



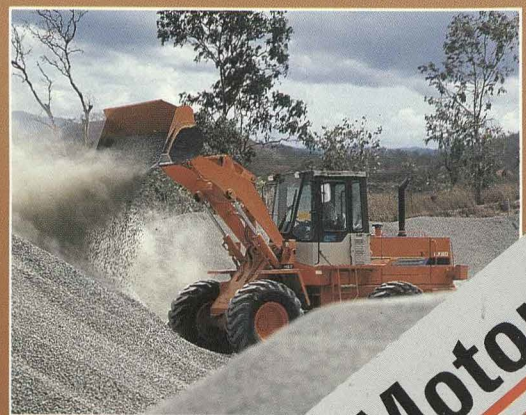
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A survivor of two volcanoes at Rabaul describes, in graphic diary entries, the natural calamity that transformed the verdant landscape into a moonscape in a matter of hours. Nature at its wildest and most destructive was an awesome experience.

Enjoy your flight.

Dieter Seefeld
Chief Executive & General Manager
Air Niugini

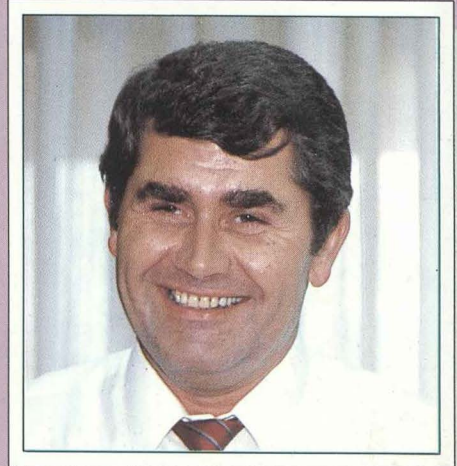
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Cover: Baskets for sale in Wewak market (see page 39).
Photograph by Liz Thompson.

No 109 March-April 1995

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Fax: (675) 273 380



Dieter Seefeld
Chief Executive & General Manager
Air Niugini

Editor – Geoff McLaughlin MBE
Consultant – Bob Talbot
Editorial – Ross Waby
Art Director – Robin Goodall
Subscriptions – Maggie Worri

Advertising

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Diary of



DISASTER

Story by Georgie McKie and John Beagley
Photographs by Hugh Davies, Georgie McKie and Ron McKie

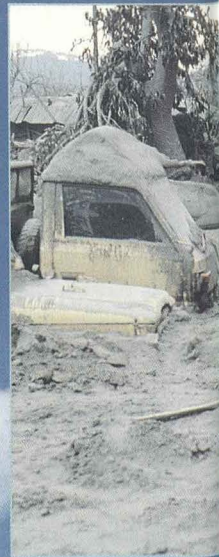
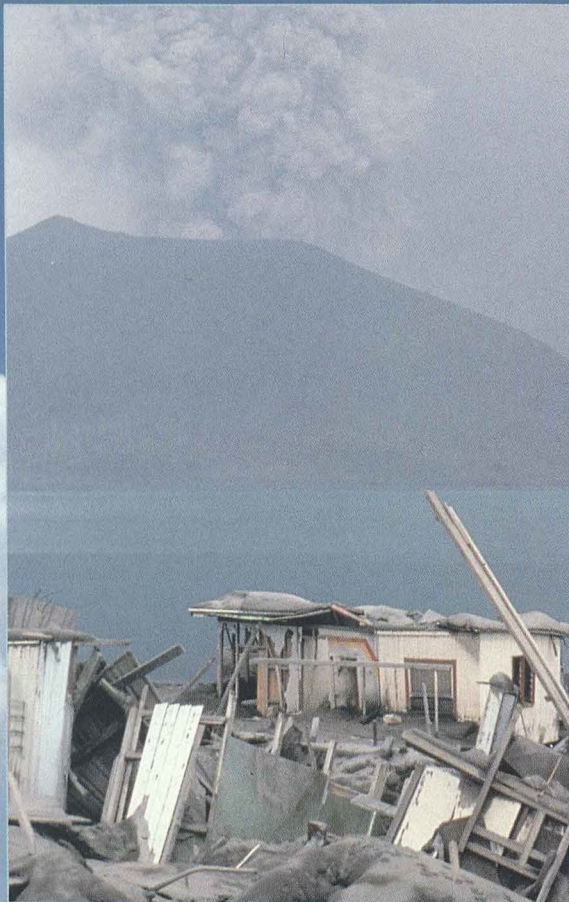
Inset, far right Vehicles covered by heavy ash fall from the volcanoes. **inset, right** Houses destroyed by the eruptions.

They say that lightning does not strike twice in the same place. Many businessmen who were driven from Arawa (Bougainville) and who re-established themselves in Rabaul (East New Britain) would not believe that. Having lost their enterprises as a result of civil war, they have now lost their livelihood as a result of the recent volcanic eruptions which devastated Rabaul in September, 1994. John Beagley and the staff of Studio Kalakala had their tribulations recorded in Volume 103 of this magazine, in March, 1994. Little more than 12 months later, a new chapter opened on their story.

On Monday, September 19, Papua New Guinea awoke to the news that the eruption of the volcanoes surrounding Rabaul, was imminent. At 7.15am, the news was flashed around the country that both Tavurvur and Vulcan had erupted.

Volcanologists had predicted that before the turn of the century, the Rabaul volcanoes would again explode into life. What caught everyone by surprise was the staggering speed at which it happened. In 27 hours Rabaul went from a normal situation, to full volcanic eruption. In spite of well-made emergency plans and a recent simulation exercise in the town, a frightening evacuation took place, as people fled as best they could to areas beyond the reach of the volcanoes.

In graphic detail, John Beagley described the increase in earthquake activity in his diary.



Preceding page Tavurvur spews forth steam, smoke, ash and rock. **inset** One of the new craters of Vulcan.

Monday, 19 September 1994:

Sitting in the sago palms, looking across the bay towards Nonga and Rabaul we notice, at 6am, a small, yellowish grey cloud forming above Tavurvur.

Suddenly, about 7.15am, the most fierce rumbling begins as though great stones are rolling in some gargantuan cauldron. Vulcan begins erupting. Unlike Tavurvur, the smoke is thick, dense and dark grey. The cloud rises fast, and the rumbling and grinding becomes louder. With the naked eye, we see huge igneous rocks with smoking tails shooting into the air and dropping like firework skyrockets. The ominous dark grey/black clouds are joined by white and yellowish rolling clouds.

As we watch, two more distinct eruptions start venting to the right of Vulcan's original opening. Tavurvur continues to erupt slowly, and the horizon is obscured by her dust. The column of ash from Vulcan has become alarmingly high, and it is moving at a great height and speed down the island. The sky is now dark, and we fear that the vent in the harbor may blow, and that Vulcan's ash may soon fall on Rabaul, Nonga, and the Kulau Lodge and Pila Pila area. We take to motor vehicles in the hope of reaching Kerevat.

On reaching the road, vehicles are bumper to bumper, and there are now thousands of people moving along the north coast road. I fill my vehicle with people from Kabakada village and join this great stressful serpent winding its way slowly out of town. There are huge trucks loaded to overflowing with humanity. Every bus and car is crammed full of people. We feel sorry for the elderly and the very young moving with blank faces along the side of the road. The cloud of ash is now moving so fast that it is ahead of us.

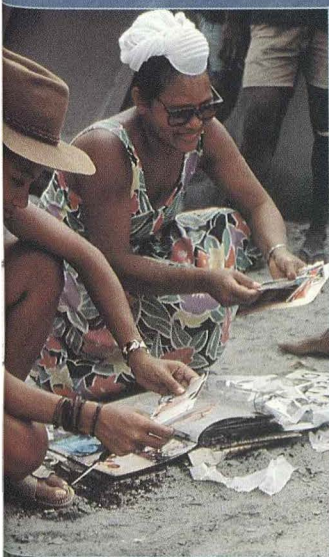
Somewhere around midday we notice that the column is trying to

turn back on itself. Cars are returning covered with what looks like cement rendered with grey pumice. The police have advised that the ash (and they also believe poisonous gas) is falling on Kerevat in huge volume. We are to turn back. Forward advance is now impossible. Of course the road becomes clogged, and people leave their vehicles in panic.

While we are at a standstill, the news comes from behind us that the ash is now falling in the Kulau area. We seem trapped, and await the fall. I manage to pull to the side of the road where I am advised not to park under a rain tree. Ash collecting on the branches is likely to cause the limbs to break, crushing anything below them. I drive slowly to a community school oval near Lunga Lunga, and ash begins falling lightly. After two hours I resolve to try and make it back to Kulau Lodge. I arrive late afternoon to what I can only describe as a science fiction movie set. The sky is black, with dreadful spears of lightning shooting straight to the earth – some directly into the maw of Vulcan.

Both volcanoes are roaring and the thunder is fearsome. The lodge and all the surrounding vegetation is covered in thick grey mud and ash. The thunder and lightning are relentless. Through the bluish-black atmosphere we can see thick clouds billowing out of Vulcan. Tavurvur is clothed in darkness. Vulcan continues to grind and rumble, with loud eruptions from time to time.

Inset, left Rabaul residents salvage possessions from the wreckage of their homes.



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Tuesday, 20 September 1994:

All day the ash continues to fall with occasional breaks. During the afternoon I obtain a litre of petrol and set off in my vehicle in another attempt to reach Kerevat. The road has fewer cars. The trees and bushes are covered in thick grey mud and the atmosphere is a darkish yellow. With such an old vehicle, and with so little fuel, my constant fear is breakdown due to pumice in the filter and other parts of the engine. Near George Brown High School, the road becomes thick, yellow mud – the landscape totally alien – the coconut palms folded down on themselves like great grey umbrellas, and the air is filled with fallout.

Close to evening I arrive at the Kerevat Club which has become a sort of unofficial care centre. There are three or four expatriate families and about 150 nationals, including women and children. All are calm, going about the business of cooking. Outside, the ground is covered in about two or three inches of queer grey spongy ejecta – very peculiar to walk on. Food appears plentiful, but water supplies are running low. Concern is expressed about the children developing stomach trouble, and no medicine being available.

Bottom, left Palm trees like collapsed umbrellas. **below** Tavurvur erupts.



Wednesday, September 21:

Petrol supplies arrive and I resolve not to be a burden for another night. With a litre of fuel I set off for Kokopo. The flattened grey moonscape continues, but the road is not too bad, just dusty and gritty. There is nothing green to be seen, and the sky is overcast with dust and pumice.

At Vunadirdir I am not ready for what confronts me – normality! Everything is again a beautiful green. My beloved coconut trees once again fan out against a wonderful blue sky. The ash has not reached here. On reaching the Kokopo road I again encounter thousands of people everywhere, all looking bemused and preoccupied. I head straight for Takabar Plantation where I am welcomed by a group of evacuees. Food is not short, and at this stage the water is okay. At night, using binoculars we can see Vulcan throwing glowing red rocks into the air. I stay the night, and at last I am able to sleep.

One of the positive things to have come out of this disaster, has been the unified response by people all over the country. Money, food, clothing, medicines and shelter have been donated, but clearly the rebuilding of lives and businesses will take a long time.

We know that the area will recover, and that increased fertility will ensure that the area becomes a tropical paradise once more. But we also know that these volcanoes will speak again in the future, and hard decisions about the relocation of the town and business centre must be made.



Upper, right Light aircraft at Rabaul airport.
right Ash destroyed trees and created a 'moonscape'.

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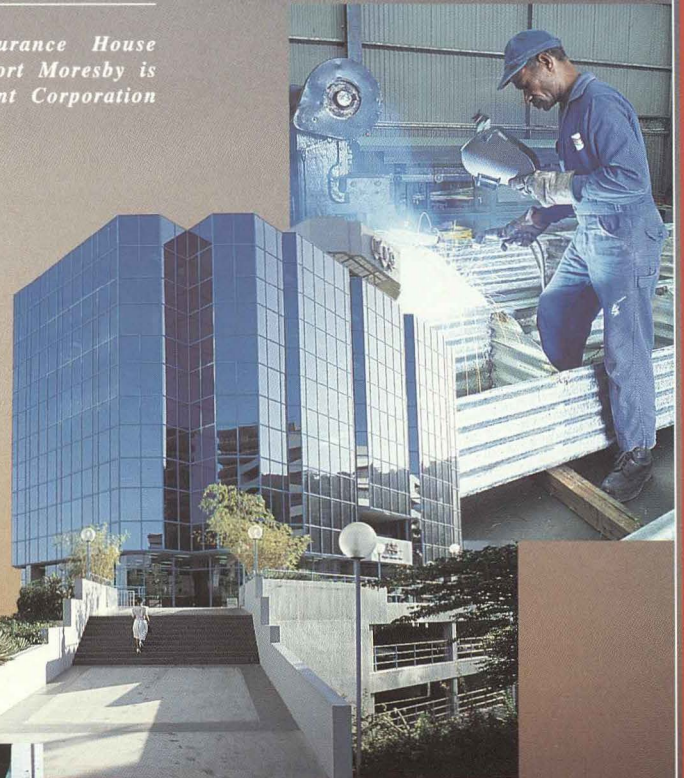
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Extending 120 kilometres northwest from Lae, the wide grassy Markham valley is the home of many pottery making groups. The best known are the Adzera who live near the upper end of the valley around the villages of Kaiapit and Zumin. Their work, commonly referred to as Zumin pottery, is distinguished by fanciful animal figures which peek over the sides and into the pot.

In the village of Antiragen I was greeted by Sifian, my teacher and host. Sifian chose a pleasant grassy spot to lay out his tool kit, and called to one of his daughters-in-law to bring 'gur', a word describing clay as well as clay pot.

Oval lumps, each weighing about 1.5kg, had been conveniently wrapped in a banana leaf for storage and for easy measurement. Small pots for cooking ginger or chicken need one lump, while large feast vessels require six. Sifian chose to make my pot with three lumps.



Top Potter smooths the moist clay with a flat stick. above Foods cooking in Zumin clay pots make a delicious feast.

pots & super pots

Story and photographs by Susan Turner

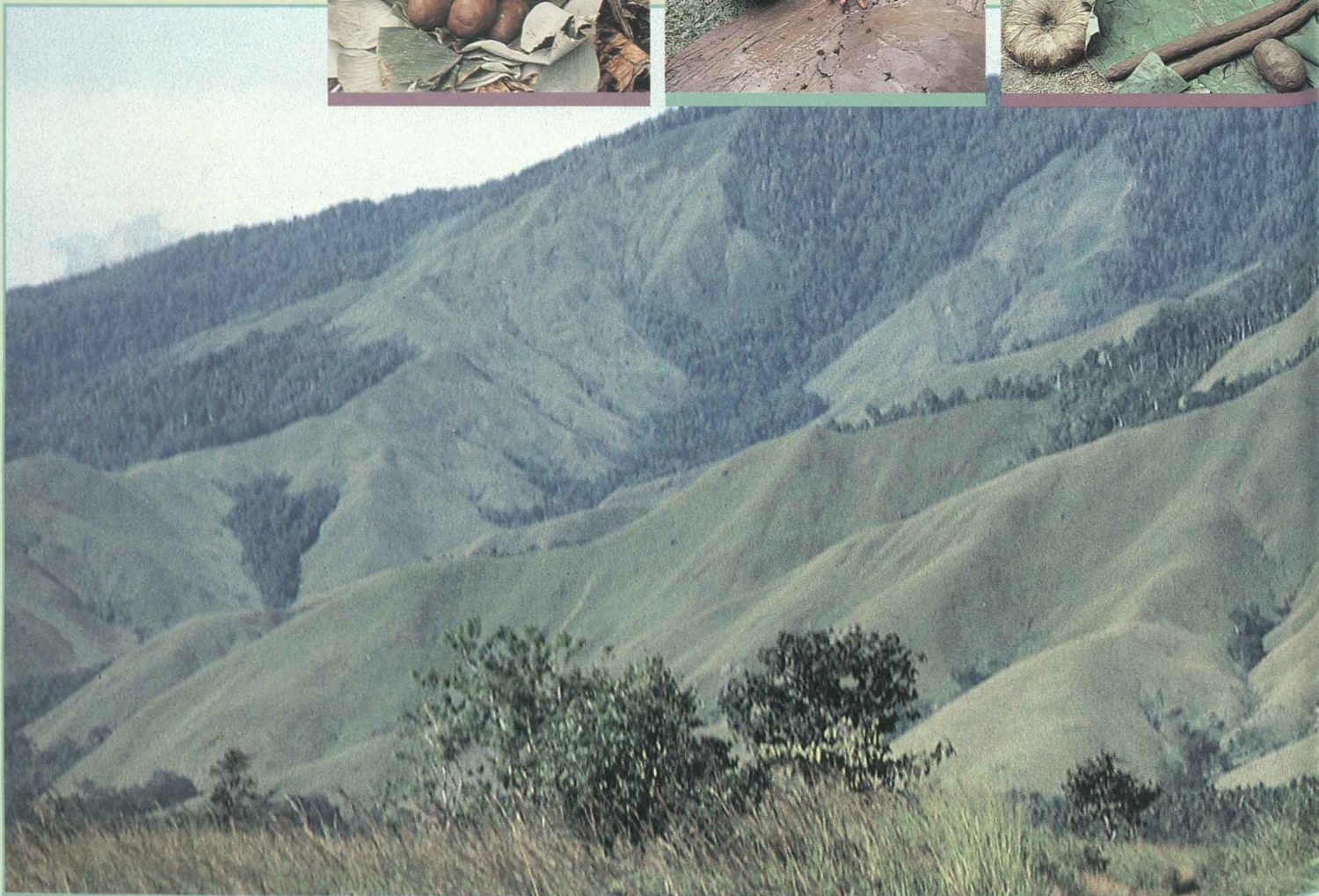
First, he squeezed one piece of clay into a short fat sausage shape and then rolled it between his hands until it became long and thin. To make the base he coiled the clay to form a disc. He quickly built up the walls with the remaining clay, joining and evening out the coils with his thumb. At times he used his two feet as a support for the heavy mass.

When Sifian was finished with the tall, thick form, he put the pointed bottom onto a ring-shaped stand, and smoothed the coils using a flat, wooden stick. A piece of polished, wet coconut shell was used to shape the inside of the pot. After being trimmed and shaped, the finished pot was set aside to dry.

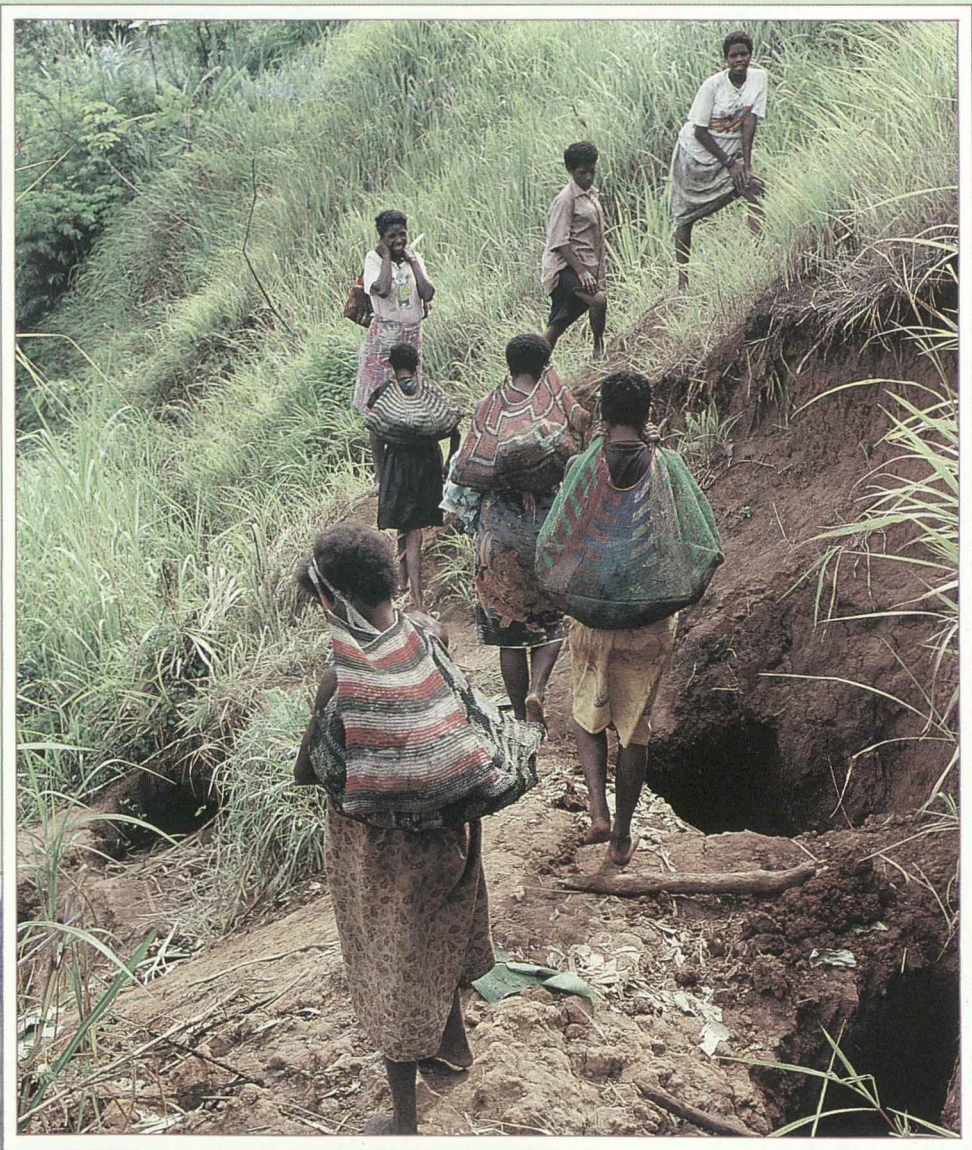
During the wait, three young women arrived with string bags full of heavy wet clay. They had left at daybreak to collect it from their land in the foothills of the Krate mountains. Only people who own the rights to clay deposits are able to make pots for their own use, and for trade to the coast and the Eastern Highlands.

Below, from left Lumps of potting clay are kept moist in banana leaves; paddled flat so small stones and other impurities can be removed; turned into coils which are shaped into pots. **main picture** Upper Markham Valley. **far right** Women dig and transport the clay for the male potters.

Collecting and preparing clay is women's work. A large flat piece of wood is used to beat the fresh clay. Impurities such as tiny stones and organic matter that could cause pottery to crack or explode are picked out. The clay is refolded and beaten several times, the whole process taking about 40 minutes.



Two other men joined us. One of them, Bobby, announced he was going to make a 'super pot' and quickly created the basic shape. Bobby and Sifian then began to decorate their work. Using their fingernails and pointed sticks of black palm, they pressed centipede tracks, lizard jaws and python skeletons into the upper part of the pot. With tiny dabs of clay they added imaginative insects, wasps eyes and pig dugs. At this point a pot is finished unless wonderful animal handles are to be added which will turn the pot into a 'gur aniang', a pot for cooking meat. Sifian carefully modelled the head of a smiling flying fox and poked in the eyes with another tool from his kit - a ballpoint pen.



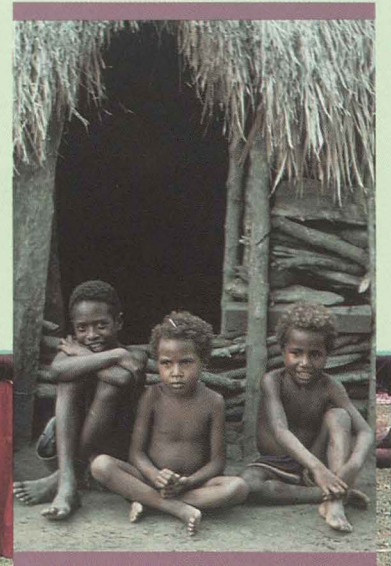
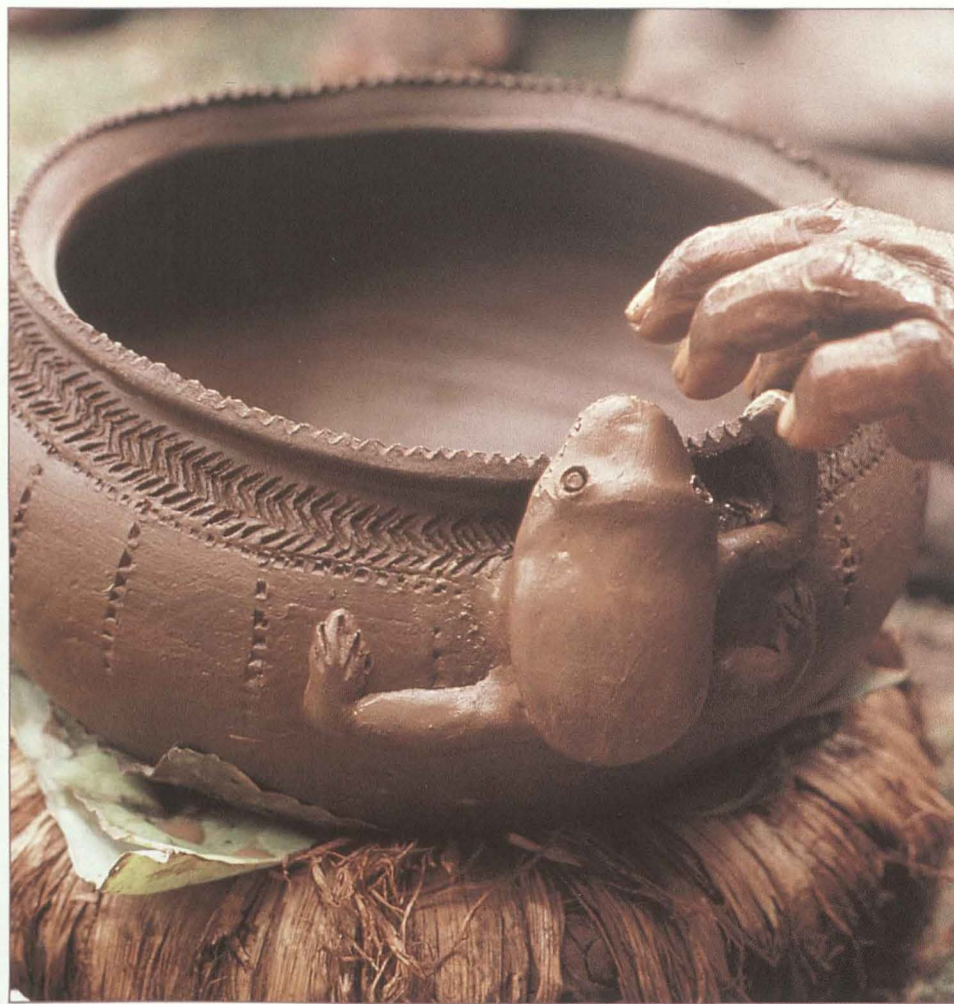


Below Potter adds animals to clay pot to be used for cooking meat. **bottom** Garden produce is prepared for the cooking pots. **below, right** Patient diners at the entrance of a village house.

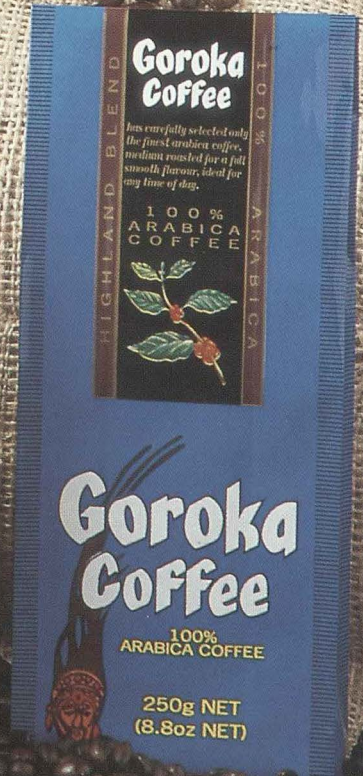
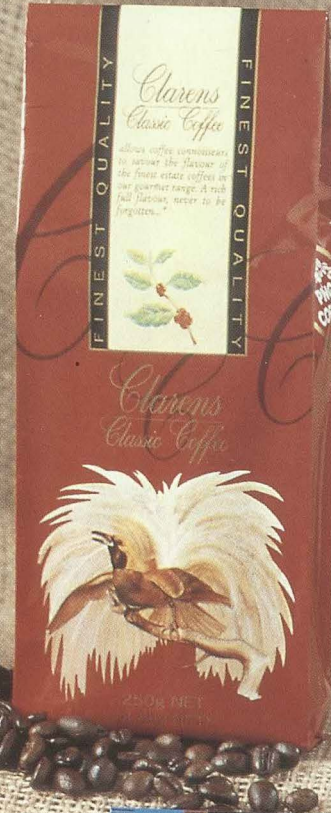
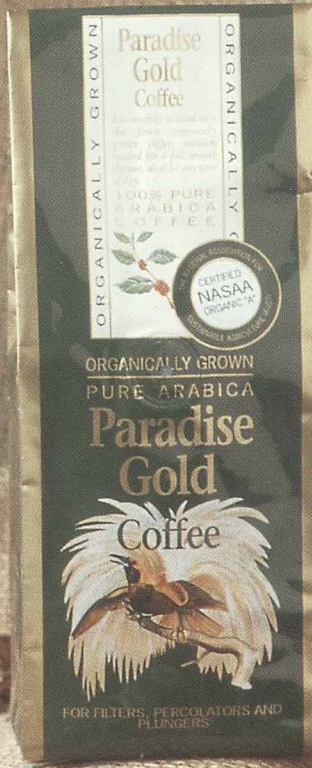
Bobby slightly broke the tradition of two figures by adding a flying fox and a frog with a snake slithering around the neck of the pot to eat it. Those were the flourishes that made it a 'super pot'.

The finished pots may take up to three weeks to dry sufficiently to be ready for firing. A third potter had a pot that was ready. He placed the pot on a base of wood, stacked split firewood around it and simply lit the fire. It was plucked from the ashes an hour later. Finally, to seal the porous clay, ripe cooking bananas were boiled in the pot.

As it is the Adzera custom for important men to give strangers a warm welcome, a feast was organised for me. While the taro, bananas and greens in coconut cream were delicious, the real treat was that everything has been cooked in traditional pottery. I agreed with my hosts that food cooked in clay pots tastes better than food cooked in metal ones.



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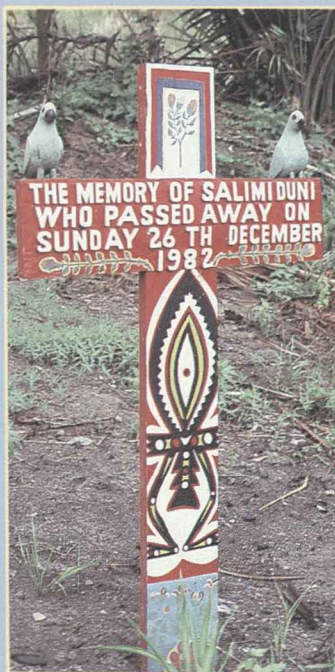
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Often, individual villages in an area are noted for arts or crafts unique to them. One may specialise in making kundu drums, another stone clubs, with another being famous for the hunting dogs bred there. Carving is the special talent of the people of Gogodala, in Western Province. It is for them, as natural as swimming, paddling canoes or fishing.

Traditionally, sharp-bladed battle axes resembling great meat cleavers, were carved from the hardest timbers. Shields for protection in battle were fashioned from wood light enough for swift

manoeuvrability but tough enough to prevent the penetration of enemy spears and arrows. Spears and arrows, in turn, were patiently crafted with intricate carvings. The artistry embodied in the weapons was not for decoration, but served a practical function. The delicate design of the arrows allowed the thin waisted sections of the arrow head to break off easily within the victim's body.

The remarkable carving talents of the Gogodala people are evidenced not only in their weapons. A 46-year-old, six-metre-long, carved dragon hangs



majestically in the local Gogodala Council chambers.

Clan totems featuring snakes, crocodiles, birds, lizards, frogs and human forms were fashioned from a light, balsa type timber and painted with brightly colored ochres of red, yellow, white and black.

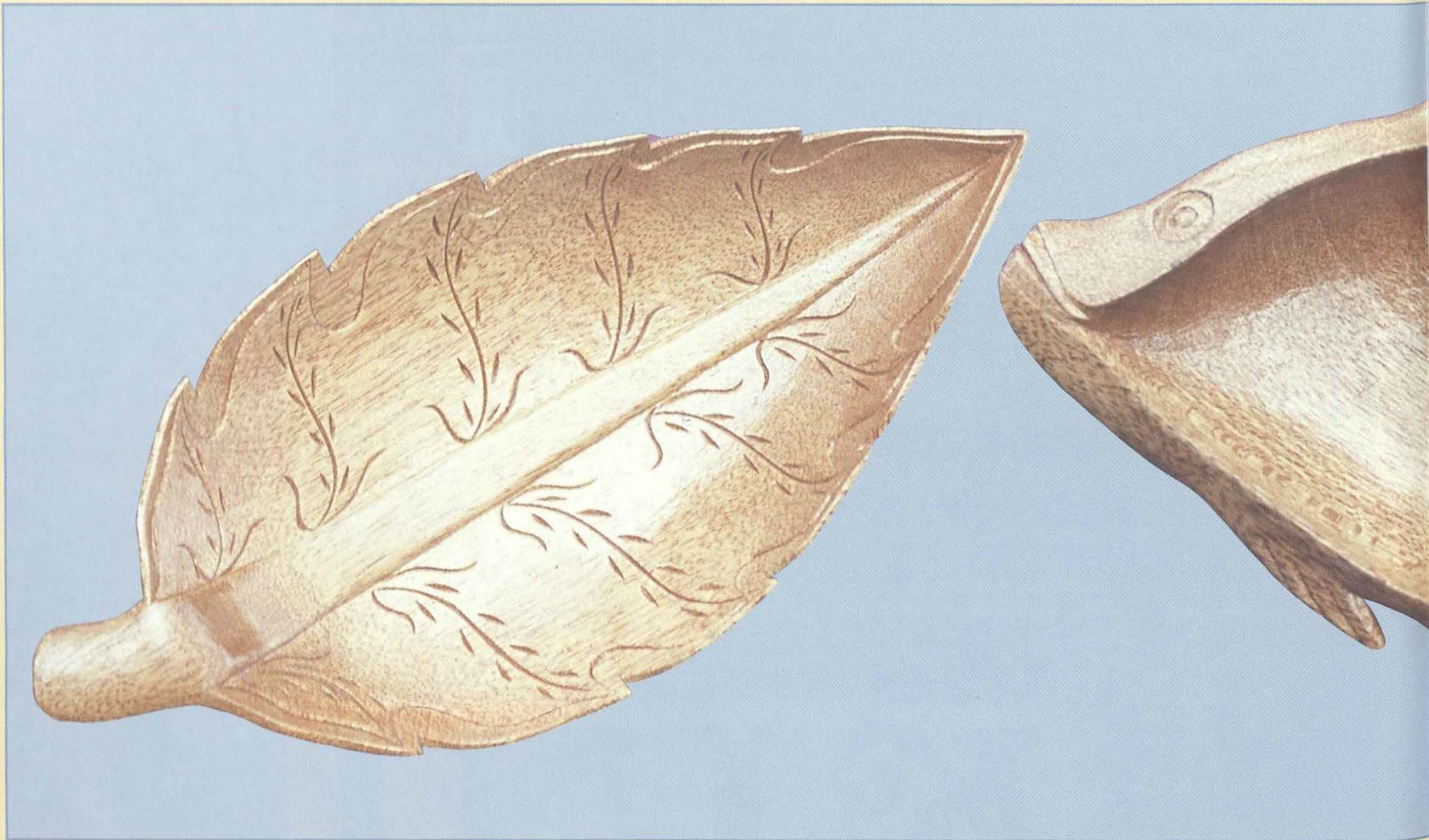
Bearers and poles blending animal and human forms supported the famous Gogodala long houses, some of which were 180 metres long. At Kini there is a short section of a traditional long house which it was hoped, would serve as a cultural centre. Currently the leaf roof is being repaired and although

KINI carvers

Above Carved wooden 'headstone' features the deceased's canoe decoration, birds and flowers. **below** Creations of the Kini carver, Duni.

Story and photographs
by Keith Briggs





Above *Finely detailed nut bowls are each about 35cm long. right* Duni, a Kini carver, at work.

describing the graceful canoes, each of which has individual characteristics and lines reflecting the artfulness and skill of the craftsman. The ornate prows of giant racing canoes are adorned with clan designs.

For travelling long distances, outboard motors are widely used, but carved silky oak paddles still propel canoes used in day-to-day village life.

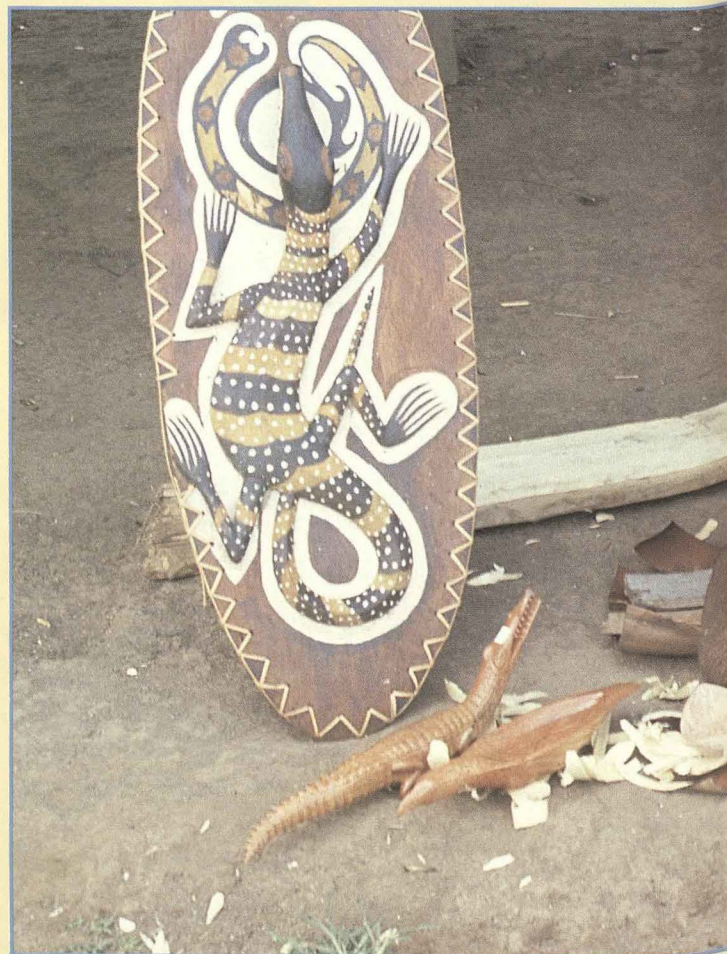
The carver's timber of choice is the delightful pink silky oak which does not warp or readily split. Another is the famous PNG rosewood with its distinctive scent and beautiful grain.

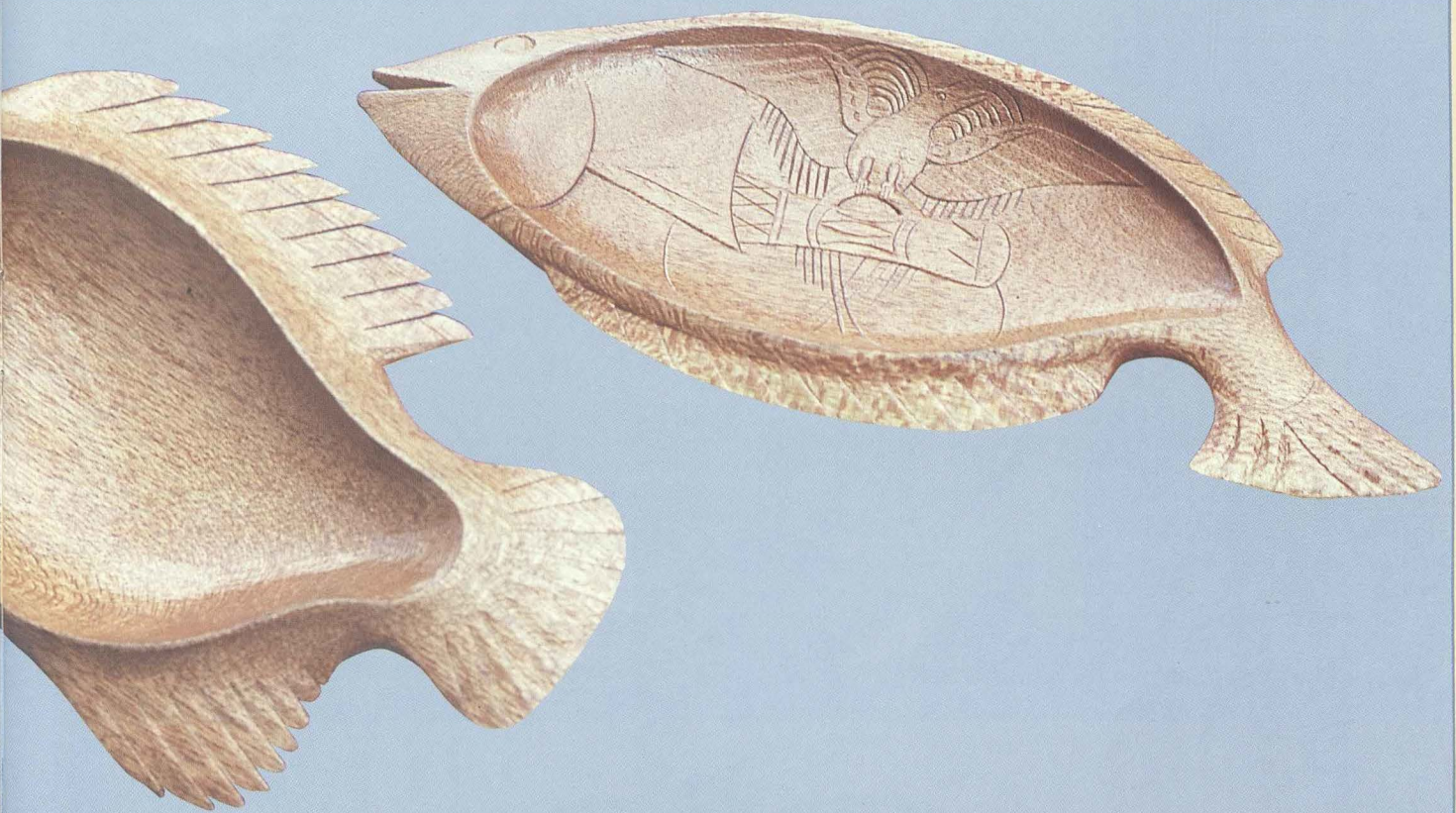
Blanks are obtained by cutting and splitting pieces from a large log. They are trimmed to approximate size with a sharp axe or bush knife. A free-hand pencil outline of the desired article is drawn on the blank and excess wood is trimmed away with the bush knife. Carvers use only a few chisels and gouges, a

unfinished it gives some idea of the magnificence of these communal houses.

Happily, battle axes are no longer used and sadly, the magnificent long houses are no longer built. However, the instinct to carve has been inherited by many Gogodala men.

Dugout canoes are the main transport throughout the thousands of hectares of lagoon country flanking the Aramia river. Each canoe is an example of the carver's art. The word 'dugout' seems inadequate when





medium hunting-type knife and a smaller knife similar to those used for peeling vegetables.

Because glass holds its edge better than steel, pieces of broken bottle are ideal for the final scraping and smoothing of a carving. Traditional 'sandpaper' leaves are quite effective but commercially made sandpaper is now used because it is more efficient and durable.

Stone is unknown in the lowlands of the Western Province, so anyone wishing to erect a reasonably permanent epitaph in memory of a departed relative can engage a Kini man to carve the message of their choice into a rosewood or silky oak cross. Such 'headstones' with inscriptions in English and Gogodala are popular in village burial grounds. Most incorporate clan totems of the deceased. The timber is cut away to leave the letters standing out about 15

centimetres. Mistakes made during carving cannot be rectified, so careful planning and attention are required. These durable timbers are coated with commercial paint which enables them to last for many years.

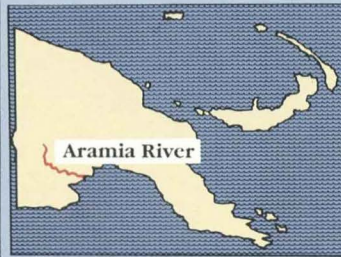
Kini carvers paint traditional items with customary colors but for the tourist market, they use clear polyurethane finish for bowls and dishes to be used for holding food.

As there is a limited market locally for their wares, most are sent to Port Moresby or larger Highlands towns for sale in artefact shops.

Balimo, the administrative centre for the Gogodala area is serviced by commercial

aircraft. Kini is a pleasant one-and-a-half hours' paddle from Balimo through lagoons that reflect village houses, little coconut islands, clumps of bamboo, water lilies and bird life. The Kini carvers always welcome visitors, and dealing directly with them ensures there are no middle men!

Right Duni, the carver, with some of his creations. **below** Papua New Guinea coat of arms, carved and painted.



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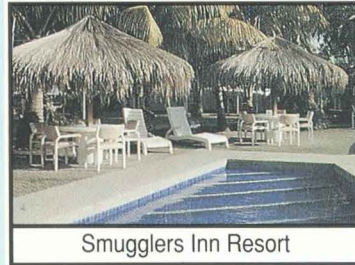
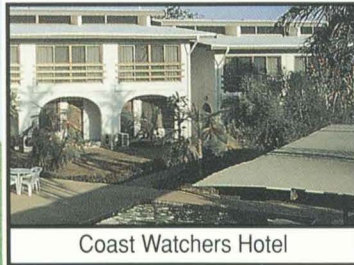
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You can say without doubt, life is sweet for us all with RAMU.

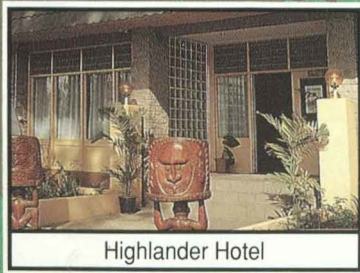
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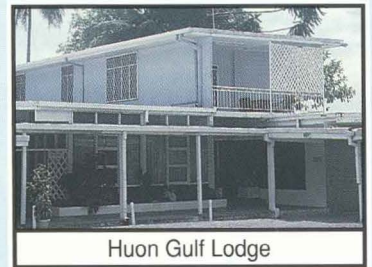


MADANG

MOUNT HAGEN



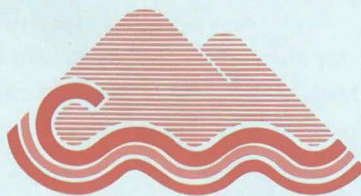
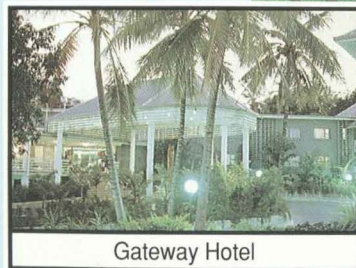
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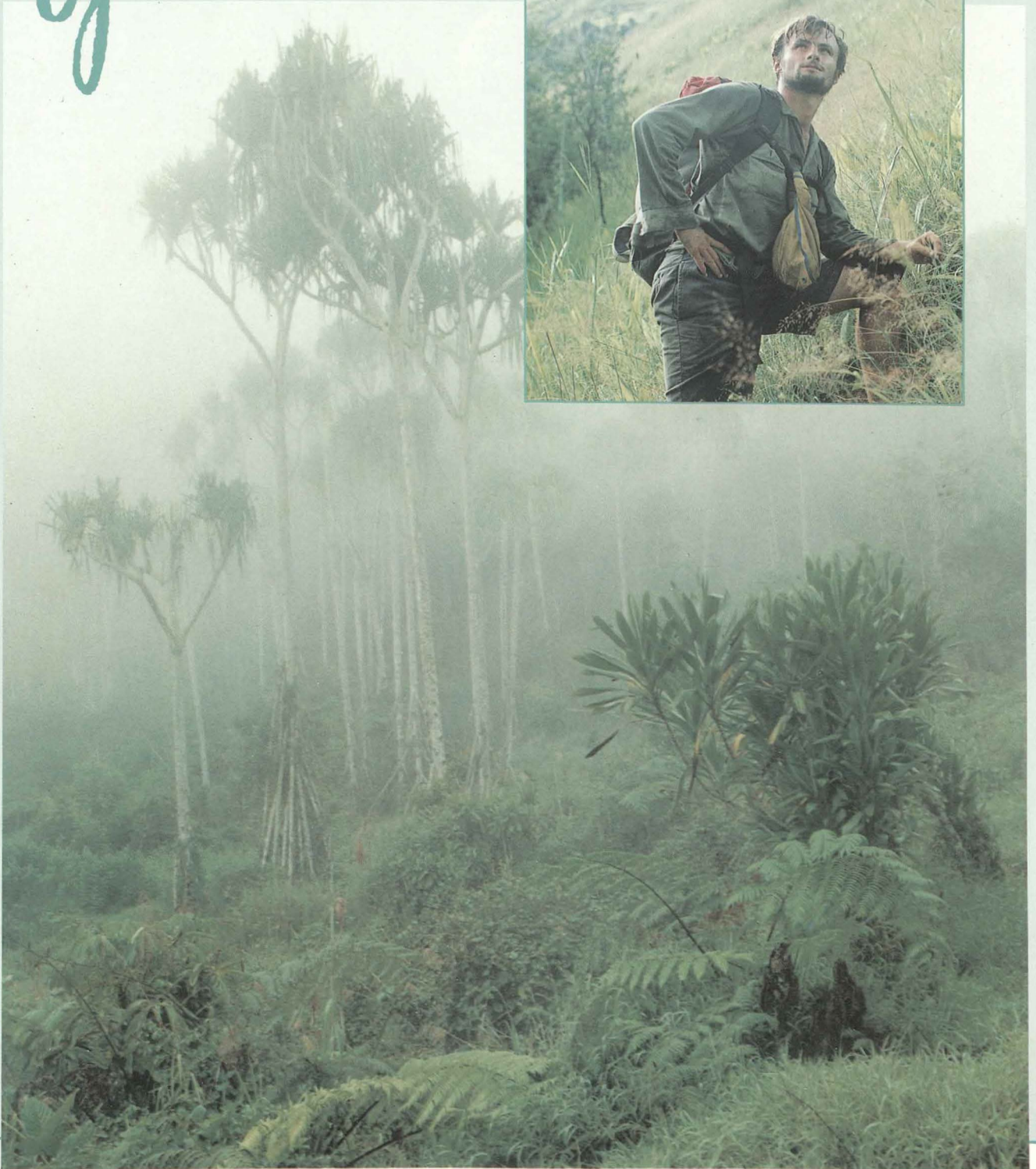
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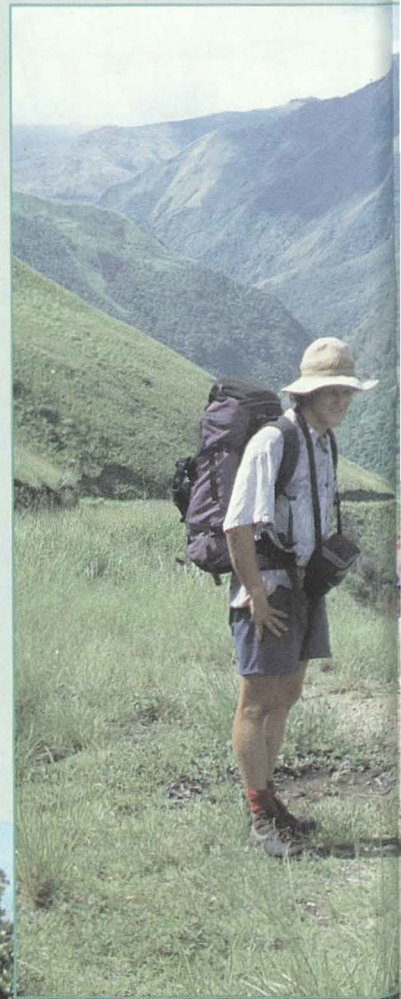
Inset Author rests on a steep slope of the Aiwara Valley. **below** Karuka (mountain pandanus) grove in the high country mist.

Story by David Evenden
Photographs by Matthew Stephens





Above Children of Tanapai village with pet white piglet. **right** Author and two young companions on a missionary-built track. **below** Villagers farewelling author and photographer on a leg of their sea kayak trip along the PNG coast.





My knees tremble and legs take the strain as I jostle my pack and fight the drag of gravity. Surrounded by the intense greenery of steep upland rainforest, my nerve is anything but calmed as I struggle to follow in the footsteps of our local Papuan friend. We have freely elected to take our first Papuan short-cut, dropping sharply away from the flatter trail blasted by Catholic missionaries years before. Without words, I search behind me to see the grimace on my partner's face, indicating that he too is caught up in his own world of suffering. But soon we reach the main trail again, and as if woken from a sore dream, walk with relief towards the roar of the Aiwara River.

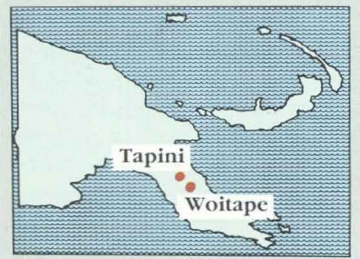


The gaunt iron frame of the bridge is easily crossed, body and mind gliding nimbly across gaps in the wooden planking. Our host of the previous night places us safely into the hands of two young boys, who are walking our way, and know the trail well.

As we walked the Goilala over the next three days, from Tapini to Woitape, I was constantly amazed at the lithe abilities of the local people. Young children ran barefoot up and down bush tracks that most people would carry ropes for. Women made pace to markets, carrying weighty string bags overflowing with garden produce. Unlike more renowned Highlands areas such as the valleys around Mount Hagen and Goroka, the land here is relentlessly steep, punishing those foreign to it, but blessing those who are born into it.

Good feelings wafted forward with us, as we left short-cuts behind and gained height above the valley. Nature must have the same effect on the local people, for they came in waves with good feelings also. It was only days till Christmas, and everyone was enthusiastic for the times ahead. Many people were early on the track, bound for either Tapini or Woitape, where they would enjoy festivities and worship with relatives and friends.

It became apparent that it was very important to many of the people to reach town for Christmas mass. Past and present, since the 1930s, the Catholic Church has strongly influenced the lives of the Goilalan people. Even to this day the achievements of the missionaries are incredible, and to cite examples of those easily seen, include the building of churches, schools, roads and airstrips. Anywhere else might simply be expected, but in an area as rugged



and remote as Goilala, such feats are exceptional.

The mule track we walked between Tapini and Woitape is just one testimony to their effort and determination, which witnessed the use of dynamite and shovels to slice away a neat path into 80km of steep valley walls. Still today there is a swag of missionaries, mainly French, scattered throughout the Goilala district. To hear them bubbling away over their two-way radio, in French, seems a world apart from the traditional ways of life that are but a day's walk away.

Late on the first afternoon we stopped wet and weary at Koitapu, about one hour's climb from the Ivane river crossing. Apprehensive about the night ahead, we greeted the man who came through the drizzle and asked him about the possibility of sleeping in the village. Without hesitation we were guided through the village, straight into a small thatched house, amid banana trees and gardens in the middle of the village cluster.

Inside was warm and dark, a log fire burning slowly on the floor in the centre of the room. In the dying light from the only doorway, I struggled to read from my pidgin phrasebook, and communicate to our hosts, who understood pidgin, but no English.

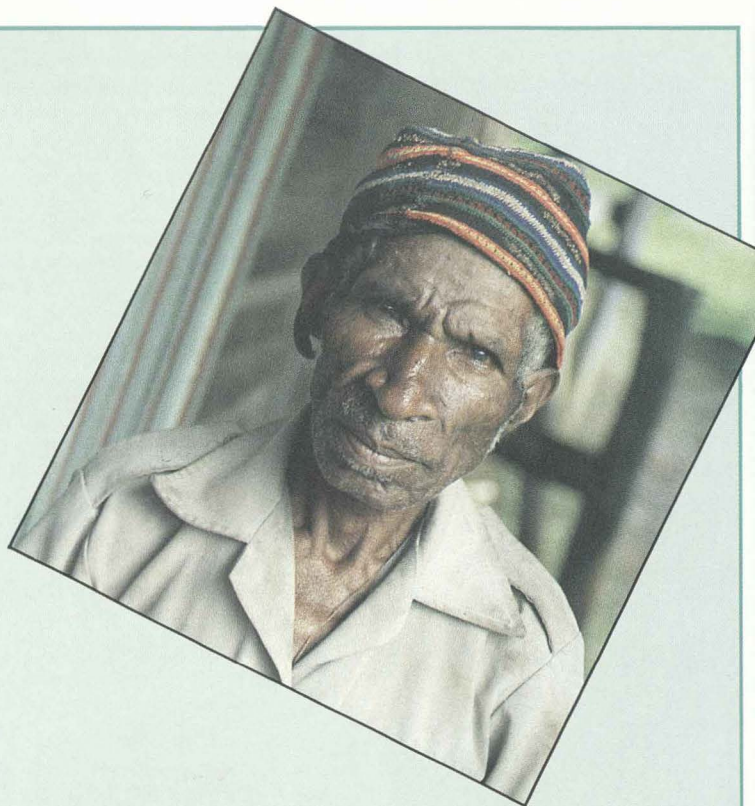
Being thrown into a situation like this is certainly the most exciting way to learn the language, because it demands it of you. We tried, and hesitated, and tried again. Enduring puzzled looks, and questioning faces, we slowly pieced together a conversation.

Goilala creates an entirely new perspective on the wilderness concept with which many Westerners are familiar. The whole landscape lives and breathes like a giant organism, unperturbed by the mere scratchlings of humankind upon its surface. It is profuse and impenetrable, more like an overgrown garden than an untainted wilderness. In the Western world we value deserted areas of beauty, where the intrusion of other people would be seen to spoil the wilderness experience.

But Goilala is not a wilderness in this way. It is

almost too rough and too rugged to be appreciated in that sense – without tracks it would certainly be impossible for visiting walkers. Around every corner there can always be another dash of humanity, a splash of color, peeping from a tree in the forest or sitting comfortably by a gushing creek.

We discover that the huge groves of mountain pandanus, called karuka, are all planted by the people, and each tree belongs to someone. The spears and arrows shot into their trunks are efforts, scientific or otherwise to make the tree bear fruit, which small boys climb high above the forest floor to fetch. Along the track and in far-off places, new slopes are cleared for gardens, and the felled trees used to make strong perimeter fences.



Above Elder of Tanapai village wears traditional woven Highlands cap. **below** Typical houses and vegetable garden overlooking a Golailan valley.



At many streams on the track, like rows of bubblers in a school playground, there are cut palm-fronds, propped up to act as mini-aqueducts, taking cool water closer to the passer-by's mouth. Unwittingly I realise that every facet of the landscape is inhabited – its beauty lies in its entirety as a perpetuating system interactive with man, not in its value as an obsolete wilderness area devoid of man's influence.

The chief of Tanipai village, where we spent our second night, explained the pride the people have for the way they live. It was remarkable to see that men and women readily returned to traditional life after time spent working in major towns and cities. Apart from a meagre assortment of modern conveniences, such as axe heads, bush knives, bowls and plates, the land still remains their most important provider. But more so than plentiful food, building materials and firewood, life in the village means community and tradition.

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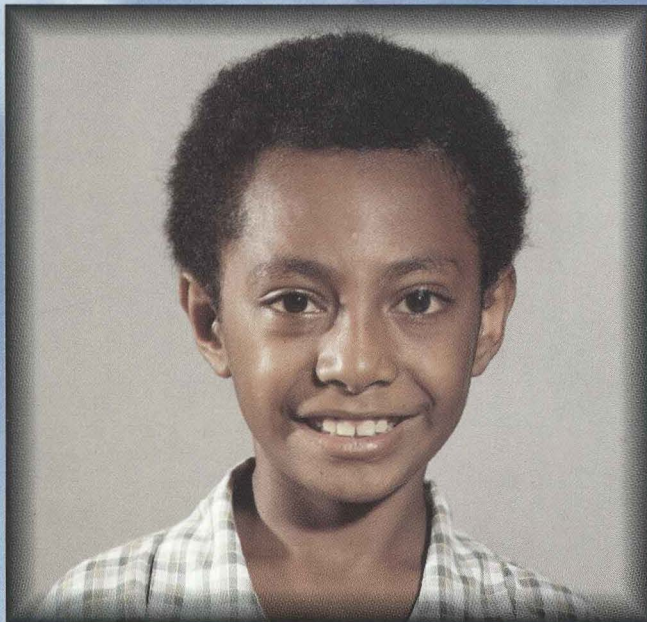
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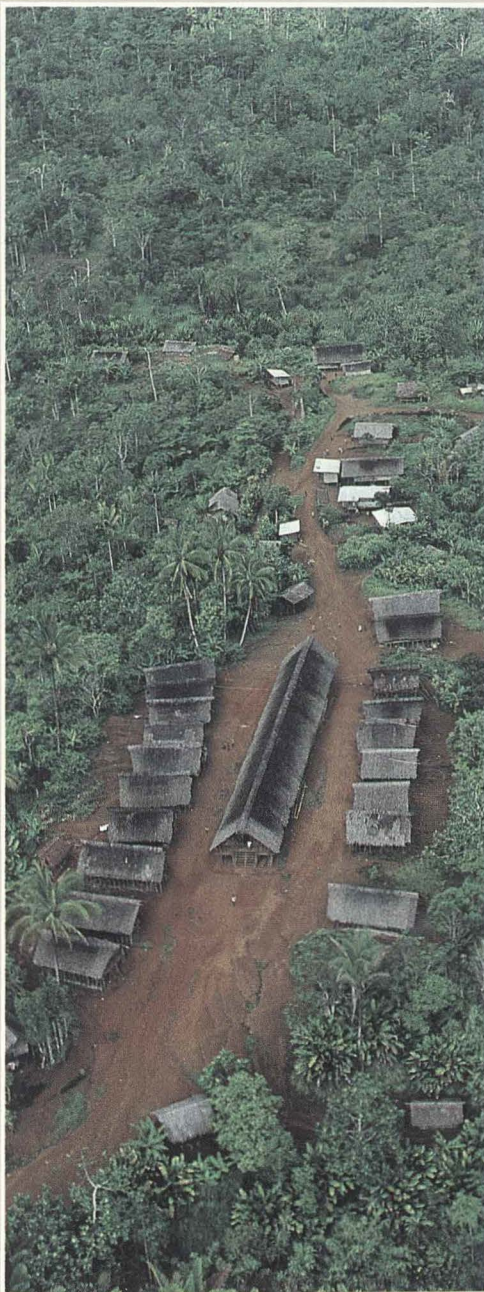
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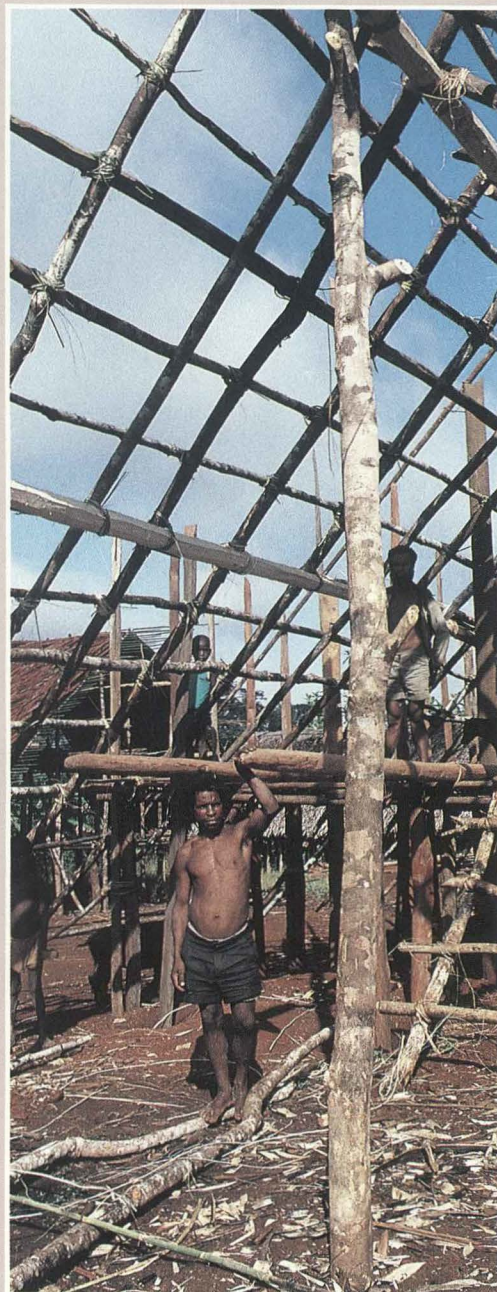
for us tomorrow



It will be hard to forget my first night in a PNG longhouse. To get to it, I walked through thick jungle and across deep ravines in Southern Highlands Province, with a group of Huli men from Tari. We were headed toward the upper reaches of the Hegigio River.

Late in the afternoon, we arrived at Bobole, one of the villages of the Etoro people. Perched on a ridge with views toward Mt Bosavi, were several long and large houses, in which, I soon discovered, most of the village slept. One of the Huli men with me shook his head in bewilderment. Used to his village where men and women sleep separately in dispersed hamlets, he remarked that PNG really was the land of the unexpected. His village was only a day's walk away, yet somewhere along the way we had crossed a very distinct cultural boundary.

We were shown inside the biggest of the longhouses and were privileged to be given a cubicle in the corner. Taro was cooked for us and later, we lit a fire in the fireplace in the middle of our cubicle and told stories with the village people late into the night. We slept fitfully,



LONGHOUSE

Story by Rob Macalister Photographs by Susan Turner and Rob Macalister

lives on

Above, left Central longhouse and surrounding dwellings of an Upper Foi village, Southern Highlands. **above, right** Longhouse under construction in the Upper Foi.



Above Longhouse at Kiwaumai, Urama Island, Gulf Province.

unaccustomed to the sound of so many people around us. When the old men began a debate at three in the morning on some important village matter, calling down the corridor to each other, hope of further sleep was terminated!

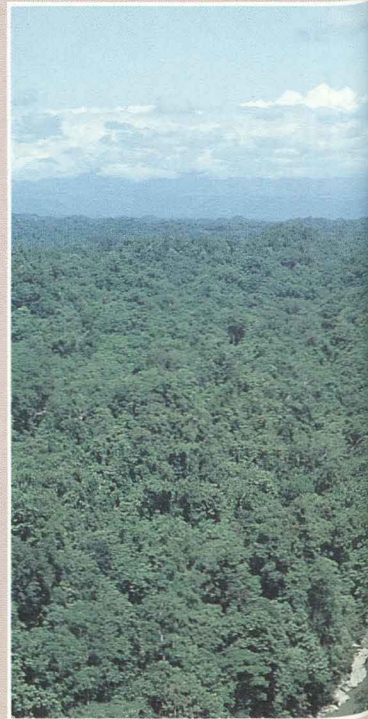
The diversity of building styles in PNG is bewildering, but the longhouses must be among the most distinctive. In the south-west, they can be found from Western Province, through coastal Gulf Province and north into Simbu and Southern Highlands Provinces.

Unlike the haus tambarans of the Sepik, the longhouses are much more than a ceremonial and social centre for men. They are a communal living house, a massive, open dormitory, often for all age groups and men and women. There is little privacy in a longhouse.

In some longhouse areas, the whole village sleeps in one longhouse. In other areas, there may be several longhouses, each with about six families. For the Bedamini of Western Province, the women and children sleep in a separate room at the back. For the Kaluli and Kasua of Southern Highlands, the women and children sleep behind walls on the sides of the house. The women and children occupy one third of the floorspace, and the men two thirds.

In other areas, the longhouse is strictly for men. In the Foe and Faso areas around Lake Kutubu, the villages have a distinctive pattern. A central longhouse, in the middle of the village, houses the men and older boys, while on either side a row of small houses is for women and children. The Lower Foe tell how an ancestor saw the skeleton of a snake in the bush and built the longhouse in imitation of that skeleton.

Among the biggest and most spectacular longhouses were those of the coastal areas, where populations tended to be larger. Some of these had five floors and were filled with elaborate ritual wood carvings. Unfortunately, few survive today, although there are some fine examples up to 70 metres long remaining around the Kikori delta.



lives



Above Wabigesi village on Mubi River, Lower Foi. below Hegigio River, looking towards Mt Bosavi, Southern Highlands. lower, right Longhouse near Mogolu, Western Province.

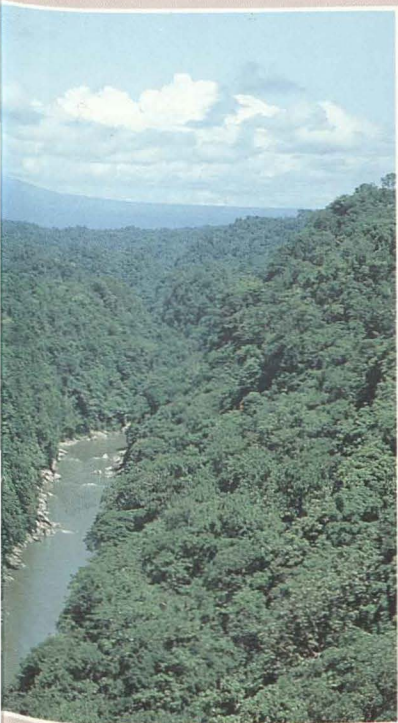
Also impressive are the Kaluli and Kasua houses. Their turtle-backed roofs have grace and beauty. The people around Bosavi, such as the Kaluli and Kasua, build their longhouses in the shape of beautiful Mt Bosavi. Mt Bosavi is an extinct volcanic cone which dominates the surrounding areas as it rises above the Papuan plateau.

Fighting platforms used to be another feature of longhouses. The house would be built on sloping ground, so that one end was elevated. On this end a platform would be constructed from which the longhouse could be defended from warring neighbors. A few of these platforms can still be seen in remote areas.

New influences have brought changes to the longhouse. Increasingly, individual families build their own. In one Kasua village only one old man regularly sleeps in their fine longhouse. Yet longhouses are still being built. All have a central corridor which is used for singsings. Today some longhouses may be used less for sleeping and living, but maintain the old social and ceremonial roles, with modern twists, such as being the venue for village court. The longhouse remains the heart of the village.

On a recent return visit to Bobole – the village where I was first introduced to longhouses – I was delighted to see that although the village is being relocated to another ridge, work has started on a series of new longhouses at the new site.

Sleeping in the longhouse is a unique experience: full of smoke as cooking fires are lit, noisier than a hostel at a girls' school, one wakes in the morning feeling part of the community. So long as that communal spirit survives, so will PNG's distinctive longhouses.



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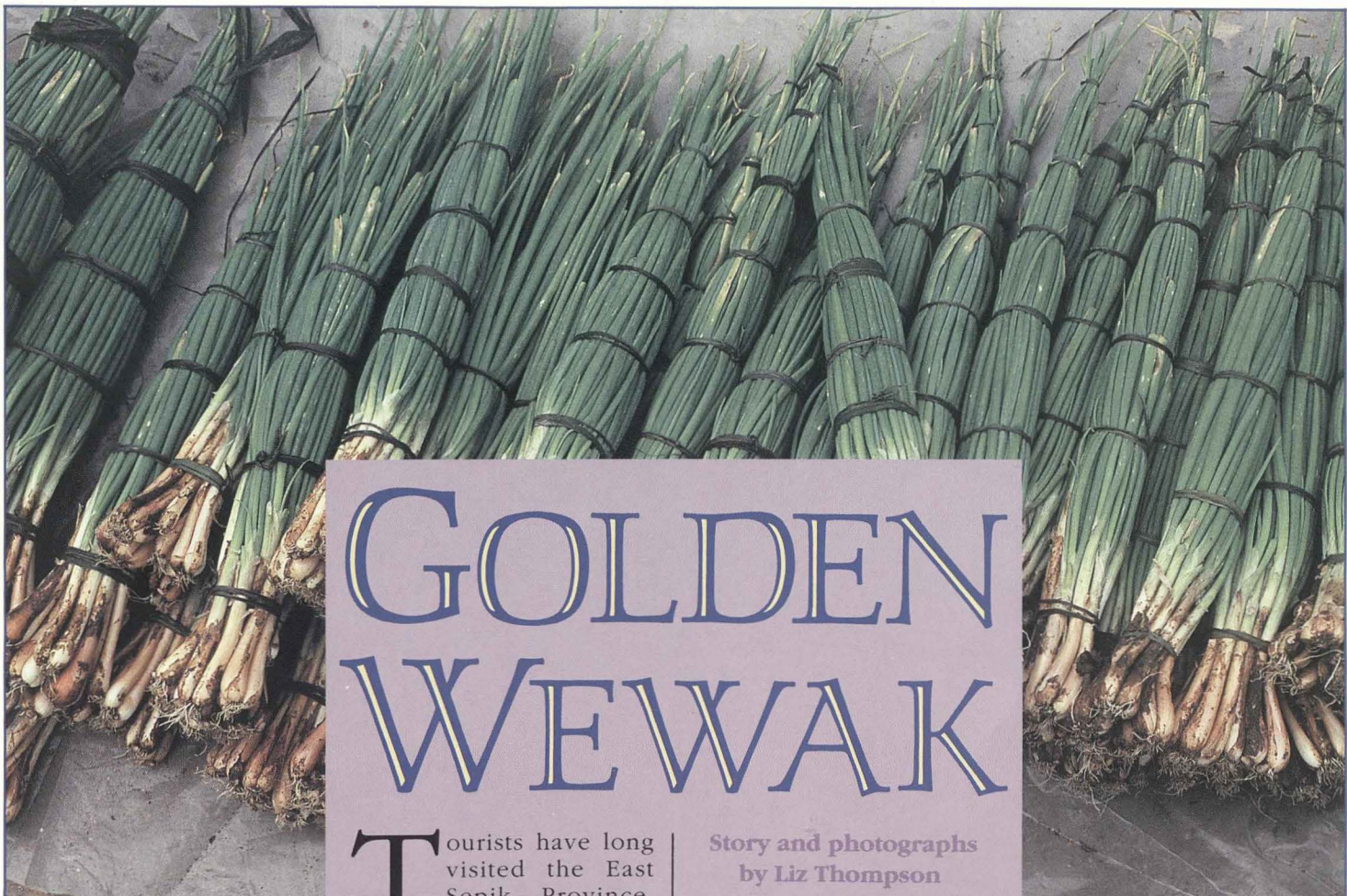
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GOLDEN WEWAK

Tourists have long visited the East Sepik Province, usually to travel almost immediately out to the Sepik river, home of many of Papua New Guinea's most famous carvers. Now they are being urged to notice other attractions. Along the coast of Wewak stretch a number of beautiful palm fringed beaches, where increasing numbers of Japanese tourists come to pay their respects at the many war memorials and tunnels.

Story and photographs
by Liz Thompson

The daily markets are filled with fresh fruits, vegetables and locally made jewellery and baskets. The Windjammer Hotel, on Wewak's main beach is a perfect location to sit on the verandah in a traditionally carved sepik stool and look over the clear blue ocean waters.



Top Onions for sale at Wewak market.
above Handmade baskets, brightly decorated to attract buyers.



Top left Wewak women and children carrying firewood. Top right Small flowers brighten Japanese war memorial on Wewak hill. Bottom Waiting for customers among the produce at Wewak market.



In the words of Sir Michael Somare, first Prime Minister of Papua New Guinea and born in the East Sepik: "Wewak is, by world standards, an attractive, small coastal town but to those of us from the Sepik it is more than that. It is the administrative, commercial and cultural capital of our province and our people". Wewak is a gateway to the mighty Sepik river, to the idyllic islands which lie just kilometres off its coast and also, through Irian Jaya, to Asia.

Wewak is built on a large headland jutting out from the coast. Cape Moem, to its east side, provides a beautiful beach with excellent fishing and snorkelling. Behind the town, hills climb steeply and a little further along the coast are beautiful views. Cape Wom, to the west, offers another pristine white sand beach. Cape Wom is the area where the Japanese General Adachi surrendered

to the Allied forces during World War II.

Wewak's most obvious physical legacy of World War II are the huge bomb craters. Many of these around Boram airport runway are now filled with water. At Mission Hill there is a Japanese war memorial from which the remains of many troops were later returned to Japan. This memorial, overlooking a beautiful view of the ocean, is decorated with small brightly colored flowers. A couple of kilometres out of town, there is a Japanese lookout point where anti-aircraft guns were once deployed.

Increasing numbers of Japanese tourists are arriving to travel around Wewak and for the first time see the places where many of their relatives died. Quite often they carry out small ceremonies at these locations, paying respect to those they mourn.

Clockwise from top left: Church altar near war memorial; Anita, hotel waitress; cowrie shells and a traditional shell money for sale; colorful baskets on sale.

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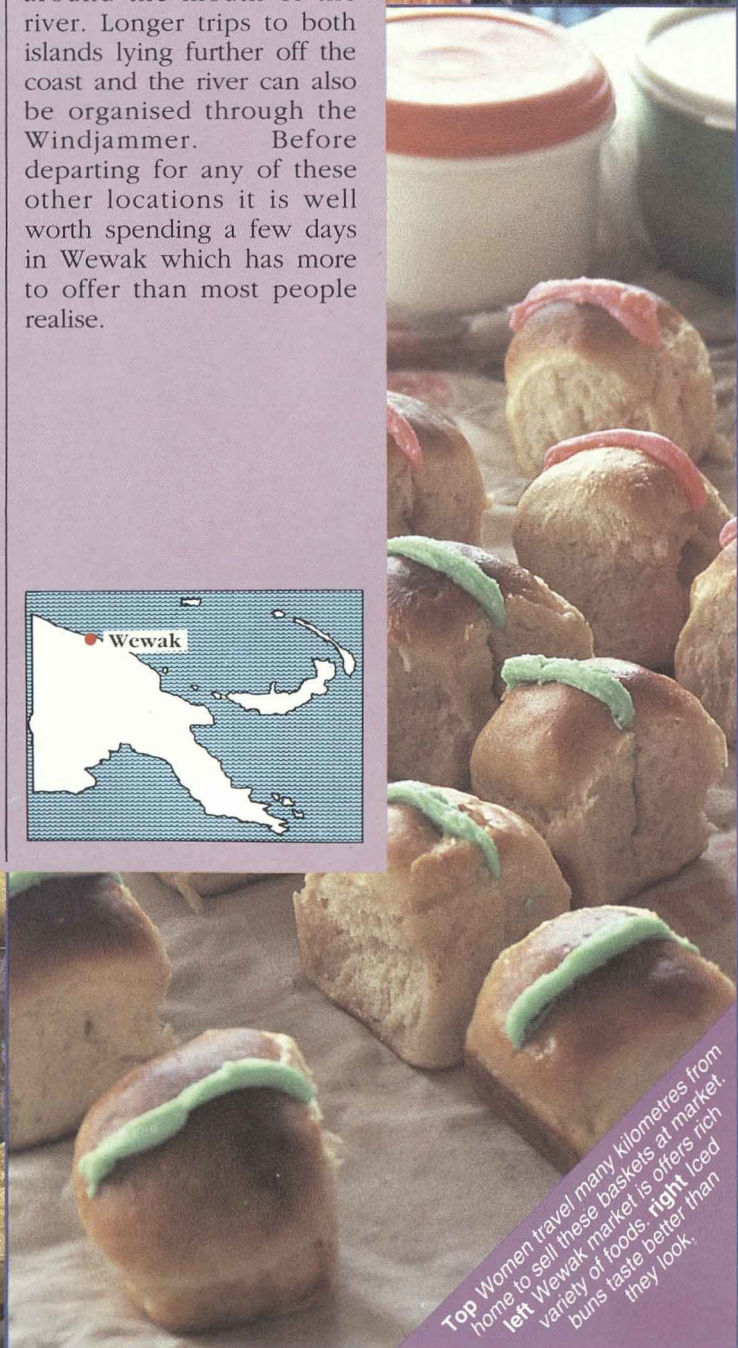
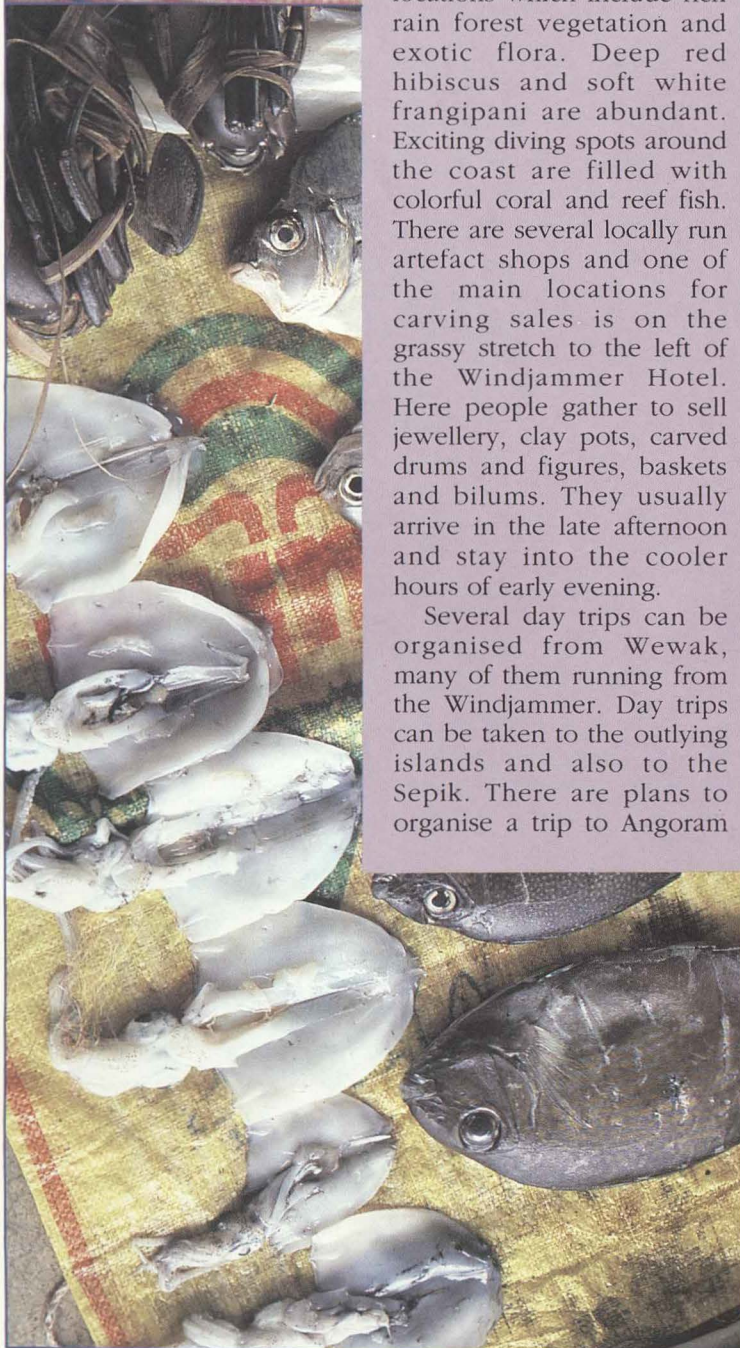
Above Baby sleeps peacefully, nestled in bitum bag hanging in the shade at Wewak market while its mother sells her vegetables.



Apart from war memorials, Wewak has many beautiful natural locations which include rich rain forest vegetation and exotic flora. Deep red hibiscus and soft white frangipani are abundant. Exciting diving spots around the coast are filled with colorful coral and reef fish. There are several locally run artefact shops and one of the main locations for carving sales is on the grassy stretch to the left of the Windjammer Hotel. Here people gather to sell jewellery, clay pots, carved drums and figures, baskets and bilums. They usually arrive in the late afternoon and stay into the cooler hours of early evening.

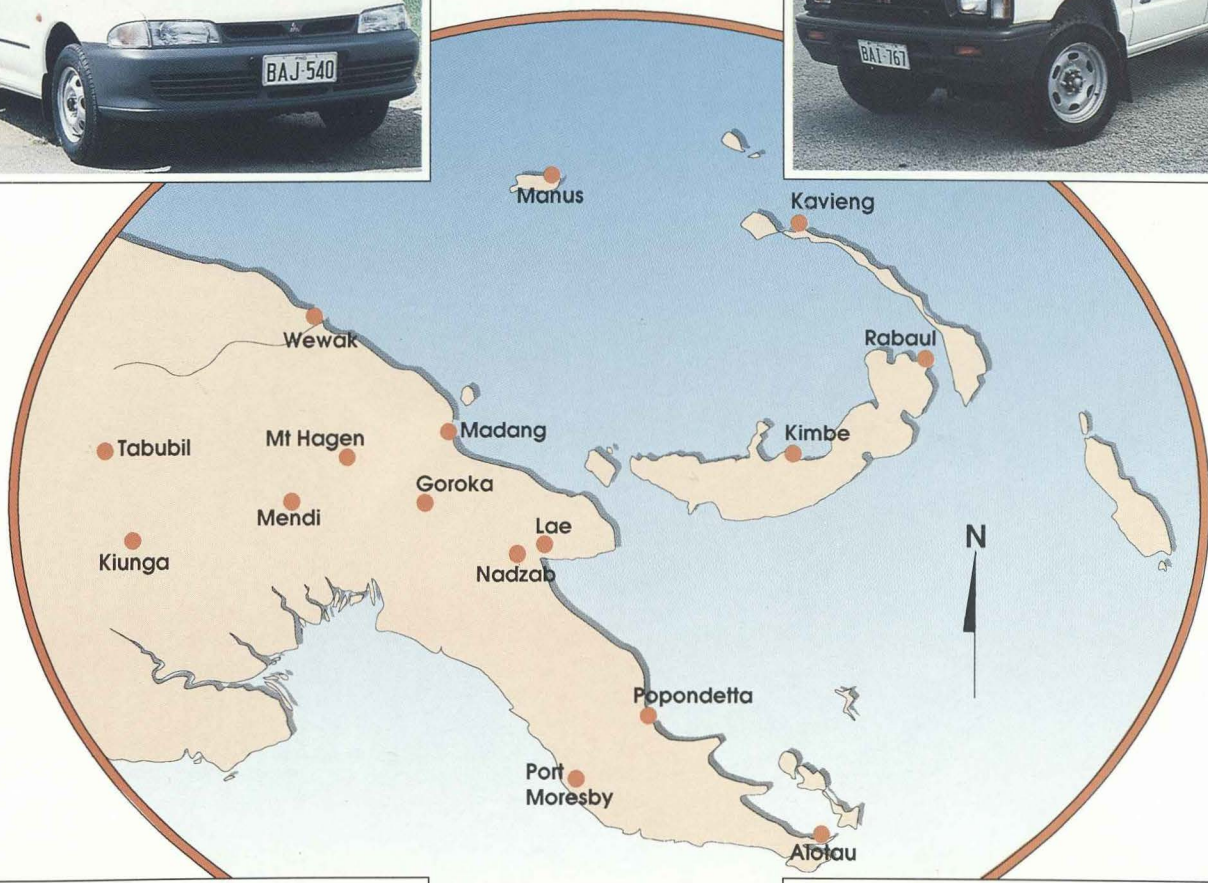
Several day trips can be organised from Wewak, many of them running from the Windjammer. Day trips can be taken to the outlying islands and also to the Sepik. There are plans to organise a trip to Angoram

on the Lower Sepik and then by motorboat to the small lakes and villages around the mouth of the river. Longer trips to both islands lying further off the coast and the river can also be organised through the Windjammer. Before departing for any of these other locations it is well worth spending a few days in Wewak which has more to offer than most people realise.



Top Women travel many kilometres from home to sell these baskets at market. left Wewak market is offers rich variety of foods. right Iced buns taste better than they look.

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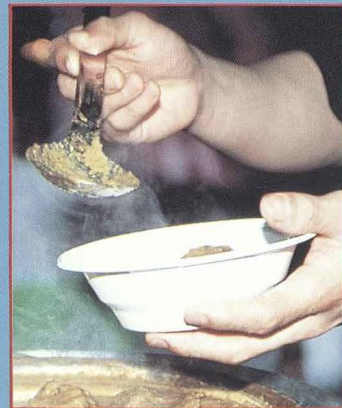
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Hong Kong



Left Lemon spare ribs and noodles – no rice! **below** Meat balls, known as 'pearls', in curry sauce.

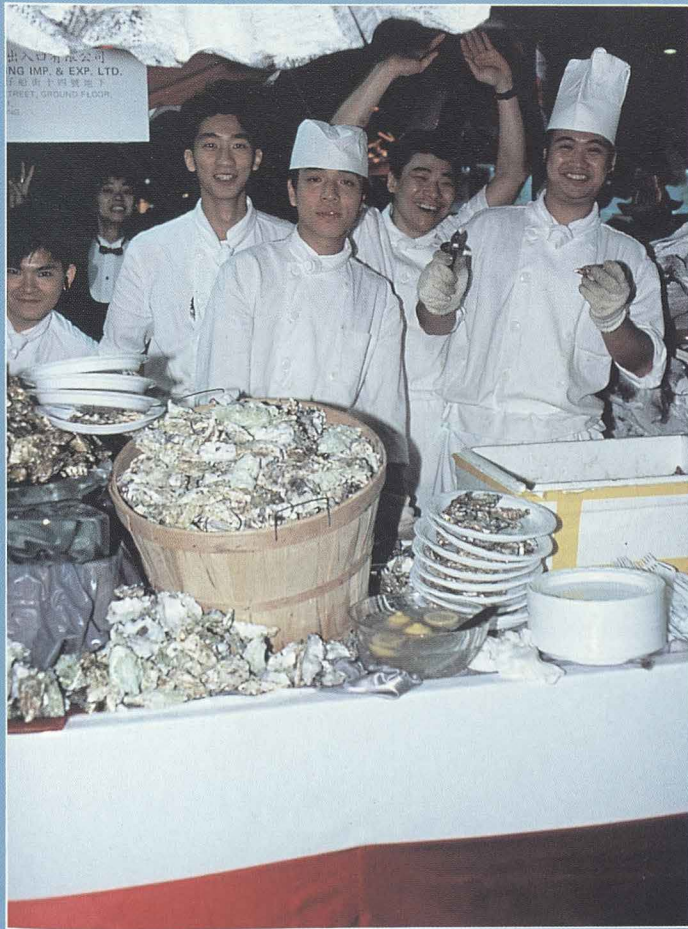


Hong Kong people have a passion for food. The greeting in Cantonese for 'How are you' translates literally as 'Have you eaten rice yet?'. Not that there is a specialist Hong Kong cuisine. Administered by the British since 1841, this tiny territory neighboring the world's oldest civilisation, has encouraged a cultural and culinary melting pot.

KAIKAI*

Story and photographs by Danielle Amyot

* Food or feast



Left Shucking fresh oysters for eager gourmands. lower left Hand-made lie mien noodles, Beijing-style. right One of the contributing chefs.



The cross-culture influences in Hong Kong have been extensive. Chinese restaurateurs have introduced beef dishes that would never appear on a traditional menu, while European restaurants have learned Chinese customs such as including in their interior design large aquaria for the selection of fresh seafood.

The dishes we know as 'typically Chinese', such as sweet-and-sour, are a Western invention, created in Canton to satisfy the strange tastes of European traders in the 19th Century. The best known culinary exchange is that of noodles for spaghetti, though patriotic debate continues in Italy as to whether or not Marco Polo's trip to the Orient had any bearing on the development of his country's national staple dish.

Hong Kong is super-modern and sophisticated. Hong Kongers enjoy a high degree of foreign travel and exposure to Western media. As a result, their great spending power has spawned a tremendous growth in Western-style restaurants. More than 6,000 restaurants in Hong Kong serve Chinese food and many other Asian and Western cuisines as well.

A short drive from the bustle of the city, the picturesque fishing villages of Lei Yue Mun in Kowloon or Sai Kung in the New

Territories seem a world away. Here, the fishermen who farm the sea, sell their catch at the fishmongers' stalls along the foreshore. After making a selection from the day's catch, one can have it cooked at a nearby restaurant.

The Hong Kong Food Festival is an annual celebration of the variety, sophistication and dining delights of the territory, drawing crowds of food lovers from around the world every March. The first festival was held in 1986, organised by the Hong Kong Tourist Association and sponsored by American Express Travel International, Inc.

The highlight for serious gastronomes was (and still is) the Hong Kong Food Festival Culinary Awards, to which top international food critics are flown to join local judges in assessing hundreds of entrants. Special interest tours and banquets for the public were such a success, that the HKTA won the Grand Award for a Travel Launch Promotion at the 1987 Pacific Asia Travel Association Gold Awards.

The most recent two-week event kicked off in carnival style for two days, as about 30,000 locals and visitors passed through the doors of the Fun and Food Fiesta at the New World Plaza on the shores of Hong Kong Harbor. Twenty-two booths operated by Hong

Top, right Clowns are a minor diversion from the food. **centre** Floating restaurant in Aberdeen Harbor. **bottom** Steamed fillets of salmon wrapped in rice paper.

Kong's best hotels served samples from their restaurants' menus, or specialties created for the occasion.

As Chinese meals are social events, with many communal dishes shared at a table, the cuisine is amenable to a festival setting. The traditional dishes of the many geographical areas of China reflect the ingredients available in that region, the temperament of its people, and their contact with outsiders. The different cuisines are all represented at specialist restaurants in Hong Kong.

Special interest tours throughout the festival provide the opportunity for visitors to get a behind-the-scenes look at the society that created the culinary traditions. The Morning Tea and Tai Chi tour starts with a lesson in Tai Chi, an ancient form of movement developed by Taoist philosophers in the 12th Century, which Hong Kongers of all ages practice every morning in parks and on the waterfront promenade.

A visit to the Museum of Tea Ware in Flagstaff House, one of Hong Kong's oldest colonial buildings, introduces visitors to the utensils used in the rituals of Chinese tea drinking. Some exquisite examples of porcelain and earthenware dating back several centuries are exhibited. The



Top right Chinese garden made from ginger root at the Excelsior Hotel. **centre** Visitors sample culinary award fare. **bottom** Cups of Korean daewongak to accompany the food.



Ngan Ki Heung Tea Shop demonstrates the care and effort that goes into properly brewed beverage.

A dim sum ('touch of heart') finishes the tour. Dim sum means snack, though this Cantonese practice dating from the 10th Century is usually a social breakfast or lunch always served with tea, where groups gather in brightly-lit warehouse-sized rooms, packed with hundreds of other diners in loud cheerful moods. Many small dishes of bite-sized pieces, steamed in bamboo baskets, are conveyed around the room on trolleys. Diners at each table can choose to share the contents of the basket, or wait for the next of many trolleys, which could contain any of over 1,000 dim sum dishes. A quieter and more relaxing version is the yum cha ('drink tea') held in a teahouse.

The Double Happiness Tour and Banquet provides a fascinating insight into the folklore and food of an old-style Chinese wedding. Chinese nuptials include a wedding cake, and the tour begins with a visit to the Kee Wah Bakery. The more spiritual aspects of the matrimonial union are considered at Wong Tai Sin Temple, where fortune-tellers determine prospective partners. After a stroll down Shanghai Street to view wedding dresses and other paraphernalia traditionally associated with



weddings, the Nine Bowls Feast is offered.

Banquets, part of the Chinese social structure, are held almost on any occasion, especially weddings. A seemingly endless number of courses are served, interspersed with toasts. It is best to eat slowly and sparingly. Because rice has been the key to survival in the long Chinese history, etiquette demands that it is better to leave part of the main course rather than rice be wasted.



The Wanchai Food and Entertainment Extravaganza is held on the seafront promenade of Victoria Harbor. Food stalls and live performances continue for three days. The carnival finishes with the Waiters' Race: Hong Kong's fastest waiters and waitresses take to the streets in the Central Business District to race over a 400-metre course, careful not to spill their tray of bottles and glasses (full, naturally!).

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Po Box 449, Rabaul, ENB.

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Fax: (675) 92 2104

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