

Front cover illustration: On the island of Masahet, with Aniolam in the background and the mine site visible (far left). Masahet, May 2008. Back cover illustration: Kirsty Gillespie recording pil at Leesel, Aniolam, with

Benjamin Rukam, Herman Luak, and Joseph Kondiak. January

2010 (photo by Nick Bainton).

Pil: Ancestral Stories of the Lihir Islands

Apwitihire: Studies in Papua New Guinea Musics

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Pil: Ancestral Stories of the Lihir Islands

Kirsty Gillespie



Institute of Papua New Guinea Studies

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Editor's Introduction

TORYTELLING TRADITIONS are vibrant throughout Papua New Guinea, but remain naturally inaccessible to those who do not speak the languages concerned. One of the roles of the Institute of Papua New Guinea Studies (IPNGS) is to develop "a publication programme to inform the people of the country about all aspects of indigenous culture" (*National Cultural Commission Act* 1994: sect. 20(g)). Since the very beginnings of the Institute in 1974, we have issued publications that celebrate such traditions. Sometimes these publications are in local languages; in other publications, translations into English, Tok Pisin, or Hiri Motu are provided. Ideally, we prefer to provide both the vernacular text and a translation.

IPNGS published many collections of stories during the first decade of its existence. Some noteworthy examples, in chronological order, are those by: Brown (1975), Gehberger (1977), Hesse (1977), Vicedom and Tischner (1977), Kasaipwalova (1978; Kasaipwalova and Beier 1978a, 1978b, 1979), McLaren (1978), Craig (1980a, 1980b), Mennis (1980a, 1980b, 1981a, 1981b), Counts (1982), Josephides (1982), Lepi and Bowers (1983), Strathern (1983), and Brumbaugh (1984).

While some of these writings were published as monographs, others appeared in the journal *Oral History*, which existed from 1972 to 1985. Originally established in 1972 at the University of Papua New Guinea by oral historian and editor John Collier (later, Kolia), it was taken on by the Institute upon its establishment. From 1973 until 1980, an extraordinary ten issues appeared each year; this was reduced to four issues during its final years. The hundred-odd volumes of *Oral History* contain an amazingly rich corpus of all kinds of oral traditions.

The authors of these collections include local and overseas researchers. In some cases, the stories were originally published in another European language, but have been translated into English to enable Papua New Guineans to have greater access to them.

Elsewhere, I previously suggested that narrative traditions in the country could be considered according to their relationship to song (Niles 2003:ix). The present collection of Lihir *pil* gives examples of how songs are used at various intervals in an otherwise spoken text.

Pil: Ancestral Stories of the Lihir Islands appears as the twelfth volume in our Apwitihire: Studies in Papua New Guinea Musics series. The use of songs to punctuate spoken stories was also an important feature of an earlier book in this series—Richard Moyle's collection of Takū *kkai* from the Autonomous Region of Bougainville (Moyle 2003)—but is certainly common to many other parts of the country.

Indeed Moyle's book proved to be of particular importance to the existence of the present collection as well. In March 2009, I was invited to attend the launch on Lihir of Kirsty Gillespie's compact disc of Lihir music (Gillespie 2008). I brought along a number of our publications to help explain our work to people on Lihir. While our books concerning music were of passing interest, Moyle's collection of stories evoked much greater discussion. People were particularly attracted to the inclusion of the vernacular text of stories plus English translations. A lively discussion about a possible comparable publication for Lihir stories transpired. While it would be almost a decade before such a book could appear, the initial inspiration from one of our publications showed what a powerful stimulant such books can be.

Already in March 2011, Kirsty approached me about the possibility of the Institute publishing a book of Lihir stories. I said we would very much like to do so and encouraged her to produce such a manuscript. For various reasons, it was not until the end of January 2018 that we received her document. But then things moved quickly indeed. A rough PDF of the book was created to obtain quotes for printing. And continuing our policy of having double-blind peer reviews of all our potential publications, we sought comments from two reviewers. They were unanimous in their support for publication and offered suggestions for further refinements. These were shared with Kirsty, who made final revisions to the text, while at the same time seeking funds for printing. In the meantime, decisions were made about photographs for inside the book and the cover by exchanging a flurry of PDFs showing possible layouts. By the middle of May, the main text of the book was completed, allowing enough time for the expected increase in her family.

While this book contains a written version of *pil* stories in the Lihir language with English translations, we are especially happy that the recordings from which the written versions were transcribed and translated are available on the Internet. What a wonderful resource for the people of Lihir and for anyone who values cultural traditions.

In addition to my visit to Lihir in 2009, I was also privileged to return there in 2015 to participate in the book launch of an English translation of a dictionary of the Lihir language that my Institute published (Neuhaus 2015). This was another project in which Kirsty played a key early role. But I had first met Kirsty in 2004, when she was doing PhD research on the music of the Duna people of what is today Hela province (Gillespie 2007; published in 2010). We

collaborated on a project concerning chanted tales or sung narratives in parts of the Highlands of Papua New Guinea, culminating in research, two workshops, and an edited volume (Rumsey and Niles 2011).

Kirsty and I also met at various conferences around the world during our mutual involvement in the International Council for Traditional Music (ICTM). In 2012, I was general editor of ICTM's journal, the *Yearbook for Traditional Music*, and was thrilled when Kirsty and anthropologist Nicholas Bainton submitted a paper based on research in Lihir (Gillespie and Bainton 2012). Kirsty's term as chair of the ICTM's Study Group on Music and Dance in Oceania led to us teaming up with Sally Treloyn to edit a festschrift honouring Kirsty's doctoral supervisor, Stephen Wild (Gillespie et al. 2017). I am very happy that this book of *pil* can continue this productive collaboration.

I would like to thank the anonymous reviewers for their encouraging and help-ful comments, and Newcrest Mining Ltd. for their essential support in enabling publication in this form. I also thank Kirsty for her enthusiasm to publish this delightful collection with the Institute. I am very pleased that my Institute continues to provide support for such publications. This book also benefitted significantly from my attachment as honorary associate professor with the Australian National University. Of course, we are most particularly indebted to the storytellers for sharing their considerable skills and knowledge with us all.

The Institute of Papua New Guinea Studies is proud to publish this collection of Lihir *pil* and hopes it will further stimulate or even provoke collections of stories from other parts of the country as well. As John Kolia encouraged Papua New Guineans to write their own history forty-two years ago (Kolia 1976), we expand his exhortation to embrace all types of oral literature, including stories. This is our challenge to readers.

DON NILES
ACTING DIRECTOR & SENIOR ETHNOMUSICOLOGIST
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Foreword

HE TREMENDOUS WORK and achievement of Kirsty Gillespie to document *pil* ancestral stories is indeed a bonus for the people of Lihir. She has preserved the stories in written form for our future generations which is a relief to Lihirians who are passionate about the preservation of the oral *pil* storytelling cultural tradition and the preservation of the Lihir language.

This work also reminds the younger generations of Lihirians of the importance of our tradition of storytelling. Documented in the Lihir language and in English, this book will benefit future generations. It comes at the right time, when the Lihir language is under threat as a result of rapid changes in lifestyle due to large scale mining on Lihir Island (Aniolam) since the mid-1990s.

Pil and its cultural significance in Lihir society

According to elder Michael Solgas, one of the storytellers in this book, *pil* storytelling began at the very beginning of time, during the period when our ancestors used stone axes. It was the era when men gave commands, and things happened the way they wanted; all activities and happenings were undertaken according to instructions and orders, just like God, who gave the command, "Let there be light!," and there was light.

Pil storytelling was so important. It played a significant part in the Lihir social structure: pil were told by important elderly men (toye) and women (weyen toye) during the yam-planting seasons, as it was traditionally believed that pil storytelling events during that period assisted the gardens to become healthier, eventually producing large quantities of good quality yams during harvest time.

The main focus of *pil* storytelling was to pass on wisdom and moral guidance to children, to provide important inspirational guides to encourage and mould them to be better children, who will later care for the needy, the sick, the disadvantaged, so that they all happily live together in the community.

Pil stories allow listeners to focus their minds and decide to inherit the wisdom of the characters, thus discouraging them from the behaviours of the unwise and greedy men and women in the stories, who will always be punished in the end as evident in the endings of some *pil*. Codes of conduct also surround the telling of *pil*; for example, during the storytelling event, all must listen and not

talk while the story is being told. It is said that anyone who breaches this rule will have their tongue split into two (*telmatsmats*) like a lizard's—a rare and ugly physical feature.

The pil book: A treasure for Lihir

This book is a treasure for the people of Lihir, as the *pil* stories and their songs are told, recorded, and written in Lihir language. *Pil* storytelling is less a part of community events compared to the past when I was growing up, as the present young generations and adults are more preoccupied now with other activities. Therefore, it is highly important for Lihir people to revive this storytelling tradition in villages and schools, and encourage the younger generations of today to tell and write these stories in Lihir language.

On behalf of the people of Lihir, I thank Kirsty Gillespie for the initiative and the great work to secure financial assistance to make it possible to document *pil* stories and to publish this book. Your work in recording *pil* ancestral stories is a contribution to the preservation of the Lihir *pil* tradition as well as the language. A puet si wa Kirsty.

I thank the Lihir Cultural Heritage team, especially Peter Toelinkanut and Rosemary Tohielats for their contribution in translating the *pil* and for their time spent with Kirsty on this work. *A puet si gol Peter kene Rosemary*.

A special thank you to Nick Bainton, who supported and provided assistance during his term with Lihir Gold Limited Community Relations team on Lihir, and to Don Niles from the Institute of Papua New Guinea Studies for your time and support of this project. *A puet si gol Nick kene Don.*

Yel na!

LUKE KABARIU
ELDER OF MASAHET, LIHIR
FOUNDING MEMBER OF THE LIHIR CULTURAL HERITAGE ASSOCIATION
SUPERINTENDENT, CULTURAL HERITAGE
COMMUNITY RELATIONS, NEWCREST MINING LIMITED

Acknowledgements

FIRST WISH to thank the people of the Lihir Island Group for welcoming me to their islands and sharing with me over many years their unique cultural traditions. A big thanks to storytellers Theckla Inial, Andrew Monka, Joseph Pilai, Edmund Sanabel, Michael Solgas, Rosemary Tohielats, and Elizabeth Walis for allowing me to record their telling of pil. The members of the Lihir Cultural Heritage Association have been integral to my work in Lihir, facilitating travel and interactions with communities, and I am grateful for their guidance and care. Luke Kabariu, as a founding member of the Association, Superintendent Cultural Heritage for Newcrest Mining Ltd. and a highly respected Lihir elder, has been a constant point of contact for me while I was finalising this project in Australia, assisting with the spellings of place names on the Lihir map as well as communicating with community members on my behalf. His continued support of my efforts to document Lihir culture is greatly appreciated. Peter Toelinkanut and Rosemary Tohielats, as both members of the Association and passionate advocates for the Lihir language, devoted many hours to the painstaking work of transcription and translation of these stories, and without their efforts this volume would not exist. A pet si gol.

I am grateful to the Firebird Foundation for Anthropological Research for the financial support which funded the 2010 recordings, transcriptions, and translations; and to Lihir Gold Ltd. and Newcrest Mining Ltd. for their in-kind support during fieldwork. I would also like to acknowledge Newcrest Mining Ltd. for their generous contribution to the production of this publication. The two anonymous reviewers of this book in manuscript form gave very constructive comments, which helped improve the volume; thanks are also due to Nick Bainton, Simon Foale, Susan Hemer, and Martha Macintyre for their contributions to the list of further references that concludes the volume. Thanks to Eswin Kumanunku, Nick Bainton, and Artem Golev for their photographic contributions, and to David Haigh for the vital work of making the book and accompanying sound files available on the website, lihir.info. Finally, I wish to thank Don Niles for his unwavering support and encouragement, eagle eye and wise counsel.

Notes to the Reader

HIS BOOK can be downloaded for free as a PDF file from the website *Luk Save long Lihir*: http://www.lihir.info/kastom/pil. The sound files for the stories can also be found at this website.

You can listen to the stories by visiting the above website, or by clicking on the QR codes on the first page of each story in the book. (An example appears at the bottom of this page.) This requires the reader to have first downloaded QR reader software onto a mobile phone or tablet. Software is freely available via Google Play or the App Store.

All recordings were made by Kirsty Gillespie.

All photographs were taken by Kirsty Gillespie, unless otherwise indicated.



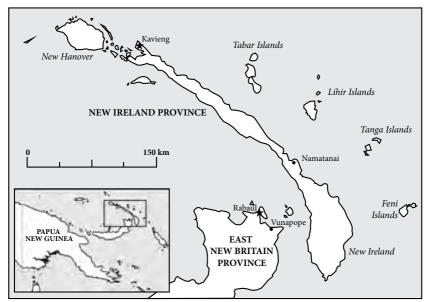
Pil: An Introduction

Province, part of the Bismarck Archipelago in the far northeast of Papua New Guinea (map 1). These stories are likened to fairy tales, though some are said to be true stories, and all feature some element of Lihir reality, especially in relation to their references to ancestral customs and to the lived landscape. Many of these stories have recurring songs within them that add to the drama of the tale. Stories often feature sorcerers, tricksters, and various spirit beings that interact with mortal humans, and some point to the origins of aspects of Lihir life. On the most domestic level, *pil* stories play out family conflicts and in doing so present a right way to live and be.

This volume shares a selection of *pil* that were recorded in collaboration with the Lihir Cultural Heritage Association (Tok Pisin: Lihir Kalsarel Eritig Asosiesen), a community-based organization that supports cultural activities using funding from the large-scale gold mining taking place in the islands. Mining has been a significant part of the Lihir social, cultural, economic, and geographical landscape since the mid-1990s, and much literature exists which considers how mining has impacted upon Lihir life. While mining has brought change to cultural traditions, at the same time the economic boost experienced by communities has led to an increase in the scale and frequency of some customary activities. Similarly, the existence of the Lihir Cultural Heritage Association and the activities that they have been able to undertake are due to mining in the islands. At the same time, mining, and the change that it brings, has been the impetus to undertake documentation of Lihir cultural traditions, including the *pil* that constitute this collection.

The Lihir Cultural Heritage Association grew from the original Lihir Cultural Heritage Committee established in 2009. Through an extensive consultation process across the islands, the group put together a guidance document for their activities, entitled *The Lihir Cultural Heritage Plan: Defining the Lihir Cultural Heritage Program/A irir wana mamalien a anio Lir: A Plan for Social Stability and Harmony on Lihir* (see Bainton et. al. 2011 for background to the

^{1.} When the article is included, the genre is known as *a pil*. The term *pil* has also been used as a general term for "story" in Lihir, such as when referring to Bible stories (see Neuhaus 1927).



Map 1: New Ireland Province, Papua New Guinea (based on maps produced with Google Earth).

formation of the plan). This document identifies language as one of the four "house posts" or pillars that uphold Lihir culture, and lists the recording of song and performance genres as one of the tasks to undertake in order to satisfy this objective: *Identify, document, and preserve the history and culture of Lihir in order to promote understanding and maintenance of Lihirian cultural heritage*. The collection of *pil* brought together in this volume, and the broader body of *pil* recordings that this collection in sourced from, is thus a direct outcome of *The Lihir Cultural Heritage Plan*. More details on this recording project and the selection of stories appear below, but first, some notes on the performance genre itself.

The performance of pil

Pil can be told by individual males or females of varying age and are a source of evening entertainment. Often *pil* function as bedtime stories or lullabies for children, who are generally listeners of the story form, and in this way can learn how to tell *pil* themselves. Despite the seemingly familiar, domestic performance setting for *pil*, certain protocol surrounds the telling of the genre: children have been warned that if they tell *pil* during the day something² will

^{2.} The object dropping onto the head of the storyteller has varied in accounts between a bottle, a gourd, and a coconut.

fall on their heads and crack their skulls. Similarly, there is traditionally a right time of year for telling pil: the yam-growing season, from yam planting through to vam harvest. Pil should not be told near food gardens outside of this time as this could affect the fertility of the gardens.

In performance, pil characteristically open with a formulaic exchange of words between the performer and the audience. These words cannot be translated, and some Lihir people have suggested this is because the words are an archaic form of Lihir language. The performer addresses the audience with the word meme. The collective response of the audience varies depending on where in the islands the performance is taking place. On Mahur, the outermost island in the Lihir Island Group, the audience response has been recorded as tete pots (or tete pot), whereas in stories told on the island of Masahet, the phrase is usually tel mats. The different responses may reflect dialect differences (between six and eight dialects have been identified across the island group). Although the actual words of this exchange cannot be translated, the knowledge of them and the function they have is clear: with the first phrase the performer summons the audience's attention that the story is about to begin, and in their response the audience indicates that they are ready to hear the story.

As they formulaically open, so do pil close; with the storyteller figuratively giving a pig's head to another person (a pig's head itself is not actually given).³ At the end of the performance, the storyteller announces he or she is giving the head of a pig to someone nearby and names that person. This person then tells the next pil (if not within that sitting, then it is implied that they will be the first storyteller the next time people sit down for pil). Sometimes the giving of the pig's head is factored into the story; for example the very last event in the narrative might involve the protagonist hosting a feast, which provides the storyteller with the perfect segue to give the head of the pig from that feast to the next storyteller, thus bringing their story into the present and so bringing an end to their narrative.

SONGS WITHIN STORIES

Pil storylines are generally well known—new pil do not appear to be readily composed. They are handed down over the generations without a sense of any individual ownership, though there are associations of certain stories with certain places and the people who live there, as well as associations between tellers who are known for their renditions of particular stories. Thus, although individual competencies naturally vary, pil are open for most anyone to tell.

^{3.} The two stories in the present collection that were recorded in 2008 (i.e., the first and last stories) do not feature this formulaic opening and close; this is likely due to the stories being recorded outside of the formal pil documentation context that shaped the 2010 recordings.

A recurring song—usually one which is unique to that story—is heard in the majority of *pil*.⁴ While the telling of *pil* can vary between storytellers, the songs within narratives are regarded as fixed. The same song might be heard three or four times within that story. The songs are typically the words of the protagonist speaking to someone else or to themselves about something which they are experiencing, usually conveying directly or indirectly how they feel about an experience. They are short—often just four lines or so—and sometimes songs are sung twice or more in succession (especially at the first rendition), as well as at intervals throughout the story. Individual lines are also often repeated in the songs. In the shortness of their texts and in their repetition, *pil* songs are comparable to other Lihir songs used in customary dancing, which also have songs made up of short texts that are repeated in succession (though many more times) until a dance has ended and that feature the repetition of individual lines. The *pil* songs also have an internal rhythm which further connects them to the Lihir songs of dance.

Stories with songs have been recorded in other parts of Papua New Guinea, most thoroughly by Richard Moyle in his documentation of "musical fables" (*kkai*) from the atoll of Takū, east of Bougainville (2003) in Papua New Guinea. Moyle identifies such a narrative structure as being typically Polynesian, in particular that "fables embodying short songs appear to be characteristic of West Polynesia and the Polynesian Outliers" (2003:xviii), Takū itself being a Polynesian Outlier. There are, however, examples of songs within stories that appear in other Papua New Guinean locations not otherwise considered to be culturally influenced by Polynesia—Lihir being one.⁵ Niles identifies a number of authors who have described such traditions (Niles 2003:ix); more recently Birgit Drüppel has described songs within stories (*lauwin*) that are performed by the Kaulong people of West New Britain (Drüppel 2009:25–33).

In a 1973 collection of oral literature from Papua New Guinea published in English, Glenys Köhnke writes that "many of their stories incorporate song, which enhances the atmosphere" (Köhnke 1973:x). Like Lihir *pil*, many stories

^{4.} The only recording of pil I have made which includes more than one song is a story where two different songs were sung in quick succession at several points in the narrative, representing courtship dialogue: a woman singing to a man, and the man responding.

^{5.} Neuhaus makes the following etymological observation and speculation in his grammar of the Lihir language: "The word for 'tale', *a pil*, is the *i*-variant of the root word *pulipuli*, which in Makasar [in Sulawesi, Indonesia] poetic language is employed for 'speech'. In Pala [a Patpatar language from 'mainland' New Ireland] it is *a pir*. That may be a reference to the origin of some tales" (Neuhaus 2015:29). From this we can understand that the *pil* narrative genre may appear in similar forms across the New Ireland region and possibly beyond. (By an *i*-variant, Neuhaus is understood to mean an alternative form of a word, where the usual vowel is replaced with an *i*. Thus, *pulipuli* becomes *pilipili*, which in Lihir language becomes *pil*.)

in her collection are narrated by a sole performer. Audience participation does however feature in one particular story, where Köhnke describes that

listeners of the tale take up the song and so express their own participation in the oral tradition. The re-enactment of the legend reflects the unity of story-teller and listener in a living culture, common to all. (Köhnke 1973:x)

This level of audience participation is also uncommon in *pil*, though there is an exception in the song of the last story in this present collection. In this story, the audience joins in with the song once the narrative and the song have been established, displaying the kind of unity to which Köhnke refers.

Moyle himself does not speculate on the function of song within the Takū narratives. Don Niles, in his introduction to Moyle's volume, however, suggests that

songs in stories may encapsulate something essential about the story, provide commentary on it, bridge different episodes, enable a character to express themselves in another verbal form, or be used at various points in the narration to provide ... aural continuity. (Niles 2003:x)

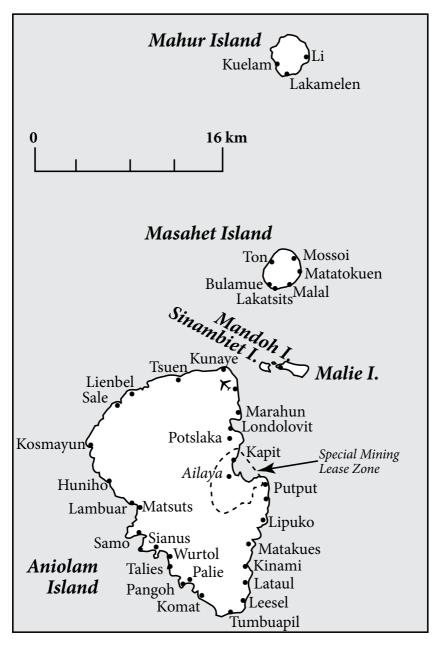
Niles also goes on to say that "even if the song is not in a language known to the listeners or consists solely of vocables, the change from a spoken text to a sung one further heightens the emotion of the scene" (Niles 2003:x).

While the majority of pil contain a recurring song, not all utilize songs. Rosemary Tohielats, Lihir translator and educator, compares pil with songs to pil without songs (original in Tok Pisin, followed by its English translation) in this account:

Tupela wantaim i orait. Sampela i gat singsing, sampela nogat ... Singsing em bilong pulim tingting bilong ol lisenas, bai ol i konsentret moa ... Ol bai sori moa long en, ol bai lus tingting long ol narapela samting we em i stap klostu long en ... taim em i singsing, ol bai sindaun na harim. (pers. comm., 3 September 2011)

Both kinds are okay. Some have songs, some don't ... Songs draw the listener's mind in, they will be able to concentrate more ... They will all feel much more for them [the main character], they will forget all the other things that have been occupying them ... when the storyteller sings they will all sit down and listen.

One of the key elements recurring throughout these descriptions is the emotion the listener feels upon hearing the song and how it incites a sympathy/ empathy towards the character's own emotional state. It is also likely that the recurrence of song in story assists the narrator by providing a lull in the recounting of events, and also, in Niles's words, "helps recall the story to the narrator" (Niles 2003:x).



Map 2: The Lihir Group of Islands (based on Bainton 2010:19, map 2-2, and data from Google Earth; revised place names provided by Luke Kabariu).

The evolution of the pil project

I first came across the *pil* genre in 2008. During a project repatriating wax cylinder recordings of Lihir songs (see Gillespie 2017), I travelled with the Lihir Cultural Heritage Association (then Committee) across the island group, playing back the archival recordings in digitized form and recording people's musical responses to the recordings, a project which resulted in the first output of the Lihir Cultural Heritage Association, the compact disc *Ae tinil wen Lir: Music of Lihir* (Gillespie 2008).

On one memorable evening, the Committee members and I sought a senior man known for his performances of Lihir cultural traditions broadcast on radio by the National Broadcasting Corporation (NBC); recordings of his performances are said to be held in the NBC studios in Kavieng, the capital of New Ireland Province. The man had aged, and as he began to tell one of the *pil* stories he was known for, it became clear that he was no longer performing at his best. His daughter, an established culture bearer herself, then stepped up to tell the tale. This very moving story of the tale of two boys and the Ailaya—a significant cultural and geological site on the island of Aniolam that is understood by Lihir people as the portal to the afterlife—constitutes the final story of this volume. The recording of this pil started a conversation amongst the Lihir Cultural Heritage Association members about the importance of documenting this oral literature; there was a concern that because of the rapidly changing lifestyle in the Lihir Islands, due in large part to the introduction of mining in the islands, the art of telling pil and their transmission were in danger. In 2009 funding was secured from the Firebird Foundation for Anthropological Research to pursue this documentation.

The bulk of the recordings of *pil* for this project took place over January and February 2010, during which ninety *pil* were recorded. The large number of recordings made suggested that *pil* was not yet an endangered tradition and that people were still actively performing *pil*; people of a variety of ages were able to draw upon their existing knowledge of *pil* to perform for recording. Recordings were made across the four permanently inhabited islands of the Lihir Island Group: Mahur, Masahet, Malie, and Aniolam (map 2). All stories were told for the purpose of recording and documentation. In recording out of the traditional context, some stories were inevitably told during the day, however the Committee members and I were advised that this would not attract the kind of consequences (such as something falling from the sky onto the head of the storyteller) as described in the previous section, as we were working

^{6.} Two *pil* in the present collection were sourced from my initial recordings made in 2008.

within a cultural heritage programme (Lawrence Klamga, 16 January 2010, vol. 1, STE-000).⁷

Only a small selection of stories has been included in this volume. In making this selection, translators Peter Toelinkanut and Rosemary Tohielats and I chose stories from across the island group: stories that were considered particularly well told and that refer to a variety of immortal beings and situations describing cultural life in Lihir.

Content of the stories

As mentioned at the outset of this introduction, *pil* are sometimes likened to fairy tales; Lihir people have used this term as a comparison. Mythological creatures and spirit forms often appear and are described in detail. There is an established repertoire of *pil* that is recognizable to an audience; newly composed *pil* are not common. Even when the story itself might not be known, there is a format to *pil* stories that is familiar. *Pil* often begin by introducing the protagonists on whom the story is centred. Quite often these are siblings, or siblings interacting with their parents, aunts, uncles, or other elders. One of the key functions of *pil* is to educate people, particularly the young, on how to live good lives, and the maintenance of good family relations and obligations is seen as a crucial part of Lihir life. Lihir people clearly articulate this in the telling of *pil* narratives, as illustrated in the stories in this collection.

Real place names are often used in *pil* to locate the story firmly in the lived landscape. In many stories the bush is referred to as *anio* (or *hanio*), meaning "place." People are described going "up" into the bush. In pre-Christian times, Lihir people generally lived above the shoreline where the soil was the most fertile and they could establish food gardens (on Mahur, hamlets still exist on the upper plateau of the island). An elevated inland position is also likely to have been strategic from a defence point of view. As colonial authorities and missionaries arrived, people were encouraged to move down to the shoreline and settle in hamlets that were more easily accessible. In most of these stories, the gardens are quite separate to people's living spaces, and are perhaps considered the true "place" of origin of a person.

Food—growing food, and the feeding of people—looms large in the stories, as something that sustains life and human relations. It is impossible to overstate the importance of food in maintaining social relationships in Papua New Guinea, and this is clear in the narratives here. Providing family and the wider community with food is vital to social stability, and as we see in the stories,

^{7.} Where relevant, I have retained the file name of the recording for reference. The code refers to the volume number, format (e.g., STE = stereo), and file number (000 being the first file), the latter two being generated by the recording hardware used, a Zoom H4n. Recordings made in 2008 are in the format "year file number" and were recorded on a Marantz PMD-670 Solid State Recorder using a Røde NT4 stereo microphone.

the denial of food to a member of the family or community can lead to drastic consequences. Thus, gardening features prominently in Lihir life and narrative; those who can grow ample food can thus provide sufficiently for their communities and therefore sustain and enjoy positive (and reciprocal) relationships. Pil stories abound with references to gardens and gardening techniques (Hemer 2013:66-69 offers a detailed description of gardening on Mahur with a focus on yams that complements the reading of some of the stories in this collection).

Cooking techniques are also described in pil stories, and pigs feature prominently as figureheads of the feast. Pigs are not only an important source of protein and essential for every feast, but more than that, the pig symbolizes prosperity and signals a family's or community's ability to maintain social relationships by raising and providing pigs for feasting and other important social events (pigs also being considered across Papua New Guinea as a form of currency). The reference to the pig's head as part of the formulaic close of a pil carries with it this implied significance.

The first story of the collection, "How Lihir Came to Be," is the story of the evolution of Lihir life, from a time with no people, through a time of cannibalism to the current period of Christianity. Of particular note is the attention paid to the development of feasting techniques. The second story, "How Lihir People Used to Marry," describes a now defunct courtship ritual and includes reference to the tolup house, a place where girls were confined at the time of their first menstruation, and from there re-presented to society as having come of age. In the third story, "The Brother and the *Ilio*," we are introduced to the spirit being ilio and the foods associated with their world.

The fourth and fifth stories in this collection, "The Sister and the Mdualih" and "Two Brothers and the Gesges," present us with two mythological beings: the *mdualih*, who is the adult form of a foetus that has continued to grow after its mother died, and the gesges, who takes the form of a grotesque trickster creature. The final two stories bring us back to focus again on human relationships. with "Dengmaladeng" being a story about the consequences of deceit, while "Two Brothers and the Ailaya" is a tragic tale highlighting the suffering of those neglected by their relatives. A synopsis is precedes each story in this collection.

While I have stated that new pil stories are rarely composed, the final story in this collection is compelling as it directly incorporates contemporary history into the telling of a familiar narrative. In describing the stones at the base of the Ailaya at the story's end, the narrator explains that they are under the road now built around the Ailaya. The Ailaya is located within the mine site on Aniolam, and the road and soil covering the stones are part of the infill where once the Ailaya met the sea. This infill has further significance as it obstructs entry into the Ailaya by sea, the customary way in which the spirits of the deceased entered through the song pathway known as tsure. In the tsure song form, which is part of the mortuary ritual rangen, the spirit of the deceased is sung from the place their body is resting, through the seascape and past particular landmarks into the entrance to the Ailaya (for more detail on this ritual, see Bainton, Ballard, and Gillespie 2012). The reference then to this changed landscape has a particular poignancy. While the narratives themselves might be familiar and even formulaic, they are open to new details and descriptors that bring stories firmly into the present, making them even more relevant and meaningful for people today. This ability for *pil* to adapt to include elements of contemporary life may be key to the future of this genre of storytelling.

On orthography, translation, and legacy

The oral language of Lihir has been documented in writing in a number of projects, at irregular intervals over the last century, most notably by Neuhaus in his grammar written over the early to mid-twentieth century (Neuhaus 1954; translation published in 2015) and the Bible translations of the Summer Institute of Linguistics (SIL), alongside other more localized literacy projects. Despite this activity, there is still no consensus on a standard way of writing the language. This is largely due to the multiple dialects that are present within the island group, utilizing some different vocabulary and different pronunciation. A number of workshops on the Lihir language have taken place over the years, including workshops on Bible translation, literacy, and orthography, the most recent being the 2012 Lihir dictionary workshop facilitated by linguists from SIL. While these have been important for raising awareness and understanding about writing the Lihir language, they have not resulted in a standard orthography used in practice throughout the region (see Bainton 2015 for an overview on Lihir language documentation, dialects, and attempts at standardizing the language).

In this collection of stories, the translators and I decided that preserving the dialect of the storyteller was important; partly because the stories were associated with both a particular person and a location. Both translators, Peter Toelinkanut and Rosemary Tohielats (also members of the Lihir Cultural Heritage Association), are based on the island of Aniolam, but come from different dialect areas and, like many Lihir people, have extensive contact with people from across the island group due to their work and their connections, so capturing different dialects did not pose a problem for them. Rosemary transcribed a story by Edmund Sanabel of Mahur, while Peter Toelinkanut transcribed the remainder of the stories in the collection which cover a variety of locations and dialects. In some stories, such as the second one here, "How Lihir People Used to Marry," the storyteller uses more than one dialect. In two stories, "The Brother and the *Ilio*," told on Masahet, and "The Sister and the *Mundalih*," told on Mahur, we have retained in parentheses some of the sounds (mainly vowels) that are typically dropped in the dialects of these islands, so as to assist in comprehension.

The publication of this volume was delayed while the representation of the Lihir language was discussed and considered. In the end, members of the Lihir Cultural Heritage Association and I have chosen to pursue the bilingual publication of these stories, publishing the near-original transcripts of the stories with little additional editing;8 while this may result in some inconsistencies and imperfections, we feel that this is the most honest, inclusive way to proceed.

The titles given to the stories have been created to reflect most clearly and simply the distinctive content of those stories. In translation, we have taken a semi-literal approach; that is, we have tried to translate as close as possible the phrases as they are spoken (reflecting the meaning of individual words), but at the same time we have aimed for a clear translation of the meaning into English. This approach is designed to assist readers who would like to cross-reference with the Lihir text, as well as maintaining some of the style of the oral delivery. Translation generally follows common usage of terms by Lihir speakers of English. This may vary on occasion from the literal translation; for example, the term toboh when used as a noun in the story "Dengmaladeng" is translated as "chief." Although toboh in this context might more accurately be translated as "big man" (referring to the male leadership of a clan), as Lihir does not have a system of "chiefs" as such, here the word "chief" has been chosen as it is a common way to refer to male leadership across Papua New Guinea (and indeed the broader Melanesian region) especially in cross-cultural contexts.

Readers of the Lihir text will note that occasionally words in the language of Tok Pisin appear. Tok Pisin, a creole language that draws significantly upon English and German, is one of Papua New Guinea's official languages and is spoken across the Lihir Island Group, particularly when interacting with the many non-Lihir people living in the islands. The use of Tok Pisin words in pil is sometimes out of necessity, to name aspects of life that exist or originated outside of Lihir (such as lotu "Christianity" or Baibel "Bible"); in other cases it may be chosen simply as the word that comes most immediately to mind, where sufficient vocabulary in Lihir already exists. This code-switching between Tok Pisin and Lihir reflects the way that people speak in the islands today, and concern is expressed in The Lihir Cultural Heritage Plan about the effect that the prevalence of Tok Pisin might have on the future of the Lihir language (see also Kabariu 2015, Gillespie 2014; on code-switching in other Lihir genres, see Gillespie 2011).

^{8.} While the text (in both Lihir and English) closely matches the audio file, it should be noted that minor edits have been made to aid the flow of the narrative in written form. Halts in the story have been removed from the text; corrections made by the narrator to their own words during storytelling have been retained while mistakes have been removed. We do this not only to present the text in the most agreeable, readable form, but also out of respect for the storytellers, who would wish for their stories to be rendered as clearly and cohesively as possible.

The accompanying sound files function as a resource to complement and cross-reference with the written texts, as well as the opportunity for the reader to hear the story as originally told: writers in the past have lamented the fact that book form alone cannot provide this sonic experience (Köhnke 1973:x). It also allows for the reader to experience the songs without the filter of musical transcription. Song texts are highlighted in bold and prefaced with "[sung]" where they occur in the stories.

The members of the Lihir Cultural Heritage Association and I hope that this collection of *pil*—including transcripts, translations, and recordings along with photographic illustrations of Lihir life—will be a useful contribution to the long legacy of Lihir literacy and language documentation, and appeal to Lihir people both young and old, as well as those wishing to learn more about life in these islands.

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Photo 1: Joseph Pilai Ambuo, storyteller. Lambuar, Aniolam. April 2018 (photo by Eswin Kumanunku).



Photo 2: Edmund Sanabel, storyteller. Londolovit, Aniolam. April 2018 (photo by Eswin Kumanunku).



Photo 3: Michael Solgas, storyteller. Malal, Masahet, May 2008.



Photo 4: Elizabeth Walis, storyteller. Li, Mahur, January 2010.



Photo 5: Rosemary Tohielats, storyteller and translator. Lienbel, Aniolam, February 2010.

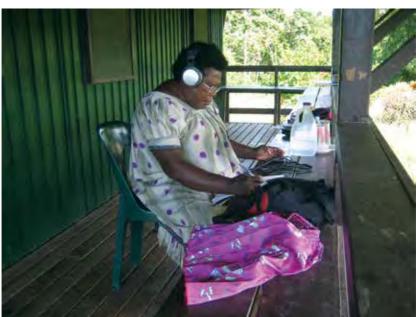


Photo 6: Rosemary Tohielats, storyteller and translator. Lienbel, Aniolam, October 2011.



Photo 7: Andrew Monka, storyteller. Bulamue, Masahet, January 2010.

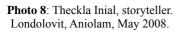








Photo 9: Peter Toelinkanut, translator. Malie, May 2008.



Photo 10: Peter Toelinkanut (left), translator, with elder Thomas Kut. Mahur, September 2007



Photo 11: On the island of Masahet, with Aniolam in the background and the mine site visible (far left). Masahet, May 2008



Photo 12: Stone fence and wooden stile marking the end of a hamlet. Mahur, September 2007.



Photo 13: Approaching a hamlet; domestic pigs are allowed to forage freely during the day. Mahur, May 2008.



Photo 14: Martin Bangel, member of the Lihir Cultural Heritage Association, in his garden of yams. Mahur, January 2010.



Photo 15: Hamlet. Kuelam, Mahur, May 2008.



Photo 16: Women and children carrying firewood. Mahur, May 2008.



Photo 17: Inside a courtyard. Kinami, Aniolam, January 2010.



Photo 18: Bamboo platforms for resting, in a courtyard. Bulamue, Masahet, January 2010.

Photo 19: Woman carrying a heavy load of tubers, fruit, and greens. Mahur, May 2008.





Photo 20: Stone steps and bamboo poles to assist people climbing up from the foreshore to their gardens. Mahur, May 2008.



Photo 21: Preparing for feasting. Pigs can be seen tied to bamboo poles in the foreground, while at the rear the fire heats the stones in readiness for cooking. Malal, Masahet, May 2011.



Photo 22: Women preparing vegetables and greens for cooking. Malal, Masahet, May 2011.



Photo 23: Women placing food parcels onto hot rocks for cooking. Li, Mahur, January 2010.



Photo 24: A "stone oven" is covered to keep the heat in while cooking. Li, Mahur, January 2010.



Photo 25: Cooked food and coconuts ready to eat and drink. Li, Mahur, January 2010.



Photo 26: Women and men gather in separate groups at a time of feasting. The fence of a men's house (*rihri*) with wooden Y-shaped entrance (*matanlaklak*) can be seen far right. Masahet, October 2011.



Photo 27: Performers prepared for customary dancing at the opening of the newly restored Malie Catholic Church. Malie, July 2014.



Photo 28: Men dressed for ceremony. Masahet, October 2011.



Photo 29: The Ailaya and surrounds, showing landfill and roads in the foreground, with the outer edge of the mine pit visible far right. Aniolam, September 2007.



Photo 30: The Ailaya. Aniolam, September 2007.



Photo 31: Rosemary Tohielats with Kirsty Gillespie. Lienbel, Aniolam, October 2011.



Photo 32: Members of the Lihir Cultural Heritage Association with Kirsty Gillespie and Steven Hong (Summer Institute of Linguistics). Standing from left: Peter Arau, Luke Kabariu, Martin Bangel, Kirsty Gillespie, Joane Saet, and Steven Hong. Seated: Rosemary Tohielats, Peter Toelinkanut, and Leonard Pamas. Londolovit, Aniolam, July 2014 (photo by Artem Golev).

ONE

How Lihir Came to Be

As told by Joseph Pilai at Matsuts, Aniolam.

Aniolam. Its geological formation and first vegetation is described, and stone tools are in use. Food arrives with a couple identified as Adam and Eve, but only small amounts are eaten until a certain figure arrives and instructs the children of this couple how to prepare for a feast, using leaves and hot stones as is now customary. The character instructs that his head and body be separated and cooked; on opening the stone oven the cooked body has become a pig and the cooked head a taro (taro is said to resemble a head, with eyes, and a stumpy section resembling a neck). Instructions on growing and harvesting taro are then given. This story, while pointing to the origins of current Lihir feasting practices, is also considered a description of the origins of cannibalism. The story ends with a song and description of a separate character who, because of his laziness, only has one nut to eat (a sub-story grafted onto the main narrative). Finally, this time of going without, and eating people, is said to end with the arrival of Christianity, and the getting of wisdom.



Yel no de tiatgenie a hugiet, giet la he niolam, mel ma hanie e ga bek.

E tele sam ok a tes, tele sam ok a ko to-o.

Ka, kate kate a tes ega ha bekie a hanio, ke kakahan kakahan ele ni mas ie ma mas lahien le niolam.

Mele, mele, mele, mele, a talal kuon, a lolohon a anio e bang nomnom han de bang lakan.

A lolo he nom e kom he tsiengtsieng han tu mua, ehertauret ma, si na taem de ilamel, te la desert.

Ma hanio ka e ka si tike tsieng sam tu mua, a he ie e ka si tamboh eutien ma giel – se le a i le, o, a bap.

Ka he ie e kasi tike kom.

Ka e kape te sam na sa e iel utien laman ma he matau sa mel, kina he kwilkapits.

A he sele sa mel, kina he kwilkapits.

Ka he pu tenden, utien ma he chain saw, sa purek hi lamel.

Ka himua i kape te na ke iel, i kape te na he matau, ka ie ma i hot, die tsaktsakie die le a iel, die tse taltal hinie.

Die na kiptie a suak, dien ka si kiptie hi dandon, dien kiptie si na i pukpuk, ka a suak e ka si berte i muo, i molmol te.

Kasi hotienden te i lamel, a e suak sa ber.

Okay, I will tell a story about our beginning, we from Aniolam, how the place came about.

It was still saltwater, it was still only water.

And, as time went on and on, eventually the place came up [out of the water], and time ran on and on and when it dried up, it dried up to reveal Aniolam.

There it was, it remained so, time went by, the vegetation of the place started to grow, finally, on top.

The vegetation grew, the shoots went up and up to a certain height, the same as it is today, in the desert.

And the place did not yet reach its full height, the trees did not grow very big, they were like what we know as grass, it was a savannah.

And the trees did not grow.

And there were no knives like today, where axes are available, belonging to white people.

And blades, belonging to white people.

And the cry, like that of the chain saw, that has come up today.

Before there were no knives, there were no axes, and the stones, that they talk about as knives, they cut with them.

They cut bamboo in half, they don't cut it in the middle, they cut it at the node, and the bamboo were not that strong then, they were soft.

It was not like it is today, the bamboo are now strong.

Ka hi muo e suak i molmol te. i undan si na i hot.

A i hot dien ko putio hok si na i pukpuk, sa wartie a i suak i meh, sa war.

E kate kate kate: a he nien, e ri herte.

Kape te na he nien i lakan a hanio, e niolam.

Kape te na he nien.

Ka die na ianianie a sa ma tohie e arien a telgiet i en, mane Adam giet oarketan ma la Baibel.

Ma la buk tom, tien mel giet parketan, kape na se purien, die kasi janjanje, dje na ka ka sa purien.

A punien e bek, e se e ha bekie a punien?

Ie hok ma hu giet me tel giet, e talie a punien, harien si na lu moktsien.

A lu moktsien, ie te imen ha wan a dam te te imen ma giet te ga tsaktsakie, giet la Adam e Ewa, dul le lo weien dul ha bekie a punien hi meh.

A iasian a punie tele ha 'mana'.

Si na lien we ilamel.

Ka i muo se le a 'dian'.

A ias me ki giet sele a dian.

Ka i lamel te ka te ko tsakie te na e lien kina he kwikapits die le a mana.

And before the bamboo were soft, as they were using stones.

With the stones they only touched the node, it would snap the bamboo there, snap it.

It went on and on and on: the food. there was none.

There was no food on the land. Aniolam.

There was no food.

And they had nothing to eat, the big man began to put us here, like Adam who we know in the Bible.1

In the sacred book, like we know, there was no food, they did not eat, there was no food to be had.

The food surfaced, so who came up with the food?

He himself [the big man] that made us, he brought the food, it started with a husband and wife.

The couple, now we know the beginning of the foundation that we talk about, we say Adam and Eve, those two, the woman, the two came up with the food, we know.

The name of the food was called manna.

The word for it today.

Before they called it dian.

The name we called it was dian.

And today we usually call it the word from the white people which is manna.

^{1.} Papua New Guinea is a predominantly Christian country, and the incorporation of a Christian origin story and Christian terms such as "manna" into this ancestral genre are ways for people to synthesize multiple world views.

Ma die te ianianie, te purek ka i te biri ber, ka ie te kalkalie la puor.

Dien kelkel ni wetwet lah dien patsie a pu tsikitsun dien ianie si na leleh, ka si yen lawa si na owa, ka si yen si na kandiek, ie ma pu maret mo sa yendan.

Dien ka si yenyen si na e ben putsep dien yen si na owa, a leleh dien ka si yen, a owa dien ka si yen, dien kaka kam meh die laip te si na pumaret meh die la dian.

E mele mela puor die te kalkalie.

Dien ka a ko putsun, dien patsie utien lah, dien ro-o dien patsie.

Dien ka si ro-o na lui liem, ko i liem ok

Dien ro-o dien patsie utien len.

Bar a hulen kidol diene de ianianie ha putsun ia men sa tehtan na liem kere, die patsie.

Dien kiri ro-o la puor dien patsie dien ka meni dien telan mi mas.

Dien yanie a ko pu tsikitsun utien dan iamen, a min ni ianie si na leleh.

Ka mi pusultan a tiendie ka die no moste eni si na lakes ben, o, a lakes talal.

Dien ka si yen si na owa, dien ka si yen si na leleh.

They ate it, when it arrived it had hardened as it had been dug from the ground.

They dig to this depth [indicated by storyteller], they grasp it, a very small bit, and eat it in the afternoon, [the next day] they don't eat in the morning, and they don't eat at midday, that thing that you have eaten.

They don't eat every day, they eat in the morning, in the afternoon they don't eat, the [next] morning they don't eat, they go around, they are alive with this thing called *dian*.

It is in the soil and they [the couple] dig it out.

They get only a small bit, they grasp it in one hand (like this [gestures]), their hand goes down into the soil and they grasp it.

They do not put two hands down into the soil, they use one hand only.

Their hand goes down into the soil and they grasp it like this.

If it is a month they will be eating a little bit, it is collected with this hand, they grasp it.

They again put their hand down into the soil, they hold it, they go off with it, they put it out to dry.

They eat a very little bit, like this, one will eat in the afternoon.

And it will fill the stomach and they will be full for countless days, or, for a long time.

They don't eat in the morning, they don't eat in the afternoon.

Mole die yen si na leleh...

puk si na leleh.

Gel na ka si yen si na owa, gel na ka si ru yen si na leleh, o si na kandiek.

Gel na ba yen ian si na sa ben i mil, gen na ba pan, gel na ba pan, a tien mel ri ba ri sonson han de ta, gel na ba ri yanie a pu tsikitsun.

Gel ka si ri yanie pu tamboh.

E kakahan kakahan kakahan kakahan ke bang tsuol te si na min de a tinetge, a min a tsiktsun e purek si na minmindintsik, ki dul ilel lu moktsien.

E purek lu moktsien dul sa ka te ana tsiok marmaret, i lai tsun i tele ai to-o.

Ae nien i melel i lielien.

Get ka si parketan dale ae mien i meh.

Dul lu moktsien dul worlahe.

Ka ie ma tsiktun e purek—a tomat e purek leh dul, si na kandiek.

A lu tsik lel dul monde dul memelam.

Memelam, memelam ka ie e purek, purek ke sapandian dul, dul pan kele, "Gol vende?"

Dul ko wirse, dul ka si pite.

A nutsdul e pau te dul ka si pite.

Kape gel ka si yen, dul ko hertso.

If they eat in the afternoon ...

Gel mana ngung weien gel na iana Me and my wife we will eat in the afternoon.

> We will not eat in the morning, we will not eat in the afternoon, or during the day.

> We will eat the day after, we will wake up, we will wake up, our stomachs will start to grumble, we will now eat a little bit.

We will not eat a lot

It went on and on and on until it reached another stage in the story, a certain person appeared to the little children. [the children of] the two that are married.

He arrived and the couple, the two had gone out to do other things, in an area where there was water.

All the food was in that area.

We did not know that there was food there.

The couple found this out.

And this person that appeared—the man that came up to them at midday.

The two children they were sound asleep.

Sound asleep, sound asleep when he came up, came up and woke the two, they woke up and he asked, "Have you eaten?"

They shook their heads, they didn't speak.

Their mouths were shut tight and they didn't speak.

No we have not eaten, they gestured.

Dul ko bawo, e ka si nap dul ma pite, a nuts dul e buon me ie a pite.

Melte, ke, ha tulenie ha i a lik, a min a weien, a tsik wehien lik.

"Ie wa ka a ka sa lolo wa purek menje."

E ka he laklake ie, e biri miat te, e purek manie.

"Tep warwartie, warwartie wa talie lah."

(A tiniatgekuon tsaket men ni ko kuon, ni ka te ni ko wet sam ku no ko til pilkie.)

E purek mana puie ke talie.

"Wa ka wari ka sae hothot." Ka keri ka he hothot ke talie.

"No monde na wa tu wa tekiptie a hong.

Tekiptie a luong, wa ka na a hong wa talie i kulien e hothot na la len. Wa tekiptie na a luong ka wa talie

lah.

Ka ni mele laien i lielien a he hothot laien, ka wa iotie na, wa iotie a kong i lielien a he hothot a len.

Ka io ok na no ba tu, no ba kop i lielien a lon ka wa be peke io."

A tsik i meh e talie a pu ieh, kape sam na sa ieh, ie iman ma won ma ieh e ga purek.

"Ka sa pumaret wa talie laien lakan e hothot." They only made signs, they could not say a word, it was as if a tree had blocked off their mouths.

After a while, he sent one of the children, one small girl, a little girl.

"Hey, you go and get some leaves and bring them back."

She went and got some small tree branches, half dry, and came back with them.

"Break them into pieces, break them into pieces and put them here."

(This story is very long and it will take time, as I go on I shall sing to finish it.)

She came up with the little branches and put them down.

"You go and get some stones."

And she got the stones and put them down.

"While I am lying down, get up and cut my head off.

Sever my neck, get my head and put it down on the stones that are there.

You sever my neck and put it [my head] over there.

And it must stay there amongst the stones, and you wrap it with leaves, you wrap my head in leaves and put it in the stones here.

And I myself will get up and I will shout inside the stone oven and then you will open it up."

This child put a piece of fire there, there was no fire [before], this is how fire came to be.

"Get that something and put it here on the stones." Talie, talie, talie, he hon ke le.

no talie.

Wa se sangsangoie na a ieh otien

Ka ke talie, patso meh a ieh sa hek "

A ieh e bek i lielien ma lon, ka lon e sosoham, sosohan, sosohan ka he hothot die dal.

"Ka wa gare na he hothot die na dal ka wana kelie.

Kelie ka he hothot die na puok.

Kelie e hothot ka wana talie na a kong i lielien.

Wa kiptie na a kong ka wana talie "

Talal e melte ka e kakets.

Tinan eka si purek.

Ie ni weh sam ok, ke tinan ni mang purek, ni ne piek ok, tinan ni mong a purek.

A tsiktun meh e te tetgenie an meh, a punien meh ni talie la lon ni pike.

Ka hon meh ni ri tetgenie, hok ne ri ke na.

"Wa ka na hong wa talie, ka wa ke io na wa ri talie la lon.

Ka je a wit jo wa tel jo i lieljen a lon imon ka no do.

She kept putting it there, the stones were covered

"Ketste wa garetan pumaret iamen" "Sit down and observe what it is that I have put there.

You must make the fire just like that.

Pick it up, put it there, strike and the fire starts up."

The fire started inside the stone oven, and the stone oven kept on catching, catching, catching fire, until the stones were red hot.

"And when you see the stones are red hot, you spread them out.

You spread out the stones and separate them.

You spread out the stones and you put my head inside.

You cut my head off and you put it there."

After a while she separated burning wood from stones.

Her mother had not yet arrived.

She [the girl] would prepare the stone oven, and after it is complete, before she uncovers the stone oven, her mother will return [to assist].

This person told the whole story [to her], the food she would put in the stone oven and uncover.

And his head, he told her, she would do the same.

"You get my head and put it there, and you pick me [my body] up and you put me in the stone oven.

You lift it up and you put me inside the stone oven and I will be cooked

Ka wa peke io na ka wa ien yo."

Talal e le e do, ma lon i meh, e iotie ma tsiktun i meh me kitiptan a hon, e kitiptan a hon, ke iotie ma tsiktun i meh, ke se hamonie la lon.

Ke e kepa ie ie na he hothot, kep hai, hai ie, kep hai, hai ie, ke hon, ke torie, otien mel he weien die se taruh, torie he lon.

Torie a tsiktun mel i la lon, mele, mele, mele, mele, ka ie a tsiktun e bin tsiengtsieng an tsiengtsieng an ka e lolo die biri bikop, e gare ke kop i lielien ma lon.

Le te ni pike, ka sa tel tel na bual. A bual te i meh sa mele i lien ma lon.

Kape si ri telte na sa tsiktun.

A bual te i meh sa mele.

Ka hon meh me kiptie sa tele a
pots, i meh a pots sa mel te.

"Wa kiptie na i lolokong, wa kiptie na i lolokong wa ri hatulie, ka ie ma lolokong ri nom, ka wa se kipkiptie na otien meh mo sa kiptie a kong.

O sa kiptie a luong.

Wa se kipkiptie na otie meh ko seru sawsawo ma kong, wa seru sawo, wa se ru kiptie otien i meh osa winie. And then you open it up [the stone oven] and eat me."

When it was ready, that stone oven, she wrapped that person without the head, without the head, wrapped that person and lay him in the stone oven.

She put the hot stones back on, she did all this, she did it all, the green leaves, like what the women do [today], with the green leaves covering the stone oven

She covered with green leaves the body in the stone oven, and it remained there, and then the body began to expand and expand and the colour of the stone oven covering became lighter, and he sang out inside the stone oven.

As she opened it, he had become a pig. A pig was now inside the stone oven.

It was not the person anymore.

It was now a pig that was there.

And the head which was chopped off had become a taro, a taro was in its place.

"You cut off my hair, you cut off my hair and you stand it up, and my hair will grow, and you will cut it like you cut my head.

You have severed my neck.

You must continue to harvest it [the taro] and regrow it like my head, you grow it, you cut it off, like you have done now.

Ka wan de parketan mah, a kong wan se wiwinie, ka io wa se wiwinie."

Orait die ga arien a yanie a e bual, ka die arien a yanie a he tsiktun

Ie meh a tsiktun meh die sa yanie ma die sa arien a yanie e tsiktun, ma die ga parkian die a harien a ien ilio.

Die harien a ien ilio tete hi me. die sa harien a puka punien sa bek, a wonde a yen ilio te i meh a yen tsiktun.

Ie ma tsiktun e purek ke tetge olenie, ka weien meh e winie dul ne kasien, du winie ...

Ka no de til sam, no til ka ni wet ka no de tetge tetemen ka mi de tsul tete iel.

[sung]

Eee kere io pe, eee kere io pe Io sa monde nako pu tiong Io sa monde nako pu tiong Ka i tameh kame teneng

Io sa monde nako pu tiong Ka i tameh kame teneng

Eee kere io pe, eee kere io pe Io sa monde nako pu tiong Io sa monde nako pu tiong Ka i tameh kame teneng

And you should remember, my head is to be done this way always, and I must be done like this always."

Alright, so they started eating pig, and they started eating people.

Having eaten this person they continued to eat people, having done so they continued to eat victims

They started to eat victims then, they had this other food come up, the beginning of eating victims, that time of eating people.

This particular person came about and told his own story, and this girl did it like that [the cooking] together with her brother, they did it like that ...

And now I will sing, I will sing and when I finish I will continue the story and it will finally end.

Eee it is me, eee it is me I am sleeping on only my back I am sleeping on only my back And with one galip nut in my stomach I am sleeping on only my back

And with one galip nut in my stomach

Eee it is me, eee it is me I am sleeping on only my back I am sleeping on only my back And with one galip nut in my stomach

Io sa monde nako pu tiong Ka i tameh kame teneng

I am sleeping on only my back And with one galip nut in my stomach

Eee kere io pe, eee kere io pe Io sa monde nako pu tiong Io sa monde nako pu tiong Ka i tameh kame teneng

Eee it is me, eee it is me I am sleeping on only my back I am sleeping on only my back And with one galip nut in my stomach

Die se monde ta imeh kape die ka si yenyen.

Iok mek ma io se bur tetgenie.

Die na yanie e pumaret mel, die na melte ka e talal lamlam die de melte.

Ka talal wana yen ilio te i mel ma sa bek die sa yanyanie tete e tsiktun meh.

Ka ie a halik mek e tele ai kapapets lik, ka i te monde, ka i ga ka putputio ai tinil meh, ie ni de yanyanie a sa.

Eka si petspets.

Ai kapapets lik i meh ugo harien a tilie a ho imeh ai tinil.

Taka si petspets, so ko memel biah kamok otien i meh.

Te biri kakakam purion a e tameh. a e ie die bah wa die ba harien a wa.

Tek mahe tameh, he bale, e ta.

ien ilio tete.

They always sleep then, they do not eat.

It is like how I have told you.

They eat anything, and they remained for a long time going without.

And during the time of eating victims, when that came up, they are people.

And this little fellow [who sang that song] was a little loafer, he sleeps, he composed that song, and he didn't have anything to eat.

He does not do anything.

The little loafer was like that and so he started to sing this song.

He does not do anything, he does nothing like that all day.

He hangs around underneath the galip trees, the trees had just started bearing fruit.

And the galip tree, the breadfruit, and the tawan tree.

Ka dien lel e frut e ba harien a wa. And they had fruit that started to bear. I ga nase wirwir meh, a talal wana He felt sorry for himself, this was during the time of eating victims.

Kate kate, ertawet ma tala a lotu e purek, me die te lalen ma die sa irit giet tete, die le a gavman, ka sa ka torme giet mana lotu.

he lien o te i lapel giet saka ketste.

It went on and on until the time of Christianity came, and these are the people who controlled us, they were the government, and they bound us together with Christianity.

A lotu iman sa purek giet sa kakate With the arrival of Christianity we are getting wisdom like today as we are now.

TWO

How Lihir People Used to Marry

As told by Edmund Sanabel at Li, Mahur.

HIS STORY is considered entertaining and comical, and one that lends itself to dramatization. The story opens with the classic exchange: meme – tete pots. Two brothers are introduced as orphans, being raised by their grandfather, working alongside him tending their gardens and pigs. This harmonious and productive relationship is a positive model of Lihir social relations, and so we have some indication at the outset that this will be a happy story. The time comes for the young men to be married, and here we are introduced to a past cultural practice of shooting down dry coconuts to impress and win a bride. We hear how the people of Lihir adorn themselves, including the use of ginger (both worn, and spat onto them), which across Papua New Guinea is considered a powerful substance. The song the young men sing while preparing themselves to shoot is untranslatable, perhaps archaic, but at each singing of it (there are four renditions) tension builds. During the men's preparation, two women are enclosed within the *tolup* house, a small temporary house that girls were once confined to during the time of their first menstruation; thus it is suggested that these women in the story are coming of age and ready to be presented to eligible males. Peering through gaps in the walls, the women become increasingly excited at the prospect of these two men (it is their uncontrollable excitement that is the humorous part of the story). As the last rendition of the song is finished, the two men shoot down the coconuts and the women rush from the house to embrace them. They live well together, with the women tending the homes and the men spending time in the bush. The grandfather ages and dies, a feast is held, and this is the segue to the narrator passing the pig's head on to the next storyteller.



storyteller: Meme

audience: Tete pots

anio kidul, tormue na tumdul tomat.

O tma dul knia dul, dul sa muet.

Dul i muet ine dul, dul i yalik okte.

O tumdul se tnen te dul kadul sa thohthoh an thohthoh an.

Dul se muele la pulo, dul se muele la pulo na puets tnom.

E tnom ki diee tool a putsep.

E en diee sa kiliee kiliee ka en diee tool sa tikie tikie, ka en diee tool sha ri liliyayien.

Diee tool soko puetspuets ok.

Teek a lakluo i tsiklik kapee dul kasi bikhet si, na taem diee tool natsieeng to anio.

Tumdul ni weng nile diee tool na sgoyee a min a tnioom.

Diee tool na puetspuets ni nap sina leh dul na ka dul na ka dul na keel puniyen i le tnioon tiek.

Diee tool na tsieel tsiel tu sna mden anio, dul se tun en diee tool ne tumdul diee na yen diee na muelam.

E diee na sgosgoyee sine buen una unan diee sko tsieeng ok ta anio.

Na bueen a loo kees, se muele i sina a One day two brothers, they were living at their place, together with their grandfather.

> Their mother and their father, they were already dead.

The two they both died, when the two were still small.

The grandfather looked after the two, and they grew bigger and bigger.

The two were there in the bush, the two were there in the bush working in their gardens.

The three had many gardens.

Some gardens they would dig up, in some gardens the three would cut the grass, in some gardens the three would do controlled burning.

The three just worked.

And the two small ones, those two were not naughty, when the three of them would go up into the bush.

The grandfather said that the three will work in the garden.

The three would work into the afternoon, and the two would dig food out of the mature gardens.

The three would then go down and down to their place [by the sea], the two would cook and the three including their grandfather they would all eat and sleep.

They all did this, every day, they all went up to the bush.

ree diee tol.

Teek kate mah a buen tem ah makil diee sa a diee sa makuets re mue.

E muo diee se makuets ute ma diee sa ktakta e mlon ka diee de makuets.

Makuatstse a lukluo tsiken sina makil.

Teek diee na resis na kta a lakluo i mlon

Diee atskee tan sina yoo.

Die tsakie diee le a gar a o na pu yee.

Teek a makil sa kaka na kta a lukluo mlon.

Ko diee tool o tumdul diee ko tsieeng tsieeng ok to anio.

Kate kate a buen diee sa puetspuets la tnoom ka min a tkian a min a tkian sa weng le:

"ai gol, o si nap gol na tsake i kuli tumul le gol na komuli gee giet na na kta i mlon?"

Teek a min e weng mle:

"Eh, ka ble tumel ok ni weng puet te, yee me da ga bi ka.

Yee ok ni tsakie.

Geel ba osre knon sna leh."

Dul i puetspuets kam, dul i puetspuets kam diee tool e tsieel le mueh diee e makil diee seree mielmiel diee ka er na kta a gar.

Ka diee tool se ree enen bol ree, e bol All three fed the pigs also, as the three also had pigs.

> And so it went, and there comes a day people get married as well.

> Long ago everyone married this way, they would shoot down the dry coconuts and then they would marry.

The marriage of two women to the men.

And they would compete to shoot down the two dry coconuts.

They hung them up on a spear.

They call it *gar* or stick [the area where this event takes place].

The men would all go to shoot down the coconuts.

So the three [including the grandfather] they would go up and up to the bush.

This went on and on, and one day they were all working in the garden and one man, this one man said:

"Hey you two, can't you tell your grandfather that you will follow us and we will go and shoot the dry coconuts?"

And one [young man] replied:

"Eh, if our grandfather says it's alright, okay then we will go.

He himself will say.

We will ask him in the afternoon."

The two worked, the two worked and the three all came down and all the men all started to come back from the place where they shoot at the gar.

Diee katkat ka diee kakat puil.

Katekate a min sa osre thuon:

"Hei, pu a min a tkian e weng le a makil diee ktakta a gar man me sina gom man diee le diee na kokneniee a lakluoo wen a gor.¹

Ka sloee e napte da tool na ka geel nag a koknenie a lakluoo wein lel?

Ka dul sga melte yeen sina mden anio kid a tool na sa sranie a mden anio."

Ka yee le tumdul le:

"O-e puet te, i lua bangi lua sina owa katseep no ba tlue go na sgo yee e pnets ka da tool ba ka."

Die tool muelam te muel diee tool a pan sina oowa.

Teek tumdul a tlue dul le gol tsieeng gol pte sa lakluoo kpee buoo.

Dul tsieeng dul sko a buoo, dul petpotkie dul tsal a lu kpee buoo.

Dul tsial te me.

E tumdul a tsialie ute yoo.

Etel a lakluo yoo e sgo yee nie-e.

E plo na maket teek e polklekie na maket.

E tuoo a lakluo kul lie tu lu ma dul.

E puets dul nie.

They had all shot, but they had all missed.

After a while one asked the grandfather:

"Hey, one man he said that the men they all shoot at the *gar* over there where they would all like to get two women, at the *gor*.

So what do you think, can we three go and get these two women?

And the two can live at our place and they can sweep our place."

And the grandfather of the two said:

"Yes that's alright, tomorrow in the morning, early, I will send you two to do this; we three will go."

The three slept and then the three got up in the morning.

And the grandfather of the two sent the two up to cut down a betel-nut tree and split it into two halves.

The two went up and cut down the betel-nut tree, the two split it down the middle and sliced up the halves [to make spears].

The two went down.

The grandfather cut the pieces into two spears.

Two spears were fashioned from his work.

He painted it black and it was then painted black.

He got two ginger plants and tied them onto the two boys.

He gave some to the two [to hold].

^{1.} In this *pil* the storyteller alternates between using *gar* and *gor*, which suggests a mix of dialects.

E le: "Da tool le".

E pitsiee a lakluo pummel to nuandul. He put two leaf adornments around

He said: "We three will go now."

their necks.

Le: "Da tool le".

Pitsiee a lakluoo pumuel.

"E lakluoo wok loon kin a loona pu gee tool na miel mok meen."

He said: "We three will go now."

He put the two leaf adornments on. "The two women belong to two of my forebears, so we three will come

back with them."

Teek e yanyanie a lie teek e ibis dul nie.

Ibis dul teek e re bis yee a lokluoo yoo.

And the grandfather chewed ginger and spat it out on the two.

He spat on the two and then he spat on the two spears.

And he went first. Teek, lo komuoo te.

teele dul arien a til temue:

Teek a lokluoo i tsiklik dul arien a pits And the two youngsters started on their way and they started to sing:

[sung]

Soor pederpeder re susu o -Soor pederpeder re susu o Le wa de mas nige male Le wa de mook mook mook Mook mookie

Soor pederpeder re susu o -Soor pederpeder re susu o Le wa de mas nige male Le wa de mook mook mook Mook mookie²

Dul i pitpits an pitspits an e tumdul se The two danced and danced up and tu imuo se tu slo tiel i muo se bis dul.

down, and the grandfather stood in front of them and spat on the two.

E en en dul an ne tuatua.

And he did this to give the two

power.

Teek dul ne pitspits an dul se pits kaun tu muo dul re arien a til:

And the two danced up and down. the two danced in front and the two began to sing:

^{2.} In cases where the Lihir text is untranslatable, it is reproduced in the English version.

[sung]

Soor pederpeder re susu o Soor pederpeder re susu o
Le wa de mas nige male
Le wa de mook mook mook
Mook mookie

Teek a lokluoo, tumdul e ka e sos tabueel sina lokluoo mlon lel diee redim tan.

Tu e yemsie a lokluoo mlon lel ke weng:

"Yo sa ibis a mde tan kree, luna tubung na ek dul na kat potkie a loo i mlon.

Ka dul na ka a lokluoo wok kree."

Tumbul e ger matmiel, e re ibis dul.

Teek dul ri ti:

[sung]

Soor pederpeder re susu o -Soor pederpeder re susu o Le wa de mas nige male Le wa de mook mook mook Mook mookie

Teek yee te a lokluoo tsik dul sa tu tabuel.

E dul sa pitspits tabuel la sina gor.

Soor pederpeder re susu o Soor pederpeder re susu o
Le wa de mas nige male
Le wa de mook mook mook
Mook mookie

And the two, their grandfather walked around close to the two dry coconuts and they were ready.

He stood up and spat on the two dry coconuts and he said:

"I spit and the power [of the coconuts] has died, my two ancestors will come and shoot these two dry coconuts into pieces.

And these two will get these two women."

The grandfather turned back to the two, and he spat on them again.

And the two sang:

Soor pederpeder re susu o Soor pederpeder re susu o
Le wa de mas nige male
Le wa de mook mook mook
Mook mookie

And the two youngsters stood up close.

And the two danced up and down close to the *gor*.

Teek ere yemsie yee tema kayee a lakluoo wok dul sa teten la lioom, dul le dul titarie a banis wana lioom i mul dul.

Dul sa gerger ilie pal wana sua banis, diee sgo tan a lioom nie.

Dul sa birbir potkie dul a gre a lakluoo tsik.

Dul sa wengweng: "Go de tsap!

Yee te moon, a lokluoo tikian ki geel."

Dul i tu tabuel sina gor.

Dul riee til:

And he spat again and the two women cried now in the house, the two wanted to break the walls of the house apart and follow them.

The two peered through the small gaps in the wall, the wall that they had made around their house.

The two started to break a big hole to see the two young men.

The two called out: "Open the door!

That's it, they are the two young men for us."

The two moved closer to the *gor*.

The two began to sing:

[sung]

Soor pederpeder re susu o Soor pederpeder re susu o
Le wa de mas nige male
Le wa de mook mook mook
Mook mookie

Soor pederpeder re susu o Le wa de mas nige male Le wa de mook mook mook Mook mookie

Soor pederpeder re susu o -

Dul le dul tiltil kle an te mue, dul pangsenie a lokluoo yoo.

Dul i kat potkie a lakluoo imlon.

A lokluoo wok dul i lo tsool i lia lioom dul i roo poot dul.

A min i lo klaie a min ka min e lo klaie a min.

Teek dul e ka kaknenie a lokluoo wok te lel torme ne tumdul.

Teek diee miel te mel, diee ka tu sina anio ki diee toor.

Mel ma diee sa muel i anio.

As the two finished singing, the two threw their two spears.

The two shot down the two dry coconuts into pieces.

The two women, the two ran out of the house and embraced the two men.

One ran to one, and the other ran to the other.

And the two gathered the two women alongside their grandfather.

And they all went back, they all went to their home.

They all live at home.

Dul is go yee a lokluoo lioom.

A min kin a min a tsik torme na min a wok ki yee a min kina min.

Teek dul sa muel le a lokluoo wok dul sa tinen dan a mden anio torme na lokluoo tsik.

Teek o tumdul sa tikien tikien kle kle an.

Kate dul se tsieeng to anio diee tsieel tsieel o tumdul kopuee te si sosos.

Sa keets a tiok te i lia lioom.

Kate kate e tumdul e muet.

Dul i tsak a karot dul i keer bol tbohtboh dul i pkee tumdul.

Teek dul ok ten a lokluoo wok ki dul tnen dan a mden anio.

Tumdul sa muet.

Teek a pil sa weet: a tsoboon bol ne Kamrai. The two [men] made two houses.

One for one young man and his wife, and another for the other and his wife.

The two [couples] were there, the two women looked after the homes of the two young men.

And the grandfather grew older and older.

So it went; the two went up to the bush, came down and down [to their homes], [but] the grandfather does not walk around anymore.

He stays sitting down in the house.

So it went on and on, and the grandfather died.

The two made a feast, the two got some big pigs, and the two made a feast for the grandfather.

And the two themselves with their wives looked after the place.

The grandfather had died.

And the story is finished: the pig's head to Kamrai.

THREE

The Brother and the Ilio

As told by Michael Solgas at Malal, Masahet.

N THIS STORY the *ilio* spirit is introduced (*iliu* in some dialects). An *ilio* is the spirit of a person who has suffered a tragic death, such as one who has been murdered or lost at sea; thus the term is understood and often translated as "victim." In the first story, "How Lihir Came to Be," the word *ilio* is translated as "victim" to refer to the body of the deceased and not a live spirit.

Ilio are said to hang around in trees, often in groups, and have an otherworldly home. They are also said to emit light, to glow. Certain foods are associated with the world of the *ilio*, such as coconuts with bluish eyes, and pink-coloured yams, as described in this story.

After the traditional opening, the story begins with a boy who lived with his sister and her husband; it is implied that the boy is an orphan. From the outset we learn that the boy is neglected—he is subjected to the anger of his sister's husband and most significantly he is deprived of food—and so the scene is set for a tragic tale. He leaves his sister's home, and, sitting under a tree, an *ilio* climbs down and offers to take the boy to its world, where he is raised. When the *ilio* take him back to the earthly world, they bring the various foods associated with them (and so we have a sub-story about the origins of these foods). The sister comes across this resplendent garden and discovers it belongs to her brother, who then provides her with food for herself and her husband. But the brother does not forget their ill-treatment of him and ultimately they are punished.



storyteller: Meme

audience: Tel mats

E siat le tan a tsik, lu kasien.

A tsken a makuets e ka kasien a tsik madion lik.

Dul te muel le, ka tomat toko tsumartsumarie a tsik.

Te ka e punien te anie nie ka tomat te tsumarie.

Te kaka e punien ne ie te ananie a tsik nie.

Ai tsik like te tnatna kam, kasien e le:

"Eh, wa de ko ka wan tsioktsiok taslies kam i yon ne wa ka ti tumueh."

Te tenden menie le kasien.

A puen de e ka ke le:

"No ka si gre wa, wa ine yo.

Wa le wa ka na, wa ko ka.

No ka si gre wa."

Tek a tsik e ka, ka te monmon kam i prun e ie.

E le (s)ina lon, e ketse i kuen i pura boioh, a ilio e tsuol i mua.

E le e lal, ai tsiklik, ie a tsiklik e nder e tskol.

E le ni in, ke nanse e le ole no in no msah?

Yo ni le ni se yo, ni ko se yo.

Once upon a time there was a boy, he had a sister.

The girl was married, and the boy was a child.

As they lived, the husband was always getting angry with the child.

The food she gave to him [her brother] made her husband angry with her.

She gives his [her husband's] food to the boy.

The boy is always neglected, his sister says:

"Eh, you must go away and collect *okari* tree nuts for yourself and *galip* nuts."

She cries with her brother.

One day she said:

"I don't want to see you leave me.

If you have to go, just go.

I don't want to see you [go]."

And the boy left, and made his home under the trees.

One night, as he was sitting under the *boioh* tree, an *ilio* came out from above.

As it glowed, the boy, the boy shivered

He wanted to run, but he thought, why should I run?

If he wants to kill me, he can kill me.

A ilio e tsultsulan, tsultsulan, e ko ne kets ok i kulien. The *ilio* was climbing down, climbing down, all the way and sat beside him.

E tele a ilio na msan ok muel.

It was an *ilio* of his own blood [from his own clan].

A m(a)san.

His own blood.

Tek e le:

And he [the ilio] said:

"O m(a)sa m(a)sa men?"

"What are you doing here?"

Tek e le:

And he said:

"Eh, a tomat mon, a pos ki yo, te ko tsumuertsumuer gel kam ne kasing. "Eh, the man of the house, my inlaw, he is always getting angry with me and my sister.

Ka yo sa in men."

And I ran away."

"E erawet te no kokne wa tu sina ka be anio?" "Can I take you to our [the *ilio*] place?"

Ka tsik muele e le:

And the boy said:

"E puet te."

"That is fine."

Ke pap i nuan a (i)lio ka dul tsieng i mua.

He climbed onto the *ilio*'s back and put his hands around its neck, and the two went up.

Dul tsieng tu la olonbalbal na lan.

They went high up into the clouds.

A anio na ki die ae (i)lio meh?

Where is the place where the *ilio* live?

Giet ka si parken.

We don't know.

A tsik e (i)lio die gre, ka die le:

All the *ilio* saw the boy, and they said:

"A tsiktsin hor men sa prek, a punion ne ge?"

"A new person has arrived, is it our food?"

Ie e le:

That one [the *ilio*] said:

"Ble go, a tsiktsin men ki giet."

"Don't, this person is one of us."

A min a ilio te prek ka te osre:

Other *ilio* arrived and they asked: "Are we going to kill the boy?"

"Da sie a tsik mon?" Ka re a min me a ilio e le:

And that *ilio* said:

"Blan "

"Don't."

E tupek tupek die ah ka le:

He stopped them and said:

"A turangiet men, ni de ok ien i kuil giet."

Tek die ohwo ye a tsik.

E t(a)mboh, ke muele, e muele, muele, He grew bigger, and lived with muele.

A buen de mue die le die de i kesmule.

Die de kesmule te ien laka(n) a anio ki ye.

Die-e ka e nien, mon a e k(o)ko ma e k(o)ko bonbon, e lumues lon, etupueka na lel, mue e her sina e ilio e patik bonbon lel.

Ye mue ki die, e her sina e ilio.

Die i kasie l(a)kan a anio ki giet.

E puk lel e pu bret giet le a bonbon, ye These things that we have that are muel a her side a makil lel.

Die prek ka die i kasie sina anio.

Die songo ie a t(a)niom muel.

Die sngoie a t(a)niom, e ka te lel i pang, ke die suwo e punien i l(i)lien.

Ka ie te le kasien e le ni tsieng sina buen, ke r(a)bet tsket nie.

Ae t(e)peka sa man de, ka e bainap ka ie a e pu unaunan ke le:

"Ki se gan t(a)niom men?

Eh! Ki se tsiktsin?

No ga kle yo, ka ni ga liek t(e)peka ka ni pipit bainap ke win."

"This is our friend, he will grow up with us "

And they raised the boy.

them for a long time.

One day they decided to take him back.

To bring him back into our world.

They got all the food, all the yams, the pinkish yams, the coconuts with the bluish eyes, the pawpaws with that same [pinkish] colour, these came from the ilio world, and pinkish *patik* also.

These came from them, from the ilio world.

They brought [them] into our world.

pinkish in colour, these things came from them.

They arrived and brought these things to our world.

They made a garden here.

They made a garden, and it was big and sprawling, and they planted food in it.

And his sister decided to go up one day, she got a big surprise.

The pawpaws were ripe, and the pineapples and everything else that grows on trees and she said:

"Whose garden is this?

Eh! Which person?

He can find me, and gather pawpaws and break off pineapples and bananas "

E muel le ri tsieng de sina buen de ka ye le kasien e weng i se i sien.

"O her mon he?"

"Wa pa gol m(a)na gi tomat gol se tuletule katne yo kam."

E liek t(e)peka, p(i)pit bainap ke pit toh, ke ka e nien wnawnan me her ion sina e ilio.

Ke ka e klae gen tomat, ka tomat e le:

"E rong.

O sa ka e nien len, o ka e?"

Ka e le:

"Yo pah yo ka sina tsiktsin mon, ma wa ose tsket te anie."

"Ka sa her mon he?"

"Sa prek."

Tek dul i ien.

E buen unaunan se ka te tsioktsiok nien isien ne kasien.

A buen de muele, kasien e nansetan ok And one day, her brother rememmuel ma dul se tuletule katnenie.

Kasien a lien sa tua te anie.

E klie a mat, e klie, klie, klie, ke tsiel, a paret.

E kotsmie e tsnutsnu ie ke sengenie i lie lien.

Ke sngoie a tsotso i mdan i mat.

Ke le:

"Wa koknenie na gi tomat gol de ial gol na ienien."

Later, the day after, she went up again and her brother suddenly spoke.

[She asked him] "Where did you come from?"

"You and your husband you threw me out before "

He collected the pawpaws, he broke off pineapples and broke off sugar cane, and all the other food that was from the ilio.

And she went to her husband [with all the food] and her husband said: "Hey you.

Where did you get all that food?" And she said:

"I got it myself from the person who you were always cruel to."

"And where did he come from?"

"He's come back" And the two ate.

And every day she collects food from her brother.

bered when the two sent him away. Her brother became angry with his continuous giving.

He dug a hole, he dug, dug, dug, deep down, like a drainage ditch.

He sharpened stakes from a tree and planted them there [in the hole].

He made a pig trap over the hole.

He said [to his sister]:

"Bring your husband and you two can come and eat here "

Ka e lektsie e tepeka ke ka e nien ke tomat e kets l(a)kan a atmuel, a at o toh e ienien an, ienien an, ienien an ka o i toh te wor.

Ka e le:

"Ah! At men de wor, me yo."

Ke le:

"Kupue, wa ko ketsie wa ienien."

Ienien an, ienien an, ke le e mosmos an, a at ele wor me nie, e puok tsiel ian lai mat, e kre i nitsan e tsnu (ie) trolel, ka tomat ka ke sie, e ka m(a)na nutsu ie ke potso an kon inie.

E ka ke ri sie a we(ie)n ka sa kle.

I tsobobol ne Polan.

He picked pawpaws and other foods and the husband sat on the bed, made of sugar cane and ate there, and kept on eating, and eating, and a sugar cane broke.

And he said:

"Ah! This bed is going to break under me."

He [the boy] said:

"No it won't, you sit there and eat."

He kept eating, and eating, and as he was filling up, the bed collapsed, he fell down into the hole, onto the stakes, and the man [brother] got up, and he struck him on the head with a wooden club.

Then he killed the woman and that's the end.

The pig's head to Polan.

FOUR

The Sister and the Mdualih

As told by Elizabeth Walis at Li, Mahur.

HIS STORY INTRODUCES the *mdualih* (or *mundualih* in other dialects). This tragic being originates from a foetus inside its deceased mother. It is understood in Lihir customary beliefs that if a mother is pregnant when she dies, the foetus will continue to grow, eventually exiting the body of the mother, and retreating to live in the bush. In this story, a mdualih meets her sister in the garden and looks after her baby while the sister works; the sister's husband had refused to accompany her to the garden, leaving her to work by herself—or so he thinks. The husband is shown to be lazy and selfish, the mdualih fulfilling her filial duty. The mdualih sings a song to the baby while her sister is working (only part of this song can be translated). At the end of the working day the *mdualih* is given sugar cane to eat by her sister; a food not regularly consumed in Lihir. The *mdualih* instructs the sister to bathe the baby to remove the scent of her, thus keeping her presence from the husband a secret. On one occasion the sister does not wash her baby, and all is revealed. On the next visit to the garden the husband stalks the *mdualih*, captures her and locks her in the house. She escapes, never to help her sister again; punishing her for revealing her identity.



storyteller: Meme

audience: Tete pot

A wehen e muet, e tian de na tsik te ke muet tekdie sa tanie la matmat.

E mundua.

Ka ie a tsik mel e oh i lielien e ianie a mapul i lili tinian tek te tsoltsol te mue, e telte a wehen.

Ie tsoltsol te muemel lakan ai mat we tinian.

Ie e o-oh an ok me a tsik, a tsiken, e oh an, ke oh tmboh telos to la pul(o) lo.

Sa telte a tsikien toboh te, utie a en lin.

Ke se to lakan a iee.

Tek e kisien ore a wen toboh te.

Sa makuets, ka sa ongtan a tsik ki ie.

Tek dul tsiengtsieng tu me ... te kokok nenie gan tomat.

The dul na tsieng, diet na ol tsieng to anio na puets la pul(o)lo.

Ka ie ma tomat muel, se katkatli dul, ka ko dul keh ok dul te tsieng tu anio, na pinets harien a tikie a tnom.

Ka ie ma wehen muel ma m(un)dualih se muel te i mua l(a)kan a ie la pul(o) lo.

Tik ie ma wehen muel, ma kisien tamboh muel se ulistan gan tsik te mue, ka ie to puetspuets. A woman died, she was pregnant with a child and died, and she was buried in a grave.

The body decayed.

And the child grew up eating the decaying flesh of its mother and it comes out, it was a female child.

It comes out and lives on the mother's grave.

It was growing up, the child, a girl, she grew up, and grew big and went into the bush.

She was a big girl, like you girls [indicates to audience].

And she went up into a tree.

And her sister was already a woman.

She was married, and had given birth to a baby.

And the two [sister and baby] climb up there ... she asks her husband to go up with them.

The two climb up, they go up inland to work in the bush.

And the man, he lied to them [about coming up], and only the two climb up to that place, they start to clear a garden.

And that woman that was a *mdual-ih*, she lives up in a tree in the bush.

And that woman, the big sister she has the baby lying down, and she works.

Tek ie a tsikien te mue, te tsol te me i mua laka ie. te me i mua.

Ke te tsol ke te ka a tsik ki kisien, a tsik te tenden.

Tek ni tsol me, ka ni ka ie ma tsik ka ninde tiltil te me menie:

And that [mdualih] girl, she comes down from the top of the tree, from the top.

She comes down and she holds her sister's baby, as the baby is crying.

And she comes down, holds the baby and starts singing to it:

[sung]

Ia waien ni rangrang o Ia waien ni rangrang o U yo gomsaru yo, gomsaru laru laru

Gomsaru yo

Wehen te puetspuets kam ok mel. Ka kisien te muel te na tsik ki dul, te muemuel menie.

[sung]

Ia waien ni rangrang o Ia waien ni rangrang o U yo gomsaru yo, gomsaru laru laru

Gomsaru yo

mdualih te muel te menie. Ie ma wehen me toko puetspuets kam ok kidul, ke puetspuets kam ka ie a

Tsik te dok to mue sien le tinian me a

wehen ie ok me ni tiltil kam menie a tsik, ka ie a tsik toko dok ok te mue. kupue te, te ka si ten.

I, woman, am working, oh I, woman, am working, oh U yo gomsaru yo, gomsaru laru laru

Gomsaru yo

The woman is always working. And her [mdualih] sister looks after their baby, she looks after it.

I, woman, am working, oh I, woman, am working, oh U yo gomsaru yo, gomsaru laru laru Gomsaru yo

The baby does not cry when that mother the *mdualih* stays with it.

And the woman keeps on working for them, she keeps working and the [mdualih] woman keeps singing to the baby, and the baby does not cry when she is with it, no, it does not cry.

[sung]

Ia waien ni rangrang o Ia waien ni rangrang o U yo gomsaru yo, gomsaru laru laru

Gomsaru yo

A wehen sa puets kle, tek se ka e punien, putuo e pu toh, ka sa hanie inie le kisien, ka sa ka tsik isien, ka le:

"Yel wande mielmiel to nasi, ka gel, gel de tsial tu m(a)lal."

Tek ie ma wehen muel te weng menie te le:

"Gol na tsial, wana sulie ok na ma tsik re."

Dul na slolel, dul na tsial to sina mden anio, ni sulie a tsik ok.

Tek dul na muele na muelam.

Tek buen de re mue dul de mon, le a buen de re dul na ni tsieng, ni ri koknenie a tomat mue ki ie, ni ri pek ok.

Tek dul keh dul na ri tsieng.

Tek ni ri wilsie gen tsik, ka ni de ri arien a pinets.

A tsik ni de ri tenden te ri muel, a wehen ni se ri tsol i mua lakan a ie, sa ri ka a tsik ki kisien, ka sa ri tiltil menje I, woman, am working, oh
I, woman, am working, oh
U yo gomsaru yo, gomsaru laru
laru

Gomsaru yo

The woman finishes work, she gathers food, breaks off some sugar cane, gives it to her sister, and takes the baby, and says:

"Okay you can now go home, and we, we are going down to the yard."

And the [*mdualih*] woman says, she says to her:

"You two go down, and you must bathe the baby [to remove the *mdu-alih* smell]."

They do that all the time, they go down to their hamlet, she bathes the baby.

They stay there to sleep.

And the next day they sleep and wake up, and the next day they climb up, she asks her husband, and he says no.

And so the two climb up on their own.

And she lays the baby down to sleep, and she starts to work.

The baby starts to cry, the [mdu-alih] woman comes down from the top of the tree, she holds her sister's baby, and she sings to it.

[sung]

Ia waien ni rangrang o Ia waien ni rangrang o

U yo gomsaru yo, gomsaru laru laru

Gomsaru yo

A wehen e puetspuets kam, ka muel me tsik i sa muel ok te muel na tsik. E tiltil kam menie.

[sung]

Ia waien ni rangrang o Ia waien ni rangrang o U yo gomsaru yo, gomsaru laru laru

Gomsaru yo

Wehen e re mnos ke ri sngoie ok ri ute lel, ka a tsik ki je si kisjen e ri hanje na e pusa lik li e ru ka anie.

Ie e kisien e ri weng mule dul sloilel:

"Wa tsiel menie, sulie ok, sulie ok a tsik na m(e)nelam de sina l(e)leh."

Ka kupue dul si tsakie i kuli t(a) mandul.

Te muel ok te muel slolel.

Ni sulie gan tsik ok me ka dul te ri muelam.

Dul te ri pan de ri sina buen keh ka pan de me, dul te ri weng osrenie gan tomat, tele dul na tsieng.

Tomat me te ri pek ok ri me dul.

I, woman, am working, oh I, woman, am working, oh U yo gomsaru yo, gomsaru laru

laru

Gomsaru yo

The woman keeps on working, and the babysitter stays with the baby. And she sings to it.

I, woman, am working, oh I, woman, am working, oh U yo gomsaru yo, gomsaru laru

laru

Gomsaru yo

The woman stopped work and did as before, she took the baby from her sister and gave her a little food.

And the [mdualih] sister reminded her as to their routine:

"You go down, bathe it, bathe the baby in preparation for the evening sleep."

And they did not tell the father [of the baby].

The routine stayed the same.

She washes the baby and they go to sleep.

They always wake up the next day and when they are awake, they ask her husband, to go up with them.

The man always refuses them.

Dul keh ok dul ri tsi(e)ng tu hanio.

Te ri wilsie a tsik, te ri harien a puets la t(a)niom ki dul.

Ka ie a tsik te ri tenden te me, ka tinian te puetspuets.

Ka ie a min mel a tinian mel te ri tsol ok l(a)kan a ie.

They alone go up to the place.

She lays the baby down to sleep, and she starts to work in their garden.

And the baby starts to cry again, and the mother is working.

And the other mother comes down from the tree

[sung]

Ia waien ni rangrang o Ia waien ni rangrang o

U yo gomsaru yo, gomsaru laru laru

Gomsaru yo

Se puets kam.

I, woman, am working, oh I, woman, am working, oh

U yo gomsaru yo, gomsaru laru laru

Gomsaru yo

She is working.

[sung]

Ia waien ni rangrang o Ia waien ni rangrang o U yo gomsaru yo, gomsaru laru laru

Gomsaru yo

A wehen se ri puets k(a)le, ka se ri kisien se ri puets k(a)le, se ri tsiok punien lik, ie ok me se ri s(a)ngoie ote muel ka se ri en kisin nie.

E kisien te ri mielmiel tu nasien ka dul, dul i tsieltsiel.

Tek ri weng mule ok ri s(o)lolel, le wa tsial menie ka wa ni sulie ok na m(e) nelam. I, woman, am working, oh
I, woman, am working, oh
U yo gomsaru yo, gomsaru laru
laru

Gomsaru yo

The woman finishes work, her sister finishes work, she gathers a little food, and she does everything as before and gives it to her sister.

The sister goes back to her place [in the tree] and the two, the two go down.

And she reminds her as before, that you go down with it and you bathe it in preparation for sleep.

Dul i tsiel te me, ka kupue te si sulie a tsik.

Ka kupue te si lon ote me te s(a) ngos(a)ngo ie.

A tsik e le ok te s(o)lo ilel.

Le t(a)man e ka te me a tsik, ka sa weng ele:

"Eh! A tsik ere a kulien e sensen.

O se e muelte na tsik ere a k(u)lien e sensen sip?

A tsik ere a k(u)lien e sensen."

Tek e sosorenie a wehen ki ie.

Ie a wehen mel ele:

"O ososoreinie wale wa maso nie?

Gel te kokok ne wa tu anio ka wa na pekpek ok ne gel.

Min ok me a (tsik)tsin ki gel te muemuel m(a)nie a tsik yo te ga puetspuets.

Ko ososre wale wa m(a)sa nie?"

Ka ie a wehen ko wengweng ok me sloilel.

Ka tomat e ba tuate, ba tuate die na tsakie ok je a tsin me te muele na tsik a kulien e ga sensen.

Tek ie a wehen me e tsakie ok te muel.

Le ka, tsik pe me a tinian ok ma, dong e muet menie, e tiande nie ka, e ka tula pul(o)lo ke oh muele a pul(o) lo, te muele lakan a ie, ka gel na, no puetspuets te mue, ni lolmie a tsik ni tenden, ni tsol ok me ka te muemuel menie."

They went down, and she didn't wash the baby.

And she did not follow the normal routine.

The baby was out of the routine.

The father held the baby, and he said:

"Eh! This baby's body smells.

Who was with this baby, to make its body smell unnatural?

This baby's body smells."

And he kept on asking his wife.

And the woman said:

"Why are you asking me?

We always ask you to come to that place and you refuse to come with

There is one person that stays with the baby so I can work.

You keep asking so what do you want to do about it?"

And the woman kept on saying the same thing.

And the man kept on demanding, demanding that she tell him who the person is that stays with the baby and makes its body smell.

And the woman told him who the person was.

She said, "This child, its other mother, my mother died with it, in her womb, and she went into the bush and grew up there in the bush, she lives up in a tree, and we, when I am working, she hears the baby crying, she comes down and stays with it "

Le die mon de muel, die pan de me sina min a owa ka ie ma tomat mue sa tsieng kemuo.

Sina pu marmario ok.

Tsieng komo ke loste la tum toh, sa los te e.

Ka dul lu tinian dul ba ru tsieng ko muil te me, sina t(a)lal dul se tsiengtsieng.

Tek se ri wilsie a tsik ka ie sa ri hertan a pinets.

Ie a tikan me e muele la tum toh.

Tek i a tsik sa ri tenden de me, ie a wehen me sa ri tsol i mua i l(a)kan a ie

Sa ri ka te me a tsik sa ri tiltil ok ri me. After a night's rest, the next morning very early the man climbed up first

While it was still dark.

He climbed up and hid himself in a cluster of sugar cane, he went in there.

And they the mother and child they climbed up afterwards, at the time they usually climbed up.

And she laid the baby down to sleep and she started to work.

And the guy remained in the cluster of sugar cane.

And the baby began to cry, and the woman came out of the tree.

She held the baby and sang to it.

[sung]

Ia waien ni rangrang o Ia waien ni rangrang o U yo gomsaru yo, gomsaru laru laru

Gomsaru yo

Ka a kulien sa s(a)ngor, ie ma wehen.

A kulien s(a)ngor, ke ri tu muel ke ri til menie a tsik ki dul ne kisien. I, woman, am working, oh
I, woman, am working, oh
U yo gomsaru yo, gomsaru laru
laru

Gomsaru yo

And she felt someone watching her, the woman.

She felt someone watching her, and she got up and started to sing to their baby from her sister.

[sung]

Ia waien ni rangrang o Ia waien ni rangrang o I, woman, am working, oh
I, woman, am working, oh

U yo gomsaru yo, gomsaru laru laru

Gomsaru yo

A kulien sa sangors(a)ngor t(a)mboh an de meh, a kon sa sortertu, ka ie a tomat te meh sa yoltan.

E toto le:

"Ai! De iak wa ka gi tsik, o kameh min sa iol te vo."

Ka ie a wehen me kupe ok si lon, ko puetspuets ok.

Ka ie te ri til:

[sung]

Ia waien ni rangrang o Ia waien ni rangrang o U yo gomsaru yo, gomsaru laru laru

Gomsaru yo

Tek a tomat sa jol tan meh je ma wehen.

Ka ie ma wehen a kulien sa sngosngor And the woman felt strongly that ka sa kopkop ne kisien:

"Hey wa de iak pe wan ka gen tsik. O kameh me sa iol te yo.

A kuling sa ts(a)kol ts(a)kol."

Tek le ie a wehen me a sortertu le ni ka tsik, tomat ma lo tsol la tum toh, ke nom i dadon ma wehen mue e puets kilie ok muel.

U yo gomsaru yo, gomsaru laru laru

Gomsaru yo

And the feeling that someone was watching her grew bigger, the hair on her head stood on end, and the man was watching her closely.

She called out:

"Ai! Come and get your baby, there is someone watching me."

And the woman did not listen, she kept working.

And she [the *mdualih*] began to sing:

I, woman, am working, oh I, woman, am working, oh U yo gomsaru yo, gomsaru laru laru

Gomsaru yo

And the man was watching the woman very closely.

someone was watching her and she shouted out to her sister:

"Hey you come and get your baby.

There is someone watching me.

This feeling is frightening me."

And when the mother got up to get her baby, the man charged out of the cluster of sugar cane, he grabbed the [mdualih] woman by the waist and held on tightly.

Ka dietol i tsiel menie.

Dietol i tsiel te meh, dietol i teltan la liom.

E muele, die dakie a kulien ke muele.

Tek sina lon de me, a wehen e ri miel ok ri meh.

E tsol muel la liom, e ri miel to ian to nasien l(a)kan a ie i mua.

Ke le die pan sina owa, ka lu tinian dul sa ri tsieng, die sa gere a wehen ne sa ri in ok te meh.

E le die ru pan de meh sina owa, ka dul lu tinian dul sa ri tsieng, dul le dul de ri puets, sa ri wilsie a tsik meh ka sa puetspuets te mueh.

Ka ie a tsik sa tenden, kupue ok te si tsol.

Sa muel ok te i mua l(a)kan a ie, ka ie e puetspuets kam ka ie a tsik e tenden kam, tenden kam.

Ka ie sa weng i mua lakan a ie.

E le:

"Wa tenden kam ok ion, ma gol ne tinio gol bang hatser ie.

Ka wa tenden kam ok ion, yo lel yo te ga muemuel me wa, ka wa de tenden kam ok ion."

Dul i puets kle ka dul i miel ka a pil sa wet.

And they all went down [to the hamlet].

They went down, they locked her in the house.

She was there, and they smoked her body while she was there [to try to cleanse and normalize her].

Now as night fell, the [mdualih] woman returned to her habitat.

She came out of the house, and returned to her place in the tree above.

And when they woke up in the morning, and the mother and baby climbed up [to the bush], they had already seen that the woman had gone [from the house].

And when they woke up in the morning, and they the mother and baby climbed up, they went to work, she laid the baby down to sleep and started working.

And the baby started to cry, and she didn't come out.

She stayed up in the tree, and she [the sister] kept working, and the baby kept crying, kept crying.

And she called from up in the tree. She said:

"You keep on crying there, you two revealed my existence.

And you keep on crying there, it was me who looked after you, so you keep on crying."

They finished working and they returned and that is the end of the story.

Ka die lul me ka die sie a ko min ok a bol, tek die sarsar balik le patang. Ka die kumlie a bol ka die tal kiptie ka die lie a tsobobol en Sanabel.

Ka pil sa kle.

And they got ready and killed only one pig, and that is the end.

And they suffocated the pig and they cut it in two and the pig's head was given to Sanabel.1

The story is over.

^{1.} In this particular *pil* storytelling session, Sanabel followed this story by Elizabeth Walis with the story that appears second in this volume: "How Lihir People Used to Marry."

FIVE

Two Brothers and the Gesges

As told by Rosemary Tohielats at Lienbel, Aniolam.

being who, like the *mdualih*, lives in the bush. He is described as grotesque, dirty, and wrinkled, with stringy hair, long fingernails and toenails, dreadlocks, and big eyes. In this story two orphan brothers, who live alone, go hunting. The older brother, Bereo, kills a pig and leaves his younger brother, Ulu, to watch over it cooking while he goes in search of another. A *gesges* smells the cooking pig and manipulates Ulu into giving him piece after piece of cooked pig until Ulu becomes so angry and afraid that he retrieves the remaining parts of the pig from the stone oven and calls out to his brother; his repetitive calling out constituting the story's song. Finally Bereo arrives, but not before the *gesges* has consumed the remaining parts of the pig. Bereo saves his brother and the *gesges* meets his deserved end. The brothers celebrate with a feast, the narrator locating herself at the feast and then giving the head of the pig from this feast to the next storyteller.



storyteller: Meme

audience: Tete pots

Sorsor kakian a lu kes.

E Bereo ka ne Ulu die se mele ian sina pu anio lik, man me Unanotgiet, lakan ai putput die sele Tarilo.

Ka. dul se meleje ka tinandul ne tamandul dul se miat.

Dul se mele ka talal te mel dul nase kata sina bin dul le dul na tsok.

Talal dul tsoktsok an, dul han sina okiah ai wis, man de me mua isien die sele hon elee.

Dul gare a bual laka.

Tek ie a tamboh isien e Bereo e tu e ha And the bigger one, Bereo, stood hat ke kata.

Sina talal e kata ke miat, dul kerie dul purek menie tu ian tu lium hok, sina gom me pek melien ai to disele ostolik.

Dul tu dul winie i baban i to.

Dul winie, ka talal dul sa winie sa dodo kesnalik me la tamboh, e Bereo e le:

"Ulu, wan me le sam ka io no ka sam no ru tsok.

Bar no ru sie sa min sa bual bar kape, ka wan ko mel okte i en, was te sina bual ne do."

Talal Bereo sa ka ele ni ru tsokmil, ke tsieng lakan a min i putput, die te ka rues tu la ostolam.

Once upon a time there were two brothers.

Bereo and Ulu lived in a little hamlet at Unanotgiet, on the mountain they call Tarilo.

And the two lived there, and their mother and father had died.

The two lived there, and one day they decided to go hunting.

When they were hunting, they went up the other ridge, the one further up that they call Hon Elee.

They saw a wild pig.

up and speared it.

Once he had killed it, they bound it and carried it back home to a lowlying place they call the Ostolik River.

They got up and cooked it in a stone oven on the side of the river bank.

After they had put it in the oven and as they left it to cook, the big brother, Bereo, he said:

"Ulu, you stay here and I will now go hunting again.

I may or may not catch another pig, but you must wait for me here, keep an eye on our pig."

When Bereo left to go hunting, he went up a mountain, travelling towards the Ostolam River

Ka sa mele iel sa tsoktsok yiel ka, a gesges satsul suer ne Ulu.

Sa suktanan a bual sa dudu ka siansian.

E siansian tete i mel ka a kaie a gesges emelte lai ot mel lilien a min a ham.

Yel i pakien, e i ostolik kulien ai to sa suksanan ke le:

"Huhuhu!

A bual men e siansian die witan bel iun "

E suksanan ke kakan ke kakan ke le ningiar ke ne Ulu sakets koltan a lon.

Ka ke le:

"Hey turong, a sa mon osa witan?"

Ka ne Ulu e le:

"A bual pa ne gel ne sunglik.

Gel tsoktsok i la pulolo ka gel sie ka gel sa witan."

"Hey sunglik, soko ne siansian pepet. Ertawite wan ko pike ka wan henio na sa ko putsun ka no biri iani?"

Ka ne Ulu e le:

"E! Wa le sunglik na nine koros henio?

Ni tsumerio lakan a bual ne gel. Gel ba winie ok endodo ka ie eka e le ni ru tsok."

"E! Ka ie pah ni ru tsok mel ka niri sie sa min ka wa ko pike, soko putsunlik. And when he was there hunting, a *gesges* decided to visit Ulu.

He had smelt the aroma of pig cooking.

The aroma had found the *gesges* whilst he was at home in a stone cave.

Down there, close to the Ostolik River he caught a big whiff and said:

"Hehehe!

I can smell a pig roasting somewhere.

He smelt it and kept going and going and then he saw Ulu sitting down and watching over the stone oven

And he said:

"Hey my friend, what is in the oven?"

And Ulu said:

"A pig for me and my brother.

We went hunting in the bush and we speared it, and we now have it in the oven"

"Hey brother, it smells really good.

Can you take it out and give me a small piece to eat?"

And Ulu said:

"Eh! Don't you think my brother will be cross?

He will because it is our pig.

We have just put it in the oven and he has gone hunting again."

"Eh! And he will be hunting and he will kill another so just take it out, just a little bit.

Wa ha wa en io inie ka no ko ha kanon You get it and give it to me and I sam."

Talal e Ulu e ko e ko pi ke a lon ke ha ai kiak, e hanie:

"E! Wan de ka!"

A gesges e ko ianie, ke le:

"Mmmm, so ko ne pepet tsaket.

A ko putsunlik pel o enio, nap te wan ru henio sa puk?"

"Hey, wan de ko ka, yo tsaktsakol min "Hey, you must go away, I am si ne sunglik, yo le nine tsiner yon a si na bual ne gel."

"Sss, wa ko henio her na sa puk bar sa i kiak her.

Ie pah a bual tamboh ne gol mun me la lon.

Yo hu yo ertawite, yo soko ienien huhure an?

Oko kirkiri ok mel mon a bual kindul ne gol mon."

Ulu e ru pike ma lon, e ri tie mai pekepeke lolo e ri ha ai kiak e ri hanie ered the leaves, took out a leg and inie.

A talal e ri hanie na i kiak pel, gesges solsol e ri ianie ok pel a kiak pel ka sa ri tsial pet sin a i konkon ne ie ke le:

"Sunglik, yo ianie pu bual min ka burbile sa puk her.

A bual min soko pepet tsaket te."

Ka ie le Ulu e le:

"Wan de ko ka!

Yo sunglik na nine tsinerio lakan a bual.

O le, ka ie ok esie ke le no was te isien.

will just try it first."

Then Ulu uncovered the oven and got a leg, gave it to him:

"Eh! Go away!"

The gesges tasted it and said:

"Mmmm, it is very nice.

You gave me a small piece, can you give me another piece?"

afraid of my brother, I really think he will be angry with me because this is our pig."

"Sss, you can give me another piece, perhaps another leg.

The big share of your pig is in the oven.

Do you think I can, I can just eat it all?

You are lying now, the whole pig is still there "

Ulu opened the stone oven, uncovgave it to him.

When he gave him that leg, the gesges gobbled up the whole leg, and it went down well into his throat and he said:

"Brother, I ate this piece and wish I had another.

This pig is really tasty."

And Ulu he said:

"You must go away!

My brother will be angry with me over the pig.

You see, he killed it himself and asked me to watch over it.

Ka wa o soko purek ko soko nunun io inie."

"E! O soko kirkiri kam, a ko putsun ok pel o enio inie, yo le mulien burbale sai hal er"

Tek ne Ulu toko gare ok mel a lolohon er tik e ulil te ka, er pitspitsi liman ke kakian e ko tike kuonkuon de, ke lolohon e ko tike kuir te ka matan e ko ri lalte e bakori tsakol isien.

"Eh! No le no tot ne nie min na bual ka nine seyona.

Nasien, no ko ri ka sai hal ka no anie inie."

E ha ai hal e hanie nie inie, ke ri ien sosolakien.

Ke le.

"Sss, sunglik sa pepet tsaket burbile sa puk her?"

Ka ne Ulu e tu ke le,

"Wih! O soko ienien hure an a bual ne gel ne sunglik.

Burbile wan de ko ka?

Yo sa tsaktsakul min e sunglik, ninde gare mel min osa ianie lui kiak, ka i hal, ka ninde laie tsaket mel min en yo, wan de ko ka."

"Oo, sa ko putsunlik pah."

Ka i ok mel soko tsakol, si na e lolohon e limliman e kakakian ka ni ko:

"Eh, no le no tot nenie min ka ni ko seyona."

And you have just come here and are just nagging me for it."

"Eh! You are definitely lying, you only gave me a small piece, I want a foreleg."

And Ulu looked closely at his [the *gesges*'s] hair because of its stringiness, his fingers and toenails were abnormally long, his hair was in dreadlocks, and his eyes were big and bright, and he [Ulu] was frightened of him.

[He thought:] "Eh! If I do not give him any more pig he will kill me.

Forget that, I will get a foreleg and give it to him."

And he got the foreleg and gave it to him, and he gobbled it up.

He said.

"Sss, brother this is very nice, why not another piece?"

And Ulu stood up and said:

"Wih! You are just devouring the pig belonging to me and my brother.

Why don't you go away?

I am afraid of my brother, you have now eaten two legs, and a foreleg, and he will be furious with me, you must go away."

"Oo, just a little bit more."

And his [Ulu's] fear heightened, looking at his hair and hands and legs, and he says [to himself]:

"Eh, if I do not give him any more he will kill me"

E ri hai hal, e ri anie inie ke ri ien soso lakien ke ri tsial pet sinai konkon ne ie ka man sa ri kon mie ai kinemits.

"A bual minan gol a pete tsaket ka burbale sa puk her."

Ulu se laie ka hanie, ke tu ke pike hurehure ma bual ke ka hon, ka bal, ka tuan ke tuari lilien a piar ka e diar kaka ke gare ai pukia ka, se tsieng ka lakan mana a piar, ma a ko he pukte ka ie e puk lamlam isien ma bual a gesges sa ien dan.

E tsieng te mel lakan ai pukia tei mel ka, sa to te i mel lakan a pukia tete i mel ka sa arien a to en kesnalik.

"Ulu! Wan de yak a gesges min sa ienien ureure an do bual."

Gesges e to ke:

"Si ka ei ienien ureure kam bul bual? O toko kirkiri kam.

Ka bual ho pa ok mon me lilien a piar. E si e ianian nie kam ma bul bual? Ka man miri to:

"Ulu! Wan de yak.

O a bual, a gesges min soko ienien ureure an do bual."

Tsaktsaket ke ko arien a to ok te mel:

He got the other foreleg and gave it to him and he gobbled it up and it went down well into his throat and his mouth was watering.

"This pig of yours is very tasty, and I want another piece."

Ulu became very angry with him, he got up and uncovered the whole pig and got its head, its stomach, its backbone, and put it in a basket and looked around and saw a fig tree, he climbed up with the basket, with the remaining pieces as the rest of the pig had been eaten by the *gesges*.

He went up the fig tree, stood at the top of the fig tree and started calling out for his brother.

"Bereo! You must come, the *gesges* here is finishing off our pig."

The gesges stood up and said:

"Who is finishing off your pig?

You are lying.

The pig is still in the basket.

So who has been eating your pig?"

And he calls out again:

"Bereo! You must come.

Oh the pig, the *gesges* here is finishing off our pig."

Feeling bad, he started calling out:

^{1.} The storyteller intended to name Bereo and not Ulu, here and below, where the names in the Lihir and English versions appear different.

[sung]

Bereo, Bereo-i Bereo. Bereo-i Ulu sa ie, Bereo, Bereo-i Ulu sa ie, Bereo, Bereo-i

Bereo e lol mi mel ai tinen kine kesnalik ka nase.

"Eh! Pu maret ok men sa sangotsaketan e sunglik.

E sa tenden mel, yo sa lol mie mel sa tenden "

ke halo tsial ke halo tsieng ke halo tsial.

Ke halo tsial ke han to la Matenmon ke tsial to la ostolam e ri halo tsieng ke tsial to la ostolik tete mel ke le ni giar to nasien a lon ka ne kesnalik a ka si mele.

E le ni ri lon tete mel ka ne, Ulu sa ri. to:

"Bereo, wan de yak a gesges sa ienien ureure an do bual."

Ie ne gesges i ga to ok o ri:

"Kotkot kirim kam, se er ianienie ma bual komul ne gol?

A bual ok mon me la piar mon.

Yo kasi ianianie sa pu bual min, o ko kirikiri hok mel, o le ni yak ka ni laie ien henio."

"Eh! Ko sa ien hurehure ko hon ok te kiri."

E tu te mel te le:

Bereo, Bereo-i Bereo, Bereo-i It will kill Ulu, Bereo, Bereo-i It will kill Ulu, Bereo, Bereo-i

Bereo heard the crying of his brother and thought,

"Eh! Something has gone wrong for my brother.

He is now crying, I can hear him crying."

E tu mel ke to na gan e pul e ha ambat He got up and he called to his dogs, and he got his spear and ran down and ran up and ran down.

> He ran up and arrived at Matenmon and ran down to Ostolam River and ran up again and ran down to Ostolik River and looked to where the stone oven was and his brother was not there.

As he listened, Ulu called out again, he called:

"Bereo, you must come, the *gesges* is finishing off our pig."

The gesges called out as well:

"You are falsely reporting, who is eating your precious pig?

The pig is in the basket.

I am not eating any pig now, you are just lying, you want him to come and be angry with me."

"Eh! You have finished it, only the head is here [with other parts too]."

And he [the gesges] got up and said:

"Wa le, wa kotkot, no ien hurhure a bual mon, ka nosewa.

Ka yo le mulien wan de henio na balan ka wan henio na a hon min ok."

To te te mel ka ne, Ulu he ri tu ke hanie na rusrusion ka tuan ka balan ka ko purion ok te ka hon e mele.

Ka yie ne kesnalik sa worwor mel nie, e le:

"Ie ka ne Ulu mel min, soko kate min ie ka nasien a lon mel min ne gel.

Ka sa ko kate min menie?"

E giargiar tete mel ka, ie ne gesges sa ien urure mel ka sa ri tsial pet sina i konkon ke le:

"Sss, burbile sa puk her ne i yo sa pu bual.

A tikan ke ri soko hinhin kam mana bual hon ka yo yo le mulien sa puk hok."

E ka tete mel ke le:

"Henio na purion ha bual.

Ko kape a hon."

Ka ie ne Ulu e le:

"Todun ok bele sunglik Bereo ninde yak min, ee, ninde laie tsaket ok min enio bikos osa ien ureure tan a bual ne gel."

Tu ok tete mel ke, ha ma purun am bual ke lie, hanie inie ke pemin, gesges e kon puniaton a purun a bual mel ka, he tu e le:

"Ko hon de yo le ni ru iak."

"If you, you report me, I will finish off the whole pig, and kill you.

And I demand that you give me the stomach and the head right now."

As it was, Ulu got up and gave him the ribcage and backbone and stomach and only the tail end and the head remained.

And his brother was searching for him, he said:

"This Ulu, where has he gone, only the place where our stone oven was is here.

And where has he gone?"

As he was looking around, the *gesges* finished it off, and it went down well into his throat and he said:

"Sss, if only I had another piece of that pig.

This guy is taking off with the precious pig and I want another piece."

As it was he said:

"Give me the tail end of the pig.

If not, the head."

And Ulu said:

"Honestly if my brother Bereo comes back, ee, he will be furious with me because you have finished off our pig."

He got up, he got the tail end of the pig and threw it at him, the *gesges* swallowed the tail end of the pig whole, he got up and said:

"The head. I demand it."

"Ee, sore, ko hon ok te min ka ne sunglik ninde laie ok min enio."

"Henio inie wan le wan ka si le wan henio inie, no ien wa."

E Ulu he to e hanie na hon bual, ke konmie tete i mel ka, man sa ri tenden: "Ee, I'm sorry, only the head remains and my brother will be angry with me."

"Give it to me, if you don't want to give it to me, I will eat you."

Ulu up and gave him the pig's head, he swallowed it whole, and he [Ulu] cried:

[sung]

Bereo, Bereo-i Bereo, Bereo-i Ulu sa ie, Bereo, Bereo-i Ulu sa ie, Bereo, Bereo-i Bereo, Bereo-i Bereo, Bereo-i It will kill Ulu, Bereo, Bereo-i It will kill Ulu, Bereo, Bereo-i

Talal e Bereo e ko lalum kere kesnalik lakan i pukia, ko le ni tan tsieng ka ne kesnalik yan na kurpien a pukia.

E ko le iel, e ko le ni giar kere gesges i kulien sa re ketste kulien.

Sa nanan ok a piar e gale ni giar tsial kapiar e ga puok i kulien.

"Oh!"

Ulu e ga ri kesnalik Bereo i pakien i pukia ke le:

"Sunglik! Wa ko gare ok a piar mon sa puok e pek, kape te sa pu bual i lilien When Bereo heard that his brother was up in the fig tree, he looked up and [saw that] his brother was at the very top of the fig tree.

As he wondered, as he looked closely, he saw that the *gesges* was next to him, sitting closely beside him.

He [the *gesges*] was laughing and the basket, when he [the *gesges*] looked down, it fell down next to him [Bereo].

"Oh!"

Ulu saw his brother Bereo under the fig tree and he said:

"Brother! You have seen the basket that has just fallen, there is no pig in it. A tikan kere sa ketste me kuling a lolohon e ulil te ka e pitspitsi liman e kuatsil a kuon, ka matan e biete ke kuir ererbirte o garitan mel ie sa ian urure.

Ka ie mel min a tikan die se le gesges sa ketste me kuling.

Ie i mel e ien ururetan a bual."

E Bereo e ko to ok mel e sangeni a bat mana e pol ke tsieng kemuli dul ok mel.

Mana matau.

E tsieng kemuli dul mel ke pe men e le ni pits to lakan i lak i laken pukia e Bereo ni tal wartie ai lak mel.

Ka man ni ru pits e sangsangoian sangsangoian ka i an de te i kurpien tete i mel.

E le tete i mel ni painim ples, e le ni pits ni ko han lai malat ni ga lo ka tu lakan a min, e le ni pits ni tan ges lakan a min kiar aie.

Pe men e ko pits ok mel ke ko ka ke puk ian i pakien ai pukia, ka he pol kine Bereo die herkor inie ka die ien herher ka inie i pakien ai pukia.

Tek ie tete i mel, dul tsul tete i mel ka dul le:

"Oo" ie ne Ulu e le:

"Sunglik, bele wa kape, e tel te a gesges sa ien de yo ok i lakan ai pukia.

Ka wa ok lel o to ko seivim nung tino. Ka i min bara, e mel ok tete me si wa "

Ka ie le kesnalik e ga tu ke le:

This guy sitting here next to me with the really long hair and the long fingers and fingernails, and the dirty face all twisted and wrinkled you see here has finished it all.

And this is the guy they call a *gesges* sitting next to me.

He finished off the pig."

Bereo got up, planted his spear in the ground amongst the dogs and climbed up after them.

With an axe.

He climbed up after them and his target [the *gesges*] jumped across from the top of one branch to another of the fig tree, and Bereo cut off the branches as he went.

This went on and on until only the tip of the tree was left.

He [the *gesges*] looked for somewhere to go, he jumped across to reach the branch of another tree.

The target jumped across and fell under the fig tree, and Bereo's dogs all rushed at him and they tore him apart under the fig tree.

And afterwards, the two [brothers] came down and they said:

"Oo." and Ulu said:

"Brother, if you weren't here, the *gesges* would have eaten me, on the branch of the fig tree.

And so you saved my life.

And I am here, because of you."

And his brother got up and said:

"Oh sunglik.

Yo le mulien do nde tsakie ok sa punien i kuling, bikos a gesges sa ien de wa ok i mua, bikos sa ien ure a bual mel de ien wa ok.

Ke pete do de tsakie ok sa karot."

A talal die tsakie a karot tele i mel, tek At the time when they had the yo yo ri purek si na karat mel.

Tek die ko le dien enio na hon bual, yo And as they were going to give me le gon hen Simon de na inie.

Sarsar balik pa tam.

"Oh brother.

I want us to have a feast to mark this occasion, because the *gesges* would have eaten you, because he had finished off the pig and would have eaten you [too].

This is good, we will have a feast."

feast, I myself went to the feast.

the head of the pig, I said to give it to Simon.

This is the end.

SIX

Dengmaladeng

As told by Andrew Monka at Bulamue, Masahet.

HIS STORY does not involve any spirit beings or mythological figures; it focuses solely on human behaviour and what can happen to a person who deceives those around her. Dengmaladeng works alongside others in the garden, and as the day progresses, she is sent to collect drinking water. Instead of filling the bamboo containers with water from a creek, she cuts her breasts and fills the containers with drinking water that way. The people unknowingly drink from Dengmaladeng's breasts several times before she is caught out by another woman, and her secret is revealed. The people are angry that she has deceived them in this way and refer her punishment to the leader of the community. He declares that a feast will be held once the garden has matured, and Dengmaladeng will be the victim (*iliu*); that is, she will be killed and eaten. Again, this story ending with a feast allows the narrator a clear passage to pass the head of the pig on.



storyteller: Meme

audience: Tel mats

E siat lel dan a makil die puetspuets la pke tnom.

A pke tnom muel me kali die sa sngosngoie.

Ka ndie tek, a pke tnom e muet ka ndie tsoktie ka ndie le dien a rien a kuer.

Kasinai kandiek ri ka kupue na sa tsiktin na ut, a min a wen die tuleni na ka na ut.

Aiya sen le dengmaladeng.

E ka na ut.

E ka e putsiel.

Ka kupue sine utie, e tla a sus ki ie ke talie i matan a putsiel ka putsiel e on.

E rie tla a putsiel, e rie tla a min a sus, e talie mdan a putsiel ke un.

Tek e talie la nep kie ke ka klae a makil.

Ka makil die buer te muel die le e utie ok namuel la sai lendon.

A buen de sna a tlal die le ndie na kta a pke tnom.

Die le se ni ut, ka wen muelele "yo no ut, yo tlendan an gom muel mai to me." At daylight the people go to work in the big garden.

This big garden is at Kali where they work.

They all cleared the big garden, burnt off and were ready to start cleaning up.

During the middle of the day there was no one to fetch them water, one woman agreed to go and so was sent to fetch water.

Her name was Dengmaladeng.

She went to fetch water.

She took bamboo containers [in a long bamboo pole].

She did not fetch water, she cut one of her breasts and put it in the mouth of a bamboo container and the bamboo container filled up.

She cut another bamboo container [from the pole], and she cut the other breast, and put it in the mouth of the bamboo container and filled it up.

She put them [the containers] in the basket and took it to the people.

The people did not know, they thought she had fetched water from a creek.

Another day they were ready to turn the soil in the big garden.

They asked who will fetch water, and the woman said "I will fetch it, I know where the water is." Ie le Dengmaladeng e ri ka na ut, e rika ne putsiel ke ri an i mban ai to, a gom mue kupue sai to, engerte sa mang lai lendon e mas se.

Tek e ri tla pusuak e ri tla a sus ki ye e tali mdan a pusuak ke un.

E ri kate, e ri tla a min a suak toboh die sle a tsaktsip inie, tek e ri kiptie a min a sus ke ri talie mdan.

Tek e ri un.

Ke ka me ni.

E ka kle dieni.

Die yunmie die si tlanie dien le a sus men kie, a tlal die le dien tanik, die kup na makil en ton ka makil en dot die prek, na ten kie a pke tnom mel.

Ka die le ai kandiek e sese die an kupue sa tsiktsin na ut ka ye a wen muel e le yo yo a tlendan a gom muel ai to mue yo no ut.

Tek e ri ka.

E ri tla a lu suak kwarkwar te lil le.

Tek e kate kate e ri prek sna gom ke ri kiptie a min a sus e tali mdan a min a don e un. Dengmaladeng went to fetch water, she got a bamboo pole and went to where the water was, the place where there was no water, but looked like a creek bed.

And she cut off a bamboo section and cut her breast and put it into the mouth of the bamboo container and filled it up.

And then she went ahead, and she cut another big bamboo piece, several sections long, and she cut off a breast and put it in the mouth [of the container].

And it filled up.

She took it back.

She took it back to them.

They drank but they did not know that it was from her breast, it was time to put in the yam stakes, they called out for the people from Ton and the people from Dot and they came, to cut and place them [the stakes] in the big garden.

And they said that the sun is drying them out and there is nobody and they need somebody to fetch them water and that one woman said "I, I know a place where water is and I will go and fetch it."

And she went.

She cut two bamboo poles this time.

And she went and went up to the place, she cut off a breast again and put it into the mouth of a container and it filled up again.

Sa tute e le de ri kiptie a min de ri a sus, tu mdan a min de men a don.

A min a wen e ka ka an de, sko nene ka sa kuar.

Ka kupue ti si prek solek a wen a prek te muel ka e ptsie a sus e le ni kiptie.

Ka min a wen e kle rbatie.

Kle "sa mun o sngosngoie".

Ka sa klah ie na telmle a min de mel a And she [Dengmaladeng] found it sus wana telmle.

A nuts muel sa ktip te sa tele a ko u te.

E ka muel, e klal pat ok muel sna sa e tslarie ka muel kupue te sinap ni nde telmle a min muel a sus.

E ka e tsakie i kula makil.

E le "go na dengmaladeng mon giet i yunyun mie gi ti buerte giet le i utut e kipkiptie e sus.

Giet yunyunmie a to an a sus muel."

Tek e a rien a ten ok muel.

E tenden de muel ka ie re a pu tinil ... e tenden e tsaktsakie a yasen ok muel. She stood there ready to cut off the other breast, to put in the mouth of the other container.

Another woman went that way, looking for her.

She [Dengmaladeng] had not come back quickly, the other woman arrived at the place and held onto the breast that she was about to cut off.

The other woman [Dengmaladeng] was caught off guard.

She [the woman] said "What are you doing?"

difficult to reattach the other breast to where it was originally attached.

The piece that was left hanging was like a stump.

She went, and because she had been found by the other one [woman] the breast could not be reattached as usual.

The other [woman] went and told all the people.

She said "Look at Dengmaladeng we have been drinking from her because we thought she was fetching water but she was cutting off her breasts.

We have been drinking from her breasts"

And because of what was said she [Dengmaladeng] started crying.

Because she was crying, this is what she was singing ... she was crying, she was saying her own name.

She said:

E le:

[sung]

dengmaladeng o nga ktip yo e

yo nga ktip lap la puor dengmaladeng

E tlietlie a yasen ok te muel.

Sa tenden tsieng an te muel e le die sa atser inie.

A gran a sus muelkie me kiptie.

Tek e ri tu tsieng lakan a i wis, ke ri ten ko pue si til muel e tenden an de muel a pu tinen muel.

[sung]

dengmaladeng o nga ktip yo e

yo nga ktip lap la puor dengmaladeng

Die die lol mue.

"Aiy, a wen min e tenden an, e sloi min sa min ni ne sie."

Ie a wen muel e le "kupue sa min si sie.

Ngiet i yunyun mie a to wan a sus men kie, ka vo kle rbatie ka, ie te mon sa tenden tsiel an."

Tek e ri rues tsial, si na gom muel giet se lolol mie die se le mdaibuegre.

Tek e ri ten:

Dengmaladeng you have cut me off

I have cut myself into the soil Dengmaladeng

She was singing her own name.

She was crying up the hill because it had been revealed about herself.

The news of her breasts being cut.

And she stepped up to the top of the ridge, she is crying, she is not singing but she is crying, she is crying because of her sorrow:

Dengmaladeng you have cut me off

I have cut myself into the soil Dengmaladeng

They heard her.

"Aiy, a woman is crying, what happened did someone beat her up?"

The other woman said "No-one beat her up.

We have been drinking water from her breast, and I caught her off guard and, that is why she is now crying down there."

And she [Dengmaladeng] jumped down, to the place we hear about that they call Mbaibuegre.

And she cried:

[sung]

dengmaladeng o nga ktip yo e

yo nga ktip lap la puor dengmaladeng

Tek e tsiel ertsip e klendie i kali.

A makil die weng die le "men, a sa sngo ge na bam tsket ge se buerte ge sle o se utut ka ko pue o se kipkipte a sus muel ki wa.

Ka men ge na irit wa men.

Ge na tel wa elman a toboh."

(I muo giet se muele i pakien ko min a toboh ko min a tikian ie se tinen de die.)

Ka ye a tikan men yie ni irtie ia wen mil.

Ye a toboh wan mel e le "a pke tnom men giet sngosngoie ni tel na pke tnom wan ma wen re.

Giet e kiptie a sus, ki ie engiet a taim ni le ni matiok ka da sngoie a karot wan

Ka ni tel na iliu ma wen kri."

Tek a pke tnom e le ni matiok ka die sngoie a karot wan.

I sirwirwir.

Ie a rot wana pke tnom muel a toboh muel a tsakie a karot wan e irtie ka die tsakie a karot wan a wen muel. Dengmaladeng you have cut me off

I have cut myself into the soil Dengmaladeng

And she went down and found them at Kali.

The people said "Now, you have been doing wrong by us, we didn't know you were fetching us water by cutting off your breast.

And now we are making a plan for you.

We are going to put you in the hands of the chief."

(In the past we lived under one chief, the old man looked after us.)

And this old man he will now plan for the woman.

This chief said "This big garden we are making will be the big garden for the woman

For us she has cut off her breast, when it [the garden] is ready we will make a feast for her.

And she will be a victim, this woman "

And the big garden became ready and they made a feast for her.

At Sirwirwir.

This plan of the big garden, the chief had planned a feast and it was carried out, the feast for the woman.

Iok te muel sa kle die yen.

That is the end, they ate.

Yel sa kle ka tsbo bol ne ... a tsbo bol ne Agnes.

Ok it is finished and the head of the pig goes ... the head of the pig goes to Agnes.

SEVEN

Two Brothers and the Ailaya

As told by Theckla Inial at Londolovit, Aniolam.

N THIS FINAL PIL, we again have the story of two orphan brothers. The brothers live with their uncle and his wife, and the woman (the non-blood relative) is particularly neglectful of them, feeding them only scraps of food. Still, they grew, and one day they establish for themselves a garden alongside the couple. But before the taro of their garden has fully ripened, they are overcome with despair, thinking about the loss of their parents and the neglect that they have lived with for so long. They recall another uncle who is beside the Ailaya, and they decide to follow him. The Ailaya, as described in this book's introduction, is understood as a portal to the afterlife and the place to where the spirits of the deceased travel. As such, following someone to the Ailaya suggests that they wish to meet death. Dramatically they dress themselves in their finest customary attire, including shell money given to them by their parents, and proceed to destroy their food garden. Their song is a lament on how they feel and what they plan to do. Their uncle hears their cry and follows them through the landscape. At every point where they stop to sing their song, he struggles to reach them but by the time he arrives they have moved on. Finally their uncle meets them at the top of the Ailaya, but his words have no effect, and together the brothers face their fate.



A tiniatge wana lu kes.

Tinandul ne tamandul dulmiat ine dul.

Ka dul mele i kuli motuandul.

Duli mele i kuli motuandul, ka motuandul i makuetste, a weien ki motuandul eka si tinen katedul.

Ni ka tu la pulolo, ni kel, ni puret ni tutuo elon niweh, e lauon ni tsial i tes ni sie e matsien.

Ni tsieng me ni ka ni tunio, ka ni ko pilie a kuliekulien, e punien ka e puniot ni ka ni turenie la iniap, mana e tuatuan e matsien.

Ka ni ka menie ka niendul inie ma lui keslik.

A lui tana lik ilel e tamandul ne tinandul sa miate.

Ka lui keslik dul na ko patsie—a ka sie tele a punien pet—ka dul na ko sango mese mesenie ok te mandul se ital te.

Ital se sate dul.

Se ko otien dan ok iel; dul na melam ni siat ni lan hin ar otien ok iel.

Lu moktsien dul na ine dul.

Dul na tsieng to la pulolo, dul na pitspits kam.

Dul na kel punien dul na tsial a tomat de tsial ertsip i tes na si e matsien, A story of two brothers.

Their mother and father died, leaving them.

And they lived with their uncle.

They lived with their uncle, and their uncle was married, the uncle's wife did not look after them well.

She goes to the bush, she digs food from the garden, she returns, she makes the stone oven and covers it with leaves, her husband goes out to sea to catch fish.

He comes ashore with the fish and cooks them, she removes the skin [of the fish and the vegetables], the peelings and the scraps she puts in a basket, with the bones of the fish.

She goes with that and gives it to the two little brothers.

The two little orphans, their father and mother already died.

The two little brothers will pick it up—it is not good food—and the two of them eat it anyway because they are hungry.

They are always hungry.

It is the same every day; the two sleep, daylight comes, night-time comes, every day the same.

The married couple, they leave them [the boys].

They [the couple] go up to the bush, they work in the garden.

The two dig for food, they will return [home], the man then goes out to sea to catch fish.

Sas matsien ka a weien ni tututun ni tutuo elon ni weweh.

Ni tunio e ka li ni kulie, e nien lel sa dote ni pilie a kulekulien ni talie la e pekelolo, ni ka minie na lui tsiklik,

A lui keslik tek dul na ianie a kulekulien e punien lel ne dul e kali.

Ni pike elon ni ture nie e puniot lel ni ka menie en dul, tu kulien e matsien ka tuatuan.

Sang sango ie an otien iel ie e binbin kindul ilel ie e talal lamlam ilel mandul melte, so ko utin dan ok iel dul sa ko ohoh an ok te imel si na e puniot ilel e pipia, e puniot wana e nien, e kulekulien e nien, e tuatuan e matsien, e kulekulien e matsien,

Ka tek dul sa biri tambohlik (otien ae dielalien), ae tambohlik sa biri tel ok na tomat sa ul tomat ka mien me pakien sa biri tambohlik.

Tek dul kemuli dul ma lu moktsien si na talal ka dul takie putaniomlik ki dul i baban a taniom ki dul ma lu moktsien.

While he's out fishing, the woman cooks over the open fire and makes the stone oven and covers it with leaves

She cooks and the food she cooks over the open fire, she scrapes the ash off it, the cooked food she peels, the peelings she puts inside leaves, she goes and gives it to the two little boys.

The two brothers eat the peelings of their [the couple's] food, that which has been cooked over the open fire.

She takes the leaves off the stone oven and puts in [the basket] the scraps and gives it to them, with the skin and the fish bones.

This goes on and on, day in day out, for a long. long time, when they were with the couple, although it was like this the two still grew up from the scraps and the rubbish, the scraps of the food, the peelings of the food, the fish bones, and the scales of the fish.

And so they grew a bit bigger (about your age [referring to the audience]), the eldest one was becoming a man, like a man, and the younger one was also getting bigger.

And the two followed the couple on one occasion, and the two cleared land for a little garden for themselves beside the garden of the couple.

Dul takie ka, dul e dultunio, dul saranie a lielien, ka dul kata en e pots.

Dul sauwo a en ki dul e pots, ka talal e pots ki dul sa, mamatiok an, tambikte ninde matiok ka dul de ianie.

Tek ie imel a weien mel ki motuandul e kasi pete en dul, ta kasi pete ok te endul ka lildul e wir, dul na se taman dul ne tinan dul ka a tsik tambohlik a talan sa mele isien ele: e tsunglik.

"E gito tamando ne tinando dul miat ka gito mele me kuli motuando ke kasi sango kate gito.

Ka do de ka.

A min a motuando man me taban ailaya, ka do de ka, ka do ke mulien."

E siat e resres mel i kuli kesnalik si na leleh.

E siat ka dul tsing.

Dul a lu moktsien dul kemo tulien a taniom ki dul, ka dul, dul ke mil te.

Dul ka, dul sangoie, e bilas ki dul, e nini uson ki dul.

E bilas dul talie i liman dul dul sangoie e puk e pumial tu luan dul.

Dul sa bilas dul tsing tula taniom ki dul.

The two cleared the garden, the two burnt it off, the two raked the inside of it, and they prepared the soil for taro.

The two planted their own taro, the time came for their taro, getting ready [for harvest], almost ready for the two to eat.

And because the wife of their uncle was not good to the two, she wasn't at all good to them, the two felt despair, they remembered their father and their mother and the eldest boy had enough sense, he thought: hey brother.

"You and me, our father and our mother they died leaving us behind and we are staying with our uncle and he has not done good by us.

So we must go.

One of our uncles is over there beside the Ailaya, so we must go, we must follow him."

It is now daylight but the conversation with his brother was in the evening.

It is now daylight, and the two went up [to the garden].

The couple went first to their garden, and the two [brothers], they followed later.

They went, they prepared their *bi-las*, they prepared their finery.

The put on their finery; armbands, and they prepared and placed decorations around their necks.

They put on their finery and went up to the garden.

Ka dul rangsenie a wel wana taniom ki dul.

Ka dul wik katkat neni ae nien ki dul. dul sa tute ilien a taniom, du ka e le ki dul me taman dul ne tinandul dul miat ine te dul ma ni, dul bilasini, dul talie i luan dul, tek ai tsik tambohlik sa til sa ten, sa ten men dul:

They destroyed the fence around their garden.

They pulled out the food in their garden, they were standing in the garden, they got their shell money that their father and their mother left to them when they died, they decorated themselves, they put it around their necks, and the eldest boy sang and cried, the two cried:

[sung]

si si rurung ai si si rurung ai kane tamo kane tinong

dul se mamalinio

dul dul e ia tsik re gel motuamil ok man me tamba ailaya tamba ailaya who who are we?

who who are we? our father our mother

they have forgotten me

they, they say I'm a boy, for we, our uncle is over there beside the Ailaya beside the Ailaya

si si rurung ai si si rurung ai kane tamo kane tinong

dul se mamalinio dul dul e ia tsik re gel motuamil ok man me tamba ailaya tamba ailaya who who are we?

who who are we? our father our mother

they have forgotten me

they, they say I'm a boy, for we, our uncle is over there beside the Ailaya beside the Ailaya

Motuandul e lon lendul, e a lotsial e kupendal a lui keslik dul sa purek te ian matan a lium.

Ele, "ei luna nunglik go na miel ngol lil wirwir si na sa.

Yo, yo tinen de gol!"

Their uncle heard them, he ran down and shouted to them but the two brothers had already arrived in front of their house.

He said, "Hey my two nephews, you two come back, why the despair?

I, I look after you two!"

Tek lui keslik ndule wan ko miel ka wa And the two boys said "You go suarie a weien ki wa.

O te tinen katetan ka ngel o te enen gel ne punuatun e nien ki wa.

O te enen gel ok na tsatsakatien e nien You feed us rubbish food.

A kulikuli ia wo o te enen gel inie, atuetue ia wo e matsien, e kulikuli matsien newa o te enen gel inie.

Ka bele wa tinen kate te gel, gel na be mele i kuli.'

Dul tu yel i matan a maten anio ki die dul sa a rien a til koslie a nes.

Bar dul tu otien men me landalawit. Motuandul ele ni purek otien ien ka dul sa mele otien mel me kapit.

back and find your wife.

You look after her very well but you feed us your food scraps.

The peelings from your food you feed us, the bones from your fish, the scales from your fish you feed us.

And if you did look after us well, we would have stayed with you."

They left the front of the hamlet and they started singing along the road.

They started off at Londolovit. Their uncle, when he arrived there, the two had already arrived at Kapit.

[sung]

si si rurung ai si si rurung ai kane tamo kane tinong dul se mamalinio dul dul e ia tsik re gel motuamil ok

man me tamba ailaya tamba ailaya

they have forgotten me they, they say I'm a boy, for we, our uncle is over there beside the Ailaya beside the Ailaya

who who are we? our father our

who who are we?

mother

Motuandul e purek otien me kapit, ka lui keslik dul te lan dul sa kakan man de me kapit lam.

Dul tu otien vel kandul rutil, ie ai tsik tambohlik e tenden an:

As their uncle arrived at Kapit, the two brothers were already travelling to Kapit Lam.

As they stood there they sang, the eldest boy was crying:

[sung]

si si rurung ai

si si rurung ai kane tamo kane tinong

dul se mamalinio

dul dul e ia tsik re gel motuamil ok man me tamba ailaya tamba ailaya who who are we?

who who are we? our father our mother

they have forgotten me

they, they say I'm a boy, for we, our uncle is over there beside the Ailaya beside the Ailaya

E motuandul ele ni purek i kuil dul ian As their uncle was arriving at Kapit i kapit lam a lui tsiklik dul de lan me pakien ai nes, pakien ai nes, ailaya.

Dul tu yel ka dul rutil ten:

Lam the two boys were already at the foot of the track, the track going up to the Ailaya [ridge].

They stood there and cried and sang:

[sung]

si si rurung ai

si si rurung ai kane tamo kane tinong

dul se mamalinio

dul dul e ia tsik re gel motuamil ok man me tamba ailaya tamba ailaya who who are we?

who who are we? our father our mother

they have forgotten me

they, they say I'm a boy, for we, our uncle is over there beside the Ailaya beside the Ailaya

E motuandul e lo purek i baran ai nes a lu tsik dul sa tsien dul sa a tan ian imua lakan ailava.

Dul tu yel i pek e lakan i purion a not (imuo a not e tute yel).

Dul tu yel i hon ai nes te dul sa rutil vel:

Their uncle arrived at the bottom of the track but the two boys had gone up and reached the top of the Ailaya [ridge].

They stood there at the top under the not fruit tree (before, this tree was there).

They stood there at the top of the track and they sang there:

[sung]

si si rurung ai

si si rurung ai kane tamo kane tinong

dul se mamalinio

dul dul e ia tsik re gel motuamil ok man me tamba ailaya tamba ailaya who who are we?

who who are we? our father our mother

they have forgotten me

they, they say I'm a boy, for we, our uncle is over there beside the Ailava beside the Ailava

Motuandul tsatsing si na ai nes; ele ni hatan i hon ai nes ai maunten, i purun a not, a lu tsik dul tsieng dul tu lakan, i hon de ma ailaya, i pel ma pu hamlik tree, the two brothers went up to ai hot me tsatsan otin lin.

Dul sa tu yel dul sa uson pet, dul sa ma e maremaret pet ki dul ka dul sa tu finery well, they got out all their redi te imel.

Dul sa nes motuandul.

Motuandul e halo purek yel i hon ai nes ke kup endul.

Ele "hei lo na nunglik gol na ko miel.

E tundun de e motuamul se bung tsial iun ka io kasile gol na ine yo.

Yo le gol na miel ka da de mele ian.

Si na meten anio ki gitet.

Ka lukes dul pitimule dul le wan ko miel.

Wan tinendan a weien ki wa, ka gel gel de ka, gel de suer motuamil."

Ka dul rutil.

Their uncle went up the track; as he was reaching the top of the track of the mountain, under the not fruit the top, to the top of the Ailaya itself, where the ledge sticks out.

They stood there and adjusted their wealth and stood there in readiness.

They waited for their uncle.

Their uncle arrived there at the top of the track [to the ridge] and shouted to them.

He said, "hey, my two nephews, you two come back.

It is true that your other uncle did go down there and I do not want vou two to leave me.

I would like you two to come back and stay with me over there.

At our place."

They replied, "You go home.

You look after your wife, we will now leave, we will go and find our uncle."

And they sang.

Dul sa sango mana te imel dul de rues.

They were now prepared and ready to jump.

[sung]

si si rurung ai si si rurung ai kane tamo kane tinong

dul se mamalinio dul dul e ia tsik re gel motuamil ok man me tamba ailaya tamba ailaya who who are we? our father our mother they have forgotten me they, they say I'm a boy, for we, our uncle is over there beside the Ailaya beside the Ailaya

who who are we?

Motuandul ok ele ni tsieng ok lakan mai ot, a lu kes dul tu ka dul pits ok dul rues ian i tes.

Dul rues i tes ka dul kits matuk ok i kuli motuandul.

Tek e rutel na o ok ai ot ka diet kets ok And they turned into stones and te yel, si na bom ri ok e iak te a rot sa have been stationary there since kaka me lakan.

Ie ka mai pur die sa li aie me lakan ma laktul i ot ilel ka a nes sa kaka me lakan.

Tek i ok te imel.

A witwit nien.

Their uncle, at the top of the rock, the two brothers they stood up and jumped into the sea.

They jumped into the sea and their bodies stopped near their [deceased] uncle.

And they turned into stones and have been stationary there since, on this side [the Londolovit side of the Ailaya] with the road now built on top of them.

That and the soil are on top of the three stones, the road is on top of them.

And that is all.
The end of it.

Index of Recordings

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THE LIHIR ISLANDS have been the subject of much research over the years, and as a result, there is an extensive amount of literature available about the islands. Below is a compilation of this literature, provided to satisfy both the newcomer to Lihir, but also the Lihir reader who would like to know more about the publications that are a result of research conducted in their islands.

This list includes publications across a broad spectrum, covering Lihir culture, health, the environment, and mining. Publications that do not include Lihir as a focus, and publications that are not readily accessible, such as unpublished reports or conference papers, have not been included. The references, therefore, are not exhaustive, and new contributions will of course be made in the future.

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Apwitihire: Studies in Papua New Guinea Musics

Apwitihire [apwətə?əre] is an ensemble consisting of three sets of raft panpipes and three single end-blown pipes, played by Angaataha speakers of Morobe Province. The ensemble performs in accompaniment to isaasarihire songs. The origin of the ensemble and songs is told by Nuseso of Otete:

The *apwitihire* ensemble originated in a hunting ground called Popiraatatihi. The *wausaho* or *kirunkwa* possum made the first set of instruments. He erected an enclosure with a gate and cleared a dancing ground called Woyapihanti. Then he called all the animals together in order to show them how to play the instruments. The *wausaho* passed out instruments to various animals and tried to teach them. The cassowary and dog tried, but were unable to play. The *ntetiho* pipe was learned by a lizard; the *sanaati* panpipes by a pig; the *otaananati* panpipes by a bird of paradise; the *pupuho* pipe by the *mwisaati* quail; the *akirihiri* panpipes were kept by the *wausaho* himself and another animal played the *sumsiho* pipe. While these animals played, the *nkone* fantail sang:

I am a parrot, flying over the tops of wild pandanus trees and above rivers

I sing, and my voice echoes

While hunting, a man saw the animals performing. He stole the knowledge from them and taught other men to play. Now this music is performed whenever a group of young men is moving to the next stage of initiation.

This book is a collection of stories, known as *pil*, told across the generations by the people of Lihir, New Ireland province, Papua New Guinea. Collected between 2008 and 2010, and accompanied by sound recordings, these seven stories encapsulate much of Lihir culture, from mythological beings to everyday life in the islands.

These stories were recorded, transcribed, and translated in collaboration with the Lihir Cultural Heritage Association.

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