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Paradise Golden Anniversary
50th
ISSUE

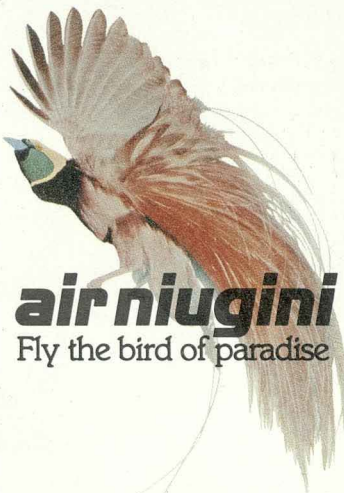


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welcome to this, our 50th issue of Paradise. Over the years we have earned a reputation for producing one of the finest airline magazines in the world. It is also the only regular quality colour publication produced in Papua New Guinea. We at Air Niugini are especially proud of this issue, as it is the first to be entirely produced by Papua New Guinean staff.

In this issue, nearly all of the articles are by people who have contributed to the magazine since its very beginning. I would like to take this opportunity to thank them all for the wonderful stories and photographs they have sent us over the years. Thank you — and keep them coming!

To all our passengers, I would like to thank you for choosing to fly with us, and a special greeting for those of you flying aboard our new Airbus for the first time. I wish a very happy and prosperous new year to one and all.

Masket Iangalio — General Manager, Air Niugini

No. 50 January — February 1985

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Cover: Detail from 'Niugini Panorama' — the largest work of art yet seen in Papua New Guinea. The story and more pictures are on page 23.



Anaïs Anaïs

Le plus tendre des parfums de femme

(cacharel)

PARIS

by Mary LeCroy and William S. Peckover

Most people, at the mention of birds of paradise, tend to think of one, or at most the two or three species that are frequently illustrated. However, there are 43 species of bird of paradise, 34 of which are found in Papua New Guinea. These species differ widely in size, color and in the ornate male plumage. The following is a selection of photographs by W.S. Peckover to illustrate just a small part of this diversity.

BIRDS of PARADISE



Brown Sickie-bill *Epimachus meyeri*

This large, longtailed bird of paradise is resident in the mountain forests of the central ranges. It feeds on a variety of foods, including fruits, insects and even an occasional frog! Its long bill is an effective instrument for probing into the moss covering limbs in the high forests, searching for food. Moss is also used in constructing the nest which is lined with leaves and rootlets. The young hatches from a cinnamon-colored egg streaked and spotted with darker colors. It resembles the female in plumage and both are

camouflaged in shades of brown with cream colored barring below.

When not displaying, the bird spends much time clearing his court of fallen leaves. With time, the cleared areas may become quite large and are crisscrossed by horizontal and sloping saplings and vines used by the bird as perches.

The male is somberly colored with flashing touches of iridescent plumage on head, sides of breast, flanks and back. The breast and flank plumes are raised and shown to good effect when the bird displays.

Glossy-mantled Manucode *Manucodia ater*

This, the least ornate of the manucodes, themselves the most somberly colored of the birds of paradise, nevertheless exhibits a purplish or turquoise iridescence on wings and tail. The five species of manucodes are among the relatively few species of birds of paradise in which males and females are

indistinguishable. This seems to correspond with shared duties in nest building and raising the young.

This species occurs commonly in the lowlands right around the entire island of New Guinea but it is not easy to see, being a shy, nervous bird.



Trumpet Manucode *Manucodia keraudrenii*

The Trumpet Manucode is a glistening iridescent blue and purple member of the manucode group of birds of paradise. Males and females are alike and both share in building the nest and raising the young. The male is known for its loud trumpet-like call from which it gets its name. This is produced in a special loop of the windpipe that coils down between the breast muscle and the skin and presumably enhances the sound. Although the call is often heard and the birds are common, they are difficult to see as they are constantly moving about within the foliage searching for food. It is one of the few birds of paradise Papua New Guinea shares with Australia, where it occurs on Cape York.



Superb Bird of Paradise *Lophorina superba*

This species from mid-mountain altitudes is common, vocal and not difficult to see. The males frequently give their harsh grating calls that can be heard for long distances, and they are not uncommon in second-growth and old garden areas. Unlike many other birds of paradise, a male and a female plumaged bird are often seen foraging together, leading to speculation that there may be at least a temporary pair bond in the species.

Seen in silhouette, the male gives lie to the idea of birds as streamlined, aerodynamically efficient creatures. The large erectile cape of velvety black feathers moves when the bird is perched, and the glistening turquoise breast shield is carried so that the ends protrude outward from the bird's body. In display both of these structures are spread to their fullest extent, the cape being erected over the top of the head.

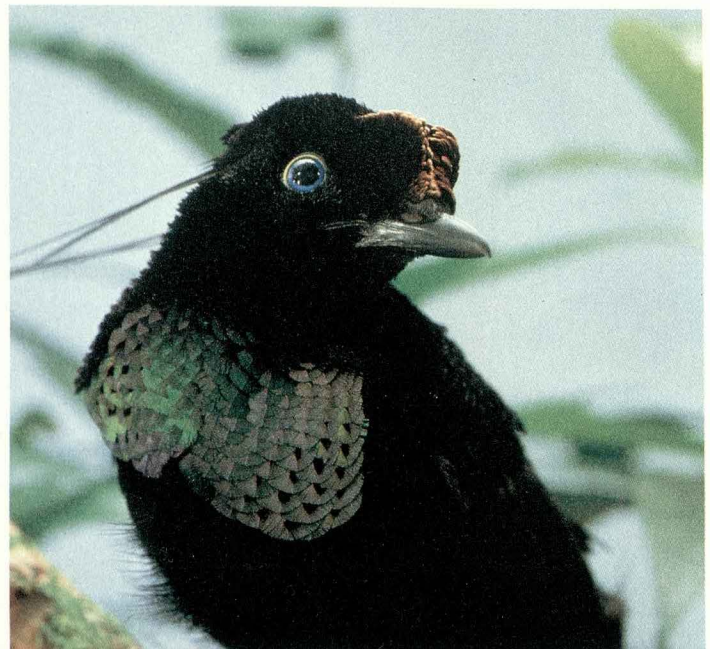


Wahnes' Parotia *Parotia wahnesi*

This species is one of five closely related species of six-wired birds of paradise, named for their six wire-like, spatula-tipped plumes springing from the hindcrown. They replace each other geographically in the midmountain forests of Papua New Guinea. Wahnes' Parotia is restricted to the forests of the Huon Peninsula between the altitudes of 1100 and 1700 meters.

On its cleared court on the forest floor the male of this

species stretches its body upright, spreads the flank plumes around the body horizontally to form a "skirt", spreads the six wires around the head and flattens the iridescent breast shield. Movements involving small steps back and forth, sideways "snakelike" neck movements and nodding motions of the head enhance the effect of the plumes and transform the bird into a breathtaking miniature ballerina.



King Bird of Paradise *Cicinnurus regius*

This trim little bird of paradise is a resident of lowland forests. Despite the brilliant colors of the male, he is not easy to see unless he is calling. The female is cryptically colored in keeping with her nesting duties. It is a widespread and common species and is known to commonly associate with other species of birds in mixed feeding flocks.

Although the males of this species and the Magnificent Bird of Paradise look entirely different, hybridization between them is known in a few areas. The females look much more similar. The two species, in fact, replace each other altitudinally, so that where their populations meet hybridization may occur.



Blue Bird of Paradise *Paradisaea rudolphi*

This species and the Emperor Bird of Paradise have an upside-down posture as a main component of male display. The Blue Bird of Paradise turns from a perching position to hang vertically upside down and spread its brown and blue flank plumes like a fan. The wings remain closed and as the display progresses the noises made by the bird change from a series of chattering, clucking noises to a remarkable metallic hum accompanied by a shimmering movement of the spread plumes. This display in the lower part of the forest alternates with leaf plucking and loud calling in the canopy by

the single male, who moves about and repeats the sequence in other well-defined spots in the forest.

The females of this species are less cryptically colored and more like the male than is the case in other birds of paradise, and a unique and most striking feature of their plumage is the brilliant, broad white eyering set in the velvety-black plumage. Very little is known of the nesting habits of this species.

This species lives in the mid-mountains of Papua New Guinea. It is a bird of the forests and suffers in areas where the original forest has been removed.

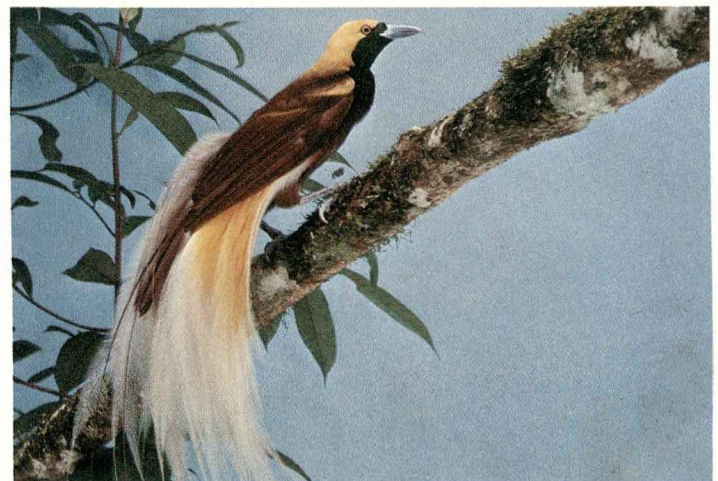


Lesser Bird of Paradise *Paradisaea minor*

This yellow-plumed relative of the Raggiana Bird of Paradise, Papua New Guinea's national symbol, lives in the lowlands and foothills on the north side of the country. Groups of males congregate at traditional arenas to display their golden plumes during the non-rainy season. There is no pair bond and females, after mating at the display arena, depart to nest and rear the young alone.

Although birds of paradise were known and used by the indigenous people of New Guinea since time immemorial, and early European explorers took back to Europe skins and wondrous tales, it was not

until 1824 that a European naturalist saw a live bird of paradise. This was Rene Lesson, and the bird he saw was this species. He wrote, "The view of the first Bird of Paradise was overwhelmingIt was in virgin forest [and] as I slipped carefully along the wild pig's trails through this dusky thicket, a paradisaea suddenly flew in graceful curves over my head. It was like a meteor whose body, cutting through the air, leaves a long trail of light."



Magnificent Bird of Paradise *Diphyllodes magnificus*

The brilliantly colored male of this species gives a gravity-defying display on a vertical sapling in the center of a cleared court. He holds his body straight out from the sapling and horizontal to the ground, pulsating the green breast feathers and erecting the yellow cape, while making a low grating noise and opening the bill to expose the bright yellow-green mouth lining.

He spends much time maintaining his court both by plucking leaves from above it and clearing those leaves and others from the ground around the central sapling. He rarely lands on the ground to do this, but picks them up and flicks them

away while standing on various low perches. When not actively working, he frequently sits quietly at the court for long periods and then may be extremely difficult to see, the folded cape being covered by brown feathers, as are the orange feathers of the wings. The green of the breast appears blackish when these feathers are not being pulsed.

The female is cryptically colored in browns with creamy bars on the breast and belly. She lays two eggs in a cup nest covered with moss. The young hatch after 19 days and are raised by the female alone.



Emperor Bird of Paradise *Paradisaea guilielmi*

The Emperor Bird of Paradise is confined to mid-mountain altitudes on the Huon Peninsula. It is the second species of bird of paradise to specialize in inverted display posture. In contrast to the Blue Bird of Paradise, this species holds its

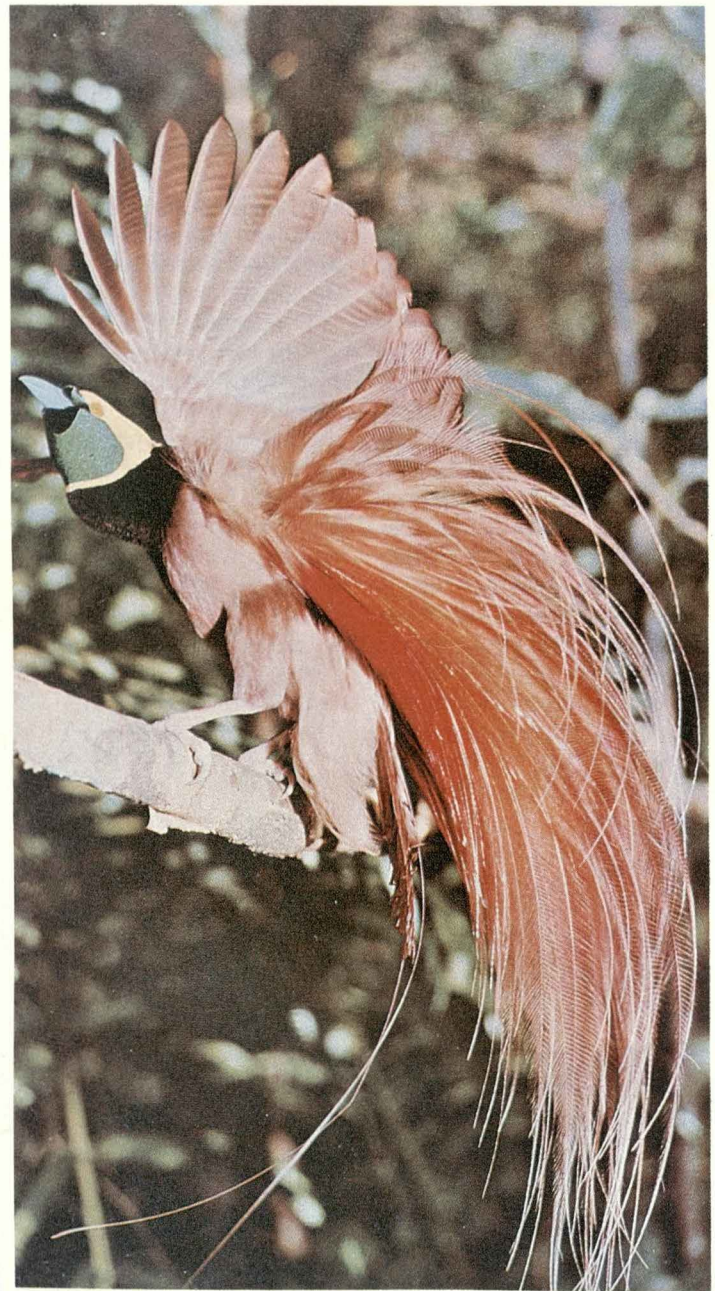
body horizontally under the limb and raises the creamy yellow plumes in a circle around its abdomen. Groups of males also chase and display to each other, and pairs of males give a loud and bubbling duet as they sit upright on a perch.



Raggiana Bird of Paradise *Paradisaea raggiana*

This species more than any other embodies the layman's concept of *bird of paradise*. It is widespread in Papua New Guinea. This bird has been incorporated in the official seal of the government, and it was the inspiration for Air Niugini's striking new aircraft livery. As in the Lesser Bird of Paradise, males congregate in arenas to display. The calling and active chasing and posturing when males are displaying among themselves is in striking contrast to the more static and ritualized posturing performed by the male when a female is nearby. The female alone builds a cup-shaped nest of vines and leaves and lines it

with softer fibers. The one or two eggs are a pinkish cream color with reddish brown and violet markings, and the young birds resemble the female. As the males mature they acquire their ornate plumage by successive moults until they are resplendent in their red flank plumes, which may be over 500 mm long, and their golden plush heads with brilliant metallic green on face and throat. ♀





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The Crocodile and the Woman

A legend from Gazelle Peninsula, East New Britain Province.

As told by Rabbie M.

LONG ago, the crocodile used to be friendly with people. People could call to him and he would come to them. Then people could climb on his back and he would carry them across the river. The crocodile was married to a woman and they had children.

One day, the crocodile carried his wife and children across the river and told his wife, "Take our children and go visit your parents. Be sure to return to the river bank in two days and call me."

The woman gathered up the children and went to visit her parents. But, she stayed with them longer than her husband had told her. She stayed three days instead of two. The crocodile became very angry while he waited for his wife to return.

When the crocodile's wife finally went to the river and called him, he got up very slowly and went to her. She

put her things and the children on his back, and then sat on his back too. The crocodile then began to swim across the river.

In the middle of the river, where the water was very deep, the crocodile stopped swimming and said to the woman, "You disobeyed me by staying away longer than I allowed you. Because you didn't obey

me, I am going to kill you." The crocodile then killed his wife and children.

Ever since that day, people

have been afraid of crocodiles, and crocodiles have been the enemies of people. □





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KULA

By J. Peter Hallinan

and the traditional canoes of the Trobriand Islands

I have always been interested in anything to do with the sea, so on a trip to the Trobriand Islands it was natural that I would take more than a casual look at their great sea-going canoes. These canoes are made for use in the Kula trade. The Kula is essentially a brotherhood engaged in the ritual exchange of wealth items mainly by means of overseas canoe expeditions. Members of the Kula derive significant status from their exchanged wealth and the exploits of their canoe voyages.

While in the Trobriands, I visited half a dozen islands, but it was on Kitava Island that I was most impressed with the canoes. The type of Kula canoe they build on Kitava is known as a Masawa. The Masawa

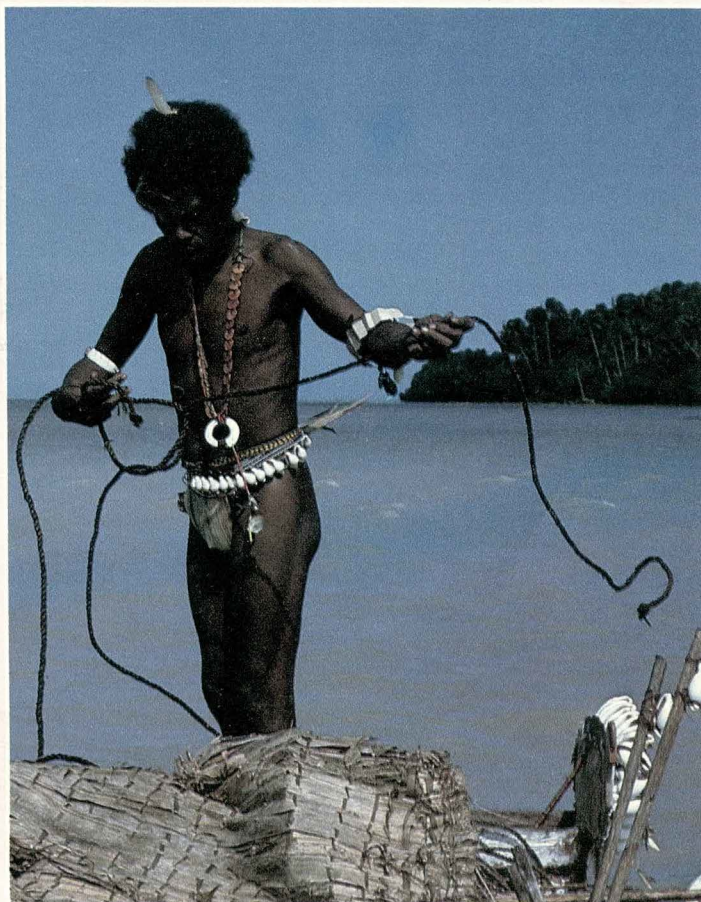
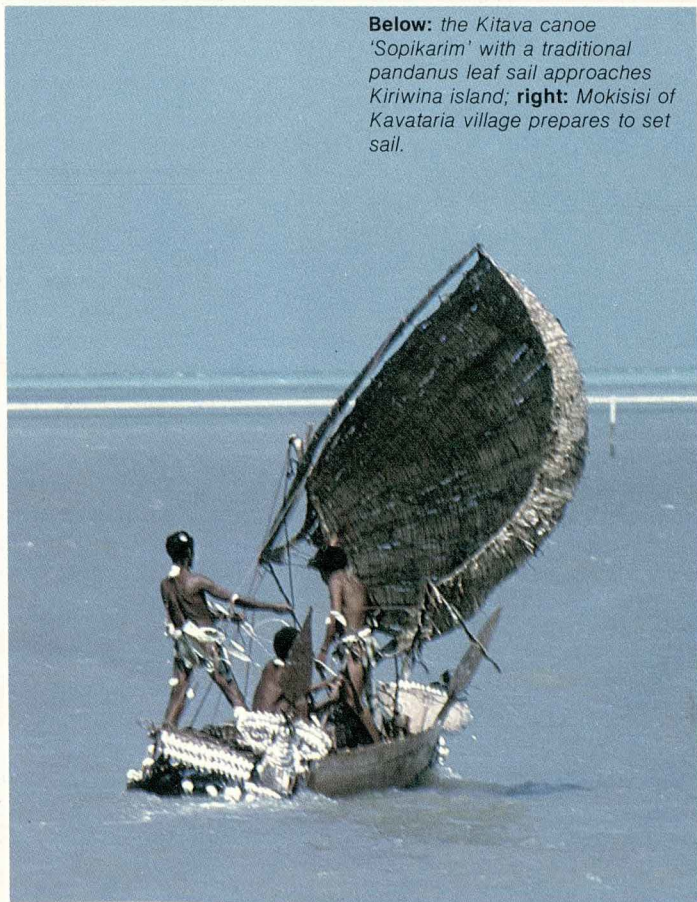
canoe is also built throughout the Trobriands, the D'Entrecasteaux and on Iwa in the Marshall Bennett Islands. The canoes of these islands share similar designs on their beautifully carved prowboards. Fixed to the end of each canoe are two types of prowboards, the Tabuya and the Lagim. The Lagim serves as a splashboard and encloses the end of the canoe. The Tabuya is mortised into the canoe nose and serves to hold the Lagim and in turn the canoe sideboards into place. The Tabuya has great ritual importance attached to it. Trumpets are sounded to announce the carrying of new Tabuya to the canoe. Special herbs are used and incantations are recited while the Tabuya is driven home into the slot with a magic stone. Banadi Sikapu of Kumwageya village on Kitava told

me, "When the canoe is finished a magic man will crack a coconut over the Tabuya and let the milk run down over the canoe. Then everybody will admire the Tabuya as they are set in their place. We guard these customs very closely, and we are very careful to observe them."

The Masawa canoes that I photographed ranged from 19 to over 40 feet in length. These canoes usually travel in convoy and make voyages sometimes covering hundreds of miles before sailing home. In between voyages, the canoes are carefully stored in canoe houses to protect them from sun and rain. A great deal of work is required to build and maintain these huge houses. On many islands this practice has been abandoned and the great canoes have fallen into a state of disrepair.

Not all of the canoes are built by their owners. Banadi Sikapu related the details of a canoe he had purchased. "It was a high price. We chose to give 100 baskets of food, that was some time ago now...and some of the people added more baskets to this, so that more than 100 baskets were given. We were the new canoe owners, but some people helped to pay the price. Every man gave one basket." This sort of community spirit usually implies a later return of obligations. On another occasion Banadi cut his own canoe, but employed a professional carver to make the prowboards that are vital for a Kula canoe. Banadi recalls the price he paid for this service, "Every day that they were carving, I had to cook their food. I had to go and catch fish for them, and they ate and ate for a great number

Below: the Kitava canoe 'Sopikarim' with a traditional pandanus leaf sail approaches Kiriwina island; **right:** Mokisisi of Kavataria village prepares to set sail.



of days. And when the canoe finally went down into the water, I still had to give them further gifts of food and betel nut."

Canoes may even be traded from other islands or districts. My young and enthusiastic guide around Kitava Island was John Agabu. John and his friends showed me a Kula canoe from Iwa island that was stored in a cave. John's father went on Kula to Iwa in a small canoe. Before he could return, the seas became very rough, so he obtained a large Iwa canoe for the dangerous return journey. At the time I saw the canoe it had been declared unseaworthy by a big Kula man who serves as a traditional sort of harbour master. This man had recently surveyed a new canoe built by some young men, a canoe that had some unconventional design features. Being part bureaucrat and part diplomat, he told the young men that the canoe would be accepted for Kula, but that it would never be a fast canoe. On trials the canoe came last three times in a row, the young men opted to join another canoe for the Kula expedition.

Direct participation in Kula voyages is restricted to members of the Kula. However, the whole community can participate in one way or another. Most Kula men have insufficient white egg cowries or Buna Shells to decorate their canoe. Banadi says, "If I am building a canoe, but have no Buna shells, I will ask you to give me some of yours. Later on when the canoe has rotted and is no longer sea worthy, I will give them back to you. Your shells will always be your shells, even though they were used on my canoe. This makes the people happy, it's an adornment for the boat and even if you can never go on Kula your Buna shells are going, it is your Buna shells going and so this makes you proud as well."

Banadi refers to the apprehension of the women proceeding a Kula trip, "When we put the canoe into the water, all the important women of the village begin to wail, because they remember the men of old times who went on

Detail of 'Tabuya' or carved prowboard; **below:** canoe beached at Kavataria village.



Kula and never returned." When Kitava men journey to Iwa they allay these fears by making signal fires on the mountain as each canoe safely arrives. However, no such reassuring signals can be sent from the low lying islands of Vakuta and Kiriwina.

There is a great deal of activity leading up to a Kula expedition. Banadi relates the typical scene: "We make the final preparations for the journey, decorations are put on the canoes. All the provisions will be put on board, food, water, the people keep on bringing them. We do all the things that have to be done to make the canoe ready for the sea, then we bring the wealth

items and put them on board. We always take a pig with us, make no mistake about this pig, it's a very big one. It takes a lot of people to carry it. We take yams, we take betel nut, we take sugar cane, these sorts of gifts the Kumwagea village people bring to us when we go on Kula. Everyone in Kumwagea is worried; they are worried about the wind. We have a meal and then we watch for the north wind. The important men have an argument, some of them say let's hurry up and get on our way, they keep arguing until the wind is blowing fair and then we go. We sail for one day and then for a second and the journey is finished. Then when

a favourable wind blows we return to Kitava. We disembark and the captain of the boat decides what should be done with the wealth items. He will take a Mwali (shell jewellery made from a large conus shell) and give it maybe to a relative by marriage or to his younger brother or his older brother. He'll give it to him and that's the end of it. It's a very big concern."

As each year passes, the Kula canoes are becoming fewer and fewer in number as people go on diesel trade boats for their Kula exchanges. Surely Kula will not be the same without the romance and the tales of perilous canoe voyages. □

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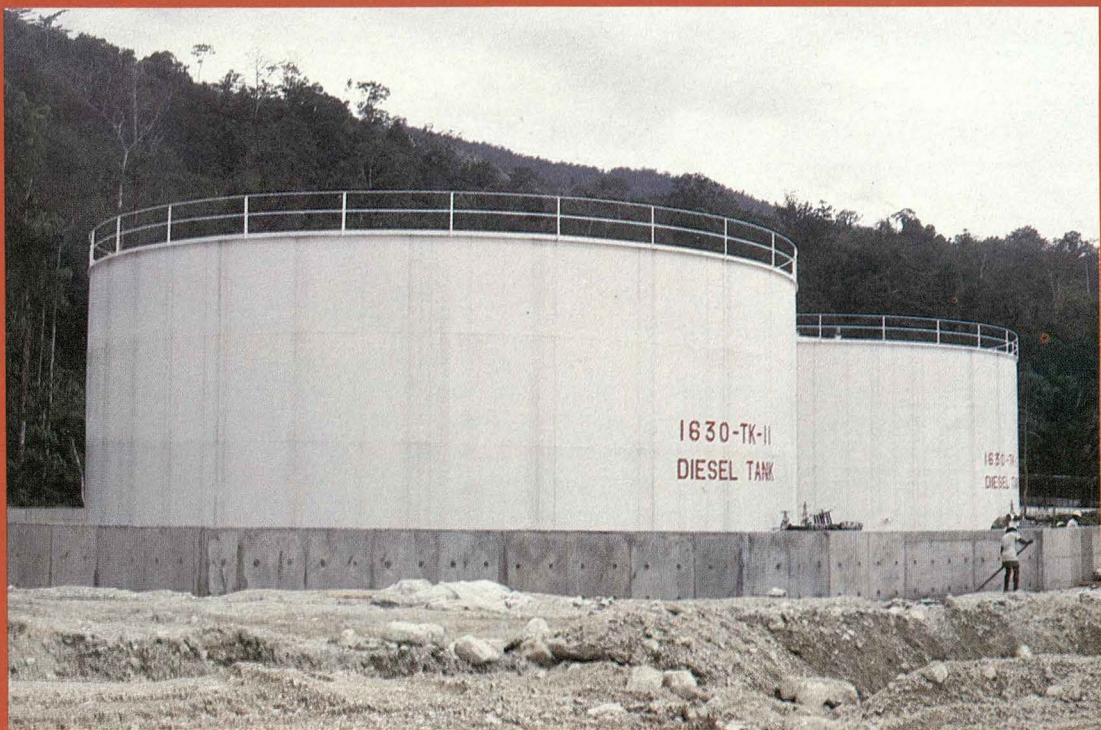
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TATANA CAUSEWAY

a wartime legacy

By Bruce Hoy

Forty two years ago, an event took place that was to change the lives of the people living on Tatana Island in Fairfax Harbour, Port Moresby. This event was the construction of the causeway linking the island to the mainland, that ended the

partial isolation of this island and its people.

How many people today wonder who built the causeway, and for what purpose? Perhaps there are few who wonder, or for that matter, really care, because it is "just there" and has been there

"for years".

To know who built it, and for what purpose, one must go back to the days of the Second World War.

In 1942, the port facilities to serve the rapidly expanding Allied base of Port Moresby consisted of one deepwater

Looking towards the mainland over the partly completed causeway in 1942; inset: the same view today.



wharf and two small jetties. The wharf, of timber construction, consisted of a 500ft long and 24ft wide approach with a 320ft long by 50ft wide wharf at the end to form a T-shaped wharf. It could only accommodate one "Liberty" ship at a time. The two small jetties were suitable only for barges and small, shallow-draft vessels.

By September 1942, it became obvious to the Allied High Command that additional deepwater berths were essential and investigations were begun on increasing the Port Moresby wharfage capacity.

Rather than constructing an additional wharf adjacent to, or enlarging the existing wharf, which would have concentrated the port activity in a small area, creating traffic congestion and providing a better target for the Japanese Air Forces, it was decided to investigate other sites for a major wharf, capable of berthing two "Liberty" size ships.

An ideal site was located at Bootless Inlet, several miles down the coast from Port Moresby, but due to the presence of an uncharted minefield laid by the Australian forces and the

destruction of the wharf that had previously served the adjacent copper smelter, the proposal to develop this site as the major port facility for Port Moresby was abandoned.

Further investigations revealed that Tatana Island was the most suitable location, as deepwater came within 50 to 100 feet of the northwest shore of the island. A causeway would have to be constructed to connect the island with the mainland but this did not seem to present too many problems, as a partially submerged reef crossed between the shore and the island. To locate the best site for the causeway, and due to the lack of hydrographic survey boats, a number of American engineers waded across to the island at low tide during the later part of September 1942. This rather unorthodox method established the location of the causeway, and the amount of rock and earth needed to construct it.

Colonel Mathews, who was in charge of the American engineering units in the Port Moresby area, transferred the American 2nd Battalion 96th Engineer General Service Regiment from its airfield construction work at Kila (three

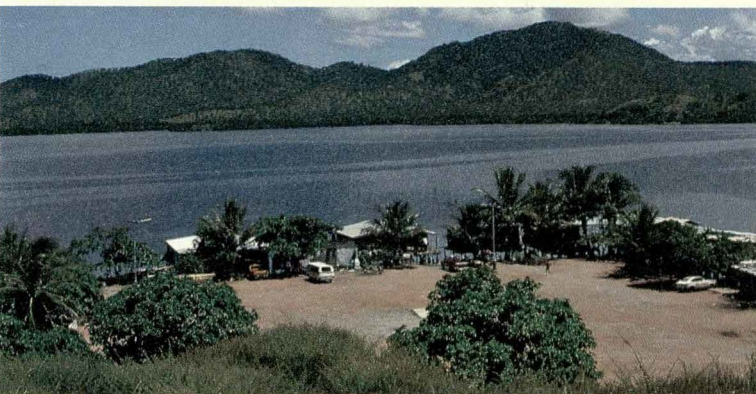
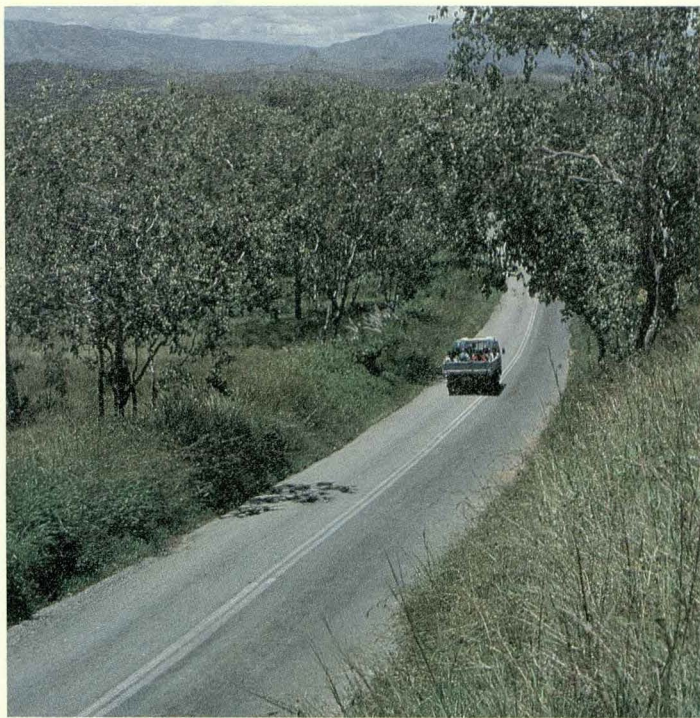
miles from Port Moresby) and they started construction work on 5 October 1942, after a week spent in preliminary surveys.

Essential equipment including trucks, compressors, bulldozers and mechanical shovels were ferried across to Tatana Island that would permit construction to proceed from both ends. Between a six to twelve foot depth of fill was used in establishing the 24 foot wide by 2,250 foot long causeway which provided for an allowance of two feet above maximum high tide level throughout its entire length. The total amount of earth and rock fill involved in its construction which included truck parking bays, amounted to 52,431 cubic yards, 44,000 cubic yards of rock ballast and

8,000 square yards of grading. By working from both ends, the men loaded their dump trucks, drove them out onto the lengthening causeway and dumped their loads into the shallows. The gap gradually closed and the surface of the roadway compacted by the traffic of the trucks.

At the same time, work was also proceeding on the construction of the one mile of road connecting the causeway with the site of the docks which required 4,000 cubic yards of excavation and fill and 14,000 square yards of grading and shaping. Work was also started on the two 175 foot long earth-filled jetties, six pile clusters, two floating docks, anchors and channel markers for the Tatana Island Wharf. The floating pontoons were later





replaced with a fixed wooden pile wharf. The road connecting the causeway with Elevala village was widened and upgraded in anticipation of the heavy traffic that would shortly be using it.

On 30 October 1942, just 25 days since work started, the causeway was opened to traffic, and on 3 November 1942, the floating wharf received its first vessel. The opening of this new facility increased the daily unloading rate from 1,400 deadweight tons per day to 4,000 tons per day. Its completion provided incalculable support to the projected offensive operations in the South West Pacific area.

On December 6, Company D 91st Engineers started construction of the Baruni Road to ease the traffic congestion being experienced in the town of Port Moresby. The work was temporarily halted on 28 December, but was resumed on 3 February. The road was opened to traffic in the first half of April 1943, thus providing a quicker access between Tatana and Wards Drome, as well as opening up areas suitable for ammunition dumps, fuel storage, and campsites. The same engineer regiment also started work on

filling in the area between the existing earth and rock jetties on Tatana, and continued placing rock ballast on the causeway. It was during this period when the causeway had its first recorded fatal accident. Pvt. James Wright, Company F, 91st Engineers, was a passenger in a truck which went off the causeway on 11 January 1943. He died in hospital on the fourteenth.

Today, little remains of the large docking facilities on Tatana Island, but the causeway is still in use, a fitting tribute to the American Engineer battalion that built it.

For the people of Tatana, the war gave them an all-weather access to Port Moresby — at no cost to them or the nation. One good effect that came out of that terrible conflict. *Bruce Hoy is the Curator of the National Museum's Aviation, Maritime and War Branch in Port Moresby.* □

Opposite: inspecting the construction work in 1943 are Brig. Gen. Dwight F Johns and Capt Melvin Vuksich; **inset:** the same view today; **this page, top:** the Baruni — Tatana road, built in 1943; **bottom:** the dock under construction; **inset:** the same view today.

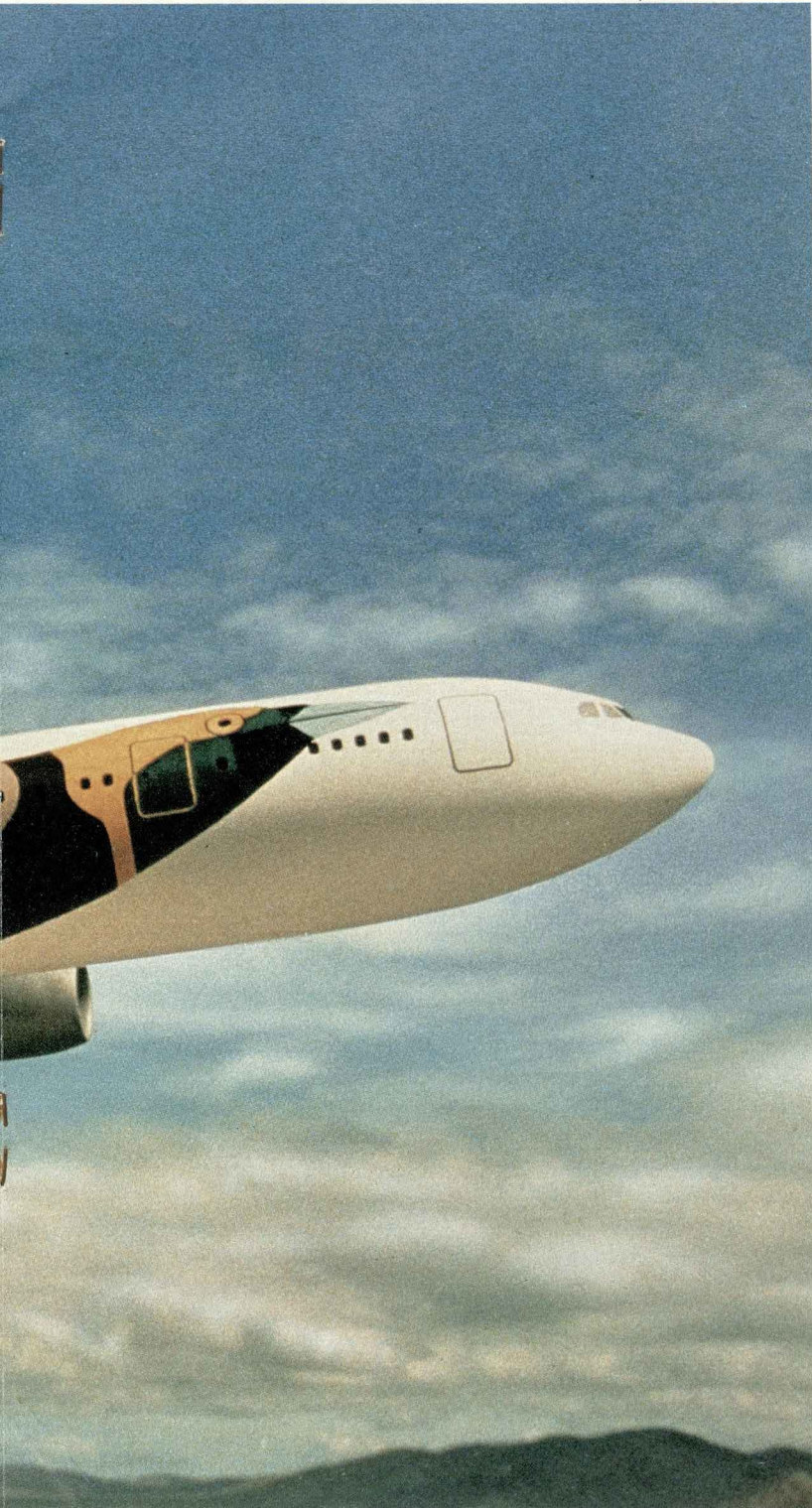


Is it a bird? I



Alotau Brisbane Cairns Daru Goroka Honiara Hoskins Jayapura Kavieng Ki
Manila Manus Is. Mendi Mount Hagen Popondetta Port Moresby Rabaul Singapur

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WITHIN THESE WALLS

Looking down the length of the mural 'Niugini Panorama'.



*I have come from 50,000 years ago
So they think
Others say I was born on 16th September, 1975.
Let my arrows fly another 50,000 years.*

This is how Kumalau Tawali, writer-in-residence at the University of Papua New Guinea, expressed his feelings about his country, and the images of it expressed by artists on a huge mural recently completed at the University. The mural,

named 'Niugini Panorama' after Kumalau Tawali's poem incorporated into it, is one of two created at the University in August this year. The other, 'Environmental Images', takes its themes from nature.

At the beginning of August twenty-four students from the

National Arts School commenced drawing up the two large mural designs, on the exterior wall leading to the student dining room (the Mess), and on the newly completed Natural Sciences Resource Centre.

The central buildings of the University of Papua New Guinea were built in the late 1960s and early 1970s. Graceful, but solid and functional, they are dull, grey concrete, bereft of colour. For

as many years as the walls have stood, students, staff and visitors have grimaced at their plainness and put up with it. Early in 1984 a staff member suggested to the Vice-Chancellor that a mural was needed to enliven the drab walls. The Vice-Chancellor, Dr E.T. Brash, jumped at the idea and invited a famous Australian mural artist, Carol Ruff, to work on murals at the University. Air Niugini, Taubmans Paints and PNG Motors

Details from 'Niugini Panorama' — **below:** a Southern Highlands bowman takes aim whilst an Air Niugini Dash 7 plane flies overhead; **right:** a fishing scene from East New Britain; **below right:** the team of artists hard at work.



helped sponsor the project to defray the costs, while the University footed the remainder of the bill. The result has been more than was ever hoped for: two huge murals of quality, painted by students from the National Arts School with the assistance of national artist Martin Morububuna, and co-ordinated by Carol Ruff.

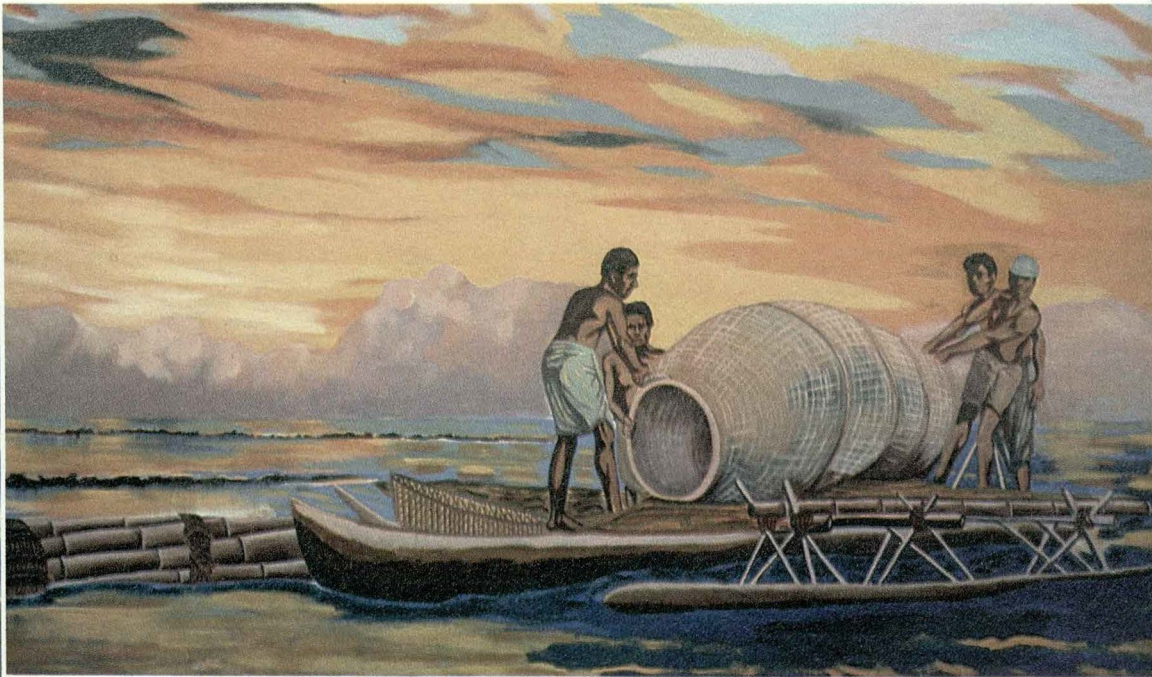
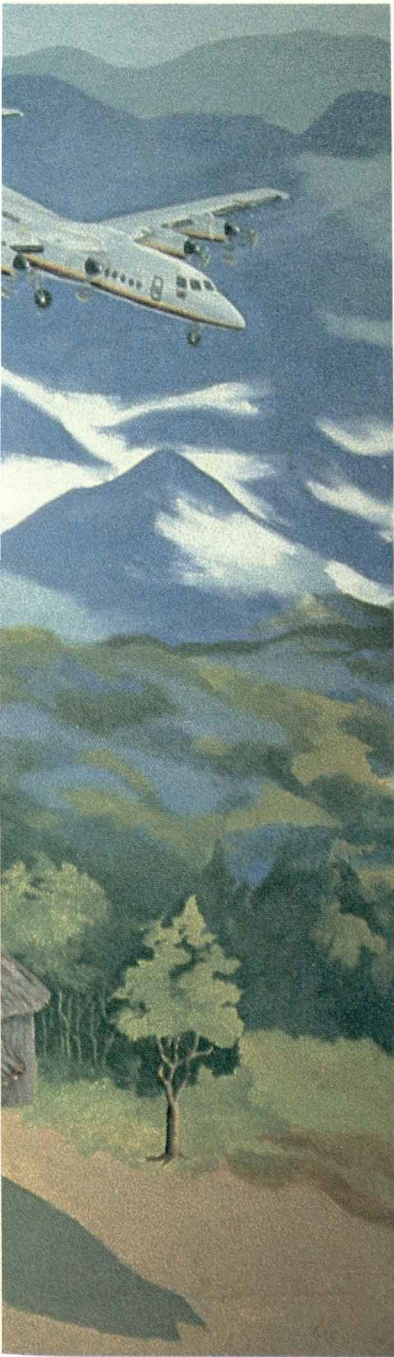
The commitment of the University toward supporting the arts is evident in the

posters, paintings, carvings and sculptures it has commissioned over many years, and the artifacts which adorn its walls. This support, coupled with the proximity of its sister institution, the National Arts School, just across Waigani Drive, provided the necessary impetus for the mural project. There has always been a close relationship between the University and the National Arts School. Students from the Arts School use the University

dining facilities and their bands play at University functions. Arts School students spend almost as much time at the University campus as they do at their own. The high standard of work coming out of the National Arts School has recently been given world prominence with the opening of the new National Parliament, much of which is adorned with their art. The mural project, using the talent of the one institution, and the

resources of the other, was a sure-fire success.

Carol Ruff's Australian work was featured in the September 1984 issue of *Paradise*. Her large, bold designs have made her famous wherever they appear. From Townsville to The Domain and Redfern in Sydney, and most recently on the walls of the Adelaide Festival Theatre, she has celebrated the beauty of Australia. The themes of her murals vary enormously,



depending on local needs and aspirations, but generally they have stressed Aborigines, women and the environment. When she received the invitation from the University she was elated at the chance to visit and work in Papua New Guinea. Her brief was to coordinate the murals, but to rely on the student artists and talented Martin Morububuna to provide the themes and images as well as to do the actual painting.

Carol Ruff arrived in late June, with ten weeks to complete one or two murals. Two sites were chosen and the design work began. In the planning stage the National Arts School had suggested that the rough designs would be ready on her arrival. But finding this not the case, she set about guiding the process of creation of the two works of art complete, she has great praise for the students.

"In a sense I was glad that

the preliminary work had not been done. it gave me a chance to be involved in the total project. We spent five weeks on the designs and five weeks working on the actual mural sites.

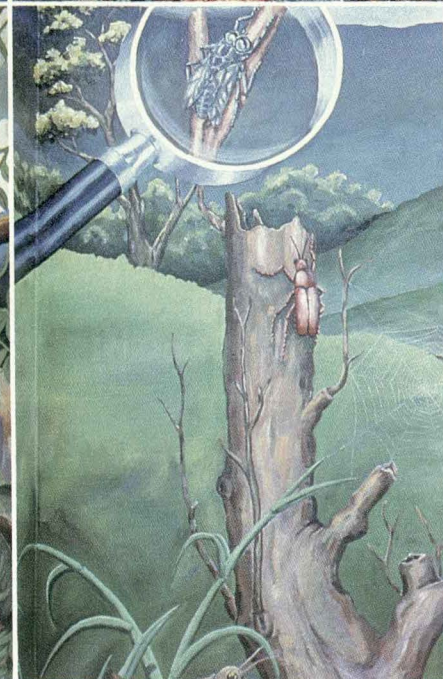
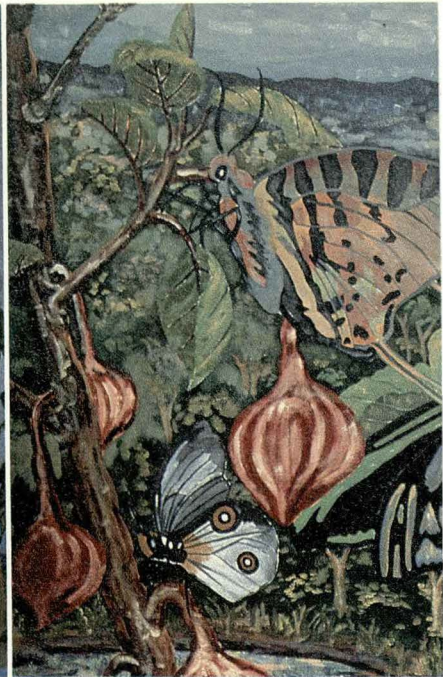
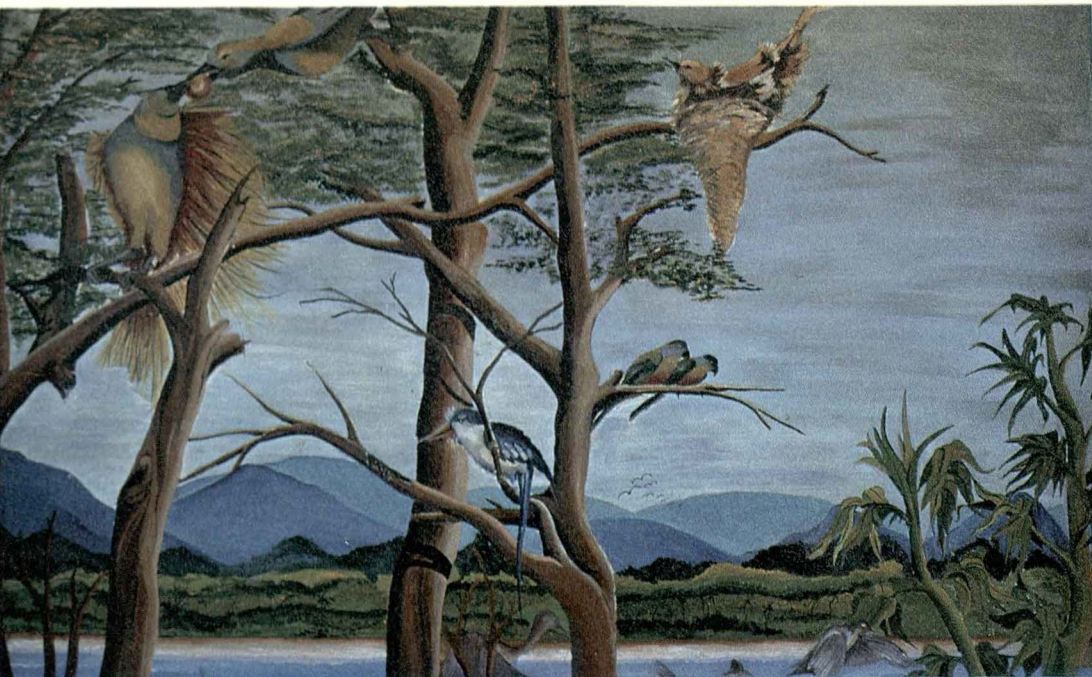
None of the students had ever painted on such a large scale before, and most of them had never used oil-based paints. With the help of Martin Morububuna, a very talented artist, they created two beautiful works of art. The

completed murals are a credit to their quick learning and their artistic skills."

'Niugini Panorama' on the Mess wall has the old and new as a general theme, hence the poem by Kumalau Tawali:

*I have come from 50,000 years ago
So they think
Others say I was born on 16th
September, 1975.
Let my arrows fly another
50,000.*

Details from 'Environmental Images' — **top left:** Randy Ai's panel depicts the colourful birdlife; **below left:** Guise Paulisbo with his painting of reptiles; **top centre:** Fox Naipu's panel on butterflies; **below centre:** painting student Kevau Lahui with his insect panel; **far right:** project co-ordinator Carol Ruff poses in front of picture of Hanuabada village.



*Of mighty rivers and rugged mountains
Beautiful blue seas, islands and palm covered shores
Mighty volcanic voices
Speak fertile soils into existence.*

*I idled under the coconut palms
in my youth
Where once my mother hung
me up in a bilum
All of life was dream and solitude
As I strolled along the shore.*

*In the huts Melanesian democracy reigned —
Over yam production and catching fish.*

*But my solitude is shattered
By shrieking metallic birds
Invasion by "civilization"
Guns silenced by sea corrosion
Still stand.*

*No more the same
No longer at ease
Last night
Cocoa and copper*

Invited disco and video.

*Tomorrow is fit for heroines
Give me my lime gourd and betelnuts.*

The concept of change and development was carefully created into a series of giant images. The final result was a mural thirty metres long and four and a half metres high. The viewer is taken on a breathtaking trip through the Highlands, beginning with a

proud Huli wigman aiming his arrow into the mural. Nearby a smiling Highlands woman from Tari, in grass skirt and modern T-shirt, watches over a small airstrip as an Air Niugini Dash 7 plane speeds over the mountains ready to land. Beside the airstrip is a utility truck, on the border between the Highlands section of the mural and the next, a Madang coastal village bustling with activity. On the beach beside the village a



rusting anti-aircraft gun, remnant of the Second World War, reminds us of the violence of war. The village scene is dwarfed by a huge, smoking volcano, signifying that the changes of nature can be more furious than invasion by 'civilization.'

As we move along, past the central feature made by Kumalau Tawali's poem, there is the tranquil scene of a Morobe mother with her baby in a bilum, part of the inspira-

tion of the poem. Next the bright blue sky turns into a glorious sunset, boldly painted in orange, yellow and purple hues, silhouetting a peaceful New Britain fishing scene. Finally the mural moves on to Papuan coastal scenes which juxtapose an image of Tubuseria in the 1880s, built out over the water, and modern Hanuabada built in similar style in the 1980s. A traditional musician with kundu drum is placed back-to-back with a

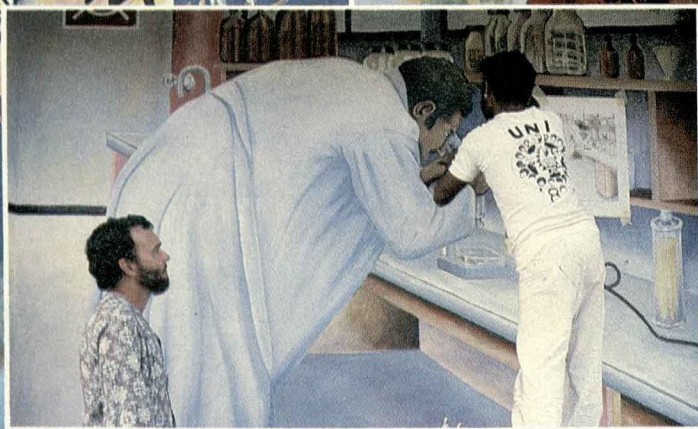
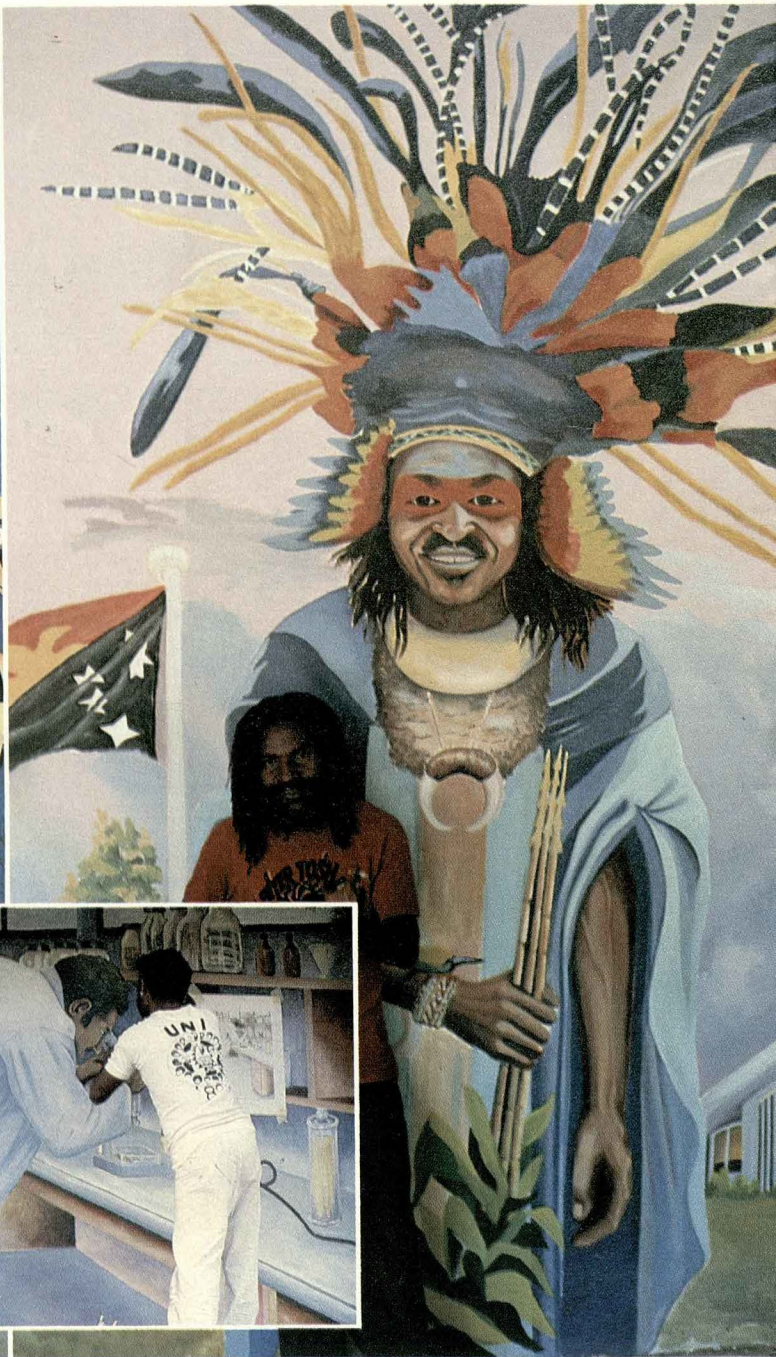
young rock-and-roll female singer, Cathy Lee from 'Night Owls'. 'Niugini Panorama' ends with a beautiful image of Joe Mangi, an archaeologist working at the University, pictured at his graduation in 1982, wearing full Western Highlands traditional dress, plus academic robes.

The mural moves from the traditional warrior at one end, to the modern academic preserving his culture at the other. The concept is perfectly

executed, and Kumalau Tawali's poem gives the mural a unity of words to gel with the images.

'Environmental Images' is totally different, twenty-one metres of images from nature to fit the theme of the Natural Sciences Resource Centre. The panels are more crowded and more various, yet have a unified theme of nature and its study and preservation through the natural sciences. The student artists who worked on

Left: Paul Matavo's fish painting, inspired by a photo story that appeared in *Paradise*; **right:** Joe Magi, a tutor at the university, poses in front of the portrait of his graduation; **inset:** artist Martin Morububuna, watched by the author, Dr Clive Moore.



this wall were painting students, one or two years advanced from the foundation year students who worked on 'Niugini Panorama.' Their extra technical prowess shows in the detailed studies they have completed. The scene opens with John Hilari, technical assistant at the Resource Centre museum, peering into a microscope on his workbench. Then six panels from nature follow. First, marsupial wildlife set

against a mountain scene, followed by the beautiful birds of Papua New Guinea set around a lake. Next we take a trip under the water, as a woman diver plays with a large turtle in a scene with fish swirling around coral reefs. Escaping to dry land, reptiles creep and slither about, before we again move on to insects, some being examined with the aid of magnifying glasses, giving a scientific but strangely surreal quality to the mural.

The final scene is crowded with butterflies and flowers, an explosion of nature's colours.

Quite different in style, both murals have their particular admirers. Both are a lasting reminder of the dedication of the students, Martin Morububuna and Carol Ruff, to creating beauty to replace grey concrete. The end product of a fruitful collaboration between the National Arts School and the University of Papua New Guinea, the

murals are the first of a new art form for the nation. *Dr. C.R. Moore is a member of staff of the Department of Extension Studies at the University of Papua New Guinea.*

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ADVENTURES

in MILNE BAY

Story and pictures by Bob Halstead.

The essence of an adventure holiday is that you pay your money with the hope that you will be rewarded with unplanned discoveries and memories that, well, money can't buy. I suppose sailing across the Pacific in a converted Jacuzzi would be an adventure but it seems to me that the thing you are going to discover in this case is whether you will survive (miserably) or not (also miserably)! Other adventure trails are so well worn that the only discovery available is to see if you can complete the course without tripping over the other 500 "adventurers" doing the same thing.

We aim to make our Milne Bay Scuba Safaris real adven-

tures and to us that means that the experiences that our clients get will include exploration — a chance to dive where no one else has ever dived before, and the unpredictable encounter — a chance to make dives where "anything can happen". Risks, apart from the usual risks associated with diving — are not part of our itinerary, but excitement certainly is and I would like to tell you about some of our clients who have had memorable adventures with us in Milne Bay recently. Experiences, really, that money couldn't buy!

"How did the diving holiday go, John?" was the greeting John Swinson received on



returning to Port Moresby after a safari.

"Great! Had a ride on a 20ft shark!" was the reply. Needless to say the workmates were impressed with his ability to tell tall stories; if not the story itself.

"A case of beer you didn't?"
"You're on!"

Unfortunately for his mates not only had John ridden a 20ft shark, I'd managed to take a photo of him doing it and that was proof enough to win him the beer.

The shark was a whale shark, a rare plankton feeding giant that grows to 45ft in length and which has a gentle and friendly nature. It was spotted swimming slowly on the surface near a reef as we cruised back to the village we were staying in.

Easily recognised by the white spots on its back, we were soon alongside and then in the water with our snorkelling gear and underwater cameras. It swam up to us and around us, looking at us with its tiny eyes and allowing "rides" by the divers holding onto its dorsal fin! It is difficult to describe the wonderful aura of friendship that the shark exudes — you just know that, inspite of its size, it is a gentle giant and will not harm you.

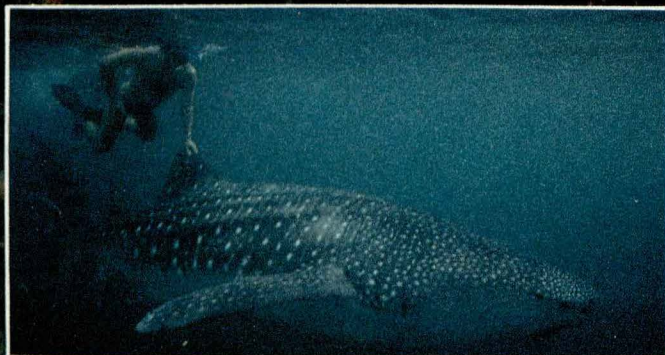
Eventually it tired of us and accelerated away over the reef. This was not the first encounter with a whale shark for Dinah and myself, actually the ninth, and all but one of these in Milne Bay. They are rare creatures and very few divers worldwide have been fortunate enough to spend a few minutes underwater with these magnificent beasts. We could not guarantee that you would meet one if you came to Milne Bay but there is always a chance!

Other large marine animals are commonly encountered in this area and this includes whales, giant manta rays, turtles and other types of sharks. Sometimes the encounters come together as when a couple slid into the water to see if they could

snorkel with a school of pilot whales that were heading towards us. I followed with another diver whilst our boat slowly moved out of the path of the whales. The whales dived beneath the first pair of snorkellers who just managed a glimpse before they disappeared from sight.

However the ocean was not empty for long — spiralling up from the blue depths came one, then another, finally four large silver tip sharks, up to inspect the snorkellers on the surface

Exploring a niche in the coral reef; insets: (left to right) Hammerhead shark; riding the much-talked-about Whale shark; more shark photos. Sharks are fascinating creatures and are not dangerous so long as you do nothing to frighten or provoke them.

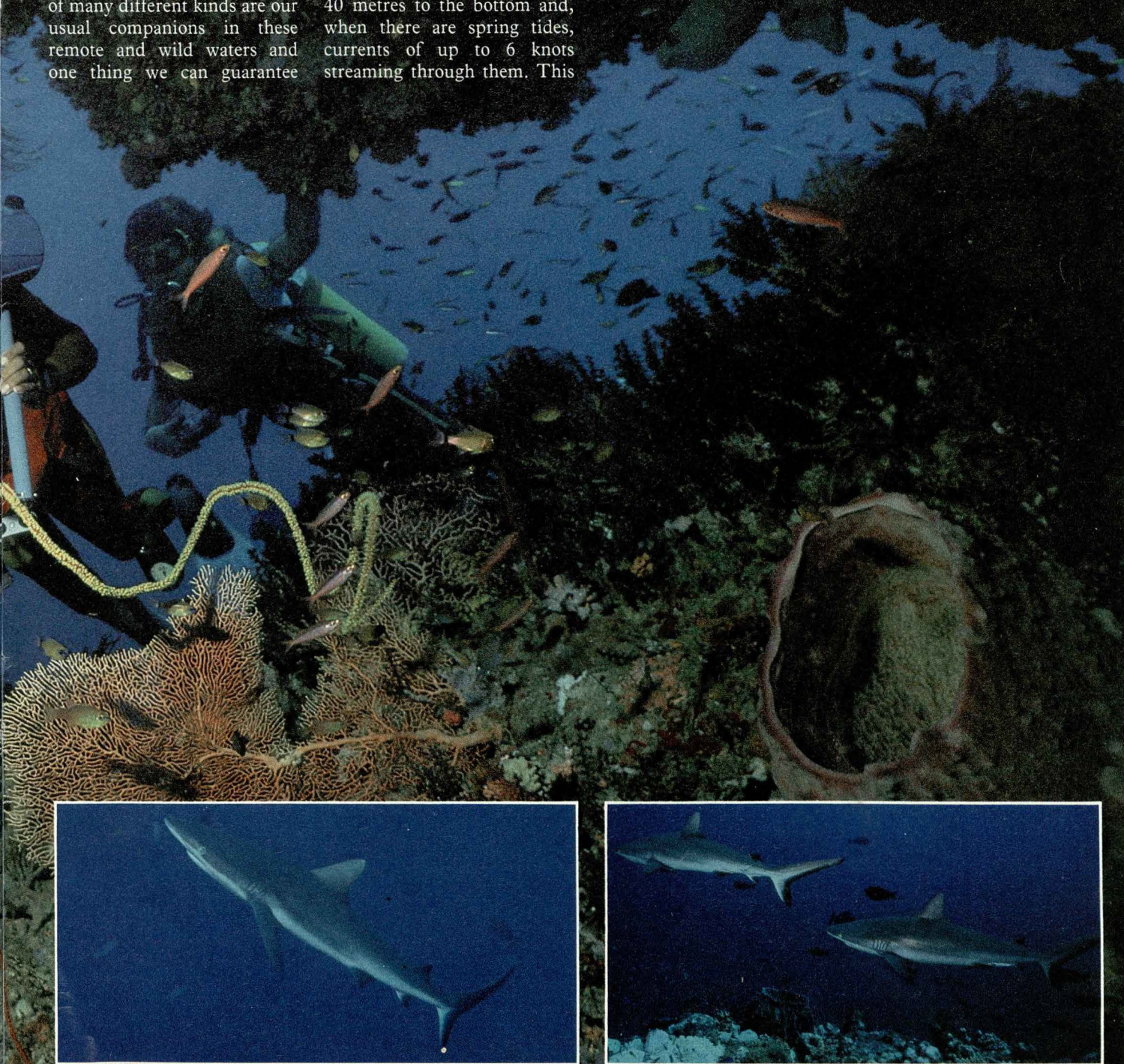


who both raised arms in the air as a signal for the boat to come and pick them up! I joined them first and took a couple of photos before the sharks too vanished into the depths. I don't believe there was any danger as we were not doing anything to excite or threaten the sharks — they were just inquisitive — but it certainly is an exciting memory recalling the maypole rays of sunshine flickering their way through the clear blue depths and playing on the backs of those graceful predators as they spiralled up towards us. Sharks of many different kinds are our usual companions in these remote and wild waters and one thing we can guarantee

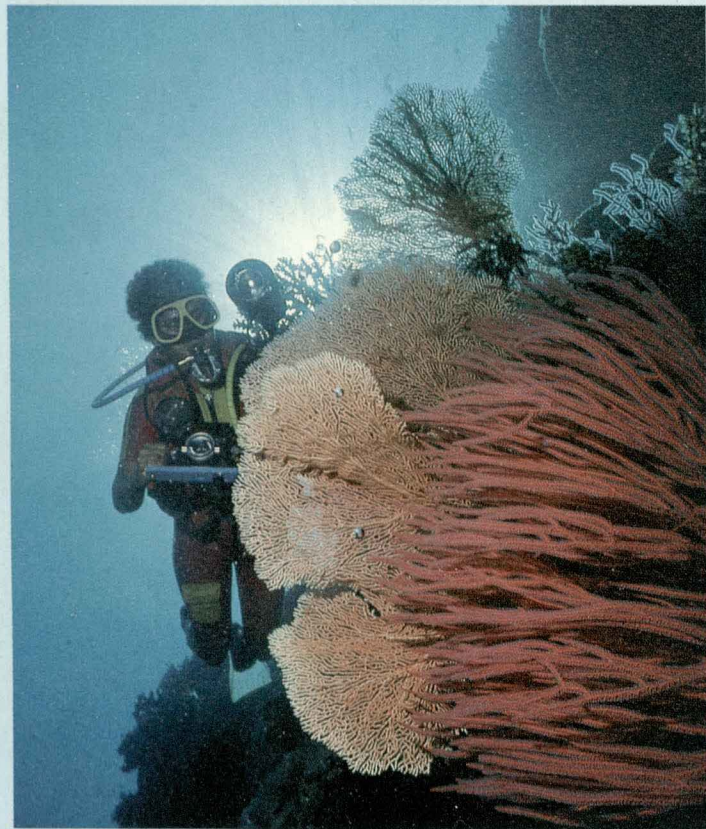
visiting divers is that they will see them. This, believe or not, is something to look forward to, not to worry about.

Another area that we sometimes include on our Milne Bay safaris is Samarai and China Straits. Here in 1873 Captain John Moresby discovered the new route to China from Australia. The Straits are a mile or so wide and curve between the Papua New Guinea mainland and dozens of Islands, including Samarai, which are the start of the Louisiade Archipelago. The straits have depths of 30 to 40 metres to the bottom and, when there are spring tides, currents of up to 6 knots streaming through them. This

is ideal pearl shell country and for many years a pearl farm operated on a nearby island. Now the unharvested bottom is littered with hundreds of large gold lip pearl shell. Not that they are easy picking — apart from the depth, the shells have growths on the outside exactly the same as the surrounding rock and it takes a good eye to spot one. It's fun to mimick the pearl divers and try our luck. Usually this is done by referring to the chart and tide tables to determine when the current is at a minimum. A line is lowered



Photos, from top: this beautiful pearl was a lucky find; Dinah Halstead photographs a Hammerhead shark; the sheer beauty of the Milne Bay reefs is unsurpassed; wreck of a P38 Lightning fighter, virtually intact.




over the side of our dive boat *Solatai*, with a single feeler weight on the bottom and a very heavy weight about 10m up. We use the echo sounder to find an area about 30m deep and once the feeler weight hits bottom we tie off the line and let *Solatai* drift. The divers are equipped with 4m lines that will be tied off on the feeler weight with a quick release knot. Down we go to slowly drift over the bottom looking for gold lip pearl shells. You are only allowed one — if you find one at all and that just depends on how good your eyes are! Paul Trotman found one and was excited at his good luck — he didn't realise at the time how good it was, for, when we opened the shell up, inside was a beautiful large natural pearl, something to keep and treasure along with the memories of an exciting adventure. Usually the next day we make the dive when the current is running fast and then zoom along the bottom, too fast to possibly collect shells, but thrilling at the effortless speed and rapidly changing scenery.

Sebastian Miyoni, a musician in the famous band, *Sanguma* once told me a story from his village on Basilaki Island in Milne Bay. It was a story that his uncle had told him of how an American pilot had flown his aircraft into the water in a nearby bay during World War II. The pilot had escaped unharmed from his aircraft and paddled ashore in a life raft which was used by villagers for several years afterwards. So on one of our safaris we decided to call in to the village and see if we could find the aircraft. An old man who remembered the crash took us to the area where he thought the plane had sunk. In we went, and started to search for the wreck. The side of the reef sloped down to 27 metres where the bottom levelled off. Dinah and I had no luck and returned to the surface not too surprised that we had not found it — but when we surfaced Mary Jane Stoll and her buddy Lillian were pointing out the directions to the other divers. They had dived right

on to the wreck, the first people to see it after 40 years on the bottom of the ocean. It turned out to be a "Lightning" fighter in near perfect condition.

Finding wrecks is always an exciting possibility when diving unexplored reefs and sometimes the discoveries are made quite innocently. On one dive I was quizzing returning divers to see how they enjoyed their dives. One pair told me of the school of tuna that had cruised past, another of the photos they had taken of a pair of lionfish on a black coral tree, but when the next diver came up he said "Oh, I was just taking pictures of a wreck over there." Our unanimous response was "What wreck?"

A few minutes later we all had our diving gear on again and were trying to make sense of the coral covered remains of a large steam powered timber vessel that had not quite navigated the reef channel many years before. The huge boiler was the most prominent part of the remains but nothing else that we found gave us any clues to the identity of the ship.

On all our safaris we guarantee that divers will make some dives where no one else has dived before. Those that prefer exploration at a slower pace can laze on the boat or shore and take the occasional dive — but we also cater for the diving fanatics who cannot stay out of the water. On our most recent safari (number 20) we had one couple who made 37 dives in nine and a half days, nearly an average of four full tank dives a day. Sorry, we do not provide "guided tours." Some people find it a little strange when they ask "What are we going to see on the next dive" and we answer "We don't know, anything can happen. Find out for yourselves and if you are first in the water and make a discovery we'll even name the dive site after you!" One thing for sure — it's an adventure! 

For details of Milne Bay Dive Safaris, contact Tropical Diving Adventures of Port Moresby, or Air Niugini.

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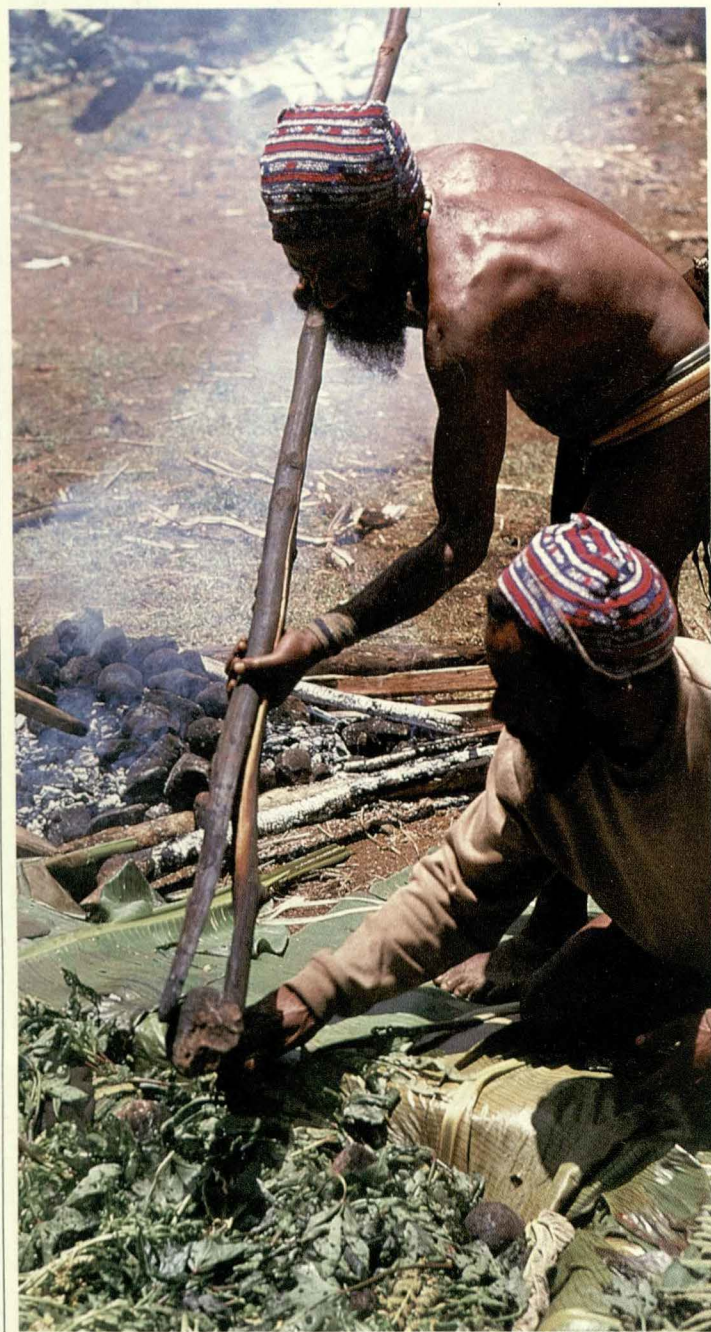
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NEBILY



Top left: preparing headdress from plumes of the King of Saxony Bird of Paradise; **below:** preparing the 'mumu' or earth oven; **right:** the participants in the 'Keram montopa welt okum' singing.

One misty morning, with the dew still wet upon the ground, a man emerged from the *pit pit* (tall bamboo grass) and stealthily approached a herd of pigs foraging in the mud for edible roots and worms. He seized the largest pig and placing it across his shoulders, as quickly as his burden would allow, ran off in the direction of his own land and safety. Another man hunting in nearby bush saw a quick movement on the track. Surprised, he investigated and

found extra deep footprints in the mud and suspiciously gave chase. As his quarry came in sight he realized the man was from a neighboring clan. With all his strength he hurled his spear, transfixing the thief through his lower back. The thief stumbled and the pig slid down his back to be supported by the shaft of the protruding spear. Realizing he was going to die he bravely continued back to his own house to die an honourable death rather than be axed by the enemy. The

ER MOKA

By Roey Berger and Neil Ryan



resultant conflict was to continue for many years without being peacefully concluded.

* * * *

In November 1983, in the Nebilyer Valley, thirteen kilometers from Mount Hagen in the Western Highlands Province a *Moka* took place. The *Moka* is a traditional ceremonial exchange of wealth, typical to the Hagen people, and is believed to date back hundreds of years. The *Moka* system is extremely complex and is generally based on compensation for deaths and

injuries incurred, and rewards for allegiances during tribal conflicts. This compensation is not usually a singular payment, but forms part of a cycle which is often carried through succeeding generations.

This ceremony took place over a two week period with the Ulga Komb clan giving a vast array of traditional wealth to the Ulga Agalimp clan. Unlike many similar ceremonies of recent times, all the items were of a traditional nature, rather than cars, cows, money, beer, etc which are now generally included. Several hundred pigs, with

some from as far away as Lae, arrived by truck or were led across mountain and gully for this occasion. Cassowaries, cassowary eggs, possums and bamboo tubes of tree oil were traded from remote areas of the Southern Highlands and, as special delicacies, eels and a large snake were also contributed.

After lengthy discussions the clan leaders finally settled on a day for the *Moka* to begin. Meetings were held with the *bigmen* of the donor clan deciding how much each family group was to contribute. This was conducted with much

oratory dialogue. On the first day of the ceremony the head of each family lined up his contribution in his singing ground for the count. The pigs were tied to stakes in the centre, while lining the sides were elaborately dressed groups of men and women singing and dancing to the beat of *kundu* drums. This demonstration gave the recipient clan a preview of the compensation they would receive and the stature of the donor was acknowledged. This stage of the ceremony took place over a three day period.

On the following day a number of pigs were sacrificed to the ancestral spirits for their support. This took place near an old grave-yard in a special spiritual place where no women and children are allowed. This pigs were clubbed and their blood poured on to prepared *kau kau* (sweet potato), taro, bananas and ferns. They were butchered and, with the vegetables, baked in earth ovens lined with hot stones.

While these were cooking the men dressed themselves for the "Keram Montopa Welt Okum" singing. They oiled their bodies and painted their faces with black powdered soot mixed with oil, and red and white pigments of special clays gathered for the purpose. It took each man hours to prepare his body and face, while assistants prepared their splendid headdresses of human hair wigs decorated with plumes from several species of birds of paradise. Some of these headdresses were hired especially for the occasion from a 'formal-wear hire service' and others made up from feathers which were traded long distances.

Whilst the men were preening themselves, the women were also being prepared for the singing. Their faces were painted with red, blue and white designs and, like the men, their bodies were oiled to reflect the

sunlight. The women's headdresses were larger than the men's, consisting of long black plumes of the Princess Stephanie Bird of Paradise (*Astrapia Stephanie*), bright red plumes of the Raggiana (*Paradisaea Raggiana*), brilliant yellow plumes of the Lesser Bird of Paradise (*Paradisaea Minor*) and the striking luminous blue pectoral shield of the Superb Bird of Paradise (*Lophorina Superba*). These were encircled by a crown of eagle wing-feathers and trimmed with a band of golden marsupial fur and on the forehead was placed a bailer shell plaque. Dangling from their ears were segments of green-snail shell and around their necks they laced strings of cowrie shells and long strands of multi-coloured beads. Each then added a kina pearl shell or large bailer shell to complete their decoration.

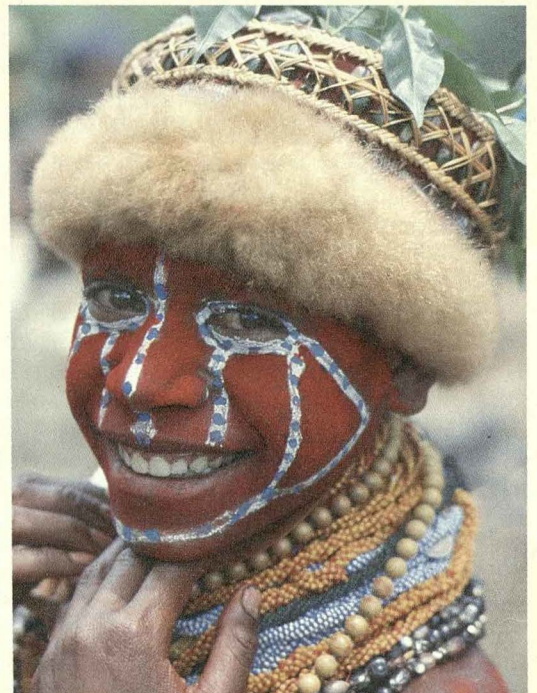
The men were finally ready and a prayer was said. The now cooked food was distributed and eaten, and the headdresses dedicated to the ancestral spirits. The dancers formed into marching lines and, chanting loudly to the beat of their kundus, they stormed through a fence into the singing ground with a magnificent display of imposing strength.

Singing traditional songs and dancing to the kundus the women led the men around the singing ground in the climactic performance of the ceremony.

Finally the wealth was officially distributed to the recipient clan, and other nearby and distant groups witnessed the completion of the Moka.

A whole generation has passed since the death of the pig thief, and the sons of the perpetrators of the ensuing tribal fight have now fulfilled the obligation of their parents. *Roey Berger and Neil Ryan are curators of the Western Highlands Cultural Gallery in Mount Hagen.*

Top: marching proudly around the singing ground; **below left:** a line of dancing women in magnificent attire; **right:** this young girl looks like she's enjoying the celebrations.

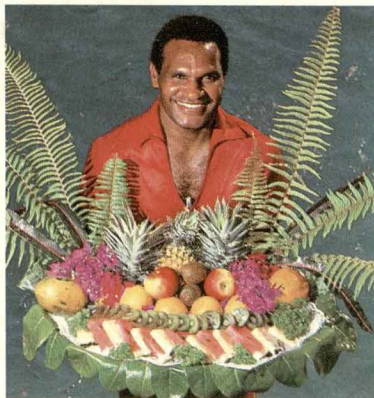




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