

apua New Guinea Writing

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Editorial

This issue of 'Papua New Guinea Writing' is the last of the two 1977 issue that we have yet to produce in 1978. A number of factors or developments have determined the late releases, among which were a series of machinery breakdowns experienced by our printer and my 4 months absence to attend the International Writing Program in America. And four months is a long time during which much could have happened and which went unheeded. Furthermore readers who are aware of my absence would wonder if I should appear as editor and still have been away in America at the same time.

Impossible but credible in that while in America, I managed to attend to a number of important domestic matters. On page 12 and 13 you will find an interview I did of Paulias Matane, our most published author who has to his credit now over seven books-three factual and four fiction. Matane's early teaching career and later his strapping with officialdom and more recently his appointment to one of our top ambassadorial postings have not deprived him of the desire to write. How he does is probably not deducible but it can be easily assumed that the ambassador is truly concerned and committed towards the betterment of Papua New Guinea. From the 18th floor of his Mid-Manhattan apartment in New York he still writes of home and it's people, a people who he knows have and will still go through a lot of change and whose encounter with the West has meant giving in to a lot of things and taking numerous chances. As a forerunner among our national writers in the bookworld, Matane has a certain credo, style which may not be agreeable with the more vociferous and aggressive breed of today. In this country where the art of creative literature has a short history, this self-made author deserves a lot of praise.

Perhaps then we should reassert in our minds that creative writing of any form must never be taught to the to-be-writer as he is naturally of his own making. Therefore what he need is not tuition but timely exposure to the world around him. Having been to an international gathering of writers from all over the world I am of the opinion that Papua New Guinea literature cannot be taught as an esoteric body of knowledge, to be decoded by the most learned whose knowledge of our local psychology is commendable.

JACK LAHUI
EDITOR

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Literature Bureau

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THE LOST KEY EARNS

By Teloti Kaniku

In his localised office sat Mr Natin reading the day's paper. He had heard the telephone but could not be bothered. Not that he was deaf or lazy but was just reluctant to surrender his business, as it was near six past four and end of another day.

"Mr Natin, your telephone is ringing!" Lucie, the secretary, in her soft spoken manner informed him.

"Don't worry about it. Thank you all the same." Mr Nation said.

"I'm leaving early today, Mr Natin."

"That's alright with me Lucie. Oh, by the way are you set for the ball tomorrow night."

"Yes, I shall be waiting!"

"Good, I'll pick you up at seven thirty. Till then we'll see you ah?"

Lucie pulled Mr Natin's door behind her and left him to his reading. "What a lot of rubbish!" He muttered agitatively to himself. He felt the pain in his hands from the thump he made on the table. "God, who does he think he is." He read further until he could not read any more. Beside him the unlocalised telephone rang continuously, fully committed to its unpaid duty. The atmosphere of the localized office was tense with the telephone ringing, making Mr Natin's head ballooned off its cage.

"I must reply this letter. It is untrue. Here I am holding a senior job, overworked and under-paid." Mr Natin talked to himself in an effort to assert himself into replying the longish letter titled: "Pull up your socks over-paid public servants." The dutiful telephone still cried for attention.

Dear Editor, he began, Allow me space in your paper to reply to Mr Boroko's letter; he paused, screwed up the paper and started again. Again he screwed it up and started again. He gave up on his third attempt and sat staring at the walls. Everyone had gone home. It was fifteen to five. Mr Natin lowered his exhausted head onto the paperful table and thought.

"Must have a cup of coffee!" he reminded himself. He rushed out the door but found there was no one around. "My God it's 5!" he learnt from his wrist watch. He walked around the paperful table, picked up his bureaucratic brief-case, impregnated with files. The telephone still rang. He paused, lost with what to do. Unwillingly, he extended his hands in bureaucratic annoyance and brought the mouth piece to his mouth.

"It's past 4.06. In fact it's 5.15. What do you want," he said in a low-exhausted voice.

"You," the caller replied in a brisk voice.

"Me? What on earth for? Who are you?"

"It's me. Just me!"

"Name please or I'll hang up. I'm just about to go home!"

"It's Sparkie here. Emptie it's me. Just me."

"Sparkie, I'm very sorry. Please accept my apology. Was it you ringing all this time?"

"That's right babie. It was no lesser person than me. Listen are you joining me?"

"Where?"

"Little Khan. I'm with Maggie and Lucie. Coming over?"

"How did Lucie get there?"

".....eeeer I picked her up on the way. She told me about the ball. Maggie and I are going too. Anyway we'll talk more when you get here."

"Okay, I'll be there in a few minutes. Wait for me!"

"We shall wait for you to come Emptie! Don't let us down Mr Natin."

Mr Emptie Natin, filled with week-end excitements turned the lights off and walked out slamming his office door behind him. Along the corridor he whistled his favourite tune, swinging his brief-case in a relaxed manner.



To his surprise the key fell out of the Benson and Hedges packet.

"God, they've locked the doors." He lowered his brief-case and searched his pockets for his front-door keys. "Blasted where are my keys. Must be in the brief-case." He squatted and searched it. It was not there. He removed the contents and searched every folder and pocket of the brief-case. Still he found nothing. He search himself once again. Again, he found nothing. He searched the brief-case again. Still, he found nothing, he searched himself the third time and, the brief-case for the third time. God forbid, he found nothing.

Leaving the folders lying on the concrete floor he hastened to his office. It was dark inside. He bumped into the table end and had to return and turn the lights on. He took a breath and began his search. He went through the paperful table, leaf after leaf, lifting each and throwing them on the concrete floor. He found nothing. He searched every container in the office. He found nothing. He searched the ante-room, turning everything over. He found nothing. He searched the

corridor. He found nothing. He searched the toilets, he found nothing. Everywhere he searched he found nothing.

The wall clock showed 10.30 p.m. Again he researched the office. He researched the containers. He researched the toilets. He researched the corridors. Everywhere he researched, he found nothing.

"God help me find my keys." Mr Natin begged for the first time in his life. He rested his head on the localised-chair disorderly in an effort to subdue his humility. His eyes transfixed on the blue ceiling, he retraced what he had done and where he went that day. His head began to twirl inside, almost cracking its cavity. His little head, too small for his pugilistic body, capped with its fussy-wuzzy hair almost rotated off its position, each time his restless mind recapitulated his day's movements. Each grain of his hair thwarted to the sage of roketery.

"Keys! Keys! Keys!!! Where are you? Why imprison me? Its past twelve," he said to himself.

"Keys! Keys! Keys!!! Where are you." He shouted louder.

"Keys! Keys! Keys!!! Show your face." he shouted even louder.

"Oh, my God. Where are you Keys!!" he uttered slovenly, then collapsed in tears onto the paperless table.

Having exhausted his tears and emotions he sat on the visitor's chair for a smoke to ease his temper. He pulled the packet of Benson and Hedges out of his shirt pocket, opened it but found it empty. He began to tear the empty packet in anger. The bloody keys fell out of the packet. He sat speechless looking at the keys. He stepped on them to crush them with his boot sole against the floor. He picked them up, and hailed them against the wall and cursed that if they were humans they would have felt his heavy fists. Realising it was not worth a toea getting angry with keys he picked up the phone and dialled Little Khan. He waited and waited but no one answered. He tried again. Still, no one answered. He put the phone down and puffed in desperation.

Before he went home he took out the Over-Time-Form and filled it in.

Name: Mr Emptie Natin
Status: Officer-in-Charge
No. Hours: 4.06 - 12 p.m. (8 hours)
Reason: Budget Report.

Mr Natin signed and counter signed his Over-Time-Form, turned the lights off and walked out of the office. He collected the confidential files lying on the corridor floor and inserted them into his brief-case, opened and locked the main door and whistled his way to his car.

"Oh, mighty God. Don't tell me another search is about to take place," he exhaustively uttered on finding his car-keys missing.

He placed his brief-case beside the car and went into the office. Fortunately, he found it amongst the papers within twenty minutes. Before he left the office he added twenty more minutes to his Over-Time-Form and left.

Papua New Guinea Writing now includes and will continue to provide pages for children. In this issue you will note that from page 13 on we have included stories, poems and articles of interest to pupils in lower grades. To help us maintain a useful stream of material of general interest to pupils, teachers and parents are urged to send in contributions. All contributions will be paid for on actual publication. Please keep the children reading!

MY GOOD OL GRANDFATHER

When in leisure under some shady tree
I renew my thoughts of thee,
And that helps recall a great day of mine
A day, with my good old grandfather.
Days have sped like time
And years have not flown so well
I keep clinging to that day of mine
That mighty day, with good old grandfather.
My only good old grandfather
An image of his people
How sweet and kind were you
How good and gentle were you.
You, the maker of decisions
You, the caretaker of our fashions
Just an old man I got to like
Oh it's you, my good old grandfather.
When I recall my days with you
And think of the food I got from you
With that gentle smile of yours
Will never escape my memory.
Will I ever get to see you?
Will I ever have a word with you?
For only you is my vision of night
I know who'll give the words so right.
It will be my hope to make you feel so good,
Just a single word with you
And a gentle loving kiss to give you,
Is all I ask

DIGGING YAM

By: Joseph Waikuna

I dig, I dig, I dig,
At last I found
a long heavy yam
I jumped up into the air
and back to the ground.
I happily carried the yam home.

THURSDAY SICKNESS

Harry T Boas

Thursday at last!
He gets his pay.
Then he sneaks off from work,
And goes with his wantoks.
Hitting the pub is the aim
With only one thing in mind,
To drink, and drink and drink.
Who Cares?
What tomorrow will bring.
Stores of all sorts empty out,
Songs of all shades fill the night air
Fists soon fly savagely in all Directions
Funny how two kina can make such a
Lot of noise!



"Now look Mr. I am a bloody University student and you better put me on the next blasted flight to Moresby."

AIRPORT BORAM

By

Rudolph Sosoruo

THE TWO WHEELS of the brownish-red Herculers bicycle, an Australian made brand, sped along the gravel road fairly proficiently like a snake slipping into grass. Occasionally, the wheels pumped against pebbles which, because of their solid composition, resisted being broken and flattened into sand by the wheels of a countless number of vehicles and to a lesser extent, the feet of men and animals that use it every day. The wheels of the bicycle bumped against such stones, thus causing slight discomfort to the rider who was kicking the pedals relentlessly; not too fast, nor too slow but in that monotonous fashion that sent the bicycle rolling at an average speed of fifteen kilometres an hour.

Luke Carson sighed with relief when he finally reached the tarred section which started at the Boram Corrective Institution and went all the way to Wewak township. There was no need to hurry as it was still half past seven and Air Niugini office, he knew, opened at eight and anyway he had the whole day. Luke was going to confirm his ticket to fly to Rabaul the next day. He had completed his Grade Ten at Brandi Provincial High School in Wewak and had been selected to attend the Keravat National High School to do his Grades Eleven and Twelve and perhaps if he could make it, onto University of Papua New Guinea in the years to come.

He rode slowly pass the Boram Tavern where the barmen were busy trying to gather a countless number of empty bottles scattered all over the tavern premises. The number of empty bottles scattered everywhere

seemed to confirm that Christmas time was the most favourable season for liquor trade.

And indeed during Christmas time, Wewak swells up like a flooded river, beginning in October slowly and imperceptibly, like raindrops forming tiny puddles into a bigger puddle. Throughout November and early December until by late December and early January the population of Wewak booms to about five times its normal size. Nature too seems to resemble the movement of people into and out of Wewak. During the middle of the year Wewak's beautiful beaches experience low tides and appear deserted but when Christmas comes around huge three-metre-high surfs crash upon the sandy beaches and a lot of people use the beaches to laze or have picnics.

Luke rode up towards the premises of the Boram airport. It was still early in the morning but already a number of people were squatted under the casuarina trees that line the Boram street for about five hundred metres. Those people came to farewell and see their friends, relatives or wantoks off. Seeing that he had ample time, Luke felt inclined to ride to the Air Niugini terminal building to see others whose hour have arrived, to undergo that rather sad and happy ceremony, the procedure of farewelling friends and departing of beloved ones. Inwardly he felt that his time would come the following day and he hoped to be fully prepared to face it in so far as controlling his emotions.

Luke left his bicycle leaning against the rails encircling the yard where planes are left for the night and approached the terminal building. There were a number of familiar faces amongst the tightly packed crowd so every time his eyes rested on the eyes of a familiar figure, he nodded his head in greeting. Eventually, when he had managed to push himself through the huddled crowd into the counter area, he heard the intercom announcing the departure of an aircraft and the usual, "could passengers please board the aircraft". At that announcement people began to shake hands with those boarding the aircraft. Here and there amongst the crowd sounds of weeping could be heard as those that could not bear the farewell burst into sobs to relieve their grief.

Luke managed to shake hands with some of his fellow students and told them that he would depart Wewak the next day. He watched a long procession of people making its way to the plane.

Surely the Sepik is being exploited of its manpower, he thought. There aren't many employment opportunities to hold back the Sepiks so they go away to seek employment opportunities elsewhere. The more privileged ones enter colleges or the universities.

Luke's contemplations were disturbed by an angry threatening voice. He turned around to see a young man, most likely in his early twenties, arguing with the Ticketing clerks. This was a usual sight in Wewak during Christmas as a lot of passengers get stranded and special flights have to be made to get rid of the extras. This particular fellow seemed to be really hot. He was yelling at the patient, sympathetic Ticketing Clerk, "Now look Mr. I am a bloody University student and you better put me on the next blasted flight to Moresby. Tomorrow is the last day for registration and if I don't go by then, you better watch you steps."

The clerk tried to explain that they were trying their best to satisfy all passengers but the supposedly student

SELAP GAPMAN

Annon

Usait tokim yu kam
Yu noken kam pastaim
Mipela longlong
Na buskanaka tru.

Selap Gapman
Sapos yu kam tumora tasol
Bai mipela sotwin na longlong
Nogut
Olsem ol dai pinis.

Ol manmeri no save long yu ia
Ol manmeri ting yu senisim
bilas, sikin, na givim kako tu.

ELAVO

By: Vaia Vaia

Elavo! The house of beauty!
Elavo! The house of wonder!
Colourful masks and arts hang everywhere!
The house used by stone age men

Elavo! The house of beauty!
Where is it! Does it still exist?
Tell me oh grandpa! Does it still exist?

Elavo! The house of beauty!
House full of skulls and weapons
Where is it? Do tell me oh grandpa.

Before the hour passes!
The faint voice spoke the words.
Elavo! The house of beauty.
Elavo! The house full of skulls
Weapons and stone age arts!
Elavo! The famous ever known.....
It is gone—gone!
Left no trace for young men to follow
It is gone!
But why? Why?....

THE SUN

By: Joe Kewere

The Sun rises in the East.
Spreading its beautiful glorious rays
red, yellow and orange
Over the mountains. over the seas
Over the lakes
Over the whole world
Turning them into pillars of black
For a new day has come.

Day of happiness
Day of working
Day to remember
How our ancestors fought

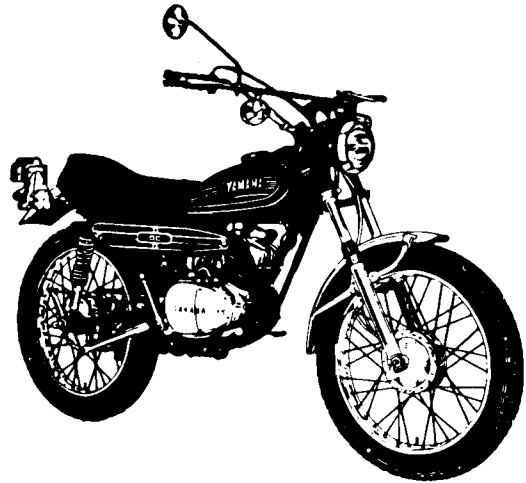
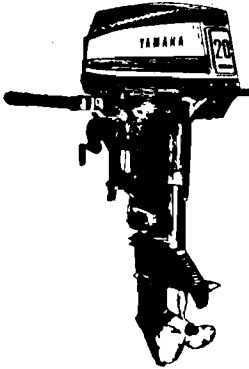
It sets in the West,
Once again spreads its glorious
red, yellow and orange over the clouds,
Over the treetops,
Over the swaying palms on the beaches
Over the whole world,
saying farewell, farewell.

Disappearing out of sights,
Sinking slowly, slowly, slowly.
Over the mountains,
Beyond the horizon
As the night comes in to take its place.



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paid no attention. Finally the clerk promised him a seat on the afternoon plane to Port Moresby. That seemed to cool the student and he grumbled and slumped into a vacant chair and slept. Obviously he was drunk. Many promises seem to be made to various people who get left out. Whether those promises were kept seem to be doubtful and are a subject for research.

Luke collected his bicycle and resumed his journey. The sidepaths of the streets were crowded with people. He rode slowly past the booming Kreer market and took the Beach road which was long closed to traffic because of the new wharf and its storage facilities which were obstacles hindering the road-flow. The sun had just risen above the eastern horizon and the light was just seeking through the grey clouds of dawn massing above the horizon. The sunlight shone onto the green grass and leaves and the dew that still remained sparkled brilliantly. The birds' singing made Luke feel he had to contribute to nature's beautiful show too. He thought of a good song to whistle. There were many happy songs he knew but there was a particular song which he usually hummed when he was in an extraordinarily high mood. That morning was such a moment and so he whistled his beloved song, "Walk About Long Sainataun". Although a Solomon Islands song, he seemed to regard it as his private song, composed by him. He kicked the pedals of the bicycle in rhythm with his whistling.

He rode onto the main road near the Windjammer Motel, a popular holiday resort in Wewak and continued his journey. This time as there were no windbreakers to lessen the force of the onrushing sea breeze he found he had to struggle on the peddles to make any progress. The wind tore at his shirt and trousers but he struggled on determinedly.

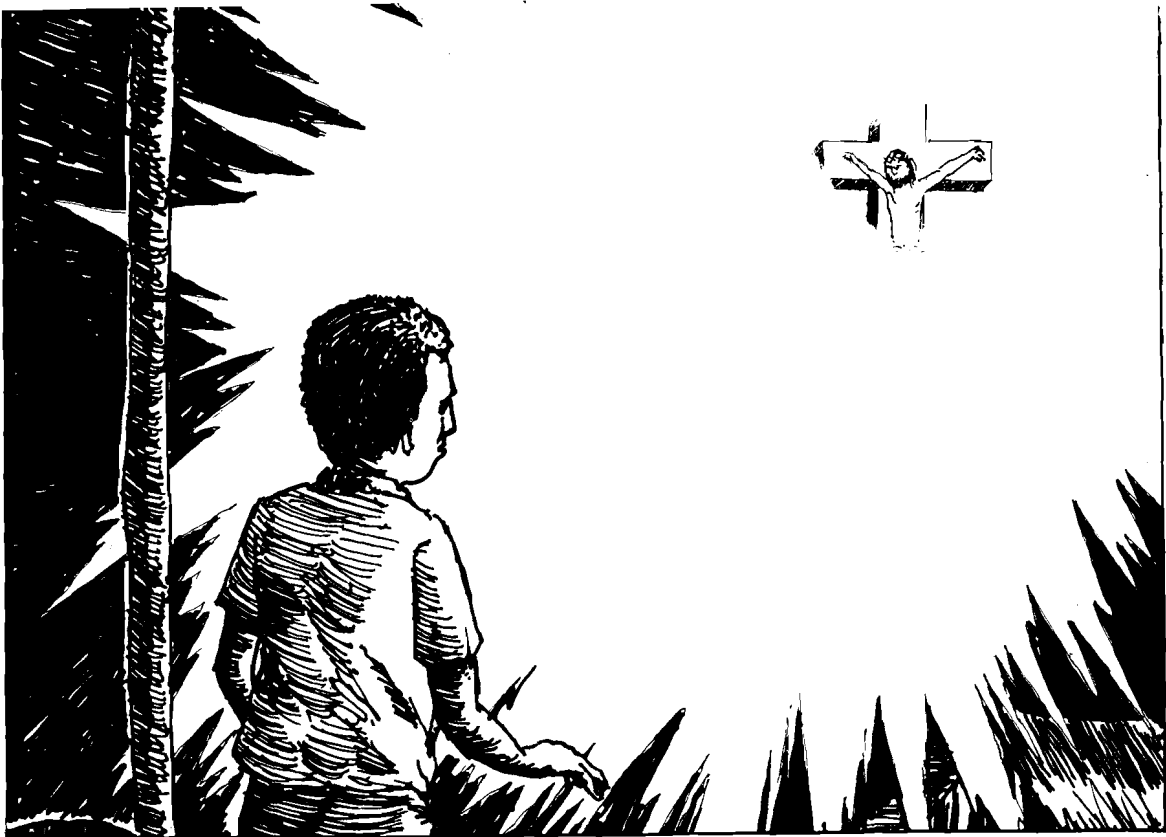
He was then sweating heavily when he finally arrived at the Air Niugini office in town. There was already a crowd assembled outside awaiting the office to open for business. Luke pulled to the side of the office building and leaned the bicycle against the wall and joined the rather impatient crowd. Rude comments about Air Niugini could be heard now and then from amongst the crowd. An old man spoke out: "Ol wantok, nau Air Niugini holim ol balus no planti belhevi na wari tumas. Befor T.A.A. na Ansett stap nogat trabel olsme bin kamap. Maski rausim Air Niugini na singautim bek T.A.A. na Ansett."

Luke was leaning against the door of the office when the clerks arrived. People rushed at the door when it was opened and Luke was lucky to be one amongst the lot that rushed in first.

At school Luke had been taught by teachers and scoutmasters to "think of others before himself," which he knew was also the basic philosophy of christianity. Luke had tried this and always to his disappointment he had been the one who always suffered. At times for meals at high school he had been one who always waited for others to have their shares first and his last, but sometimes there wasn't any food left so he had to go hungry. When out in town waiting for P.M.V or bus; if there were any vacant seats still left, then he would get in. Often he found himself waiting for hours for a bus.

Now when it came to confirming plane tickets he did not give a damn to the others because his life depended on that ticket, so he had made a rush for the door. Despite cramming crowds he managed to confirm his ticket within five minutes and walked out contented. He decided to stroll down to the market to just pass the time and to meet friends, wantoks or fellow villagers.

Continued on page 15



The new thing that had come about grew in size and toward the middle I could see part of a wooden cross with somebody on it.

OUR GOD AT WORK

By Sumeo Kakarere

The cool breeze from the South East swept through the ward. The ceiling fan in the ward was spinning fast, making the ward nice and cool. My wife Oroi, who was very ill lay still on the bed, while I sat among relatives, move up around her bed to comfort her from the terrible pains.

A few days ago, she came down with a severe fever, and I had to rush her to the hospital. However since the white men's so-called-medicine had failed to prove its supernatural powers, I started suspecting her relatives for casting magical spells on her.

After concerted thoughts I had taken a step ahead, according to the customs of my people, the Orokolos, by calling on her relatives and my own to come and discuss things in the hope that the cause of my wife's illness would be revealed.

From where I sat, I could see that almost everyone who was sitting around Oroi's bed had a very sad look on their faces. My old mother, was holding her grandson, the only son born to Oroi and myself, trying to comfort him. Oroi's parents both had their heads down, indicating that they were in sorrow. Everyone was quiet, even the living creatures that inhabited the ward.

But the silence was suddenly disturbed when my father, Maiku, asked one of my uncles, Harekikiakore, my namesake for a box of matches, and continued by saying: "Harekikiakore hekai, (meaning, small Harekikiakore) I feel that you should ask the permission of the medical orderlies to take Oroi to your house, where serious discussions could be held. I feel this place is too public."

The comment he made was strongly supported by Oroi's father, who said that this should be so and they were both supported by other relatives by nods.

Seeing that all had eagerly supported the suggestion, all eyes were sternly poised on me. I rose unwillingly and as I did so Mahiakore, our son interfered with a cry. However my old mother signalled me to get out of the ward and at the same time stopped the child from crying by saying that if he didn't stop, an old witch would come and take him away.

Very quietly I left the ward and walked outside. Getting outside the ward I stood at the corridor of the building and when I looked towards the Outpatients Ward, I saw a medical orderly, puffing away on his cigarette. I walked up to him. When he saw me he took out the packet from his pocket and held it in his hand and when I got near him he offered me a cigarette.

"Yes brother! What can I do for you?" he asked taking the cigarette in his hand.

"Well, I just wanted to ask, if you would allow me to take my wife home now and bring her back later in the evening." His name I later found out was Heveapo and he came from East Kerema.

"Well," he said, "That is O.K by me but make sure, when you come back that she gets her treatment."

I thanked him for everything, and returned to the ward. When I arrived at the ward all the people looked up enquiringly.

I took my seat near Oroí's bed and told them: "We better get going now." As soon as I said that, the older relatives got up and made way for me to help my wife up.

I reached out to receive the waiting hands of my wife, and when I touched them, tears trickled down my cheeks. My wife looked at me trying to force a smile but that failed and instead tears began to fall. Her eyes seemed to say how sorry she was for giving me all this trouble.

I helped her up and then asked some of the womenfolks to escort her down the road and then to the house. Arriving at our house the smell of food came to my nostrils but this I ignored.

A mat was made ready and my wife lay upon it, while relatives sat around the mat. All was again very quiet. My old man then broke in, calling on all our dead ancestors right from the beginning—since the time of creation, to help them in the discussions.

When he finished, my wife's father started calling upon their dead ancestors, also asking them to help them in their discussion. When this was all over the discussion started: "Relatives of Oroí, and my relatives, I feel it is my responsibility to start this discussion off, as Oroí was married by my son, Harekikiakore. As far as I know, when Oroí first came to join my son, my family and I were all very happy, because we knew, that our son had made the right decision. We are all very pleased with the work Oroí has been doing since she joined us. We have nothing against her or anybody. You, the relatives of Oroí, must say something.

Murmurs came from the crowd and all my relatives nodded their heads in agreement.

Oroí's father broke in. "Oroí is a slave. She hasn't enjoyed her stay with you people. You have not even done anything about paying the bride price. This is where I am concerned. What have you got to say on that?"

All was quiet again. Nobody spoke for quite a long time. Then my uncle spoke. "Kake (meaning friend), we are not at all angry at what you have said. Please give us time; we will let Oroí be paid for."

After the other relatives had their say, Oroí's father rose up to shake hands with the other relatives saying that Oroí would come back to life. These words elated me tremendously when I heard them."

I then signalled to the girls, waiting to serve what they had cooked. After eating, they shook hands with each other and then left us.

Because I was being assured I decided not to take her back to the hospital. She agreed with me so we stayed back home for about a week. During this week Oroí's sickness got worse.

I began wondering what step to take next. I called on another discussion, but this was again unsuccessful. I started losing hope.

During the nights I was restless, I could not sleep nor eat and I did nothing but looked after my wife. Days passed unnoticed.

Then one night, as I was forcing myself to sleep, I heard my name called somewhere from outside. I lay still. It may have been Oroí's soul bidding me farewell before she died. The call was repeated.

I rose and walked outside to see if there was a visitor. After finding nobody around, I looked up in the Easter sky, and there, in the sky, was a most frightening scene that I had ever seen, for in the very darkness a red coloured rectangle was seen hanging in the sky.

As I watched the red colours changed to white, and then something appeared just at the bottom of the object. The new thing that had come about grew in size and when it reached the middle, I could see part of the wooden cross with somebody on it. I stood stunned. The new shape that had just presented itself grew large and just above it was a small note, which read, "When you want help, ask for it. What you ask for will be done."

Then as suddenly as it had come the object disappeared, and the sky was again pitch dark. Frightened, I walked into the house.

I thought over what I had seen, what I had read, and what it must mean to me. Thoughtfully I closed my eyes, and fell asleep. The same man I saw hanging on the cross on that object appeared before me, and said: "Harekikiakore, it is time you were given a lesson. Your life has been bad. You fight, you hate people, and you do not respect Sabath. For these I have made you suffer. Please repent now, and follow me."

Very early the next morning I rose and without thinking, went to the pastor's house. When I arrived the pastor greeted me and said: "Just the right man at the right time."

I began to wonder what he meant by that. As I opened my mouth to ask him why he had said that he smiled and said: "I thought I would come to your house today, and pray for your wife. I am sorry I didn't know that your wife was sick but someone from the same field as you, who is also a strong christian told me about it.

"Well, pastor," I said, "this is funny, but that is exactly why I came to see you. You see, just last night, the LORD JESUS CHRIST himself appeared to me and told me that Oroí, my wife had been punished for all those bad things I had caused. He asked me to repent, and follow him. But how can I do this?"

Hearing this question, the pastor looked at me and said, "Do you now believe that LORD JESUS is real, and God is real."

I nodded my head and said: "I am now asking for complete forgiveness from God for all my sins and I now accept the Lord Jesus Christ as my personal Saviour."

The pastor then prayed for my wife, and later said another for me and advised me, "Son leave all this up to God."

I was full of joy, but the biggest surprise was my wife, who when I left had been sick was tidying the area. "Your breakfast is in the stove," she said and smiled.

I walked into the house, opened the stove and then got the plate of taro and fish and then called her in.

When she entered, I asked her to sit down so we could pray. When I said AMEN, she opened her eyes and said, "You know, Harekikiakore, when I opened my eyes this morning, I felt like getting right up. When I did get up, my strength came back to me and I no longer felt the way I did. So I went ahead and cooked the breakfast and when it was ready, I ate my share and decided to do some work. I feel good now."

Then I knew what had happened. The God of all mankind has actually proved himself, and he has actually shown me that he is always at work. ●





Then he started shouting in the dream. "Bomba Bomba, wake up, you must be dreaming," Bambi had shouted.

A CONFUSED GRADUATE

By Sety J. Antonia

It was the eve of the day that Bomba had been dreaming about. It was the most important day of his life. He had worked very conscientiously for his degree and was pleased that he was graduating. However, on that particular day he was feeling awfully confused.

On the morning of that day Bomba woke up feeling guilty. This was due to a dream he had in the night. He dreamt that he was visited by his dead grandmother's spirit. His grandmother's spirit was concerned that Bomba had completely abnegated from his simple traditional society.

"My grandson, I have been watching you and your academic achievements and I am happy. You are just like your grandfather who never lost a fight when he used to lead the warriors," said the grandmother in the dream.

"Thank you, Grandmother. I only tried my best in my studies," Bomba had replied.

The grandmother told Bomba that he had to show other people that he could only work if he ever wanted to make a name for himself. She was laughing and patting him on the head. But suddenly she had become angry and looked sternly at Bomba.

"Bomba! Bomba, how can you do this to your people. You have left them. You have left them and are now studying and learning other people's ideas and skills. The law, social sciences and other things you have studied have no relevance and significance here. Abandon everything you have and return to study the traditional customs and cultures which constitute the laws and life of our society."

"But grandmother, we are living in a civilized society, so we need the prevailing laws," Bomba had said. He reasoned that he could not go back home after all those school days and difficulties he had encountered while a student, and what's more, he was on the eve of graduation.

However, in the dream, grandmother appeared very insistent. "Those laws you have studied were imposed upon us and are irrelevant. What our laws say right, the alien laws oppose. And now you, the product of our traditional society are neglecting our laws, life and everything."

Bomba was sad but he couldn't help it as the very next day he was to graduate, and who knows he could become a Supreme Court judge or a distinguished anthropologist.

"Our customs are primitive and.....," Bomba had said.

"How dare you say that," the grandmother had interrupted. "When our laws say that pay-back killing is justified by kinship obligation, the new law objects to that practice."

"But grandmother, killing is wrong, the Bible says that too," Bomba reasoned.

"You are preaching, Bomba, just like missionaries. I don't know why we sent you to school in the beginning. We thought you would study the roots of the white-man and use them as your guide. But now you are becoming just one of them. Anyway, why study such alien laws when you have your own rights under your nose."

Bomba had tried to tell his grandmother in the dream that the new laws and ideas play important roles in nation building, running of society and keeping peaceful and good relationship amongst the people. But the more he tried to argue, the angrier his grandmother had become. This made him more confused. For then, Bomba had realized that the traditional laws kept his traditional society harmoniously and settled disputes amongst his people. But the new laws also played similar roles too; so he had questioned himself.

"Grandson if you are keen in becoming a lawyer or whatever you have in mind, remember your kinship obligations. If one of your kins committed a crime, you must discharge him regardless of how serious the crime might be. Or if one of your kins has no money, take him to your house," the grandmother has suggested.

"I cannot do that grandma. It is against the law and to your second point, well I can't because this sort of thing encourages vagrancy," Bomba had replied.

"There is no such thing. Our traditional custom is our law and being kind to our kins is our kinship obligations. If you are so rooted in these new ideas you are just like a piece of log floating on the surface of water," the old woman had explained.

"Yes, I knew my obligations towards my people but I....."

"There is no 'but' about this," interrupted the grandmother. "You are to obey your customs even though you are so much alienated from it. Remember this and you will be a true man."

"I am a man and soon will be married," Bomba tried to argue back.

"You are but traditionally you are nothing but a woman. You have no initiation marks on you. You haven't tasted an enemy's blood and so you are not a true man."

Bomba, at this stage of the dream, had become very much confused. He struggled to wake up but couldn't. Then he started shouting in the dream and in so doing eventually woke himself and his room-mate, Bambi.

"Bomba, Bomba, wake up, you must be dreaming," Bambi had shouted.

Bomba rose and realised it was already daylight. Both washed their faces and went to the dinning hall.

During the day Bomba couldn't think of anything other than the dream he had that night and at 4 o'clock that same day, Bomba graduated with a Bachelor's Degree and a confused mind.

FOR PARENTS AND TEACHERS

"Papua New Guinea writing" will from now on include material, i.e. Short Stories, Legends, articles and short poems for pupils at lower grades and those who left school at grade 6.

As a publication of the Department of Education this is inevitable and is a move away from the previous policy of including the best written stories, poems etc.

You will note in this issue that we have devoted one half of the magazine i.e. 12 pages for children's stories etc. We want to continue printing useful reading aids for the kids and would appreciate similar stories or articles.

We realise the value of parent and teacher as it is they who, children spend the better part of their early years with and who know their interests.

All contribution for children should be written with the national curricular in mind and if so set in Papua New Guinea. Care should be exercised in not including words that are too hard for Grade 6 pupils.

All contributions to the Children's Pages should be addressed to

The Editor
Papua New Guinea Writing
Literature Bureau
P O Box 5741
BOROKO
National Capital Province

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MATANE, OUR

If ever it can be said that a Papua New Guinean has led a very colourful and varied career within the Papua New Guinean Civil Service; Paulias Matane, our present Ambassador to U.S. and Canada and Head of the PNG's Permanent Mission to the U.N. fits the description. At 46, Matane, soft spoken, one time "teacher", twice Departmental Head, and now Ambassador, has been through a great many challenges which most others of his age and career grouping haven't. Matane managed though all these and is always eager to tell the younger generations of his experiences. There are indeed two Matanes, the one known in bureaucratic circles as the educator and administrator and Matane the writer. Paulias Matane as a writer is a challenge to newer writers of Papua New Guinea.

LAHUI: Mr. Matane could you briefly outline what personal interest and events in your life that enabled you to write the works that you have produced?

MATANE: *I have in mind two main things. The first is that I was interested in story telling. When I was young, I used to tell a lot of stories and I used to listen to a lot of story tellers. Some of these stories I tried to tell to other people as I knew these were too important to be forgotten by future generations especially when they were passed down by word-of-mouth in typical conversation manner. I thought then to write some of these down for the future generations to read. The other thing was that when I started school, (I did not go to school until I was 17), I found that it was too difficult for me to read in English and to take interest in books.*

LAHUI: What was the first book that you wrote that keep you very much a man of traditions among our people?

MATANE: *It was a small book that I wrote in 1965 titled Kum Tumun of Minj set in a small place in the Highlands where I was a supervisory teacher. I wrote that book mainly to put down several ideas which could be used by students in school about growing out of childhood and the kinds of things that we had to go through, like initiation and so forth which are part of our daily lives.*

LAHUI: Who was your publisher at that time?

MATANE: *My first publisher was Oxford University Press.*

LAHUI: Of all your works that have been analysed by scholars and critics of our national literature, **Growing up in New Guinea** appears as a work of self-appraisal. Do you hold the same opinion yourself?

MATANE: *First of all let me put it this way. The way I write, I like to write about a person. The character in the book must be one person but the things that he does in the book are not necessarily the things that one single person will normally do. What I do is try to get ideas from other characters whether they be officials of the Government or somebody from the village or business company and have all the ideas related together so that they fit into one character.*

LAHUI: Do you go through the process of plotting out the story before you write the actual story?

MATANE: *I don't have that problem. For instance when I wake up at night after thinking about something, a character would normally appear in my mind and all the other things will fall into place with that.*

LAHUI: You produced a sequel of Story Books, with the main character, **Iambe**. He seems to take roles in various professions and activities. Could you elaborate on that?

MATANE: *First thing I say about this is that the people in our country live in a changing world and our country is changing so quickly that some things might be difficult for the slow learners. People are slow in adapting themselves towards new changes so I thought that I could try and contribute something to help these people, as people who would go through those changes and at the same time perhaps, say, read a book and guard against some of the difficulties they might face. The first of these I wrote, **Iambe the Challenger**, published by the Jacaranda Press, tries to make a particular person grow up in a society where there are many changes taking place and trying to move away from the problems about him and finding his ways through until he comes to the clear.*

LAHUI: As a writer from a third world country do you regret the colonial experience or the Western civilization that is still happening at a rapid pace?

MATANE: *I think colonialism was and still is a very bad thing. I understand that better here while I'm with the United Nations, watching what is happening in other colonised countries. In fact Papua New Guinea was better off as far as colonialism went as compared to other countries. But I do not say that we do not bear effects of colonialism.*

LAHUI: Do you imply that as colonialism was inevitable that we should now look to the future than look back. Is this your intention as characterised in **Iambe the Challenger**?

MATANE: **Iambe the Challenger** is more or less a reappraisal on Iambe's own terms to go forward rather than look back.

LAHUI: There were a number of books that you wrote while you were permanent head of Department of Business Development; little booklets on how to teach people to do certain things. How personally involved were you in promoting business awareness?

MATANE: *I've always been interested in business but much so on the extension type of work or training. I thought that one of the main problems that faced Papua New Guinea businessmen at that and this time is the lack of understanding as to how a business can be run properly. This is because we have our own traditional ways of doing things. We help each other a lot and when you help me I'm more or less obliged to help you in reprisal to what you have done to me. But you cannot transfer that kind of thinking onto business; a business is set up for profit, to make money.*

LAHUI: What would you say of the Kabisawali Business and Communalism Philosophy?

MATANE: *I have not read about Kabisawali but as I have said business is set up in order to make money. That is the main purpose of setting up business; to make a profit so that in later years you can expand that business or you can issue the profit to others or distribute it among shareholders. A business can never be successful unless you have that philosophy.*

WRITER IN ABSENTIA



• Paulias Matane

LAHUI: Getting back to literature again, since New York is where all the big publishers and big name writers, big sellers and authors live, what influence and what personal inspiration have you been able to get from them because of your close proximity?

MATANE: *I haven't been here long enough to have met many writers here and of course apart from that I'm so busy with my own work. I'm not only the ambassador to the United States or to the United Nations in New York but also to Canada, so I cover these two huge countries.*

LAHUI: I was present at the Asia Club gathering where you were the guest speaker. You expressed opinions on Oceanic and South East Asian co-operation. As far as literature is concerned do you think we could look more towards Asia as we have done for the surrounding Oceania Region in the past?

MATANE: *If I'm thinking of writing for the sake of writing, for the sake of saving our oral traditions and culture and so on then I will look more and more towards the Pacific as we have generally the same culture, traditions and so forth. But for commercializing of literature—I don't really think there is market in other parts of the world for books written by Papua New Guineans.*

LAHUI: I do not yet wish to heavily publicise your new book but would just want to mention it as another in the pipe-line. Could you kindly tell us what attempt you are trying to make through the characterization of your coming novel.

MATANE: *What I'm trying to personalize through this book as I did in **Iambe the Challenger**, **Iambe the School Dropout** or **Iambe the Magician** is to have various ideas into place and personalised through this one main character. Now the one which I spend sometime on as a hobby at weekends is called **Iambe the Pastor**, a pastor who grew up in a society long time ago developing not only as a pastor as many people consider them to be today—to promote only the christian principles. I am trying to put something more around a pastor. That a pastor is in a village for many things, to promote christianity as well as to take part in many other things like roads, planting coconut, cocoa and coffee plantations. So I try to write around a pastor who should believe in the christian principle but still have a lot of things that he believes in.*

LAHUI: To this end as a matter of interest a UNESCO Committee for the study of Oceania Cultures held its second meeting in Port Moresby at the end of July this year. A number of resolutions were passed on the study of oral traditions. As a man connected with the United Nations, would you care to express an opinion on the question of oral traditions preservation and if so should this be rated as an important area of our cultural development and culture-literary development within the Pacific Region?

MATANE: *I have not really looked at that particular area as much but thinking about the Pacific region and also the development of Literature in that region we should have a voice in the South Pacific. Whatever this small Committee is doing under the chairmanship of Mr Moi Avei to record literatures in the Pacific region, I would give it all my support.*

LAHUI: In Papua New Guinea we feel that local publishers don't seem to risk capital on bringing out writers of promise. Is this something you could advise publishers to take note of?

MATANE: *I think one thing many publishers consider is that they do not want to move into a new area where there have been no books coming out. When a publisher is going to publish a book he must make sure that the book is going to sell. They are more interested in selling the books than promoting a particular writer or a country. And I think at the present time we do not have as many books yet in Papua New Guinea, written by Papua New Guineans. But I would like to urge Papua New Guineans to take a bold step to move into big area writing, perhaps bigger books although they might be expensive but are bigger because they could go on overseas markets like the **Crocodile and Ten Thousand Years in a Lifetime**, did.*

LAHUI: So Mr. Matane when do you think we may expect to find your book in bookshops?

MATANE: *Oh! I don't know. It's the problem of finding a publisher and I don't know if any publishing company in the United States can do it. I intend to find some publisher in Australia.*

LAHUI: Thank you Mr. Matane. All readers of "Papua New Guinea Writing" and all the up and coming writers of Papua New Guinea hope to see your book soon and on their behalf wish you good writing.

MATANE: *Thank you.*

BOOKS BY PAULIAS MATANE

FICTION:

- * **Kum Tumun of Minj**—Oxford, 1966.
- * **Iambe the Challenger**, Niugini Press, 1974.
- * **Iambe the School Dropout**—Trinity Press, 1976.
- * **Iambe the Magician**—Vantage Press, N.Y. 1977.

Unpublished: **Iambe the Pastor**.

NON FICTION:

- * **A Papua New Guinea Travels Through Africa**—Department of Education, 1971.
- * **My Childhood in New Guinea**—Oxford, 1972.
- * **What Good is Business?**—Kristen Pres, 1972.
- * **Bai Bisnis I helpim Yu Olsem Wanem?**—Kristen Pres, 1973.

KAPIU LOSES ALL HIS TEETH

By Geling Lot

Long long ago in the village of Mapos in the present day Buang census division of Morobe Province, lived two men who were good friends, they were Sakia and Kapiu.

Early one morning Sakia woke up early and went to ask his friend Kapiu if he could accompany him to go hunting. After eating their breakfast they collected their spears and set out into the forest. Soon both reached a place that looked familiar.

"We can begin hunting here," said Kapiu

"No we should go up the mountain where I set a pig trap," suggested Sakia.

The two finally agreed on this and started climbing the mountain. Soon they came out into a clearing and from which they looked across and noticed rain falling on one side of the mountain. The two decided then to stop and hunt. While they were hunting they heard the roar of thunder followed by rain so they decided to search for cover.

They made their way through the forest until they came out into a clearing and immediately saw before them a little house in an old garden site.

Once they were in the little house they began to look for pieces of cane to make fire. In those days our people used to make fire by rubbing two pieces of cane together until the friction produced a little spark which would then be put on some very dry leaves and blown to flames.

It was very dark inside therefore they had to feel their way inside the house for anything that felt like cane. Kapiu, who was more adventurous groped his way in the cobwebs until he came across something. He touched it and felt it was hard. From there he began to feel how far the object went. At one time he tried to press his fingers down to feel the hardness of the object but was not satisfied so had to run his fingers further. His curiosity turned to fear when he reached down to what felt like two legs and he immediately realised he was touching a corpse. He withdrew and shot out through the door in a flash and wildly made for the bush. He was so afraid that he did not think it necessary to tell Sakia about the dead body.

After a short walk he reached another abandoned garden site and saw a heap of dead leaves and trees. Among the weeds he saw a white stone which he took and put in his mouth. This types of stones were used to wade dead spirits away and weaken their powers. Then he crawled under the leaves with only his head poking out.

• Back in the little hut Sakia was still searching for cane and occasionally called out Kapiu's name. Each time he did the spirit in the corpse replied. Eventually the spirit said: "Hey friend I've already found a cane. Come help me to take it off". Sakia, thinking it was Kapiu, felt his way to where the voice had come from. On reaching the spot his hands reached ahead and held what felt like a human head and gradually felt right down to the legs. The absolute stiffness of the body was enough to drive a cold shiver into his blood that he jumped up with a loud curse and ran out of the house. He was so frightened that he lost sense.

He took the track that Kapiu had taken and which took him to the same garden. There he helped himself to a long sugarcane. He took the sugarcane over to the same heap where Kapiu had hidden and tried to remove the roots by hitting it against the white stone that was showing out of Kapiu's mouth. With a single swing all Kapiu's teeth came off. This frightened him the more and so leaving the cane he made for the village.

Kapiu spent the whole day in the bush spitting blood and nursing his bleeding gums and finally went home under cover of night.

The next day Sakia went to check on Kapiu and found him in his house. The two told each other the incidents of the previous occasions. Unlike on previous day when both laughed at each other jokes, this time Kapiu could not as he was ashamed of his missing teeth.

The village people soon heard about this and laughed at Kapiu.

This is probably why you will see today, the Buang people of this particular area lose their teeth early in life.

WE WILL ADOPT A SCHOOL

The Literature Bureau of the Department of Education wishes to organise an inter-community school general competition on an annual basis on "Patronage" system. The winning school should fulfil the following conditions:

- (a) That it subscribes to the journal for a period of two years.
- (b) That over 200 pupils have read the children's pages we include in the magazine (Headmasters to prove).
- (c) That they can claim 3 pupils who have contributed stories in the childrens pages (Headmasters to prove).
- (d) That if they can claim they have used the material for a class-exercise (class teachers to prove).

The Prize will be:

- (i) Two more years of free subscription to "PNGW" post-free to their school library.
- (ii) K10 worth of childrens' books for their school library.
- (iii) We will call the winning school "The Literature Bureau Community School of the year".

All contributions to the journal and request for information should be addressed to:

The Manager
Literature Bureau
P.O. Box 5741
BOROKO. P.N.G.

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Outside the chemist-shop near the market he watched people moving in the rather overcrowded aisles. He was searching for faces he might recognise. There were all sorts of people, mostly locals, but there were quite a number of foreigners.

The youngsters, especially the boys, were there to partake in that mischievous of teenage activities, trying luck on young girls. Luke stood there transfixed, watching the crowd, which to him resembled a flower garden with a hundred and one different variety. The movement of the people seemed like the sway of flowers when a breeze blows.

After about half an hour Luke decided to ride back to Maiwalun, a squatter settlement of the Tuonumbu people where he was staying. He rode carefully down the road because by then the roads were busy with the morning flow. He rode down to Boram and there he decided to buy a soft drink to quench his thirst. He entered a small trade store run by a young muscular Chinese, most likely in his mid-twenties. He asked Luke in a kind Chinese accented English, "Yes what can I do for you?"

"A bottle of soft drink please?" Luke replied and placed twenty toea on the counter.

"Coke or Fanta?" asked the Chinese.

"Coke".

There were other customers crowding at the counter so the Chinese had to attend to them. He called his helper, a Papua New Guinean to fetch the drink.

The Papua New Guinean was packing some cases in an adjacent room to the counter. The freezer containing soft drinks was kept there. He was too busy so he did not hear the Chinese man call. Luke waited patiently for his drink. After about two minutes the Chinese man crashed his fists on the counter in fury, almost shattering the glass to pieces and yelled fanatically, "For Chriss-sake fetch the drink man!" Simultaneously the Papua New Guinean assistant appeared with the already opened bottle of coke. That cooled the man down and he continued serving the other customers. Luke got his drink and left wondering whether it really was for Christ's sake that the assistant should hurry. He couldn't contemplate the hypothetical phrase so; contended himself by draining the soft drink down his scorching throat in big gulps. Luke rode back to Maiwalun.

That night there was small farewell party for him organised and prepared by his friends and relatives. There was enough for a full day party but Luke drank just enough to be sober. He didn't need to be drunk because he wanted to be well in the morning to board the plane for Rabaul.

In the early hours of dawn around half past four Luke, helped by his relatives walked up to Boram airport. They arrived around half past five and the ticketing clerks arrived around six. Luke immediately fixed his ticket and checked his luggage in. With everything fixed he returned to chat with friends and relatives. His mother began to give the usual advice like telling him to look after himself, not to get drunk and above all to work really hard at school both academically and physically. Luke paid little attention to all that talk because he knew well that he could look after himself. All the same he nodded his head in understanding just to please his mother.

Finally the intercom crackled and a voice announced the near departure of the Manus, Kavieng and Rabaul flight and called on all passengers to board the plan

AUGAME THE DECEITFUL CHIMBU

By Florian Bahin

According to popular Chimbu legends of old there lived a man called Augame. On one particular occasion, Augame that notorious and mischievous Chimbu invited his good friend Kimal to accompany him on a particular errand some miles away. Kimal thought for a while but on realising the adventurous life of Augame he accepted the invitation.

Before they set out, Augame explained to Kimal that they would have to be in their best costumes as this was a special occasion of *Karem Leg*¹ with some of the most beautiful girl he had ever set eyes on. Kimal was assured that a special partner had been prearranged for him. This greatly encouraged Kimal that he readily agreed to accompany Augame to the girls' house.

In order to give the girls a good and pleasant impression, the two friends dressed in their best garbs and colourful bird-of-paradise feather head-dress, armbands, nasal and ear decorations, and artistic patterns on their faces before setting out to meet the waiting beauties.

They had not walked far when Augame told Kimal that they would have to be prepared to cross a big river which had no bridge. Soon the two had reached the river and found there was no bridge. Augame then suggested to Kimal that it would be advantageous for him to take off his grab so that he (Augame) could take them across before him. This Kimal agreed to do in good faith. Augame took off his waist grab as well and waded across the river to the opposite bank.

But as soon as he reached the other side, he very quickly dressed up in his grab, as well as that of Kimal then signalled Kimal to follow.

Whilst Kimal was struggling against the tough current, Augame took off at top speed towards the girls' house. On arrival at the house he gave the girls the impression that he was being chased by an evil spirit from the river. Augame exaggerated further by making himself exhausted and gasping for air that the girls became worried.

When Augame had collected himself he related a marvellous story in which he himself was the protagonist. The girls were instructed to shut the door as the *sanguma*² might still be in pursuit of him. Augame related that as soon as he had waded across the river to the other side, a mighty looking sanguma had tried to

Continued on page 19

through gate one. Luke began shaking hands with his relatives, friends and others he knew while proceeding towards the gate. He was just passing through the gate when he heard a familiar voice yelling almost fanatically! "Hey, buddy hang on". Luke turned and saw his best friend from Brandi High School pushing his way through the crowd. He was John Albert Naime from Kairuku in the Central Province. Although John was from Kairuku and Luke from the East Sepik, life at Brandi High School had moulded them into such unshakable friendship that they looked upon each other as brothers. It was unfortunate that when Luke completed his Form Four, John had finished his Three so had to stay back.

John rushed to Luke and forced a smile but instantaneously tears began to form in his eyes. He handed to Luke a photo of himself and said, "Well buddy, here's a photo of myself. Don't forget to write to me."

Luke held the photo and replied: "You make sure you look after yourself."

"Bro read what's on the back of the photo when you are in the plane."

Luke nodded his head in acknowledgement and headed towards the plane.

A pretty air hostess led Luke to his seat. He sank into it and gazed in wonder at the delicate material, used in the plane's interior and he looked around to see the general layout of the plane's cockpit. Since it was his first time in a plane, let alone a pending flight, he was so observed in what was around him that he forgot about the friends and relatives he was leaving. He even forgot where he was sitting until the air hostesses voice cracked through the intercom requesting seat-belts to be fastened. The props of the F27 sprung to life and the plane taxied onto the main runway to prepare for the take-off. It was only after the plane was comfortably flying across the Bismark Sea towards Manus that Luke's realization returned, with good memories, to his friends and beloved.

Luke was then thinking of the future when he remembered the John Albert Naime's photo. He got the photo out of his shirt pocket and stared at it. He turned it over and found a poem written on it. It began:

*Buddy the hour has come for you to depart
to go out into the world to face life.
There will be a lot of temptations of beer, pretty
girls, desires for earthly riches
only to name a few,
but buddy, resist all.
Try to live a good honest christian life in the
eyes of our dear Lord.
Buddy my heart is heavy with sorrow.
Forget not the happy days we have spent
together
Let tears for the girls.
A farewell handshake with a gentlemanly smile
and a few nods is man enough.*

When Luke read that, happy memories of the past flooded his mind. He just couldn't control the tears that overflowed his eyes. He felt ashamed of himself and wondered what John's reactions would have been if he saw him like that. He thought back of John who tried to force a smile when he handed him that photo and farewelled him at the airport. That made him break down and he wept bitterly. He acknowledged, surely tears for a buddy that close is man enough. He rested his head on the seat and fell asleep. ●

WHAT THE JUDGES SAID:-

OF

THE COMPETITIONS

The main fault with entries in Section II Play Competition was that most were too brief and short for Radio Production. Most would range from three to ten minutes radio time and not the 30 minutes required by the competition. Some writers showed a good ability to write natural dialogue and this is a step in the right direction.

Because the Plays were too short to fill the requirements, no **first** or **second** prizes should be awarded in this Section. However because of its good dialogue and an understanding of plot development, "The Dream Come True" should be awarded the 3rd prize.

Many plays in all sections used traditional forms in Papua New Guinea as basis for the story of the plays. This is an excellent idea and should be encouraged.

I would like to suggest a special section in next year's (1978) competitions for: Plays based on Traditional Legends. Should this be agreed upon, I would be pleased to donate the prize money for this section.

Peter Prist
Senior Producer
Production Division
N.B.C.

- I (a) There are many expatriate stories, which, while competitive in themselves, should be disqualified because the competitions were designed to promote Papua New Guinea Creativity.
- (b) I think "Creative" Short Stories rather than legendary recounting should be the first consideration here.
- (c) New dimensions in short story writing deserve more praise and promotion too.
- II (a) I looked for fresh and vividly told stories with good dialogues and plots.
- (b) As usual I am more fascinated on the whole with talent creativity in this Section.
- III (a) There was only one "recent" short story and the rest were legends so I used other criteria for selecting the best; a good story well told and interestingly rendered.

GENERAL COMMENTS

In future perhaps Jack reproduce his article on writing poetry and invite one on writing Short Stories and send them to the various schools where most of the entries come from. Alternatively when advertising next year's competitions you could tell that would-be entrants for competition guidelines. Otherwise we would have as many wasted effort.

Taban lo Liyong

THE LOST TAIL

By Pelo Aroko

Once upon a time there lived two peaceful friends. They were the wallaby and the ant-eater. They were always proud of their long tails and showed off to other animals.

One bright morning while ant-eater was fast asleep, the wallaby went to the garden. When he reached the garden, he cut down the bananas which were ready to be taken home for food.

He thought for a moment of ways to trick his friend, the ant-eater, when he came to meet him in the garden. He dug a hole which fitted his long tail. He was very happy with his experiment.

Meanwhile his friend, the ant-eater, came down following the narrow track, singing and waving his tail at the back of him. The wallaby quickly put his long tail into the hole and covered it with soil, and sat there like a dumb.

"What's the matter with you, friend?" the wallaby asked.

"Well my friend I ate my tail."

"Why?"

"Because it usually surprises me whenever I turn. When I turn there seems to be nobody but my stupid tail lying on the ground. That's why I cut it off."

"That's a good idea," said the ant-eater. "I'll cut my tail too because it usually surprises me but I have never told you."

The ant-eater got a big bamboo knife and gave it to his friend the wallaby. As soon as the wallaby got the knife, he cut the ant-eater's tail right off at its base. "Oh! Ha! Me! You've cut my tail right off."

"Don't worry, it looks very smart," said his friend the wallaby, laughing loudly.

"Why are you laughing?"

"Well my dear friend, I've tricked you into cutting your tail off. See I put my tail into this hole."

"You are very guilty of cutting my tail off, and now I have no power to do any hard work," said the ant-eater sadly.

The poor ant-eater walked away into the bushes to hide himself. The wallaby laughed as he saw him off.



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BY

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

The booklet, titled

'STORIES OF PAPUA NEW GUINEA, BOOK 1'

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

The aim of the booklet is to develop reading habits among the literate and newly-literate majority and will also serve as a suitable text for upper primary levels.

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

Samples supplied on request by writing to:

The Manager
Literature Bureau
P.O. Box 5741
BOROKO



As Jina turned her face upwards to look at the bird on the tree the toothless Vira threw a handful of lime and blinded her.

A TALE OF TWO VILLAGES

By Philip Julius

ON THE ISLAND OF VOKEO, in the Schouten Archipelago group, there lived two leading characters, Taramate Bitang and Taramate Sik (that is Big and Small Taramatas) in the village called Kinaba-Vanua.

In the village of Ga-Vanua to the South lived two beautiful girls with their mother.

One day, when the girls' mother's fire had gone out, she asked them to go and ask the youths of Kinaba-Vanua for a live ember to rekindle it.

"Mother! There would be no one in the village," said Jina as she walked towards the house with her hands at her back.

"Can't you go to Kinaba-Vanua? It's not far to walk," shouted the old woman.

The girls argued over who should deliver the request and finally both decided to go together. So the girls set out for Kinaba-Vanua.

About midday they arrived at Kinaba-Vanua and found the village very quiet. They went from house to house asking for fire. Not even a sound of pig's grunting or dogs' barking could be heard except the noise of the sea waves breaking on the beach. They searched every house but saw no signs of any newly burned wood. They were just about to leave when suddenly a voice was heard.

"Hey! girls, who are you looking for?" The voice came out from one of the houses. The girls walked back and waited to see who was coming out of the house.

"Don't be afraid girls, come on into the house. I'm alone in the village. Women went for gardening and menfolk went fishing," said an old woman as she made her way towards the door.

The girls went and sat on the verandah.

"I'm Jina and this is Kasuar, my sister. Our mother sent us to get fire. We come from Ga-Vanua," stated Jina.

They sat down for a while chewing betelnuts and telling stories. The old woman said she was the mother of two young boys called Taramate Bitang and Taramate Sik. After chatting, the girls got some fire embers and left for home.

Taramate Bitang who was out fishing was stung by a stone-fish and so left for home earlier than the rest of the fishermen. He was in a very serious condition.

"What's wrong with you son?" cried the old woman on seeing Taramate Bitang.

"I was stung by a stone-fish," answered Taramate Bitang.

The old woman quickly healed the wound. While working on the wound she told him about the two pretty girls from Ga-Vanua. Without saying anything

Taramate Bitang got his spears and followed the girls.

When Taramate Bitang arrived at Ga-Vanua he was very much welcomed by the girls' mother. He spent a month or so with them, working in the gardens, fishing, hunting and trying his best to court one of the girls.

However he did not succeed so he finally decided to return to Kinaba-Vanua. The day before his departure he confided in the old woman to send word if one of the girls would agree to marry him. The old woman conveyed the proposal to the girls and for hours the pair argued over which one of them should follow the visitor. The girls disputed over the proposal, but Jina forced Kasuar into silence by insisting that as usual the first born must always be wed first before the young in any case.

Since Jina had agreed to go with Taramate Bitang, she began oiling and painting her body. She collected a set of new grass-skirts, adorned herself with ornaments and went into the suitors room to wake him up. Soon they were on their way to Kinaba-Vanua.

On the way Jina paused to rest by a stream and called her suitor to wait, but he did not hear her and kept on walking. As she was resting beside the stream a toothless hag called Vira approached her and pretended to point at a pretty bird perched in a tree. As Jina turned her face upwards to look at the bird, the toothless Vira threw a handful of lime and blinded her. Vira seized all the bridal finery and donned them on herself. In due course she presented herself at the house of Taramate Bitang. Taramate Bitang, unaware of the incident, accepted her kindly as his wife.

The following day Taramate Sik took his spears and went hunting. Soon he came across the blind Jina crawling along the bank of a stream.

"Who are you woman?" asked Taramate Sik.

"I'm Jina, from Ga-Vanua; toothless Vira blinded me with lime", cried Jina.

"Wait, I will help you", stated Taramate Sik.

He rubbed his saliva into her eyes and immediately her sight was restored. Then he brought her leaves to cover her nakedness and led her to the village, where she became his wife.

Some months later, Taramate Bitang came to realised that he had been tricked, but after much thought decided that it would be best to keep things to himself.

Eventually Jina became pregnant and gave birth to a little son who they named Lelengka. Vira meanwhile fooled Taramate Bitang for a short while by filling her lungs with air to show him that she was pregnant too. In the end she had to admit to him that she was no longer able to give birth.

Taramate Bitang, filled with envy for his more fortunate younger brother, murdered him. When Lelengka grew up he revenged his father's death by killing Taramate Bitang, his uncle.

Lelengka became a very skilful warrior and his enemies challenged him many time to get rid of him. He sensed their jealousy and planned to escape with his mother. Accordingly, he carved a wood into an image of himself. Then he fixed this carving on the floor of his house near the doorway. As he hoped, his enemies found that he had played a trick on them.

But by then Lelengka and his mother had escaped.

Continued from page 15

attack him. They were fatal blows but being Augame he let the sanguma taste some of his own medicine. After a few exchange of blows, the sanguma realised he was overpowered so he ran for his dear life. Augame boasted that he had not used more severe tactics because the sanguma had not lasted long on the scene to see the 'greatest Chimbu that ever lived' in action. However, he had a feeling that being a sanguma he could follow his footprints to the house and attack innocent people in retaliation. By Augame's orders the two beautiful girls prepared some dried bamboo to use as lanterns to frighten away the sanguma should he follow the track leading to the house.

By then Kimal had reached the other side of the river. He was completely stunned to find his good friend not waiting for Augame. Totally hysterical at his own nakedness, save for a few decorations left on his head, he decided to search for him. Blindly he followed the one and only track that led to the river. By sheer chance he came to a house not so far away.

Approaching the house he could hear voices from inside as well as saw the flicker of a burning fire through holes in the wall. Peeping through a hole Kimal clearly saw his good friend seated between two beautiful girls, one on each side of his laps, singing and laughing and indeed having a gorgeous time. "The mischievous fool," Kimal uttered under his breath. Softly and gently Kimal called out: "Augame!" Augame stopped, singing and motioned the girls to raise their bamboo lanterns. The girls were obviously scared stiff as they were expecting the sanguma any moment. Augame quietly whispered to the girls that he had just heard a voice similar to that of the sanguma. The three fell silent and listened. Distinctively but sharp the voice called again 'Augame, it's me Kimal!'

"That's the voice of the very sanguma, Come on let's chase him!" shouted Augame boastfully and simultaneously rushed out with a burning piece of bamboo. The girls followed with their bamboo lanterns burning brightly. Kimal of course could not stand the burning lanterns as he was naked so he fled like a thief, into the nearby bushes, shouting as he went.

The girls came out just in time to see a big naked body fleeing into the bushes in the direction of the river! Hiding a mischevous smile and holding back the laughter that built up in him he turned his face away from the girls and told them with a deep sigh: "Well, girls I don't think there is any need for an explanation as you have seen the sanguma yourselves!" The girls were more than convinced but scared stiff that they begged Augame to spend the night with them! Just exactly what he wanted! As for Kimal and what followed, it can be left to our rich imaginations.

1. *a courting ceremony. (Highlands)

2. *a witch or a sorcerer

PRIZE WINNERS IN THE 1977 LITERARY COMPETITIONS

NINTH ANNUAL NATIONAL SHORT STORY COMPETITIONS

SECTION I (TERTIARY, ADULT)	Prize
Place 1: Teloti Kaniku, University of Papua New Guinea, N.C	K50
2: Teloti Kaniku, University of Papua New Guinea, N.C	K25
3: Teloti Kaniku, University of Papua New Guinea, N.C	K15
SECTION II (NATIONAL AND PROVINCIAL HIGH SCHOOLS)	
Place 1: Nerry Nepau, St. Paul's Lutheran High, Wapenamanda, Enga Province	K50
2: Ribinki Pato, St. Paul's Lutheran High, Wapenamanda, Enga Province	K25
3: Dick Noma, Sogeri Senior High, Port Moresby. C.P	K10
SECTION III (COMMUNITY SCHOOLS AND SCHOOL LEAVERS)	
Place 1: Elizabeth Meakoro, Popondetta Community School, N.P	K25
2: Jennifer Davey, Daru Chalmer Community School, W.P	K10
3: Pelo Asoko, Erave Community School, Mendi, S.H.P	K 5
SECTION IV (PIDGIN AND MOTU STORIES)	
Place 1: Waio Kikiwai, Koroba Community School, Koroba, S.H.P	K50
2: Wāio Kikiwai, Koroba Community School, Koroba, S.H.P	K25
3: Sama Yamu, Lae, Morobe Province	K15

EIGHTH ANNUAL POETRY COMPETITIONS

SECTION I (TERTIARY, ADULT)	
Place 1: Mado Aiseli, Office of Forests, Lae, Morobe Province	K50
2: Martinus Apinigi, University of Papua New Guinea, C.P	K20
3: Horiawi Humugu, University of Papua New Guinea, C.P	K10

SECTION II (NATIONAL AND PROVINCIAL SCHOOLS)

- Place 1: Ribinki Pato, St Pauls Lutheran High School, Wapenamanda, Enga Province. K50
- 2: Joe Natera, Lae, Morobe Province K25
- 3: Harry Boas, Kilakila High School, Port Moresby, C.P K10

SECTION III (COMMUNITY SCHOOLS AND SCHOOL LEAVER GROUP)

- Place 1: Martha Lalu, St Anne Community School, Aitape, West Sepik Province K20
- K10 2: Penol Jarjar, Goldie River Community School, Port Moresby
- 3: Susie Napi, Buvusi Community School, Kimbe, W.N.B.P K 5

SECTION IV (PIDGIN AND MOTU)

- Place 1: Stanley Lapa, University of Papua New Guinea, N.C K25
- 2: Joe Kasil Nuno, Fatima High School, Banz, W.H.P K15
- 3: Kidu Taylor, University of Technology, Lae, Morobe Province K10

EIGHTH ANNUAL PLAY COMPETITIONS**SECTION I (SHORT PLAYS IN ENGLISH)**

- Place 1: Emma Bibilo, Karapy Village, Hoskins, W.N.B.P. K50
- 2: Isaac Borane, University of Technology, Lae, Morobe Province K25
- 3: Horiawi Himugu, University of Papua New Guinea, N.C K15

SECTION II (LONGER PLAYS IN ENGLISH)

- Place 1: Teloti Kaniku, University of Papua New Guinea K50
- 2: Teloti Kaniku, University of Papua New Guinea K25
- 3: Willy Norman, Martyrs' Memorial High, Popondetta. N.P K15

SECTION III (PIDGIN PLAYS)

- Place 1: No award K50
- 2: Veronica Tavukuin, UPNG, Goroka Teachers' College, E.H.P K25
- 3: No award K15

SECTION IV (RADIO PLAYS)

- Place 1: No award K50
- 2: No award K25
- 3: Andy Kaima, St. Pauls Teachers' College, Vunakanau, E.N.B.P K15

NEWS FOR AND ABOUT WRITERS

A Novel Year. 1978

The Year 1978 could become the best ever in which the largest number of single novel titles will appear.

The Institute of Papua New Guinea Studies has two national writers whose novel it has approved for publishing under its own imprint.

John Kolia's first novel, *The Late Mr Papua* deals with the seldom unrevealed subject in Melanesian life, male religious chauvenism and syncretism as dossed by a muddled London Missionary Society pastor, and lightly touch on Papuan dissatisfaction for a merger with New Guinea. This novel has the acclaim of Dr. Ulli Beier as a milestone in Pacific literature.

Kolia's second novel, *A Compulsive Exhibition* which is expected for release in June 1978 will be locally set by the Kristen Pres in Madang. This is a satire on foreign social researchers set in Lae. The central echoing question is the essence of morality in research. Has a few digs at French imperialism too.

This will be closely followed by his third novel, *Up the River to Victory Junction*, possibly to be printed by Times Singapore. It will be a basically experimental-type historical novel set in the Gulf of Papua and is dedicated to the great social leader Tommy Kavu.

Last and not least will be Kolia's characterised and full-length story titled *Close to the Village* which tells of the life on a plantation near a village.

John Kolia has an academic research background and therefore writes from an anthropological historical standpoint. His writing will appear to most ordinary fiction reader as slightly larger than life.

Based largely on facts but left to appear fictive, John Kolia with his mastery of the English language supported by his honest insight into his chosen regions of research would appear the most prolific author to have been published in Papua New Guinea. To those who would rather identify with character than be informed and entertained, the novels may not be appealing in some ways but the majority would in time develop appreciation for these delightful documentations disguised as novels. Most probably it will be for the average Papua New Guinean reader whose intellectual exercise it will be to read these four novels.

Russell Soaba, at 28 will be the youngest of Papua New Guinean writers to have a novel published. Given the working title of *A Village Idiot*, it has taken the author 7 years to complete the book. The novel could come out with the title, *Wanpis*, a Neo-Melanesia jovial utterance for casual heroism or identity. Russell Soaba, writes of people in a given situation (a school) who work their way out to the University and beyond.

As have been the themes of all Russell's shorter works including his poems, a grave sense of alienation is established and all characters appear to thrive on loneliness, deprivation or lack of motivation. The lusman syndrome would seem complete at stages as each character works his way to unattainable ends. Perhaps as the writer is in his formative years, he poses and discusses questions for which he himself is too young to answer fully except as his own. But like most sincere writers who would not betray their readers or friends all questions are left to each and every reader to answer in their own ways.

Papua New Guineans in particular are urged to read these books and to provide criticism of the five novels when they come out as it will only be through this that these writers will improve and continue to develop in style and taste.

AIMBE—THE MAGICIAN

by Paulias Matane

Aimbe is a magician. He can make a boy who is near death well again in minutes; he can make the rains come, he can make them go. He can even conjure potions of love, and that is something we'd all like to do.

As fantastic as Aimbe's magical powers are, so is this tale of Aimbe and the remote village and tribal customs in which this story takes place. It is therefore a story of another civilization far, far away from what modern society can readily comprehend. Yet there are similarities. The custom of this society has women balking at the inequality in the face of the comparative leisure and power that men have. Wouldn't the feminists of today find their place easily in the world of Aimbe?

Then there is the marriage custom. Aimbe is complaining about it because his father has arranged a marriage to the ugliest girl in the village (she even has a large goiter on her neck. . . and that's one of her good points). But she is considered a good catch because she's a hard worker, a good cook. But Aimbe wants a beauty not a donkey for a wife! What is he to do? After all, to go against his father's wishes is just not done, not in this tribal society of Aimbe's.

Well, Aimbe the magician can do anything. . . anything at all. He gets what he wants—but he is fair, he is good.

This is a marvelous story, *Aimbe—The Magician* by Paulias Matane. The Author writes simply, with vivid detail of a culture that the modern world does not know.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Sir,

Thank you for your letter and the enclosed copy of "Papua New Guinea Writing."

We find the magazine interesting and useful. Would you please include Kila Kila High School in your mailing list. We are interested to have 45 copies of the magazine sent, commencing with first issue for the current year.

We would appreciate also if you could send us some of the back issues.

Our subscription cheque of K45 is enclosed herewith.

P. B. Sios,
Headmaster
Kila Kila High School

Dear Sir,

I have tremendously enjoyed one of issue of "Papua New Guinea Writing". Please inform me how I can get future issues.

A. Wari,
Provincial Electrol Office,
KEREMA, Gulf Province.

Dear Sir,

I wish to thank the literature Bureau on behalf of the Garaina Community School for the copy of the latest issue of your magazine "Papua New Guinea Writing".

We find this magazine to be useful for teaching as well as leisure reading by children in the upper classes. I therefore request that you immediately include our school in your mailing list.

Enclosed is our annual subscription of K1.

We look forward to receiving the next issue.

Bernard Benson,
HEADMASTER,
Garaina Community School
M.P.

Dear Sir,

The British Library, which is the national library of this country would like to have its collection of your journal "Papua New Guinea Writing". We would like Nos. 1 and 5 onwards as we already have Nos. 2, 3, and 4.

Please let us know if it is possible to supply this on a complementary basis.

D. M. Natrass
The British Library,
ENGLAND.

Dear Sir,

You probably are interested to know what is published in other countries and in foreign languages about literature in Papua New Guinea. I am sending you two issues of a German magazine containing an article by John Simming Munog, one of your authors.

Even if you haven't had the opportunity to translate that story you should know that people in Germany are really interested to know something about PNG; also something about your literature scene.

I am waiting for your newest issue of "Papua New Guinea Writing".

Dietrich Mrossko
Neuried
Hauptstr.
WEST GERMANY

Editor's Reply:

Thank you so much for the enclosures: two copies of "Das Wort in der Welt". As our knowledge of your language is virtually and undeniably nil, we cannot and will not be able to turn your "Ples Tok". Hopefully our future scholars will be interested enough to have a command of the language and to be able to translate it for the ordinary reader in the English language. We are delighted to note that the people of Germany have a keen interest in the literature of Papua New Guinea, and hope that if there can be other ways of encouraging the mutual exchange of material between the two peoples we would be only too willing to take full advantage of them.

Your interest in our only literary journal is so very encouraging.

Editor.

Dear Sir,

I am a student from Cameron High School and have been currently reading some copies of "Papua New Guinea Writing". As I am really interested in them, I would like to receive later issues. Would you also supply me with the necessary information on how to pay for them. And if you can please send me information on how to send in articles and stories to the journal.

Your advice will be greatly appreciated.

Salenia Yauyautana,
Cameron Provincial High School,
ALOTAU, M.B.P.

ADVERTISING

PAPUA NEW GUINEA WRITING

Papua New Guinea Writing sells at 30t per copy. This retail price does not cover half of the actual printing cost of one single copy. Advertisers therefore make vital contributions towards the publication of this important Papua New Guinea literary magazine.

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Write: The Manager
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WE WILL ADOPT A SCHOOL

The Literature Bureau of the Department of Education wishes to organise an inter-community school general competition on an annual basis on "Patronage" system. The winning school should fulfil the following conditions:

- (a) That it subscribes to the journal for a period of two years.
- (b) That over 200 pupils have read the children's pages we include in the magazine (Headmasters to prove).
- (c) That they can claim 3 pupils who have contributed stories in the childrens pages (Headmasters to prove).
- (d) That if they can claim they have used the material for a class-exercise (class teachers to prove).

The Prize will be:

- (i) Two more years of free subscription to "PNGW" post-free to their school library.
- (ii) K10 worth of childrens' books for their school library.
- (iii) We will call the winning school "The Literature Bureau Community School of the year".

All contributions to the journal and request for information should be addressed to:

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—Sam Clunn and John Kolias pp. 158 K2.60

(Purari Grammar Sketch previously notified, in Oral History, Vol. V, No. 10, 1977.)

(Also see vernacular texts under different headings.)

The usual trade discount applies
Institute of Papua New Guinea Studies,
P.O. Box 1432 Boroko.
Papua New Guinea.

"Papua New Guinea writing" will from now on include material, i.e. Short Stories, Legends, articles and short poems for pupils at lower grades and those who left school at grade 6.

As a publication of the Department of Education this is inevitable and is a move away from the previous policy of including the best written stories, poems etc.

You will note in this issue that we have devoted one half of the magazine i.e. 12 pages for children's stories etc. We want to continue printing useful reading aids for the kids and would appreciate similar stories or articles.

We realise the value of parent and teacher as it is they who, children spend the better part of their early years with and who know their interests.

All contribution for children should be written with the national curricular in mind and if so set in Papua New Guinea. Care should be exercised in not including words that are too hard for Grade 6 pupils.

All contributions to the Children's Pages should be addressed to

The Editor
Papua New Guinea Writing
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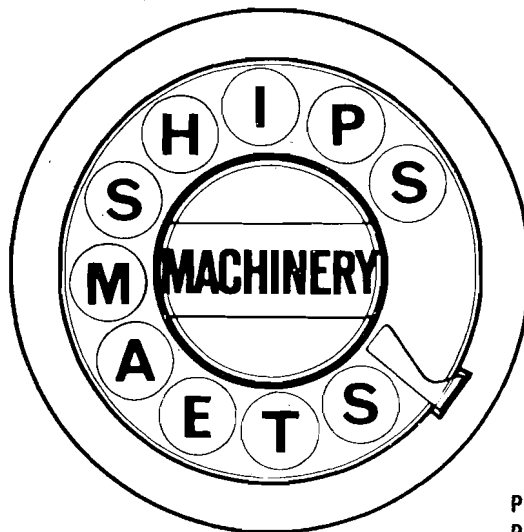
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