

RIAN Jaya, occupying the Indonesian half of New Guinea, is one of the wildest. most isolated frontiers on earth. It was here cleared by missionaries from Europe that the Yali in the early 1960s feasted on prisoners they had taken in a raid on a neighboring people.

A decade later another highland tribe killed and ate a mission preacher and a dozen of his assistants, all deemed guilty of stealing land or taking liberties with local women.

Cannibalism, once practiced by many New Guinea tribes, is now officially taboo in Irian Jaya. Traditionally it was tied to a tribal justice system -punishment for theft or murder - or served as revenge against an enemy, whose powers were absorbed when the body was eaten.

Now tribal warfare is outlawed as well. These are only two of the momentous changes that the Indonesian government has introduced in its forceful quest to modernize its most undeveloped province. The challenge is daunting: How does one make Indonesians out of people emerging only now from the Stone Age?

irian Jaya entered the era of future shock in 1963 when Indonesia took control of Dutch New Guinea, later making it the country's 26th and largest province. The raising of the national flag climaxed the long struggle of Indonesia to oust the Dutch from the last of their East Indies colonies. For the Indonesians it seemed to matter little that the

Indonesia's "Wild East"

people of New Guinea be-

longed to the Melanesian

culture of the South Seas -

that they had animist be-

liefs, a pig-based economy, a tradition of headhunting

and cannibalism, and hardly

anything in common with

the Asian, predominantly Muslim culture that pre-

vailed throughout the rest

of the new nation. Indone-

sia, which had declared its

independence in 1945, said

it was staking a historical

United Nations, Indonesia

now possessed the western

half of the largest tropical

island in the world. Its

leaders named the territory

Irian Jaya - "victorious hot land." The island's eastern

half, administered for a

time by Australia and the United Nations, became an

independent state - Papua New Guinea - in 1975.

always was, a realm of rain

forest, swamps, and cloud-

snagged mountains reach-

ing to heights of 16,000

feet. Environmentalists call

Irian the last great wilder-

sparse: only 1.9 million

people in an area the size of

California, which has 30

million. Some 250,000 of

them are recent migrants

from other parts of Indone-

sia. More than a million of

the others are tribal inhabi-

tants, collectively called

across the border in Papua

meaning "frizzy haired."

Many Papuans - both here and

Papuans, from a Malay word

ness of the Asian Pacific.

The human population is

Irian Jaya remains much as it

Granted sovereignty by the

New Guinea - still live as hunter-gatherers or subsistence mountainside farmers, grouped in small clans.

Until the 1970s the men were warriors as well, taking part in a nearly constant round of revenge-driven



The outside world little knew of this sweltering land until World War II. In 1944 Allies troops led by Gen Douglas MacArthur dislodged Japanese forces after a series of ferocious battles along the northern coast and in caves on the nearby island of Biak. Westerners too young to remember the war may know of this territory as the place where the American Michael Rocke-

feller vanished during an

art-collecting expedition in

1961. His canoe overturned

off the south coast, inhab-

ited by the headhunting

Asmat, and he was never

tribal wars.

seen again. The Asmat are just one of many peoples in a wilder-ness Babel. Linguists have documented some 250 languages, half of them spoken by fewer than a thousand individuals each. In some places, villages less than a day's walk apart have their

own distinct speech. The indigenous Irianese peoples did not embrace their new rulers. In the 1970s and '80s the Indonesian Army crushed an independence movement; thousands of Irianese died. A small band of separatist guerillas, the Organisasi Papua Merdeka, or Free Papua Movement, still operates near the Papua New Guinea border, some of its members armed only with bows and arrows. The movement includes former students and civil servants and army deserters. Most

supporters of independence | have either fled to Papua New Guinea or keep their sympathies to themselves.

Today Indonesia exerts iron control; political dissent is a criminal activity. But a deep-seated cultural conflict festers. "While we believe we are descended from the forest," one Irianese commented. "most Indonesians believe that devils live in the forest and that the forest must be destroyed."

With its feverish economy and the world's fourth largest population (200 million). Indonesia can't afford to lose Irian Jaya. It sees the province not as one of the world's last sanctuaries of biodiversity but as a huge depot of natural resources. Rain forests, with their valuable timber, blanket 85 per cent of the territory. Rich deposits of copper and gold have been found in the mountains, pockets of oil in the lowlands.

Indonesia also sees Irian as elbowroom. With more than half the nation's population jammed onto the island of Java, one of the world's most crowded places, the central government has already moved at least 200,000 settlers to trans migration camps in Irian

It is also building towns, roads. schools, and airports. Some 50,000 other migrants have come to Irian on their own. It has become Indonesia's "wild east" - a land of opportunity where, more often than not, the native people are found to stand in

Courtesy: National Geographie Feb '96

Tarek. "You're Pakistani spies.

I could understand where they

were coming from. Tarek was

tall, slender, and had milky-

white skin. His eyes were such

a light shade of brown that

they were almost hazel. He

could easily pass for a Pak-

We're all from East Pakistan;

we're Bengali," said Abba.

"No, no We're not Pakistani.

"He's not," one of the sol-

diers said as he pointed to

Tarek with his gun. I fourth it

mather ironic that a couple of

months ago, we struggled to

prove that we were Pakistani.

Now, we were having a tougher

time proving that we were

am full Bengali. I can't speak a

word of Urdu.

soldier replied

Arre, bhai," said Tarek. "I

"Prove it to us," the other

Tarek thought for a while.

and started singing. "Amar

Mukti Bahini approved of this.

but they wanted to make sure

that he could write Bangla too.

They dictated sentences in a

fast speed and ordered Tarek

to write it. He did so, per-

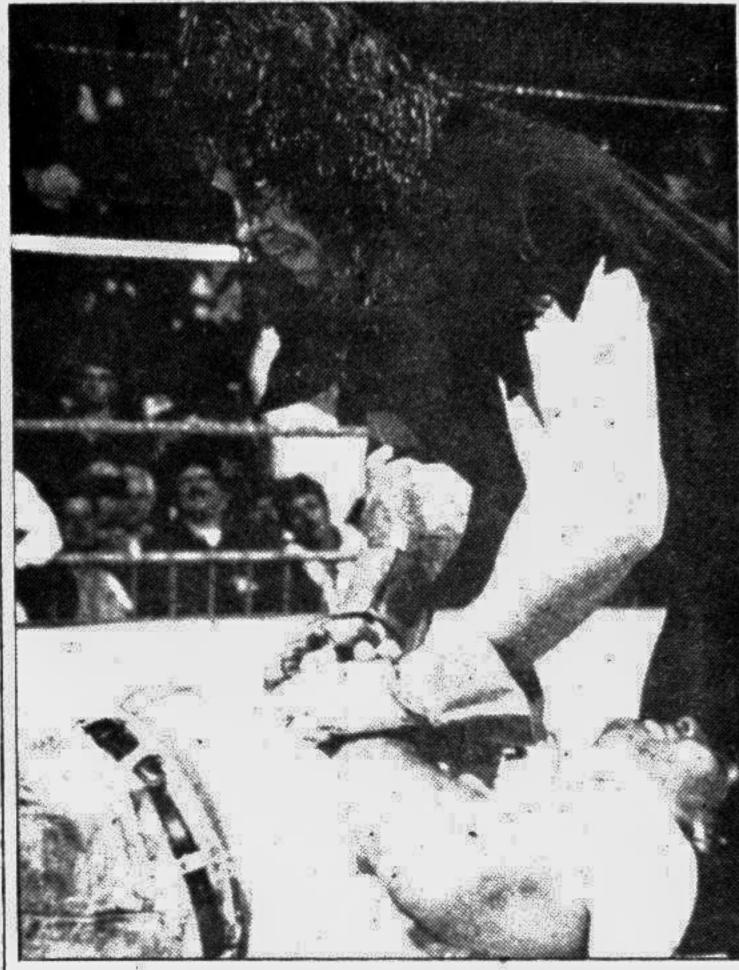
fectly, and they allowed us to

pass. In fact, they knew the

Shonar Bangla" once again. The

The World Wrestling Federation

by Mifta Assad Omar



E love the World Wrestling Federation, With its unbelievable sensation. A sport in which we wait day and night For the superstars to come to our sight.

And wherever you are, whatever you do, We are your lifetime fans, that is true. Know us well, for we are the future generation, Maybe in the future, we'll rock the World Wrestling Federation.

Beware ..., now approaches the man from the side, Who claims everybody's soul from the tar side. And here goes Sid, riding three million dollar tri-cycles, The crowd roars, and in comes Shawn Michael. Here's the 1,2,3, Kid, who can do nothing but lie, Someone to straighten him? here comes the Bad

To make the Kid sit in his pram and cry,

1,2,3 Kid say Your Good Bye. And here's someone you would love to see,

AHMED JHONSONII known as the real key, For he can unlock anybody who stands before him, Particularly JEFF JARRET WHC's nothing but a real whim. Mind you, don't forget to say Mister For Mr Bob Bacland is never your sister. Who can forget the champion Bret the Hitman Hart?!

Breaking the laws, Vader gave a great start. And whimpering along comes Big Daddy Cool, Taking on the Undertaker like a red fool. And chasing Rody Piper there's Gold Dust, But hasn't he realized that his Gold has started to rust? For people who are yet to know, WWF is the greatest show,

This message is for the Doxter and Todskel and why

I Am A Hero!

by hisbirah Kishwar Sakhawat

T was two at night, my whole family was asleep except for me. It was so quiet that I could hear the clock ticking, minutes passed by and I desperately tried to sleep ... Suddenly I saw a black car parking near a dark corner of a dark house.

The owner of that house was not known to me even though it was in our neighbourhood. I saw three men dressed in dark clothes ... come out of the car with handguns.

I instantly took out my binoculars to see what brand that gun was and sighed a sigh of relief: the gun wasn't more powerful than mine. I took my gun out and quickly but quietly went down the steps of my house. The three men were now trying to open the gate of the house they pulled near thank God it was locked or else I would have to take quick

I went out of my gate and slowly crept towards them. trying my best to stay near the walls where it was dark. I didn't exactly want to be seen in my pyjamas you know! Well anyway then I went towards them; standing in pitch darkness ... in the middle of an empty road with three terrifying looking men. I gathered a

Everybody calls me

Azu. I bet you're still

in great Eid spirits. Now I'm

going to tell you what

Mum would follow Dad to the

living room whenever she was

three thousand two hundred

As usual, after breakfast,

Mum: "This time it will be

Dad: "What for?" (Tying his

Mum: "What else Eid shop-

Dad: "Wuuu -- Eid shopping.

hmm. Let me get this straight,

you want a cow of 12,500.00

and 3,200.00 for shopping. I

think I'm going to have an

have a whole cash of twenty.

AAA-, don't try to lie, because

Mum: "Oh! stop joking. You

Dad: "Even if I've, I won't

Mum: "Oh! How could you

say that? When your fourteen

year old daughter is looking

upto you for the kameez she

give, but not so expensive."

Dad: "I didn't say I won't

Mum: "Then let's make a

Dad: "That's not fair, you

"So what?" said Mum pick-

Mum: "Alright (childishly

Dad: "Tails." (The coin

Mutm: "Hi-hi-hi! I won. Now

Dad: "I'm not surprised."

Mum: "Why are you hesitat-

ing? I won, give me the money.

Don't be a cheat, and we have

to go now or someone else will

(reaching out for his money

bag). Here (handing the cash)

but very glad for the money).

Dad: "Have patience

Mum: "Why?" (Surprised.

flipped the coin in the air.)

toss, if you win then you'll buy

us anything; and if we -

II T TEY I'm Azhar.

happened to us last Etd."

up to something.

taka?"

shoe laces)

heart attack."

I know you have."

give you." (getting up).

saw in Gulshan market."

3,200.00." (she shouted).

always win it's for sure."

landed on the carpet).

hand me the money."

A little while later.

(surprising).

take my things."

now call Azu."

(protecting himself).

Dad: "Oh no!"

ing up a coin. Dad: "I'll call."

Mum: "What?"

lot of strength and raised my gun ... prayed a little prayer and BOOM! I shot!

I shot and the bullet flew out and flashed like lightning and in the blink of an eye it was on it's way. It shot away... went towards the black car aaannddd... hit the tyre! I was petrified-I MISSED!!

It was the worst thing that could ever happen to me although my aim was never that good. I was so humiliated! Nervously, although not showing it. I pointed my gun towards them and not knowing what to do I said "That shot was meant to get your attention. Now you get the real shot!"

With this I shifted the gun, showing that I was ready to shoot but then the men held their hands up and said desperately "We give up! Please Don't shoot!"

I called the police and reported that I had found three men trying to disturb the privacy of hundreds, and that I had a gun and scared them so much that they begged for mercy. The police caught the men and arrested them. Hundreds of video cameras were focused on me in about ten minutes, and there were millions of people cheering. I was

N December, we made an other trip to the gram. A However, this was a different gram. It was called Taotola. To get to Taotola, we had to go across the Buri Gongar River using a nouka.

The destruction that the Pakistani army was doing to our country was self-evident as we crossed the river. The river was filled with dead corpses. Groups of dead people were bundled together and they floated down the river together. Once, our nouka almost tipped over because it was hit by the remains of a group of large males.

When you looked closer, you could see crows and dogs nibiling on the dead bodies. I was so sick that I had to stay inside the nouka. Shortly after. everybody else followed except for Tarek

Tarek remained outside and tried to scare the crows and dogs away from the body. He took off his hat and scared the birds away. Once, he hit a dog with a stick. I guess, that was in his own special way of showing respect to those who had died for our country.

If was crowded inside, so I went outside to stand with Tarek. Neither one of us said a word I think that for the first time we both realized how serious the war was. I thanked Allah that he had kept the war away from us so far. Luckily, no one form our family had been

I looked over the side of the

For The Love of A Country by Sadia. R. Chowdhury

boat and saw a chi. maybe about my age, floating "". There was a crow pecking on her face. My eyes grew misty. That could have been me floating by! Why was I so special that I didn't get hurt? Did any of these people really do anything wrong, or were they just innocent victims?

Just then, my brother came out. "Abba said to hang up the Pakistani flag," he told me. My face transformed into a frown We were approaching Pakistani territory. If we didn't put up their flag, they would automatically shoot us.

I went back inside, but I kept on poking my face out to see what was going on. Every few minutes or so, you could hear the fire of a gunshot followed by several screams. Shortly after, one could hear the splash of water as yet another body was dumped into the river. I closed my eyes and tried to drown out the noises from outside. However, this was impossible. Just then. Raka started to cry. I gave her some toys, but she didn't want them. My mom gave her some food, but she didn't want that either. Amma wasn't feeling well so I took Raka, along with Tarek, outside with me. rocked her back and forth, and soon she fell back asleep

Slowly, the gunshots stopped. Tarek ran back inside are out with a new flag a bright smade of green with a large red circle in the centre. As he hung up that lag, and threw the Pakistani flag mio

the river, he started singing.

'Amar shonar Bangla. Ami tomai bhalo bashi. Chirodin. Tomar akash. Tomar batash Amar praner bajai bashi. "My beloved Bangla, You are the one I truly love Always. Your skies.

Your winds. Bring music to my heart."

This song had become very popular during the war and was sung to raise the spirits of the Bengali people. Tarek's loud, confident voice placed a lump in my throat. It was amazing how a few lyrics could move you

We finally got to Taotola. As we were tying our nouka to the port, two Mukti Bahini soldiers approached us with guns. They looked inside our boat and inspected us. "Where are you

from?" they asked. We're from Shantinogor. Dhaka. We're going to Khan -Shaheb's ghor," answered Amma.

"You cannot go any further." They were suspiciously eyeing

Khan family rather well because they had sent all of their sons to fight in the war. They personally escorted us there. - To be continued minutes I stood there then suddenly I felt a fire growing inside, which later helped me to act properly. I soon was also able to bargain the cow's price to 12,500.00. Having the cow decorated, I started for home.

But soon I found out it was the

worst job anybody could have had When we were about to cross the Mohammadpur main road, suddenly my handsome, red companion wouldn't move at all. "Come on boy, come on," I said pulling the rope tied to its neck. "Come on". It would even steer anybody seeing it from the other side would take him as a cow ad model. He stood there sternly with his laws pushed forward, eyes wide open and tail abnormally bent but stiff. Soon I got crazy. I gave a terrible jerk on the neck which caused my friend to go mad.

Before I could understand what he was going to do, he kicked hard on my leg. which made me slip, but I grabbed hold of the rope, but he suddenly moved his tail victously. hitting me furiously which landed me on a disgusting puddle. Totally sick and embarrassed I got up. When the cow gave one of its calls which seemed to me that he was laughing at my state. To my surprise he started to move when I said these words. "Don't you ever do that. And I warn you for the last time, you will be sorry for it."

Soon we started, again he stopped, this time in the middle of the road. Facing the same problems, we almost reached home. Suddenly my young buddy started to run, as if he was pleased to reach home than I was! I started to run after him. "Come back, you fatty old red-headed beast," said whatever came to my mind. I even tossed a coin while I was running. My bet was whether I could get him home. Before I could see my result, I almost collapsed when saw my Mum and sister, coming the other way in a rickshaw, which was ready to collide with my cow. "Stop, stop," I cried and luckily, both stopped. My Mum, sister and my darling cow was safe.

Azu in Cattle Market

Dad: "I'm going to give him the money to buy the cow —" Mum: (Interrupting) "What? Are you crazy -?"

Dad: "How would I know if I'm crazy, do I look so?" Dad: "I don't care what you say. Now call him. I'm going to

make a toss with him. If I win he goes, he wins I go." was in the next room, my pulse quickened at the thought of directly meeting a cow and

having to bring it home. I sat as stiff as ever when my Mum called, but it didn't work. They sent Nahar (my sister) to fetch me. In came the girl jumping in my room, with her long necklace bouncing on her neck.

Nahar: Hey captain Azhar Uddin. Dad's on your case for by Reshmin and Jesmin Haq

Azu: (Teasing) 'Oh! hey Haralli (necklace girl), and what does it matter to you?" Nahar: (Angrily) "Nothing matters to me about you. I just came to say Dad's calling." Azu Well thanks , but no

buying cows

At that moment Dad came in. The silver coin danced again in my room, and Dad had won the toss. So I was to buy the cow. Soon we all loaded in my Dad's second hand Toyota. I was first dropped in the busy Mohammadpur cattle market. My heart started to beat faster. When I passed the rows of the I felt each of them wanted either to kick me or

hurt me with their dreadful long hoofs, which looked to me like daggers. I felt uncomfortable, yet I spent three hours looking at the animals, but as I expected, my expectation had to come to an end, when the a cattle keeper

The man: "Do you want any thing? Azu: "No - no, I mean yes. I'm here to buy a cow.

came up to me

The man: "Which one do you like (Apnar konta posando?") Azu: "I don't know (Ami jani

The man: Surprised. "Hm! What? (Ji apni tho teen ghanta dhora dekhlen).

Feeling ashamed I quickly moved towards some other cows. After a lot of problems, I chose a most ferocious looking, fat, red cow. The man smiled mischievously, and in a manner that I didn't understand. My head went upside down when I heard the price. It was 14,500.00. Now I only had 12,500.00. I stood there like a coward. I tried to bargain it, but after an half hour struggle I could only make it 14,000 00. I felt like crying. I didn't want to go through the trouble of choosing again, but I felt in vain. When the men started to whisper about me and even laugh.

I heard one of them say, "Does anybody send a coward to buy a cow? For next 15





