

Papua New Guinea Writing

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EDITORIAL

An Advisory Committee

The Literature Bureau for the last five years has functioned insularly and therefore the invitation of new ideas and approaches to our objective and task have either suffered and were less appreciated by the public. In 1971 however there existed an ad hoc committee with a membership from persons interested in the artistic, literary and hence literary development in our country. The committee had a lot of foresighted policy guidelines, most of which if heeded would have resulted in a lot of modification. With lack of maintenance, loss of interest with the Government which could only have been blamed on the Administration of the day, the Bureau went from bad to worse then to total closure about August 1975.

There will again be a Literature Bureau Advisory Committee consisting of members who will be representative of various sects of our community. It has always been our desire to regard the reading public as a touchstone. In fact due to absence of a Committee we have relied on letters from readers. Now with the reconvening of a similar committee we hope to be able to draw from all sources in order to produce a journal that the public will much appreciate. With the convening of the advisory committee we would also welcome the public to contribute ideas for the committee on the letter pages of Papua New Guinea Writing.

Papua New Guinea Writing 'A Must'

As a publication of the Department of Education we wish to ensure that all copies of the magazine produced in future must be made use of. Papua New Guinea Writing is wholly subsidised by the Government, in full appreciation of our Government policies, it will be wasteful to have to produce so many and actually use a few. To encourage community schools to subscribe to the journal it has been decided that we will send a number of back copies to selected schools. Headmasters of schools are requested to consider, on receiving the books whether to subscribe to the journal or not. By comparison with most journals produced within Papua New Guinea schools or individuals will be satisfied that the rates are indeed very low.

Competitions, 77

This year's Annual Writing Competitions currently being conducted will close on 31st July. Already we are receiving entries from all corners of the country and are satisfied with the response. This year the Bureau, with the

continuing assistance of persons and organisations has a total prize money of K915 to give to writers. However it must be borne in mind by all participants that we maintain a standard and that judges will and have the collective prerogative to disallow prizes if entries are found to be lacking in quality.

EDITOR

CONTENTS

A VICTIM OF A	Agewa Zaming Zakoa ..	3
LONG GONE FEUD		
SUNDAY	Neerod Roland Katak ..	6
LUVUAPO AND HIS WIFE ...	Lei Kaipu	8
THE NATIONAL THEATRE		12
COMPANY IN LONDON		
FLYING FOXES AND	Abanga Jamaica	14
NAUGHTY GIRLS		
HOW WHITE SKINS	P. Mowedina	18
CAME INTO BEING		
CAUGHT IN	John Bonu	19
A MAN WITHOUT	Arthur Jawodimbani ..	20
SOUL		
WRITERS AND ARTISTS NEWS		21
BLAK BOKIS NA KUMUL	Michael Yan	22
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR		23

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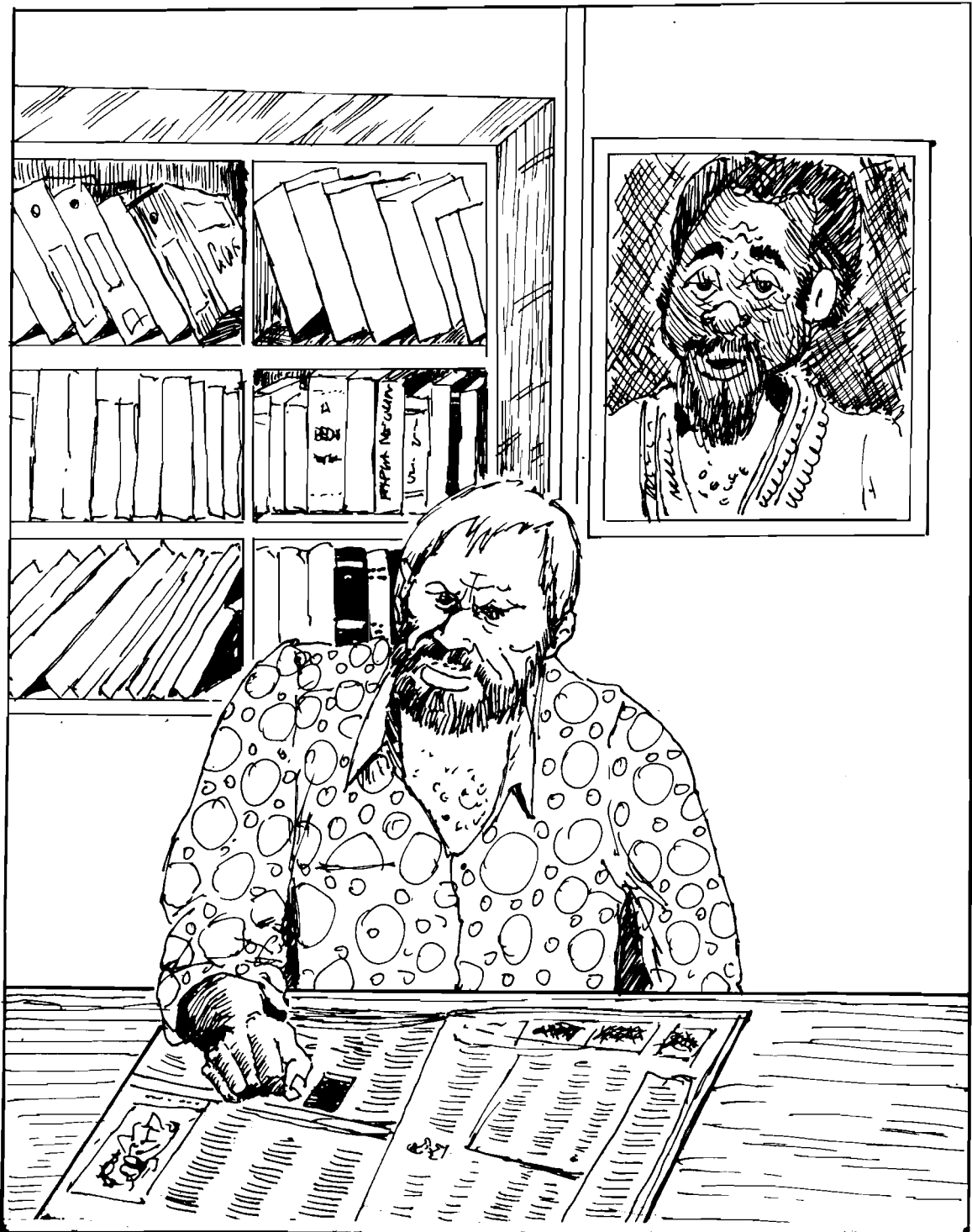
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"Why does this have to happen to a fine young man like him?"

THE VICTIM OF A LONG GONE FEUD

By Agewa Zaming Zakoa

KOMBULE had spent many years in Port Moresby and had often wondered when he would ever see his family again. Since he left his mother and two little twin sisters he had almost lost contact completely.

That was about six or seven years ago and since then he had tried not to think about them. However whenever he remembered the sad event of the death of his father he shed a few treacherous tears. And he wept in a way his uncle would not notice his weakness. He remembered vividly for instance the event of his mother lamenting bitterly during the ceremonial farewell over the death of his father and how she clenched tightly onto the coffin when the men tried to lower it into the grave. His father had died painfully from a terrible spear wound he received on the neck during a tribal feud.

Kombule was too small to do anything then, like thinking of taking immediate revenge. Somehow he knew the death of his father would be avenged sooner or later by his own clan. An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, the universal saying was known to every member of the clan in the manner a christian knows the Lord's prayer. Even Kombule saw that eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, was justified.

Looking into the faces of his clansmen at the burial ground he could read their minds clearly and this gave him the reassurance. They indicated openly that they meant business with the enemy. His father was not an ordinary man. He was the leading figure in the clan with regard to clan activities and so naturally his death came as a blow to the clan. The death of a man of his status must be avenged immediately with several heads for the loss of his services to his clan.

"These sons of an old abandoned witch have dared to kill one of our numbers. Never did their ancestors dare to stop and spit into our faces. They still think the government will protect them now? We will make them smell their own blood..." These and other curses were among condolences expressed during and after the burial. Kombule sometimes recalled perfectly, with great pain and anger, whenever he longed to be with his mother and sisters again.

Thus, Kombule's life had its ups and downs which at time left him a completely different person. Nevertheless success in his school was what he wanted first and foremost thus hopefully preparing himself to take up a government posting to his own home province so he could then be able to look after his mother and sisters.

Sometimes, too concerned about his own unfulfilled obligations towards his mother and sisters, he would try in vain to recall their faces. Everytime he tried to visualise them, they seemed vague in the distance past. Were they dead? Not dead, just not too well and illiterate to write letters. Kombule had always adjourned himself. He tried harder not to associate death with his little surviving family each time he thought about them.

Kombule's father was killed during a land dispute between the Vulukun clan (his own clan) and the Kurukun clan (the enemy clan). These two clans had been traditional enemies for many years; in fact ever since the founder of the Vulukun clan engaged the spirits of seven rivers and seven mountains.

And so, the Vulukun clan was feared throughout the surrounding area. No clan dared to fight the Vulukun clan unless they were sure they had mastered a more powerful magic which could strike as fast as lightning. The Vulukuns had proved that during a previous battle and had established the clan's superiority and fame over the whole valley.

However when the whiteman came with his guns, his strength was that of lightning and could wipe out whole clans. It was only the whiteman's strength that held back the Vulukuns from declaring war on the Kurukuns. Now, however, the Vulukuns were determined to avenge the loss of their respected man.

At school Kombule worked very hard. Several times he came top in his class and won prizes. His headmaster had confidence that he would obtain a National Scholarship to the University.

Kombule had been brought to Port Moresby by his maternal uncle who was a permanent resident of the city and who had no intention of returning to his village. He was now a government driver but originally came to Port Moresby as a labourer at a rubber plantation in Sogeri. "I cannot remember," his uncle reminded him often. "It was many many years ago in the dim past..... Whichever year I came doesn't matter. I came to work on a rubber plantation at Sogeri and when my contract expired I stayed on. It was there that I learned how to drive a tractor. Later I came down to Port Moresby. Waigani was not there nor was Tokarara and the University (University of PNG). Gerchu was nothing but bush. The streets were covered with dust....."

Kombule's uncle was an elderly man in his late forties, short, fat and stocky and whose bulging stomach always led the way. Like many other city dwellers drinking was his problem. He always wore a quiet and innocent face except when he was under the influence of alcohol. He was a great story teller when he was drunk. When he was half-way through a story, no mouth could ever stop him because he was determined to complete the story. It often occurred that his stories never ended. He said a story with an ending was not a story. Most of his stories were self-centered, for instance the one about how he came to Port Moresby. Everytime he retold a story he would add fresh touches to it with bits and pieces that cropped up in his mind.

Sometimes quite suddenly he would burst into song, the wording of which Kombule actually never liked. The songs addressed especially young people who deserted their villages to go to the cities and towns. They were sung with emphasis, intent at asking young people to look back again. These had often scratched Kombule's wounds because he remembered his own mother who sang a similar tune and wept over him when he had left for the city with his uncle.

Kombule preferred to call him "father" more than uncle. He had paid all the necessary high school fees for him and again it was him who supported and enabled him to successfully enter the university. His uncle had always reminded him that if he was successful after his second year at the University he would gladly pay his fare home and back for the Christmas vacations.

Uncle John had again kept his promise and Kombule was

spending the last few exciting days busily window-shopping in Port Moresby. At a second-hand shop he bought a few cheap items, mainly women's dresses for his mother and sisters. He did not have the slightest idea how big his twin sisters were but guessed their sizes which he thought were the same in any case.

At home he packed the things neatly into his green haversack, tried the haversack on his back and restlessly marched around the room to test the weight. He readjusted the contents a few times until he was satisfied. With the load on his back and a new pair of jeans and boots, he imagined he would look terrific although he did not want to impress his village folks as a gentleman from the city. Satisfied, he whistled away in the direction of his uncle's big mirror.

As his departure drew nearer and nearer he had many things to think about and similarly drew a few plans in his mind. He also thought about Maria, the girl who he grew up with and her elder sister Kul. Fresh memories slipped into his mind. He recalled, how as a small boy he had tried to win Kul's attention. Kul was incredibly beautiful. Maria was only a small girl then, much younger than himself and every morning both used to run to school together. She did not try to draw his attention as her elder sister did because she, like most other small kids of her age, was still troubled by a running nose. Kombule used to be crazy about Kul, a girl whose breast had already come out.

At Jacksons Airport, after he had checked in, his uncle shook his hand and watched him go from the lookout-deck among a hundred other waving people. The huge aircraft soon lifted itself into the blazing air. In the bright mid-day sun Kombule took a last and long thoughtful glance of Port Moresby city and hoped for the best.

Fear had vanished immediately and he began studying the plane with great interest. He noticed for the first time that there were two emergency doors at the sides and he was sitting directly opposite one.

"If anything happens..." he proposed but convinced himself that nothing would happen and again read the emergency instructions more closely from the pamphlet. The plane had ascended into the clear blue sky leaving the towering mountains and clouds below them. Looking out in an attempt to see land was hopeless because white and black clouds had covered them all. He lost interest in the window.

At Goroka he transferred into a light aircraft in which he found himself to be the only passenger. This time too anxious to get home he dismissed all thoughts and remained blank minded. From time to time he consulted his Seiko watch anxiously and wished it ran faster.

Suddenly the plane made a sharp turn and Kombule realized that the plane was descending. With delight he looked out of the window and realised they were above a town. Glistening in the afternoon sun was the Kundiawa town like a falling meteorite.

To his left flowed the Waghi River in beautiful snake-like meanders. The Omkolai-Gumine road contoured the side of the ridges, across depression and then climbed sharply upwards. This part of the beautiful country, as he had learned in geography, was rugged and mountainous, yet a densely populated area of Papua New Guinea. He dismissed his thoughts and turned to look elsewhere but the plane had landed.

Kombule took a pleasant surprise as the waiting crowds shot wondering glances at the plane and him, the only passenger. Slightly bashful he tried to remain in his seat with the belt already undone. The pilot pushed the door open and Kombule stepped out. Shyly he walked towards the terminal, afraid to look at anyone in the eye. At the terminal he collected his haversack, his only luggage, and walked out onto the street. It was a beautiful day with the feel of fresh, cool breeze of the afternoon making his hair on his skin stand.

During Kombule's absence Kundiawa township had expanded rapidly. It was one of the fastest growing towns in Papua New Guinea. He admired the newly erected buildings on the hillsides with fine terraced and cut lawns around them.

In the street he hoped to identify some of his clansmen. He crossed the streets to the shops and with quick glances in both directions went into one of them and there bought some biscuits and a bottle of drink and left to where he could find transport home.

On the highway junction, while munching biscuits and drinking Coca Cola, his wondering eyes suddenly focussed on a familiar face. Kombule convinced himself he had seen the scarred face somewhere but surely not in Port Moresby. Yes he remembered now; he belonged to the Kurukun clan. He tried in vain to recall his name. The man must have been watching him before he saw him because he forced a smile almost immediately. Kombule, between suspicion and surprise, smiled too and looked away in embarrassment.

The man immediately headed for one of the waiting PMV's* and after whispering something into the driver's ears both drove off. Kombule took the next PMV as it was already late in the afternoon. The highway was almost faultless and the vehicle, a brand new Toyota Land Cruiser, was travelling at high speed. At the spot where the foot track to his village started he ordered the driver to stop, paid his fare and thanked the owner.

The village was a fair distance from the highway, reachable through a bush track. It was not possible to see the village from the road because the darkness had fallen over the whole valley. His watch indicated something past nine. He thrust his right hand deeply into his bag and searched for his three-celled battery-torch until he found it. Only then did he realise he had forgotten to replace the old batteries. It gave only a dim beam in the pitch dark.

He became terribly diseased with terror and a latent pain inside him grew no better. He tried to look at the ground after withdrawing his eyes from the sky; it was charcoal black. There was no difference whether he looked with eyes closed or eyes opened and he doubted if his nose ever existed in front of his eyes at all. He had already switched off his torch because he thought it was best to slip away in the dark without it. A horrible dog-bark sounded from behind him and in response an owl hooted ahead of him.

Inside him brewed fear. He bent down low and took a close look around for a few seconds before starting to walk when he heard the rustle of dried leaves swaying in the cold evening breeze.

When this happened dreadful thoughts of evil and ugly looking monsters or something similar looking in the dark entered his mind. Maybe it was just his imaginations. He tried to dismiss the uncomfortable thoughts and think of better things. He forced himself to think of his mother and two sisters, how they were going to hug him and kiss him with joy and happiness when he arrived home. Would they be able to recognize him?

The village was not very far but due to the reduced visibility he was still travelling through Kurukun territory.

"These were the very people who took a hand in killing my father," he thought. "But my clan has no doubt killed a number of them in return," he tried to balance the argument. "As long as we live with a common boarder between us we have to remain hostile and suspicious of one another."

Again the sinister canine-bark repeated, this time more pronounced. It sounded ten or eleven paces behind him. Kombule's instinct began to play. He knew, for instance, the difference between the tone of a human-bark and a real dog-bark. In front of him, at about the same distance away the owl responded as before. Suddenly a twig dropped in front of him. Kombule bent down to the ground to listen. Then he felt

as if all the pain in the world were going through his body, yet he kept his grip on himself and did not shout.

He started to move again when suddenly he felt a pair of cold hands gripping his neck. He did not attempt to scream because he thought he was just imagining things again and tried to shake his head free to get the thoughts straight in it. But the powerful hands gripped tighter. Numbness and confusion followed overcoming him and his mouth could not utter a word and his heart pounded against his ribs. It was now totally useless to struggle free.

And when he dully introduced himself, an axe struck from behind without mercy.

In Port Moresby Mr. Frazer, the Academic Registrar at the University scratched his head uneasily with shock and disbelief as the news finally reach him through the N.B.C. national news. The news was confirmed a day later by the POST COURIER.

"Why does this have to happen to a fine young man like him? His education has been a waste of money and time...., a real waste of man-power," the Registrar said sadly with his head bowed.



AND HERE BUT NOW.

KIPA MALEVA

Confusion impregnated my trustful mind,
As in my ears those gossips echoed;
and though my eyes had yet to find,
My heart was shamefully widowed.

And here but now...
While I ain't near;
Tell me how!
Please my dear;
When in our dawn of love,
I was for you the only dove,
Whose touch you'd only feel,
And kiss you long to seal;
And yet you've turned so bitter and cold,
Making me feel so old.

And here but now...
Darkness closes in upon my thought,
That my true one, blessed is caught;
And then I tried to see beyond,
But beyond this love of fond;
There lies a void
I can't avoid;
a guilt
That can't be rebuilt;
confusion,
Neither you nor I can vision;
And at end but best a graveyard,
Where I'll rest in hope and count the hours,
Till dawn in its peace unites the hearts of ours.

Yes! And here but now...
For if your hate for me;
Is like my love for thee,
I guess better let it be;
My sweet little Margie.

REDHAND

I.D. Davidson

Redhead was a Buang man
Who lived now long ago
When off to battle he would run
He took a big long bow
His sister Dambi went along
And carried his arrows fine
And when a big fight was over
The dead she laid in line
So Redhand could get the number
Of newly dead
It wasn't for nothing that he was called
The man with hand of red
The Patep and the Biangai
Would come on a raid in force
Then soon a messenger would call for Redhand
And young Dambi of course
When other Buang warriors
With club and spear had run
Those two would stand quite fearless
Till the battle it was won
The enemy would hurl their spears
With curses on his name
But he would catch them easily
And throw them back again
His arrows they were straight
And his aim it was so true
They would home in on a victim
And then they'd go right through
Today in the Buang valley
Just sixty years gone by
You can stand where Redhand stood
Where he made the arrows fly
Across the Gangwae river
And up the mountain slope
You see where he finished the enemy
So they didn't have a hope
Pepekeni his ancient home
Is still aloof up there
And grandson Mangem
Shows a lot of that long gone dare
But now it's business
And not with bows
That Buangs do battle
With their foes
And Redhand you're not forgotten
Your deeds are still revered
You taught us though outnumbered
There is little to be feared.

48-CREST

Ann Aromau

The sea is rough
There's a little wave
And a bit bigger wave
Whoa! I nearly fell over
That's a forty-eight crest.
The wind is strong
There's a little wave
And a bit bigger wave
Whoa! It rocked the canoe
That's a forty-eight crest.
The sun is setting
There's a little wave
And a bit bigger wave
Whoa! It sprayed my face
That's a forty-eight crest.
The reef is far now
Home is near
I can see a baby wave
A little bit bigger wave
Whoa! and a forty-eight crest.

SUNDAY

By Neerod Roland Katak

BY NEW GUINEA STANDARDS he was illiterate. At the age of eighteen my uncle left home in the early days of Australian colonisation to seek employment, preferably as a labourer on one of the many coconut or cocoa plantations on the island of New Britain. Even in his later teens he had heard, circulated by those who had already been there, about the greatness of Rabaul, the rapidly booming centre of the equally fast developing Gazelle Peninsula. This area, this island to him was the gateway to wealth and westernisation that were denied him in his own Sepik District and it was this land that magnetically pulled him.

Weary and sluggish, having been invaded by continual sea—sickness on his first ever trawler ride he arrived in Rabaul, his good memory still vivid with the nightmarish, tortuous sea journey and cursing, he vowed never to have a similar experience.

Clutching his meagre belongings, a new bilum with a pair of khaki shorts and his only hard earned income, a total of £10 in his right short pocket he disembarked. On him was a simple black laplap, aided by an equally black but buai stained belt. His main body was covered by a once clean and brown shirt, now decorated carelessly by layers of unwashable earthly dirt.

Aided by the Island Labour Recruiting office in Rabaul, my uncle spent the night in a large semi—drummed igloo looking structure at the foot of Namanula Hill, after having been fed with rice and tinned meat. The next morning he was woken early and was taken to a plantation about forty miles from Rabaul. That was the way he came to Rabaul and how he was received.

After two years he was well established and as my uncle had been a honest worker he was made a "boss—boy" on a large mission owned coconut plantation two miles off Kokopo, Rabaul's infant, although old and famous in its own ways.

One Friday, after having handed his two week hard earned £10 to his Sundaying mate Gaidu, he sat down and mused over the positive and negative aspects of the so called Sunday. He was going to get a total of £40 in two months, a lot of money sure, but in the meantime what was he going to do for money? What if an urgent incident presented itself, demanding instant cash, where was he going to get that cash? Food was okay, he thought, as there were monthly rations of rice, canned fish and meat from the Mission and previous months issue still remained. What about sex? In the past he always paid £2 to £4 when he befriended a local female and that was before Sunday crystallised, came into effect, into my uncle's life.

Sunday was now a commonly accepted part of the way of life of an illiterate underpaid plantation worker. In order to increase their total income, these men invented the credit system or perhaps the traditional give and take system. Men would get into groups ranging from two to four or more; four in the case of my uncle. Every payday, those in the group would hand all their wages to a member and the next payday they would repeat the process but to a different member of the group. As this was circular, each person would have to wait a definite number of weeks or months before he got paid by all. My uncle knew that he had to wait a full two months to receive his £40 as there were four in the group at £10 per fortnight for each person.

My uncle's Sunday was the day everyone in the group paid him their wages, just like my uncle and two others had given the fourth person in the group his Sunday. My uncle's Sunday meant his fortnight, his day of getting paid. Whereas it was previously a fortnight before he got paid, he now had to wait two months before his fortnight (fortnight always being referred to as payday, even if it meant two months), his Sunday. To my uncle, the connotative meaning of fortnight never existed, only the denotative meaning and same can almost be said of Sunday.

How awfully long he thought having to wait all that long. How was he to manage? Oh well, as this is my very first attempt, I may as well wait, I have to learn to cope with the moneyless void situation, he thought regretfully.

His Sunday came unaware as he had been too preoccupied in his work to give a second thought after the first. Very happy and financially well equipped with £40 he was at the Kokopo Club and had his very first big-time grog party. He felt elated almost super—human as the deadly water found its place and struggled to create more spaces. The pub soon closed and he staggered outside and although under the control of beer, he somehow maintained his sense of direction.

With a musty voice, he ripped a village tune, not quite To Piris over 'A Tapialai' but good enough with a few hesitations. Abruptly he stopped, perhaps realizing that his mind wasn't one hundred percent operational, the words having been drowned in his consumed liquid, all forgotten almost until his body and mind were rid of the poison, the evil, the beer.

Women! Women! The words struck him vividly, erasing the cloudiness, the obstacles and again returned but forcing his slowly dying brain he managed to register Emma, the married Tolai woman who frequented the plantation with greens and taro. Having been to her village, he knew where her house was and instantly her sacred matrimony ceased to exist, the tabu on adultery became a child's joke. The possibility of injury and even death were buried in the boundless depth; in an abyss of his memory.

Perhaps my uncle's obsession over sensuality drove him in the right direction because even before he knew it he was approaching Emma's house aided by the light of a flaming woodfire that glazed near the rear of the house. When he was quite near, his sleepy eyes picked up the form of Emma and squatting drunkardly and awkwardly before her, he fired a blurry greeting, followed closely with, "Mi gat five pound."

Emma's face soured, her hands instinctively went to her face and for a moment she seemed to want to scream. Then her hands dropped and her head circulated, co—ordinated by her body. She was perhaps staring into the darkness, seeking others. Finding none her head dropped and reaching out quickly she snatched the £10. Standing up dutifully, she walked proudly into the dark, my uncle dodding at her trail.

Ten yards away he made a grab at her but she quickened her pace and he almost fell. The pain, first on his head, then quickly branching to his entire body came as he was trying to regain his balance. Automatically his hands went to his head and he tried to turn but another bomb exploded instantaneously and he felt himself falling, falling, falling...

Sometimes later, exactly how long he could not remember, he came to realise that he was still alive, his head bandaged. He learnt that he was to appear before a judge before going to gaol and then being sent home. My uncle remembered his "Sunday" and how much money he had got which quickly made him do what he did. Before Sunday entered his life he had managed beautifully and adequately with his true wages of £10, having no excess money to waste unwisely. His true wage he had controlled well and had not drank it.

Oh! How he disliked, and hated Sunday, Sunday, Sunday, Sunday,
Sun...

Pain overcame him, tiredness overcame him. My uncle slept.

MI LAIK MANGI MASTA

Annon

Meri wantok, yu go we?
Kam mitupela i kaikai long nabis.
Mi baem kaikai, mi baem klos na purpur.
Yu laik kam?

No, Mi no laik!
Mi go wantaim mangi masta.
Mi no laik yu, yu doti.
Yu doti olosem pik.

Orait. Yu no laikim mi.
Mi no kia long meri pipia.
Mi kia long meri wok tasol.
Bai em i wok, mi wok, bai i-gut.

Yu go! Mi no laik yu tru.
Mi no laik blakpela man.
Mi gat masta, bai mi maritim,
Bai mi gat bel, bai mi stap.

SIXTEEN WHEEL TOYOTA

I.D. Davidson

Some tell of feats of greatness
That happened in the past
Of men who bent iron bars
And used to run so fast

Those stories nowadays thrill us
And we wish that we were there
To see those feats of wonder
Of these men with strength to spare

Well those feats so mighty
They still go on today
But if you want to see them
Go off the beaten way

I think of the young girl
Who lives up the Mubo track
She goes out to the coast
And same day she goes back

Over Tambu mountain
Through the pass so high and rough
Down through the jungle forest
With nettle and all that stuff

They call her Sixteen Wheel Toyota
And proudly she bears that name
Its the load she carries daily
That causes the men to shame

Two bags of rice are nothing
To that mountain maid
She says, 'Add a case of meat
and do not be afraid'

In the net bag carried
A swinging down her back
Off over Tambu mountain
And in a flash she's back

Now to a normal person
That hike it takes all day
You sweat and groan and are exhausted
As you toil along the way

But for that girl Toyota
She does it with a grin
Its not that she is over big
But I wouldn't call her thin

Her carrying feats are a wonder
Known throughout the land
It sure will be a brave man
Who asks to take her hand

So when you hear of some wonder
And a mighty feat
Remember Sixteen Wheel Toyota
Who carries those tins of meat.

ADVERTISING

PAPUA NEW GUINEA WRITING

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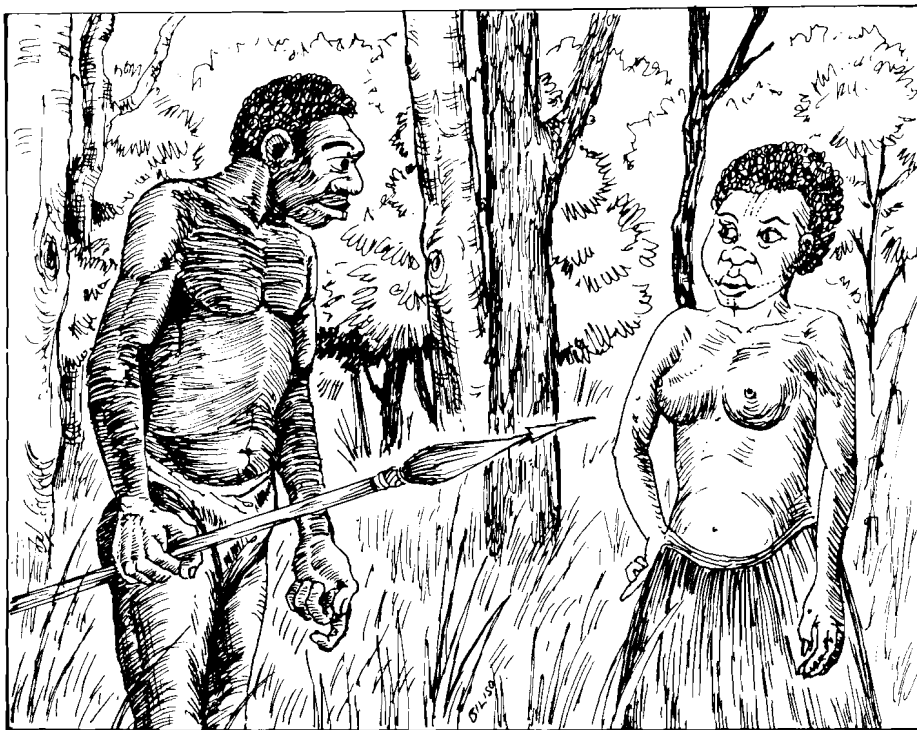
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"You are manly and the best hunter in the village and I've been longing to meet you for a long time. Will you marry me, too?"

LUVUAPO AND HIS WIVES.

(A LEGEND FROM THE TOARIPU)

By Lei Kaipu

LONG, LONG AGO in a village in the area known now as Toaripi there lived a man named Luvuapo, and his wife named Morioe and their son.

Customarily, in order to be good at hunting, a man had to live in a secluded house called elavo while his family had to live alone in the family house.

Luvuapo was an outstanding hunter, because if all the men went hunting Luvuapo would bring more pigs or wallabies than others.

In the same village lived a man named Mikalavaipo. He had two breasts like those of a woman. For this reason he never went out in public. He also admired Morioe, Luvuapo's wife, as she was the prettiest of all the village women. Because of Morioe's beauty he intended to dress as a woman and beg Luvuapo to marry him. One day he dressed as a woman and went out in public. After a few days when he had heard no comments from the whole village he decided to continue dressing like that. From then on he went everywhere in the hope of meeting Luvuapo. One day they met. He said to Luvuapo: "You are manly and the best hunter in this village and I've been longing to meet you for a long time. Will you marry me too?"

Luvuapo thought over the proposition answered: "Yes, bring your things and live with Morioe and my son."

Sometimes later the village people noticed that Morioe was pregnant. They questioned themselves, "Why is Morioe pregnant? Luvuapo never sleeps with his wives."

Secretly they told Luvuapo. Luvuapo then had a plan. He tied a swing (poroki) under the ladder. In the evening he brought his son up to the elavo and advised him: "Son I'm going hunting early tomorrow. I've tied a swing under the ladder. Before your mothers wake up, you must go and play on your swing. When you see your mother Morioe coming out you must walk away from your swing. If Mikalavaipo comes out and tells you to go away, you don't, but say: Come down its alright. When she comes down you quickly look up and see whether he is a woman or a man. If you find that he's a man, run out and sing this song:—

Mikalavaipo a kou erere tai-e kapo
erere tai-e la toe, la toe, la toe.
In English this meant: Mikalavaipo
you've got balls and penis hanging,
hanging, hanging.

After advising his son of his plan Luvuapo took him home.

Early next morning Luvuapo went hunting and his son did as he was instructed on his swing. As he was playing on his swing, Mikalavaiaipo came out and before he descended the ladder he asked the boy to move clear before he came down. The son replied, "Come down I'm alright." After a long time begging him to leave he climbed down. The boy quickly looked up and noticed that Mikalavaiaipo had the male scrotum. He ran out and began to sing the song his father had taught him.

On hearing the song Mikalavaiaipo exclaimed: "Who has those things you are singing about?" The boy didn't take notice of Mikalavaiaipo.

In the evening, when Luvuapo returned home, the son reported what he had seen.

In the evening Luvuapo went to his house and asked if one of them would like to come hunting with him the next day and complained that he was tired of hunting and carrying all that he speared.

Mikalavaiaipo volunteered to go and explained, "Since Morioe is pregnant, she'll stay." Luvuapo then instructed her: "You cook the food for us and I'll come and wake you at dawn."

Morning birds had started singing when Luvuapo went to wake Mikalavaiaipo and both went deep into the bush.

In the bush Luvuapo hunted. Mikalavaiaipo was soon carrying a bilum full of kills. The games were so plentiful that Mikalavaiaipo asked Luvuapo for a rest. Luvuapo, in reply, said there was a bush-fowl hill not far from where they were and that they would rest and breakfast there. They walked until they reached it and sat down to rest. After resting Luvuapo told Mikalavaiaipo to climb the betelnut palm which was beside the bush fowl's hill but Mikalavaiaipo answered: "You are a man and therefore you must climb it."

After arguing for a long time Mikalavaiaipo agreed to climb. When Mikalavaiaipo reached the top, Luvuapo went under the betelnut palm and looked up. What he saw proved his son's discovery. Luvuapo picked up his bow and arrows and shot Mikalavaiaipo down. He then dug a hole and buried him. He stayed in the bush until very late in the night then went home.

When he arrived home, he told Morioe to cook some food. Luvuapo told Morioe that they would go out the next morning to look for Mikalavaiaipo, as he had lost her and could not find her.

Early the next morning Luvuapo went to wake Morioe and the couple set off following the track to the bush-fowl's hill. As they walked Luvuapo kept saying: "We were walking together here but when I heard the dogs barking, I ran off to kill what the dogs had found."

After pretending to search, Luvuapo told Morioe, "We have searched for a long time. Lets go to that bush fowl's hill and you dig for eggs while I chew." Both made their way to the bush-fowl's hill. On arrival Morioe found the softest part. She started digging and not long after she found a pair of feet sticking out and said, "Aie-e!"

Luvuapo heard her and replied, "What ai-e? That's the man who impregnated you. Dig him out."

While she was digging, Luvuapo counted the palm leaves (in Toaripi tuke toro) and placed them under the tree (aufa) ready. When Morioe had dug Mikalavaiaipo up, Luvuapo ordered her to carry him and put him on the tuke toro. Morioe did. After placing him on the palm leaves he commanded her to cut him up so Morioe cut him up. When Morioe finished cutting, Luvuapo ordered her to eat him.

Morioe refused. Luvuapo, seeing Morioe's refusal said: "If you don't eat him, I'll also kill you."

Fearing she may be killed Morioe started eating. She ate and ate until what remained of Mikalavaiaipo were his penis and scrotum. At this stage she pushed her tongue out and hung them on it. Both the organs immediately became a bird (kake kako). It flew up and sat on a branch of (aufa tora) and said, "A woman and a man are making love." (in Toaripi ua ita vita ita ia feipere). When Morioe heard this she called: "My friend come down. What you said is wrong. You've spoilt the women and the men." (Amoita lea kaiae. A lea louru aea he la heare auai).

After saying this she ordered: "Push your tongue out. As soon as kake kako pushed the tongue out, Morioe cut off the end of it and said, "Moraitai, go up again". Kake kako flew up and said: "Kake Kako ma miania kora."

After all these events Luvuapo cut the cane, stood Morioe up and tied her against the (aufa tora) then went home.

That night thunder rolled and rain fell very heavily and the flood made it impossible for Luvuapo to go back. It rained for three nights and three days. During those nights and days Morioe vomited out what she had eaten. Each time she vomited all that came out turned into all kinds of animals, reptiles and fish. Lastly when she vomited she threw sand over them. These became sharks and stin-a-rays. When the vomiting ended the thunder and the rain stopped, the flood went down breaking the bank of the river until the (aufa tora) where Morioe was tied to nearly fell. She grabbed two pigs, one female and the other male. As soon as she grabbed the pigs the tree fell into the river held only by a tiny root, waiting for Luvuapo.

Luvuapo, seeing that the weather had become clearer, started walking to see his wife Morioe.

As he approached the root that was holding Morioe broke and the tree moved a little further out.

Luvuapo, seeing this, cried and called: "Ah! Morioe, my wife, why did you leave me?"

"Don't cry but go and pull out a frond and give me the end so that you can pull me out," ordered Morioe.

Luvuapo did what he was told but when he put out the end to Morioe it was short. He fell to the ground and cried but Morioe ordered him to cut a much longer one.

Every sago frond that Luvuapo cut was long enough but each time Morioe pushed herself out further and at the same time Morioe was drifting down towards the mouth of the river. The last frond was the longest and when finally it was pushed out to Morioe she held on the very end and when they pulled, it went off her hand. Luvuapo fell down crying.

"Don't cry, but listen to me," said Morioe. "I think about what you did to me. If you hadn't done that, I too wouldn't leave you. Now listen. I left all the animals, reptiles and fish there for you to hunt, catch and eat. They are yours. I've got my two here and I'm going to Araua ipi kivuki ipi (the land of the spirits).

The Pidgin Version of this story can be found on the next Page (page 10)



LUVUAPO NA OL MERI BILONG EM

Bipo bipo tru, insait long ples Toaripi wanpela man, nem bilong em Luvuapo wantaim meri bilong em Morioe na pikinini bilong em stap.

Pasin bilong tumbuna olsem, sapos wanpela man i laik kamap gutpela save-man bilong painim abus, em i no ken silip wantaim meri na pikinini bilong em. Em i mas silip long haus boi ol i kolim elavo.

Luvuapo i gutpela save man bilong painim abus. Sapos olgeta man i go painim abus, Luvuapo bai kisim planti abus i kam long haus na ol arapela man i no planti.

Insait long dispela ples i gat wanpela man, nem bilong em Mikalavaiaapo husait i gat susu olsem bilong ol meri. Em gat bikpela laik long Morioe tasol tupela bikpela susu bilong em i mekim em sem na i stap long haus. Morioe i naispela meri na Mikalavaiaapo i laikim em tu tasol rot bilong painim em i hat tru. Wanpela de Mikalavaiaapo i bilas olsem ol meri, long painim na tokim Luvuapo long bai maritim em tu. Olgeta taim em i raun long grisim bel bilong Luvuapo. "Yu wanpela gutpela na save-man long painim abus long dispela ples," Mikalavaiaapo i tok, "Mi laik maritim yu."

Luvuapo i bekim tok, "Yes yu kisim ol samting bilong yu na kam stap wantaim Morioe na pikinini bilong mi."

Bihain long sampela mun ol man bilong ples i painim aut olsem Morioe i gat bel na ol askim ol yet; olsem wanem na em i gat bel? Luvuapo i no bin silip wantaim em. Hait tasol ol tokim Luvuapo.

Luvuapo kwiktaim pasim wanpela swing aninit long leta na kisim pikinini bilong em i go long elavo na tokim em: "Pikinini, mi bai go painim abus tumoro bikmoning. Pastaim long tupela mama bilong yu kirap, yu mas kirap pas, kamdaun na pilai long swing. Sapos yu lukim mama bilong yu, Morioe, kamdaun yu go longwe long swing. Taim Mikalavaiaapo i laik kamdaun yu go bek na pilai. Yu noken go sapos Mikalavaiaapo tokim yu long go. Yu mas tokim em long kamdaun. Sapos yu painim aut olsem em i man, yu ron i go ausait na singsing olsem

Mikalavaiaapo yu gat bol na kok
Hangamap, hangamap, hangamap.

Bihain long Luvuapo tokim pikinini bilong em, em kisim em i go bek long haus.

Tulait long moning Luvuapo i go painim abus. Pikinini bilong em i pilai long swing bilong em. Mikalavaiaapo i kam ausait na tokim pikinini long kilia long leta bai em i kamdaun. Tasol pikinini i tokim em: "Yu kamdaun mi bai pilai i stap."

Mikalavaiaapo i tok nogat na em i kamdaun. Hariap tru pikinini lukluk i go antap na i lukim bol na kok bilong Mikalavaiaapo i hangamap. Em ron i go ausait na singsing olsem papa bilong em i bin lainim em.

Mikalavaiaapo i kros nogut tru taim em i harim dispela singsing. "Yu singsing long husait?" Mikalavaiaapo i tok, "Mi nogat bol na kok."

Taim Luvuapo i kam long apinun pikinini bilong em i tokim em long wanem samting em bin lukim.

Luvuapo i go long haus bilong em long nait na askim wanpela bilong tupela meri long go wantaim em long painim abus. Em i tok em i tait long kilim na karim olabus, olsem na em laikim wanpela bilong tupela long go wantaim em.

"Mi bai go, Morioe i gat bel; em i ken stap," Mikalavaiaapo i tok.

"Mi bai kam kirapim yu long bikmoning. Yu mas kukim sampela kaikai na redi," Luvuapo tokim Mikalavaiaapo.

Taim ol pisin i singaut long bikmoning Luvuapo go kirapim Mikalavaiaapo. Insait long bus Luvuapo kilim abus na Mikalavaiaapo i karim. Taim Luvuapo kilim planti em tokim Mikalavaiaapo long go malolo long maunten bilong welpaul. Luvuapo wantaim Mikalavaiaapo malolo na kaikai arere long maunten bilong welpaul. Luvuapo tokim Mikalavaiaapo long go antap long buai i stap arere long tupela bihain long kaikai tasol Mikalavaiaapo i no laik. Luvuapo i tok strong i go i go na Mikalavaiaapo i orait long go antap. Luvuapo i go aninit, lukluk i go antap na lukim bol na kok bilong Mikalavaiaapo na kisim spia bilong em, putim long bunara na i sutim Mikalavaiaapo i kamdaun. Bihain long planim Mikalavaiaapo em i wokabaut i stap inap tudak na em i go long ples.

Taim Luvuapo kamap long ples em tokim Morioe long kukim sampela kaikai na bai narapela moning tupela ken go painim Mikalavaiaapo. Taim ol pisin i singaut long moning tupela marit i bihainim rot i go long maunten bilong welpaul. "Mi harim ol dok i singaut na mi go lukim ol tasol mi no lukim em, taim mi kam bek," Luvuapo tokim Morioe. Luvuapo i giman long painim Mikalavaiaapo, na tokim Morioe: "Longpela taim mitupela traim long painim em na yumi no painim. Mitupela go long maunten bilong welpaul na yu painim kiau taim mi kaikai buai." Taim tupela kamap Morioe i painim hap ples i no strong na i stat long brukim graun. Liklik taim em i lukim tupela lek bilong man na i kalap nogut na i singaut: "Ai-eeeeee!"

"Aeee long wanem," Luvuapo tok, "Em dispela man tasol i bin givim yu bel."

Luvuapo putim em antap long lip na bosim Morioe long kaikai. Tarangu Morioe i no laik na Luvuapo pretim em: "Sapos yu no kaikai bai mi kilim yu tu."

Waintaim pret bilong indai Morioe stat kaikaime Mikalavaiaapo. Em kaikai, kaikai, kaikai na i pinisim olgeta hap na larim bol na kok tasol istap. Kok na bol i hangamap long tang bilong em na i kamap pisin. Pisin i flai i go antap long han bilong diwai, sindaun istap na i singaut i go daun: "Wanpela man na meri i silip wantaim."

"Yu bagarapim man na meri, yu noken giman, kaman kamdaun," Morioe i tok na katim tan bilong pisin na i tok gen: "Pren go antap gen." Pisin i flai i go antap gen na i tok "Kako kako ma mia mia kora."

Tarangu Morioe, Luvuapo katim kanda na pasim em i sanap na i go long ples. Long nait ren i kam daun strong tru, klaut i pairap na taibanisim Luvuapo long go long ples. Tripela de na tripela nait ren i kamdaun. Morioe trautil ol nogut samting em kaikaime. Kain kain binatang i kamap long trautil bilong em. Bihain long olgeta, em i trautil wesani, i kamap sak na par. Traut bilong Morioe pinis na klaut i no pairap mo. Tait i brukim graun arere long wara na klostu i karim ples em i sanap.

Morioe i holim wanpela pik-man na pik-meri. taim diwai i pundaun i go long wara liklik, rop bilong em tasol i holim em wetim Luvuapo.

Luvuapo i go long lukim meri bilong em. taim gutpela de i kamap

'Ah Morioe meri bilong mi, yu laik lusim mi long wanem?'

Morioe bekim tok: "Yu noken wari kisim dispela rop na tromoi i kam long mi na yu pulim mi. Morioe i giamanim em tupela taim olgeta. Bihain tru Luvuapo i kisim longpela rop na tromoi i go long Morioe long tait wara. Em holim long arere tru na taim ol i pulim, rop i lus long han bilong ol."

Luvuapo i karai na tantanim long graun. "Yu bin mekim wanem kain pasin long mi. Mi i no inap lusim yu sapos yu mekim gut long mi. Mi lusim olgeta binatang i stap long yu long painim na kaikai, ol bilong yu. Mi bai kisim tupela pik bilong mi na go long ples bilong ol Tambaran." Morioe i tokim Luvuapo na i go.



LITTLE BIRD

Ann Aromau

I saw a little bird
singing

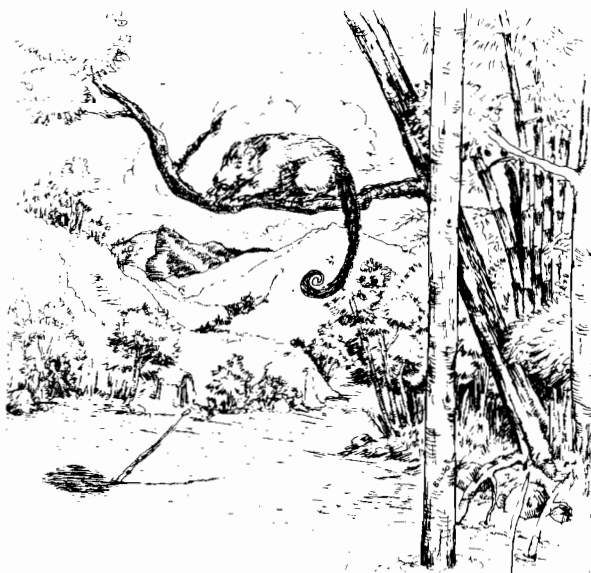
I sat at my desk
sighing

Why are you happy birdie?

Because I care not for what you have

I live for what I'm worth

To bring happiness to all



The sting-a-ray got ashamed of the spear sticking out of his tail so he swam away to deep water and stayed there forever.



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HOW THE STING - A - RAY GOT THE SPEAR FROM THE CUSCUS

A Short Legend

By: Nuwela Toiba

Once upon a time, in the jungle lived two friendly animals, the cuscus and the sting-a-ray. Both lived in a small house. One day cuscus got an idea to play hide and seek. When the sting-a-ray came back from the garden, the cuscus told his friend about the game called hide and seek. The sting-a-ray agreed to play with him. First of all cuscus went under the water and hid behind the rock. His friend looked for him. He looked everywhere under the water. At last he saw cuscus sleeping behind the rock. This time, it was sting-a-ray's turn to go and hide. He went straight to the muddy water and made the mud to cover his body and let his eyes come out. Then cuscus came to look for him. He looked and looked and looked but could not find him. At last sting-a-ray came out of the muddy water and asked his friend if he would go and live in the water.

"It is a nice place for me to hide from my enemies," he said. Cuscus said, "My friend come back and get your spear."

But the sting-a-ray kept going, so the cuscus got very angry and threw the spear at him. It got stuck on his tail. He turned around and tried to pull the spear out but could not get it out. At the same time, the sting-a-ray got really ashamed of having a spear sticking out from his tail. He swam away into the deep water and stayed there ever after.

NO LONGER

THE NATIONAL THEATRE COMPANY OF PAUPUA NEW GUINEA WORLD WE ARE:



Papua New Guinea's newly independent Theatre Company the National Theatre Company left Papua New Guinea on 26th June for London on their second international tour which was planned to coincide with the Commonwealth Prime Minister's Conference, the opening of the Papua New Guinea's permanent trade exhibits among others in the Commonwealth Institute, Kensington as part of Papua New Guinea Overseas Trade promotion.

They made their first appearance at the Institute, to a large enthusiastic crowd of Londoners and visitors. Following this they performed to an even larger crowd in Trafalgar Square which was estimated at 30,000. The Company later did an on-call to satisfy the voluminous crowds.

First in Europe-Members of the Company as well as journalists and accompanying pressmen pose on the foregrounds of Bristol Hall after their first day of performance in London.



Nora Vagi Brash dressed in Mekeo grass-skirt clings to the arm of Andrew Aisa dressed in typical Mekeo (Central Province) dance headgear of feathers and plumes and facial decorations in the precincts of Bristol Hall.



PRIMITIVE!

ER COMPANY OF A SHOWS THE

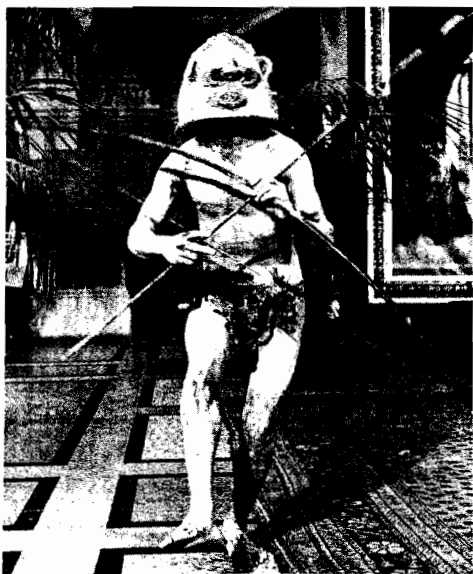
After their London performances the troupe went to Bristol and performed in the Bristol Museum. In places they performed they were cheered and applauded, most onlookers saying they had not seen anything so different and convincing before. Some Londoners who had expected to see a band of New Guinean savages probably returned home feeling different.

The most scene stealing show was that of the Manus Dance which emptied camera rolls and brought thundrous applause. The two Asaro Mudmen with their masks of mud and traditional paint especially imported from Papua New Guinea were let lose in streets, making children clutch to their mothers' arms for safety.

The troupe arrived home on 22nd June and were equally cheered by a crowd of local fans and admirers on arrival at Jackson's airport.



Rodney Kove and fellow dancer Pengau Nengo performing a traditional dance from Daru, Western Province.



Mudman—John Laki in his Asaro mud mask and body paint claws for the Office of Information photographer.



FLYING FOXES AND NAUGHTY GIRLS.

By Abanga Jamaica

APAN, who was the first one awake was sitting by the fire smoking his bamboo smoking pipe. At fifty four with his wife recently dead, he had reason to be worried. Wanako his only daughter was fifteen and about to marry. For all the loneliness he had to bear, he could forgive all as Wanako herself could marry at any time and bring him a huge bride price. He needed money as well as pigs. He wish his wife was alive and able to share the wealth and celebrations.

His thoughts were suddenly interrupted by a familiar stair of the cane bed in Wanako's room. Wanako gave off a relapsing yawn, aligned her purpur then parted the banana leaf door and made for the fire and sat on her father's right. Apan looked up, saw her unwashed face, the result of the previous day's work. He asked her, "What are you going to do today Wanako? I will be cutting down trees for the fence as I did yesterday."

"The potatoes I dug yesterday, they're still in the garden. I'll collect those and take them to the Laiagam market and....."

"That will be good Wanako, perhaps you will buy me a packet of salt from Yamu's store after you sell those potatoes," old Apan suggested in a hurry as if to ensure that it was the only thing they needed most in the house.

"But father, you remember how many times I have asked you about buying a dress. I am ashamed of wearing this purpur, to market, to everywhere, other girls they....."

"Forget that-you are not other girls," Apan tried to draw her mind away from the dress.

"You are a bad father, you expect a big bride price for me while you don't even consider giving me a decent dress. I am ashamed of wearing grass skirts."

"Is that so, go on," said Apan.

"I go selling potatoes every week and use the money on salt and tobacco. You smoke and sit up," Wanako added, while silently recounting the number of times she had been to the market.

"Ha, Ha, I'll tell you Wanako, these dresses, you wear them, these short dresses you walk in public you walk in the streets and people see your buttocks and they laugh at you but you do not know."

"But father a dress is better than a bunch of leaves swaying at your behind as you walk."

"So what difference does it make my daughter whichever one you wear."

"Father!" Wanako wanted to stop her father. "You must realise that times have changed. You always ask me to buy a packet of salt. Why don't you ask me to make salt in a traditional way."

"I don't understand. All I understand is that you want to wear short dresses to attract boys, invite them in so that they can sleep with you. How many times have I had to chase boys from this house."

"That is not what my mother said," Wanako said out of indignance. "You tell us on the day of our first moon sickness that we could bring boys and now you tell me, I cannot. You liar."

"You call me liar. You will still call me a liar when you invite a man, give him food, court him, sleep with him and when he knows you are pregnant, he will not know how it happened?"

Wanako was so ashamed that she broke down and cried. She cried knowing that no matter how grown up she became, she could not have her way, even to the extent of buying a little dress so that she could no longer be ashamed. She realised that she was the one who was to marry and her father the recipient of the price. Why did she have to worry after all. She did not want high heeled shoes or expensive clothes, just one simple dress that would bring her status up to her peers. With this secret self offertation, she ate the roasted potatoes her father had left on the ashes and gathered her string bag to go to her garden.

In the garden she worked fast as there was one hour to go before the market started. She estimated that she would be finished in twenty minutes, walk the distance in a good half hour and arrive and settle down before customers would begin to arrive. The bright sunshine assured her of a very good rain-free day and a lot of customers and friends. The quarrel with her father was a thing of the past, as far as she was concerned.

Wanako arrived at the market place as she had predicted. The market was unpeopled except for the cleaner who was still taking leaves carelessly strewn here and there from the previous day. Though still slightly embarrassed of her native purpur and her sweating soiled body, she tried to smile to evade the true nature of her feelings. She took her place among the rough stalls and began to spread her potatoes. There was little else to do except to wait for customers.

As she waited she watched with admiration her own people, villagers and workers pouring in from many directions. Just then she noticed a lady, possibly a coastal Papuan. She stooped over and began turning over her potatoes and then asked how much each heap cost. Wanako indicated the amount of ten toea and the lady produced the money. As the woman walked away Wanako examined her style of dress, especially what she imagined was under the outer garment. A gentle breeze coming from the direction of the woman's movement indicated, she had applied some perfume which Wanako liked too. Wanako guessed that she was the wife of a policeman or warder from the local kalabus.*

This was confirmed later by a lady who sat nearest her. Wanako watched the lady move out of the market premises, her thoughts still unsettled on the likelihood of becoming the wife of such a government employee. Now her obsession to buy the dress was twice as strong as when she was in the house arguing it over with her father. Her mind too engaged she little realised another lady who was asking her the price of her potatoes. Wanako returned to her senses, quoted the price and the lady began collecting her potatoes.

Left in the house to meddle and brood over his own anger and advice, Apan managed to leave the house, after a wasted hour and half. It was almost midday when he finally fell a tree. He sat on the fallen tree and thought for a long time, until he realised it was too hot to work with an axe when in such a mood. He left for home immediately.

Wanako had sold all her potatoes and has returned home half an hour earlier and had immediately started preparing the dinner of potatoes. Realising Wanako was already home, Apan's hopes returned and again the thought of a packet of salt returned to him. He thought of his aging body and what good a packet of salt would do in preventing his tight muscles from the twinges of rheumatism. He hoped for a surprise presentation on his entrance.

He ducked inside the house through the low door and saw Wanako, squatted beside the fire, using a wooden pair of tongs, turning over potatoes. Apan sat opposite her, and began to light his pipe and exhale the fumes in the already stuffy air, his eyes expectant of an answer.

Interpreting the look Wanako gathered enough courage and announced, "I did not buy you salt father. I only bought this dress and bra." "I warn you Wanako," shouted Apan, his face sour. "Forget what idea you have of European ways and listen to my advice. Today white men bring things that cause poverty. It disgraces our people. They have already done so by destroying our custom."

"Of course they did so, but remember they brought good things like this dress that I bought," she tried, with good reasons to convince her adamant father. "They even brought good food like tea, which you drink cup after cup."

"No daughter all I can say is that the dress that you bought will rob your beauty one day. What you dream of will never come true. You will go your way and believe you are right but one day come home to me in the old house begging for my forgiveness." "Only silly girls can do that, I know." "And there are too many deceiving flying foxes, too many my dear daughter."

Wanako looked puzzled but could not for once forget that life was better with a policeman or a warder. The town was full of them, she concluded.

In her confusion Wanako had not attended to the potatoes which looked as dark as the burnt out charcoal. She picked them off and began removing the carbon coating. She helped herself with two and left the rest for Apan. She stood up took her dress and the undergarment and made for her room, followed by Apan's hateful gaze. Lying on her wooden bed Wanako could still hear her father mumbling curses. She put them on her new bosom and with hopes of a good tomorrow went to sleep immediately.

In the main room Apan talked to himself. He then rested his head on a wooden pipe and went to sleep only to be awakened by the cold air and forced to seek the warmth of his own blanket.

Wanako was the earlier bird, the following day, and had the breakfast potatoes roasted and served in two separate lots. She ate her share and left her father's in the room. She left for her garden. She collected what potatoes she could gather both for their feed and for market and returned to the house. The sun was still high in the sky. She knew there was plenty of time to settle all household chores and to visit the market. That done, she hurried to the creek, washed and returned in a hurry to try her new dress on.

It was nearly mid-day but she still could not see her father. A closer observation assured her that, Apan was still in bed. This was, to her, the chosen hour, and all opportunities were open for the display of her first dress of her life. She went to the market attired in her European outfit for all the world to see.

Towards nightfall, with her potatoes sold and the money in her hand, Wanako returned home. This time as different from all other days, she had to come home very late as she had a friend to take her back. This night too she thought and indeed made sure that old Apan deserved a packet of salt.

Apan was sitting by the fire, and at nightfall was obviously concerned about Wanako's safety. He was surprised when faint murmurs came from outside succeeded by a faint but familiar tap on the door followed by Wanako's sudden intrusion.

"Papa I've got a policeman outside."

Apan looked puzzled. At the mention of policeman he began to retrace all his previous doings and events that may have interfered with the law of the Kiap. Still in doubt he looked Wanako up and down then asked, "What have I done wrong that a Kiap's man should come to arrest me."

"No father, no arrests. He is my friend. I met him today. He agreed to come and see my place and you," Wanako said gleefully. At the sight of Biliso's boots and his all blue police uniform all intended arguments melted in Apan's mind. Biliso was heavily built, and was half his age. Being a man of the law was enough not to invite any suspicious hatred. Their dwelling, for that night became the house of Biliso, the policeman.

"Father, Biliso may be getting tired now and should be excused," Wanako suggested to her father out of estimation.

"For a policeman yes. You can both retire to your room. I'll see you two tomorrow," Apan told them.

An hour after Wanako and Biliso had gone to bed, they were still struggling to propose to each other the possibilities of marriage.

"Are you really going to marry me," asked Wanako for the tenth time.

"Of course I will, and then I will take you to Port Moresby. There you will see a lot of things you have never seen before in your life."

"My father said once the white man has brought bad things to our people. Is it so?"

"Oh bloody bull-shit," Biliso almost shouted out of surprise.

"Don't you believe him. He only wants to keep you by saying all sorts of bad things about the white man. By the way I start work at 6.30 am, so tomorrow I will leave early."

The early departure annoyed Wanako but no further questions were asked. Both slept.

"Is your friend asleep, Wanako," asked Apan out of sheer inquisitiveness.

"He said he had to start work early so he left very early. He will be coming again tonight," Wanako said and assured her father.

The sun came up and all the villagers wandered off to the gardens and rivers or elsewhere. Apan went to the new garden to work on the fence. Twilight came so unobserved that most people returned looking unsatisfied at having not done enough. That day Wanako herself looked after the village, and only one man knew why and for what reason.

Continued on Page 16

HOW DEWS CAME TO BE

By J. Kewere

Long, long ago the sand and stars were very good friends. They used to work, eat and play together. But one day the star who was always full of ambition teased the sand saying, "I'm the king and I will govern the whole universe and the whole world with my large population." But when the poor sand heard these words, he felt ashamed.

At once he decided to have a census taken in order to prove he was king with a large population. The next day the sand told the star about his idea and the star agreed to it. So the star told the sand to begin the census. He began to count the stars every night from one end of the universe to another until he finished counting the stars. Then the sand told the star it was his turn to count. The star went straight ahead and began to count. He counted the sand every day from one corner of the world to another. But yet he had still much more sand left to be counted. So he began to count on and on and on but still couldn't finish counting them because it was far beyond his limit. He gave up half way through it and began to cry. He knew that he was defeated. His tears became the dew. ●

From Page 15

Sun went down behind the Western ridges heralding the probable arrival of Biliso any moment. Wanako waited. The twilight had ceased and the village fires were lit on the fronts of every round house revealing family groups, enjoying the cool of the evening. Old Apan arrived home to see Wanako still struggling to light the fire in the dark.

After father and daughter had their dinner, they sat waiting in earnest for the thud, thud of the policeman's boots. Towards midnight when it became clear that Biliso would not come at all Apan's mood changed. He turned to Wanako and asked. "Is your flying-fox coming to see you tonight at all?"

"How dare you call my friend a flying-fox. He is a human being like yourself."

"He is no man. He is a real flying-fox. If he really loves you as all sensible and honest men do he should come to your house at broad daylight and leave when it is daylight."

Wanako's tears edged on her eyelids. She could not take any more. She stood and entered her room to drown her sorrow with tears.

Biliso never once made it to Wanako's house and it was explained by a close friend of his that he had to take a transfer to Goroka on being found by the local Kiap for taking unreported leave of absence and being seen in uniform when he was off duty and having been reported by his wife, who stayed up all night waiting for him.

MIDNIGHT SWINGER

I.D. Davidson

In the coastal village
Near the Salus lake
There lived a young man
Who was always on the make

Each night he would go out
And rouse a girl from bed
When there was work to be done next day
He always looked half dead

It seemed the girls were powerless
To this young mans sway
Until one night he tried to wake
The beautiful Gilay

Underneath the house he crept
As she was sleeping still
Then he pushed his hand up
It gave him quite a thrill

She said, "Eh who is that waking me
Whose hand is on the room?"
He said, "It's me the wonder boy
I've come to take you home."

She said, "Come put your hand here
Before I open the door"
And then Gilay she reached out
To the big axe on the floor

Lover moved his hand along
His tongue was hanging out
But soon he drew it back again
With such a mighty shout

Gilay that girl had swung the axe
To the hand stretched through the gloom
She said, "I'll not have that man
A hanging round my room."

Next day in the village
A young man didn't sing
He had a big and bandaged hand
A hanging in a sling

When questioned, "What has happened
That looks a funny sight"
Lover mumbled quietly
"I was cutting wood at night."

FORGIVE

Ann Aromau

I forgive when I'm bashed up
I forgive when I'm riled
I forgive when I'm broken up
I forgive when I'm abandoned
Will I forgive when the hour comes?

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THE LITTLE THINGS

By Ann Aromau

The little things you do for people
Like taking them for a walk
Like showing them the place
Like giving a helping hand.
The little things you do for people
Like talking to them about life
Like singing a song with them
Like taking them into your heart.
The little things you do for people
Like laughing with them when sad
Like playing with them when 'lone
Like enjoying with them when happy.
The little things you do for people
Like making friends when they need
Like solving problems when seen
Like praying with them when lost.
The little things you do for people
are appreciated with love
and remembered more so than
Big things you do for them.

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HOW THE WHITE SKIN CAME INTO BEING

By P. Mowedina

Long, long time ago on the west side of the Island of Ferguson near the banks of Lake Aboma there lived a man and his wife and their granddaughter.

They lived very happily together and shared everything that they collected as a family, however, as years went by the old woman grew older and older, so one day the husband decided that it was time he changed his wife. She couldn't work in the garden because she was very weak. After thinking about his idea, he went to another village and got married to another woman. When he brought his new wife he did not bother to tell his old wife that he had a new wife instead they kept it a secret.

After about five months the old wife learnt from their granddaughter of her husband's new marriage but this did not upset her, because they usually brought food and firewood for the old woman. This made the old woman happy but they never gave her meat. Each time they hunted they would tell the girl there was no meat. When she went back to her grandmother she would tell her there was no meat.

This went on for a long time and the old woman began to feel sad. One day after the husband and his new wife left the village for the garden the old woman got up and told her granddaughter, "Gather our dirty things. We will go down to the creek and wash them, and I'll vekakayo (change my skin)." The word was new to the granddaughter but she did not ask her grandmother what it meant. Nevertheless they gathered everything and started for the creek.

When they reached the creek the grandmother told the granddaughter to go further up the creek and wash while she walked into the nearby bushes and collected a few leaves from one of the trees (Diditutu). She returned to the creek and commenced bathing, using the leaves scrubbing her skin. As soon as she finished bathing she sat up on the stone to dry her skin whilst awaiting the girl's return. When her granddaughter finished her washing and returned she sighted her grandmother who was different from what she was, this made her start to cry. "What have you done, what have you done?" The old woman kept calm and only replied, "Evekakayo or I changed my skin."

After that they returned to the village. As soon as they reached the house the grandmother told the granddaughter. "You see I have changed my skin and I'm a new girl now so this man will be surprised to see me. I want you to close the door of the house and secure it. Stay outside. If he comes and asks you what happened

do not tell him that I changed my skin but tell him a lie."

When the old woman went into the house, her granddaughter started to secure the door. When everything was done she left it and sat outside thinking of the miracle that had happened to her grandmother.

Back at the garden the husband tried to cut the tree, but cut himself. When he tried to dig a hole for the yam he poke his toes, when he tried to rest his head it turned around and he fell down, so he told his wife: "Hey! leave everything I think something happened to the old woman." So he got up, picked up one firewood and his axe and hurriedly started off for the village. At the village the husband without asking the granddaughter went straight to the house where, the old woman was and called out "Old woman are you there". He repeated the sentence but there was no answer from within and he could hardly see inside. He found the door secured. This did not make him give up hope, he kept calling and trying to make a way to enable him to look through somehow.

At last he succeeded and was able to see inside. He made the hole a little bigger and as soon as he sighted the pretty white girl he was surprised and anxious to hold her so he started tearing down the wall and shouting, "What have you done, what have you done." But the old woman calmly replied vekakayo or I changed my skin. The man tore the wall down and rushed into the house. He tried to sit beside the woman and hold her but the woman took no notice of him. Each time he tried she moved away from him saying, "You always ate your meat with your greedy wife and I have been hearing the news only with my little granddaughter so please leave me alone and go to your new wife. I am very old and cannot work in the garden and do things with you." But this did not stop the man from trying. He kept on moving closer to the woman and in turn the woman kept moving away from him until they left the house, the woman in front and the man at the back. On and on they went until they reached the bridge over Lake Aboma. They moved on to the bridge and kept going until they reached the end. The woman jumped into the lake and when she surfaced again the man was still on the bridge unable to jump. She asked

him, "Can you see me?" He replied "I can." The third time she used a tree leaf called Buyua Bogidi (octopus's excreta) and asked again if he was able to see her. He replied, "No." She dived towards the south where she is believed to have lived and made a new generation of white skin. ●



CAUGHT IN BETWEEN

By John Bonu

IETEPO pressed the letter strongly between his fingers and looked at it closely with wondering eyes. It had been to many places, as indicated by the many crossings and writings on the envelope. It had been to Alotau, Salamaua, and eventually caught up with Ietepo at Kavieng where he worked for the Allied Enterprises as a Clerk.

The original hand writing looked like that of his elder brother. He opened it and lay down on his bed to read it. Suddenly he held his breath and gazed at the letter without a word. It was the name of a girl called Tabeta. His heart pumped up and down like that of a cross country runner. Why was that girl's name in the letter? Was the letter specially about her? Questions like this went in and out of his mind. Little did he know that three months before a marriage had been discussed for Tabeta and him. This was what the letter contained. Ietepo's mind completely went out of this world. It was like sitting in the forest on a dark moonless night. The thought of marrying Tabeta was like a nail piercing through his heart. What could he do?

Tabeta had been Ietepo's friend for three and a half years having started during the second term holidays of 1967. However, three and a half years was long enough for Ietepo to learn about Tabeta. She was not the type of girl he wanted for a wife and had no intention of marrying her. Tabeta too had no intention of marrying Ietepo, as she felt he was not suitable for her.

To the eyes of the tribal elders, Ietepo and Tabeta had been friends long enough and have reached a point of no return—for once a man has laid hands on a woman, she is his forever. To make friends on trial basis was completely unjustifiable and in pre-war years, one would get arrows flying at him, if found guilty of such

an offence.

Meanwhile Tabeta and Ietepo discussed in letters how to deal with the heavy load being dumped into their hands. At times they blamed the new ideas that were eating away the traditional customs, like cancer to the heart. At other times they blamed their people who were too blind to see that pre-marital friendship was necessary for two different persons to know each other better before leaping into a life-long marriage.

Ietepo wrote several letters to his brother putting forward his arguments about the decision. He stressed that throughout the three and a half years he never intended to marry Tabeta but was only giving it a go on trial basis. His brother in return drowned him with arguments pertaining to traditional customs.

In the middle of that year, Ietepo went home to Namatanai. Almost as soon as he arrived Tabeta was stopped from going to the Arts and Craft centre where she was learning cooking and sewing. It was certain that the two friends were now to turn into husband and wife. They could not fight against the mighty forces coming from all sides. There was nothing much they could do now. To resist against elders in a community was a sign of disrespect. Any resistance they had began to soften like a ripen pawpaw fruit.

Eventually, Tabeta moved into Ietepo's house, although mutual love was missing in their hearts. One day, the catechist called into their house to discuss arrangements for them to receive the sacrament of marriage. What? Both of them looked startled, tongue-tied and speechless. The catechist too remained speechless and left the house when Tabeta began to yell at him.

Next day was Sunday. The priest was at the village to say Mass. The catechist was there to tell him the incident of the previous day. Very soon the whole village knew. They began to abuse the couple for not respecting the church.

That night, Ietepo's brother talked about the importance of marriage in the church. It was a type of blessing which helped a couple to live happily and raise God's children. Ietepo replied that his marriage was without real love and did not want to insult God by receiving the sacrament unintentionally. This made Ietepo's brother really angry. He ended their short meeting by shouting into Ietepo's ears, yelling like a person speaking with a megaphone. He said, "Your marriage was right by all means and was arranged according to traditional customs passed on from ancestors. If you never wished to marry Tabeta, why did you treat her as your wife for three and a half years? If you refused to marry her, who will? After all no one wants to wear a short worn for three and a half years by another person."

Ietepo was so embarrassed and ashamed by this. He knew that he was caught between two worlds—the white man's world and that of his forefathers. The next morning he booked a flight to Port Moresby, to leave the following week. In Port Moresby he stayed with his uncle who rented a room in one of the flats at Korobosea. Eventually he was offered a position at Kiunga by Kennecott Mining Company. Two years later, he was overjoyed to hear that Tabeta had married a man of her own choice. ●

A MAN WITHOUT A SOUL

By Arthur Jawodimbari

I ignored a small crowd who sat crosslegged in front of me. They listened attentively while I retold my tales. Many of those present have heard my tales before, yet they came again to hear me repeat the story for one or two new comers. My mind was blank and I was using more English than Ewa Ge, my mother tongue.

I turned around when I heard someone snoring next to me. It was John, my elder brother who was asleep with his eyes open. I was even surprised to see John snore away with a number of elders gathered around us. The shadows of the old tree stumps were thrown across the lawn and the night birds started calling from the nearby hills.

"Come into the house, the food is ready" my father urged. The village elders nodded, yet they did not make any attempt to move. I got up and waited outside the house while the elders entered my father's house one at a time. Tomi, my little brother was tugging my faded jeans and urging me to go inside. Tomi kept pulling me by my jeans so I picked him up. Tomi's little hands were already brushing my unshaven face.

My father looked out through the window and waved me to come in. "I am waiting for him," I said looking at John. "Wake him up and come inside, the spider is building its cobwebs to catch someone's soul," he warned sternly. I heard the flying foxes flapping their wings behind my father's house. The pawpaw fruit on the trees were not ripe and yet the flying foxes came round in the early part of the night, when the flying foxes were gone John woke up with a startle. He followed me into the house.

The cool breeze from the sea was blowing over the mangrove trees carrying the smell of stagnant water and mud. The elders settled down in the living room for the evening meal. Tomi had gone to eat with my mother. I sat next to John and ate my share of the meal. It was almost mid-night when the village elders left my house. I retired to my bed and tried to sleep but the bed was so cold I stayed awake. Everyone was fast asleep. I heard a flying fox flapping its wings. I stayed awake thinking of the girl I intended to date that night and then dozed off to sleep.

I woke up startled when I heard a knock on my door. It was still very early in the morning. Tomi opened the door and put his head in.

"What do you want," I snapped.

He hesitated and then turned to go. Tomi bumped into my father and grabbed him around his right leg. My father beckoned me to follow him. We went into John's room. He was breathing heavily and coughing. John looked up as we sat by his bedside. "Come blow air into my ears," he asked.

I blew air into his left ear and then his right ear. I looked into his eyes and all I could see was a pair of eyeballs that were glassy.

I heard my mother greeting my uncles so I came out to greet them. My father and Tomi joined me later. My uncles had travelled day and night to see me. They came from the mountains where my mother grew up. My mother was in tears and my uncles were quiet and I knew it was a happy reunion tears.

After breakfast I followed my father and John down to the end of the village. An old man greeted us and asked us to enter his house. He closed the door and took off his pair of shorts and stood naked in front of us. He informed us that he does not cheat. My father put out twenty kina in front of him. I took out another thirty kina.

"I will not touch your money," he said. He looked into my brother's eyes and shook his head.

"Take the money and go," he chuckled. My father asked: "Tell me the truth."

The witch doctor only told us that my brother's soul was way up in the clouds. He took out a stone from his anus and spat out blood and ginger.

In the evening I asked my father why they did not take John to the hospital. He said John had gone to the hospital a number of times and was told there was nothing wrong with him. The full moon rose sending long shadows of the flowers in front of my father's house. The cock was crowing not far from our house. I went to chase it off the mango tree and met the witch doctor's son. He handed over fifty kina to me and said his father had sent it back. I gave the money to my father and as I sat next to him I heard my mother lamenting over John's dead body.



The cock was crowing not far from our house. I went to chase it off when I met the witch-doctor's son who handed over fifty kina.

AUSTRALIAN CONFERENCE ON SOUTH PACIFIC LITERATURE

The development of literature in the southern Pacific region took a step forward in May with the first conference of its kind held in Brisbane, capital of Queensland. One of the organisers of the conference, Mrs Helen Tiffin, a lecturer in English at University of Queensland, said the conference would do a great deal towards the growth of writers and critics in the countries of the southern Pacific region. The conference, from May 15 to May 20, was the first meeting of the Southern Pacific Association for

Commonwealth Language and Literary Studies (SPACLALS). She said it had been organised following a conference of the Association for Commonwealth Language and Literature Studies in Delhi, India, in January, 1976. A total of 76 delegates attended, from seven countries apart from Australia. They were Papua New Guinea, New Zealand, Canada, the Solomon Islands, Fiji, Tonga and Samoa. The purpose of the conference was to bring together writers and critics to deliver papers with the theme of "the last ten years".



Chatting in the grounds of the University of Queensland before the conference were, from left, writer, Mr Benjamin Umba, from Konedobu in Papua New Guinea; Mr Taban Lo Liyong, writer and lecturer in literature of the University of Papua New Guinea; Mr John Kaniku, writer and lecturer at the University

of Papua New Guinea; Mr Elton Brash lecturer in literature at the University of Papua New Guinea; writer Mr Bernard Minol, attached to the English Department of the university of Papua New Guinea; Australian Aboriginal poetess Mrs Kath Walker, and Australian short-story writer, Mr Frank Moorhouse.

BLAKBOKIS NA KUMUL

By Michael Yan

(Pidgin Version of Flying Foxes and Birds of Paradise as it appears in No. 25 March, 1977 issue.)

BIPO BIPO TRU i bin gat sampela lain man istap long wanpela bikpela ailan klostu long nambawan bikpela ailan bilong New Guinea. Ol i pipel bilong wokim garten na painim abus. Olgeta de ol man i go painim abus na ol meri i go wok long ol garten bilong ol. Dispela sindaun bilong ol i go gut. tasol long wanpela taim ol man i kam bek long bus, i no hin kisim wanpela liklik abus olsem, pisin, mumut o sikau i kam wantaim ol.

Inap long dispela taim ol man i painim abus bilong ol yet. tasol ol meri i go yet long garten bilong ol olsem olgeta taim. Olgeta apinum ol man i kam nating na tokim ol meri na pikinini bilong ol olsem ol i no kilim sampela abus. Ol meri bilipim tok bilong ol man bilong ol.

Ol man, olgeta taim, giaman long nogat abus. tasol ol meri bilong ol i save lukautim ol gut tru.

Ol mekim olsem longpela taim tru. Inap wanpela taim wanpela man i kisim hap mit i kam long haus bilong em. insait long lip bilong banana. Em givim long meri bilong em. Long nait meri kaikaim mit na haitim bun aninit long mat bilong em.

Tulait long moning ol man i go long bus painim abus olsem olgeta de na ting ol meri hai go long garten. Pastaim long ol meri go long garten tok i go raun olsem. olgeta meri long ples igat wanpela bikpela samting long toktok. Taim olgeta meri kam kamap—dispela meri, man bilong em i bin givim hap mit, stat long toktok: "Ol man bilong yumi save giamanim yumi olgeta taim. Long aste nait man bilong mi givim mi hap mit bilong pik long kaikai. Mi kaikai hap mit, long wanem mi pret long tok mi no laik. Mi gat hap bun long soim yupela. Dispela em i pasin nogut, olsem na mi laik tokim yupela olgeta meri bilong wok hat long helpim mi long makim tumora olsem las de wantaim ol."

Ol i toktok i stap longpela taim tru na klostu man bilong ol i kam. I no long taim wanpela meri lukim sampela man i kam. Kwiktaim tru ol meri i ronowe igo long haus bilong ol na giaman long wok arere, na sampela igo insait long haus bilong ol, mekim faia, na stat long kukim kaikai. Taim ol man kamap ol tokim ol meri bilong ol olsem ol ino painim sampela abus. Bihain long kaikai olgeta i go silip.

Long nait ol man kirap singautim ol narapela, kisim kaikai olsem saksak na banana, na ol i go kuk na kaikai long ples hait bilong ol.

I no long taim ples i pulap long ol meri husait i painim man bilong ol. Olgeta meri i bung wantaim gen long painim wanem kain samting ol man i save wokim hait long ol.

Wanpela meri i tok ol i mas bilas long lip bilong saksak na palawa wantaim purpur. Ol i go long wok na hariap long

mekim purpur. Taim ol i pinis ol bikpela meri i tok: "Mipela laikim mat, bai yumi ken usim long paitim win." Olgeta meri kisim mat na pasim long han. Bihain bikpela meri tok gen: "Traim na flai i go long diwai long hap."

Olgeta meri flai i go long diwai na kam bek. Bihain dispela bikpela meri makim ol meri long tupela lain. "Long han sut mi gat ol Kumul na long han kais mi gat ol Blakbokis." Em i tok olsem pinis na em tokim ol meri long stap isi na wetim man bilong ol. I no long taim wanpela meri i tok: "Mi lukim ol i kam."

Olgeta meri i bung wantaim na kisim skul bilong flai. Ol Blakbokis flai i go long wanpela diwai istap klostu na i laik mekim ol narapela hepi olsem na i hangamap het i go daun. Olsem na nambawan bilong oli tok: "Yupela Blakbokis. Yupela bai raun long nait tasol long painim kaikai na silip long san. Mi pela sampela bai painim kaikai long san na silip long nait."

Olgeta meri-pisin i sarap na wetim man bilong ol. Taim ol lukim man bilong ol, ol i flai i go antap na sindaun, long tupela lain. Dispela nait ples i pulap long karai bilong pikinini.

Taim ol man harim ol pikinini karai ol hariap i kam long haus na i no lukim meri bilong ol, tasol ol pikinini i karai i stap. Wanpela man lukluk i go antap na lukim planti pisin sindaun i stap long han bilong wanpela diwai. Taim ol tingim dispela pasin nogut bilong ol, ol i wari nogut tru na singaut i go antap long ol pisin meri. "Yupela kamdaun ol gutpela meri bilong mipela."

Ol man bilong ol meri—pinis i tok: "Yupela kamdaun bai mipela givim gutpela mit long yupela."

Nambawan bilong ol meri i tok: "Man bilong mi bin kisim hap mit i kam long mi olsem na mi save. Olsem yupela bin giamanim mipela. Yupela olgeta taim, baitim abus na kam giamanim mipela olsem bus i no gat abus. Yupela save wetim mipela silip pinis na yupela hait i go long ples—hait bilong yupela na kaikai saksak wantaim abus bilong yupela. Nau mipela save. Mipela pisin na i no mo meri tru. Ol dispela yupela lukim hangamap het i go daun yupela mas kolim ol Blakbokis na mipela i gat kain kain kala yupela kolim mipela Kumul."

"Bai mipela lusim yupela", nambawan bilong ol meri i tok. Taim ol lain pisin i redi, ol putim han bilong ol i go aut, paitim win na flai i kam long Niu Gini nambawan bikpela ailan.

Ol Blakbokis i go stret long tais na tudak diwai. Ol Kumul i go long bik bus namel long Niu Gini. Olsem nau ol Kumul i stap namel long Papua New Guinea na Blakbokis i stap arere long tais.

Letters to the Editor

Dear Sir

I am a student from the above school and have been currently reading some copies of "Papua New Guinea Writing." As I am really interested in them, I would like to get later issues, so would you please kindly supply me with all the necessary information to pay for them.

Also if you can, please send me information to send in articles for publication in the journal.

Your advice will be greatly appreciated.

Yours faithfully

WALUS PETER
St. Paul's Lutheran High School
WAPENAMANDA

Editor's Reply.

Annual subscription to 'Papua New Guinea Writing' for students such as yourself is K1 per annum for 4 consecutive issues, commenced from the issue you choose.

With regards to the submission of articles for publication please feel free to do so. We will acknowledge it and advise if it is suitable for publication and when.

Thank you for writing in.

Editor

Dear Sir

The above school has had quite a bit of difficulty in trying to obtain drama books anywhere in book shops around here.

We've started learning drama at school as part of our new Expressive Arts programme.

We are however, anticipating that if there are any copies of any short plays available at hand, we would be glad if you could purchase us the copies.

Since when we first implemented drama we certainly hope we'll get the best help from you.

Best Regards

Yours faithfully

Leo Kehali
Headmaster
Lonahan Community School

Editor's Reply.

The Literature Bureau, has not published any plays that have been gathered over the years in Papua New Guinea Writing or any of its other publications. There are however originals of plays submitted to our annual Play Competitions. These are available for interested persons to see or dramatise if found suitable. Permission to use the books can be obtained on your behalf by us from the authors concerned.

Editor

Dear Sir

I am a student at the above school.

While reading through the magazine called Papua New Guinea Writing, I found an advertisement in the book announcing the book called "Papua New Guinea Story Book 1."

If this is free, as mentioned, could you please send me a number of copies.

I also like reading 'Papua New Guinea Writing' but feel I cannot afford to buy them at the moment.

Thank you very much.

Enos Nigikutu
Kimbe Provincial High School
KIMBE

Dear Editor

On behalf of my eight friends, I would like to congratulate "Papua New Guinea Writing." We were very happy to read some of your stories.

When one of our classmates caught sight of the magazine that our teacher gave us, they read the stories and hid the magazine. We fight for the stories. One of our favourite story is "To Hell and Home Again" by Joseph Saruva and "The Death of a Chief" by Benjamin Umba. How the story is expressed, we like it.

We are interested to have some of your magazines. We ask if you could send us different volumes published in different years. We would be pleased to hear from you. That's all I have to say on their behalf.

Yours faithfully

Herman Tambagie
Kondiu High School
KUNDIAWA, Chimbu Province

Dear Sir

Would you please send to the above address copies of 'Papua New Guinea Writing.'

Enclosed is K2 for the purchase of the 2 years subscription.

P. Ulamila
Hoskins Girls Vocational Centre
Hoskin, W.N.B.P.

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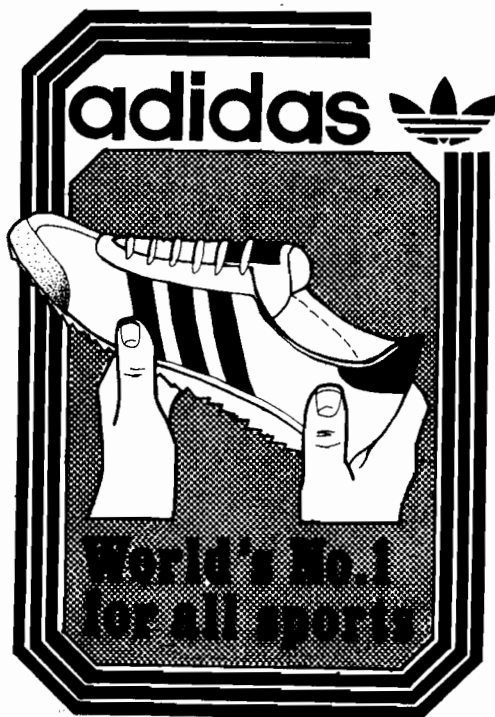
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