

Papua New Guinea Writing

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COVER DRAWING

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EDITORIAL

Writing Competition (1976)

In this issue we published, a number of winning stories and poems in this year's writing competitions, the results of which you will find on page 12. and 13. Due to selected judges leaving on unexpected visits, the results had to come out late. This year, in particular, the announcement of results are made with a sense of loss; for Pidgin Poetry and the Play Competitions have shown up very badly. We found we had no choice but to agree that no prizes be awarded in those particular sections. Participants should take heed that all prize money, whether by the Bureau, institutions or private donors are donated for quality work and prizes can be withheld if the material lacks that.

New Home For The Literature Bureau

The Literature Bureau has physically moved to the Education Department and is presently sharing office accommodation with the Office of Cultural Affairs. Structurally the Bureau is part of the Education Department. Our previous address of Box 2312, is now to be done away with and that for the Department of Education, or our own new Box number 5741, BOROKE be used from now on. For writers, poets and the general public, who visit our office occasionally, our office is situated along Spring Garden Road, Hohola not far from the Hohola Police Station on Wards Road, Port Moresby.

New Horizons

The move into Education Department implicitly signifies that the Bureau will continue to play an educational role not so different from the previous. It is our hope that the Bureau play an indirect "Adult or Community Education Role" and supplement the Education department's national curriculum if required.

Magazine Catching Up

Readers may still note that the magazine is yet to

catch up to schedule. That, we are bearing in mind and all efforts are directed towards that end. Our March and June Issues will presumably be done concurrently to appear before June(1977). With the taking on of an extra staff, all ends should work out eventually before June next year. In order that we catch up we call on all writers contributing to help by speedily returning all Writer's Confirmation Forms that we send them on acceptance of their works.

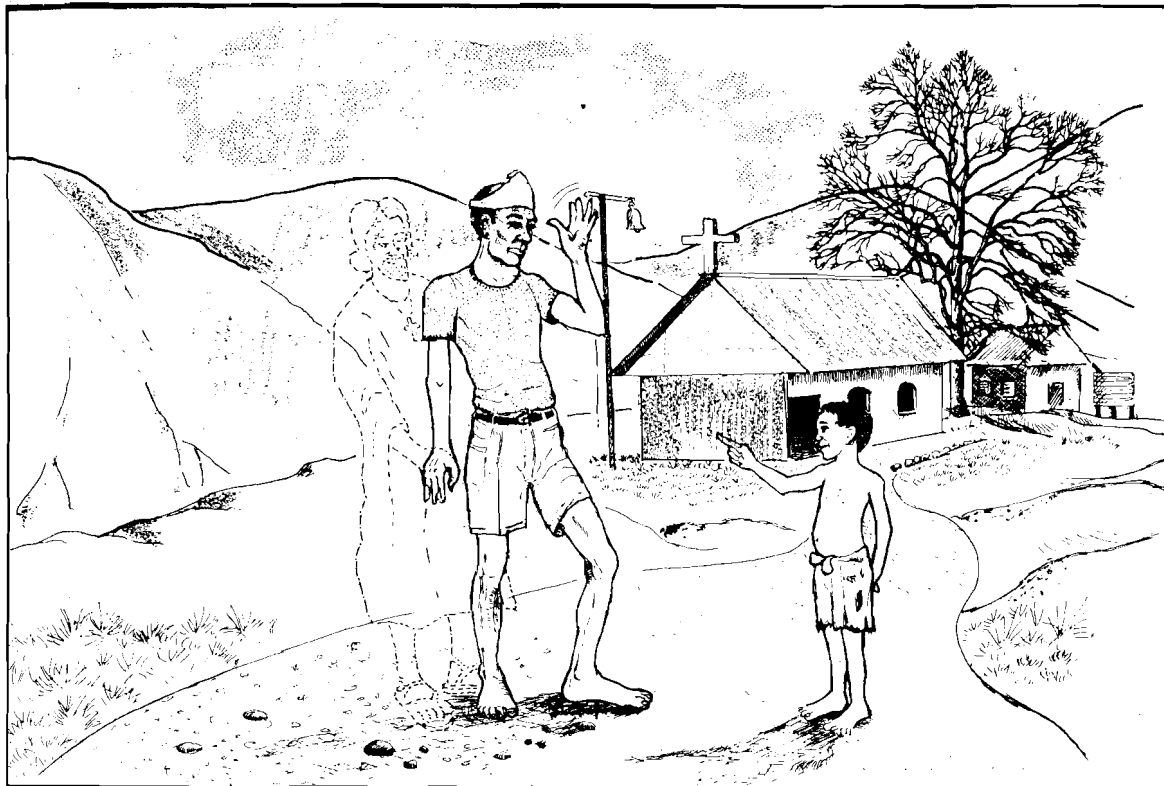
Subscription Rates Lowered

Commencing with this issue, No 24 of December 1976, the retail sales price of Papua New Guinea Writing will be lowered to 30t, almost 50% reduction on the previous price of 75t. We believe, by reducing the price, the journal will regain the popularity it once enjoyed among readers who usually bought their copies from newsagencies. Annual Subscription rates for Overseas, Home Subscribers have plummeted down. Readers from all overseas postal zones will now pay K3, a drop of K1.00, while subscribers in PNG will pay K2.00. School rates will remain at K1.00, per annum. Papua New Guinea writing still remains a quarterly.

2nd World Black And African Festival Of Arts and Cultures

The Federal Military Government of Nigeria had decided to definitely stage and host this Festival, (after deferring it twice for 1970 and 1975) in January 1977 and it is assumed that all will go well. African Black countries and Black communities throughout the World will be in the Nigerian city of Lagos from January 15th to February 12th to participate. Events will include aspects of history, arts, education, beliefs and philosophies of black people all over the world. It is already known that at least 10 artists or performers from Papua New Guinea will be attending to witness this great event.

The Literature Bureau and the Editorial Staff of Papua New Guinea Writing wish you a Merry Christmas.



"He's here," said the little boy. "He came with you today and is asking me to come today."

SAINT

By

Benjamin Umba

This story won second prize in the Tertiary Section of the National Short Story Competition, 1976.

Kombuna sat near the fire-place, his bony feet resting on two of the stones that surrounded it. His arms were folded across his raised knees and his semi-balded head was bowed, clearly reflecting the fire that was burning lazily in front of him. His eyes were still closed but his thin lips were moving constantly. He was already in a personal and direct dialogue with his God. He sang silent hymns of praise and thanksgiving to him for the wonderful works of creation and pleaded in the humanity for the peaceful and steady world; the world that was no bigger than his village or the country that he heard so often mentioned by the politicians and the local government councillors who visited his village during their campaigns or the parish priest who referred to it so often in his regular Sunday sermons. He wore a dirty pair of shorts that was quickly losing both its colour and threads and his towel, which he hung loosely around his neck. In a very prayerful silence, he awaited the dawn of another new and very important day, a Sunday.

The rest of the world was still sound asleep. A dog was sleeping on the other side of the fire-place. A little further back were the beds on which the rest of the men and young boys in that men's house slept. The continuous snoring of some of them was most annoying. Occasional coughing from a few was rather frightening. Some of the boys talked in their dreams. Others swore in unintelligible sounds. The beds themselves squeaked terribly. There were very rude sounds from other more delicate sources from time to time. But none of these noises disturbed him for he was already in another world, another wave-length. God was coming through, loud and clear and more polite and personal.

Suddenly a sharp cock-crow from somewhere behind the house pierced through the thick night and mist, heralding the good news that a new day was arriving soon. The sun would appear over the young mountain ranges after the third cock-crow which was yet another two hours away. Highly relieved, he resumed his prayerful vigilance, this time more joyfully. The rest of the world, however, was too deaf to hear it since it was drowned by its own noises and sounds.

The cock crowed the second and third time. Kombuna opened his eyes. Some men and young boys got out of bed and came to warm

themselves by the fire. The dog suddenly sprang to life, yawned, and slipped through the door made of dry banana leaves hanging from a beam tied across the top. Daylight had already penetrated into the house through the tiny spaces among the banana leaves. He got on his hands and knees and crawled out of the house, using the same path along which the dog had previously slipped through, his towel still hanging from his neck.

Outside, the air was still very thick. He shivered. The mist was also very thick and low. The earth on which he stood was damp. The leaves weren't rustling. The birds and other insects held their silence. Up above, a thick black cloud sealed off everything. It would rain at any time. A faint smile crossed his lips, a sure indication of confidence that despite the blackest night, a heavy storm cloud, a thick rain, and big floods, there was already the assurance of a happy and warm sunshine afterwards. After fifty-nine years of experience and contact with his environment, he had learned this truth from nature. Happily, he spread his towel over his head and started walking on the tiny track that eventually led to the Bena River.

The river was fast, clear as crystal, and coming down from the big mountains that towered to a height of seven thousand feet and was as cold as ice. Kombuna sat down on a stone beside the river and waited. Small, almost invisible plants and creepings on a mossy bank beside him slowly spread out their many folds, revealing beautiful flowers with a glory that was unmatched even with the standard of King Solomon in all his splendour and glory.

He put one foot into the water, then the other, and withdrew both of them immediately. With his cupped hands, he got some water and washed his face, chest, back, and legs. He used no soap as he had been too poor to afford any, but that didn't bother him. He dried himself, then took some fresh, soft leaves and mopped his face, cleaning out all the dirt in the many wrinkles on it and dried himself a second time before he returned to the Men's House.

Almost everyone was awake when Kombuna re-entered the house. The fire which was burning furiously confirmed this. Some men and small boys went outside and disappeared behind the house or the nearby bushes to attend to their daily 'routine'. Those who were still asleep were the young boys who usually slept in to make up for the 'lost' hours during the night's date with the village girls.

"They sleep when everyone else is at work, and work as it were when everyone else is at sleep. May God alone be their judge", he muttered to himself.

He went to his corner of the house, rolled away the wooden pole on which he had rested his head several cock-crows back and took out a plastic bag. In the semi-dark corner where no one could see him, he put on his garments, a khaki pair of shorts, a blue T-shirt, and a handkerchief wrapped across his forehead. He slipped enough dried tobacco leaves and a page of *WANTOK** into his pocket to last him the rest of the day. Deeply satisfied, he walked out of the house quietly after wishing a good day's rest for those who were still sleeping and a very fruitful day to those who were already awake but who still remained huddled around the fire. Nobody asked him where he was going. They all had lived with him long enough to know that every time he woke up that early and dressed that way, it was always a Sunday, a day of prayer and worship for those who called themselves followers of a Jewish prophetic leader whose name they said was Jesus Christ.

The nearest village church was at Kamaliki. Kombuna lived at Bena and to get to Kamaliki from his village, he had to walk for two hours, just to reach the highway. If he had three shillings he could get a bus-ride and be at Kamaliki in just a little less than thirty minutes. Otherwise it meant an additional two hours of solid walk, or three if the traffic was heavy.

Kombuna was first baptized by the Reverend Stuart Young, a white missionary who had visited his village during one of his bush-patrols. Receiving baptism had been a difficult decision which he had to make. Often he'd debate over the pros and cons of becoming a Christian when he was in his gardens planting yams or out in the bush hunting wild possums and guarding his pandanus trees. He'd sit up late into the nights wondering what would happen to him should he abandon all forms of worship to the totemic gods, the spirits of the bush and the rivers and his deceased ancestors. He had also taken into consideration his age. At fifty-nine, would he still be able to walk for nearly half a day every seventh day to Kamaliki and be there

*Newspaper in Neo-Melanesia

CHILDREN OF THE TWO WORLDS

Ivy Daiwa

We, as the children of two worlds,
Sitting in the classrooms day after day
Learning the ways of the west,
Seeking in forty minutes after forty,
Hoping to enjoy the light of the West.

But sad to see the darkened
Land of our father's
Slowly being lit up
by the light of the West,
the choice is ours;
Children of the two worlds,
the choice is ours.

Sad to see our father's ways passing
But the choice is ours,
Be wise of the two,
Gain and retain
What is good and discard the bad.

Children of the two worlds,
The choice is ours.
The choice is ours,
We must be wise,
For the choice is ours now.

MY FATHER'S DEATH

Colling Korede

Huge crowd gathered around
To sing the farewell songs.
High and low tunes of all chorus
Echoed in the distant hills
For his never return journey.

I stood up and looked around
But my cloudy eyes could see no more
Still the echoes from the distant hills
Rolled through my noisy ears.

Will I weep or smile?
Will I cry or laugh?
Will I sing or dance?
In the cold falling dews?

Will he reach his destination safely
before dark or dawn?
Will he return home safely
before dark or dawn
from his never returning journey?

HAGEN MARKET

Anton Pip

I went down to Hagen Market
on a Saturday morning;
sun shining, clouds all gone.
The only thing above is the sun
How bright it is.

Standing on the hill, I can see crowds of people.
People selling and buying goods.
What a noisy market it is.

The smell of banana,
ripe pawpaw
and delicious pig meat.
Then the day is gone
and all is quite again.

before eight o'clock every morning for mass? It had taken a whole year and plenty of physical and mental strain before he made his final decision to be baptized.

During the long baptismal ceremony which had been conducted in his village, the Reverend Young had given him the Christian name Tarcisius. The name however had been forgotten by the old man himself who found its proper pronunciation rather tiresome. The other villagers regarded it as a beautiful sound when pronounced by the priest himself but forgot it soon after as they couldn't find any trace of a name like that in their geneology. When the ceremony was over, everyone dispersed. A few days later everyone else forgot about it or its significance. It was a good show to watch, the initiation ceremony of the white man but what good was it anyway to them as most of them had already been initiated in their own traditional way. But it had been a very important and memorable day for Kombuna, even if no one else shared his opinion. And having committed himself to Christianity, he had to bear all its consequences for nearly seven years. He took it all without a word of complaint.

He walked to church and back every Sunday. People living near the path that led to the highway would be just getting out of their huts to relieve themselves of their bodily discomforts over the night when they would see Kombuna hitting the road again with unbelievable speed. Little children would peep at him from behind dry banana leaves with curious innocent eyes. How the lonely figure would speed over the muddy path, big stones, and rotten logs was beyond their imagination. Word soon had gotten around that the old man never walked, but instead had been carried to church by some divine beings called angels who were specially assigned for the job by Christ himself.

After two hours on the bush path, Kombuna had reached the highway. The traffic was light as it was still very early in the morning. He was able to walk more freely on the main road for one hour before the traffic started getting heavy. From then on, the progress was a very slow and cautious one. At the first sound of a car engine, the old and frail figure would keep as far to the side bushes as possible to watch big, heavy trucks coming up from Lae with goods and supplies for Goroka, Kundiawa, Mt. Hagen and Mendi. He waited for them to pass, then step onto the road again only to be swallowed up in the thick dust and carbon monoxide. Highway buses and other passenger vehicles were zooming up and down the road in very large numbers. Those who read his poverty drove by quickly while the stingy ones slowed down to give him a chance to wave stop signal so they drain a few more shillings out of him too, but not getting any, speeded up again, pumping out more dust, smoke, and red beetle-nut juices at the old man. But he kept on walking, slowly, but with determination.

He reached the village church at Kamaliki, and as usual he seemed to be the first arrival there. Reverend Malachi, the new parish priest had just finished his morning bath and was sitting down to a light breakfast. Thomas the catechist, was still in bed. He looked up to the big church bell which hung some forty feet high up in the sky. It was lifeless, motionless. There was no movement of life around him, or so he thought until he suddenly heard gentle footsteps behind him. He turned around so suddenly he almost lost his balance and nearly fell down.

"Don't worry, you won't fall!" It was the voice of a small child. Kombuna quickly steadied himself and stood face to face with a small boy. The young was so young he could be no older than four years old. He looked under-nourished, wore a dirty laplap around his tiny waist with no shirt, and looked very dirty. His young face however, was all smiles. "Where do you two live?"

Kombuna stood still, paralysed by the question. "Are you asking me?" he tried to ask the boy but found he had lost his voice. All that the boy could see was the movement of his lips.

"Yes, I'm trying to talk to you," the boy replied. "Not you alone but both of you.... Where do you two live? "But I'm alone. Why do you ask about both of us?"

"Every Sunday I see you and this young man who holds you by your right hand and leads you to mass and then takes you home again..... I'm coming with you two today....."

"Have you parents or relatives?" asked the old man.

"I have none!"

"What do you mean? Have they passed away?"

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Luksave costs 20 toea per copy and can be purchased from the Institute of Applied Social and Economic Research, P.O. Box 5854, Boroko, Papua New Guinea. A new series will commence in 1976, at a cost of 30 toea per copy.

"Yes," the boy told him. "But I've found my father....."

"I thought you just said he was dead....."

"That's true, but I've seen him....."

"Where?" Kombuna asked him, still shocked.

"He's here. He came with you and is asking me to come home with you today. Not your home alone but OURS."

Kombuna rubbed his eyes. He smiled a warm fatherly smile but his face glistened with tears. His small glassy eyes looked into the boy's eyes which also glistened with tears as he smiled back. "He's our Father. Let's go and talk with him. He's our father. Let's go and talk with Him. Afterwards he can take us home....."

"But we have to go before mass is over...."

"What do you mean? We can't walk out on Him....."

"But that's what he just told me...."

Kombuna smiled again and took the boy into his arms. "My son, if He has called us, we must respond.... How great and wonderful to be home again. At last he has called us.

Kombuna took the boy's right hand and they stepped into the church. Close to the door was the fountain of holy water. Kombuna dipped his unsteady middle finger into it and with great reverence, made the sign of the cross on his forehead, chest and shoulders, and with a bit of the water still left on his finger, did the same on the boy. Then they both genuflected on the ground floor before they knelt down at the far end of the church. The kerosine lantern installed near the tabernacle, to indicate Christ's presence, was still burning but with an unusual brightness that almost blinded them.

Very much later, the church bell rang, inviting christians from far and wide. Thomas was up and awake. After ringing the bell, he entered the church through the sacristy door and arranged the preliminaries for the mass. Then he went outside and rang the bell again for three more times at fifteen-minute intervals. Soon the rest of the congregation started to assemble. There were old men and women, young people, and small children. There were all familiar faces to Kombuna though there was no delegation from the Bena village other than himself. The priest had dressed up like a typical Roman Government official of the First Century and was on the sacrificial table. Thomas started the introductory hymn. The tune was adaptation of an ancient local love song. The original words however had been either rearranged or completely deleted to allow for words of a more sacred and religious significance. Kombuna and the boy hummed all the verses till the song finished. Reverend Malachi then finally began with a loud and distinct voice. "In nomine Patris, et Filii, et Spiritui Sancti."

"Amen." sang the congregation. Kombuna could neither understand the priest nor pronounce the 'Amen' but with all his efforts, he nodded his solemn response and approval, a sure indication that the formal liturgical celebration had started and was now already under way, with religious feelings and sentiments gaining momentum.

"All stand for the Prayers of the Faithful," Thomas told the congregation, and walked around to check the response. All seemed to respond well. He came back to his place and found the boy and the old man sitting down. Quietly, he walked over to them and shook the old man. There was no response.

Their eyes were closed. Their breathing had stopped. Thomas shook him again. They still did not respond away. He walked up to Reverend Malachi and whispered something into his ear. Then they both left the altar and walked down to see the old man and the boy sitting down, the boy's head resting peacefully at Kombuna's lap. The rest of the congregation also turned around to see what was going on at the back of the church.

"Let ussssss p.....pray!" Reverend Malachi began in a very low and distorted voice. "May.....may.....th.....the soul of our good old friend and beloved.....beloved.....brother....." He suddenly stopped as he didn't know the old man's name. He felt so embarrassed. He had seen this old man every Sunday for more than five years but never had he attempted to find out who he was and where he lived. "What's his name?" he asked Thomas. The Catechist shook his head in desperation and in turn asked those closest to him. But no one seemed to have known neither the old man nor the young lad with him.

Continued on page 23

I MUST BOW AND AMIT

Horiawi Himugu

I was sitting by papa's bedside
where the slim dying body lay
I refused to leave his bedside
for my heart had to hear daddy say goodbye.

"You may leave now,"
said daddy one day.
"For it means
your future, life and fame."
"There's wealth and fame
with the white men
And education is the key,
so to a school must you go."

In a little mission school
where I was and grew,
I was hungry and sad.
And I had to bow and admit
that I was a poor man's child.

High school in another Province
Where fees were high,
and clothes worn and old.
I always sat in the corner
with my head down,
for I was a poor man's child.

There my hands blistered;
old blisters turned into sores.
A little look at them
made me bow and admit,
that I was a poor man's child.

So now a university student
Where papa's dream is fulfilled
I stay unnoticed.
Loneliness and sadness are mine
For I am a poor man's child.

INCLUDE ME WITHOUT

Willie Kamit

Winds of discontent,
blowing in my face
crying in my ears,
singing in my eyes,
calling in my mind.
What makes a man what he is?
What makes a man what he does?

Pondering unanswered calls,
I take my stand and cry
"I want more" or
"I want out" but
never or rarely do I say
"That's enough" or
"Include me in" but
I see my end and sigh.

Winds of discontent
Blowing in my face
Blowing in my face.

ABIA, A GIRL FROM WAIMA

This short story won third prize in the Eighth Annual National Short Story Competition, 1976, conducted by the Literature Bureau

By Monika Toto Rau

Abia rolled over in bed with a groan. She could hear the creaking noise of the bamboo platform and knew that her mother was up already. She felt guilty and ashamed. She should be up before her mother. In Waima, it is a custom that big daughters in a family are expected to do more work than anyone else in the family. She swore at her mother furiously in her mind, because she knew she had to get out of her warm bed and start cooking the breakfast. She could not sleep earlier than her mother because this could mean a very lazy act in the eyes of village women and girls.

She hurried out of bed quietly and got the hurricane lamp off the wall post. With a quick glance she surveyed the next door neighbour's house through a hole in the wall. She was relieved to see that nobody was awake, at least not the big-mouthed mother, who always had something to say about daughters who slept late or got out of bed after their mothers.

With some difficulty, as the wood was slightly damped from the previous day's rain, she managed to start the fire with the kerosine at last. She piled a heap of dry coconut leaves on top and the flames began shooting up. Abia's little sister, Toto, came out of the house with her blanket and squatted on her heels beside the fire. She was filthy as she did not wash before she went to bed. Straight lines of dirt ran down her belly, black like tatoos. Abia did not like Toto very much because she was the favourite of their parents. They never let her do any hard work. Whenever Abia had the chance she tried to be as mean to her sister as possible. Now, when she got up from the fire, she deliberately bumped into Toto.

"Oh! you skinny little rat, always sitting in my way. Can't you see that I am busy. You lazy beast", screamed Abia defiantly at Toto.

"You big-breasted cow", answered Toto and moved to the other side of the fire. Abia ran around to hit Toto, but she had already darted off like lightning into the house, yelling as if someone was murdering her. Unfortunately Abia could not catch her because she was a poor runner.

"Just look out, you bonny lizard. You'll have the biggest breasts in Waima when your turn comes", shouted Abia. Nobody took any notice of them as usual. They fought almost everyday.

In the dark, towering coconut trees the small birds were singing. The few pigs sleeping outside the fence grunted as one of the neighbours rushed past on his way to the toilet. Abia knew without looking up that it was her uncle Arua, as he came that way every morning for a pee under the coconut trees.

The rays of the sun lit up the village. All the young girls were awake cooking breakfast. The mothers were as usual sitting with their husbands on the platforms outside their houses chewing betelnuts and chatting about the day's activities. Every now and then, the mothers would yell out unnecessary remarks to hasten their daughters. They would be very happy and the next minute, they would be shouting at their girls. You would never know what to expect, if you were a girl. Now, Taita was nodding her head approvingly as she watched Abia going about her work. She told her husband Ume that their daughter would surely earn them a great bride price.

Abia hated the idea of growing. There was too much for a grown-up girl to do. At times she wished she was a small girl again. When she was small she could stay in bed as long as she pleased. She did not have to worry about carrying water or cooking or feeding pigs. She

could play mummy-mummy or marbles in the dirt for hours. Abia thought, "What a pity", she could not do any of those now because she was a big girl.

The sudden hush voice of her mother brought her back to present again. Unconsciously her hands went straight into the washing-up dish. She had done this on numerous occasions when her mother caught her doing nothing. She would be either grumbling about too much work, or day-dreaming about her boyfriend, Michael, who was at De-La Salle High School, Mainohana or seeing someone coming, she would quickly pretend to be very busy at her work.

Taita was in one of her moods again this morning. She was lashing her tongue angrily every minute, and of course Abia made sure that the food was cooked quickly. At times Abia thought that Taita was surely the worst mother in the whole of Waima village and probably the world.

"Honestly she is", Abia would matter to herself. She wished she was a high school girl at Yule Island with the other girls. Alas, she was a village girl and she had to do everything that a village girl did. She tried to forget all this misery by forcing her mind to think of her Soi (boy-friend), Michael, at De-La-Salle. She knew she would see him on Saturday at Bereina market and send him some betelnuts.

Happier than before, she took the pot off the fire and placed it on the platform. As usual Taita came to serve the food and Abia dashed off to the rear of the house, knowing that she wouldn't be needed for a while. She was hoping to see Babine, their next door neighbour's daughter, so that they could arrange to go fishing at Ateihabi, a creek. They wanted to get away from the village and gossip about their mothers or boy-friends with other girls. The girls and their mothers were always at war with each other.

After talking with Babine by means of whispers or making signs with their hands and lips, Abia hurried back to help her mother with the serving. She sighed regretfully when she heard Koroka scolding Babine because she had not washed the plates and cups well enough. Koroka was Babine's mother, and she was well known in that part of Waima for her talk. No one would mistake her voice from a hundred metres away. Now, she was giving it, as loud as she could, like a preacher in a pulpit without a loudspeaker, talking to a congregation of one thousand.

"All you ever think of is boys. Boys! Boys! Boys! When I was your age I never ever dreamt of boys. It's a wonder so many girls get pregnant these days. Of course you were talking about boys with Abia and forgot all about the washing-up. Who is your fool? Who wouldn't know what you girls think about, anyway. I'm not as silly as I look because I was a girl once, you know. Now, you hurry up and wash everything thoroughly again. One more word from you and you'll have your hair shaved. Is that clear?" yelled Koroka at the top of her voice. Obviously Babine was too scared to do anything. That was Koroka, she would go on and on without a pause. The small children used to call her a news announcer on the N-B-C.

When everything was quiet again, the children ran off to school. The men went hunting and the women were running around trying to be busy. Babine and Abia wore their 'Korohus' (black grass-skirts) and wandered off to the creek. They found many of their girl-friends at the creek. They joked and laughed and sang as loud as they could, hoping that any male passing that way would hear them. They had to make the most of that time, as all the rest of the time, their mothers saw that they were behaving themselves.

Gradually the girls paired off from the main group. Abia and Babine left and were soon building up mud-walls to trap the fish at the end of the creek. They worked silently under the mangrove trees as it was the custom that the spirits would give bad luck to people who were noisy in the creek. The sun was very hot, but that was not a problem as there was a lot of shade provided by the thick canopy of the mangroves. Mosquitoes covered the two girls' hands and legs sucking their blood madly. This did not worry the girls because they were used to it.

"Are you going to De-La tomorrow? The cadets are putting on parades and you know this will be a real good chance of meeting Michael. Why don't you come with me? I'm taking some food there for Paru, my brother," said Babine.

"Shhhhh!"..... Talk softly in case there is another woman around. I think that is a fantastic idea. I'll lie to my mother that you want me to come with you because you have no one to go with to De-La. She doesn't know about Michael. She'll agree so don't worry", whispered Abia.

The kingfisher nearly made them take to their heels with a loud sudden cry from a branch just above their heads. They knew the tide was coming in so they got ready to leave. They washed off the dry mud from their legs and hands and washed the fish in the baskets. Some of the other girls were hurrying past and soon joined them and were on their way to the beach. When they arrived, more girls were there already rolling about in the warm sand.

A little while later, they were all making fun and laughing again. Some of the girls were dancing hula-hula, swaying their hips like snakes while the others sang *Aku Pokina*. Just as their fun was at its

climax, some women appeared on the scene and the girls stopped abruptly. Slightly embarrassed, they started for home. They were afraid, without showing it, that these women might tell their mothers about what they had been doing.

Babine and Abia arrived home, rather pleased with themselves because they had caught lots of fish. Their mothers were making compliments about them. The two girls winked at each other and smiled when their mothers were not watching. This meant they had a secret which was that of seeing their boyfriends at De-La-Salle the following day.

Abia wondered what she was to wear. Whatever it was, she just had to make herself as pretty as possible to catch Michael's eyes. She asked her mother while she was in a good mood and she had agreed that Abia could go to De-La with Babine. Abia couldn't wait.

The two girls slept that night, wishing the day would begin soon. They dreamt about ten times before they fell off to sleep.

"Come on tomorrow, hurry up and come quickly. Come on tomorrow, come on, come..... I want to see Michael.....", Abia was talking in her dream.

PAPUA NEW GUINEA WRITING

ANNOUNCING REDUCTION IN SUBSCRIPTION RATES

The Retail Sales price as well as Annual Subscription rates for Papua New Guinea Writing have now been reduced. From this issue No. 24 of December, 1976, the following rates will apply.

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* Papua New Guinea Subscribers	K2.00
* Overseas Subscribers	K3.00
* P.N.G. (Schools, Libraries, Students)	K1.00

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Let us bear the responsibility of sending 'Papua New Guinea Writing' to YOU!!

EDITOR

ASARO MUDMEN

By Kotasea Dugatao



Suddenly a woman screamed "Look! The spirits of the swamps have come to get us."

Long, long ago the Makiahuka, near Goroka, were the people of Asaro valley. The Asaro valley was very fertile so there was plenty of food. But these were days of traditional enmity and fighting. Another tribe attacked them and many of the Makihukas were killed. Those who survived the attack escaped to the swamps. The enemies then settled on their land.

In the swamps the remaining Makihuka people came together. Although they were afraid of spirits from the swamps, they stayed there. They tried to find enough food to eat.

One evening the elders called a meeting of the people to talk about their troubles. An old man, who was on his way to the meeting, fell over in mud. Mud stuck to his body and head. He then wore the spirits mask of mud with a head, eyes, and mouth. When they saw him coming the people were afraid. They ran away. They shouted to each other that a spirit from the swamp had come to kill them. Some of the braver men had already fitted arrows to their bows and were ready to fire them when the old man pledged: "I am not a spirit", he said. "I am your brother. I fell into a swamp and got covered with clay".

The people came back. They sat down together and began to talk. They wanted to find the best way to get their land back but one old man stopped their talk. He said, "You are talking of fighting but we are not strong enough to fight. We will all be killed and our women and children too. We must think of a way to get our land back. Today this man frightened us all when he came out of the swamp covered with mud. Perhaps we could frighten our enemies the same way. We could cover ourselves with mud and pretend to be spirits of the swamp.

The people thought this was a good idea so, they moved down to the swamp. They made masks of bamboo and bark. They plastered them with clay and set them out to dry. They rubbed mud onto the bodies of the warriors. They made frightening designs on the mud masks. Then the warriors put the masks on. They tied leaves to their arms and waists. They rehearsed emerging out of the swamps like spirits,

moving their arms and their fingers as though they were claws. Each man carried his bow and arrows. The mudmen set a time for the attack. Just as it was near dark, one evening, the mudmen came out of the swamps. They crept towards the huts of their enemies.

The women in the enemy village were cooking while the men were around fires, resting. Suddenly a woman screamed, 'Look! The spirits of the swamps. They have come to get us. They have eaten the people of Makiahuka, and now they are coming to eat us!' Everyone jumped up and ran away. The men dropped their weapons. People screamed and cried and ran as fast as they could back to their own country.

The mudmen and their families came back to their own land in the Asaro Valley and started to make new gardens and huts. They spread the news among their neighbours that the spirits of the swamps were now their friends. The spirits had promised to protect them from their enemies.

They knew that everyone was afraid of the powerful spirits of the swamps. They hoped that enemies would be too afraid to attack them again.

But the mudmen of Makiahuka still do their traditional ceremonial dance with mud plastered over their bodies. They come out of the dark casuarina trees, clawing and creeping towards their enemies as their fathers had done long ago. ●

This story won second prize in the Primary Schools Section of the Eighth Annual National Short Story Competition, 1976.

• • • •



Coming up from the unpleasant landing, the principal grabbed Molas and looking into his red eyes said: "Look. You're drunk. See me in my Office tomorrow."

STANDARD

By Roland Katak

Placing the last pair of Longreach jeans in the drawer, he immediately closed and pressed the expensive aluminium suitcase shut, unconsciously. Standing, he used his right foot to push the case carelessly under the single, undressed metal framed bed. Swirling he ambled casually across the small dining-sitting-lounge room, and pushing the white door outwards he stepped into the sunned world and instantly remembered that he was in an unfamiliar environment, a new school. Not just any school, but a National High School where young men and women were being helped to prepare for further tertiary education or to go into direct employment. He wondered whether he should go round the school, his future home and get acquainted with some students and staff. Were there any students from his own province? he asked himself. There's always tomorrow was his final thought and abandoning his intentions he backed into the dormitory.

About a kilometre away the school principal was briefly conversing with a more senior student.

"The new school teacher, sir, where does he come from and what. . . .?" Molas tried to ask the principal while the principal was still attending to the other student.

"Who? Oh! Mr. Wagi, Ronnie Wagi? He comes from the East Sepik Province and only graduated from the University last year," answered the principal, his mouth twisting into a smile, remembering that the inquiring student also came from the same province. He continued, "Are you also interested in becoming like him, Molas? This country needs a lot of teachers to replace foreigners. We're all leaving soon, you know".

"Yes sir!" a smile lit Molas. He was lying. "What subject is he teaching, Sir?" He loathed using the word "sir" but he knew that as a measure of respect he had to use it, even to Wagi, his own countryman. But using it on this European, this hated colonialist, especially after independence was a different matter.

"Maths and Social Science", came the reply with a slight hand gesture of dismissal.

Molas accepted the dismissal and muttering a thank-you-sir and see-you, he headed in the direction of Ronnie Wagi's residence and

thought over his repugnance for the principal, for whom the entire community, both students and outsiders also shared. This widespread dislike was based on the fact that the principal was the true-to-life example of an arrogant, strict, dictatorial and colonial boss.

Above all Molas disliked the principal because of his hard hitting, common sense, logical form of argument, which in any argument would reduce the Sixth-Form student to a grade six one, who would grope for the right argument, word or phrase for an intelligent counter-attack. Over his dislike for the European boss, Molas wished for an instant localisation of the school with Wagi, his own countryman, his 'wan skin', even his own 'wan-peles' as the Head.

Realizing that he was a few yards from Wagi's house, his pre-occupied mind became focussed on his intentions. His brain busied itself, functioning, forming, pros, and cons on the best methods of introducing himself and finally, a satisfactory method came to his brain and unconsciously brought a nervous smile. Nervously, almost hurriedly, he tapped the door two times and withdrew a couple of steps.

Approaching footsteps were heard, the door suddenly came towards him and again he withdrew two more steps. Behind the door a medium built man stood, his face painted with a broad smile.

"Yes? Oh! Hellow," came the typical Sepik voice.

"Hello, I'm Molas Wanidu". His hand had unconsciously extended for a more meaningful, friendly and a better show of welcome and friendship. A handshake, warm, tight and almost hurting grip was administered on his extended hand and he tried to remember his physics, in particular the laws he had studied. Anyway, one of the laws stated that for every action, there's an equal and opposite reaction and with this he tried to return the grip. Too late for Mr. Wagi had withdrawn his hand and while digesting Molas, properly introduced himself and inquired where Molas came from.

Few more words were exchanged and the two Sepik men, teacher and student walked into the teacher's house.

It was unique, perhaps truly Melanesian, for even in a fairly civilized country like Australia or New Zealand, the boarding students are hardly ever asked or never go to their teacher's house unless faced with an academic problem or seeking guidance. The teachers in these countries try to discipline their children, their students the best teacher-student relationships. While undertaking any private conversation, there are usually this air of authority about the teacher. The teacher is always assumed paternal, demanding respect which he receives.

Mr Wagi's house, after Molas's first entering became a haven, a playground and a smoke and joke-room for the twenty odd Sepik students. His role as a teacher started with the class hours, he, from 7 am to 12.55 pm; when he walked out of class, his title as a teacher withdrew into his subconscious mind.

His verbal expressions became conventionally students' enriched with slang, dirty, four letter words and jokes. He was not looked upon as a teacher and he made no effort to enforce his title; he made no efforts of controlling the students as such. The house became typical Sepik, teacher-student responsibilities and each remaining in their respectful places were forgotten. They became one. wantoks³ and new ideas were just bad dreams.

In the months that passed, Molas's dislike for the Principal had increased to almost blind hatred and one day he re-accessed what he thought were the Principal's negative points. The school had a bus and in five months there had been seven drivers. All of them had been sacked because they had failed to do what the Principal wanted them to do. Some cases for the sacking were minor, like not turning up on time. No chances were given and they had been treated and sacked in a 'Fair dinkum' colonial style, like ignorant 'kanakas'. Unlike other teachers who would take things at ease, the Principal was the exact opposite. He would order students to do things with precision. If his wants were not met, the poor chap involved would be degraded. The principal, when teaching, would expect one and all to remember or have the right answer to all his questions. He did not waste time on preliminaries, the elementaries but just struck at the hard core. He had a lot of power in the Board of Governors, the Disciplinary Committee and other policing groups and was able to manipulate and influence other members of the constituent into doing things his way. All these and others, to Molas, the nineteen year old sixth form student, seemed unfair and un-democratic. Gee, how he wished his

friend Wagi replaced the Principal.

Mr. Wagi and Molas had just finished a dozen bottles of beer and a small bottle of Bacardi and in the distance they could hear the electrifying sound of a local band playing 'Claudie'. It was the school's social night.

"Hey Ronnie man, ya coming ta da dance?" Molas managed to ask, emptying his last S 'P' Green.

"No thank you. I think I'll just sleep this off. You may go, but remember, you have violated a school rule by consuming more than an ounce of liquor. It is also forbidden to smoke out there so be careful and don't get caught", and with that Ronnie Wagi crawled into the bed-room.

"Don't you — you worry about me mate? Ah, can take care of myself", Molas blurted, his head swaying from side to side and his finger pointing to himself. He then doddered towards the door and let himself out and was encountered with the cool, night air which quickly made him more aware of his state of intoxication. He remembered the government's policy of 'Operation Moderation' and swore at that scrap. Heading towards the source of the music he sang, "Bacardi's made a man out of me. Let me find another bottle to drink. You just be there, Mr. Principal, for tonight I shall see you and we shall settle a problem. I'm a man."

With a surprising degree of self-control Molas marched into the dance-hall and with his blurry limited vision he scanned the hall. He noticed his quarry less than five feet away and gave a sly appearance. His mind became vivid with hate, courage, excitement, fame and glory, all mixed into one. Slowly he advanced.

Accidentally to others, deliberately to Molas, he bumped hard into the unsuspecting principal, knocking him over. Coming up from an unpleasant landing, he grabbed Molas and looking into the glowing red eyes, said in an angry voice "Look.", he smelled. "You're drunk! See me in my office tomorrow."

A foot had contacted viciously in the principal's groin and he doubled over, mouth agape to catch air into his suddenly empty lungs. People began to shout and gather around, creating a confusion, reviving Molas who realised just exactly what he had done. Unseen hands grabbed and dragged him away.

The next morning, quite sobber, he finished packing his few belongings in a rusty old suitcase and sadly placing his air tickets in his right shirt pocket, he went to say goodbye to Mr. Ronnie Wagi.

There were still five months to go before sixth form students could fill in their school leaver's form.

Two days later, an European staff member was talking to a number of students, trying to find out just what prompted Molas to act the way he did, cutting his chances of a good career. After Molas' thoughts and attitudes were explained by the boys, the teacher gave a short speech.

He said, "Listen you boys, you are all being educated in the new way of life and will want to live up to it. Very soon there will hardly be any foreigners left, and you as the educated ones will have to rule your affairs. However in order to do that, you have to forget a few interfering systems, the *wantok system*⁴, especially. You said you do not like the Principal's actions and attitudes. The Principal, you must realise, is also a human being and also his standard of living is high, and he expects us to live to his standards. He perhaps insists that we live by his standard and this insistence can be best seen by the attitudes and actions he displays.

Of course, not everyone's standard of living is as high as the Principal's and hopefully some of you will live as the Principal now lives. This will mean to discipline and to lead others, not always being the 'yes man'. Mistake is a part of human nature and no one is perfectly right by any means and the Principal will most probably be the first one to tell you that.

The new era has begun. The kind of education it has brought is a means to enable you to adjust yourselves to live in accordance with its standards. It is here to stay and in order to make the best of it, you got to be responsible. You have gained independence and we are all proud of you and your country. We, as foreigners, and as I have stated earlier, are all leaving soon and most of you will pursue the example set by the Principal. We all wish you and your country a success."

COMPETITIONS

PRIZE WINNERS

EIGHTH ANNUAL NATIONAL SHORT STORY COMPETITION

SECTION I	(TERTIARY ADULT)	Prize
Prizes:	1st Zaming Zankoa, University of Papua New Guinea	K50
	2nd Benjamin Umba, Department of Education	K25
	3rd Monika Toto Rau, University of P.N.G	K15
SECTION II	(NATIONAL AND PROVINCIAL HIGH SCHOOLS)	
Prizes:	1st Neerod Roland Katak, Kerevat National High School	K50
	2nd Victor Golpak, Kerevat National High School	K25
	3rd Neerod Roland Katak, Kerevat National High School	K15
SECTION III	(COMMUNITY SCHOOLS)	
Prizes:	1st Yopo Sanangepi, Numul Community School, Mt Hagen, Western Highlands Province	K15
	2nd Kotasia Dugatao, Kaintiba Community School, Madang Province	K10
	3rd Cleitus Moso, Boroka Community School, Enga Province	K 5
SECTION IV	(PIDGIN AND MOTU STORIES)	
Prizes:	1st Raho Vaiera, Department of Education, Central Province	K50
	2nd Mary Keleku, O.L.S.H. High School, Kokopo ENBP	K25
	3rd Waio Kikiwai, Tulum Community School Mendi, Southern Highlands Province	K15
SPECIAL:	ROGER BOSCHMAN PRIZE	
	* Alois Tabata, Kerevat National High School Rabaul, ENB Province	K20

SEVENTH ANNUAL POETRY COMPETITION

SECTION I	(TERTIARY ADULT. ENGLISH POEM)	
Prizes:	1st Willie Kamit, University of Technology, Lae	K50
	2nd Stanely P. Laepa, University of PNG	K25
	3rd Horiawi Himugu, University of PNG	K15
SECTION II	(NATIONAL AND PROVINCIAL SCHOOLS)	
Prizes:	1st Anton Pip, Mt Hagen Provincial H School, WHP	K50
	2nd Ivy Doiwa, Cameron Provincial H School MBP	k25
	3rd Paul Pius, Papitali Provincial H School	K15
SECTION III	(COMMUNITY SCHOOLS)	
Prizes:	1st Martha Lalu, St Anne's Community School, Aitape WSP	K15
	2nd Magdalene Kerikori, Tupuka Community School, Arawa, NSP	K10
	3rd Parita Kari, Ilā Karaeta Community School, Kerema, Gulf Province	K 5
SECTION IV	(PIDGIN POETRY (OPEN SECTION))	
Prizes:	1st No award made	
	2nd No award made	
	3rd No award made	

Announcing the results of the 1976 Literary Competitions



SEVENTH ANNUAL PLAY COMPETITION

SECTION I (SHORT PLAYS IN ENGLISH)

Prizes: 1st No award made
2nd No award made
3rd No award made

SECTION II (LONGER PLAYS IN ENGLISH)

Prizes: 1st No award made
2nd No award made
3rd No award made

SECTION III (PLAY WRITTEN IN PIDGIN)

Prizes: 1st No award made
2nd No award made
3rd No award made

Dear Mr. Lahui,

I have read the plays submitted in the 7th Annual Play competition and have listed the results below.

I have decided that no awards be made as no entries in any section were of sufficiently high standard. The standard of entries in section two was also not of high standard.

The majority of authors did not understand the purpose of using a *narrator*, or story teller in a stage play. The unfluence of *radio drama* (with a linking narrator) is seen in many entries. This technique is not suitable for stage productions. It is suggested that a special section be developed in future competition for radio plays. Perhaps the N.B.C. may be able to assist in organising this new section of the competition. I recommended that no awards be made this year.

Yours sincerely,

Peter Trist
Senior Producer
National Broadcasting Commission.

DONATIONS

FOR THE 1977 WRITING COMPETITIONS

Donations for 1977 Annual national Writing Competitions in Short Story, Poetry and Play are still welcome. The Competitions will open on 1st May and close on 31st July 1977.

The competitions are designed to enable the people of Papua New Guinea to write and communicate, through the medium of the printed words, their thoughts, experiences, aspirations and at the same time record their past heritage.

Individuals and organisations who may wish to sponsor any of the existing prizes or sponsor new sections in other writing disciplines should write to the Manager, Literature Bureau, P O Box 5741, BOROKO.

All donation, large or small will be acknowledged.

We want to share this development task with you!

Editor

THE STORY OF TWO STONES

By Yapo Sanangepi

Long time ago, there was a young man by the name of Yagapu Sainalo. He lived in a small hut in the heart of a thick forest. About ten miles away from his forest home there was a big village where the rest of the people lived. Although Yagapu Sainalo had friends and relatives living in the village he spent most of his time trapping and hunting in his nearby forest home. He visited the village regularly but never stayed away too long.

One day as he was out hunting in his native forest as usual, he came across an old woman and her beautiful young daughter. The old woman and her daughter were sheltering under a huge yumbi tree from the heavy rain, which was pouring down on them. Accustomed to wet and rain, Sainalo walked boldly up to the two females and asked, "Why are you sitting under that tree and what brought you here?"

The mother got up and said, "You young fool. Don't you see that we are wet and cold?"

Yagapu Sainalo laughed at the old woman and said, "Well to me it's nothing because I've lived here and the rain, sun, night and cold are part of my life."

The old woman told Sainalo that they had come to collect bush ropes for making bilums* but the rain had prevented them so they took shelter under the Yumbi tree.

After a moments silence Sainalo said, "It's no good looking for ropes in heavy rain like this. Why don't you go back home?" When the old woman turned around to ask her daughter for her suggestion, she saw that the young girl was pressing her body against the tree to prevent herself from shaking with cold. Seeing that it was difficult going back in the heavy rain, the old woman asked Yagapu Sainalo if he could take them to his place and spend the night there.

It was getting dark when the three entered Sainalo's small hut. After being seated the old woman asked, "Aren't you going to make fire for us to warm ourselves?" In a stern voice Sainalo said, "I am sorry but I don't make fire for nothing unless I am on top of a lady's chest".

Shivering from wet and cold the old woman said, "You can sleep on top of my chest if you make the fire for us". But Sainalo didn't say anything and just sat there staring at the young girl. Seeing that it was of no use the old woman then said, "You can sleep on top of my daughter's chest if you make the fire". As soon as the words "daughter's chest" had left the woman's mouth, Sainalo was already on his feet rubbing the piece of bamboo against a piece of wood. In less than five minutes there was a nice warm inviting flame leaping towards the ceiling. The poor old woman was so tired and cold that she forgot about her daughter and fell asleep beside the warm fire. At the same time Yagapu Sainalo was on top of the young girl satisfying his desire which he had long contained since the moment he set eyes on her. The two left the following day.

It was about four months after the two women had been to forest when the young girl became pregnant. Feeling ashamed, the daughter blamed her mother for her pregnancy. Most of the villagers were surprised at the young girl's pregnancy and some of them said that the young girl had been married secretly while others said that she had slept with any men that she met. While this was going on the young girl didn't walk around but spent most of her time in her house. About seven months later the young woman gave birth to a beautiful son. As weeks and months passed the boy grew up and the young mother was very proud of him.

One day when the boy was about three years old, Yagapu Sainalo's people called a singsing. The young woman decided to go and watch the singsing. Early in the morning she cooked some taro and with it she cooked an especially big one which was quite different from the rest. As soon as the first golden rays of the morning sun shone on the taro leaves outside, she woke her son up and both had a quick breakfast of taro. After breakfast the mother put her son on her shoulders and started off to the singsing place. When they arrived at the singsing ground the place was crowded with people. They found a place where the women sat. Before she sat down the young mother looked around and saw Yagapu Sainalo sitting among the men. She was very happy about it and sat down smiling to herself.

After a quick check of the special taro, she gave it to her son and said, "Take this taro to that young man sitting over there" she said to her son and produced a coil of string. She then told the son that if he went to the wrong person she would pull the rope but would not pull it if he went to Yagapu Sainalo. With the taro in one hand and the rope on the other, the young boy made his way through the crowd and stopped at the first young man. He walked on as his mother pulled the rope until he stopped right in front of Yagapu Sainalo. Quickly Yagapu Sainalo got up and said, "Hey! I am not your father young boy, 'You have come to the wrong person so go away'". Just as the small boy was turning around to go back, the mother stood up and said in a loud voice, "He's lying, son. Give the taro to him. He is your father". The small boy threw the taro on Yagapu Sainalo's face and ran back to his mother.

When everyone saw this, they were really surprised and they started asking questions to each other. One of the village elders got up and said, "Is it a trick that you are playing on us or is that you two got married secretly without anyone knowing about it?" The woman stood up and said, "We got married a long time ago but he's ashamed of his young son bringing the taro to him". Yagapu Sainalo was so shocked that he didn't know what to say and sat there with his head bowed. After a few moments Yagapu Sainalo got up and shouted angrily, "I have never met or seen this young woman in my life before but I'm ashamed of what has happened". As soon as he finished talking, Yagapu Sainalo got his axe and started running as fast as he could up a small hill. When he reached the top of the hill, he was so exhausted that he couldn't run any further so he axed his own neck off.

Not long afterwards the young woman followed Yagapu Sainalo and when she reached the top she saw Yagapu Sainalo lying without a head. She didn't like looking at that terrible sight so she turned her back against Sainalo and sat there facing towards her own home. Both turned into two stones.

Today you can still see the two stones, one tall and other short. From the tall stone there is a white sticky sort of liquid coming out and this represents blood pouring out of Sainalo's neck. The short stone represents the woman sitting and facing the village. ●

This story won first prize in the Community Schools Section of the eighth Annual National Short Story Competition, 1976.

HOW WALLABIES LEARNED TO HOP

By Cleitus Moso

Once upon a time wallabies did not know how to hop. They moved around the way dogs do. One day a pack of wild dogs met together. They had two leaders. The leaders were called Ikonda and Moanki.

"Tomorrow the wallabies are having a feast", announced Ikonda and Moanki to the other dogs. "We will wait until they are filled with food. Then we will attack them and eat them".

The next day the wallabies had their feast. They ate a lot of food and drank a lot of water. After the feast they felt tired. They all lay down to sleep.

One of the wallabies saw a hole under a banana tree. He went into the hole to sleep. Suddenly the dogs attacked the wallabies who were asleep. The wallabies were full of food and could not run fast enough to get away from the dogs.

The wallaby under the banana tree kept very still so the dogs did not notice him. That night when everything was quiet, he crept out of the hole.

The wallaby was very sad when he looked around. All his friends had been killed and eaten. The only parts left were the hides. The wallaby began to cry. Just then he saw a frog hopping along. It saw the wallaby crying. "Why are you crying?" it asked.

"All my friends were killed by the wild dogs", said the wallaby. "They

had eaten too much and could not run fast enough."

The frog felt sorry for the wallaby. "I will help you. I'll show you how to hop", said the frog.

Every day the frog gave the wallaby hopping lessons. The wallaby could not hop. He tripped over stones and many times got his paws tangled together.

At last he knew how to hop. At first his hops were small and weak. But every day he took longer and stronger hops.

Every day he moved faster and faster. One day the wild dogs saw the same wallaby eating some green grass under shady tree. Barking loudly, they made a circle round the wallaby and began to move closer and closer.

But the wallaby was not the least frightened. It thought of a way to get away from the dogs. It waited until the dogs were very close. Then it moved. It leaped through the air and jumped right over the dogs. Then it raced away, taking long, strong hops. The dogs were surprised. They wondered where the wallaby had gone. They ran to catch it, but the wallaby was too fast for them.

So now, wallabies hop. They can get away when dogs and other enemies chase them. Sometimes they trick dogs by jumping over them. Frogs and wallabies have remained best friends ever since.

Pidgin version on page 17.



The wallaby took one great leap and jumped over the dogs and quickly raced away.

BOKU BROTHERS

By Luca Rudolph Sosoruo

A lad, if that labels him correctly for he has recently shaved, stood at the stairs of his dormitory, gazing spellbound at the gorgeous sunset in the western sky. His view was focussed on the opalescent clouds which resembled an animated bonfire. The clear, flame orangy fluorescent rays of the setting sun swept across the sky like a spider's web, the countless number of rays all originating from one source, the sun.

The sunset reminded him of home, his beloved Sepik homeland. He was noted to possess a certain degree of clairvoyance as was experienced by his teachers, who on numerous occasions have had to ask him more than once to concentrate on lessons when they had encountered him becoming absorbed in his favourite pastime of day-dreaming.

His day-dreams would take him back to the famous Boram Tavern where beer seems to be at a limitless supply, where he had had many a drinking contest, some of which to his credit, he won. The drinking contests ranged from who could drain a bottle of beer in the shortest possible time to who could consume the greatest quantity.

This particular afternoon, the sunset seemed to influence his dreams so his mind was roaming within the vicinity of his never-to-be-forgotten village which lies adjacent to the Kubaha Patrol Post in the East Sepik Province. With the day's work over, the villagers would return from their day-long labor in family groups, chattering away of how hard, how successful the days work had been. Perhaps at this moment his father, a great beetlenut chewer, must be chewing away. What meal had mother cooked, taro, yams, sago? The thought of sago instigated that somewhat automatic process of saliva to form within his salivary glands, which he swallowed with a sigh. How he longed to taste sago, the delicious sago grubs. Why had he ever come to this godforsaken island with no sago?

While he was transfixed in his day-dream, he didn't notice his roommate approach him, who had woken up from a rather refreshing sleep and stood quietly about a metre away and seemingly thinking about something. Was he thinking of the latest dream he had, perhaps, about home too? Only God knows! Both stood in silence, each geared to his own thoughts and dreams.

As usual above the Keravat sky, the Kokomos as they are known, were flying past in groups of sixes, eights, tens and sometimes in sixteens. All were heading for the Baining Mountains. From where they came or where they had been no one knew. The birds were calling farewell to the setting sun.

During the silence, in a nearby room someone was whistling a familiar native tune. To his friends he was known as the 'only specie' from Nightingale Bay, Wewak. His uniqueness seemed to play a major part to his characteristics, often claiming that Nightingale Bay can only be compared with the Lae Botanical Garden.

The whistling sounded extravagant. The relentless pursuit of the whistler seemed to connote that his soul, his mind and in fact his whole being was at it. To an expert on that tune, it would sound as if

it needed to be improved a little but he seemed to be at this superlative best.

As suddenly as he had begun, the whistler stopped and yelled with an outburst, perhaps with the intention of making use of the extra air that had over-flooded his exhausted lungs. "Keken oi namo?" The *Oinamo* sounded as if it had been over exaggerated.

"Motu oi diba?", called an unidentified voice from a room in the building adjacent to the whistler's room.

The whistler's yell and that attentive listener's intrusion interrupted the two day-dreamers, the one who had woken up from sleep

exclaimed in a rather poetic tone, "Ah! Bogia, I wish I were back at Bogia".

Interrupted by his counterpart, the other lad added, "Ah, Kubalia, not bad, O.K." The whistler who had calmed down now intervened, "Come on two, what are you up to?"

The whistler's intervention stimulated the two day-dreamers into a neurotic mood and it was in that mood that the two lads, one from Bogia, the other from Kubalia extracted BO from the word Bogia and Ku from Kubalia forming the word 'BOKU'. Since then they had become known as "THE BOKU BROTHERS". ●

1 KEKENI OI NAMO?—Are you all right, girl?

2 MOTU OI DIBA?—Do you know Motu (in this case with a scolding connotation)?

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".

Stories may be on any subject and must be set in Papua New Guinea. Fictional stories are most welcome. Sketches, biographies as well as writing obscene in nature are excluded.

Send to:

The Literature Bureau
P.O. Box 5741
BOROKO

LONG WANEM SIKAU I BIN LAINIM LONG KALAP

(Pidgin Version of 'How Wallabies Learned to Hop')

Cleitus Moso i raitim

Long taim i go pinis ol sikau i no save kalap kalap olsem yumi lukim nau. Ol sikau i ron nabaut olsem dok. Wapela de ol dok i bin bung. Lida bilong ol lain dok em Ikonda na Moanki.

Ikonda na Moanki i tok: "Tomora ol sikau bai i bung na mekim bikipela kaikai. Yumi wet igo igo na taim i kaikai pulap tru yumi ken kirap na kilim na kaikaim ol".

Lon wapela de ol Sikau i bin bilas na ol igo bung na redim bikipela kaikai. Taim ol i redi ol i stat long kaikai igo igo na ol bin pulap tru. Ol sikau i no bin inap long i go bek long ples long ol na ol silip nabaut i stap.

Wapela sikau em bin lukim wapela hul long insait long giraun na i bin go silip insait long en. Taim ol sikau ia silip istap ol dok i bin kirap na go paitim na traime kilim ol. Ol sikau i bin les long wanem ol i bin pulap tru long kaikai na i no ron spit. Ol dok i bin kilim ol na kaikaim olgeta.

Dispela laki sikau husait i bin go hait na silip long hul long giraun em stap gut na ol dok ino bin painim. Em i stap insait long hul i go igo, taim san i pundaun na bihain em bin go long peles bilong en.

Long taim dispela wapela sikau i bin kam aut i bin sore nogut tru taim em lukim bun na sakin bilong ol wanlain bilong en. Em bin karai na belhat tru.

Wapela rokok bin sanap long peles sikau i bin sanap karai na taim i lukim sikau i bin belhat wantaim em. I bin kamaut na tokim sikau olsem. "Yu karai long wanem?"

"Ol wanlain bilong mi ol wel dok i bin kilim na kaikaim ol. Ol wanlain bilong mi bin kaikai tumas na ol i no nap ronawe, na ol dok i bin kilim na kaikaim ol".

Turangu rokok i bin belhat wantaim sikau na i tokim sikau, "Bai mi ken halivim yu. Bai mi soim yu pasin long kalap".

Olgeta de rokok i bin tisim pasin bilong kalap. Sikau i no save long kalap na plenti taim i bin pundaun na bagarapim han bilong em long diwai na rop samtin.

Sikau i bin traime traime igo na i save gut long pasin long kalap. Olgeta de em traime kalap, em bin kalap long we liklik long mark em bin kalap bipo, na tu em bin putim spit wantaim.

Wapela de sampela wel dok i bin lukim dispela sikau kaikaim gras aninit long wapela diwai.

Ol dok i bikmaus na i kam raunim dispela sikau na i kam clostu clostu.

Sikau ia i no bin poret liklik na i stap kaikaim gras na tu em bin ting long trikik ol dok. I bin wet igo go na taim ol dok i kam clostu tru em bin kirap na kalap lonwe tru na igo antap long ol wel dok na ron kuik i go. Taim i bin kalap i bin sipit tru.

Pasin long kalap em bin soim i paulim tingting bilong ol wel dok na tu ol i no lukim wanem hap sikau i bin ron. Ol bin traime bihainim em tasol ol i no nap painim em.

Olsem tete yumi save lukim sikau i kalap taim ol dok na ol kain birua i bihainim ol. Sampela taim tu i save mekim trik long ol dok.

Sikau na rokok i save stap gutpela pren oltaim. ●

MOURNING FOR THE DEAD HOME

Stanley P. Laepa

On, my home, you were once
the land of my perishing fathers
but now you have married into
following the footsteps of the white men.

Your destinations I can't foresee
As I watch with my critical eyes
your cynical relationship.
Maybe the onus that is bestowed
upon me to turn to you back is irrelevant.
because our failure is reborn.

What shall I do?

What shall I do?

But despair shall my heart be as you
and I become the victims of machinery
and the space rocket to Mars.

All I have to do now
is to solve the problem of evergrowing
Venereal Disease and eat the sphagetti
that is excreted from the factory.

There is no turing back.
No, There is no turning back.
Oh, I cry for the prosperity.
What problems will there be,
especially when I can see now
that the doctor in saving a life
is creating one more acre
to the agriculturalist's land?

Will wantok system still exist?
Will my sons son think of me,
when he gets a job?
Will my grandfathers' tongue be
bellowed by my daughter's daughters?
And will my daughters treasure Kina shell?

Oh, my Home, the core of my heart
is mourning only for you.
Reality is initiable
And not a dummy of a rugby game;
So shall I stop, but will the Messiaiah
Save my Home?
I don't know.

BUTTER-FLY

Pariti Kari

I wish I could fly like a butter-fly
High up in the air flapping my colourful wings and smell the flowers
and sit on the flowers.
And while flying in the air on my way I could
be thinking about the things I could do in the distance.

LUMALAGAN

By Toiti Selam

A short story based on the initiation and ceremonial rites of the people of New Ireland Province

Albert Mearem arrived home delighted at the brightness of small fires near his house. He had heard in Port Moresby that there would be a Malagan feast held at his small village of Vimpasa.

He hadn't expected his clan and another neighbouring clan living together and running the feast as there had been a split-up in the clans when he left three years ago.

His mother came up to shake hands and started to cry and then left to prepare some food for him. He had arrived home about 10.00 that night and was quite tired then. After his mother had prepared food, his father arrived from the Men's House and shared supper with him.

After supper his father said, "Son, now that you have arrived on the eve of this Malagan feast, I have to tell you that I better start teaching the Malagan way". He continued, "You have stayed away for nearly three years therefore there should be an initiation for you into the Malagan Circle".

Albert answered, "I don't know father what is the initiation ceremony like?"

Albert's father answered. "Since we are alone now, I'll tell you", he paused and then continued, "When a young person is to be accepted into the Guards of the Malagan he is stripped and then one of the guards whips him with a special vine which has barbs on it". He paused again and continued, "The person will have a few sores after that which is not much".

Albert answered, "I'll think about it, but I don't think I should have it right now".

His father answered angrily: "Look son, it doesn't matter whether you decide to or not to be initiated, I am an old man now, I am also the only one who knows the Malagan rites of the Lawasibo. Lawasibo as you know, literally is the bone of the pig, but in this instance, it means the side bone of this Malagan feast", he paused again and continued, "I volunteered to handle the Lawasibo, not because I wanted prestige over it, but because I am the only one in this village who know the rites. I want you to learn those rites from me as you are my eldest son. How long will you be on leave, Albert?"

"Eight weeks", Albert stopped and thought again then asked, "Why are you and your brother-in-law involved in this Malagan while you two are not members of the same clans, the Leme Boka and the Leme Nangaron?"

"That is because, I know more about the Lawasibo and my brother-in-law Lemulus knows more about the rites of the Lumalagan and he is cutting two carvings right now", Albert's father answered.

"Father, you said Lumalagan, that means we will be having two different Malagan figures. Is that right?" Albert inquired.

"That's right, Albert, you see, the two Malagans will represent two relatives who died; one will represent your old cousin brother, Rongmulus who died two years ago and the other will represent Lovobet, an old lady from the Leme Nangaron clan who died a year ago".

"How many more weeks remain before we have the ceremony?" Albert inquired.

"Another seven weeks, but you better go to bed. We will talk more tomorrow", his father answered and ended their conversation.

"Okay father and good night", Albert answered and went to his room.

Some time later Albert's father made his way to the Men's House. He lay down on his bamboo bed and using a short piece as a pillow went to sleep.

The next day Luakana, Albert's aunt and wife of Lemulus came up to meet Albert. She told him about the Malagan feast and like Albert's own father requested that he be initiated into the Circle. Aunt Luakana added that his cousin Porovoa had nearly learnt all the Malagan rites from his father Lemulus.

"Yes aunt, father too was talking to me about it last night but I told him I had to think about it". Albert answered. "He was quite upset when I told him that I had to think about it".

"I know how he feels about it; we had discussed it earlier and we agreed that my son Porovoa would learn from his father the rites of the Malagan and you learn from your father the rites of the Lawasibo". Luakana answered and added. "Any way I am going to the garden now". With that she left Albert thinking about the whole matter.

Preparation for the feast was in its fourth week and during the second to third weeks, it had been hectic with the detailed preparations of the taro beds and placing of the taro on the bed and the preparation of the pigs. The total number of pigs was to be 67 altogether. Bananas were also collected and stored to ripe.

Albert finally changed his mind to be initiated. On the fifth week Albert had been initiated into the Malagan Circle and for which he had to pay his father and his uncle two arms length of a "Levene" (shell money). During the whipping ceremony all the men came into the Men's House, some dressed in costumes of the guards. One of them had to whip Albert until his once smooth bare back was wet with trickles of blood. After the whipping, Albert was not allowed out until his blood had dried up and the elder made sure there was no smell of fresh blood from his body. During the ceremony that followed two pigs were slaughtered, cooked and eaten by the two clans involved in the Malagan feast.

During the final week, Albert left with his father and uncles for the West Coast of New Ireland to buy pigs and returned the following day with three. Pigs now totalled seventy.

The final rehearsals of traditional dances were done. One most important of these dances was the Malagan Dance which was to be staged by fathers and sons of the Lemulus and Porovos clans.

This Malagan dance consisted of a colourful carved head-piece, worn by dancers by pushing their heads through the head-piece. The dancer's head fit perfectly inside them. There were twelve dancers altogether and it took them twelve hours to dance.

Thursday came and it was the feasting day. Albert was very excited. Some plans were relaxed at last minute to allow for the feast to last two more days due to extensive activities and the traditional rituals.

So Thursday became what is called, "le-ve silok" or dancing day where traditional dancing was the order of the day and Friday became "Livirobo", day for the pig cutting rituals.

Albert woke up startled as he heard women chattering excitedly about an unveiling. He couldn't quite know what was to be unveiled as he had not experienced anything like this before. He walked out sleepily and rubbed his eyes. Looking towards the Men's House his eyes rested on two big traditional carvings, the biggest he had ever seen.

The Lumalagan stood seven feet high and faced the village. The walls around the men's area had been pulled down. Albert asked his mother what was next. She told him that this was the unveiling of the Lumalagan and that they had to pay respect to the two big carvings by paying in some presents or money and to touch them. His mother added that the carvings represented his cousin brother (Albert), who used to look after him when he was a small child.

The women were then allowed for once only to enter the Men's House area and pay their respect to the Lumalagan. This was probably because it was the first of its kind seen here in 21 years. Usually women were not allowed into the Men's area or the Men's House. If a woman entered the Men's House, the penalty was a pig of any size which she brought to the Men's House, cooked it and eaten by the men. The same penalty applied to men who broke taboos similar to this.

Gradually people started to arrive and pay their homage to the Lumalagan. The total money collected that morning reached two thousand kina.

At about 11 o'clock, dances began. There were different dances, some consisting of normal traditional dances, the Malagan dance and many others. The small village was over-crowded as people came from all over New Ireland to watch these dances. Towards the evening, dances stopped and the ones that did not have any chance to dance their dances that day were told to dance on Friday.

At about five o'clock, ceremonies started again with string band playing and young girls and boys dancing around them. Drinks, mostly beer and strong drinks, were consumed. This went on until early next morning.

In the morning, Albert started collecting dry coconut leaves and his own pigs were killed. All pigs were slaughtered and coconut leaves were put around them and lit to remove the hair.

Albert found himself responsible for the cutting-up and preparation of three pigs which were to be shared out. As he did not know how to cut open the pig in a traditional way, Albert had to hire his uncle Lemelus to cut them up.

Pig cutting is usually a specialized job and requires a lot of training. In order to become a pig-cutter an elderly pig cutter selects a young man, usually his son or a young bloke from his own clan. He then teaches him the anatomy of a pig, thence where to cut, which pieces not to cut, and where to start etc., until the young man, through actual practice, learns the trade.

After the pigs had been cut, Albert and his younger brothers then began distributing the pigs to everyone who was present. The distribution of the pig-meat was to all rather than persons of important tribal standing. However, there were also reserved pieces of meat that were to be given to certain big men. These pieces of meat were the special parts of the pigs. These include the head, the parts around the leg that connect with the body. These were all shared out.

A few days after the feast it was time for the cash earners to return to Port Moresby. On the day of their departure their hearts grew heavy as they bid each other good-bye and said their last words of advice. The departure of the plane really moved others who wailed and wept.

Before Albert left, his father advised him saying, "Son, you are lost to the alien beliefs. However, I know that after the initiation, and the touching of the Lumalagan, you are now in the Circle. You must prove to our forefathers that you can bear such responsibilities. That is, you must come back and learn further about these rituals. You have only scratched the surface, like you have planted new sticks of taro. They haven't grown to produce good big taroes yet. You have to produce those big taroes my son".

Back in his airconditioned office in Port Moresby, a week after arrival, he could only wish for the festive occasion of dancing and feasting.

"FORGETTING HOME"

Magdalene Kerioko

Hey, my friend!
Have you now become a Motu man?
I have just come from your forgotten home.
The trees stand tall and straight in the Purari delta
All have grown to the same height!

You look like a Motu man.
Your hair dyed red with ashes of fire;
It shines like a mirror in the Koki sun.
But your name is Purari name
The Gulf water laughs at you.
Can you forget your home?

The nipa palms cracking in the wind,
The tide returning fast,
Canoes arriving from all corners
Waves rising higher with the wind
They beat the empty beach like a husband
Who belts his wife for losing her child
She cries; come home, I know you're alive!

The town has swallowed me and beer is sweet to me
Like a husband is sweet to his wife
I am Motu man—but only for a night.
My home lies undisturbed
One day I might return.

Now the night is deep
And I cannot find my way.
I have become Moresby's red dust.

"PAPUA NEW GUINEA"

Paul Pius

Out in the wide ocean where the sky meets the sea
lies a massive land,
No winter, no spring no autumn.
On the land sun and rain rule.
There is day and night as usual
both cool and warm
This is a land of chocolate coloured tribesmen
A land of proud tribesmen
A land of many languages
A land of undying customs
Yes! Papua New Guinea is the land of which I speak.
Yes, proud am I for to this land I belong.

SEPIK RIVER

Martha Lulu

From the dawn of time
Like a swirl of grass
The Sepik river
flows from mountain to sea
DIRTY BLACK BIG MUDDY, WIDE
NARROW, LIKE A SNAKE
That will swallow you up
And eat you down
in its belly
With the fish and the mud and the dirt
and the logs and the frogs and the
dead bodies
Ugh!

Letters to the Editor

Dear Sir,

Our school would like to get copies of your "Papua New Guinea Writing" subscription. We would like to be an annual subscriber and will renew our subscription each year.

Our students are very keen on "Papua New Guinea Writing" and say our S. R. C. should get copies for the school. We would appreciate it very much if you could include us as a subscriber.

We enclose here our cheque for K2.00 for two (2) copies for 1976. Thank you very much for your services.

FRANCIS F. UPA
Secretary, Students Representative Council
St Fidelis College
Alexishafen

Dear Sir,

I am very interested in subscribing to "Papua New Guinea Writing". Could you send 4 issues to me.

Your magazine is very interesting to read. Enclosed here is a cheque for K3.00.

Your co-operation will be much appreciated.

NIXON O. KAPIWAN
Police Station Bereina
Central Province

Dear Editor

It gives me great pleasure to write this letter to you. I am writing this letter to you because I wish to correspond with some girl pen-pals from Papua New Guinea who are interested in writing back and to those who seek knowledge.

I am a boy of 23 years of age and my height is 5'1/2". I am a Keyan (Muslim) and I am quite willing to obtain some pen-pals from your country. My hobbies are: corresponding, reading, swimming, sports, travelling and music. I also like to collect some post cards of different countries.

I sincerely hope you will print my name in your magazine and hope to have some replies from your people.

Your kind co-operation in this matter will be highly appreciated.

Thanking you in advance.

SHABBIR A.K MAMUJEE
Mombasa
East Africa
KENYA.

Dear Editor

I have read many stories and poems in the 'Papua New Guinea Writing' which are of great interest to me.

The beauty of the articles published interprets the tradition of this country which most writers are concerned with.

I was also very surprised but happy to learn that people from other countries read the P. N. G. Writing.

Congratulations.

A. Ollie
UNIVERSITY



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About the Writers

BENJAMIN UMBA

BENJAMIN UMBA comes from Denglagu village, Gembogl Sub-Province, Chimbu Province. He attended Catholic Community Schools near Denglagu and later a newly established Government Community School there. He then attended the Rosary College, Kondiu. He pursued the rest of his secondary education at the St. Fidelis College, Kap and the Major Seminary, Bomana near Port Moresby. Benjamin is now a Personal Staff to the Minister for Education, Mr. Kobale Kale.

NEEROD ROLAND KATAK

NEEROD ROLAND KATAK comes from Neligum village, Maprik, East Sepik Province. He attended Balupwina Community School from 1964 to 1970. From 1971 to 1974 he attended De la Salle College, Scarborough near Brisbane under a Government scholarship. Roland completed his Sixth Form in 1976. His present whereabouts is unknown.

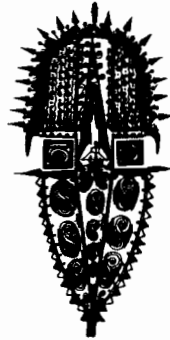


The biographies of authors of the following stories "Abia, A Girl From Waima", "Asaro Mudmen" and "The Story of Two Stones" are not available for inclusion on this page.



TIOTY SELAM

TIOTY SELAM comes from Panatgen village Kavieng, New Ireland Province. He attended Community Schools at Panatgen, Lemeris and Sohun where he did his Standard Six. In 1970 he was admitted to the University of Technology, Lae, where he studied for a Diploma in Accountancy and Business Studies. He terminated studies and joined the Electricity Commission in 1972. At present he is both the Training and Careers Counsellor with the Electricity Commission.



LUKAS RUDOLF SASORUO

LUKAS RUDOLF SASORUO comes from Tuonumbu village, Kubalia Patrol Post, East Sepik Province. He attended Kubalia Community School from 1964 to 1970, thence Brandi Provincial High School from 1971 to 1974. In 1975, he won a place at the Keravat National High School where he is now doing his final year. Lukas hopes to do Law at the University of Papua New Guinea in 1977.

YOU CAN HELP US

Writers sending in contributions for publication in "Papua New Guinea Writing" can help us by enclosing, along with manuscripts, a short biography of themselves, stating name of village, the Province they come from, Primary school and High schools attended and the school form or job they are in at the time of the submission of manuscript.

Writers are advised to handprint or write legibly and to enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope with their manuscript if they want their manuscripts sent back.

Established writers should ensure that they keep copies of their manuscript in case of loss in postal delivery. The Bureau will only accept responsibility for the safety of the return of manuscript.

Sent contributions to:

The Editor
P O Box 5741
BOROKO

A LEGEND

As told to A.L. Crawford by Saliki of Balimo village.

Many years ago, in the days of the creation, DALIGI, a Gogodala clanfather, transformed himself into the sun to give light. But, as the night created darkness, he had his sister, GENASI, follow him and become the evening star. However GENASI followed the moon and again there was darkness, so DALIGI asked his brother, SULI, also to follow him and become the morning star.

Today, both GENASI, the evening star, and SULI, the morning star, are reflected to earth in the form of the blue and pink water lilies that enhance the lagoons of the land in which they once lived, and so today the lilies are called GENASI and SULI respectively by the Gogodala people.

FESTAC, The World Black and African Festival of Arts and Craft.

"Festac 77" the global event of the World Black and African Festival of Arts and Culture will be held in the Nigerian city of Lagos from 15th January to 12th February.

The festival which was scheduled for 1970 was deferred again for 1975 due to the unsafe internal political atmosphere which was prevalent in the Federal Republic.

The Federal Government of Nigeria is now fully committed to the staging of the festival and already Black nations in Africa and throughout the world are vigorously touching up their presentations and performances.

Papua New Guinea, as a black nation, has long been invited to participate. Indeed our former Minister for Culture and Recreation Mr Moses Sasakila was Vice-President of the organising committee and President of the Australasian Zone, and had contributed in the planning phase.

Among artists to attend will be Russell Soaba a serious short story writer and a Research staff of the Institute of PNG Studies, John Kaniku one of PNG's foremost playwrights from the Literature Department, UPNG, Nora Brash and Miss Nell Pajen both actresses and dancers from the Port Moresby Dance and Theatre Company, Saio Avefa an actor from the Raun-Raun Theatre Company, myself presenting the Literature Bureau, Sally Anne Pipi who is a poet and short story writer and a regular contributor to "Papua New Guinea Writing" and Arnold Woitiem, a village craftsman from Sepik, who is active in village arts. The contingent of 10 artists will be led by Ralph Wari, Executive Officer of the National Cultural Council.

The new Minister for Culture and Recreation Mr Waitea Magnolius, accompanied by a member of his personal staff and Mr Arthur Jawodimbari, Associate Director of the National Arts School will be present at the opening ceremony scheduled for 15th February, 1977. The group will be joined in Lagos by Mr Apisai Enos, a Research fellow with the Institute of PNG Studies and a writer himself, currently on a study tour in Ghana.

Although the PNG Group is small and artist-orientated this is the only alternative representation that can be arranged. Travel costs for the ten artists will be provided for by the Nigerian Government and its Festac Secretariat. Furthermore and due to its size, the group may never be able to perform a common dance and it is said they will attend as "observers".

However, a lady artist has said she will be taking all her dance costume along "just in case" they are commanded to perform. Let us hope they do make their "observations" and perform if called upon, and return to tell us the news of their experiences. If we do have space enough for an article "Papua New Guinea Writing" will bring you a report on this Festival by a participant in our March issue.



Teloti Kaniku



Arthur Jawodimbari



Sally Anne Bagita

Continued from page 6

"He comes from Bena," a member of the congregation mumbled to no one in particular.

"And the boy?" Thomas asked.

After a brief silence and plenty of head-shaking, another member of the congregation suddenly threw in an unconvincing reply. "He could be the old man's grand-son."

"Let us pray," Reverend Malachi began a second time. May.....may the.....soul of this old man from Bena and.....and.....the soul.....of this young lad.....who could be the old man's grandson....., and the souls of all the faithful departed through the mercy of God rest in peace."

"Amen," Thomas responded and encouraged the confused congregation to repeat it after him. Then the priest went back to the sacristy and changed from green to white mass vestments. While he did so, his eyes unconsciously fell on the calendar. He cursed himself for being so forgetful. It was November 2nd and the feast of 'All Saints'. "How great and wonderful that the saintly man and his young child had passed away on that particular day," was all he could say to himself as he emerged from the sacristy. After a few words of apology and an explanation of what 'All Saints Day' meant he finally proceeded with a Requiem Mass.

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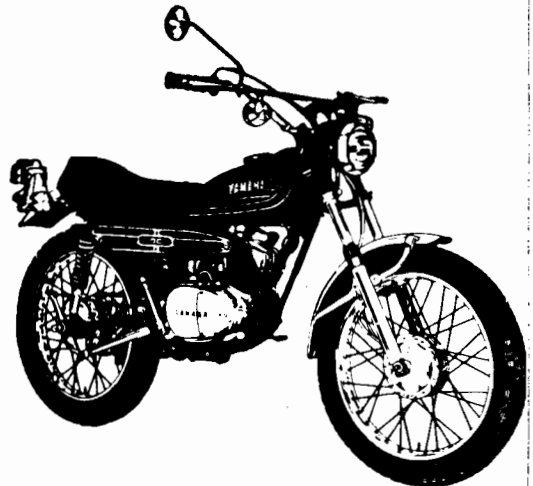
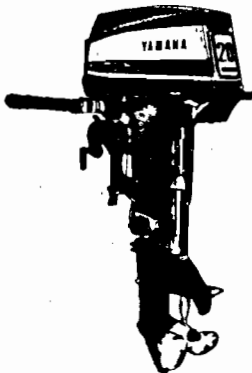
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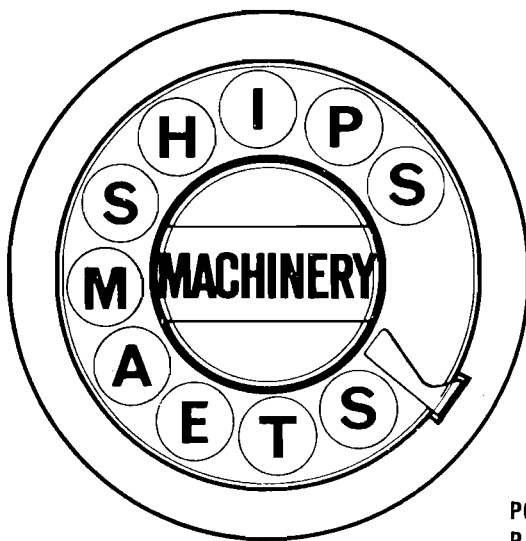
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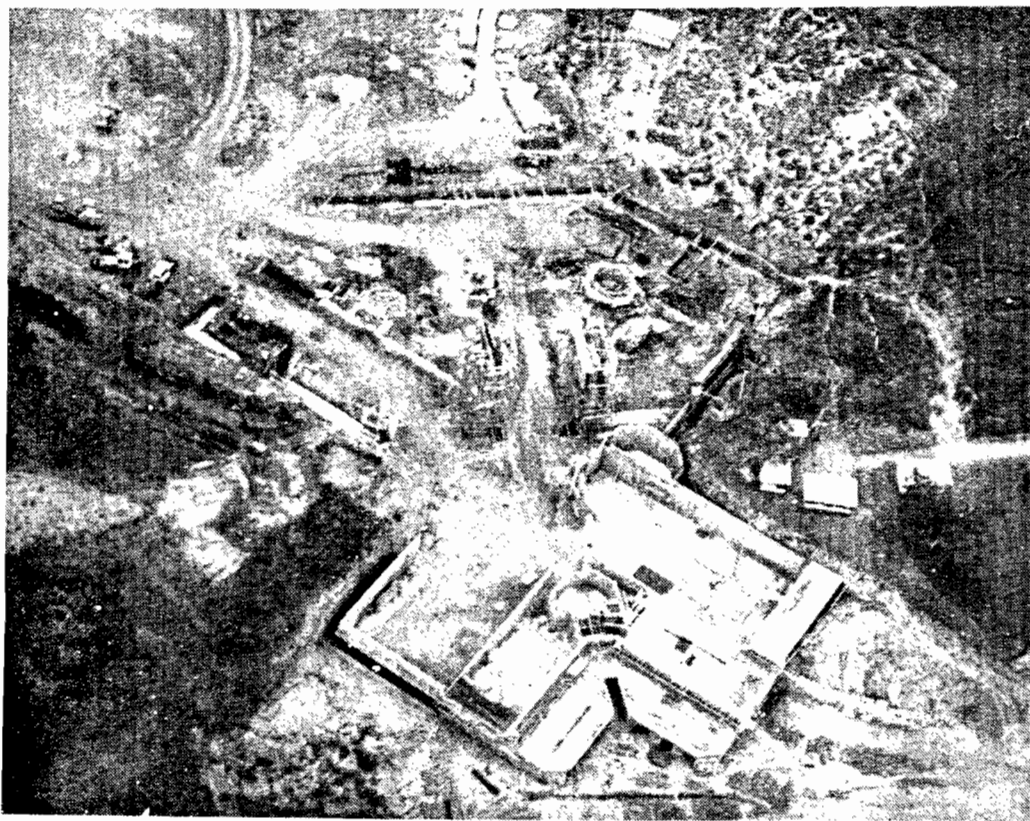
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