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Winner, 1989 PATA Gold Award,
Best Travel Story
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Best Travel Story



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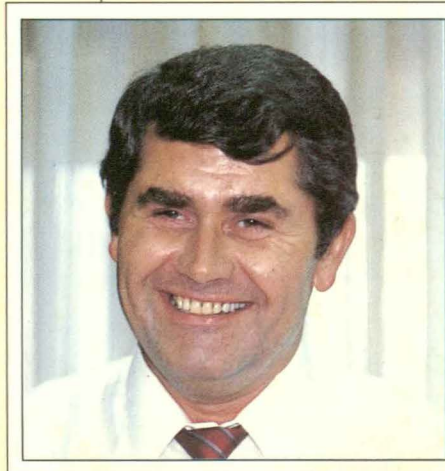
We hope too, that all our readers enjoy this issue which features articles our contributors have sent from the farthest reaches of Papua New Guinea.

Through these pages, visit the beautiful islands of Wuvulu and Kiriwina, the grandeur of volcanic Rabaul and the spectacular Goroka Show.

See how bustling Cairns International Airport has grown since Air Niugini gave it its start as an international port in 1975.

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Chief Executive & General Manager
Air Niugini



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Photograph by Greg Bluett.

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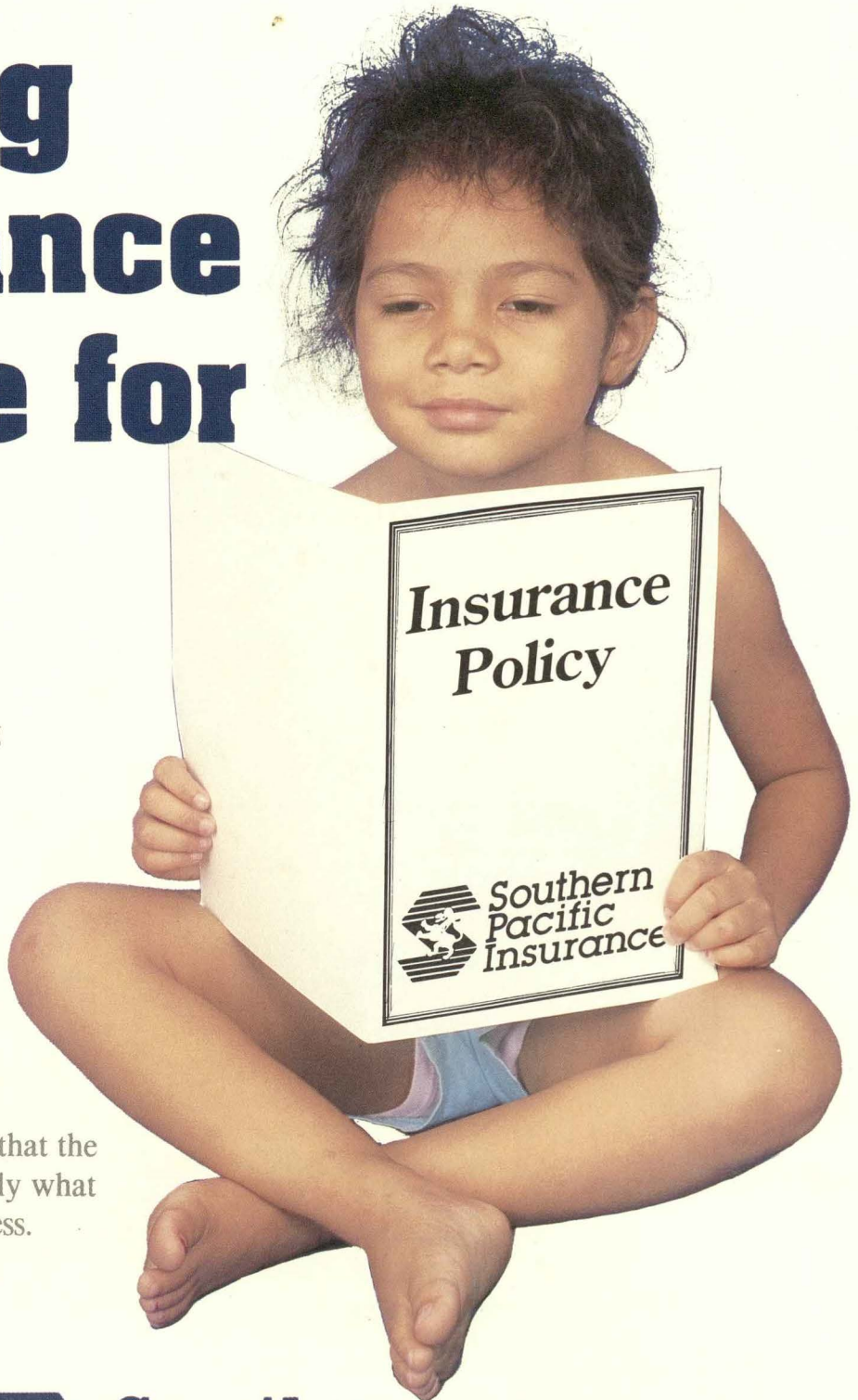
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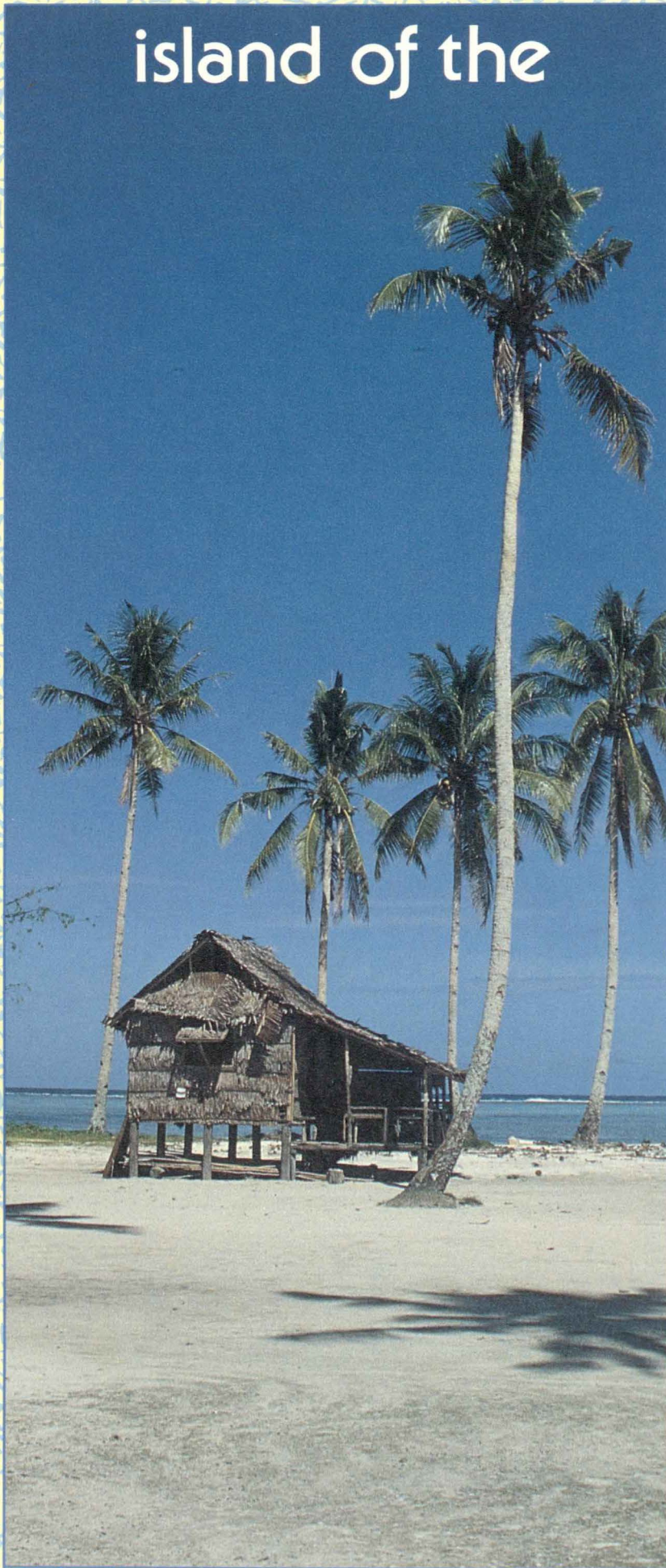
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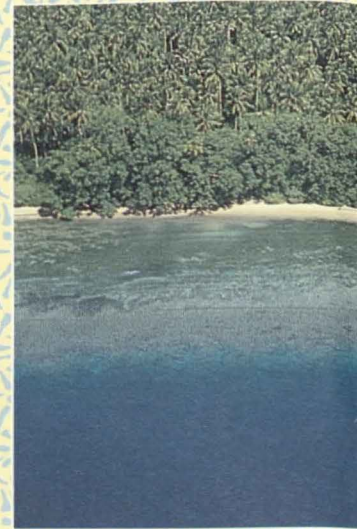
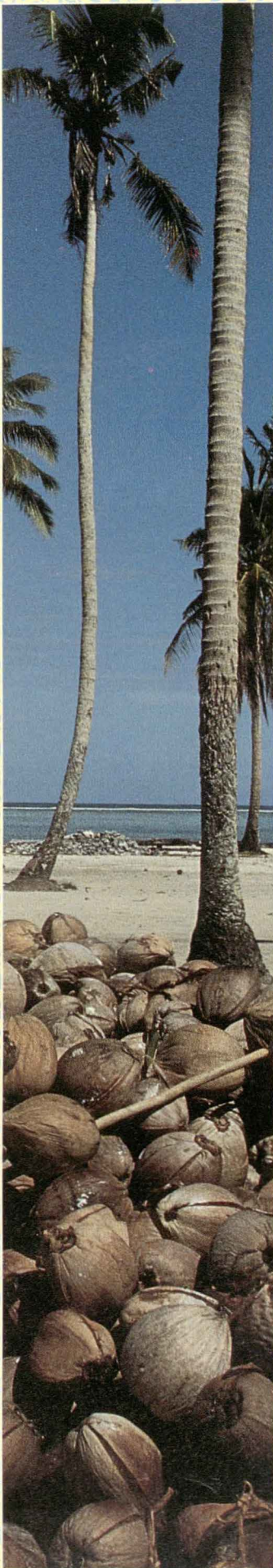
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Story and photographs
by Peter Stone

Right Onne (sunset)
village on the north-
west end of Wuvulu
Island.



From high above the ocean, Wuvulu Island has the appearance of a butterfly drifting on the Bismarck Sea. A turquoise fringe lines its wings where the coral reef extends toward the deep blue of the ocean depths.

There are few islands in the world as peaceful and beautiful as Wuvulu. None of the land is higher than two metres. East to west the island is only eight

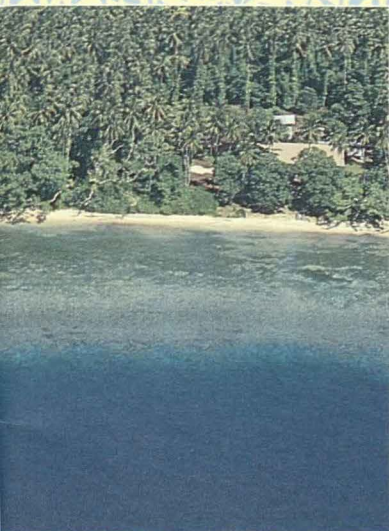
kilometres long; its perimeter, 15 kilometres. Wuvulu is the westernmost of the Western Isles Group of the Bismarck Archipelago, comprising 70 islands.

Fewer than 600 people live in harmony on an island that the father of scuba diving, Jacques-Yves Cousteau, described as having some of the finest diving in the world.

Max Gilchrist and Sylvia

Grall greeted me on arrival. At the time, they ran the only guest lodge on Wuvulu. Their battered and often-borrowed Toyota utility, the only vehicle on the island, had seen better days but was still a valuable tool for the community.

I threw my diving gear in the back, and settled in for a bumpy ride to the lodge. Thirty minutes later I was diving off a sheer vertical wall right in front



Above A typical Wuvulu Island house, far left and centre Aerial views of the south-western tip and Auna (sunrise) village, below Wuvulu Islander with Micronesian features which differ from those of Melanesian mainlanders.



of the lodge, the ocean bed many hundreds of fathoms below.

Just below the surface of the fringing reef the coral is neatly undercut, in some areas up to 20 metres, providing a haven for marine life. Ancient stalactites in deeper caves testify that the island once rose high above the sea but has since subsided; black coral, gorgonia seafans and soft corals adorn the reef walls.

Schooling fish and roaming pelagics cruise the crystal clear waters where underwater visibility is rarely less than 30 metres. Diving here is like climbing a mountain underwater. Once on the outside wall, there is nothing below for 200 fathoms.

There is an obvious distinction between the physical appearance of the Wuvulu Islanders and people of the mainland. Wuvuluans have Micronesian



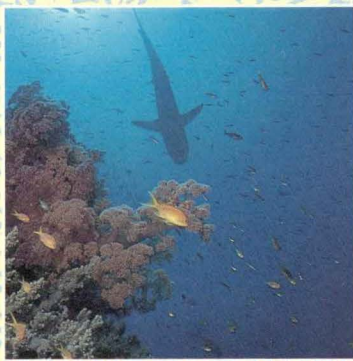
features, a lighter build and lighter skin than their Melanesian neighbors.

Their lifestyle is gentle and unsophisticated but it was not always so. Captain Bristow of HMS Sir Andrew Hammond is presumed to have been the first to 'discover' Wuvulu Island in 1817, although the Spaniard Ortiz de Retes recorded the island in 1545. Captain Bristow described the island as being peopled by a ferocious race of savages and thus named it Tiger Island.

Wuvulu was visited again in the 1890s by Captain A. F. Andersen in the schooner Welcome. His description of the people is contrary to that of Bristow 70 years before. "The natives are Polynesian, as well proportioned as the Samoans but smaller," he wrote. "They have neither slanted eyes nor tattoos. They are exceedingly friendly and happy, and laugh continually. They wear tortoiseshell earrings... and wear no bracelets but have hats made of leaves which resemble a bishop's mitre. Their weapons and tools, such as their large tortoiseshell axes, are most cunningly crafted. Their canoes are very beautiful having high stem and stern posts. They build their houses of planks, painted white, in little villages, each of which is surrounded by coconut palms and located near the shore."

By the turn of the century the ferocity of the Tiger Islanders was waning. A white man would arrive with the spiritual strength to overcome the tenacity of the islanders. The natives called him Fai'u. He arrived as William Leonard but was born Edvard Christian Antonius Nielson-Ortofft in Denmark. Fai'u established a home on the island and is said to have brought peace to the fighting Wuvuluans.

German occupation of northern New Guinea in 1884 resulted in 175,000 coconut trees being planted on Wuvulu. The Plantation House, built from materials brought in from Shanghai, still exists in a dilapidated and deserted condition.



A substantial road was constructed around the perimeter of the island but few traces of it remain. Without vehicle transport there is no need for a road. Walking is the accepted form of transport although there are quite a few bicycles.

It has been conservatively estimated that some 3,000 islanders died from introduced disease in a 15-year period at the turn of the century. In 1913 the population was only 380. It has nearly doubled since, with the addition of 'migrants' from the Sepik region of the mainland.

The islanders live in two villages at either end of the island. Onne village (meaning sunset) at the north-western tip is in an idyllic setting, fringed by coconut palm. Auna village (sunrise) is on the south-west tip facing east. I was impressed with the neatness of the villages and the individual homes. Nothing seemed out of place. Crushed coral between the homes is swept clean of even a

small branch.

The timber houses are of simple design, many set on high stumps to take advantage of any cool tropical breeze. Before German occupation, malaria was a major problem on the island, mosquitoes breeding profusely in man-made taro swamps. Airtight houses were constructed by skilled craftsmen on tall poles to alleviate the problem. With modern drugs, such precautions are unnecessary.

The islanders are skilled wood carvers, with many beautiful sculptures of marine creatures sold to appreciative collectors.

Subsistence is based on the cultivation of taro and fishing. The first arrivals from Micronesia found the coral island bare except for an abundance of coconut. There was no fresh surface water and no arable ground. With simple tools made from clam and turtle shells, they dug large pits out of the hard coral base in the centre of the island. As water filtered in, the

ponds were used to grow hula, a giant form of taro with leaves that can grow to a height of three metres. The starch-based root is part of the staple diet.

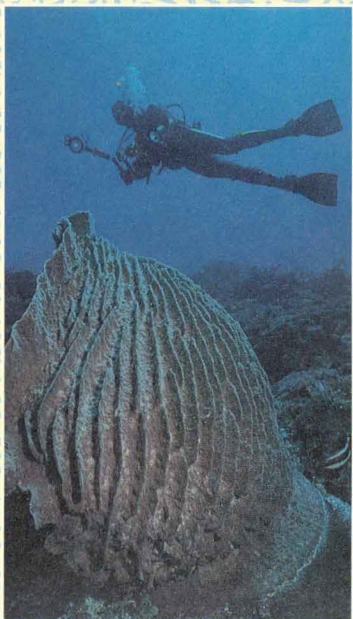
Fishing is both a past-time and a necessity on the island. The bobbing heads of children within the reef indicate a school of fish trapped in a rock pool. Children wear goggles and use a short line and hook. When they spot a fish nibbling the bait they tug on the line and hook the fish. Scoop nets are used to catch fish in smaller pools, or the crushed root of a local plant is used as a poison. Larger fish are attracted at night by the light of a hurricane lamp and unceremoniously hacked with machetes.

Deep sea fishing off the reef edge requires ingenuity. A palm leaf is tied to a rock. The baited hook is snagged on the leaf and dropped into the depths. At the required depth, or when slack is reached, the line is given a tug and the hook breaks free from

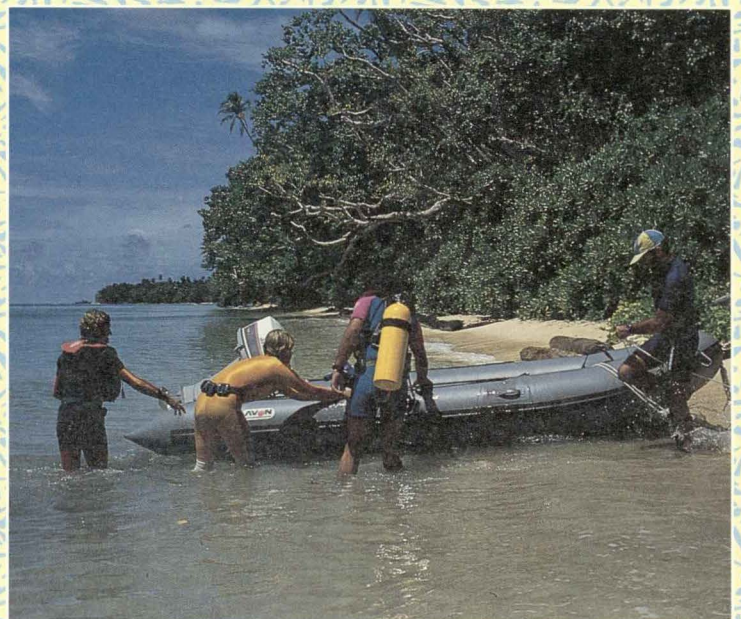
the rock, suspending a tempting morsel. Islanders have been known to catch strange creatures from a depth of below 300 metres.

Fish and taro are supplemented with delicious kuka (coconut crab), chickens which seem to roam wild over the island but are actually farmed, wild bush pigeons and turtles. The coconut crab is a formidable beast, with huge claws that can rip open a coconut — and snap off a finger. The claws are prized for their meat.

Tourism will assist in supporting the island, but care is needed. "Wuvulu Island is yet unspoiled by intervention," a 1975 real estate prospectus stated in its introduction. It should remain that way. Let the Tiger people continue to live in tranquillity.



Top left Sharks roam the reefs fringing Wuvulu Island. **top right** With only one motor vehicle on the island, bicycles are the main transport. **left** Huge sponges grow on the reefs. **below** Children grow up friendly and open on Wuvulu. **right** Scuba divers take to the clear waters.





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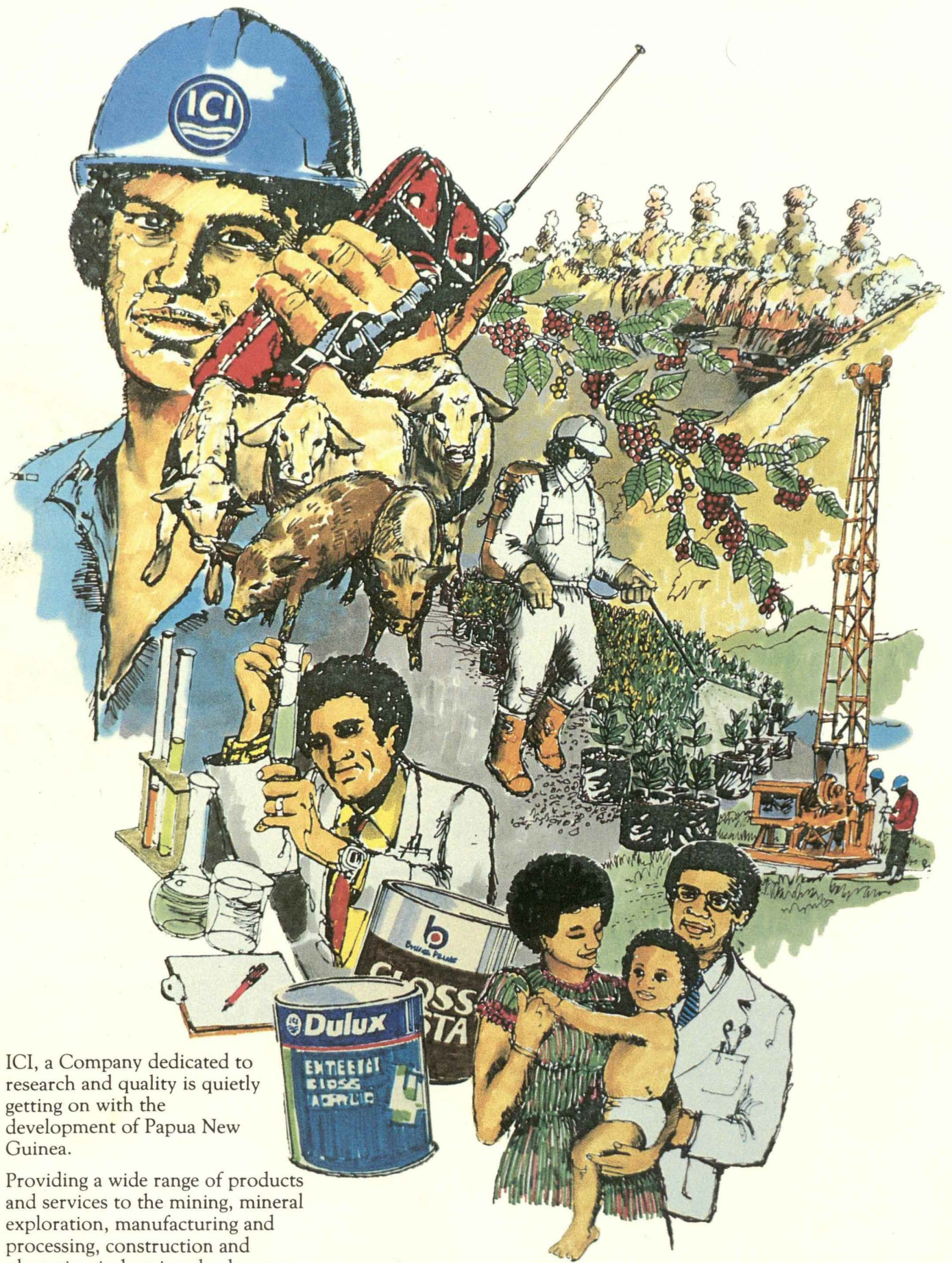
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“It is very meaningful to me that you are out here in our village with your chainsaw cutting these logs into blocks so our children can use them for school desks,” Mr Segea Domai said to me. “It reminds me of the time I started school.”



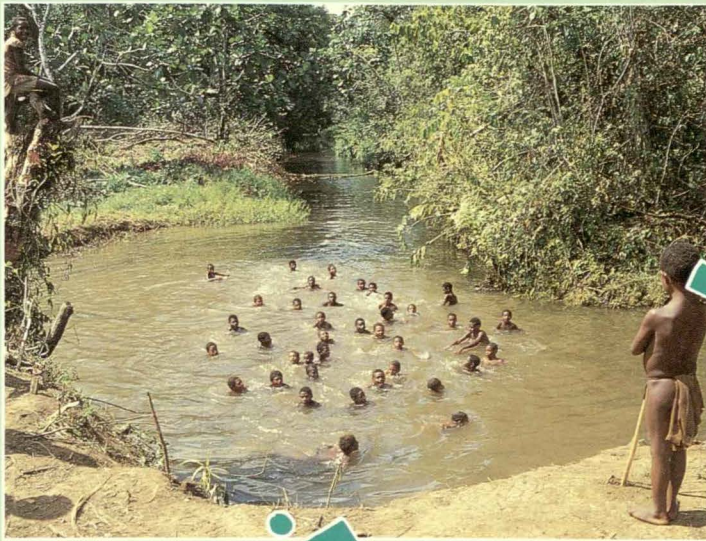
Story and photographs by Keith Briggs

a school is BORN

Our minds went back exactly 20 years to when my wife, Norma, and I came to live as the first resident missionaries among the Kaluli people on the Great Papuan Plateau. It was the people’s desire that Norma open a school, which she did, getting it under way on a level piece of ground, using a small blackboard

balanced on an easel. Meanwhile the parents, older brothers and sisters and I cleared some land on our mission station and built their first classroom. It had an earthen floor, black palm walls and a sago thatch roof. I cut logs into 45cm lengths for desks and 10cm slabs for seats. This good solid furniture sufficed for a few years until we set up our sawmill and made conventional desks.

Segea was among the 45 wide-eyed little village boys who had been selected by their parents to be the first pupils in the first school they had ever seen. In those days, with no records of births, the way to ascertain whether a child was of school age was to get him to reach his right hand over the top of his head and grasp his left ear. If he could do this he was old enough, as a child below about seven is not able to perform this feat. If he could reach over and shave his left cheek with his right hand he was probably too old!



Top Assembly outside double classroom, while parents remove a tree stump. **left** Swimming hole in the school’s boundary. **lower left** Building the airstrip. **right** Learning to count.



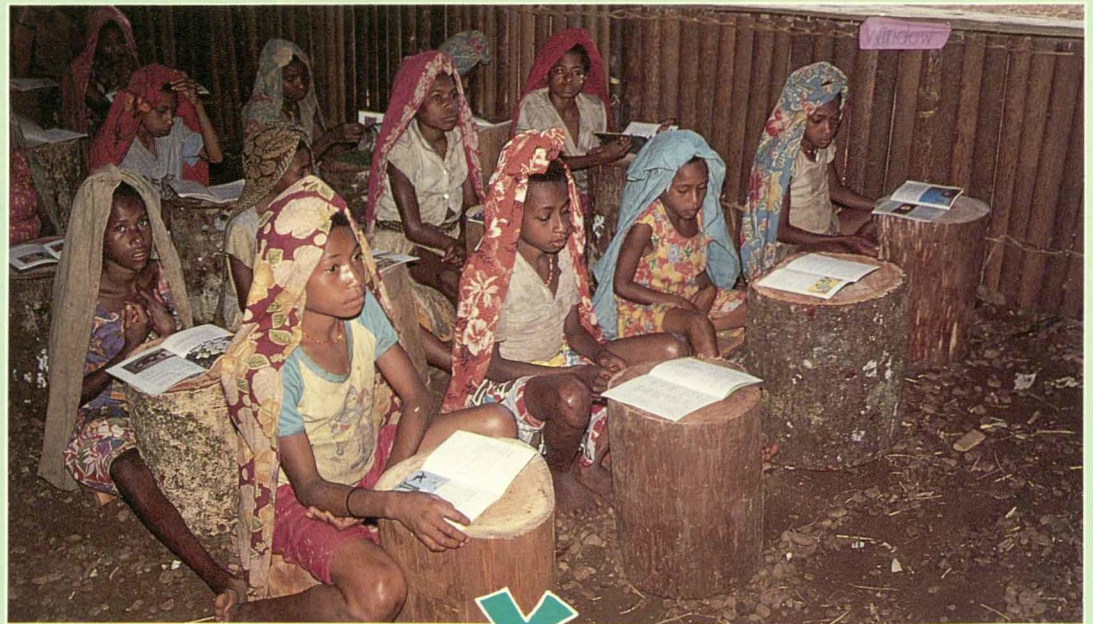
Each boy wore a wisp of cloth hanging fore and aft from a string belt, his tail covered with a bunch of leaves. Some of these children used to walk for up to five hours each Sunday to school and home again each Friday for the six years of their primary schooling. Segea was one of the few in his class who made it to high school in Mendi.

After high school he worked at various jobs in Mendi for a few years, and married. He wanted to become a teacher and applied for teacher training. Granted a position, he went off to Gaulim Teachers' College leaving his wife and baby daughter in his village of Waragu. After graduation he gained experience in two different schools but it was the desire of his heart to start a school in his own area. This would save the children from the long walks and the separation from their parents.

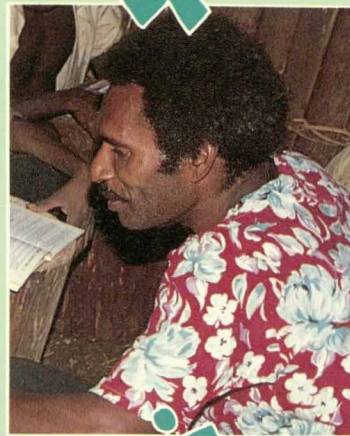
During 1988 and 1989 the Waragu people worked hard forming an airstrip that my brother-in-law, a fellow missionary, marked out with surveying instruments. The people labored with spades, four wheelbarrows and cane stretchers to shift the soil. They realised that teachers from other places were more likely to apply for a posting that has the reassuring presence of a handy airstrip, in an area with no roads. The thought of being able to have their store goods delivered to the door rather than having to carry them on their backs for four hours was also a powerful incentive for the villagers.

The well-made, 650 metre airstrip was completed in 1990 and opened late that year.

Close to the airstrip the people cleared all scrub, trees and logs from a tract of land designated for their school. Using bush materials they constructed a neat double classroom with office and storeroom in the centre. Doors and windows were neatly finished off with attention to details like architraves of axe-hewn timber and window boxes similarly



Above A third of the class are girls. **right** Teacher Segea Domai. **below** Missionary Aviation Fellowship pilot Phil Amore after making the first landing on the airstrip.



formed in which decorative plants grow. Two teacher's houses were also built. The whole project is one of commendable self help, so it was with great joy that they welcomed the news that the Education Department approved the school with Segea Domai as headmaster.

I was only too glad to walk out with some of the Waragu men to cut the blocks for use as desks. They were all set up on the earth floor with the seat slabs behind them, and school was in!

With quite some emotion Segea said to me: "Look at that. Just 20 years ago this month I was sitting before Norma in the same way at a desk block that you cut with that very chainsaw. Now here I have children sitting before me. As it was in those early days, we too are starting off with a small blackboard borrowed from the church, bush sticks for counters and making do with what we can make ourselves until our supplies arrive. We are using exercise books with some unused pages donated by school leavers, chalk from the literacy teacher, and we are away!"

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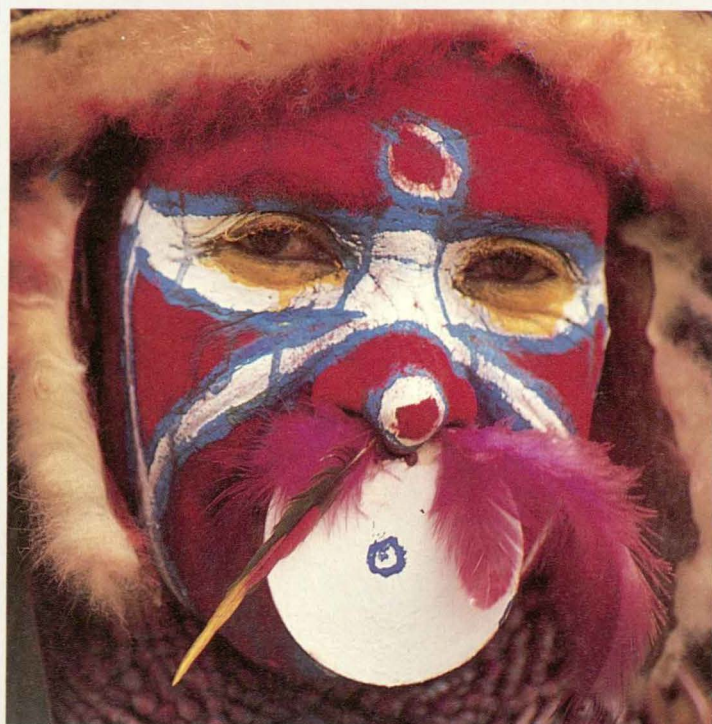


GOROKA

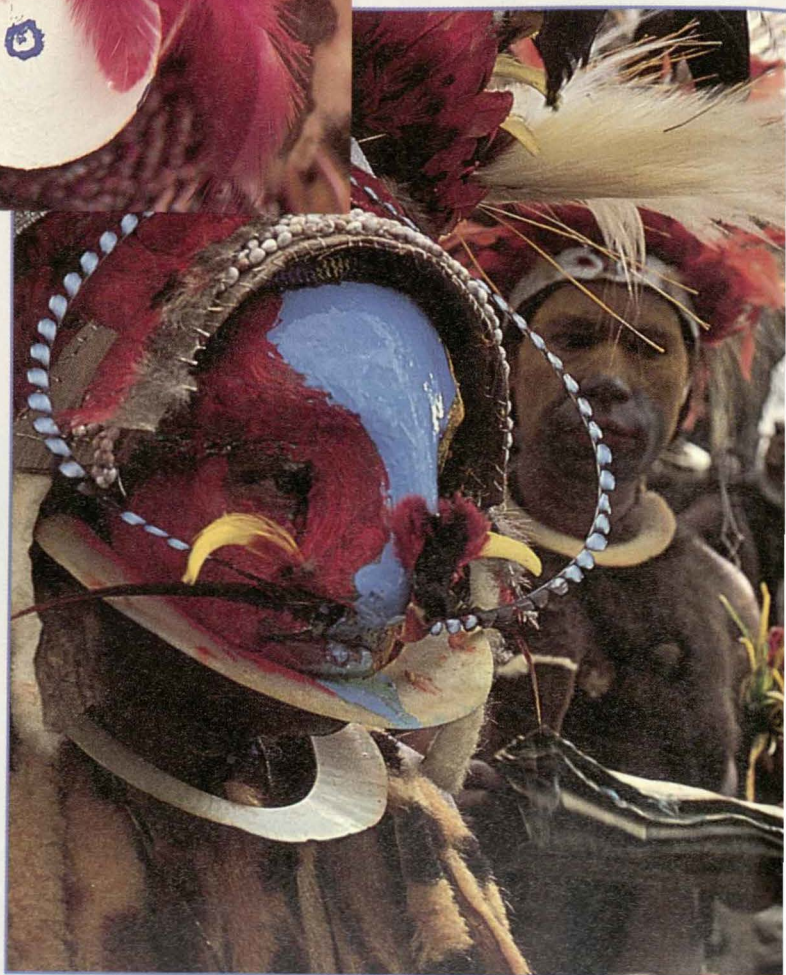
In the early morning mist of the Goroka Highlands, in between the tall, sweet smelling pines, a large group of Mendi women prepare for a performance. Their heavily painted faces peer into the shards of mirror they hold as they apply the final touches of lime white around their eyes. The long, sweeping, majestic feathers rock with the slow movements of their bodies. The headdresses are so heavy the women have difficulty rising from the sitting position. They sit cross-legged, pulling tighter the colored blankets which protect them from the crispness of the early morning. Attentive men, presumably husbands or wantoks, carefully and gently unwrap the precious newspaper sheets from the protective newspaper sheets and equally carefully place them in the woven bark caps the women wear. The women draw on long cigarettes rolled in newspaper, sending spirals of smoke into the air. Everything is done with slow deliberation and respect.

The first day of Independence Weekend and the Goroka Show is beginning. Many of Papua New Guinea's 700-plus clan groups have sent representatives to perform in what is undoubtedly the country's largest and most impressive singsing. Chants can be heard sweeping through the valleys and every now and then a truckload of dancers banging their snake skin drums pass by on their way to the showground. It is an extraordinary event.

Preparing early in the morning often before sunrise, the dancers converge in the streets outside the showground, their numbers swelling as the sun rises and the heat intensifies. Smeared with

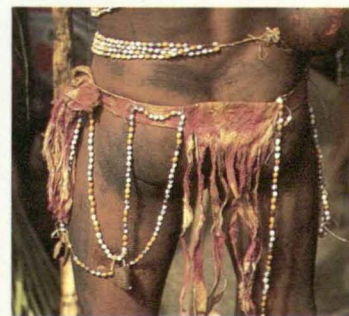


pig fat and vegetable oils, their skins shine, often colored red or black with ochres or charcoal. The long plumes of headdresses can be seen for miles. Huge ivory white kina shells hang across the breasts of the Highlands women. Giant totems made of bamboo and vine are strapped to the backs of young men and pieces of colored fabric sway metres above the heads of the crowd. The noise increases, feet stamp in the dusty ground, drums are beaten and the searing singsong voices of Papua New Guinea women cut through the air like a knife.



Story and photographs by Liz Thompson

Show



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Feathers, fur, paint, clay, plants and precious sea shells form the basis of most Highlands bilas (finery).

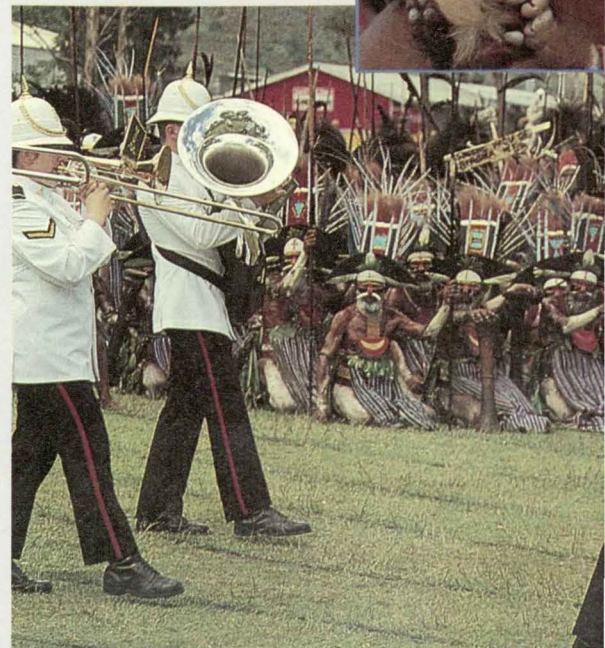
One of the strangest groups is adorned in full body suits of dried ferns and flowers complete with helmets so that every part of their bodies is covered. In the stifling heat it is not surprising that they hardly move. Rather, they slowly lift their arms waving axes also covered in dried ferns. They appear as though in slow motion strangely disconnected from the general fervor and frenzy building up around them. Several hours later they have taken off their masks and stand, sweat pouring down their faces, looking exhausted.

Close by, men wearing stripes of yellow ochres, with long pieces of bamboo on their fingers and small pieces of tapa tied around their waists, enact the dance of their bush spirit. Many of the singsings are an enactment of the idea of each clan's bush spirits. One of the most interesting of these is a group of men from Nokondi, painted charcoal black and wearing tall conical shaped hats decorated with the small grey seeds known as Job's tears. They too wear long bamboo fingers but only on one hand and move stealthily backwards and forwards in unison, their bamboo hands outstretched before them. They tell me they are the bush spirit, the half-man, who lives with the half-woman and half-children in caves hidden in the bush surrounding Nokondi. Literally half a person, the spirit has one eye and one ear, the other side of the body not visible or nonexistent. The spirit is usually good but sometimes steals. They know when he is the culprit by the tracks — a row of single footprints.

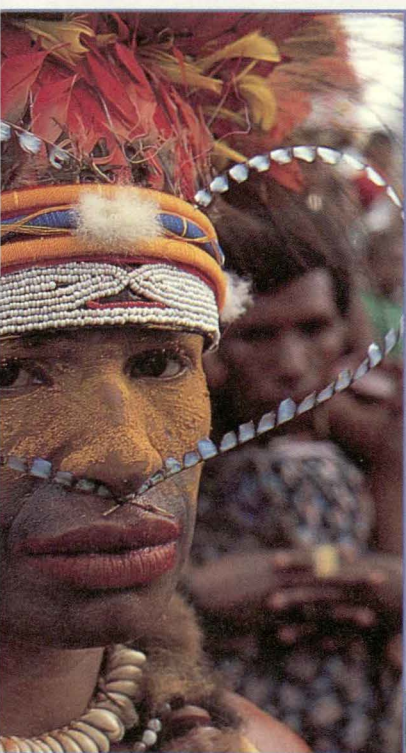


A group on stilts covered in ferns negotiates its way around a group covered in very uncomfortable kapok-like substance. The kapok, they say represents their bush spirit who has flaky skin and this substance is the closest they can get to representing it. Others pass by with half coconut shells stuck on to bark bases strapped to their heads. Small fires flicker in the shells and they stoop to let friends light their cigarettes. Colored wooden wings lined with small white feathers move backwards and forwards in the Ekima dance as people enact the movement and appearance of the pigeon.

One of the most disturbing performances is by the Megabo group enacting their perception of leprosy. Men painted black, with gobs of tree resin sitting on their skin like huge abrasions, sit or lie writhing on the ground. Hideous to watch they are continually scratching at the skin surrounding the tree resin tipping back their heads in slow painful movements intermittently letting out cries. Small boys run around them waving branches attempting to brush



Left Getting ready for the show requires helping hands. inset left Kapok represents flaking skin of bush spirit. centre Feathers, beads and paint combined in spectacular body ornamentation. bottom Echoes of the colonial past, with music by a military brass band. right Mendi women await their turn in the arena.





Left Sunflower decoration. **right** Plumage maketh the man. **centre inset** Remembering and satirising the Australian kiap. **bottom inset** Women getting made up. **lower right** The 'bird man' of Goroka.

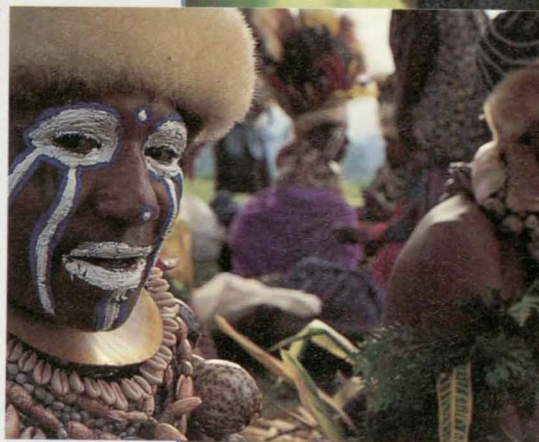
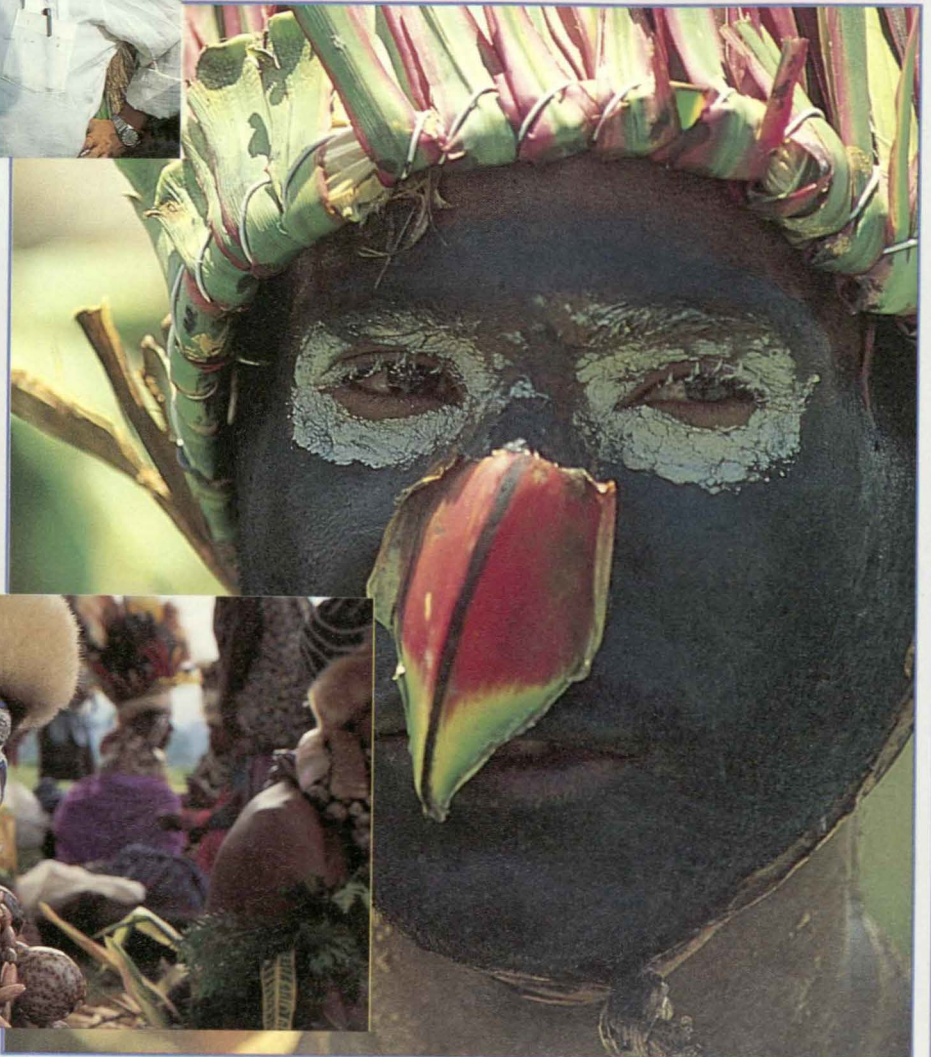
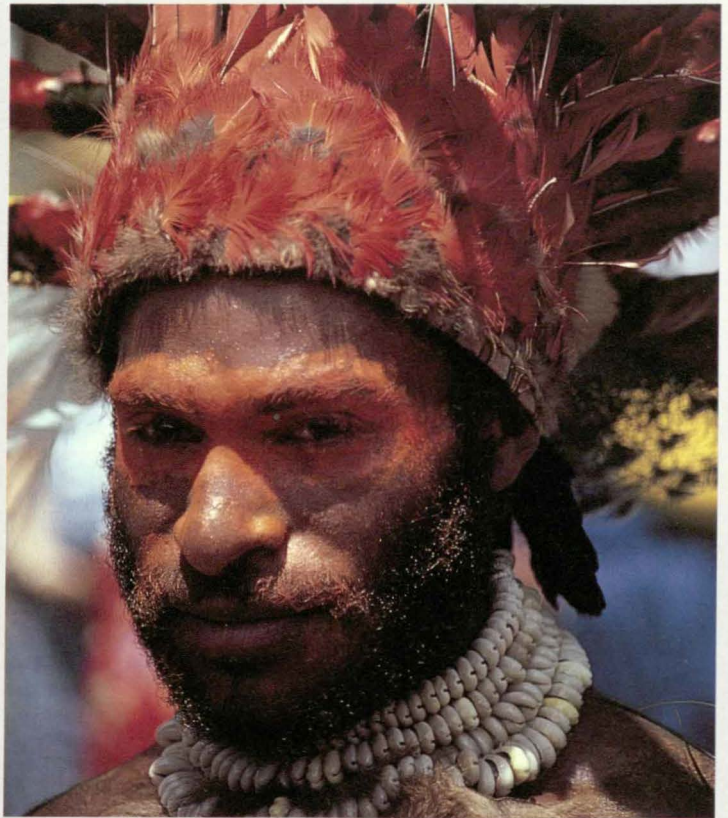
away the imaginary flies which settle on victims of leprosy. Elsewhere, a Kewa group enacts a traditional funeral. A child lies suspended from a wooden platform. He is the dead son of a chief and it is customary that he lies in such a way for several days. Women sit beneath the body wearing strings of Job's tears and waving their arms.

More contemporary singsings feature among the traditional rendition of bush spirits and old beliefs. Young men painted with charcoal wear leather belts and tin guns and some have peak caps. Their arms are decorated with lime stripes of office, their chests with ochre medals. They march vigorously to barked commands of their leader and they call themselves the Police Youth Group.

Another strange apparition is that of a Papua New Guinean, his face is painted pale with ochres. His shirt is stuffed to create a huge stomach and a necktie falls across it. He wears reflecting sunglasses and is carried into the showground on a platform on the shoulders of villagers. Two similar looking men run along behind hitting at the back of women. This is the singing of the kiap or at least this particular group's interpretation of the kiap experience.

The show is a fascinating mix of the old and the new, the traditional perception of bush spirits and modern day events. The audience is not predominantly tourist as many would imagine but hugely popular with local residents.

There is an unusual intensity surrounding the event, exaggerated by the heat and the rising dust, the mingled smells of pig fat oils and sweat and the repetitious beat of snake skin



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C A I R N S

Story and photographs
by Tim Hancock

Right Control tower of the recently upgraded Cairns International Airport. **bottom right** Air Niugini Airbus arriving from Port Moresby.

comes of age

The latest passenger and cargo statistics for Cairns International Airport reflect the growing popularity of Far North Queensland as a tourist destination.

1990 saw close to half a million international arrival, departure and transit passengers, an increase of 20 per cent on the previous year. This figure included more than 43,000 Port Moresby arrivals and departures. International passenger movements are expected to reach 2.8 million by 2000 and plans are being made for a new jet maintenance base for heavy aircraft.

Today, Cairns International is Australia's fifth busiest airport. It accounts for 9,000 jobs, or 12 per cent of district employment, and contributes \$166 million annually to the local economy.

The airport's 63-year history is a sequence of runway extensions and major upgrades.

In 1928, Tom McDonald first operated his Gypsy Moth aircraft off a stony ridge to the west of the present site of Cairns International Airport. In 1936, three intersecting strips were built and in 1937 the Australian Government purchased the Cairns Airstrip and sealed 1,555 metres of runway.

The runway was extended to 1,707m in 1949 and to 2,011m for jets in 1965.

In November 1975, Air Niugini became the first international operator in Cairns. The combined international/domestic



Top Air Niugini's Airbus at the Cairns international terminal.



Left Air Niugini's airport engineer, Gunther Stern.



Air Niugini operates 24 flights a week between Cairns and Papua New Guinea.

Above The international terminal.

terminal east of runway 15/33 was constructed in 1984, three years after the Cairns Port Authority took over the airport.

In 1988, the airport was upgraded again and the main runway extended by 600m.

Approval was also granted for a three-level international terminal building with aerobridges, new road works and a new Instrument Landing System. September 1990 saw the new terminal up and running.

A refuellers' strike three weeks after the terminal opening was a big challenge for the airport as many international flights were diverted to Cairns. More than 60 international flights arrived in two days, including Lufthansa Cargo, ANA, Singapore Airlines, and Cathay. All went smoothly.

The new-look Cairns International Airport is a model of safety and modern architectural design.

A steel-framed building was chosen to withstand cyclones and special airconditioning in the tower stops condensation obscuring the controller's view. Flood protection is another safety feature. The terminal covers 15,000 sq. m. and the runway is now 3,200m long.

Freeport Indonesia operates a BAC-111 from Cairns to Irian Jaya to service a gigantic copper mine. Its Chief Pilot, Geoff Burgess, tells us: "Back in the 70s when it was only Air Niugini and ourselves operating international flights, passenger handling such as customs and immigration was conducted in the old Ansett terminal on the western tarmac (now Flight West) with temporary partitioning put up to separate the domestic passengers. It was very informal".

Today, customs officials aim to clear 75 per cent of passengers within 40 minutes of arrival and this is being achieved.

"We will be moving to a 20-hour day, 7 days a week operation soon and 30 additional staff will be located in Cairns before the end of the year," said an official.

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HIGHLANDS CAP

Story and photographs by Daniel Kumbon



Like the bilum (string bag), handwoven Highlands caps are made in different shapes and sizes varying from province to province. Caps from Simbu are different from those worn in the Eastern Highlands, Western Highlands, Enga, Southern Highlands and vice versa. But of them all, there is one type that is really striking.

Above The author at Cardiff Park.

This cap comes from the Southern Highlands particularly Mendi, Ialibu, Nipa, Pangia, some parts of Western Highlands and Kandep in Enga province. Known as the '5 dola tangi' in Kandep, it costs K10 or more for a really good one colorfully woven with cuscus fur. The name is derived from the fact that it used to cost five dollars when the Australian currency was in use before Independence in 1975.

I have worn a Highlands cap since 1979. I cannot recall how many I've worn over the years. I have three now, which I change as I do my clothes. I wore two of them in the United Kingdom in 1989. When I was asked if it was part of tradition to wear one all the time, I said 'Yes', because although it used to be worn only in the Highlands, the '5 dola tangi' is readily being accepted by just anybody throughout Papua New Guinea.

I treasure the memory of some experiences I had during my trip to the UK and realise the value of having worn my cap to that country. In transit in Hong Kong, a policeman asked me if I was from India because of my cap, the bilum I was carrying and my long beard.

I feel proud to have travelled like that — a typical Papua New Guinean and a Highlander at

that. There are more than two million Africans, Carribeans and Asians living in Great Britain and if it wasn't for my beard, my cap or the string bag I would have just passed for another black man. I would never have met the people I did.

For instance, I met Dr Barry Richardson who was my lecturer for a course at the University of PNG a few years ago. I met him in one of the busiest places — the Baker Street underground tube station in London. He spotted my distinctive Highlands cap among the hundreds of people who like ants flow endlessly in and out of underground tube stations.

As I waited for my train I noticed a man staring at me from about three metres away. I stared back at him but he surprised me with a smile. I suddenly recognised him.

"Dr Barry?"

"Yes! What are you doing here? And what is your name again? I kind of forgot."

I was so overcome with emotion I could only answer his questions. He was the first person I'd met either from PNG or somebody I'd known before I was in the UK. I was told later that it had been a rare occasion to meet somebody you know in a crowded city of millions like London.

On another occasion, in Cardiff, a city with a population of 300,000, I met Steven Sula, aged 28. His parents are from Eastern Europe but are now citizens of the United Kingdom. Our meeting was on a cold afternoon when he stopped his bicycle in front of me. Without the least hesitation he asked "Where are you from?"

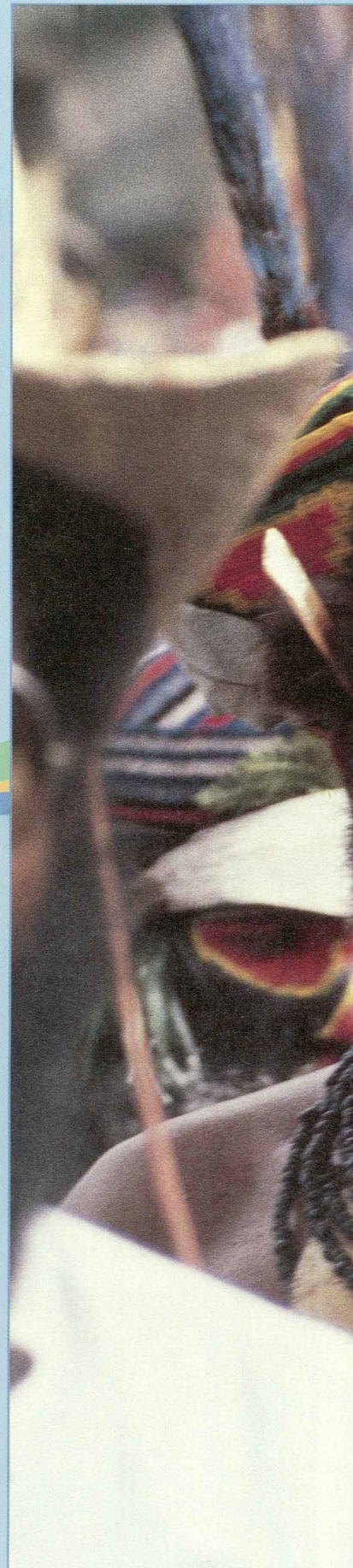
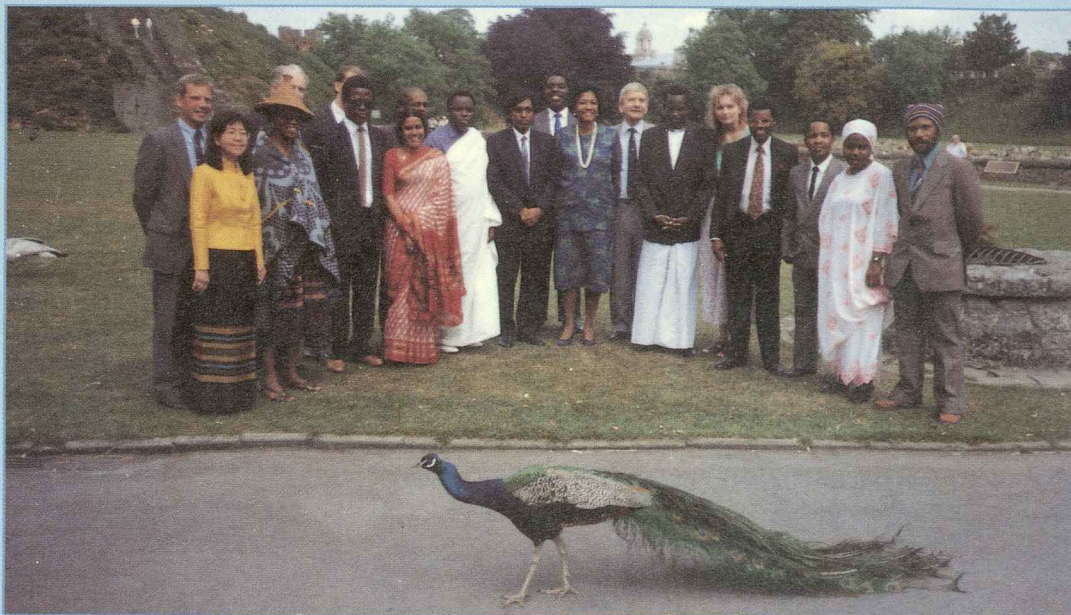
"Why?" I replied. I was reluctant to answer immediately because friends had warned me of racism.

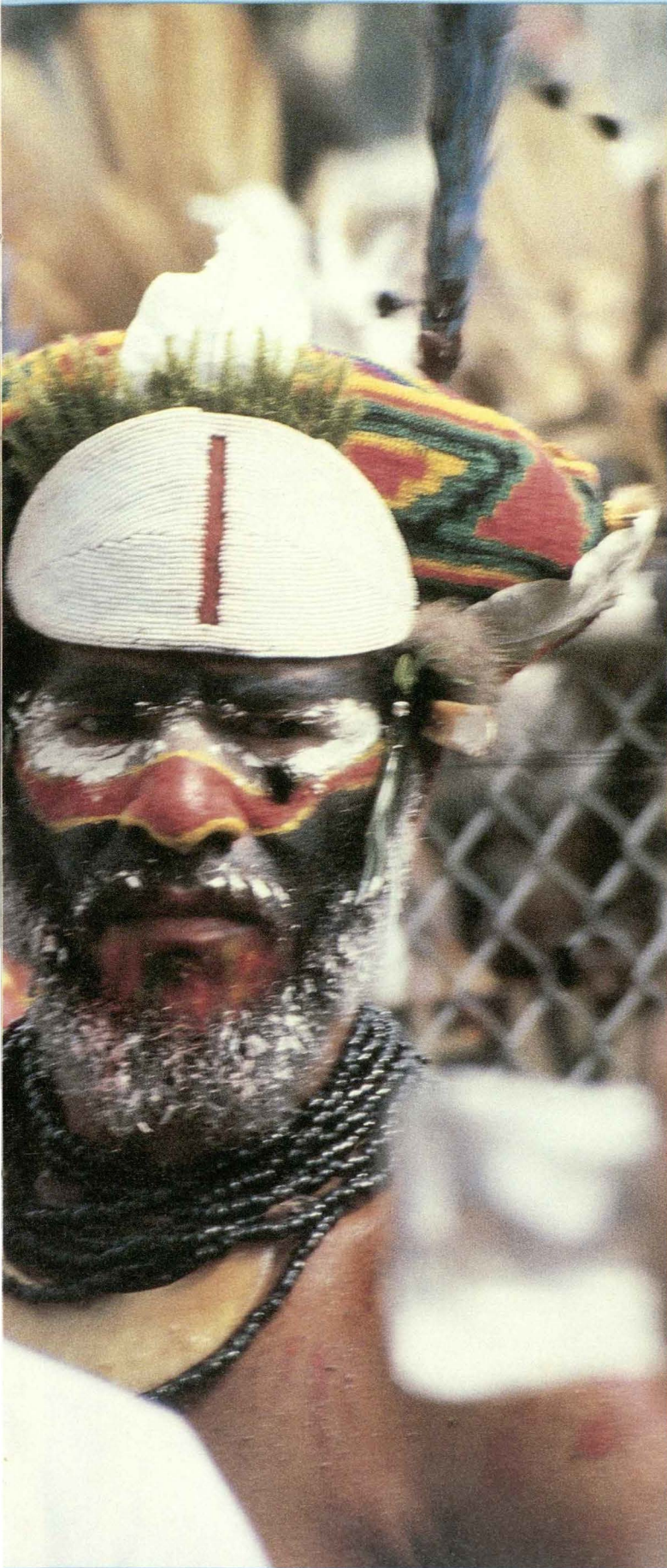
"Is that a bilum you are carrying?" he asked, pointing to my string bag and looking carefully at my cap.

"So you've been to my country then?" I asked, assuring myself that no-one in the whole world knew the word bilum for a string bag unless they'd been to my country.

"Yes, I can easily tell that you are from PNG. I was there for six and half months. In the

Below The author (right) with new-found friends at Cardiff Castle. **centre** Woven cap is the foundation of an Enga tribesman's headdress. **far right** The author in Peterborough, East Anglia.





Highlands I saw lots of men dressed just like you. I really liked your people. They were kind to me."

Steven told me how he had explored many parts of PNG at the age of 24. He had taken part in a Mekeo dance, chewed betelnut, danced to stringband music, had eaten local foods and even chopped firewood and paddled canoes.

"You can never say you've

been to a country unless you've mixed with the local people — the very people of that country," Steven assured me.

I agreed with him entirely. And that's what I did in the United Kingdom. In fact, three of us, Sanka Price from Barbados, Tony Capron from the Bahamas and myself travelled to many parts of the country.

I tasted the local foods, tasted the local brew and talked



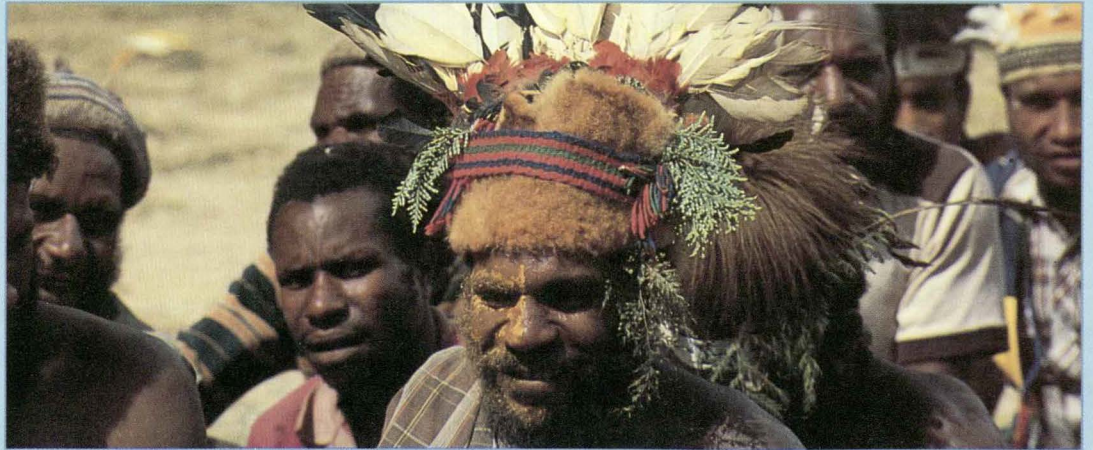
to as many people as possible. As much as I was interested in the beautiful countryside, elaborate farms, Georgian buildings, castles and cathedrals, I also aroused interest about my country in people there. Many people asked me where I was from. I told them about PNG and our varied cultures.

On a visit to Caerphilly Castle, a vast fortress, one of the surviving castles of the medi-aeval Western world built 600 years ago by Gilbert de Clare, I met two young men who wanted to buy Highlands caps for themselves.

I jokingly said to them that if they went to PNG they would find many more caps like the one I was wearing and other types as well, all varying in color, shape and size made by people from 700 different tribes all speaking over 700 languages completely different from each other.

It is interesting to note that individual Papua New Guineans are beginning to take on a positive role to publicise their country overseas by wearing or taking along 'something traditional' to attract attention.

Just recently, I saw a newspaper photograph of a group of Papua New Guineans in Rome, wearing Highlands caps. The Enga Provincial Education



Minister, Mr Dickson Masa, wore a Highlands cap to the United States. The minister told me he had similar experiences like those I had in the UK.

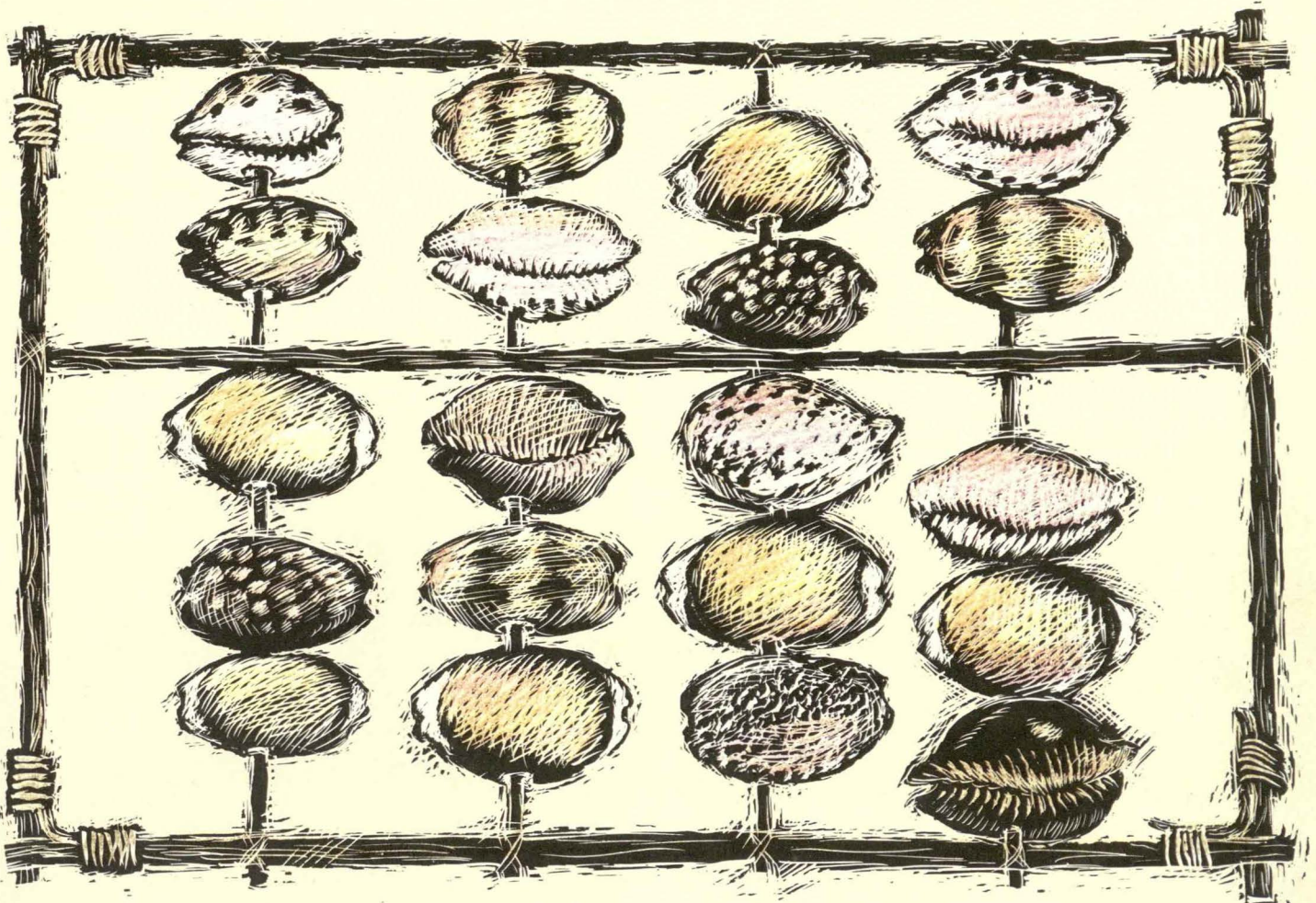
Before coming back to PNG I gave two Highlands caps to Mr Val Williams and Mrs Patsy Robertson to show my appreciation to the organisations they represented, the Thomson Foundation and the Commonwealth Secretariat Media Development Fund. These two organisations had made my brief study trip to the UK possible.

Before producing the two caps I said: "I want to give a small present, to each of you — something which I am sure will make you remember me," pointing to my own cap on my head. Everybody present laughed and applauded.

Above A '5 dola tangi' is concealed by these elaborate additions for a singing. **centre, from left** Val Williams, Patsy Robertson and the author after he had presented them with Highlands caps. **bottom** Weaving skills which produce these carry-all bilums (string bags) are used also for caps.

As I write this, I can picture in my mind the '5 dola tangi' I gave Mr Williams hanging among the PNG carvings in the living room of his home in Cardiff, Wales, bearing testimony to PNG's rich and varied culture.





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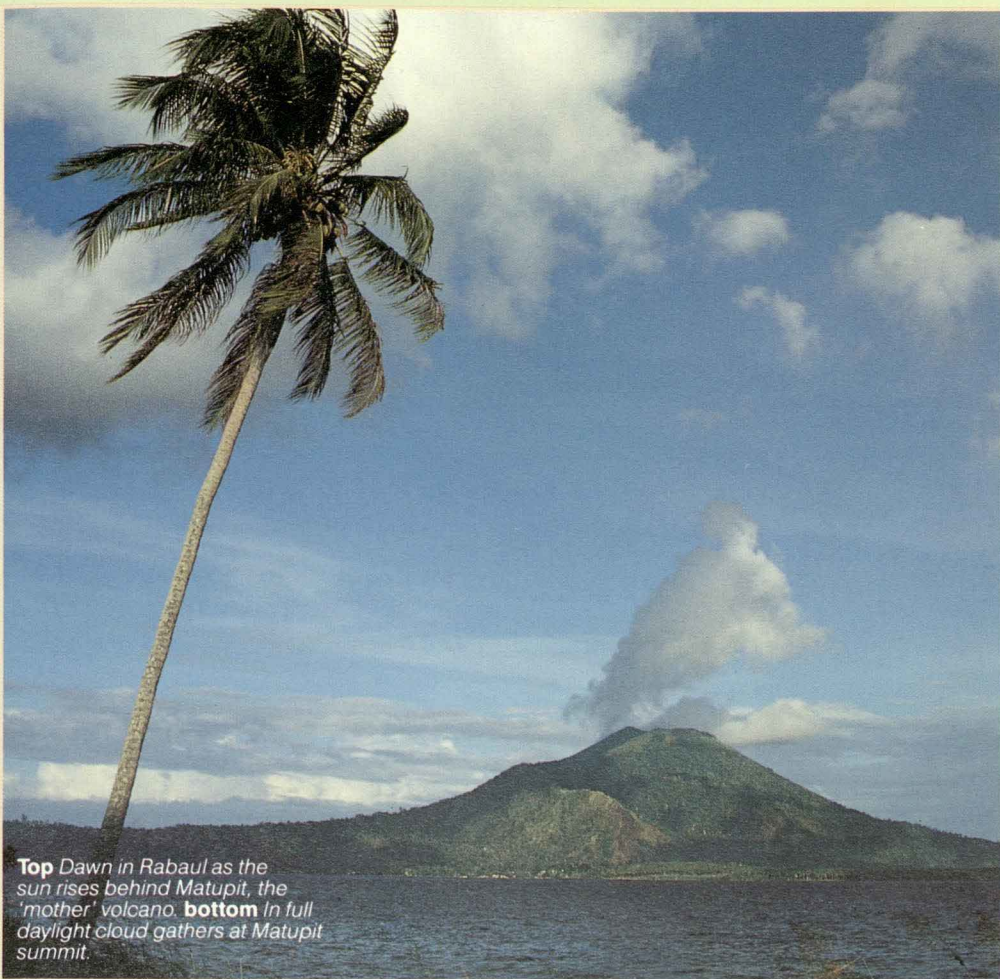
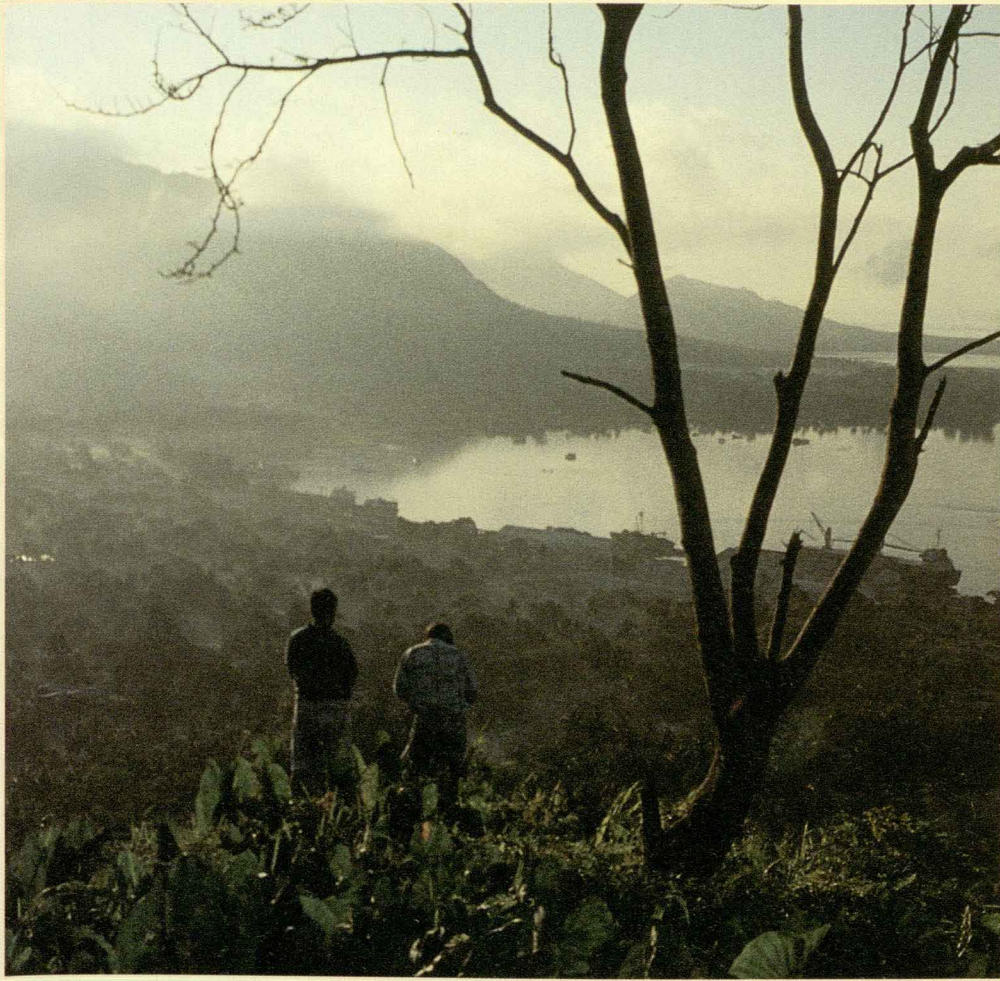


The valuable Kina Shell. Still used in trade and to pay bride price. Kina is also the name adopted for the national currency of Papua New Guinea.

In PNG, Shell is a part of everyday life.



Story by Rani Hesketh. Photographs by Greg Bluett



Top Dawn in Rabaul as the sun rises behind Matupit, the 'mother' volcano. **bottom** In full daylight cloud gathers at Matupit summit.

R - A - B - A - U - L

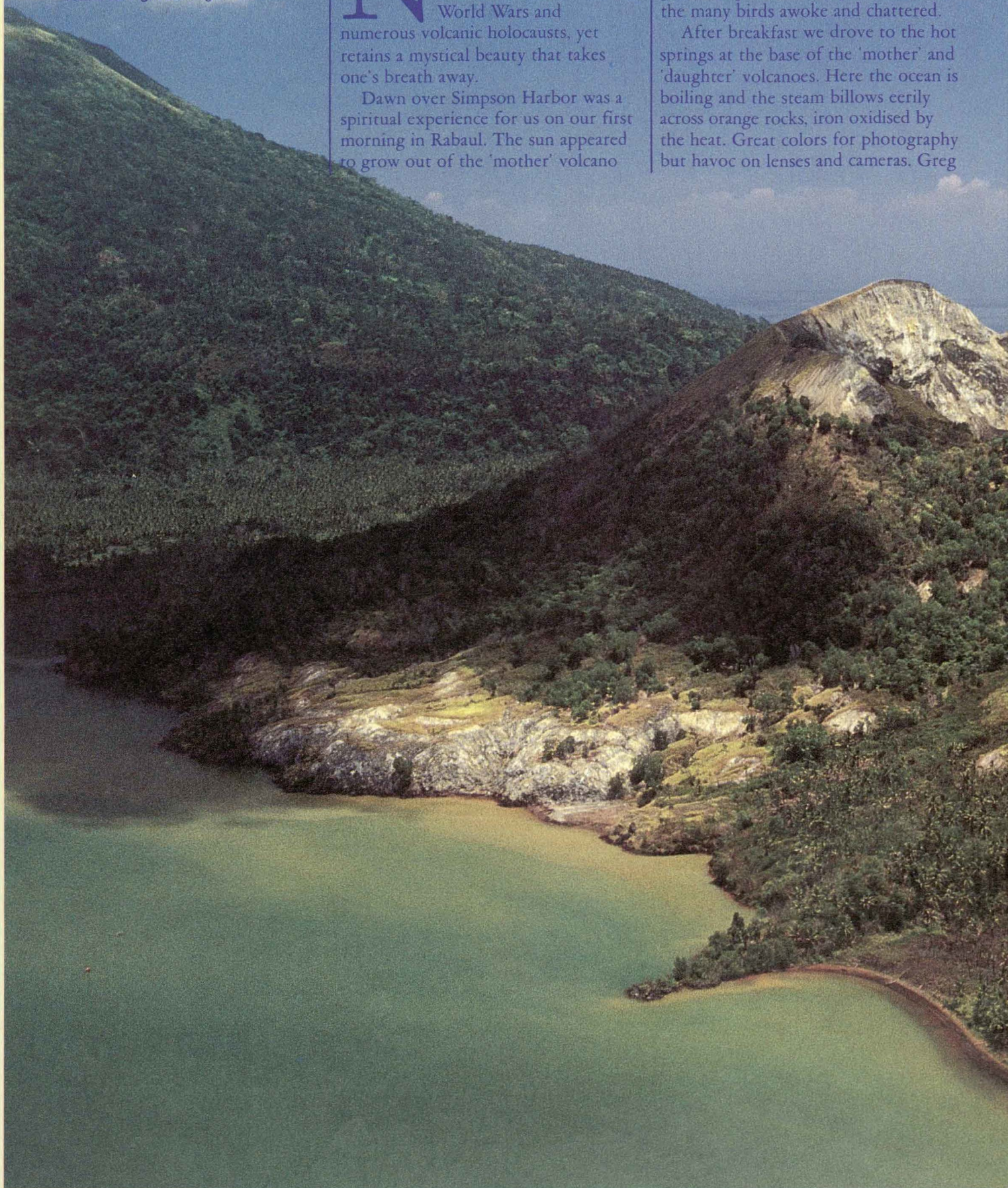
Right Crater of the 'daughter' volcano is a reminder of recent activity. **bottom right** Gathering firewood on a Rabaul beach. **far right** Bainings fire dancer.

Nestled on Simpson Harbor, Rabaul has withstood two World Wars and numerous volcanic holocausts, yet retains a mystical beauty that takes one's breath away.

Dawn over Simpson Harbor was a spiritual experience for us on our first morning in Rabaul. The sun appeared to grow out of the 'mother' volcano

which although dormant is impressive for its sheer size. As the sun began to glow and paint the sky pink and blue, the many birds awoke and chattered.

After breakfast we drove to the hot springs at the base of the 'mother' and 'daughter' volcanoes. Here the ocean is boiling and the steam billows eerily across orange rocks, iron oxidised by the heat. Great colors for photography but havoc on lenses and cameras. Greg



slipped on a rock and could have seriously scalded his foot if he had not worn good thick sneakers. Blocks of concrete are the only evidence of baths built here by the Japanese during World War II. We learned from our guide, Boas, that the villagers here collect wild fowl eggs at the base of Matupit volcano and cook them in the hot, salty water. It sounded delicious.

We dashed back to the airport to

rendezvous with our helicopter which took us on a journey to a live volcano. We deposited Greg on the edge of the crater to photograph us as we flew right into the yellow steam issuing from vents to the centre of the earth.

This was my first time in a helicopter and the sensation was stunning. I felt perfectly safe even though the doors had been taken off.

Skimming the abundant palm trees



we headed out over the harbor to the 'beehives', two huge columns of rock thrusting out of the water. The 'beehives' are all that remain of a solid rock core of an ancient and gigantic volcanic crater that is in fact Simpson Harbor. The 'hives' are ringed by superb layered reefs.

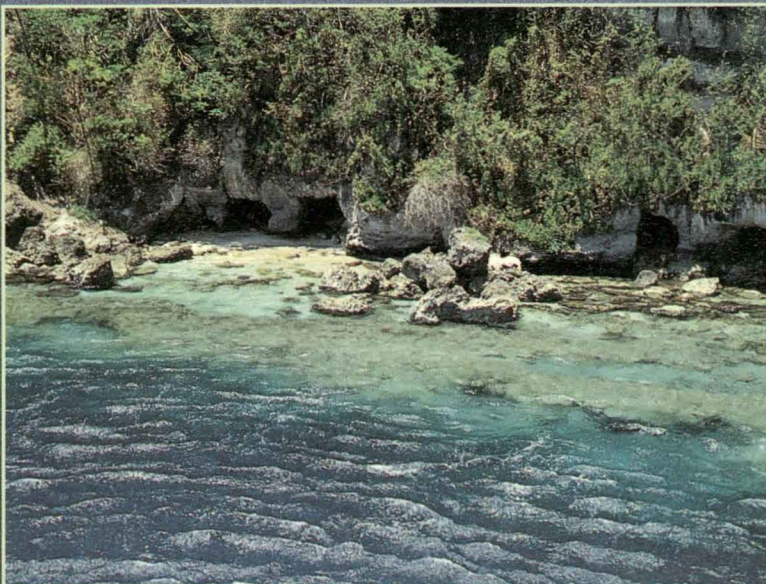
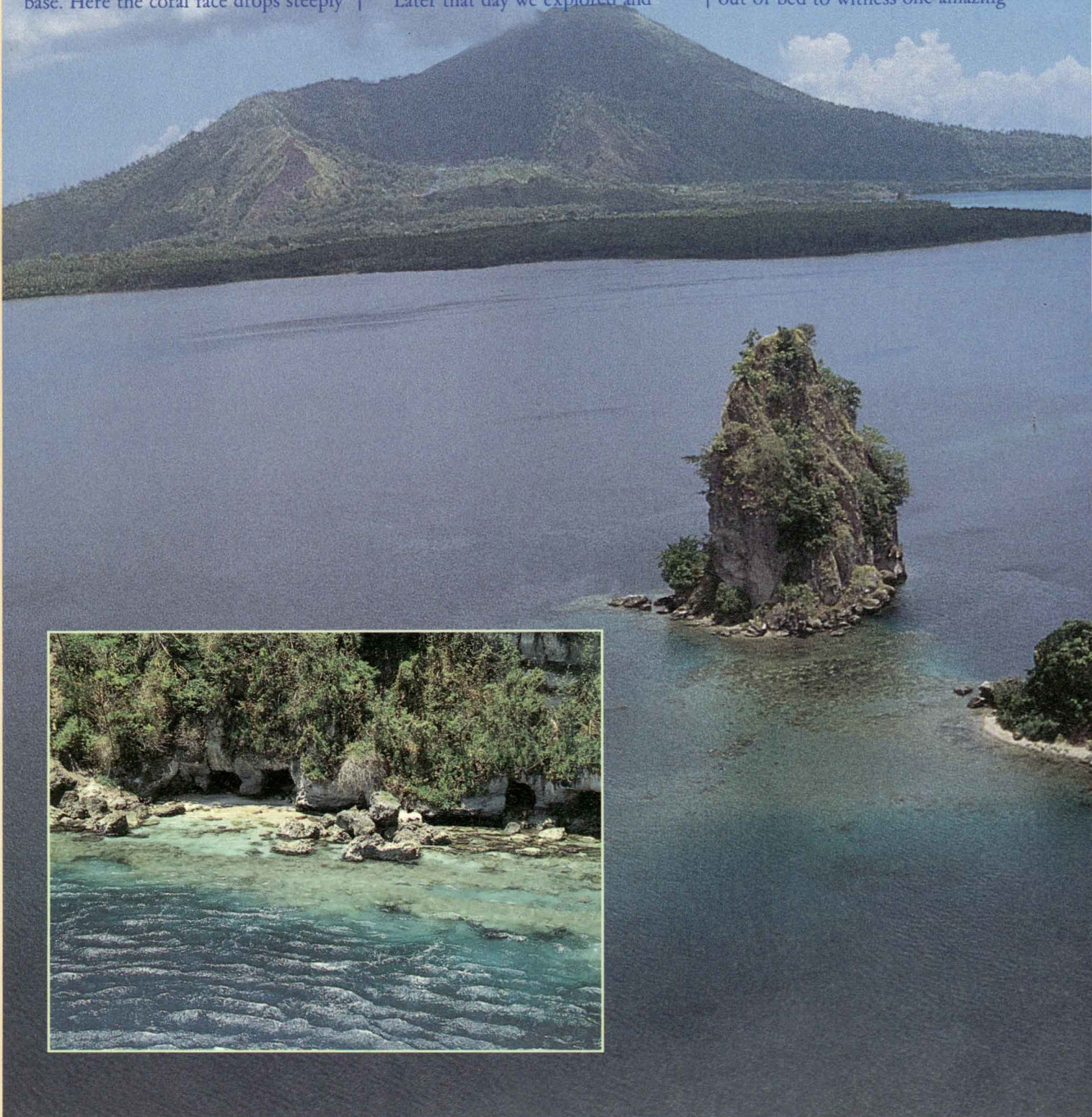
We flew out of the harbor and over a World War II Japanese submarine base. Here the coral face drops steeply

to the edge of the continental shelf and at low tide several large tunnels are revealed. During the war, Japanese submarines berthed here for supplies as the cove was well hidden and protected by several gun emplacements. The clarity and color of the water was almost surreal and I was tempted to dive from the helicopter and let the cool waters engulf me.

Later that day we explored and

photographed more Japanese tunnels. In one, my imagination turned some bleached coral into human bones and we heard murmuring voices which to my relief turned out to be fellow explorers.

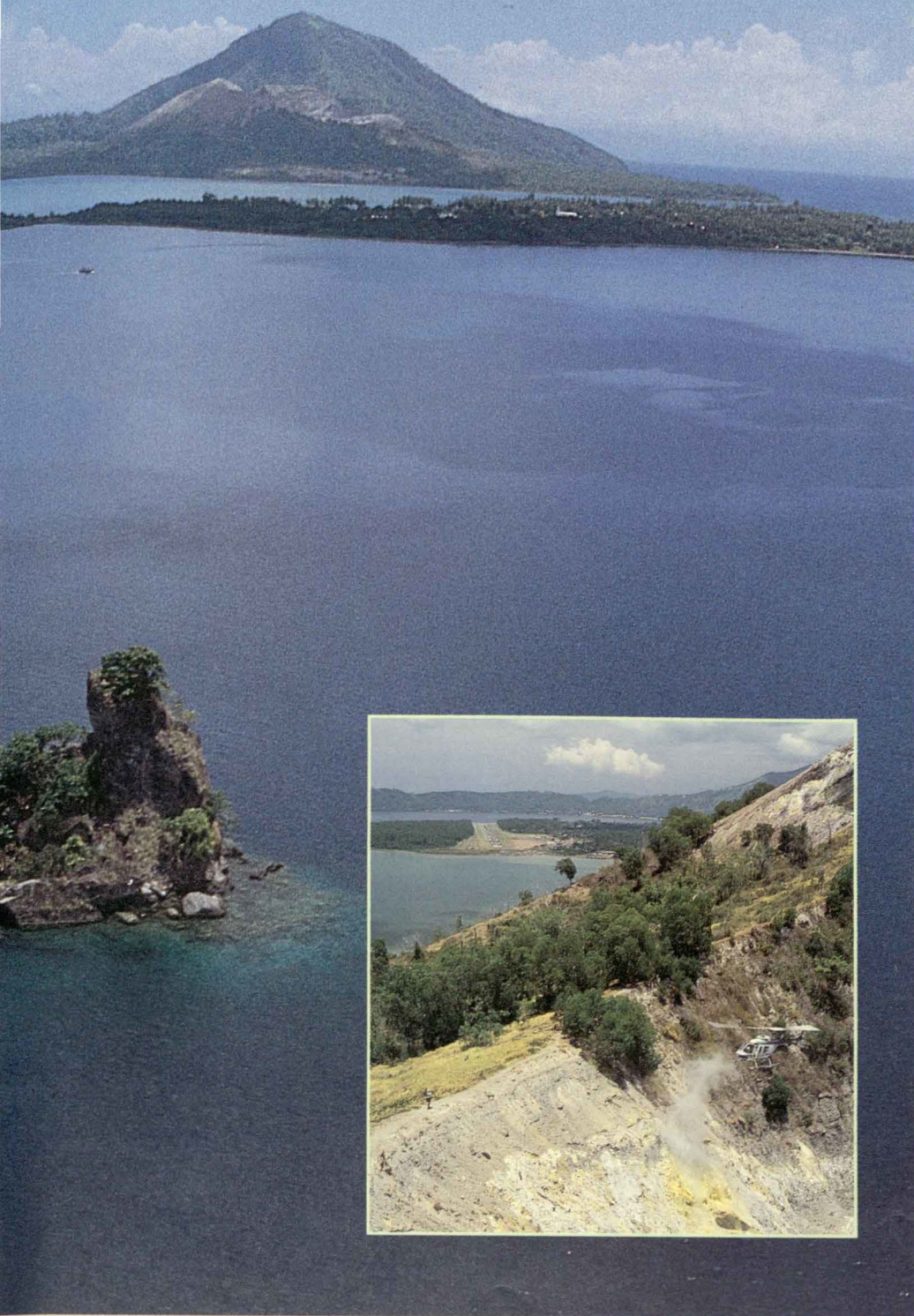
Over the course of the next few days we photographed dolphins chasing our boat, a symphony of synchronised swimming. We struggled out of bed to witness one amazing



dawn after the other, had our first scuba dive with the patient Frank Butler as instructor, walked barefoot on brilliant white sandy beaches, explored seemingly endless caves and tunnels, and experienced the evidence of history. Yet try as we might we just could not seem to take it all in. There is just so much to see and do in Rabaul.

The Bainings fire dancers were the

Far left Legacy of war, tunnels which were once a Japanese submarine base. **centre** The 'beehives'. **bottom right** A helicopter climbs out of Matupit volcano. **right** Bainings fire dancer.



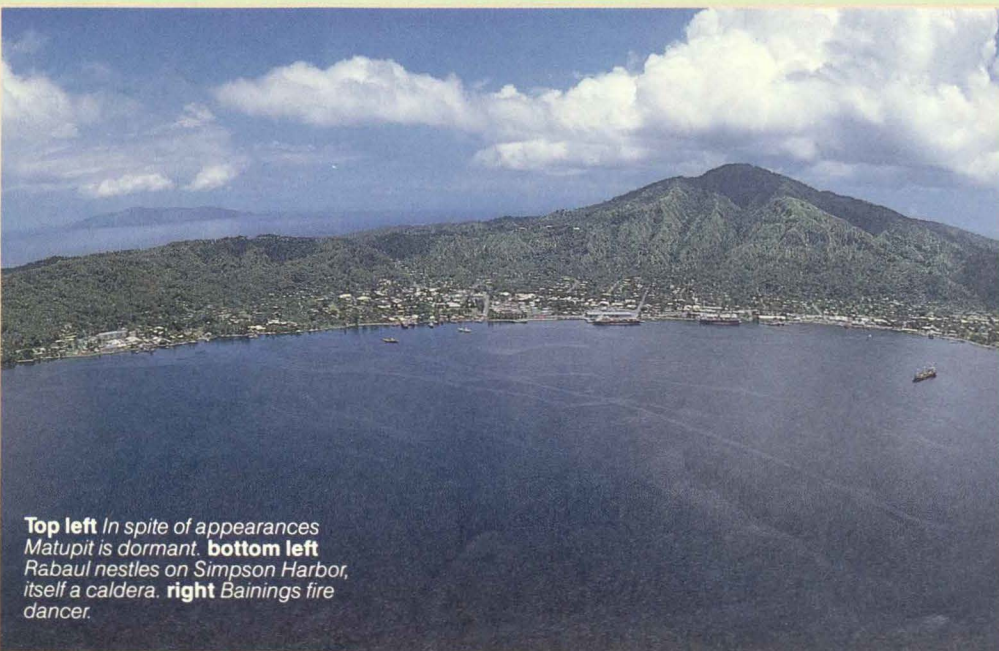


highlight of our week. After a steep night drive we arrived at a small village where fire flies blinked in the trees. Distant lightning and a full moon heralded a mystical night.

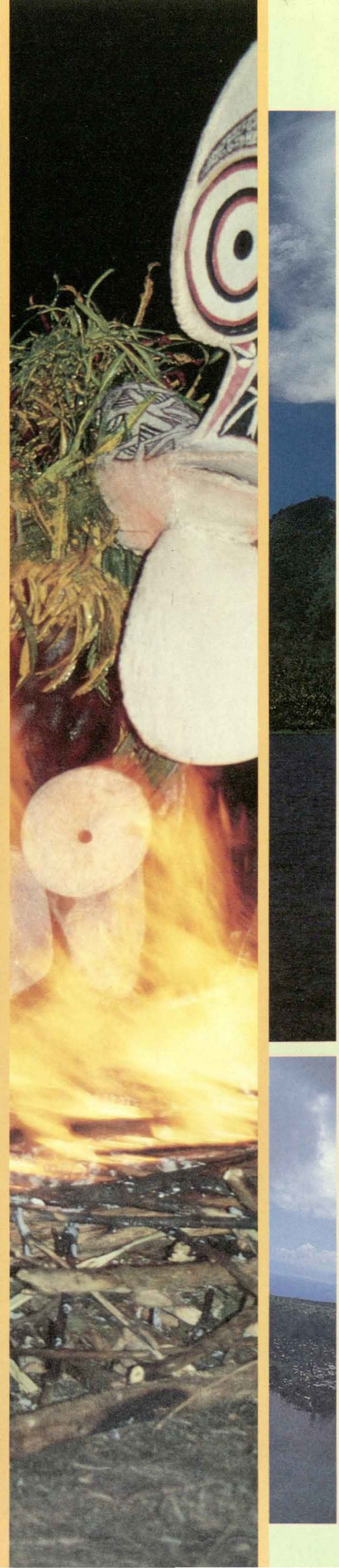
When the drummers began, from the dark emerged a lone dancer, later joined by seven more. As the fire built up, one by one the dancers leaped into it and were shrouded by flames. As they emerged the grass fronds around

their ankles were still burning and they stamped furiously in the damp grass. I was mesmerised and when the time came to leave I wanted only to stay and the dance to continue.

At the end of one week we had to leave this beautiful and peaceful town. After seeing the results of our visit on film, we were determined to return.



Top left In spite of appearances Matupit is dormant. **bottom left** Rabaul nestles on Simpson Harbor, itself a caldera. **right** Bainings fire dancer.



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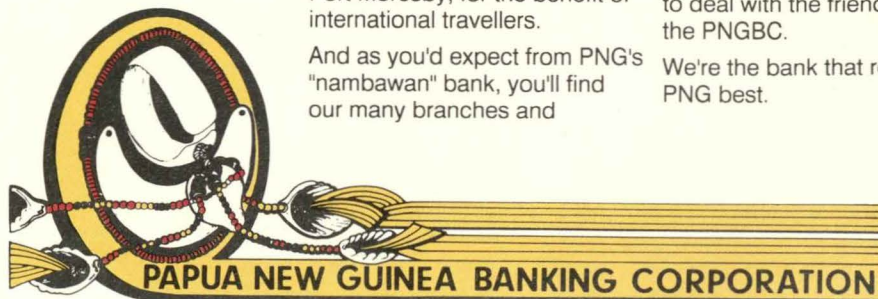
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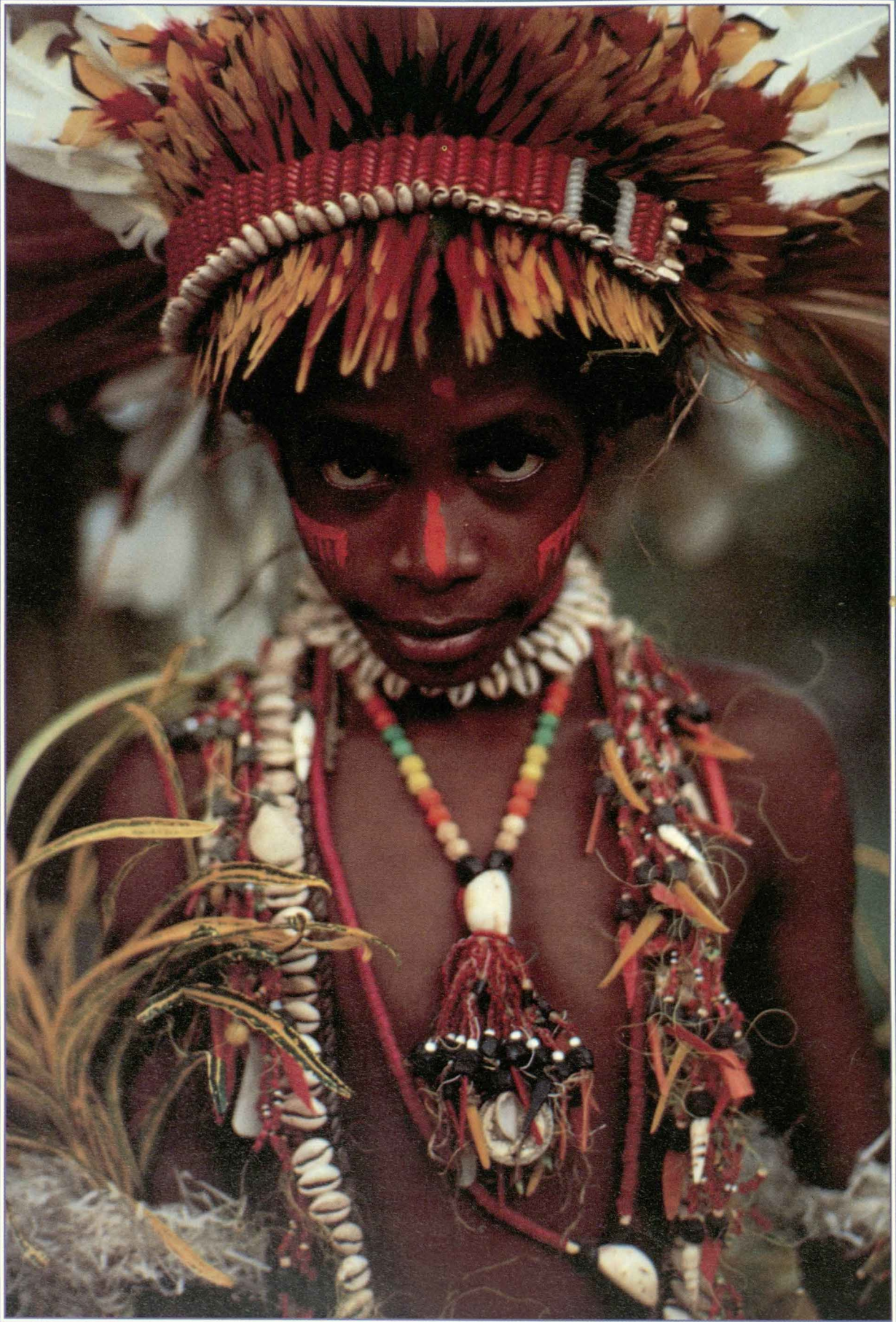


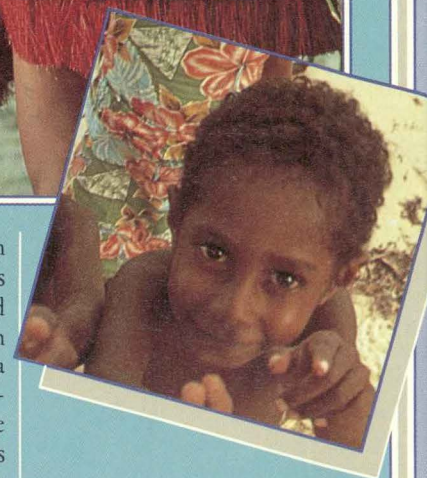
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Story and photographs by Glenn Bradley Morales

FEACIES of IPNIG

Below *Kofure* boy.





Top left Huli wig men at Koroba. **top right** Trobriand Islanders, Agnes (right) and friend. **above** A Huli man face painting. **inset, right** Tufi child. **inset, facing page** Trobriand Island girl. **top, facing page** Young Highlands man made up for a Mt Hagen singing. **bottom, facing page** The author's host at Tari.

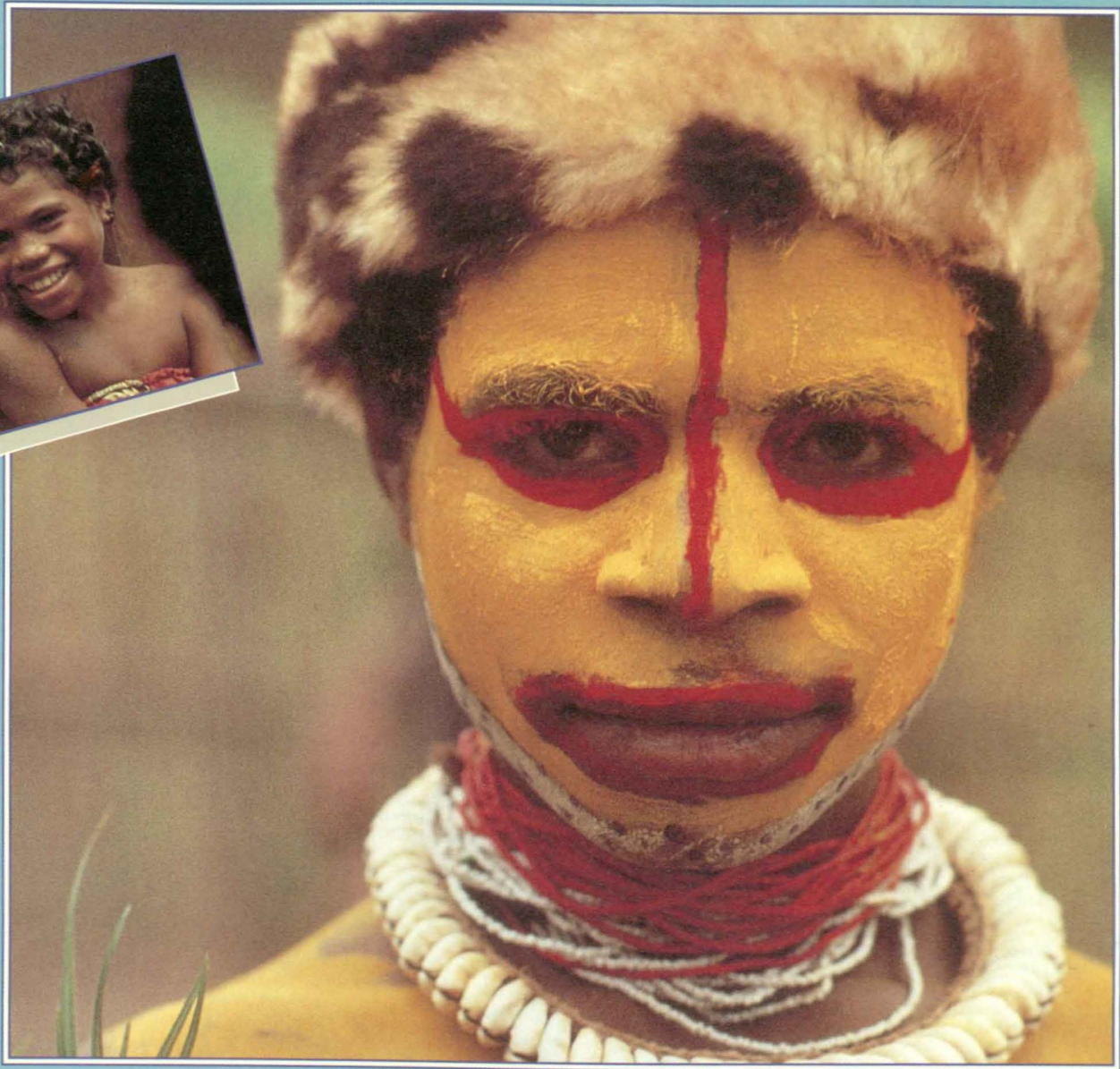
Aytes is a Christian man. However, his conversation dwelled on tales of poison and sorcery as we walked along a trail, past scattered, well maintained garden plots. "There are three very powerful gingers grown in a well-hidden place by a man," said Aytes, with a gleam in his eye. "The first one is known as the attraction ginger. If a man or woman rubs this on one's face, the opposite sex will be very attracted to them. A person who uses this, however, will be married and divorced many times.

"The second herb is the poison ginger. When it is slipped into a person's tea, it will cause the blood to flow from the body. The third substance is known as the fishing ginger. If you touch the end of the spear, or soak the net in it, you will catch more than the rest. If you use it, however, it will cause jealousies."

This conversation took place around the Kofure guest house at Tufi. Aytes was exactly the

kind of down-to-earth, exotic man I had come to Papua New Guinea to meet. I am a glamor photographer in Los Angeles and the glamorous faces I shoot are fastidiously made up and stylised, to suit an image. Like many Westerners, I had long been intrigued by the beautifully painted faces of PNG.

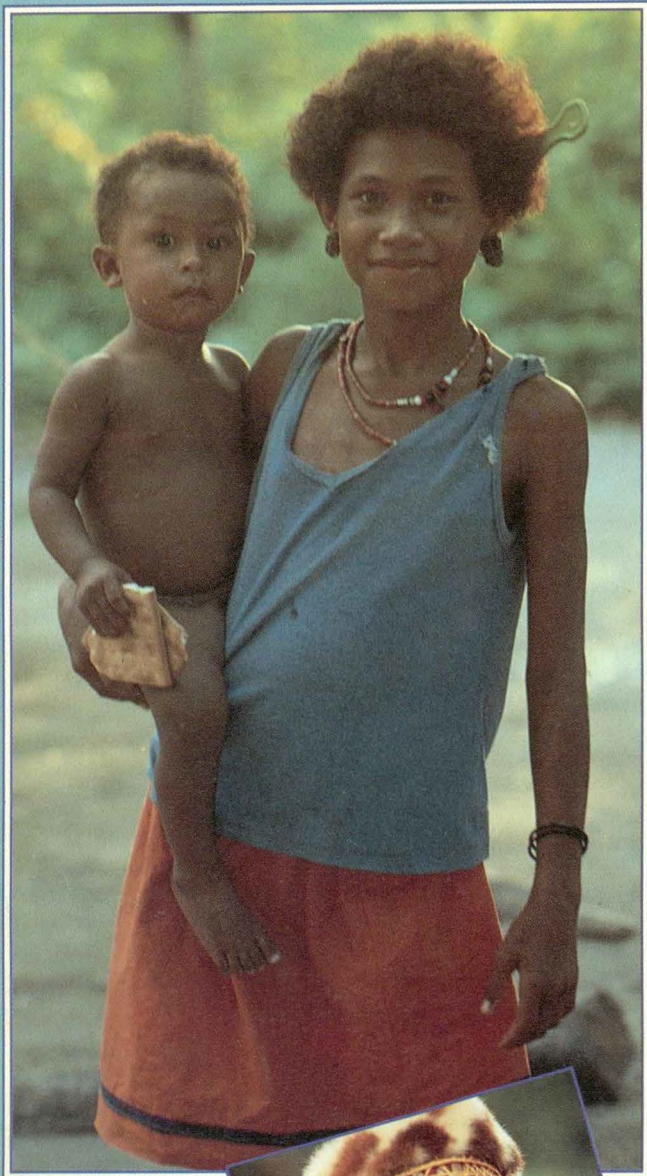
John was my host at his small village of grass huts on the northern tip of Kiriwina Island, of the Trobriand Islands. He had a cosy, raised bamboo hut for me to stay in. But first, I had to meet the village elders. The children did not require a formal introduction; John's year-old son cried at the sight of



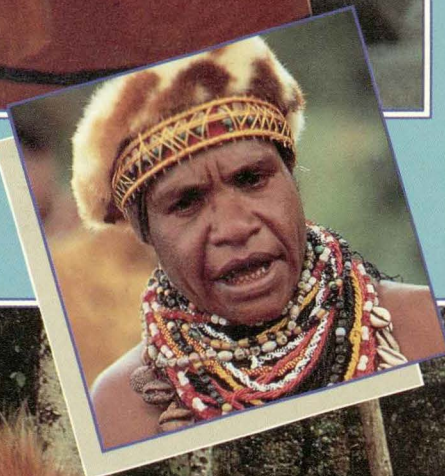
me. The older children were interested in everything I did. They asked me questions endlessly, using their best, grade school English.

In the tropics, it's essential to keep camera equipment dry. The small box I used was moisture and humidity proof and weighed around 20kg. The local people, knowing I was a tenderfoot, always insisted on carrying the box as we hiked from village to village. Women would carry it on their heads. The men, always barefoot, would sling it over their shoulders, using a heavy stick for leverage.

John's preteenage daughter, Agnes, dressed herself in traditional fashion for me to photograph. The Trobriand Islanders are well known for the colorful grass skirts they make. Agnes and her little friend took great care and pride in the way they



Above Agnes and her young brother. **right** Mt Hagen woman in her bilas (finery). **below** Men of the Hela Mana Cultural Centre.



looked. Later, on that balmy night, Agnes sang Christmas carols to her little brother.



The Highlands of PNG are renowned for the 'wild west' atmosphere. Travelling from Madang to Mt Hagen in a PMV (public motor vehicle) is quite an adventure. Aboard this large truck I was considered a special guest. I sat in the front cab, between the driver and a young man who spoke some English. My grasp of pidgin is rather poor. In between chews of betel nut, the two men told me stories about their families, friends and enemies in the Highlands. The day went fast as we travelled deep into the interior. Around each bend there was a more spectacular or unusual view from the last.

One of the men told me of a dress rehearsal for a pig kill ceremony which was taking place between two clans outside Mt Hagen the following day. It was a thrill to watch men and women assemble together in their ceremonial finest.

Tari, home to the Huli wig men, was further up the Highlands Highway. I had no lodging arrangements as the truck rolled into the frontier-like town but a man in the PMV invited me to stay in his home. Throughout the trip I had stayed in my own hut, lodge room, or guest house.

Now I was staying in a local man's house sharing what food I had with his family. It made a supplement to their regular diet of sweet potatoes.

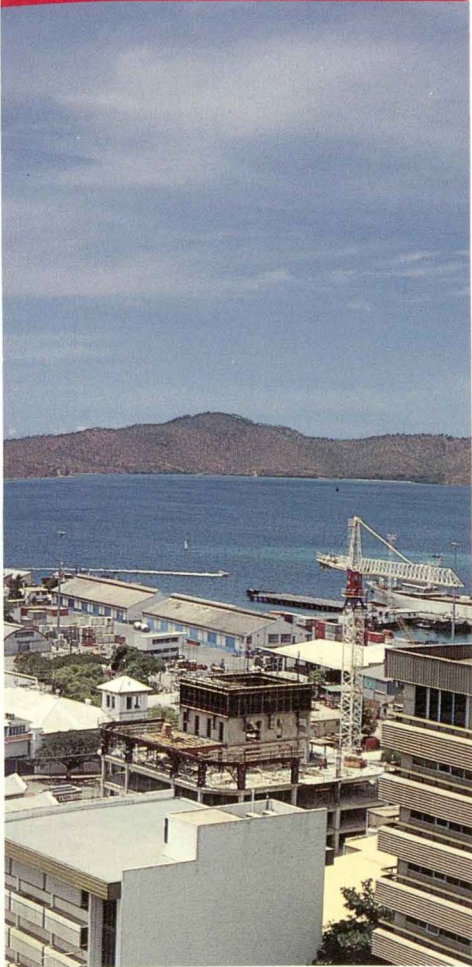
He and his brother insisted on carrying my gear through the rain to the PMV stop the next morning. I was off on a short trip to the town of Koroba and a lodge run by the local Huli people, the Hela Mana Cultural Centre and guest house. The men who ran the place took me to a bride price exchange, several pigs being payment to the bride's family from the groom. The Huli wig men at Hela Mana treated me to fresh pork that evening. The pork was wrapped in banana leaves and thrown on the smouldering indoor fire. The smoke seeped out through the roof as Huli huts have no vents. The three men of the Cultural Centre, wearing their human hair wigs amid the smoke, created a surreal atmosphere. Pork is saved for special occasions by these people and they shared it with me! None of them spoke English, so we communicated with our eyes and gestures.

The next day these men painted their faces, decorated their wigs and put plant oils on their bodies so I could photograph them. The fully decorated Huli, with his rugged build and bows and arrows, was the most excitingly menacing figure of my visit to PNG. But the men behind the makeup were true gentlemen.

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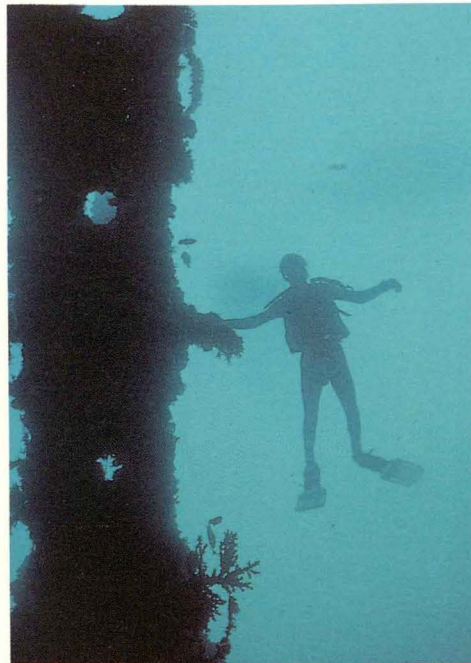


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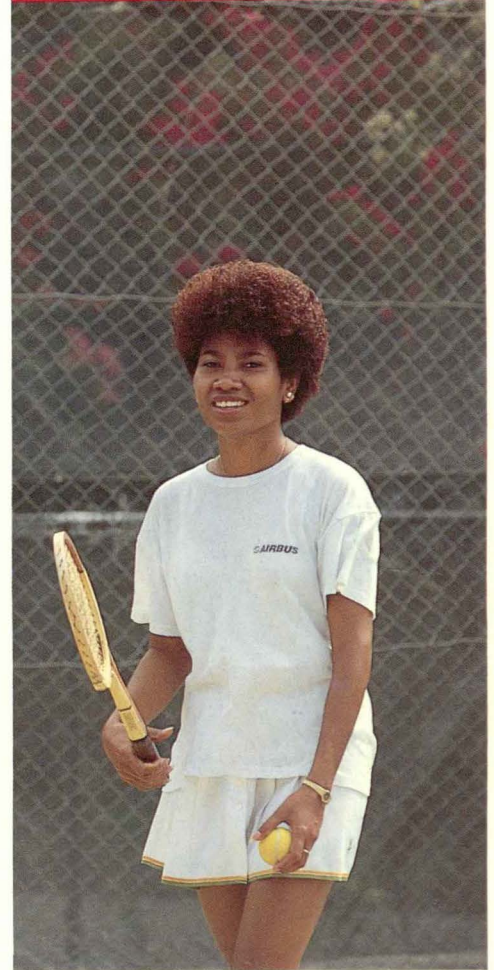
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