

Papua New Guinea Writing

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EDITORIAL

Writers conferences may sound presently undesirable for a country such as Papua New Guinea whose priorities are overwhelmingly economic rather than educational. Writers and indeed artists are people who usually show out by their own efforts and when they do the society appreciates them for their good work. Their work is the result of self obsessions and usually done within the confines of their room. They write believing that in doing so they will become their own selves. The task of writing alone is a very lonely one therefore if the society and especially the Authoritarians do not pay heed to the writers they will consequently wither and the essence of 'Social ombudsmen' will be lost. Australia is perhaps one of the few countries in the world today where writers are given as much encouragement as possible and not openly executed as practised in other developing black nation.

At this time and particularly after Papua New Guinea's independence it seems a great surprise to find Australia still willing to maintain and foster the development of writing among the indigenous people of Papua New Guinea through their Cultural Exchange Scheme. This year a K2 500 grant from the Australian Government through the Department of Foreign Affairs Cultural Exchange Scheme has enabled the staging of a Writers Conference at the University of Papua New Guinea. The conference including workshops and syndicates was held from 1st July to 4th July. It was jointly hosted and financed by the National Cultural Council and the Literature Department of the University of Papua New Guinea.

Indeed the grant enabled two well known Australian writers Geoffrey Dutton and Cath Walker to the conference.

The Papua New Guinea organisers through our National Cultural Council took the opportunity to look wider than confine the conference to an exchange of dialogue between Australians and Papua New Guineans. Papua New Guinea being a third world country, needed to look broader on the literary horizon to Africa as well as Asia while at the same time not forgetting that geographically it belongs to the Pacific Region.

The Samoan born and New Zealand educated Albert Wendt and author of "Sons for the Returned Home", the first ever novel from a South Pacific country, was invited here as well as the Maori poets Hone Tuwhare and Writer Patricia Grace.

From Asia and our north westerly neighbours we

had Edwin Thumboo from the University of Singapore together with Theo Luzuka a Ghanaian Research Fellow with the same University.

Our home writers were mostly those who were of the first generation of writers and poets. Whether we regret it or not most of these known Papua New Guinea writers apart from those who held public offices have somewhat been out of the limelight for some time with of course reasons of their own. We had Kumalau Tawali who found his heart with the Moral Re-armament and was out of the country for a number of years. Leo Hannek who held a very responsible position with the Government left in 1964 to pursue the mainstream of the Bougainville Cause. John Kasaipwalova left 1963 for the Trobriands and John Waiko more recently for the Binandere people's cause. They were the so called 'disciples' who realised that if what they were preaching was falling on 'Deaf Bull's Ears' then they had to consequently arm themselves and do a practical turn of work. And work of course prevents people from talking.

The startling experience noticed throughout the conference was that we were being brought together by some magical means to realise that we have created a vacuum in our history of development where there was little or no decisiveness in writing. Perhaps this was the passing of an era and that we were all awaiting to be primed to start being operative. What could have been the cause of the absence of dialogue, when the Literature Bureau continued to encourage writing competitions year after year?

I for one believe that the conference was well timed to coincide with this period of decolonisation where unless we are on the alert will our selves have created a 'literary suicide'.

There was unanimous approval of the need to write without being too over concerned with grammar as this was the work of publishers whose business it is to publish books. This had the backing of the Publisher's representatives. It was realised that there was very little reading material available for children as well as the masses who, like us, must read to learn. It was equally and overwhelmingly claimed that writers were the 'Consciousness of Society'. And of Papua New Guinea and its literary wares, they are never too small not to have universal appeal. All agreed that there should be regular writers seminars and gathering either on national or regional levels.

Let us look to the next.

Owina's Night of Terror

By Siwid Gomi Gipey

EVERYTHING WAS DARK, wet and silent. Evil-looking rain clouds sailed hurriedly over the black sky as if to block out all the available starlight.

Into the distant growled a wave of thunder preparing for another of its vicious bursts.

Occasionally the lightning flashed the warning. These daylight-like flashes revealed, in the middle of a clearing, far from any inhabited places, a lone hut.

Standing in this hut was a dark shape of a man. Anybody could mistake him for a dumb piece of log;

This man was surveying as best as he could, the large clearing before him, from the two tiny holes he had made on the wall.

Owina curled his lips in a smile. This was the old village site. The shift was made while he was still in town. It was a long time now. Yes, but he remembered playing as a kid here.

Behind him was a burning candle on an old wooden table, illuminating clearly, the interior of the hut. The walls and the roof were thatched with sago leaves. The frame of the roof looked old. Where the insects had eaten into the wood the roof was sagging and rain water dripped from these places wetting almost all the floor.

The floor itself was made of betel nut palms, bound with split canes. It was a couple of inches off the ground. Beneath was gloomy. In some places the canes were either loose or broken and there were gaps in the floor some big enough for a man to push his head through.

Nothing much was in the hut except an old fireplace in the centre, some broken claypot to his left and a couple of native calabash hanging from the roof.

Beside the table was an old chair with one leg missing.

On the table lay a wrapping of candles, a tin of Johnson's Baby Powder, a bottle of white haircream and an unsheathed, six inch long, German-made belt-knife.

The door which was now barricaded with criss-crossed wood, was tall and narrow, suggesting its former occupant to be tall and slim.

Just before the door lay a black and white town-bred mongrel with the name of 'Taiga', printed neatly around its collar. Taiga was purposely placed there, and he knew exactly what to do.

Owina had spent the last hour solely for dressing up. He was a cleanly shaven, tall and skinny man in his late twenties. On his feet were a pair of black shiny shoes, covering long, white socks. If a fly attempted it, it couldn't land on the well-pressed, glassy, smart blue shorts. The long-sleeved white shirt was equal in quality. His hair was glistening. It was done well with a path on both sides. A strong perfumous odour polluted the air all around. Completing his style was a pair of dark goggle-like spectacles, which rested half way down the nose.

Owina pulled up his left sleeve to reveal two glowing pointers of a

Japanese-made Seiko watch. It was ten minutes to midnight.

The lips curled up in a big smile.

"Only ten more minutes."

Owina was still scanning the clearing when, unknown to him Taiga suddenly jerked up his head. He looked at his master and then looked outside as if to tell his master that something or somebody was around. But his master's concentration had been so great that he had ignored his existence.

'I must do my duty. I must warn my master. I mustn't let him down.'

Quite without the slightest warning the animal gave a challenging bow.

There was a frightening yell, a sound of somebody falling, a thud, and for a second or so both animal and the man lay on the floor; man on top of the animal. Then as quickly as a wink the master was on his feet, brushing himself.

The teeth crunched and re-crunched like a grinding machine and the fist clammed and shook angrily.

"Bastard!!!"

He picked up his glasses from the floor and carefully examined them. He tried them on. A lens was broken.

"Bastard!! Bloody son belong-a-bitch. Bloody fatherless-motherless bastard dog. Why you not warn me first? Why you not"

An eerie blood-chilling crackle had reached his ears. Or did he imagine it? He glanced at his watch and the truth dawned on him.

"O mama midnight now—he is here!!!"

Everything in his body went numb and cold. They refused to function; everything except those two darting balls and the mass of matter in the few centimetres behind his skull.

As if to bring misery and add to his uncomfortable state the rain started again. The thunder began to growl and the lightning flashed.

The minds of Owina flashed too.

Memories of his past life flooded quickly back to him.

" You want money? You want rich? But you strong, no?" He remembered himself, twenty years back, a lad of eighteen, sitting with Garatata, the old wizard, in his hut, in the old village. In fact in this very spot.

Everybody in the village feared this man. He was as old as the stones, as they said. And he could bring all sorts of mischief.

Before the whiteman came with God's Word he ruled everybody's life. He was their god. But now it was different. The missionaries condemned him to hell.

"Never go near him", mothers warned their children, "and don't even mention his name."

Owina himself never dared near this old 'stone', who called him his distant cousin.

One day, however, Owina had found enough courage to approach the old one.

Orobo, a friend of his had told him that the dead people had all the money, wealth and all kinds of riches. He had said that sorcerers, witches, knew about these riches. And what's more they had the key to these riches.

Was it true? Owina wondered.

The next day Owina had taken with him some coconut and taro as presents to old Garatata. And after a nervous start he had gone straight into business.

"You see I am relative of you. There is no other. You don't tell me and die all is gone. You see I want money. Wife to buy. Good wife. I think white wife. So I want money; big, free, white money."

The old one had nodded his head. He was pleased with the coconuts and the taro; for he had not eaten for days due to neglect.

He barred his teeth, black and rugged in shape.

This was his smile.

"But you strong man! You true man with true penis and true testicles? With bones and nerves and muscles like strong wood? No joking. Tell all true."

He barred his teeth again.

It was working.

Owina had beaten his breast so that it banged like a thunder and smiled, "I am strong, not like strong wood, but like whiteman's iron; strong iron".

Soon the old man had put him in a deep, deep trance.

"When anybody very close die, no cry. No weep. No mourn. Leave him stay far away. And coffin no touch. Flower petal no throw in grave. No bury him. But store buy new trousers, handkerchief, smell powder, and hair grease.

"Night people sound asleep go away from village and alone you stay. Dead he know you there. Why? Dead he know everything.

"Stay and rooster cry for middle of night, dress up your body good and beautifully. Finish all you do is wait. No talk; he destroy you. No sleep; he destroy you. Only wait. Yes, like stone.

"First he come like big firefly. Now he come like bad, bad, small creature. Scorpion, spider, frog, snake and many, many too and crawl you over and over again and again. No afraid. No run. No shout. Strong like stone you stay. Then and then he turn to devil and to person. He hug you and Kiss you for bravery and he ask you things you want. And all he give you.

"You real man or afraid? You try? Maybe someday?"

In his trance Owina had only nodded his head.

This someday came suddenly and unexpectedly some years later. That is, this year. Old Garatata was dead. The news reached him in Lae.

What an opportunity.

Owina was excused from his work by his employer to go home and pay a respect to his dead relative.

Hurriedly Owina bought all the required goods.

He said a hasty goodbye to his wife and children, he was at Morobe Airstrip, taxiing along the runway.

People were mourning when Owina finally arrived home. Immediately people crowded around him and began hugging him and crying. And to stop himself from crying was a big test, for he was supposed to cry over the dead person. He only bowed his head and pretended to be sad but not a drop of tear did he shed.

And Owina felt bad.

Soon after Owina met his old friend, Orobo. And in whispers he told him everything about his plan.

"Very good now you come," he cried excitedly, "riches you get not forget me. First place I tell you, see?"

"Sssshh!!! not shout," cautioned Owina, "no worry I bring you some."

It was the first day after burial.

Owina was led to the cemetery, that evening as customary, to pray and meditate. As soon as his escort left him however, he searched for an abandoned house. He found a suitable one a mile or so away from the village.

That night he pretended to sleep until everybody was snoring.

As quietly as a mouse Owina crept out of the man's house.

"Who goes? Hey!!!" challenged blind old Goro from the fire place.

Owina stopped short, trying to control his breathing.

Quickly he jumped onto the verandah and dived into the nearby hedges, fell headlong, sprang up and was off like the wind.

"Mad itchy achy dogs," cried Goro stamping the floor, "go mate in the big bush!!!"

Panting heavily Owina entered the small hut. And as he sat down on the old chair the rain fell in torrents accompanied by vicious thunder and flashing lightning

Somebody or something scratched the wall.

The heart jumped to the mouth. He glanced nervously to where the sound came from and recalled the old man's questions with awe, "You afraid no? You real man? You try?"

Sounds of footsteps reached his ears.

He glanced the other way. A voice was saying something to somebody.

Owina strained and strained his ears but couldn't make sense of what he heard.

What are they planning now? Shit!!! I afraid not now. I strong. I

Quite suddenly a white rat sped across the floor and disappeared into one of the gaping holes. And a fight seemed to develop beneath.

White rat is bad omen; bastard he is their scout.

The candle on the table was about to go out.

As he slowly tiptoed to the table a scraping diverted his eyes to one of the corners where a black snake was lying there, carefully curled up and watching him with glistening eyes.

A horse's snort rather than a gasp escaped his mouth.

Where did he come from? When he come? How, and why?

Then what he feared most happened.

A soft knock came from the doorway. Or was it his nerves playing tricks?

Owina, perspiring, took his manly courage and walked to the table.

He lit a candle to replace the dying one. He lit another one.

Scraping and squeaking continued beneath, and he remembered his Arnotts Biscuits in his back pocket. It was gone. Bastard!! How he steal?

He placed the second candle near the doorway. Only then did he realize something sad and frightening. Taiga was breathing no more; life had somehow passed out of his body. But . . . but who did it? Why? When? How? Sweat broke anew.

As he turned for the table panic-stricken the candle at the doorway suddenly went out, and at the corner of his eyes he witnessed a white

and ghostly hand being slowly withdrawn from the criss-crossed wood.

The eyes grew new size and water bubbled out in each of them.

A pair of mucousy string lined the big man's nostrils. The village was far away. Should he shout for help? Would they hear him? In this thunder? In this rain?

He squeezed and squeezed the knife so tight without knowing about it that the handle bit deep, deep into his palm, crushing the flesh, bone, and blood. And the throb! throb! throb! of the heart drowned everything.

The suspense held only for a few moments then everything happened all at once.

The hut began shaking to and fro, gaining momentum. The candle suddenly went out, plunging everything into utter darkness. The barricaded doorway was bashed in and it came crashing down with a lot of noise just as simultaneously as a bright firefly flew in, dancing with glee to Owina's hysterical cries.

Then as quickly as it began everything stopped, and silence reigned, save for Owina's emotional sobs.

Fresh breeze sprang up. A gush, cold and icy swept beneath. Unsteady parts of fallen houses banged and cluttered. The hut creaked and growled, as if in protest. The trees and the palm trees hissed and whined in the darkness. Wise owl protested. Fruit bats demonstrated. Nobody knew why.

With heart pounding wildly Owina righted himself to sitting position and groped around for the table.

The candles . . . where are they . . . get to the candles . . . o please candles, candles . . . o where where . . .

Just then his sixth sense warned him.

Somebody was approaching him and . . . oh no trying to envelop him with huge bat-like wings just as he found the table and as if he had received an electric shock, Owina let out a scream, throwing the table away from him like cotton wool springing to the wrong corner, (where the snake was seen) spraying a jet of water from his surprised organ. At the same time he turned around and saw a pair of glowing eyes purposely closing on him.

And he cracked.

And he shouted and he screamed like he had never done in his life, forcing out all the contents of his intestines, all the waste matter in the most brutal and horrible way one could imagine.

Then, as if timed, a sharp pain surged up his whole body, beginning on the two sharp fangs stitching the anus cavity. And Owina blacked out.

The sun was over head by the time Owina woke the next day.

Everybody in the village was looking for him, thinking he might have committed suicide or something. Orobo never told the people where Owina went. Why should I; people might get my share of riches, he had thought.

Meanwhile Owina sat up rigidly. It only took him a moment or two to remember and realize where he was. He remembered clearly everything that had happened in the previous night. He looked around and . . . what a mess!!!

Unsteadily he got to his feet, stepped over the lifeless animal and went outside.

The moment the sun struck him he went dizzy in the head and lost his ability to think straight.

He turned and saw in the dark interior of the hut a bright firefly. And immediately the name struck him Orobo-Orobo-Orobo and clasp tightly his razor-sharp, six inch long knife, Owina ran angrily and wildly out of the old village, like a boar gone insane, trailing bits and pieces of excreta behind his bottom.

MI TOK LONG INDEPENDENS BILONG YU

Siwid G. Gipey

I tru Niugini,

Lewa blong yu i pairap olsem kundu,
na Soul bilong yu i singsing,
Ol mas long nesinol entem,
na yu kalap, partim, ban, na singaut,
ol man bilong lo,
i katim dispela rop,
i sawe pasim yu long bel bilong mama,
na yu kamap moning stal
long dispela bapsait.

O moning stal,

moa beta yu holim bel bilong yu na karai,
yu bin kalap long pot igo long paia;
noken laif- harim ol susa bilong yu karai.
Angere bilong politikol pawa,
ipaulim ol nogut,
na anamas kamap sawa,
na planti i dring blut.
Hevi bilong bisnis na moni,
na pasin bilong man hilong tewel
Sakim na tanim,
na gutpela graun kamap hell.

Gutpela Niugini,

long yu, taim bilong tumbuna,
na taim bilong tumora,
i bung na tanim het.
Dispela em marit bilong tupela,
prea long bikpela,
long halivim tupela,
hai tupela gutpela pes,
noken kamap narapela Bang ledesh.

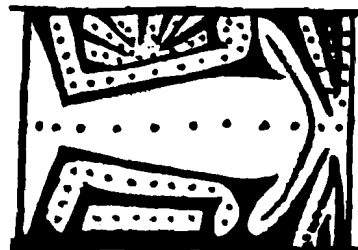
THE DEAD MAN

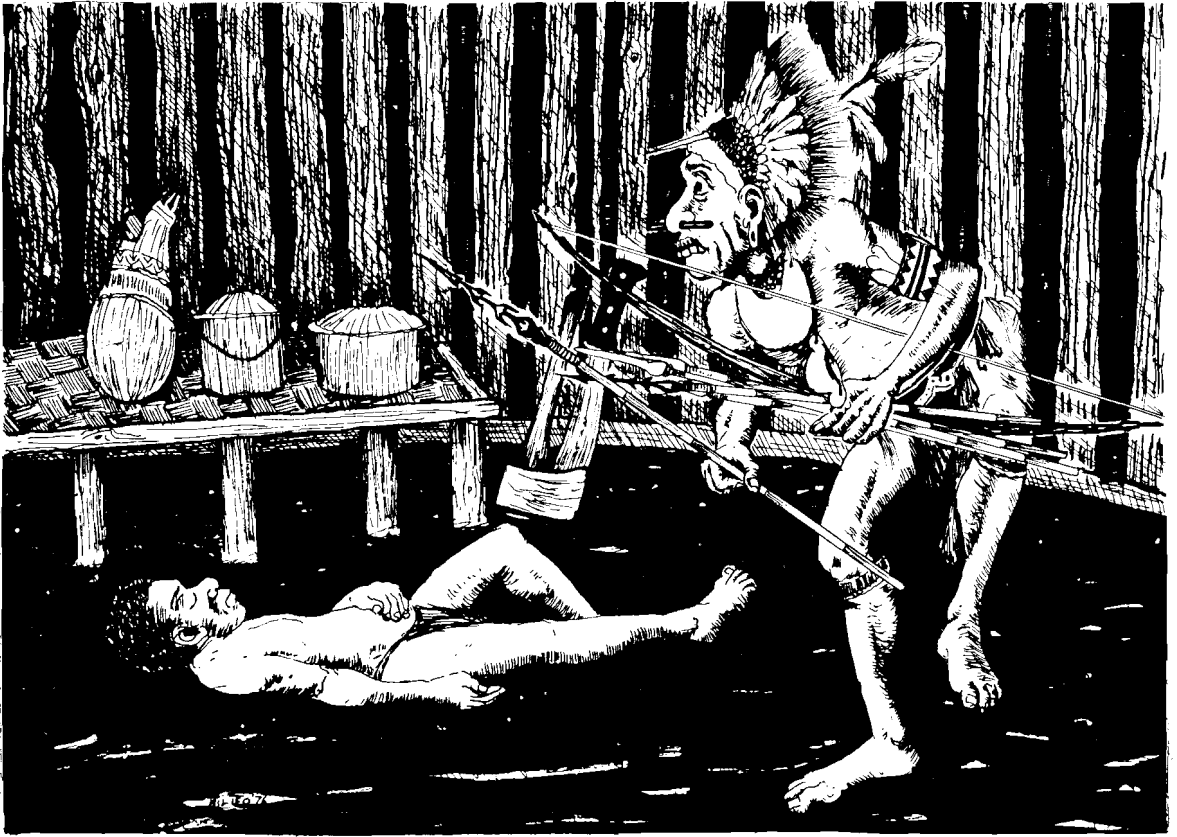
Anonymous

Rain fell,
Lightning splashed,
Thunder roared,
And back in the hut,
The old man was dead,

Mother cried,
Son cried,
Daughter cried,
And back in the hut,
He was in bed.

Dogs barked,
Roosters crowed,
Birds sing,
And back in the hut,
The old man was carried away.





Turning around with an arrow in his hand he said: "I won't bury you until I have seen that devil".

MAGIC PLAYS YOUNG FOR YOUNG

LEGEND

(Based on the beliefs of the Kainantu people about magic and sorcery and the justification of pay-back killing)

By

Muki Taranupi

IT was an unusually chilly morning and the entire village of Apea was heavily blanketed with fog. Edai awoke with a big yawn. He had been dreaming about his wife who died about a month ago. While stretching his arms, he caught a glance across the low-roofed hut and saw his eight year old son, Yofi, curled up beside the fireplace. Edai freed himself from his half-torn blanket and crept across the fireplace. Without thinking, he blew hard at the fire and in so doing disturbed a lot of ash which settled on Yofi's face. Realising this he tapped Yofi on the back. Yofi woke and the two began feeding the fire with fresh wood to warm up the room.

Edai cleared his throat with a cough and then began. He told Yofi that his mother's death was the result of sorcery being practised in the enemy village. He believed that the next person to be killed would be either he or him.

Edai collected his digging stick, stood up and before walking out warned Yofi in the strongest terms not to leave the house to go playing with other children. This also meant not to accept food from anybody even if they kindly offered it to him. With this Yofi picked up his bush knife and left for his garden.

The sun now high above the tiny village with its assurance of warmth, troubled Yofi most. Yofi by then was feeling very hungry and without realising where he was going, he had dragged his legs towards the door. He was now standing in the open air.

The village was empty and the only signs of life were those of children heading towards the river.

From the back of the hut Yofi heard footsteps and he turned to see it. He saw old Urona coming towards him, carrying a bunch of ripe bananas over his bent shoulder. His wrinkled face expressed no pleasure as he limped along. Urona stopped for a while to ask Yofi why he was alone and then limped on towards the hut.

Yofi laughed but stopped when he saw Urona's long woven tree-bark which hung down his back. Urona put down his bananas and scratched his head as a thought struck him: "A son of Edai standing in front of me", he muttered to himself. His heart began to beat faster as he stared at Yofi and recalled his brother's son from another village whose death was believed to be the result of Edai's evil acts.

He rose and felt his way along the thatched roof, muttering to himself as he searched for his poison container. "Young for young is better than old for young", he finished off, as he pulled out a small bamboo container. He waved it in the air several times and then jumped over the heap of bananas. He stopped, removed some and passed them to Yofi. The top three he used for driving some poisonous powder into with a stick. Then he placed them back on top of the heap. He rushed to the door to observe if there were people around the village. Certain that there was no one watching he slowly warned Yofi. Yofi returned to the hut with a hungry look on his face. In a low voice, Urona explained where he got the bananas from and then offered them again to Yofi. Yofi paused for a while and then presented his excuses: "My father told me not to accept any food from anybody, during his absence, so I can't eat your banana."

"Oh! He didn't mean . . . the neighbours so you can refuse my bananas?" Urona insisted. He picked up one from Yofi's heap, leaving the poisoned ones aside, and began to eat. Yofi's mouth was wet with hunger that he couldn't refuse any more so he accepted the bananas, ate the cursed and poisoned ones first and then the rest. After that Urona stood to go to his garden, limping as he went.

At the other end of the village, Sinko, an active magician, had just returned from a nearby trade store with a roll of fishing line. He has seen Yofi and Urona coming out of the same hut but he seemed too busy stretching out and looking at his fishing line. Just before he cut off a short piece to begin his traditional craft-work, he could hear very clearly painful groans breaking the silence of the village. He dropped his knife on the earthen floor and crept out through the doorway to find out what was happening. As he stood outside looking towards Edai's hut, the groaning gradually turned into screams. Without actually going across to investigate the noise, he straight away understood the cause of the pain which Yofi could be suffering from. He smiled to himself as he remembered old Urona but his smile suddenly changed again as another thought struck him. What if Urona said he had been working in his garden for the whole day? And how would he prove that he, Sinko, didn't go close to Edai's hut if there was no one to support him? At this he shook his head, wondering. He must work out a good plan to trap Urona.

The sun was then on its way towards the mountain ranges in the west and Edai was expected back at anytime. Back in the hut, Sinko was thinking out a cunning plan, when suddenly Kuro, his twenty year-old brother appeared in the doorway. He walked in and sat opposite his brother who was obviously pleased to see him at this particular time. Kuro pitied Yofi when his brother told him the story. There wasn't any time to waste as far as their plan was concerned. Sinko explained every step very carefully. He told Kuro that when Edai returned, either Yofi would be brought to his house or Sinko would be asked to go across in order to perform rituals. Sinko rose from a sitting position, walked across to where he had left his roll of fishing line. He picked up some dry grass roots and tied them at one end of the string. He turned around and threw the loose end to Kuro.

Outside it was getting dark and the village was half-filled again with its usual dwellers. Over in Edai's hut, Yofi was rolling from side to side with his hands tightly holding onto his stomach. His eyes turned and every now and again screams of terror were heard. In such pain, many people would have put an end to their lives, wishing for a peaceful joyous life after death. Yofi, however, was still too young to think along those lines. In all his tearing, pushing and kicking, he called out his favourite name,—the name of the one who will be left

alone in the next ten minutes. But where was Edai? Edai who was on his way back heard his name called out and he quickened his paces. He shouted from outside the door when he heard his name again.

He rushed in, pushing aside a crowd of children standing in the doorway. "What's happening here?" he cried out. No one dared to tell him. He bend over his son, kissed him on the chin and asked, "Did anyone touch you?"

"No-oo-oo-", Yofi groaned.

"Did anyone give you any food?" asked Edai.

"Yes emmmmm - - - - -", said Yofi and he died.

"No! No! sit up and tell me who did it," urged Edai, but his words did not register in the other face.

Leaving his son on the floor, Edai jumped aside and danced in a war-like manner. Then he took a step to the wall where he kept his bow and arrows and turning around with an arrow in the string, he promised: "I won't bury you till I have seen that devil". He jumped over his dead son, rushing through the crowded doorway and was running at top speed towards Sinko's hut.

Sinko, who had been expecting this, had sent out Kuro with the rolls of fishing line with the bundle of dry grass roots attached at one end. When Edai reached Sinko's helpers he forced himself to be at peace and in his quietest voice asked Sinko to perform rituals and find out the man who had poisoned Yofi. Hearing this, Sinko poured out some pig-grease from a bamboo container onto the fire to produce smoke and a charred smell. He repeated his usual magic incantations then took bites from the bark of special trees and spat in all directions. All these Sinko perform slowly, allowing Kuro to have enough time outside to prepare for their plan.

continued on page 8

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Continued from Page 7

The atmosphere outside the hut was quite noisy with people rushing here and there. Kuro, working silently among them, was happily stretching and testing the whole length of his brother's fishing line. He had left the end of the line with the grass roots attached in front of Edai's hut. The rest of the line had to be stretched along the ground and left in front of Urona's hut, which was also the last house in the village. From there he tied it once around the front posts of Urona's hut and pulled it along the ground again, a good length away from the hut. There wouldn't be many people treading onto the line so it was quite safe.

Assuming the line was already laid along the ground from one hut to another, Sinko rose from his seat and walked outside, followed by Edai. It was growing dark outside except around Edai's hut where some people stood with flaming bamboo torches in their hands. The sudden death of Yofi had frightened them and so they looked grave.

When the two men reached the place, Sinko searched around for a sign of Kuro's work but kept his eyes on Edai in case he discovered the secret. He saw the clump of grass and stood over it. He then ordered half the lights to be put out and asked that Yofi's body be brought outside. Edai turned his back towards the sad-looking relatives and gnashed his teeth. He was feeling very angry but would not cry over his son until he had done the pay-back killing. His bows and arrows were ready in hand all the time. The dead body, wrapped in Karuka mats, was carried outside by two young men and placed before Sinko.

The next part which Sinko played along with Kuro, who was a few metres away but in the dark, was the most important. If Kuro's line moved when pulled and the object tied at the other end didn't move anywhere, the whole plan would fail and all the consequences would fall on Sinko himself.

Edai told the onlookers, who were separated by the line, to move clear, leaving a space for Sinko to perform. While everybody else moved, Sinko picked up the bundle and set it alight at the safest end. Jumping from one side of the dead body to another, he yelled in a most frightening manner. He stamped wildly on the ground, calling out at the same time, "Okuro Wano! Okuro Wano! If you are here, carry this fire to where our enemy is. Show us where he is hidden". And instantly, the burning clump of grass moved from its place.

Edai followed and, all the other people bit their hands in confusion except Edai, who turned around occasionally and talked to them: "Indeed the chief spirit of the Apia Basin, Okuro Waro, is here". At that everyone nodded in agreement.

At another end of the line, Kuro was slowly pulling at the line non-stop but without pulling it too fast. The light was moving at a constant speed and now some people could guess in which direction it was heading. Edai was even more prepared than he had been in the last ten minutes. Everyone took a deep breath as the light moved . . . and indeed, then it stopped right in front of . . . Urona's doorway!

Before anyone could do anything, Edai sprang forward and fired his arrow from the door-way, then a second one, a third and throwing away the rest of his other weapons, picked up an axe from near the door, and rushed in to finish Urona off.

There was a lot of pushing, pulling and bumping going on amongst those who had been watching. Many of them began moving towards their huts in fear, except for a few brave ones. They seemed to think and accept the case as having been dealt with quite fairly and that Edai, who was now the only living person involved in the killing, was not to be blamed.

Such was the power of magic in payback killing in and around Kainantu area. That is the idea of a few people of the Apea village but what were Urona's relatives from the other village going to say about his death? Would they make plans to attack Edai? According to the custom of the Gadsup people, one has to prove himself a man. We cannot really tell how this will be done. We will have to wait until tomorrow brings us the answer.

"LADY"

Eki Ronuk

Lady like a flower
 Lady like a sun flower
 That opens up it's flowers
 Happily
 When the sun comes up in the morning
 Lady like a sun flower
 That opens it's flowers
 So bright during hot bright noon.
 Lady becomes old
 As the sun flower shuts it's flowers
 During the afternoon.
 Lady dies
 As the sun flower
 Dies
 In the evening.

IN JAIL

Sam Haraka

I am in for good
 I am in for life
 I am in a prison cell
 and silence is all around me
 I see no friend
 I have no companion
 I am alone
 and misery runs in my veins
 I lie bare
 I am in darkness
 I see no day
 and darkness weakens my eyes
 I am a prisoner
 Imprisoned for life
 I have no hope
 and age overcomes me.

LOST TRADITIONS

Ilagi Vcali

We saw you come by big lakatois
 We fought you but you won by your
 bribe goods and education
 Later you betrayed us by influencing
 our beloved ones with your western
 culture, dominating ours.
 You taught our children to forget their
 villages in order to love the others
 you have created.
 We curse you for the destruction you
 have done to our traditional societies
 that we can no longer retain
 Now our children are deserting us,
 suffering miserably because we can no
 longer resist your intrusion.



He was astonished the more when the birds changed into girls and ran about as if to ensure no human beings were around.

ONCE UPON A TIME in the area now known as Laigam in the Enga Province there lived a young man with his aged mother. The two reared pigs, made big gardens and contributed and participated in feasts and singings. One thing that saddened the old woman was that her son had not found a suitable girl to marry. As she knew that her days were numbered she tried to persuade her son to find a wife. The young man found his mother's request the most difficult one to fulfil but agreed that it was worth trying. So he went from village to village in search of a woman. He returned without one, frustrated and tired. From then on he took to making gardens as there was no other suitable pastime.

One day he went to the forest to clear a plot for a new garden. Satisfied with the day's effort he returned home for the night. The following day when he returned he was most surprised to find that the trees and bushes he had felled were carefully gathered and the ground was set for the preparation of kaukau mounds. He was glad but suspicious. Indeed he wanted to know who had kindly done it for him. He decided then to visit the garden one night to see if any strangers were at work. He returned home full of imaginations as to what he would do if he found someone working in the garden.

Soon it was dusk. The faint glimmer of the moon enabled him to

BIRD WOMAN

By

Peter Yange

see his way as he headed for the garden. When he arrived, he hid under a huge tree which stood at one end of the clearing. For a long time he waited to see what would happen. The moon by then was shining brightly.

Suddenly, to his surprise, there was a stir and he saw in the clearing a bird landing. He was astounded the more when the same bird changed into a girl and ran about as if to ensure no humans were around watching. Satisfied that no one was visibly around she proceeded to work the garden, weeding, collecting sticks and preparing kaukau mounds. All too suddenly a number of birds landed, quickly changed into girls and began helping out with the work.

The young man was adazed. He did not know whether it was a vision or a real happening. Then he remembered his mother's requests. If they were real, perhaps he could capture one and take her home as his wife. The thought gave him the confidence and so he planned his tactics. Unawares, the girls were busy clearing the grounds as well as preparing the mounds.

The young man rushed towards the two pretty ones and held their hands tightly. However, realising their surprise capture, the two suddenly changed into trees while those elsewhere changed back into birds and flew away. The young man now found himself holding onto the branches of two trees. Again the girls changed into two rocks and the tenacious young man yet held onto them.

After realising this was the end of their transformation he decided to spend the night on the rocks. A feminine voice shattered the silence of the night as one of the petrified girls became angry and spoke: "Would you please let me free? I promise I won't go away". The young man withdrew his hand and after a deal, they agreed to marry.

The young man promised never, at any time, to call her a daughter of birds. She warned that if he said this she would go home to where she originally belonged. He swore to keep this promise.

The next morning the husband and wife set out to gather vegetables for a feast. A number of pigs were killed. As the village men were tying the pigs up for roasting over an open fire, ten birds came flying down from nowhere and the people saw the pigs were no longer on the sticks. Grieved by fright they began to shout here and there. Alas before they had regained their sense, they saw the same group of birds returning. As sudden as they had witnessed the disappearance of the pigs they now could see, on the same sticks, ten different pigs. Still in disbelief the people took the pigs and hurried to their respective houses.

The young man and his newly wed wife stayed in the village for almost a year. During that time the young man's mother became sick and died.

Years passed and the woman bore them a son. They were most happy to have a child of their own. The father slept in the Man's House while the boy and his mother slept in their own.

One day the man asked his wife to cook some bananas. Shortly the man asked if the food was ready to be eaten. When the woman took the covering leaves and stones off they saw that the food was still uncooked. Noting this strange thing he said, "I didn't see your mother and father. All I saw were little birds flying low and collecting the pigs. You are either an owl's daughter or an eagle's daughter?" The woman became very upset and wept. As she cried she began weaving a string.

The sun was about to set when the husband excused himself to go to the Man's House. In the meantime the woman continued extending the string. About midnight she went to the Man's House and finding her husband sound asleep she tied one end of the string to his toe. Then she returned, took her son, and entered the forest, trailing the string behind them. When she knew that

SONG BILONG MERI (LAIK IDAI)

Siwid G. Gipey

Dispela de, laspela de,
hikpela fait sawe kirap,
olgeta peide.
na pes bilong mi sawe solap.
long dispela haus
na pikinini isawe karai,
bikos em nogat moni long hanpaus
na mipela i klostu idai.

Nupela meri
V.B.
Yangpela meri;
nao em Spet long me.
na kiss long yu,
maritim man bilong yu.

Dispela de, laspela de,
em tok mi ilus.
na tanim nek bilong mi olsem kakaruk,
taim mi bilip long Gutnius,
tasol mino sawe go long kot,
bikos pikinini man sawe brukim stoa,
na pikinini meri sawe paul olgeta awa.
na mi painim rot.
Gutpela heven opim dua,
mi putim naif long nek,
na kaikai aiwara olsem bret.

Nupela meri
V.B.
Yangpela meri,
nao em spet long me,
na kiss long yu,
maritim man b'long yu.

THE HEART CRY OF AN ILLEGITIMATE CHILD

Siwid Gomi Gipey

You are a child of circumstances,
Circumstances not of your creation
but of a lustful man and a woman
who were blind captives of a one time desire,
of a time gone by.

Tears and sorrow flow mingle down
Stab the heart and inflict pain
You have nothing to lose or nothing to gain
Tears and sorrow flow mingle down.

You have no mother to kiss the tears dry
For the decaying morals have murdered her;
You have no father to hear that pitiful sigh
for he has married beer.
And you are all alone in this wide world.

Tears and sorrow flow mingle down
Stab the heart and inflict pain
You have nothing to lose nothing to gain
Tears and sorrow flow mingle down.



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ONCE UPON A TIME, in the area of what is now Marshall Lagoon lived a wealthy man by the name of Rapiagutu. Rapiagutu was very wealthy yet he did not want to marry. Although he was not married, he had a secret girl friend who lived many miles away on the coast. Rapiagutu lived in a village which was inland from where the girl lived. There was a big river which flowed past Rapiagutu's village and flowed out near the village of the girl whose name was Kokovere.

Every now and again Rapiagutu would send messages down to Kokovere with the hope of getting to know her better and to plan for their future marriage. Kokovere somehow did not wish to marry Rapiagutu.

One day Rapiagutu decided to send some betelnuts to Kokovere. The way he sent them was quite strange for he did not send them through a messenger but floated the bunches of betelnut down the big river. The current took the presents down and left them on the bank of the river close to Kokovere's house. Kokovere found the betelnuts when she went to bathe and got very excited as she chewed them. Thus, Rapiagutu kept sending down more and more betelnuts.

Over a number of months, after Kokovere has eaten a lot of the floated betelnuts, she became pregnant and later gave birth to a son.

Many years passed and the little boy grew into a strong handsome lad. Her mother took great care of him and all seemed well for the time being. The mother usually went gardening leaving the boy to play with other village kids.

One day, Kokovere was away in the garden and the child, while playing with some village boys, accidentally poked the eyes of another boy. Later in the afternoon when the victim's mother arrived, the incident was reported and Kokovere's son was badly scolded.

This was what the other woman said: "You do not belong to this village so don't fight our children". On hearing this Kokovere's son cried bitterly.

In the evening when his mother arrived from the garden he told her about the incident and how he was abused. Kokovere then called in her son and told him the whole story of how she came to conceive him and who his real father was. Then, she told him to have a good rest as they would have a long trip to his father, Rapiagutu's village, the following day.

The following day Kokovere and her son had breakfast and started on the long journey inland following the big river. They took short breaks to rest on the way as they planned to arrive in the village by daylight.

At last they arrived at Rapiagutu's village. On the outskirts of the village they stopped and asked a young girl where Rapiagutu's house was. The girl indicated the house but said that Rapiagutu had gone to his garden and was not home yet. The two were received by the village people and were given food and water.

In the evening Rapiagutu returned from his garden and was told about his visitors by the village people. Kokovere and her son were then led to his house where the boy's father stood on the verandah filled with a shock of surprise. Rapiagutu was immediately struck by Kokovere's looks that he could not keep his eyes off her.

When all the villagers had gone Kokovere began her story about how she used to collect the floated betelnuts which eventually made her pregnant. Rapiagutu knew that she was telling the truth as he had made magic on the betelnut before floating them down the river. Then he married Kokovere and accepted the boy as his own son.

RAPIAGUTU AND KOKOVERE

By Makai Kivalu

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they had covered a good distance she stopped and pulled the string tight.

Back in the Man's House the husband stirred and shot up, jumped out of the house and ran to his house. Finding his wife and son missing, he began to search outside. Then something caught his attention; a string had been trailed into the forest. He decided to follow the string. The darkness and the foliage made the proceeding difficult for him and he was relieved when he finally came across a clearing. Before him he saw a woman standing holding a baby in one arm and a burning torch in the other. He knew then that they were on the bank of Lake Ipae.

Sensing her husband's approach, the woman sprang and splashed headlong into the lake with her son in her arms. The husband followed and began feeling for the two with his hands but lack of air forced him to the surface. He tried and tried until his efforts waned his energy. He clubbed to the banks and ran around it shouting.

As he ran he felt to his surprise that he was very light and that his body now had feathers instead of human hair. His intellect became dim and narrow.

Suddenly he felt he wanted to fly and he spread his arms in the same manner as birds do, only to feel, as he did, that he had left the ground and was soaring high into the night sky.

DO YOU HAVE AN UNPUBLISHED SHORT STORY?

If you have a short story which you would like to submit to an Editor for consideration and possible publication, please send it to the Editor, "Papua New Guinea Writing".

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Okot P'Bitek . . . to sing 'Song of Lawino'

Literary Pregnancy, the condition in which a writer who is inspired just cannot help himself writing it down. Okot P'Bitek, the most controversial author, poet from Uganda (East Africa) tenaciously believes in this. A master of irony, Okot has been branded by many African critics and reviewers as implying numerous possibilities in his work: each critic usually doing more good for him as he acts out to damage him.

Why his poems are popularly named as songs is not known, but he personally admitted during a lecture of being brought up by a "terrible" woman, who could sing and compose any song. He chooses to sing through various media (persons: his mother, a prisoner or a prostitute), in song, of his dream and hopes of a better Africa.

A man who discards the idea of teaching creative writings, and who believes that literature, whatever form it takes, is with the people; not thought up in locked room by those who believe in intuition or feckless dreaming.

Okot P'Bitek is inspiring, versatile and understanding and he can capture you with a rare and unexpected burst of laughter, that is characteristic of a witty and lively soul.

J. LAHUI: Mr Bitek your appearance in this country coincides with the Fifth Papua New Guinea Arts Festival, but I understand also you were originally invited for a Writer's Seminar, but you didn't come. Were you officially invited to attend the Festival instead?

O. P'BITEK: *I was invited to the Writers Seminar, but I couldn't come, because of commitments at home, but I was very glad to be invited to come to this Festival and it's extremely exciting.*

J. LAHUI: I guess Papua New Guinea is little known in Africa. Is this so in countries like your country or Kenya where you are a resident at present?

O. P'BITEK: *It's very true, Papua New Guinea is very little known, I suppose this is because of its colonial history. Australia didn't make an attempt to publicise much about Papua New Guinea, but I think it's high time that people in Africa as a whole knew more about Papua New Guinea as I found it is an extremely exciting place.*

J. LAHUI: Papua New Guinea's written literature emerged in the early years of last decade with works like Mr Vincent Eri's novel, "The Crocodile" published in 1970 and more writers have followed. In your opinion what decade or period is taken to mark the vigorous development in African literature?

O. P'BITEK: *First of all I'd like to disagree with you that Papua New Guinea is nothing. This is because I don't agree with the dictionary definition which limits literature to written things only. I think during the festival and during my travel in the country, I find there is a very vigorous literary tradition although it is oral. Now with school education many writers would like to collect and people will also use their pen to express themselves but literature is when human beings express themselves in words and you can sing what you like, you can talk about it or you can write it, so the literature of Papua New Guinea is not a new thing indeed. There have been debates which have been going on in Africa for sometime and people have been saying West*

Africa's got more literature than East Africa has so on and so forth. I think this is a meaningless debate. The effort of the Institute of Papua New Guinea Studies here, for instance, in doing oral material, oral literature, oral history is a very healthy thing because our literature is really with our people in the countryside, first.

J. LAHUI: From your short biography that I have read, you began writing close to 1953, starting with an opera then later a novel "Lak Tai Mayo Wi Libo". Did you write this novel with certain objectives in mind or certain social consequences that affected your thinking?

O. P'BITEK: *The first novel I wrote was an attack on Bride Price. Like here, when a girl is being married the parents of the boy send some gifts, some pigs or something. In my country we use cattle, sheep and goods and so on and so forth. And by the time I was writing this the monetary system had invaded the country and so the parents were demanding money; and they were demanding exorbitant amounts for their daughters and this novel talks about the sufferings of a young man whose father could not raise this money. That was the social context, but it also analyses the life in the city, the condition of the workers in the sugar farms, etc.*

J. LAHUI: Mr Bitek, are you better known as a poet or a novelist?

O. P'BITEK: *Better known as a man.*

J. LAHUI: Mr Bitek, do you think the scheme of "Onitsa Novels" in Nigeria, if applied here, could serve the same purpose?

O. P'BITEK: *I don't think you can apply other people's literature. I think you should solve your own. You're talking about markets, you need some market thing, but you have your own market here; you got your own beautiful Pidgin here which I'm trying to learn. You can use your own, this business of getting things from outside, solutions from outside is wrong. It is very discouraging thing for people to say let's get solutions from everyone else. It is as if we are politicians talking about*



Okot P'Bitek

bringing socialism from China to solve our problem, we can't, we must solve our own thing, we must be creative.

J. LAHUE: Do you think mass literary education is necessary in order to break the elitist monopoly of literature. How has this been achieved in countries like Uganda where you are a native?

O. P'BITEK: *But you see, you might remember my first quarrel with you over the definition of Literature.*

J. LAHUE: Mr Bitek, what is your method of writing?

O. P'BITEK: *I call this particular element pregnancy. You are really excited you want something and you go ahead and do it.*

J. LAHUE: Do you believe in the teaching of Creative Writing?

O. P'BITEK: *I suppose Taban lo Liyong believes it but I don't. I never studied literature myself in school. There are only two writers I know who went to school and who graduated as writers. They are Taban and Ngugi. I think myself that it can kill, this teaching of creative writing, because somebody now is telling you what to do. This is like somebody sleeping with your woman. Can you imagine one writer advising another?*

J. LAHUE: Here we do, Mr Bitek. It seems you received the latter part of your up-bringing outside Uganda. Does this have any bearing on your present ideas about writing by comparison with your early ideas and when you started writing?

O. P'BITEK: *I think so, I think the travelling and the studying abroad in everyway is a process of learning, a process of self growth. I think yes. I saw many things in Europe, America, in the Soviet Union and other parts of the world which I would not have thought about if I didn't travel, if I didn't read about them, so I think the answer to your question is yes.*

J. LAHUE: Do you believe that you feel and express your ideas intimately or better by writing in mother tongue first and translating them later into English?

O. P'BITEK: *Well, in the one book yes, and of course in the novel, which I did in my mother tongue, but this is for a very limited audience, and I think I could express myself quite well but I've also written other books directly into English.*

J. LAHUE: Taking Africa as a continent there are some authors like Chinua Achebe, Christopher Okigbo, Kamara Laye, Wole Soyinka, Taban lo Liyong, to name a few. How do you compare yourself philosophically with them?

O. P'BITEK: *I do not compare myself philosophically, because it's a very complicated word, philosophy, but I think there are lots of similarities in terms of their (people you mentioned) views on oppression either by the colonialist or by local people and also of their rejection of Western ways of doing everything. These people are all saying that we should be creative in our own countries.*

J. LAHUE: Mr Bitek, I understand that East African Literature Bureau has its headquarters in Kenya. Are you in any way associated with it?

O. P'BITEK: *They publish my books. That's the only connections I have with them.*

J. LAHUE: In general, Mr Bitek, what is your opinion about the future of African Literature, if there is anything by that brand?

O. P'BITEK: *I think the future is bright. The problems are all there, the killings continues, the problem of corruption continues. There will be no lack of subject to write about.*

J. LAHUE: I gather too, from the biography of yourself that you were resident at the University of Iowa U.S.A. Are you still associated with the institute?

O. P'BITEK: *First of all I was attending a workshop of writers from all over the world. Yes, I had some connection with the University but I didn't directly become part of the University. We had a lot of fun we were allowed to do anything like outdoor workshops. We thought there was no teaching because I think it's also very difficult for writers who have established themselves. I'm still connected with that workshop in terms of personal friendship which I made but otherwise this is not a permanent membership of that Institute.*

J. LAHUE: What in your personal experience should you consider it to be the essential qualities of a good writer?

O. P'BITEK: *I think everybody can write good stuff say a short poem or something. I do not know what good qualities are. I think the potential is there.*

J. LAHUE: Mr Bitek, you know writingwise our writers have emerged recently to accept the craft of writing, putting pen to paper, as an art in itself. What advice would you give or leave us with as you go back to Kenya?

O. P'BITEK: *I can't give any advice. That will be very arrogant of me to advise them because this is an act of creation. You can't advise a man on how to create but the smallest I can say is to be extremely independent and say what they want to say, that's all.*

J. LAHUE: Thank you very much Mr Bitek. Thank you for paying us a visit and we hope chance will take you back to see us again in years to come.

O. P'BITEK: *I enjoyed myself very much. Thank you.*

OKOT P'BITEK is a lecturer in sociology at the University of Nairobi, Kenya, East Africa.

Peter's First Night in Port Moresby

By Boski Mara.

I WAS MOST CONTENTED when the aeroplane finally landed at Port Moresby's Jackson's airport. I felt myself immersed with a sense of self-congratulation and satisfaction. There were other reasons besides the sheer delight of our safe arrival, among which were that, unlike the other guys, I looked forward to meeting my brother Joseph, who was in Port Moresby. The sense of exhilaration and joy was most jubilantly complimented by the brightly painted and lit lettering on a signboard which read: "Welcome to Port Moresby". My mind was torn by the burgeoning city of Port Moresby. It had been the dream city of our nation and coming to it was not in itself a tremendous joy but a personal and family event. Had I not passed my exams and had not been told to enrol at the Waigani High School it would have been very disappointing for I have always dreamed of visiting the prestigious city one day.

The waiting room was packed with people who displayed all sorts of human feelings. Some joked and laughed while others wept quietly over their departing friends or relatives. Those who had come to watch the landings and take-offs and all human shortcomings packed the look-out deck of the terminal.

With difficulty we made our way to the baggage department to collect our suitcases. Soon our luggage were delivered and armed with them we went to the pick-up spot and waited for the promised school bus. It wasn't long before a bus pulled up in front of us and a teacher warmly greeted us. After a briefing on the school we left the airport.

It was getting darker as we drove through the city and the street lights were already lit. There were rows of shops with gaily lit window displays, the smooth sealed roads and the predominantly unschooled pedestrians. These presented a colourful sight I had never seen before. Then a thought tingled in my mind that I would soon be part of this new life-cycle.

After numerous turns and stops we finally arrived at the school and were met by the headmaster and an older student. We were then asked to follow them to the dorms. After being allotted to a bed each, we were left to make our beds and settle down. Another student appeared later and announced that the evening meal would be at half past five and indicated where to queue up. As there was still more time left, I decided to take a short nap, but the boisterous students and shuffling of feet made it difficult. So instead I opened the letter which Joseph had sent to me on learning that I was coming to Port Moresby, and had a quick look through it. He said that he had contacted the school when and where to pick me up. I replaced the letter and walked out of the back of the dormitory towards the mess.

After breakfast the following day, we were all summoned to report at the Headmaster's Office to register and pay our school fees. After paying mine, I made my way through the queue when the lady Registrar called, "Just a sec, young man. Did you say your name was Peter Koran?"

When I replied with a nod, she went on, "You've got a brother working in the city, haven't you? He left a message with me saying you must wait for him near the main road where he will pick you up at about one o'clock today".

I thanked her and returned to my dorm and immediately took to the wash-room. In the spirit of expectation I made extravagant use of the water and was only satisfied when the tiny piece of Palmolive

dissolved in my palms. After dressing up I made sure my wooden box was locked before I left to wait for Joseph near the road.

I had waited almost an hour and it was getting late and was well past the promised time. Not a soul nor a vehicle had come that way and I began to tire. I was preparing to go back when finally a blue Holden pulled up, and the driver spoke to me in Pidgin.

"Yu lukim brother bilong me Peter Koran?" he said in the type of Pidgin which sounded more English than the typical Highlands drawl.

"Em mi tasol. Mi wetim brata bilong me, Joseph."

"Hey em yu brata? Sore ai bilong mi i bagarap liklik, mi ting."

Joseph was already halfway between me and the car and most eager by the look on his face, of embracing me. I recognised him at once. Indeed I could have unmistakably done so in a crowd for his features were those of our father while the smile was mother's.

"Ah brata, you have grown so much since I last saw you. No wonder why I couldn't recognise you", he said as he shook my hand. "You're nearly as tall as me. What do you eat to grow so big? A lot of kaukau? Come, we'll talk properly in the car," he said jerking me as we approached the car.

Inside the car were three other people. Joseph introduced me to them and we shook hands. Joseph was more than eager to listen to. The others were of little bother to me as they were also talking among themselves in their own local dialect.

We drove into Boroko and after several turns stopped at the supermarket. Joseph got out and closed the door behind him. I waited in the car with the strangers while he visited the supermarket. Politely the three strangers told me they wanted to go, and asked me to thank Joseph on their behalf. Joe appeared later carrying a cardboard box containing bread and some drinks.

"The others have gone", I said to him.

"Not to worry Peter", he assured me, "They'll find their way home. They are old blokes from this area. Forget about them. After all they are strangers and are not related to us in any way.

We came out on the main road and once again I was immersed in the admiration of the light of all kinds and sizes.

"Port Moresby is a wonderful city isn't it?"

"You're right Port Moresby is a wonderful place. But sometimes the same Port Moresby is not beautiful." When I turned to look at him, he was smiling. "Don't ask me because you'll soon find out for yourself".

Joseph's indifference silenced me momentarily and I began to ponder over what he really meant. They could not be the surroundings, so far I had not seen anything worth complaining about. The people, their appearances...? No... they couldn't be, for so far I hadn't seen an ugly face. So deep were my ponderings that I did not realise we were already pulling into a private lot with the enclosing hedges nicely trimmed.

"This is my house," he said as he opened his door and began collecting the bread and drinks.

"This is huge and its for yourself?"

"Sort of . . ." he said smiling as he opened the door and waved me in.

"Man, man I wonder how father would have exclaimed if he had been here."

"This really does not belong to me. It belongs to the Government."

While he emptied the carton, I began an excursion of the house.

"Be careful though, you'll slip if you're not."

A quick survey inside the house was enough to satisfy me that my brother lead a very expensive and luxurious life.

The house consisted of six smaller rooms; two bedrooms, a kitchen, a bathroom, a lounge and a study room. All chairs except the ones near the table had cushions and the floors in the middle had a covering of an expensive rug. A costly cassette tape recorder stood near the window and it had two amplifiers at the two adjacent corners. I envied my brother for owning them.

During my survey too I had noticed a photo of a woman, nicely framed and hanging from the wall and this I began to ask him about. Joseph was then preparing our dinner.

"Yes brother, I married a coastal Papuan woman but because she could not look after this house I had to divorce her. Since then I've had to become my own cook," he said and gave a mock laughter.

While the food cooked we sat in the sitting room and listened to some of Joe's favourite local songs.

Soon the food was ready and we sat at the dining table and began to eat. As we ate, I told Joe of the life in the village and how our parents were getting on.

After the meal we got into the car and drove off. Joe told me that he was taking me round to see the suburbs. From Korobosea we drove down to Taurama and Wards junction and took the Wards Road for Hohola. From Hohola we drove through to Tokarara and June Valley. Finally we came out on the Racecourse Road and drove westward through Waigani, seeing the Administrative College and the University and continued onto the furthest suburb of Gerehu. After Gerehu we reversed the direction back to Wards Strip and Gordon Market and from there we went on to the airport. We then took the Hubert Murray Highway to Boroko and drove through all the streets there. By the time we had seen Konedobu and were on our way back to Boroko it was already dusk so Joe decided that it was time to go back to the house.

We rested, ate and washed and were ready for the night tour of the city.

Before we left Joe asked me if I wanted a girlfriend, or to visit a typical city squatter settlement and the people who lived there. I told him I did not mind going there at all.

We passed street after street and eventually merged into an unsealed, all-weather road with numerous potholes and puddles. After a short drive we stopped near a cluster of houses with some mango trees towering over them. The streets were unlit and any form of lighting was contained inside the houses. As we sat in the car listening to the laughter coming from inside, the door opened and a woman appeared leaning on the doorpiece. Recognising the car she smiled at us.

"Oh Joseph, we did not know you were coming. Come in, come in, everyone is inside," she said and began to push the door ajar.

We got out of the car and as we climbed up the stairs she asked Joe.

"And Joe, who is that man, I never saw him before?"

"He's my brother, Peter, who has just come over from our place. Look after him, will you please?" Joe said, and looking at me sideways winked.

"Oh . . . oh", she cried, "We'll certainly do. Come on in. I'll make you a cup of tea."

We shook hands and as we did I felt a slight scratch in the palm of my hand. The effect drove an instant fear in me. I did not like it nor her

behaviour at that moment.

As we entered the house, a strong smell, like that of stinking potatoes sharply penetrated my nose. I tried to hold my breath and tighten my stomach, but it seemed impossible so alternatively I had to endure the discomfort. Inside the living room we saw a number of men, two of whom I could identify as those I had met before in the car. They sat on spread mats and were drinking out of green and brown bottles and talking loudly among themselves.

Joseph had gone his way to the older men who were in another room. Having had too much of the stuffy air I tried to venture to the end of the building and which by its sooty drab walls was obviously the kitchen. Surely there was the kitchen. An old smoky metal stove stood in the middle with its equally sooty chimney which met the roof at arm's reach. Old tins lay in a heap in an empty cardboard box near the stove. A dying fire inside the stove was creating smoke, which, due to a leakage, was feeding all into the room.

Through watery eyes I saw a woman, talking to two others who appeared much younger than herself. Beside them was a young girl eating her dinner out of a plate. I could not stand the atmosphere and returned immediately to the larger room where the men were and stood near an old ironing table. I knew I had nothing to do but watch. Joseph saw my situation and approached me and asked if I would like to try some, but refused saying that I had not tried it and would not want to try it. Gradually bored by the whole sickening talk and wild laughter I sat on the ironing table and before I knew I had dozed off to sleep. I must have slept for an hour.

Suddenly I felt awake. A soft but heavy hand was touching me on the shoulder and shaking me awake. I opened my eyes and immediately looked into a pair of eyes, of the woman who had met me on the doorway. I felt the hairs on my back rise and I held my breath.

"What do you want?" I tried to ask her.

"Well", she said "Aaaaaa I thought you might like to play a little game"

"What do you mean by a little game?"

She did not answer but giggled. Then a sensation streaked open in my mind on what she actually meant. I felt my temper rising.

"Look woman", I tried to whisper, "I do not know what you mean by your game. You better go and ask another fellow for that game. I'm going to sleep".

I was making myself comfortable when she said, "You don't mean that really do you?" It appeared she just could not let me go to sleep and she obviously wanted to talk to me. I guess that she had always had her way with men. "You know, I know men better than you think I do," she was saying as she went close to me. She was now leaning so close that I found breathing difficult.

"What are you trying to do to that woman," roared a man from among the group who were drinking in the opposite room.

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Back issues of 'Papua New Guinea Writing' may be obtained from the Literature Bureau, P.O. Box 2312, Konedobu, Port Moresby, Papua New Guinea. Back copies will be sold at the new rate of 50t per copy. We will appreciate it if persons requesting them would enclose sufficient funds to meet postal charges.

Editor

"Oh he, he was trying to go to bed and . . .," said the woman.

"You, you bastard, you can't go to bed with my wife. You can't".

"No, no, no, I did not want to sleep with her."

"No excuses boy, you were trying to steal my wife. Now you will have to kill me first before you can do anything with her," the man shouted at me.

"Stop please stop and I will explain what happened." I tried my best to make myself heard.

"No boy, I don't want to listen", the man sounded with indignance.

"Then I am sorry. What exactly do you want to know. I'll tell you about this tomorrow."

The man's temper had risen too far and he just could not wait for a delayed fight. I saw him swing his right fist. I dodged but his left caught me square on the forehead. I was dazed and missed my balance. In seconds I felt my senses returning and I kicked him in the stomach and sent his groaning body to the floor. Before I could straighten my body all the men were jumping onto me.

"Kill him, kill him", I heard everybody shouting.

"Joe, Joe, where are you, Joe" I shouted at the top of my voice as the bodies rolled on me.

Out of the mass of bodies I saw the tall figure of Joseph walk into the room and seeing me lying on the floor under the sweating bodies he began punching wildly at them.

As each body above me rolled off I felt my strength returning. When the last was heaved off, Joseph pulled me up, switched off the light and rushed out carrying me to the car. The women began to scream after us as Joe made for the car. He quickly started the car and we took off with a deafening roar and a blinding cloud of dust.

"That's good. With the light out and being drunk they don't know who they are fighting. First let's get the hell out of here" Joe murmured.

From Joe's house we rang the police, and told them where the fight was and how it started. The corporal on duty told Joe that they would investigate and if there were matters to be straightened out then they would take those involved to court.

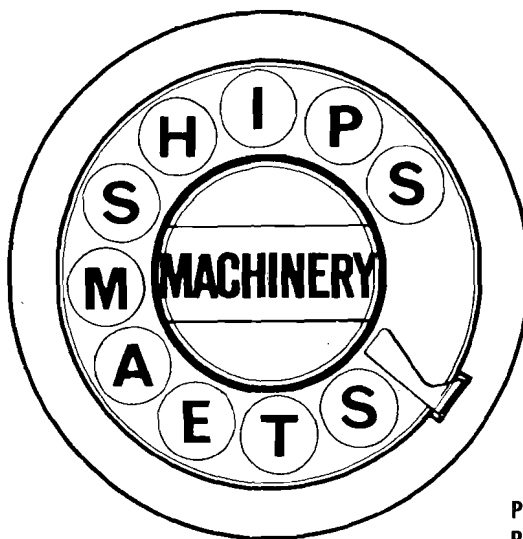
I spent the night at Joseph's place. Next morning, he dropped me at the school and gave me a roll of kina notes and most importantly he advised me to remain at the school at all times.

However, two weeks later I received a letter from him sent from home. He said in the letter that when some of the men, including the one who started the fight were identified by the Police as well-known hoodlums, he had become afraid. He assumed that if he stayed on in Moresby they would retribute. To avoid that he had asked for a transfer to our Province. He also warned me not to be in the company of our wantoks as some could easily lead me into trouble.

When I come to think of that night's incident and especially my admiration of the beautiful city of Port Moresby, I always find myself brooding. Although I want to forget the incident, somehow it keeps coming on. At the same time, as always is the case, I am thankful to Joseph for the rescue.

As to the shining beauty of the city of Port Moresby and all that it offers, I have come to disregard them. Why Joseph did not sound the warning in advance I still doubt very much to this day. Perhaps he wanted to let me feel it for myself in order to limit my sheer excitement created by the bright lights.

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RAPIAGUTU NA KOKOVERE

Pidgin Version of "Rapiagutu and Kokovere"

By Makai Kivalu (Page 11)

LONG WANPELA TAIM. wanpela man i gat planti samting nem bilong em Rapiagutu i bin sindaun long hap nau ol i kolim Marshall Lagoon. Rapiagutu i gat planti samting moa na i no laik long marit. Em i save i stap olsem yet long i no laik marit, tasolem i hait na pren wantaim wanpela meri i sindaun long hap bilong nabis. Rapiagutu is sindaun long wanpela ples insait long bikbus olsem meri i sindaun arere long solwara. Wanpela bikipela wara i save ron i kam daun lusim ples bilong Rapiagutu i go kamap long ples bilong meri nem bilong em Kokovere.

Olgeta taim Rapiagutu i salim toktok i go daun long Kokovere bilong em i mas klia gut pastaim long em na bihain tupela i tingting long marit. Tasol Kokovere i no laikim tru long maritim Rapiagutu.

Wanpela taim em i bin tingting long salim sampela buai i go long Kokovere. Long we em i salim ol buai i narakain tru long em i no olsem salim toktok tasol ol bikipela bikipela rop buai i drip i kam daun long bikipela wara. Tait bilong wara i karim ol rop buai i go daun na lusim long maus wara klostu tru long haus bilong Kokovere. Kokovere i bin painim ol rop buai long taim em i go long waswas na bel bilong em i kirap no gut tru long taim em i kisim na kaikai spetim.

Long sampela mun i go pinis, bihain long Kokovere i bin kaikai spetim planti buai drip i kam daun long wara, em i bel nating na bihain em i karim wanpela pikinini man.

Bihain long planti yia i go pinis liklik boi hia i kamap bikipela na i gat inap strong. Mama bilong em i save lukautim em gut tru na olgeta taim em i save i stap gut tru. Mama oltaim i go long wok gaden na larim em pilai pilai wantaim ol narapela liklik pikinini i stap long ples.

Wanpela taim Kokovere i go long wok gaden na lusim pikinini long ples na i pilai pilai i stap wantaim sampela pikinini na paitim ai bilong narapela pikinini. Long apinun taim mama bilong pikinini ol i paitim ai bilong em i kam bek long ples na ol tokim em long dispela samting i bin kamap long pikinini bilong em. Bihain meri i harim dispela tok na i krosim pikinini bilong Kokovere long mekim ol tok no gut.

Meri i krosim pikinini bilong Kokovere na i tok: "Yu i no pikinini bilong dispela ples olsem na yu no ken paitim ol pikinini bilong mipela nabaut". Pikinini bilong Kokovere i bin harim dispela tok na i krai bikipela tru.

Long apinun taim mama bilong em i kam bek long gaden na em i tokim mama long ol tok no gut meri i bin mekim long em. Kokovere i harim dispela tok na i tokim pikinini i kam sindaun klostu long em na tokim em long olgeta stori bilong em i bin mekim long gat bel na bihain karim em i kamap na husat tru i papa bilong em. Orait mama i tokim em long kisim malolo gut pastaim long tupela bai mekim longpela wokabaut i go kamap long ples bilong Rapiagutu long tumora moning.

Long bikmoning tru Kokovere na pikinini tupela i kisim kaikai na stat mekim longpela wokabaut na bihainim bikipela wara i go antap. Tupela i wokabaut i go na sindaun kisim liklik malolo, long wanem tupela laik bai kamap long ples long san i stap antap.

Orait tupela i kamap pinis long ples bilong Rapiagutu i sindaun long en. Kamap arere bilong ples tupela i bin bungim wanpela yangpela

meri i askim em long haus bilong Rapiagutu i stap we. Yangpela meri i kirap soim haus tasol na em i tokim tupela olsem "Rapiagutu i go pinis long gaden na i no i kam bek yet long haus". Ol pipel long dispela ples i kisim tupela i go na givim olkaikai na wara long wetim Rapiagutu i kam bek long gaden.

Long apinun Rapiagutu i kam bek long gaden bilong em na ol pipel i tokim em olsem em i gat ol visita i kam i stap. Behain al pipel i kisim Kokovere wantaim pikinini bilong em wokabaut i go long haus bilong papa. Emi sanap wet long veranda na tingting long husat ol visita tru i kam long em. Rapiagutu i wantu tasol na lukim nuspes bilong Kokovere na tanim bel bilong em long i no laik lukluk i go nabaut tasol i wok long lukluk strong moa yet long Kokovere.

Taim ol pipel bringim tupela i go pinis long Rapiagutu na i go bek, Kokovere i kirap na wokim ol stori em i bin mekim long kisim ol buai i save drip long wara i go daun na em i wok long kisim kaikai long spetim i stap na i gat bel long karim dispela pikinini man. Rapiagutu i save pinis olsem em i bin wokim posin antap long ol buai na larim drip long wara i go daun long em i kisim kaikai na karim bel long dispela. Long harim olgeta toktok bilong Kokovere pinis, tupela i kirap marit na lukautim pikinini bilong tupela.



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WRITE FOR A SAMPLE COPY

Literature for who the masses or the elite?

This article was presented at the first Independent State of Papua New Guinea Writers Seminar held at the University of Papua New Guinea, from 1st to 4th July 1976.

Editor

LITERATURE is for none but all. Otherwise, let it be to the likes of the reader to choose what they want to read. Who selects Literature? Is it the creative? Certainly not. It is not the creative writers duty to select which audience he should write for. His duty is to write nonetheless. To ask a creative writer 'who he writes for' is absurd and pseudological as there are no written laws defining which audience he should write for. Unless, the writer is writing under the auspices of a patron, whether an individual or an organisation the creative writer is vehicled by the liberty provided by the unwritten laws of creativity to write for himself.

A writer writes for himself. An educationist, so ignorant of the writer's bubbly world would ask. Indeed a writer writes for himself. He is his own audience and the best interpreter of his own reflection and orchestration. In most cases a writer's work is the manifestation of his debate with himself of certain elements of the society. He is a mirror with voice, reflecting the movements, colour, people, flora and fauna and commenting in language the attitudes and behavior in accordance with their physical word and people.

But, first he picks up a theme, which in many cases is the author's own philosophy and orchestrates it. His reflection and orchestration is his personal interpretation and definition. Any reader who reads believes he is reading the truth. His vehicle is language, a social creation which changes with the society that changes it. Literature is not abstract like tones and colours nor organic like stone and metal. It depends on language to amplify his orchestration of a theme and magnifies his reflection, to give meaning to the imageries and symbolisms employed. The language used consists of all its possibilities: its ability to identify something, the image it releases in making the identification simply to broadcast 'not one thing but all the possibilities of the relationships of the conflicts adicted.' My dwelling upon the unhonoured involvement of a writer in formulating the raw material for audiences' absorption hopefully would discard our ignorancy of whom the writer writes for.

With the burden of finding a theme, construction of the mirror (the structure of the book) and arrangement of the empty words into a meaningful word-chain and linking up the millions of disconnected incidents into meaningful form of the paragraph, of the chapter and of course of the book is a 'too large' assignment for any one single person. If he has all that to do why should he be bothered with which audience he should write for. He is in fact the only audience of his own interpretation and definition of his own world, different to reality, though influenced by it, during the initial task of 'finding and collaborating' the ideas and devices to orchestrate his theme.

Nobody ever does write for an audience. If any one writer claims that he writes for a specific audience he is doing injustice to himself by not allowing himself the liberty to explore his own world to the best effect. By the same token, one would presume that manufacturers mass produce laplaps only for blacks; shorts and shirts for whites; or cars for whites and bicycles for blacks, or twisted tobacco for the mass and cigarettes for the elite. Such an assumption is inhuman and nonsense for it connotates an attitude which generates an over bearing concern with materialistic consumption.

Like the author's, audience have different appetites for certain literary dishes that he can digest to his brainful. There must be equilibrium or matching appetites between the author's illusions and the reader's vision before an act of appreciation is derived at. Imbalance of appetites creates repulsion, thus, creates negative reproach to the author's work by the reader. It is the appetite of readers of specific literary liking that generate discussion. Those within the world of the author clarify the author's perceptions simply because they are within the author's realm of appetite. To appreciate a literary work is not understanding the author's distinctive cultural realm but rather the author's ability to tantalise each reader to gobble his work apetically.

Taking 'literary appetite' into account, the question of Literature for either, the mass or the elite should be broken up into three questions:

a) *Why writers write?*

That I have expounded on earlier. In summary, a writer orchestrates and reflects his illusions to the reader's vision indiscriminately.

b) *Who does he expect to read his illusion?*

Again, I have clarified this debate in the above paragraph. But to propogate my perception of the role of the writer, I believe that a writer does not expect anybody to read his work. Instead, he sells it with the assistance of his publisher to any reader with the same appetite. He has no power to tell anybody within, after the cathartic process, the importance of the author vanishes, leaving the importance to the work itself, as a pure work without antecedents or relevance or result, simply in their naked glory, to lubricate the audience's appetite into reading it.

c) *Who decides which work is for which audience?*

It is not the writer, nor the literary critic but the educationist or the literator. The writer provides the literary critic with the complete works for him to dismantle joint after joint in compliance with the theories of his profession. He is not a creator but an inspector of a creation interpreting the reflection and orchestration to derive its validity for possible clients consumption. It must be understood that critics are not selectors of works for specific audience, but interpreting and defining the author's definition and interpretation. Most critics oversight works likewise, the educationist who over or underestimate their audience due to indolence. Most do not attempt to avoid critical endogamy nor inbreeding, instead deal with critically with the critical critics criticisms.

This is bad, as the critic is inspecting the work to his own appetite contrary to those who share the ingredients of the author's world. However, besides my dislike for critics, particularly those of less literary standing and snobbish minds; I have great sympathy for them. For it is they who do harm to the work or get the work banned. It is they who bring the educationists or the literator to read the works for their own promotions.

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continued from opposite page

Here we are left with the question of selection of works for specific audiences. Having had the raw material in hand and had it inspected by the critics, the educationist or the literator dwindles, entangled with his own appetite. He reads by virtue of his profession and discards what is not within the droplet of his saliva which is meagre to launch his appetite. And he returns to the confined walls of his profession with what he is comfortable with. It is true he selects for a specific audience of his immediate contract, but, by doing so he or she is indoctrinating the poor pupils to be apprentices rather than readers to develop their appetite. To discipline a student is an ambition that mocks their useful toil. Thus, which repressed their noble rage and freezes the 'genial current of the soul'.

Therefore Literature that is selected is a selection by a tutor for his pupils of a specific genre. Thus, the elite reads literature outside his appetite simply for educational acquisition, within the confined walls of his study room.

In a nutshell, a creative writer works for none but himself as he is vehicled by his own appetite. His reflection and orchestration is his interpretation and definition of his immediate society. The readers, whether the elite or the mass in reading his work are redefining and reinterpreting the author's own perceptions. Therefore the selection of literature should not be compulsed but left to its relevancy of application, whether for pleasure reading or educational or for propagandist purposes.

TELOTI KANIKU, formerly John Wills Kaniku is a teaching fellow with the Literature Department of the University of Papua New Guinea.

AN AFRICAN BELIEF

By Kole Omotoso

I believe that Literature is restricted when it is asked to be its own purpose. One of the implications of purposeless Literature is the concentration on the literary form, a condition which leads to decadence and irrelevance. Literature cannot be irrelevant to society. Literature must be of service to human welfare. It must cater to the spiritual as well as the material well being of humanity. This duty has implications for the structure of the literary work. Often Literature tends towards a satirisation of the public, the communal, while celebrating the individual. Literature ought to seek to reconcile the general and the particular by choosing the typical. This typical must be the basis of *realism* in prose writing.

It can be assumed that both Left-wing critics and Right-wing ones agree that Literature must be of some service to human welfare. One can even go further to say that while the Left-wing critic emphasises the material in Literature's service to humanity, the Right-wing critic concentrates on the unquantifiable spiritual. But Left-wing critics carry the idea of Literature being of service to humanity to illogical conclusions when they preach that Literature must be subservient to politics. This demand is demeaning to Literature. Literature must not be subservient to any form of political organisation—democratic, progressive, dictatorial, tyrannical or military. Once Literature becomes the voice of a particular political organisation it loses its ability to portray the typical. Moreover, there is no perfect political system. Literature as the collective conscience of the community must continue to advance the frontiers of freedom for humanity. In achieving material freedom for humanity for instance, the political system might have had to suppress many other freedoms. Having assured the permanent success of the material progress, Literature must not lend itself to the continued suppression of other freedom on the convenient argument that the material freedom must be safeguarded.

In the process of Literature being also concerned with human welfare it finds itself side by side with progressive and revolutionary elements. This is logical given this aspect of Literature's relationship with society and the Revolutionary's concern for change in society. But while Literature does not and cannot afford to consider its war won at the end of the successful prosecution of the revolutionary struggle, political organisation can. For Literature, this is merely one battle in the process of its being of service to human welfare. Literature finds invariably that those with whom it has fought for revolutionary change are forced, in the process of the consolidation of political organisation, to betray those specific courses for which Literature joined the struggle.

To conclude this statement of belief: Literature must be of service to human welfare, material and spiritual, but Literature must NOT be subservient to any political system.

KOLE OMOTOSO is a lecturer in the Department of African Languages and Literature at the University of Ife, Nigeria.

Letters to the Editor

Dear Sir,

I have read through a copy of the magazine "Papua New Guinea Writing". As this is my first time to read through the magazine, I found it very interesting.

I've been collecting some of the very interesting legends from Sialum plus some stories and poems and if you are interested in this I am willing to contribute any of them to be published.

This is just a matter of askim na sawe. So please write personally or privately and tell me.

Your information will be appreciated very much.

Thank you.

Yours faithfully

HIOB NOAH PHILLIP
Nunzen Community School
Via Sialum Patrol Post
Lae, Morobe Province

Editor's Reply

We are pleased to know that you like reading "Papua New Guinea Writing" and indeed wish to contribute legends and poems.

Please send them along and we will assess them and select those that may be suitable for publication.

Keep writing.

Editor.

★ ★ ★

Dear Sir,

It was good to meet you and discover that "Papua New Guinea Writing" is alive and well. We heard rumours earlier this year that it might be discontinued for lack of finance.

We would like to renew our subscription please, and have enclosed a bank order for K4.00.

CHRISTINE NICOL
Editorial Department
Oxford University Press
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Editor's Note

The rumoured closure of the Bureau and the discontinuation of "Papua New Guinea Writing" should now be forgotten. "Papua New Guinea Writing" the only literary magazine of its kind in circulation in Papua New Guinea should continue whether in this Office or in another.

Renewal of subscription will ensure the exorcism of that dreaded possibility of "closure".

★ ★ ★

We would appreciate it very much if you could put us on the mailing list so that we can receive a copy each of "Papua New Guinea Writing".

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FRANCIS F. UPA
Secretary, Students Representative Council
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Dear Sir,

I found "Papua New Guinea Writing" magazine so interesting that I now enclose a Kina to allow me to be included on your mailing list. This is only the beginning of my subscription and as time goes on I will renew my subscription. I would like you to start sending me copies for this year, 1976.

F. VILI
Paparatawa Community School
P.O. Box 71
Kokopo

★ ★ ★

Dear Sir,

Recently I had the opportunity of reading some stories published in Papua New Guinea Writing. I have enjoyed them immensely.

Could you please tell me how I can send some. I have collected several legends from my area and would like to write some and send them to you.

Could you please explain if it is open for anybody or only for certain people.

Yupe Gumoing
Goroka Teachers College
GOROKA.

★ ★ ★

Dear Sir,

As a "PNG Writing" magazine fan, I would like to thank you all. I keep receiving my annual copies. The copies sent to me are very good and I really enjoy reading them.

I don't wish to see the magazine discontinue production. Could you therefore keep encouraging the writers and poets to keep sending in contributions to the magazine.

Thank you.

POTUAN PAKOP
C.A.A. Training College
Port Moresby

About the Writers

SIWID GIPEY

SIWID GIPEY, comes from Sappa Village near Morobe Patrol Post about eighty miles from Lae, Morobe Province.

He attended Morobe Primary School and later Bugandi High School. In 1970 he enrolled at the University of PNG.

Siwid is doing his third year Arts at the University of Papua New Guinea.

BOSKI Z MARA

BOSKI Z MARA, attended the Elcong Community School near Banz to obtain his primary education.

In 1972, he began attending St Pauls Luthern High School, Wapenamanda in the Enga Province. In 1973 he came to Port Moresby Technical College where in 1975 he completed his Form IV.

Boski is now in his village and is presently unemployed.

PETER YANGE

Peter Yange comes from Lakemanda village in the Enga Province. He attended Par Community School where he did his "prep" up to Grade 3. Following this he went to Mount Hagen and attended the Holy Trinity Demonstration School and there completed his grade 4 and 5. In 1975, when he wrote and entered his prize winning short story "A Bird Woman", he was attending the Imankampus Community School in Wapenamanda doing his sixth grade. Peter is now a Grade Seven student at the Inter-provincial High School in Madang.

MAKAI KIVALU

MAKAI KIVALU was a pupil at the Kapari Variolo Community School, Cape Rodney in 1974.

His story, "Rapiagutu and His Wife", won 1st prize in the Primary Section of the 1974 Short Story Competition.

Due to both difficulties in communicating with him and his failure to submit a short autobiography of himself, an account of him could not be reproduced for this section. The story is published under qualifying conditions of the Short Story Competition rules.

The biography of Muki Taranupi is not available for inclusion on this page.

YOU CAN HELP US...

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

If the contribution is used, this information will be used in the section called 'About the Writers' or the one called 'About the Poets'.

The Editor.

NEWS ABOUT WRITERS AND ARTISTS



The Chief Launches Another Book

"THREE SHORT NOVELS FROM PNG" (Longman Paul N.Z. Pty Ltd)

One of the highlights of the First Independent State of Papua New Guinea Writers conference was the launching of the Three Short Novels from Papua New Guinea by the Prime Minister Mr Michael Somare on Saturday 3rd July, 1976 at the University Drill Hall.

The book consisting of three rather long stories by Benjamin Umba, Jim Baital and August Kituai is the second novel to come out of Papua New Guinea, the first being Vicent Eri's 'Crocodile' published in 1970 by the Jacaranda Press. For Mr Somare it is the second book launched by him and for Mrs Meikel and the publisher, the first to be launched by a Prime Minister.

Before launching the book Mr Somare cited a ceremonial sing-song to demonstrate how important the values of traditional myths and legends were. Mr Somare expressed his interest in our need to record these down for posterity.

The Authors Benjamin Umba, Jim Baital and August Kituai come from different areas of Papua New Guinea but their dialogue focus on a common theme, the intrusion of Western civilisation, the materialistic, the religious influences and the semi-alienation from the complacency of traditional modes of day to day life. The Three Short Novels carry a collective theme (by chance) of the ludicrous and ignorant traditional man "Who Loses" in the end. This is such a popular framework of most of our present works as opposed to the Western concept of characterisation in novels. Characters are little to large at times and which invites questions of probability then and there. But this is unquestionable when one culture is decimated by another vastly alien and materialistic.

Nevertheless the forcefulness of these three novels is their power of narrative, which is heavily descriptive and picturesque and which, in the General Editor's words, are more vivid than an anthropologist report.

Now the literary barrenness and the recent loss of dialogue in PNG since 1973 is being shattered. This is another step in the right direction toward literary **heroism**.

In the very words of Mrs Meikel, the publishing representative from New Zealand: "Brave men write novels while cowards become sociologists?"

• From left to right: Jim Baital (author), August Kituai (author), Benjamin Umba (author), Taban lo Liyong, Chairman, Literature Department, University of Papua New Guinea, Ms Nora Brash, the Chief Minister Mr Michael Somare and Ms Meikel, Representative, Longman Paul. (NZ) Pty Ltd.

★ ★

BENJAMIN UMBA

BENJAMIN UMBA comes from Denglagu village in Gembogle Sub-Province of the Chimbu Province. He attended Catholic Primary Schools near Denglagu and later a newly established Primary School for the Government. He graduated there and attended the Rosary College, Kondiu. He pursued the rest of his secondary education at the St Fidelis College Kap near Holy Spirit Regional Seminary in Bomana, near Port Moresby. Benjamin is now a personal staff to the Minister for Education Mr Kobale Kale.

★ ★

AUGUST KITUAI

AUGUST KITUAI comes from the Bundi area inland from the town of Madang, Madang Province. He attended Catholic Primary Schools in Bundi and later in Madang. He attended High School both in Madang and Port Moresby. He was studying at the U. P. N. G. in 1974 when he wrote "The Flight of the Village" he was doing studies toward a B.A. degree.

★ ★

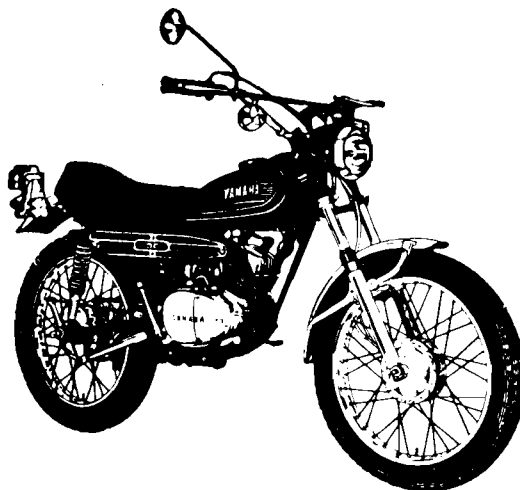
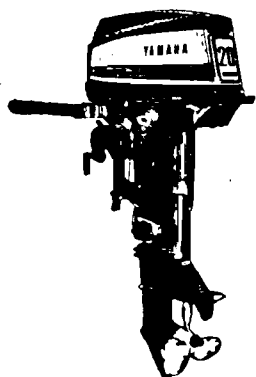
JIM BAITAL

JIM BAITAL comes from the Finschaffen Subprovince of the Morobe Province. He attended the Galem Training Centre. In 1965 he was selected to attend the Lutheran College in Melbourne. In 1968 he returned to PNG and attended the Asaroka High School where he completed Form IV. Jim graduated as a Pastor from the Martin Luther Seminary in Lae and is now serving a posting in Port Moresby.



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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.

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Edited by Mike Greicus

These novels, by Benjamin Umba, August Kituai, and Jim Baital, are linked by a theme that is common to all great literature — the battle of the human spirit for freedom from oppression.

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Albert Wendt

A collection of his poems, written between 1961 and 1974. His writing has been described by the *New Zealand Listener* as 'insistent' and 'memorable', with a pleasing quality of robustness and great breadth and depth.

Waiariki

Patricia Grace

The first collection of stories by a Maori woman to be published, *Waiariki* is the winner of the 1976 PEN Award for fiction.

Te Raukura

Harry Dansey

Harry Dansey is well known in New Zealand as a journalist, Maori spokesman, and race relations Conciliator. This historical play, dealing with the reactions of the Maoris to the seizure of their land late last century was first performed, with notable success, at the 1972 Auckland Arts Festival.

Sons for the Return Home

Albert Wendt

His well-known first novel, set in New Zealand.

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Albert Wendt

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