

# Precept





Ronnie Pakini, left, and Pius Sanam writing out-of-doors during a week-long workshop for teacher trainees.



**Alma Saul**  
Samarai Teacher



**Apisai Enos**  
Poet who lectured at Nobonob

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*The cover picture is of Peter Ruasoi, who left his hospital bed and came to a writers' workshop on crutches, so eager was he for the opportunity. Peter, from New Ireland, is a primary school headmaster.*

# Creative Writing

## *The Road to New Life*

WHY STUDY Creative Writing? And what is "Creative Writing?" To answer both questions I want to refer you to something written by a famous woman who was blind and deaf from the time she was two years old. Have you ever heard of Helen Keller? She didn't let being blind and deaf overcome her, but she rose to become known all over the world as a writer, lecturer, and friend of other handicapped people. And here is something she said: "The most important day I remember in all my life is the one in which my teacher came to me. I am filled with wonder when I consider the immeasurable contrast between the two lives which it connects."

NOW THIS teacher came to Helen Keller just a little before she was seven years old. And of course Helen Keller had no knowledge of anything in the world. She couldn't hear anything, she couldn't see a thing, she just lived in darkness and emptiness. Then this teacher gave her a doll, and spelled in the palm of the little girl's hand, d-o-l-l, but it didn't mean anything. Just d-o-l-l didn't mean a thing.

THEN THE teacher gave her the object, the doll. The little girl took it into her hands and held it and then the teacher spelled again in the palm of her hand, d-o-l-l. But the little girl didn't understand what the teacher was trying to do. She wasn't able to match the word with the object. So after a while she got mad and threw the doll on the floor and broke it to pieces.

### *Living Words Awaken*

LATER ON the same day the teacher took the girl outside on a walk and they went to a place where someone was pumping water from a pump. This water was running out and the teacher took the child's hand and put it under the water and the child felt the water and then the teacher spelled w-a-t-e-r over and over again. W-a-t-e-r, w-a-t-e-r, w-a-t-e-r. Helen Keller wrote about that and she said this: "Suddenly I felt a misty consciousness, as of something forgotten. A thrill of returning thought and somehow the mystery of language was revealed to me. I knew then that w-a-t-e-r meant the wonderful cool something that flowed over my hand. The living word awakened my soul, gave it light, gave it hope, set it free."

SHE WENT on to say, "I saw everything with a strange new light. For the first time I saw everything." She learned what something was. Then she remembered that doll she had broken and felt sorry about what she had done, because she hadn't understood what the teacher was trying to do. So then she says, "It would have been difficult to find a happier child than I that night as I lay in my bed." She remembered the joy that the day had brought to her and she said, "It was the first time I ever wanted a new day to come again."

### *Be Readers' Eyes, Ears*

You writers are very much like this teacher who came to a little girl who was blind and deaf. You are going to be opening up to both children and adults new joys and a completely new life, so that they will want to live each new day. And how are you going to do that? How are you going to awaken people, to make them want to live and be happy and be joyful? One of the best ways is for them to read a lot about themselves.

WHERE DO adults—and where do the children in schools—get the material they read today? Where does it come from? Overseas, mostly. They read nothing—or very, very little—written by Papua New Guineans. Now you think a moment. They are trying to read something in a foreign language written by a person from overseas. Isn't that just about like this little girl who was living in a world where she could neither see nor hear? In the first place the language is hard and in the second place what the book talks about is something the child has never seen, has never lived in. Your children reading books by foreigners have never known what that foreign person is writing about. They have never experienced that. So the children are living in a world where there's no light and where they can't hear anything.

THEREFORE WRITERS in this country have got to get busy so that they produce something in languages used here, about people here, about the situation here. So that's why we need to learn about creative writing.

You know that your children are accepting everything that comes from the foreign world. They accept it and they con-

sider it to be superior. You have got to teach your children to think that **they themselves** are as good as anything they see from overseas. And they have to begin to examine things at an early age. They must learn not to think of themselves as inferior but to think of themselves as able to do anything that foreign people can. That is one thing creative writing will do for those who write and for their readers. It will help persons to develop out of the condition where they think that something from overseas is excellent, while they have nothing to offer. They will change from that to where they think, "Ah, what we have to offer from our culture and our thought and our life is good. Therefore we want to tell about it."

I HOPE you writers who are also teachers will start creative writing classes where you will let your children, from the very earliest grades, express their thoughts and ideas through writing. Let them write on. It will develop their lives greatly.

Do you know what a stereotype is? A stereotype means "exactly alike"—the way all boxes of a brand of soap are the same size, shape, colour and contain the same ingredients. Now it is impossible to put people in boxes and put names on the boxes and say "this is what this person is." This is a stereotype and **nobody** fits it, because people are individuals. They are each different from the other.

WHAT ARE some stereotypes (boxes) that foreigners have about Papua New Guineans? One of the kindest was used

during the war—"Fuzzy-Wuzzy Angels." Others that are as untrue as they are unkind are that the people of this country are "lazy," that they "steal," and that they are "violent."

THERE IS only one way to get rid of these boxes. That is for you yourselves to write and show what your people are really like. Outsiders don't know you. You must say what and who you are, what you feel and hope and fear. Only then will readers elsewhere see that the little boxes constructed by foreign writers are empty—that they do not contain the real Papua New Guinea story.

IN THE United States a doctor has gone around looking into these "boxes" and has found some surprises. He has published these surprises in books. One thing his books reveal is that if people are put into boxes for a long enough time, they come to think that they really belong there.

THE DOCTOR wrote about a little black girl, six years old. Her name was Ruby. The doctor had this little girl draw some pictures of herself and her classmates. When she drew pictures of white children, they always came out taller than she was no matter what their height. Maybe Ruby herself was taller than the whites, but when she drew a white child she always made it taller. And the white children always had very carefully drawn facial features—the ears, nose, mouth, everything perfect. The white children drawn by Ruby always had five fingers on their hands and five toes on their feet.



These writers are Students at St. Ignatius High School, Aitape

WHEN RUBY drew herself, she made herself shorter, she often left an ear off, she made her hands have only four fingers and maybe there were three toes on a foot. You see what she did? She made a wrong picture of herself, showing that somehow she was not right. But the white children were always right.

BUT THERE was really nothing wrong with the little girl. She was perfectly normal. What happened was this: She lived where nearly everything she heard and saw suggested that white people were more important. So this little black girl began to think, "they are better." She even told the doctor, "When I draw a white girl I know that she will be okay, but with the blacks it's not so okay."

NOW IF that little girl is helped to see and to hear, the way Helen Keller was helped, if she learns to write and think of herself in a new way, then she will break out of her box and become a new person. That is what I am hoping will happen in this country.

I WANT to quote something that Vincent Eri told some writers in Australia. You know Vincent Eri has written the first novel in Papua New Guinea, *The Crocodile*. Have you read it? If you haven't you should. Here is what Vincent Eri told about 800 writers: "I think it is my duty as a writer to draw our people into thinking more about politics and our future. I have got out of thinking about white people as super beings, but most of my people have this on their minds."

### *Help Children to Read*

VINCENT Eri says this also: "We badly need in Papua New Guinea simple children's books." He is so right about that. We don't have any books written for New Guinean children by New Guineans. So they've got to be written and some of you are the people to do that. Not me. I don't know your culture. It would be stupid for me to write about you. I can't do it and I don't want to do it. You need to do it.

YOU KNOW, an interesting thing happened to me the other day. I was asked to go to a primary school, a dual curriculum school. I was asked to give the teachers some help in their creative writing classes. There were eight teachers at that school, four white and four New Guinean. When I got there, whom did I see? Four whites. No New Guineans. I said to the headmaster, "Where are the New Guinea teachers?" He said, "We don't have creative writing for the New Guineans." And I said, "Why not?" He said, "Well, we'll start it."

You see? Here is where the whole superior-inferior thing begins. Here you see why one group learns to read and write and one doesn't. From the very beginning they are taught differently.

I WENT back there the next week and taught the New Guinean teachers something about creative writing. If those New Guinea children, from the very first day in school, start writing and start reading and have books introduced to them, then they will go right along with those white kids. But if one group doesn't get a chance and one group does then you know what will happen.

### *Use Your Own Languages*

NOW ON this same subject, I read about a professor in Australia who said this: "One of the failures of aboriginal education in Australia is largely based on the fact that teachers are trying to teach them to read and write in a language they can't speak. The only way to real literacy is by making people literate in their own language first and then changing over to a lingua franca\* at about the 5th or 6th grade. That is what has been found in Africa."

SO WE need to get people busy writing books for children, especially in Pidgin, and in some of the other bigger languages in the country, such as Motu, Kuanua and Enga.

HERE IS a manuscript by a New Guinean which will give you an idea of what creative writing is. It is about a boy who has just finished primary school about the age of 14, in Port Moresby, and follows his life for several years. This boy is the son of a domestic servant, who came originally from Siassi. The man has worked for a kiap for many years. The boy, Tali, has grown up in Moresby, and as the story begins the kiap and his wife are going back to Australia, going finish.

TALI'S FATHER has to find a new job and he is getting pretty old for that. He looks and looks but can't find work. So he has to go back to Siassi, where he hasn't been for many, many years. The story progresses and takes us with the family as they go back to Siassi where they are strangers, because they have been away so long. Tali has never seen the village before.

ONE OF the things the story tells is that young men in the towns often can't find

\* lingua franca means a language such as Pidgin.

girls or women, because there are fewer of them in towns. But when men go to the villages there are many girls and women there, and in the clash between the old ways of no contact between young men and women before marriage and the new style of "laik bilong wan wan" (everyone following his own rules), people often fall into trouble. Tali has a sexual experience with his cousin-sister, something strictly forbidden in traditional law. Somebody sees them and tells and you can imagine what happens then. Trouble falls on that family, especially on Tali's mother, because when anything like this happens the mother suffers most.

THE AUTHOR is saying that Tali feels very guilty about all the trouble he has brought to his father and mother. He is forced to leave the village. The family could have made a big feast and everything would have been forgiven. But they didn't make it, so there is a lot of anger within the clan. Tali has to leave.

HE GOES from one thing to another, always feeling guilty about what he did in the village.

HIS MOTHER dies and Tali feels so guilty about this that he gets drunk and fights. When his father dies he becomes even worse. He joins the army in order to get himself killed. He wants to die because of this shame he hasn't been able to erase.

### *Be a Keen Observer*

TALI MARRIES and has a child and finally war does break out and he is wounded. Discharged from the army, he goes back to his village because he wants to live there again. He takes his wife too. But the villagers still don't like him because of his past. They won't tell him which land is his and he is not accepted in the village. His wife gets angry and goes back to Moresby and he is left alone in the village.

THIS IS the way the story ends: "Left with nothing, Tali became a madman. At the age of 40, he was nothing but a bag of bones. His face was distorted and wrecked looking. His clothes were shaggy and stinking of smoke. His hair had turned grey and he walked around with his mouth open and mumbling while slag ran down the corners of his mouth and flies sat on his lips. All of his hopes had gone. He could hardly run ten feet or even see that far any more. His only hope was death, when his spirit would run around the country side with medals dangling on his fleshless bony chest."



THE STORY tells of a man who begins life with promise, but who becomes caught in a mistake which seems at first fairly innocent, but which wrecks his life.

THE STORY is also about what white people do. For example, the author tells about a party at the house of "the masta." "Spoons and forks were held in a special way and if this was not done then you were still a 'primitive.' Cups were held in such a way that the fingers formed an oval shape with the uttermost tips of the forefinger and the thumb taking the cup, with the last finger sticking out. Contents were not to be swallowed with a gulp but were to be sipped and conversation was to be resumed just after the mouth was emptied." Such "little things" as how people eat are noticed by creative writers. This author has observed carefully and has then written. All truly creative writers must **see** things that ordinary persons never notice. Creative writing is a way of seeing, then telling.

THERE is a young poet in Papua New Guinea named Apisai Enos. He said this: "As writers, we are like birds collecting straw for building our little literary nests. This writing must be New Guinean in both form and content." It must be about New Guineans, about their culture and it must be written not in the way Europeans, or Americans, or Englishmen, or Australians write, but in the way you write.

YOUR CREATIVE writing must contain **your** identity and **your** consciousness. Such literature is not really here yet. You will be the pioneers to begin to write it.

Glen Bays

# Bikpela Jisas i Wokim Mirakel

Taim Jisas i mekim gut planti manmeri, planti lain i wok long bihainim i go long olgeta hap. Wanpela moning wanpela liklik boi, nem bilong em Devid, i sanap long dua bilong haus bilong em na i lukim planti manmeri i wokabaut i go bihainim nambis. Em i ran i go na askim wanpela man, "Moning Masta! Yupela olgeta i go we?"

"Moning pikinini. Yu no save, a? Mipela laik i go long hap bilong Taibirias long lukim Jisas. Em i go pinis long bot."

Devid ran tasol i go long haus na tokim mama bilong em. "Mama! Planti lain manmeri i wokabaut i go long Taibirias long lukim Jisas. Mi laik i go lukim tisa Jisas na tupela kandere Endru na Saimon Pita."

Mama i bekim tok i spik, "O pikinini, dispela ples em long we tru! Bai yu poroman wantaim husat na i go? Ating yu i stap na i go hukim sampela pis bilong kaikai long tumora."

"Plis, mama. Mi laik i go. Mi save i go long dispela ples na kam bek long wanpela de. Na Tomas na Joel tupela i go wantaim papa bilong tupela. Bai mi ken poroman wantaim tupela na i kam bek."

"Orait, pikinini. Mi no ken pasim laik

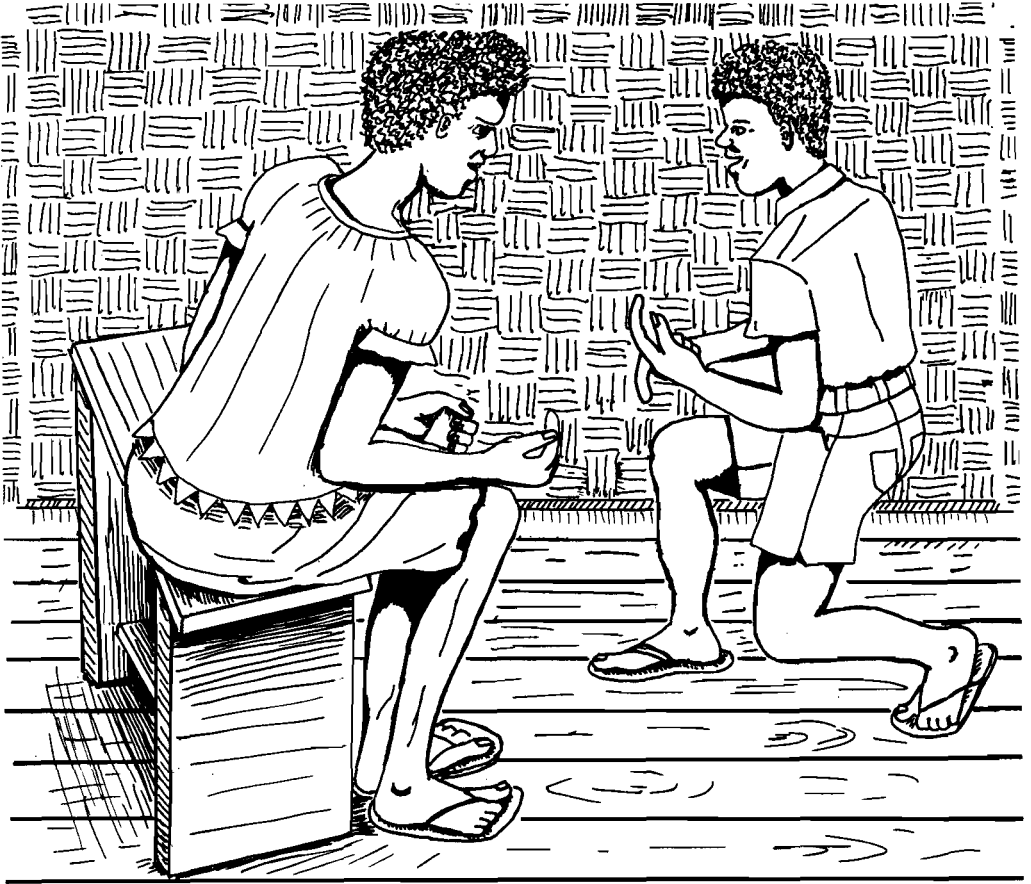
bilong yu. Yu ken i go. O yes, Devid. Yu wet. Ating moabeta yu kisim dispela 5-pela bret na tupela pis i go givim tupela kandere bilong yu na masta bilong tupela. Mi save bai ol i kaikai na givim yu hap. Em orait yu putim long basket ya na karim i go. Yu mas hariap i go painim ol lain manmeri na yupela i go wantaim."

Devid i ran i go painim tupela Joel na Tomas na ol i go wantaim. Taim ol i go kam na ol i lukim planti tru manmeri i sanap na harim tok long maus bilong Jisas. Jisas i sanap klostu long bikpela diwai na ol disaipel bilong en tu ol i sanap wantaim em. Devid i lukim tupela kandere bilong en i sanap na em i goap long baksait long ol. Em i go klostu long Endru na holim han bilong en isi tasol. Endru i tanim lukim em na Devid tok isi tasol, "Kandere, mama i salim dispela 5-pela bret na tupela pis bilong yutupela kandere Saimon Pita na tisa Jisas."

Endru i bekim tok isi, "Tenkyu tru, pikinini. Moabeta yu lukautim i stap. Bihain, tisa Jisas i pinis toktok, orait yu bringim i kam."

Jisas toktok pinis na em i lukim san klostu i go daun. Em i sori long ol manmeri bi-





long wanem ol i no gat kaikai na ol i hangre. Em i tanim long ol disaipel bilong en na askim wanpela long ol Filip:

"Filip, olsem wanem bai yumi baim kaikai inap long inapim ol dispela lain manmeri?"

Jisas i askim olsem bilong traim Filip. Em yet i save pinis long samting em i laik mekim. Filip i bekim tok long em, i spik, "Sapos yumi baim bret inap long 200 dola, em bai i no inap long ol dispela manmeri i ken kisim hap liklik."

Wanpela disaipel bilong en, Endru, brata bilong Saimon Pita, em i tokim em, "O tisa, wanpela yangpela i stap hia, em i gat 5-pela bret na tupela pis. Tasol em i no inap long bikipela lain olsem."

Tasol Jisas i lukluk tasol na tokim ol disaipel bilong em, "Tokim ol manmeri i sindaun long gras. Na i askim namba bilong ol."

Ol disaipel i tokim ol manmeri sindaun na ol i kisim namba bilong ol em i olsem 5,000. Na Endru i tokim boi i kisim basket wantaim kaikai i go putim long pes bilong Jisas. Em i kisim dispela bret na i lukluk i go antap na tenkyu na i tilim tilim i go long ol manmeri. Em i mekim olsem tu long tupela pis. Ol manmeri i wok long kaikai tasol kaikai na pis i no pinis. Ol i toktok:

"Mi pulap nau, na hap kaikai na pis i stap yet long han bilong mi."

"Mi tu ya! Lukim olgeta manmeri ol i oisem tasol."

Jisas i lukim olgeta manmeri ol inap tru long kaikai na nau em i tokim ol disaipel bilong en:

"Yupela bringim olgeta kaikai i stap yet. Nogut sampela i lus nating."

Ol i bungim hap kaikai na pulapim tru 12-pela basket. Ol manmeri i lukim dispela bikipela samting Jisas i mekim na ol i wok long toktok:

"Dispela tisa em i no man nating. Em i God! Lukim em i kisim 5-pela bret na tupela pis tasol na inapim yumi olgeta manmeri. Na hap kaikai i pulapim 12-pela basket. Olan! Dispela samting mi no lukim bipo."

"Yes, tru tumas! Dispela em i God ol tumbuna bilong yumi i bin wetim. Em i kam pinis long taim bilong yumi. Yumi mas kamapim em king bilong yumi Juda. Nau tasol!"

"Goan, kirap! Yumi mas kamapim em king. Hei! Em i go we? Nau tasol mi lukim em i sanap hia!"

Jisas i save pinis tingting bilong ol manmeri. Olsem em wanpela i go long maunten. Ol manmeri i painim em nogat nau ol i go long ples bilong ol. Devid i ran olgeta i go kamap long haus bilong en long bikanait. Mama i wetim em i stap. Devid i go insait wantaim sotwin.



"Devid, yu kam nau, a? Olsem wanem pikinini yu sotwin tru? Husat i ranim yu? Yu sindaun na kisim win na mi bringim kaikai bilong yu."

"Nogat mama! Yu no ken kisim kaikai. Mi no hangre. Yu sindaun na mi stori long yu. Bikpela samting tru i kamap tude. Yu givim 5-pela bret wantaim tupela pis ya. Em mi kisim i go givim tisa Jisas. Na em i kisim long han bilong mi na lukluk i go antap long heven na em i brukim na givim ol lain bilong en. Na ol kandere Saimon Pita na Endru na ol arapela i kisim na givim long ol manmeri. Em i givim hap pis na bret tu long mi na mi kaikai. Na dispela kaikai i no pinis long han bilong mi na mi wok long kaikai i go bel bilong mi tait tru. Na i no mi tasol, olgeta manmeri ol i mekim olsem tasol. Na lain bilong tupela kandere i bungim hap kaikai na pulapim 12-pela bikpela basket."

"Devid, dispela samting i kamap tru, a?"

"Yes, mama! Yu ken askim Joel, Tomas na papa bilong tupela. Nogat orait, bihain yu ken askim tupela kandere."

"Yes, Devid. Mi save yu tok tru. Ating dispela em i king bilong yumi Juda. Bipo ol profet bilong God i rait long holi buk, bai em i kam. Yes, mi save em dispela tasol. I no inap long man nating i mekim dispela kain wok."

"Yes mama, olgeta manmeri i tok olsem tu na ol i laik holim pas na kamapim king. Tasol i no inap."

"Olsem wanem na i no inap? Ol i pret long em, a?"

"Ol i no pret. Nogat. Ol i toktok yet na papa bilong Joel tupela Tomas i kirap taso!"

Jisas i no moa i stap. Mi sanap klostu long em tasol taim mi lukluk long ol manmeri na tanim pes gen long lukim Jisas, tasol em i go pinis. Em i go we mipela i no save. Kandere Saimon Pita na ol lain bilong en tu ol i longlong long em i go we."

Mama i bekim tok, i spik, "Dispela pasin tasol i mekim na mi no klia gut. Tasol bel bilong mi i save dispela em God i kamap olsem man."

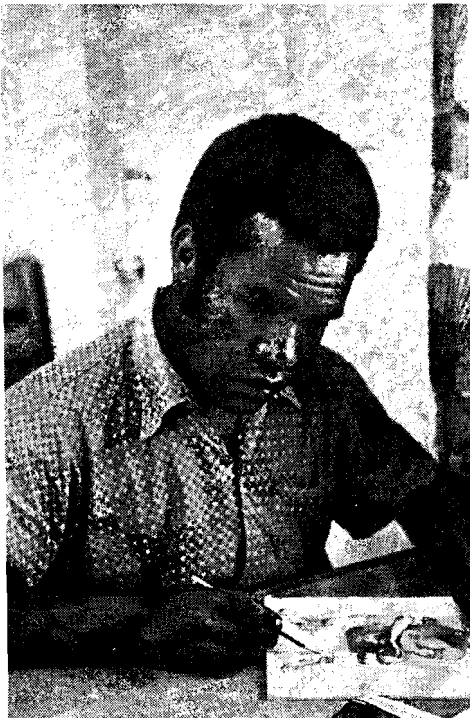
"Mama, mi amamas tru long em i kisim kaikai mi bringim i go na mekim dispela wok. Tingting bilong mi laik bihainim em na i stap wantaim em olsem tupela kandere."

"Yes, Devid mi laikim yu bihainim em na i stap lain bilong em. Mi amamas tru yu go lukim dispela bikpela samting. Orait, yumi mas slip na bai tumora yumi redim kaikai na singautim tupela kandere na tisa Jisas wantaim ol lain bilong em. Yu ken kirap long moning na i go tromoi huk na kisim sampela pis na bai mi stretim haus na wokim sampela bret. Orait, gutnait pikinini."

Dispela nait Devid i no inap long slip. Tingting bilong en i wok long planti samting. Em i tingting long samting em i lukim. Na em i tingting tu long em i mas bihainim Jisas. Bel bilong em i pulap long bikpela amamas tu long Jisas i bin kisim bret na pis long han bilong en na mekim dispela bikpela wok.

Dispela hap tok i tingim long stori bilong Jisas i givim kaikai long 5,000 manmeri. Rait i stap long Jon 6: 1-15.

**Zawieote Iwekeo**

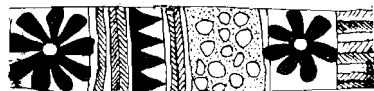


### NEW CHRISTIAN ARTIST

*Akii Tumu, 18, shown at left, is the illustrator of the Bikpela Jisas Story. He is from Aipinimanda Village near Wabag, Western Highlands District.*

*After finishing Form II Akii studied art for two years at Goroka Technical College. Now he is a book illustrator for Kristen Pres.*

*He hopes someday to work at the Highlands Branch of Kristen Pres, because "I know my people and want to draw for them."*



# Ahitub's Misfortune and its Lesson

A man named Ahitub was going from Rove in the Solomon Islands to Kakabona, some miles away. It was late in the afternoon. He carried a bag in which he had quite a lot of money.

Now some drunken ruffians were coming toward him on that road. They had decided not to let anyone pass them until they had made a lot of trouble for him. When they met Ahitub they greeted him cheerfully: "Good day! Where are you heading?"

"To Kakabona," Ahitub replied.

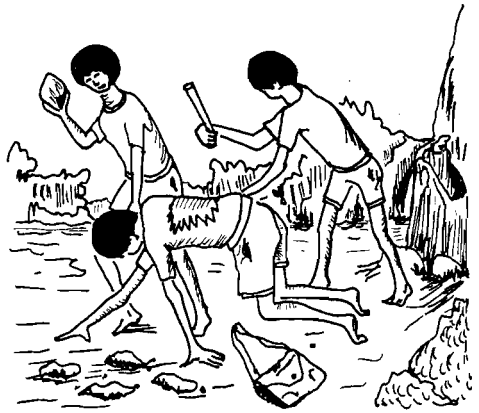
They looked quickly at one another. Then a big stone smashed into Ahitub's face. More stones crashed into him and he fell to the road unconscious.

When Ahitub recovered his senses he knew that he was badly hurt. His face was a mass of blood. Several teeth were missing. His right arm throbbed terribly and from the angle it hung he knew that it was broken. His money pouch was gone.

Ahitub could stand only with difficulty. While he was trying to remain upright, a truck came along, slowed, and stopped. It was pastor Koteli. He knew Ahitub well although Ahitub was not a Christian.

The pastor was shocked at Ahitub's condition. He wanted to take him to the hospital. But that was thirty miles away and the pastor had only a little petrol in his truck. "I will wait here with you and stop the first car that comes along," the pastor said.

After they had waited more than half an hour, it began to get dark. The pastor



said to Ahitub, "A taxi always comes along at about this time. Here is some money and a torch. Stop the taxi and have it take you to the hospital. I must go because I am very late for a communicants' class. If I don't teach the people they may lose interest in the church."

Pastor Koteli left, and darkness came on. Then Ahitub heard a noise coming along the road. He signalled with the torch but when the vehicle stopped it was a motorbike instead of the taxi. Ahitub recognized the rider as one of the deacons in Pastor Koteli's congregation. The man was very concerned about Ahitub and said, "I would like to take you to hospital. But it would be too hard on you to ride on this motorbike with your broken arm. It is better if you go that long distance by car. I'm going past the police post a few miles ahead. I will report this to them, and ask them to help you."

Not long after the motorbike had departed, Ahitub saw the headlights of a car

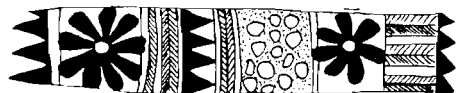


## WRITER'S FRIEND

*What good is a story without pictures? That might be the motto of Lahui Sibona, 19, left.*

*Lahui comes from Tubusereia Village east of Port Moresby. He completed his Form III in 1969, then did the 2-year art course at Goroka Technical College.*

*He illustrated Ahitub's Misfortune and An Abandoned Woman. A Kristen Pres illustrator, Lahui is keen to show other countries what Papua New Guinea artists can do.*



and signalled with his torch. The car stopped. When its driver got out Ahitub recognized him as a man from a different part of the islands, with whom his own people had no dealings.

The man asked, "What do you want?" Ahitub noted that his voice was kind.

Ahitub asked to be taken to the hospital, adding, "I have money and can pay you." The man said nothing, but only helped him to get into the car.

When they arrived at the hospital, Ahitub again offered to pay for his ride. But the man said, "Keep the money. You may have to pay for your treatment."

And turning to the doctor he said, "You know where I live. If there are more charges than he can pay, let me know." Then he wished Ahitub a quick recovery and went on his way.

A few days later Ahitub looked up from his hospital bed to see pastor Koteli and the deacon with the motorbike. It was their hospital visitation day. When they came to Ahitub, they asked how he had gotten to the hospital. They seemed embarrassed by his answer. They made excuses and moved off to talk to other patients.

But they came back later and the pastor spoke for them both. "We have learned a lesson today, and we are ashamed," he said. "We, who claim to be servants of our fellow men, could not find a way to help you. Yet a complete stranger to you, from



an enemy clan, gave unselfish help to you. I hope you will forgive us."

At the next worship service, the pastor and the deacon together described what had happened. They did not try to defend themselves, but discussed with the people the meaning of the Good Samaritan parable told by Jesus in Luke 10: 25-37.

"We who are religious must always be on our guard," the pastor said. "We must not let our work inside the church get in the way of service to people who are not one with us."

*By Nemuel Laufilu*

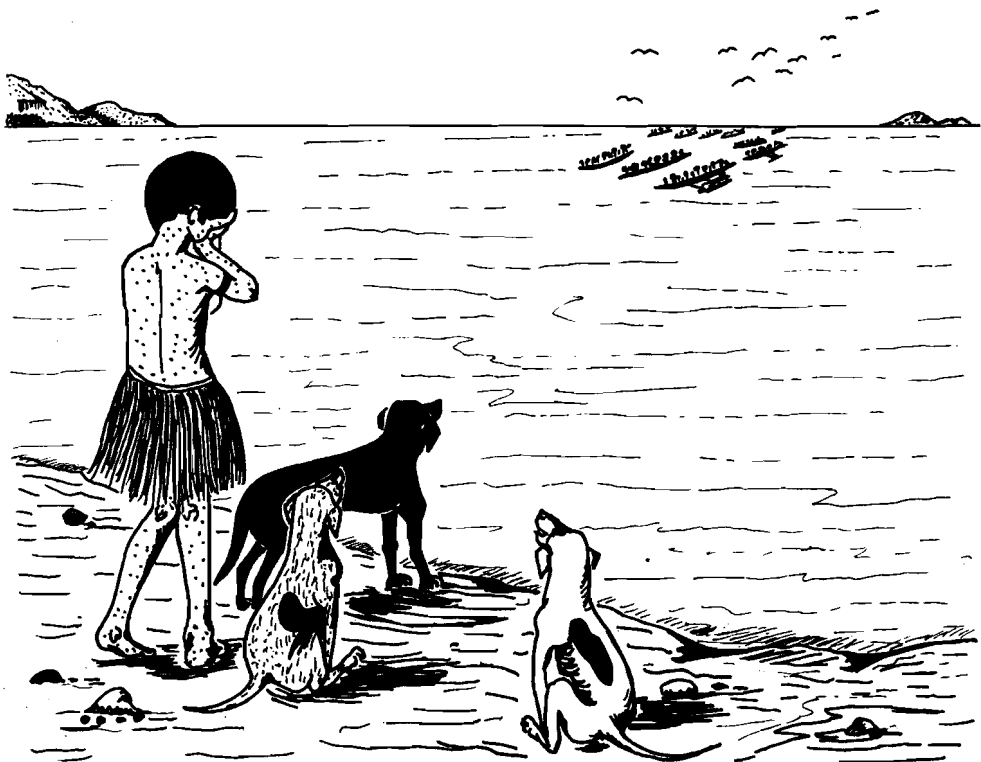
### MAN THE TELLER OF TALES

The story existed from the very beginning. The response of man was simply a telling of the story. It was told in dance and song, in poetry and art, in liturgy and philosophy. In the telling of it man discovered who he was, what he should do, and why he existed. The story brought order out of chaos and delight in life. Then man began to question his telling of the story, seeking to know whether the story was true or false, whether one story was better than another, and even whether he himself was the creator of the story. It soon happened that the story was ruined by taking it literally or that it was thrown away as a lie or sign of limited intelligence. Man no longer took part in the story. He argued about it rather than told it, and the order and delight of his existence was made less. The discomfort which followed led him to suspect that the loss of the story was not as good a thing as he had thought, and he tried to find again that which he had thrown away. This has not been an easy task.

— Robert Neale

\* \* \* \* \*

The three stories in this issue of **Precept** are attempts by Papua New Guinea writers to use imagination in the creation of stories especially meaningful for this time and place. Please tell us what you think.



## An Abandoned Woman and what Became of Her

Once the Zimakani people of the Western District of Papua lived in a village called Lui. One day the Chief said, "Tomorrow we are going to move to another place." Then all the people agreed with their chief.

Now there lived in Lui a woman named Rufa who had sores all over her body. She had suffered from these sores for a long time. Since her husband and her other relatives were tired of caring for her, they decided to leave her behind.

So the Lui villagers went away, leaving Rufa and a few dogs behind. Rufa cried when they left. Then she decided to help herself. In great pain, she dragged herself to the water. Her one thought was, "If I can wash in the sea, perhaps my sores will heal."

Rufa washed. Then she sat in the sun. After several days her sores healed and she felt quite well. She stayed there in Lui with the dogs for many months.

Then one day Rufa's husband, Duma, came back to see about his wife. He felt sorry for her and wished he had not left her behind. Now he hoped to find her alive, so that he could take her to be with the Zimakani people again.

It was evening when Duma returned to Lui. Rufa was standing outside her house. In the gathering darkness, she could not see who it was. Fearing that he might harm her, Rufa got her stone axe and hid inside the house.

When Duma got out of his canoe he saw footprints in the sand. His heart leaped with gladness because he thought, "My wife is still alive." So he hurried to the house where he expected to find her.

Duma stopped in the doorway and peered into the gloom of the house, trying to see his wife. Rufa saw his figure outlined in the light of the doorway. Being very frightened, she jumped from her hiding place, screamed, and threw her axe at him.

The axe struck the doorpost CRASH! Duma fled, jumped into his canoe, and paddled away. Then he realized that, in the darkness, Rufa had not recognized him. "It was stupid of me," he thought. "I should have called out to her before I entered the house."

So he turned back to shore and slept on the beach that night. He said to himself, "In the morning Rufa will recognize me and be glad."

When the sun was up, he went to look for his wife. Seeing her some distance away, gathering fruit, he shouted, "Rufa! It's me, Duma, your husband!"

The woman turned to face him. He walked quickly toward her. Then he noticed that she had a spear and was preparing to throw it. And several dogs around her were growling and barking at him.

Then Rufa screamed, "Go away, you no good husband! Leave me alone!" She turned and ran into the forest.

Duma knew then that the long months of loneliness had maddened Rufa. She was more like a wild animal than a person. And he had to admit, "She has every right to hate me. I rejected her."

That day Duma caught some fish and left them at Rufa's door. Just before dark he watched her run into the house. He waited about an hour, then approached the house and called out. "Rufa, I want to take you home. We're sorry we left you

behind. Please forgive us. Come with me to the new village."

The only answer was the growling and barking of the dogs guarding Rufa's house. Duma begged her again and again, but she stayed silent.

The next morning, Duma saw his wife leave the house early and go straight into the bush. That day he carried some fresh water to the house and left some more fish. He noticed that the other fish had been eaten.

For many days, he caught fish and gathered other food for his wife. He carried water and firewood. Once, when Rufa was away in the forest, he put new morota on her roof.

But when she was at home and he tried to approach too closely, she threatened him with the spear and the dogs.

One night Duma stood outside Rufa's house, pleading with her. He told about a man who had come to the new village of the Zimakani people. "This man talked about a great God who cares about all people on earth," he said. "This God cares most of all for persons who are lonely and sick," Duma added. "Wouldn't you like to come and hear more about him?"

But, as usual, no reply came from Rufa.

The next morning, however, Duma noticed that she did not go straight into the bush as before. Instead, she made a fire outside the house and cooked some of the fish he had caught for her.

Very carefully, Duma worked his way toward her. Rufa did not have her spear, and the dogs were quiet. Still, he hesitated. He must not frighten her.

Then, without looking at him, Rufa said, "Is this messenger from God still in our village? I want to hear more about how he loves the poor and the sick."

Duma almost leaped with joy. He said, "If the

man isn't in the village, I know where to find him."

"Come," said Rufa. "Let us eat this fish. We will need strength for rowing the canoe to the new village."

*By Kasawa Kikia*



### GOOD STORIES SHOULD INCLUDE

- \* **Action** built around **one central theme** or idea which leads to a **climax**. Often, just before the climax, there is a **crisis** or turning point which results from a decision being taken by a leading character.
- \* **Simple** language and construction. Do not change the story's setting often. Do not use quick changes in time.
- \* Keep readers in **suspense**. Build tension up, then relax it. Keep the outcome in doubt.
- \* Use plenty of **dialogue**.



# *Precept Newsletter*

SAGILAM KADEU has been writing to put across her views since she became a member of the Teachers' Education Committee. In an article in the Post-Courier, Sagilam wrote: "We must educate in such a way that when the student leaves school he is satisfied with what he has learnt and that this is relevant to the type of society in which he will find himself. There is an urgent need for a re-orientation of the educational system to meet the real needs of Papuans and New Guineans." Sagilam is a faculty member of Balob Teachers' College, Box 80, Lae.

PAUL F. KAVON, who was with Sagilam in the December 1970 writers' course at Nobonob, won second prize in the 1971 Kristen Pres drama contest. Paul teaches at Madina 'T' School, Kavieng, New Ireland District.

JOE NIDUE has won a Kristen Pres literary prize two years straight. In 1971 he won first place in drama for his play, "Laik Bilong Wan Wan," which concerns problems between young people and their parents over choice of marriage partners. Joe teaches at St. Xavier's High School, Kairiru Island, Wewak.

LEO SAULEP is now Secretary of the Executive Committee, Christian Communication Programme, Pacific Conference of Churches. His full-time occupation is Religious Broadcasts Officer, ABC, Box 1359, Boroko.

BEREMU H. SESIGUO, who has attended two writers' workshops, is writing a biography of his father. Beremu said: "I am writing this because my father lived the sort of life which would be a good example to young Christians, students, church workers, doubtful parents who keep their children from going to school, and people who think they are not good for anything." Beremu teaches at Raipinka Primary School, P.O. Box 39, Kainantu, Eastern Highlands District.

A.K. WAIM, a Kristen Pres writer and editor, is attending a workshop in writing and editing small publications at the East-West Communication Institute, Honolulu, Hawaii.

JIM BAITAL, student at Martin Luther Seminary, Lae, won first prize in the 1971 Kristen Pres fiction competition with his story about a city youth who went back to the village, got into trouble there, then lived a life of guilt until it overcame him (see "Creative Writing: Road to New Life").

DONALD MAYNARD, who while editor of New Guinea Writing also lectured at Nobonob writers' courses and kept up a keen interest in all new writers, is now Lecturer in Oral Language at the Papua New Guinea Institute of Technology, Box 793, Lae.

JANADABING APO is working on a book of family devotions. Part of this work has been circulated in mimeograph form by a missionary in the Madang district, who reports that the devotions are a very big success with all who read them. Jana attended the 17-week course at Nobonob in 1971. He is head of the Home and Family Life department of the Evangelical Lutheran Church of New Guinea (ELCONG), Box 80, Lae.

MAMPAN UMPIAH is editor of the Gaulim Teachers' College Magazine and a member of the Creative Writing Option Group at the college.

JONATHAN P. SIKOP is now a pastor in the Gaulim Circuit of the United Church. He also writes for the magazine Message of Truth (Nilai Ra Dovot). His address is: C/- Rieit United Church, Box 90, Rabaul.

JONATHAN SIALO is completing his second year at the United Church Pastor's Training College near Rabaul.

GERSON IGUA, a full-time worker in the United Church Book Depot in Rabaul, is also actively writing, mostly poetry. His most recent letter states that a Christian Writers' Club is to be formed in the Gazelle Peninsula. His address is Box 90, Rabaul.

WALTER DARIUS was acting information officer for the Department of Information and Extension Services (DIES) at Radio Morobe, Lae, during March and April 1972. His regular station is Pt. Moresby.

ELIZABETH SAKIAS began shorthand and typing courses in May at Port Moresby as additional training for her work as an information officer in the DIES. Her address is Box 2312, Moresby.

DADOK TAMOSAN is a translator and editor for Kristen Pres, Madang. He is writing a biography of a local government councillor.

NO RECENT INFORMATION has come from the following persons: Desmond Bundu, Nemuel Laufile, Kaminiel Masagi, Sam Rabonara, Pius Bonjui, Priscilla Ikoirere, Toina Jacob, Elizabeth Lahis, Doris Pairava, Peter Wia, Daniel Bangtor and Tommy Ramokia. Please let us know what you are writing as well as other work you're doing.

Precept is the first publication of the Christian Writers' Association of Melanesia, CWAMEL for short. The idea for CWAMEL and a periodical to serve its members began at the Creative Training Centre, Nobonob, Madang, at the close of a course in December, 1971.

Precept  
&  
CWAMEL

Membership cards have been printed and are available to all who are engaged in writing, editing or translating materials for the print, broadcast or film media, and who try to be guided in this work by the precepts of Jesus Christ.

A dictionary definition of the word precept is this: "A rule or principle imposing a particular standard of action or conduct." Perhaps a more simple way of saying it is to define a precept as "a teaching." So this publication will aim to teach about writing, and about how Christians are employing themselves in this vocation. Thus it will be a sharing of ideas and viewpoints as well as being simply a medium of factual exchange.

It is hoped that local writers' clubs will be formed in many places. One is in the beginning stages at Madang Teachers' College and another is being planned in the Rabaul area. If there are others please let us know--we may be able to help.

As a service to writers, CWAMEL will give advice about manuscripts and will help to place them with publishers. It will also help writers in remote areas to obtain the books they may need for study or pleasure reading (but CWAMEL cannot buy books for you).

LITERATURE INFORMATION EXCHANGE. Until a clearing house service can be established, Precept will pass along information about what writers and publishers are doing. For example, the Summer Institute of Linguistics is publishing booklets on prevention and treatment of malaria and venereal disease. Christian Missions in Many



Lands will soon bring out a story about a young man who begins life well but, because he fails to discipline himself, comes to grief. His mistakes harm those around him too.

Kristen Pres is working on Creation Legends from New Guinea, Tales from Long Ago, and Return from the Unknown.

If all publishers and writers will send information about their projects as well as copies of published works, Precept will publish book reviews and will give news about manuscripts in process. Send this information to CWAMEL, Box 709, MADANG, Papua New Guinea.

Writers'  
Workshop  
Schedule

THIS YEAR several writers' workshops are being held away from Nobonob. Two courses of one week each have been held at Aitape, West Sepik District. Other courses will be held at Dauli Teachers' College, Tari, in July; the Christian Leaders' Training College, Banz, also in July; Rarongo Theological College, East New Britain, August, and Malmaluan Christian Education Centre in September.

Three one-week workshops are being held for Madang Teachers' College students at Nobonob. The longest course there this year will be one of Five Weeks in September and October.

For 1973, workshops have already been planned for Cape Hoskins, West New Britain; Newton College, Dogura, Milne Bay District, and Wewak.

THE UNITED NATIONS Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organization (UNESCO) has drawn attention to the need for more books in most of the world. In proclaiming 1972 International Book Year UNESCO noted that half of all books produced in the world are from the seven countries of France, Germany, Japan, Spain, Russia, Britain and the U.S.A.

Are You  
Helping  
Inter-  
national  
Book  
Year?

Book production in much of the world is just beginning. In Africa, for instance, there are more than 200 million people but only 31 million books are distributed a year--and 24 million of those come from outside Africa.

But Christian publishers and booksellers are helping to improve the literacy picture in Africa. Recent information from the Christian Council of Zambia noted that a 15-day bookselling trip through part of that African country resulted in sales of more than \$2,000 (in Australian money).

The book in greatest demand was the Good News for Modern Man version of the New Testament. This was closely followed by the Revised Standard

Version of the Holy Bible. Large numbers of the scriptures in local languages were also sold.

Other books in great demand in Africa are those on marriage and sexual ethics, children's books of various kinds, and religious textbooks.

WHAT ABOUT BOOKS IN PAPUA NEW GUINEA? General information is that sales are slow. Publishers often print only 2,000 copies of a title--a very small number.

On the other hand a missionary who travels to remote areas of the Madang District tells that even very poor people often manage to buy the books she carries along. On one visit to Kar Kar island this missionary used certain books in a course she taught for women, then sold \$100 worth of the books, some of which were only 20 cents each.

DO YOU NEED IDEAS TO WRITE ABOUT? If so, consider the following questions being asked by high school and college-age young people in Papua New Guinea::

Subjects  
for  
Books,  
Articles,  
Stories,  
Radio  
Scripts

On ASSURANCE: What should we do to become real Christians? Some people say that if we do a sinful thing we are cut off from God...is this true? What is the difference between a Christian and a non-Christian? When do we become new members or full members of the Church? How will we know in our hearts and minds that we are Christians? How do I really know that I've given my love to Jesus?

On LOVE--ROMANCE--SEX: Why do some people say that love is sin? In what ways do they mean? What should a person do if his or her partner has a different faith...so that they can have the same faith? Some people say that kissing different persons is a sin...is it? Am I committing a sin by being in love with a boy, since some people say that? If two people have been friends with great affection for one year, then suddenly one of them wants to finish the friendship while the other has the same love as before, what should the one who still loves do?

On PRAYER: Does our Heavenly Father get tired when I pray to him every day if I don't commit a sin every day? Will God answer prayer for those who have been baptized and take Holy Communion only...or will he answer non-baptized persons too? If someone prays the same thing over and over, does God answer this prayer? Why don't we say "Our Father on Earth" as well as "in Heaven" because God is with us in this earth?

On WITNESSING: We are happy to be here listening (at a Retreat) to God's words. But upon returning

to college we face difficulty in being among non-Christians...How can we overcome this problem?

Say I become a Christian in one church and my parents don't want me to go there because they belong to another...does it matter if they hate me?

What are some ways I can answer questions of people who object to God's message?

On HOLY COMMUNION: I read that people who have sin may come and have the wine as the blood of Jesus and he will wash away their sin. Then why do missionaries and pastors say that unless you are baptized you may not drink the wine and eat the bread?

Why can't we have pig meat or beef or other fresh meat to eat during our Communion...why do we have bread?

On ETHICS: Is it right for a Christian to be in the army and kill?

If a person swears but doesn't mean it, is it sin?

Is it right for Christians to see magazines which show naked bodies and dirty pictures?

On HEALING: The disciples healed lame people... why aren't ministers today able to do the same?

On BIBLE PROBLEMS: Who is Jehovah? God knows the future...then does he know that I won't be accepted in his kingdom even though I repent?

The Bible says that man was made out of dust but scientists believe that humans evolved from animals then changed to man. Which is telling the truth, the Bible or science?

Those who did not hear the Good News and have died, where will they go?

I have heard that unless a person is baptized he cannot go to heaven. But Lazarus was with God because he was poor on earth...he was not baptized yet he was still in heaven. What is right?

A GROUP OF WRITERS recently listed, in Pidgin, the following problems which need to be written about: Pasin bilong Papua New Guinea i bruk; Baim meri; Marit i bruk; Maritim plenti meri; Skul dropout; Bilip bilong kainkain lotu; Kago kult; Posin; Nogat wok; Dring; Haigin; Bosim lapun papamama.

Social  
Concerns  
for  
Writers

If you want to write about any of these, follow this plan: First, explain the problem or situation fully. Next, say what you think should be done about it. Then, predict what can happen if your advice is followed. Use examples from real life. Gather and use facts. Be brier.



MICHAEL KWANDI  
West Sepik District



KAUA TOSA  
Kainantu, E. Highlands

*New Writers  
for Papua  
New Guinea*



PETER BOEMUI  
Buka, Bougainville



MARGARET KAMIAK  
Laiagam, W. Highlands



JENNIE WARI  
Marshall Lagoon

BOAS WIRIRINGA  
Finschhafen, Morobe



Nobonob  
Writers'  
Workshop

FAIVA SIONE  
Tauu Islands, Bougainville



TATOVERAE ZOKANAO  
Henganofi, E. Highlands





VENANTIUS TAPIN  
East New Britain



GEORGE SARI  
Asaro, E. Highlands



THOMAS RAKOP  
Western Highlands



KILA  
GIMA,  
Central  
District

RAPHAEL GLANEY  
West Sepik



TERESIA RUPAI  
West Sepik District





**John Kopil**

*After writing, he makes music*



**J. Pasingan Sikop**

*Pastor who studied at Nobonob*



*Thirteen writers look at books for children during session at Nobonob in December 1971.*



*Kiap on patrol, assisted by carriers.  
Skit enacted by writers at closing  
of 17-week-long course in Dec. 1971.*



*Kiap being flattered and pampered.  
The "kiap" is J. Pasingan Sikop while  
the carriers are Jonathan Sialo, foreground,  
and Beremu Sesiguo.*



*From a small beginning...*

The first writers' workshop held by Glen W. Bays as Literature Training Officer of the Creative Training Centre attracted only six persons. Now the requests for workshops from colleges and seminaries in Papua New Guinea come in regularly. About 120 persons have been given some training in writing in a year-and-a-half.

