

Papua New Guinea Writing

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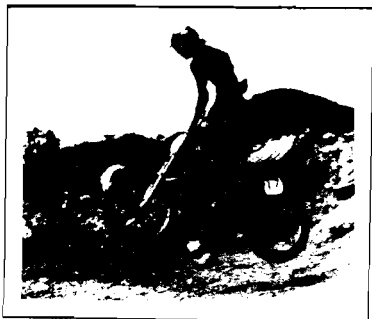
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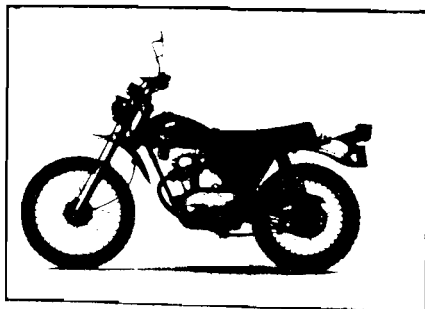
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EDITORIAL

Christmas has come again. We again extend greeting to all who have keenly read our 1975 issues and hope in the coming New Year, the same unfading interest in the journal will prevail.

It must be admitted here that it has been a very challenging year for us. Besides the lateness in bringing out the last two issues we have had to witness the curtailing of a number of our activities, due to the present shortage of Government funds.

Now the Literature Bureau will continue to function, devoting whatever resources there are to the carrying out of the barest essentials. Like most people who would like to have seen their field of activities enlarged to something bigger and wider reaching, I would have hoped (and still hope) that the Literature Bureau eventually would change into something bigger, say book publishing under its own imprints. Alas this has turned for the present into an impossible dream. Now we can only hope that the big publishers will nurture and guide our young and new generation of writers into profitable ventures. We hope too, and put our most ardent call to them, that whatever they do they should bear in mind that the young writers of Papua New Guinea must be helped and not taken advantage of.

Nevertheless we in the Bureau are determined, considering our efforts essential to the welfare of the people of Papua New Guinea, knowing that a country which has no body of writers will not be dynamic. Good writers therefore should get unlimited encouragement from the Government as well as the public.

We have not diminished our resolution in the face of the present financial crisis, nor will we ever give in. Besides we can always fall back on to the writers and readers for resurrection. We can attempt too at becoming nearly self-supporting financially by recycling the revenue allotted to us year by year as well as subscription and sales of *Papua New Guinea Writing*.

Due to the late release of our last two issues we have not had the opportunity to warn our readers and subscribers of increases in the rate of subscriptions. It has been costing the Office of Information four times the sale price to produce a single copy. The country now cannot afford such a heavy subsidy. Now we have introduced three (3) different rates for Home Subscribers and Overseas Subscribers as well as schools and libraries in Papua New Guinea. Our new rates are contained in our printed Subscription Form on page 23. Single copies as from issue No. 19 of September 1974 will cost 75t per copy while back copies up to No. 18 of June 1974 will be 50t plus postage.

Papua New Guinea Writing will continue to be published quarterly but in a slightly different format. This issue is the second to be done offset by the Government Printer. Readers will realise the differences in size due to a change-over to international size papers.

Next year (1976), and commencing from 1 May, the Bureau proposes to repeat the annual literary competitions and the Film Award. Donations from the public would be most welcome and acknowledged through the Office of Information media channels.

Our annual national literary competition this year was a huge success. Our thanks are due to the following donors: Michael Zahara of Port Moresby, Mr and Mrs Betty Legge of Port Moresby, Peter Becketts of Kieta, Donald Maynard of Scotland Island, N.S.W., Taban lo Liyong of the Literature Department U.P.N.G., The Summer Institute of Linguistics and the Centre for Creative Arts.

As well as to our most generous donors, our thanks are due also to the judges. Judging a huge competition like the one just completed cannot be imagined as easy, due of course to the large number of entries. It must be admitted that all judges had to endure reading all the stories, some of course uninteresting. Nevertheless they had to read through all. Let us hope, together that they will volunteer to be in the panels for the next year's competition.

Papua New Guinea is not at present an economically rich country, therefore, we as its people must pledge to live within the country's affordable means. The Literature Bureau and *Papua New Guinea Writing* are offering the self sacrifice: i.e., we could perhaps achieve the same goals with less money and by shared effort.

May Peace be with you, all men of Goodwill.

Jack Lahui
Editor.





Suddenly as he turned around, he looked into the most lovely pair of eyes, with long eye lashes and a lovely golden face. He stared unblinkingly not knowing what to say.

papazon

By Sally Anne Pipi

This story won the K50 First Prize in the Section for Tertiary Students in the Seventh Annual Short Story Competition (1975).

THE GERMANS, who once occupied the country, called it "Papazon" as to them it was a replica of the great Amazon River of the Americas.

The villagers along Papazon made a living by selling crocodile skins and live young crocodiles. Even though the Germans had long since left the country, their imprints still remained to be seen—in copper coloured children, in German names and the unusual Pidgin language, although the younger generation had adopted English as a second language.

Heinrich Wasser was one such offspring. Having been brought up by grandparents without knowledge of his real parents, he was known as the village underdog. No parents in their right minds would woo off their daughters to Heinrich, although he was quite good looking. Despite warnings against him, girls made it a must to

have at least one short affair with him before being married off comfortably to young men. As Heinrich grew up, he found himself a bitter enemy of the male villagers, so in his solitude he took to gardening and fishing for his old grandparents. Because of his uninterrupted thoughts he developed a fine art of poetry. He would invent a tune, lull it and then set words to it, or turn his poem into songs.

For months Heinrich had been feeling very depressed and wondered why everybody hated him. Was it because of his parents or was it because of his carefree manner with the opposite sex? He took his fishing gear and set off to his favourite haunt under a cluster of willows. Whilst he fished, he sang his beloved song:

*Papazon why have you forsaken me
And left me to suffer
At the hands of my fellow men
Papazon, please take me with you
As you journey the country on
Papazon, Papazon mein
No-one loves me as much as you
Please, Papazon, deliver my suffering mind
from this maddening world.
Oh, Papazon, Papazon, mein. . . .*

"Oops!" He swung hard and landed a huge fish. As he threw in another bait, he heard the crackling of twigs which grew louder as an intruder approached his hideout.

Suddenly as he turned around, he looked into the most beautiful round eyes with long eye lashes and lovely golden face. He stared unblinkingly not knowing what to say. "Oh! Forgive me for intruding. I was just having a dip upstream when I heard a most beautiful singing voice so I came to investigate. I was just a few paces away when the song stopped but I kept following the same direction. Were you singing about Papazon?"

He nodded. She continued: "I'm a school teacher and I come from the meander down river, many miles away." He still said nothing so she kept on: "My name is Carla Bale. What's yours?"

"Heinrich Wasser," was the reply.

"Have you caught any fish?" Again he nodded and pointed to the enormous fish lying next to him. While she talked, he began to haul in as many as he could. When he had caught enough, he began to pack.

As she watched, she understood. It was taboo to befriend strangers, that was why the poor man was silent. In the past, teachers never mixed with villagers, but the present lot were an exception. They had put traditions behind, and were now organising community sports, women's clubs, helping in the gardens and were also running evening adult classes. They were interesting but Heinrich had not joined up because of the villagers' opinion of him. He decided to live a solitary life to the end.

She broke the silence as he stood up to lead the way out. "I don't think I have seen your name in the evening classes roll book."

"I never go," he replied.

"Why?"

He gave her a long ugly look. "Look!" he said, "Don't you know I'm the village underdog? No-one likes me and especially the young men. That is why I keep away. I think it's best that you keep away from me too, or else I'll be banished from my home for ever."

"Never fear," she said, "Come to the classes tonight, I will put your name down. We have a music teacher, who is willing to give lessons to villagers who wish to develop their talents for two hours each afternoon. You have a fine singing voice and I'll let her know that she has such a pupil from the village and that you wish to start tomorrow. See you tonight." With these words she ran ahead to the school area.

"She's evasive," he thought, "but she's nice, anyway I think I'll go along to the classes just to please her. Someday when my grandparents leave me I might want to go out and seek my fortune in a city somewhere where no-one will know me." When he passed the school grounds, he saw a couple of young boys still working in the

school garden. He took out a fish and gave it to one of them, asking him to deliver it to the teacher named Carla.

He was still whistling when he reached home that his grandfather was tempted to ask him why he felt so light-hearted after all these months. "I just met a very nice person," he announced, "and she has asked me to go to evening classes and she is going to arrange my music classes for me so that I can really sing in a professional fashion."

"That's good," his grandfather said. "I'm glad you took the advice because when we pass away, you will be alone and unless you further your studies and singing classes, you will not be able to find yourself a place in the city."

The evening classes, but mostly his afternoon classes, enlivened his ego. He worked so hard both in the gardens and at classes that he hardly noticed the open bitchiness of the villagers and was surprised that it was almost three years since he started his classes. Three years of conscientious hard work soon brought him a third form certificate and a practical music certificate.

The academic year was nearly over and the villagers were talking about what type of presents to give to the teachers who were being transferred to other centres. It was decided that the women make some crocodile skin bags for the female teachers and stuffed crocodiles for the men. These would be souvenirs they would keep, and look back on the three happy years they had among an alien tribe.

For Heinrich it was a dilemma. All the female teachers were young and they all flirtily liked him so he decided to sing them a farewell song instead of giving them a present each.

On the eve of the school break-up, the mothers and the rest of the village women, both young and old, prepared an enormous feast for everyone. No-one was left out. At dusk coloured lights were lit around the school oval, and the stage covered for the concert. When the whole village was settled comfortably in the field, the headmaster, Mr Renagi, came out, turned on the microphone and began:

"Parents, friends, boys and girls, as you know teachers must be transferred every three years, and as this is our last night here we have all gathered together to see the school concert and then to end it with a feast which you prepared for everyone of us. I would like to thank you for the response with which you have come to us in order to build a united village for the sake of the younger generation.

"These last three years have been a happy time for all of us teachers and we will be leaving you with unforgettable memories and as years go by we will always remember you as the people who had befriended strangers.

"Keep up the good work and continue what we have started together and you will be the happiest village in the whole country.

"I'm glad to say that the children have really shown their ability at school and sports and I was most happy to see many of our children entering the senior high schools elsewhere after obtaining very high passes in our junior high.

"On behalf of all my teachers I would like to thank you for all the help you have given us."

As he sat down, he wiped away a tear. There was much clapping and cheering from the children and parents.

The curtain on stage was drawn up and for two hours each form put on a quick concert for the people. At the end of the concert, the feast was served and all mingled to share the last minute eat-together. At the end of the feast, a village spokesman came upon stage and bellowed out "Silence" through the microphone. When peace was restored, he began:

"Mr Renagi and all the teachers, on behalf of the villagers, I have been asked to thank you for showing us the right way to live together as one family. We are grateful to you for giving us and our children something we never knew existed until you came three years ago. We will remember you always and now we shall show our appreciation by giving you something to take with you as souvenirs."

A child brought up the box and one by one the speaker handed

the hand-bags to the lady teachers and stuffed crocodiles to the men. When this was done, he turned to the microphone again and announced that Heinrich Wasser was going to sing them a song.

Heinrich came up on stage looking rather meek for a heavily built young man, and sang the song that he knew would never be forgotten:

*Dearest friends, as you leave us
Take this song with you
No matter how far you go
No matter how long you live
Always remember a humble people
Whom you have befriended
Who will always love you
And remember you.
The gift we have given you
May decay; we as people
Will pass away someday
But this song will remain
To thank you forever
For your friendship and labour
Which to us is a gift everlasting.
So dearest friends, as you leave us
Take this memory with you
As I sing "Auf Wiedersehen" or
See you again.*

The next day a light aircraft arrived, landed on the sportsfield, which was as big as a small airstrip and finally left with the teachers. Heinrich wondered what the next lot would be like but could not visualise anything but Carla's face. Although he kept up his high spirits, his grandfather detected a hint of sadness.

"Heinrich," said his grandfather, "why didn't you ask Carla to stay here with you. She loves you, and I could read the wish to stay in her eyes each time she came over here."

He replied: "She is a career girl and I'm nothing." Without saying anymore he got up abruptly and wandered out with his fishing gear.

Not long after Christmas festivals, a cholera epidemic touched the rather peaceful village. The old and the young became the defenceless victims of this outbreak. By the time medical teams arrived and did their bit, Heinrich's grandparents were added to the death toll.

For weeks Heinrich would shut himself up and weep. Having lost his most faithful allies, he had no-one except Papazon. Sometimes he would think of Carla but she seemed to be a blurred memory so just before the new teachers arrived he decided to go fishing. He

locked the house and for the last time walked towards his favourite haunt under the willows. There was nothing left of the well-built young man, save a frame of bones clacketing along the evergreen bank.

As he sat down to fish, tears began to flow more freely again. Since the death of his grandparents, he had become very emotional, which was a new experience to him.

Suddenly the line and rod were jerked out of his hand and landed in mid stream. In trying to recover his gear, he fell in and being very weak was swiftly carried down by the current, but his powerful singing voice kept on singing the song he loved, as he gradually drowned:

*Papazon why have you forsaken me
And left me to suffer
At the hands of my fellow men?
Papazon, please take me with you
As you journey the country on
Papazon, Papazon mein
No-one loves me as much as you
Please Papazon deliver my suffering mind
from this maddening world
Oh! Papazon, Papazon mein. . .
Papazon why have you sent my love away
And let my beloved pass away?
Oh! Papazon carry me onwards
And deliver me to my beloved ones
Where I shall know no solitude
Oh! Papazon, Papazon mein
No-one loves me as much as you
Please deliver my suffering mind
From this maddening world
Oh! Papazon, Papazon mein. . .*

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

Samples supplied on request by writing to:

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Send to:

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Papua New Guinea Writing
P.O. Box 2312
Konedobu.



Luke turned towards the village to see Aila and all her girlfriends. They were all crying and waving goodbye. The sight brought tears to her eyes as she started the steep climb up the ridge.

This short story won the K20 Second Prize in the section for Tertiary Students in the Seventh Annual Short Story Competition (1975).

GIRLHOOD DAYS . . . END

By Felix Terra Nyron

LEUKE wished she were somewhere else much quieter. The room she was in was clouded with smoke from the wood the old men kept feeding into the fire. The place was crowded with well over twenty people, too many for a house only big enough to accommodate half the number. But she had to go through all this, for tonight she was being briefed of her responsibilities as daughter-in-law towards her husband's parents and all the other people of the village that she was going to live with.

There was silence as some of those present began to tell Leuke of the things that she must do and those that she must not. All listened with attention as Leuke's father Ku spoke to his daughter,

"My daughter, from your early girlhood days, your mother and myself had tried our very best to raise and bring you up in a way so that you will be prepared for the day when you will leave us to become part of your husband's family. I regret to say that the time has come for you to go. I don't want you to hang around in the village without a husband while the other girls of your age get happily married off and raise children. Always listen to your husband's parents for they are going to take our place in your marriage life and they will play the role that your mother and I have played until now. Treat them pleasantly so that they may speak highly of you. But

don't forget the fact that your brothers will always be here, that is; after I pass away. And whenever your husband or the others in his village treat you badly, don't hesitate to come to them. You must come and talk things over with them; settle your worries and then go back to your husband. If you don't do this and if similar things keep on happening, then the next thing is that you may find yourself after another man. This of course will lead to a lot of trouble and headache for your brothers. My daughter, I have told you these things many times before, but I think it is important to reiterate the main points before you leave us tomorrow".

When Ku finished talking, everybody commented on the talk and the older ones in the group urged Leuke to keep this advice in the back of her mind at all times. According to custom, her mother Agiruvo was not supposed to say too much at such times and being such a good thoughtful mother, did not say anything at all. She kept quiet most of the time all through the night. Then silence prevailed as Leuke's Uncle Nema rose and moved towards the fire place to deliver a word of advice to Leuke.

"Those of you who never saw Leuke when she was a small girl may say that I was an ordinary uncle to her. Many of you here tonight will recall that I was more than that. I took care of her as a mother would have done to her only daughter. As soon as she stopped feeding from her mother's breast, I took her with me to Keneduka¹ and then adopted her. I looked upon her as my own first born child."

He then looked at Leuke and said, "Over the years, I have observed your behavior towards such things like work, taking care of pigs and housewifery and they have been satisfactory to me. When it comes to gardening, you put all your mind and effort into it and you do what an ordinary girl would take many days to finish. As for your pigs, you have always given them enough to eat, for a pig with an empty stomach will always feel sick and hunger; thus be forced to break into people's gardens and bring trouble and shame to you and your husband. If you take good care of your pigs you will always have a good stock of them and with them you will be better prepared for feasts and other unpredictable events. Hence, you will keep up the prestige of your husband and father-in-law as well as a good name for yourself. Leuke, this is all I have for you, for I know you are already aware of all that a good wife needs".

Immediately after Uncle Nema, old Amoi began to advise the young men to stay awake.

"You young men ought to sing some songs to keep awake instead of sleeping like a bunch of housewives."

Ku interrupted and asked if any men would accompany him to the gardens to bring some sugar-cane for the people.

After they had left, someone right in the back began to sing a song. Half-way through, stopped and gave an explanation of the song.

"I composed this song while I was in Rabaul after I heard the news that my old woman had passed away".

"My young sons, now is the time for us to hear of your songs for who knows, you may never get a chance to sing your songs to a lot of people, like we have today", interrupted old Kalinduve who did not seem concerned by the smoke from the fire that seemed to be wrapping his wrinkled face.

The young man then sang the song with a rather uncertain voice. Then the rest joined in and turned it into a rather disorganised choir. The building began to vibrate as the women tenors shrilled while the bases struggled to match the tenors. A few with faltering voices lagged behind creating a dull background.

Wenama iyo no e ahae-e
Wenama iyo no o ahae-e
elibare gehanimauti nologomoviso
Wenama iyo no o ahae-e
Wenama atono o ahae-e
Wenama atono o ahae-e
Uve navae gehanimauti nologomoviso o ahae-e
Uve navae gehanimauti nologomoviso o ahae-e
wenama atono o ahae-e
wenama atono o ahae-e

The song was sad as it told of how the young man felt at learning of his mother's death.

In English it meant—

*Oh mother, is it true that you are gone
will I ever see you again?
Who am I going to go to?
When I come home.
Oh mother I feel so helpless and lonely
I don't know what to do
I feel like killing myself
Why did you do this while I am away?
You should have waited for me.
Did you do this because I went against you
and came down to the coast? I will never forget
you for the rest of my life.
Your memory will always be with me.*

When the people finished singing, an old woman who had been sitting near the fireplace, deep in thought for the last ten minutes or so, began talking to the young men present, "When we tell you all our sons, to stay home and take care of us, we have special reasons for saying so. We have just heard of this song from one of you, and the same thing will happen to the whole bunch of you here tonight who are thinking of going down to the coast to work on the plantations. How do you expect to know the secrets of gardening and pig raising when these things are only haphazardly imparted while the old are on the death bed?"

A young man who sat in the far corner of the house remarked, "You people tell us all kinds of secrets and magic words for everything we do that we find it hard to remember any of them clearly and recite them. These things were needed in your days because they were the necessary tools to enhance the fertility of the soil and their application leads to better crops and higher yields. But today, secrets and magic words don't apply anymore and they have been replaced by education and hard work. The thing we want now is money, and the only way to get it is by education and hard work. This is why we are all so eager to go down to the coast where it is easier to earn money."

The old woman replied, "Yes, money, money all the time and when do you think you will all be rich like the white men? The little money you get is always lost to the white man on his magic drink, beer."

Somebody sensed the diversion and bored with the impertinent argument, started up a song to drown it, and everybody joined in the singing.

As the song ended, there was a knock on the door and someone opened it. Ku entered with other men carrying a huge bundle of sugarcane. "My fellow villagers," Ku said as he entered, "you must have heard the cock crow and it won't be long before dawn breaks. I want to thank you all for coming here to spend the night with Leuke. I really appreciate your presence here and I would like you all to cool off with these sugarcane before you leave. Try to get some sleep so that you will be awake early tomorrow to prepare the feast."

The people then distributed the sugarcane among themselves and there was much laughter as they chewed and cracked jokes at each other.

Leuke somehow felt very worried. She told her attendants: "Girls, I want to take a nap. All of you can stay up if you want to. Wake me if the people want to say anything to me". And she was supposed to stay awake all through the night.

With that she closed her eyes and lay peacefully on the *pitpit*-woven mat. The girls thought that Leuke was asleep, but she was actually thinking. Her mind raced back through all the years that had passed and then imagined vividly the kind of life that she would lead as a married woman. So at last the girlhood days had come to an end, she thought. No more *karim lek*² and no more nights of *tanim her*³. But did she really love this boy who will be her husband and companion for life? Will he be faithful to her at all times? Will he remain home while the other young men go down to the coast? A voice from deep inside her told her that Olape had the answer to all her questions. With that she drifted into sleep.

* Continued on Page 10.

Poet's Corner

WHEN HOPE DIES WITHIN ME

Sally Anne Pipi

When hope dies within me and life is not worth a dime
I take my child on my lap and watch the bud of life
Pour forth from her delicate lips, the skin so soft, and the face so fair
How can hope die within me when my child needs me?
When hope dies within me I stroke my child's hair
And run my fingers through the strands so smooth it melts my heart
And let me hope again.
When hope dies within me I look into my child's eyes
And drink in my crystal happiness embedded in its greyness
And entwine myself in the unwavering smile
That hover around her lips and bring me hope again.
When hope dies within me I watch my child play.
With laughter that shrills the stillness of musty afternoon
And the sound of running feet so filled with vigour
I watch and understand for my child's sake
The hope will never die within me.

MANDE-FRAIDE

Ais Pale Andia

*Moning mi kirap go long wok.
Hap stap long bel yet i liklik.
Mi no tingting go bek.
Bai mi orait long wok.
Wara long maus ino pundaun tude.
Tasol ai I ret olsem ai bilong
Bulmakau mama long mande.
I kam i go em tunde.
Dispela tunde em olgeta tunde.
Ai I klia nau long tude.
Mi tingim na wara bilong maus I pundaun olsem tank wara.
Tasol mi no nap i go long painim.
STude wara bilong maus i kam i go i kam i go.
Trinde mi raun olsem dok i gat yau bilong em ol i katim.
Bel i singaut moa long kamautim.
Ol wantok bai i go na singautim.
"E brata, yu kam yumi apim".
You save taim bilong hamamas na haitim.
Mi i go rausim liklik wara long maus.
Ol wantok bai ol i lainim olsem wara.
Mi tu bai mi lainim tumora long haus.
Maiau'rede em fonde apinun.
Taim bilong bel hamamas na maus wara.
"E bai yu do drin ken?"
Em maus bilong bos.
"O bos, mi gupela man.
Mi no save apim plenti long ol ken."
Brata, em fraide monin.
Mi bin hamamas wantaim bos long wok.
Tru tumas, fraide apinun tingting i paul.
mi noken tokim yu wanem kain man mi bin.
Ating yu ken raitim wanpela gupela stori.*

Featuring the prize-winning entries in the Sixth Annual Poetry Competition (1975).

*Yu mas stat olsem.
Man bilong sarere-sande".*

THE DAY WE MET

Bendi Dambing

The shadow flicking.
The day is crying,
Hiding behind the rough ocean.
While the bright red bedsheet
Hangs down from heaven.
The great black shadow leaps up the wall.
The night is happy.
The moon smiles up the hills.
And I see you pretty girl,
My heart beats very fast.
Your dress is bright.
And your body shines.
Your face is bright
And your breast is nice.
Come along with me
Holding hands with you is fun.
Walking along the beach
Talking about the latest events.
Now there is silence around us.
We could hear only night birds singing.
And silence around us,
Now I am happy alone in my room.
I hear your lovely song in my room,
And my happiness is like the colour of the dying day.
Your message comes true
When the moon smiles up the black hills.
Remember the day we were together?

THE STORM

Wanlei Rosa Solau

*The rain begins to fall
The angry storm begins to roll
The angry sound wakes me
I look over the sea
The frightening overcomes me
My heart beats very hard
The crew moves very hard
The whispering sound dies away
The boat goes it's way.*

TO A FRIEND

To be sorry bears no regret and melts no anger
but to be ashamed bears a scar which, neither man
Nor love can remove but to suffer in silence
Is honest love.

THOUGHTS OF A COCONUT TREE (In a Stolen Moment)

Willie Kamit

My home front
I will always want.

Here - where the mountains end;
- where the rivers bend;
- where I will forever stand.

Gay though may your thoughts be
far though may you be
Seasons come and go—but
for always I am here.

I've seen you pass by—my friend
flying as a boy from a child
climbing as a boy to being a man;
Even your forefathers and the older people
I've watched you all grow up in turn
Your elders stayed here; at home;
but now—

I miss your presence in the village.
Somehow:—
Its not the same without you:—
young friend.

One day I watched as you walked away;
Everyone in the village crying as you sailed off.
You never turned around to bid me a "farewell"—yet;
I bade you a silent—"Godspeed my friend. . .—
wherever you're bound for. . ."
to your fading back.

You can't see the changes that have
secretly taken place here in your absence—
You can only see the results
and you are part of it all.

Every year now, I wait for Christmas time;
and the holidays too;
When you can come back home
To haunt my roots and base
as you did once—some time ago
When as kids, with your cousins and boyfriends
you danced and twirled and sang too
and you cut funny drawings on my legs
or the time when you with your girlfriend
stared at the moon from right where I was standing—
from right where I am now—
fighting back the tears
half the number your girlfriend cried.

The next day; you were to set sail for a distant seashore town.
You told her; you'd write back
from high school or wherever you'd be going
and you did too—but
as years come and as years go;
fleeting by and waning;
Days are unchanging yet long and numbered.
Patiently I wait and wonder
if you'll ever find roots again
as I've found mine—Here—in the village.

My home front I will always want
Here—where sea sprays vanish—
—where the wandering sea gulls fish
—where I will grow and flourish.

Gay though may your thoughts be
far though may you be
Seasons come and go—but
for always I am here—Your lonely coconut tree.

DE BILONG LAPUN PAPA

Ais Pale Andia

Samting olsem pisin i flai.
Insait long haus lain pipel ol i giaman.
Tasol ol ino pilai, oli pret na ol i giaman.
"Ol man-meri yumi mas giaman.
Samting no gat it flai.
Antap long ol manmeri Tolai.
Dispela pisin i narapela.
Em i samting bikpela.
"Yumi mas toktok long haus
Yumi mas harim olgeta maus.
Dispela pisin bai kaikai mipela
Yumi mas toktok wanpela.
Ol pipel mas tingim.
Pisin i kam mekim wanem?
"Pisin olsem kilaut i kamautim.
Kilaut i pulim oltaim.
Yumi mas lainim wanem pisin i laikim.
Bai yumi pait long pisin wanpela taim."
Ol pipel i bun nau.
O kam lukim moa.
Ooo pisin i moa-moa yet nau.
I no olsem bipo.
Moa i kam i go i kam i go.
Ol pipal mas sanap wankain.
Mi driman ol olsem wankain.
Ol pisin i no arakain.
Dispela ples i no palistain.
Yumi mas sanap wankain". Bai ol pisin i go we.
Yumi ronim ol i go long we.
Pekpek bilong ol bai ol i tromoi we?
Antap long graun longwe?
Ating long ples longwe.
Ol pipel harim paiarap
long kilaut antap
sampela ol i painim bagarap
wanem kain pisin yupela pait hariap-hariap
Yupela i no laik lukim kilaut antap
Olsem liklik pisin ol i kolim
'Wait-Dap'.

A LOOK IN THE PAST

Frank Igub

Once I was a lizard cheeky and harmless
And built clouds that the heat never could melt
I learnt of the transanimation into a monitor
deaf to all spikes a dweller of two worlds.
Here my breath had settled my back grew rough
My teeth went chisel-like a crocodile
lurking in sandy seafloor
Then one day I died but knocked my head on the sharp gravestone
That woke me up to find me winged tough, clawed and a scavenger
I was an eagle.
I went on flying on my red eyes went blue-ed till I turn priestly
pigeoned till we came to Lae where they pinched my olive branch
and gave me a bone when next I stopped I was gliding
mutilated the crocodile pursued me in hideaways
I shall go back to the formless clouds and melt myself into rain
Then shall I land in the plantation and mate with the secondary roots
of the old malmal tree

* Continued from page 7

The noise of men cutting the firewood to heat stones for the *mumu* woke Leuke. For a moment she could not figure out where she was, but then she came to her senses and knew she was there. Today would be the end of her girlhood days and tomorrow she would be a married woman with a husband. Just as she was about to walk down to the fireplace, to light the fire, her mother and Aila, her aunt, entered the house.

"Oh Leuke, you're awake already," said Aila as she threw pieces of dry wood onto the hearth.

Her mother brought down a bag from its hanger on the wall and called her. "Leuke, I want you to help me and Aila pack your *purpur*¹ and also you will try some of them and set aside those that you will wear today."

"All right mother," Leuke said as she went and sat beside Aila near the fireplace. "Mother, I'll pick them up sometime later. I don't like to wear them all the time because these days, most of the young women are changing over to the *laplaps* and *meri blouses* and I'll follow suit after a week or so".

"Well, if you want to do that, then you must do so only with your husband's parents' consent. I don't want to be a scandal to them," said her mother.

"Leuke, even though you will not need them all the time, you will certainly need them occasionally, especially during *singsing* or 'pig-killing' ceremonies", Aila reminded Leuke.

Leuke nodded to show approval.

By now the fires had been lit and were burning and crackling furiously. The women had been sent to the gardens to dig sweet potatoes and collect leaves. Some children were sent to collect breadfruit and other leaves that are usually cooked and eaten at pig kills in the village. Meanwhile, all the pigs marked for killing were brought in from the pig stys in the bush. They squealed as Uncle Nema clubbed them to death on their foreheads while elders specialised in cutting up the carcasses began dragging them away. There were six pigs for butchering and two men were assigned to butcher each pig. These were for the people of the Korfena village and Leuke's people would be given the pigs the groom's people would bring. The groom's pigs should number more than those killed by the people of the bride's village.

Some meat was cooked in the *Maris* to be eaten early while Leuke was being dressed up in preparation for the ceremony. Soon afterwards, all the men manned the three *mumu* pits to bake the food. Sweet potatoes and green leaves were prepared together with pork to complete the *mumu*. The pits were then covered with banana leaves and on top of that, a layer of loose soil was stratified to keep as much heat as possible inside. A hole was made to pipe water down to the hot rocks so that the excessive steam could escape.

The women folks then gathered together to dress up Leuke in *purpur* and other ornaments. And Uncle Nema was called to fashion a head-dress with Bird of Paradise feathers. Leuke felt a bit shy as she realised that all eyes were fixed on her. But the thought that she was no longer a girl anymore gave her courage and she retained her poise as Uncle Nema set about putting feathers in different positions on her head. When this was finished Aila handed Leuke the mirror to see her own beauty. After Nema had finished, he stepped a few paces away to take a look at Leuke's head-dress from different angles to ensure everything was in position. Satisfied with the job, he told some of the watching girls to take Leuke down to the other end of the village and back.

The sun was about to set. Aila dropped the new string bag she was working on and summoned all the women who were cooking meat in the *Maris* to start serving it. Ku and some men ate their share quickly and helped distribute the meat among the male visitors while Aila and some other women did the same among the opposite sex. The crowd was unusually large for a small village, but everybody received enough to eat. Some of the visitors were clan leaders from nearby villages who came at Ku's invitation. He wanted them to attend the feast and to spread the news of the number of pigs killed and how big they were. This was important for Ku because he

wanted as many people as possible to witness the occasion. This would bring him prestige and popularity.

Uncle Nema and Ku called on some of the men who had finished eating to start removing the layers of sand and leaves from the top of the *mumu* pits. Nema went to Ku and whispered, "I was thinking of giving Leuke that pig I brought from Kundiawa so that she won't be empty handed".

"It's alright I will take care of that. She will take that pig I bought from the *Didiman*²", replied Ku.

By then all the food had been removed from the pit and Ku reminded the women to make sure that all the visitors had had enough to eat. Then some of the young men prepared stretchers to carry the pigs to Korfena while Nema and his helpers made a special seat for Leuke.

Just then a war cry sounded from the ridge of the nearby mountain. It came from Olape's people from Korfena. This indicated they were on their way to take Leuke away. Nema replied with his own version of the war cry, "Oii-i-i, ano, hiane ano".

Aila appeared from the house with a goard containing pig fat from the previous pig-kill. Leuke stood still as Aila gave her a rub-down with the pig fat. This was to show Olape's parents and villagers that they, Leuke's people, raise fatty pigs. In Highlands tradition, pigs and the ability of a woman to take care of them are judged from the thickness of the fat. Therefore, a bride like Leuke without a touch of pig fat on her body could be a disgrace to her parents and the village as a whole.

When the Korfenas arrived, Uncle Nema and many men and women came out to greet them with shouts and chants. They replied in the same manner as they jumped up and down, stamping their feet. When this was over, the people embraced each other. The Korfenas came with nine pigs on stretchers made from bamboo. As is the custom, the Korfenas killed the pigs early in the morning and roasted them so that they would be able to walk over and bring the bride back home the same day. Both sides sat down as Uncle Nema spoke, to formally give Leuke to the Korfena people.

He stood behind Leuke as he spoke, "I, on behalf of Leuke's people, welcome you all to our village this afternoon. This girl is the last of our girls that will ever be married off in the traditional manner. As you know, all the girls in this village are away in schools and therefore we had to send back those who came for them with bride prices. None of them would want to marry any young men in the villages anyway. As for Leuke, we turned down two offers that came from two villages in the Watabung area. And when your offer came, we felt that it was the right price for a girl like Leuke so it was accepted, and that is why we are all here. But this is not the only reason. We found out later that Olape and Leuke were deep in love with each other and this was considered thoroughly before the offer was accepted. And now, I as Leuke's uncle, hand over Leuke to you both as your daughter-in-law and a villager. Having said those words he held up a chunk of meat and a taro and Leuke ate from his hands.

After Leuke had finished eating, Olape's uncle stood up to reply. "Friends, I want to speak on behalf of the people of Korfena who are either here with me or back home. When I learnt that two offers for Leuke were turned down, I urged my people to collect everything before they had to approach you. Since all of my people had their hearts set for Leuke, they responded generously and when we approached you, our offer was accepted. I want to let you all know that we are very proud to have Leuke as Olape's wife. We feel that they will make a good couple and will be a binding force of friendship between our two villages."

He then helped Leuke up and led her to the Korfena people as a sign that she was now one of them. The Korfena people started to sing a song as they led Leuke out of the village while her parents and villagers shed tears for her. Leuke turned towards the village to see Aila, Nema and the others crying and waving her good-bye. The sight brought tears to her eyes and she started the steep climb up the ridge with Olape's people to Korfena.

- | | |
|-----------------|--------------------------|
| 1. Village | 4. Grass Skirt |
| 2 & 3. Courting | 5. Agricultural Officer. |

* [POETS CORNER] - from Page 9.

MADANG

Markis Dunib

Gee! Madang,

Umbrella of tranquil scintillating
 Light from the light house
 Glowing over the adornful
 Harbour in its heart
 Like two green lovers
 Under their booth
 With sweet laughing voice
 On the climax of Love.

*The white collars gasp as the Seiko tik-toks the phenomenon coming
 The politicians hurl, as it ping-pongs on the tables of the House of
 Assembly.*

*Independence, Independence, Independence
 The nek Bilong Tarangau lingers for its finalisation.
 The nek bilong Muruk longs to speed its acclamation
 The lapun station yearns to honour its proclamation
 The maus bilong san kamap will ray its final celebration
 Independence, Independence, Independence.*

NUPELA AI

Sivid G. Gipey

"INDEPENDENCE"

Meshach Maebiru

*Independence, Independence, Independence
 It started as a whisper behind the locked doors of the Assembly
 It grew into a song across the mass media
 Then it is shouted in streets by mobs in demonstrations
 Now it thunders its consuming passion throughout the nations.
 Independence, Independence, Independence, Independence,
 Independence
 The N.B.C. echoes it throughout Papua New Guinea
 The voice of the Seagull re-echoes it across the waves
 It dances to the rythmical drum beats of the Maus Bilong Garamut
 The voice of the Kumul sends it ringing, ringing, ringing.
 Independence, Independence, Independence
 A women breastfeeding a pig is lost in hallucinative dreams about it
 The Spade-Worker looks in wonder at its mirage reflected on the
 pitched-roads.*

*Mi lukim klinpela rot;
 mi lukim naispela ples;
 mi lukim manmeri i lap
 na sindaun bung wantaim
 na lewa bilong mi i singsing
 long gupele de
 mi nau lukim long nupela ai.
 Mi lukim ol man i go long kot;
 mi lukim wantok krosim wantok;
 na mi lukluk ausait
 na lukim bom i pairap;
 ol sutim meri long bainat
 na ol pikinini i dai long hangere
 na wara i kilim ol manmeri
 na skin bilong mi i guria;
 bilong wanem ol waitman
 givim mi nupela ai?*

WE WANT TO INVOLVE YOU. . . .

A keen reader of *Papua New Guinea Writing* from Australia who likes to see writing and literature encouraged in Papua New Guinea has responded to our call for "Donations to the Three Literary Competitions in Short Story, Poetry and Play". He wrote:

Dear Sir,

Attached is a crossed Postal Order (No. 1469720 for \$A5.00) which I intend to donate towards the funds for the "Three Annual Literary Competitions" to be launched in May of next year.

Peter H. Hawkins
 Campbell, A. C. T.

It is repeated here again that any individual or organisation who may wish to donate a small prize for the 1976 competitions or any of our future competitions should feel free to do so at any time.

All donations large or small will be acknowledged by the Minister for the Media.

We want to share this important developmental task with YOU!

WRITE TODAY TO:

The Manager,
 Literature Bureau
 P.O. Box 2312
 Konedobu.

INCENTIVES FOR BOOK DEVELOPMENT

For the first time ever Papua New Guinea as a nation in its own right was invited to a Planning Seminar on Book Development designed for the Commonwealth countries. The seminar was held in Marlborough House in London from the 8th to 12th December. Unfortunately the Papua New Guinea delegate could not attend it due to family problems.

However previous to this Planning Meeting there had been a number of similar seminars held in a number of Commonwealth countries including Nigeria, India, Trinidad, Singapore, Australia.

One such regional seminar was hosted by the Indian Government and was held in New Delhi from 21st February to 1st March 1973. The report of the seminar is contained in a book titled 'Priorities and Planning for the provision of Books' published by the Commonwealth Secretariat. The recommendations are aimed at enabling the 27 member nations to exchange knowledge and expertise, while at the same

time encouraging production of local books designed for local consumption. It is a broad vision that what is essential is a link between the nations in terms of preparation, production, publication, promotion and distribution of books produced in each of the member countries.

We cannot let Papua New Guinea be excluded in this important field. Our students in the many high schools must not be expected to learn from reading books designed for foreign curricula. Local authorships and the necessary training must be given to people who set out to write books for our people.

A summary of the recommendations is reproduced here by courtesy of the Commonwealth Secretariat for general information of the public as well as the Government for inclusion in the general development programmes. Ideas, opinions and suggestions from the public would be most welcome and will be published in later issues of *Papua New Guinea Writing*.

Seminar Recommendations:

1. Governments might wish to recognise book publishing as an essential Social Service and accord it suitable priority in their national development plan.
2. A National Book Development Council should be established in each country to co-ordinate all book publishing activities and to advise governments and other agencies on the planning and promotion of a national book industry.
3. One particular Ministry should be designated as being responsible for all matters concerning the national book industry.
4. All countries should aim at providing their school children with the textbooks they require. In educational publishing school textbooks should receive the topmost priority. Textbooks should be prepared indigenously and as far as possible published locally.
5. Further, in order to facilitate freer flow of funds and other facilities to promote indigenous book industries, governments might wish to classify book production and publishing as a priority industry entitled to concessions and considerations afforded to other such industries.
6. Immediate consideration should be given by governments to the reduction or removal of taxes and excise duties on the raw materials indigenously produced and which are used in book production.
7. Governments should also consider the removal of restrictions on the import of all materials used in the making of books, including machines, spare parts, paper, board and binding materials.

8. In order to make books accessible to remote parts of the country Governments should give priority of consideration to the reduction of postal rates on books.
9. Consideration should also be given by governments to the granting of tax concessions to local publishers and authors as is already the case in some countries of the Commonwealth.
10. Public and School Library systems should be established or strengthened as vital components not only of socio-economic growth but also of a viable national book industry.
11. The levy of the cess of some type should be considered for assistance in the financing of library services.
12. Children's and National Book Weeks, Library Weeks, Book Fairs and Festivals should be organised as a measure towards establishing and promoting the reading habit.
13. Study should be given to the formulation, where relevant and advisable, of co-operative societies and professional associations of personnel concerned with the book industry.
14. Governments should use some of the scholarships and bursaries offered by developed countries to train personnel for the book industry and should, in their own national scholarship and bursary programmes, make awards for training in book production.
15. Governments should organise national seminars and workshops for training in various aspects of book production, calling where necessary on the Commonwealth Secretariat, Unesco, and other international organisations for assistance in planning and organisation of these programmes.
16. Any country which does not already have domestic laws governing copyright might wish to formulate these and consider, if it has not already done so, becoming a signatory to one of the international copyright conventions.
17. Countries which have no laws governing the statutory deposit of a copy of all published books in one or more national libraries or centres should enact one: those that have should take steps to enforce it.
18. Governments might consider it advisable to enact necessary legislation to ensure the adoption of international standard book numbering in respect of books published in their countries.

MEMBER NATIONS

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BRITISH COMMONWEALTH OF NATIONS

Australia, The Bahamas, Bangladesh, Barbados, Botswana, Britain, Canada, Cyprus, Fiji, The Gambia, Ghana, Grenada, Guyana, India, Jamaica, Kenya, Lesotho, Malawi, Malaysia, Malta, Mauritius, Nauru, New Zealand, Nigeria, Sierra Leone, Singapore, Sri Lanka, Swaziland, Tanzania, Tonga, Trinidad and Tobago, Uganda, Western Samoa, Zambia, Papua New Guinea.



It was painful for the men and hard work for Maieogaru as she carefully pulled the men onto her canoe.

This story was highly commended by the three judges who went through the entries in the Primary Section of the Seventh Annual Short Story Competition (1975).

Maieogaru of Milne Bay

By Taina Misob

The story of a woman from Papua New Guinea who displayed courage and fortitude as well as self-sacrifice in order to save two Australian fighters during the Second World War.

IN 1942 Maieogaru, a young woman from Divinai Village in Milne Bay, went fishing one morning soon after the Japanese had occupied Milne Bay. She went in a small fishing canoe. Even though the enemy was about, Maieogaru had to find food for her family.

Maieogaru often went fishing early in the morning before the sun rose. This morning as she was fishing she saw something floating towards her. She looked through the morning mist and saw that it was a raft. She paddled her canoe close to it and saw two wounded men lying there. These were two Australians who had been wounded and had been able to get on the raft. They were shot down on the North side of Milne Bay and had drifted close to Divinai where Maieogaru found them.

Maieogaru knew she must help these men. But first she had to think of a way as they looked too weak to get into her canoe because they were wounded and hungry. If she tried to take the raft ashore she might be seen by the enemy. She aptly thought the only way would be to get the two men into her canoe.

Fortunately the sun was still weak. Taking her canoe right along-side the raft, she slowly helped the two men into it. It was painful for them and hard work for her. She had to be very careful not to upset the canoe or push the men into the water.

At last she managed to get them both into the canoe. Then as quickly as she could, paddled towards Divinai. When she paddled ashore her people helped her to get the two men to her village. Quickly they carried them through the bush to a well hidden place. Maieogaru gave the airmen some food and drink, urgently she washed them
built them a shelter. It was not possible

to take them into her own house, as it was risky for both Maieogaru and the rescuees.

Maieogaru visited the sick men daily. She was very careful that no enemy saw her going to the hiding place. She fed the men and attended to their wounds. Gradually, Maieogaru's care helped them to get strong.

As they grew stronger they began to move about. Maieogaru often warned them that they remain in hiding. She told them that if the Japanese saw them she could do nothing to save them.

After some weeks the two airmen became strong enough for Maieogaru to think of ways of getting them back to their own troops. This was not easy. It had been hard enough bringing them to Divinai without the help of her men. She decided to take them there in a small canoe.

At last Gili Gili came into sight. Maieogaru ran the canoe to the shore. "We're *ailli ailli*!", she told the airmen. They were glad to see their own Australian troops, and could not find words to thank Maieogaru.

By her bravery she had saved their lives. All the time she kept them at Divinai she ran the risk of detection by the Japanese. Also while paddling across the bay she had risked her life.

This good woman, Maieogaru of Milne Bay, was later given a medal for her bravery.

* *Ailli Ailli* means 'lucky'.

MAIEOGARU BILONG MILNE BAY

PIDGIN (NEO MELENESIAN) VERSION

OF THE STORY "MAIEOGARU OF MILNE BAY"

DISPELA STORI, OL MAN LONG PAINIM HUSAT I WINIM PRAIS MONI LONG RESIS LONG RAIT I BIN AMAMAS LONG RIDIM

Taina Misob i raitim

LONG YIA 1942 wanpela meri nem bilong em Maieogaru long Divinau viles long Milne Bay em i bin go kisim pis long wanpela moning liklik taim bihain long ol Japan i kamap kisim Milne Bay. Em yet i bin go kisim pis long wanpela liklik kanu. Stret long birua laik kamap long Maieogaru long taim em i painim kaikai bilong ol famili bilong em.

Maieogaru olgeta taim kirap long hap nait yet na i go kisim pis i stap na bihain san i kam antap. Long dispela moning em i kisim pis i stap na lukim samting i drip antap long wara i kam stret long em. Em i bin lukim na ting se sno i kamap long moning na lukim stret em i wanpela rigel. Em pulim kanu bilong em i go klostu long rigel na lukim tupela Royal Australian Airforce pilot i bin kisim bagarap na slip antap long rigel. Dispela em tupela Australian man i bin kisim bagarap long pait na slip antap long rigel. Ol Japan i bin sutim tupela pundaun long solwara long North sait bilong Milne Bay na drip i stap klostu long Divinai hap Maieogaru i bin painim tupela long en. Maieogaru i tingting long em i mas helpim dispela tupela man. Tasol em i tingting i no stret long tupela no gat inap strong long putim i go insait long kanu bilong em long wanem tupela i bin kisim bagarap na hangre no gut. Sapos em traime long pulim rigel i go antap long sua ol birua bai lukim em. Kwik taim tasol em putim tupela man i go insait long kanu bilong em.

Gutpela tumas san i no kamap strong yet. Em i kisim kanu i go pas long sait bilong rigel, na isi tasol helpim long tupela man na putim i go insait long kanu. Tupela i kisim pen no gut na em i mekim bikpela hat wok. Em i bin mekim gut long kanu no ken kapsait na tupela man bai i go insait long wara.

Em i pinisim olgeta wok na putim tupela i go insait long kanu. Bihain nau em pulim kanu hariap tasol i go olsem long Divinai. Taim em pulim kanu i go kamap long sua ol pipel i bin kamap na helpim em long kisim tupela man i go long ples bilong em. Hariap tasol ol i karim tupela i go long gutpela ples hait long bus. Maieogaru kirap givim kaikai na wara long tupela man, wasim tupela kwik long wara taim sampela man long lain famili bilong em wokim wanpela liklik haus bilong tupela. Em i no gutpela tumas long putim tupela insait long haus bilong em, long wanem ol birua bai painim.

Maieogaru i go lukim tupela sikman long olgeta de. Em i mekim gut long ol birua no ken lukim em i go long ples hait. Em save i go givim kaikai na pasim sua long tupela i bin kisim bagarap. Pastaim tru tupela no gat strong, tasol long liklik helpim bilong Maieogaru, tupela i kisim strong.

Taim tupela kamap strong liklik tupela i stat long wokabaut i go nabaut. Maieogaru oltaim givim strongpela toktok long tupela i mas i stap tasol long ples hait. Em i save tokim tupela olsem sapos ol

Japan lukim em, bai emi no gat samting long helpim tupela.

Bihain long sampela wik i go pinis olsem tupela man i kisim inap strong Maieogaru, i stat tingting long kisim tupela i go bek long ol lain soldia bilong tupela. Dispela em i no isi. Em i hat tumas long bringim tupela man i go long Divinai, long no gat ol man bilong em i helpim. Maieogaru em i bin kisim kanu no karim tupela i go tasol.

Long pinis Giligili i kam long sait. Maieogaru pulim kanu i go long arere bilong wara. "Yumi aili, aili", em bin tokim tupela man. Tupela i gat bikpela amamas moa long lukim ol lain soldia bilong tupela long Australia, na i givim tok tenkyu i go long Maieogaru.

Long gutpela wok em i bin mekim long helpim laip bilong tupela long i dai. Olgeta taim em i save lukautim tupela long Divinai na ron i go was long ol Japan. Wantaim tu long pulim kanu na brukim pasis long helpim laip bilong em.

Dispela em gutpela meri, Maieogaru bilong Milne Bay, bihain ol givim wanpela medal i go long mekim gutpela wok helpim insait long taim bilong pait.

* "Aili, Aili" i min long "laki".

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Editor



"Stop!" Taimbari yelled into the vacant air as he beat the ground with his bare palm and gazed around as if trying to find the evil spirit.

The Girl Lives

By Mary Matmilo

This short story won the K10 Third Prize in the High Schools Section in the Seventh Annual Short Story Competition (1975).

ARINA stood looking at the glistening water as it growled over the rocky bed of the stream. A vision rose before her. *Why should I marry you? I am young, I want to see a bit of the world and I don't want to be tied to the baby and you.* She then recalled the night they were together, when he discovered she was pregnant. If only this small stream was a rushing torrent then she could throw herself into it and drown.

Behind her stood the village, with its *kunai* thatched roof and planted bamboo and *piipit* walls, neatly encircling the village compound. She heard the swish of the women's brooms as they cleaned the compound area.

Arina's black fuzzy hair glistened in the sun, as did her tattooed face, considered a thing of beauty for a young girl. Her young breasts were still firm, but the contrasting nipple and surrounding area immediately gave away her condition. She was pregnant and the father objected her condition. She was pregnant and the father would not marry her.

So much for his promise that her heart twisted in torrents.

"Come, you have longed enough", the old woman stirred herself and spotted a stream of red blood fall on to the grass at her feet as she rose.

"Is there no way I can escape?" Arina asked, her eyes pleading for help from the old woman. The old woman felt pity in her heart for the young girl, and felt if anything, in way of punishment, the young man deserved some.

"Come quickly now."

Arina followed the woman around the bush at the edge of the village to the small house built at the end of the village, 'the house of blood'. In this house the women had babies.

In another village house the eyes of her father Bauba rested on the young man's set taut mouth, and angry eyes.

"Go away, old man", shouted Taimbari.

Bauba's fist clenched and felt like smashing it into Taimbari's young, selfish face.

"Can't I make you understand? My daughter will die because of this.

... Please will you understand? The evil spirit will kill my daughter now."

Bauba felt ashamed as he looked into that young face.

"The old man lies. How can a spirit kill a person?", he asked himself.

A week passed. Mechanically, Arina went through the motion of living, hoping each day that Taimbari would agree to marry her. Such was her only hope.

Maybe she would die when the child was born. That was the worst she could hope for.

"I feel pain. My back burns", she said.

"Your time has come" the old woman made ready collecting her few utensils, picking out her sharpest piece of bamboo, and the log that was in strategic position ready for actions.

"Now you must sleep as much as you can because the pains will gradually get worse and you must save your energy for the last effort."

Outside it was dawn, but the village was already awake, and the news had already spread that Arina's time had come. The people sat in their houses huddled around their cooking places, talking in low voices, feeling the presence of the spirit watching and waiting. The *sanguma* was near and none wanted to cross its path.

Taimbari received news of Arina's time through his mother, and he picked his spear and wondered into the bush. He did not believe that when the child was born the young girl's life would be taken.

The old people, he thought, were fools.

"Bite hard with each on-coming pain."

With each contraction Arina did as she was told, and the old women's expert hands stroked the side of her belly in small pushing movements in an effort to push the baby down to shorten her labour.

"I wish I could die now", Arina screamed between pains.

A second woman entered the house. "Is she ready?"

"Almost", the old woman replied.

Arina felt herself being pulled up into an upright position, then lowered on to a log with both women holding her under her armpits so that her buttocks now rested on the log.

"Now you must push the baby out, with each pain. You must push hard. My friend will help by holding you."

The waves of pains were coming stronger now, and Arina felt sure she could hear no more. She felt the rush of warm fluid run down her legs and then the pain came.

"Push! push!" the voice came at her harshly through the darkness. It was now night and the only light came from the flickering flames of the fire.

Arina screamed as loudly as she could, and then she heard the cry of a new born infant, before she collapsed in an exhausted heap on the floor, no longer crying. The old woman deftly cut the cord with a bamboo knife, cleaned the baby's throat, and handed it to the second woman who placed the baby into the dirty rags and sat with it near the fire.

Taimbari must have wondered too close. He heard the scream that sent the night air and his body stiffened. A cold shiver went down the back of his spine, and he ran until he couldn't run anymore.

"A boy", was all his mouth said, as he slowly made his way into the house. Taimbari huddled in a heap in a corner of the house waiting, waiting for what he did not know.

Arina made a quick recovery after the delivery, and suddenly felt very well. She saw the baby and rinsed him, then rested.

On the seventh day, Arina again lapsed into semi-consciousness.

"The evil has come", the old woman muttered, and went to tell the girl's father.

The village huddled again in their houses. The children were shut up into the back rooms, the men huddled together in little groups, and although the sun shone and the sky was clear blue, a pall hung over the village.

Taimbari's mind now come to believe; to believe something he couldn't understand, but the fear now came creeping from the

darkness of his mind, exploding in full force into his consciousness. Suddenly he sprang to his feet, and sprinted for the door, leaping the few feet to the ground and running like someone gone mad up and down the village.

"Stop, Stop!" he yelled into the air, and looking wildly around as if trying to find the evil spirit. "Stop! I will marry her, but do not kill her." Taimbari sank to his knees weeping like a lost child, beating the ground with his hands.

Bauba came to him and lifted him up and led him to his own house. He sobbed but was unable to speak.

Bauba gave him coconut milk to drink and gradually he quietened down and slept. Bauba returned to the group of men.

The old woman watched Arina as she slowly lapsed deep into unconscious. She held the young tiny hand in her old one feeling its coldness and then its mother's.

She heard the yelling of the boy outside, and for a moment she had hope, but when she looked at the form before her the hope left her.

Arina was too far gone to be saved now.

But then the hand she held slowly became warmer. At first the woman thought it was the heat from her own hand, but no, the girl's breathing was improving, and was becoming normal the eyelids fluttered, and the eyes stared up at her. The old woman bent down and whispered into Arina's ears.

"Can you hear me?"

Arina nodded, still unable to speak.

"Taimbari has agreed to marry you and has saved you at the last hours. I felt it was almost too late but, no, the good spirits have come to your aid and you will live."

The old woman left the room and walked slowly into the centre of the village, every eye upon her.

"The girl lives", she said to the first woman she met.

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The Three Letters

By Arthur Jawodimbari

AMMO woke, disturbed by the time signal for nine o'clock, and dug his head under the pillow. He had been out drinking at the wantoks' expense the night before. In the next room someone turned up the volume of the radio full blast. Ammo was cursing the next door neighbour for the inconsiderate act, when there came a knock on his door. "Ammo, phone call, man!" Ammo arose, dressed hurriedly and rushed out rubbing his eyes.

"It's a sexy voice, man. You should know", Toko winked at him and smiled. Ammo made for the steps, slipped and fell down. He stood up, swore and then disappeared.

"Hello, Ammo speaking", Ammo spoke with excitement. There was a slight pause. "Hello," Ammo came in again.

"Hello it's me," a girl answered.

"Yes, what is it", Ammo interrupted.

There was a gentle laugh and a tone of uncertainty.

"Er- - er- - you doing anything? I mean, are you attending lectures at all?" she enquired. Ammo smiled, stared at the ceiling and thought for a while.

"Are you?" the voice insisted.

"Yes, o-oh no, no, nothing except sleeping and doing some reading", Ammo replied with excitement.

"Could you come down and pick me up? I'll wait just outside the public telephone", she proposed.

"All right I'll be there soon", Ammo mumbled. They exchanged greetings and counted up to three before they each put their receivers down.

Ammo opened the door and went in startling his room-mate. His room-mate, without lifting his face from the textbook, asked, "Who was it?"

"That same girl I took out the other day", Ammo replied.

"Is she coming up?" Ammo's room-mate asked again.

"She asked me to pick her up", Ammo cut in.

Ammo's room-mate collected his books and made ready to go. "Brother, I'm going to lectures. See you later and have a good time", he chuckled and was gone.

Ammo sat in his bed in a very confused state of mind knowing he had missed so many lectures and there were a number of assignments to be done. Besides his relatives and friends both in the town and back in the village had high hopes for him. Now he did not know what to do.

Ammo met Sagadi through his cousin, Mary, who was at the same college as Sagadi. He had known Sagadi for the last two months. When they met Sagadi had told Ammo that she had a boy friend in one of the other colleges in Port Moresby. She said that they would marry as soon as she turned twenty-one. One day she told Ammo, "I'll treat you as my brother". Somehow that brotherly pledge did not endure. Besides Ammo's cousin had told him that Sagadi was mad about him. "She may be one of those Christians who go out with so many men and claim that they are still virgins", Ammo told himself, when he learned of the change in their relationship.

Ammo pulled out his drawer and collected the few kina his wantoks had donated him the night before as a form of investment. He locked the door and headed towards the bus-stop.

The bus-stop was deserted. Everyone was attending lectures. Ammo stood in the hot sun, sweating. He bit his finger nails every now and in doing so, had caused the tips to bleed.

After what seemed an hour a bus pulled up. Ammo got on and sat right at the back. He thought deeply about Sagadi's attitude towards him. She was a hypocrite as far as he was concerned. *Why did she have to call me at this time? What was so important this time?* Ammo asked himself and little noted the appearance of the bus stop.

Ammo alighted from the bus and walked into a Chinese shop, bought himself a bottle of drink and then walked out again, sipping from a straw as he approached the telephone booth.

The selected telephone booth was only a hundred yards away. Sagadi saw Ammo and stood up, stretched her arms and gave Ammo a reassuring smile. Ammo was confused with excitement. She waved at him; he hesitated and then instinctively waved wildly at her.

"I thought you were not coming", she called out as he approached her.

Sagadi held a bunch of flowers which she presented to Ammo. Ammo smelled the flowers with delight. "Can we go by taxi?", Sagadi suggested.

"All right, ring a Pagini taxi", Ammo put in. He preferred Pagini taxis because they were cheaper and also some of the drivers were his wantoks so they usually charged him less. Sagadi picked up the phone to ring for the taxi while Ammo thrust his hand in his pocket and recounted his few kina. Both then waited outside.

A Pagini taxi finally pulled up and Ammo opened a door for Sagadi and ducked in after her and pulled the door shut. "Where now, wantok?" asked the driver smiling.

"Waigani, I'll show you", Ammo replied.

The traffic was heavy. The driver concentrated on his steering and apologised for driving slowly. Sagadi moved to Ammo and pressed her warm body against his. Ammo looked into her shining eyes and then at her bare thighs. He looked away through the window.

Ammo paid off the driver, fifty toea less and asked if he would come back. "Wantok have a good time, I'll come back and pick you up", the driver called out as he drove off. They took a small track which was a short cut to the male students' residential hall. Sagadi refused to go to the mess so Ammo bought some food from the canteen. He could ill afford it yet he had to serve his guest. The rest of the afternoon was spent playing cards.

In the evening the taxi driver turned up as arranged. "Did you have a good time?" the driver inquired.

Ammo smiled and nodded as they got into the taxi to go to Sagadi's college.

Sagadi got out of the taxi squeezing Ammo's hand. "See you in a few days time. I'll ring up", Sagadi called out as the taxi reversed. On the way Ammo bought a packet of Gold Leaf for the taxi driver to make up for the fare.

Ammo got out at the entrance and walked towards the library to select what he could find to do his assignment. There was a sickening pain in his heart when he realised he had wasted another day.

The following day Ammo went to lectures. His lecturers

reminded him about his unfinished assignments and he returned to his room, depressed. At noon he decided to check the mail box to see if he had any mail. He rarely received letters as most of his friends never wrote because he never replied. The phone rang as he walked out but he ignored it and headed towards his room. Someone answered the phone and called after him. He returned guessing the caller to be none other than Sagadi.

He picked up the phone and said, "Hello".

"It's me, Sagadi", she cut in. "I want to break up with you," she stated firmly. Ammo began trembling a bit.

"Why?" he asked. She told him that she had quarrelled with her boy friend the night he took her back to the college. Ammo couldn't swallow and there was a lump in his throat. Sagadi apologised for any inconvenience she created. Ammo only answered her that it was all right with him and that he was taking it lightly.

The two weeks that followed were more of a nightmare than anything else. Ammo turned to drinking and further ignored his

assignments. He carried folders and papers around to convince his relatives and wantoks that he was preparing for exams. The exams came and Ammo sat for them unprepared.

One day, a couple of weeks later, Ammo received three letters. One was from Sagadi. In her letter she said she had broken up with her boy friend and wanted the two of them to unite again. Ammo put Sagadi's letter aside and opened the second envelope. He easily identified it as from the Registrar. It read that he had failed all his subjects except a pass in English and a conceded pass in Maths. He was too scared to open the third envelope from the Guidance Section of the Department of Education. He guessed without opening it that it was about his scholarship which must have been terminated.

He turned to Sagadi's letter and read between the lines. She said she had failed two of her subjects but had been given a chance to complete her course. Halfway down the page Ammo didn't believe what he read. Sagadi said that she was pregnant, and he, Ammo, was the true father of that baby.

Letters to the Editor

Dear Sir,

I am writing to ask you if you still have got the 1975 issues of 'Papua New Guinea Writing'. I would like two copies of the 1975 issues as well as the 1976 issues.

As I do not know the current price per issue, would you let me know the cost of this order.

Miss Anna McKinnon
Awaba High School
Western Province

Editor's Reply

All back issues of 'Papua New Guinea Writing' up to No. 18 of June, 1975 will now cost you 50t per copy plus postage. Issues from No. 19 onwards will now cost 75t per copy (postage paid).

All available back copies for 1975 have been sent to you and the bill for that will follow soon. All 1976 copies will be sent to you when they become available.

Editor.

Dear Sir,

It is a great feeling to know that there is such a thing as 'Papua New Guinea Writing'. Surely I am deeply interested in the stories and poems. One thing that makes me happy is that you do and continue to publish stories and poems in Pidgin as well as in English. The reason is that people like myself who are not good in English will be able to enjoy the magazine.

I am writing a Pidgin story which I will send to you soon.

Thank you very much.

Miss Fiefia Kasiatala
United Church
Diodio, Goodenough Is.

Editor's Reply

Thank you for your appreciation of 'Papua New Guinea Writing' and especially of the Pidgin stories/versions of stories that we include. The question of including Pidgin stories and articles was resolved two years ago. We have since been including Pidgin translations of English stories every issue.

Editor.

Dear Sir,

I intend to put in an order of two dozen different copies of 'Papua New Guinea Writing'. The students and teachers are very interested in reading them, mainly because they contain stories of our country.

If there are any free copies available could you kindly send them over to the school please?

Looking forward to receiving the PNGW copies.

Luisa Elias Diolo
Librarian
George Brown High School

Editor's Reply

Thank you for your interest in Papua New Guinea Writing.

We must make it clear here and now that Papua New Guinea Writing is not a free publication. The way we have allowed for concession to schools i.e. K1.00 for four consecutive issues as compared to the K3 ordinary subscription rates is considered reasonable. Besides we are aware that your school has been receiving a bulk order of 20 copies per issue and will continue to receive that number until further advice from the principal.

Perhaps you might like to discuss this matter with your principal who may advise if this request is necessary as we believe the copies ordered would be enough to give each student the opportunity to read them.

Should you so desire, you may put in a separate order for the Library.

Editor.

Dear Sir,

Thank you very much for sending me the 1975 copies of "Papua New Guinea Writing".

I have enjoyed them very much and would like to continue reading future issues. Would you send future issues to the above address please.

Monika Tailal
Catholic Primary School
Dreikikir, East Sepik Province.



Covering the front of my torch with a handkerchief, I flashed it down onto her bed and saw her lying sideways facing me.

Make it tonight

By Kaigabu Kamananya

SHE HAD just turned fourteen. Her face had just blossomed. She had not yet committed herself to any boy because she was still a virgin. Besides, her parents had said that she would never be forced into marriage with any boy. She was a beautiful girl and, in Trobriand customs, such pretty girls must seek the most handsome post-initiated boys as their partners.

"Hold your head" was the phrase given to describe such a girl's attitudes towards boys. (This simply means that one can talk and talk until his head becomes achey. And for that he would try to hold it as if something was wrong with it—the result of her unfavourable response.)

My wishful imaginings had carried me to such an extent as to think like this: 'The way she walks, the glimmer of her face in the sun, the roundness of her breasts, the sound of her voice and the build of her body, make it hard for me to sleep at night or brush off her image in my mind.' These imaginations surprisingly brought the sensation of her smooth body to me, to feel as though I was touching a swollen ball containing a cold magnetic air.

The cry of owls could be heard miles away in the Okeibasi forest in that calm, cool and bright *urakeitaura* (full moon) night. I was thinking of nothing but a girl to accompany me in that night of peace and love, as I approached my father's village. In this village most young girls and boys of seven to sixteen years of age always participated in traditional dances, songs and drum beatings in the evenings. Some would beat drums and sing songs while others would dance around the *dabadeba*¹ in an anti-clockwise direction. Some of the immature ones could be heard crying their hearts out while mentioning the names of the girls responsible for the cause of their moaning. Near the dark shadows of trees or houses I could see small gatherings; some consisting only of girls, gossiping about other girls or boys insulting girls, teasing them and (who knows?) perhaps trying their luck.

Betel nut, which is considered the common bait, is always plentiful in the boys' possessions because girls always go after *buat*². However after they have had betel nut, they would really go restless. This allows the gents to make advances on them with the little promises men always make to females.

It was during one of these nights that the marrow of my bones forced me with frenzied emotion to put myself on the act of tossing the coin. I called my cousin sister Kugala, whom my selected 'victim' always walked with, to convey to her the following words, "I know that your friend is a hard *nagwaira*³, but never mind, you try, will you? Tell her that I want to tell her something".

After Kugala had left, my heartbeats quickened with doubtful hopes. Words disappeared from my mind as I tried to construct how to frame the victim. I was then wondering what I would say if she came. (These feelings of dumbness and shyness are believed by Trobriands to be found in a person who has lots of '*gibu*', a kind of natural power that prevents him from being recognised by girls as a man of love. The signs of '*gibu*' are seen on a person with dusty skin and who looks sleepy all the time and generally lacks enthusiasm.)

My eyes followed Kugala approaching the '*nagwaira*', observing as best as I could in the moonlight whether she would do what I had asked her to do.

"Eubada⁴ knows I don't want!" was the response that rang loud and clear. Tell him that he is too ugly and too dark to look at." (Meaning that I had some kind of appearance which she could not put up with.) Anyway, a few minutes later, Kugala returned with the answer. I told her to forget it all.

The following day, I met my maternal uncle (Weisuya) while walking to our garden. He greeted me with his usual erotic pass-words. (The idea of sex is exposed freely in my area between single and married people when they are in right company and they tend to take it as a game or joke just for that spell of time.)

"Uncle, I will not talk because one girl gave me one very heavy word last night. This has upset me and I'm shy to see her," I told him, in a kind of tone to make him feel sorry and guilty at the same time. Straight away he mentioned the girl's name, as he was aware of her attitudes towards her suitors.

"Well, what do you want us to do about it?" he asked.

"Uncle," I said. "Can you show some ways of attracting this girl?"

"Are you worried? She is dead," he said in a convincing but careless manner. "But you must follow these instructions if you need help."

I nodded without a word. I intended to follow closely what he was to say.

"Tomorrow morning, when you wake up, make sure you don't go to relieve yourself although you may feel like going. You must not eat or drink. When you come out of your house, two house flies will sit upon your body. Make sure you don't lose sight of them. With your two palms, you kill them at one stroke. They symbolise a girl and a boy in partnership."

I nodded and told him that I would do as he ordered.

"Also," he continued, "there are still some more things to do. The white substance or white pus around the foreskin of your genitals, collect it and put in a few strands of hair near to the anus. Have some coconut scraped ready. Do remember that you have to pass a drop of your own urine into it and, of course, bits of scraped finger nails and a wad of your spit. As soon as I arrive from the bush with the rest, you will then just go on your own," he concluded.

The following morning was Saturday. Everything was almost ready when he arrived. I mixed the ready concoction with the sawdust-like roots he brought with him from the bush. I put everything with the scraped coconut kernel, folded it with leaves and placed it on the fire. After a while, I took the parcel-like object out of the fire and worked on it again, this time with unburnt covering leaves. This was the end of the preparation of the love messenger or magic. It meant, too, that I would now be able to eat, drink or go to the lavatory.

The sun was already above the tall betel nut palms when Weisuya turned to get the *nuya*. He and his wife had to manage the next part, which involved making certain that the power of the *nuya* was transferred to the victim, through physical contact.

There were certain rituals to be followed for the releasing of the magic on to the victim. I was told not be seen by her for a week. Weisuya and his wife were not to touch anything that carried the scent of meat such as fish meat or pork before releasing the *nuya*, and that was where I left it.

On the following morning, while the victim was away for morning service, my aunt entered her house and squeezed the juice from the *nuya* on her bed. She had to make sure that it was not noticed by anyone.

The power of the magic would not be felt by Weisuya and his wife because it was specially made and cursed in the victim's name. The white pus would drive her to seek with restlessness the man from whom it had come, to satisfy her sexual urge. The urine and the hair strands would make her think and regard herself as dirty. The scraped finger nails and the clog of spit would make her forever want to be cuddled by me as though she was a baby.

On the Monday, instead of either going with her parents to the garden or with friends to the beach to collect coconuts, she slept the whole day. From that day onwards, she could not even bother to look after her body properly or join her peers in *kalibomu*. These were positive signs that the magic was working on her.

A week passed. I still had not shown up, and in fact it was getting close to my day of departure to Cameron High School, Alotau. The M. V. Managuan was to arrive on the Friday which was only a couple of days away. By Wednesday morning the magic had really had the full hold of her. She just could not stand it. That morning, she asked her parents for some money to go to the co-operative store, a few miles past my village. This way, she thought she might see my face by chance to make her happy. However, things did not work out that way. Instead, she made straight for my uncle's house and found my aunt weaving a basket. She asked whose basket it was she making. "It's Kaigabu's", my aunt replied.

"I don't see him these days, where has he been?" she asked.

Without answering her, my aunt asked, "But what do you want to know about him for?"

"Well... you know... it's very hard to say because we girls cannot invite boys, as it is very embarrassing", she replied in a rather evasive manner.

My aunt knew what the *nagwaira* was driving at, but for

curiosity's sake she asked, "Ah, you talk properly. What do you really want?"

"Are you going to his village today?" she asked.

"Yes" aunt answered. "We are taking his basket to him".

Without feeling embarrassed anymore, she started to speak openly; "Can you tell him that I want to tell him one word? Tell him to make it tonight".

After my aunt had told me the news, I was so excited all over that I could not eat or work properly all that day. I shouted here and there without good reasons. The strength of the magic just seemed incredibly powerful and immense. It was, to me, just like a mental magnet.

The sound of drums, the happy and cheerful laughter soon drew every youngster of my victim's village. Once I noticed that every youngster had gone to my father's village for *kalibomu*, I appeared at the *nagwaira's* house. Soundlessly I tiptoed to the side of her house just where I saw rays of light shining through the wall. I peeped in and saw that she was lying face-up with her kerosene candle, made of a tin container, beside her. I could tell by her appearance that she was miles away, dreaming. Her breasts, which had kindled my tenderest imaginations, were bare and most inviting.

"*Mil Mirou*," her mother called and which made me crouch below the house.

She turned surprisingly to face the lamp but did not answer. The incident nearly made me burst into laughter but I managed to keep my voice down as I was in forbidden ground. Her mother's voice came the second time and this time she answered in a sleepy manner.

"Go and ask for *iabaki* from your grandmother and see if she has any wood left", her mother asked.

"Tell Bom to go, please? My tummy is aching," came her reply.

"Good", I said to myself. I made a hole through the wall and whispered in to her. She signalled that the door wasn't locked. Before I withdrew my face from the hole, she put off the light. There was darkness in the house now. Things began to work in different angles in me. I asked myself what darkening the room meant, but I was too young to understand it. I was thinking of using my torch to search for the door but somehow I could not use it.

Slowly and carefully, using my hands as though they were my eyes, I crept inside. Covering the front of the torch with a handkerchief, I flashed it downwards on her bed. She was lying sideways. And with a silenced laughter she invited me to lie beside her. At first I tried to say something, but finding myself lost for words I gave up. But before I knew what was happening, however, she had burst into tears. I was stunned by this. I could not figure out whether she was too happy to see me or she was sad that I was leaving the village to go to Cameron High School. Whatever it was, I was puzzled even more by her behavior so much that the desire to touch her body or to make love with her suddenly left me. From then on I was feeling more and more as though I was a father to her than a potential lover. I could feel the touch of her, smooth, soft and boneless as a swollen balloon. She was, by her behavior, well past being a virgin. I would have licked her tears but...

Withdrawing myself from her warm and tender side, I walked out quietly, leaving a few betel nut for her to chew. Walking home, I thought of how powerful the magic was and how satisfying it was to get my revenge on her for the nasty and embarrassing words.

Come to think of it, it gives me complete satisfaction to know that I won that time. Since that night I have held a very noble and magical feeling and affection for the *dauraveka* and hope that when it comes to choosing and finding a woman, I will fulfill the promise I made to her in her house that night.

1. A traditional dance.
2. Pidgin for (betel nut).
3. Girl of love.
4. God.
5. Metaphorically meaning—she won't be hard to get.
6. Sessions of traditional dancing at night.

COMPETITIONS

ANNOUNCING THE WINNERS OF THE THREE ANNUAL LITERARY COMPETITIONS IN SHORT STORY, POETRY AND PLAYS

SHORT STORY

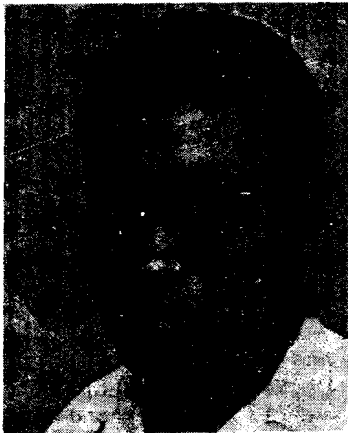
A total of 823 stories, largely a mixture of stories, legend and fables were received in the four sections of the short story competitions. Of these 91 were for the Tertiary Section, 315 for the High School Section, 280 for the Primary Section and 137 for the Pidgin Section.

In the Tertiary Section the first prize of K50 went to Sally Anne Pipi of Port Moresby for her story "Papazon", the Second Prize of K20 went to Felix-Terra Nyrone of the U.P.N.G. for his story, "The End of Girlhood Days" and the third prize of K10 went to Kaigabu Kamananya of the University for his love story "Make it Tonight".

In the High School Section the three winners, this year, were all from the same Senior High School, Kerevat. The First Prize of K50 which for the second year has been donated by Mr and Mrs Legge of Port Moresby went to Roland Katak for his story "The Year 2001". The second prize of K20 went to Sarah Thoa for her story "Liberty But Confused", while the third prize of K10 went to Mary Matmilo for her story "Arina Could the Spirit Kill the Beautiful Girl?"

The first prize of K15 in the Primary Section went to Jene Boseto of Kila Kila Primary School, Port Moresby, for her short legend "A Mountain Giant". The second prize of K10 went to Peter Yango of Imankambu Primary School, Goroka, for his legend "A Bird Woman". The third prize of K5 went to Michael Lahari of Tipuka Primary School, Bougainville for his legend "Tui and Ivuta".

In the Pidgin Section where the judging was done solely by the Summer Institute of Linguistics, the first prize of K50 which for the fourth successive year has been financed by the S.I.L. went to Siwid Gomey Gipey of the University of Papua New Guinea for his long and action filled story "Be Bilong Man I Faia". The second prize of K25 went to Michael Lames of St John's Seminary, Kairiru Island, for his story "Bush Kanaka emi Wanem Samting?". Steven Wapa of the Holy Trinity Teachers College, Mount Hagen took the K15 third prize for his story "Mak Bilong Pikinini I Karim Pen".



SALLY ANNE PIPI

She won two prizes: one in Short Story and the other in Poetry.

POETRY

In the sixth annual poetry competition there were 1,324 entries received, out of which 237 entered in the Tertiary section, 688 in the High School Section, 330 in the Primary Section and 79 in the Pidgin Section.

In Section One, the first prize of K50 which for the last two years has been donated by Mr Peter Beckett of Kieta was won by Willie Kamit of the University of Papua New Guinea, for his long poem "Home Faraway". The Second Prize went to Sally Anne Pipi for her poem "When Hope Dies Within Me". The Third Prize of K15 went to Mesah Maebiru of the Christian Leaders Training College, Banz for his poem entitled "Independence".

In Section Two for High School students the first prize of K25 went to Frank Igub of Bugandi High School for his poem "A look in the past". Markis Dunib of St Martin's Lutheran Seminary took the second prize of K20 for his poem "Madang", while the third prize of K10 prize went to Bendi Dambiang of St Joseph's Technical College, Lae, for his poem "The Day we Met".

The Primary Section was not of the expected standard therefore the judges recommended that none except the first prize be awarded. The first and only prize of K25 went to Sone Kandi of Pole

Primary school, Erave, Southern Highlands Province for his poem "The Storm".

The Donald Maynard Annual Pidgin Poetry Prize of K50 this year went to Siwid Gomey Gipey of the University of Papua New Guinea for his poem "Nupela Ai". Kulbob Bogian of the University of Papua New Guinea took the K20 second prize for his poem "Nau yu Kam Traim". The last and third prize in the section went to Ais Pale Ainde of the U.P.N.G. for his poem "Dei Bilong Lapun Papa".



SIWID GOMEY GIPEY

He won the first prizes for Pidgin Stories, Pidgin Poetry and the Two to Three-Act Plays.

PLAYS

The Play Competition brought 79 entries. Unlike the Short Story and Poetry this competition was not categorized by educational attainments or standards. There were three sections, the first requiring plays of one act or less, the second for plays of two or more acts and the third for plays in Pidgin.

In the section for plays of one-act the first prize of K50 donated by Mr Michael Zahara of Port Moresby went to Horiawi Himugu of the University for his play "Misuse of Department Telephone". Horiawi Himugu also took the second prize of K20 for another of his plays "The Faithful Lads". The K15 third prize went to Talabea Babena of Awaba High School, Western Province for his play "Home for my Brothers".

In the section for plays of two or more acts, the first prize of K50 also donated by Michael Zahara of Port Moresby went to Siwid Gomey Gipey of the University for his play "Four Days of Humiliation". The second prize of K20 went to Steven Demok for his play "Yayoos Bride". The third and last prize of K15 went to John Soaribia of Sogeri Senior High School for his play "Home for my Brothers".

The Pidgin plays created a slight disappointment among the three judges. Although there was an increase in the

number of entries there was, on the other hand, a drop in the quality of content by comparison with last year's competitions. The judges therefore agreed that the prizes in the range of K50, K20 and K15 be not awarded but in their place three consolation prizes of K5 be given out.

Five kina each went to the following: Nomata Rupus of Lae, for his play "Masta Kiap", Jerry Yoko of Mount Hagen High School for his play, "Independence Em I Kam" and Peter McConnell of St Ignatius High School for his play "Tupela Brata".

TOWARDS FAIRER

AND

EVEN COMPETITIONS.

JUDGES' COMMENTS.

Commenting on the way the competition was organized some of the judges had to

make a number of suggestions. Among them were some which were as follows:

- (a) That the second and third prizes in the short story sections, one and two which, up until towards the prize giving date, remained unfunded be funded for in the next competition.
- (b) That the primary section for Poetry in the poetry competition be eliminated due to the immaturity of the students
- (c) That due to the unfamiliarity of the form of play writing, and especially that of differentiating between the one-act and two-acts plays the rules be modified to read Short Plays in place of one act plays and longer plays in place of plays of two or more acts.

We still believe the competitions are fair at some sections but not in others. We will only make modification if we consider the expected results will be worth the prizes and also if strong public opinion is in line with ours. An exception to this would be the case with any donor who may wish to donate a prize to encourage any form of writing e.g. fiction, poetry, short story, essay, play, newsreporting, to mention a few. We will then include it in our existing competitions or create a fresh section. Donations for the competitions are always welcome -Editor.

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About the writers

ARTHUR JAWODIMBARI

ARTHUR JAWODIMBARI comes from Konji village in the Northern Province. He attended Martyr's Memorial School. In 1969 he enrolled at the University of Papua New Guinea and 1972 graduated with a B.A. Arthur is now with the Centre for Creative Arts and is the Head of the Drama Department.

SALLY ANNE PIPI

SALLY ANNE PIPI comes from the Marshall Lagoon Area in the Central Province. She attended Kila Kila Primary School and later Kavari Primary School before attending the St Katherine's High School in Warwick, Queensland. She is now a directors secretary with the Steamships Trading Company in Port Moresby. Sally won prizes both in the Short Story Competition as well as the Poetry Competition.

MARY DIKAI MATMILO

MARY DIKAI MATMILO was born in Aiyura, near Kainantu in the Eastern Highlands Province. Her father comes from Yakabrok village in the East Sepik Province while her mother is from the Chimbu Province. She attended Aiyura Primary "A" School from 1963 to 1968 then Ukarumpa High School from 1969 to 1973. In 1974 she attended Kerevat Senior High School near Rabaul in the East New Britain Province. Mary has chosen to become a Secondary School Teacher and will do her training next year at University of the Goroka Teachers' College.

TAINA MISOB

TAINA MISOB was a student at the Gaire Primary School when he entered the Story "Maieogaru of Milne Bay" in this year short story competition. (Difficulties in obtaining his biographical details permit the non-inclusion of his in this issue.)

NOTE

Due to his early departure for vacation the biography of the author of the story, 'Make it Tonight', Kaigabu Kamananya, was not obtained in time for inclusion. We will include his biography in any of our forthcoming issues - Editor.

FELIX-TERRA NYRON

FELIX-TERRA NYRON comes from Ohuga Village about 30 kilometres northwest of Goroka. He attended St Patrick's Primary School in Ohuga where in 1968 he completed his Standard Five. In 1969 he attended the Sacred Heart School, Faniufa, in Goroka to do his Standard Six. In 1970 he attended St Fidelis College, Kap at Alexishafen, near Madang and remained there until 1974 when he graduated at Form V level. This year he enrolled at the University of Papua New Guinea as a First Year Law student.

Papua New Guinea Writing New Subscription Rates

Budget difficulties in newly independent Papua New Guinea have faced us with the decision either to close down Papua New Guinea Writing or raise prices immediately. Frankly, it is no longer possible to subsidise the journal as in the past. It was costing the equivalent of one year's subscription to just print and mail out a single copy.

We are sure you want the journal to continue. From issue Number 19 of September, 1975, the subscription rates have been as follows:

* Overseas Subscribers:	K 4.00
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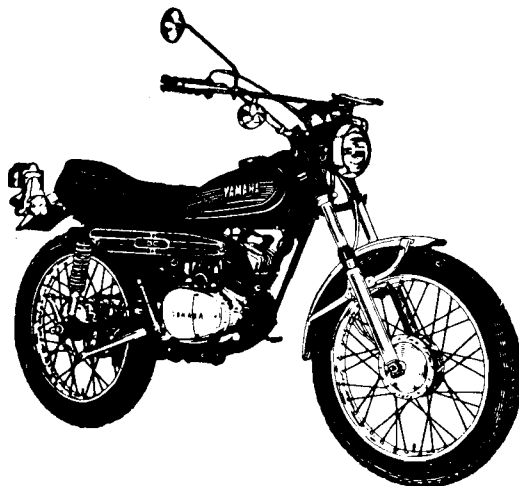
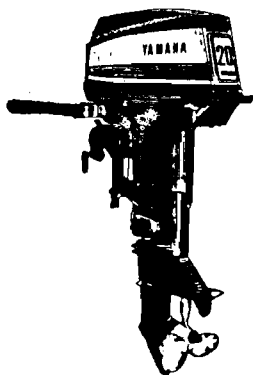
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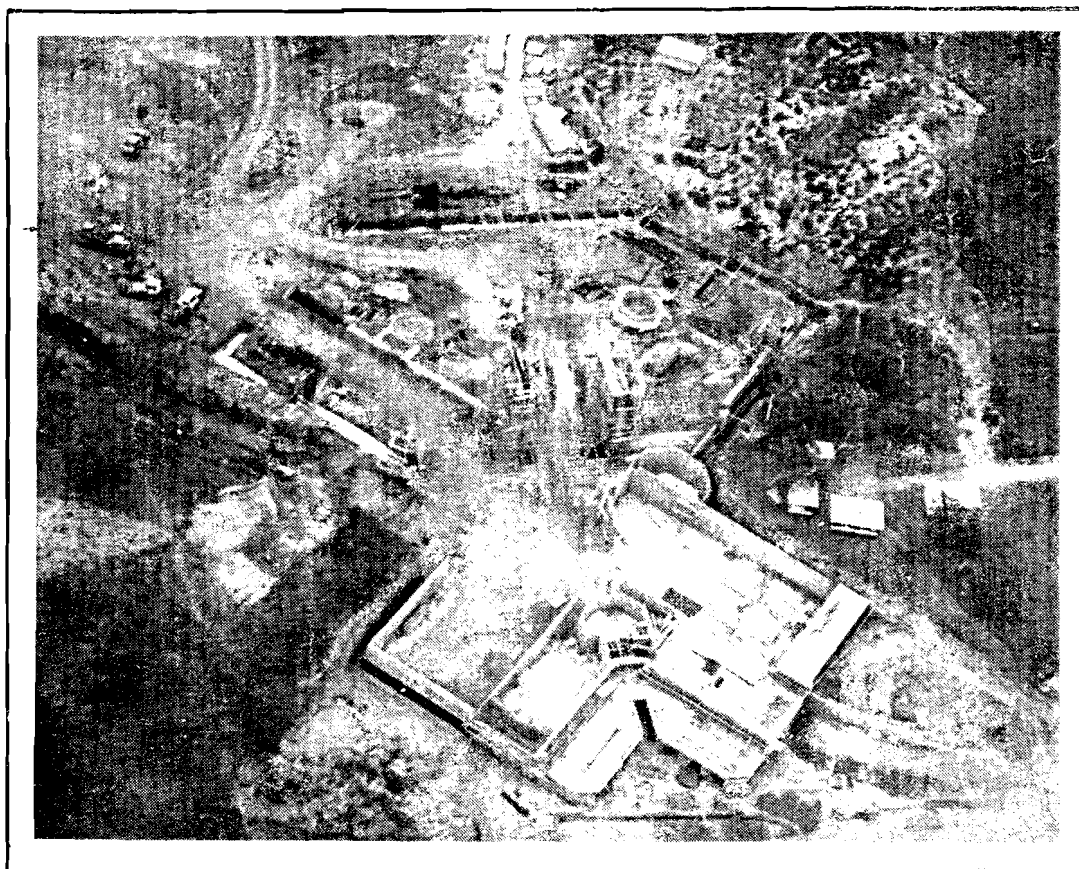
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