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# AIR NIUGINI



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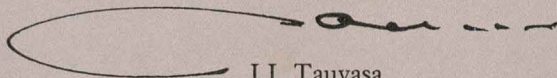
# paradise

Welcome aboard

Development from natural resources is Papua New Guinea's lifeblood, and one of the resources in which it is richest is the sea harvest. In particular, the warm waters that flow around the coasts of the mainland and the islands further north in the Bismark Sea almost teem with tuna, one of the world's most commercial catches.

Right now the fishing industry is undergoing something of a rebirth in Papua New Guinea, with three major undertakings in the throes of development, and the possibility of a fourth enterprise. The Italian concern of Italtorca will provide several hundred jobs for the people of Manus with its tuna venture. A Japanese pole-line fishing project based in Rabaul will produce between 500 and 600 jobs and revitalise East New Britain. Further employment and development is likely to come through the fishing and cannery venture planned for Kavieng by Halla of South Korea.

Air Niugini has already played an important role in these developments — in one case it operated a special flight with VIP lounge seating — by providing the air links essential to their fulfilment. We look forward to continuing this vital logistical association through our all-jet service to the New Guinea Islands.



J.J. Tauvasa  
General Manager, Air Niugini



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One of the top names in world photography focuses his camera on one of the world's top cities.



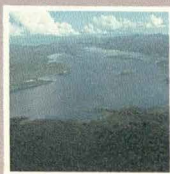
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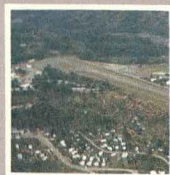
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In Papua New Guinea, university graduation day is an occasion really worth dressing up for.

Cover: A young canoeist paddles the idyllic waters of the Hermit Islands, Manus Province. Photo by Colin de'Ath.



*The magic of Hong Kong at night,  
across Victoria Harbour (above).  
Street market of Wanchai (right)  
and another symbol of the crowded  
colony, Kowloon Diamond Hill  
resettlement estate (far right)*





Paradise Portfolio:

# HONG KONG

# 香港

by Brian Brake



Brian Brake's Hong Kong, featured in these pages of *Paradise*, provides a glimpse of the Asia so well known by this world-acclaimed photographer.

Students of the East have not completed their education if they have not perused Brake's *Monsoon*, regarded as one of the world's classic photo essays.

Brian Brake, whose works made him one of New Zealand's best known exports, has gathered several international awards. His series of in-depth photo studies for *Life* magazine won him particular honour.

Although he is now back working in New Zealand, where he has established the Brian Brake Foundation of Photography, Brake's work continues to take him around the world and his travels include the Air Niugini network.



HONG KONG 香港



Steaming baskets of dumplings filled with chopped meat, seafood and vegetables at a Kowloon dim sum restaurant (above). The price of toothbrushes is the centre of discussion (left), a cameo from the street markets of Wanchai. At right, a small child floats doll-like above the crowds during the Ta Chui spirit-placating festival — the so-called Bun Festival — on the island of Cheung Chau. The girl is actually securely harnessed to a strong steel framework



**H**ONG KONG has been described as the New York of the East, but it is an analogy that can only be taken tongue-in-cheek. The skyline might be as mountainous as Manhattan, but amid those towering concrete heights there is a travel destination that is as quaintly Oriental as any in Asia.

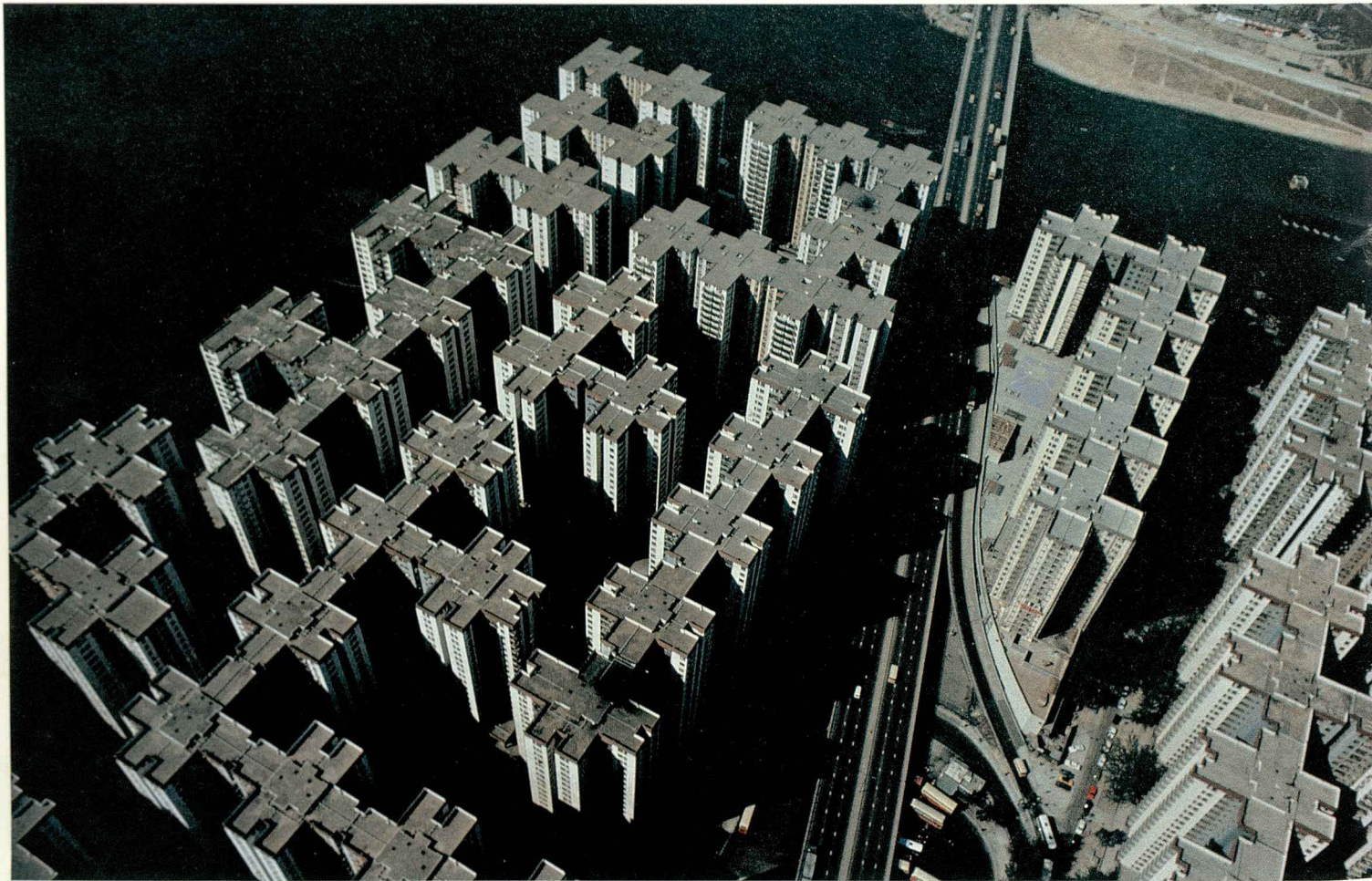
The Golden Marriage Company, for instance, is not a matrimonial bureau at all. It's a curtain firm, of course. And down the road is the New Scholar beauty parlour, the Plenty frozen meat market . . . and the Lofty Virtue Publication Centre. (Ironically, all of these are in Western district.)

Elsewhere on Hong Kong Island you can find — obviously unabashed — the Marvellous Investment Co Ltd; and in East Tsimshatsui, on Kowloon side, equally self-confident, is an establishment called Amazing Enterprises!

This bold name-taking is simply part of the character of Hong Kong. It is a city that pulses, good times or bad, and says so Chinese style.

The ferry company that gives millions of overseas visitors a magical trip across the Fragarant Harbour for 60 Hong Kong cents, may sound as mundane as Maru in titling all its boats with the name Star. But is it really mundanity to travel on a vessel that bears the name Twinkling Star, or Day Star, or Celestial Star? On Hong Kong harbour, the effect is something special.

Tower blocks, modern underground railways, under-harbour tunnels, vast shopping centres and mountains of hotel rooms there might be, but it is all inescapably Orient. Even the Holiday Inn group, which chose Hong Kong as the first city in Asia in which to establish not one, but two hotels, broke away from its familiar emblem and added Chinese symbols — the Golden Mile Holiday Inn has a dragon logo; the newer Harbour View Holiday Inn has adopted



HONG KONG 香港



the double Chinese carp, symbol of long life and fortune.

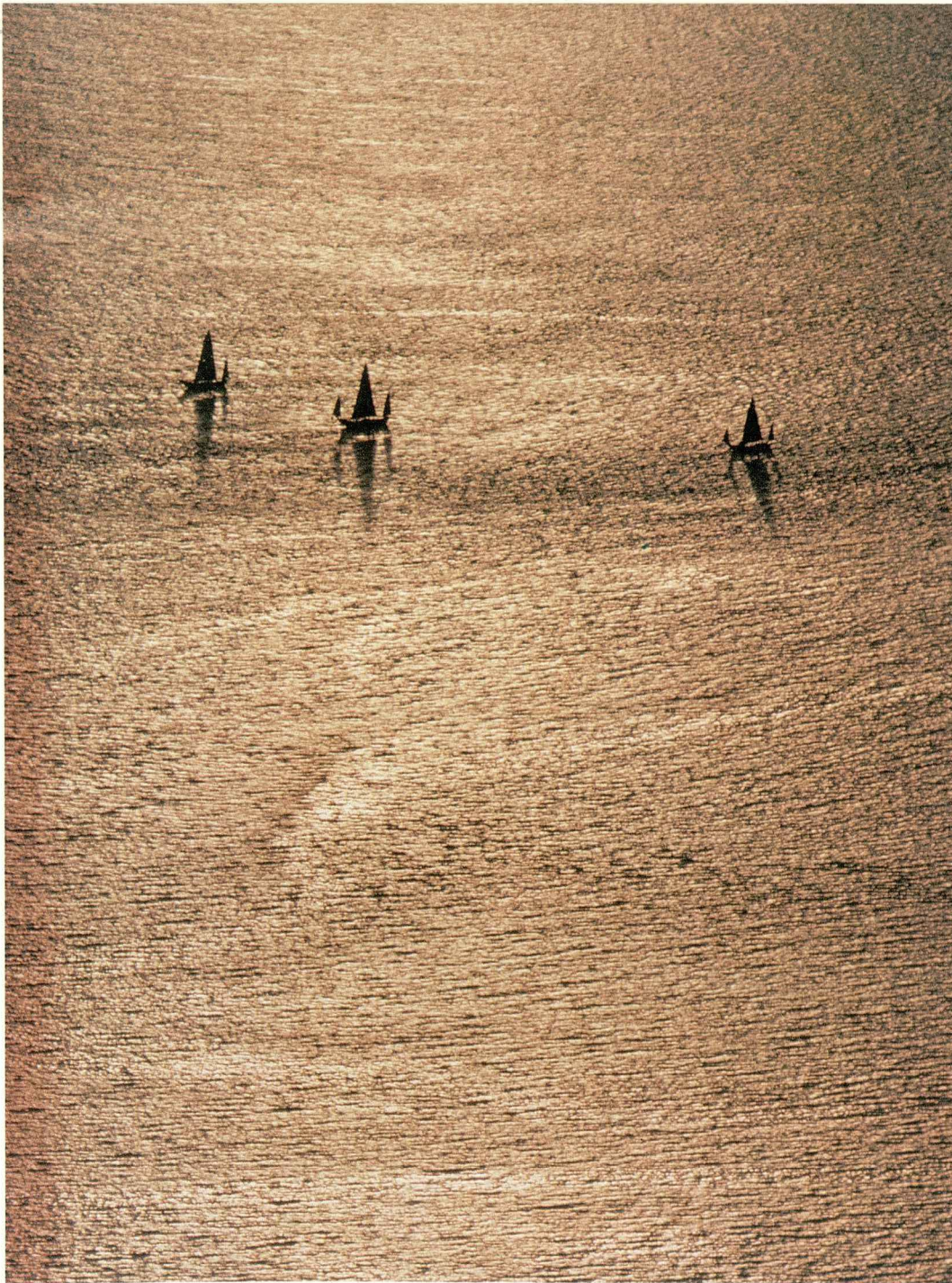
(Paradoxically, one of Hong Kong Island's best slap-up Chinese eating houses is called the New American Restaurant!)

Hong Kong is turnover territory . . . shares, goods, money, buildings . . . even the graves get turned over. After a suitable period of time, they are re-used;

such is the shortage and value of available land. Hong Kong is one place where a cemetery is not a resting place for eternity.

The year 1982 was regarded as something of a trough for the money makers of Hong Kong. Many countries, nonetheless, would give a lot to be as busy in a slump. The foundation hammers kept thumping down





Spectacular aspect of the concrete heights of Mei Foo Sun Chuen housing development in Kowloon (left, top), and another bird's eye view (far left) as the Ching Ming Festival brings relatives to gravesides with joss sticks and food in an almost picnic atmosphere. Left, bamboo scaffolding provides a construction for the construction. Above, Chinese junks on a harbour lit by golden sunset — a perfect farewell

the roots of structures that will become highrise landmarks, and the underground construction workers kept probing the subterranean to push the mass-transit railway further and further for its millions of commuters.

The Hong Kong Dollar became more attractive to Australians, Americans, Papua New

Guineans as it slid downwards and made everything from electronics to running shoes an even more extraordinary buy in this, one of the world's bargain basements. "If you have the cash, it really is a great time to buy," says one Hong Kong resident.

If 1982 was not one of the Crown colony's greatest years, 1983, the Year of the Pig,

promises to be more propitious. Certainly, the press of bargain-hunters who clog the spindly lanes that offer their gallimaufry of goods seems as heavy as ever. And at the elegant Peninsula Hotel there is still a surfeit of patrons patiently waiting to take tea in the grand lobby.

True, the daily papers do their best to keep the population in a state of dollar-doubt with the latest murmurings from the Great Hall of the People about Beijing's intentions for Hong Kong when the so-called British lease runs out in 1997. But even the portents of 1997 and all that are not enough to put down some Hong Kong entrepreneurs.

A Hong Kong paint manufacturing company recently advertised a new product — Flower Pleasant Gloss Latex — that the makers claimed "shines beyond 1997." Tackled about this political/commercial optimism, the firm's marketing manager explained that it simply meant that the product would be *popular* for a long time. Then it didn't mean the paint would actually last that long? "Oh no, I hope not," said the super-salesman. "If it lasts that long, we won't be selling very much paint."

— Robert Wallace

● ***Air Niugini flies to Hong Kong from Port Moresby on Saturdays and, in partnership with Cathay Pacific and Air New Zealand, on Wednesdays. Southbound flights leave Hong Kong on Tuesdays and Sundays.***

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# COCONUTS AND CRABS

by Colin de'Ath

**W**HEN I learned that I was to go to the Ninigo and Hermit Islands, as part of a planning strategy for the Manus Provincial Government, I was more than gratified; intrigued with this North Western, almost forgotten, part of the nation.

My idyllic vision included atolls with extensive coral gardens, timeless, contented people and bird and wild life of extraordinary tameness and variety. The reality turned out to be a little different, but nonetheless fascinating.

When the MV Tami eventually arrived at the Hermit Islands from Manus, we threaded our way into a large lagoon surrounded by coral and volcanic islands. Our first task was to visit a bird sanctuary. At night thousands of sea birds, roosted on the island. Some even nested there. Underneath an ecologically fairly simplified tree canopy the excreta of the sea birds reached to our knees. The smell was not pleasant! We gathered some of this pungent, pre-phosphate brew into a bag to take with us as fertiliser to the west where a government school was having difficulty in growing its own food.

Around the island turtles, sharks, and parrot fish swam lethargically amongst the stag horn and brain corals. Their indifference to us was almost an affront.

Many of the islands had been totally planted with serried rows of coconuts by the Germans prior to the First World War. Local occupants — possibly, originally migrants from Micronesia-Malaysia, but more recently from Luf Island —



were pushed on to a mountainous, basaltic island with slopes too steep for gardening and coconuts.

The Australians carried on these far flung island estates in the inter-war period and after the Second World War. Talking to the one remaining village of Luf, with its 50-odd culturally heterogeneous inhabitants, it soon became obvious that the 70-year occupation of both the Hermit and Ninigo Islands resulted in horrendous costs being imposed on the people. These included decimation through disease, an invasion by Melan-

esian plantation labourers, land shortages and gross cultural modification and the end of a stable land ecological system which supplied people with much of their food, shelter and transport needs. The population of the Hermit Islands had plunged from 2000 at the time of European contact to 38 in 1941.

With the coming of independence the last expatriate plantation managers left. The government acquired all of the plantations in the Western Islands and agreed to sell them back to the people — to the

people it was rather ironic to have to buy back land for which the Germans had made only token payments of beads, axes, tobacco and calico.

Now the plantations are somewhat overgrown with wild guava and other weeds. There are ranging cattle which can swim between islands, goats, a couple of donkeys. And on the nearby inhabited mountainous island, where Luf village is situated, there are lots of pigs, deer and possums (however, the Seventh Day Adventist villagers are not permitted to eat a significant portion of this game and certain sea foods).

The villagers make copra and have become dependent on imported rice to top up their taro, sago, sweet potato and banana staples. Their woven handicrafts are exported.

The Hermit Islands with their abandoned plantation buildings and with ecological systems now reverting to their former integrity are a truly tranquil and unique corner of the equatorial world. For the moment, the human dwellers living there are safe.

En route to the Ninigo Islands is Liot, where people are worried about shipping out copra, about not getting a passage blasted through the reef so that ships can visit them, and about crabs and insects destroying their crops. Again we find handicrafts exquisitely fashioned from the pandanus tree. The cowrie, cone, trochus, and green snail shells too are a joy to touch and see. The Liot people share a common cultural heritage with the Luf people.

The Ninigo islands themselves turn out to be all flat, cor-

aline structures overwhelmed by coconut plantations. There are many more people here, some 500-odd. The original genes have been leavened by men from the Sepik, New Ireland, Europe, Madang, Morobe, New Britain and North Solomons. Religious differences and two competing business groups, are reflected in problems associated with the school at Lau, which is closed for lack of food, and in the jockeying for finite space for cargo on the few ships which visit the island group.

Despite food shortages, associated as they are with island ecological systems changed by the ubiquitous coconut, the people say that they are now happy to be allowed back on their own reefs and islands to hunt and gather at will. They make copra, when the sun permits them to dry coconut meat, and catch reef food every day. Food storage is a problem. Salting, smoking and drying fish have, in the past, because of the abundance of sea foods, not been commonly practised.

A little sago has been made and this can be readily stored. The people with their superb canoes — made from flotsam from the mighty Sepik River — travel widely to gather food and to trade.

The Western Islands leave

one impressed by the stubborn will of the people to survive, by the marine and bird life, but somewhat appalled at past ignorance of fragile ecological relationships, trampled on by plantation economics.

There was probably little realisation that these infertile islands had a very finite human carrying capacity; that by segregating people on to two or three of them and by extensive coconut plantings, they could be writing an obituary.

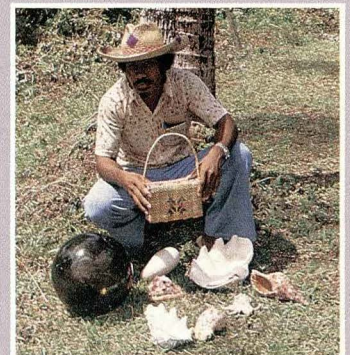
It is no accident that the people have become fewer, rice-dependent, and that there is a plague of crabs (previously kept in check by pigs) and predatory insects. Monocrops anywhere can and do have many unintended effects on previously well modulated ecosystems as do new communication systems which bring new diseases and new technologies.

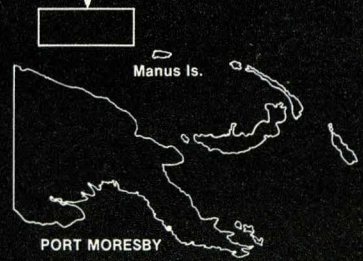
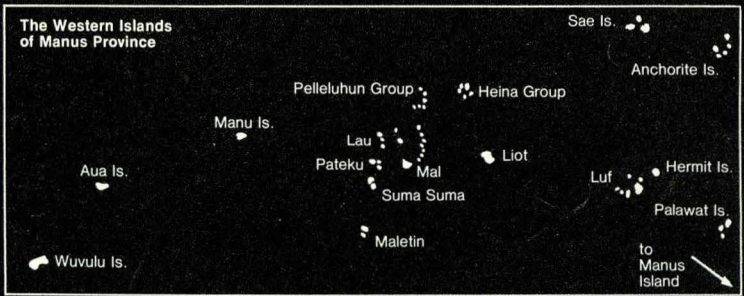
But the Western Islanders are starting to repopulate their domain. And, thanks to CB radios, their own inter-island communication system has, to put it in their own words, "reached 100% efficiency".

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● *Air Niugini provides jet services to Manus Island four days a week.*

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*The peaceful waters of Luf Island in the Hermits (far left). Liot politician Stephen Naisen, Member for the Western Islands, contrasts local shells with a Taiwanese fish float (centre, left). A typical Liot house (left)*

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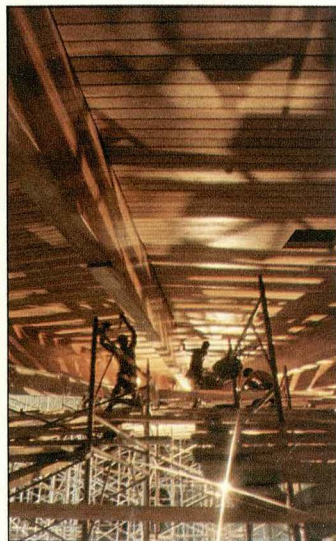
# PREVIEW: Old Culture, New Parliament

By Ellen Dissanayake

Photographs by Maureen MacKenzie

**T**HERE is a special atmosphere inside a large building that is still incomplete: the smells of wet concrete and freshly-planed wood, the dust in the atmosphere and shavings underfoot, the satisfying sounds of hammering, planing, of men talking and laughing as they work, the unexpected open spaces where a building's skeleton or even the sky can be seen. One recaptures that adventurous childhood feeling of exploring.

Walk along the edge of the roof, stand on the speaker's platform, step where no one will later be able to step once ladders and scaffoldings are removed. This feeling of being admitted to something secret — finding out what goes on inside the organism, seeing the naked body before it is dressed in the garments that are all the outside



world will know — is a privilege that must be seized while it is there, for once the building is completed and all the embellishments are in place the mystery has evaporated.

The most imposing feature of the Parliament Building is derived from that equally im-

pressive sweeping curve of the facade of the Maprik *haus tambaran*. On its site on the flat, bare landscape at Waigani, the silhouette of the Parliament Building roof dominated by this soaring wing, or sail, shape is as breathtaking as the sight at a distance of the spires of a European cathedral.

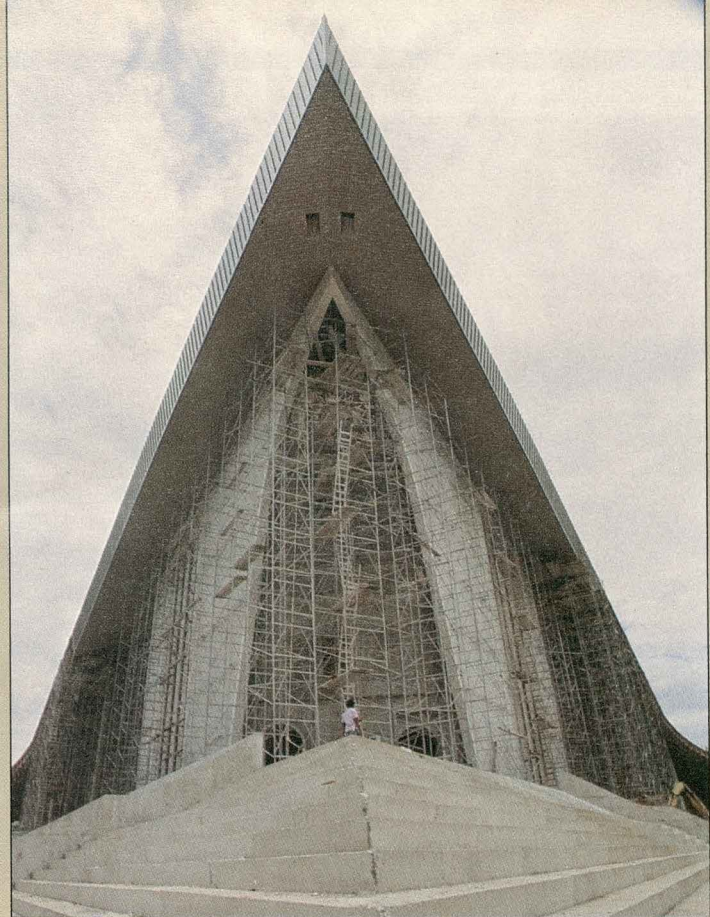
Usually this long triangular space would be filled with bark paintings on spathes from the sago palm. Instead, mosaics, an imported art form, are being used. But some of the ceramic tiles used in the mosaics are from local clays, glazed and fired, and set into fibreglass resin by students at the National Arts School. Assembled on 80 individual panels in order to allow for the bending necessitated by the slight concave curve of the wall, the mosaics will be bolted to an armature left by the builders.

They depict not a narrative but themes central to Papua New Guinea life, with original designs by local artists Kauage, Jakupa, Akis, John Man, and Cecil King Wungi. Motifs such as the sun, the moon, the sea; activities such as fishing, gardening, tribal fighting, trading, displaying and dancing render pictorially the age-old verities that compose life for the people of the country.

Excerpts from the Papua New Guinea constitution express verbally the ideals of the young/old country.

The cathedral analogy recurs immediately as one steps inside to experience the vast space of the Grand Hall, quiet and dim. Eventually, bars of coloured light will fall on the marble floor from eight tall narrow windows, each seven metres high.

In this solemn emptiness, against the inside wall of the tambaran facade and atop a



One of the things that strikes the newcomer to Papua New Guinea is the way in which the timelessly traditional and the absolutely modern exist viably, even happily, side by side.

This mingling of high technology and age-old tradition is taken for granted by everyone from students at the National Music School in Port Moresby, who compose for combinations of *garamut* and electronic synthesizer, to the tailors at Luk Poy Wai in Koki who make laplaps for government officials and other well-dressed gentlemen from polyester viscose fabric.

The artistic decoration of the new Parliament Building under construction at Waigani is another instance of this fertile marriage of the old and the new, the home-grown and the imported. While all the sophistication of Western building materials and techniques is being employed in the construction, much of the actual design and most of the details have grown from an awareness of the special heritage of Papua New Guinean art and life. Traditional crafts and patterns are being utilised, but when necessary, special modern techniques assure that these will be more durable and effective.

It is fitting that the embellishment of this symbolically important building be overseen by the National Arts School. This unique institution from its inception under the directorship of Mr Tom Craig has been concerned with fostering a contemporary Papua New Guinea art that retains the vitality and excellence of its past, and has been involved in numerous building and decorative projects in the country that amalgamate the old and the new.

The new Parliament Building is scheduled to open late in 1983. There are few residents of Port Moresby, however, who have not watched with interest and wonder the fascinating shapes and angles arising on Independence Drive in Waigani. Maureen MacKenzie and Ellen Dissanayake, while teaching at the National Arts School, have been equally intrigued by the poundings and hammerings under the workshop roofs there, and decided to make a photographic and written record, before the major comprehensive descriptive articles appear, of what art works and embellishments are to be incorporated into this building, representative of a people whose artistic heritage is one of their most characteristic and remarkable possessions.

marble plinth, will rise a solid wooden carved sculpture of *kwila* wood from Wewak, 16 metres high, an assembly of shorter carved poles attached to a central carved pole. Traditional carvers from East and West Sepik are residing at the National Art School while they make this sculpture, with village tools, according to their own ideas.

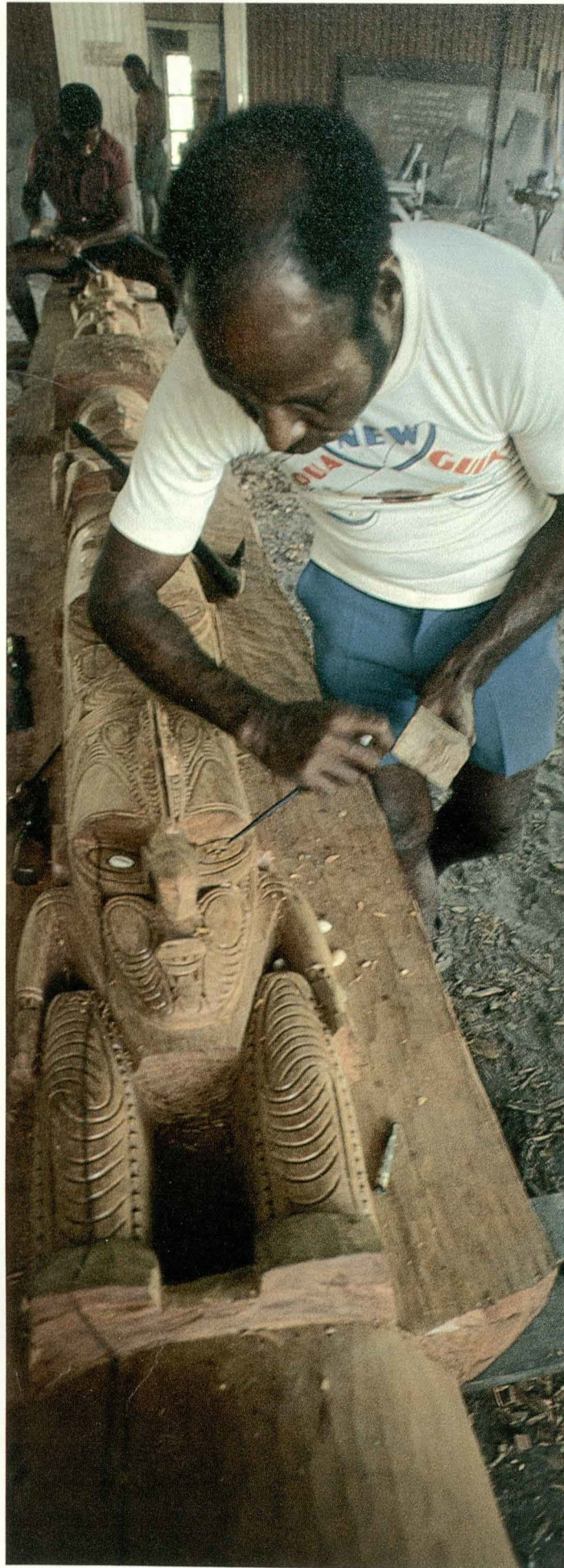
Covering the ceiling of the Grand Hall and continuing through to the large main assembly room or council chamber is a mural that was inspired by that of the Court House ceiling at Ambunti (East Sepik Province). The traditional motifs painted with locally-produced vegetable and mineral dyes on sago palm spathes and overlapped in an almost haphazard "patchwork" pattern have here been translated by Archie Brennan into some 200 panels of treated cloth that have been printed by a highly technical reproductive dyeing process called Neco printing.

The panels mounted side by side will have a similar visual effect to Ambunti but are more durable (being colourfast, insect proof, heat and light and dust resistant), and have special acoustic properties.

Original plans for the decor included a large expanse of tapa cloth hung against the wall behind the Speaker's column in the main assembly hall. It has been concluded that this is impracticable, as traditional tapa cloth is (like painted sago spathes) by nature ephemeral, subject to rot, fading, and peeling, as well as being small in scale. The solution is to use tapa cloth designs transposed onto heavy fabric by screen printing at the National Arts School.

The effect will be of the traditional craft, without requiring continual replacement of decaying small panels. Designs can be adapted to the larger scale of the space to be filled.

Local carvers and painters will have ample scope to use and display their talents. The Speaker's chair and rostrum in the council chamber will be specially carved and there is to be a large relief, incorporating the national crest, on the timber



Left: William Kemai from Aramot Village, East Sepik carves one of the poles that will be part of a 16-metre high sculpture, a prominent feature in the Grand Hall

Top: Mosaic panels being lined with resin in the National Arts School workshop. Parliament project co-ordinator Archie Brennan and National Arts School Director Tom Craig confer in the background

Right: Workmen affix mosaic panels inside the top of the concave facade

Above: Painted bark ceiling of Ambunti Court House, inspiration for the printed Neco Panel ceiling of the Grand Hall and Council Chamber





column behind the Speaker.

Members' desks will be carved with relief designs of traditional decorative motifs; each row of desks will have different carved designs. Other carving in the Council Chamber includes high relief work around the gallery. All wood used will be from trees of Papua New Guinea.

Above the stairs in the Grand Hall will be either a painted mural or an expanse of tapa cloth material. A painted mural by painter Joe Nalo, of the National Arts School, will be fixed somewhere above the central panel on the VIP lounge. Additional murals will be painted by National Arts School students on panels and affixed to the raking ceiling in the lobby areas adjacent to the chamber.

A number of individual framed paintings and prints and sculptures by Papua New Guinean artists will be part of a "bank" of art works that will be displayed and rotated periodically in areas such as the Speakers' lounge, the clerk's lounge, Members' offices, and various lobbies and stair landings.

The co-ordinator of the project for embellishing the National Parliament Building is Archie Brennan, a Scottish artist - designer - craftsman-teacher who has been associated with the National Arts School since 1976. A sensitive appreciation of the temper of present-day Papua New Guinea with its amazing blend of the ultramodern and the timeless is one of Archie Brennan's many qualifications for this responsible position.

Before coming to Papua New Guinea he was director of the Dovecot Studios, Edinburgh, and chairman of the Scottish Artists' Association as well as the British Craft Association.

This organizational experience has been valuable in his present role. He must orchestrate the fixed demands of building dimensions, the ideas of architects and planners, the deadlines of contractors, the personalities and special needs of artists and craftsmen, and the schedules of student workers

and apprentices without losing touch with the overall aim of manifesting for the nation and posterity the rich and unique cultural heritage of Papua New Guinea with its traditional skills and artistic values.

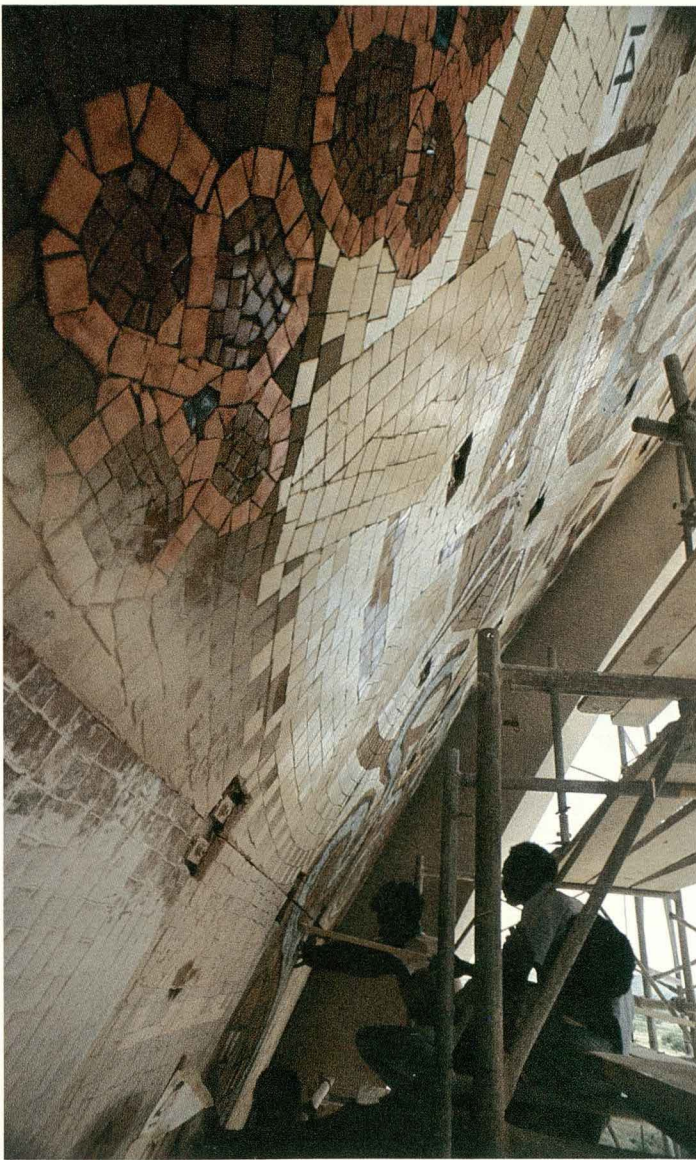
Archie Brennan is one of the few modern artists in the West who was trained by apprenticeship (which lasted seven years) as well as, later, art school. That acquaintance with long and varied, thorough training under the guidance of a master is congruent with the way artistic training has traditionally been acquired in Papua New Guinea.

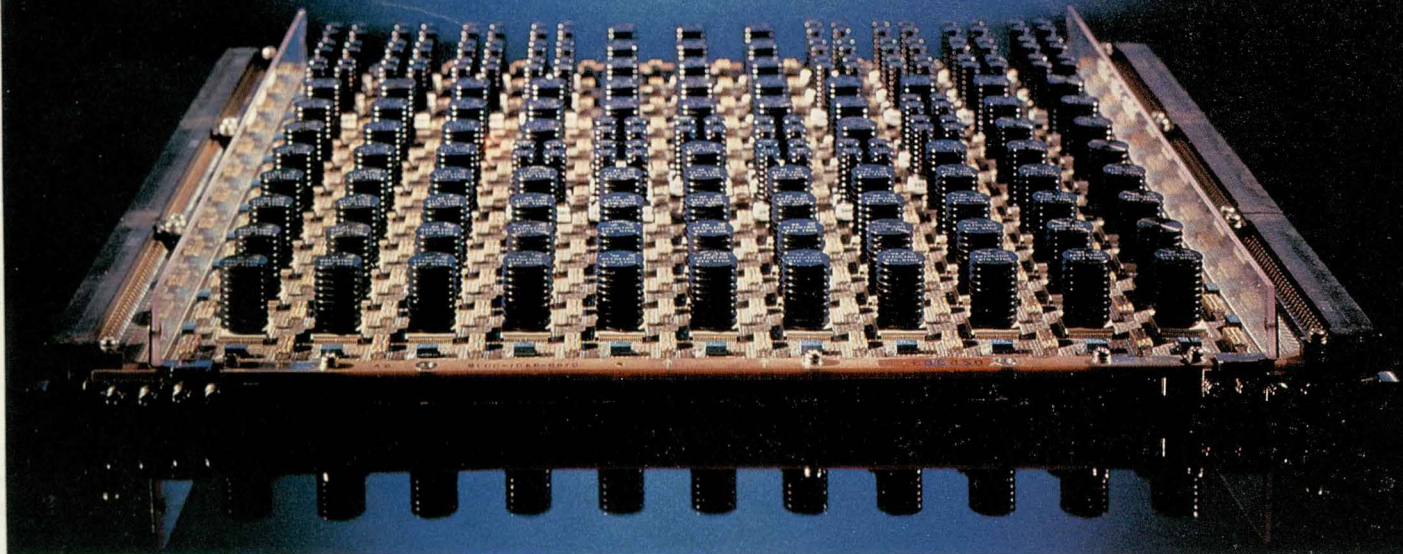
Operating in a workshop atmosphere with other craftsmen is another factor in Brennan's background that sets him apart from the usual isolate modern artist. As an executor of tapestries designed by others (painters and sculptors), he is sensitive to the perception and style of minds different from his own; accustomed to translate what is individual and precious in a person's artistic effort into another medium. Yet his own designs of tapestries evince his sureness as an artist with original creative vision.

Comparison of the new Parliament Building with a mediaeval European cathedral may seem extravagant. Yet, if pursued, this is an instructive analogy.

In both cases, guilds of craftsmen, united by common backgrounds, beliefs and traditions, come together in one place to work on various aspects of an enormous building complex, much vaster than any one could achieve or even visualize on his own. Yet the whole, because it comes about from the joined effort of many workers whose beliefs, ideals and aspirations are shared, expresses a unity.

The decorative scheme, unlike many buildings, is integral to the whole and is no less than a symbolic universe of motifs and designs that speak to the people who use the building directly from the designers and craftsmen who articulate it from a common tradition.





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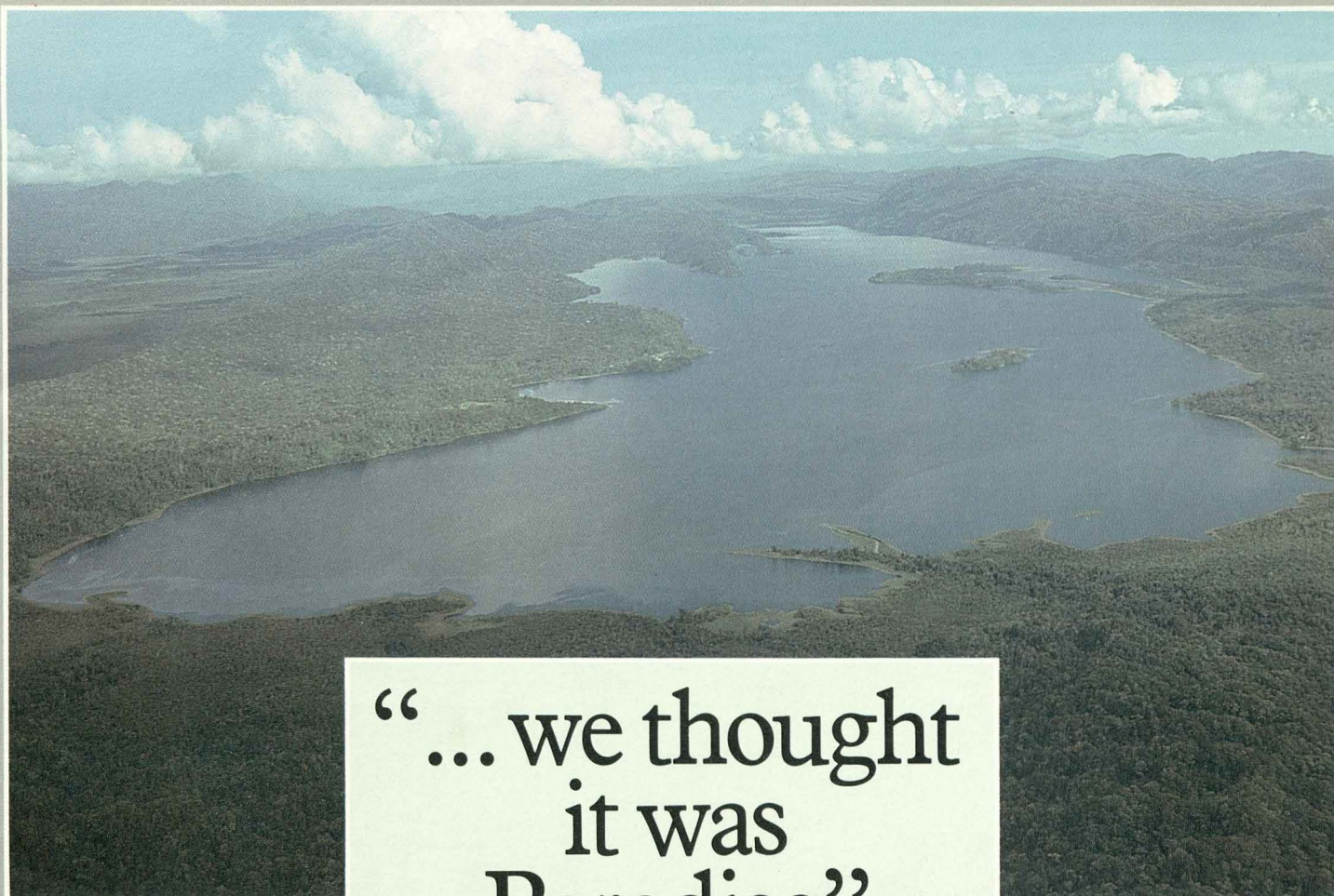
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# “... we thought it was Paradise”

story and pictures by David Eastburn

**A**CCORDING to legend, in the beginning there was no lake; only mountains and forests.

The only people who lived in the area were women who hunted and caught many animals, but they were always very thirsty as there was no water.

Their dog, *Niyibe*, knew where there was some water because sometimes he would go away and return with a wet muzzle. The women tied a long string to one of his legs and he led them to a small hole at the base of a huge fig tree. The dog went into the hole underneath the tree and the women could hear him lapping water, but the hole was too small for them to go inside. So they brought their stone axes and after two and a half days of hard work, cut the tree down.

When the tree fell, water gushed out from the hole beneath it; and the ground turned to water where the trunk, branches and roots touched it. The trunk formed the main body of water of the lake, the branches caused the inlets, and the spaces between the branches

Below: view of the southern shore of Lake Kutubu and the islands from New Tugiri; collecting *tigasso* tree oil for trade with the Highlanders



were left as islands. The rivers and creeks around the lake were caused when branches broke off as the tree fell.

Soon, water had filled the whole valley. The women ran up the mountainsides and made magic to stop the water from rising further.

The women who cut the tree

turned into the palm trees which can be seen today growing on the rocky cliffs around the lake. The leaves of the palms represent the women's hair and the flower sprays are their breasts, or skirts . . . depending on the storyteller.

Lake Kutubu is the home of 900 Foi and Fasu people who

live in the four main villages on the lake. The villages consist of a men's longhouse, 40 to 70 metres long, with a row of smaller women's houses facing it along one or both sides. Sago is the main food of the lake people — but it is supplemented with sweet potato, taro, pitpit, banana, sugarcane and greens from their gardens; small animals, birds, pythons and eggs from the forest; fish and crayfish from the lake; and canned food from tradestores.

The people are very proud of their lake and often after they die their bones are placed on limestone ledges overlooking the water.

The most important traditional industry of Lake Kutubu and the nearby Mubi Valley is the production of *tigasso* oil which is tapped from *Campnosperma brevipetiolata* trees and traded to the Highlanders who rub it on their bodies to make themselves look attractive during sing-sings. The oil was originally carried in 4-metre lengths of bamboo tube through the rugged limestone pinnacle country to the Highlands for

Transporting tigasso oil the traditional way



distribution. But today it is carried in 20-litre drums by light aircraft!

The people also earn some cash income from chillies, silk and fresh fruit, but as the only access to the lake at present is by irregular aircraft charters to Pimaga airstrip, four hours walk from the nearest lake village, marketing is difficult.

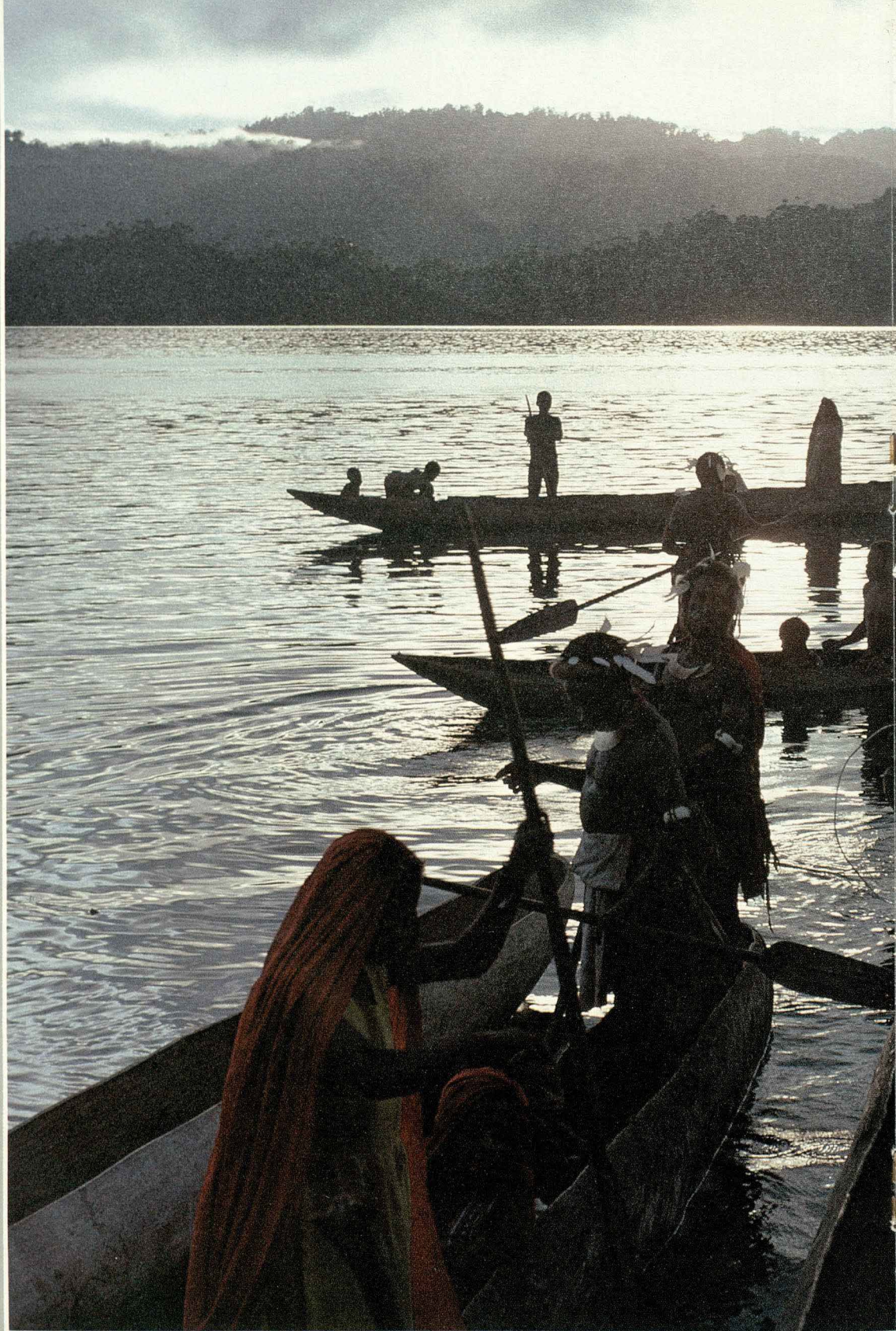
The secret of Lake Kutubu was kept from the outside world by the rugged terrain and rainforests of Papua until February 2, 1936. On that day a Guinea Airways single-engined Junkers W34 flew out of Mogeï (Mt Hagen) and over what is now known as the Southern Highlands on the second day of an aerial survey to help map the route taken by Jack Hides on his epic Strickland-Purari patrol of 1935. It was also hoping to find another suitable route for a second patrol to be carried out through the area by Ivan Champion.

As the aircraft passed over the limestone barrier — the “broken bottle” country which had created so much difficulty for Hides’ patrol — Ivan Champion sighted the lake. F.E. Williams, the Government anthropologist who was also on board the aircraft, gave the first description of Kutubu:

“Broken into bays and promontories, and studded with islands, it was strikingly beautiful, all the more so perhaps because of its dismal surroundings.”

Jack Hides was very disappointed that he hadn’t “discovered” the lake during his patrol and he suggested that it should be named “Lake Marguerite” after his wife.

A few months after the aerial survey, on October 18, 1936, Ivan Champion and Bill Adamson became the first Europeans to visit Lake Kutubu. They found quite a large and friendly



population around the lake. All the members of the patrol were taken by a flotilla of canoes to the village on Wasemi Island in the middle of the western end of the lake where they stayed for a week before continuing their patrol.

To the members of the patrol, after their journey up the Bamu River and around Mt Bosavi, Lake Kutubu was like

Paradise. Ivan Champion wrote in his patrol report:

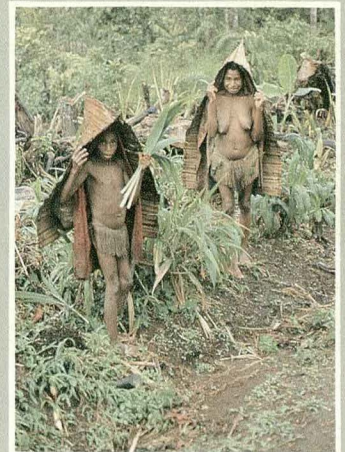
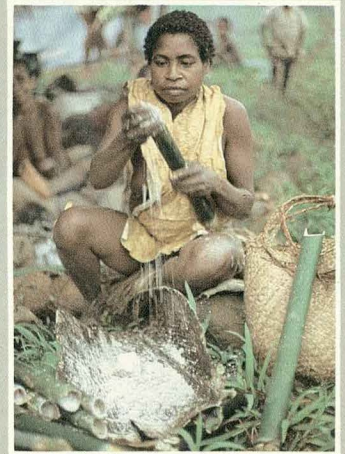
“With green wooded shores and islands, with blue water like the sea because of its great depth, and a pleasant climate owing to its altitude of 2600 feet, we thought it was Paradise”.

On his return, Ivan Champion recommended Lake





Below: preparing sago starch for cooking in bamboo tubes; bottom: collecting edible pitpit from a garden



Yo'Obo peninsula which juts into the lake about halfway along the southern side.

The first landing was made on Lake Kutubu on Thursday October 21, 1937, by a Junkers W/34D float-plane (VH-UNM), piloted by Aub Koch. He found Lake Kutubu to be a perfect seaplane base — deep water, clear approaches, and free of debris. While Champion and Anderson explored the “Grasslands”, Tugiri was supplied at great expense by Guinea Airways Junkers float-planes from Kikori until late in 1940 when the intervention of the Second World War and a lack of supplies forced its closure.

In August 1949, a Qantas Catalina landed on Kutubu with Sid Smith and Des Clancy to re-establish a station on the lake, at Tage at the northwest

Kutubu as an ideal base from which to explore the densely populated “Grasslands” area to the north (Tari, Mendi, Kagua, Ialibu), and bring its population under Government control.

Kutubu could be serviced by seaplanes. Champion said that it would be impossible to maintain a base in the area without aerial support and he had not found any suitable airstrip sites

in the “Grasslands” to the north. Kutubu also had a good climate, plenty of timber and garden land, and a friendly population.

Claude Champion (Ivan's brother) and Anderson (not Adamson) travelled up the Kikori River to Lake Kutubu and established a base camp and police post at Tugiri on June 26, 1937. Tugiri was on the



Right: the village of New Tiguri overlooking the lake



end, opposite Wasemi Island. Just over a year after Smith and Clancy had established Tage they discovered a suitable airstrip site at Mendi in the densely populated "Grasslands" and from that moment on the importance of Lake Kutubu as a base was threatened.

The station on Lake Kutubu was expensive to maintain, the population of the area was relatively sparse and access to the densely populated Highland areas was across a range of mountains. When a DH 84 Dragon (VH-URV) landed on Mendi airstrip on October 20, 1950, the fate of Tage station was sealed.

Mendi became the headquarters of the newly formed Southern Highlands District on September 4, 1951.

Nonetheless, Lake Kutubu was on Qantas' Port Moresby-Daru flying-boat route and was serviced by Catalinas, Sandringhams and, for a short period, by a single Otter float-plane, until regular service flights to the lake ended in 1957. Charters continued until 1960 when Tage station was reluctantly closed by the Administration and Kutubu was administered from Mendi and then Nipa.

Lake Kutubu was once again quiet; its silence broken only infrequently by the buzz of a small aircraft chartered by the mission at Inu to bring supplies into the marginal airstrip constructed in a swamp at Moro, at the western end of the lake.

Lake Kutubu was in the limelight for only a short time but its contribution to the exploration and development of the Southern Highlands was great.

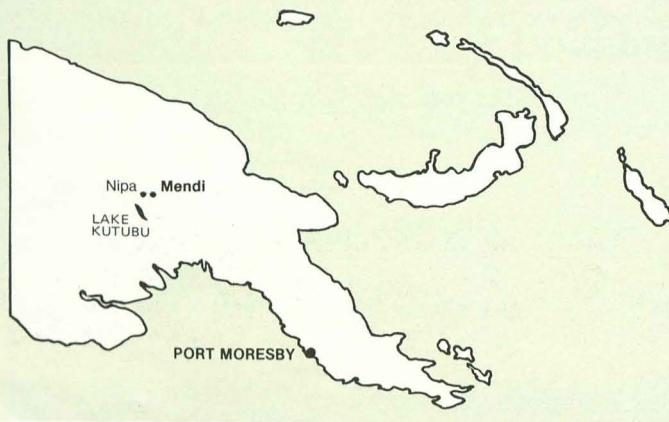
The development of the Kutubu area has continued slowly because of its inaccessibility and relatively small population. But roads and an airstrip have been constructed; cash crops introduced, and schools and aid posts established. A Local Government Council was formed, and a pat-

## Lake Kutubu

*Lake Kutubu is a magnificent freshwater lake located in the foothills of the Southern Highlands Province, 800 metres above sea level. It is set in a drowned valley surrounded by rugged forested limestone country. Lowland rainforest extends to the edge of the lake and abounds with palms, epiphytes, orchids and many of the birds and butterflies unique to Papua New Guinea. The sharp cry of the Raggiana bird of paradise is frequently heard and the birds are often seen as they flit briefly out of the forest and over the water in search of berries or palm-fruit in the trees growing at the waters' edge. Lake Kutubu is 19 kilometres long and up to 4 kilometres wide. It is the second largest lake in Papua New Guinea, after Lake Murray in*



*the Western Province, yet no larger rivers empty into it. The Soro River flows out of the south-west end of the lake and its water eventually joins the Kikori River and flows into the Gulf of Papua.*



Left, panel: a Foi man in ceremonial dress — shells, tapa cape, black cassowary-feather head-dress, topped with Raggiana bird of paradise feathers

rol post was opened at Pimaga in 1974. Today, many young people from the area who have received their formal training elsewhere have returned to live and work at home.

Lake Kutubu receives very few tourists despite its beautiful scenery and pleasant climate because visitors must either charter an aircraft to Pimaga and then walk for more than four hours to the lake, or walk for two days from Nipa or Poroma. The comment made by the Government anthropologist, F.E. Williams, on the first day that the lake was sighted by outsiders almost 50 years ago was:

"... if scenic beauty were the only thing needed to make a pleasure resort, this lake might compare with any rival. But one may feel pretty sure that its calm will remain unruffled by tourists for a good while to come."

Yet the serene beauty which Lake Kutubu has always enjoyed, because of its insulation by the surrounding rugged terrain, may be about to be shattered as a road slowly snakes its way from the lake to link up with the Highlands Highway system

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Like a village railway station, Goroka Airport terminal provides direct exit to the street

# Where airports make towns

By Richard Jackson

**F**OR every thousand of Papua New Guinea's 3.2 million people, more than 200 passengers travel on its airlines' scheduled domestic services each year. Only 15 other countries in the world exceed this ratio, and not one of these is in the Third World\*.

Even more dramatically, Papua New Guinea has more than 450 registered airfields — one for every 6500 people. In the western third of the country there is, on average, one airstrip per 1600 people.

No country in the world has such a dense network of airfields and almost no other country is as dependent upon air transport as is Papua New Guinea.

This reliance upon air services reflects many factors of the country's geography: the country's archipelagic nature, the very scattered and thin distribution of its lowland population, and its terrain, which presents extraordinary obstacles to would-be roadbuilders.

But it is also a reflection of the historical circumstances in which Papua New Guinea was opened up to the outside world. While many towns and cities throughout the world owe their origins and prosperity to their strategic locations on shipping lanes and major trade routes — and while many more, especially in North America, grew up around important railroad junctions — there are very few places outside Papua New Guinea which can trace their ancestry back to airports.

Many of the country's coastal towns were first established in the late nineteenth century as small seaports, but much of the country was not known to the

*\*Iceland, surprisingly, tops the list for the biggest number of domestic air passengers per head of population.*



outside world until well into the era of the aeroplane. Indeed much of it was opened up by airborne exploration.

In almost the whole of the Highlands region, which contains 40 per cent of the country's total population, the very first

European artifacts seen were aeroplanes; and the very first European settlements were tented encampments next to roughly-cut airstrips.

Towns like Wau, Lae, Kainantu, Goroka, Kundiawa, Mount Hagen, Mendi and Wabag as well as many more smaller settlements, owe their origin, at least in part, to having been selected as sites for airfields.

In these places the airstrip was, and in many cases still is, the focal point around which the

town grew. What is more, in the colonial era, town authorities made specific use of airstrips as boundaries within the towns.

In such places, one is not born on the wrong side of the tracks, but on the wrong side of the runway!

In 1926, in his annual report on health matters in New Guinea, Dr (later Sir) R.W. Cilento — father of filmstar Diane — laid down his principles for the development of a model colonial township. And while he had Rabaul in mind, his remarks





Left: Lae Airport provides a clear line of sociological demarcation, but its days appear to be numbered; below; Rabaul Airport is also the subject of relocation plans



apply very aptly to the towns which at that time were being established elsewhere in Papua New Guinea:

“An important principle of all town development in tropical native countries is the restriction of national groups having different standards of living and varying rates of morbidity to set areas, which, in general, are separated from neighbouring groups by vacant corridors acting as buffers.”

What better buffer than a kilometre-long, hundred-metre wide airstrip! The effectiveness of this concept is seen in many towns of Papua New Guinea, even though modified by more enlightened principles today; but is nowhere better shown than in Lae, Papua New Guinea’s second largest town, industrial centre and home of 70,000 people.

Lae’s airfield, right from the start, was not only the chief employer and economic focus of the town but an emphatic social divide which separated “native” compounds from European residences.

Post-war reconstruction saw the airfield re-established at the town’s geographical centre, the terminal being within 200 metres of the main shopping centre. The port site, which before 1941 was on the European side of town, was shifted to its present site on the west side of the strip to serve the rapidly growing industrial area, attach-

ed to which were the market and the compounds.

The administrative headquarters, shops (other than Chinese which were isolated out towards Butibum village) and European residences were placed on the top of the river terrace with pleasant views over the strip. One end of the strip reached the sea; and at the other end an additional buffer, in the shape of the superb Lae Botanical Gardens and a golf course, were laid out.

As with many other Papua New Guinean towns, Lae’s structure was one of decreasing social status towards the town boundary, just beyond which — and out of reach of building regulations, health inspectors, tax collectors, and electoral franchise — clustered the squatter settlements of rural migrants come to town.

The pattern established in Lae was repeated throughout the Highlands as they were opened up during the ’30s and ’40s. Towns were laid out on almost identical lines: market and labourers’ lines on one side; the airstrip in the middle; European housing, administration, the hotel and the better quality shops on the other. (For many years the infamous ‘Kainantu Underpass’, a drainage pipe under the airfield, was the busiest thoroughfare in that pretty Eastern Highlands town.)

Ironically, it was in these same towns which owed their genesis to the aeroplane that the



limited development of road transport in Papua New Guinea had most effect. From Mendi and Wabag and beyond, right down to Lae, now runs the Highlands Highway, and as a consequence, the airport has been displaced from its position as the economic focus of these towns. Mount Hagen's strip was shifted out to Kagamuga in the late '60s, and Kainantu's is now closed, while the airports at Kundiawa, Lae and, to a lesser extent, Goroka have all been under pressure to move elsewhere.

In all cases the airports occupy what would, in any town anywhere in the world, be regarded as very valuable, centrally located land. Shortage of land for industrial and residential development is a pressing

problem in most urban areas of Papua New Guinea. In its eight largest towns the average distance between business centre and airport is less than five kilometres.

But dependence on air transport is not confined to remote rural areas. Port Moresby, the nation's sprawling capital, has no road link with any other major town and is unlikely to get one for many years yet. Of the country's other 18 provincial capitals, only seven have road links to towns outside their own province. Thus air services are not just a modern time-saving convenience, but are essential to the country's communications and internal movement.

Whatever the arguments, it is important to realise that air services are still creating towns

in Papua New Guinea.

The country's newest town, Tabubil, in the remote Star Mountains, may have been set up to service the giant Ok Tedi gold and copper prospect, but its location was determined by the fact that it occupies the only sizeable stretch of flat land suited to an airfield in that inhospitable region. While a tenuous track to Tabubil from the lowlands has just been constructed the town will remain extremely dependent upon its air links.

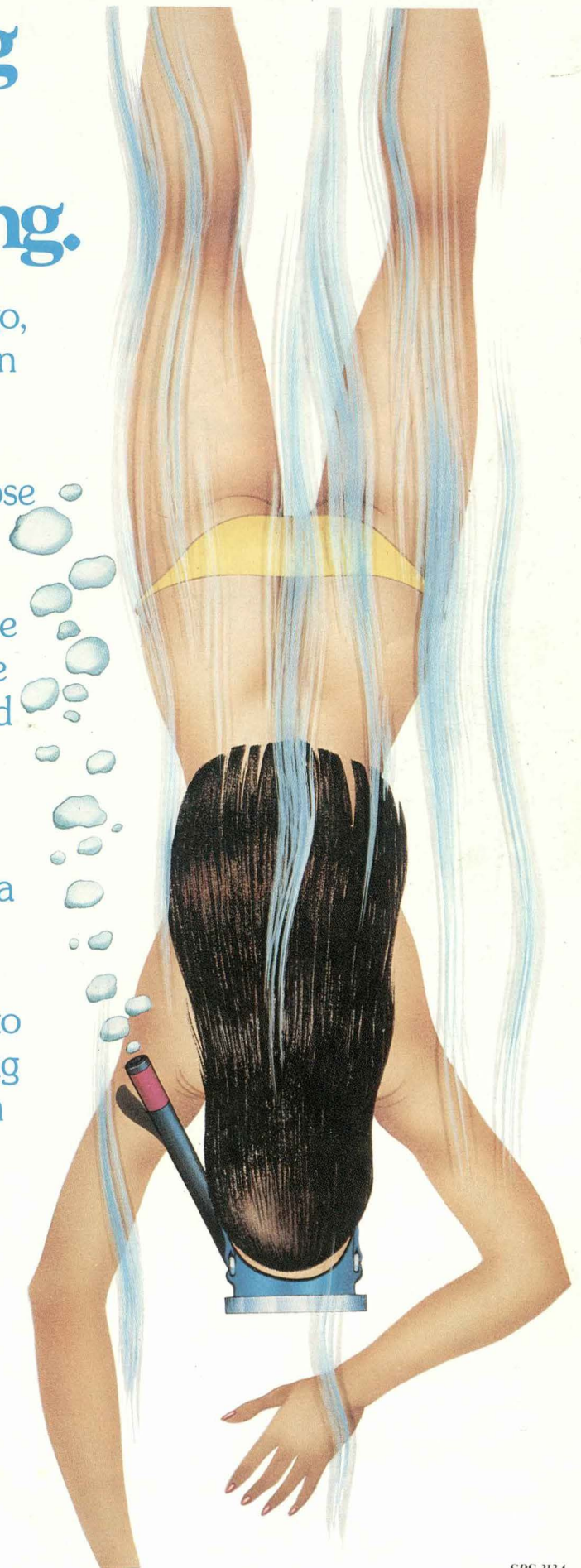
This goes nearly as much for Tabubil's sister town, Kiunga, the Ok Tedi project's river port 175km away to the south, on the Fly River. For six months during 1982 the Fly dried up to such a degree that all supplies and construction materials for

*One of the prettiest, and most spectacular airports on the Air Niugini network is Chimbu, at Kundiawa*

the project were flown in; on a scale rivalling the famous Lae/Bulolo goldfields services in the '20s. As the road network spreads, so the dependence of Papua New Guinea's town on the aeroplane will inevitably decline. But the greater part of the country will remain reliant upon such air services for decades to come. The airports have already left their indelible mark on the town plans of Papua New Guinea. ✎

# Doing nothing in Madang is really something.

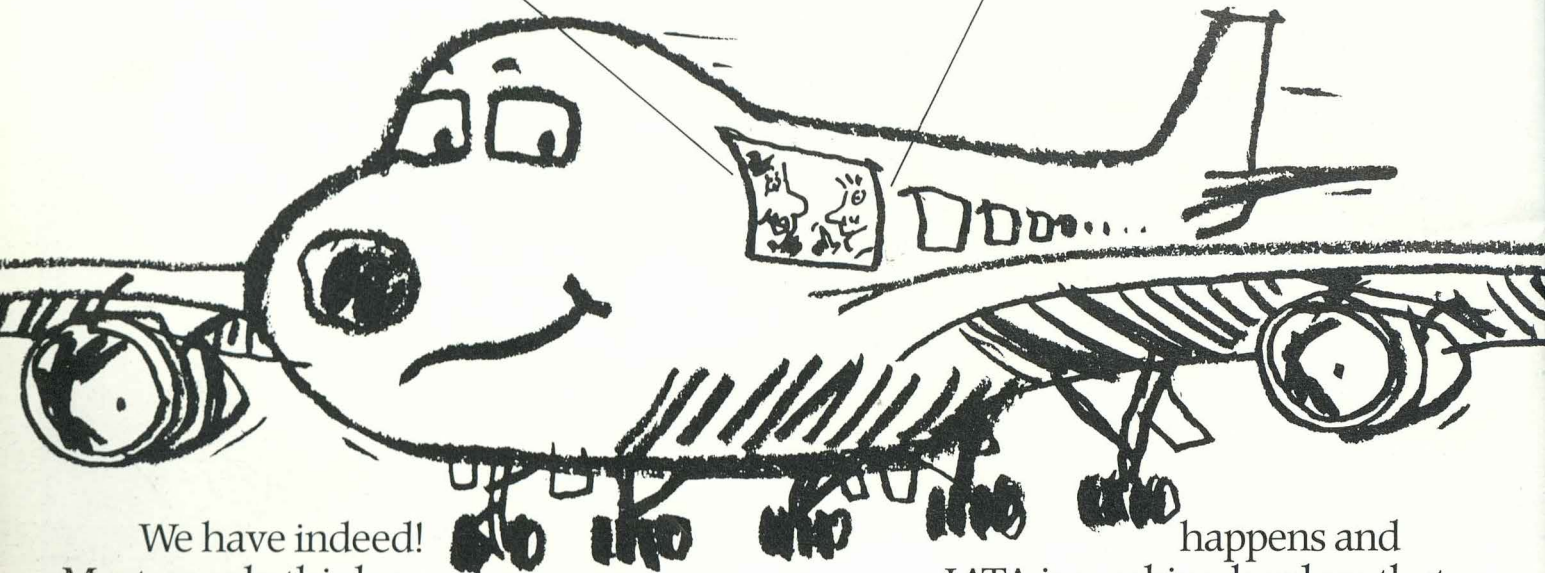
Madang still has no disco, no bingo, no go-go-go. But that doesn't mean there's nothing to do. You can swim, stroll, snooze in the sun. Wander through the market, choose a lap-lap in a trade store, buy pottery from local villagers. You can snorkel through one of the world's best coral reefs, scuba-dive around shipwrecks left from World War 2, say hello to a cuscus, a cassowary or a crocodile. You can take a canoe out to a deserted island for a picnic, climb a volcano, catch a fish, watch the frangipani grow, and get to know each other again. Unless you're into disco, bingo and go-go-go, Madang has to be the most perfect place in the Pacific to unwind. Air Niugini will fly you there and show you 'round. Contact your travel agent or Air Niugini.



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**LOOKING AFTER PEOPLE WHO FLY**



# SEPIK TREASURES

For the first time in many years, an officer of the national museum was to do a complete check of valuable national cultural property objects in the villages of the middle and lower Sepik from Pagwi to Murik Lakes, and to obtain the agreement of owners of other valuable objects to have them also declared national cultural property. The journey took six weeks by outboard-powered canoe during October-November 1982 and the curator of anthropology, Barry Craig, was accompanied by Professor Wallace ('Mac') Ruff of the village studies programme based at the University of Technology in Lae.

**M**AC leaned over the two-metre stone, his sketchbook in hand, cleaning off debris of a fallen tree we had just removed. Mosquitoes buzzed angrily in the semi-darkness of the old, overgrown village site of Angriman.

We had just arrived here after forcing our way by canoe through the *salvinia*-infested lagoon and slashing along an overgrown path through forest and secondary regrowth to find this site. The long parallel rows of mounds sprouting coconut trees and remnants of the beautiful multi-coloured bushes favoured by the Iatmul of the Middle Sepik for the magnificent landscape gardening of their villages. The sad remains of a *garamut* (slit drum) sat rotting, beheaded by an artifact dealer.

Two large stones lay several metres away, pointing to the monolith Mac was sketching. A young lad waved a feather whisk over Mac to keep the mosquitoes off his hands as he took careful measurements to guide his drawing of the face carved onto the stone. I sighed and gave in to the attack, attempting to change a film without trapping a number

*The finial "Wombinyevi" at the northern end of the cult house at Shotmeri, representing Gauwi, the eagle*

● *Air Niugini provides daily jet services to Wewak, gateway to the Sepik.*

Right: head carved from sago lump, Angriman village; centre: "Numbulag'wa", flutes at Yentschan village, Middle Sepik; below; flute demonstration at Yentschan. The flutes are not to be heard or seen by women

of the ferocious insects in the camera — the results were not satisfactory.

The monolith, carefully shaped to resemble a huge stone-adze blade, is known to the people as "Boingenwan" and features in legend and history. According to informants, long ago at the beginning of history, two Iatmul warriors — Totmeri and Mangisaun — attacked their Sawos enemies with spears. A man named Boingenwan fled with Totmeri and Mangisaun in pursuit. Boingenwan took refuge under the roots of a sago tree and the warriors found him, but he had turned to stone.

They brought the stone to the village and tried to erect it but realised they had to provide a sacrifice first. So they captured a married man from Mindimbit, killed him and buried him in a hole, then erected the stone over him.

Last generation, this stone was moved from the old village site to a more recent one closer to the Sepik, but too many people died so they took it back again where it remains to this day. It is absolutely forbidden for women or uninitiated boys to touch this stone and now, since it seems to have caused so many deaths, they prefer to leave it alone.

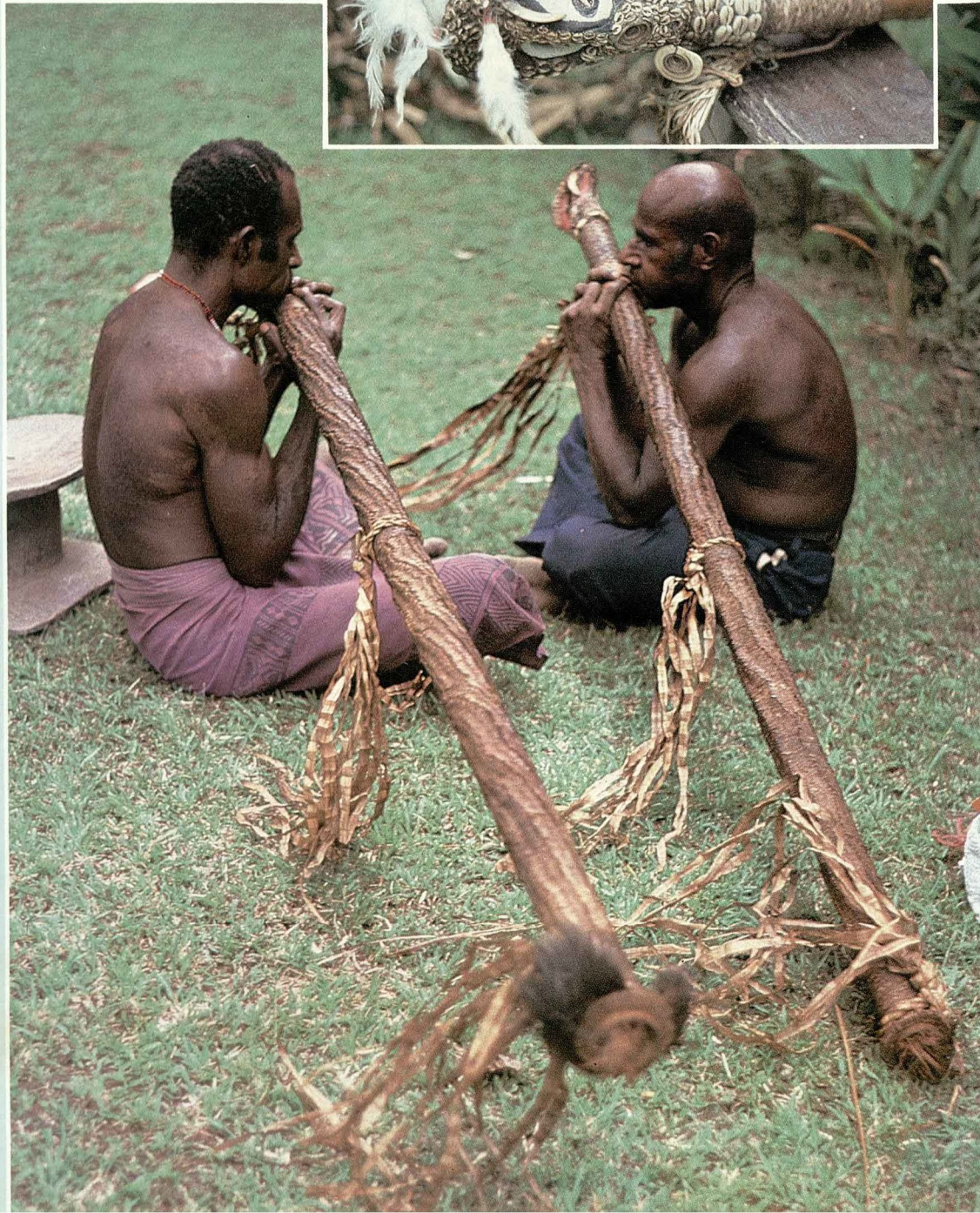
The museum is fortunate to have an old carving representing Mangisaun, on display in the Masterpieces exhibition.

Other stone artifacts were discovered, photographed, documented and agreement reached that they should fall under the protection of the National Cultural Property Act of 1965. This makes it illegal for anyone but the trustees of the National Museum and their officers to purchase these objects or to remove them from the country.

Not only stone artifacts were noted. The items included a small lump of sago carved into the semblance of a face, and a little ceramic pot with three legs, containing magical sub-

stances used in sorcery.

And of course, the carvings in wood for which the Sepik people are famous — ancient *garamuts* carved with stone adzes, pig tusks and bone chisels as long ago as the mid-19th century; a beautifully carved old hand drum from before the time Kanganaman was established; an ancient paddle; a pair of flutes originating from a village long since abandoned; the elegant shell-covered *mai* masks, sometimes in sets of four (big brother, little brother, big sis-







Left: brag mask called "Sendam", brought from Watam village by a remote ancestor, found at Karau village, Murik Lakes; centre, left: "Welmanauan", a national cultural property mask from Nyaurengai village, Middle Sepik, used during initiation of young men; right: carved centre post at "Wolimbit" cult house, Kanganaman village, undergoing renovations with National Museum assistance; bottom: woman and crocodile mating, while woman gives birth to a snake and an eel, from Kararau village

ter, little sister); a pair of spears used by an infamous warrior who used to kill at random in his own village as well; fierce brag masks of the Murik Lakes villages of Prime Minister Michael Somare's people that predate all the present day villages of that area.

And an amazing curiosity —



a three foot long bronze cannon, with 50mm bore, believed to be from a 17th century Dutch ship that ran aground on a sandbar off the coast of Aitape. Apparently it was thrown overboard with other items to lighten the ship. Villagers paddled out and recovered this cannon, incorporating it into their rituals as an object of veneration. When the early Catholic missionaries came, they acquired it and later removed it to their base at Marienberg on the Sepik, where it has been to this day.

It must be the oldest European artifact found in Papua New Guinea.

A little carving of a female figure, kept bundled inside a tortoise shell armband, has a history going back to the very origin of settlement in the Murik Lakes area. "Agogo", as she is called, was walking along the beach near the first Murik settlement called Bok (estimated to have been founded about the end of the 18th century — not long after the first European settlement in Australia). A man named Kabuk saw her and she became afraid and dug herself into the sand. The man attempted to dig her out but found only this little wooden figure. He dreamt of her, she told him her name, and instructed him to

make a little grass skirt for her.

In 1981, a remarkably similar figure was offered to the museum by a private collector in London for A\$2000 but there were insufficient funds to buy it.

The list of pieces whose owners agreed to having them declared National Cultural Property grew to a total of 130; in other cases absent owners could not be consulted at the time.

The objects are not kept merely as family heirlooms but are in current use for rituals only moderately altered, not to be too much in conflict with contemporary laws and official expectations. Each object also acts as the focus of tradition in that it provokes the telling of sometimes quite long and detailed histories of village foundations and clan migrations. They sometimes act therefore as legal "documents" concerning land rights, design copyrights and so on.

The wealth of ancient material still held by Sepik villagers, despite decades of collecting by museums, adventurers and dealers, is staggering. The local market value of the material I saw — both NCP and proposed NCP — must be over K1 million. This could be multiplied at least by four to obtain the overseas market value.

This situation was well-known to a few artifact dealers who were based in the Sepik and made personal fortunes prior to independence. One of them is reputed to return to Papua New Guinea from time to time, pick up a few pieces, smuggle them out by various means, and sell them overseas to private collectors and to museums which do not question the legality of the means by which they come on to the market.

On the very day I began the NCP check, at the village of Nyaurengai, I unwittingly crossed paths with a small group, consisting of an overseas dealer in artifacts, a millionaire who is on the board of trustees of a big



Right: "Bonjo", men's cult house at Kambu village, Keram River, now being rebuilt; below: Professor "Mac" Ruff tends a fire at Kinakaten village, Yuat River, during the Sepik treasures hunt

American museum, and his wife. They were inspecting an extremely sacred and fearsome shrine consisting of a carved bat-like figure in the form of a suspension hook, with three overmodelled human skulls and a crocodile skull at its feet. I had inspected the condition of this piece only hours before.

Later I was to be informed that these three people had visited many villages on their way up the Sepik, offering large sums of money for objects on our NCP file, and other objects not yet brought to our attention.

My aims for this field trip were to check all the objects on our files in the Middle and Lower Sepik and to seek out other objects worthy of protection under the Act — it seemed a most timely expedition!

Although I found no evidence that any old objects had actually been sold to these people, the dealer had left the message that he would be back in Papua New Guinea in 1983 to press negotiations.

The assistant curator of the National Museum, Soroi Eoe, had only a few months before completed the negotiations for the purchase of two beautifully-carved finials from the famous Wolimbit cult house at Kanganaman, at a cost of K500 each. But when this dealer came through with his party, he chastised the owners, saying he would have given them K5000 each (this, despite the fact that, since the entire cult house and its contents have been declared NCP since 1967, it would have been illegal for him to purchase them and for the owners to sell to him).

The owners were to greet me later with demands for an increase in price to K2000 each; frustrated at the difference between what the museum realistically can afford to pay and what a sharp international dealer can afford. With only K15,000 for purchase in 1982, the museum has been hardly in a position to buy valuable cultural property from under the



noses of competitive businessmen.

Without asking anyone to consider selling us anything, I was offered nearly 50 objects for a total value of just under K50,000 during this expedition.

It seems imperative that the museum maintains a constant presence in the Sepik with 70 per cent of the country's NCP on our files in the East Sepik Province. Unless the loss of such objects is discovered within six months, we cannot proceed with a legal claim to retrieve them.

A case in point: Late in 1980, Soroi Eoe was informed that two masks missing from Kanganaman were bought by this same overseas dealer in 1974 for A\$1500 the pair. These two masks are on our NCP file. During my trip, I confirmed this story.

On my way back to Moresby at the completion of our trip, I was overnighing at Mac's house in Lae and browsed through the 1979 catalogue of a big exhibition of tribal art as-

sembled in Washington DC, USA. There, large as life, were photographs of the two masks, their names and origin — attributed to the private collection of a resident of Tahiti. A letter to this person has elicited no response as yet.

What can Papua New Guinea do to protect its valuable cultural heritage? The 1965 Act and its various amendments of course are a good start; but litigation is expensive, especially in foreign jurisdictions, probably exceeding the value of most single objects. Further, the protection of the law is insubstantial when the law refers to *classes of objects* — they must be identified *individually* with a clear description, photographs and names of owners supplied and then gazetted by the Government as protected items. Further, they must be brought into the public domain and the Nation's claim becomes, what the lawyers term, "notorious".

This is achieved by publication of the individual pieces with their provenance, ownership and stories provided

alongside clear photographs. The museum has been approached by an Australian publisher interested in doing such a book, but the initial field work and photography must be financed by the museum.

To assist in this project, to maintain a constant presence in the Sepik area, and to win the co-operation and confidence of the owners of valuable cultural property, we are building a houseboat as a mobile base for a field officer in the Sepik. This is the most cost-effective way of handling the crisis.

Attempts to monitor the situation from Port Moresby have failed. It is astounding that more losses have not taken place.

But as the international market for genuine old Papua New Guinea artifacts becomes hungrier, we may expect to see more and more attempts to remove these pieces from villages illegally. We trust we can be ready in time to stop them — Barry Craig is Curator of Anthropology at the Papua New Guinea National Museum. ♣



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**T**O earn a university degree is quite an achievement anywhere. But in Papua New Guinea graduates are very special people. They will become the leaders of the country's development into the 21st century.

Yet most of the graduates come from families with no previous formal education, or from villages which until only a few years ago had no schools and perhaps little or no contact with the outside world. The men and women who graduate are culminating at least 16 years of schooling and study. After so many years of effort the day of graduation is one of great satisfaction.

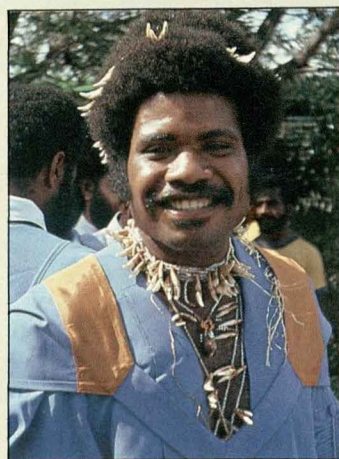
For the students who are graduating at the University of Papua New Guinea, the day comes nearly three months after the official end of their studies in the previous semester. During the break between semesters many of the students leave the Port Moresby campus, their transport costs paid by the government scholarship office, Natschol. Once a student completes his studies he must pay his own airfares if he wants to come back to the university. Yet that is what many of the graduands have done, often coming with their parents as well. They too want to share their child's great day.

In the morning of the Graduation Day there is time to meet old friends again, to show Mum and Dad around the campus, the old stamping grounds they had only heard about. Then there is an official lunch for the graduands, and things become more serious.

Now it is time to put on the academic gown, the traditional long-sleeved gown and monk-like hood which was the height of student fashion in the earliest mediaeval universities of Europe and has remained the standard regalia ever since. There is also the traditional

# BILAS and MORTAR BOARDS

By John Gough



mortar board, the strange flat hat, which may sit a little oddly on the tight curls of Melanesian hair.

By university order, the dress to wear is trousers, shirt and tie for men, and a dress for women. But there is the option of wearing traditional costume, and some of the students, proud not only of their own achievements but of their cultural heritage, are wearing the full *bilas* (regalia) — Bird of Paradise feathers, cuscus fur bands, necklaces of shells and beads, and laplap, with bright decoration of face paint. And over this they carefully drape the European traditional gown.

The mortar board is carried — it would ruin the towering head-dress of feathers.

Some of the graduand students, those who are about to graduate, attempt a compromise. Perhaps a small band and shell necklace, or a neckband of dog-teeth is the only traditional *bilas* they add to their Western clothes. For others, perhaps a feather or two in their hair is their gesture towards the traditions of their parents.

Sixteen years of schooling can take a student a long way from village life, and may not leave much time for initiation into traditional culture. The conferring of the degree may be the last step in a renunciation of tradition and adoption of whole-hearted Westernisation.

But Papua New Guinea is a country that is proud of its heritage, even as it embraces a modern future. In the senior national high schools, the melting pot of the education elite, the students are encouraged to practice the traditional dances of their home provinces. Perhaps this, and a strong sense of traditional pride and celebration lead some of the graduands to put on the full *bilas*.

Friends help add the tall *kumul* (bird of paradise) plumes, and tie on the head-dress of

feathers, shells and dried reeds. For a man, the full bilas may also include a bamboo bow and arrows.

It is unlikely that there will be any enemies — but a man doesn't feel properly dressed without his weapons.

The graduation ceremony takes place in the University Forum, the large covered arena where serious occasions can be held with dignity in the heat of the middle of the day. Another traditional feature is the group of tribal dancers who greet the guest speaker and other dignitaries attending and officiating at the graduation. They also lead the academic procession of graduands and faculty staff.

It is a mark of respect and friendship with the graduating students that many of their university teachers process with the graduands. The faculty staff also wear their own academic gowns from around the world, providing a splash of colours among the aqua gowns of UPNG as staff and graduands line up for the procession. As the traditional dancers try out their drums and voices, practising their songs, the audience assembles in the Forum, while behind them on a balcony the Royal Papua New Guinea Constabulary Brass Band plays modern arrangements of Tin Pan Alley favourites.

Here is another powerful contrast. The kundu drums of the traditional group lead and blend with the clicking rhythm sticks and the twining melodies of solo singers and the chanted harmonies of the chorus. They sing and dance under the trees near the forum, paying no attention to onlookers and amateur photographers taking souvenir snapshots. This is something the singers and dancers love.

The RPNCG Band has its own audience close to the forum. Oompahs and trumpets present a medley of vigorous marches, pop songs and film music. Standing between the two groups you can hear a



stereo clash of cultures that is electrifying.

Then the dignitaries arrive. Suddenly the dancers burst into a song of greeting, and, leading the way they bring the Very Important People into the front of the Forum.

Now it is time for the most important people to appear. The dancers move to the head of the procession, the drums beat loudly, the leader sings out and is joined in chorus by the dancers and drummers.

Slowly, the begowned procession moves forward and takes its place of honour in front of the audience.

There is a hush; and the band plays, as everyone stands bareheaded, the national anthem, "O Arise All Ye Sons Of This Land".

The Graduation has begun. — *John Gough is a lecturer in education at the University of Papua New Guinea.*

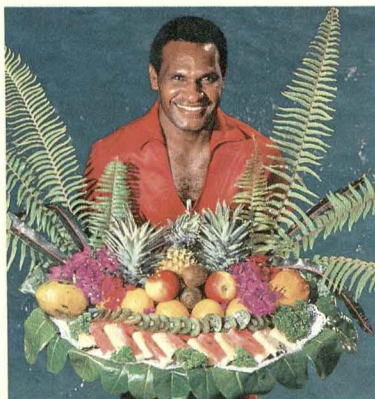




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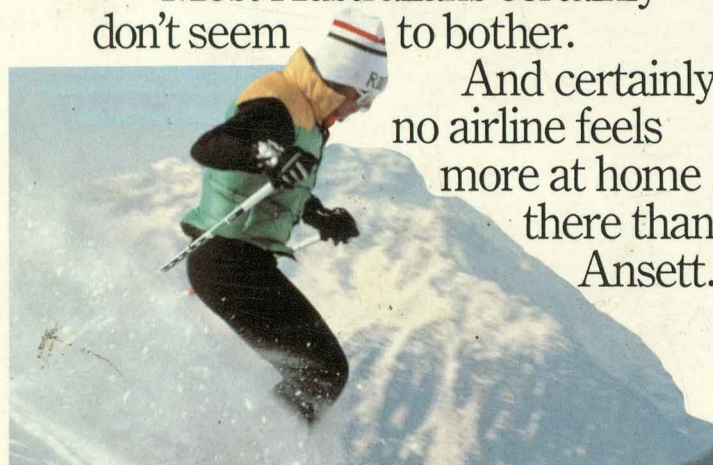
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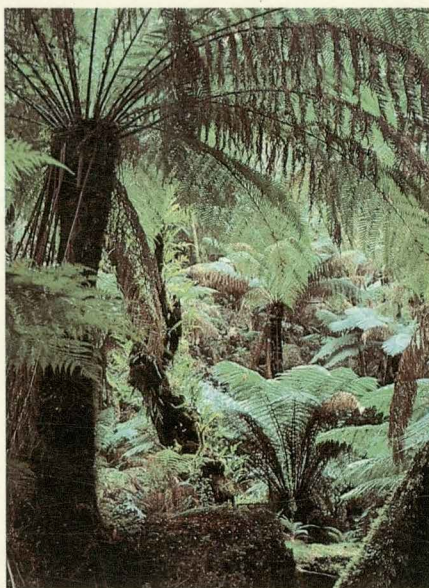
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