song both laughed in a funny but high voice. They seemed the happiest two in the entire village. Maria and I worried a little about the excitement and continued eating the rice and stew.

It was about midnight when the fuel in the lamp ran out. Realising that, I asked Kleptu for his match to light a fire, but he looked askance as if deaf or dumb. I then checked the fire but found it was

already out. I opened the door and ventured out to ask the villagers for fire or match but there didn't seem anyone awake in the entire village. Frightened that I may be taken as a prowler, I returned to the house and leaned against the open door, yawning and wondering what next to do. The moon was not so bright. Kurumba and Kleptu's singing and talking had now ceased and both seemed asleep on the floor, where they had been courting.

Small Maria and myself decided to wake Kurumba so that we could go and sleep in a proper bed rather than on the bare floor. I felt my way in the darkness to where they lay and grabbed a leg and shook it hard. Kleptu responded in a loud voice and said, "You tiny beetle go to sleep". Hearing this, I informed small Maria to follow me to bed.

I was about to fall asleep, when I heard them whispering to each other. I knew they were awake, so I called out, "Kurumba, Kleptu, go to bed".

Kleptu answered, "You two shut your mouths and go to sleep; we'll come after". I was wondering what was going on, but decided to sleep to forget it all. I went to sleep.

Now I've got a daughter who carries leg, so I always keep an eye on her while she does it, lest some less respectable youth seduce her and ruin her future. All I know was that Kleptu never married Kurumba.

I know by modern cooking methods that Kleptu's rice was the worst cooked I had tasted anywhere as it tasted more like a paste. So I was back to the good plate of rice before me. ●

\* A traditional courting ceremony practised in the Highland of Papua New Guinea.

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The Literature Bureau,  
Office of Information,  
Box 2312,  
Konedobu,  
Papua New Guinea.

(cut along dotted box)

## National Film Award, 1975

The Annual National Film Award conducted by the Literature Bureau is again open for entries. This cultural competition is conducted over a twelve months period and starts on 1st November every year and close on 30th August of the succeeding year.

First started in 1972, this competition has become an annual event and has the support of the Office of Information.

This year there are two K70 prizes offered in the two sections for amateurs and professionals.

All films submitted as entries must be about Papua New Guinea.

For further information and Entry Forms write: .

THE LITERATURE BUREAU  
Office of Information  
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 was released in July, 1974.

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 booklet will be supplied to primary schools and others free.  
Samples supplied on request by writing to:

THE MANAGER,  
LITERATURE BUREAU  
P.O. BOX 2312  
KONEDOBU.

# ABOUT THE WRITERS

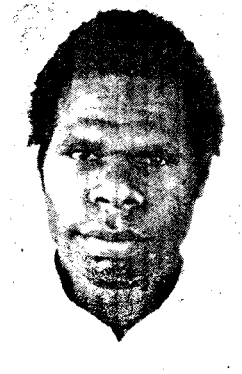


**Ben Gomara**

BEN GOMARA comes from Kilakila village in the city of Port Moresby. He attended Kilakila Primary School and later in 1964 began attending Kilakila High School. Ben finished his studies there in 1968. He is now a clerk with the Department of Agriculture, Konedobu, Port Moresby.

**Benjamin Umba**

BENJAMIN UMBa comes from Denglagu village near Gembogi in the Chimbu District. He attended Rosary Collage, Kondiu and St. Fidelis College, Alexishofen near Madang. He is now studying at the Holy Spirit Regional Seminary, Bomano, near Port Moresby. Benjamin has won many prizes for creative writing.



**Michael Mosoro**

MICHAEL MOSORO comes from Penjen village in the Wewak sub-district of the East Sepik District. He attended Hawain Primary school and later Boiken High School to finish his standards five and six. From 1970 to 1973 he attended St. Xaviers High School on Kairaku Island. Michael is now doing First Year Economics at the University of Papua New Guinea. (Photo not available).



**Joseph Saruva**

JOSEPH SARUVA comes from Kokoda in the Northern District. He was educated at Martyrs' Memorial School near Popondetta and Mitcham High School, Victoria. He took a Diploma in Teaching from Goroka Teachers' College and taught at Goroka Technical School. In 1972 he joined the University of Papua New Guinea. Joe is now Acting Operations Superintendent, Technical Division, Department of Education.



**Arere Hitolo**

ARERE HITOLO comes from Porebada village in the Central District. He attended Porebada L.M.S. Primary School and later Porebada Primary T. School. In 1964 he began to attend Sogeri High School where in 1967 he graduated at School Certificate level. Mr. Hitolo is a Road Research Officer with the Department of Transport in Port Moresby. (Photo not available)



**Wilson M. Kakimbi**

WILSON KAKIMBI comes from Dowagle village in the Chimbu District. He is a constable with the Papua New Guinea Police Constabulary in Port Moresby. (The writer failed to supply us with enough biographical details about himself therefore a short note on him only is provided here. Photo not available).



## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Sir,

Lumi High School is a newly established day High School. Presently it lacks sufficient teaching and resource material. I would like to obtain a subscription to "Papua New Guinea Writing" for the School but lack the funds for a permanent subscription.

Would you consider entering a subscription for Lumi High School without the receipt of Subscription dues?

Philip Longmire,  
LUMI HIGH SCHOOL.

*Unfortunately, due to the existence of concessional rate (10 toea) for schools and the rise in the printing cost of "Papua New Guinea Writing", all copies of "Papua New Guinea Writing" must be paid for, whether concessionally or otherwise. Unpaid Bulk Orders too have given us a lot of trouble and have been phased out. We understand each school is given funds to purchase reading material each year for their use. Please put your request to your District Education Secretary for his assistance.*

Editor.

It was through listening to a dramatised story on the N.B.C. one Saturday night that I learned it had been publishing in the literary magazine "Papua New Guinea Writing".

I am very interested in reading this magazine. Could you kindly send me a copy?

Susan T. Bernard,  
Catholic Mission,  
VUNAVAVAR. RABAUL.

Dear Sir,

I am interested in purchasing your publication "Papua New Guinea Writing" for our High School. Would you please inform me of arrangements for bulk buying?

We would also be pleased to receive a sample copy of your new book "Stories from Papua New Guinea".

Bro. M. B. Warner CF. C.,  
St. Mary's High School,  
RABAUL. EAST NEW BRITAIN.

Dear Sir,

There is a magazine being distributed throughout Papua New Guinea called "Papua New Guinea Writing". I had the opportunity to read a friend's copy and found it most interesting and therefore copied your address contained in the back page.

I was most impressed by the short stories that I have planned to write one myself. However before I do so I would like to know more about the magazine and secondly how to write a short story. Could you please send me what literature you have on writing a short story.

Hoping to hear from you.

Louis Kumbie,  
TARI HIGH SCHOOL.

*PAPUA NEW GUINEA WRITING is a purely literary and cultural magazine. When first issued in October 1970, it was called "New Guinea Writing". The title was changed from "New Guinea Writing" to the present title for national reasons. The title is more meaningful and representative of our country.*

*On your question of available literature on how to write short stories, we are sending to you a copy of our December 1973 issue. Please read the article by Aloysius Aita titled "How to Write a Short Story" on pages 8 & 9 and the article by Olof Ruhen on page 12. Please ask your English teacher to help you in your first attempts. The Bureau's Editorial Staff will be most willing to hear from you further.*

Editor.

Dear Sir,

Could you please send me copies of your September and December issues of "Papua New Guinea Writing".

I am in the ridiculous situation of receiving a letter from my parents saying how interesting the September issue is and how well you are doing. The copy has been to New Zealand; been forwarded to them in Canada but I have not received a copy yet. Do you want me to send a dollar for sub?

Roger Boschman,  
Kowloon,  
HONG KONG.

*Roger Boschman, former Editor of "Papua New Guinea Writing" surely deserves a free copy and shall do so as long as he keeps in touch with the Bureau. Most readers I know will agree with me here. There is therefore no need for the dollar subscription you intend to send. We still remember your good work here.*

Editor.

# NEWS ABOUT COMPETITIONS

## Seventh Annual Short Story Competition

- Section One: For the best story written by a tertiary student at a (teachers' college or university), or a person who is not a student, but who has completed at least Form 3 education.  
Prize - K50.00
- Section Two: Best story written by a high school student.  
Prize - K50.00
- Section Three: For the best three stories written by primary student.  
First Prize - K15.00  
Second Prize - K10.00  
Third Prize - K 5.00
- Section Four: For the best three stories written in Pidgin (open section).  
First Prize - K50.00  
Second Prize - K25.00  
Third Prize - K15.00

## Sixth Annual Poetry Competition

- Section One: For the best three poems from Tertiary Students (Teachers' Colleges, Universities).  
First Prize - K50.00  
Second Prize - K20.00  
Third Prize - K15.00
- Section Two: For the best three poems from High School Students.  
First Prize - K25.00  
Second Prize - K20.00  
Third Prize - K10.00
- Section Three: For the best three poems from Primary School Students.  
First Prize - K25.00  
Second Prize - K15.00  
Third Prize - K10.00
- Section Four: For the best three poems written in Pidgin (Open Section).  
First Prize - K50.00  
Second Prize - K25.00  
Third Prize - K15.00

## Sixth Annual Play Competition

- Section One: For the best three plays of one act.  
First Prize - K50.00  
Second Prize - K20.00  
Third Prize - K15.00
- Section Two: For the best three plays of two or more acts.  
First Prize - K50.00  
Second Prize - K20.00  
Third Prize - K15.00
- Section Three: For the best three plays of any number of acts, written in Pidgin.  
First Prize - K50.00  
Second Prize - K20.00  
Third Prize - K15.00

**COMPETITION OPENED 1st MAY, 1975 AND CLOSES 31st JULY, 1975.**



## PAPUA NEW GUINEA WRITING

**4 ISSUES ANNUALLY**  
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*'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**

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## 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'. It would also be helpful if story writers would enclose a photo of the type seen on page 21.

The Editor.

## A CALL FOR DONATIONS ! !

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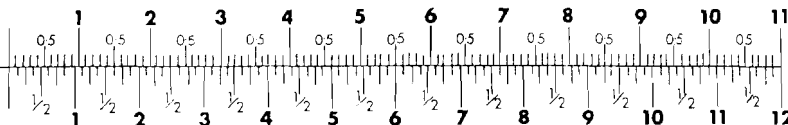
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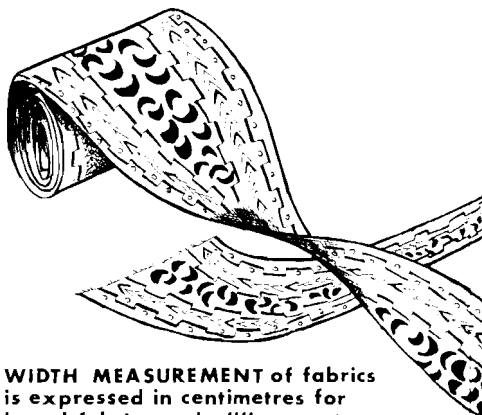
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