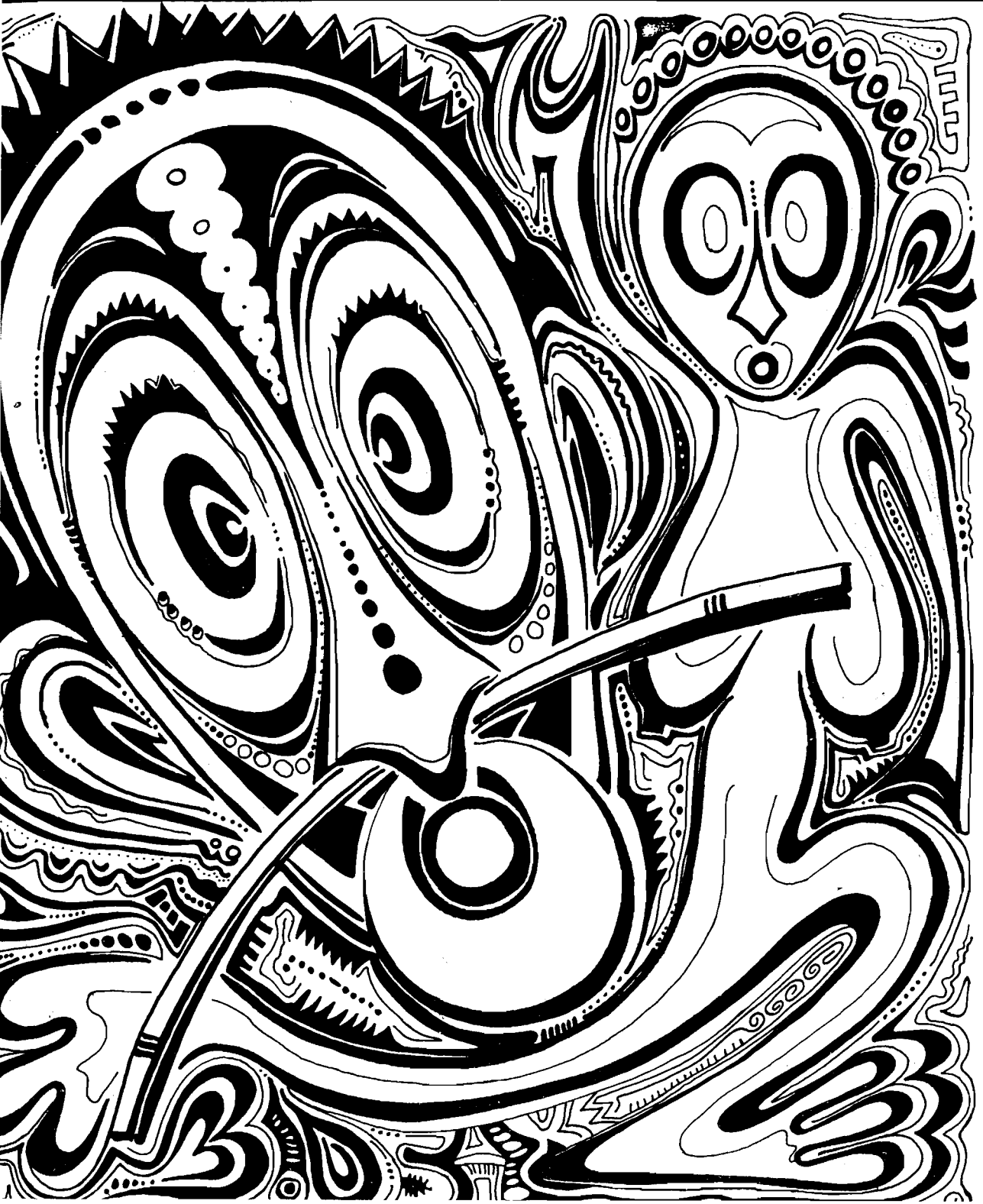


Papua New Guinea Writing

Number 25, March, 1977.

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EDITORIAL

A NEW ASSISTANT EDITOR

The latest news in 'Papua New Guinea Writing' is that we have an addition to the Editorials Staff. Sally Anne Bagita, (formerly Sally Anne Pipi) and author of some of our best liked stories "Papazon", "Year of the Crocodile", "The Reluctant Bride", "Regret Not", and "The Legend of the Sea", has joined me as Assistant Editor. From now on I will be editing less and less while Sally does more and more. It will take Sally a couple of months to settle in the Bureau and to have the actual feel of things. I therefore call on all writers, contributors and readers to help the future editor of 'Papua New Guinea Writing'.

WRITING COMPETITIONS, 1977

Writers and interested participants in the 1977 Annual Writing Competitions in Short Story, Poetry and Plays will possibly share a total prize money of K970 in cash. The increase in prize is made possible through the kind sponsorship with K90 by the National Broadcasting Commission for the Radio Play Competition. The Bureau is thankful also of the continuing generosity of previous individual donors and organisations which are enabling the financing of this year's competitions. Total donations this year amount K440.00. Competitions will commence on 1st May and close on 31st July as usual. This year, information and literature on the competition will be obtainable from Provincial Education Offices or Headmasters of all schools. The same would be obtainable from the Literature Bureau, Box 5741, BOROKO, National Capital Province.

PNG's FIRST PROFESSIONAL THEATRE COMPANY

'Papua New Guinea Writing' is proud to be featuring on its pages, the first PNG professional theatre company, the National Theatre Company, under the leadership of Mr. Arthur Jawodimbari. Mr Jawodimbari formerly Associate Director of the Centre for Creative Arts (more recently renamed National Arts School) has been in the field of Theatre since his joining the Centre back in 1971. The acquiring of independence status by the company, comes at such a time when actor talent and audience interest have become aroused. The members of the National Theatre Company have been hard at training for a number of years. During this time they performed in various venues in the city of Port Moresby as well as villages around. Interest aroused has been so encouraging of the Director that calling for the Independence of the company became inevitable. As a new venture, this is a challenge to Mr. Jawodimbari. We hope the National Arts School, which presently houses the Company, will guide the company until such a time as it can go it alone. The Bureau, on behalf of the writers of Papua New Guinea wishes the National Theatre Company all the best of success in its local and overseas performances. Papua New Guinea Writing will always follow their development.

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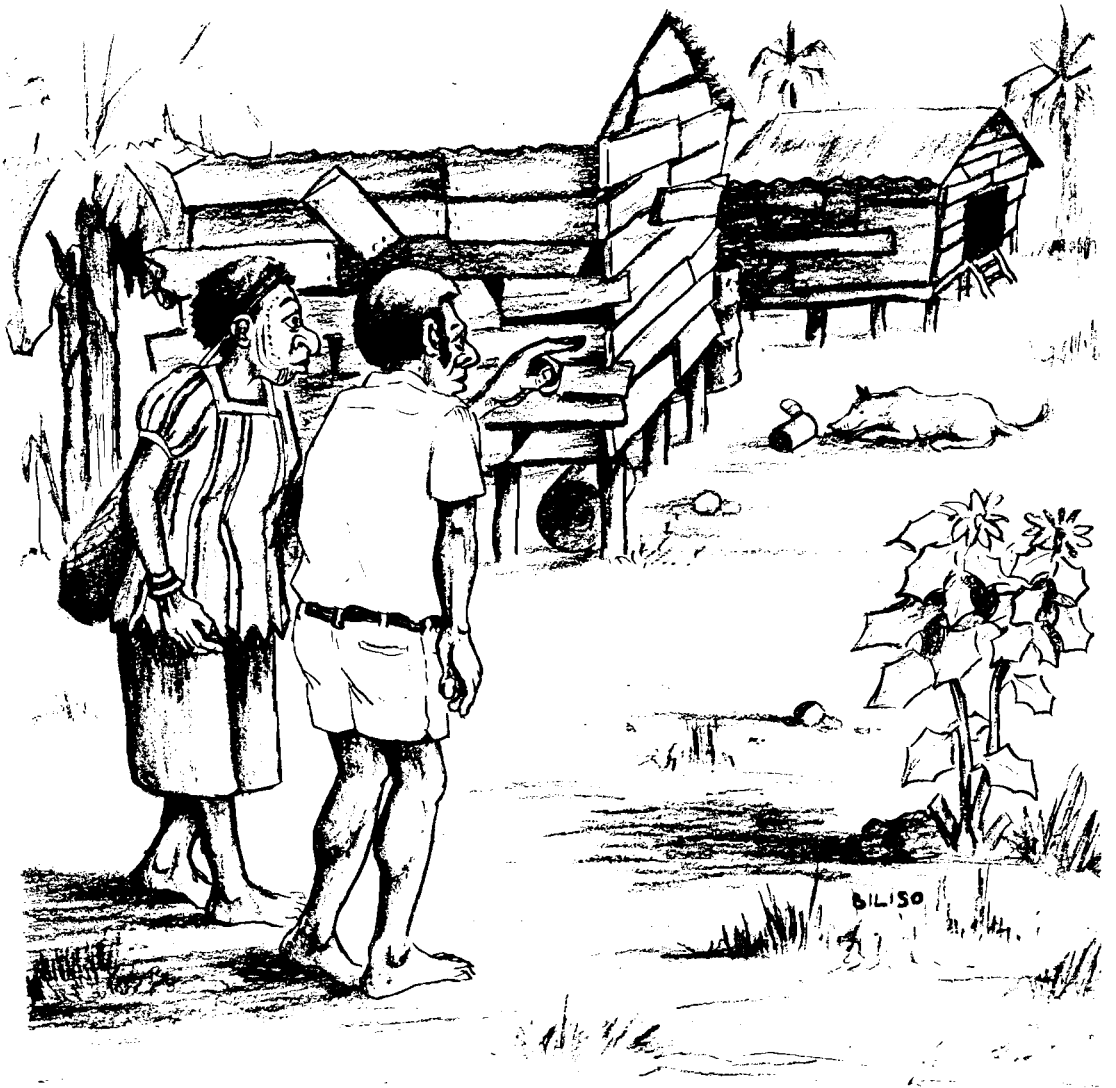
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Literature Bureau

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SHATTERED



"Where are we going?" Lucy asked out of curiosity. "To our house of, course! Where else do you think we could be going?" replied Arnold.

DREAMS

By Peter Frazer

LUCY woke up yawning. "Aiaa! I almost forgot that it's Saturday now. Another carefree day!" she said in a whisper.

It was market day and she had to wash, paint her face and dress in her best purple to go and wander around the market place at Gemhogl as usual, and become one of the objects of attraction. She threw off her thick blanket and moved over quietly to the foot end of the cane bed carefully so as not to disturb the blanket-covered figures of her family, snoring away in different tones. She picked up a cake of soap, pulled down a dust-covered towel from a passionfruit-vine line which had been blackened by smoke from the fire and turned towards the door.

She shivered in the cold morning air filled with dew; took a step back but knew that she had to be clean and neatly dressed in order to draw attention from boys at the market place. She made her way down to the Gove River.

The Gove River has its source at Lakes Pinde and Aunde from Mt Wilhelm and therefore the water is as cold as ice. Anyone putting his head in the chilly water in the morning like that gets a terrible headache. It's worse for people from the coastal areas, where it is hot. One of the unlucky persons, a young man from Kerowagi, who said after he had a wash that his head became numb and thought he had met his fate.

Lucy never had any headaches from washing in the chilly water because she had got used to it. She had been washing at least four mornings every week since she had her first menstrual cycle. It was custom in that area that when a girl menstruated for the first time, she was initiated into womanhood and then was allowed to be courted by boys. The parents of the girl did everything they could to keep their daughter attractive by supplying her with new purpurs and all necessary things needed to keep a girl likeable and attractive. Most girls, in return showed their pride by being faithful to their parents and look after what they were given.

A few girls, like Lucy had become too proud and sorry to be faithful to their parents. They never helped their parents with their work but spent most of their time with boys. Lucy had four days in a week to herself to do that. On Wednesdays and Saturdays she visited Gemhogl as these were the market days at Gemhogl every week and that was where attractive boys could be found, especially the Public Servants who worked there. On Fridays, she went to the market place near Mondia Bridge, a few miles from her home. On Sundays she went to Denglagu Catholic Church to attend mass in her best costumes. Nobody ever knew whether girls like Lucy, some of them well known pimps, went to church to pray or to show off their well decorated bodies to boys.

Lucy whistled the tune of a traditional Chimbu song, soaped and rubbed her young papaw-shaped breasts. She took her time under the cold river water, as there was no need to hurry.

Smoke was already coming out of the house when Lucy entered, shivering. There was a sorted enterier saucepan of water boiling over the fire. Lucy's mother was sitting near the fire peeling some sweet potatoes. She neither looked up nor uttered a word when Lucy entered.

Lucy threw her towel and soap to one corner and held her cold hands over the fire. Her mother, seeing all these quickly grabbed the handle of a broken spade and hit Lucy's knuckles very hard with the metallic part. The sensation of pain somehow drove Lucy's fat hands into the boiling water. She jumped up with a wild yell which woke up the rest

of the family. She started crying and swearing. Her mother was instantly upon her, hitting the two sides of her fat cheeks in. The more Lucy swore, the more blows she earned from her mother.

"Why didn't you make fire and prepare breakfast, the first thing in the morning before you went out to wash your fat lazy body?" her mother demanded. "I can't remember how many times I have had to tell you, and how long will I keep telling you? I blow my guts out telling you and where do my words end up? In your head? Surely not. They enter your head through one ear and go out through the other."

Lucy's mother sat down and continued peeling sweet potatoes, at the same time firing instructions at her daughter. "Get these into your thick head through both ears and keep them there. You are going to get married one of these days and have your own family, but remember that a marriage life for a girl is harder than that in which she enjoyed much freedom. She has to make garden and plant crops, carry home bilums of kaukau every afternoon, cook food and feed her family and pigs like the rest. Are you doing all that in preparation for your future? No! You're as soft as a banana sucker that you would crumble to the ground if someone happens to put a heavy bilum of kaukau on you. Do you hear that?"

Lucy managed to say between sobs: "You are wasting your words. I am not going to do all those dirty jobs of a village woman. I'll marry an educated man or someone who works in town and live like a miss's."

"That's your silly dream, you good-looking for nothing! Don't expect to escape hard work by not marrying a man from here in the village. You will still have to do back-breaking work whether you marry a man from town or from the village. Keep this in mind. Your future husband will not have you in his house just for pleasure but will expect you to be hard-working. If you don't he'll fire you sooner than you expect. Right?"

Arnold had just come home from Port Moresby for a short holiday. Like most newcomers, he went to the market at Gemhogl on that Saturday and saw a pretty girl from whom he could hardly keep his eyes off. He asked his friends about her and was told that her name was Lucy, but she was not worth him trying his luck on. She was always after educated men and those who had good jobs in the town.

Arnold had just come back from Port Moresby but he did not have a good job. He made his living by doing menial job as an unskilled labourer, whenever there was one available. Several times he had joined gangsters and taken part in robberies in order to stop himself from starving to death. However, he had one quality which most people did not have; he had a thick coating of sugar over his tongue. He could convince and seduce any girl he wanted.

Arnold went and sat on a big rock with his friends chewing some sugarcane he had bought. He couldn't help keeping his eyes peeled on Lucy. Lucy looked in his direction. Their eyes met and they stared at each other for a moment. Arnold's heart was beating so fast that he thought it might break its way out of his chest.

Lucy looked surprised to see him and couldn't help throwing side glances at him. Arnold appeared well dressed with a pair of wide-bottomed jeans, secured on his waist with a shiny black belt, a new pair of black shoes, and a new long-sleeved shirt. His hair was neatly combed. He smiled at Lucy and was relieved when she returned it.

'She's hooked', he began to encourage himself. At one time Lucy walked past Arnold's group with two other girls, giggling. She walked as close as she could to Arnold and asked between giggles: "Please boys, will anyone of you be so kind to give me a piece of sugarcane?"

Arnold quickly picked up the best piece of sugarcane and held it out to her. "Here you are, girl", he said offering the sugarcane and expecting a reply but she snatched it from him, without a word and walked out through the entrance of the market place with the other two girls, giggling.

Arnold stared after them open-mouthed. "What on earth are you staring after them like that for?" one of his friends asked. "She has indicated to you to follow her by asking for that piece of sugarcane. You can't expect her to ask you to go out with her in a crowd like this, can you?" Arnold agreed and asked two of his friends to follow the girls with him.

By then the girls had stopped and were waiting a good distance away from the market place on the road leading up from Gemboyl towards Lucy's home. When the boys arrived they didn't know where to begin and just smiled at each other. Arnold opened the conversation by saying, "My goodness, gracious! I am pleased to see you waiting here exactly where I expected".

"Oh, did you? You must be super-human," Lucy joked. The boys and girls paired off and walked away from each other, exchanging jokes and laughing. Lucy and Arnold went last. She asked about life and what he had been doing in Port Moresby.

He told her that he was managing a big shop owned by Burns Philp. He earned two hundred Kina a fortnight which was more than enough for him and he lived in an expensive house. Oh yes he owned a car too and his house was full of Japanese made goods such as radios, gramophones, electric washing machine . . . and so he went on and on. He ended up by saying, "You name anything and I have got it in my house in Port Moresby".

Before long his sugar-coated tongue had made Lucy wonder if he could be just the boy she had been dreaming to marry. He changed the tone of his voice and said, "However, I wouldn't be happy until I have one more thing, which I will value more than anything else".

"And what is that thing?" Lucy asked, getting excited.

"Well, you know that most people have to get married. I could have been married long ago. Many a pretty girl has asked me to marry her. Some of them were coastal girls with shapely bodies and nice smooth legs, but no smooth legs would tempt me to marry them because these same women grow so fat as they grow old. Most of them are so fat that they couldn't enter the door of a typical Chimbu house. That is not the main reason. I have always wanted to marry a full blooded Chimbu girl".

Lucy believed everything he said for she had herself seen some Papuan wives of Policemen and Warders in Gemboyl. These women were known to be the biggest and fattest of all the women living at Gemboyl area, including her own village women.

"If you would marry a girl from here, who will you marry?" she asked nervously.

"That's a big question! I know only one girl that I would like to marry more than any other girl around here," he said and chuckled. Then came the question that Arnold expected and feared.

"Who is that wife of yours?" Lucy demanded. "Tell me who she is and I will kill her."

"That wife is . . . is you," he managed to say but felt very strange and embarrassed. He wished the ground where he was walking would open up suddenly and swallow him up. But Lucy felt a different sensation. She was so happy and excited that she couldn't say anything more than, "if you mean what you say, I would be pleased to marry you. You can take me to Moresby, to live like a "miss's." Before they departed Lucy told Arnold to drop in her house in the night for "karim leg".*

*Highlands courting ceremony.

They departed happily. They had never been so happy in their lives.

That afternoon Lucy, the liveliest soul around the house, did the cooking, feed the family and pigs while her mother rested.

She looked somewhat happy and excited. "Yeah. That's the sort of attitude we expect to see from you. I am glad to see you putting into practise what I had preached to you that Saturday morning", her mother praised her.

However her father viewed Lucy's new borne vivacity and behaviour from a different angle. He suspected that there was something fishy behind it. He had noticed on several occasions, girls who were going to get married suddenly became very helpful and hard-working despite the fact that they had been very lazy previously.

In the evening when Lucy had served dinner her father noticed an extra bowl of the best part of the food she cooked. That sparked the conversation. "Whose share is that? All of us are home", everybody asked.

"I am expecting a special guest", Lucy said laughing.

"Who on earth is that guest?" her parents demanded. "We can't afford to waste food on lazy lovers of yours. You and your lazy husband have not helped us to work in our gardens. We do not intend to be selfish, you know but such loafers who don't work for their stomachs don't deserve any free meals."

"Oh, no. You'll be surprised to see for yourself. He is not one of those loafers that you see in the village. I am expecting Arnold, that boy from Wopana Clan who had just come home from Moresby for holidays. He's such a . . ."

"Oh that! Blow you down. I have heard enough of him. He's not going to marry you. Wasn't he one of those rascals that go around robbing shops and houses in Port Moresby. You are to have nothing to do with him. Do you hear?"

Lucy was furious. "After all, this is my life and I can do any old thing I like with it. I have decided to marry him and go to Moresby with him. I just had enough of life in this place and I want to go to a different place for a change."

"Listen to your father. He's making that decision for your own good. Do you know how that guy has been living in Moresby? Come on. Be your age and don't be fooled by his gris talk," her mother said.

The argument continued until nine o'clock in the night. Lucy's thought of marrying an educated man or one that worked in a town was so strong that she could not miss her chance now. No matter what happened she still insisted on marrying Arnold. Everyone stopped talking when there was a knock on the door.

"Come in, whoever you are", Lucy called out. Arnold entered and returned the greetings from everybody. He shook hands with Lucy's parents before sitting down.

"Hey, you have forgotten to shake hands with the big woman", Lucy joked referring to herself.

Arnold hesitated and looked as if he was really going to shake hands with her, but sat down and everybody laughed.

Lucy handed him the bowl of food she had kept for him. "Eat first. You must be very hungry. That is, if you have not dropped into the house of another wife of yours and got yourself fed," Lucy joked.

"Oh come, come. Stop talking nonsense. You know I told you everything girl," Arnold said. "Hey, Lucy! This food is very nice. I didn't think you could prepare anything so delicious".

"You are right, She had prepared that specially for you, son", Lucy's father put in. Lucy was angry but didn't show it and hoped Arnold could only take it as a joke.

When Arnold finished eating Lucy's father jumped straight to the point. "Look here, son. Your silly wife here, will die or hang herself if we don't let her come with you to Moresby. You can take her with you but"

"But what?" Lucy snapped.

"Quiet you . . . ! You foolish daughter. If you have anything to say, wait until I have finished", her father growled. "What was I on - eer? Oh yes, but you, Arnold, must pay us the bride price and promise to take good care of my daughter. That's all I have to say, son."

Arnold nodded and fumbled through his pockets and gathered a good number of ten Kina notes. Arnold counted them while everybody watched with keen eyes.

The notes added up to a total of two hundred and fifty kina. He then handed them to Lucy's father.

"How much is that?" Lucy's parents asked in a chorus. The Mt Wilhelm Local Government Council which controls the area made a law which stated that the cash part of bride price must not exceed a hundred Kina, but Arnold had paid them two and a quarter times that amount.

"I came here only for a short holiday," Arnold said. "If only I knew that I was going to get married, I could have brought more money. However, I will send you a lot more when we are back in Moresby. I will arrange with my parents and relatives to pay you the pigs and bird of paradise plumes, later, because I have to return to Moresby next Tuesday." After this their conversation turned to other things such as life in the city, motor cars, aeroplanes, beer and robbery in cities.

The next day, Lucy's parents killed their fattest pig to celebrate their daughter's departure in farewell. Her relatives were asked to be present. As it is a custom most of the meat was given to Lucy. The meat could be carried to Arnold's place and shared among friends and relatives. Arnold's people were also there.

After formally handing his daughter to Arnold's people, Lucy's father made a speech relating to marriage feasts in the area.

"My friends, we all know that it is a custom in this area that when a boy and a girl get married, their people kill pigs and make a big feast. The killed pigs are cooked and exchanged. The meat and bride price provided by the bridegroom's people are distributed among the bride's people who brought her up since she was a small girl. The meat provided by the bride's people are distributed among the groom's people, who had helped to pay the bride price. I am now sad to say that this cannot be done. It would take a long time to prepare for the feast and my son-in-law and daughter will be going away soon. I have decided that we will have the feast at a future date when they return. What do you people think about that?"

Everybody agreed and decided the rest of the bride price should be paid at that time. Arnold in turn promised to bring more money for Lucy's people and everybody was satisfied.

Tuesday morning found the newly wedded couple and some of their relatives at Kundiawa. They boarded a 'push pull' cessna owned by TAL and flew to Goroka where they changed flights and headed for Port Moresby.

Evening found them at Jackson Airport. Lucy's clothes stuck to her body and were quite wet with sweat. They took a taxi and headed west. Lucy was so bewildered to say anything. She had never seen such a big place and busy traffic in her life.

They were dropped at a place which, Arnold told her was called Six Mile. The place was spaceously lit, a total contrast to the other hillside residential area.

They made their way up a track on a hillside which was almost overgrown with grass, Arnold leading the way.

"Where are we going, man?" she asked out of curiosity, thinking if he had a home that it should be somewhere near the road.

"To our house, of course! Where else do you think we could be going?"

I STEAL

Waro Puli

I steal, I steal.
Today I am stealing
O Satan don't let the owner see
O Satan don't let the owner see.

Vegetables in the garden,
Pigs in the bushes,
Fish in the pond.
I steal, steal.
Today I am stealing.

O please Satan don't let the owner see.

JOY

Penuel Gari

Joy is like the little rays
Which shines on the glittering bays.
But when the fishes pass away.
There's always some more coming this way.

ADVERTISING

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They came to a group of shanty houses at the top of the hill. Arnold gave a call and a number of Chimbus, some middle-aged but most about the same age as him came out. "Hey, look! It's Arnold coming back with a girl! Welcome back, wantok! Welcome to our home susa!?" They rushed over and hugged the young couple. They congratulated them after Arnold introduced his wife to them. There were many people from the Highlands living in that settlement and some of them came and greeted them.

Shortly afterwards they were asked to enter one of the shanty houses. Lucy stood there and looked at her husband with perplexity. "Where is our house?"

"Oh, don't worry. We'll move into it tomorrow. It's almost dark now so we'll spend the night here." Arnold's friends knew now how he had tricked her into marrying him but they didn't say anything. Some of them had done it themselves.

Lucy found out now to her sorrow and humiliation that Arnold never had what he had told her. That shanty house was their permanent home for as long as they would remain in Port Moresby.

She cursed herself for being a 'big-head' to her parents. If only she had taken her parents advice she wouldn't have ended up in this miserable place. Her dream about living like a 'missis' had been shattered. Too bad! Whatever is already done cannot be reversed. After all didn't her parents and relatives kill the fattest pig to celebrate their marriage?

END

LUKSAVE

Luksave, a publication which gives a simple account of research projects undertaken by scholars seeking to answer interesting questions on Papua New Guinea and its people.

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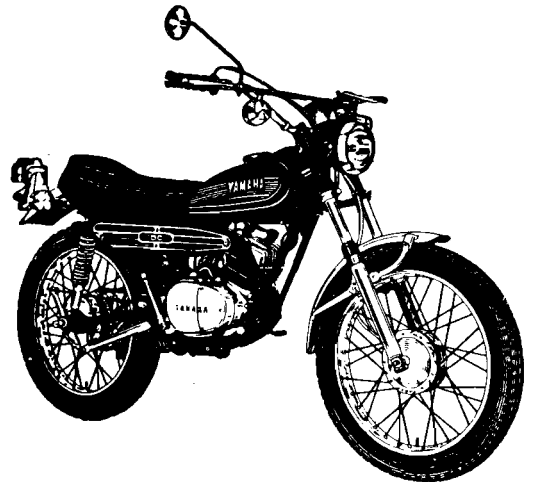
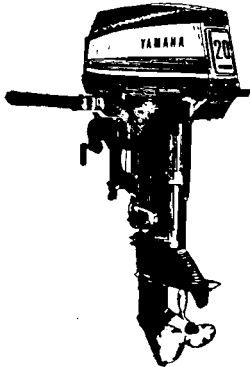
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BY

THE LITERATURE BUREAU

The pilot issue of a simple story booklet published by the Literature Bureau

The booklet, titled

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

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

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BOROKO

NO GOD

Hahu Lahoe

When I look up toward the sky
And see the stars so very high,
I wonder how man can say
No God is here with us today.

I sit and watch the sunset's glow;
I pause to admire the beautiful rainbow.
Without God, how could these be?
Man must be blind—he cannot see!

Man says no God is here with us;
So we need not make fuss.
He says God's a fantasy.
But dying, he cries, "God have mercy!"

THE HULI FAMILY FIRES

Johnny Aluba

Down in the valley the Huli fires
glow like a poppy, red and wild.
The Huli, with his wives and children
Lies there beside its wavering flames.

The Huli houses are short and small;
their roofs are dotted by the moon and stars.
Tree-green branches are his tall window bars;
his bed is curtained by the sky.

The wild wind blows strange melodies
by tonight's magic, deaf and blind,
the Hulis, hidden from the rain and clouds,
sleep beside the trees.

CHILDREN DECIDE

Horiawi Himugu

The clansmen's drum beats
and the distant war-cry

The ding-dong of the school bell
and the waving flag

The school boy on the road
did not know which way to turn.

My own people living
as they had a thousand years ago

With new people, I am going
adjusting my self to changes strange and new

Only now have I realised
That from my own people
have I gone so far away

WRONG DECISION

This short story won the (K25) Second Prize in the High School Section of the Eighth Annual National Short Story Competition, 1977 conducted by the Literature Bureau

By Victor Golpak

Paul's parents died when he was three leaving him under the parentage of his uncle, James Kinakava. Paul's uncle ran his plantation near a small coastal island village, a hundred and eighty kilometres across the sea from Rabaul. Uncle James was always kind to him but his aunt was the opposite. She often beat Paul whenever he disobeyed her, even for very small mistakes. Despite his aunt's cruelty the boy loved them both dearly because he knew that without them he would not have survived. Uncle James in particular loved Paul because he was the only child in the family and to whom they, who were childless, could bestow parental affection.

Paul's difficulties started on the day before he was to sit for his Standard Six final exams. He disobeyed his aunt when he was asked to fetch some water from the nearby river. Paul's aunt became so angry that she decided to let him go to his exams without food the whole day and the following morning. During the exams Paul could not concentrate on the papers. This, however did not bother him at all because he was already determined not to go further onto high school. He had decided to stay with his uncle and help him out with the plantation work.

That was just what happened.

Uncle James, being a busy businessman, frequently visited Rabaul, either to sell his copra or to do banking. The drop in copra prices on the International Market caused him to be always running short of money. Business was not at its best. A month had since passed but prices were dropping more and more leaving uncle James with hardly any cash at all.

One afternoon uncle James was seen collecting a few belongings and as he put them in his bag he called in Paul and told him, "I'm going over to Rabaul for a few days. Would you like to come with me?"

"Oh, yes please," said Paul eagerly.

Paul had waited all this long for an opportunity to see Rabaul and this was the time. He quickly ran into the house and hustled his necessities in a travelling bag. Both left the island at six that evening on a Government trawler.

On the way uncle James told Paul all he needed to know about Rabaul.

"Who are we going to stay with, Uncle?" Paul enquired.

"With my sister and her husband," uncle James replied. "She is your father's sister also. Her husband is a teacher at a primary school in Rabaul. They live near the market."

"Do they have any children?" Paul said to his uncle.

"Yes, They have a boy who's about twelve, a year older than you." Paul's and uncle James' conversation flowed on for a while in the night until they both fell asleep in the cabin.

Late in the afternoon the Government trawler berthed alongside the wharf in Rabaul. Uncle James ventured into the street and soon returned in a taxi. Both quickly put their things in the taxi and told the driver to take them to the market.

At the market uncle James paid the fare and both made their way over to the house. As they went uncle James reminded Paul, "Call them, aunt Lucy and uncle Joe. Their son is Peter." Uncle James made his way to the door and knocked. A voice from inside

cheerfully responded. Paul opened the door and made his entrance. "Welcome! The island way; always want to surprise us?" Lucy tried jovially to complain.

"Oh, it's alright," Paul's Uncle assured them. "I needed some money desperately so I had to come straightaway. Sorry no time to send a telegram to warn you."

"Anyhow you're here and it's good to see you again and please sit down, James. And that is little Paul; he's grown since we last saw him," said uncle Joe. While he was talking to James he noticed Peter coming out of the kitchen. He turned around and said to him: "Peter, this is your cousin Paul. Take him to the spare bedroom and help him unpack."

Peter collected Paul's luggage and both disappeared into the bedroom leaving the parents to catch up with the news of relatives and friends since they last met.

After two days, the two cousins had become inseparable. They often went out with their peers, who along with Peter has formed a gang. On the fifth day uncle James announced that there was a Government trawler going home that afternoon and he had already made plans to get on it because he had fixed everything he wanted to do in town. He called Paul and advised him: "Paul, you'd better start packing now so we won't waste time in the afternoon trying to pack in a short time." Then, Paul came out with an unexpected request. "Uncle," he asked politely. "May I stay with Peter for a while?" Still uncertain about his request he went on further to say, "When you come back next time, you can take me home."

There was silence. Finally gathering himself uncle James said with a note of regret. "I hope I'm making the right decision. You can stay but remember, behave yourself."

That afternoon Paul, Peter and his father accompanied uncle James down to the wharf to see him off. Paul was happy that he was allowed to stay a little longer with his cousin.

Many days had passed since uncle James' departure and the two boys continued to participate in gang activities. Paul had already got involved in a fight with another gang member. Two weeks later the gang members accepted his full membership. A week later he was appointed the leader when the former leader left out of a turn of nature.

Meanwhile back on the island things were looking bright for uncle James as the price of copra began to rise and he was soon making his previous income. One day he decided to visit Rabaul to deposit the money he had so far earned from the sale of copra. Uncle James departed that morning for Rabaul on a private coastal vessel which was passing through his island.

By the time the boat reached Rabaul it was already well past nine o'clock in the night. James went across to the nearest telephone booth to call a taxi but discovered the phone totally unserviceable. He decided to walk up to his sister's house in the dark.

Peter and Paul had asked that night if they could go to the movies, a common excuse they used regularly when they wanted to meet the rest of the gang. Permission was granted without much thought.

At half past nine the members of the Tigers Gang were gathered at

the market. Paul, gave the orders and they walked down to the waterfront. Half way to the docks Peter stopped abruptly and said quietly: "Listen guys I can hear some rich man coming."

"Can we borrow some cash from him," said Paul.

"I can hear the clinging of money from his pocket," said another member excitedly.

Then Paul broke in: "When I say go we all rush at him." Everybody stopped talking.

It was very dark. All that the members of the gang could discern was a dark figure of a man slowly nearing them. They waited, all eyes straining in the same direction. The figure got closer and closer. Paul gave the signal and the gang rushed at the figure.

In his surprise, the man threw his bag at one of the attackers, hitting him on the chest. The weight of the bag drove the boy onto the bitumen. In anger the surprised attacker drew out a knife from his pocket and ran at the man. There was a groan and a faint moan as the stranger sprawled, rolled forward and heaved onto the bitumen.

An on-coming car light from the bend made one of the boys set the alarm off "Look Out! A car's coming." Paul called out the order. "Everyone for himself."

They all dashed for the dark and disappeared before the vehicle pulled up at the spot, where the man lay, motionless. A man jumped out of the car and began to turn the body over. Soon there were a lot of people talking and arguing over the incident.

Peter and Paul had by then returned home and were trying to settle down for bed. Before they did Paul produced the things he had in his pocket. He unfolded a Bank Saving Book with a familiar cover and opened it to see what was inside. He clumsily read the name and began checking the amount in the account. "Two thousand Kina. Man! This guy must be very rich. I wonder who he was." Paul exclaimed. He flicked the pages back to the front page. Paul couldn't believe what he saw. His whole body began to shake. He gave a most agonizing cry as if someone had suddenly thrust a sword through his heart. "Uncle! Uncle!"

Peter stood there watching him not knowing what Paul was up to. Paul ran out of the house still mumbling curses as he started to move away from the house. Peter pursued him but changed his mind on waking his parents first. The last words Peter heard Paul say before he disappeared into the night was "Rabaul! Rabaul! Blasted place. What the hell am I doing here. Uncle, Uncle! Where are you? You made the wrong decision." Peter, lost on what best to do quickly ran into the house and woke his parents up and told them of Paul's behaviour.

Uncle Joe ran down to the nearest public telephone and inserted a ten toea piece and hurriedly dialled and waited. He heard the receiver being picked up on the other end. "Is that the Police?" he asked almost shouting.

The voice assured him it was. Uncle Joe began telling them about what happened and Paul's description. "Aged about fifteen, name, Paul Kinakava, last seen running down the street from the market towards Malaguna," he said the third time.

"Alright, we'll take care of it. We'll have a look". Joe put the phone back onto the hook and returned to his house.

That night Aunt Lucy couldn't go to sleep as she was very upset and worried about Paul's safety.

The next morning a policeman knocked on the door. Joe opened the door and the man handed him a letter. Uncle read the content to aunt Lucy and Peter. "We have two bodies which we believe are your relatives. Please check today. Signed. J.Pascall Officer-in-Charge of the Morgue. Nonga!"

Uncle Joe left for the hospital immediately and on arrival was led to see the bodies. The Officer opened the door and removed the cloth covering the heads. Uncle Joe was caught badly. He looked at the two bodies then at a tag attached to one which read D. O. A. "Dead On Arrival?" he asked trying to swallow the lump in his throat.

"Yes, you couldn't be more right," the Officer replied as he closed the door of the compartment.

As they walked out the Officer tried to explain to Joe how the deaths came about. "The older one was stabbed in the back. That attackers were most probably after something he was carrying. I'll give you the rest of his belonging when we get there to the office. As for the youth, it seems that he was killed by a car."

When they got to the office Joe checked James' things. Amongst them he found a wallet completely packed with money.

The next morning Joe made arrangements to send the two bodies home. After the bodies were sent uncle Joe and Aunt Lucy tried to find out what had happened the night before Paul and uncle James got killed. They both asked Peter a lot of questions but Peter wasn't prepared to tell anyone. He wanted to leave it as a dying secret.

END

GIGIBORE

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All the bird set to work collecting pieces of bamboo so that they could break his nose

The Hornbill and the Cockatoo

By Waio Kikiwai.

LONG LONG AGO the hornbill and the cockatoo were good friends and both lived together. That time hornbill was black all over. He did not have a black mark on its beak. The cockatoo however was white all over. Many times the hornbill had asked the cockatoo if it could give him some white feathers but the cockatoo always refused. This made hornbill very angry and envious.

Although hornbill was angry he did not physically show it and both went along together. However, inside, hornbill plotted to trick cockatoo. One day hornbill told cockatoo: "Friend why don't we go to the sea for a swim." Cockatoo agreed this was a good idea so both went to the beach.

On the beach both began to undress their feathers and went in the water. After they had been in water for some time hornbill told cockatoo if they could try at finding who could stay under water the longest.

Hornbill suggested: "I will dive first"

Hornbill dived under water while cockatoo counted the time. Then it was cockatoo's turn to dive and hornbill was to take count of how long he would stay underwater. As soon as cockatoo was under water, hornbill took off to where cockatoo had put his white feathers and began to dress in them. In place of his black feathers he put cockatoo's white feathers on his tail. Having proudly dressed in that he flew up to a tree and began to continue watching cockatoo who was still under the water.

After a long long time the cockatoo surfaced and began to search around for hornbill. Later hornbill shouted down from the tree to cockatoo playfully: "Ho, ho, ho look at me friend".

Cockatoo looked up and immediately realised that his friend hornbill had swapped his black feathers for his white ones. To provoke him further hornbill had turned his back to him and was wagging the stolen white tail at him.

"Give me my white tail," demanded cockatoo.

"I asked you a number of times but you had refused me all the time. Now that I have it I won't give it back either", said hornbill. And too, now that I've got it, I am no longer your friend. I have also decided to go away from you and live in the bush. Saying this hornbill flew away into the bush.

Cockatoo sat on the beach and cried and later collected whatever remained of his feathers and flew home. On the way cockatoo met a lot of birds sitting on trees. All saw cockatoo crying and asked him what had happened. He told all the birds what happened and how he

had been robbed of his feathers. All the birds felt very sorry at hearing cockatoo's loss of tail.

All the birds then told cockatoo: "Tomorrow night we will all come with you to a place where hornbill goes to eat fruits."

When it was near dusk all the birds assembled and all flew to where they knew hornbill would go that night. Near the big tree they separated into two groups; one consisting of small birds and the other of big birds. The big birds then called on the smaller birds: "You will have to keep watch on the grounds while we the big birds watch from the treetop. Keep together and do not let him kill any of you," warned the bigger birds.

Having taken their postings, the birds waited for the appearance of hornbill. All night they waited but hornbill did not appear. Towards morning, hornbill decided to visit the fruit tree, unaware that it was heavily guarded. As soon as he appeared he was surrounded and held by some of the bigger birds. "Let us be given the privilege of killing him," demanded the smaller birds.

"Let them fulfil their wishes said the bigger birds." The smaller birds paraded to kill the hornbill when Kile one of the birds petitioned: "You shall not kill him. He is a good friend of mine."

The birds stopped and thought over the request for mercy and then agreed that only the stolen white feathers on him he removed. When the birds sought the cockatoo's approval, he disagreed and said: "He can have the white feathers but we will use bamboo to break his nose."

All the birds set to work collecting pieces of bamboo and putting them in the same way as for preparations for the making of an open fire. The birds pulled the bamboos constantly that it made hornbill moan in agony. The pain was too much to bear and hornbill cried. At last they left him and went home.

The birds were all satisfied with their act of revenge that they all sang and decorated their bodies with paint and flowers. All met to sing and dance. After the celebrations all the birds separated and went to their homes, keeping, as permanent body colours, the colours of paint they used to paint their bodies with at the time of the dance.

Now we can see hornbills with white tails which were stolen from the cockatoo. Also hornbills have marks on their beaks, which was the mark caused by pulling the bamboo across the nose.

We can imagine for ourselves too how much decoration was put on by the birds from the different coloured birds we see in Papua New Guinea.

BANG! Goes P.N.G'S National T

Introduction

In March 1977, the National Cultural Council, the body which funds and services all cultural projects in Papua New Guinea, approved that the National Dance and Drama Company, then part of the National Art School, became autonomous. Setting it apart from the school was, a point, much discussed among the literary and artistic circles. Many feared that the company was not ready to become professional yet. The crowds in Port Moresby have no doubt seen the troupe performing in the city and its suburbs. The actors and actresses themselves felt that the past few years they have spent training should have prepared them to deserve a token recognition. Actors and artists are people and they deserve rewards, promotions or recognition for their work. Taken by surprise myself of the announcement of their independence, I decided to interview the Director of the Company, Mr. Arthur Jawodimbari.

Editor

- J. Lahui Mr. Jawodimbari what are your personal feelings now that the National Dance and Drama Company has become independent from its mother school, the National Arts School?
- A. Jawodimbari *Well I'm personally quite happy to have a independent professional theatre company. Now I can be able to use a lot of nationals, not only my actors and dancers, but work with organisations like the Literature Department of the University, the N.B.C., Theatre Raun Raun. Also we can be able to bring traditional musicians and dancers to work with the company. What I'm looking for now is really creating a PNG Theatre Company with Papua New Guinea musical background, sound effects, and perhaps better co-operation with other organisations that are also fostering and promoting PNG Arts and Cultures.*
- J. Lahui Mr. Jawodimbari can you name events or changes in the public taste of the performing arts in PNG that have led to this historical event?
- A. Jawodimbari *When the Dance and Drama Department was established within the N.A.S. it was geared towards training dancers and actors as well as holding regular production which could be visualised to the public in Port Moresby and where possible outside Port Moresby. I think the main event in the Company's production were the programmes of traditional dancers, production of plays in Pidgin and English which are of course relevant to Papua New Guinea. To do this in a better way I think it is important that the Company became professional. Also there was so much enthusiasm and interest among the actors themselves and this could only be encourage if the Company can be able to give cash rewards to actors.*
- J. Lahui How long have you personally being planning the break-away from the National Arts School?
- A. Jawodimbari *Well I waited for the opportunity to come up, in fact it evolved out of the Dance and Drama Department. And I had hoped that out of the training programme we'd come up with enough nationals to handle the work either in administration or in the artistic side of things so; this year I personally felt, as well as other members of the Dance and Drama Company, that it was high time we became independent and managed our affairs and did our own productions.*
- J. Lahui What is the present professional state of readiness of the member of the troupe under you?
- A. Jawodimbari *All I can say is that if one is given the opportunity one can prove whether he can cope with problems or not. I personally feel the first twelve actors and dancers I have are ready to do anything as professional members of the Company.*
- J. Lahui Are there any Theatre Companies like ours in any of the South Pacific countries, that you know of?
- A. Jawodimbari *I would say my company is probably the most professional of any group in the Pacific Region.*
- J. Lahui How many actors and performers have you in the Company as of today whether trainees or professionals?
- A. Jawodimbari *As of now I have six members of the staff who are nationals, plus two expatriates who are leaving at the end of the year. I have a troupe of twenty-four actors and actresses.*
- J. Lahui Mr. Jawodimbari the public, I believe, is not so sure how many theatre companies there are in Port Moresby alone? There is, for instance, the Port Moresby Theatre Company, and the National Theatre Company under you. Can you please make it clear for them?
- A. Jawodimbari *Yes. Well in Port Moresby the Port Moresby Arts Council consists of a number of Australians living in Port Moresby. I'm not so sure of the memberships of the nationals.*
- J. Lahui Do you think you will eventually decentralise your theatre activities on regional basis?
- A. Jawodimbari *I would like to see the mushrooming of regional theatres throughout the country, not to say in each of the provinces but where there is potential and where there is interest.*
- J. Lahui There is another theatre company based in Goroka, called the Raun Raun Theatre. Don't you think it will be rational to join forces and make a single Company for the country?
- A. Jawodimbari *I think it is a healthy thing to have many theatre companies and how I envisage this is that the N.T.C. will be a mother for the regional theatre companies. Based in Port Moresby we will work closely with these theatres on exchange of sketches and we provide the expertise and various technical assistance.*
- J. Lahui There are of course popular and elitist theatres. What do you think is the right one for Papua New Guinea?
- A. Jawodimbari *I think the N.T.C. should approach both. Have the Elitist Theatres or productions for communities like in Moresby, Lae, Goroka, Rabaul. This would be to raise funds for the*

theatre Company—Independent

company. But Popular Theatres should be encouraged so that company at times could take certain popular stories and tour the country and present them to the villages and schools.

J. Lahui

Mr. Jawodimbari now that you have acquired professional status the public would presume that you would turn your attention to overseas theatre-oriented audiences for financial survival reasons. Is this a likely prediction?

A. Jawodimbari

Well I would prefer to have the PNG public support their own company, just like paying for a local bread. Papua New Guineans do afford to go to movie shows so I don't see any reason why they should not afford to see a live show which has direct relevance and meaning to Papua New Guinea.

J. Lahui

I recall a previous interview I made with you on your return from a trip to America, Nigeria and Japan for almost nine months studying theatre and drama in 1973. Did the experience you gained there have anything to do with the present state of autonomy of the company?

A. Jawodimbari

Of course. The trip gave me a broad perspective in theatre but I came back very confused. While working with the Dance and Drama Department for a while, I was sorting myself out and now I have a clear vision of what course the National Theatre Company will take and I'm quite confident it will work.

J. Lahui

I seem to personally think that Duro Ladipo, the Nigerian King of Serious Drama has left an influence on you. Is this so?

A. Jawodimbari

Yes, to a certain extent, I admire Duro Ladipo's work but I have to look at my theatre company and types of production in terms of PNG society. This is more or less doing similar things along Duro Ladipo's line but different context to serve PNG purpose.

J. Lahui

What in your opinion should be the development of the performing arts as you see it from your theatre point-of-view?

A. Jawodimbari

Well from a theatre point-of-view I see that Papua New Guinea has huge potential for performing arts. Papua New Guinea is a country with diverse people and cultures and there is so much opportunity in performing arts. I think one of the best ways of projecting this PNG rich culture is through theatre productions. However, I think the audience should also be taught to look at live shows or performance by theatre companies as an alternative to movie shows because through this National Theatre Company, they can recognise their national heroes, rather than the Kung Fu's and Western Cowboys.

J. Lahui

In terms of financial support or continuing financial support does the company have the assurance of N.C.N.C.C. for it to continue to finance it?

A. Jawodimbari

Yes, we have been assured by the N.C.C. that as long as they have the money to support us they will give us their fullest support.

J. Lahui

You said earlier that from time to time you will consult dancers from villages to instruct your dancers and actors. Will you

also be hiring consultants from overseas countries?

A. Jawodimbari

Yes, I'd like to hire consultants from other countries, possibly from the third world countries but we don't have the money to hire them so I will look for means and ways, if I can, through their own Government, to have them seconded for periods of 3 months. If it can be done I'd like to do it this way once or twice a year.

J. Lahui

What overseas tours or seasonal performance has the Company attempted or is planning for the future?

Jawodimbari

In the future I hope the Company will have three major productions besides having quite a number of short plays for popular productions for tour of schools and villages. I don't envisage the Company paying its own way out to overseas countries. But if the trips are arranged and expenses met by the countries concerned, the Company may take the opportunity to project PNG image abroad. Right now we are being asked to go to Tahiti and the trip is being sponsored by the Tahitian Government and the UTA (Air France).

J. Lahui

When will the company leave for Tahiti?

A. Jawodimbari

On April 8th this year and will be away for 3 weeks.

J. Lahui

Mr. Jawodimbari, what plans have you for recruiting persons of talent among school leavers who may like to join the Company?

A. Jawodimbari

I do not intend to go on recruiting school leavers to come to the Company because I do not like to train people, who will later be without jobs. Therefore the number of people I recruit will be determined by the number of people who drop out from the National Theatre Company.

J. Lahui

Thank you very much Mr. Jawodimbari. I take this opportunity, on behalf of the readers of "Papua New Guinea Writing" in wishing you and your company, success in your careers as well as in your future productions.

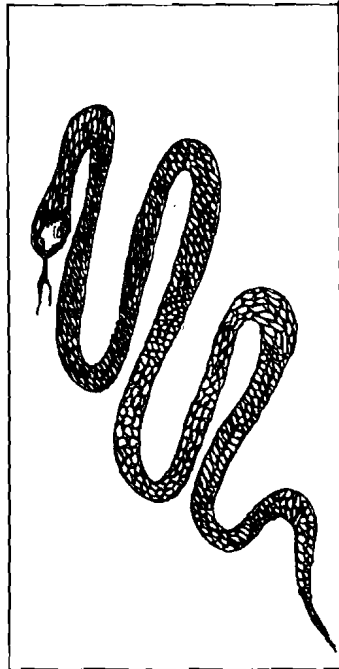
A. Jawodimbari

It has been a pleasure.

●Arthur Jawodimbari
(Director of the National Theatre Company).

"TUMBUNA STORI BILONG SINEK".

THE LEGEND OF SNAKES



Waio Kikiwai
i bin raitim

LONG BIPO BIPO tru wanpela boi nem bilong en Apuku na susa bilong em Koalu, tupela i bin stap long liklik ples bilong tupela yet long highlands. Wanpela taim ol sampela lain pipel bilong narapela ples longwe long ples bilong tupela ol bin salim tok ikam long Apuku wantaim susa bilong en Koalu. Ol salim tok i tok tupela bai i kam lukim bigpela singsing na kaikai pik wantaim.

Orait taim bilong singsing i kam klostu nau na Apuku i tokim susa bilong en. Em tok: "Yu stap na lukautim ol gaten bilong yumi tupela na bai mi wanpela i go." Na susa i tok orait long barata bai emiken stap na lukautim ol samting bilong tupela.

Brata i tok long susa bai em ken stap na kaikai olgeta samting long gaten bilong tupela tasol i noken i go pulim wanpela bigpela taro istap long namel long gaten bilong tupela. Susa i tok orait na em harim tok bilong en.

Bihain nau brata bin go long ples—singsing, susa wanpela i bin stap.

Long wanpela moning meri i karem bilum na i go long gaten. Em i go kamap long gaten na meri i tingim dispela taro gen long gaten. Meri i tok: "Bilong wanem em stopim mi long dispela taro?"

Orait meri i go na traим pulim dispela bigpela taro. Aniu it long dispela taro em bin painim bigpela traipela mama bilong sinek i tok "Sssssssss ah! Bilong wanem yu kam rausim haus bilong mi! Meri em bin poret na planim taro i go bek tasol sinek i tok: "Yu rausim haus bilong mi pinis orait bai mi kam wantaim yu na bai mi silip wantaim yu!"

Orait sinek ia i go wantaim meri. Meri em dikim sampela kaukau na em i bin kilim wanpela liklik rat na tupela i go long ples. Tupela i bin go kamap long haus na meri isidaum long narapela hap na sinek em i stap long narapela hap. Meri kukim ol kaukau na givim long sinek tasol sinek ia i daunim hariap hariap tasol. Meri em kaikai isi isi stap.

Bihain nau meri em kaikaim dispela liklik rat em bin kilim long gaten. Bihain nau bun bilong rat i bin buruk long maus bilong meri na sinek bin lukim na em tok: "Ha! Yu kaikai wanem samting". Meri i daunim hariap tumas na bekim askim.

"Mi kaikai kaukau i gat pata long en" Na sinek i tok: "Nogat! Yu noken giamanim mi. Orait yu opim maus bilong yu na bai mi lukim insait long maus". Meri opim maus bilong em na sinek putim het bilong en i go insait long maus bilong meri. Bihain nau meri klostu i laik i dai.

Long narapela de Apuku i kam bek. Em i bin karim planti hap pik long haus bilong tupela tasol em i no lukim simok long haus. Apuku ia em i save pinis. Olsem susa bilong en em binsakim tok bilong en na kamautim taro pinis.

Boi Apuku ia em i ron hariap i go kamap long haus na em lukim susa bilong en tasol em i no indai yet. Orait Apuku i karap na brukim paiawut na mekim pata hariap na kukim wanpela bigpela pik. putim klostu long maus bilong meri na em singautim sinek. Apuku i tok long sinek: "Sinek! kam na kaikai sampela pik na bihain bai yu go bek gen". Orait sinek i harim dispela tok na em i traим kamaut gen long maus bilong meri.

Orait dispela taraipela sinek i kam silip long giraun. Bihain nau Apuku ia kisim taraipela tamiok bilong en na katim het bilong sinek na sinek ia i dai na Apuku katim i go liklik hap nambaut na toromwe ol planti bigpela hap long wara na tromwe ol liklik tel nambaut long bus.

Ol dispela bigpela hap sinek Apuku bin toromwe long wara ia ol i senis igo gen long ol sinek.

Orait nau bai yu ken lukim planti bigpela bigpela sinek long hap long nambis long wanem Apuku em bin tromwe ol bigpela bigpela hap sinek i go long wara na wara i bin karim ol dispela i go long nambis na i gat ol planti kainkain sinek long solwara na olgeta hap long nambis.

Long highlands i nogat planti sinek long wanem Apuku i hin tromwe ol liklik hap tel tasol.



"Come down please our lovely wives and we will give you the best meat," cried the men as they rolled on the ground.

BIRDS OF PARADISE AND FLYING FOXES By Kotasea Dugatoa

LONG, LONG AGO there lived a group of people on a huge island near the main island that is now known as Papua New Guinea. They were a gardening and hunting people. Every day men went hunting while women went to their gardens. This way of life continued happily until one day when the men returned from their hunting, they brought with them not a single bird, possum, handicoot or a wallaby.

Since that time men intensified their hunting but the women went to their gardens as usual. Each day the men returned home empty handed and told their wives and children that they had a had day. Each time women believed them and were satisfied with their explanations.

Although the men continuously complained of lack of game, they appeared well nourished.

This went on for a long time until one day one of the men brought home a piece of meat wrapped in some banana leaves. This he intended to give to his wife. During the night the woman ate the meat and carefully hid the bone under her mat.

The next day the men went hunting as usual leaving the women to go to the gardens. Before they went gardening word had gone around that there was to be an important meeting for all the village women. When all the women were gathered, the woman whose husband had given her the piece of meat started: "Our husbands have been lying to us all this time. Last night I was given a piece of cooked pig meat by my husband to eat. I ate the meat because I could not refuse it. I have a piece of bone to prove it. This is bad and it is for this that I urge all you very hard working women to back me in my proposition to mark tomorrow as our last day with them."

The meeting went on for a long time and soon it was near time for the arrival of their husbands. Just then one of the women saw some men arriving and so they had to quickly disperse and pretend to work around their house or sweep inside houses. Some went to their houses to light fires and peel vegetables for dinner. When the men arrived they again told their wives that they had caught nothing. All ate their dinner and went to sleep.

In the night as had happened many many nights before, the men woke up, signalled to the rest and all gathered foodstuffs such as sago and bananas and went to their secret meeting place on the outskirts of the village. They cooked whatever they had caught and ate them there.

Soon the whole village was filled with searching women, looking for their husbands. Some kind of a meeting was again called to discuss the matter and to find ways of discovering the secret doings of the men.

One woman suggested that they all dress in sago leaves and flowers as well as grass skirts. They set to work quickly preparing the grass skirts and when all was set the eldest among them stood and said to them: "We need mats to use as flappers." All the women then collected pandanus mats and tied them to their arms. After the women had sewn mats to their arms the same woman summoned them: "I try and fly to the tree over there."

All the women tried to use their mat wings and all flew to the trees and back. Following this she divided the group into two and told them: "To my right I have the Birds of Paradise and on my left are the flying foxes". Having said that she told all the women to keep quiet and wait for their husbands. Just then one of the women said "I see them coming."

GUIDE TO NATIONAL WRITING

CONDUCTED BY THE LITERATURE BUREAU

NINTH ANNUAL SHORT STORY COMPETITION

TOTAL PRIZE MONEY: K300

ALL COMPETITIONS OPENS 1st MAY 1977

SECTION ONE	(Tertiary Students and those who have completed or are doing Grade Twelve or above).
First Prize	K50
Second Prize	K25
Third Prize	K10
SECTION TWO	(High School Students)
First Prize	K50 Betty Leggee best short story prize
Second Prize	K25
Third Prize	K10
SECTION THREE	(Community school students and School-Leavers Groups.)
First Prize	K25
Second Prize	K10
Third Prize	K5
SECTION FOUR	(Open Section Stories Written in Pidgin or Motu)
First Prize	K50 Summer Institute of Linguistic, Pidgin/Motu Story Prize
Second Prize	K25
Third Prize	K10

EIGHT ANNUAL PLAY COMPETITION

TOTAL PRIZE MONEY K360.

SECTION ONE	(Plays of one Act or less) (Shorter Plays)
1st Prize	K50 Michael Zahara Play Prize (Open)
2nd Prize	K25
3rd Prize	K15
SECTION TWO	(Plays of two or more Acts) (Longer Plays)
1st Prize	K50 Michael Zahara Play Prize (Open)
2nd Prize	K25
3rd Prize	K15
SECTION THREE	(Pidgin Plays—Open Section)
1st Prize	K50 National Arts School Pidgin Play Prize
2nd Prize	K25
3rd Prize	K15
SECTION FOUR	(Radio Plays and Scripts—All prizes sponsored by the National Broadcasting Commission.)*
1st Prize	K50
2nd Prize	K25
3rd Prize	K15

COMPETITIONS, 1977

EIGHT ANNUAL NATIONAL POETRY COMPETITION TOTAL PRIZE MONEY K230

SECTION ONE	(Poems in English from indigenous poets, tertiary students and adults who have completed Grade Ten or above).
First Prize	K50 Peter Beckett Poetry Prize (English)
Second Prize	K20
Third Prize	K10
SECTION TWO	(Poems in English by High School Students)
First Prize	K30
Second Prize	K25
Third Prize	K10
SECTION THREE	(Poems by Primary students and School-Leaver Groups)
First Prize	K20
Second Prize	K10
Third Prize	K5
SECTION FOUR	(Poems in Pidgin. Open)
First Prize	K25
Second Prize	K15
Third Prize	K10

ALL COMPETITIONS CLOSE ON 31st JULY, 1977

JUDGES

SHORT STORY COMPETITION

Mr Russell Soaba, Institute of Papua New Guinea Studies.
Mr Taban lo Liyong, Literature Department, UPNG.
Mr R.G. McDonald, Post Courier.
Mr Jack Lahui, Literature Bureau.

PLAY COMPETITION

Mr Michael Zahara, Department of Justice.
Mr Peter Trist, National Broadcasting Commission.
Mr Arthur Jawodimbari, National Theatre Company.

POETRY COMPETITION

Mr Apisai Enos, Institute of P.N.G. Studies.
Mr Kumalau Tawali, Literature Department. UPNG.
Mr P. Chakravarte, Literature Department. UPNG.
Mr Jack Lahui, Literature Bureau.

Send all entries to:

**The Literature Bureau
P.O. Box 5741
Boroko**

RULES FOR ENTRY

1. All participants must be citizens of Papua New Guinea.
2. Manuscripts must be type written or neatly handprinted on one side of the paper only.
3. Titles of works must appear on top of each entry.
4. Writer's name must not appear on entry.
5. Writer's name and address must be supplied on the Entry Forms, which should be obtained from the Literature Bureau, or from District Education Officer or from Headmaster of schools in the case of school students.
6. Entries should be written in the three languages required—English, Pidgin and Motu.
7. All works must be strictly UNPUBLISHED or must not have being submitted in any previous writing competitions conducted by the Literature Bureau or any other organisation.
8. Schools entries must be STRICTLY the work of students and not written out for them by teachers or parents.
9. A self-addressed and stamped envelope should accompany the entry (ies) if the writer wishes to receive his manuscripts after the competitions are complete.
10. Winners must agree on the Entry Form, accompanying entry (ies) to offer the Bureau first publication right for their prize winning entries (STORIES AND POFMS ONLY)
11. Winner of the K50 first prize in the Radio Play Section of the Eight Annual Play Competition will be entitled to a broadcast fee on production of his/her work.
12. The judges decision will be final and no correspondence entered into.
13. Late entries will be disqualified.

A POSTMORTEM OF PAPUA NEW GUINEA POETRY

By Nigel Krauth

THE EARLIEST STIRRINGS of modern poetry in Papua New Guinea were courageous but insuspicious. Allan Natachee's "Poems of Contact" (Oceania, December 1975) were poor imitations of the Victorian poetry which persisted in colonial education in the 1940's. In sentiment, structure and rhythm Natachee's poems reflected nothing of his Papuan culture. His main theme—the whole-hearted espousal of the religion, education and philosophy of the colonialists—was to prove unpopular with later, prouder, far less naive poets.

In Natachee's inchoate verse modern Papua New Guinean poetry had its false start. His was an isolated voice. Writing fifteen years before the real birth of modern poetry in Papua New Guinea, he rejected traditional ways and condemned his less educated countrymen for continuing to live in a "land of dark ages", worshipping "gods of emptiness". However, Natachee's best poem, "Advance Atomic Age", was not typical of his work as a whole. It was uncharacteristic in that it contained a voice which showed a sympathy for traditions and an insight into the pain traditional man would suffer when modernity thrust him into oblivion.

Courageously advance atomic age, step by step,
And crush under your foot our stone age.
It cannot and will never resist your mighty step.
Cautiously advance atomic age!

Hark and behold, our stone age is swaying and
groaning
Right beneath your mighty step of pain.
Hatingly and stubbornly resisting and frowning,
But forever, and ever in vain.

Why does, and is this atomic age disturbing me?
Aren't I contented just as I am?
I know, and knew no hardship since I have come
to be!
Leave me alone! Leave me as I am!

I will not, and will never leave you alone my
friend,
In time to come, you will be no more,
Into everlasting pit I will make you descend,
There to live and die for evermore.

Though slavish in its European derivativeness, this was the first of many culture conflict poems to be written in English in Papua New Guinea. Later poets, more politically committed than Natachee, more natural, more articulate in their expression, and much more aware of cultural pollution, have warned against the indiscriminate wooing of Western-type development and progress. Yet their protests might be seen to be, ironically, less the sentiments of the majority of the people. Thus Natachee's poetry grew out of the cargo-cult style of excitement which has typified the uneducated Papua New Guinean's unquestioning acceptance of Western culture along with its total destruction of their old ways.

The first significant poetry to come from Ulli Beier's creative writing courses (which began in 1968) at the University of Papua New Guinea was contained in Kumalau Tawali's slim volume *Signs in the Sky* (Papua Pocket Poets, 1970). Tawali stood between two cultures, critical of both, attracted by both, learning about one from the other, yet finally seeing the world with the traditional man's eyes and celebrating his vision. This vision, set in rhythm with the pulse of the environment, presented a picture of life, potency and identity in the grandness and immediacy of a culture believed by foreigners to be

backward and useless. His best-known poem, "The Bush Kanaka Speaks", was for many, the first indication of a truly Papua New Guinean poetic voice. Tawali, the interpreter, was the first to speak for the misunderstood and misrepresented Papua New Guineans.

The kiap shouts at us
forcing the veins to stand out in his neck
nearly forcing the excreta out of his bottom
he say: you are ignorant.
He says: you are ignorant,
but can he shape a canoe,
tie a mast, fix an outrigger?
Can he steer a canoe through the night
without losing his way?
Does he know when a turtle comes ashore
to lay its eggs?.....

Tawali produced not just a sympathetic portrait of his people but also a human-oriented vision of the universe against which any culture might test the strengths and weaknesses of its own outlook.

Signs in the sky was Tawali's only book of verse. The confidence he wanted to have in the traditional culture was undermined by his too concerned interest in the modern world. Within him was conflict and debate which resulted in silence. He left Papua New Guinea without publishing any more of the poems which grasped for the past consciousness and often captured it magnificently. Five years later Tawali returned and published "The Voice of the Sea", another poem about interpretation of the elemental signs for guidance. After five years silence Tawali's confident voice had returned.

Remember son,
When darkness comes
And you are sailing,
Listen to the voice of the sea,
With its unending chorus
Of water splashing on rocks
And the sea-sowing sounds of waves
On sand bars.
Then safely shall you guide your boat
Among the sharp rocks of the reefs
Without seeing.

Following Tawali's volume of poems came Apisai Enos's *High Water* (Papua Pocket Poets, 1971). Here was a different vision of Papua New Guinea—a delicate, sleepy, moon-glistening world in whose dark corners lurked powers of fear and fire. Enos's main theme was love—its sweet intoxication and its maddening wildness. He made palpable the strength of desire's magic with a haunting poetry which seemed to draw on forbidden areas of power in man's primal existence. In "Escape in the Wind", Enos enters his glittering, drugging imagination world to examine the relationship between artist and muse, their survival in the conflicts of the present, and their need to husband the virtues of beauty, fertility, defiance and expressiveness for the role of the poet/artist in Papua New Guinea's future to be effective.

Posana

Fresh like evening star
 playing a solitary bamboo flute
 strolls, crawls
 downhill to the waiting lover
 Posana stretched on the tapa cloth
 deep in the forest beside the river
 the artist breathes
 colour texture tone and life into her mood
 Her peace unfolds like petals

Then
 broken silence
 dancing beasts
 whirlwind firerange
 Posana
 defy
 escape

Even when evoking social issues of national significance his poetry's focus remains at the individual's centre, and from here it records, sensitive to the deeper vibrations and people. His political poetry is really a call away from politics: beauty and truth always impose themselves upon his consciousness before political considerations get firm hold. As "UNITY" became a government-sponsored catchword Enos's "New Guinea" poem celebrated the country's diversity. While others feared its wild ruggedness and called it names like "The broken bottle" or "The waste land", Enos knew his country's tenderness, its nobility, its delights, its certainties, its fertility.

New Guinea, whispering with love
 murmuring, dove-like and gentle,
 frangipani
 orchids
 hibiscus
 rock mosses and water lilies
 beautiful like a bride
 with a veil of bird of paradise plumes,
 New Guinea!
 my fathers sang to the *Kundu* drum
 my fathers danced to the *garamut*
 on the banks of your mighty rivers
 the fly
 the Sepik
 the Purari
 then as now they watched the sun retreat
 to the gentle sounds of jews harps
 and flutes
 mumbling magic formulas
 as the last glitter faded on the hills.

With the threat of destruction from new gods and new forms of disaster Enos offered the creative services of the poet as antidote for aggressive modernity. Just as the Warbat magicians of the Gazelle Peninsula drew the chosen female towards them, so too did Enos draw into the circle of his poetry a clear-sighted vision of beauty and truth in the Papua New Guinea context.

Stamping hard on the heels of *High Water* rushed John Kasaipwalova's *Reluctant Flame* (Papua Pocket Poets, 1971). Published as a single poem in a thin booklet, it rapidly sold out its initial run. The strongly anti-colonial sentiment it contained, and its call for revolution, jolted the complacency of many expatriates and many Papua New Guineans who had already stepped into expatriates' shoes.

black cars
 stigma

Our aspirations will forever be lost in the mess
 of paper
 status.

**FUCK OFF, WHITE BASTARDRY FUCK
 OFF!**

your weighty impotence has
 its needle into
 me!....

Though criticised for being derivative of African Negritude poetry and Black American revolutionary verse, it succeeded in thrusting before literate Papua New Guineans an awareness of their links with oppressed black brothers in other parts of the world and provided them with a fearless, uncompromising picture of their situation under Western exploitation. Kasaipwalova, the angry young man

revealed in the poem, has been too often neglected. There, in a number of verses, is a vast tenderness, a weeping frustrated love for the old culture and the identity that once grew out of it. The call for destruction on the white man's world produced by years of meek acceptance of harshness and injustice. This rage is the protective rage of mother nature defending her unsophisticated and frail in the face of a dangerous and cunning hostile force. The images of seed-nourishing and flame-nurturing which form the development of the poem are handled with a gentle loving which contrasted sharply with Kasaipwalova's reputation as an anarchist.

In Kasaipwalova's second book, a volume of poems called *Hanuabada* (Papua Pocket Poets, 1972)—his poetic sensitivity and his perceptive image-making were developed and refined. Here Kasaipwalova painted in vivid detail the characters and scenes, the hardship and disillusionment, and some of the saving graces, of modern Port Moresby. For example, his portrait of the street minstrel "Cow Boy" plumbed the depths of a significant Papua New Guinean character, showing how typically expatriate eyes saw only the surface of Papua New Guinean behaviour while the essential humanity ran deep and enduring.

...The short lived flicker on sad faces
 Call out him Cow Boy! Cow Boy!
 The wretched drunkard laughs to see his
 friend
 Sagbreasted mother smiles her sorrows
 The trimmed lady will feel the gulf of his lip
 The children stare their amaz
 He breaks the heavy silent monotony
 Voices around him yelling the laugh
 O Cow Boy! Cow Boy!
 They call you Cow Boy
 But no one knows your lonely name
 Those who feel you
 Will give you their smiles and their tears
 Those who despise and curse you
 Will know you as the
 Madman of the town.

Generally the poems in the *Hanuabada* collection bring into sharp focus the progress of a non-urban life-style caught up and hattered about by urban change. At the centre of Kasaipwalova's poetry are always the individual's problems of social and moral orientation. The solutions offered by the poet use the deeper processes of poetic thought to evoke awareness of the streams of pride and power underlying the confusion of the modern Papua New Guinean life-style.

To this point modern Papua New Guinean poetry was dominated by coastal poets and culture-pressure themes. The emergence of highlands poets changed the poetry's focus. The verse in Kama Kerpi's volume *Call of Midnight Bird* (Papua Pocket Poets, 1973) began in the heart of traditional village life. He captured, in his English line, the vitality and robust energy of the traditional chant. He most often drew his dramatic conflicts from village life rather than from bi-cultural confrontation, and in so doing achieved not anthropological narrowness but a universality of vision. In celebrating the traditional wisdom and customs of his tribes people he revealed not only a fulfilling and integrated social structures but also the complexities, dilemmas and despair the individual faces within the society. For example, Niugini Highlanders, like everyone else in the world, must suffer the hazards of loving the uncertainty of faith, and the silence of gods, as investigated in "Prayer at the Graveyard".

Only yesterday,
 Aia!
 My meals bitter,
 My sleep unwanted,
 Kunani has gone
 To the village of her secret lover
 O kin!
 I beg her seed that makes child
 Her strong hands that feed my family
 O kins!
 Hearken to me,
 And winds kissing giant trees,
 Howling down river beds
 Have stopped
 And sun has gone down,
 wallows have retired home
 Darkness setting in.

The protagonist in Kerpi's poetry was often the young educated individual alienated from village ways by too much city-living. In *"Hamlet on a Ridge"* the young man returns to his village, sees anew its primal beauty, celebrates its enduring vitality, and challenges the outsider to deny its essential joys and strengths.

Dew—gemmed Dawn
 On the horizon its rusty flow
 Its the same Great grandfather knew
 My sisters hiding in tapa cloth
 Giggle on their way to the watershed
 The roosters crow in their hunt
 Kok Kok Kaaaaaa!
 Mamas preparing to go gardening.
 At this path's end
 Stranger I mean
 This pig shit ridden one
 A hut standing distant from others
 Needing urgent repair during wet seasons' arrival
 There waits a woman watching the path
 To greet her prodigal son's homecoming.

Kerpi's village focus, his muscular rhythms and his traditionally-oriented imagery, were complemented by Henginike Riyong's strong village voice. Riyong's mission lay in a deeper analysis of the village psychology than Kerpi had achieved. Kerpi studied the individual's role in the social consequences of village conflict while Riyong penetrated the very mind of the village individual. In *Nema Namba* (Papua Pocket Poets, 1974) Riyong revealed the modes of thinking and feeling in the villager's consciousness. For example, emotions are produced by spirits travelling, then entering and inhabiting the consciousness of the individual. When possessed by particular forest spirits an individual feels fear, when possessed by his mother's spirit a child feels calm, when possessed by the spirit of his recently dead uncle a boy feels mourning sorrow. Riyong gave an example of the village consciousness interpreting an experience from the modern world. In "Nokondi the Masta" the spirit of the beer bottle has possessed the speaker.

He gives me a kick in the head.
 I say small kick.
 He gives me a big kick.
 I say Aha! Mi longlong.
 He kicks my tummy,
 Digs my gut out,
 Deserting the sack.
 Nn! Nn! Nn!
 My eyes groan
 My nose smells.
 It's the magic bottle
 Playing hide and seek games.
 Fool!

Nokondi is a mountain spirit well known in the village for his trickery. When a villager is thwarted in ambitions, fooled by circumstances, disoriented by surroundings, he has become Nokondi's victim. Nokondi was the ideal spirit to represent the modern world.

When a young boy leaves the village to learn white men's ways, he too has become Nokondi's victim, and when Riyong looks at the man he has become in *"In that little Room"* he finds that he has been transformed by the shadow spirits of modern education and materialism into a cheap plastic imitation of human.

Words of frustration come
 The acid words
 From the souls of untamed hoars
 Making me feel like the chief of my people
 But when I look at myself
 I discover the shadows
 That shape me into
 A cheap Japanese doll.
 I look back and beyond
 I belong to that little room
 To the dust
 Where my treasures are lying waste.
 Breathing in my air
 The shadows step into my calm pool
 While the piglets of the shadows
 Pulling my doll's flesh in all directions.

Fragments of the old culture worry at his consciousness. The old animal spirits of courage, pride and natural orientation persist in their attempts to repossess his soul. In Riyong's poetry generally there was a sense of madness, a sense of the frantic urgency necessary in the exorcising of unwelcome, disorienting spirits from the individual's consciousness in order to produce a healthy psychology.

Some of the madness and schizophrenia of city living was to be felt in the poetry of Jack Lahui. In *Gamblers Niugini Style* (Papua Pocket Poets, 1975) Lahui anatomises the dual identity of the "Civilised" Papua New Guinean. In "The Dark Side of a Niuginian's Teeth" he showed how the cosmetic change wrought by education and Christianity belies the real, underlying, enduring Papua New Guinea nature.

Black teeth, ripe watermelon seeds,
 I see in the grin of my people
 When love, cheers, jokes are poked
 These are the elements that bind us.
 I can claim I was educated
 Education comes like a Tek Toothbrush
 Refined by the moral cream of Christianity
 Cleansed by the blood-bath of Christ's
 resurrection.
 ...Isn't civilisation to a Niuginian
 Like a brawl after a church service?
 Isn't this the back of the shining teeth
 That I show to you?

As here, with the "tooth-brushing" technique of modernisation, Lahui's approach was often satirical. His satire was directed against expatriates' naivety (their "ice cream" values and their superficial notions of savagery), expatriate commerce and exploitation, and Papua New Guineans' gullibility in being influenced by expatriate ways. His satire is also directed against himself for having become part of the new system with its greasing politicians, its obsession with insurance, its belief in platitudes and its toilet wall graffiti wisdom.

Lahui's most adventurous poem, "Blood Red Claret", depicts a young woman's rebellion against the bourgeois complacency and indulgence of the Port Moresby elite. The adherents to the new lifestyle, reckless and smug, try to prevent the radical Ms Jo from leaving the party and thereby asserting her independence. (The poem works neatly as an allegory about Papuan politics, however I am confining myself to a more general interpretation here.) When Ms Jo has finally achieved her dangerous freedom, taking to the rape-threatening Moresby streets at night, none of the arrogant guest goes after to aid her.

The house on the bald-headed hill
 Bubbles with noise:
 The guests wave fists at each other
 Raving madly
 Each blaming the other—
 Shouting
 Swinging of fists
 Dancing
 All go together
 With a delirious harmony
 Niugini style
 Then a flying rock
 Lands on a flagon
 Of blood red claret
 Placed on a freeze.
 It instantly spills
 Flooding
 The polished floor
 Where people are swaying their bodies
 hilariously.
 No one among them is to be blamed
 For this sudden change of colour
 And flavour
 Of their party.
 The air is thick outside
 The night sky is even thicker
 Ms Jo is walking courageously
 Along the Coronation Drive
 She will be soon home
 And have
 A good
 Night's

Rest.

The poem doesn't tell us whether Ms Jo gets home or not. The image we are left with—the bursting flagon—could represent her escape from the confining and unfeeling new society, or it could foretell her ravishing, her martyrdom to the cause of reclaiming the night which once was her birthright. Ms Jo attempts to assert the dark side, the inherited side of the Papua New Guinean identity against the bright lights of civilisation's boozy, delirious party world. Whether Ms Jo's claim to personal independence was successful or not, Jack Lahui was pointing out that Papua New Guineans could no longer complacently blame the expatriates for all that was wrong in Moresby (or in the nation as a whole). Papua New Guineans had a new enemy—themselves—and it would take the kind of daring, perhaps the self-sacrifice, that Ms Jo stood for, to get the society healthy again.

So far Papua New Guinea Poetry has had a dual focus—analysis of conflict on the social level and attempts at resolution on the personal level. This has been paralleled by a dual concern for exploration of city and village lifestyles. Earlier poets moved uneasily between the two worlds, but the conflicts in the environment have been progressively more confidently internalised as the pursuit after those conflicts' root causes has gained momentum. The role of the poet has been progressively more solidly established— he or she is the one who digs beneath reality's surface to uncover a truth about the individual Papua New Guinean's soul-orientation.

Digging more deeply than even Riyong has done, Apisai Enos, in his second poem series, *Tabapot* (Papua Pocket Poets, 1975), journeyed into the unknown regions of his soul to explore the landscape and creatures inhabiting there. Enos was beyond the difficulties encountered by Riyong at the preliminary stages of the inner journey; Enos revealed the weird beauty and ambiguous truths to be discovered in the spiritual depths:

Melting into shadows
combing
 through the light
 you have reached
 the moonlit waters
today

And one of the faces in Enos's soul corresponds to Riyong's *Nokondi the Masta*.

 you
a strange tongue
a stranger tomorrow

To get to this point of revelation Papua New Guinea poetry has moved step by step: Tawali's concerned questioning, Kasapwalova's stark social honesty, Kerpi's exploration of trauma, and Riyong's tortured self-scrutiny. The Papua New Guinean Poets have done much and promised a lot more.

Nigel Krauth

END

NOTE

1. Nigel Krauth is a lecturer in the Department of English language and Literature at the Mitchell College, Bathurst, New South Wales, Australia.

2. All PPP volumes and titles as referred to are obtainable from the University Bookshop, P. O. 4614 University Papua New Guinea.



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About Writers and Artists

"THE INDEPENDENT STATE OF PAPUA NEW GUINEA WRITERS SEMINAR, 1ST TO 4 JULY, 1976"

RECOMMENDATIONS FOR THE FUTURE

- (1) Holding the Conference every two years will be an asset.
- (2) Rotating the Conference amongst the South Pacific Commission areas is recommended, if the various island nations have sufficient writers, organisers and the financial resources to run it.
- (3) If (2) does not work, then Papua New Guinea should hold the Conference every two years, with different emphases and corresponding overseas participants.

The Literature Department should continue to organise it as it has already laid down a firm basis for it.

- (4) Other foreign governments, e.g. the U.S., U.K., Japan, etc. should be asked to sponsor two of their nationals to come to participate, as New Zealand did this year.
- (5) Australia should set aside some of its cultural exchange money for supporting the Writers' Conference. We use it well.
- (6) New Zealand should also continue sponsoring two writers per conference. Mrs Patricia Grace graced the Conference with her charm and logic. Hone Tuwhare was a hearty mixer.
- (7) The National Cultural Council should set aside part of its budget to promote Creative Writing and Drama as it did this year.
- (8) To encourage publishing, the publishers should set up an annual prize for the best published book during any calendar year. The Literature Department would be the judges.
- (9) Some foreign writers should be sponsored to go to Lae, Goroka, Keravat, etc. to help promote creativity in those areas, otherwise Port Moresby will be extraordinarily over-developed.
- (10) The Ministry of Education should set funds aside for the participation of its teachers of English and Literature in the Conference.
- (11) A Secretariat of Papua New Guinea Writers' Union should be set up with a full-time organiser who will also be the editor of *Kanaka's Voice*.

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IF YOU ARE INTERESTED IN THE ASSOCIATION PLEASE WRITE TO:—

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PORT MORESBY

ACADEMICS AND WRITERS TO ATTEND SPACIAL CONFERENCE

A group of Papua New Guinea academics and language experts and writers have been invited to a language and literature conference to be held at the University of Queensland from May 16th to 20th.

The conference is to be hosted by the Language and Literature Department of the University of Queensland on behalf of the South Pacific Association of Languages and Literature Studies.

In attendance will be the chairman of the Literature Department of the University of Papua New Guinea, Mr. Elton Bosh, the outgoing chairman Mr. Taban lo Liyong, Mr. Bernard Monol, a teaching fellow with the Literature Department, Mr. Teloti Kaniku, a writer, who is also with the Literature Department, Mr. Prithvindra Chakravarte, a senior lecturer in Literature with the Literature Department.

The Australian Literature Board has also sought the presence of two writers from Papua New Guinea to attend the conference. Benjamin Umba and Kumalau Tawali have been nominated to attend. Return travel cost and subsistence will be met by the Australian Foreign Affairs Department.

After the Brisbane conference, Benjamin and Kumalau will travel on to Sydney and then Canberra, to participate in a conference of writers and playwrights.

The Literature Bureau of Papua New Guinea, on behalf of the budding writers of Papua New Guinea, thank the Government of Australia for this most kindly gesture to our two writers. What ever they discuss with fellow artist and writing craftsmen there should be of tremendous value to them, as writers.

Letters to the Editor

Dear Sir,

Herewith all my eagerness, I'd like to share with you how much interested I am in creative writing.

I enjoy writing stories, plays and poems. However, I very much enjoy writing poetry especially. I would like to ask you for further advice and information on creative writing. My own concept of the word creative is (a) having the ability to create, invent and produce (b) approaching the realm of art imaginatively (c) artistic literary-limited to fiction and poetry.

Thank you for your attention.

Christina Mary Asor
Martyr's Memorial High School
Popondetta N. P.

Dear Sir,

Do you still offer free copies of "Stories from Papua New Guinea Book One"? If you would send several copies I would very much appreciate it. I can use them to inspire potential writers where our family works near Banz.

Also if you have a price list or catalogues available especially for Pidgin publications I would appreciate it. We are hoping to establish libraries and promote literacy.

Also do you still have back copies of "Papua New Guinea Writing". If so I would like to receive especially the last three years' issues—1973, 1974 and 1975.

Thank you for any help you can give.

Larry E. Cates,
Box 42,
Ukarumpa.

Dear Sir,

Plis salim prais bilong "Papua New Guinea Writing" i kam long mi na bai mi salim moni i go long yu.
Tenkyu.

Asher Lisom Rulemat
United Church
Ramkel, New Hanover

Editor's Reply

Mipela nau putim nupela prais bilong "Papua New Guinea Writing"

Long yumi Papua New Guinea yumi inap peim K2.00 i go i stap na kisim foapela buk insait long wan wan yia. Dispela nupela prais em karamapim prais bilong peim buk na Post Office bilong salim buk i kam painim yu long wanem hap bilong kantri yu i stap long en.
Tenkyu try long pas bilong yu.

Edita.

Dear Editor,

I received the packet of booklets which you very kindly sent. They're just the sort of thing I wish I'd have when I was teaching at Fatima! I hope it has gone over well in the schools.

If you do decide to use any more of the 'Pandanus Nuts Stories' in subsequent booklets—I would appreciate it very much if you could send me a few copies. Thank you.

Best Wishes,

Christopher Somerville
Somerset, England.

Dear Sir,

I would like to order 20 annual subscriptions for the High School. I have enclosed a cheque for K24 to cover the cost of these as well as for the Church group that very kindly sent us this money.

The students enjoy the articles, stories, and poems which appear in the magazine.

Thank you very much.

Sally West
Cameron High School
Alotau, M. B. P.

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BOROKO, P. N. G.

About our Writers

WAIO KIKIWAI

WAIO KIKIWAI comes from Pawale village near Eraue in the Southern Highlands Province. He attended Beara Primary School in the Gulf in 1957. In 1961 he went to attend Mendi Primary School where in 1962 he completed his Std Six. In 1963 he found employment as a Power House Operator with the Electricity Commission. In 1966, he left the Electricity Commission to take up Teacher Training at Goroka Teachers College. He graduated and taught in Butlivuan, Warangai, Wolon and Vunairoto Primary Schools in the East New Britain Province. In 1972 he transferred to the Chimbu Province and taught at Sirikoge Primary School. Waio is now teaching at Koroba Primary School in his home Southern Highlands Province.



Due to increasing difficulties in the gathering of biographical details of contributing writers it has been decided that from this issue on we will not include any biographies or any photo unless the writer is new to the pages of Papua New Guinea Writing. Writers are still asked to provide their biographies for our files for record purposes.

Editor.



continued from page 15

All the women then assembled and took last minute instructions on how to fly. When the flying foxes flew to the nearest tree they tried to impress all the others by hanging upside down. The leader then said "You are flying foxes. You will be found only at night looking for your food and spend the daytime hanging upside down sleeping. Those of us in the other group will look for food in daylight and sleep at night."

After saying this all the bird women were quiet. As soon as they saw their husbands, the two groups of bird—women, the Birds of Paradise and Flying Foxes flew up and sat in two lots facing each other. That night the village became full of crying children.

Sensing the strange atmosphere of the village the men hurried to their houses to find empty houses and deserted children. Just then one of the men looked up and saw a lot of birds sitting on the branch of a huge tree. Realising their tragedy they pledged, "Come down our beautiful wives." Grown men, young men all rolled on the grass begging for the women's forgiveness.

There were others who were saying as they cried, "Come down and we will give you the best meat."

The leader of the women said "My husband brought me a piece of meat so I have proof that you have cheated us all this long. You hide the meat in your secret hiding places and come to tell us lies. Then you come home with sorry looks and tell us that there is no game in the bushes. You wait until we are asleep then you sneak out with sago and go to cook your catch and eat it up. Now we know. We are birds and no longer humans. Those you see hanging upside down you can name as flying foxes and those of us dress differently you can call Birds of Paradise."

The men were dumbfounded.

"So we'll leave you," said the leader of the women as she got the others ready to fly away. When all was ready the multitude of birds started to spread their wings and fly away to the mainland of Niu Gini.

Flying foxes made straight for the swamps and the big dark trees while the Birds of Paradise flew to the huge rain forest in the heart of Niu Gini. So now we see in Papua New Guinea, Birds of Paradise live in the heart of our country and the nocturnal flying foxes, along the lower swamplands and thereabouts. And flying foxes have since lived in the way they were destined to live, since that decisive night.

END

PETER FRAZER

PETER FRAZER comes from Kokon village near Mt. Wilhelm in the Chimbu Province. He attended Denglagu Primary School and St. Paul's Primary School, Gogme where he completed his Sixth Grade in 1970. He pursued his secondary education at De la Salle High School, Kondiu from 1971 to 1974. In 1975 he enrolled at the University of Papua New Guinea where he is now doing his third year of degree studies, under a Government scholarship.

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
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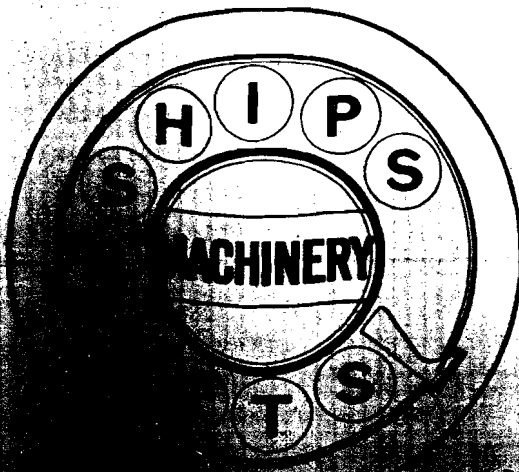
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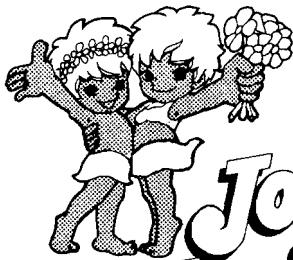
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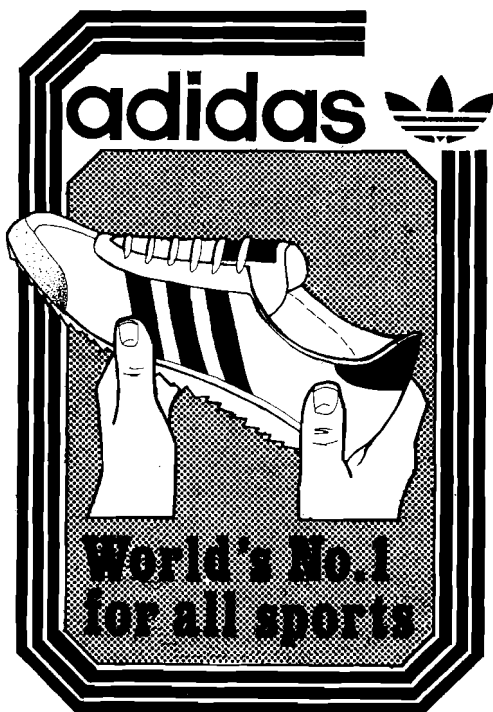
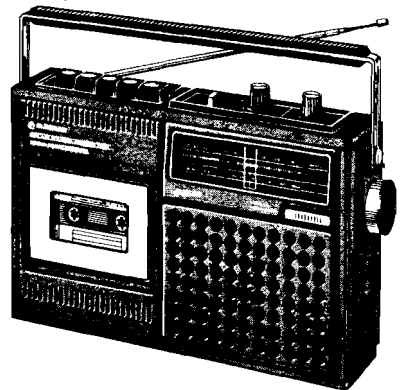


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