

stories features poetry

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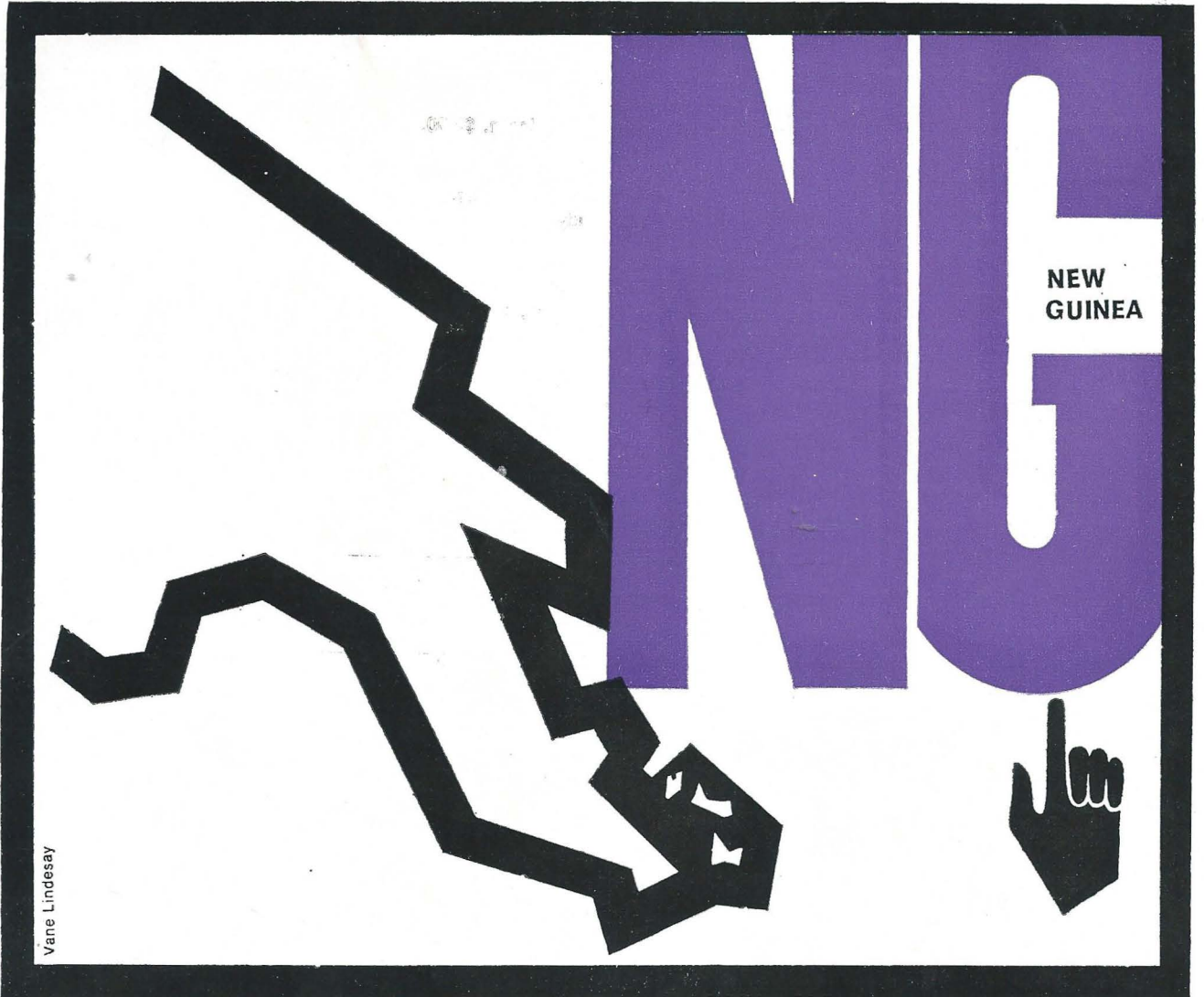
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poetry

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Overland

Temper democratic, bias Australian

Overland is a quarterly Australian literary magazine. The subscription rate is two dollars a year (four issues), and the price of each copy is fifty cents. The subscription rate for students is one dollar a year. Manuscripts are welcomed, but will be returned only if a stamped addressed envelope is attached.

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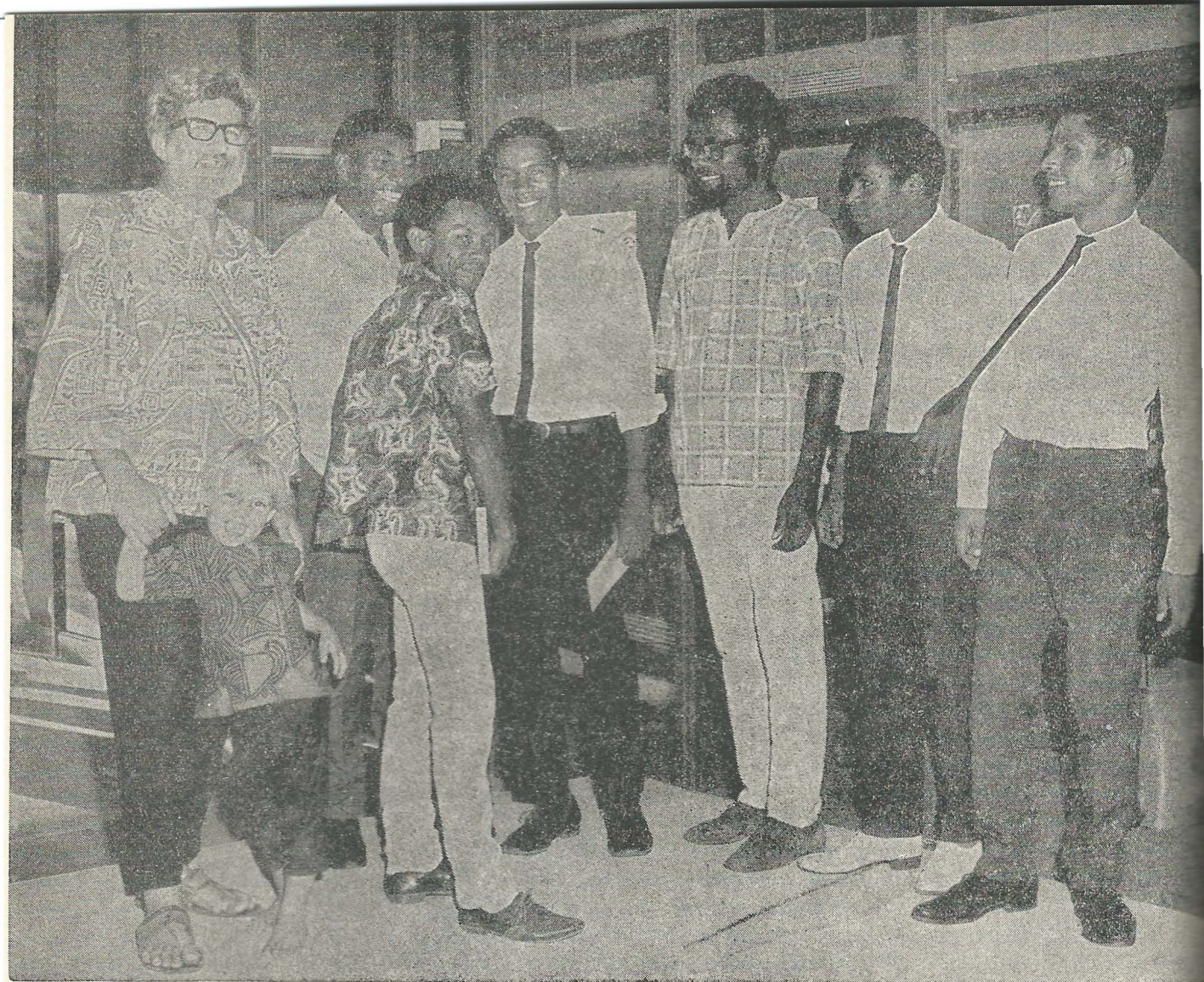
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Autumn 1971

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- Ulli Beier, Senior Lecturer in English at the University of Papua and New Guinea, with some leading Niuginian writers—from left: Vincent Eri, Kumalau Tawali, Arthur Jawodimbari, Leo Hannett, Russell Soaba and Jack Lahui. (Photograph by D.I.E.S., Port Moresby.)

PETER COLEMAN: APOLOGY

A part of the article "The Manipulators" published in the Summer 1970/71 issue of "Overland" might have been read as going beyond fair political comment. We disclaim any imputation concerning Mr. Coleman's veracity and recognise that any suggestion that he is a liar and deliberately misleads his readers is totally unfounded. We regret any distress or embarrassment the unfortunate wording contained in the section referred to might have caused Mr. Coleman and take this opportunity of disclaiming any reflection on his good faith as a political commentator.

KUMALAU TAWALI, who calculates that he is about 23 years old, was born in Tawi village on a small island to the south of the main island of Manus, where he completed his primary education. In 1963 he attended Kerevat High School in Rabaul for his four-year secondary education. In 1967 he came to the University of Papua and New Guinea, where he is now a third-year arts student. One of his subjects there has been creative writing. KUMALAU TAWALI has written numerous stories and two plays. His controversial first play "Manki Masta" ("Houseboy") was performed in Canberra by the Prompt Theatre group and is included in the volume **Five New Guinea Plays** (Jacaranda). Last year, one of his stories won the First Annual Territory Short Story Contest and his poem "The Bush Kanaka Speaks" won the Waigani Writing Competition. His stories and poems have appeared in **Poetry Australia**, **Kovave**, **New Guinea Writing** and the **Post-Courier**.

The poems below are reprinted, by kind permission of the author and Ulli Beier, from the first book of original poems by a Niuginian, **SIGNS IN THE SKY** (Papua Pocket Poets, Port Moresby), which has just been awarded the 1970 Literature Bureau Poetry Prize.

KUMALAU TAWALI **Our Mouth**

When the sun started towards the west, the shout of the tavuur* sounded in the village. Niandros tried to wake her husband.

"Porō! Porō! Wake up! The tavuur is crying now."

"Oh, the sun must be gone now," said Porō drowsily.

"Yes, it's afternoon already! And why did you have to go to sleep after lunch? Did you go fishing last night?" Her voice was not angry, but firm.

"Oh! Oh! You come walking! You all come walking! You all, men and women," came the voice of the village councillor.

When Porō and his cousin Nwenykanai got to the meeting place it was already crowded. They could hardly see the kiap who was seated behind the table with his spectacles on. Then the councillor stood up and addressed the crowd.

"E kila! You all listen! Today I will open our meeting. This meeting belongs to the kiap. And what he will say belongs to his thought. But before he can speak, I want you all, men and women, to put your ears carefully to what he

will say. And now I will call upon him to speak his thinking." And then he sat down.

"Thank you very much, Councillor, and all men and women," Kiap said, as he rose from his chair.

"Well, today I come here to talk to you about the big election that is coming up. This election is for electing people to our big government house, which is called the House of Assembly. Only one man can be your representative in the House." In the midst of this talk, an anxious elderly man stood up and said, "Yes, kiap, we the people of Lomandrol, want Poruan to be our mouth in the big house." He was going to continue, when a young man indicated to him to sit down. Then a murmur arose, the young men complaining against the old man's ignorance, the majority of people murmuring in approval of his brave talk.

The kiap at this stage understood what the murmurings were about and said, "I orait! i orait! Here in your district, six men are standing for the big house. Here are their names." Then he read them out. "John Makis, Joel Mandra, William Pokayou, Gabriel Munce, Francis Kaluwin, and Poruan Makau."

* Conch-shell bugle.

SIGNS IN THE SKY

Facing the sunless western sky
what was in his mind?
What could he see in the sky?
Like a man with his mind adrift
he whispered to himself.

He looked north, he looked south
then he raised his left hand to his face
and counted the members.
And he raised his right hand up to his eyes
and he counted the fingers once more.

Ten — ten — yes, ten days!
Ten days since the wind started blowing.
Tonight shall see the end of the storm
and the beginning of good sky—
according to our ancient calculation.

And his mind remembered the days:
when trees were falling
canoes were set adrift
and houses blown down—

Tonight the skies are red
from the west to the eastern horizon.
The signs are in the sky—
The wind has been appeased—
calm days return to us.

KUMALAU

TAWALI

THE OLD MAN'S EXPLANATIONS

Thunder roars in the sky:
“God is angry!”
The sea is rough:
“God breathes hard.”
The sky rains:
“The angels are pissing.”

At the mention of Poruan, Poro exclaimed eagerly: “Oh!” Then he spoke softly to Nwenykanai next to him. “What did I say? I said Poruan is standing, and I can tell you, those others are nothing.”

Then Kiap said: “Next week, these men will be travelling all over the district for their campaign.” He was going to sit down, but suddenly remembered something.

“One more thing. In choosing your representatives, you **must** be careful. Think carefully before you vote. Your representative will be a very important man.” Then he sat down.

That night, the two cousins sat on the verandah of Poro's house and talked about the candidates. “Do you know any of these people, apart from Poruan?” asked Nwenykanai.

“I don't really know about the others, but I know this Francis Kaluwin. He is from Lomban, he talks very well. At Lomban, he is outstanding for his speech and his leadership,” answered Poro.

“But all these people, don't any know Poruan, the son of Makau? Francis Kaluwin! Yes, him! Can't he realise he is **nothing** when he stands up against the **big man**!” interjected Nwenykanai.

“Let them stand up against the son of Makau. But every eye in Madang has seen none but the son of Makau,” said Poro.

“That's true.”

“Where were they before? Where were these people when the Germans and then the English used to stand Poruan in front of their rifles? I never saw them before.” Then he went on to sing a local song which was dedicated to Poruan's good deeds:

NIU

You are the baby that crawls
too long.
All the others are walking—
what has your mother been doing with you?
Have you been carried too long?
Have you been fed too much?

Niu
don't crawl too long
your legs will be weak
like a cripple's.
Oh Niu!
Stand up
you must try to carry weight.

One day nobody will be around
and you will **have** to carry weight
if you can't—
you will fall.

Oh Niu!
will you stand up?
Now?
Right now?

TUNA

Tuna you are mirror of the blue
Tuna you are the pain in my veins
Tuna you are lord.

When I set out to catch you
I am a prisoner of taboos.
"Don't dangle legs over the side of the canoe!"
"Don't whistle for merriment!"
"Is your thought straight?"
"Is your wife having her first pregnancy?"
"Are you newly married?"
All this awkwardness my duty.

But on the market you are the sun.
You darken the eye of the inland man
when he offers plenty in exchange
without bargain—just to get you.

You are worth the pain in my veins.

"I'm sorry, we all people,
Of islands and mainland,
What are the white-men-kings doing?
They have stared at us natives,
For far too long.
Months and days have passed.
But who will help Poruan?
For his jaws are tired of it now,
His jaws are tired of fighting the white man,
So Poro, cry to yonder.
Cry to the land that belongs to Caesar.
Our brothers are there.
Release the key to the cargo,
So that white men will fight one another
In revenge for your tiring jaws."

The next week was an anxious one. On Monday, John Makis came to the village for his campaign. The Councillor called all the people together to listen to him. ". . . I came here to tell you this." He paused, and then: "I do not want to boast, or

pull myself up. But if you want somebody who will fight for you in the big house, then vote me. Vote number one for John Makis." His humility of speech caught the people of Lomandrol village. But to most of them, his speech was like a foreign food, which didn't satisfy their stomach. They still longed for a native food.

On Tuesday Joel Mandra arrived. When his canoe was still far away, there was shouting all over the village. Someone said that it was Poruan Makau. At the mention of this, there was great excitement. As the boat drew near, somebody shouted: "No! It's not Poruan. It's not Poruan. It's Joel Mandra." And again the Village Councillor called all the people together to listen to Mandra's campaign.

Then, standing up, he said: ". . . I came here to ask you to vote for me. Do not think about Poruan. He is old now. His power of thinking is weakening . . . so if you want to vote, Vote No. 1 (Wan)"—and he showed a card with:

"Vot (1) Wan long JOEL MANDRA.

Em bai i girapim yumi."

Although Joel Mandra belonged to a distant village, he was well known to the people of Lomandrol. After his speech, a man got up and jokingly said, "Yes, that is right, Vote number one for Joel Mandra, i nogat het gras!" Then everybody laughed.

Mandra's forceful speech, like Makis' humble speech, did not satisfy the people. Wednesday and Thursday went by. On the Friday evening, a man who had gone east by canoe came back with the news that Poruan would arrive at Lomandrol the next day—the market day, Saturday. On hearing this, the Councillor made a call.

"You all listen! You all, men and women. You all listen. Tomorrow he, who is big to us, is coming here, for his speech about the Big House of Assembly. I want all the men to keep this in their ears. Tonight when you go fishing, set aside a fish for our big man. And tomorrow, when you go to market, remember to set aside some sagoes and betel-nut for him too. You all hear that?" Then in answer came a long "Oooo," in which all the men, women and children joined.

The village was stirred by this news. Everywhere one could hear people talking and laughing excitedly. That night the two cousins were discussing the next day's expectations.

"I say, cousin," said Poro. They were silent for a while. Then, "Nothing. Except that he who we had always been expecting is coming tomorrow."

"Yes, he is," said Nwenykanai.

"And tomorrow his mouth will beat us," continued Nwenykanai excitedly.

"You said it very well, cousin," agreed Poro.

"For you know it was the mouth of Poruan that cut the thoughts of the white men, leaving them dumb." There was great emotion in what he said.

Next morning was a fine tropical day. A soft south-east trade wind was blowing, making the leaves of the large pitou trees rustle. The soft ripples of the sea played with the white sandy beach.

The first market canoe arrived. With it was the news: "The big man is coming." A little while later, the canoe carrying Poruan was sighted. "Eh! That is him. He is coming; he is coming! I can tell from the shape of his canoe," shouted a man. Within a very short time, there was a large crowd waiting on the beach.

As the canoe touched the beach Poruan was the first to come ashore. The village councillor was the first to shake hands with him. Then began a long chain of hand shaking. Some people smiled as they shook hands with him. Others were silent, perhaps afraid or perhaps having too great respect for Poruan.

Then the people helped carry his things to the kiap's house. The work which would have taken half an hour lasted only twenty minutes, as people excitedly carried his things to the house. Then came the councillor's call.

"Oh! Oh! you all listen! You all from this side, you all from that side. Our big man has come. And this afternoon, he is giving his talk on the big house. So as soon as you hear the tavuur, you all must walk to the meeting place. Did all your ears catch that?" Then in answer came "Oooo!"

"Tavuur! Tavuur! Tavuur is crying," Nwenykanai was calling over to Poro next door. When the two reached the meeting place, it was already packed. There was a lot of murmuring going on as people chewed betel-nut and talked softly, sitting in the centre of the meeting ring. Then the councillor stood up. "You all listen. Today he that is big to us has come to our home to speak to us about the Big House." He said it with the greatest caution and respect. Then he sat down. Poruan stood up.

"Okay, you people hear it! I came here to talk to you about the Big House . . . I am one of the many of our people standing for election. I have come here, not to beg you to vote me. No. Not so. I have come here to tell you that you must open your eyes while voting. See the right man and vote for him. There are many of us and, who knows, any of the others could be better than me. That's all I have to say." Then he sat down.

There was an emotional stir, and one old man suddenly stood up and said: "We will vote for you. I know that all the others will vote for you. I know this. I know this. Only if they are blind will they not vote for you." He was then motioned to sit down by a young educated man.

Indeed, what the old man said was true. For as soon as he sat down, another old man stood up and said, "He is right. He talks as we think. We see nobody in the whole of Madang capable of being "our mouth" in the Big House, better than you. We will vote for you! Poruan the son of Makau! We never saw the face of these others, we never heard about their names. No! You are the one!" Then everybody shouted in appreciation.

The next day, when Poruan left, the people assured him: "Go, our big man. We are sure you will defeat your opponents. We are with you!"

The results of the elections came two weeks later. But it was no news. The people already knew Poruan Makau was going to win. The traditional leader had become a figure in a western parliamentary institution. All turned to him, the mouth piece of us all.

The song in this story is a translation of an authentic cargo-cult song from Manus.

Overland is most pleased to present to its readers this special issue devoted to Niugini new writing.

With the growth of higher education in Papua and New Guinea, an exciting new literature is coming into being. It has received considerable encouragement from expatriates such as Ulli Beier, Senior Lecturer in English at the University of Papua and New Guinea, editor of *Kovave*, and publisher of the Papua Pocket Poets series; and Don Maynard, editor of *New Guinea Writing*, who is in charge of the Administration's Bureau of Literature in Port Moresby and who has acted as advisory editor for this issue of *Overland*.

The work of Beier and Maynard has been directed towards encouraging Niuginian writers to find the forms of literary expression appropriate to an emerging society and a rapidly changing culture, rather than imposing Western modes upon them.

The preoccupations of the Niuginian writers are reflected in the stories, poems and memoirs which appear in this issue of *Overland*: making articulate the experience of Niuginians under Australian administration, and establishing a continuity of tradition from the pre-literate culture to a written literature.

The significance of these themes for Australians concerned for the future relations between their country and an independent Niugini needs no comment.

The next issue of *Overland* will publish more work by Niuginian writers.

THE CONTRIBUTORS

Leo A. Miria from Kairuku has, since abandoning seminary studies, led a colorful, if chequered career, including a period spent studying union organisation in Australia under A.C.T.U. auspices. He is now a labor supervisor in Bougainville.

Albert Maori Kiki from Orokolo (Gulf District) is national secretary of Pangu Pati and a leading trade unionist. He has had two books published: "Ten Thousand Years in a Lifetime" (Cheshire) and, with Ulli Beier, "Hohao" (Nelson); he is currently working on a third with a C.L.F. Fellowship.

Michael Tom Somare, a former teacher, is M.H.A. for East Sepik Regional, and Parliamentary Leader of Pangu Pati; he recently led a delegation of the Select Committee on Constitutional Development on an African tour, and has repeatedly called for immediate self-government.

Leo Hannett from Nissan Island (Bougainville District), a third-year arts student at U.P.N.G. and an ex-seminarian is a leading exponent of Black Power, and has published and lectured extensively. His controversial play "The Ungrateful Daughter" is available in *Five New Guinea Plays* (Jacaranda).

Alain Jaria from Goilala is also studying to be a priest, at M.S.C. Novitiate, Vunapau, New Britain. He attended the 1969 Rabaul Creative Writing Course.

Martin Buluna from Milne Bay is a final-year arts student at U.P.N.G. and president of the University Politics Club. He recently attended the World Youth Assembly at the United Nations in New York.

poets of Niugini

●

THE DEFENDER

Defender of what?
of his culture
of his heritage
of all he owns!

Defender of
his noble race
of his color
of his civilisation!

He is the master
he is white
all he says is right
he speaks with "authority"!

He tells us
that his ways are virtuous
and we should give up ours
to be forever endowed with his

He has done a good job
which none of us can question
but in our own land
he is the boss

He is our employer
he is our mentor
he says he is here to help us
but does he really?

He is our educator—
educating us for what?
He knows what we want,
but he says: "Children, you are not ready"!

●

THE ROAD TO MASAWA*

(MASAWA EMBORO)

Embago . . . Embago . . .
Are you sleeping?
Are you sleeping?

Awake! awake!

Arise and go now
by the Aiowa-Kosasa path
and open the gateway for taro and pigmeat

On your way
you will come to a divided road
the path to your right
is wide and smooth and tidy
but it is a trap
to lead you to an evil place
full of mosquitoes, rain and hunger
a land of everlasting sorrow

The other, on your left,
is a narrow and difficult path
but travel the road
of weeds, thorns and rugged mountains
until you come to Masawa
a land of crotons and flower groves
and abundant with food
where you shall find everlasting happiness

By your influence enrich our gardens
and provide us with pigmeat

Then we shall make your death feast
and give compensation
to those who mourn you

PAUBA C. U. BURAU

* Paradise: This is a translation of a traditional Orokaiva invocation, to a dead man's spirit, in the Notu language.

FADING TRADITION

There goes grandfather's prize the duk-duk,
Giving grandfather a last look.
And there's grandfather taking his last deep breath,
Like a runner out of breath.
Head against this godlike creature,
He admires its nature,
Knowing that if he dies,
This creature will die.

All is over, grandfather's spirit is gone,
His world is gone
Forever, and I know he will never return,
For in death there is no return;
And there goes the prize
He had earned through hard work, his prize,
Going away from its master,
Without waiting for any command from its master.

Then my heart begins to cry:
Oh beautiful one come back! I'll try
To master you, my loving one!
Look here and see me, beautiful one!
I'm here, your master's grandson,
Standing out clear, like the morning sun!
Wait, wait for me!
Turn, turn around, look at me!

But now it's nearly out of sight,
Its white top feathers catching the evening light.
Then my heart begins to say:
If only there was one old man it would stay.
Where will it die?
Who is going to see it die?
Perhaps one or two old ones,
But they'll be the last ones.

The grass will grow over the dusty ground
Which once was the dancing ground.
But the young men are too absorbed
In working out the new road
Which their children will follow—
Which they'll wish they hadn't followed—
For behind there'll be a missing bridge,
A missing bridge between today and yesterday.

JACOB SIMET

BLACK BROTHERS

Oh black brothers,
Look within yourselves:
Can you not see?
We are in prison.

Oh black brothers,
Speak within your minds:
Can you not see?
We are in everlasting misery.

Oh black brothers,
Look at your land:
Can you not see?
Our land has gone for good.

Oh black brothers,
Do you know "they" say we are all equal?
Can you not see?
We have been fooled.

Listen, black brothers of hard years,
Our freedom lies in our own actions.
You say, "they" will give us our freedom?

No, black brothers!
Don't be misled by what you hear from "them"—
For "they" are taking it away!

M. O. KHAN

POEM TO MY SON

You are the son of many soils;
the parched red earth and faint
sour smells of goatskins, wine, and rancid cheese;
the broken vine roots dark with bitter blood;
twisted and thick trunked women beating garments dry
on river stones: incense and wax lie heavy
in their judgment on the cobbled streets.

You are the child of broken lintels,
of long, empty barrows veiled in sleep,
and tall still-standing dolmens guarding the uncut peat,
the withered crops whose reaping time was gone
with painted men before the bronze leaf broke
beneath the blows of long black shears.

You are the spirit of the savage warrior;
the slain: remember too the slain,
that when you stand in church or chapel
offer up a tone in homage to the pigs of Bolim;
seeing that slain pigs, like men,
die to the glory of a god, or gods, unknown.

J. R. BURNS

THE REMEMBRANCE HILLSIDE

(Overlooking the sea is a hill which is the highest point of my village, Waima. The "Kikipa", which is the story passed on from the last to my own generation, tells me why this hillside should always be remembered, especially during quiet days and nights.)

At last I'm on the remembrance hillside,
Where the wind is light and sad.
Around this hillside,
The air carries sweet and heavy-scented odors,
Some from the unnamed trees,
Others from the famous eucalypt.

Here on this hillside I stand all alone,
Where no-one's but my eyes witness what I see.
On this hillside I can see only two major creatures,
The moon and the sun that rise and sink winkingly.

How this stillness blinks my heart
To a sudden deep sadness,
Bringing happy feelings to a stop,
As if a captain ran his ship onto a reef.
Surely there is a relic of a witch
Buried on this hillside?

The deep silence is fearful
But more fearful is my own echo.
It can be heard in all compass directions.
At times it fools me: "Dig the hillside!"—
After which game I have no strength—
And it fills my brain
With a host of unanswered questions.

At last my brain is fresh.
One question is now solved and the others are easily answered.
I now realise that I am nowhere
But on this remembrance hillside
Where the sweet and heavy-scented odors are carried.
Surely there is a relic of a witch
Buried on this hillside.

LUCA AIHI

BRIDE PRICE

Three hundred and sixty five pounds
A couple of hundred and sixty or so
Weeks of killing labor
That's almost five years round
And that was the sum I saved up
Together with five score shiny armshells
Father stored away for me
Not including the rest
Brought in by all my relatives
To add to the worth of my bride
According to our customs.

The armshells
Tied and dangling from strings
Along the thirty-foot horizontal poles
Their colored embroidery below
Flapping and dancing in the wind
Like the wagging of the tails
Of the two pigs
Limbs tied, kicking and swinging
On the two five-foot rods
Carried by the four young hunters.

Also:

Fifty two bags of rice for the price
Fourteen or more bags of sugar
Not forgetting the seven bags of flour
Stacked and piled in rows
Near the twenty four bunches of bananas
And my relatives brought in more.

That was how much we gathered
With songs, dancing and laughter
According to our Motuan customs—
I could afford no more
Nor could I afford any less.

JACK LAHUI

THE POETS

JACK LAHUI from Porebada works with the D.I.E.S. Film Unit in Port Moresby. His two poems were commended in the 1970 Literature Bureau Open Poetry Competition.

LUCAS AIHI from Roro works in the Reserve Bank at Port Moresby.

DATA VANA (Kuanua for "Let's Go!") is the pen-name of a senior "local officer" working with the co-operatives movement.

M. O. KHAN from the Gulf District is a first-year arts student at the U.P.N.G.

PAUBA C. U. BURAU from Orokaiva works in the Department of Business Development, Port Moresby.

JACOB SIMET, a Tolai student at the Lae Institute of Technology, attended the 1968 and 1969 Rabaul Creative Writing Courses, and has had work published in *Kovave* and *New Guinea Writing*.

JAMES R. BURNS, of mixed Scottish and Spanish ancestry, teaches at Kusbau Primary School, Madang, and is married to a daughter of Siwi Kurondo, the Chimbu M.H.A., with two children. His poems have appeared in several Australian journals.

LEO MIRIA

new year 1966 in Goroka

This is an extract from an autobiographical work in progress.

We landed at Goroka at 2 p.m. In Port Moresby I was told that a man named Mr. Johnson was to meet me there and take me to the site where I was to meet a Mr. Brown, the white man in charge of the survey team.

I waited for Mr. Johnson for about 20 minutes before he turned up. I was standing at Goroka Airstrip with my luggage and all the survey gear. Mr. Johnson walked up to me and asked me in Pidgin what my name was. When I said my name he said: "Oh, you're the boy I am looking for. I will send a man to pick you up." He drove away and left me there to wait for the man he said would be sent to pick me up.

As soon as Mr. Johnson drove away I thought to myself: why could he not take me to the man he said he was going to send? The reason was obvious, I was black. What would he do if I was white but uneducated? He would take me to the hotel and a drink with him before I went to join my party.

Another twenty minutes went by before two young engineers' assistants turned up. We introduced ourselves and they drove me over to the Goroka motel where they were living. At the car park I noticed Mr. Johnson's car.

At the Goroka motel I was left outside while the white men went inside.

From the south there were low and black clouds sailing towards Goroka, with a cold wind blowing steadily. Remember that this was my first time in Goroka or in the highlands, and I had never before encountered such weather—so now I was shivering with cold.

It started to rain and I got into the car. I was now tired, cold and hungry. One of the men came out and told me that I could not go to Lufa, where my survey team was, but that they were trying to find a way of getting me there. I told the man that I was going to the shop, in case he looked

for me. At the shop I bought myself two blankets, some cigarettes and some food to eat. I came back to the motel and helped myself to what I bought at the store.

While I was eating it started to rain. I pressed myself against the side of the motel. All my gear was near me. I was reluctant to get into the vehicle. Eventually the two young engineers came out of the motel and told me that they were taking me to Lufa after the week-end. Since it was a week-end, the boss intended me to stay in Goroka.

Although I had heard that some of my district men were in Goroka I hardly knew where I could find them. Very fortunately, as I was standing near our vehicle which was parked near the hotel, I saw a friend walking along the street. I sang out to him and he walked up to me. I greeted him and asked him if there was a room for me at his house where I could spend the week-end.

"Don't have any worries about that!" he said. Then he invited me to have a drink with him at Goroka Hotel.

I went up to Mr. Brown who was giving out money to those workers of ours who needed it and asked him for a loan. He gave me \$10 and I told him that I had found a friend to spend the week-end with. He said it was all right with him and that I would have to report at the Goroka Hotel early Monday morning.

My friend, whose name was Samson, and I walked into the Goroka Hotel.

The Goroka Hotel has two bars. It is typical throughout the TPNG that when a hotel has more than one bar, one is always called "the native bar" and the other one "the European bar".

At that time only "whites" were allowed to drink in the lounge. If you were Papuan or New Guinean you had to go to the "bar at the back".

My friend Sam and I walked into the lounge. Since it was a Saturday the lounge was packed.

White men, all white men, some in dirty greasy overalls and shorts, all talking excitedly, while in the corner a few elderly men sat around a transistor radio with newspapers in their hand, listening to the horse races from Australia.

My friend and I walked up to the counter and ordered our drinks. The waitress looked up at us and said: "Sorry, I can't serve you here".

I asked, "Why?"

"You have to go to the back bar."

"What is wrong with my friend and I drinking here?"

"That is what I have been told."

"But that is discrimination!"

I looked around disturbed and annoyed at what I had heard from the waitress.

The waitress looked at me and said: "Who did you come with?"

"With a friend."

"The one you are standing with?"

"Yes—and why all these questions?"

"You can be served only when you come in with a white man."

The waitress told me then that "natives" cause too much trouble so they are not allowed in the lounge.

"You mean to say that any trouble that pops up in this bar is always caused by the indigenous?" I asked her.

"Not all the troubles, but most of them."

Just then the manager walked in. He came over to the bar while this argument was going on and asked what it was all about. After an explanation from the waitress, the manager turned around to us and said:

"You two go to where you are told to go and no more trouble from you!"

I looked around and saw a sea of white faces looking curiously at me. There was a lot of amusement at this argument.

Then I turned to him and said:

"Before I go I want a full explanation of this stupid organisation. Why are we natives told to drink at the 'back bar' while you whites can drink in this lounge?"

I waited a few seconds for him to talk, but he did not answer, so I went on:

"This is what we call racial discrimination. It sounds like the last judgment, dividing the sheep from the goats! But I say your days of having the top hand are numbered. Now I am going up to that girl there and I want to be served." I approached and ordered two beers. Automatically I was served.

After having a few beers I told my friend that we had to leave. I was tired from the trip and I wanted to clean up. I told him that we could come back later in the afternoon and have some

more drinks. We bought some beer and took it along with us. In Sam's house we cooked a big meal and after the meal Sam said that we would have to go to the hotel fully dressed.

Three hours later we were walking up the footpath of the Goroka Hotel. We both had on long pants, white shirts and ties, but this time there was no sign of argument from either the waitress, bar manager or the hotel manager. The lounge was full, there were men with their wives and young men with their girl friends. The only two black men were myself and Sam.

At a nearby table sat a couple and they invited us to join up with them. The couple were not planters but were employed in the Sepik District and they were having a week-end in Goroka.

We introduced ourselves and we sat down. Around us were all white men talking excitedly, mostly about coffee and the prices of their cash crops.

The man at the table with us had seen and heard the argument earlier in the afternoon and was very interested to carry on a conversation with me. He asked me where I was educated and who I was now working for. I answered his questions and our talking drifted on to things like hotels, plantations and what sort of tricks the employers or rather whites play on the black men, and about exploitation of human rights.

Suddenly he asked me if I'd been to the Sepik District.

"No. Why? What's so interesting there?"

"Do you know the word 'artifact'?"

"Yes."

"Well, the whites in the Sepik District buy artifacts from the natives at a very low price and sell them at a very high price in other parts of the world. Somebody should bring this matter up in the Territory's House of Assembly. What's more, the Administration officers are involved in this racket."

"You could do something about the matter," I said. "See Ian Downs (then the M.H.A.)."

"No, mate," he said, "Mr. Downs won't take any action in this matter. This is a white man's trick and the black man himself has to fight him to reveal it."

"But have you got proof of it?"

"That's the thing! I haven't got the proof."

I never forgot this conversation and in October 1969 I made a statement in the "Post Courier" about this matter. While I was in the highlands and later on the coast of the New Guinea mainland I always tried my very best to find out more about the smuggling of artifacts and antiquities.

After working at Lufa, we arrived back in Goroka, and next day Mr. Brown left for Port Moresby

for a Xmas holiday to be spent with his family. The natives? We were left to find our own accommodation with our friends. Luckily, I had friends from my own district who were working in Goroka and I asked them if I could spend the Xmas holidays with them. I was given only \$24.00 to spend during the time I was in Goroka. I went to stay with a friend, because Sam was camped on the road to carry out maintenance work.

After two days in Goroka I went to stay with Sam on this road camp because there was another week to go before Xmas and he was to come to Goroka at Xmas time. Sam and I spent about five days more on the road and then came into Goroka.

On our arrival in town we met other "Wan Toks" and we all decided to go to the hotel in the afternoon.

We walked into the lounge and once more we were confronted by the barmaid who said that we should go to the "back bar". But when she saw me and that I insisted on drinks there, she dropped the matter and we bought our drinks and remained in the lounge. While we were there, another group of natives walked into the lounge. When they ordered their drinks one of the whites shouted:

"Hey Alec! These coons should not be in here! They should be in the bar at the back!"

"Who are you referring to as coons?"

The smart white turned around and looked into the eyes of the Niuginian who had questioned him.

"You and all the blacks!"

"What law is there against us drinking in here?"

"Give him some drinks!" I demanded.

The young man was standing now face to face with the European. He said to him:

"Listen man, don't take us way back to 1925. This is 1965! Can you show me now or tomorrow in the district office a law saying that natives should drink in one section of the hotel only and the whites in the other? You have had your way for a long time, times have changed."

"Give them some," I shouted again.

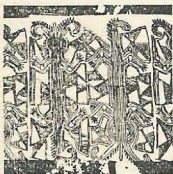
The white man stood still, not saying a word.

The manager then walked in: "All right, just keep quiet, and drink." The matter was no more discussed.

I found out that this young man was from Chimbu. He was a trainee at the Goroka teachers' college. Godfrey Agen Dua was his name. Godfrey was an ex-seminarian like me and he spoke English with an American accent.

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THE JACARANDA PRESS, 46 Douglas St., Milton, Q'ld., 4064

The Xmas vacation in Goroka was an experience for me, getting to know our young leading New Guineans standing up for their own rights. I met some teachers' college boys who were militant in their ideas about how a country should be run. They were pretty clued up young men about our country's affairs.

One day before Xmas I met a European who was very friendly and he invited me to attend the New Year's Eve party to be held at his house. His family was coming from Australia to stay about three weeks with him in Goroka.

On the eve of Xmas we went to the hotel and stayed there till the bar was closed. We went home, walking along the streets of Goroka and singing happily.

The next day was Xmas day. We joined our friends and celebrated it with an abundance of grog. I left the gathering and went to see a friend. When I returned, my friend Sam was not there. When I made enquiries as to his whereabouts, I found out that he had gone to the Goroka Hotel. I went to the hotel but could not find him there. The waitress told me that he had been arrested. When I asked the waitress why, she said, "Because he was very cheeky!"

"What did he do?"

"You better go to the police station and ask."

I walked up to the police station and asked if I could see my friend. Sam was a heavy equipment operator and was well known in and around Goroka. The police officer, a Tolai, took me to Sam's cell. I asked him what was the trouble.

This was his story. "It was 12 noon and I went to Goroka Hotel to order a counter meal. When the plate arrived it was not what I had ordered. I did not want that but they said I would have to have it since I ordered it. There was an argument over it and the cops were called. I was then arrested."

I came back to the police constable and asked him what was the charge. He told me that he was drunk and causing trouble at the hotel. I then asked him if I could bail him out. The amount I was told was six dollars, but that I would have to wait until 6 p.m. before he could be bailed. I then asked again whose order was this. The policeman said it was the order of the officer in charge, Inspector Brian Beatie.

"I want to see Brian Beatie then."

"Why do you want to see him?"

I turned around because this question was fired at me from behind. There was a white man standing behind me.

"Who are you?" I asked.

"I am a police officer," he answered.

"Why aren't you in uniform then?"

"I am from Kundiawa."

"Then you have no right to intervene here."

"I have every right to intervene as an officer of the Police force," he said.

"Then can you prevent me from seeing the O.I.C. of the Goroka Police Station?"

"No. I cannot prevent you."

"Then I'd like to see him now." Turning to the Tolai policeman, I asked: "Where can I find Inspector Beatie?"

"In one of the buildings behind the Catholic Church."

I walked down the steps and went to the O.I.C.'s place. I saw him sitting on the verandah and walked towards the house. When I reached the bottom of the stairs a vehicle pulled up and in it was the police officer from Kundiawa. He walked briskly past me up the stairs. I went up behind him and I could not catch what he was saying to Mr. Beatie. The inspector saw me and came towards me.

"What is your trouble, son?"

Though he sounded paternalistic I was glad, because the way he asked the question put me at ease.

"I would like to bail my friend out—he was arrested just after midday."

"Have you got the money?"

"Yes, sir."

"All right, go back to the police station and bail your friend."

"Thank you."

I walked off and went down to the police station and bailed Sam out.

A day after Xmas I met a young photographer from Western Australia. I took him around Goroka and he took some photographs. We went to Goroka Hotel and had dinner together. That night another one of my friends was arrested by the police and the next day I bailed him out too.

On New Year's Eve I went to the party I was invited to attend. It was a very good party and there was a lot of grog.

On the 3rd of January 1966 I rang up Mr. Brown at Port Moresby and asked him when he was returning to Goroka. I was told that he was returning on the 7th. I was left penniless by now. The \$24.00 that was given to me had finished. Sam was now to go back to his maintenance camp and I was also left without any accommodation. I went to the receptionist at Goroka Hotel and asked if I could borrow some money and told her that I would pay it back when the boss arrived from Port Moresby. The girl gave me some money and said that she knew my boss very well and that there would be no difficulty in getting her money back.

Mr. Brown returned on the 6th January. I went to meet him on the 7th, early in the morning.

Going towards the hotel I saw him near the airline buildings and turned towards him.

"Good morning, Sir," I greeted him.

But he did not return my greeting, and instead he fished an air ticket from his pocket and said: "This is your ticket back to Moresby."

"Why, Sir?" I inquired.

"You had no right to get money off those girls at the hotel."

"But Sir, the money I got from you could not last me the Xmas and New Year period."

"I do not want to hear any nonsense from you."

I walked away very angry. I knew this white man was getting rid of me. Probably he must have been told last night about our arguments with the hotel staff. They were typical Aussie whites trying to keep the blacks "in their place". They do not want us to stand up to them and argue matters out, normal natural things that govern daily life and apply to any kind of persons whether they be black, white or yellow. There's a line drawn, cross that and you are crushed.

I thought, how could this be done to me? What did I do wrong?

Sam did not go to work that day and when I walked in he asked what was wrong, for he had seen the look on my face. I told him that I was going back to Port Moresby.

"What is wrong with that?"

"I am sent back because I am not wanted by that boss of mine."

"Have you still got your job?"

"That is what I have to find out, when I get back to Moresby!"

"Well, friend, do not worry about that. I have some money here and we will enjoy ourselves today!"

"Okay, this will be some sort of a farewell party for my departure."

I went to the airline office and postponed my flight for two days because I wanted to see the opening of the Goroka multi-racial council by the Minister for External Territories, Mr. C. Barnes.

We went to the showground the next morning. The natives around Goroka put on their best decorations and came in great groups to gather at the showground. Tribal dancing went on before the arrival of the Minister. It was a very colorful celebration and the Minister gave his speech, followed by a couple of M.H.A.'s and some administration officials.

On the eve of my departure some friends came to the house and brought drinks with them. A party was thrown on and this went on until the early hours of the morning. At 6 a.m. I boarded the plane for Port Moresby.

When I arrived at the head office, the managing director was very surprised to see me.

"Why did you come back?"

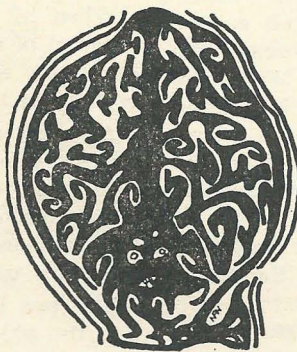
"I was sent back by Mr. Brown."

"But you are not required here."

"I am not required there either! Have I still got my job?"

"Yes! You still have your job."

That was all I wanted.



legends of Niugini

The Story of a Woman from a Piece of Ochre

LEO HANNETT

as told to me by Sibon

No kiukiu no Mahar Huru

Once there were two brothers. Their father had died. They only had their mother left. But after a few years their mother too had died. They were really very sad and alone.

There was a parcel of ochre placed on one of the beams in their house. They did not know what it was for.

One day the two brothers decided to go fishing. Just after they had left, the parcel of ochre fell to the ground and at once it changed into a beautiful woman. Soon after that she started to sweep the whole house clean. After throwing the rubbish away from the house, she continued on to the garden and got some taros.

She came home and peeled them and cooked them inside the pot. After they were cooked she put them all into the eating basket. When she knew that the two brothers would soon be coming home, she changed herself back into the parcel of ochre and placed herself back neatly on the beam. She was just a parcel of ochre once again.

Of course before changing herself into a parcel of ochre, she neatly put the pot back in its proper place, and placed the basket of taro on the raised food platform.

When the two brothers returned from fishing, they were surprised to see the food there and the place neatly swept also. "Who is this person that swept our house so well and cooked our food ready for us? Who could the person be?" they kept asking one another. Never mind, the two of them just cooked their fish and ate them together with those taros prepared by someone unknown.

Then they said to one another. "Tomorrow we must go fishing once again." The next day as soon as day dawned, they woke up and took their fishing net and off they went again.

As soon as they were gone, that parcel of ochre fell to the ground and changed itself into a woman again. She swept the place and then went off to the garden once again to fetch some taros. She came home and cooked them again. When they were cooked, she neatly prepared them in their eating basket, ready for the two brothers. The place was swept and the cooking pot was put back in its proper place. As soon as she heard the two brothers coming she changed herself again, and was lying quietly as a parcel of ochre once more on the beam of the house.

When the two brothers came home they began to inquire among themselves again: "Who is this person that always comes and cooks our food ready?" Anyway, they cooked their fish and ate together with the taros again. Then both of them started to ponder. "What shall we do so that we can find out the person that keeps preparing our food?"

Then one day as they were going fishing again the younger brother stayed home and hid himself in the corner of the house behind some mats. The elder brother went off and shut the door behind. The younger one was watching very carefully now.

Again the parcel of ochre fell to the ground and suddenly turned itself into a very beautiful woman. She was a very young woman with her breasts shining and big. She did the usual things. She went immediately for the broom and swept the house very clean. Then off she went to the garden for some taros. After she came home, she cooked them ready again for the two brothers.

When all was ready she changed herself into a parcel of ochre once more and placed herself on the beam again. In the meantime, the younger brother had seen all that had happened.

As soon as the elder brother came home, he asked: "Who is the person that always cooks our food ready for us?" "No," said the younger brother, "it is nothing other than our parcel of ochre that always changes itself into a beautiful woman and cooks for us!"

The two brothers lived on as before. Then one day the elder brother stayed home to watch her this time. He hid himself in the corner of the house. This time, the younger brother had his turn to go out on his own fishing. As soon as the younger brother left, the parcel of ochre fell to the ground and was immediately changed into a beautiful woman again. The elder brother was so happy that he showed himself to her at once. She did

not change herself back into ochre but remained on as a person.

When the younger brother came home from fishing, the elder instructed him: "You, my younger brother, do not worry. We must all stay together as before."

But the younger brother insisted: "No, both of you must stay on in our house. I must go, I must move away to another house." "Do not do that," said the elder brother, "we must stay and live together. Both of us must look after her for she is from our common parcel of ochre that our father left for us." So they all stayed together.

As they lived together, one day the elder brother said: "I think we will all go fishing together today." So they all went. She went along too but she would not walk on wet sand.

The elder brother was the first one to catch a fish in his net. He then called out to her: "Come and get this fish!" She shouted out to him: "Bring it here!" "What are you doing? Just come over here and get it!" answered back her husband. Both of them kept insisting that the other should bring the fish. After a long while, the woman gave up and said: "So, I suppose both of you do not want me to stay any longer with you."

As soon as the woman put her feet on the wet sand, they began to disappear. She walked on and she continued to disappear. This time, her two legs began to melt away. Then she started to cry:

"Kiamalong, diapama, Oba ul diapama,
Oba us, kiamalong kiamalong!"

Now she disappeared as far as her thighs. She cried again:

"Kiamalong, diapama, Oba ul, diapama,
Oba us, kiamalong, kiamalong!"

She melted away now as far as her navel. She cried again:

"Kiamalong diapama, Oba ul, diapama,
Oba us, kiamalong, kiamalong!"

She melted away as far as her armpits.

"Kiamalong diapama, Oba ul, diapama,
Oba us, kiamalong, kiamalong!"

Her husband then called out to her. "What are you crying for? Just come quickly and get the fish."

All this time the husband thought that she could come further into the water, thinking that perhaps the water was deep.

She kept coming further into the water until her body disappeared as far as her neck. Then she just turned to the two brothers and said: "Both of you look towards me!" As the two looked towards her, her head finally disappeared completely.

The Wild God's Breadfruit Tree

LEO HANNETT

as told to me by Charles Hannett

Two brothers went fishing and the elder brother found some breadfruit in the sea.

When they came home, the younger brother asked the elder brother for one of his breadfruit. "Please give me one of your breadfruit. I will give you some when good times return to me." But the elder brother just said no and kept on eating his breadfruit.

The younger brother again came and asked: "Give me some seeds of your breadfruit and I will repay you when good times return."

But the elder brother was just rough to him and said: "Go and look for your own. Don't come and beg from me like that!"

The younger brother was ashamed of the things his elder brother said to him. So he went away.

He got on his canoe and paddled off. He paddled and paddled, and kept paddling on. Finally he reached the place he was going to. It was the place of the wild God who lived in a cave. He had a big breadfruit near his cave.

As the younger brother was paddling ashore near a stream, he saw some river shrimps. He caught them and as he was just about to break their claws, they shouted at him: "Please do not harm us and we will help you. Just take us with you, but do not harm us." So he took them alive, and put them all in his basket and went up to the breadfruit tree.

Then he climbed the breadfruit tree and as he was going to hook off some breadfruit with his long bamboo pole, he saw a flying fox hanging. He wanted to kill it but the flying fox begged him not to kill it, saying, "Do not kill me and I will give you some advice." The man obeyed. Then the flying fox advised him, saying, "If you find a ripe breadfruit do not throw it down: you will find it useful later." After this the flying fox flew away.

The younger brother continued to hook off more breadfruit and let them fall to the ground. As he was doing this a breadfruit leaf fell off and fell directly into the cave of the Wild God. The Wild God saw this leaf and muttered to himself: "A man is stealing from my breadfruit tree again."

Without much bother, the Wild God again reclined and went back to sleep.

However, as the man kept hooking down more breadfruit a leaf broke off again and fell directly into the cave of the Wild God.

As soon as the Wild God saw this second leaf he immediately rose up in anger and went out to catch his victim. He came up and the moment he saw the man he shouted: "Who is the man on my breadfruit tree? It is good, for truly today I will eat you up. Wait for me!" he shouted out loud. The man in the meantime was terribly frightened. He was shaking with fear.

The Wild God began climbing up the tree. The man saw him climbing up. Then he took one of the ripe breadfruit that he had left hanging and threw it at the eyes of the Wild God. It blinded both of his eyes. And just as the breadfruit hit the eyes of the Wild God the river shrimps roared with a frightful sound. All these made the Wild God crazy and frightened. He ran off stumbling on logs and hitting himself against trees.

The man was very happy. He came down from the tree, collected his breadfruit and took off on his canoe back to his home.

His elder brother saw him carrying home his breadfruit and he begged for some. His younger brother refused to give him any. But he kept on begging. So his younger brother gave him some.

One day this elder brother decided to go and steal some breadfruit from the same Wild God's breadfruit tree. He refused to listen to the words of his younger brother.

He paddled on, and on, and eventually as he was paddling up the river, he saw some shrimps. He caught them. But however much the shrimps tried to stop him from taking off their claws, he just went ahead and broke off all their claws. So the shrimps just said to him: "Oh what a pity! You are really ruining yourself!" With great disdain he retorted: "How can I ruin myself with such sweet food as you are!"

Anyway, the elder brother climbed the breadfruit tree and when he saw a flying fox hanging he made ready to kill it. The flying fox tried to stop him, saying: "Do not kill me and I will tell you a secret!" But the man still wanted to kill the flying fox. So the flying fox flew away.

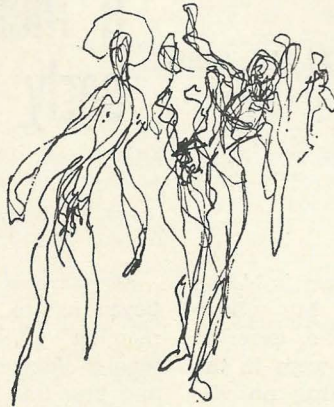
As the man began to hook off some breadfruit a leaf broke away and fell right into the cave of the Wild God. The Wild God got up at once and went off muttering to himself: "I am sure a man is again stealing from my breadfruit tree."

He came up to his breadfruit tree and asked aloud: "Who is that stealing from my tree? So it is you again! Wait for me, today I am sure to eat you up!"

What else could that man do? He was very scared and shaking with fear. At that same moment the flying fox flew back and taunted him, saying: "Now you will learn your lesson for not believing me." The shrimps also laughed and mocked at the man. "Now you have found your own downfall." They all mocked him.

As he tried to get to the ground and escape, the Wild God caught him and devoured him alive.





The Hand of Memory

Selected Stories and Verse

C. B. CHRISTESEN

The Hand of Memory has been printed in an edition limited to one thousand numbered copies, signed by the author, plus fifty copies out of series. Illustrations by Douglas Annand. Typography by Arthur Stokes. Printed by Halstead Press on Abbey Mills Text, with two-colour title-page. Set in 12pt. 'Monotype' Bembo. Bound in buckram and canvas; gold-blocked on spine; head and tail bands; stained at head; marker-ribbon; slip-cased. Size of page, 9 $\frac{3}{4}$ in. x 6 $\frac{3}{4}$ in.; number of pages, 198+xii. Price per copy, \$10.00 (60c postage).

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ALAIN JARIA

a memoir of early childhood

One of the earliest things I can remember is hiding myself in the bush on a dark night. My village and the nearby villages were, I believe, deserted that night. I was told that the police were in the villages looking for the people. Finding no villagers, they killed the pigs and took the food from the villages or from the gardens near the villages. I was under strict orders not to make a noise. I was terribly afraid, for in those days the villagers feared the patrol officers and policemen. I did not ask why this was, for at any rate they would not tell kids like me. All I was told was that if the police caught me I would never again see my parents, my grandparents and the other villagers.

I did not know what happened during the rest of the night. But the next morning, after seeing the destruction in the villages, most of the men, including my father, gave themselves up. They were made to carry cargo from my tribe to another tribe, and this was not easy during those harsh and fearful days. It was not a matter of either avoiding or helping the kiaps, but the fear of getting involved in a fresh tribal fight or rival sorcery.

For their services rendered, the men were given perhaps sticks of tobacco or 2/- pieces. They came back much relieved, for all of them were safe and sound. That was one of the few attempts made to get in contact with nearby tribes.

Most of my childhood days were spent in my mother's land. It is a distinct tribe from that of my father, and they speak a completely different language from that of my father's tribe. This tribe is on the opposite side of the St. Joseph's River.

As time passed, I began to become familiar to my cousins, the children of my uncles. There were seven uncles of mine, and one can imagine the great families in this clan or group, for six of them were married and had children.

My parents did not see me often. I gradually began not to think of them any more. I can remember vividly that my early childhood was wholly dependent on two people—my grandfather and grandmother. They were old people, but they took care of me as any dutiful parents would. Most of my time was spent with them in the gardens. The best times were when the newly made gardens started to yield abundantly. I liked to have the first cucumbers, corn, yams or taros, according to my taste.

There are special periods for making gardens, especially the yam gardens, and a certain period for planting and another for harvesting. Later some of the yams are set aside in siloes built in the garden, which is now old. When the next season comes around the land is cleared and burnt for the next planting.

There was a great unceasing love between my grandparents and me. As a child I was too ignorant to realise its full effect. When other villages made feasts and invited my uncles and grandparents, I usually went with them. It was always thrilling to attend these feasts and dances. The people invited would be told before by the host village what they should do at the feast. For example, some villages are picked just to act as spectators while some come to perform different dances. The feast usually lasts about a week.

Months came and passed, and perhaps it was after a few years that once again I saw my father. I was not at all happy or excited to see him, as a child usually is when seeing his father. I was a bit afraid to approach him because, as I said, I was away from my father's land for quite a long time. My mother also came with my father for a visit, and they spent many days with us.

One day my father told my grandparents that he had come with my mother to take me back. My grandparents were unwilling to let me go and, as for myself, I did not feel like going away

either. However, in the end my grandparents gave in.

I can remember perfectly well the parting day. It was a fine morning when my father, my mother and I said goodbye to everyone. It was a sorrowful parting. I cried when I saw my grandparents weeping. They said they would always remember me, until they passed away. I was very sad to hear these words and on the way to my father's homeland it was as though I carried a heavy load inside me.

The first few weeks in my new home were dry days for me. My parents and relatives, seeing my gloomy face, tried everything in their power to please me and to help me forget my miseries. Sometimes the strange children whom I played with would tell me that I was not of any use to them. They would not allow me to share the joys and freedom of the village street. This made my position worse, by turning back my thoughts to the earlier life with my grandparents, uncles, aunts and friendly cousins. Sometimes when I could not bear the strain I would sneak off into the bush and cry bitterly to soothe my grief. From then on, I spent most of the time with my mother, and would accompany her to the garden or fetch water or firewood. My sisters and brothers played harmoniously with these children. Since they were only tiny and younger than me, they were not up to a stage where they could realise my miseries and comfort me. Moreover, they were not much use in helping mother in the house.

Time elapsed quickly, and with it went my miseries and personal grievances. I was now at the age to help father in the garden, cutting down trees, making fences, rather than relying mostly on my mother. The time was at hand when I would be taught how to hunt, clear the garden and build new houses. However, it was not really a matter of being taught—I just gradually learned from my father whenever he went out to work or to hunt.

FLOATING FUND

In the absence overseas of the editor, the ship of Overland floats even more precariously than usual. The acting editors are therefore particularly grateful for the following donations, amounting to \$253.97, which have enabled us to reach another port.

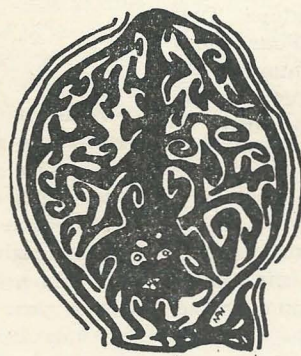
KS \$18; AD JS P&JH CMcK FB \$8; TM BR \$5; BA KF HH TE RM RG RJ GB JE MJO ED RL OC RR RM TD RB RN HF HMcM JO'C SA DG NR RI NM JP MM LJ JMcl IMcI RT DB EI \$3; ON \$2.60; NN \$2.50; PN HW DM GP WF BW DK DR AP KB BS CE DF PM TB WB DF AA NS JH VB JB \$2; LF RGT EL \$1.50; MH AH AJ RW CR MN MR AMcC MO'D NG RZ JZ BR EH BM IJ AD PG IR BM NK HN JA MH GG LD \$1; JC 87c; LP DP BJ RP VTU GA WR DW 50c. Total \$253.97.

At this time I never realised that one day all this knowledge and these traditional methods would be under my care. I never realised that one day I would decide things for myself in life, no more dependent on my parents.

Before I understood this, there was something completely different taking place in the tribe. A new village with a few buildings was added to the tribe. Closer examination showed that it was not really a new village, but a village school.

My father decided that I should go to school, which in those days was against my will. But before going to school I was allowed to visit my grandparents once more. On this visit my grandmother was so overjoyed that she began to cry and again I shared in their crying. Their time was running out. They were not used to hard work now. I wished very much to stay with them so that I could help them. But there was another commanding call—my father's—

"Son, don't stay there long; you must go to school!"



Swag

The Papua and New Guinea material in this issue has been collected by Don Maynard and Lois Carrington, to both of whom our thanks are due. Don has been sending a constant stream of letters, queries and suggestions from his office in Konedobu, and these have badgered the acting editors into such activity that we have almost kept to a production schedule which will enable us to keep our promise to both Stephen Murray-Smith and the readers that we will publish four issues during the year. Our task has also been made easier by the amount of New Guinea material we have received, a great deal of which we have had to omit from this issue and will be printing later in the year.

A collection of Don Maynard's own poetry, "Fragment of the God", has just been published in the excellent Papua Pocket Poets series. This series, founded and edited by Ulli Beier, is available in Australia from the Mary Martin Bookshop, Adelaide.

Other publications devoted to writing from the Territory include "New Guinea Writing", edited by Don Maynard and published by New Guinea News Service for the Bureau of Literature, and "Kovave", literary journal of the University of Papua-New Guinea. The first is twenty cents a copy, the second a dollar.



Both New Guinea and Indonesia have been the subject of attention in *Overland* before. In issue 20, back in 1961, the late Brian Cooper had an article "Birthpangs of a Nation", and Stephen Murray-Smith analysed the trial which resulted in Cooper being gaoled for having expressed his support for New Guinea independence. So much for the liberality of the great Ming regime! Two issues later, Cecil Holmes' article on "Four Faces of New Guinea" was published, and in number 25, 1962-63, Achdiat Mihardja had a report on Indonesian intellectuals in the days of Sukarno.



The past year has been most successful for Mr. C. B. Christesen, O.B.E., editor of "Meanjin Quarterly", our distinguished literary contemporary and cricket opponent. Clem has produced the thirtieth anniversary issue of his journal, which began its life in Queensland as "Meanjin Papers", a little

war-time publication which kept alive the spirit of civilisation in a time of war. Since then, it has shifted to Melbourne, changed its name, first to plain "Meanjin" and now to its present title, and widened its range to include not only poetry and fiction by most important contemporary writers, but also much of the most distinguished critical and social writing published in Australia during its time. Clem's thirty years of achievement have been fittingly crowned not only by his reception of the Britannica Award for Humanities in 1970, but also by the release early this year of his own selected stories and poetry in the privately published volume "The Hand of Memory". We expect to publish a review of this book in our next issue.



The continuing wave of take-overs in Australian publishing, the insolvency of some of the largest bookshops, the survey of bookselling which suggests that only the huge and the specialist can survive, the collapse of retail price agreements (prices are going up, not down), and the changes in the marketing of the general bookseller's staple, school textbooks, give local relevance to a recent debate in the "Times Literary Supplement". The "TLS" suggested editorially that the Arts Council was remiss in subsidising every stage in the production of the printed word except its ultimate point of distribution, the local bookshop. Of course this suggestion elicited the response that book-selling is merely an industry like anything else and should receive no special favors. This view however neglects the question of how individual services can be supplied in an age which is increasingly geared to the mass production and distribution of standardised packages. The mass production of books means the mass packaging of opinions, which in turn makes more remote the possibilities of rational change in society. The connection between Vietnam and airport bookstalls is by no means a distant one.



While on the question of subsidies, it is worth mentioning an American idea. An annual anthology of the best of the literary magazines is published with foundation support, and the contributors receive an appropriate fee. But the journal which originally published each contribution is also paid a substantial fee. Consequently, the best of the year's writing reaches a larger audience, and the individual magazines are rewarded for initiative. Commonwealth Literary Fund please note.—JM.

trade unions in Niugini

ALBERT MAORI KIKI

Originally presented as a paper at the Fourth Waigani Seminar, "The Politics of Melanesia", at the University of Papua and New Guinea, May 1970.

A History of Trade Unions

One Trade Union has existed in the Territory since the Second World War. This is the Public Service Association of Papua-New Guinea. This was first formed to protect the interests of the expatriate workers in the Public Service of the Territory. There were no New Guineans in the Public Service at that time. The majority of the New Guineans were employed as Administration Servants until the first New Guinean returned from Medical School in Suva, Fiji, in early 1952. Others followed him. New Guineans were then employed in the Public Service proper. This was then followed by introduction of the Auxiliary Division, into which long-service indigenous public servants were introduced in 1956. The majority of the New Guineans were still classified as Administration Servants, whose interests were protected by the Administration.

The first indigenous industrial organisation was formed through the Western Welfare Association in 1958. I was then President of that organisation. It was in that year that the first changes took place. Sir Paul Hasluck, the then Minister for Territories, made a fact finding tour of New Guinea. All the indigenous organisations in Port Moresby were invited to go and meet him at the Copra Marketing Board building near the foreshore in Port Moresby. I went along with the Secretary of the Association. Many complaints were put to him by representatives of those organisations. I also submitted complaints on behalf of our Association. Our major ones were over pay, accommodation and rations. In those days Administration Servants were issued with rations each week. Sir Paul Hasluck then encouraged me to put my case to the Administration. He promised that he would see the Administrator. After that, I wrote many letters to Sir Paul, and at the same time I was busy talking with different New Guinean leaders in Port Moresby about trade

unions. I was fortunate in being able to convince some of the New Guinean leaders. Unfortunately, I faced some opposition from top Administration officials that I should not introduce the words "TRADE UNION". Their fear was that trade unions are always associated with STRIKES! New Guineans should not be told about these things, I was warned. We held our first meeting at my home, and then later at the Methodist Welfare Hall at Badili. There were well over seven hundred New Guineans in attendance. In that first meeting many people advocated that, if a union was formed, the membership should be open to indigenous New Guineans only. No Europeans or Mixed Race should be allowed to join the union.

New Guineans at that time considered that they were kept in a permanent position doing jobs which were considered not worthwhile. There were of course salary differences. Mixed race workers were paid in between the expatriate and the indigenous rates. Reading over some of the early minutes of the union is very interesting. One letter which was written to Sir Paul Hasluck reveals bitter race feelings, particularly towards people of mixed race. We were too ambitious. We called our first union "Papua-New Guinea Workers' Association", almost along the same lines as the Australian Council of Trade Unions. This was because there were no other trade unions apart from the Public Service Association. We were fortunate to get assistance from Peter Lalor, who was then President of Public Service Association, and was one of the senior lawyers of the Department of Law (now Public Solicitor of Papua New Guinea). His help and assistance gave us the first award for workers both in the administration and in private enterprise—the first urban cash award of \$6.00 per week. Before this, New Guineans were paid monthly. Some people had to work for a month for \$2.00. The \$6.00 per week award was a major break. This stimulated New Guineans to

form their own workers' associations in other Districts. Now there are twenty-seven Trade Unions or Workers' Associations throughout the Territory. Three more unions—the Gulf District Workers' Association, the Bougainville Construction Workers' Union, and Port Moresby Clerks' Union—are in process of registration.

The former Papua New Guinea Workers' Association functioned for three years until 1963; after other Districts formed their own unions, then it was decided that Port Moresby should have a union of its own. The Port Moresby Workers' Association was then formed under the leadership of one of our prominent New Guinea trade union leaders, Oala Oala-Rarua, now Assistant Ministerial Member for the Treasury in the House of Assembly. The Port Moresby Workers' Association functioned and at one stage this union employed a full-time worker (Tim Chapman), a student from Australian National University who was then doing his thesis. Then Port Moresby Workers' Association faded slowly until 1965 when there were no financial members. Other Trade Unions in other Districts are now functioning well.

Some Problems of Organising Trade Unions

The problems are many. Our major problem is that of having suitable New Guineans for the running of unions. Most union officials are holding honorary positions. If we are to succeed, like those unions in developed countries, we need to have full-time officials. Unions must be self supporting. Trade unions in the Territory will need some financial support from outside unions, such as unions in Australia, for the first two or three years. I suggest that each union in Australia should support any one union in the Territory, both financially and by taking possible union leaders, particularly young New Guineans, down south to give them training. So far there is very little support from Australian unions, apart from the A.C.T.U. which gave some financial assistance for the formation of the Territory Federation of Trade Unions in 1965—which did not eventuate. From the success of the P.S.A. and the Police Association, it can be seen that unions can operate satisfactorily if they have full-time paid officials.

Usually trade unions are operated from individual homes which is in many ways not a successful method of operation. Unions in the Territory will need some kind of assistance from the Administration in the way of providing office space within the Administration until they are able to provide their own facilities. Australian unions should assist in providing, or perhaps helping, the unions to build offices in the Territory so that they can be leased to the various unions. Many European

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workers are reluctant to join trade unions in the Territory, apart from P.S.A. and Police Association. Lae Workers' Association and Rabaul Workers' Association are making some headway. There are Europeans joining these unions, which is a good sign. Most New Guineans in this Territory feel that all the Europeans are employers and they, themselves, are workers. This is not very good racially. Most union membership is open to all races.

Most unions at the present are not united in action, but recently an effort was again made to form a federation of the trade unions in the Territory. Most unions are formed on district bases, apart from Port Moresby and Bougainville unions. In Port Moresby, the former Port Moresby Workers' Association has now become the Miscellaneous Workers' Union. We have formed the Central District Building and Construction Industry Workers' Union, Central District Waterside Workers' Union, and the Staff Association of the University. We are in the process of forming the Central Council of Trade Unions in the Territory. Perhaps one reason for failures in the past may be that the unions are too widely organised, based on district level rather than along industry lines. We hope to set a precedent for other unions in the Territory. The Central Council of the Trade Unions

in the Central District will then later join the Federation of Trade Unions in the Territory. We will have to be careful that we do not break our unions up into different trade bases, as we could face problems of union boundaries later as unions develop.

The Attitude of Expatriate Entrepreneurs towards Unions

There is definite encouragement of development of trade unions in the Territory from the major businesses in major towns. There are others who could not care less about conditions of workers whom they employ. One energetic businessman once said that he was here to make money, and he could not be bothered about his workers. One manager's wife claimed that trade unions are run by communists. There are many minor businesses which could not care about meeting union officials. I have had more difficult times with little businessmen than with major businesses, because, with the experience of unions taking over most of the industries in their own former countries, they fear losing their businesses in this country. Most of them are difficult to negotiate with. If it is known that New Guineans are union members, then they are in danger of losing their employment. One minor company manager said that he would sack anyone who was a member of a trade union, but we have nearly all his native workers in the union.

Awards

Awards are always difficult in negotiation, and, if an award is granted, it would only apply to members of the Employers' Federation unless it was made a Common Rule. Most little businessmen refuse to join the Employers' Federation.

This makes the union claim difficult. The urban awards throughout the country are negotiated separately. Each union in each centre puts in different claims for its members. The Employers' Federation usually accepts only the lowest claim, and then applies that to cover other union claims. This has been demonstrated in the last few months when Port Moresby Unions and Lae Workers' Association put in slightly higher claims than that of Rabaul. The Employers' Federation accepted the Rabaul award and then applied that to cover Port Moresby, Lae, etc. Now with the formation of the Federation of Unions, I hope unions throughout the country in future will put united claims for their members.

The Future of Unions

What is going to happen to unions after New Guinea gains self government? At the present we are dealing with a foreign government and the Administration. Most of the companies here are foreign. In most African states (former colonies) unions were organised to fight against the colonial exploiters. Now that they have independence, in most African states, they are controlled by the national governments. What of New Guinea unions? This is where I think it is important for unions to include in their membership all races: Europeans, Chinese and Niuginians. Most New Guineans see all the white men as employers. Europeans in this country could become involved in unions if they wished to. This would make a good impression on the minds of New Guineans. New Guinean businesses should also join the Employers' Federation. At present the Employers' Federation has only two indigenous businesses as members. There should be more and more New Guinean business people involved in that organisation.

MICHAEL SOMARE

political organisation in Niugini

Originally presented as a paper at the Fourth Waigani Seminar, "The Politics of Melanesia", at the University of Papua and New Guinea, May 1970.

It has been said by "experts" who have visited this country for a matter of two weeks, or even for one day, that it is impracticable to unify our people. I have often wondered whether this has any basic truth in it. Maybe some of these experts were wrong or maybe they were correct.

The problems of community organisation are already too large to a certain extent. By that I mean it is at times difficult to get people together to carry out a village project. The fundamental problem is being able to organise or motivate people.

The need for such organisation has been proved in many developing countries. In some of the independent African and Asian countries it has been justified for their particular course, but others it has not been justified. The new countries have one common enemy—you could say colonialism or exploitation. They have such slogans as "Merdeka" and Uhuru.

In New Guinea we have no common enemy and the people have no sense of being part of one great country. It goes back to certain environments which govern the thinking of the people. A Niuginian is more interested in his own tribe and not prepared to share interest with others who are different from him.

The real crux of the matter is that in a political organisation we are faced with the problem of Niuginian identity. There is nothing to motivate Niuginian thinking to destroy the enemy. People have been individuals and only interested in what affects them and not what affects others.

From a historical viewpoint, a feeling of nationalism grew within the realities of the situation in certain areas or parts. In countries like Ghana, Kenya and Tanzania, the Africans organised to combat the enemy, which was white supremacy, colonialism, or economic exploitation. They were able to organise and overthrow the regime or foreign power and seize the power themselves. There

were problems of harshness, maltreatment and so on. To get rid of that they organised themselves and achieved what they wanted—their aim was political power.

Now the problems here are quite different from our African counterparts. We want political power, but how we can attain this is another question. If people are politically sophisticated, and have a common aim, there will be a sense of oneness. At present we are confronted with a powerful organisation which makes it difficult for people to organise themselves. This element is the established force of the Administration, who is the "giver of all things", and people do not care so long as they are at the receiving end. Our people are so accustomed to get things for nothing that they demand more which, of course, always appears to be given at their request.

Therefore, they do not see why they should organise in demanding power through political groups. There is no justification for political parties in their thinking. It is extremely difficult to get people thinking in terms of grouping together because there is no reason to do so.

In Niugini I find it difficult to organise a political party because it seems to serve no purpose to an ordinary villager or even an urban worker. He does not see the basis of political organisation.

Some of the problems of political organisation in Niugini are that we have:

- (a) No feeling of national consciousness,
- (b) No unification,
- (c) Fragmentation of tribes,
- (d) No large tribes (apart from Kumans, Engas, etc.),
- (e) No chieftains or ruling societies,
- (f) No common language.

We are semi-nomads and what we do in one part of the country does not concern the others at the other end. It makes it difficult for organisations to function. On the other hand, Niuginians

find it difficult to break through the old concept of "kiap rule", which is to my belief solid in most parts of the Territory. This concept is based on the idea that what the white man says is always true.

The Administration is another stumbling block as they have manpower resources such as field officers and radio stations, owned and operated by them, which always give one point of view and which do not allow an alternative for the people. Another section of people are Europeans who are in fear of working under Niuginians. They tell the average villager not to join political parties as they are bad and will ruin the country and disrupt the system. This concept has been put in the people's mind and this concept is known as divide and rule. I term it as kiap rule. (What is a political party?—"Political pati bilong girism bell!")*

There are still a number of Europeans, particularly the old timers, who think we are living in the 1920's and are not capable of running our own organisations. This is one aspect of the retarding of Niuginian organisation in a fragmented society.

To strengthen political organisation we have tremendous problems with communications, geographical differences and tribal customs, but if Niuginians have a common issue to fight for this could bring the people together as one. There is no common enemy or issue to bind the people together to achieve this goal. The average person is quite content with what is here now and is not interested with what happens elsewhere.

A major problem of political organisation is the attempt by some administration officials to destroy the concept of political parties and to intimidate Niuginian thinking by suggesting that parties are bad and dangerous to the country. The kiap concept of political parties is that they exist in order to "grease" people.

The problems are large in a community such as ours. When people ask what are political parties and their functions, the answer always seems to

* Political parties exist to "grease" people.

be—political parties will ruin your country and chase the white man away. This is a quite common answer with kiaps and other white men in Niugini.

If Niuginians are organised the Europeans immediately label them "cultists". Pita Lus, Paliau Maloat, Oscar Tammur, are good examples of people with organisational abilities—but Europeans brand them as "cargo cultists". How can we combat this kind of battle? The only way is to convince our people that others are using this as a weapon to destroy our organisations.

Even in the House of Assembly today, Pangu Pati, which is well organised, has been branded by members as an organisation to destroy white rule. This is one way in which to frighten the local people so they will not join political parties.

Early in the piece, after the Second World War, there were Paliaus, Yales, Kabus, etc., who tried to organise their people to improve their standard of living. Some were misled, but Paliau Maloat, on Manus Island, for example, has his own church, well organised villages, etc. This goes to show that people here are capable of organising themselves but are confronted with European intimidation. I am not saying all organisations of Niuginians are intimidated, but attempts are made to destroy anything organised by Niuginians.

In the villages today I often go out and talk about party politics and its organisations. Later some kiap comes along and says this is wrong, leaving the people confused.

Our own community organisations in a true sense are political organisations in their own right—they follow one line of thought. For example, if a chief in the village wants a number of pigs to be slaughtered his instructions are executed. The same pattern is followed when he orders his villagers to fight another village—he in his own right controls the political organisation.

In concluding I would say that unless there is a true feeling of nationalism and something in common for people to come together and fight for, then we cannot expect results.

MARTIN BULUNA

students in Niugini politics

Originally presented as a paper at the Fourth Waigani Seminar, "The Politics of Melanesia", at the University of Papua and New Guinea, May 1970.

The Students

Mr. E. P. Wolfers, in a paper which he delivered to the 34th Summer School of the Australian Institute of Political Science held in Canberra in January 1968 described students as "young sophisticates." "They are better educated than previous groups before them and they tend to mix more with the younger and new type of Australians who are now coming to the Territory. They are less thwarted in ambition than their predecessors. They are anti-Europeans but are selective in their accusations. They are less fearful of Europeans, know little of their villages for they have not been home for long periods of time and they are politically less active. In politics they are relatively conservative and because they are younger, they are less politically involved and are consequently less frustrated. They are extremely conscious that they are the leaders of the future, because they have been told again and again on school speech days and the like of their inevitable and unenviable role. They know they are the elite because journalists and academics have said so!" This general description of students by Mr. Wolfers is correct in factual terms of the year 1967 and before, but I would add that when Mr. Wolfers wrote his paper he did not predict that his students would be a possible dynamic force in Niugini politics. He did, however, hint that changes would occur and that the students' outlook and thinking would be affected by their own experience and convictions.

There was one point raised by Mr. Wolfers which in my opinion no longer has as much relevance as it once did. He stated that because students were young they were less politically involved. The logical implication which follows here is that if they grew older they would engage actively in politics. This is what seems to have happened—but not because students matured

physically but rather because a maturation in positive thinking on political matters has taken place. For instance, the students in the first year of this University's existence were a varied lot. They had come to this institution with contrasting school experience of secondary education—from Administration, Mission and Australian colleges. The effect of putting together this motley lot was not as frightening as it may sound. But school day complexes and inhibitions did prevail in 1967. Few voices of protest were heard, from campus students. The one demonstration, a protest march to the Arbitration Commissioner's office at Konedobu involved many students. It was engineered in the main by trade union leaders and local politicians, who appealed to the students for support.

The predecessor of the present day Politics Club of the University, the International Affairs Society, was established at the instigation of a law lecturer some time in 1967 and lasted until the resignation and departure of the lecturer from the University. Incidentally, this Society was the first to conduct a public forum—and on this one occasion the topic for discussion was the Vietnam war.

The reason for including the activities of this Society, the protest march to Konedobu and similar activities that have passed unrecorded, was the effect they had on those who participated. Many took part, unaware of the consequences that were to follow. Many, too, were unconvinced of the value of the part they played. The public, through the press and radio, poured criticism on the apparent lack of conviction displayed by students at these activities.

The full effect of politically orientated clubs and debates, external political and staff influence, and reaction from the public on students was that they were stimulated to take part in discussions with more personal conviction. They became aware of the role they were to play. In short,

their thinking was polarised in whatever direction their convictions led them. The majority remained "conservative", while a few might be branded "mild radicals". Students were undergoing a stage of the maturation process.

Perhaps a significant point in the process came when in July 1968 Mr. Rabbie Namaliu instigated the establishment of a Pangu Pati Branch at the University. The foundation members deviated from Mr. Namaliu's original suggestions and, following further discussion, the original Politics Club was born.

Colonialism

The young people of Niugini and, more specifically, the students, know and sense that there is no longer any place for colonialism, especially colonialism of the old form where the master in the figure of a white man directs and controls natives at his pleasure. Awareness of rights and obligations on the part of students has created a sense of responsibility and confidence. The more they realise the gravity of their role the more responsible and confident they will tend to become. There is no longer any place for the white man who persists in the promotion of his superiority image over those whom he has economic and political advantages. There is no longer any right or reason for the white man to impose this image upon those he claims he has come to redeem or liberate in the name of civilisation. The obstinacy of white men who perpetuate the superiority image can only antagonise and alienate the students. If this attitude were not checked but allowed to develop in an irrational fashion, there could be violent upheavals, instigated by students.

The young also reject domestic colonialism*—this is an obvious sector of community, usually a small minority that thrives to economic excess, and whose wealth is supported by an underpaid, underprivileged majority. The colonial power, the Australian government, is being pushed by world opinion to grant political independence to Niugini in the very near future, and for this act she needs to be applauded for her political realism.

However, the colonial power has failed to set target dates, more especially that of self-government. Why has this important issue been avoided? In short, who has influence over whom—the colonials over the Australian government or vice versa? Whatever holds, the future of this country depends on the decisions, negative or positive, of this influential group, that is the white minority of exploiters, and the attitudes that they maintain in conjunction with the students' views. In my

opinion, this minority influential group faces the inevitable fate of being phased out. The planter group for instance has dominated both the economics and politics of this country for a long time. A very prominent Highlands planter and businessman, who was and still is in many respects a leading member of this group, at the 1968 Summer School of the Australian Institute of Political Science, attempted to justify the dominant political role of the planter by saying that there was a leadership vacuum and that those Australians who strayed in to fill this vacuum did so without intention and it was merely an accidental situation.

There may have been a leadership vacuum, but the planters deliberately took advantage of this situation; and having done so, advocated policies which were to their particular advantage. Whilst still trying to separate the economic from the political, this planter ventured to say, "They did not intend to dominate the politics, although I must say it will be very difficult to prise them loose from the economics". This planter had the foresight to see an inevitable change in the political situation. A possible response to change is for the planter to attempt to dissociate his two roles and cling to the one—the economic. There is a difficulty in attempting a complete separation, for after all, political decisions affect economic status and economic motives, and gains boost political power. It is quite likely that we will see two forces in close alliance to maintain the planters' status—an announced withdrawal from politics by white planters who will let their native subordinates assume the political role so that they can manipulate them to their own advantage as well as to the advantage of those they manipulate. I see no likelihood of their relinquishing the political role without a struggle or compensation for those benefits they have accrued. They will claim them to be entirely theirs "by right".

Stokely Carmichael in "Black Power" made a very pertinent remark with regard to the position of domestic colonialists in a colonial country:

Whenever a number of persons within a society have enjoyed for a considerable period of time certain opportunities for getting wealth, for exercising power and authority, and for successfully claiming prestige and social deference, there is a strong tendency for these people to feel that these benefits are theirs "by right".

Political power, hence, can pass from one person to another or from one group to another, and in the event of one party misusing its powers, is there not the possibility of another party assuming or wresting from that party the powers that have been abused? In short, students, who are perhaps the most politically conscious group in

* This term means that minority group who have been resident in a colony for a long period of time and have vested interests there.

Niugini and of whom the majority as yet constitute no major political party or national movement, might form a political movement to oppose a conservative wing of the older politicians.

Racialism

Archbishop Helder Camara of Brazil has a very convincing definition of racialism:

Racialism is an attitude which despises and oppresses another human creature or groups of human creatures, because they are of a different race and a different colour.

As racialism is most evident in black-white relations, and this attitude became heavily entrenched in Niugini society soon after the era of first settlement, the only possible conclusion to reach here, is to agree that it was an imported issue that came with the arrival of the European migrants. It is perhaps not correct to regard racialism as a deliberately imported device to suppress the intellectual ability of the native, because, even before departing from their home country, European colonists quite firmly held to the belief that their race was superior to the black race. Technological advancement and material superiority appeared to add evidence to Charles Darwin's biological theories on evolution and "survival of the fittest". The white man came to this country supremely confident that he belonged to the master race and that throughout his existence here he would maintain his status—"masta".

From the early days of colonisation in Niugini the white man established and asserted his sense of superiority, through the attitude of "whites superior", "blacks inferior". To achieve this end he employed his flash personality and, aided by material goods and technological devices, he eliminated any opposition that threatened to demolish his social status. He maintained absolute political control over his subordinates. Stokely Carmichael referred to racialism as:

The predication of decisions and policies on considerations of race for the purpose of subordinating a racial group and maintaining control over that group.

The concept of the supreme superiority of the white race was imposed, and enforced with extreme vigor, sometimes even using violent means. The following extract from Ion L. Idriess' "Gold-dust and Ashes", a book described on its cover as "a romantic story and an authentic record of some of the struggles and adventures of the New Guinea Goldfields", illustrates my point.

There is an encounter between a native and a European miner, named Gorman, who believes his position as master has been usurped by the native giving orders to his carriers. The white man feels

the need to assert his superiority and a fight ensues:

The Sepik bully turned scornfully on the white man and putting up his fists, exclaimed: "Me fight white feller fashion!" Then he snatched up a dee-why and came at Gorman, who immediately closed . . . smartly uppercutting his antagonist as he leapt back to dodge those encircling arms. As the savage sprang in again Gorman shot out a straight left and thumped harder as the savage head jerked back . . . Gorman, already feeling short of breath, swung all his chances . . . the Sepik man crashed down and stayed down, his eyes glassy, blood oozing from his lips. Gorman turned on the silent crowd and waved them back to work. They obeyed without a murmur. Then he walked groggily across to the store and collapsed—where no kanaka could see him.

The master had demonstrated his strength and kept his position.

In various government, medical and mission journals published by those agencies who claimed they were among the natives to Christianise and civilise them, we find open and unapologetic remarks about the attitude of the white man towards the native. In some cases the native was so despised that he was condemned as a disease-carrier and even told to keep away from white company.

Keep natives away from your house at night. They are infectious just as a case of scarlet fever would be, except that the "germ" needs a mosquito to carry it from the native to you.

This extract came from a medical handbook, published in 1956, advising missionaries and administrators of tropical diseases and other hazards commonly met with in the tropics. In a later section of the handbook, Dr. Clifford S. James (the author) added a word of advice to white parents on the upbringing of their children:

Factors to be guarded against which warp the child's outlook, in the tropics, are: the single-child family; over-anxiety on the mother's part; and the presence of an inferior race . . .

Not only their parents, but the students as well grew up also in surroundings where they learnt to fear the white man. Now, they have found themselves placed in the situation where they must rid themselves of this attitude and take a strong stand against those who persist in upholding old-time beliefs. The University Student Newsletter, "Nilaidat," in 1968 published comments and statements which it regarded as untrue and at the same time damaging to the students, whose reputations as individuals and scholars were at stake. One such statement was:

A native can't write anything intellectual, he must always have been influenced by whites. If ever he writes anything radical it must be communist-inspired or negro-inspired. If ever he hates he must be under the influence of evil white men. If ever he writes anything thoughtful it must have been thought out by others.

The editor's comment was: "It is still believed we can't think for ourselves!"

The most recent example of this attitude of "the native is inferior to the European", was reported in "The Bulletin" of 2nd May, 1970. "The Bulletin" reported a white New Guinean to have said that the plays of three University students, presented by the Prompt Theatre in Canberra, could not possibly have been written by natives—the authors must have been rabble-rousing whites.†

What is the student's reaction to these allegations? It is one of contempt and disgust and not altogether complimentary remarks on the low educational status of the particular European. The student's reaction is worthwhile noting—he does not generalise and place all white men in this category and it also shows a definite trend of thinking in which the student is all the time gaining confidence in himself and at the same time discarding any feelings of inferiority imposed on him.

Paternalism

By paternalism, I do not mean that young people reject the love of their parents or their people. Those who foster the attitude of paternalism are afraid of what the progressive Archbishop Camara called the "awakening of conscience". The "awakening of conscience" happens when one becomes aware of social realities. In Niugini, paternalism is deeply rooted in white men who dislike the native who ungratefully rejects benefits and instead demands rights.

A paternalist will allow certain kinds of developments and improvements to take place for the benefit of those who are subject to his control. He may advocate a minimum basic wage and improved living conditions. He may offer social services, may even establish a social club. But one thing he will never do is allow complete changes in the structure of industrial and business enterprises, for any major changes may cause him to have an "awakened conscience". In short, paternalism is a means of deceiving both the benefactor and the beneficiary of the social and political realities which surround them.

† The plays: "The Ungrateful Daughter" by Leo Hammet, "Manki Masta" by Kumalaw Tawali, and "How Missionaries Inspired Cargo Cult" by Arthur Jawodimbari—all shortly to be published by Jacaranda Press.

WHEN WILL THEY LEARN?

"Many people still do not believe I could write papers for University Seminars. And we are not alone, other Melanesian and African writers are finding the same frustration from unthinking people. Three friends of mine from the University of Papua and New Guinea had three of their plays staged at Canberra not long ago. The press reaction was doubt as to whether they really could have written the plays!

"However, we don't have to explain to people who are not prepared to believe we can do such things. We just carry on and if confronted with adverse reaction we can always come up with one of our latest Solomon Island hits—When Will They Ever Learn?—hoping that they will believe we can sing!"

(Quoted from a letter by Francis Bugotu in The Kakamora Reporter, No. 6, August 1970, P.O. Box 169, Honiara, B.S.I.P.)

The natives were taught and were made to accept whatever was offered them by the white man. He had to accept them with all gratitude—whether it be a present of a tin of bully beef for being a good boy or a kick in the behind for being naughty. The following extract, again from Ion Idriess' "Gold-dust and Ashes", shows an outraged white miner thrashing his carriers for stealing tins of bully beef. After punishing them for being naughty he expresses his sorrow for them by giving them a meal!

He stood up at last and looked into ten pairs of eyes staring in silent guilt. With grim face he walked to the locked door. Through a crack in the planks he poked the key until it fell with a thud outside, then he turned, and smashed into the nearest boy.

He thrashed them all, one by one, with his bare fists. Exhausted, he would wait until he got his breath, then smash into another man. Man by man he put them through. Not a man resisted. Exhausted and trembling, with wobbly knees and bleeding knuckles, he put through the tenth man. The men, cowed and bleeding, crouched away from him as he staggered towards the door. The silent labour crew outside opened it to him. He turned and beckoned the cowed carriers. With bent heads, they lurched out past him. He staggered to

the cook-boy and ordered him to give the carriers a good meal. Then he felt his way into the shack and collapsed on the bunk.

Paternalistic attitudes projected at a group of people have the effect of making those people almost totally dependent on others who exercise control over them. Stokely Carmichael maintains that once colonialists have control over the country's economy, they have the colonial subjects dependent on them economically and hence all, or the majority, of political decisions are made by them.

The reaction of students to paternalistic attitudes has been again and again one of contempt and disgust. "Nilaidat" printed some relevant comments as examples of the students' critical views. One such comment, from a brief extract of an actual law court case in Port Moresby reads: "The judge admonishing a European in court: 'Remember, you're a white man. You should act as befits your race and show a good example to these natives'."

Freedom of Self-Expression

Often, it has been said that when man is in a state of fear, he attempts to avoid a danger in order that he may save himself. Man's whole instinct and all his bodily functions are directed towards one goal—self-preservation. Hence self-interest and dependence on others is primarily for that purpose and man fears because he does not want to sever his dependence on others from whom he acquires many of the essentials for life.

When natives are dependent on their masters, their rich and powerful masters, then they fear. There is fear of unemployment, fear of unrest and fear of being beaten. They are afraid to speak, to answer up, they are afraid to upset anyone.

Many natives think of the happy and prosperous minority, the Australians in Niugini, and think that the Australians know no fear. But they do! They are afraid of the possibility of violence, of revolutions, dispossession of property, communism and even of the granting of self-government and political independence in this country.

The youth of today sense that a once proud and masterly white man is no longer his once superior self. They realise the importance of overcoming paternalism—for paternalism denies rights, especially the greatest right of all—that of the freedom of self-expression. Allegedly there are spying services in the urban areas of Niugini, especially in Port Moresby. It is often said that student activities are constantly under surveillance by these agencies, but as the spies have remained in the background, there is little reason to fear spies. They need not be feared because they cannot take action against legal political activity. Spies must be feared, if the law is changed or abused. While on this point, I take the occasion to disagree with a statement made by the Member of the House of Assembly for West Sepik Regional Electorate, Mr. J. Paul Langro, at the 1968 Summer School of the Australian Institute of Political Science, that the setting up of the Police Special Branch has retarded political progress. The role it seems to have played is one of reporting on acts of sabotage, more especially those illegal acts which would seriously affect the smooth operation of government, to the Administrator, and thereby to assist in preventing the perpetration of these acts. My opinion is that the Special Branch has been largely ignored and that students have had adequate opportunities to speak their minds.

Adopting a Positive Attitude in Politics

There is little doubt that students have made their impact on politics in Niugini and that now they will continue to grow in force and in time will constitute a very powerful group. Having realised their power they can aim for constructive or destructive goals. Student leadership, in my opinion, will determine the deliberations of students; hence I see the importance of leaders maintaining good relations with the public and more importantly with the Administration. The present administration will make a gradual withdrawal from governing Niugini. The resulting vacuum in leadership must be filled—by today's students and tomorrow's leaders.

JOHN McLAREN

by bus from Bali

The traveller from Australia to Bali spends several hours in the artificial luxury of an airliner—across the red centre and the brilliantly blue Indian, or Indonesian, Ocean—before dark green islands are sighted as the first signs of another country. As the plane finally banks to land, novice travellers like myself gaze eagerly at the palm plantations and bamboo huts which are our first evidence that we really are in a foreign land. When, however, the plane does land, the airport looks disappointingly like a country terminal in Australia. The only real signs that we are in Indonesia are the brown faces of a plethora of laborers and armed guards, a piece of stone carving by the door, and the strange brand name on the fuel trucks.

Inside the terminal, matters are even more drearily international. We sit or stand around a hygienically antiseptic lounge, waiting for officials to do whatever officials do, and nobody quite sure of what we are supposed to be doing. Eventually, however, a queue forms, documents are stamped, and we are free to board our bus. A very shabby bus it appears, too—a dark blue Mercedes labelled "Permuda Express". During the bumpy ride from the airport we do not realise that this bus is going to mean home for us during the three weeks that we are to travel through Indonesia, nor that its crew will adopt us as their family.

I am told that in Indonesia family loyalty is paramount. Society is a closely knit mesh of interlocking families through which the individual receives his status and discharges his obligations. This gives a stability to it in normal times, but leads to problems when the society is faced with a need for the drastic kinds of change which confront Indonesia today. The political parties depend on this kind of family network, and consequently they are not so much a channel for expressing the will of the people as a means by which Djakarta politicians mobilise support for

their own ploys in the power game. This in turn means that Indonesian politics tends to be a matter of influence, obligation and personal benefit rather than of policies. This is one reason why the students and younger intellectuals, who are interested in efficient management and technical innovation at the grass roots, have been disenchanted with both the old and the new regimes. It also explains why the most successful politicians are men like Major-General Ali Sadikin, Governor of Djakarta, who combines personal integrity, great ability and popular appeal. His popular appeal wins him the support for his policies by establishing him in a patriarchal kind of role. President Sukarno established his position in the same manner, but failed to use it to implement the material changes which his country required.

Be this as it may, our party of travellers were certainly taken within the care and protection of the bus crew. The bus was ready and waiting to take us on even the shortest jaunts into town. It was manoeuvred down the narrowest village lanes to make sure that we did not have to soil our feet. When we left it to inspect development projects or listen to speeches of welcome our belongings were watched over faithfully by one of the crew.

There were four people in the bus crew. Only one of them, the driver, Johnny, spoke English. He was originally from a village in the Moluccas, just off West Irian, but he drove his bus with all the grace of a Balinese dancer. When we eventually reached Djakarta, he brought his wife and two shy children to meet us. The relief driver was an older man who drove much more aggressively, relying more on his horn and his brakes. The horn on Indonesian vehicles is used functionally—it is sounded only at the last minute, and means get out of the way. The ox-carts, bicycles or horse jinkers seem to move aside

without looking, and the large vehicle glides past with inches to spare. To an outsider, the system seems chaotic, but it seems to work. The roads—except in Djakarta—belong to the people, and everyone uses them at his own pace. On one occasion, our bus pulled up with a jerk and a swerve, before resuming its way. It had had to dodge a man who was asleep in the middle of the road.

The roads are maintained by the people, too. We were there during school orientation festivities, which I gathered can be a drastic, even a cruel, time for new students. But amongst the tasks set in the high schools was community service, which included road repairs. Normally, however, this is the responsibility of each village, and we passed many gangs of women carting small stones and painstakingly fitting them into the potholes which had developed on the stretches of road for which their village was responsible.

An indispensable member of the bus crew was William, the mechanic and driver's offsider. He sat on the left at the front of the bus, and kept his eyes out for obstacles. When the bus was idle, he would strip, clean and maintain the engine, so that it was always in first class condition. Also, there was a deaf mute, who looked about fifteen but was in fact well into his twenties. The others teased him unmercifully, but he was quite capable of holding his own with them through his own system of signs and sounds. His job included supervising the loading and backing of the bus and its minding when it was otherwise unattended. The driver paid him out of his own pocket to come on this trip.

Yet it is not only the bus crew and the tour organisers who seem to take us into their fellowship. During the trip we visit a number of places which have been assisted by Community Aid Abroad in Australia, and naturally these people are terribly anxious to show their gratitude to their benefactors by showering hospitality on us. There are days when we seem to go from one banquet to another, all provided by people who have only too little themselves. At morning tea in one village, sitting among beautifully woven bamboo decorations which have been prepared for our visit and will have faded in another two or three days, we sip glasses of sweet hot tea and eat a light meal of rice, savories and sweetmeats. Later, we visit a house in another village and enquire how much food the family has. The mother produces a bowl containing perhaps two pounds of rice and cassava mixture. That may last this particular family of four for two days, and then they will have to go to the market for more. Their own rice crop was sold after harvest to raise moeay

for other essential needs. The doctor who organises this particular village project tells us that cassava is a food which, like slimming biscuits in Australia, stems hunger by giving the illusion of being filling.

This doctor, who runs a little maternity clinic, also tells us that many of the children suffer irremediable brain damage because of malnutrition during their first ten years. It is not so much a lack of sufficient food, he explains, as a lack of the right food. It is no use, therefore, practising medicine by treating wounds and illnesses—he is trying to remove the causes. His first priority is food, then housing and then hygiene. By using the common land of the village, he is trying to demonstrate more efficient methods of cultivation and the use of the new miracle rice which could transform the food situation in Asia. He has persuaded the people to try this on their common land, and the village now has a hand tractor which enables the peasants to do their ploughing much more quickly, and saves them the expense of hiring water-buffalo. They need anything which will produce a margin of safety between them and starvation, for without this margin they cannot afford experiments.

The doctor running this project seems characteristic of many of the intellectuals in Indonesia who have chosen to go out and work where the problems are. We meet others. There is the Hindu doctor who has just returned with his Doctorate of Philosophy from Hawaii, and who tries to combine traditional and western ideas of medicine. His father was a priest who practised traditional healing, and the son explains to me the difficulties which face foreigners, or even Djakarta-trained Indonesians, when they attempt to impose alien ideas on the village culture. He believes that he must work from within, to introduce new ideas, not to abolish old ones. His essential self, he says, is still Hindu, and so he thinks with the people, not at them. He attempts to convey this approach in his teaching at the Udayana University in Denpasar, on Bali.

Above all, there is Mr. I. M. Nitis, agricultural scientist with an infectious grin and energy and personality which would carry him to the top in any walk of life. He is also on the staff of the Universitas Udayana, but he seems to have projects going in villages all around the district. When we first meet him he leads us along the levy banks between the paddies to explain the Subak irrigation system, by which farmers co-operate in the ownership and operation of a system of dams. Land reform has been carried out on Bali, as far as I could tell under the auspices of the Communist Party, and each farmer now owns about

Selected Letters of Hubert Murray

Edited by FRANCIS WEST

Hubert Murray had a long and varied career: classicist and Amateur Heavy-weight Champion in England, barrister in New South Wales, soldier in the Boer War, judge and governor in Papua from 1904 to 1940. His letters are entertaining in themselves, but because he was addressing men like his famous brother, Gilbert Murray, O.M., and Australian ministers and bureaucrats, they are the inside story of a well placed observer discussing matters of importance with men of power and influence. In this selection Hubert Murray's character emerges. So does the raw material for Australian and Papuan history: people, politics and society in New South Wales and, above all, the genesis of Australian policy and practice in Papua. **\$6.00**

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS

three hectares of irrigated land and ten of dry. Mr. Nitis, like agricultural experts and local government leaders throughout Java and Bali, is trying to introduce the new variety of rice, which can raise yields from three tons a hectare to eight. It has also the advantage of ripening in the overcast weather which is common in the islands. Unfortunately, it does not taste as well as the old rice, and so there is opposition to its use.

Mr. Nitis too is trying to improve the efficiency of farming by the use of new equipment. The farmers now have hand tractors which they hire, strangely, from the Department of Education, but they run into difficulties through shortage of spare parts. But a shortage of what we would regard as indispensable is characteristic of Indonesia, together with an ability to achieve large results from tiny resources. We see an example of this later at the Institute of Technology in Bandung, where the students have organised their own workshop. This workshop, which designs pieces of equipment which will be within the material capacity of the community and will solve specific economic problems, operates from a shed the size of a single room. Yet so far they have designed a rice drier, to overcome waste caused by humidity, and a motorised betjak which they hope will unclutter Djakarta streets by replacing some of the 50,000 betjaks, or pedi-cabs, which at present provide

that city with its main source of personal transport. Similarly, Mr. Nitis' projects include an ordinary incubator operating in a lean-to, through which he hopes to improve the strain of Balinese fowls, which provide a main source of protein on the island, and a small piggery where he is both experimenting with cross-breeding and with improved diet, adding yeast to the staple banana stem. The library Mr. Nitis has for the Agricultural Faculty consists of a few dozens of books housed in another small room. Most of them are basic texts, but I also notice two paperbacks—"Understanding the City Child" and "The Age of Fable".

We are entertained by Mr. Nitis and a number of the other leading figures at a social function at the "Seaside Cottages" where we stayed on Bali. These cottages are built on the site of an old Hindu temple, whose ground plan they recreate. They are a government enterprise built along the beach from the Bali Beach Hotel, an air-conditioned replica of the international style, built for the jumbo-jet trade and retailing potted culture to its packaged clientele, and from the Tandjung Sari, a small hotel run in Balinese style for western tourists, an establishment with the advantage of ice-cold beer and the disadvantage of a certain atmosphere of the white sahib about it.

The "Seaside Cottages" are all-Indonesian. They are staffed by villagers, and on the first day there some of our party have the contents of their toilet bags carefully emptied and laid in neat rows on their pillows—toothbrush, lipstick, mirror, toothpaste and all. The establishment is managed by a young man who has had to find employment after completing two years of a law course. He is proud of the cottages, in which we are the first party to stay, and eager to make a success of the enterprise. He seeks success not through personal ambition, but as his contribution to building up his country's economy. These cottages are the prototype of a government scheme to build a tourist industry without destroying the existing community. In his ambition to play his part in a wider purpose, our manager shares a principal characteristic with our guests of this evening and with the intellectuals—doctors, students, lawyers, agriculturists—whom we meet throughout the islands.

The design of the cottages is Balinese in conception, with a number of separate buildings scattered through a fenced compound. At the front is a ceremonial gate which both serves to keep out evil spirits and as a platform for the dance we are to see this evening. The cottages themselves are sleeping bunaglows, each with its own verandah, bathroom—with the last flush toilet and overhead showers that we are to see for some time—and tiny walled garden. The social centres of the complex are the two huts which serve as lounge and dining-room. They are roofed with thick thatch, floored with wood and walled with spaced bamboo poles, so that they catch every breeze. It is in the dining room that we entertain our guests, from the wealthier level of Balinese society, and from this room that we see the masks for the dance approaching in procession through the gloom.

The dance this evening shows how an evil spirit disturbs a kingdom and is finally subdued. The masks, the property of the village performing the dance, are huge and gorgeous. The action tonight includes more dialogue than most we have seen, and some of the mime is very funny. Although we have translators, the precise nature of the plot eludes me, but it enacts the traditional belief that the world is governed by opposing forces of good and evil which hold each other in check. From time to time the evil gets out of balance, as in this story, and must be subdued, but it is never wholly destroyed. Each episode is just one more stage of an unchanging cycle. The climax of this particular dance is when the evil spirit is finally checked, and the stage is filled with bare breasted men apparently stabbing themselves with their kris in exultation at the triumph. It is only later

that I realise that this is something more than superb mime. The men have gone into a trance, and the stabbing is for real. The dancers are ashamed that they have not destroyed the evil spirit. On some occasions, I am told, they do injure or even kill themselves, and this is taken as an indication that the evil has not been completely subdued.

The traditional world of Java and Bali is one in which life, ceremony and art merge inextricably. In central Java we see two separate companies of Ryong dancers performing the same, most athletic, dance competitively. We have just missed the big contest in which one hundred and fifty of these groups gathered to compete and each performed their dance for hours, going into a trance in the process.

On Bali we visit a big Hindu cremation. Outside, beautifully decorated litters hold the offerings, and another carries the body and is burnt with it. Beside another fire, an old woman mutters prayers or chants and burns offerings. Another woman brings a small offering of food, which is burnt, but the older woman does not seem satisfied. A fierce dialogue ensues, and the second woman goes away to return with four cigarettes, which in their turn are thrown on the fire. Meanwhile, the corpse burns on a pyre a few feet away, a gamelan orchestra plays, a group of women in ceremonial dress sit together and talk, people walk about and chatter. It is a joyful occasion, as this is the day when the spirit is finally freed from the body.

Meanwhile, inside the pavilion, as part of the same ceremony, the cockfighting has started. In a ring in the centre two handlers show their birds to the judge and the crowd. The audience, who have paid to get in, place their bets with each other, screaming the odds above the hubbub. Then the cocks are put down, strut warily around each other. A couple of encounters, a couple of slashes with the steel spurs, and one bird is mutilated and defeated. It is handed over to be used as a sacrifice for the dead, and later to be eaten, while the losing betters throw their money over the heads of the audience to the winners.

This background of ceremonial gives a stability to personal life, but it also can bring about resistance to any change and an indifference to the material needs of life. Its very completeness may also lead to the suppression of tensions produced by such changing circumstances as alterations in patterns of land ownership or the loss of formal authority by the traditional leaders. Where the pattern provides an appropriate form of behavior for every incident of life there is no provision for the unforeseen or novel, and consequent feelings

of anger or jealousy have no means of expression. When, however, a rent appears in the fabric, as during the 1965 coup, the long pent-up emotions take command. The killings on Bali seem to have been among the worst, and included not only straight political killing but also the settlement of old grudges arising from land distribution. Eventually, the killings led to a state of trance. Today, the Indonesians seem not so much unwilling as embarrassed to speak of this episode.

The fatalism, the lack of concern for the here and now which appears both among the Hindus of Bali and the Moslems of Java, also reveals itself in an absence of responsibility for those outside the proper obligations of family loyalty. There thus seems much less public anxiety about the fate of the political prisoners who are being left to starve on an off-shore island than about the immediate problems of corruption and inflation.

This lack of concern with the material and moral problems of the present, however, certainly does not apply to people like Mochtar Lubis, long-term prisoner under Sukarno and now again editing a daily paper which is courageous in its criticism of the government, both for its toleration of corruption and for its failure to transfer power out of the hands of the few. Nor does it apply to a man like Dr. Yap, a leader of the Djakarta Chinese community and of the World Council of Churches, defender of Dr. Subandrio, of whose innocence he is convinced, and currently himself under six months' sentence of gaol for criticising an army

prosecutor who was extorting money from one of his clients. Nor does it apply to the student leaders in the universities, or to the experts who have gone back to the villages to try to change the way of life at that level. It is with these people that, hopefully, the future will rest.

Meanwhile, however, the culture which gives dignity and meaning to the masses is also, unfortunately, a highly saleable commodity on the tourist market. Performances are abridged to take just the dramatic moments which appeal to the western eye. The audience are no longer participants, watching their own lives being dramatised, but spectators snapping up every sensation for the folks back home. At one performance in Java, I counted the spotlights flashing at the rate of one every three seconds. What was the property of the people is fast becoming just one more international commodity.

The "Permuda Express" which picked us up at the Denpasar airport on Bali finally delivered us to the Djakarta airport, whence a brief flight brought us to Singapore, with its wide streets, hot showers, tiled bathrooms, dinner in the garden at Raffles and supper in Burgin Street, alive with drunken tourists, peddlers of blue movies, scurrying waiters and male prostitutes decked out as females to lure the unwary. In this combination of eastern and western efficiency each man was for himself, and we suddenly realised how, for a time, the old bus had accepted us as its family and given us a small place inside Indonesian society.

BOOKS

Niugini Writing

HANDBOOK FOR REBELS

BELINDA McCONCHIE

Ian Downes: "The Stolen Land" (Jacaranda, \$4.95).

This sombre and depressing forecast of future events in New Guinea is intended, one suspects, as a grim warning to the rest of the world, particularly Australians, who are portrayed by Mr. Downes in this novel as a singularly thick-headed and unsympathetic people.

Yet while the book is based fundamentally on the viewpoint of a New Guinea Highlander, one cannot accuse Mr. Downes of being unduly partisan; the New Guineans, too, come in for some searching analysis, the tone is on the whole dispassionate and carries, if anything, a sense of general disillusionment. Joseph Makati, as the orphan rejected by his village, educated by a virtually unknown benefactor in Australia (where he is, ironically, a football hero) is sufficiently different himself, sufficiently alien from both cultures, to present a convincing critical assessment of each. Yet it is Joseph's personal failings, some inculcated by his unfortunate experiences, some more basic and presented by Mr. Downes as inherent human failings, which ultimately precipitate the tragedy of the novel. This is not a work which sets out blatantly to paint the rights and wrongs of Australia's trusteeship of New Guinea in simple black and white; rather the novel presents a grey wash of failure to communicate, laziness, misapprehension and lack of understanding on a number of fronts.

The basic idea behind the characterisation of Joseph is good; as a reject of two cultures, who has nevertheless proved to himself his mental and physical superiority over others, he is convincing as a man determined to let nothing stand in his way. His cold-blooded calculation as he makes his way into politics, his manipulation of his own people and of most of the Europeans with whom he comes into contact, are entirely consonant with his general lack of contact with all people; particularly striking is his lack of passion. He is by no means a violent man; on the contrary, his feelings, never fostered by close and loving human bonds, are withered and atrophied. The generally dispassionate tone of Mr. Downes' narration is well keyed to this characterisation.

Yet there seems in the novel a basic problem in the realisation of character, and this affects his portrayal of Joseph as well as other characters. It would appear to arise from two distinct difficulties, one endemic to his subject matter, the other to his style. The first is his consciousness that, as an author who has had protracted involvement and experience in the affairs of New Guinea, he is writing largely for a public with little or none; this leads him to make long and highly interesting digressions, which are necessary as an explanation of background, and are in themselves fascinating, but which fail stylistically to make contact with the rest of the novel. The second is his apparent inability to imaginatively sustain relationships between his characters and at the same time to develop his novel. Thus the book tends to consist of short scenes, linked together by explanatory narration; one detects at times an almost audible sigh of relief as the author gives up the struggle for a while and concentrates on the factual background material, which he presents with very great skill and lucidity. This contrasts with his style in the novel proper, which is sometimes incongruous, and occasionally gauche; the result, one suspects, of trying too hard to realise from an internal point of view things which he naturally sees externally, with a sharp eye, certainly, but also with a fundamental detachment.

There are several problems in the novel which are somewhat troublesome to the reader. One is the presentation of women within the novel, which on the whole is not convincing. The brief pen sketches of the fly-by-night cocktail camp-followers, the earnest bitches who want so desperately to understand, are executed with an expert and delicate savagery. It is the two more important characters, Kathy and Olga, who generally fail to make the impact which one feels they ought to have. Kathy, as the archetype of the All-white Frigid Female who vamps in and out of Joseph's life with disastrous results, simply doesn't come alive. She is flat, there is absolutely nothing to her; her rejection of Joseph is nothing more than the inevitable type-gesture. Joseph's detached non-reaction at this point conveys very little; had Kathy had full stature and the impetus of a living being, it could have been extremely effective. Olga, on the other hand, is taken to the opposite extreme, and as the all-embracing Earth Mother who restores him to Manhood, performs with Joseph some incredible feats of copulation. These, however, are of mainly technical

interest, and again carry little conviction; Olga is not a person, she is a mechanical embodiment of a rather interesting idea. It is at this point too that the underlying suggestion of Reds Under the Bed is made explicit and elevated to Reds In the Bed. Altogether, the sojourn of Joseph in New York while visiting the United Nations is a disappointing and unconvincing episode.

Several scenes of the novel are devoted exclusively to Joseph's sexual encounters. One in particular, in chapter IV., is puzzling; it seems without particular point to the story as a whole, and comes quite soon after a comment on the novels of James Baldwin, who, says Hardie, "sells his racial hate with a bonus of sex. He won't do you any harm as long as you remember that books are too expensive to be given away. They have to be sold. You only get half the truth. The other half is stuff to sell the book . . ." One can only assume that Mr. Downes takes pleasure in thumbing his nose as he doles out the fifty percent.

By far the most effective and enjoyable parts of this book are those which deal with the internal problems of New Guinea, with the Administration and the Assembly. Here the writing is firm and controlled, and the various idiosyncratic individuals, both black and white, are sketched in with firmness and conviction. It is here that one feels that one has got to the centre of Mr. Downes' interest and concern, and it is for these sections in particular that this book is well worth reading.

A COMMENT ON "THE STOLEN LAND"

R. KENT WILSON

How does "The Stolen Land" measure up as a book about New Guinea and its people, indigenous and expatriate?

Where it deals with specifically local topics and scenes it does so very well; for example the opening description of Port Moresby airport with its crowds, smells and interplay of races and passengers and officials. Perhaps most evocative is the later description of the Upper Asaro Valley and the village to which Joseph comes home. But unfortunately such passages are rare. People, institutions and intrigue, not New Guinea places, dominate the book.

Then how recognisable are the New Guineans, the expatriates and the institutions they manipulate? Here the minor figures come out best, and particularly where they do not re-appear as actors in the widening conspiratorial apparatus that Makati is shown as setting up. What is conveyed very well is the ambiguity of all relationships in this plural society. The mixture of fear, respect and envy commonly held by villagers for the more powerful and successful expatriates; the sexual ambivalence of some white women; the unenviable position of the well-educated New Guinean working with white people, well sketched in the early pages in Makati's words—"they wait for you to do something that will prove you are still a black kanaka. If you disappoint them they will begin to hate you."

Equally significant and realistic is the sketch of underlying hate for the imposed system felt by the expert, achieving New Guineans who join Makati's coup conspiracy. The author also exploits two key concepts of Melanesian culture as the means of articulating his subversion plot—cargo

cult and special names. However, the choice of the "Prince" as the mystical name for Makati seems inappropriate (as the name Makati is a private joke). The author gives the origin of the "Prince" as a borrowing from the millenarian movements of West Irian and Indonesia, and certainly the connection and the analogy are insightful, but the name itself is improbable.

It is claimed that the novel can be read in two ways, one of them as a mystery story of alien intrigue in New Guinea politics. In this aspect it is mostly a send-up of academics and the United Nations, with some hilarious interludes. The other interpretation is said to be the development of the character of Joseph Makati. There is certainly much analysis of the position and mode of thought of the demagogue who must find a political position vis-a-vis the villages, the New Guinean elite, and the expatriate-dominated bureaucracy. But with the exception of a theory of character liberation through sexual experience, there is little development of character as such. Joseph Makati sees it all and what he must do to win through after two months of brooding in his home village when he has left school.

The third possible interpretation, hinted at by the dust-cover blurb is probably closer to the author's intention. ". . . its warning of future violence so that some of the lessons of our time can be used . . . to ensure that . . . independence can be orderly and peaceful". But even here the political lessons are outdated. Thus the House of Assembly Select Committee on Constitutional Reform is pictured in Canberra in the early 70s seeking enduring political connections with Australia. This is an alternative which indigenous politicians have not entertained since their rebuff on a similar mission in 1966, though one or two determined Seventh Staters in the Department of External Territories may have managed to keep the idea alive up to the formation of the Gorton Government. In these and other ways the book is more a reflection of the past politics of New Guinea and the author's personal views of them than of the present situation.

His list of judgments reflects very much his own life history in a 30-year connection with New Guinea, as patrol officer, coast watcher, District Commissioner, planter and politician. The planter, who doubles as a mysterious agent in international politics, receives top marks, District Commissioners come off very well (and better than 95% deserve), and the author reserves his contempt for today's patrol officers who lounge round the District Office, for their mini-skirted typist, for Papuan clerks who exploit their position between Highlanders and the District Office, and particularly for academics, who at their best are misguided, and at their worst are depicted with a death wish for all ordered society.

This area of political development in New Guinea is perhaps the weakest, least plausible, least recognised New Guinean probability of the story. A revolutionary movement such as described could not be mounted in New Guinea with the secrecy, cohesion and all-indigenous consensus outlined here. If there are as claimed, "lessons that can be used" this is not one of them. That the theme of "the stolen land" can be an important vehicle for nationalism is already clear from the Gazelle Peninsula and it is probably right to broaden it to a country-wide issue. There is a forecast of an all-Tolai council for the Gazelle Peninsula in place of the multi-racial council, a very likely

outcome of the present dispute, though not likely to solve it. In this and other ways the broad political message may be sound. The longer Australia holds on (the message runs) the more local subversion and incipient secession there will be, and the more fractured the polity to be handed to indigenous rulers. Thus Mr. Downs, ex-planter, politician and kiap is preaching the same message as was Mr. Whitlam in his January 1971 tour of Papua-New Guinea. Still, they may both be wrong. Bougainville secession seems to be becoming converted to involvement in the great changes being brought by the copper project, while the Tolai as the most advanced also have the most to lose from continued Mataungan intransigence.

There are some very telling themes. When the Papuan major is asked by his fellow-conspirator, "Do you think we are capable and ready?" he replies, "Can you really doubt that we will be capable? . . . There is nothing that can compel us to go on trying to imitate the traditions and conventions of a rich white country." The idea is basic to tomorrow's New Guinea.

Nevertheless, Downs is trying to have it both ways. While he offers his warning to ensure that independence can be orderly and peaceful, the climax is one of national paralysis with a racial blood-bath in the heart of the Highlands. The value of the book for those interested in New Guinea is not in the broad picture of an implausible international and domestic conspiracy, but in the briefer detailed sketches of Canberra and the U.N., the corners of New Guinea the author knows well—the Asaro villages and plantations, the Goroka District Office, the House of Assembly and Government House, and particularly in the snapshots of the leading New Guinean characters. In this it is reminiscent of Dr. Zhivago (which is mentioned in the first chapter) a book whose implausible coincidences and conspiracies merely annoyed, but whose leading characters and settings remain colorfully fixed on the mind.

THROUGH NATIVE EYES

JOHN McLAREN

Vincent Eri: "The Crocodile". The Jacaranda Press, Pacific Writers' Series, Volume 1, \$3.50.

For the Australian reader, perhaps the most interesting feature of this first novel is the unflattering picture it gives of the white rulers of Papua and New Guinea as seen through the eyes of their brown subjects. The most important feature, however, may be the account it gives of the way in which the government and the missions combine to create utter confusion in the minds of the natives.

In doing this, the novel incidentally provides documentation for the proposition, peremptorily rejected by the Australian government, that colonialism is an unmitigated evil. The novel shows not only the unchecked power which is put into the hands of tyrants and incompetents, but also the insubstantiality of the argument that the faults of colonial government are merely unavoidable by-products of the effort to bring a superior civilisation to backward people.

Certainly, the white man has superior technology and medicine, and once the natives have seen white goods they crave them for themselves, and are prepared to suffer even the hazards of mission schools or domestic employment to achieve them.

However, although these gifts irrevocably destroy the older way of life, they do not in themselves create any satisfactory new way. It is this process of dealing with unsettlement, the task of establishing a new view of the world, which is the subject of the novel.

The book tells the story of Hoiri, a native of the village of Moveave in the Gulf of Papua, who grows up, marries, and loses his wife to a crocodile in the years before the Pacific war. During the war he works for ANGAU, is robbed of his savings by the ANGAU officer, and finally is gaoled for accosting a girl whom he believes is his long-lost wife, stolen from him by sorcery. As he is led off by the constable, his thought is for his son, whom he hopes will be able to receive enough schooling to understand the confusing world introduced by the white man.

The novel is not primarily a work of propaganda, although by implication it makes a strong plea to the white man to give New Guinea education and take from it his authority. This propaganda element, however, succeeds because the book works as a novel. It makes real for the reader the life of the village and the way this life appears to its inhabitants, with their inheritance of a logically coherent system of sorcery which no longer is allowed to operate, and their present of arbitrary power and events which seem to have no logical consistency or rationale.

In this situation, where the power and goods are possessed by white men who seem obviously too brutal and insensitive to deserve them, some form of cargo cultic thinking seems inevitable, and in fact, unperceived by the rulers, pervades a great deal of the natives' actions.

The novel establishes its frame of reference in the opening pages, which describe the village, surrounded by its five-foot fence, and outside it the mission school where unwilling youngsters are inculcated with a partly comprehended mixture of piety, religion and learning.

From this beginning, the story unfolds with humor, suspense and pathos, convincing in setting and character, but still rather stilted in the language, which reads like a medium of communication acquired perfectly but unnaturally, so that it has yet to acquire the originality of tone possessed by Negro or African users of the same tongue.

This leads to an over-formality, as in the use of words like excreta or testicles rather than the more idiomatic expressions, which masks the liveliness of observation and understanding which is the real merit of the work.

TWO PLAYS FROM NIUGINI

LEO HANNETT

John Wills Kaniku and Turuk Wabei: "Two Plays from New Guinea" (Heinemann: Australian Theatre Workshop, 3; \$1.50).

It is a happy thing to note that we Niuginians are beginning to write at all about ourselves and of things in Niugini. Inevitably, in the past and even now, we have been subjected and are still subjected to the meticulous clinical analysis of outsiders; so much so that sometimes we cannot help feeling that we have been reduced to being zoological specimens fit only for dissection by foreigners.

Now that more and more Niuginians are getting higher education it is only right for outsiders to point their accusing fingers at us and ask: "Now what do you say for yourselves?" We should take up this question as a challenge and learn the fine art of self-expression by using all the various forms of literary media.

No doubt our first literary products may not be of much literary value. This is to be expected as most of those writing are not used to wielding a pen, but are more at home in brandishing a hunting spear.

While it is nice to see our somewhat raw products in print, yet we must be more critical of ourselves and our writing—otherwise our writing will take an unduly long period to reach some stage of maturity. No doubt some people will want to publish us. The question we have to ask ourselves is this: "Is my work taken up for publication because it has some literary merit or because of its exotic value or for being some sort of queer literary specimen?"

Anyway, all these remarks aside, let us remind ourselves of this proverb from my language: "The mighty man that stands erect and proud before you began to walk by crawling on all fours!" Likewise, the literary child of Niugini must first of all be conceived and humbly grow up.

The "Two Plays from New Guinea"—and those plays of other Niuginians as well—mark the beginning of dramatic literature in Niugini. I may be right in saying that in most Niuginian societies that I know of there is no conventional theatre as such. There are of course in some Niugini traditions certain enactments of historical events, which are part of certain rituals or acted in the form of dances. The movements of certain birds and animals are imitated, or mimed, also in dances.

The widely different nature of these two plays perhaps clearly indicates the two broad basic sources from which plays and other forms of literature will take their inspiration.

The theme of "Kulubob" by Turuk Wabei is tapped from the rich resources found in our traditional religions, rituals, fables and folklores.

This particular theme is based on an original myth from Karkar Island, in the Madang district of Niugini. It tells of a deity that would have brought "the good time" of ease and comfort to the people if only certain conditions for his reception had been fulfilled.

Plays on such themes may be relatively easy to write. In this play, Turuk Wabei has been quite successful in bringing in rich Niugini expressions which certainly highlight the full emotional implications of the play. This type of play, if acted properly, is bound to capture the emotions of a Niugini audience so that they would easily feel part of the play.

However, such a play could be very hard to perform by non-Niuginians, not only because of the difficulty of fixing appropriate settings and customs, but for other reasons as well.

I believe that to act a Niuginian play based on a traditional religious or folklore theme one must live and breathe with the spirit that moves a Niuginian. A Niuginian alone could act such a play properly, for his whole movement would be governed by an inner spirit of reverence for the tradition—something that makes his acting border

on mysticism. I have seen some expatriate actors acting Niugini plays on similar themes and their acting totally lacked the inner grace and reverence that would give full scope to the meaning intended. In our eyes their acting looks superficial, or artificial, and simplistic, such that the whole play becomes a mockery of our traditional beliefs—which is unintentional of course. I suppose we are just as guilty of this fault when we come to acting plays written to suit a different social context and expressed through social conventions that may be totally different from those of our society.

"Cry of the Cassowary" by John Wills Kaniku derives its theme from the social and political situation today. The theme is a universal one and comes under various names, such as "generation gap", "education gap", "culture shock", etc.

This is the more ambitious of the two plays and, I suppose, it is the harder type of play to write. This is because of the very nature of the play, as here it is dealing with the involved theme of conflict between groups of characters. The play must of necessity demand finer subtlety of expression and language so as to portray vividly the differences in these people, both in their attitudes and thinking as well as in their language expressions.

I fail to see these distinctions being made in the thought patterns and mode of expressions used. It appears to me that the characters in this play indulge in too many banal "low-class" English expressions, interspersed, here and there, by very few Niugini expressions.

The irony of it all is that the parents, Sela and Wasa, are victims of the same faults of which they accuse their children. Most of their language expressions and their thought patterns are very western indeed. For instance, no middle-aged Niugini mother in a village would express herself the way Sela does when arguing with her husband: "Oh be quiet . . . I'll soon find another man who will share my interests and beliefs. You and your children can go to hell!"

No village woman living according to traditional values would talk of picking a husband according to such values as "beliefs" and "interests". The traditional beliefs, religious or otherwise, are never called into question. They are taken for granted as possessed by all.

One comes away with little sympathy for Sela or Wasa. Their language is so childishly crude. One point to note is that while the swear words in our languages are full of detailed biological references, yet their use rings with an air of reverence. Probably John Kaniku, like most of us, must have found it hard to render equivalent English translations for these.

Summarily perhaps one could say that John Kaniku was a little bit over-anxious to express his message about this generation gap, even to the extent of being over-didactic. He seems to have dramatised his message rather than making it dramatic. The characters in the play seem to me to be incidental bearers of sad news rather than real "personae dramatis".

However, all in all, John Kaniku's ambitious attempt at such a complicated theme is highly commendable.

Niugini Theatre in Canberra

Don Laycock

Creative writing in Papua-New Guinea, by indigenous Papuans and New Guineans, is very young and very little has as yet been published. But some of those writers who chose the theatre as their medium have achieved a brief publication in the form most satisfying to a dramatist—that of stage presentation. Through a fortunate combination of circumstances—and the interest and hard work of the producer—six plays from Papua-New Guinea have been performed in Canberra within the past year, in two separate seasons of three plays each.

Both seasons were presented by the Prompt Theatre, a group of independent amateur actors, most of them with little or no previous stage experience, assembled by Al Butavicius, producer and promoter of the theatre.

Many aspects of the production of both seasons were the same. To achieve closer rapport between cast and audience, the latter were seated on three sides of the large stage of the Canberra Theatre; the first curtain was lowered, and the plays were presented, with blackout replacing curtains, on the central area of the stage. Few props were used—but more in the second season than in the first—not only to keep the production uncluttered, but also to avoid mishaps inevitable with inexperienced actors moving around in a blackout. The mixture of costumes and decor—grass skirts from the Sepik, arrows from Bougainville, a Chimbu netbag, and a few beads from as far afield as Fiji—meant that the plays were not localised in the minds of those with sufficient New Guinea experience to recognise the objects. The plays were thus able to be taken as having a general Niuginian reference—or, indeed, a general human reference.

The first three plays, which ran for two nights in September 1969, were "Alive" and "They Never Return", both by M. Lovori, and "The Unexpected Hawk", by John Waiko. The contrast between the first and second halves of the programme was most marked. The first two plays are similar to each other in style and theme, being somewhat poetic and ritualised presentations of myths of the land of the dead, while the third was regarded by the audience as 'modern', though the events with which it deals—the burning of an Orokaiva village by an unsympathetic patrol officer—took place over thirty years ago. It was perhaps a certain amount of European sensitivity to this play—the first Niugini play to deal with inter-racial conflict—that underlay a noticeable dampening of publicity in the news media; but the play's criticism of Europeans is mild. The plot is simple: a group of Orokaiva villagers are ordered to amalgamate with a larger village, to simplify administration. The villagers refuse, as the inhabitants of the other village are their traditional enemies, and the patrol officer, enraged first by their duplicity, and finally by their outright defiance, burns the village down. The villagers leave the burning huts with a final prayer to the ancestors.

Dramatically, "The Unexpected Hawk" is probably the best of the first trilogy of plays, and certainly the best written; but perhaps it needed more experienced actors, for audience reaction was cold. But in any case the language of the

play shows that the author has a better grasp of the subtleties of English than many of his contemporaries. He has hit nicely at the light-hearted banter of the patrol officer and his superior in discussing natives, especially "the mission boys on the coast getting too bigheaded for their own good". The native conversation also comes off well, and could be translated back directly into any vernacular language of Papua-New Guinea. It has the simplicity and directness of village conversation, uncluttered by euphemism, but spun out by allegory and analogy.

This type of language is taken further by M. Lovori in his two plays; but he has made more of a deliberate attempt at a poetic style, and the results sometimes sound a little odd to an English audience. For the plays to be acceptable, a few cuts and changes had to be made in the dialogue. In "They Never Return", for example, a line given to the girl Hene was changed to "my body shall cool your desire", lest the original wording "my hand shall calm your excitement" should convey quite the wrong impression to a sophisticated Australian audience.

The second group of plays moved right away from traditional language and themes, and plunged headlong into the difficult area of black-white relations in Papua-New Guinea. In the order of presentation, the three plays span about eighty years of the history of the Territory, from the earliest contacts to the present day. The first play was "How Missionaries Inspired the Cargo Cult" (now known simply as 'Cargo'), by Arthur Jawodimbari. It shows a typical cargo cult outbreak, as a direct result of the Anglican missionary MacLaren in the Northern District of Papua. The events depicted may or may not be historically true, but similar incidents, well documented, have been reported again and again in the Territory's history. Unfortunately, the play, in the Canberra production at least, lacked dramatic impact, and the audience were left wondering whether the main sentiment conveyed was pathos or comedy. Structurally, the play is good, if somewhat melodramatic, and it may well be that a production which made use of more traditional theatrical techniques would suit it better.

The second play ("Mankimasta", by Kumalau Tawali) also deals with cargo, although in a somewhat different sense; and it brings the temporal setting somewhat closer to our own day. The scene is any relatively unsophisticated area, the time some time in the fifties, or later, after the introduction of the system of head tax. The plot—such as it is—concerns a young man who tries to raise his tax by working for Europeans, but he is unjustly dismissed for a wrong committed by the European couple's children. It is perhaps more of a vignette than a full-scale play, but of all the plays presented, it had the most sympathetic audience reaction. The reason for this probably lies in the language, which is sensitive and effective. Dramatically, it is perhaps a little slow, and it is possible that the short story or the novel may be a better medium for the very talented author.

The third play, "The Ungrateful Daughter", by Leo Hannett, is the most bitter of the three. Although it is basically about black-white relations in general, the theme of cargo—in terms of money running into millions of dollars—is present in this play also, for it is set in Bougainville in the sixties, and foreshadows the later land disputes in that area. The language of the play is extremely

realistic, and its structure is dramatically sound; but many of the members of the predominantly European audience were unable to see the play itself, through being blinded by its political message—namely, that paternalism and exploitation must give way to co-operation. The symbolism of the play is almost too heavy-handed: the ungrateful daughter of the title—somewhat “nauseatingly”, as one reviewer put it, called “Ebonita”—is New Guinea, and opposed to her are the European triune of power in New Guinea: planter, missionary and administrator. But the characters of the play emerge as individuals as well as types, and the combining—in the Canberra production—of three of the European characters into one (Sydney Smith, the intended bridegroom of Ebon-

ita) resulted in at least one fully rounded character, though the interpretation of the part was necessarily quite different from what the author intended.

All the plays discussed are shortly to be published (in their original, rather than their production forms) by Jacaranda Press, so that they may reach a wider audience than the handful of people fortunate enough to see them in Canberra. Although it can be expected that plays written by Niuginians will increase in sophistication, and that some of the crudities apparent in their earlier efforts will be eliminated, it can nevertheless be confidently predicted that at least some of the plays discussed above will enter the continuing repertoire of dramatic groups within Niugini.

Russel Ward: Britannia Australis

Humphrey McQueen: “A New Britannia: An Argument Concerning the Social Origins of Australian Radicalism and Nationalism”. (Penguin Books, 261 pp.)

This is a very bad book in some ways and a very important one in others.

The sub-title is misleading. Humphrey McQueen's book is indeed about the social origins of Australian nationalism and radicalism, but it is not an argument. More accurately it is not, as the author seems passionately to believe it is, an argument between himself and most previous Australian historians on whose work he has built, but an argument with himself occasioned by his misunderstanding or misinterpretation of their work.

In stating his central thesis at the beginning of the book, McQueen does me the honour of using the term “Australian legend” as a synonym for what he considers to be the prevailing, and false, picture of our past. He writes:

The Australian legend consists of two inextricably interwoven themes: radicalism and nationalism. In the minds of their devotees, these concepts are projected into ‘socialism’ and ‘anti-imperialism’ The legends include Russel Ward, Geoffrey Serle, Ian Turner, and to a lesser extent Robin Gollan and the late Brian Fitzpatrick The difference between us is that for them socialism is a thing of the past; something to lament, and lamenting, paint in lurid rose ere the pall of death become too apparent.

. . . if socialists are ever to realise that Australia is a capitalist society and is not possessed by some natural socialist ethos (mateship) then it will take much more than my efforts . . .

Surely it will take much less. The book is not an argument because none of the above historians ever said, wrote, thought or, I dare guess, dreamed that Australia was a socialist society—either in a nostalgically imagined past time or since. They are, as McQueen writes, all socialists and/or Marxists. Inevitably then, less than most other Australian historians, have they been inclined to mistake bourgeois-radical measures of reform and welfare-statism for the establishment of a socialist society.

The difference between McQueen and those he denounces is not, as he claims, a difference on the ‘facts’ of our past, but a difference in method and emphasis. The number of ‘facts’ in any historical situation is infinite. Necessarily, therefore, the historian's business is to select and emphasise those ‘facts’, and the relations between them, which he judges to be most significant for the understanding and illumination of past events. Most historians, particularly Marxist ones, tend to emphasise whatever is new and developing in a historical situation rather than what is old, established and unchanging. If they did not there could hardly be any history, for history, as opposed to descriptive sociology, is the study of change in a society over a period of time. Most Australian historians, taking the basic similarities for granted, have emphasised the ways in which Australian society differed increasingly from its British prototype. McQueen emphasises the ways in which it did not.

Such an approach is fair enough, and not unusual, for a conservative historian, but seems passing strange for one who proclaims that he stands on the left. History, from Cromwell to Mao-tse-tung, amply demonstrates that revolutions tend to prosper in proportion as their protagonists show that **they**, and not the conservative, traditional leaders, are the guardians of the nation's **true** interests and honour. For example, could the Viet Cong resistance to American aggression have endured for a single month unless it had been, and **had seen itself to be**, the true heir of the Vietnamese national, including bourgeois-national, resistance to foreign domination? Yet it is precisely this approach which McQueen, in common with all politically reactionary historians, denounces. He writes sneeringly, for instance, of an article in the **Workers' Weekly** of 15 September 1935 which “pictured the Communist Party as ‘the real inheritor . . . of the Dunmore Langs, Parkeses, and Wentworths . . .’” The point is that Wentworth and Parkes, at least in their younger days, and J. D. Lang did represent the most democratic and ‘progressive’ forces of their time and place. A century later, because of the changes these forces helped to bring about, it is easy for contemporary pioneers of change to see further ahead, to see, perhaps with McQueen, the necessity for “the

establishment of a communist society": but to denigrate nineteenth century democrats for **not** being Marxian communists is profoundly unhistorical and un-Marxist.

As it is to call Henry Lawson a fascist—when he died in 1922 before the concept of fascism, or even the word itself, had come fairly into being in our language. This is not a passing reference or a careless exaggeration. McQueen devotes the better part of a chapter to 'proving', quite seriously, that Lawson was a fascist because "investigation of [his] verse revealed the following characteristics:

1. An organic concept of the nation;
2. Idealisation of manly virtues;
3. Hostility to finance capitalism;
4. Elitist notion of leadership;
5. Racism, including anti-semitism;
6. Militarism."

Fascism has exhibited these six characteristics since 1922. All can be found in the verse of Lawson who died in that year. Therefore Lawson was a fascist. So the argument runs. If we accept it, we must accept that practically every European nineteenth century man was a fascist, especially towards the end of the century when social Darwinism was so influential. Virtually everyone, right, left, or centre, then believed strongly in an organic concept of the nation, the importance of manly virtues and the 'self-evident superiority' of the 'white race'. It is true that not everyone on the left nurtured elitist notions of leadership or reverence for militarism, though many did, as some Marxists do today: if 'militarism' be conceived as Lawson usually conceived it, to mean revolutionary or nationally defensive warfare. And what left-winger, then or now, is not hostile to finance capitalism? The fact that Lawson was so sharply distinguishes him and other radicals of the time from contemporary conservatives of every degree: as does his faith, about which McQueen says nothing, in the decency and potential of the common man.

Where others try to build on the nobler aspirations and achievements of our ancestors, McQueen seeks, as Manning Clark writes in his Foreword, to put them "into the human rubbish bin". Just as helpfully might we condemn Spartacus, Wat Tyler or the Chartist leaders because the poor fools were not equipped with the correct Marxist revolutionary theory. Between the Gold Rush and the War of 1914-1918 Australians (and New Zealanders) did create the most egalitarian democratic society that had ever existed anywhere up to that time. It was an achievement worthy of study and remembrance. Understanding is not helped by implying that it was useless because it all took place within a capitalist framework. Understanding would not be helped either if past advances were falsely represented as the achievement of socialism, but none of the historians McQueen attacks ever imagined such a thing. They have correctly pointed out that, from the 'nineties onwards, some reformers were inspired partly by socialist, usually utopian socialist, ideas: but that is something 'clean different', as Charles I observed of Kings and their subjects, from the establishment of a socialist society.

I have tried so far to consider the main burden of *A New Britannia*. The reviewer's task is unusually difficult because the book is so loosely, not to say fecklessly, constructed. As the author writes in his introduction, "For the next two hundred odd

pages I shout, wave my arms and frantically dash from one battlefield to another." His chapter on "Pianists" provides perhaps the most absurd example of irrelevant arm-waving on a bogus battlefield. Before the advent of gramophones, moving pictures, wireless sets, TV or other modern forms of mass entertainment, the piano provided an important means, for some people the only one, of social amusement. McQueen ignores this fact and treats the instrument purely as a cumbersome and tatty symbol of middle class status and working class aspirations. Thus, the fact that in the last century many working people owned pianos is triumphantly hailed as proof that they "wanted nothing to do with revolution." It seems a long way round to demonstrate what was patently obvious to all in the first place. And in any case it proves nothing. In the last thirty years, refrigerators, washing machines and TV sets have been comparably desirable (and expensive) domestic instruments (and/or status symbols). Does possession of, say, a good stereo set or TV by a member of the New Left prove him to be hopelessly dominated by reactionary bourgeois ideology?

This method of disputation is endemic. As in the chapter on "Convicts", McQueen sets up a windmill, falsely ascribes its construction to other historians and then demolishes it, quite largely with evidence provided by the colleagues he is attacking. The latter are at a disadvantage in this kind of warfare because none of them share McQueen's simplistic, black-or-white approach. To reconstruct the past in all its complexity means to try, at least, to weight the evidences of black and white and all the shades of grey in between and so, necessarily, to furnish an obsessive collector of blacking with plenty of ammunition. In this chapter he writes masterfully,

In 1867, a clergyman summed up the influence of convictism on the social conscience of Australians as being "What is the use of a friend . . . but to take the use of him". What is surprising is that Russel Ward can quote it without realising its significance.

There is no awareness that the sentence in quotation marks is only one opinion, often contradicted by others in the same book by Rev. F. Lancelott; and how can McQueen know that I don't understand the significance of plain English words. Rational debate is impossible with one who has taken to himself the divine attribute of omniscience.

So much by way of example. In a review shorter than Mr. McQueen's book it would be impossible to deal with half the distortions, charades and misleading arguments it contains. It may however be useful to list a few errors of fact or spelling or syntax, or examples of careless proof-reading. On p.19 we read "But most importantly, was gold's effect upon the outlook of the people." On p.172 there is a sentence of ten lines which defies analysis or understanding, not surprisingly, since it lacks a single finite verb. Other examples of such writing occur on pp.40, 151, 168, 170, 179, 184 (twice), 203, 216, 217, 226 and 231.

Factual errors of some importance occur on pp.23, 64, 69, 76, 82, 148, 209, 223 and 224. The second Intercolonial Trades Union Congress was held in 1834, not 1844. The "passage through Torres Strait cut some two thousand miles from the journey to Europe", we are told. In fact it makes a longer voyage, from all state capitals except Brisbane, than the ordinary route south of

the Australian continent. Japan destroyed the Russian fleet in 1905 not 1904. Australia did not fail "to occupy Germany's Pacific Possessions" in 1914. She very promptly occupied Germany's major Pacific possession, north eastern New Guinea, though she did not occupy also the German islands north of the equator. On p.82 McQueen implies that the activities of the Salvation Army helped to infuse Australian workers with a spirit of militarism! No joke seems to be intended. On p.126 we read that "only about 2 per cent. [of convicts] were in any sense political exiles" [my emphasis] only to learn on p.148 that "some four thousand" Irish convicts were transported for "participating in anti-eviction societies". These 4,000 and many other Irish convicts committed crimes which were obviously partly 'political' in nature and motivation, but the above 4,000 alone—to say nothing of Scottish, English or Welsh political prisoners—constitute well over 2 per cent. of the total of 160,000 odd convicts shipped to Australia.

The author contradicts himself again in the chapter on "Unionists". On pp.210 and 211 we read that Queensland bush unionism in the 'nineties was weak and un-militant, being saved from disaster by the effects of Spence and his organising officials. On p.215 we are shown a picture of Spence going to extraordinary lengths to damp down the militancy of the rank and file.

On p.209 we read:

Romantic nostalgia for the internationalism and class solidarity of nineteenth century unionism reaches its zenith in discussion of the 1889 London Dockers' Strike which was victorious, so the legend has it, because of the donation of £30,000 from the Australian unions.

The English strike leaders, not 'the legend', proclaimed at the time that the Australian £30,000 was decisive. McQueen goes on to say that this particular strike was supported by the English (and Australian) bourgeoisie. True enough, to a degree; but all strike donations gathered in Britain, with about ten times the then Australian population, amounted to only a small fraction of the Australian contribution.

On p.223 we read that payment of members of parliament was enacted in 1886 in Queensland and 1889 in New South Wales, though in Victoria "members had been paid throughout the 1880's." This formulation is misleading, to say the least, since Victoria introduced payment of members in 1870. It is true, as McQueen writes on pp.204, 224, that the temperance movement had some influence on the early labor movement, but quite wrong to imply as he also does that it was a dominating one. In fact this is the reverse of the truth. On balance the largely Protestant anti-Labour parties have always paid much more deference to the 'wowser vote'—as Cardinal Moran called it in 1913 when commenting on their defeat at the federal election in that year—while Labor has been much more mindful of the interests of the liquor trade.

I have said little directly about the book's specific criticisms of my own work and that of Robin Gollan and others, both because Overland's space and life itself are too short, and because it is not necessary. By referring back to the works under attack, interested readers will readily find for themselves where the balance of truth lies. One

particularly snide piece of misrepresentation may not be obvious to younger readers, however. On p.80 McQueen accuses me of deceiving readers of The Australian Legend by neglecting to tell them John Manifold was a member of the Communist Party. In the McCarthyist climate of Australia during the 1950's, when the book was written, no decent person would publicly identify another as a Communist. Secret police pimps and their well-wishers suffered no such inhibitions.

Perhaps I may also make this general point. Robin Gollan's book, as its title indicates, is about the influence of radical and working class ideas in Australia between 1850 and 1910. McQueen criticises it, essentially, for not being about something else which he regards as being more important—the influence of bourgeois ideology during the period. He may well be correct in thinking bourgeois ideology more influential. I certainly think he is: but that does not mean Gollan was wrong to study an important subject that interested him. Similarly, my book, as its title indicates, is about the Australian Legend—the origins and nature of the romanticised and idealised national self-image which many Australians like to have of themselves. In the same way McQueen criticises it for not having been about something else, which, as I wrote in the book at the time (p.228 paperback edition) has had much more influence on Australian history—the growth of the capitalist economy and its accompanying ideology.

It is a pleasure to be able now to say something positive; for McQueen is also entitled to write about what interests him. Despite all the distortions, exaggerations, stridencies and arm-waving, he has something positive to say and something that is profoundly important for the understanding of Australian history and Australian society now. Serle, Turner and others whom he attacks have already said it in Meanjin articles and elsewhere. I do not think he traces out its implications as clearly as they and Inglis are doing, but he does stress its crucial importance with a more passionate intensity. I refer to the influence of racism on our history.

Previous historians have noted—how could they not?—the fact that virtually all Australians between the 1850's and the first World War were rabid racists: but because most people of European descent were also racists at the time we (for I, too, plead guilty) tended to underplay the significance of racism in Australia, and particularly of its long-term consequences. For most other European peoples were and are not, like Australians, living in a country remote from Europe and North America and surrounded by colored peoples whom they felt to be a threat. Moreover, it has been too little remarked that the more radical and 'democratic' a pre-World War Australian was in other respects, the more rabidly racist he was likely to be. It seems to me that the implications of this fact go far towards explaining why the pace of radical reform slowed down and almost ground to a halt after World War I. If we would understand recent Australian history we cannot afford to avert our eyes from the racism and imperialism of the day before yesterday. Despite the manifold weaknesses of **A New Britannia** it is an important book because it emphasises so heavily, even if it does not analyse very cogently or clearly, the influence on our history of these elements.

Joan Poole: A Full Life

Marcus Clarke, "His Natural Life", edited with an introduction and notes by Stephen Murray-Smith (Penguin English Library, \$2.25).

Marcus Clarke's famous novel has a curious history. Having contracted to write the novel as a serial for the monthly "Australian Journal", Clarke proceeded to give the proprietors of that journal rather more than they had bargained for, and the serial went on for twenty-seven instalments instead of the expected twelve. When he came to prepare the serial for publication in book form Clarke decided to reduce the size of the book by eliminating all of the references to Dawes' scapegrace adventures as a young man, including his marriage to Dorothea Blinzler; and all of that part of the serial following Dawes' escape from Norfolk Island. This reduction meant a detailed revision of the serial; it was necessary, for example, to eliminate the serial's passing references to Hans Blinzler's murder; and Frere's children, having no longer any useful function, were written out. But John Rex's usurpation of Dawes' identity was an integral part of the novel's design, and whereas in the serial it occurs concurrently with Dawes' experiences as Crosbie in Victoria, it was rewritten to exclude matter now irrelevant and to incorporate new material, and placed in the Norfolk Island section of the revised version. In the event, Clarke did more than reduce the serial by omission; he re-wrote several important sections and revised the whole in considerable detail. The reader of this Penguin edition who is already acquainted with the second version will find that the serial version from Book Two to Book Five is already familiar in general outline and in much of its detail. But there are some major differences. In the serial Dawes' experiences on Norfolk Island are juxtaposed with a sketch of the education of another criminal; an education which includes Sarah Purfoy's deliberate policy of exposing Dick Purfoy to moral contamination by encouraging his association with the assigned convicts, and John Rex's cruel "discipline" of the boy and the convicts. Dick Purfoy at home is exposed to a process of brutalisation not dissimilar in kind to that which Dawes suffers as a prisoner.

In his admirably concise Introduction Stephen Murray-Smith provides a brief biography of Marcus Clarke, summarises the publishing history of the two versions, and sketches the literary and social context in which the novel was written. Clarke was a voracious reader, fluent in French, competent in German, and through his friendship with the multi-lingual Alfred Telo possibly acquainted with Russian authors not yet in translation. Clarke's journalism reflects extensive and wide-ranging reading and by 1870 he was already acquainted with (to name a relevant few) Silvio Pellico's "My Imprisonments" (recording experiences as a political prisoner in Italy), John Camden Hotten's "Dictionary of Slang", and Henry Mayhew's "London Labour and the London Poor". In terms of the social context it may be useful to remember that the Jamaica Committee in 1869 made its final attempt to bring to trial Edward John Eyre, former Governor of Jamaica, whose method of suppressing rebellion had brought charges of tyranny upon his head and had provoked fierce debate in England; that the Melbourne Argus in 1867 reported the arrest of a well-known

and respected citizen as a "Tasmania bolter" while the Age was recommending transportation of troublesome convicts from Victoria's expensive and rebellious gaols to New Guinea or some other remote Pacific island; and that a pseudonymous "John Brown", writing of his prison experience during 1868, referred to the "Imperial convicts, or old hands, who form about one-third of our Victorian criminals".

Margaret Kiddle described Tasmania as "the mother colony" of Victoria, and Clarke made the same point in the serial when he spoke of "the new colony founded by speculative Van Diemen's Land" (p.686). Bearing this in mind, and remembering that Clarke shows the Eureka rising quelled by forces whose strategy was devised by Captain Maurice Frere, I am led to wonder whether Clarke himself considered "the days of the convict era, politically and socially authoritarian" irrelevant to his own time, as Dr. Murray-Smith suggests (p.19). As the serial progressed Clarke seems to have begun, however dimly at first, to see the System of Convict Discipline as a model of "Civilised Society" (he is very sharp about Civilised Society in Book Four), and some of the power of the novel derives from his incorporating within it themes relevant to "the condition of society" in his own time. He and his times were confronted with problems of religious sectarianism, education, alcoholism, the role of the church in society, the conflict of religion and science, methods of prison discipline. In the serial he professed to give "a truthful picture of the results of the old convict system" and the deliberate torture of prisoners at Port Arthur and on Norfolk Island is obviously part of that.

But Frere's torture of Dick Purfoy takes place in Pentridge Gaol in the city of Melbourne in 1855, and this is incontestably one of the results of the old convict system, introduced deliberately to show the interweaving of old and new in the developing society of colonial Victoria, and to reiterate the point with new relevance that society is not always as careful as it might be in supervising the way in which the authority it delegates is exercised. In that section of the serial set on the goldfields of Victoria Clarke begins, but does not develop, an examination of the meaning of the convict past to the free colony of Victoria. Dawes' lonely isolation, Dick Purfoy's violence, and the mystery of Dorcas' origins, no less than Frere's presence, reveal the shadow of convictism falling on innocent and guilty alike.

Because he wrote at a time when the stereotype of the convict as the victim of oppression—the poor man who stole a loaf of bread that his children might eat—was in process of establishment, Clarke's novel was often read as though he had this stereotype in mind and was advancing Dawes as typical of those victims. But Clarke does not once pretend that ordinary convicts are innocent victims; the mass of the convicts on the Malabar is a nasty mass, and the individuals are hardly pleasant. Furthermore, though Dawes is not guilty of the crime with which he is charged, the young man we meet in the Bell Inn with "his eyes . . . fixed vindictively upon a hot coal in the centre of the fire", is not a sympathetic character but a headstrong and passionate young man whose past has been a "time of folly and sin . . . perhaps of

crime". And we are to see him sink into other forms of guilt. In view of the slowness with which stereotypes are modified once they have become established in the mind of the general public, it will probably be a long time before the idea of Dawes as an innocent victim disappears. The serial is more explicit in this matter than the revised novel, and the Penguin edition may hasten the demise of the misconception. It is more fruitful to see Clarke's recognition of the discrepancy between the humanitarian ideal of reform expressed by such administrators as Colonel Arthur, and the brutal facts of convict discipline as it was carried out by such disciplinarians as John Price, as a motivating force in his novel.

Stephen Murray-Smith firmly identifies those qualities of "His Natural Life" which contribute to its sombre power. Clarke was equal to the presentation of such diverse characters as Dawes and North and Frere, capable of such subtlety and penetration in his explication of motives that, despite its sensationalism and coincidences, we acknowledge the novel's truth. Dr. Murray-Smith draws our attention to the social aspect of the novel, to Clarke's examination of the implications of this surrealist society within which exist the two societies of bond and free, each animated by a system of values most inflexibly opposed to the other, both imprisoned by their mutual dependence. Clarke expresses the situation with considerable economy in the opening chapter of Book Two of the serial where the Malabar bears the convicts and their warders, bound to the ship and to each other, into exile. Clarke's writing can be crudely inept or excessive, but the deficiencies are more than counterbalanced by his ability to select images of striking aptness and by the "sheer narrative and descriptive capacity" which his editor praises so perceptively.

The notes which follow the text resolve most of its difficulties and supply a useful supplement to the Note on Further Reading, itself an excellent brief bibliography. But it seems a pity that the Appendix of references that Clarke supplied for the revised novel is not reprinted here or incorporated within the notes. Clarke himself, despite his promise (September 1870), did not publish an appendix of references at the end of the serial, and no doubt considerations of space were relevant to the decision merely to refer the reader to the list printed in the second version of the novel. On the other hand, there are a couple of errors in Clarke's list which might usefully have been noticed, and the list itself, which J. V. Barry has justly described as "extensive and precisely rele-

vant", seems to belong in the critical apparatus of such an edition as this, especially as the serial is more documentary in nature than the revised version of the novel. But whatever suggestions may be made for additions or exclusions, it is obviously true that no earlier editor has done so much for Marcus Clarke's readers.

The general reader will enjoy the story, and students of Australian literature welcome this edition as eagerly as Nettie Palmer welcomed Angus and Robertson's 1929 edition, but with better reason. As Ida Leeson pointed out years ago, the Angus and Robertson edition is not entirely reliable. The Penguin edition suffers no such disadvantage. Apart from a few minor errors introduced probably by the printer (the worst is on p.819, where the address and date of Sarah Purfoy's letter to John Rex have been dropped) the text faithfully follows that of the "Australian Journal" 1870-1872. The editor has selected the only text published during Clarke's lifetime, and emendation is restrained and adequately identified. Beside being textually and critically superior to either of the two earlier editions in book form, this edition has the further virtue of facilitating that serious examination and discussion of Clarke's "original intent" which the editor calls for. Most readers are aware that the serial contains inconsistencies, but the serial has hitherto been difficult of access. The attentive reader of the Penguin edition will discover that some of those inconsistencies reflect Clarke's increasingly serious purpose as the novel took on a vigorous life of its own. Maurice Frere, for example, grows in physical stature as the serial proceeds. He is a coarse booby "about five feet four inches in height" when we observe him at the Bell Inn, but when the Rev. James North meets him in Sydney he is a commanding figure, "tall, broad and bluff". The serial will repay careful, creative reading; and any "assiduous reader" who accepts the editor's challenge to resolve the question whether the revision was "keen and careful" or a "hack job" by comparing the texts will emerge with a clearer understanding of the major issues in each and probably with a new respect for Clarke's skill in design.

Stephen Murray-Smith and Penguin Books are to be congratulated upon their decision to reprint the serial version of "His Natural Life" and to restore the original title. This is, as the editor claims, the first complete edition in book form, and its publication is a significant contribution to the study of the novel.

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