Papua New Guinea Writing

No 5, March 1972

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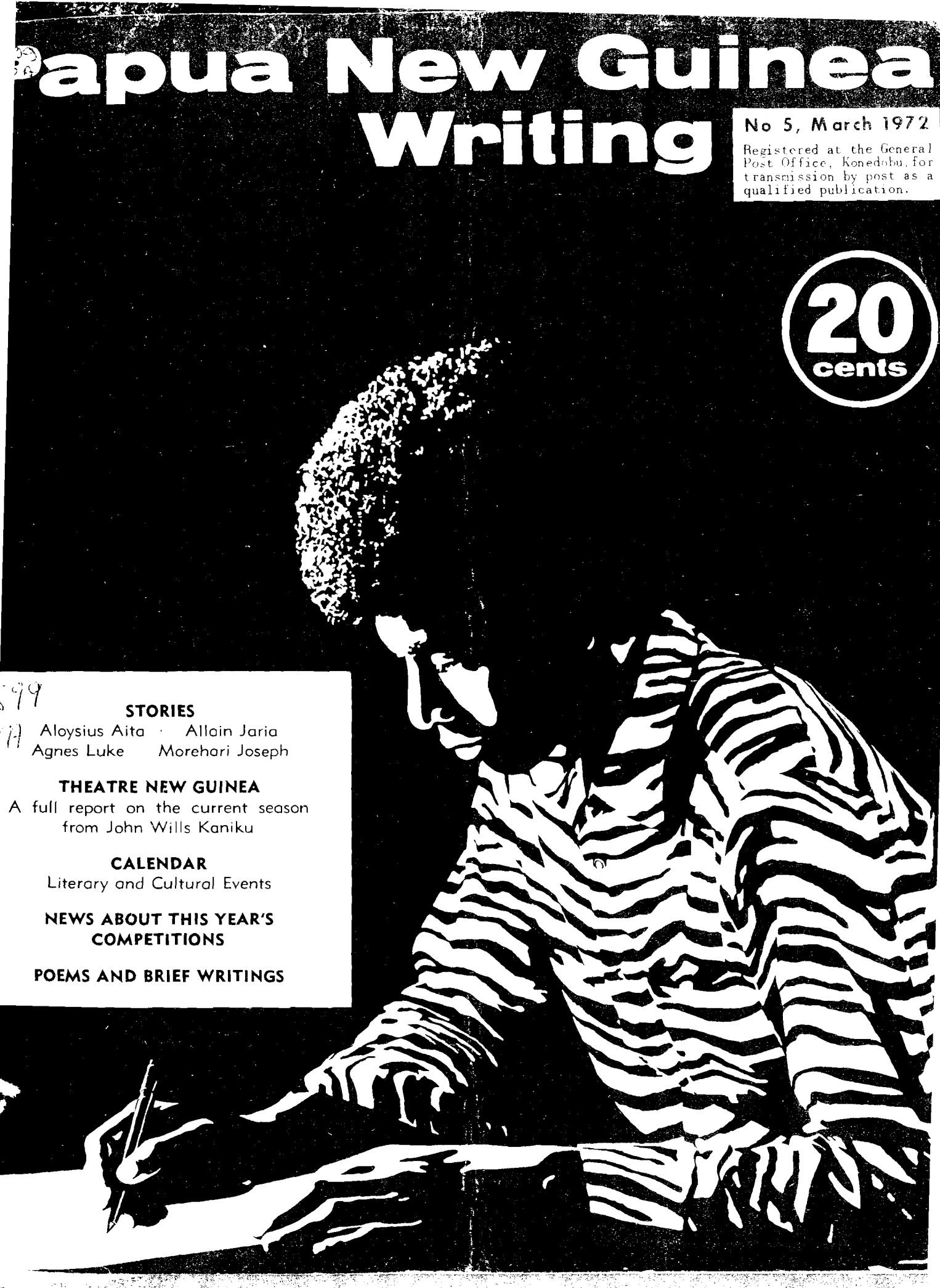

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Editorial

A FEW THINGS HAVE CHANGED . . .

YOU will find a few things different about this latest issue of our magazine.

The new and striking cover design will be used for all further issues during 1972. Next year another cover design will be selected. Artists in Papua New Guinea are invited to send in their ideas and drawings.

In this Number Five issue, the stories, photographs and artwork have been arranged in a different way, giving the contents a more pleasing and attractive presentation.

Future issues of the magazine will also have different and interesting layouts, rather than the same printed style in every issue.

The name of the magazine has been changed. The word 'Papua' is now included in the title for two reasons. Firstly, the magazine contains stories and poems from all parts of the country, and not only from 'NEW GUINEA'. It is a thoroughly representative magazine of the whole country. Secondly, our magazine has readers in many parts of the world who will be informed that the correct name of our country is now PAPUA NEW GUINEA . . . . that it is one nation and one people.

This issue contains some new story writers and poets. All the time we are looking for the best written work of fiction and non-fiction from indigenous writers and would-be writers. Our aim is to encourage and foster the production of literature of publishable quality.

As you see, you also have a new Editor. Like your first Editor, I am anxious to help and encourage new writers to produce more and better writing — to sponsor competitive work in prose, poetry and drama. Literary prizes and awards will be offered.

If you are contemplating writing a story or a poem, we urge you to put your pen to paper and make a start without delay. We seek to give all writers the opportunity to get into print as soon as possible.

'Don't put your writing off — put it over!'

Writers receive payment for their published work. Payment for contributions to PAPUA NEW GUINEA WRITING is the same as for similar magazines in Australia. The Editor will arrange for noteworthy contributions to be passed on to overseas publications. If the written material is accepted, this means additional payment for the successful contributor.

You must feel that your Editor who is dealing with your work has a sympathetic interest and understanding of the thought, time and labour you have translated into your work.

Write to me about your literary efforts or problems and I shall be pleased to offer help and advice. If you submit your written work or manuscript for comment and constructive criticism, you will be given them.

It is also an Editor's job to know what his readers want, and to see they get it. This magazine belongs to the people of Papua New Guinea. It belongs to you, the writers and readers. We would like to hear your views and ideas about the magazine, how it can be improved, what kind of stories or articles you would like to see printed, long or short stories, more poems, perhaps? Selected letters will be printed on a special page in each issue under the heading of 'Letters to the Editor'. Please let me hear from you!

Roger Boschman

EDITOR

PAPUA NEW GUINEA WRITING — Number 5, March, 1972

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Editor: Roger Boschman
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Koki Market was always crowded . . .

Where are these people going?

by Allain Jaria

ON Saturday afternoons Koki Market was always crowded. On this particular Saturday, Iosepa moved restlessly among the crowds rather than stand still. After a time he made his way from the centre of the busy market seaward to feel the refreshing saline breeze from the sea. Then he made towards the gravelled road intending to catch a bus but the bus, already full, wobbled past him. Now he would have to wait around for another bus. On second thought he abandoned the idea and walked back into the crowds.

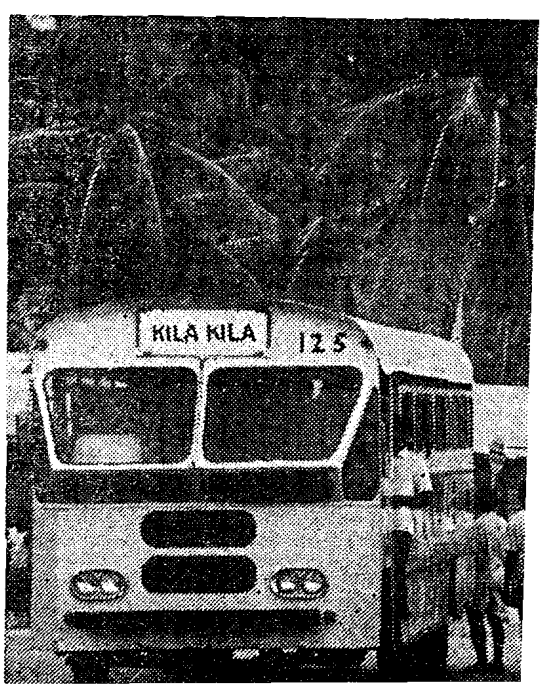
The full heat of the day was upon him. The rows of market stalls seemed at the point of catching fire. Iosepa placed a hand through his unbuttoned shirt and felt the streaming sweat on his body. He again paced restlessly about, pausing now and then as if looking for something to buy, but really he was searching around to see if he could find some familiar faces. Earlier, he had already bought a few betelnuts.

He did not know how long he wandered about the market, but the sun was slanting to the west when Iosepa made his way back to the bus stop. It was cooler now. Five, ten, fifteen minutes passed and still no Kila Kila bus came along. Other people were waiting, too, some casually walking up and down, others just standing or sitting. Iosepa waited with them; what else could he do? He wanted to read something, a newspaper perhaps, but this was not customary. He had never seen anyone reading while waiting, ever. Somehow, sometime, somebody must start this — if someone did this then others would follow. At last the bus arrived and he dropped this line of thinking.

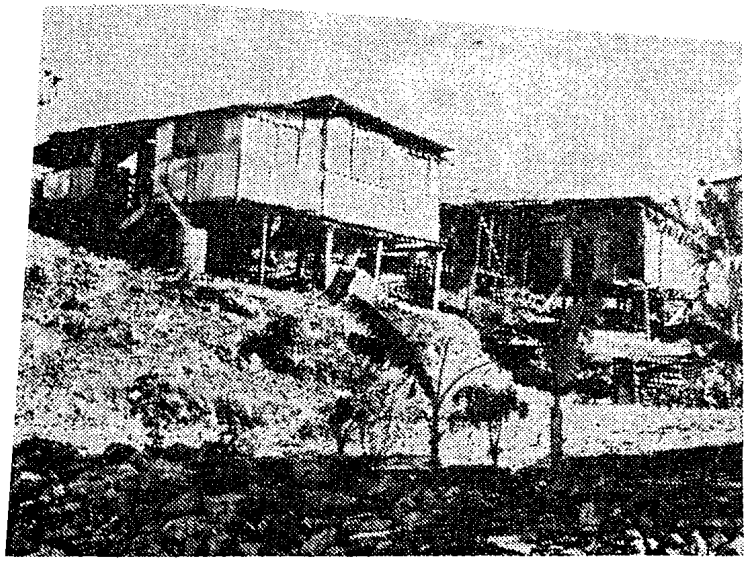
Leaving the bus on reaching his destination, he walked to his uncle's compound. The huts and dwellings were not built like a neat, permanent village, but sprawled untidily over the valley. They gave Iosepa the impression they would shift and move on their own at any minute. Entering his uncle's hut he sat on the floor. The only light in the room was from a lantern hanging from a nail in the timber wall.

"You are late again, Iosepa Aida Mona," warned his uncle, Mona Paulo. "When night is near we should all be safely in the compound. The town is no safe place for walking alone in the dark . . . . You hear that, don't you?"

Iosepa Aida Mona acknowledged his uncle's warning only by a slow movement of his head. He was tired after



At last the bus arrived . . .



The dwellings were spread untidily over the valley . . .

his wanderings about the market in the hot sun, and also because of waiting so long for the bus.

"Now tell me why you were late," Mona Paulo continued.

"I went to Koki Market to see if I could see some of our people," Iosepa replied. "As you know, Saturday is the best day when most of the people go out and can be seen." After a pause, he said, "I have not seen many of our people since my last holiday."

"It is not like a village where you can meet and talk to everybody," his uncle put in. "Here they are scattered all over the town, but I know where most of them live."

"Has this been your home since you came from our place?" Iosepa asked his uncle.

"No, I was at Brown River when I left home," Mona Paulo told his nephew. "I worked there for some time before coming to Konedobu, where Newtown now stands. It was there that I met your aunty. The huts were shifted from there to here. This is my third home and we do not know where we will be going next." After a short silence, "We just seem to be moving from place to place with no fixed village. It is hard going, isn't it son?" He continued gravely, "In these times it is the educated man who has the promising future. You must not leave school. You must learn everything before you come out of school."

"After your marriage, if I had been you," Iosepa said, "I would have gone back to the village. There you could have had a good home in a quiet and peaceful place."

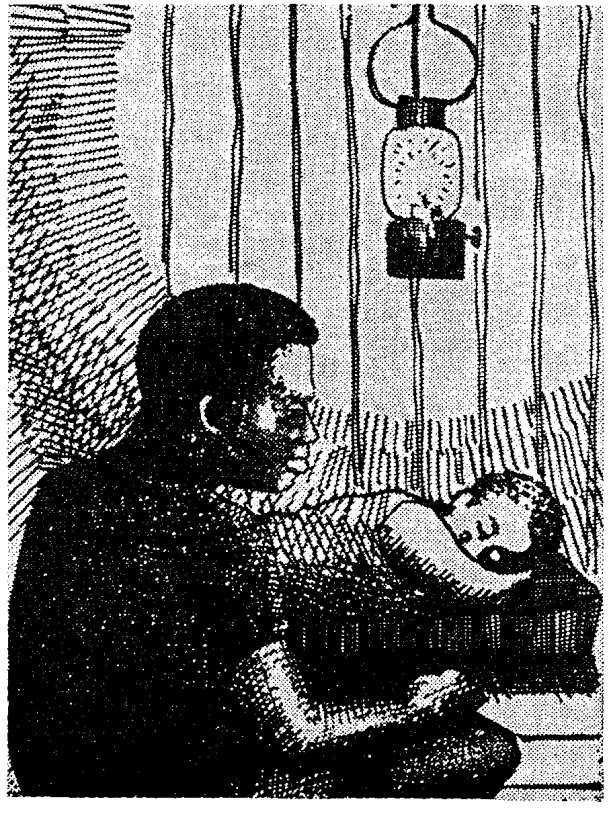
"Sonny, I often think that way, too," Mona Paulo replied as he leaned against the wall. "I would like to take my family back home to the village where we could have a garden and a permanent home; where your cousins could grow up." He paused thoughtfully. "Gardening is always on my mind. We tried gardening at the back of Moresby town, but it didn't work." He went on with a change of voice. "In any case, more and more people are moving into town. I do not see why I should go back home. We think that the councillors and government officials are neglecting us instead of showing us how to make proper gardens and villages." He added sharply, "On some kind of modern planning basis."

"If our people think about what they are doing," commented Iosepa, "and where they are going, surely they will follow the right path." He continued thoughtfully. "People from all corners of the country come to Port Moresby to see and admire development. But so many radical changes make us confused. The Government and Missions do not seem able to face these radical changes. This capital town is centralized, and I hope will become the home, the museum of clan cultures in the future."

"Quite true," Mona Paulo answered. "Moresby is expanding and it will go on expanding. This is where we can find employment. There are no attractions in the village. What can we look forward to there?"

They had their supper, simple but enjoyable. The black coffee was good, hot and strong. It made Iosepa think that one always got some new strength from drinking black coffee.

After eating, Iosepa Aida Mona stretched out on the mattress and tried to fall asleep. But his mind was troubled and remained open in the dark. Problems were biting him like fleas, making him lie awake for a long time. After living several weeks with his uncle and



Iosepa found it hard to sleep. He opened his eyes and found his uncle sitting quietly nearby . . .

his family, Iosepa had got used to their routine of life. Breakfast was sometimes uncertain, so was dinner.

Even with his two years of post-primary education, it was not easy for Iosepa to find a job in town during this vacation. He had gone around looking for a job continuously, but it seemed there were no job vacancies. He had to rely on his uncle's generosity for food and housing. Iosepa Aida Mona needed money to pay for his clothes, also his school fees. Besides, there were other little luxuries that a secondary student should have. No school fees meant that the school door would be closed against him . . . . And what if he failed . . . .?

He knew his uncle could not help him very much, since the seven dollars and fifty cents a fortnight which his uncle earned, was not enough to support his family, let alone an extra mouth. Iosepa found it hard to sleep, and rolling over he opened his eyes. He saw his uncle was sitting quietly nearby.

"I thought you had gone to bed, uncle," he said.

"No," replied Mona Paulo. "I usually go to bed early during the week, but tomorrow is Sunday."

"How long have you been in this house?" Iosepa asked.

"That is a very interesting question. I'll roll some tobacco and smoke and tell you the story of this house," his uncle said.

Iosepa Aida Mona waited while his uncle gently rolled his smoke, lit it from the lantern, folded his legs in cross-fashion, then cleared his throat to speak.

"I occupied this hut two years ago, but it had been lived in before that. It was deserted when a woman died here. Some months after her death I asked your aunty if it would be all right to come and live here. One evening after work, we packed our belongings and moved into this compound. On the way I picked up a stone and held it in the palm of my hand. When we came within a stone's throw of this hut, I told your aunty and cousins to stand still. Then I threw the stone and it made a loud noise when it fell on the tin roof, and this frightened away the dead woman's spirit."

Iosepa watched his uncle intently and waited for him to go on. "In the stillness of the evening," he continued, "we could clearly hear the clanging of an empty pot, followed by the slamming of a door. I knew what the others were feeling."

"She is gone," were my only words. "I led the way into the house and the others followed very closely. That first night was very frightening. Some of the other people around were afraid to come to us, some told us we were looking for trouble, but their fears have now been conquered."

"Where do you think the woman's spirit has gone?" Iosepa asked eagerly.

"Who knows?" Mona Paulo said. "Maybe she has gone home; or she could still be around here. All we know is that she left this house on the very evening when I threw the stone."

Iosepa had been praised at school for his high marks on his knowledge of the subject of Christian religion. But now he could not express what was in his mind. Instead he dubiously asked a question.

"Do you think that people who die have another hidden life near us?"

"Why not?" replied his uncle. "Why do people at home renew death rituals when they gather the first fruits of the garden? We walk, we work, we plant with our ancestors — with the spirits. When the first fruit, the best produce of our garden is harvested, we assemble in the village to share with them."

"Is that the reason why you do not bury relatives in Port Moresby?"

"Yes, even though we have left our villages and clans behind, we do not like to bury our dead in strange ground," said Mona Paulo through curls of tobacco smoke.

"How did that stone frighten the spirit out of this house?"

"Because that stone had power."

"How?"

"Because I gave the power to the stone," Mona Paulo continued. "I have seen stones with the power to give abundant fruits to the gardens. And through the power of the stone has come money and fat pigs."

"Why don't you grow pigs in the garden?" asked Iosepa, smiling.

Both of them laughed.

"Well, you might convince a *white child* that pigs grow in the garden," Mona Paulo said, then continued seriously. "However, this was not planned at the beginning by Tsidib, our creator. Things must follow the order decided by Tsidib, our God."

He went on carefully. "There is a legend which says that once we could pluck the leg off a pig for meat at will. But the way to do it, in order to get the meat from the live pig, was not carried out in the right way by two people — a man and his sister of the same blood. They disobeyed the instruction and Tsidib became very angry and stopped them. The power was taken away from our people. In certain things, yes, we can do it because we have the spirit world behind us; in other things we cannot do it. This is the mystery of our life and existence. Sometimes we would like to preserve our very lives from perishing, but we cannot, because the power has not been given to us. Only Tsidib has it."

"If I died now where would I be?" Iosepa asked jokingly. "I think it would be very interesting for me

WHERE ARE THESE PEOPLE GOING?—*Continued*

to be around with you — and see how you express your views on death."

"And I think, son, you had better try to sleep now."

Iosepa Aida Mona rolled himself in his bed sheet but his mind wandered. Tomorrow he would be back on his way to school; this was his last night in his uncle's house.

He listened to the natural orchestra in his mind playing short, strange pieces. There were so many problems moving steadily in his mind like black fogs. Many of the boys with whom he had grown up were no longer in the village. They had scattered. The future backbone of the clan had been burnt; the embers blown away by the wind. With them went the village society which once was strong and intact. Where is the basic unity of the family to which the next generation will owe its existence? Where are we going to build the model of our present and future generations? No one any longer believes in the villages.

This vast, expanding town of Port Moresby, strung with great spreading slums and gardens that extend for miles around — will this be the future founder of family units, and the vestiges of clan cultures? This is where the people are coming to. This is where they'll secure their very precious lives. And then, after that . . . .?

"Where are we going?" Deeper and deeper Iosepa sank into the mud of this thought, then, when he tried to rise to the top, he heard his uncle's words. "We walk, we work, we plant with our ancestors — with the spirits. Both the living and the dead share the first fruits of the garden."

Maybe after all, there is no difference and death is only after a visual absence of some people. It is only an accident; after all we live in a spirit world. We have vague glimpses of destination through dim mirrors. Where can we find another mirror that will present a true, vivid life? We know where we are going, but in a whizz-wazzy sort of way.

"Where are you going? Who is going to take your place after you have gone?" The village clan wanted him to get married; to hand on the heritage of the clan. If not, the clan would make him an outcast. Iosepa dreaded this.

Iosepa was totally confused. It was dark and gloomy and seemingly hopeless as he tried to linger upon some of the queer ideas that chained his mind. He listened to the orchestra and tried to fit his tune. In the midst of this he fell asleep. ●

The Kundu Drum

by Akapus Vehirai

Round and hollow I am made from a log,
A lizard skin is tied on my head,
I am beaten so I echo a musical throb,
It's almost enough to awaken the dead.
My sounds draw the people to a special occasion,
And my tune travels quite a long way,
Whether a sing-sing or dancing or a celebration,
I will make it an important day.

Shadow

by Yakecsing Salley

Early morning
As the sun comes up
Eh-e-! Who is that standing at my back?
"Oh, no shouting," says the shadow,
"You shall see me now and always."

When it is twelve
As the sun is right above me
Eh-e-! Who is that sitting on my head?
"Ah, it's me," says the shadow,
"Wherever you go, I am there."

Late afternoon
As the sun goes down
Eh-e-! What are you doing beside me?
"Well, better stop shouting, see here,
I am your own shadow."

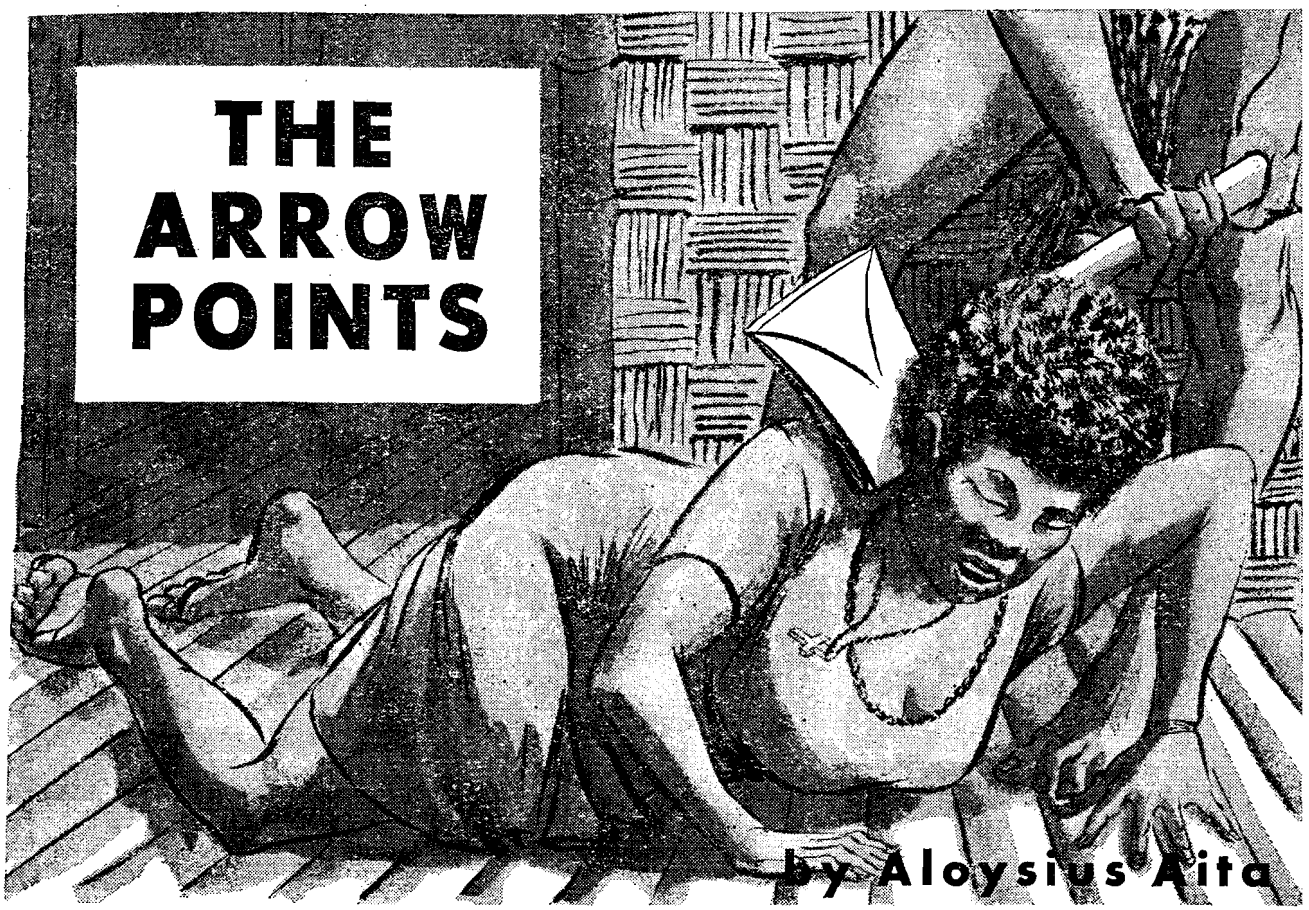
When the sun is no longer seen
As the day is darkened
Eh-e-! Who is that grabbing my pillow?
"Hush, keep your mouth shut, for this is
Me, the only shadow of you."

Stranger

by Beremu H. Sesiguo

Good morning, my friend
You never come to my house.
But now — what happens?
My little girl grows breasts.
Seeing that her breasts are big,
You come crawling to my house . . .
Get out before I stick you, Ba-Ga!!

THE ARROW POINTS



by Aloysius Aita

Lea looked out of the doorway to see who the newcomer might be. She never saw him. She fell in a heap across the doorway . . . .

THE cool morning breeze stirred Mak from his sleep. He stretched his legs towards the fireplace for warmth. Next moment he withdrew them in a hurry. He had placed a foot right on a piece of burning wood. Mak sat up and rubbed his painful foot. Then he heard the livilo bird spreading its greetings to the other birds. It was always the first bird to announce the approach of daylight. In his young days, Mak used to wake at its call and prepare for whatever he intended to do that day. But he was old now and could not do the same. Taking firewood from where it was stacked on the mantelpiece, he put it on the fire. When it was ablaze Mak lay down and was soon asleep again. Later he was awakened by the sun's rays coming through a hole in the wall.

Mak heard Lea coughing in a house a little distance away. She was always coughing. Lea was only in her mid-twenties, but the reason for six months' hospitalisation were still evident. She was certainly not strong enough to go to the dance, and had been left in the care of her fifty-year-old father, Mak.

They were the sole occupants of the entire village where they had been alone for the last three months. All the villagers had gone to dance and feast at a number of different villages in the area. Often a dancing and feasting group would be away for weeks or months. No one could say for certain how long they would be absent. Only occasionally, some of the men who had gone to dance and feast had come back to ascertain the safety of their homes and gardens. They had also brought back to Mak and Lea news of the proceedings at the feast.

Mak thrust aside the banana-leaf curtains that hung in the doorway. He looked outside. "Today is going to be fine," he told himself. "I must go and mend the piece of fence where the pigs got through yesterday, and then I must fetch some more firewood." Mak meditatively hummed a tune as he walked along the sleepy street, then paused in front of Lea's house.

"Do you have enough firewood?" Mak asked from outside.

There was a short silence, then between her coughing she said, "I have no more firewood in here. Get some from under the house and pass it in."

Mak gave her some dried sticks of firewood, then made his way back to his own house to make his breakfast. While the food was cooking Mak took down the new hammock he had been working on, and continued working on it until his food was cooked. Storing the hammock away, he ate a hurried breakfast then collected his axe, a knife and a few potatoes. Then he set out for the garden which was a few miles away.

The sun was just coming over the house when Lea heard a noise. The bamboo steps which enabled one to get over the palisade had creaked a few times. Lea thought her father was returning home unusually early. A feeling of sudden fitness overcame Lea; she thought of going out to greet him. On second thought she decided against this. He would come into her house for his lunch as usual. She always cooked this meal for him. Lea waited for Mak to enter the house, but this he did not do.

"Mak!" Lea called out, impatient to wait any longer.

There was no answer. The boards on the verandah creaked. Putting aside the string bag she was making, Lea looked out of the doorway to see who the newcomer might be. But she never saw him. She fell in a heap across the doorway.

Mak was singing gaily, a mile or more away, as he put the finishing touches to his work. Mak finished his work, picked up the old wood he had replaced and set out for home.

The village was very quiet when Mak arrived home. No sound came from Lea's house, only blue smoke rose from the roof. "She must be asleep," he told himself. He threw the firewood down in an untidy heap and stood watching three little piglets chasing each other in the street. They were Lea's favourites. She had claimed them when his sow had given birth to them two months previously. They were certainly fat and healthy compared to the other piglets. Her mother had told her the secret of fattening pigs. "It's a pity her husband cares less for her now," he murmured sadly, as he approached her house.

Mak drew aside the banana-leaf curtain and peeped into the dark interior. She was sleeping. Going inside, Mak picked up the two-foot length of bamboo and lighted the roll of tobacco that was in it. He started to smoke but after a while he put the pipe down and looked about for food. He took the lid off the pot of food which Lea had cooked and looked in. The pot was half empty. It was unlike Lea to cook only half a pot of food for him, let alone eat part of what she had cooked.

After eating contentedly, Mak decided to wake Lea and discuss some domestic problems with her. He called her name a couple of times. When she did not stir, Mak shook her gently by the shoulder. But still Lea did not stir. Removing the blanket he looked at her. She appeared quiet, peaceful and young. But he was looking at a corpse. Lea was dead.

It was the barking of dogs that brought Mak back to a world of reality. Looking around the room he found it filled with faces. They belonged to the men who had come back from the dance to make sure about the safety of their homes and gardens, also to inform Mak and Lea of the progress of the feast. They were all silent. Only their expressions revealed their deep sympathy for him. Mak searched in the sea of faces for his son-in-law. He was not among them.

They buried her two days later. A few of the men had gone back to the feast and returned with some of the people for the burial. After it was all over, and when they were preparing to set out for the feast again, they heard the wailing cry of someone on a nearby hill. The villagers waited for the late arrival. He burst from the bush with his axe, and the very sight of him sent the women and children running into the bush. It was Kito, the brother of Lea. News of his sister's death had reached him at Tapini. He had come to pay his last respects to her.

"I still think it was not a natural death," Mak was saying. "Except for the cough she was recovering very rapidly".

"Could she have eaten something poisonous?" Kito asked.

"I did the selecting of the food for the two of us," Mak answered. "If you think me a fool, then may I die and be buried with my daughter."

"Come now, father," Kito said. "I'm not blaming you. Only it's strange that she should die so suddenly. Did you examine her well for any signs of violence?"

Mak lowered his voice. "It is true there were no signs of violence, but I did see something which I didn't like to tell to anyone else. Blood was oozing from her nostrils . . . ."

"Blood!" Kito almost shouted the word. "But that is an obvious sign of murder."

"Quiet," Mak cautioned. "Someone might be listening. We'll have to be sure first."

"I'm going back to Tapini tonight," Kito said vehemently. "Tomorrow I'll be back with Dr. Kila. We'll dig up the corpse and he'll examine Lea's body. If he says she was killed, I'll go through fire and water to find her murderer."

He was as good as his word. Kito left that night and returned the following morning with Dr. Kila. The doctor could not refuse Kito because he was his personal friend. Furthermore, Dr. Kila had someone to take his place, so he was not tied down at that time.

Towards four o'clock, Kito had unearthed the coffin, and Dr. Kila helped him to open it. Dr. Kila examined the body minutely while Kito and Mak looked on. Dr. Kila spent a longish time on examining the neck. Eventually, he straightened up.

"Yes!" he said. "This is not a case of natural death. She was hit on the neck with something heavy. Probably an axe."

Kito gave a sigh of relief. Now he was sure. Lea had been murdered. It now remained for him to find the murderer of his sister.

After the corpse had been reburied, Dr. Kila left for Tapini the following morning after swearing absolute secrecy on the findings of his autopsy.

"There are two ways of detecting the criminal in the traditional way," Kito's father had said. "You can pick him out at the dance by his head-dress and appearance; or you lose your voice for a while if he gives you something to eat."

It was the day of the dance. Kito stood among the huge crowd that lined the sides of the street waiting for the dancers to appear. Soon they came pouring in, the leaders in front with quivering spears. But Kito was not interested in the dance, he was only interested in the head-dresses and appearances of his fellow villagers.

"Who is that in the centre?" Kito asked himself. His gaze was focussed on a central figure who had attracted his attention. He certainly looked far more outstanding than the rest of the dancers. Kito could not identify him because the person was well disguised under the decorative attire for the occasion.

Turning to a group of women standing by, Kito asked, "Who is that in the centre?"

The question was met with a loud peal of laughter.

"Can't you recognise your own brother-in-law?" one of the women said. "See how all the young girls are eyeing him. They will . . . ."

But Kito was not listening, he was watching his brother-in-law, Kadi, very carefully. Admittedly he was the most outstanding figure among all the dancers. The 'kapilat'* on his head was exceptionally big and well-polished. The bird's plumes on the head-dress seemed to form a vague impression of his dead sister's face. Now the arrow was beginning to point. But he must find further clues.

That night, Kito went to the young men's house where he sang and talked with the men who were preparing for the night dances. After a while he made his way to the corner where Kadi sat working on his head-dress for the dance. Kadi had removed the big 'kapilat' which Kito had noticed during the day. He was now putting it on his head-dress for that night.

"Imaepe,"* Kito said as he settled down beside Kadi. "Do you have any betelnut?"

Kadi looked up from what he was doing.

"Oh!, it is you, imaepe!" Kadi looked surprised. "I didn't know you had arrived here. Why didn't you dance with us?"

"I've just arrived from Tapini," Kito explained as he accepted the betelnuts which Kadi handed him. "I didn't have time to prepare a head-dress."

They sat and talked until it was time for the dance. As Kadi went to join the other dancers outside, Kito went to the temporary place at which he was staying.

Later he awoke and lay on his bunk, thinking. From outside came the rhythmical beat of the kundus and the gay singing of the dancers. Kito did not know what time it was but, from the calls of several livilo birds in the distance, he reckoned that daylight was approaching. He got up, dressed, and went outside to see the final stages of the nocturnal dance. Standing on the verandah he watched the dancers indifferently, and after a while, turned to a group of people standing by.

"When is the pig-killing taking place?" he asked.

The beat of the drums increased as the human tide swept past him, drowning his question. He raised his voice to ask again but found he could only whisper. Kito cleared his throat, then tried again, but in vain. Suddenly it dawned on him that this was the second clue which his father had mentioned. Yes! The loss of voice by accepting food from the hand of a murderer of a relative. But he must wait a few more days to be sure. He was losing his voice; there was no doubt about that. But just to be sure . . . .

As minutes turned into hours, and hours into the second day, Kito's dumbness increased. He could hardly speak by the end of the second day. All his talk was in whispers. Now the arrow was pointing at the target. All he now needed was a single visible sign. That night Kito got it.

Entering one of the guest houses, Kito saw that all the people were asleep, all except for two persons in a corner. The room was in utter darkness and Kito could not identify them. Yet there was no mistaking a voice. It was Kadi's.

Kito heard Kadi say, "Now we shall be happy. When we reach home we shall live as husband and wife."

"Kito might suspect you," a feminine voice replied. "You were foolish to give him betelnuts. Now he can't speak. And didn't you stand out clearly during the dance?"

"What does Kito know about the traditional methods?" Kadi asked. "He went to work for the tau-kurokuro* as a little boy and he doesn't know. He can't even dance our traditional dance. Last time I was at Tapini, he was dancing the same as the white men. They just stand up in one place and shake their bodies, as if they were shaking off wasps."

"I was mad at the way the girls of this village were flocking around you," the female voice complained.

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* *"kapilat": Oval shell worn on forehead or front of head-dress*

* *"imaepe": Brother-in-law*

* *Tau-kurokuro: Any European*

"Promise me you won't fall for one of them if they come after you."

Kadi chuckled. "Don't worry. Everything will be all right. Let's go to sleep."

Kito sat in the doorway, thinking. So that was it! Kadi was after the attractive Lavina. There was no doubt about that female voice. She was Lavina, the wife of Tumai who had gone to Port Moresby a few months ago. Now she was running around with Kadi. "What a fool I have been," Kito told himself. Lavina had been with Kadi everywhere during the last few days. Even when Lea was in the hospital, word had reached him that Kadi was carrying on with Lavina. And didn't Lea say she had become sick after eating the herbs which Lavina had given her? These two had a hand in the hospitalizing and death of Lea, his sister, he told himself.

It happened the day after their arrival back at their own village. All the people were sitting around the huge pile of food and pork. As the headman called out an individual's name, the called one came forward. He took his share of pork and placed it on the heap of food indicated by the chief.

"Kito Mak!" the headman called out.

There was no response. All eyes turned towards Kito. He was sitting on the verandah of his house, absent-minded, his thoughts far away. As was the custom, someone got up, and taking Kito's share of pork, placed it on the heap of food indicated. Kito did not see how much food was allotted to him, for he was busy searching the many faces for one person . . .Kadi.

Presently he saw them; Kadi and Lavina. They were sitting on the opposite side of the street, laughing and talking in whispers. Kito could not bear it any longer, and with a spring he jumped from his seat. All eyes followed his movements, and there was a pregnant silence as they waited for him to speak. They had been expecting this, now it was about to happen.

"Lea," Kito cried in a wailing tone, speaking to the air. "Where are you, oh my sister? Why didn't you come out to claim our share of pork when my name was called? Lea! Lea my sister."

During this time he had been walking slowly, until he was quite close to Kadi and Lavina. They were sitting with joined hands. Suddenly Kito whirled on them.

"Oh, my brother-in-law," he said casually to Kadi, "where is your wife, my sister?" He pointed to Lavina. "Is this my sister?" he asked.

Too late, Kadi and Lavina realised that their hands were still joined together, and all eyes were upon them. Most of the people shook their heads and conversed in whispers. A few women, sensing trouble, hunted for their children, then hastily disappeared into their pandanus-leafed, windowless houses.

"Well?" Kito asked, still holding Kadi and Lavina in his scrutinizing gaze.

Kadi did not say a word. Nudging Lavina, he indicated for her to leave. Lavina understood and made ready to depart, but Kito had not given his permission.

"No, you don't," he said as he pushed her back on the seat beside Kadi. "I want you two to tell me where Lea is."

"Let her go," Kadi said, springing to his feet and facing Kito. "You can ask me."

The next moment he hurled himself on Kito, who was junior to Kadi by two years. But the five years which Kito had spent at Tapini, working for the tau-kurokuro had enabled him to learn the art of wrestling. Calmly and quickly he tore Kadi's hands from his throat and then pinned them to Kadi's side. He then turned towards the villagers who were already forming two groups. Some were still running around looking for weapons. Then, holding Kadi's hands together with a single hand, he drew a whistle from his pocket and gave a fierce blast on it. Suddenly, all activity came to a dead stop.

"My friends," Kito said calmly, "no doubt you know all about this."

He waited for some response, but none came. He resumed speaking.

A typical village dance group in full ceremonial head-dress. Picture taken at Bereina, about 40 miles from Tapini.

"Many of you think that Lea was a sick woman and died a natural death. But I have various reasons to think that this is not so. Dr. Kila who previously examined the corpse said Lea was murdered. Also I happen to have three more proofs which do not contradict the doctor's verdict." He paused and then continued. "I have been looking for Lea's murderer; now I can safely say I have found him."

"Can you prove he murdered his wife?" Kadi's younger brother, Eko, asked defiantly.

Disregarding Eko's question, Kito asked Kadi, "Where were you on the day my sister died?"

"At the dance, of course," Kadi replied.

"Can you produce someone who can confirm your alibi?" said Kito.

"Ask Lavina here," answered Kadi indifferently.

"Yes! Kadi was at the dance," Lavina volunteered before Kito could ask her. "Everyone here can tell you."

"Everyone?" Kito said. "Did anyone see Kadi at the feast?" Kito questioned the assembly. No one spoke. All seemed to be trying to recall what they were doing on that day.

"Well, Doma?" Kito asked one of the men.

Doma answered evasively. "You know how these dance gatherings are. He could have been in that huge crowd, although I did not see him."

Kito then queried various prominent men of the village. Each one of them gave a negative reply. He again turned to Kadi.

"You have heard. Now tell us where you were on those two days."

"I've already told you where I was," Kadi replied, trying to break loose from Kito. But the more he tried, the tighter Kito's grip became.

"H'mm! We'll see," Kito said. Turning towards the house Kito gave a nod. A few seconds later a figure emerged from the house and stood on the verandah in full daylight. At the sight of the man Kito could feel his victim give up struggling.

"Edai!" Kito called to the person on the verandah, "help my 'imaepe' to recall his whereabouts on the day prior to the dance." After a pause, he added. "The grease of your pigs has blocked his memory."

"On that day I was on my way to Tapini," Edai said. "I met Kadi at Erume. He was returning to the feast. He told me he had been at home collecting firewood for his sick wife."

"Well?" Kito turned to Kadi. "What have you to say to that?"

"Just pure nonsense," Kadi replied. "I was with Lavina on that day."

"No!" called out a feminine voice. "Lavina was with us on that day when we went to Ate's garden for food. You can ask Heni, Vada, Gari . . . ."

Her disclosure was interrupted by a shout. Next moment Kadi and Kito were rolling on the ground, while half a dozen men were trying to hold back Eko. But the two men on the ground were blind and deaf to those around them. In their contest of strength they scattered heaps of food. Kadi fought desperately, but Kito's experience gained him the upper hand. Soon Kadi's hands were held in Kito's iron grip. Slowly, one of Kito's hands deliberately snaked upwards towards Kadi's throat. Then both his hands were around Kadi's throat and began to tighten. Vainly, Kadi tried to loosen them.

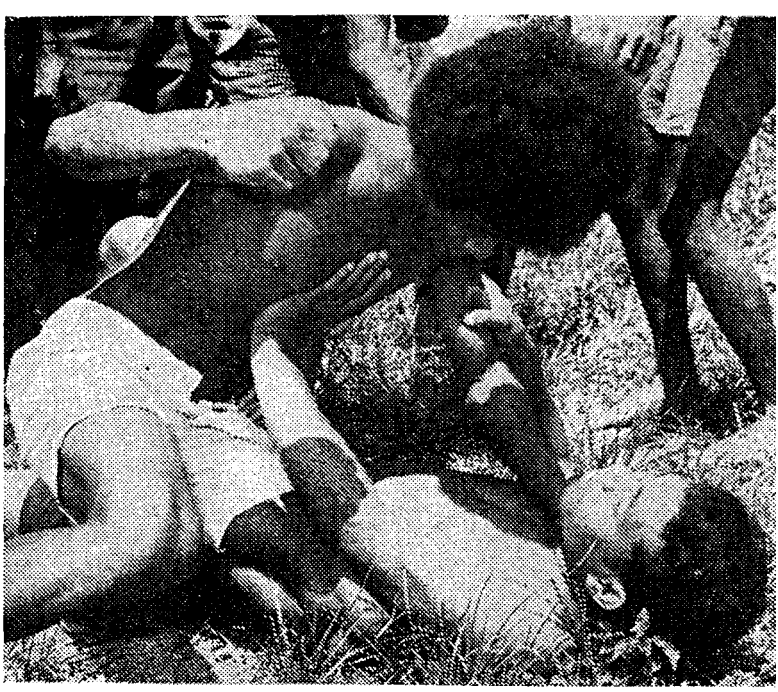
"Don't kill me," whispered Kadi frantically.

Kito looked down on him. "Now tell us the truth," he demanded. "You were after Lavina because she was beautiful and healthy. You knew you could not marry her while Lea was alive. You came back here two days before the dance, you struck Lea on the neck with the butt of your axe. On your return to the dance you met Edai at Erume. Isn't that the truth?"

"Y . . e . . s," Kadi replied. "Yes . . . . I killed her." Sweat was running down his face. Fear was distinctly written on it.

"Let me live," he pleaded.

"Did Lea beg you for her life?" Kito replied. "What answer did you give her?" ●



Next moment Kadi and Kito were rolling on the ground . . . .

● John Kaniku

Interview between JOHN KANIKU (Dramatist) and ROGER BOSCHMAN (Editor)

Boschman John, you have been described as Papua New Guinea's foremost dramatist. How many plays have you written?

Kaniku I've written eight, and am working on two more. Four of the eight have been produced, and one, "Cry of the Cassowary", was published by Heinemann's Educational of Australia.

Boschman John, you are the man who started THEATRE NEW GUINEA, the country's first national theatre group. How did it happen?

Kaniku At Goroka Teachers' College, I did theatre as a club activity and became interested in drama. When I came to Moresby I wrote plays, but there was no one to produce them. Both the University and the Teachers' College were interested in their own plays. So I started a group in July, 1970. It was a group of High School kids. We produced my first play called "Gwadu Street", about Hanuabada people. It ran for two nights. Then I decided to form a theatre. I drew all my actors from Badihagwa and Kila Kila High Schools, and from the Technical College at Idubada.

Boschman What was the first production, outside the school?

Kaniku It was two one-act plays, "Cry of the Cassowary" and "The Game", a Nigerian play. We put them on at the Arts Council Theatre in Port Moresby, December 1st to 4th, 1970, a run of four nights.

Boschman How did your cast feel, playing to a large, European audience for the first time?

Kaniku Most of them were young and they felt awkward acting in a big theatre. At times they were ashamed to deliver their lines. But after the first night they went on and did the play like experienced actors.

Boschman What have they done since?

Kaniku We went on a two-months tour, which I called a "Theatre Promotion Programme". We used two of my own plays, "King Toi" and "She, Not He" — and we played mostly at high schools. I found villagers knew what the plays were about, although they were written in English. The message got across, and this showed me that there is traditional theatre in New Guinea.

Boschman What do you see as a final result for your group, THEATRE NEW GUINEA?

Kaniku I hope that in five years time the theatre will employ fully professional actors and actresses. One part of the group will be stationed in Moresby, another part will be in Youth Theatre, while a third part will tour high schools all over the country.

Boschman Could we take the three in turn?

Kaniku Group 'A' will tour the country by boat, truck and plane. From Moresby to Lae by boat, stopping to perform a few days in Samarai and in Popondetta, also performing for passengers on the boat. By truck to the Highlands, playing at villages on the way. Plane from Goroka to Madang, boat to Wewak, to Rabaul and back to Lae, and then by plane to Moresby.

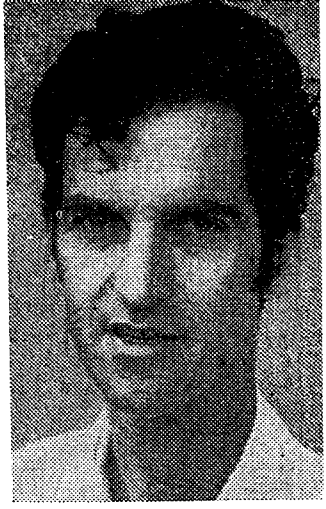
Group 'B' will be specially trained, ten of them, and they will be expected to tour Australia once a year for about eight weeks. They'll fly to Brisbane, then by bus to Sydney and Melbourne. They will have a school play with them. They will put on the play during the day, traditional dancing in the afternoon and a public performance at night. So they earn money three ways each day, and can cover their expenses.

Group 'C' are the Youth Theatre Group. They will have their own directors and writers. They will also be professional, if the Theatre can afford it. They will produce mostly school plays and work closely with the Department of Education, playing to high schools.

Boschman Have you made a start with the Youth Theatre?

Kaniku Yes, but this is not what I just described. This group runs only during vacations and Saturdays. There are four projects or programmes.

The first one is drama. If a writer has a new play and wants to try it out, he can give it to the Youth Theatre to see how it goes on stage. It is a form of theatre workshop. The second is music and dancing. We want to borrow from all districts to form a National Dance. The group will also perform a musical play for the public, and it will run for one week.



● Roger Boschman

The third group is concerned with creative writing. They will tape legends and try to encourage writing. Their work will be displayed through THEATRE NEW GUINEA.

The fourth is the Port Moresby Traditional Dancing Society. We will ask groups from villages to come to town every four months to perform for the public. The profits will be shared with the Youth Theatre.

Boschman John, I understand that the adult group of THEATRE NEW GUINEA is about to begin a season.

Kaniku This is the first time for any theatre in this country to introduce a season. The reason is to get my audience to come to the theatre regularly, and there will be cheap prices for subscribers. I have planned five plays for the five months of the season. I hope that all the plays will be produced at the Port Moresby Teachers' College. Each performance will run four weeks nightly at 8 o'clock. The first play is "Kalawi Kwasina", which means Witch's Blood, and it is one of mine. I commence it on Monday, 6th March, running to Friday, 31st March. The second play, "The Price", is an American tour play by Arthur Miller. It runs from the 3rd to 28th April. The third play, "Dark of the Moon", by Richardson and Berney, will be from the 1st to 26th May.

I think the climax of the season will be the production of "The Government Inspector" by Nicolai Gogol. It's the first time a Russian play has been produced in Papua New Guinea. Although it's Russian, the play will have something to say about this country. It will run from the 5th to 30th June.

The last play in the season is my own, "Gwadu Street", which we talked about earlier. It is expanded to two acts. It will run from the 3rd to 28th July.

Boschman And that, I take it, will be the end of the season?

Kaniku But we go on! At the end of the season, we have a break to prepare for the Lae Drama Festival. After the Festival we have three weeks rest. Then we start rehearsal for the second season of four plays. The plays have not been chosen, yet. But we have a play-selection committee for that, and I hope a musical will be included in the second season.

Boschman That's quite a programme. John, can you see THEATRE NEW GUINEA becoming a self-supporting group?

Kaniku I don't think we'll be self-supporting for at least ten years. You see, besides training our actors, we have to train our audience. We need an audience that we can count on to come and see the productions. That's where our money comes from. What we really need is a Council for the Arts.

Boschman What would the Council do?

Kaniku The Council should have a grant from the Administration and should have the job of distributing the money fairly among the performing groups in Papua New Guinea. There could be Music and Culture Sections, and the staff should be full-time. They should go to villages and ask the people what they want, then come back and report to the Council. The Council would also handle things like sending our culture overseas. For instance, sending dancing groups and displays to the South Pacific Cultural Festival in Suva.

Boschman Would this Council be a part of the Government?

Kaniku Yes! The Council should be a part of an Administration Department. We have a Department of Education, a Department of Labour, a Department of Law . . . why not a Department of Art and Culture?

Boschman Do you think the festival in Suva is a good thing?

Kaniku I do, but it would be a waste if the dancing group was sent straight to Suva. Australians really know very little of New Guinea. All they see is Highlands dancing and Asaro mudmen, plus a few artifacts. The dancers should go from here to Brisbane, then Sydney, Melbourne and other cities on the way to Suva, then work their way back again. We have a rich display of culture being wasted if they by-pass Australia.

Boschman Tell me about your trip to Australia last year.

Kaniku I went on a grant from the Australian Council for the Arts. I worked with the Melbourne Theatre Company, then at the Old Tote Theatre, in Sydney.

Boschman Did you get involved in television?

Kaniku I did, and acted in four episodes of the series, "Spyforce". Three times I was a New Guinea native and I flattened my hair down for that. Then I acted as a Fijian, so I combed my hair out for that part.

Boschman Do you think what you learned in Australia will benefit this country?

Kaniku Yes, I do, but not immediately. What I learned about play-structuring, and pre-production preparation will assist me personally in directing THEATRE NEW GUINEA and its productions. However, it will take two or three years for me to pass this knowledge on to other directors. Then it will really begin to benefit Papua New Guinea as a whole.

Boschman How much do you think you should borrow from other countries for play production?

Kaniku I think we should use as much as possible of the techniques used in Australia and America. The technical side of production — equipment — but not direction. I don't want to produce plays in the same way as they are done in America. We must do these things in our own way, thereby building up our own national production. Australia has copied American and British theatre, and finished up without a theatre of her own. There is no national Australian theatre. I want Papua New Guinea to have its own national theatre.

Aihi and Avia crept away like death adders. Taita followed them, ready to pounce with a sharpened shell . . . .

IT was nearly dark and the villagers were home from their gardens. As the sun went down beyond the hills it sent its last rays over the little village of Mou.

The women made fires to cook food for their families. Even the chief's wife, Puro, had to cook, but she was happy because she knew she could soon cease doing household duties. Her only son Aihi would soon marry the girl they had chosen for him. As she prepared the potatoes, she wondered if Aihi would like the girl they had selected for him. Her son was a strong, young man, and a real hunter like his father, Arua. She knew that the people would expect him to marry a hard-working woman. Still, she was not completely sure that he would like Taita, the girl of their choice.

When the food was cooked, Puro placed it on the mat before her husband and son. Then she sat down and joined them. There was some talk, but Aihi did not take part.

"Aihi eats less every day," Puro said softly.

There was no answer.

"Is my son ill?" asked his mother gently.

Aihi did not reply, nor did he look at her.

They continued eating in silence.

After the meal, Arua and his son retired to their usual place on the platform, leaving Puro to clean up. The silence was broken only once when Arua cleared his throat. After chewing his betelnut for a while, he put his limepot away and turned to face his son.

"My son," he said, and saw that the young man was startled. "Oh, I have surprised my son," he said with a laugh. "Is there something on your mind?"

Aihi turned so as to see his father's face clearly. Then he spoke his thoughts.

"Father, I hear that I am to marry Taita."

Arua's face fell.

"Why, don't you like her?" he asked.

Aihi did not respond to his father's question. The silence lengthened. The air was getting cold. Owls were hooting in the night. Arua got up and went to bed. Aihi sat alone.

There was a moon high in the sky, but clouds hid its face. The village was dark, but Aihi did not go to bed. He was waiting for someone.

Avia, his true lover, was making her way to Aihi's house. This was the night for Aihi and Avia to escape together.

Avia did not know that her rival, Taita, with some of her girl friends, was following very closely. Taita was wearing her best grass skirt. Her hair was tied on top of her head. She was carrying a sharpened shell.

When Avia arrived at the house she saw her lover facing the distant mountains. She tweeted like a bird, and he turned quickly.

"Are you ready?" she whispered.

Aihi jumped down from the platform and went to her.

"Are you sure you were not followed?" he whispered.

She looked at him thoughtfully.

"Aihi, you are not the same," she remarked. "Are you worried?" He sighed and nodded his head.

"About Taita?"

He nodded again.

Meanwhile Taita was eavesdropping. Ah, she thought, Avia thinks she is going to get away with my husband!

Aihi and Avia crept away like death adders. Taita watched them like a hungry crocodile, ready to pounce on her prey.

Taita went to her friends and whispered to them.

"As soon as they come past this bamboo growth, my friends, you will leap out and hold my husband. Then I will deal with the man-stealer!" They stood in position, ready to attack.

Aihi, holding Avia's hand, led the way because of the darkness. As they neared the bamboo growth, one of the hidden ambushers sneezed. The eloping couple were warned. They turned to run, but the attackers were on top of them.

The women struggled to hold Aihi, but he was strong and broke free. Taita had her hands on Avia, trying to slice her with the shell, but Avia was also strong. The two women rolled in the dust, screaming, biting and cursing. Taita jumped up, yelling at Avia.

"E-e, Husband Stealer! Can't you find a man? Aren't there any other men in the world?"

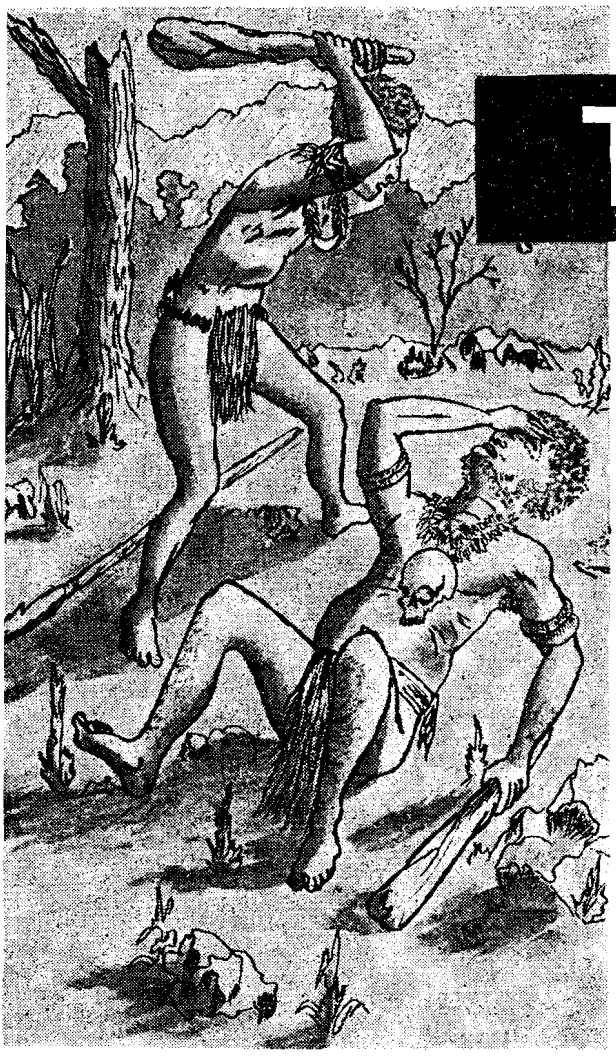
The screaming awakened the whole village, including Aihi's father and mother. Everyone asked what was happening, but no one seemed to know.

"I think two dogs are fighting over a dried bone," one woman remarked.

Taita took the opportunity to tell everyone in the village about the "husband stealer." While she told the story, the eloping couple slipped away into the bush. When Taita finished her story, the village people understood. They knew that Aihi and Avia should be punished. But the young couple could not be found.

The village people searched for a while, but it was of no avail in the darkness of the night. They gave up, thinking perhaps that they would find the two lovers in the morning.

But they did not see the lovers in the morning, nor ever again. Perhaps Aihi and Avia were drowned, or committed suicide. Perhaps they lived a happy life in another village far away. They never returned to the Kairuku area again.



With all my strength I brought my club straight down on his head . . . .

THE PATROL

by Morehari Joseph

IN the village of Hikaturu there lived a brave and kind chief who was loved by the people. He once led his warriors against the Tuari tribe which he successfully conquered, bringing back the loot which he took from the beaten enemy.

When the last rays of the sun had disappeared, the chief himself appeared before the people. All fell silent, and even the birds and animals refused to break the silence. The distant lapping of the waves was the only sound heard.

The brave chief's voice rang through the night, clear and strong.

"I your chief, Kasi, the son of a former great chief and warrior, tell you to prepare. Tomorrow we make ready. We shall go and help my brother to fight against his enemy. Prepare to die like men and not women! We shall fight the enemy and destroy the tribe! I, your chief, have spoken!"

That night I lay awake for a long time, the thought of war continuously in my head.

"Why do we have to fight? In the end there is nothing but death."

Suddenly my thoughts were answered. My mother had been captured and made to suffer by the enemy before dying a horrible death.

"Oh, Mother, I shall avenge your death! I shall kill and show no mercy! I shall avenge you Mother!" I cried myself softly to sleep in my dream of vengeance.

My uncle Musa called me the next morning. "Mufasa, are you coming?" "Yes, Uncle," I replied with excitement. He put war paint on my body and helped me to dress.

"You look a fine warrior. If your parents were here they would be proud of you. Your mother was a good woman."

The mention of my mother made me brave and angry. Memories flooded back in my head.

"Mother, I shall avenge you! I shall avenge your death! Revenge!" I told myself.

We left the village and travelled for two days. By the end of the full moon we were in enemy territory.

We were now at war with the Turi tribe. I hated them as I had been taught to hate the enemy, and also because they had killed my mother.

My father had died because the witch doctor couldn't cure him. He said that the Turi tribe had made magic on him.

We walked carefully through the forest, all the time on the alert. But the enemy spied us and prevented our reaching the village by attacking us from both sides. Turning quickly we caught the arrows on our shields. But many people were weary from the long march and dropped one by one. The enemy seemed to be gaining, but we fought bravely and killed many of them before they fled.

About fifty men had been killed and my uncle and other men were wounded. One of those killed was my old friend, the hermit Wako; he had received a deep cut through the ribs. The spear had reached its target. He had been a great teacher.

But our men were happy because they had wet their spears. I must say that I too was happy, for I had killed five men.

With the chief's safari men we waited for the password to attack. We had surrounded the village. Suddenly, from somewhere the long cry of an owl was heard. The attack began and the village people scattered just like a lot of hens would scatter when one chased them.

Our warriors cheered as they slew the men, women and children. There was no mercy in their hearts. The Turi people were cut down like corn. Suddenly, I came face to face with a huge man. He was quick but I was quicker. I was young and strong. We fought on and he started to gain as I fought for my dear life. With all

his might he brought his club down on me. But quickly I moved to one side and lifted my club. His mighty throw had sent him off balance and he fell to the ground. With all my strength I brought the club straight down on his head. My victim's skull was smashed.

No one was spared. The Turi tribe was completely destroyed and we burned down the houses. On our way back we were welcomed at a friendly village. There was much dancing, and the victory celebrations lasted for two days before Chief Kasi sent word for us to prepare for the journey home. The return journey was much easier as there was no one to attack us.

I felt happier now than ever before. I had revenged my mother. I felt I still had my parents and they were smiling at me. Faintly, I seemed to hear the words of my uncle ringing in my ears.

"We are proud of you, our son, you look like a warrior of great ages." Then I heard my mother saying, "Thank you my son, you are faithful and loyal to me. My death is now avenged and I can rest in peace."

It was evening when we entered our village. Some were laughing and some were crying. Our victory was good news but it was bad news for the relatives of those warriors who had not come back. The chief's daughter praised me and I felt great happiness. ●

CALENDAR OF CULTURAL AND LITERARY EVENTS for APRIL, MAY and JUNE, 1972

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APRIL 1st One month to closing of National Unity Play Competition. Teachers please send entries to Literature Bureau, Box 2312, Konedobu. Open to all.

TOTAL PRIZES $200

APRIL 3rd Opening night of second play in the THEATRE NEW GUINEA current season. 'THE PRICE', an American play by Arthur Miller, commences at 8 p.m. For tickets and subscriptions contact Creative Arts Centre or Literature Bureau.

'PAPUA NEW GUINEA WRITING' No. 5, MARCH 1972, NOW ON SALE at bookshops and newsagents. Contact Literature Bureau, Box 2312, Konedobu, for copies, subscriptions and bulk orders. Teachers! Class sets at reduced rates.

APRIL 30th CLOSING DATE, NATIONAL UNITY PLAY COMPETITION.

MAY 1st OPENING DATE LITERARY COMPETITIONS.

Writers and teachers take note! The Literature Bureau Play and Poetry Competitions and the National Short Story Contest are now open. See your Education Gazette (April) for further information or contact the Literature Bureau, Box 2312, Konedobu. New sections and more prizes this year.

TOTAL PRIZES $445

This is opening day also for the third play of the THEATRE NEW GUINEA season. 'THE DARK OF THE MOON' by Richardson and Berney opens at 8 p.m. For tickets and information contact the Creative Arts Centre or the Literature Bureau.

JUNE 5th Opening night, fourth play in the THEATRE NEW GUINEA current season. 'THE GOVERNMENT INSPECTOR' by Nicolai Gogol. Contact Creative Arts Centre, U.P.N.G., or the Literature Bureau for information.

JUNE 30th Teachers! One month to closing of Literary Competitions. Literature Bureau Play and Poetry Competitions and the National Short Story Contest close 31st July. TOTAL PRIZES $445. Contact Literature Bureau, Box 2312, Konedobu.

A VANISHING LIFE

by Togi Doudi

Long ago the white man thought that natives in far away tropical islands were strange, dark-skinned people who wore few clothes and were always savage. Nothing could be less true. Our ancestors were not educated but they were certainly not inferior. They had parents whom they loved and respected, as we do today. Long ago we had family traditions and very strict laws. We owned properties and worked for our living. Actually our ways and traditions are far older than those of the white man. Our traditions were elemental, springing from the most simple ways of doing things. It is the white men who have changed things, not us. Their way is the new way and is changing every day, whereas our way has not changed in thousands of years.

The interesting thing is that these opposite ways of living exist side by side today, but very soon this will not be so. The simple way of life is fast disappearing. White men's ways are enveloping our native ways and soon there will be little to tell them apart. Our native rituals, songs, traditions, art and even our tools and methods of using them will soon be gone.

One of the prime purposes of white men's penetration into the last strongholds of our native ways and cultures is not to take back curiosities or to collect unusual things which are different from their own; rather it is to preserve for future generations those remnants of our native life which will soon disappear forever.

From the Port Moresby Technical College Magazine 1971

LOGOHU

by Kila Tali

On the ground the Bird of Paradise has a hard time. It looks like a clown when it takes off and flaps its colourful wings. Its wings stiffen, its tail fans out and as the sun shines on its gold, orange head, it turns into one of the most graceful birds on the earth. Its wings stretch out to an unbelievable two feet with red and yellow spots on their undersides. The Bird of Paradise looks like the gold of the Bulolo Valley.

Today, few Papuans and New Guineans and even fewer Expatriates have seen a Bird of Paradise, for these birds are dying out and there is not much chance that they will last till the end of the century.

Birds of Paradise make good parents and care for their young for almost a year. Why, then, are they dying out? For one thing, they nest only once in two years. Then, too, quite a few are shot down each year, for some hunters just have to fire at such targets. Even though the shooting of the Bird of Paradise is decreasing, it still needs much help. Without it, the Bird of Paradise will die out and that would be a great loss to nature and also to Papua New Guinea.

From the Port Moresby Technical College Magazine 1971

MY HOME

by Paul Kafuye

One sunny afternoon I sat on the beach at Idubada. I was watching the sun as she was running for home. She ran because she knew that very soon darkness would fall upon her. As I sat and watched her I could see her last rays of light shining from the horizon.

As I sat there I thought about the mountains on which my home is located, my home beyond the enormous rugged mountains where I had a good view of nature. I recalled how the birds and untamed beasts used to praise their Creator and be grateful for protection during the day. I recalled their lovely tones as the sun shone from the horizon.

I would not forget my home or rugged mountains.

From the Port Moresby Technical College Magazine 1971

THREE LITERARY COMPETITIONS

● The THIRD ANNUAL POETRY COMPETITION
● The THIRD ANNUAL PLAY COMPETITION
● The FOURTH ANNUAL NATIONAL SHORT STORY CONTEST
NEW SECTIONS AND MORE PRIZES

THE THIRD ANNUAL POETRY COMPETITION

Two Sections — Six Prizes — Total: $130

Section One: For the best poem written in English.

● **FIRST PRIZE: $50** ● **SECOND PRIZE: $20** ● **THIRD PRIZE: $10**

Section Two: For the best poem written in Pidgin.

● **FIRST PRIZE: $25** ● **SECOND PRIZE: $15** ● **THIRD PRIZE: $10**

Judges: Dr. Prithvindra Chakravarti, Lecturer in English Literature, U.P.N.G. Mr. Jack Lahui, Assistant Editor, "Papua New Guinea Writing". Mr. Nigel Krauth, Tutor, English Dept., U.P.N.G.

THE THIRD ANNUAL PLAY COMPETITION

Two Sections — Six Prizes — Total: $165

Section One: ONE-ACT PLAYS.

● **FIRST PRIZE: $50** ● **SECOND PRIZE: $20** ● **THIRD PRIZE: $10**

Section Two: TWO or THREE-ACT PLAYS.

● **FIRST PRIZE: $50** ● **SECOND PRIZE: $25** ● **THIRD PRIZE: $10**

Plays may be written in English or Pidgin.

Judges: Mr. John Kaniku, Managing Director, Theatre New Guinea. Mr. Leo Morgan, Assistant Executive Officer, Administrator's Executive Council. Mr. Michael Zahara, Barrister, Department of Law. Mr. Elton Brash, Lecturer in English, University of Papua and New Guinea. Mr. Roger Boschman, Editor, "Papua New Guinea Writing".

THE FOURTH ANNUAL NATIONAL SHORT STORY CONTEST

Three Sections — Three Prizes — Total: $150

Section One: For the best story from a tertiary student (University, Teachers' College, Hi-tech, etc.).
PRIZE: $50.

Section Two: For the best story from secondary, primary or other student.
PRIZE: $50.

Section Three: For the best story written in Pidgin or Motu.
PRIZE: $50.

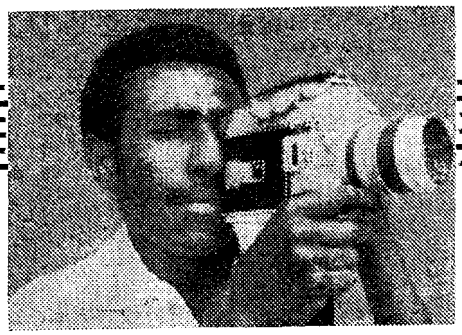
Entries in Sections One and Two must be in English.

Judges: Mr. John Fitzgerald, Managing Editor, Post-Courier. Mr. Paulias Matane, Secretary, Dept. of Business Development. Dr. Greicus, Senior Lecturer, English Dept., U.P.N.G. Mr. Vincent Eri, First Assistant Director (Planning), Dept. of Education. Mr. Roger Boschman, Editor, "Papua New Guinea Writing".

RULES

The three competitions are open to all residents born in Papua New Guinea.
All three competitions open 1st MAY, and close 31st JULY, 1972.
Winners will be announced after 31st AUGUST, 1972.
Manuscripts must be typewritten or neatly hand-printed, on one side of paper only.
Title must appear at top of each page.
Name and address of writer **must not appear** on entry.
WRITER'S NAME AND ADDRESS **must appear** on separate sheet enclosed with entry.
Entries may be about any subject.
A writer may send in any number of entries.
Entries will be returned only if stamped, self-addressed envelope is enclosed.
Judges' decision will be final and no correspondence entered into.
Entries must be writer's own original work, and previously unpublished.
Writers must be prepared to offer the Literature Bureau **first publication rights only** for prize-winning entries.

● Send entries for all three competitions to: **LITERATURE BUREAU, Dept. of Information and Extension Services, P.O. Box 2312, KONEDOBU** ●



. . . and a new kind of competition

THE NATIONAL FILM AWARD

This year, for the first time, a Film Award is being conducted in Papua New Guinea. People who make amateur films can enter them and try for prizes. Amateur film clubs are now forming in all major centres. These clubs belong to the National Amateur Filmakers' Association. The national group is conducting the Film Award.

The main prize is ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS. Another prize is a magnificent bronze plaque donated by the Papua New Guinea Tourist Board.

You do not need to own a movie camera to take part in the Award. To find out more about the National Film Award, write to:

The LITERATURE BUREAU,
Department of Information and
Extension Services,
P.O. Box 2312,
KONEDOBU.

1972
international book year

BOOKS FOR ALL

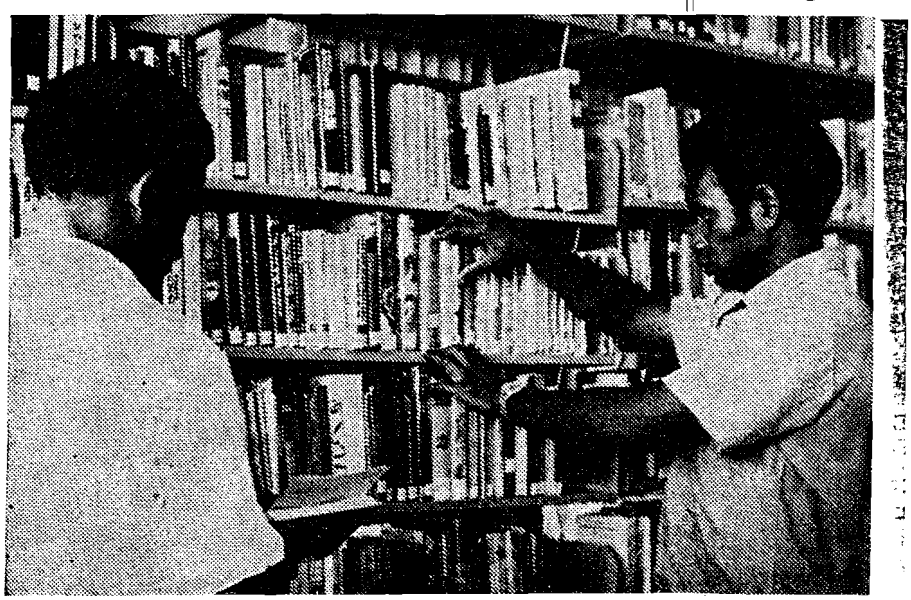
The International Book Year, with its slogan of 'BOOKS FOR ALL', was planned by Unesco, of the United Nations organisation. 'Unesco' is the abbreviation for 'United Nations Education, Scientific and Cultural Organisation'. It works to free all men, women and children from illiteracy — to spread knowledge — and particularly to promote the production and distribution of books in developing countries.

The 1972 International Book Year is a significant event in the history of the book. Experts from many countries in the world, including Publishers, Authors and Translators, Booksellers, Librarians and Documentalists, will co-operate and work together within the context of other mass media — as part of a total communication system.

Everywhere there is an urgent need for national book policies which give real recognition to the importance of the printed word in the transmission of knowledge and the stimulation of ideas.

A major objective of the International Book Year is a plan to boost book aid to emerging and newly literate countries.

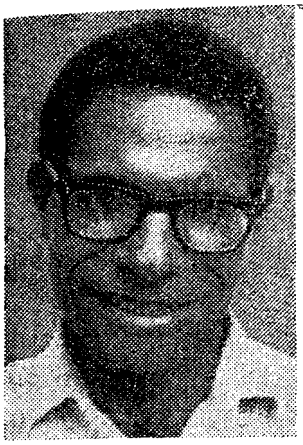
The functions of the Literature Bureau are to encourage new writers of the future — find books for people to read in Papua New Guinea — to spread the reading habit, and to explain to the general public the ever-increasing role of books in technological, social and cultural progress of society.



Many countries participating in the INTERNATIONAL BOOK YEAR will submit books for translation into other languages for the benefit of many different nationals.

One such book called 'WORKING WITH PEOPLE', produced by the Department of Information and Extension Services, is not only a guide for field workers in Papua New Guinea, but will prove an indispensable handbook by all engaged in teaching Extension workers the art and craft of 'Working With People' in both urban and rural areas in developing countries.

About the writers



● Aloysius Aita

ALOYSIUS AITA is from Koruava village, Goilala sub-district, in the Central District. In 1957 he entered the Catholic Mission school at Kerau, then finished Standard 4 - 6 at the boarding school in Kosipe. He did Standard Seven and Form 1 at Yule Island. In 1963 he went to New Britain to finish his Secondary Education at the St. Peter Chanel Minor Seminary.

His secondary studies finished with a Form 6 (N.S.W. syllabus). Aita then went to the Major Seminary at Bomana for Tertiary study. He studied there for three years, then decided to stop studying for the priesthood. At the beginning of 1972, he left the seminary and joined the staff of the Post-Courier newspaper, where he is a reporter. Another story of his appeared in our last issue. Another has been published in the Australian Magazine, "Overland".

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● Brother Allain Jaria

BROTHER ALLAIN JARIA is a welcome newcomer to our pages. He comes from Tsianiv village, Goilala sub-district, in the Central District. He did Standards 1 - 4 at Fane Catholic Mission School, then finished Standard 6 at Kosipe near Woitape. He went to Yule Island for Standard 7, and to Ulapia Seminary, near Rabaul for Forms 1 - 6. His Form 6 was according to N.S.W. syllabus. Then he went to the Major Seminary at Bomana where he is now studying to be a priest. Brother Jaria has begun his second year of the six-year course. One of his poems was published in the Australian magazine, "Overland", and again in "Kovave".

● John Wills Kaniku

JOHN WILLS KANIKU is from the Suau area of the Milne Bay District. He took primary schooling at Logea and Misima, his secondary at Sogeri, then went to Goroka Teachers' College where he finished the 3-year course. He taught for 1½ years at Badihagwa High School. He is now at the Creative Arts Centre, in charge of Literature and Drama.

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● Agnes Luke

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AGNES LUKE is another newcomer to our magazine. Agnes is from Kairuku in the Central District. She first attended school at St. Theresa's Primary School in Badili, then went to Marianville College at Bomana. She finished her Form 4 there at the end of 1971, and is now a first-year trainee at Port Moresby Teachers' College.

● Morehari Joseph

MOREHARI JOSEPH is another newcomer. He is from Iokea village in the Gulf District. He went to school first at Kerema Primary School, and then went to Kerema High School. He is now in his Form 4 year there.

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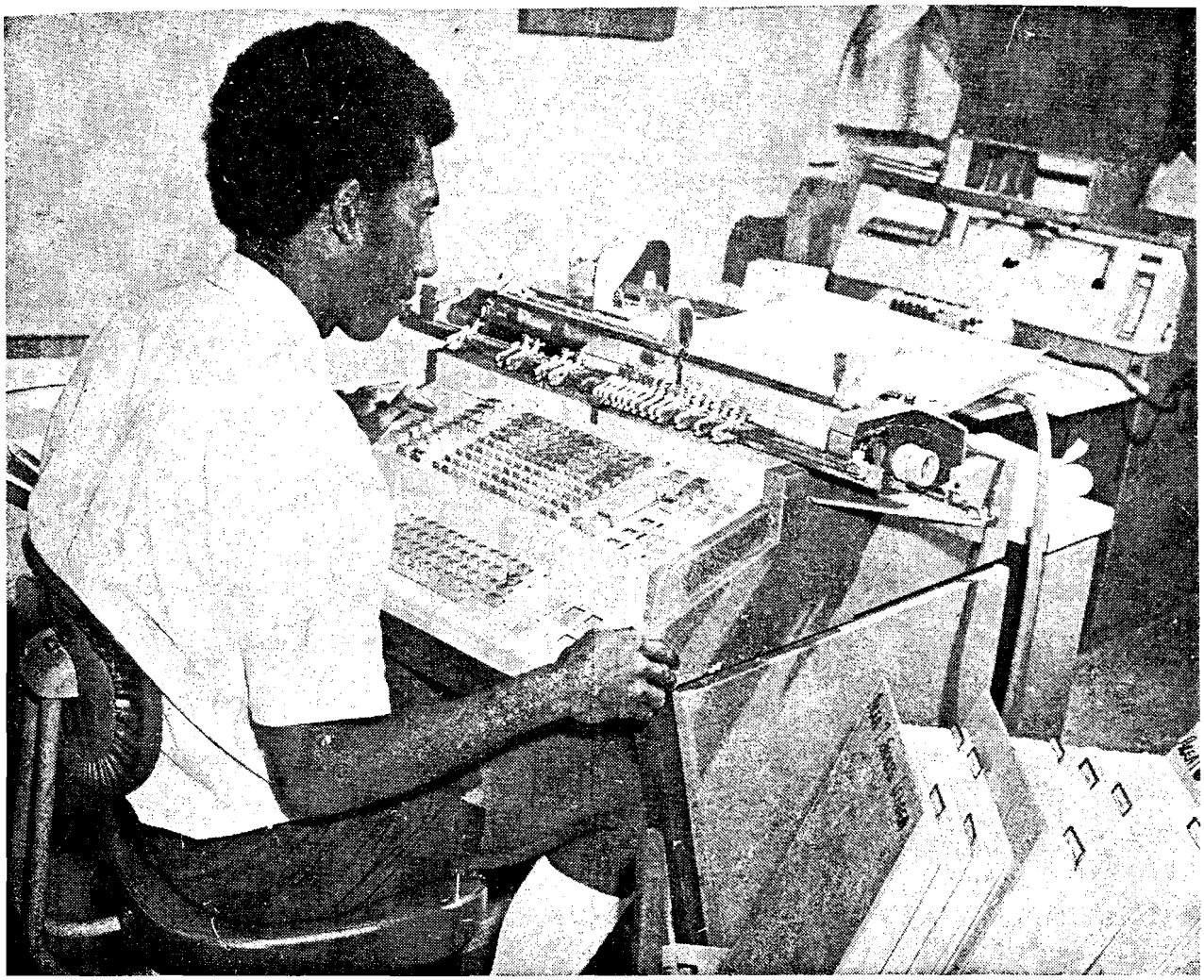

ELECTRICITY makes life easier for us, too!

Large organisations all over the world use electronic computers to take care of a lot of the time-consuming thinking, planning and organising office staff would normally do . . . . and they save money too. The Electricity Commission has joined this modern trend. Here Trainee Commercial Officer Bogo Tali, of Kapakapa, operates one of the Commission's computerised ledger machines.

PAPUA AND NEW GUINEA · ELECTRICITY COMMISSION ·