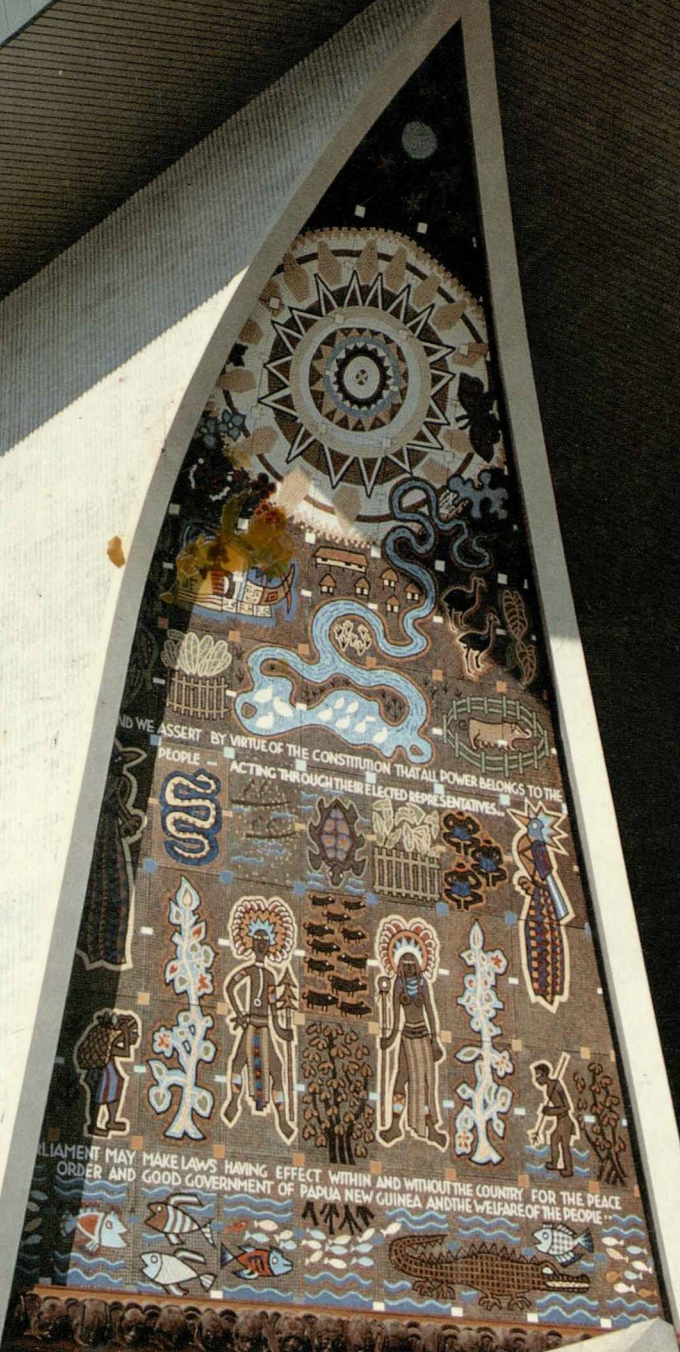


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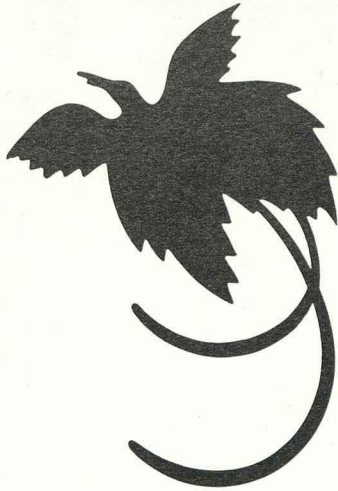
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Guy Laroche
Paris

AIR NIUGINI



No. 49 November 1984

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Editor — Maria Arianson

Design — John Devereux

Wesley Nayak

John Samo

Typesetting — Paicks Kailap

Advertising — Maria Campbell

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Advertising

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Masket Iangalio
General Manager, Air Niugini



Above: A 'Waga' or outrigger sailing boat plies the tranquil waters of the Louisiade Archipelago. Photo by John Samo. Waga sailing tours, visiting the remote and idyllic outer islands of the Solomon Sea, are now available. If you would like to whet your appetite, turn to page 17.

Cover: The towering facade of the new National Parliament building in Port Moresby is made in the style of a Sepik *haus tambaran* or spirit house. Photo by John Devereux.

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THERE'S AN ART IN PUTTING EVERY FOOT RIGHT.

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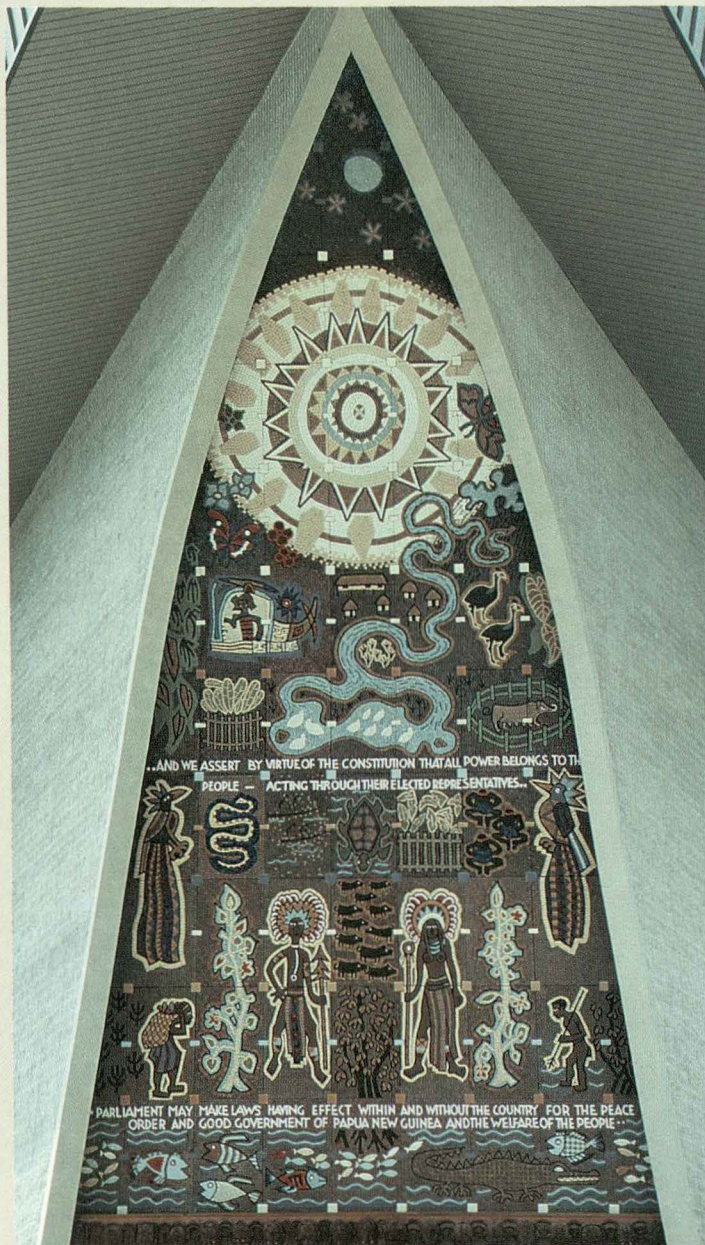
by Judy Newman

EVEN in the remote upper reaches of the great Sepik River, where it may take a man in a dugout canoe two weeks to reach the nearest government outstation, they have heard about the big meeting house.

Standing at the foot of Port Moresby's Independence Hill, where the Australian Government officially relinquished its administration of Papua New Guinea on September 16, 1975, the new Parliament building has come to be looked upon by the people of Papua New Guinea as a symbol of their new nationhood.

It is the biggest building ever to be built in Papua New Guinea. Built at a cost of 22.4 million kina using Australian architectural and building expertise and a national workforce, it is a spectacular soaring shape dominated by an entrance facade which takes the form of a haus tambaran or Mapric village meeting house, traditionally the centre of decision making at village level. But although it borrows from local building styles, this in every sense a modern building right out of the category of an Australian building built on Papua New Guinean soil and has given it a truly national identity. So that it would reflect the rich artistic heritage which is one of Papua New Guinea's most remarkable possessions, artists and craftsmen were brought together from villages all over the country to work on the building. Few of them spoke other than their *tok ples* or tribal language, most of them were without schooling, yet within the three years they worked on the building their contribution was prodigious.

Out of this *bung wantaim* or working together, friendship and collaboration grew among artists and craftsmen from many tribes and provinces as they exchanged skills and



experiences, teaching and learning from one another.

The Scottish artist and craftsman Archie Brennan, who came to Papua New Guinea after setting up the Victorian Tapestry Workshop in Melbourne in 1975 and who has been

associated with the National Arts School in Port Moresby since then, co-ordinated the art content of the building. He said that one of the great advantages of the project has been that the art school was called in very early by the

building's designer, Cec Hogan, so that it was possible to integrate the art work into the fabric of the building from the start.

In his design for the beautiful mosaic facade of the parliament building, Archie Brennan has put together a uniquely Papua New Guinean amalgum of native art forms taken from drawings done by national artists. Taking the place of the painted bark facade painted on the spathes of the sago palm which one would find on the front of an authentic haus tambaran, this mosaic is made up of symbols of everyday life in Papua New Guinea today, the woman with her heavily laden bilum slung around her forehead representing transportation, the pig representing wealth and the helicopter representing modern communication. At the base of the 63 foot high (19.1 metres) mosaic a quotation from the country's constitution is spelt out in colored tiles. At its centre, two warriors, one male and one female, stand guard over the entrance and beneath their feet a crocodile and a curling snake warn of lurking danger and evil to be guarded against. Above all this is the sun, with the moon in close attendance. The base of the mosaic is spanned by a lintel of kwila wood ten metres wide on which nineteen ancestral masks, representing the nation's provinces have been carved, each by a different carver from a different province.

Archie Brennan's task as coordinator of the art works in the building was to bring about a synthesis of design elements from all over Papua New Guinea so that art work would not represent any one region but represent Papua New Guinea as a whole.

"We worked very hard to design something which we felt belonged to this country yet of



cloud forming to the east over the winding Kasam Pass, the gateway to the Highlands. We climbed up through 15,000 feet (4,560 metres) before descending to the Wahgi Valley. The cabin attendant pushed open the door and said, "Api noon! Welcome to the Highlands". The cool air was refreshing after the lowland humidity.

At first, the Highlands seemed different. The township of Mt Hagen 40 years ago was disputed land. Here were fierce looking men, warriors from the Enga or the Jimi Valley. They walked through the town in their hats of cuscus fur, perhaps a suit coat, and 'ass grass', leaves instead of trousers, down over their buttocks.

The boys were unsure, at first. Little did they know it was banking day and these "fear-

some tribesmen" were down from the valleys to do the banking, sell some coffee beans, perhaps buy a new truck for the village or change a video tape for the latest Kung Fu movie.

Stern-looking faces broke wide with smiles as young boys overcame their fear. Smiles that revealed a mouth full of teeth red from the betel nut that is constantly chewed for its mildly stimulating effect.

PNG is a complex place. Mountain ranges that divide the people geographically make them unique in other ways. There is suspicion at first. People, from valleys only recently connected to the main road south, have many new things to get used to and a bus-load of freckle-faced schoolboys is no exception.

Children play a special part

in this society so our boys were special guests. Before too long they were tasting tomatoes in the market place and chewing sugar cane offered by the women in the small village, not far from the gates of the hotel.

Tari basin, Southern Highlands Province. We were in Papua now, almost in the centre of the country, the land of the wigmen, warrior farmers who avoid villages and stick together in family groups farming the land from plots protected by trenches and sharpened sticks. There is not much need for precautions like that now, it is peaceful and Saturday is market day.

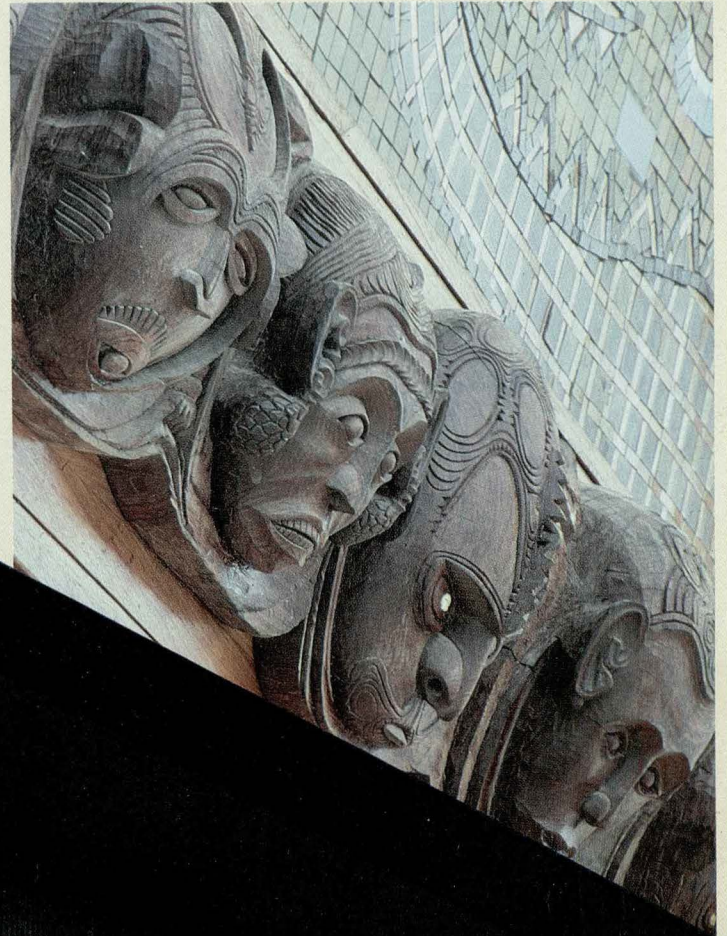
The warriors, emulating the fabulous birds of paradise that are so common here, were dressed up to the nines. Full wigs of human hair interwoven with meadow daisies

Top, from left Pork prepared PNG-style gets a close examination; jungle walk Australian-style, with a brightly-colored umbrella; singing finery Huli-style. **centre top** Another scene from the Madang welcome. **below** Fording a mountain stream.

comes from the village of Bundi in the Madang Province has used as his theme a meeting between the nation's leaders and the animals and birds of the country to debate why it is

that the animals, the cuscus, the crocodile and the bird of paradise, have been depicted on the nation's coinage and not the nation's leaders.

The Australian architectural firm Peddle Thorpe and Harvey who were project managers for the building employed by the Department of Works and Supply in PNG were required to maximise and diversify na-



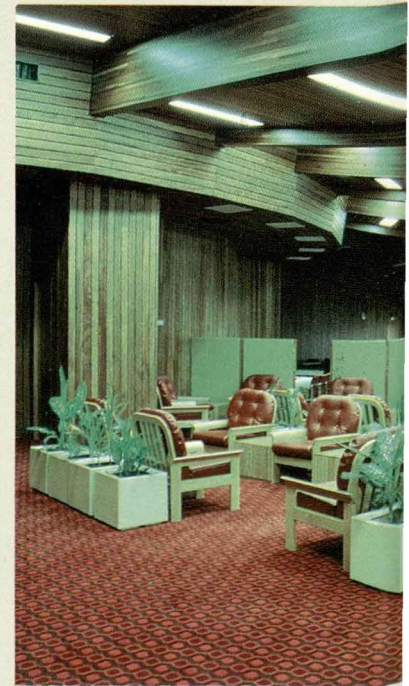
Top Left: skilled carpenters assemble the component parts of the intricately-carved Speaker's chair; **below left:** the ceiling of the grand hall is a faithful copy of bark paintings on the ceiling of a village courthouse in Ambunti; **top right:** detail of the carved faces over the main entrance; **below:** the famous facade

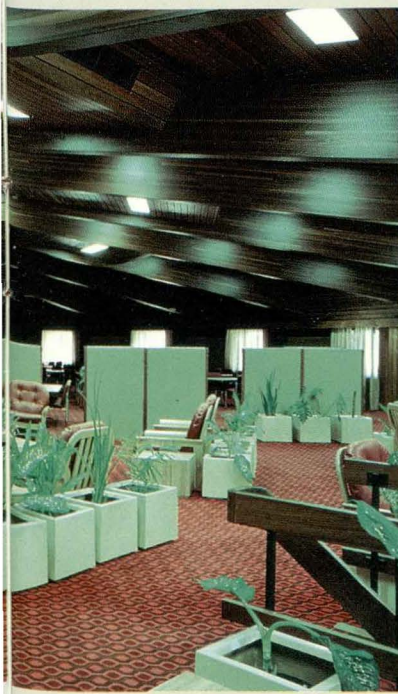
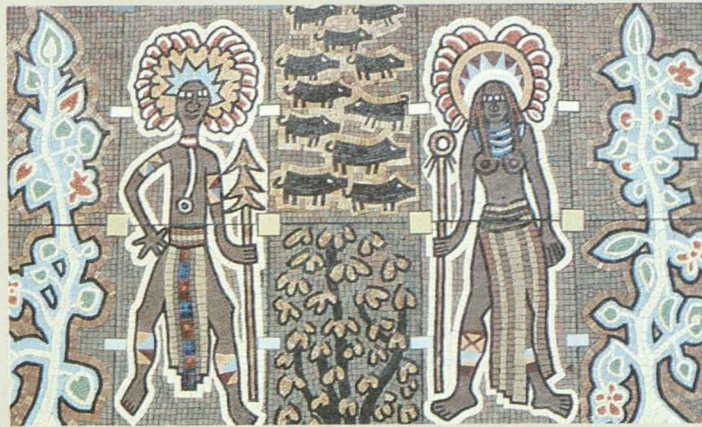
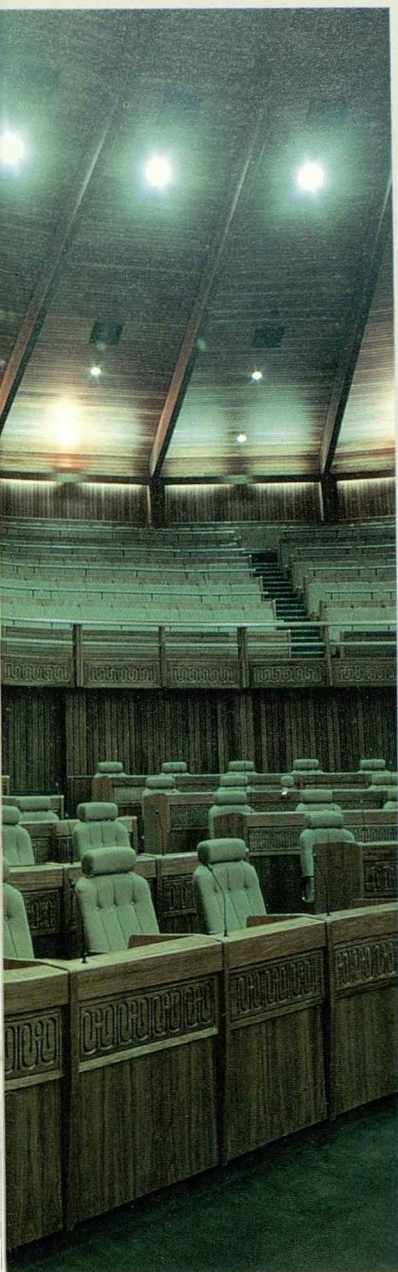
Left: this assembly of carved poles stands 15 metres high; **centre, top:** view from the Speaker's chair of the parliament benches and the public gallery; **below:** interior of Members' lounge; **top right:** details from the facade mosaic — a man and woman stand guard, and a helicopter; **below:** the superb conference table

tional involvement in the building project. Because of this requirement there is very little steel in the building and local timbers have been used extensively. A large percentage of the workforce were nationals and local firms were involved whenever possible. Locally made concrete bricks were used throughout the project. One of the more successful schemes for involving the local people was the transportation of the one thousand sticks of garumet timber up the Sepik River in dugout canoes to have them carved by village craftsmen before shipping to Australia to make into chairs for the parliament building. The project was complicated by the fact that every village along the Sepik has a distinctive style of carving and to avoid representing one particular village over all others it was necessary to gather together the best carvers from each village and have them working together. This was another case of interaction between various tribal groups as a result of the new building.

Mr John Nankervis of Peddle Thorpe and Harvey said that he had discovered travelling around the country that people in even the most remote areas have heard about the new building and even villagers who will probably never be able to afford the air fares to Port Moresby to see it, share with everybody else a sense of pride in its erection.

"This project has been of immense value to this country" he claimed. "The expertise which has been developed among the nationals involved in the building is considerable. Unfortunately, a lot of their expertise will be lost as most of them will be unable to find a similar job again, which is really a shame now that they have gained the skills. There has been a lot of expertise picked up in terms of structural problems and material problems.





Some of these men will be employed by companies around here but most will either go back to their villages or just hang about Port Moresby with nothing to do."

But the project has opened up some permanent new areas of employment. The glulaminate factory which was established to make beams for the project will continue to function, and a new lease of life for the timber company, PNG Forest Products has come about as a result of research done into the milling of white oak (castanopsis) a timber which timber millers have been cutting around for years because of its propensity to stain after felling.

"We went through all sorts of delays overcoming these

problems during the contract period" said John Nankervis. "Now that the project is completed we feel we have conquered all the problems associated with white oak and they tell us there are three billion cubic metres of white oak still standing in the Bulolo area which is a mind-boggling amount. It represents about another 30 years production. This project has certainly brought about a new lease of life for PNG Forest Products which was running to the end of its supply of pine and would probably have closed down within the next five or ten years.

The white oak has been used for furniture throughout the building as a contrast to the extensive rosewood veneer and

panelling, which just about exhausted the country's supply of rosewood. Most of the furniture was made in Australia with the exception of large pieces like the nine metres long conference table, which was made locally.

The design for the Parliament Building was drawn up originally in 1978 at the request of the original Somare government. Internal politics caused the project to be shelved after two years had been spent developing it, then, after an abortive attempt to run another competition for a new design for the building, a decision was made to go back to the original concept. Although the original design has been altered somewhat by the linking together of the three buildings under the same roof, it is still the building designed in 1978 by Mr Cec Hogan, who was at that time principal architect for the Department of Works and Supply in Port Moresby.

Behind the main building, which houses the grand entrance hall and the chamber, there is a building containing six floors of office space for ministers and their staff, the Speaker and the clerk of the house and parliamentary staff. A third round building to one side houses amenities such as conference rooms, a billiards room, bars and sporting facilities.

A modern communications system, equal to anywhere in the world, will cope with the problems of communication peculiar to a parliament in a country of 700 different dialects. In the house itself the 109 members of parliament have earphones which make proceedings available in any one of the three languages of parliament: English, Tok Pisin or Motu. Hansard will be recorded on a daily basis and a written record of the day's proceedings will be available by 10am the following morning. An up-to-date word processing system has been installed to make this possible.

It is all a far cry from the old parliament house, a makeshift building on Port Moresby's Tuaguba Hill, which was the city's original hospital. 🐾



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by Susanna Hoe

PRYING IN PARADISE:

FROM a literary point of view, the native villages about Port Moresby are almost as much used up as Mount Vesuvius or the Palace of Versailles,' wrote Beatrice Grimshaw in *The New New Guinea* (1910). And she was right. After 1884 all travellers to British New Guinea, or Papua as it became, passed through Port Moresby and all of them visited Hanuabada, the picturesque village on stilts jutting out into a pellucid bay.

For at least 40,000 years people had been living on the large island that in 1907, when Grimshaw first went there, consisted of British Papua (administered by Australia from 1906, German New Guinea (from 1884) and Dutch New Guinea (from 1806). White travellers had, however, only very briefly touched its shores before the Russian scientist Nicolai Mikloukho-Maclay stayed for a while from 1871 and wrote of his experiences.

Beatrice Grimshaw, the first literary woman traveller in Papua New Guinea, was not as late into the field, therefore, as her twentieth century disembarkation date might suggest. Travel was difficult not only because the main island was divided into separate territories administered by three European powers with unconnected communications systems but also because heavily forested mountains formed a thick, sweeping backbone down its length and mangrove swamps along its coasts barely gave way to the debouchement of a network of vast rivers. Then, of course, there were the 'unfriendly natives'. As Grimshaw wrote, 'Stanley's journey to Central Africa was a mere picnic-party compared with the first New Guinea explorers.'

Beatrice Grimshaw was an experienced traveller and journalist by the time she arrived in Papua. Born in Dublin, by the 1890s — as she recounted in her travel-filled autobiography *Isles of Adventure* (1930) — she dreamed constantly of travel to warm seas. They were not long to remain daydreams. As a jour-



A woman journalist visits Papua New Guinea in 1907

alist and sub-editor on a sports journal, she had cards printed describing herself as an 'advertising expert'. She went to London and called on several shipping offices where she suggested that her way round the world should be paid in return for the guarantee of newspaper coverage for them. One of them was persuaded. Her first trip lasted six months and she never looked back.

By 1907 she had written two travel books about the Pacific and she introduced herself to Hubert Murray, Lieutenant-Governor of Papua, as a journalist 'who has come to investigate Papua for the London Times and the Sydney Morning Herald.' Murray continued in a letter home, 'She is an extremely nice woman, clever and interesting and not a bit superior; also she is Irish,

Catholic and Fenian — if she were also Australian there would be nothing more to be desired.'

She was to visit Papua and New Guinea often and for long periods over the next 27 years, even at various times owning three houses and two plantations in Papua, and was a close friend, confidant and ally of the governor who was usually hard-pressed by intractable settlers and a not always sympathetic Australian government. Murray responded warmly to her investigative flair — though he was sometimes anxious about her desire to promote Papua as a place to settle since it might lead to upsetting the balance between European and 'native' interests — and she often travelled with him in the government yacht to otherwise inaccessible places.

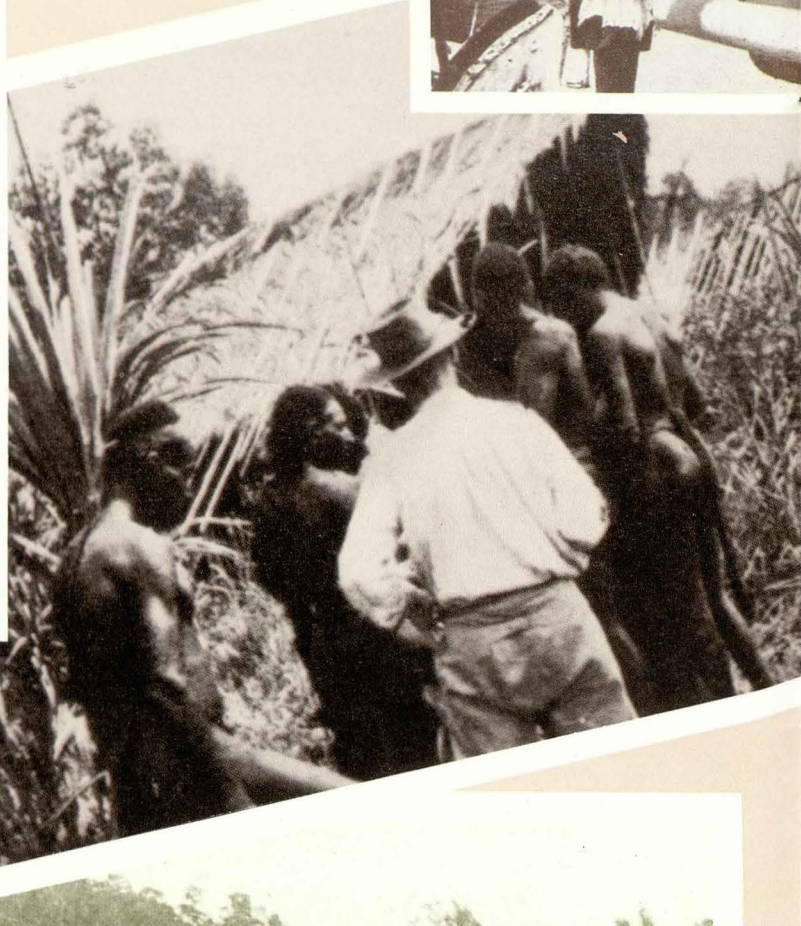
In 1908 she went in Murray's party on the *Merrie England* to Goaribari, an island at the mouth of the Aird River in Gulf of Papua. There in 1901 the missionary James Chalmers had been murdered and there in 1904 vengeance had been wreaked by the acting governor Christopher Robinson who committed suicide when a commission of enquiry was set up. It was this incident that had drawn New Guinea to Grimshaw's attention.

Following her visit to the cannibal Goaribari people she wrote, 'The popular and apparently the reasonable idea of a cannibal is that he is the fiercest of human beasts, warlike, fearless and determined, knowing of nerves, nothing of feeling — a creature of iron . . . instead of which he is the most hysterical, the most nervous, twittery, jumpy, wire-hung creature that ever existed outside of a ladies' boarding school.' The *Merrie England* left Goaribari with the bones of Chalmers on board and the governor's exhortation to the people that 'they were not to go on eating each other.'

Cannibals feature largely in the accounts of travellers to Papua New Guinea and Grimshaw is the greatest expon-



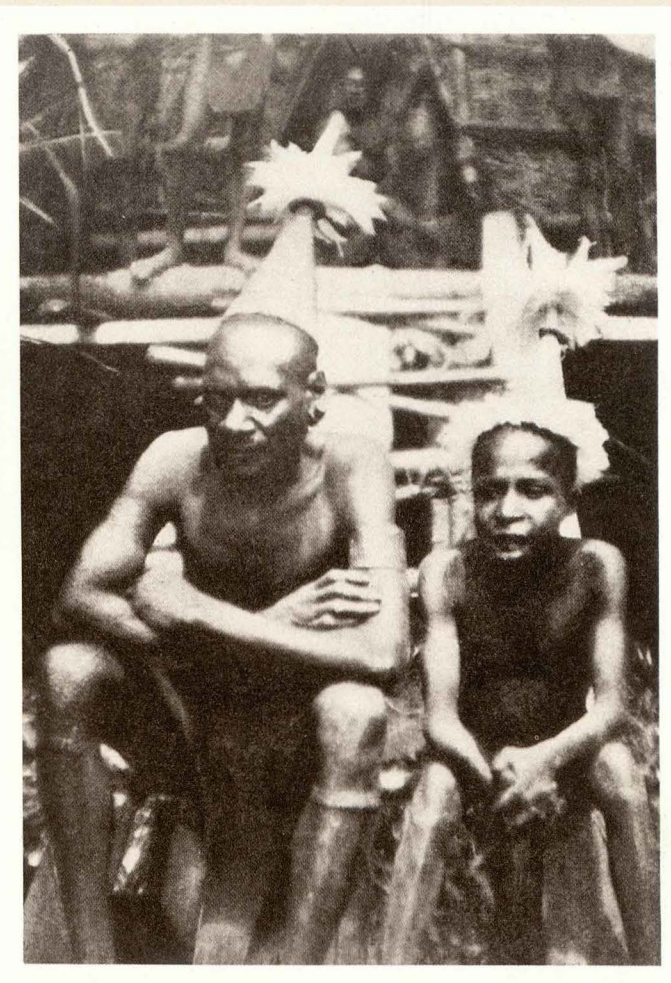
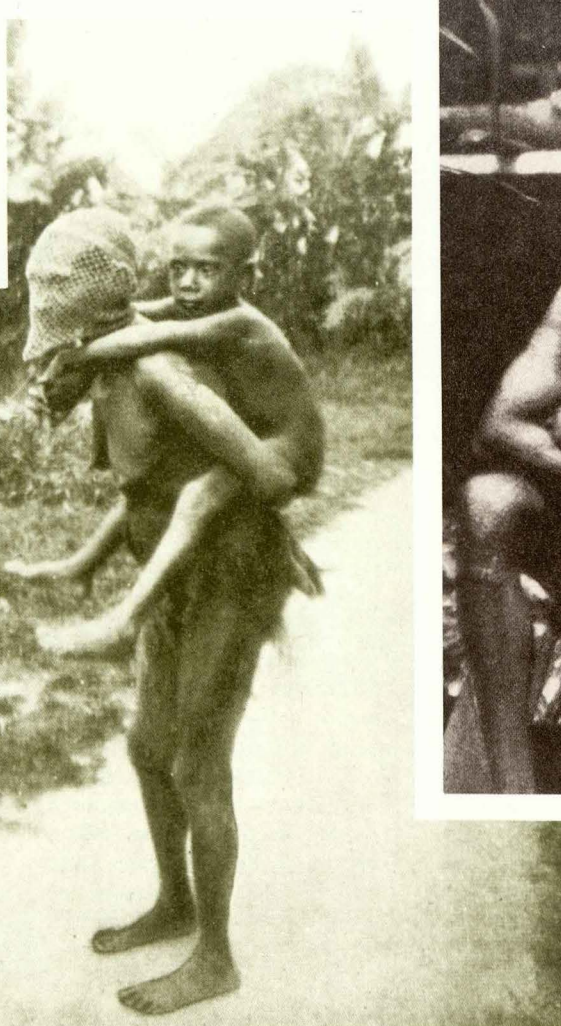
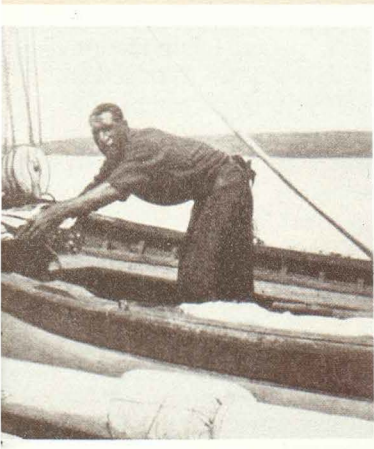
Left: portrait of the (then) Lieutenant-Governor of Papua, Major (later to become Sir) Hubert Murray, in the uniform of the New South Wales forces serving in South Africa; **right:** the bones of murdered missionaries are taken aboard the 'Merrie England'; **below:** one of the early patrols is taken to the place where the pioneer missionary James Chalmers was killed.



Below: heavily armed with arrows and spears, these warriors from the Purari River region prepare to set out in their canoes



Below: a strange custom from the Fly River region: a woman in mourning wears a net over her head; right: Fly River people wearing intriguing headgear



Below: an idyllic village scene in the Trobriand Islands, circa 1910



“At the age of 10 I saw my first airplane. It was sitting in a slightly enclosed area at the Iowa State Fair in Des Moines. It was a thing of rusty wire and wood and looked not at all interesting.”

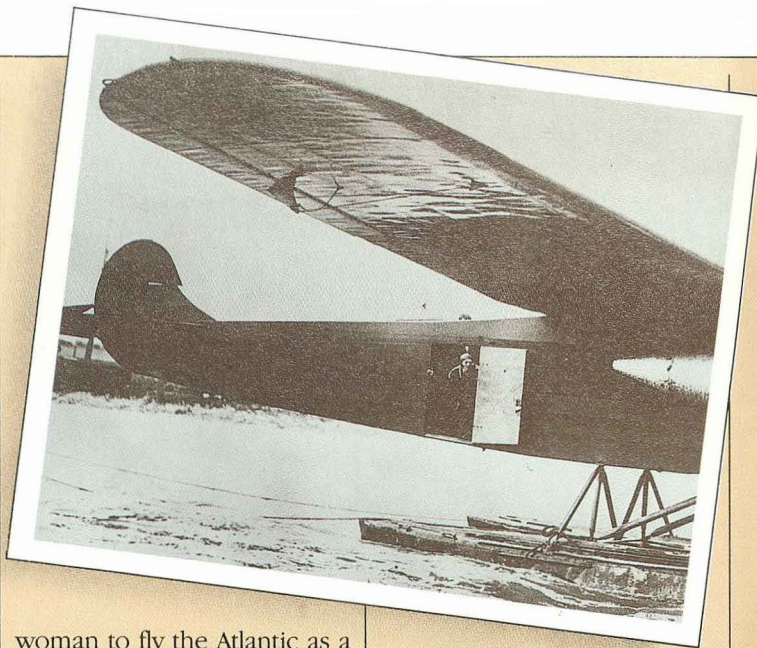
Amelia Earhart

bound for the gold fields in the Wau and Bulolo Valleys. What made this departure an exception was its pilot and final destination. At the controls was the famous American aviatrix, Amelia Earhart, and sitting towards the rear of the aircraft behind a large fuel tank that almost filled the cabin was her navigator, Fred Noonan. They were on the third-last and most difficult leg of an equatorial round-the-world flight that had its beginnings in Oakland, California, on 17 March 1937.

Soon, to the small crowd of officials and well-wishers, the Electra faded into the blue eastern sky and they went about their normal business.

One observer from a news-wire service cabled the news of the departure to the overseas press. The main topic of conversation within the small community of Lae the previous two days was no doubt of Amelia and her flight, pushing the volcanic eruptions in Rabaul the previous May into the background. Within 24 hours the Lockheed and its crew became world headlines which signalled the birth of a legend.

Amelia Mary Earhart was born in Atchison, Kansas, on 24 July 1897, the first of two daughters to Edwin Stanton and Amy (Otis) Earhart. She was bitten by the aviation bug at an early age when aviation was in its infancy. Her first flight of 30 minutes over Los Angeles, California, in 1919 caught her imagination, and in her words, “knew I had to fly myself”. The next year after 10 hours of instruction by pioneer aviatrix Neta Snook, Amelia made her first solo. In 1928, the year after Charles Lindberg made the first solo crossing of the Atlantic Ocean, Amelia became the first

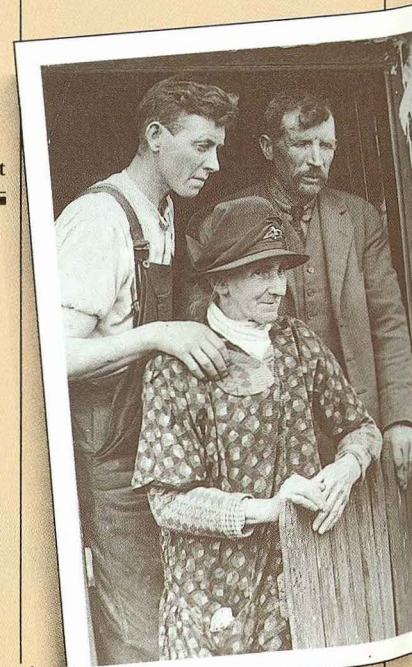


woman to fly the Atlantic as a passenger in a Fokker Tri-Motor named “Friendship”, flown by Wilmer Stultz and

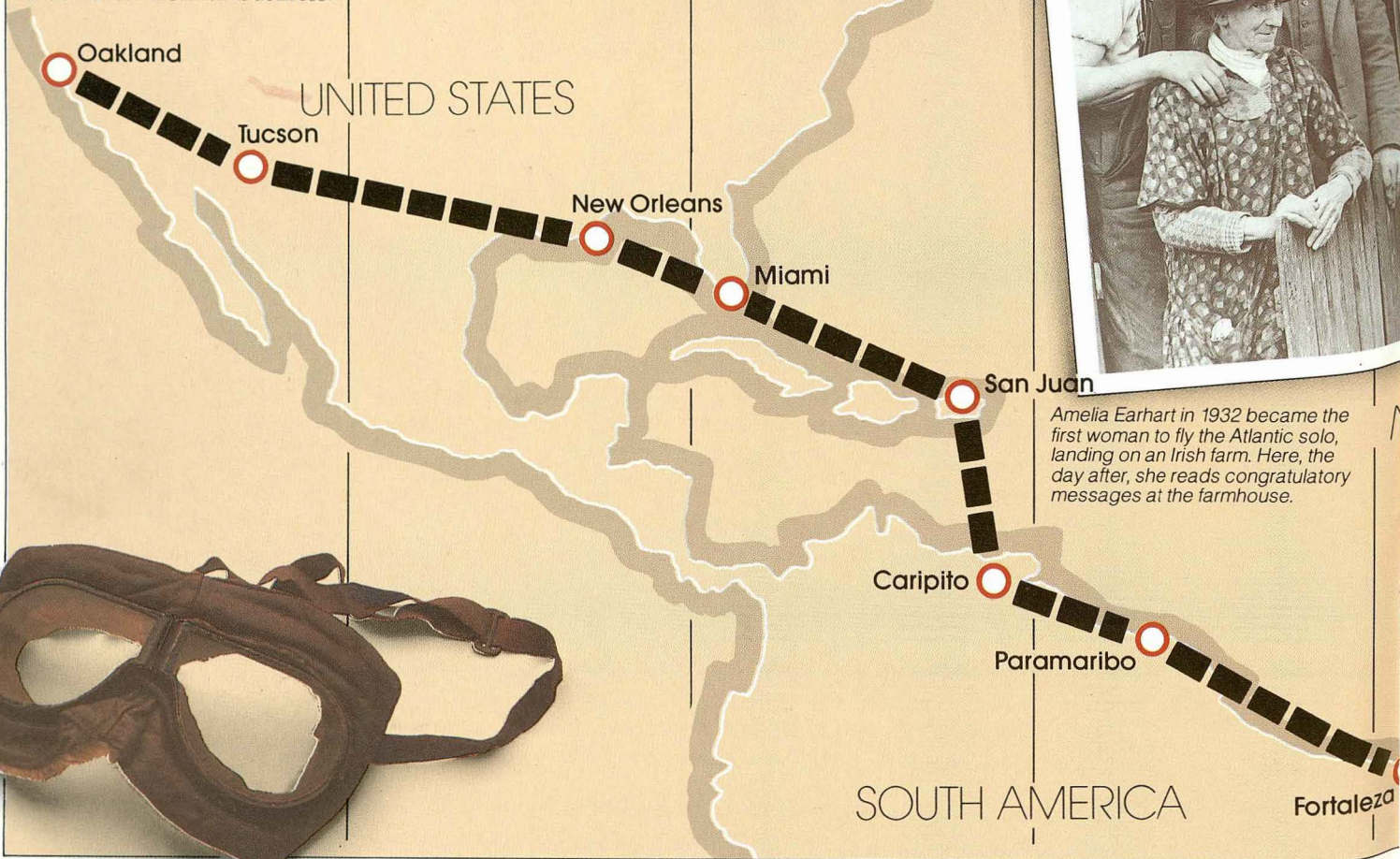
Amelia Earhart at the door of “Friendship”. In 1928, as a passenger in this aircraft, she became the first woman to fly the Atlantic Ocean.

“Frank Hawks, a barnstorming pilot on the west coast, took me on my first flight. As soon as we left the ground, I knew I myself had to fly.”

Amelia Earhart



Amelia Earhart in 1932 became the first woman to fly the Atlantic solo, landing on an Irish farm. Here, the day after, she reads congratulatory messages at the farmhouse.





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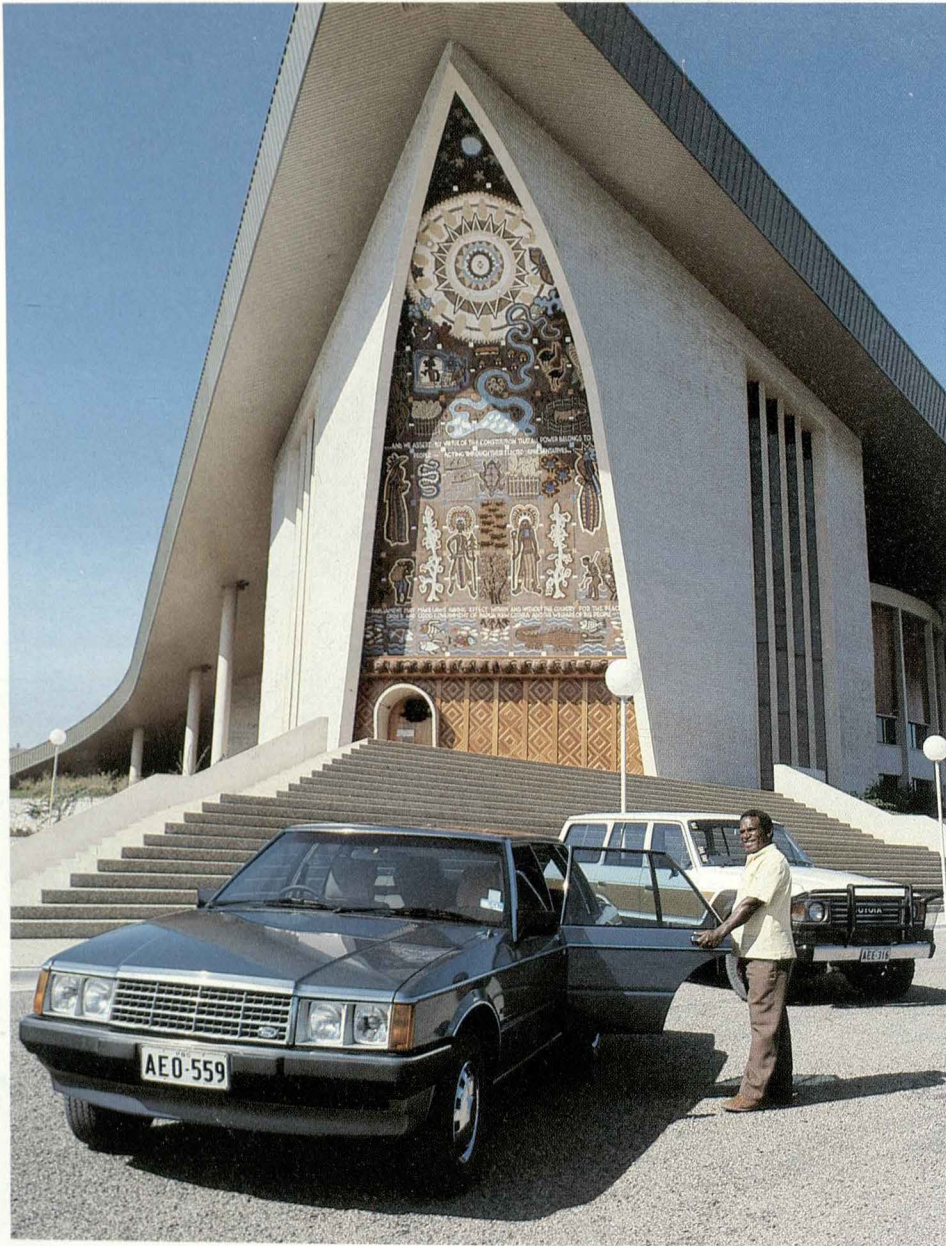
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THE crew poled the Waga towards the markers indicating the passage from Bwagaioia Harbour on Misima Island out to the open sea, the starting gate to adventure.

The sail was unfurled and we raced across the narrow harbour toward the rocks. The skipper untied the boom from the front of the boat and to my amazement sidestepped with it down the one inch wide hull on the outside of the Waga, leaning out over the water balancing against the weight of the sail as he did so. He clambered back on board to secure the sail at the other end. Meanwhile the crewmen controlling the large steering paddle had charged down the outrigger side of the Waga and what was a moment ago the bow, now became the stern. This thirty second flurry of improbable activity sent the boat hurtling in the other direction towards the waves that menace the mouth of the passage.

I sat anxiously awaiting our first encounter with the Solomon sea. The five man crew remained calm, the Waga rode the swell with rhythmic ease and my anxiety gave way to relaxed excitement.

The Waga is a deceptively

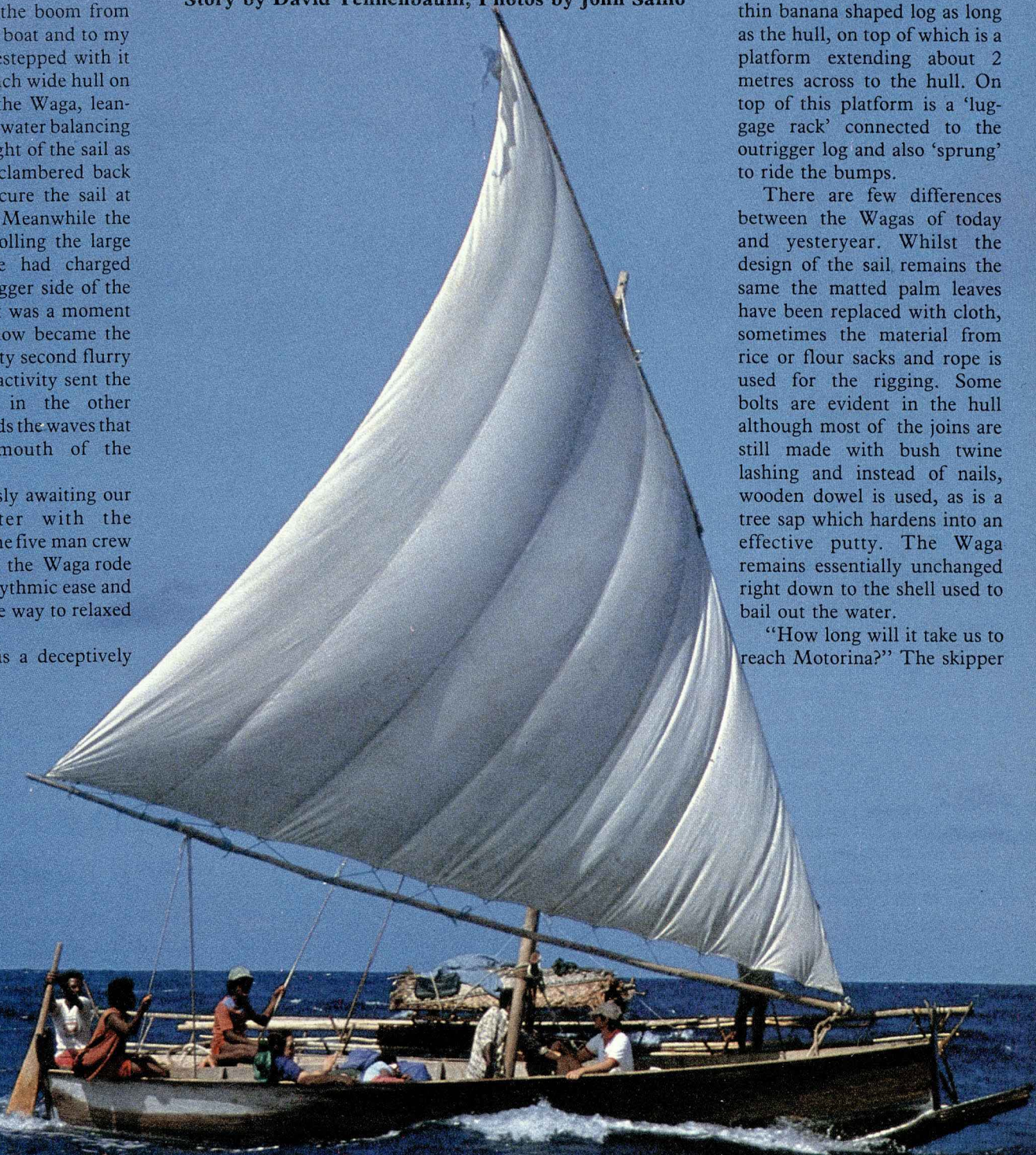
RIDING THE WAGAS

Story by David Tennenbaum, Photos by John Samo

seaworthy, sturdy vessel. The hull is made of a dugout log, about 10 metres long to which has been added two large planks. Each end tapers to a point adorned with an intricately carved prow which cuts gracefully through the heaviest seas. On the windward side is sprung the outrigger, a thin banana shaped log as long as the hull, on top of which is a platform extending about 2 metres across to the hull. On top of this platform is a 'luggage rack' connected to the outrigger log and also 'sprung' to ride the bumps.

There are few differences between the Wagas of today and yesteryear. Whilst the design of the sail remains the same the matted palm leaves have been replaced with cloth, sometimes the material from rice or flour sacks and rope is used for the rigging. Some bolts are evident in the hull although most of the joins are still made with bush twine lashing and instead of nails, wooden dowel is used, as is a tree sap which hardens into an effective putty. The Waga remains essentially unchanged right down to the shell used to bail out the water.

"How long will it take us to reach Motorina?" The skipper



Very adventurous this is — sailing in boats that have changed little over thousands of years. Just sit back and let your 'Waga' crew take you around the Calvados chain of the Milne Bay Province. "The wind's the boss" — and you get a share of the feast too!

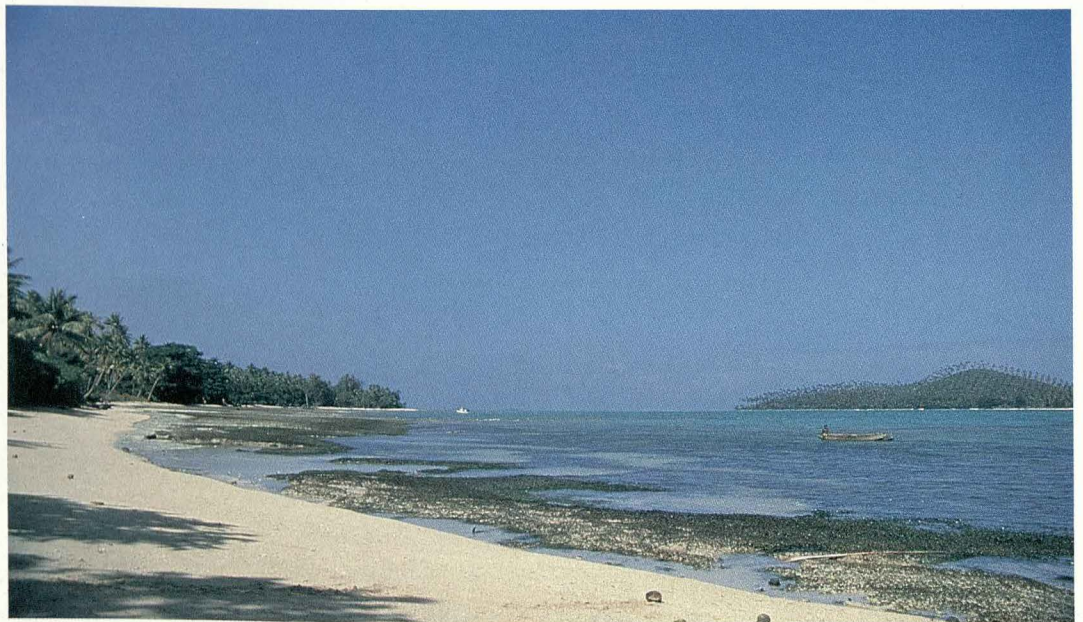
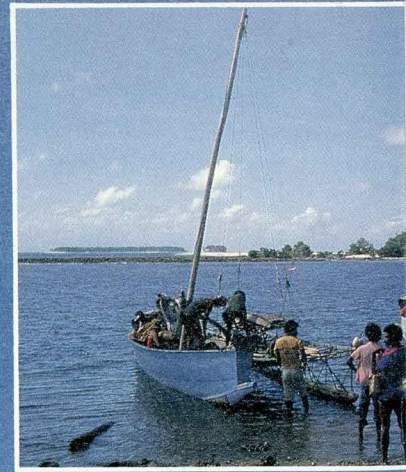
shrugged and with a knowing smile replied "the wind is the boss". A stiff wind was blowing from the South West, the direction which we would have to follow to reach our first destination.

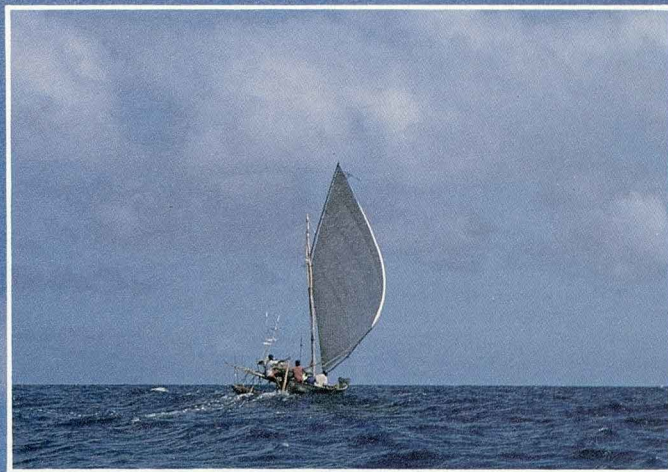
We sailed South at a 45° angle to Motorina. The crew pointed to an island on the horizon. I saw nothing but endless sea. Eventually a distant blue shape became visible and in a few hours we were approaching the island of Kimoto. We turned about and headed due East, sailing in the shimmering path of the sinking sun.

Evening was approaching. The skipper, with the responsibility of having two *Dim Dims* (Europeans) on board wanted to reach land as soon after dark as possible. He chewed a particular spice whilst mumbling incantations. He later confided that he was performing magic 'to pull the island closer'. The well being of the Waga is the Captain's responsibility. A bad wind, a slow voyage, even sea sickness is interpreted as being due to a lack of harmony on the boat and can be averted by invoking the correct magic. Before embarking on each voyage the captain performs a ritual to dispel all evil forces from the Waga.

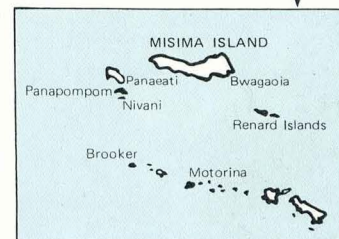
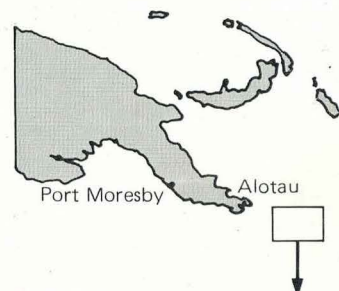
As darkness descended, a young boy sat on the outrigger calling out "Malo Malo Malo Malo Malo" whenever a large wave approached in order that the oarsman could take evasive action from the chilly soaking spray. After turning due south we glided beneath the stars, the melodious harmonies of the crew rising above the swishing waves, to a small island where we slept until daybreak.

In daylight we found ourselves surrounded by small uninhabited islands coated with brilliant white sand and palm trees. As we drew closer to Motorina the singing of the crew grew louder. The song was about a local legend. There was a huge ferocious pig who lived in a cave and roamed the island killing and eating people. All of the islanders fled in their boats except for one pregnant woman who remained and gave





Left: sailing towards Brooker, one of the many islands; **inserts:** (from left) the Wagas after a good night's rest, getting ready to sail, and full speed ahead; **below left:** Panapompom beach with Nivani island in the background; **bottom right:** a village nicely surrounded by cliffs and coconuts at Misima



birth to a son who grew and killed the pig. This act enabled them to return to the island.

A large Waga from the island of Panaeati was beached at Motorina. It had come in search of pigs. All of the Wagas in the Louisiade Archipelago are made at Panaeati. It is the only island with the right trees. To buy a Waga costs about 10 pigs, 2 long strings of baghi — the traditional shell money, and a small amount of cash.

The buyer of a Waga had made his down payment and a delegation had been sent to try to extract the balance of pigs due. This is often a protracted exercise over a period of weeks of talking, arguing and complicated village politics. The final payment culminates in a feast during which the boat builders put the final carvings and decorations on the Waga.

After a night of feasting, music, grass skirts and swaying hips, a favourable wind swept us to Brooker Island in three hours. Brooker is much smaller than Motorina and has only one village with a population of less than 200. After spending



some time on the island it became apparent that what first appeared to be a tropical paradise is for the inhabitants, a tough life. A prolonged drought had limited the water supply to a well with a little

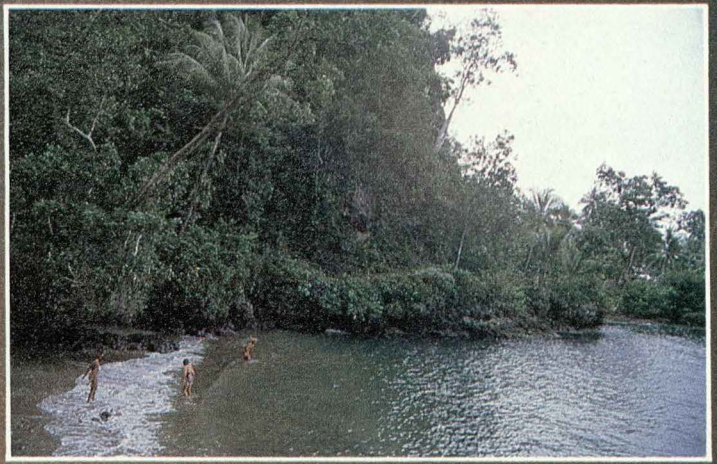
brackish water. The village is dependant upon trade with other islands to sustain a reasonable level of existence and is therefore at the mercy of favourable winds to carry their Wagas to neighboring islands.

The Calvados chain is a mini

'economic community' with each island specialising in a particular commodity. On Brooker it is clay cooking pots whilst Motorina breeds pigs; Panaeati makes the Wagas; the islands further east in the chain make the 'baghi' shell money;

*A Waga sailing peacefully at dawn
Brooker, Panaeati village,
at Bwagab*

and fertile Misima grows food crops such as Sago and the all important betelnut. The waters of the Calvados chain abound in fish and shell fish which are



*); inserts: (from left) clay pots from
Panaeati scene, snorkelling
waga village*

traded with Misima, which is surrounded by deep water making fishing difficult.

We walked from the village to the far side of Brooker island.

A few hundred metres to sea a reef extended from the extreme right to the left of our vision. Huge waves in unbroken lines pounded against the coral. On the horizon beyond the reef lay a white sand island with three solitary palm trees. Further to the right sat a larger island

which in the late afternoon sun silhouetted two fishing canoes; the sun, behind a cloud threw a chandelier light across the sea; to the left, black rain clouds rolled across the sky. An old man appeared from the bush behind us, bent under a load of firewood on his right shoulder.

In his left hand he carried a bush knife. He saw us — mumbled, walked on, stopped, dropped his bundle, shuffled down to the water, splashed his face, washed his hands and made his way across to us, hand outstretched; glazed, wild, gentle, smiling eyes, and



a laugh, a deep chuckle — “Aahh Dim Dim” — black teeth and red gums, the colour of the red shell baghi necklace studded with black seeds. He rocked from leg to leg, laughing, staring into space. I fumbled in my bag and pulled out a small piece of black tobacco. He couldn’t believe it — the last thing he expected a *Dim Dim* to pull from his bag. We must have been put on the beach by some friendly spirit just to give him tobacco. Still chuckling he plodded back to his bundle, stopped, picked up each stick one by one on to his shoulder and with a tap of his bushknife to shake off the sand he walked on. A simple man with a natural bliss and beauty that evades most of us in our lifetime.

We left Brooker on a different Waga — the *Valehe Yalaya* meaning ‘Looking for my Uncle’. We sailed for two days stopping at small island jewels before landing at Panaeati.

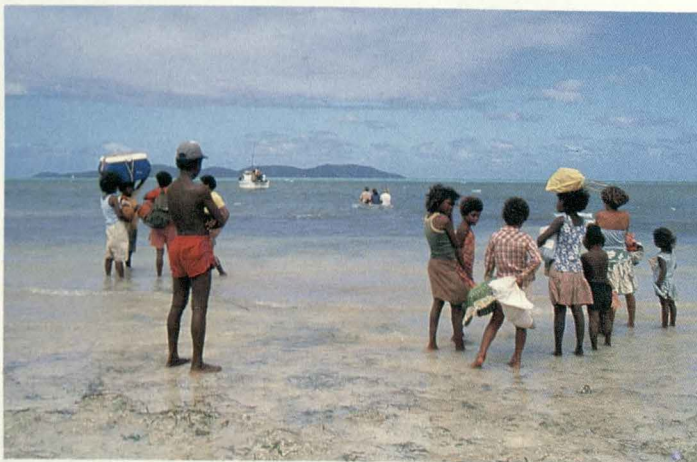
Almost every cluster of houses in the large village of over 1,000 people had a Waga being built. The islands economy and social life revolves around the building of these traditional boats. New generations are still being taught the skills of sailing so that it becomes second nature.

When a man marries a Panaeati woman he must prove his worth by felling a canoe log on the rugged north side of the island, drag it to the sea and float it around the village. Before getting too involved on the island we set sail westwards and flew across to Misima and down its long southern coast, flirting with coral reefs and surfing on the waves which swept us onto Bwagaioia, completing a full circle of travel through the islands.

Whilst the occasional jet plane zooms overhead and the superpowers gear up to laser beam each other in space, the Wagas of the Louisiade Archipelago sail on towards the 21st century. 🌴



Top: a reflective memory of Brooker Island; **left:** farewell from Panaeati



For details of Waga sailing adventures, contact Pacific Expeditions of Port Moresby, or Air Niugini

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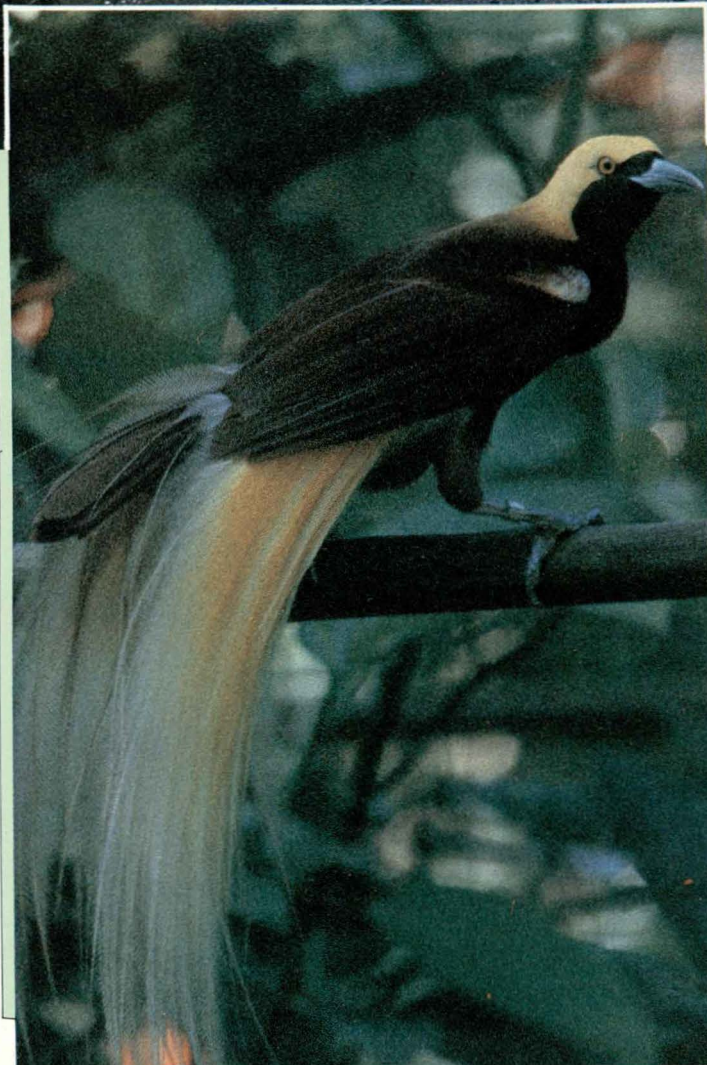
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BAIYER RIVER SANCTUARY

Story and photos by Roy and Margaret Mackay



Above: the scenic Trauna River; Left: Lesser bird of paradise

BAIYER River Sanctuary is 740 hectares of rain forest and river flats an hour's drive from Mt Hagen in the Western Highlands of Papua New Guinea. The drive takes you through the spectacular Baiyer Gorge where rhododendrons bloom the whole year round and into the lovely Baiyer Valley. The sanctuary, at 4,000 ft, is tucked into the foot of the Baiyer/Jimi Divide and the Baiyer River forms one of its boundaries.

From the road you drive straight into rainforest which covers most of the sanctuary area. There are several clearings for staff houses, a tourist lodge, a picnic area and aviaries. The zoo enclosures are in three separate areas joined by walking tracks through the forest. About twenty species of birds of paradise are displayed in captivity and three species are wild in the sanctuary. It is our aim to

learn about the conditions they need for their mating displays and nesting; we have already had some success. The rare Blue Bird of Paradise has built its nest in our aviaries and several other species hatched their young here in the last two years. Other birds of Papua New Guinea are exhibited too; hornbills, cassowaries, parrots, Goura Pigeons, Harpy Eagles and many others. Among our mammal collection you may see cuscuses, gliding possums, echidnas, tree kangaroos and New Guinea Wild Dogs. Most of these breed here and there are always several tree kangaroos which have delightful little joeys peeping out of their pouches. Although we have a large collection of animals in our zoo, there are even more which are wild in our rainforest. Being nocturnal some can only be seen with spotlights at night but in the daytime you might see wild



Top left: Emperor of Germany's bird of paradise in upside-down display ; **below:** Yellow-breasted bird of paradise, **bottom:** King bird of paradise



wallabies, cassowaries, birds of paradise and many others.

If you do feel energetic you can spend a happy day at the picnic grounds, green lawns by the side of the winding Trauna River. Thatched "haus winds" provide shelter from the sun and from any tropical showers for this is rainforest, though most of our rain falls at night. Bright flower beds around the lawns attract dozens of butterflies including the famous birdwings and the Blue Ulysses. You may see the scarlet festoons of the D'Albertis Creeper at the jungle edge or the six foot flower spikes of the Giant Orchid or, at another time of the year, the crimson glory of Hagen Gums, full of squabbling lorikeets and honeyeaters.



A hiking track in the sanctuary takes you on an hour's climb through the forest to the top of a ridge. From there you can see up the Baiyer Valley on one side and, on the other side, across the Trauna Valley to the Jimi Ridge where, at 6,000 ft, several of the high altitude birds of paradise can be seen within walking distance of the

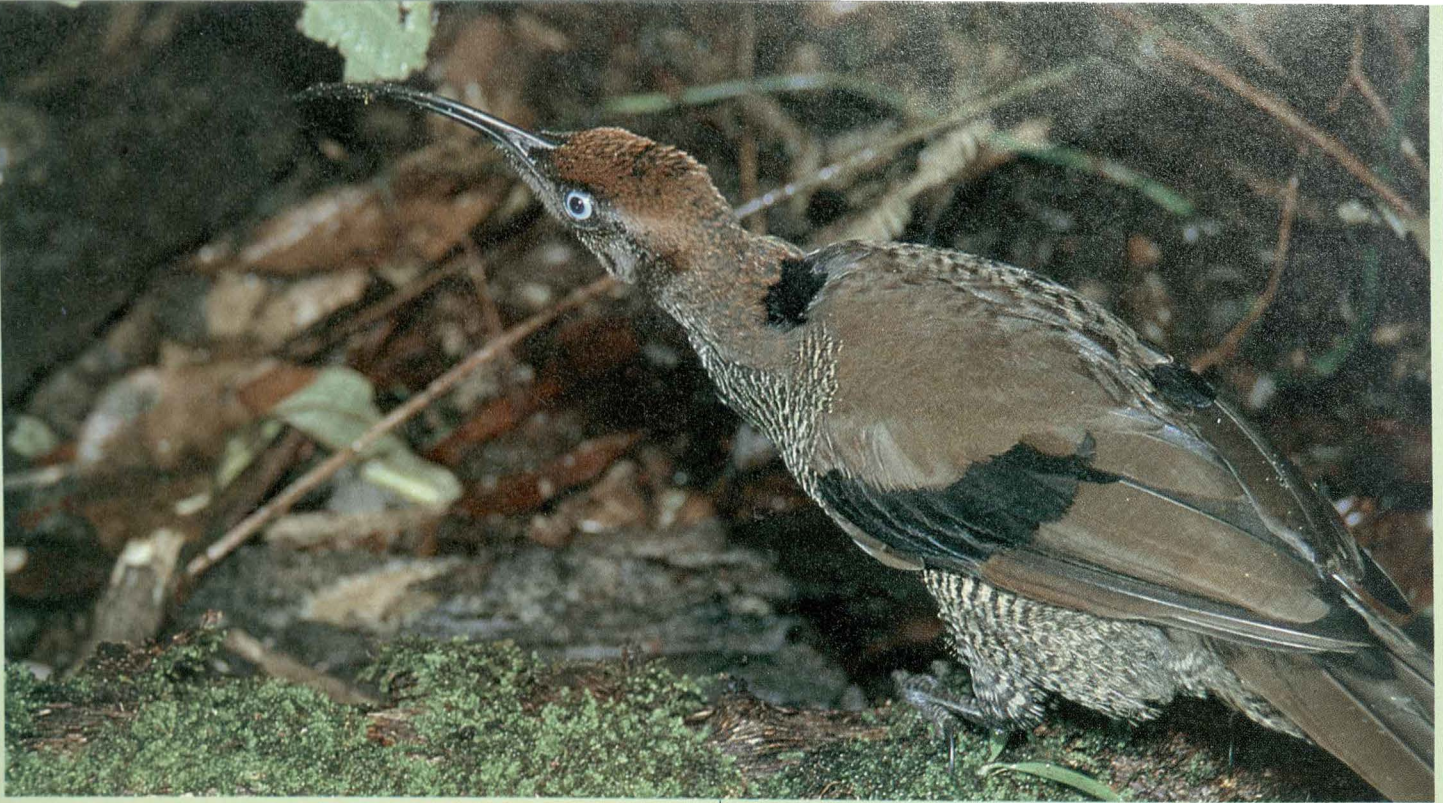


Above: (insert) a walk through the rainforest; **top right:** Macgregor's bowerbird; **below left:** birdwing butterflies; **below right:** Ribbontail bird of paradise

Sanctuary. Labels along the track identify many of the trees and other plants.

Other short tracks through the jungle stay within reach of the picnic ground. Let us follow one. The cool wet dimness is an immediate contrast to the sunny lawns outside. Begonias are flowering on both sides of the track and yellow Euchenor Butterfly stops briefly to sip at a native Impatiens flower — the Balsam of our pot plants. Bright pink fruits lie on the track and the clap of a pigeon's wing high in the canopy tells where the birds are feasting on them. But peer though we will into the maze of leaves and epiphytes above us, not a pigeon is to be seen. The jungle is full of mysterious shadows, sudden rustling and plops but it hides its animals well. Perhaps if we stand perfectly still, some will come to us. Ha, here is one already, looping up my leg — a hungry leech which is quickly flicked off. Others are aware of us too. A shiny skink lizard glances suspiciously at us from the forest litter — he is one of the rustlers. As I gaze down at the





Above: a young Sickiebill, a long-tailed bird of paradise; **below:** Raggiana bird of paradise, perhaps the best known of all



forest floor I notice that a patch of begonias is just bare stems. Surely it must have been an army of caterpillars to strip the leaves so thoroughly yet there is no sign of them. There is however a narrow foot pad winding into the clump — a wallaby pad. Sure enough a few minutes later there is a sharp thump just inside the jungle screen. The wallaby is there waiting impatiently to resume his feed of begonia leaves and he thumps his feet hard on the ground to warn others that we have not moved away.

As the afternoon draws to a close the sun sinks lower and a slanting sunbeam lights up the track ahead. Suddenly a flash of turquoise and green appears in the beam, next, a patch of scarlet as a beautiful little bird moves this way and that across the track. It is the Blackheaded Pitta, aptly known also as the Jewel Bird and it enhances this impression when, in a typical Pitta gesture, it quickly stretches up on its toes and flaps its wings, looking like the little jewelled birds of long ago that flapped their wings on the lids of ornate musical boxes.

Now in the cool of the afternoon, birds of paradise, flaunting long yellow plumes, gather at their dancing tree, their ringing calls one of the best known sounds of the sanc-

tuary. The other birds join in too, Mouse Babblers, whistlers, doves, a cuckoo, parrots and several other exotic species vie with each other in this last precious hour of daylight. A flock of Bare-eyed Crows flies overhead with eerie, high, whistling calls; no hoarse caws for these birds and their appearance is uncrowlike too. Pale pink skin and dove grey plumage is set off by Siamese cat-blue eyes.

As we step out of the jungle it is already dusk. The small bats are out hunting and the twilight chorus of cicadas and grasshoppers is deafening. At the jungle edge, where creepers run riot over the bordering trees, the night flowering Moon Creeper has opened its white flowers. Their sweet scent is heavy on the air and hawk moths are feeding there. We lean on the bridge over our river to watch the last red reflections die in the water and, as we turn to climb the hill to the lodge, a nightjar signals the day's end, "Chop chop, chop chop chop." 🐦

Air Niugini operates daily jet services to Mount Hagen, gateway for Baiyer River excursions. Best months to visit are July to October, when the birds of paradise are in their full plumage.

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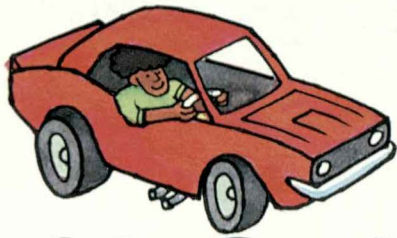
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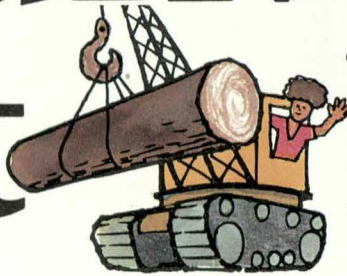
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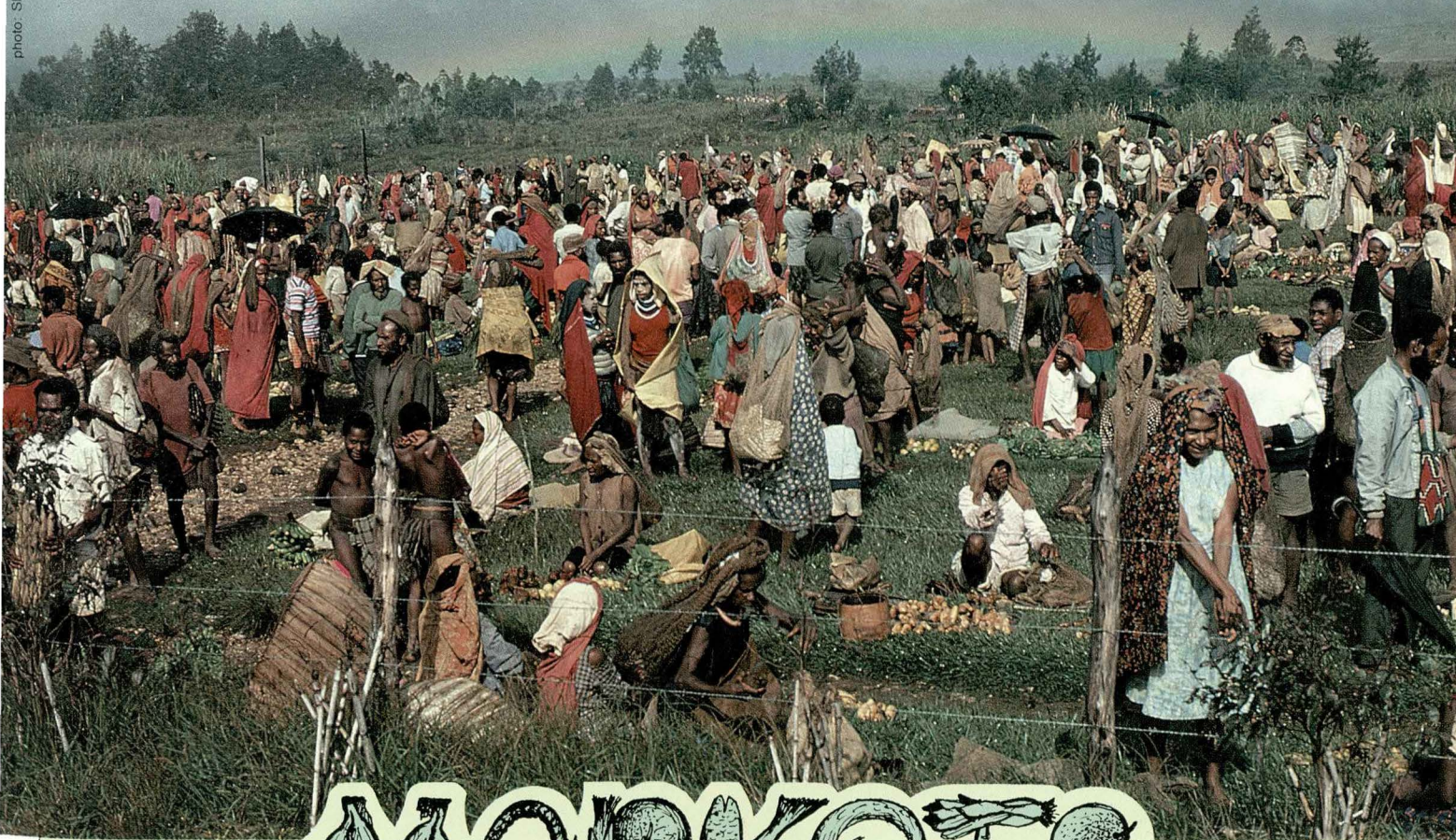


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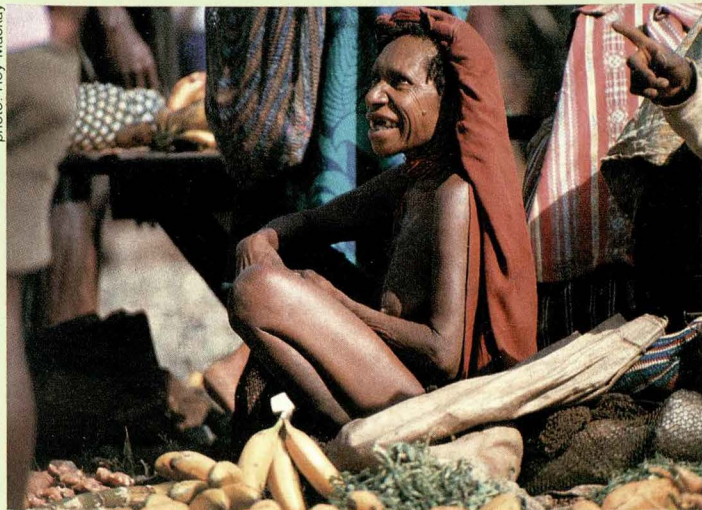
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MARKETS

by Roy D. Mackay and Sheldon Weeks

photo: Roy Mackay



LOCAL markets the world over have an appeal to visitors. From the street markets of London and Paris flower markets to the covered Arabian souks and the floating markets of Bangkok, each has its individual atmosphere and charm.

In Papua New Guinea where most people work on the land, the markets play a vital role in

their lives. It is usual for one day a week to be set aside when everyone brings his or her produce and handcrafts to the market place. A pleasant day is spent catching up on local gossip and renewing friendships with neighbouring villagers.

In the city of Port Moresby, Papua New Guinea's capital, the main market is at Koki Bay. Koki Bay has a long tradition as



photo: Sheisi Kuwabara

a meeting place for Papuans. People from Hula and other villages to the east have long been coming to trade. Village boats still ply up and down the coast, some are canoes with outboard motors and some are the big sailing lakatois which add a touch of romance to Koki Bay when they moor there.

At the beginning of the century the land at Koki was used

for different purposes. Burns Philp had cattle yards there and it was also the site for the town gaol, white offenders being held separately in a small cell block at Gabutu Motu Motu, a little island of rock.

People were hanged in public at koki, the first execution taking place in 1914. Until 1970 there were still signs of those barbarous days. On the



photo: Roy Mackey

point beyond the market, concrete remains of the cells could still be seen.

In the 1930's the Chinese in Papua New Guinea all lived on the north coast. However Luk Poi Wai obtained special permission from Sir Hubert Murray to open a tailoring business at Koki and the business still thrives there, his shop presenting a fascinating medley of goods including Chinese silks and pottery.

Koki Market is open every day but it is at weekends that it really comes alive. It is a popular meeting place and people coming to town know that if they go to Koki on Saturday they stand a good chance of finding friends there. This market offers town dwellers a welcome supply of fresh vegetables — taro, yams, sweet potato, pumpkin and a dozen kinds of local greens which cook up into a delicious 'spinach'.

There are jungle plants too, like the 'two leaf tree' which yields leaves for greens and a pretty orange fruit which has a nutty taste when cooked. Sago, breadfruit, edible ferns, live crabs, smoked wallaby and deer — the list is endless and there is a bewildering variety of fascinating foods for visitors to try or to just look at as they stroll around.

After the food is bought, local householders may still spend

time at the market chatting to friends, perhaps waiting till the late afternoon for the fishing canoes to come onto Koki Bay with rows of fish strung on long poles — reef fish, flashing crimson, blue and gold, and perhaps chunks of turtle meat or an octopus with dangling arms.

Every area of the country has its own specialties. On the coast it is betel nut and coconuts; in the highlands it is brightly-dyed wools; at Rabaul, jungle fowl eggs; at Lae, delectable rambutan fruits.

Among the handcrafts, modern articles mingle with traditional artifacts. On the one hand colourful cotton skirts and blouses made by women's club members, axe handles, steel coconut scrapers; on the other, bamboo combs, highland hats of spun cuscus fur, carved lime pots made from gourds, and dried animal and bird skins for singing decorations.

Besides being places for selling goods, many market places are popular sites for travelling theatre groups and string bands. The Papua New Guinea Museum has a mobile exhibition which is shown to market crowds. At election times the markets make convenient voting places and village women bring their babies to be weighed at clinics set up there.

There is always something going on at a market and differ-



ent pictures come to mind. At Koki a man with chocolate-wheels competes with a string band playing hymns over a loud speaker and close by an old Mekeo vendor, completely ignoring the jostling throng, while away the time by crooning to himself a traditional song. A shrill voiced Koiari woman protests about the careless person who stepped through her wares instead of round them and half the market crowd joins in to argue the rights and wrongs of the case.

I remember at Mount Hagen a young mother rocking her baby to sleep as it hung in her string bilum in the shade and a laughing crowd shoving and pushing to get a glimpse of a pet tree-kangaroo clinging to its owner's hair. One never quite knows what will turn up at a market.

While Papua New Guinea does not have the great night markets of cities in southern Asia, or even the street activities that mark these nations, there is nevertheless a great deal of variety to be found in the local markets here. Each major centre has its own market and perhaps one of the most impressive urban markets is the one at Rabaul.

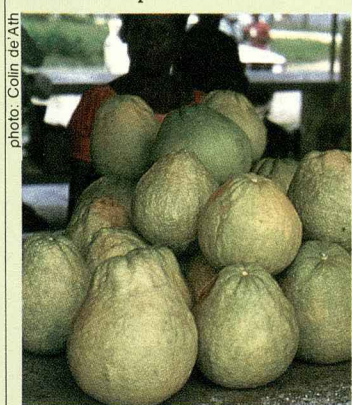
Rabaul Market has the greatest diversity of any in Papua New Guinea. It is as if all the resources of the Gazelle Peninsula poured into the market for sale on a Saturday morning. A quick inventory will reveal hundreds of items. If you are a visitor to Rabaul don't miss the chance to sample the giant avocados or banana mangoes that are unique to the Gazelle.

The shell market on a Saturday in Rabaul is the best in the country and the women traders from Matupit Island know the

value of the rarer shells. At the Rabaul Market both toea and tambu shell money is freely used for exchange but mainly to purchase items such as betel nut and lime.

The bigger town markets are open daily, but most have their special days, usually Wednesdays and Saturdays but what is available can vary tremendously from place to place. At

Top Left: Rabaul market is probably the best in the entire South Pacific; **below:** buying necklaces at Rabaul market; **bottom:** fish for sale at Koki market in Port Moresby; **top right:** selling 'Meri blouses' at Mount Hagen market; **centre left:** smoked cus-cus for sale; **centre right:** Koki market; **bottom:** fresh vegetables are always a good buy



Madang one might find carved wooden bowls, pottery from the Gogol Valley, or laulau (Malay Apple) fruit. In Mount Hagen you would find none of these but there will be winged bean tubers, leaves, flowers and beans which are all edible, massive piles of watercress for a few toea, and edible ferns and pitpit (the Highland variety of wild sugarcane tasting a bit like asparagus). Some places have Sunday markets, particularly if there are many Seventh Day Adventists in the area. There is a Sunday morning market at Sogeri in the ranges above Port Moresby which is usually good for tropical fruits such as pineapples, five corners and pawpaw.

Smaller village markets also abound in all parts of Papua New Guinea but these are usually held only once a week. If they are on weekdays people are then free to go to the main market at the district centre on Saturdays.

Markets in rural areas are not confined to the exchange of goods for cash. There are still some places where barter is used. People from the small islands north of Manus Island bring fish and seafoods to exchange on the mainland of Manus for sago and vegetables which they cannot grow on their own islands.

Markets are important institutions, enabling villagers to earn a few kina each week. Where rural incomes are low, markets add significantly to local opportunities. Through the markets, food supplies come in, to the thousands of public servants, teachers and others in isolated posts throughout Papua New Guinea.

Perhaps, more importantly markets are places for social gatherings, where boy meets girl, friendships are maintained and gossip is exchanged.

Markets exist in all countries, not only in the remote communities of Papua New Guinea but interestingly, in the highly developed T.V. and electrified societies of Europe, Asia and America the market place is, in fact, a vital part of all communities and often the social, economic and administrative centre.

photo: Colin deAth

photo: Colin deAth

photo: Sheldon Weeks

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GRASS ROOTS

Dia Misis kwinn,
 Jast a kwinn note for telling you we very hamamas for seeing you yesteday. O plis you looking so nice in the grindress. Agnes she's wandering if you send it for her when you finis with it. I think she's wanting it for showing off at the wimin's clab.

Sori we not having the cup tea with you at the staydiam but polis man he's stopping us at the door. I'm thinking he's not rekog-naising me in shirt and tie bisnis and even the k2 I give it to him but still he's saying No... maski. Anyway kwinn we see you when you coming back from Hagen. Agnes she says bring those animase boys from your band for the pati. We got plenti sikis paks. Don't be late eh K.

GRASS



sneak into the high-life, slinking alongside the big-shots but never getting more than one foot in the door.

Creator Bob Browne, distances himself far from that image in his own life. He has the kind of cheeky twinkle in the eye that one associates with the Roots fellow, but in real life, Browne is a committed Christian. He was "born again" four years ago during a time of severe personal crisis and now divides his time between the Grass Roots Comic Company, basketball and religion.

Sports fans tell of women's team coach Bob Browne holding prayer sessions

with his players on court for guidance. It is sincerity, not gimmickry.

He has spent about 14 years in Papua New Guinea, and is thinking of staying for good.

A perky little ex-Londoner, Browne was born nearly 39 years ago to an engineer father and a mother who was a government clerk in England.

As a graphic designer not long graduated from the London College of Print-

ing, he was jolted by his first overseas trip to a Third World area, North Africa, and volunteered to go abroad again with the Voluntary Service Overseas.

A year later, he was in Wewak, near the famed Sepik, working in the Catholic Church's Wirui Press on the Pidgin

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The fish at Riwo

A legend from Madang Province

Traditional (Anonymous)

A LONG time ago, fish from the ocean used to sing and dance on Riwo Island. Early in the morning, after the Riwo men and women went to work in their food gardens, the fish leader, Langor, would leave the sea and search Riwo village to see if any people were still there. If the village was empty, Langor would go to the beach and call out to the other fish. All kinds of fish, Langor, Bacle and others, would then come out of the saltwater and have a Singing in Riwo village. They

would stay there singing and dancing until mid-afternoon. Then they would return to the sea.

In the late afternoon when the Riwo men and women returned home from their gardens, they would find bits of pur pur and other body decorations on the ground. The people would worry about this. They would ask each other, "Who has been here?" and "Who has been dancing in our village while we were

away?" No one knew the answers to these questions.

For quite a while, this strange thing continued to happen whenever the village people went to their gardens. Finally one morning, they decided to leave one of them behind to watch the village. The man hid himself well in a big tree and waited. After a while, Langor, the fish leader came out of the sea. He looked and looked throughout the village, but didn't find any

people there. Langor then went back to the beach and called out to his friends who were waiting in the water. Soon, many kinds of fish came ashore and went to Riwo village to have their singing. The man who was hiding saw them all singing and dancing.

At three o'clock in the afternoon, the fish returned to the sea. Soon after, the Riwo people came back from their gardens. They gathered around the man who stayed behind and asked him, "Who came to the village while we were away?"

"It was not people who sang and danced here", the man replied. "It was fish — the Langor and many other kinds of fish."

When the Riwo people heard this, they were surprised. They decided to trick the fish. "Tomorrow, let's pretend we are leaving, and then hide nearby", they said to one another.

The next morning, the people took their canoes and paddled around one side of the island to a place where they could easily hide in the bushes. After seeing the people leave in their canoes, the Langor came out of the sea as usual and searched Riwo village. When he didn't find anyone there, he called out to the other fish. As usual, the other fish then began to leave the water and move toward the village.

Suddenly, the Riwo village men jumped from their hiding places and began rounding up the fish. As they tried to get away from the men, some of the fish got stuck up in the trees, some got tangled in bush vines, and others became bogged in the muddy ground. Only a few fish escaped back into the sea.

Ever since that day, fish have stayed in the ocean. They never again tried to dance in Riwo Village. ♣

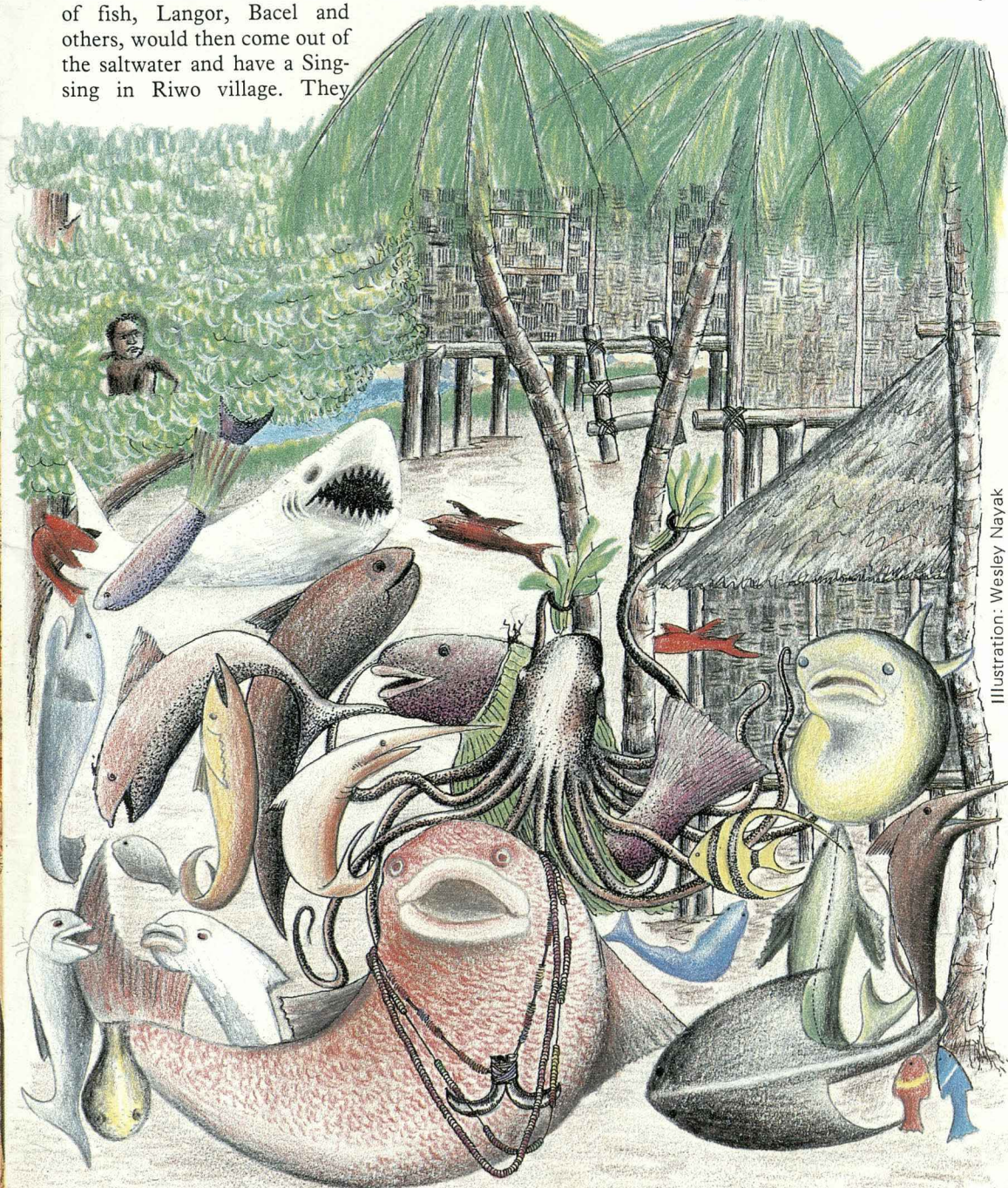


Illustration: Wesley Mayak

FINISHING THE MEMORY

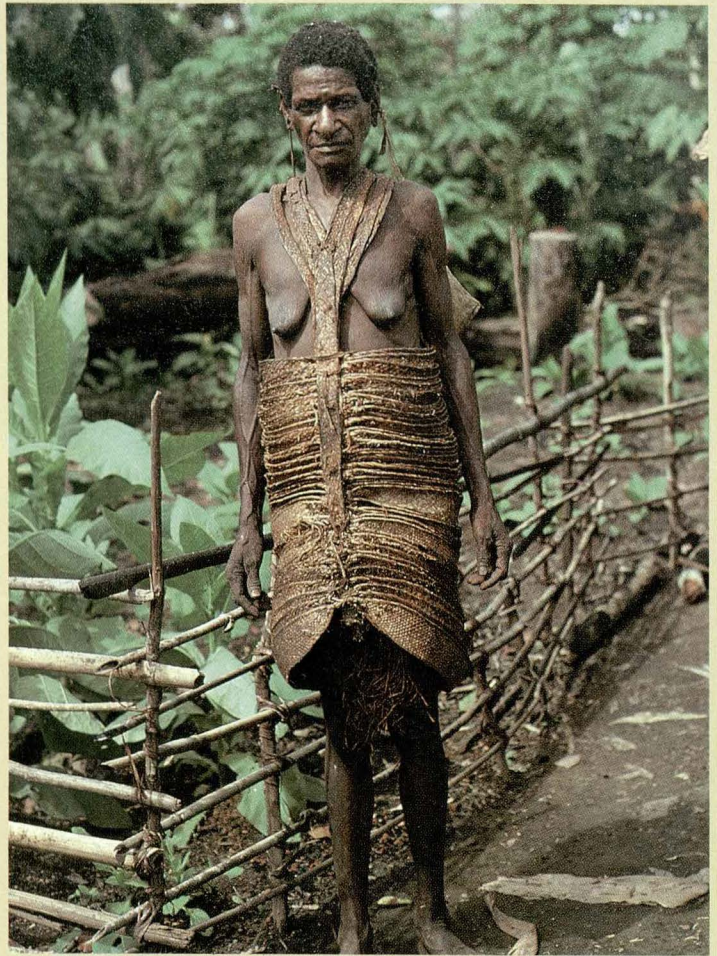
Story and pictures by Dr Mary Ayres

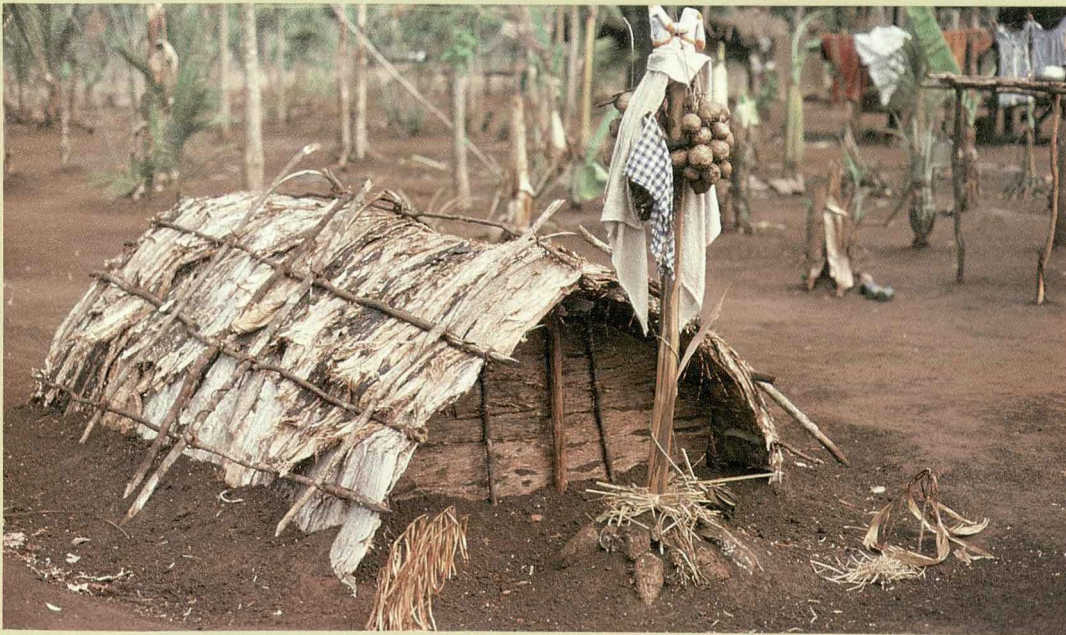
Graves and mourning customs in the Morehead River area

IN every society in the world, death brings about culturally prescribed mourning customs. As is common in New Guinea societies, in the Morehead area it is the women who are the chief mourners for the dead.

The strictest and most important of mourning tabus is

that which prohibits bathing or any other water touching the skin. During the whole of her mourning period, which lasts two to three years a woman in mourning does not wash. Also, she must not get caught in a rain shower, or even sweat profusely. In the heat of the dry season, she may smear a special yellow





mud on her legs and arms to dry and cool her skin, while in the rainy season, most women in mourning do not venture anywhere without a "bush umbrella": a large sheet of waterproof paperbark for protection from showers. If a woman were to get wet, she would finish her mourning immediately, without the normal ceremonies to remove mourning.

The extraordinary dress that a woman wears in mourning is a highly visible reminder to everyone of the death that has occurred. Traditionally, a woman of Morehead put on an armadillo-like dress made from layers of belts woven from grass. Plaited arm and leg bands, and string and tassels for her nose and ear holes complete the habit. In modern times, sometimes women choose to wear "cloth mourning": a black dress or skirt, or sometimes combinations of grass belts and black clothing.

The other tabus assumed at mourning are mainly food tabus. A woman in mourning must not eat meat, fish, long yams, coconut, watermelon, and large-sized bananas. Her diet mainly consists of cassava and regular yams.

Grave houses in the village place are also visible reminders of the death that has occurred. The body is buried three or four feet underground, and over the grave different styles of houses are erected during the period of mourning until a few years after burial the last structure to mark the grave is dismantled. The sequence of different styles of grave houses shows how the memory is finished by gradually redefining the grave site, giving it a new meaning in the normal everyday world.

The first style of grave house which Morehead people make is low, little more than a roof two or three feet above the



Top left: woman in mourning dress; **below:** distinctive long hair, also a sign of mourning; **top right:** a 'first stage' grave, this one was for a baby boy; **centre:** a 'second stage' grave at Rouku village; **bottom:** yam house or 'kwitens' at Savis village



ground. It is said that the house is built to keep the grave site dry. Just as women mourners can't get wet, the grave site can't get wet. Normally, houses are used by people, whether they are yam houses, sleeping houses, sacred men's houses, or kitchen houses; but this style of grave house is not used by living people.

After six months or a year, depending on the time of the year and the importance of the person who died, a feast will be held and a new, different type of grave house is constructed. The old grave house is torn down and burned. The new house has a low floor made of the mid-ribs of sago fronds, open sides and a roof raised two metres or so off the ground.

Above: woman weaving traditional mourning belts at Rouku village;
below: a 'Maki' ceremony with women dressed-up as young male warriors



Finally, after another period of a year or so, this grave house is taken down and a very long yam storage house called *kwitens* is built on the spot. This yam house may measure 35 metres or more in length. The yam house is used for storing yams that will be eaten. The house is filled with yams, closed up, and only after the season's planting is finished is it opened and the yams inside eaten.

The next year, the yam house is taken down. As one man described it, "the grave is smooth, the memory is finished." Eventually, after many, many years, a garden will probably be made at the place, once and for all returning the place to the living. By that time, food is not just stored, but is generated at the site.

We can see that the types of houses built on a grave progressively re-incorporate the grave site into the normal world. The meaning of the grave place is redefined from burial site to larder, from a place of death to a place of production.

At that time when the yam storage house is constructed on the grave site, the period of mourning for women is finished. In a ceremony called *maki*, women mourners are dressed up as young male warriors. It begins with men smearing the women's faces with coconut water, the first liquid to touch their skin in two or more years. Then seated at the head of the dance ground, in full display of the many people gathered for the feast and dance, the women are painted and adorned in the fashion of young male warriors. They wear long hair do's of plaited grass and fibre. The paraphenalia of warriors, down to bow and arrow complete the outfit.

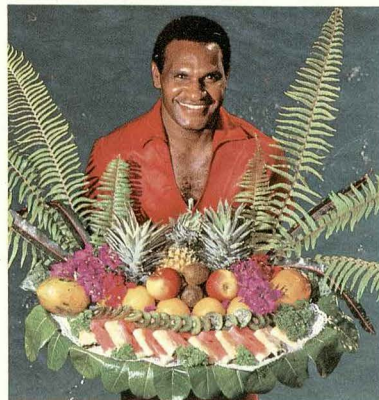
We see then that mourning dress and grave structure together are ways that sorrow is shown. When these things are no longer visible, then the sorrow is said to be finished and the memory of the dead forgotten. ☘



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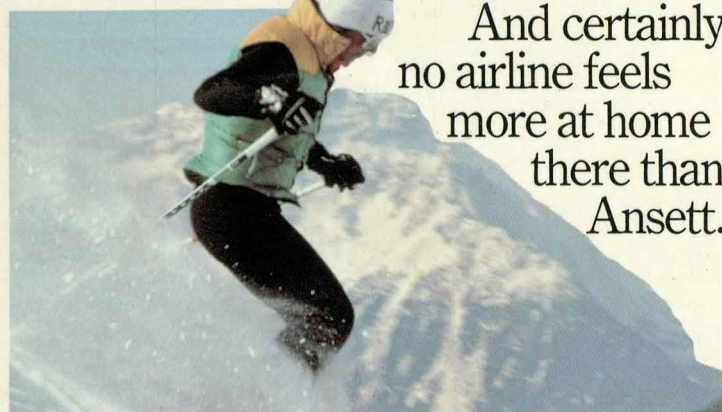
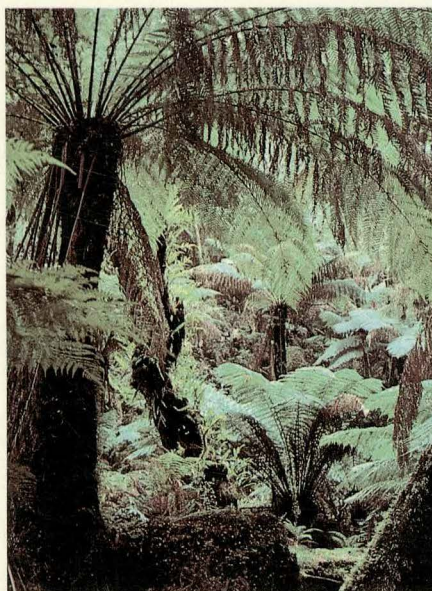
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