Flask with Design of Dancing Horse Holding a Cup in Its Mouth
Gilt Silver
Tang Dynasty (618–906)
Tomb Treasures from China, The Buried Art of Ancient Xi’an
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HORIZONS

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To the reader:

We are pleased to present again this year a sampling of the work done by students at KCC. The publication of Horizons is scheduled to coincide with the annual International Festival held each year on campus. This year’s theme is CELEBRATIONS and we have a number of pieces that explore the nature of the rituals that mark important passages in human life in different cultures. All papers that were submitted for the Student Conference were also submitted for publication here and we hope you will enjoy reading them.

We would like to thank all of those who gave so generously of their time and effort to make this edition of Horizons a reality. First of all, we want to thank all the students who submitted work to us. We would also like to thank the following people for their help and support: John Cole, Robin Fujikawa, Shu Fen Fujitani, Carl Hefner, Dennis Kawaharada, Jill Makagon, Andrew McCullough, Mike Molloy, Lynn Murata, Kawika Napoleon, Louise Pagotto, Sylvia Spalding and Shr Ward. Heartfelt thanks to Irena Levy who gave valuable assistance in selecting the papers presented here and in editing. Mahalos as well to Bryan Sekiguchi for his time and photos, Gabriele Lemond for her editing and proofreading skills, Moriso Teraoka, Samantha Akiona, Terrence Tomori and Tom Wade for assisting with proofreading and to Jim Vancil for his photography and for the hours spent in duotoning the photographs. If there is anyone we have omitted, it is an unintentional oversight.

A very special thank you to Helen Hamada of the EMC and Gene Phillips of the Print Shop who helped us get this journal ready in time for the International Festival.

And finally, we must acknowledge a huge debt of gratitude to Winifred Au. It is her knowledge, energy, will, patience, humor and provisions that have made this publication possible. Thank you, Wini, from all of us.

Frances Meserve
& Serena Choy
Editors
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E hana mua a pa’a ke kahua ma mua o ke a’o ‘ana aku iā ha’i
Like kekahi kumu me ke kumu manakō e ulu ana i ka lepo.

He mole e ulu a hohonu i ka honua me he kahua mānoanoa a ʻikaika ko ke kumulā’au pa’a. Mai ia kahua e ulu nei nā lālā e manamana aku a mamo a ʻākea. Mai kea mau lālā e kupu nei i nā hua’ai, ʻo ia hoʻi ke kumu o ka na’auao no nā kānaka pōloli a pau e ʻai. Inā ʻikaika ke kumulā’au, pēlā wale nō e kupu a’e ana nā hua’ai. Inā ʻaʻole hiki i kona kahua kāko’o i ko ke kumulā’au kaumaha, ʻo kona hina ihola nō ia. A laila, ʻaʻole e ulu hou ana a ʻaʻohe na’auao e kā‘analike aʻo nā poʻe pōloli e make.

Build yourself a firm foundation before teaching others.
A teacher is like a mango tree growing in the soil.
A sturdy tree has roots which reach deep into the earth and a base that is thick and strong.
Growing from this foundation are branches that reach far and wide.
From these branches sprout fruit—the fruits of knowledge, for all who are hungry to enjoy.
Only if the tree is strong will it be able to bear fruit.
If its foundation cannot support the tree’s weight, then all will collapse.
Knowledge then will no longer grow and be saved and all who are hungry will starve.
The Introduction of Louisa

It was a muggy, gloomy day at Ala Moana Beach Park where we decided to meet. The beach park was crowded with swimmers, sun bathers and picnickers as we circled the park hoping to find a parking space. A single poster fastened onto a tree indicated this was the place. Although the sign read, “Hauoli Lā Hānau Luika,” today everyone would meet her for the first time. For most of us, she had been considered deceased for the past thirty years and placed upon the lost branch of our family tree.

I anticipated a small crowd since many of our ‘ohana lived on various islands and this was a sudden gathering. However, family members from the other islands arrived to surprise everyone. The table was lavishly set with delicious potluck lunches and dessert treats. When the birthday cake was placed at the center of the table, I noticed the sparkle in Louisa’s eyes. This was her very first birthday party.

While everyone gathered around the table to set up the table, Louisa sat quietly and relaxed. I sensed some peace in her as she quietly spoke to the children, “Honi, honi,” which meant hug and kiss. Soon everything was ready. Traditionally, we held hands to form a circle. Silently we stood until someone began the prayer to bless the food. When the prayer ended, the children and Louisa were first in line to be served. Eating and feeding is important in our family, for being momona, or fertile, is important in our culture. After lunch it was time for the birthday cake. As the seventy-two candles were lit, the children sang those old time favorite songs, “Happy Birthday” and “The Monkeys in the Zoo.” I sneaked a look at Louisa and saw a tear drop from the corner of her eye. With shoulders curved and head slightly bowed, she giggled in high spirits like a little child receiving a new gift. Everyone became emotional.

We gathered around Louisa and listened attentively. Two weeks prior, a local newsletter had printed a story about a girl from Alaska asking for help in locating her grandmother. Louisa, the grandmother’s sister, was located, and her picture was printed on the first page of the paper. That is when I first saw her.

It was August 27, 1922 when she was born in the leper colony, Kalaupapa, on the island of Moloka’i. At age six, she and her older sister were taken away from their parents because of the government regulation forbidding children to remain on the island. They both were sent to an orphanage on the island of ‘Oahu known as Kapo’olani School for Girls. The following year, her sister was adopted, and Louisa was left alone. Mama found her and made frequent visits. Although she was not a leper, papa refused to adopt her. As time passed, the orphanage reorganized and was named Waimano Homes, and the shuffling of records mistakenly declared Louisa as deceased. For the next thirty years, Louisa was led to believe that there was no ‘ohana, and we were kept in the dark as to her whereabouts.

She told us as much as she could remember of life on the island of Moloka’i, of how they teased and laughed at the short, stout haole man because he always seemed to be so serious. This man was so loved because he gave them love and attention when others would not. It was Father Damien who said to the Pope, “I volunteer,” when others had called it a duty. Louisa gave us first-hand history that cannot be bought from a bookstore.

Time elapsed, and the day ended. As the tables, chairs and tent were folded up, Louisa sat patiently waiting for her ride home. Despite the heat, this day was special, for Louisa became a new member of the family.
Taro Patch

In the beginning, Wākea sky father took his daughter Ho‘ohōokuikalani in union. The procreation of the ni‘aupio chiefs, or most sacred royal lineage, became the genesis of the Hawaiian people. Months later, the first high chief was born but lifeless. The couple buried the corpse beside the east corner of their dark hale and within weeks, a baby shoot sprouted. Thus, the kalo or taro was created. The taro patch is the foundation of Hawaiian culture.

Our ‘ohana patches were on the far side of the island, situated within dense forests near the mountains where the accumulated raindrops became waterfalls that poured rich mineral deposits into rivers which were then diverted into man-made dikes that flowed toward the patches. The crawdads, or ōpae, swam abundantly in the murky waters and made their abodes in mud holes and underneath the pebbles. Their presence was a nuisance to me, but to Mama, it was lokahi, or harmony because they ate the parasites off the taro plants and were considered a delicacy in the Hawaiian diet.

It was the taro patch where I became acquainted with the taro’s significance and Hawaiian spirituality.

Mama brought buckets to carry taro stocks for planting and several used fifty-pound burlap bags to lug the taro pulps home. A scarf covered her head, and she wore papa’s trousers with pant legs cuffed knee high. She was just as tough as Papa.

Although Papa was shorter than Mama, he always surprised me with his strength. To me, he was the strongest man alive. With his bolo knife, 36 inches in length and straw hat, he steadily worked until we were ready to leave for home. He was an industrious person, and I envied his endurance.

Our first task was to prepare ourselves by praying to Akua with Mama. “This,” Mama said, “is to thank Kāne for nourishing the water and to ask permission to enter into the lo‘i.” After some time, the mild chirping of birds and clacking of crickets blended with the gentle winds to create a whispered answer to our prayer. We responded by stepping into the water dikes. We then sat and meditated quietly, cleansing ourselves internally. “So to have good taro with mana,” Mama taught, “kala (free) our spirits and ask for forgiveness.” Repentance within Hawaiian spirituality was vital.

My task was to pull weeds and stack mud clods onto existing retaining walls that confined a portion of plants in a square area. The retaining wall became the oven where I placed my mud pies in a single line for the sun to bake until hard like rock. Soon the work became aggravating, and the boredom stirred mischievous thoughts. Next to me, my sister crouched planting stock in the muddy waters. As her body leaned forward, I gently put finger-sized wet mud globs into her hair or boots. I continued this with my other siblings. No one realized what was happening. Afterward, I quietly moved next to Papa to maintain my innocence. But eventually, I was caught, and Mama condemned both my ears to be tugged and pulled.

Mama commanded me to do another task. With a bucket full of pulps, I accompanied Mama upstream to clean these hard, rock-shaped taro roots. Placing the pulps into the flowing stream allowed the current to wash off the excess mud and sprawling roots. “To put into the water,” Mama explained, “is to clean, have good mana, taste ‘ono. Easier to do at the taro patch than home.”

Pau hana, or finish work, we collected the buckets and filled pulp bags while Papa and my broth-
ers carried each load into the car. I went with Mama and my sisters into the forest to gather guavas and mangoes while Mama picked leaves and clipped plants for our medicine. But before she would cut any plant, she said, “Thank you for helping my family.”

Finally we sat together at the edge of the entry walkway to perform our last task. Mama began the pule and once again we repeated the prayer to Akua. “Thank you for the taro plant,” Mama said, “and make our journey home safe.” She continued the prayer, as we expected, for at least ten minutes while we anxiously waited to say the final “AMEN.”

The taro patch no longer exists, but the memories remain of family conversations (called “taro-apeutic”) and of an unspoiled and unpolluted environment. The taro patch and those experiences have created a special bond with the 'āina for me.
In ancient Hawai’i, lu’aus did not take place, for lu’au to the Hawaiian people meant the tops or leaves of the taro plant. However, they did have holidays and feasts which had a religious meaning. A religious ceremony was usually followed by a pa’ina (or feast). Ancient Hawaiians had specific reasons, dates, calendrical periods, ceremonies and Gods to which each holiday and feast was attached. The Hawaiians believed that their Gods joined them during these ceremonies and feasts.

One particular ceremony, pule ipu, was held when a male child reached the age of four or five. This ceremony in modern times would be considered a rite of passage from an infant to a child. At this ceremony, prayers were offered to Lono, the God of peace, by priest and family members. After the prayers were concluded, a feast was held. At this feast the young boy would be allowed to eat with older boys and men, whereas before the ceremony, he was confined to eating with the women and other males under the age of four.

The most significant holiday the Hawaiians celebrated was the makahiki, which started when the makali‘i (Pleiades) first appeared in the sky. This was usually in October or November. The duration of the Makahiki was four months. During this time the Hawaiians gave thanks to Lono for their food, and their chiefs performed rituals which tested the people’s strength and skills. Many feasts were held; no one worked; and wars were prohibited. Celebrations and feasts in Hawai’i today often lack such significance.

In 1856, the Pacific Commercial Advertiser used the word lu’au to refer to a Hawaiian feast, and so it was added as a definition. During the same period some of the old significance of a lu’au disappeared, and the social get-together replaced them. Although some modern Hawaiians attach meanings to their lu’aus, such as a rite of passage like a wedding or a graduation from high school, many forget about the importance our ancestors placed on their holidays and feasts.

Being of Hawaiian ancestry, I wondered if my kin group realized the ancient Hawaiian meaning behind a feast. My curiosity began after being invited to a family lu’au. This was to be a birthday lu’au, an ‘aha ‘aina piha makahiki, or a feast for completion of a year. But this feast was to be different, for this was to be a commemoration of four birthdays: Ashley Gomes, age 2; Abel Coloma, age 42; Butch Menza, age 51; and Lawrence Coloma, age 59. The lu’au did not contain a religious meaning or any rite of passage but it did have a calendrical and a familial significance.

The lu’au on which I based my study took place on November 5, 1994, on the Big Island of Hawai’i in a small subdivision called Fern Acres. Fern Acres is located thirty minutes outside of Hilo town, in the district of Kea’au and sits at an elevation of approximately 13,000 feet above sea level. The terrain is black lava rock with abundance of `ōhi’a trees, hapu’u trees and wild orchids.

Outside of a social get-together, the lu’au was also a way to enculturate the children about the way ancient Hawaiians used their land and prepared food for the feast. It also showed them how the Hawaiian culture has changed. Much like the Hawaiians, the Coloma family made their own lo‘i (taro patch), raised their own pu‘a‘a (pig), caught their own he‘e (squid) and picked their own ‘opiloi. Even though these things were done different from the ancient Hawaiians, tapping into the ancient culture was the major theme for the lu’au.

Building the lo‘i began early in January 1994. The land was cleared and flattened using a D-9 bulldozer. A thick, black, plastic canvas was then placed on the newly cleared land to prevent water
from seeping into the lava rocks. Wooden frames were built, which would later be used as the walls of the lo‘i. Dirt was bought to fill in the rectangles and help support them on the outside. Black cinder was also placed around the outside of the lo‘i walls. ‘Oha (taro shoots) from a neighbor’s lo‘i were transplanted into the new lo‘i. Picks were used to dig rows of holes, into which one or two ‘oha was placed. The soil was then tightly repacked around the ‘oha. Rain nourished the lo‘i most of the time, reducing the need for watering.

The lo‘i was tended frequently, for weeds needed to be removed and the taro leaves needed to be checked for bug infestation. The taro was harvested on November 1, 1994. Bare hands carefully pulled the whole plant out of the muddy soil. All parts of the taro plant except the roots were used to make different dishes for the lu‘au. Much like the ancient Hawaiians, all family members (young, old, male, female) helped in the building, tending and harvesting of the taro. The only difference between an ancient lo‘i and the Colomas’ lo‘i was in the tools and materials used. In ancient Hawai‘i, an ‘o‘o (spear-like stick) was used to prepare the land for a lo‘i. An ‘o‘o with a blade on one end, similar to a shovel or pick, was used to dig water ditches. Ancient lo‘i walls were made out of rocks and soil pounded together until hard and watertight to form a mound around the lo‘i. Bare hands and feet, instead of picks, were used to build the walls of the lo‘i. Modern tools or not, both ways produced fruitful taro.

Raising of the pua‘a began in December 1993. A twenty-pound pua‘a was bought for forty dollars. Like the Hawaiians, the Coloma family allowed it to roam around their land with the other animals. When the pua‘a got larger, it was confined to a pen. During this time the pua‘a was fed the Colomas’ leftover food and rolled oats. The leftovers had to be boiled to kill the bacteria that could infect and kill the pua‘a. The task of feeding the pua‘a was assigned by Abel to the younger Coloma children. The almost 400 pound pua‘a was killed on November 4, 1994.

Male elders held most of the knowledge needed to kill a pua‘a. On the day that the pua‘a was killed, this knowledge was passed on in the older Coloma children: (Gene, Angie’s husband; Kioki, Abel’s son; Jason and John, Abel’s nephews; Alec, Ashley’s father). First the pua‘a was not fed for twenty-four hours. This was done to clean the bowels. (At ten o’clock in the morning, all the male elders gathered under Abel’s garage to discuss the jobs each person would be assigned. The pua‘a ran away from its killing party once after it was let out of its pen. Sticks and loud voices were used to coax it back toward the table on which it would be killed.) After cornering the pua‘a against its pen, John put a rope on its left back leg to further entice it to the table. When the pua‘a finally reached the table, everyone except Lauro carried it onto the table. Everyone assembled around the table and tried their best to hold the pua‘a down. A stick was shoved into its mouth to keep its squeals to a minimum. Butch then used a knife to poke the throat of the pua‘a. Lauro used a pot to collect the blood; this was later used to make a Filipino dish called Dinaguwan.

After all the blood had drained, a burlap bag was placed over it and water was boiled. The boiled water was slowly poured onto the burlap bag to soften the skin of the pua‘a, which made it easy to scrape its hair off. If the water is not hot enough and the skin is not soft enough, a knife would not be able to scrape the hair off. Finally, a razor blade is used to ensure that all hair (visible or not) is removed. The entire pua‘a was then washed off with warm water and Hawaiian salt to make it ready to be gutted.

Eviscerating the pua‘a is a very important task, for if it is done the wrong way, its bladder and colon could be cut, contaminating the entire pua‘a. Butch took charge because he had the knowledge and experience. He first made a horizontal cut at the throat of the pua‘a, cutting the windpipe. The next cut was lateral, from just below the chest cavity to the anus, severing only the skin. The back legs were then pulled outward, away from its body, exposing its inner organs. Butch then put his hands and arms into the body of the pua‘a and reached for its windpipe. By pulling the windpipe downward, toward the anus, he separated all internal organs from the pua‘a. The intestine, liver and heart were cut off from the connecting organs and saved to be used later. What remained was a hollow stomach and chest cavity which was rubbed down with Hawaiian salt.

The final step was hanging the pua‘a to drain
the blood and water. A hole was cut into its two back hooves, big enough so a rope could be strung through them. Jason, John and Alec held the the pua’a up while Abel tied it to a store room beam. A sheet was wrapped around the pua’a to protect it from flies. In all, from assignment of tasks to the hanging of the pua’a, it took four hours. The pua’a would be hung for approximately six hours, after which it would be placed in an imu or underground oven.

From the beginning of September, male elders started to dive for he’e. They often talked about ways to know when the he’e will be great in numbers. Some say that when the kiawe tree bears its beans, the he’e has multiplied and grown to a catchable size (one pound and over). Others merely say that the summer months are the best time to gather he’e, for the winter weather with its big surf and rain, limits diving and allows the he’e to grow and multiply. Regardless of the belief of when he’e will be great in numbers, almost 200 pounds of he’e was speared by male elders for the feast.

‘Opihi was also gathered by male elders, but male teenagers accompanied them to learn where to find the opiohi and how to pick them off of the rocks. Time for picking ‘opiohi is usually limited to summer months when swells of the ocean are low, but it can be picked any time of the year, depending on the tide. ‘Opihi was picked on the southern most point of the Big Island of Hawai‘i at a spot conveniently named South Point. There the ocean cliffs drop anywhere between ten to fifty feet. At the bottom of the cliffs, ‘opiohi cling onto rocks that are continuously being hit by waves. Usually one person is designated to be the wave lookout man. He yells “wave” each and every time a wave approaches the ‘opiohi pickers. When waves approaches them, the gatherers hold onto the rocks trying to keep their balance. When waves are not in the vicinity, ‘opiohi pickers pry the ‘opiohi off the rocks with ice picks, butter knives, metal spatulas, and some even invent their own tools. Many attempts were made to pick ‘opiohi, most cancelled due to high waves, but in all, enough opiohi was picked to fill four gallons after shelling.

Like the ancient Hawaiians, the Coloma family prepared their own food for the feast, used an imu to cook the pua’a, dedicated their food to a God and participated in games during the feast. But unlike the ancient Hawaiian’s, all family members helped to prepare the food and electricity was the main method of cooking. In ancient Hawai‘i only men were allowed to cook food. This was because the Hawaiians thought that women were not as clean as men. When preparing or cooking food, everything was separated. There was one imu for the men’s food and one for the women’s. Food was cooked either in an imu or in calabashes filled with boiling water. In order to boil water, the Hawaiians placed hot stones into the water filled calabashes.

The entire Coloma family helped prepare the food for the lü‘au. Although the main dishes of the menu consisted of Hawaiian food, dishes from other cultures were also made. Kalua pua’a, lau lau, squid lü‘au, lomi salmon, chicken longrice and i‘a (fish) made up the Hawaiian dishes. Dinaguwan, pork adobo, port guisantes, rice and chow mein were other cultural dishes.

To make kalua pig, a pua’a needs to be cooked in an imu. On November 3, 1994, the imu was dug by Gene, Jason and John. They dug a circular hole in the ground using shovels. A tarp was set up over the hole to keep the rain out. Later, using metal axes, they chopped down banana trees which would be used to stuff the imu. At approximately 8:30 p.m. on November 4, 1994, the imu was stuffed and its fire was lit. Stuffing the imu required developing layers of different materials. The first layer was composed of crumpled newspaper, followed by chopped kiawe logs. Next, large, porous rocks were laid down. The newspaper on the bottom was lit, heating the layers above it. The pua’a would be next. Before the pua’a was dropped into the imu, its stomach and chest cavity were stuffed with hot rocks. The pua’a was then wrapped with burnt chicken wire. The chicken wire was burnt to prevent the skin of the pua’a from sticking to it while it cooked. The rocks inside the pua’a would create steam and eventually cook the pua’a from the inside out. More banana stumps were added on top of the pua’a, followed by banana and ti leaves. Burlap bags were the last layer of the imu. To hold in the heat, a clear piece of plastic covered the top of the imu.

While the imu was being stuffed, the women and other men of the family prepared other dishes.
They all congregated under Abel's garage to make laulau. The women stacked three to five lu'au leaves (taro leaves) on top each other; one piece of pua'a fat, beef and butterfish was placed in the middle of each stack along with sprinkles of Hawaiian salt. The lu'au leaves were then enclosed and wrapped with ti leaves. The men did the wrapping while the children tied each bundle with string. Two hundred laulaus were made. They were placed in a steamer on an electric stove to cook.

Lawrence prepared dinaguwan and pork guisantes, two Filipino dishes. Dinaguwan was made by boiling the intestine of the pua'a in water till it became soft. It was then cut into strips and mixed with vinegar, pieces of pua'a meat and pua'a blood. Pork guisantes consists of pork, tomato paste, peas and bay leaves. All ingredients were put into a pot and boiled, much like stew. Lauro prepared pork adobo, another Filipino dish, by cutting pork into slices and cooking it in vinegar and water. Bay leaves and whole black peppers were added for color and taste. While Lawrence and Lauro cooked their dishes, the women cut vegetables and made lomi salmon. Lomi salmon consist of finely chopped salmon mixed with chopped tomato, green onions and yellow onions. The women also prepared saimin for dinner.

On November 5, 1994, everyone woke up at five o'clock in the morning, for no one was able to escape the crowing of the 300 chickens on the farm. The remaining dishes were made. Squid lu'au was made by boiling lu'au leaves, then squeezing all the water out of them. The leaves were added to pounded, cooked and cut pieces of he'e and coconut milk. Chicken longrice was cooked by boiling chicken, then shredding the meat off the bone. Finishing this dish, chicken meat with longrice, chopped onions, green onions and ginger were added to chicken broth. I'a was cut to make sashimi. The tent, tables and chairs were set up by all the males. They also picked maile in Peter’s yard and wove them into maile leis.

The pua'a was removed at noon, November 5, 1994, after cooking for almost sixteen hours. By sticking their hands into buckets of ice cold water, Gene, John and Peter kept their hands from being burned. Using this method they removed the layers above the pua'a, lifted out the pua'a and took out the rocks from inside the pua'a. The pua'a was then taken to Peter’s house where he shredded the meat off the bones to produce kalua pua'a just as ancient Hawaiians did.

The lu'au started promptly at 3:00 p.m. Families came dressed in casual attire. Some guests brought gifts for each individual being honored, while others brought gifts for those individuals that they knew. The food was presented to everyone, but before they were allowed to eat, Abel dedicated the food to a Christian God named Jehovah. After everyone finished eating, the games took place. Male elders played horseshoes. Male teenagers and elders also participated in fighting chickens. In this event a blade or knife was strapped to a chicken's leg. Two chickens would fight each other until one died. The chicken that remained alive was the winner. No one found this event to be peculiar for almost every individual present was linked to chicken fighting in one way or another.

Although some of the women watched the chicken fighting, most remained under the tent. They gossiped, caught up on family news and spoke about plans for the future. Throughout the entire lu'au the children played on the jungle gym. The children also sang “Happy Birthday to You” to Ashley and enjoyed cake and ice cream. They also watched Ashley open her presents. The lu'au ended at 10:30 p.m.

Although my study focused on only one family and one lu'au, one can conclude that modern Hawaiians have not forgotten their ancestors. They still use their land to grow taro and raise animals, as the ancient Hawaiians did. Even if the Hawaiian language is used minimally, some words are still being passed on to the children. Great significance is still being attached to celebrations and feasts. Ancient methods of cooking are still being used. So if people tell you that modern Hawaiians cease to remember their ancient culture, direct them to a lu'au, and they may change their mind.
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Filipino Christmas

In all the year, there is no day that fills the hearts of the Filipino people so much as Christmas. For many centuries, Filipinos have held festivals during which they ate, drank and made merry, in honor of their God, Jesus and to thank their God for the many blessings they were given throughout the year. Christmas is the most important festival in the Philippines, especially since it is a Catholic country. The people express their joy and devotion through this glorious holiday.

Filipino boys and girls proudly claim they have the longest Christmas in the world. For twenty-two lively days Christmas is celebrated, from December 16 to January 6. The festival begins at dawn on December 16 by the pealing of the church bells, heralding the first of a novena of masses. The service, at four in the morning, is called Misa de Gallo (since the mass presumably starts as the first cock crows). Colorful wreaths and chains made of brilliant tropical flowers are worn by Filipino children as they take part in the festive after-mass parade. A band leads the parade.

The Filipino people do not have traditional Christmas trees like Americans have, but they do have their own beautiful hand-made Christmas trees. The trees have no leaves. On its branches are hung little toys in the theme of Christmas, garlands and Christmas cards the family has received or the children have made. Their homes are also decorated with flags, bunting, palms and many colorful flowers. A burning candle and a handmade crepe-paper star, both symbolizing Jesus, are other Christmas decorations.

In every Catholic church all over the Philippines, Jesus’ crib is unveiled just before midnight. The drama reinforces the people's love for the savior, and the groundwork is laid for a joyous celebration of the nativity. The churches keep their cribs amid a blaze of pink, green, blue and white candles all during the Christmas season. The unveiling is followed by the re-enactment of the Nativity and a midnight Mass.

In the schools, celebration is also active. There are Christmas pageants in which all the children participate. Hard work goes into practicing and making all the beautiful costumes, props and decorations as well as the feasts for the Christmas meal. I attended a Christmas pageant when I was in the Philippines four years ago. It was one of the most beautiful programs I have ever seen. Everyone was dressed in costumes. There were gracious dances, beautiful decorations (the majority were those crepe-paper stars) and delicious foods. Some of the foods that I ate were Pansit, a fried noodle dish that is said to symbolize long life, and Dila Dila, a mochi cake with fresh, young coconut on top that is said to bring you luck and prosperity in the New Year.

During my Christmas vacation in the Philippines, I noticed that people were not into the importance of gift giving and materialistic values as we Americans are. There was gift giving, but not the kind of gifts one would expect. These gifts were food, pastries and homemade items such as blankets and clothing. Through the giving of gifts, they share the good things of life with each other, not the thought of how expensive the gift was and what kind of gift it was. I received a hand-woven blanket from a cousin of mine. It is one of my favorite and cherished gifts. It didn’t cost a dime, but the thought of how it was made and the person who made it made it a million dollar gift.

Christmas caroling, or “Carols by Candlelight,” is another important event during Christmas. On Christmas Eve, a group of people carrying candles goes from house to house singing Christmas carols in Filipino. These carolers get pastries or some
kind of gift in return. The carolers who came to our home had the most beautiful voices I have ever heard.

Welcoming the New Year is also a big event during the Christmas season. This is a day of reconciliation. On this day, the spirit of the day is to make the coming year better than the year that has just passed. The custom of noisemaking, like the fireworks, symbolizes the driving away of evil spirits from the home. It is customary to stay up until midnight on New Year’s Eve to enjoy the magic moment when one year gives place to another. Church bells ring out, horns toot, whistles blow, and everyone is noisy and gay. However, after all this celebrating, on New Year’s Day everyone is either at home or working their farms or whatever they want to do that will bring them happiness or luck for the New Year. This is one of the Filipino people’s superstitions. One does what he or she wants for the new year. For example, if I do not want to lose or spend a lot of money for the coming new year, I stay home that day and try not to spend a penny.

I want to go back to the Philippines for Christmas vacation again. Their Christmas is much more meaningful and religious than our materialistic Christmas. No one ever talked about money or the stress of buying gifts. Their main concerns were getting ready for the celebrations and the coming of Jesus Christ. The Filipino people do really know the true meaning of Christmas.
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Memories of A New Year Celebration

I was sitting alone by the window in my room in downtown Honolulu. Outside, everyone was celebrating the New Year. The noise and the smell of firecrackers made my tears fall down my cheeks and drop on my diary. The noise, the smell and the smoke of firecrackers, and the yelling of the children outside pulled me back to the memorable New Year celebrations of my childhood. Just before the new year, families were very busy, cleaning and repainting their houses.

We had a big celebration because we wanted to thank our gods and ancestors who had blessed us with good health and good income during the past year. We also celebrated the New Year and hoped that it would be better than the last. For every family, including mine, the New Year was very important because one's life could change in that year. Therefore, when the New Year came, no matter how poor we were, my mom still tried her best to buy new clothes for her children. We also prepared several sticky rice cakes, watermelon seeds and dried coconut candies. The cake made of sticky rice symbolized the hope that all the members of the family would stay together and love each other more. The crispy watermelon seeds crackled when we ate them; thus they suggested the next year would be more cheerful and animated than the last. The dried coconut candies were sweet; the sweetness stood for happiness during the next year.

On New Year’s Eve, most of my neighbors and my family ignited long rows of firecrackers. The main reason that we were popping the firecrackers was to drive away the evil. The second reason was to enjoy the happy noise and welcome the new year. From New Year’s Eve to the first day of the new year, no one was allowed to go to another’s house. We believe that when a person enters another’s house on New Year’s day, he or she carries bad or good luck to that family. We also were not allowed to tease or break things because whatever we did on the first day of the new year would be repeated and affect us for the rest of the year. So, on the first day, the children stayed home, obeyed whatever the elders said and shared folk tales with their family members. At midnight, the heads of the households worshiped and invited their ancestors’ spirits to join us for three days.

When the morning came, everything seemed to be turned into a pure world. All kinds of flowers were blossoming in the morning with the fog. That was the time for everyone to wear new clothes and happy faces and to go to the temple to pray for good health and prosperity. When we went home, most of us had fresh flowers in our hands to remind us to be as beautiful and fresh as the flowers. After coming from the temple, my family packed three sticky rice cakes and several li xi (lucky money) envelopes, and set out on a journey to visit our relatives in the countryside.

On the way to the countryside, we saw the bits of paper from exploded the firecrackers and the husks of watermelon seeds still on the roadside. People gambled on the sides of streets and at the market. Different colored balloons flew in the sky and waved their tails toward us. The town was very crowded. Every house opened its big doors to show off antiques and to welcome the New Year. In the countryside, the environment was quiet and the ricefields waved in the direction of the wind. In order to get to our relative’s house, we crossed many bamboo bridges. The first day of the new year was the chance for my sisters and me to receive li xi. It was also a good chance for us to visit our relatives and to make new friends. For my mom, it was a chance to get together with her sisters and brothers and to see her old friends again.
After all the relatives gathered, we visited our ancestors’ graveyard to express our love and care for our ancestors’ spirits. We stayed until the incense finished burning. Later we went home and the whole family had lunch together in the center of the house. After lunch men got together to drink, smoke, gamble and discuss business. My mom and aunts also got together and shared with each other their difficulties through the last year. We stayed with our relatives for just a short time because we had to go home and get ready to visit our neighbors and teachers. The first day of the New Year was the day of visiting.

We celebrated the New Year for three days. When visitors came, we invited them to have some sticky rice, watermelon seeds and dried coconut candies. No matter how full the guests were, they ate to show their respect. We celebrated all day and night. When night time came, we got together to gamble and to plan for our trip for the next day.

The second day of the new year was an even number day. Therefore, it was an especially lucky day for people who were superstitious. So more people came to town, and the streets were crowded with people, bicycles and motorcycles. For the young generation, it was a day to meet and make new friends from different towns. The third day was a day for returning the ancestors back to their homes. We popped long rows of firecrackers to bid farewell to the spirits of our ancestors. During the three special celebration days, we tasted a lot of different food from different houses.

Living in Hawai’i is much different. My family doesn’t have a chance to visit our ancestors and eat good food like in Vietnam. We don’t pop the long rows of firecrackers in front of our house to greet our ancestors’ spirits to join us because our New Year is not at the same time as the American New Year. Also, we don’t see people gambling on the street. Nevertheless, I am now in America, the materialistic society which has most of the things that my country didn’t have. I don’t see certain Vietnamese food like sticky rice cake, dried coconut candy and watermelon seeds in Honolulu, but the childhood memory of the New Year celebration is always stored in my mind. I wish some day in the future I could return to our country to celebrate New Year with my relatives and friends again.
A FIRE

Every year on Chinese New Year’s day, I used to go with my mother to the Kuanglen Temple to make New Year’s wishes for good health, good luck and safety for all members of my family. We were not superstitious women; however, we did believe there must be something controlling everything in the world. We believed that one who does good would have good fortune in the future. Therefore, every year during Chinese New Year we would buy some big fish and turtles from the fish market and set them free again in the sea. This is because we believed that animals should have the right to live too, and in tradition old fish and turtles were the most spiritual animals in the sea—they can live hundreds of years if they are not killed by people. By releasing them, we gave them back their freedom and the right to live longer. Symbolically, this act would give those who did that longer life too.

It was just a few days before Chinese New Year. Everybody in my hometown was happy and excited about it. My mother and I were supposed to go to a friend’s home for a meeting about the plans to set free those fish. Unfortunately, while we were walking to the bus-stop, I had a terrible feeling. I felt something bad was going to happen to me. I began to feel uneasy and sick; my head felt like it was going to explode at any moment, so I decided to walk home.

I was stunned just as soon as I opened the door. The stove in the kitchen was burning—I had forgotten to turn the stove off. I was frightened more than ever because I did not know what to do. My body was shaking violently, and I was crying because of the smoke and heat. Just then, a breeze blew over my face. I felt that somebody had run past me into the kitchen. Weakly, I opened my eyes and saw a tall young man in the cloud of smoke coming out from the kitchen, then I could not see anything for a moment or two. When I finally regained my strength, both physically and mentally, I walked into the kitchen. The fire had already been put out, and the tall young man was gone, too. It had happened so fast, and it was as if he had disappeared in the gray, cloudy smoke.

Of course, we all had a happy Chinese New year, for our kitchen was not even seriously damaged, and the fish and turtles, too, could enjoy freedom now. A miracle had happened to me, for our house was a five-story old building located between two narrow streets in an unimportant part of the city. There was just no way that someone could pass by and look up at what was happening upstairs on the top floor at that time of the day. Besides, it seemed something told me that I should go home for a look at that time. Nothing could stop me from thinking that the man in the smoke was a savior sent from the Buddha to help me. It seemed to others that I just have a good imagination. Nevertheless, there are so many things in our universe, in our galaxy, on our planet—and even about people—that we cannot explain or know about. Anything is possible, who knows?
Signs of Time Running Away

Spring is a very uncertain and fleeting season in Japan. After a long cold winter, people search for the slightest sign of the new season. “Isn’t it warmer today?” we ask each other trying to confirm the one-degree temperature rise that we can’t feel. It is almost as if people’s longing will bring spring on the Earth. After people ask about it being warmer for a hundred times, spring finally starts showing its first signs. Yet, spring doesn’t stay in one place for long. It will keep on moving and be gone before we know it. Spring is a brief transitional period from winter to summer. That is why we have to watch for the signs.

The very first sign of spring is Fukuju-sou, the flower of happiness. They are not pretty flowers. They look like artichokes with yellow cactus flowers on top. I like the sound of the name. It sounds like a chubby grandmother laughing. She must have soft white hands, and that white hand must be covering her mouth so that she won’t show her teeth when she laughs. A gentle polite lady, full of love, full of laughter. That is what the name of the flower sounds like.

Fukuju-sou bloom while the earth is still cold, sometimes, even before the last snow. Pushing up the thin layer of snow, their yellow flowers are precious drops of the sun. They slowly warm the earth. Another winter is melting away. This may be why they are called the flowers of happiness.

We always found them by my grandmother’s family graveyard. It was on a hill, separated from the rest of village graves. I don’t know why they had a separate graveyard just for their family, but I liked this one better than the regular graveyard. It was not spooky, and the view from there was fantastic. A little stream ran out of the bamboo forest and into rice fields. We could see it all the way until it eventually joined a larger river.

It was someone’s anniversary. My grandmother took us there almost at the same time of the year when the Fukuju-sou bloom. They bloom at the exact same place every year, right outside of the graveyard. Sometimes, she picked one and brought it back to her relative’s family who lived nearby. My image of the flower as a chubby old lady might have come from this family. All members of this family were plump and they were always laughing. The only difference was that they had strong farmer’s hands instead of the soft white hands I imagined the flowers to have. Even though they didn’t have the right hands, I still liked this family so much that I thought they were worthy of receiving the first sign of spring.

The second sign of spring is plum blossoms. They bloom at the end of February. It is still cold but the coldness matches the clear, noble fragrance of the plum. In ancient Japan, plum represented all other flowers and blossoms. When Japanese said “flower” in classic literature, they meant plum blossoms.

Plum blossoms, red or white, are small. Though we love the humbleness of these blossoms, I think it is the regal posture of the branches that attracted ancient Japanese. Every year, new branches shoot straight up to the sky from thick, aged branches that spread horizontally. These new branches are like clear-eyed youths trying to reach out for the sky above them.

People go plum watching, but it is not warm enough for a picnic yet. Instead of going in a large group with a picnic lunch, we usually go with a few people and walk around under the trees with our hands deep in coat pockets. If it gets too cold to walk around, we can make stops at a nearby tearoom for hot drinks.

The third sign of spring is peach blossoms. Peaches are pale pink like a little girl’s cheek. Com-
pared to the plum blossoms, peaches are much more feminine. The petals are softer and the branches are more curved. Peach trees have more blossoms than plum trees; they look like cotton candy from a distance.

Peaches are the blossoms of Girl’s Day on March 3. A royal couple, three female servants, two ministers, a five-man band, three male servants—these dolls on Girl’s Day are parents’ prayers for their daughters’ happy marriages in the future. Girls invite each other home and have little parties in front of the dolls. This expensive display of dolls wouldn’t be complete without peach blossoms.

Girl’s Day used to have a different meaning. It used to be the day for women to go up to the mountains. In folk religion, the Japanese believe that the agriculture god lives in the mountain during winter and in some areas it was the women’s job to bring him down in early spring. Imagine all the women and girls in the village walking up the mountain under the peach blossoms wearing festive clothes and carrying specially packed lunches. They would surely bring down the mountain god with them.

Spring in Japan reaches its peak with cherry blossoms. They are just gorgeous in early April. The Japanese are obsessed with their beauty. At the end of March, the National Weather Bureau predicts the days cherry blossoms bloom for different areas in the country. They start blooming in the southern-most island and move north. The TV news reports how far the blossoms have moved every day. People watch the report every day and make sure that it is coming up to their town so that they can go cherry watching on the right day. It is a perfect season for picnics now. Whole families, or whole companies, go to watch cherry blossoms together. Picnic sheets are spread right under the trees. We eat, drink, sing and dance. Our hands are now out of our coat pockets and we clap to the rhythm of the music. Pink cherry blossoms are beautiful under the baby blue of the spring sky; so are the somewhat darker colored blossoms in the white moon light. The cherry watchers keep on coming until past midnight.

I went cherry watching in 1987 for the last time. I was moving to the United States and knew I couldn’t come back for another cherry watching for a long time. That day, I woke up at 5 o’clock in the morning. I packed the best lunch I had ever cooked. It was the finest day of April. Hundreds of cherry trees in the park were blooming in full. The air was colored with blossoms. I wished I could be dyed pink, too. I wished that wouldn’t be my last cherry watching. I wished everything would be fine in the States. I wished...I wished... Maybe I shouldn’t have made any wishes under the trees. So far, none of my wishes has come true.

Another thing that makes cherry blossoms so special for Japanese is that school starts in April and almost all schools in Japan have cherry trees. New students in their brand new uniforms walk through pink tunnels of cherry blossoms. Few students would remember a principal’s speech at the entrance ceremony, but they would all remember the color of cherry blossoms.

For a short time, spring seems stable. Mountains are all pink with blossoms. It seems impossible to change the season’s soft but powerful color. Spring is in control. We wish we can believe this lie of the moment. It is just too bad that we know better. Already, tiny green leaves are pushing the blossoms away. Day by day, we see more green and less pink. Summer is forcing spring out.

Cherry blossoms are the last sign of spring. They tell us spring is evaporating under the recovering sun. Usually, strong winds will come and wipe out the remainders of spring. When the wind blows the last petal of cherry blossom away, spring is officially over.

Spring has the mind of cherry blossom—impermanence. We wait and wait for it but as soon as it comes, it is already going. There are no sure moments of it. This is why, though it is the time for new lives to be born, spring also implies death. Spring reminds us that time is always running away.
The Rite of Passage

The importance which all societies place on certain life cycle rituals, such as births, weddings and funerals, provides anthropologists with a valuable window into cultures. In Modern Japan Through Its Weddings: Gender, Person, and Society in Ritual Portrayal, Walter Edwards argues that Japanese weddings are made up of a series of "poses."

By the symbolic meaning of these poses, Edwards draws conclusions about Japanese values, gender definitions and marriage's function in Japanese society. He further asserts that for Japanese couples a wedding is not merely the ritual which joins them together. It is also, more importantly, the rite of passage from childhood to adulthood. This transition is embodied in the Japanese expression, "marriage is the start of a second life."

Walter Edwards is a third generation American of Japanese descent who looking for his roots went to Japan in the early 1970s after graduating from college. For the next six and a half years he lived with his Japanese relatives in a city he calls Hirayama. In 1982 Edwards did ten months of fieldwork as an employee of a wedding hall in Hirayama. This book stems from his doctoral dissertation and is based on his experiences in the wedding hall, statistical data drawn from bank surveys and interviews with wedding couples.

Edwards says that, "[Japanese] marriage is not purely a private matter of the heart but a prerequisite to social respectability" (8). He notes that, compared with other countries, very few Japanese men remain single. "Less than 3 percent of those aged 45-49 have never married, against 12 percent in England and 15 percent in Sweden" (123). In Japanese society individuals are only considered full adults (ichinin-mae) after they have established their own family. Hence, there is a great deal of societal pressure on people to marry. He also explains how the nakodo (go between) is a symbol of a successful couple. (It should be noted that although they are called go-betweens, they only serve as "match-makers" in a small percentage of marriages. More often than not they serve as symbolic "match-makers"). Usually the nakodo have been married for many years and are a couple of high-standing with established relations within the community. The nakodo serve as paragons for the new couple of not only married life but also of adulthood.

In Japanese society, maturity is usually equated with one's assuming group and familial responsibility. In other words, "the child who thinks only of himself is immature" (126). Although people in America do not think twice about twenty year olds who are "searching for themselves," in Japan they are looked down upon. Accordingly, Edwards discovered that his relatives thought of him as an immature, selfish American because he was a twenty-year-old single student living in Japan who was not only unsure about his future plans but who was also not planning to take care of his parents when they became incapable of taking care of themselves. Moreover, at least to the Japanese around him, Edwards symbolized all Americans. That is, the Japanese he met equated his actions and thoughts with all Americans. In short, those around him felt that Americans tended to assert their opinions and were "unwilling to recognize and accede to the constraints that social relation invariably entail" (126).

Edwards concludes that the meaning of being an adult was "to realize one's connectedness to others and to learn how to maintain those links" (127).

In explaining the meaning of adulthood, Edwards emphasizes that in Japan marriage is the union of two people into a single functioning ele-
ment within society. Each individual is incomplete without the other. Generally it is the husband who goes out in the world and works, while the wife runs the home, raises children and works part-time to supplement the family income. As the dominant money earner who works mostly outside of the home, the husband functions as the family representative at public functions, such as meetings of local organizations and formal ceremonies. Wives serve as the family representative in the public realm only when their husbands are unable to attend. On the other hand, the wife controls the private realm of the family by taking care of family members and managing family expenses. In short, in Edwards’ analysis men and women are incomplete without the other: Men function in public space but need women to support them in the private space and vice-versa.

Edwards sees within the wedding ritual the outward manifestations of the complementary positions of males and females. For example, although the term nakodo denotes a couple, often it is used to refer only to the male. The nakodo is usually an uncle or a company superior to the groom. The decision of whom to choose to serve as nakodo is usually influenced by the groom’s job situation. In addition, since weddings take place in the public realm it is usually the husband of the nakodo-set who performs important public tasks at the wedding ceremony and party, such as making speeches and contacting the wedding hall manager.

Another example of gender differentiation in the wedding is seen in oironaoshi (changing clothes during the reception). In the wedding hall which Edwards worked for, 99.6 percent of couples requested to do oironaoshi. (Edwards states that the institution he worked for was a typical Japanese wedding hall. Hence, this high percentage of oironaoshi is probably typical for most wedding halls. However, I believe the percentage of oironaoshi outside of wedding halls is much lower.) The oironaoshi forces the bride to be absent from much of the reception. Not only does she change her clothes—for example, from uchikake (Japanese traditional bride kimono) to Western dress and then to a cocktail dress—but she also has to redo her make-up and hairdo. “If she has two oironaoshi, she will miss more than a third of reception” (119).

Although the groom also leaves the reception for oironaoshi, he usually does so only one time and does it quickly. One reason why the groom does not do oironaoshi as frequently as the bride is because he has important tasks to do during the reception, unlike the bride. He has to, for example, interact with all of the guests by thanking them and by toasting with them. On the other hand, the bride does little talking, does not drink much and eats almost nothing at all. Brides do not eat much not only because the kimono obis are wrapped so tight around their mid-sections that they can barely breathe but also because it is considered rude for a woman to stuff food into her mouth in public. The bride is supposed to merely sit and be seen as a thing of beauty. These two examples show how men have served as the active agent and women the passive one in public functions.

Edwards’ detailed analysis of the symbolism surrounding the wedding is the book’s primary strength. Edwards sees the wedding as a series of poses showing how ideal marital relationships reflects the Japanese “more basic concepts of gender, person and society” (13). According to Edwards, the Japanese wedding industry strives to create memorable moments by setting the “action into a pose” (137). At the time of each pose, such as the candle service, cake cutting and flower presentation, the situation is staged; as spotlights shine on the couple, background music plays, and the master of ceremonies explains the symbolic significance of the act. For example, during the candle service, the bride and groom light the candles situated on all of the tables, starting with the couple’s parents’ tables, then the guest tables and finally their own table. During the candle service, the master of ceremonies announces “the couple’s debt to each group for its support in the past and proclaims their need for its continuing guidance in the future” (128). The Japanese version of the candle lighting ceremony “shows society as made up of groups, not individuals” (128) as the couple together light the candles at each group’s table.

The cake-cutting ceremony symbolizes the close bond between husband and wife, and, more importantly, the high expectations placed upon them by society to be fertile and produce children. The insertion of a knife into the sweet cake is a symbolic metaphor for sex. The sweetness of the
cake also represents the Japanese marital ideal of a sweet katei (home) with children. The cake-cutting ceremony symbolizes the goals of marriage for the bride and the groom as they prepare to become husband, wife and parents.

Finally, the flower presentation, in which the bride and groom give flowers to their parents, symbolizes their gaining independence from the parents. For many Japanese, the image they have of parenthood is of sacrificing themselves to raise their children. Therefore, the flower presentation symbolizes and expresses the newlywed couple's sense of gratitude to their parents for having raised them and endured hardships for them.

Edwards' book is a good ethnographic case study of a rite of passage which reflects traditional socially accepted ideals. His study clearly and sharply describes Japanese traditions and Japanese society in the year he worked for the wedding hall. I personally enjoyed reading his book even twelve years after he did his research. As a Japanese who has attended several weddings, and from my own wedding experience in 1992, I would like to say that although traditional Japanese weddings have remained basically the same, I think there is much more variety than Edwards implies, especially today. Yes, many people do go for the full wedding with cake cutting, candle service, flower service and several oironaoshi; however, many people also choose simpler weddings without all of the traditional trappings.

While Edwards emphasizes the co-dependence between husband and wife and the lack of individuality, I would argue that now in Japan more young people have started to emphasize individuality. As a result of the weakened economy, for example, many companies are shifting away from the seniority system to a merit based system. Companies have started to hire people who have special skills and strong personalities, or who are different from others, in order to give them a competitive edge over other businesses. By looking for new ways to do things, young, flexible workers are good at adapting themselves to the needs of society. The new attitudes embodied by young people have led to a greater emphasis on individuality.

In addition to emphasizing individuality, Japanese are also very adaptable and are great at taking the best aspects of several different things and combining them into something new. For example, many Japanese examine the details of the weddings they attend very carefully so that when they have their own wedding they can make theirs better than others.

Today many young people are expressing their individuality and adaptability by getting rid of the cold, unpalatable, family restaurant kind of French food which is prepared by many wedding halls and instead opting to have the reception at their favorite restaurant.

Compared with the time Edwards did his fieldwork, many more young couples today try to avoid elaborate weddings which strictly follow the "wedding manual." They still prefer the traditional wedding but they try to add their own distinctive touch to it. For example, some prepare handmade invitation cards or gifts for their guests, or even make their own cakes and wedding dresses. Recently, when I attended the wedding of some friends of mine who are amateur actors in a theatrical group, rather than following the traditional custom of having the best-man explain how the couple met, the bride and groom acted out the story of how they met, fell in love and decided to get married. On the stage, the bride and the groom seemed to insist, "Look at us! We are different from others. No one else can imitate our original wedding!!" The diversity of weddings shows that now Japanese society has started to accept individuality, even in the case of a traditional rite of passage.

When I worked for a Japanese travel company in Waikiki from 1992 to 1994, I saw another side of the Japanese wedding industry. Due to the high cost of having a traditional wedding in Japan—the average wedding today costs about $70,000—it is cheaper to fly to Hawai'i and get married. Within recent years the number of weddings being held overseas has skyrocketed. One of the important factors in the number of overseas weddings is a strong yen. Moreover, when a couple has their wedding overseas, they not only avoid the high cost of having a wedding in Japan but they also save money because they usually combine their wedding with their honeymoon. For the wedding packages I dealt with, I noticed that many couples chose to stay in the best hotels and to go to the best restaurants. This was probably because
with all the money that they were saving they could afford to be extravagant. Many couples told me that they really enjoyed their wedding ceremonies, parties and shopping in Hawai'i not only because it was exotic but also because of all the money they saved. They also appeared to be happy breaking away from the elaborate trappings of a modern Japanese rite of passage.

While reading through the book, I was surprised at how Japanese weddings reflect traditions, socially accepted ideas and, recently, the wedding couple's personality. I was also surprised at how much Japanese society has changed during the past decade. I think that Edwards' case study would be more complicated if he did his research today, because statistical data and interviews with wedding couples would be much more varied and it would be difficult to draw as many broad conclusions about Japanese society. I have difficulty explaining to Americans who think of Japan as a completely homogenized country how much diversity there is in my home country. Every time I return to Japan, I am thrown into confusion at the changes taking place and feel as if I am a foreigner in my own country because I have not been able to keep up with the changes. Nevertheless, it is true that many Japanese traditions persist, and I am glad they do. Many rites of passage are still celebrated, such as *okuizome*, the first food a baby eats after 120 days of birth; 7-5-3, a special celebration of the third, fifth and seventh birthdays; *seijinshiki*, a ritual takes place when one is twenty and symbolizes a person becoming an adult; weddings; *kanreki*, a ritual centering around a person turning sixty years old; funerals; and so forth. The fact that these rituals are perpetuated today verifies the persistence of traditions. I strongly hope that Japanese will never forget their original traditions, and that they will continue to pass the traditions on to the next generation. For it is distinctive traditions which make a culture unique. In other words, it is Japanese traditions which make the Japanese Japanese.

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Wedding party at a temple in Kamakura, June 1994
Kapi'olani Community College students participating in Experience Japan '94 came upon this couple accompanied by their relatives seeking blessings after their marriage.
Photo courtesy of Heikki Allen Akiona
Winged Figure on a Winged Horse
Jade
Western Han Dynasty (206 B.C.–A.D. 9)
Unearthed from Xinzhuang village, Zhoulingxiang, Xianyang, 1966 Xianyang Museum
From Tomb Treasures from China, The Buried Art of Ancient Xi’an
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The Tomb of Qin Shi Huang

In Xi'an, a city in Shanxi province, are the ruins of capitals of the ancient dynasties, Zhou, Qin, Western Han and Tang. Shanxi was the center of Chinese dynastic power for more than 1,600 years. Excavation of the tombs in the area is ongoing. In March of this year, the Honolulu Academy of Arts is presenting a special exhibition, "Tomb Treasures from China."

Of all of the discoveries of the 20th century, nothing can compare with the find which some have called the eighth wonder of the world. The tomb of Qin Shi Huang, the first emperor of a united China, was filled with treasures that have helped archaeologists answer many questions about early Chinese culture and verified age-old tales about those times. The treasures found at the three burial sites which have now been excavated in Xi'an signify only one purpose: to help the first emperor enter heaven in a style befitting his reign. Eight thousand terracotta statues representing a strong imperial army, along with countless treasures, were entombed with him to glorify the achievements of Qin Shi Huang and provide him with an empire and a palace in the afterlife.

Qin Shi Huang (b. 259 B.C.) ruled the Qin dynasty for 19 years and unified the six states that had been at war for 200 years. He established a common rule of law, established a standard code of weights, measures, currency and the writing system (Tomb Treasures 12). He built the capitol upon the ruins of other dynastic capitols in the city of Chang'An. Along with this, he initiated a number of projects which created roads and connected a series of barricades to create a 3,000 kilometer "Great Wall" to keep out the nomadic barbarians of the north (Fu 6). He built a number of grand palaces in and around the new capital for his own use. In one of them, the E-Pang palace, the reception hall was 1000 meters long by 150 meters wide and held 10,000 people at once. The other building built for his purpose was his burial tomb (Fu 6). In his short time as emperor, he created a centralized, autocratic government. This governing bureaucracy was maintained in essence until the fall of the last dynasty, the Qing, in 1911.

During his lifetime, Qin Shi Huang attempted to achieve immortality. Zhang Heng, a writer at the time of Qin Shi Huang, said that the ruler desired, "to receive pure dew from beyond the clouds...certain that life could be prolonged." According to written records of the time, sacrifices to the Gods and mystical items held the secret formula to immortality. He asked alchemists to find this formula. These items included finding "dragon mounts," thought to be located in the western part of Asia. Dragon mounts supposedly had a special type of wind, which Qin Shi Huang believed would carry him to the realm of the immortals. His effort to find the formula knew no bounds. Throughout his life he paid an extraordinary amount to find this elixir of immortality. This was a practice that would be followed by other emperors (Tomb Treasures 15).

While looking for the elixir, though, Qin Shi Huang was also preparing a tomb in his honor. He initiated the building of this tomb one year after he became head of the state of Qin in 246 B.C. (Fu 6). He chose a location near the then capitol of Chang'An on the slopes of mount Li (Lishan). He conscripted over 700,000 men to dig the tomb and create carefully handcrafted pieces of art. According to ancient records, it took 36 years to build and was completed only after Qin Shi Huang died at
the age of 49 (Tomb Treasures 6).

The tomb re-created his empire. The two great rivers of China, the Yangtze and Yellow, were mechanically reproduced with quicksilver and made to flow mechanically. Lamps, fueled with whale oil, were placed to burn for eternity. Fine vessels and numerous precious things, such as gold leaf bowls, jade statuettes and bronze swords and models of palaces and towers were placed in the tomb. When the emperor was laid to rest in the tomb, all the workers who built the tomb were buried with him, in order to keep secret the entrance to the tomb and its numerous treasures (Tomb Treasures 13.)

The items put into the tomb tell archaeologists much about how ancient Chinese society developed and grew during ancient times. Government, religious practices and industrial development in that time are now known with greater clarity since the finding of the treasures (Fu 10). Weaponry was also prominently displayed in the tomb. Despite being underground for 2,000 years, the bronze swords and armor found at the site were still sharp and shining. This demonstrates to archaeologists that the science of metallurgy (the study of metal) was in an advanced stage during the rule of the Qin empire (Fu 10). Placement of the terracotta soldiers in a strong and disciplined formation show the advancement of military might during the rule of Qin Shi Huang. According to documents of that time, Qin Shi Huang had a keen interest in military affairs and made his military strong in order to secure victory over his enemies, keep the newly united China strong against northern barbarians, and protect the kingdom against a possible vengeful attack by one of the conquered six kingdoms (Fu 10).

Archeologists have also been able to study how the Chinese buried their dead two millennia ago. Apparently a radical change in the ways of ancient Chinese burial was taking place. Before the burial of Qin Shi Huang, human beings and animals were sacrificed and placed in the tomb of the deceased. With the burial of Qin Shi Huang, that tradition was abolished and was replaced with the practice of burying terracotta representations of people. Archeologists have determined that, at that time, the ancient Chinese were making a change away from the slave-style society to a new feudal-type of society under the leadership of Qin Shi Huang (Fu 10).

The treasures of Qin Shi Huang's tomb are one of the biggest and most important finds of the twentieth century. They offer graphic evidence of an advanced culture. From the statues, to the weaponry, to the creations in gold, jade and bronze, these items from the past offer the modern world explanations of how Chinese culture developed.

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Kneeling Archer
Terracotta, Qin Dynasty
From Tomb Treasures from China
The Buried Art of Ancient Xian
Reprinted with permission
A Chinese Funeral

Goo Jay passed away in September. She was 92 and the last of my paternal aunts. When I went to offer condolences to her family there was a lamp burning in the living room although it was broad daylight. This light was not to be extinguished until after her burial. It was to guide her if she wanted to return for a visit.

The services were to be a combination of Buddhist and Taoist rituals. Priests from both religions were consulted and after a study was made of her birth and death dates, a suitable day for burial was designated. Horoscopes of the pall bearers and ushers had to be compatible with hers. These attendants were not to be close relatives. Pregnant or menstruating women were discouraged from being present. The women mourners wore white and the men dressed in dark suits.

My aunt was dressed in five items of clothing; it was mandatory that the total be an odd number. Three red quilts blanketed her, one from each surviving son and one from her oldest grandson in lieu of his father who had passed away. He was Goo Jay's eldest son. In one hand she held a handkerchief and a fan. A pearl was placed in her mouth to light the way on her journey. Another requirement was that the casket be placed so the feet of the deceased faced the main door for a proper exit.

Rites started in the family home on the day of the funeral with a breakfast of jai, a vegetarian dish sometimes called Monk's Food. After a walk around the living room, the family proceeded to the funeral home, carefully avoiding stepping on the threshold. Services started at 9:00 a.m. with the Taoist priest guiding the immediate family. The eldest grandson was in the lead. The priest constantly rang a bell while relating the history of the deceased and her family. The procession walked around the coffin several times and only after these preliminaries were others allowed to view the body.

Guests were given a li-see—a nickel wrapped in red paper—and a candy to sweeten the sadness of the event.

"Money" was burned in a brazier after it was placed on the deceased's body. This was for her use in the after-world. Incense and ceremonial candles were burned before the coffin and there were food offerings as well. A miniature house, two mini "servants" (a man and a woman) and two "mountains" made of gold and silver paper flanked the casket. Goo Jay was bringing her own mansion, servants and money with her.

The Taoist priest, armed with his bell and a small wooden instrument that made a clopping sound, returned every half hour or so to chant. He was accompanied by a flutist. The music was unusual, to say the least, but it was a perfect accompaniment to the chants. At one point, the priest picked up the two "servants" and admonished them to take good care of Goo Jay.

About three hours later we proceeded to the cemetery. The Taoist priest again presided and, after firecrackers were burned to intimidate any lurking evil spirits, we turned our backs as the coffin was lowered. The house servants and mountains of gold and silver were unceremoniously burned in a dumpster!

Each member of the family was given a lighted flashlight which was to be left on until it died a natural death. On returning home the family stepped over a small fire and bathed their eyes and washed their hands with water in which pomelo leaves floated.

Guests who attended the burial services were invited to dinner at a Chinese restaurant. Each was given a package containing two oranges and a li-see. The dinner usually consists of five courses.
(again an odd number). This one had seven: fish, chicken, duck, vegetarian, two of pork and a dessert. After dinner, guests filled their rice bowls with leftovers and took them and the chopsticks home in the package with the oranges.

On the third day after burial the family took treats to the grave for the spirit to enjoy—flowers, fruit and candy. In the afternoon there was a short ceremony at the Tan Wah Ji Buddhist Temple where my aunt’s name plaque was placed in the Ancestral Hall. The Buddhist priests will pray for her on all holy days (for $1,500). Incense was burned and food offerings were made. The priest chanted while ringing a bell and drumming on a small hollow wooden object. Led again by the eldest son of the eldest son, kowtows were performed. Money was burned again.

It is hard to define which of the two disciplines governed the various rituals. Much of the significance was lost to the young people. In their eagerness to comply, they accepted and followed the directions given by the priests without asking (or caring) why. In this manner much culture can be lost. For each person who does not believe in the hereafter, there are many who do believe and prepare for an existence that lies behind the curtain of death. And who can really dispute the veracity of that belief?
Filipino Death Way

Before my Grandma died I still remember that we were all in the living room late one night talking stories, listening to this sad song entitled “Can’t Be With You Tonight” over and over until we went to bed. She told me to be good always and to take care of my Grandpa after she’s gone. I asked her, “Grandma, what are you saying?” She seemed well that night. But then, in the morning, she was so ill that we had to take her to the hospital. My Grandpa and I stayed with her in the hospital that night and Grandma kept asking me to fan her and move her from side to side because it was so hot. When I moved her she seemed so heavy, but not because she was fat. They say that when a person is dying the body gets heavier. Suddenly she stopped talking to me. I checked her pulse and skin. I figured out that something was wrong. I ran to the nurse's station and told them to check my Grandma, but it was too late. She was dead. Grandpa wasn't even aware of this until I woke him up. I had a hard time waking him because he was dreaming that grandma was taking him to a beautiful place. It was a “signo.” The term “signo” means a sign of death, such as words or statements from a person who is about to die.

The death is not immediately acknowledged or announced, but the preparation of the body and the house is quickly and silently begun. Usually, relatives and neighbors help in clearing a space for the corpse and putting up white curtains behind the space that will hold the body and sometimes even all over the house. When the body arrives, they bathe and dress it and place it in a bed for display. The body will be transferred a day or so later for embalming and when a coffin is available. The body is not embalmed right after death because we believe that the soul might come back into the body. Those people who can’t afford to have the body embalmed have no choice but to bury it right away or else it will create a smell which is not good for the health. Usually, in a day or two, the coffin and lights are ready and so the corpse is transferred. Those who can’t afford to buy one make the coffin out of any wood they can get and that is appropriate.

An atong (bon fire) made of thick wood so as not to create a big flame is built in front of the house. This is a sign that someone in the house has died. This is not removed until the burial. Members of the bereaved family and close relatives bind their heads with white ribbon to show that they are close kin of the deceased, and wear the ribbon until the burial. It is prohibited to clean or sweep in or outside of the house while the body is present. We believe that if we do so, a storm or typhoon will occur. What we usually do is to just pick up papers or large objects found on the floor. We are only allowed to clean after the burial. Aside from the lights provided with the coffin, there are two candles lit throughout the wake until burial. These two candles will enable the deceased to see the way to heaven.

The duration of the wake depends on the decision of the family or the closest kin. It may last more or less than two weeks. Visiting is light during the morning, but heavy in the late afternoon and evening. Often close members of the family are there many hours a day and sometimes all night until dawn. To avoid boredom and help time pass, those who like to play mahjong or cards play. After every game some portion of money is set aside as a “tong” for the bereaved family. In this way visitors help the family financially. The bereaved family serves coffee and other beverages with bread and other Filipino delicacies during the wake. Friends and relatives are able to show their support to the family by offering their help.

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throughout the wake or funeral and until the celebration is over. Some politicians, such as the mayor, may visit to show sympathy to the bereaved family, but sometimes the real reason is to build up their popularity.

The day before the burial, a mass is offered and, if the family can afford it, the priest will come to say the mass in the house to pray for the soul of the deceased. This is mostly done in the afternoon so that more people can participate in the prayer. On the last night of the wake the house is crowded and often a band, which we call a musikero, is hired if the family can afford it. This reminds people that the burial will be the next day. While this is going on some folks are in the backyard slaughtering pigs and, cows and even goats to provide meat for the people who will attend the gathering the next day after the burial.

On the day of interment or burial, the ceremony of placing of the manto, or black veil, on the head is done by a knowledgeable woman, often a widow. On males, she puts a black ribbon on the left arm and as she does this, recites a prayer over and over until every member of the bereaved has been done. Of course, everyone is dressed in black. Nowadays, some people wear black and white. Males used to wear barong Ilocano or Tagalog but now some wear white shirts and denim jeans instead of black pants. Black signifies mourning and white symbolizes eternal life. After this ceremony, members of the bereaved family, relatives, and close friends will approach the coffin one by one in order of closeness to the deceased and kiss the corpse on the cheek, forehead, or hands to say good-bye.

If the family can afford to ask the priest to come and join the procession to the church they will do so; if not, the procession will just go to the church and the priest will be there waiting for them. But either way, before the deceased is taken out of the house, the priest says a prayer while blessing the corpse with holy water. Then the procession is begun. All the people arrange themselves to form two lines on either side of the hearse. But before putting the body into the hearse, the coffin has to be turned clockwise and counter clockwise three times by those who are carrying the coffin (only males that are close kin of the deceased can carry the corpse). It is believed that this turning will prevent the deceased from coming back through his or her soul. While this is being done, a chicken’s neck is slashed and bled onto the floor and a banga (a black pot) is broken because it is believed that if this is done, no one in the family will be taken in death. After the body has been moved from the house, some folks will clean and prepare the house for the gathering while others are busy cooking in the backyard. They start early in the morning because there is a lot to do.

When the procession approaches the church, the sacristan or one of the assistants to the priest rings the bells in a sequence that signifies there is a funeral going on in the church. After the mass the closest kin removes all the jewelry from the deceased and keeps it. That person will be the one to distribute the jewelry after the burial. Then into the coffin is placed just enough clothing for the deceased to carry along, a pair of shoes, slippers and a coins wrapped in a handkerchief to use in the afterlife. These items are all distributed on the sides of the coffin, mostly at the feet. Before the coffin is closed, people can take a final look at the corpse while the bereaved family continues to weep and cry and touch the body, not wanting to let it go.

At the cemetery before the coffin is buried, the priest blesses the corpse with holy water and says a little prayer for the peace of the soul. We don’t usually witness the burial because after closing the coffin, we go home for the gathering. Some of the males that are close kin of the deceased may stay and witness it.

After the funeral, all those who attended go back to the house for the gathering. Right after the burial, members of the bereaved family, relatives and anyone who wants to participate have their faces washed with warm water mixed with basi (a kind of wine, black in color, made of sugar cane). The same lady who places the manto performs this ritual by pouring basi on the face and slapping the forehead and back of the neck three times. We let the basi dry without wiping it with a cloth, because we believe that this will prevent and even cure dizziness or headache caused by the spirit of the dead. Moreover, when someone becomes dizzy, has a headache, or is otherwise not feeling well while in the house with the deceased, it is believed that the spirit of the deceased has touched the person.Usu-
ally we massage the body, especially the head, shoulders and the arms of anyone, like me, who has witnessed the death.

At night, we offer different kinds of native delicacies such as busi (sweetened popcorn), pilaes (rice crackers) and suman, linapet' and baduya (sweets that are made up of ground rice, pounded sticky rice, extracted coconut and brown sugar or molasses). These are placed on a plate and put on a table with candles and a prayer is said before consuming them or before people can take them home. Relatives and friends come and join the prayer. We call this ceremony to pray for peaceful repose of the soul and for all the dead in the family, omras. The ceremony is handled by a lady who knows the procedure.

In the morning, all family members and relatives accompany the woman who handled the rituals during the funeral to a flowing river nearby to do the cleansing, which we call ligulgul. The lady shampoos the mourners with warm water mixed with burned rice stalks and basi. Again, she slaps the mourners on the forehead and back of the neck and immerses them three times in the water. After this, they swim and wash their bodies well. This ritual prevents the spirit of the deceased from visiting the mourners and causing sickness and also frees them from the evil spirits who were around during the celebration. Before going home, all that has been used for the wake and funeral will be washed away; for example, ashes from the atong and the remaining wood are thrown into the flowing river.

Mourning continues after the removal of the deceased from the house, with a slow relaxation in severity. Mourning clothes and a somber lifestyle are prescribed for a full year. Close kin of the deceased will observe the prohibition on dancing or participating in happy activities. A widow or widower cannot remarry for at least a year. We celebrate the ninth day from the burial, and we do this by offering a mass and having a simple gathering. On this night we again offer the same native delicacies and a prayer like the omras. Early in the morning, the reserved and left over delicacies are distributed to the people who weren’t able to attend.

On the first anniversary of the death there is a celebration. There is a lot of preparation to be done, similar to the work done on the last day of the burial. Pigs, cows and goats have to be slaughtered the night before the gathering. People who want to help come early in the morning to prepare the house, help cook and also serve during the gathering. But before the anniversary ceremony is held, nine days of prayer are offered. And on the ninth day we again prepare the same delicacies for this is the final prayer. During the party, the family are now allowed to participate in any happy activities and a widow or widower can remarry any day after the anniversary if he or she wishes.

Early the next morning, family and relatives will go again to a flowing river to perform the same ritual of cleansing (the ligulgul) which is done by the same lady, if she is still alive, who performed it after the burial. After the cleansing, we have the waksi, or the removal of mourning clothes. Back attire is exchanged for bright colored clothes.

Grandpa said that he is disappointed because some people don’t observe these practices anymore. He said that back in the old days there were more rituals and ceremonies, and people observed them strictly. Beliefs and practices were a very important part of his way of life. Many people feel like something is missing when they ignore these rituals; they feel guilty and afraid that something will happen to them if they don’t perform them or conform to the rules.

The issue of death throws into relief the most important cultural values by which people live their lives. I hope that I was able to share a little knowledge about my own culture, our beliefs and practices regarding death. And for me, many of the things that I wasn’t able to understand before now are clear.
Mandala
Colored pencil & Ink
By Valerie Brancher
Art 280, Lynnn Murata, instructor

The mandala is the embodiment of the Tantric Buddhist cosmic universe. It is a sacred object; the process of creating a mandala is a religious act, a means of meditation that leads the creator to nirvana which is represented by the mandala’s center. Mandalas can be created in many mediums and endless variations are possible.
Wang Wei and Han Shan: Soul Brothers

China’s literary history is long and deep. For thousands of years, Chinese have been preserving their thoughts on paper and passing them onto successive generations. The names are so many that purveyors in the west are usually only introduced to the greatest and most acclaimed. Wang Wei is undisputedly one of the popular giants of China’s literary past. Han Shan, despite the quality of his work, remains comparatively undiscovered. Han Shan (dates uncertain) and Wang Wei (699?-761 A.C.E.) were contemporaries who readily voiced their philosophies in their poetry. For the era, this stating of beliefs was relatively rare. Both also were strong advocates ofretreating into nature to achieve internal solitude. Beyond these unique unifying bonds there is little else that these two Chinese poets had in common.

Wang Wei was one of the most highly acclaimed individuals of his era. His renown surpassed the single medium of poetry. He was additionally hailed as a superb musician as well as master calligrapher. If it is possible for an individual to have an antithesis, Wang Wei’s was named Han Shan. Han Shan was a reclusive individual who was held to be a clown (Birch 194) by the few individuals who knew of his minimalist existence. Whereas Wang Wei’s acclaim was widespread in his lifetime, Han Shan is known in modern times due to the preservation efforts undertaken by a single, minor bureaucrat.

The two took opposite routes to lasting acclaim. Of the two, Wang Wei’s progression followed much more closely the cultural norm. After passing the civil service exams at a young age, he undertook a successful career as a bureaucrat. This ascension into official life was the desired career plateau for most men of the era. For Wang Wei, however, the career of a bureaucrat was not the end of his aspirations. The career as a civil servant was arduous in that the scholars often fell prey to the inconsistencies of official life and their superiors. Such flux on multiple occasions forced the capable Wang Wei into exile. In other times, upon his political rejuvenation, he would send himself into his beloved woods where he found much solace and inspiration for his artistic endeavors. These works celebrate the quiet euphoria found in rural life. Wang Wei, for the majority of his life, swam within the stream of society. Han Shan opted instead to live outside the pool of civilization as a recluse. Officially, he is credited as having been a monk. His task within the monastery was to tend the fire of the kitchen. Many of his brethren considered him crazy. He lived out in the wilds among tigers and scrawled his poems everywhere and anywhere. Indepth elements of his formative development are unknown (Birch 196).

To the present day reader, both poets have remained pertinent within the context of seminal works displaying Chinese Buddhist thought. In the modern era both have remained favorites, even though in their own lifetimes the amount of fame accorded Wang Wei was great while that given Han Shan was nonexistent. Wang Wei was one of the most famous artists of his time. To construct a Western societal comparison, it would be justified (at the least) to equate him as a peer of Michaelangelo. His prowess in many different artistic fields further accompanied his fame as a poet. His calligraphy and his paintings in addition to his poetry are all treasure by discerning critics. Whereas Wang Wei was prominent in his own time, Han Shan’s poetry was recorded for posterity by a single minor bureaucrat, named Lu Chiu Yen, who took down the works primarily because he also shared the same philosophical foundation as Han Shan. Roaming the mountains he resided
in harmony with, Han Shan wrote his poetry everywhere: on rocks, on cliff walls, on bamboo and on scraps of wood, even on the walls of others' homes. The bureaucrat literally went around collecting up the pieces of poetry that had been tossed about as if offered unto the four winds. Had it not been for this functionary, none of Han Shan's three hundred plus known poems would have existed into modern times. These men, Wang Wei and Han Shan, took different paths through out much of their lives. Nonetheless, they walked together in desire for exclusion from society's restraints.

The positions each man held in relation to the society can be seen as a precursor to his poetic style. Wang Wei wrote in the highly structured and stylized poetic forms of the day in which rhyme and tone were dictated to the artist by the genre. Wang Wei was a bureaucrat, a job in which the slightest misstep could lead to banishment, exile, or worse. He himself learned firsthand via forced exile on more than one occasion the demanding rigors of palace life. In his creative endeavors, Wang Wei upheld the status quo in much the same manner as his position as a bureaucrat required him to do so in his official capacity.

Han Shan did not fit into nor did he seek a niche into which he could readily conform to society. His poetical form reflected this. It had been complained to him that his verses were "much flawed" (Liu 91) in that they sounded "waspy" and that his placement of words was "willy-nilly", in that he followed no set formula. Han Shan cared not who read his poems. For him, poetry was not another manifestation of one's desire to ascend the ladder of prominence. For him, poems were the outpourings of joy that emitted from his every waking moment.

Though both men lived markedly different lives, they were both full of praise of the purified simplicity of rustic living. Han Shan, who lived in nature continuously, concurred with Wang Wei, who alternated his life between society and rusticity, that one could better find contentment more readily when one was with nature.

Most every remaining work of Han Shan is laudatory in praise of the splendors of nature. The almost three hundred of his poems that have survived to modern times exalt self seclusion. A solid example of his work is taken from the "Cold Mountain Poems" (Birch 196-7):

in a tangle of cliffs I chose a place-
Bird paths but no place for men.
What's beyond the yard?
White clouds clinging to vague rocks
Now I've lived here—how many years-
Again and again, spring and winter pass.
Go tell families with silverware and cars
"What's the use of all that noise and money?"

Wang Wei agrees with his contemporary regarding the purifying aspects of oneness with nature. Wang Wei was not able to live in total accord with nature. Throughout his productive years as a member of society, he was required to live in proximity to court. It was only during periods of banishment or self imposed exile that he was able to delve so deeply into the world of nature. After his many years of servitude he was at last able to retire to his hideaway on a permanent basis. It was in the twilight of his years that he composed the following work, ideally addressed to an old colleague, entitled "To Subprefect Chang":

In late years I love only the stillness,
The world's affairs no longer bother my heart.
Looking at myself: no far-reaching plans:
All I know: to return to familiar woods-
The pine winds blow and loosen my sash;
The mountain moon shines upon me playing the lute.
You ask for reasons for failure or success-
Fisherman's song enters the riverbank's deep.

Though both of these men led markedly different lives, they both rejoiced in the comforts of nature. Another source of strength for both were their religious beliefs. Wang Wei and Han Shan were both Buddhists, a point which neither was hesitant to display is his poems.

Wang Wei referred to Buddhist beliefs in many of his works, including "Suffering from the Heat." In this work, he said that "Then would I find that my body causes suffering" (line 13). This is clearly a reference to the Buddhist tenant that the purpose of life is to suffer. Later in the same work, he longs to enter the "Gate of Pleasant Dew." The phrase "Gate of Pleasant Dew" is traced back to
the Buddhist classic the Fa Hua Ching (Liu 90) and refers to the entrance into nirvana.

Han Shan also freely expressed his Buddhist beliefs in his works. From the anthology Four Untitled Poems, his Untitled #2 (Liu 90) comments upon the power that opposites possess. He expounds upon the duality of men and swine as opposites. In this opposition, each attracts the other:

Swine gobble dead men’s flesh.
Men gobble dead pigs’ guts.
Swine do not disdain the smell of men
Men even talk about the scent of pork.

While this mutuality is duly noted, it is also recognized that the opposites simultaneously repel one another:

But-
Should a pig die- it is cast into the water.
Should a man die- the soil is dug to hide him
Then-
Neither finds the one nor the other to his taste.

This duality of opposites is a central tenant of Buddhism termed the Ying and Yang. It is the force of attraction and repulsion that is the central power of existence. The poem is concluded with a symbol of hope, as symbolized by the lotus blossom:

Yet Lotus flowers will live in boiling water!

The lotus blossom is a Buddhist symbol, and its ability to withstand torments that neither man nor beast could survive underscores the strength of the poet’s belief in Buddhist philosophy.

Two men, different in life choices yet linked by their philosophical outlooks on life are now known by their artistic outpourings first created over one thousand years ago. In the eyes of their contemporaries, there was nothing that these two could have had in common. One was the ideal role model who staunchly fulfilled his obligations within society, the other a half naked clown running about the woods. The first, an upstanding member of society; the second, possessing disdain of society—it is only through their art that we are allowed to notice any similarities between the two. These similarities, which upon first inspection appear only superficial, come to bond these men as kindred souls, as they simultaneously sought and found refuge in the wilds from the spiritual suffocation of society.

Works Cited


Kwan Yin
Mia Ishikawa
Religion 150, Mike Molloy, instructor
The story, "Four Women of Forty," by Hu Xin is one of best in the book *The Serenity of Whiteness* and one I'm glad I didn't miss. The story starts with the reunion of four best friends, Cai Shuhua, Wei Linling, Qian Yehyun and Liu Qing, after a separation of twenty years. Although it has been a long time, their friendship has never changed.

They share their sorrows and bitterness together at the reunion. Their stories reflect the role of woman in Chinese society and leave a lot for readers to think about.

The background of Cai Shuhua shows a picture of a perfect Chinese family, but in fact, she is not satisfied with her family life. Shuhua lives in a three generation family, with a father-in-law and mother-in-law above her, daughters and sons under her and a hard working husband. In Chinese tradition, having three generations in one family living together is what the Chinese consider a complete family. It appears that Shuhua has the perfect happy family. What more should she expect?

Nevertheless, sorrow and bitterness always hide behind a beautiful facade. Shuhua spends her entire vitality for the whole family. She does all the home jobs by herself in order to provide a lot of free time for her children to concentrate on studying. In addition, she does not even allow her children to take out the garbage on Sundays. Does she get paid back for all of her hard work and concern? No. Everything she has done for her family is thrown into the eastward flowing stream; it disappears and nothing comes back in return. Her children all do badly in their school work and complain that their mother does not provide them a good study environment while their classmates have tutors and better food for breakfast. Moreover, Shuhua's husband does not support her in this situation. Shuhua herself must feel lonesome in the family.

The story shows a traditional Chinese mother doing her responsibility and working hard for a family who barely appreciates what she has done. Chinese parents yearn for their sons to turn into dragons and their daughters into phoenixes. What if their children do not want to be as noble and famous as dragons or phoenixes? What if they prefer to be themselves and chose their own way of life?

The main reason Shuhua feels sorrow and bitterness comes from pressure: the pressure she adds to herself as well as to her children. Shuhua is not satisfied with her children's schoolwork, just as her children do not appreciate her consideration. It gets harder and harder for children to get along with their parents when their parents insist that they follow the chosen road. Shuhua hardly understands what her kids really need. Those children need their mother to help them, love them and respect them. Children not only need a good education in school but also a successful home education. Instead of pushing children to concentrate on studying, Chinese parents really should teach their children to be responsible for their work and to make sure that the children are working for their own good, not for their parents. However, I understand so well that Shuhua would never give up her theory of life just like she would never give up her family even though family life is tough. A Chinese mother spends her youth and beauty raising her kids, she melts herself, her life and soul into the family. A Chinese woman can not be separated from family and be totally independent; she sets her hope on her husband and child. Without a family, a Chinese woman is not a complete person. Her life would be meaningless by herself. There would be nothing that mattered in life without a family to worry about.
Yehyun’s life story is so touching that it penetrated my heart deeply. Hers is the most difficult, intricate and poorest story. I nearly cried when I read it. I feel the pressure and the high price a woman pays for her courage. Unlike Shuhua, Yehyun is brave enough to stand up and decide what to do for herself.

She marries early because of her true love for a writer. As an actress, Yehyun should not have spent her youth in marriage. Yehyun does not think clearly when she makes her decision. She marries Sun and believes what Sun promises her—that they can marry and not have a child for at least for ten years. If Yehyun is not an idealist, then her eyes and brain must be blocked by love. Chinese women understand so well that once they get married, to be pregnant, give birth and raise the children are a woman’s responsibilities. Although Sun would not force her, Sun’s mother does. The force of tradition says that continuing the family line is the major reason for marriage. Millions of Chinese women have turned into baby producing machines under this traditional idea through thousands of years of history. This idea is continued today in the Chinese family. Sun’s mother said, “What’s the good of a hen who doesn’t lay eggs?” Maybe she does not mean it. However, this sentence reflects a woman’s role in Chinese society; they have been compared to animals. A wife who does not want to give birth to a baby is not a good hen. A woman’s life is not valuable at all.

Sun’s mother herself is also a woman, yet she is hardly concerned with Yehyun’s situation. What bitterness she has about her own life she passes on to Yehyun because Yehyun is only her daughter-in-law. Inequality not only appears between the sexes but also appears within members of the same sex. This woman who is older does not make the younger one’s life easier.

After Yehyun’s first daughter was born, her mother-in-law was still not satisfied. “Beget a son; daughters do not fill that requirement.” The whole society has decided a girl’s role is valueless compared to a boy’s.

A man is always the head of the family, a son must always obey his own mother without doubt, and a wife has to follow her husband and try to fit his requirements to be a good wife. A cycle like this connects the Chinese family tightly but also brings pressure and hurt between relationships. Every rose has thorns. If a Chinese family could be described as a bunch of roses, I think this means that they have to prick each other in order to live together tightly. They can not stop from hurting each other. Therefore, Yehyun has another baby, and again it is a daughter.

As you can imagine, Sun’s mother is very disappointed now. When Yehyun returns to the stage and concentrates on her career, rumors about her appear. The mutual trust between her and Sun collapses. Criticism should be feared, and criticism is enough to hurt a person, even to cause death. During the 1920s, there was a famous Chinese movie star who committed suicide because she could not stand the bad rumors about her. She only left four words as her will: “criticisms should be feared.” A woman’s virtue is even more important than her life. The sad part is that there are so many people who are too fond of gossip. Mostly, they confound right and wrong.

Sometimes, rumors can be a good influence. I think the rumors that cause the collapse of Sun’s trust prove that Sun isn’t a good man, someone that Yehyun can really rely on. Sun might be a good son but not a devoted husband. He cannot protect his own wife against the unreasonable requests of his mother. After the divorce, Sun’s mother never forgets to mock Yehyun, “At thirty, a man blossoms out; at thirty, a woman is a hag. My son has married a virgin girl! Now who’d look at that stinking bitch? How many years longer can she carry on?”

Sun’s mother’s contempt and rude manner lead Yehyun to make a hasty decision. Yehyun marries again in order to show that she is not old and definitely not a hag that no man wants. It is clear to see that Yehyun is a stubborn woman who has the courage to face the consequences of whatever decision she makes.

However, she is also too emotional and she doesn’t make her decisions thoughtfully. Yehyun does not take the advice people offer. She marries a man who beats women and who has already scared away his former wife. Her first unsuccessful marriage is already a bad experience, then Yehyun falls into another marriage nightmare. Chinese society does not allow people to make mistakes that directly effect their lives. Yehyun
takes a wrong step and then another. After all of this, Yehyun loses what is most precious to a woman—a good name. Unlike a wrong word we write on paper and erase easily, people usually have better memories of our mistakes than our successes. Therefore, although her third marriage is to a nice older man, what they receive on their wedding day is the contempt of the husband’s grown children. From the first mistake Yehyun makes, fate has already decided that her life will be tough.

Wei Lingling has lost her soul because she chose a peaceful family life with no challenges. Lingling’s spirit lit up when she worked as a village doctor. When she helped women in labor to bring new life to the world, she felt the whole world was joyful. Medicine was her interest, and Lingling was good at her work. However, she gave up her work to marry a famous scientist who does research on viruses. Lingling has chosen family life as her entire career; this is her own decision. I think she agrees a married woman should spend all her energies taking care of her husband and child. Wei Lingling and Cai Shuhua share the same view of family life. They both chose family instead of career, and their lives rely on their husbands and children who can not fully satisfy their needs.

Liu Qing’s story is the most special one among the four. While the other three women complain about life, Liu Qing is willing to give all her love to others. She had dedicated her life to teaching village children. The story brings us to the reunion of these women, but it is also about the danger that Liu Qing now faces in her life—cancer. Can she take a turn for better and be cured? The author does not tell us, the answer remains unknown. Liu Qing is afraid of death. She is only forty and she has enjoyed being a village schoolteacher. Instead of spending her life on a family, Liu Qing has dedicated herself to educating young people and to loving her students as if they were her own children. They are her reason for living. The thought of dying young makes her feel useless, but she is happy to know that she has found love in her life.

The life experiences of these four Chinese women show their dissimilar life stories. However, all of them share common regrets about their life. As a matter of fact, what they really need is not a better family or a different life; the main thing they lack is themselves. The forces of tradition and society push at them and destroy their souls. All four are dissatisfied with their lives because they are not resolute enough. A woman can choose between family and enterprise, she can also decide to have both at the same time. The main concern is to be happy whatever you choose. In the long Chinese history, a woman has always played the role of her husband’s supporting cast or the role of the family slave. In my opinion, women should stand up for themselves and change their traditional roles in society. Chinese woman should strive to meet their needs and have the courage to stand up to any pressure. I believe that everyone desires the best for his or her own life. One should find one’s spirit in different ways. I hope that someday Chinese women can play successful roles both in family life and at work; I truly believe that a family makes a woman complete and a successful job makes a woman special.
House Mask
Caroline Islands, Mortlock, Satawan Atoll
Wood, white, black and red pigment
Oceanic Art from the Masco Collection
Photograph courtesy of the Honolulu Academy of Arts
"No light, but rather darkness visible."
Milton, Paradise Lost, I

Pouliuli

Like most of the novels and stories of Albert Wendt, Pouliuli is a richly textured work rife with conflicts and themes. While his ability to bring so ideas into play augments his power as a writer, he is by his own claim primarily a storyteller. What gives his works such force is his ability to reveal character and setting through his stories.

He writes mainly about Samoa and its people; he is an author of place. But the truths he tells us about ourselves are universal, transcending both time and place, as all great fiction does.

Although in Pouliuli Wendt has much to say about the way in which culture acts as a force to shape its characters’ lives, on a deeper level the theme of this novel is power, its use and abuse, and the influence it has upon their lives. In Pouliuli, Wendt has created a psychological portrait of a man who has reached the limits of power as defined by his culture. Wendt’s intention is not so much to inform us that power corrupts, but to examine the genesis of the need to control others and the conflict between power and freedom, as experienced in the journey that Faleasa Osovae undertakes after his late awakening. He travels through his past to understand finally the forces that have ruled his life.

When Faleasa wakes up one morning in his seventy-sixth year to find himself changed in some fundamental ways, Wendt offers no immediate answers for this transformation. The sickness that has taken him has no clear diagnosis or etiology. It is only as Faleasa undertakes to act upon his new-found need for freedom that we begin to understand how he came to be trapped in a life he can no longer abide.

He despises the sham and hypocrisy he now sees in his family and village and especially the burden of responsibility that his position as matai has placed upon his life. He tells his childhood friend, Laumatua, of his plan to transform himself from “cannibal meat” into a “free angel” (p. 16). Laumatua answers him in what is one of Wendt’s most direct expressions of Samoan political philosophy:

The individual freedom you have discovered and now want to maintain is contrary to the very basis of our way of life. Have you considered that? For over thirty years, you, Faleasa and a few other matai have led our village, and your leadership, as was the ancient practice, has been based firmly on the principle that you exist to serve others, to serve the very people you are now branding as cannibals. A good leader doesn’t live for himself but for his people. And you, Faleasa, wanted that leadership (p. 17).

Faleasa answers him, “If I had my life to live again I would not become a leader. And now all I want for the remaining years of my life is to be free ... Surely I have earned that?” (P. 17).

As the story continues and we are taken back into Faleasa’s childhood and early manhood, it becomes clear that what has weighed so heavily on him is not the mantle of leadership, per se, but that to be a leader in his village and in his father’s
mold, is to be a man unable to lead or to serve others out of love, but only out of a need to control. Faleasa confronts the burdens of leadership and relates them to his memories of his father:

He was, he realized now, to be his father, which meant to be afraid of nothing and nobody (at least, publicly); to be arrogant, autocratic and bigoted; unquestioned ruler of their alga; a bully and tyrant who enjoyed other people's fear of him (p. 115).

Faleasa comes to realize how much he feared and hated his father. And yet, he is also drawn to the power his father exercised over the whole community; he was seduced by it, even enjoyed it:

As he pondered further, he understood more clearly why people enjoy being enslaved, why they willingly sacrifice their freedom, their true selves, their individuality: life was immeasurably easier if one became a castrated pet (p. 115).

In the passages where Wendt describes Faleasa's childhood devotion to Laaumatuia, we sense the need he has to be loved and the vacuum that exists because of his parents' coldness and distance. We come to understand how powerlessness and fear breed the desire for status and authority. In his youth, Faleasa has an encounter that gives him an experience of love that has a profound effect on him. He and Laaumatuia find an old man on the church steps, screaming soundlessly at the sky, obviously insane and yet somehow filled with a "fragile beauty ... born out of the crucible of madness and suffering" (p. 101). Faleasa has a dream in which the old man becomes his father:

... but, unlike his real father, the old man allowed him to behave like a child, encouraged him to cry openly when he felt like it and talked to him when he wanted to talk. The dream ended with the old man picking him up gently and — laughing until the whole earth and sky and sea were alive with his joy — releasing him up into air as soft as feathers, where he floated, wheeled, swam and turned cartwheels in limitless, endless freedom (p. 100).

Faleasa has a brief vision of what it would mean to be loved unconditionally, just as he is, and it overwhelms him. He follows the old man one night, observing him building a circle of pebbles which, "by containing his madness, gives meaning to it" (p. 112). The circle is symbolic of the conventions we use to control our behavior, to contain our madness, on both individual and societal levels. Before the old man can complete the circle by placing the center stone, the heart of the circle, Faleasa takes it from him and casts it into the darkness. That heart, contained within its circle, represents freedom and humanity, and Faleasa rejects them. In so doing, he later tells himself:

you betrayed him in the fatal moment you denied that love: a love which your father and mother denied you and which all your married life you have denied your wife and children (p. 113).

It is a devastating realization. He betrayed not only the old man but also his own better self, his own ability to love. In that act, he sealed his fate; it is only in old age that he is able to examine his choices and what they created for him.

So Faleasa grew into manhood following his father's footsteps: God-fearing, respected, feared, and hiding from himself the essential facts of his nature, his need for love and freedom. That need, so ruthlessly suppressed, finally emerges as a tangled force that tears apart his world. It is not a freedom from interdependence that Faleasa seeks, but a freedom to be the self that was thwarted: to connect honestly and deeply with others; to be loved, not feared. He realizes that even in his marriage there is no intimacy between he and his wife, only the mutual need to control:

He had enjoyed violating her; she had enjoyed being violated. During their life together she had used this mutual feeling to control him and keep him away from other women (p. 122).

Wendt seems to view culture and human society as mechanisms that help us to control the propensity for evil that he sees as inherent in all of us.
Further, Pouliuli suggests that the idea and manifestations of power grow out of the need to control our inner darkness. The implication is that society and the need for power arise together and reinforce each other.

Wendt implies that even culture and tradition sometimes fall us. In a myth that Faleasa contemplates, Pili, having conquered the god Tagaloaalagi and established the kingdom of Samoa, divides his kingdom among his children. His reign has been "just, benevolent and generous" (p. 97); even so, his children war with each other and he is left to watch helplessly. He is discarded, told by his daughter that he is a "useless old man who had no right to be alive" (p. 97). Even under the most auspicious circumstances, the myth says, our human avarice and violence hold sway. Pili disappears and is believed to have "jumped up and been swallowed by his friend Pouliuli, the god of darkness, into a living death" (p. 97).

Wendt also shows us that in the absence of love, the world becomes a place of terror and pain, a place where power over others is necessary to protect our fragile hearts. As Faleasa's father tells him, "Only the powerful have the right to survive" (p. 122).

But power has its price, Faleasa discovers, as does freedom. And caught between the two after living a life that denied him the free play of his emotions and humanity, Faleasa succumbs in the last chapter to madness, coming full circle to become the old man he had betrayed in his youth. He, too becomes lost in the effort to contain his pain and the suffering he has created and is swallowed up by Pouliuli, choosing the living darkness to the light of sanity. At the end of Faleasa's journey, Wendt demonstrates that "pain and worthlessness and vanity" (p. 145) lie deeper than culture and have at their roots the individual accommodations we make (or don't make) to the world we find ourselves in. In a "world that dreams of terror" (p. 145), insanity is sometimes a fitting response. Like Pili, Faleasa disappears into the power of Pouliuli because the worldly power he has relied upon failed him, as ultimately it must. Perhaps in Pouliuli's embrace he finds his freedom, his heart of the circle and his "darkness visible."
Balinese Shadow Theater

Balinese shadow theater is one of Bali’s most popular arts and reveals much of Balinese concepts of this world and the next. The *wayang kulit* (wayang, meaning “shadow” and kulit meaning “hide”), exists in Bali in many forms. The most well known is the *Wayang Parwa*, which are stories taken from the Indian epic, the *Mahabharata*.

The origins of Balinese shadow theater are unknown, but historical evidence confirms the appearance of Javanese puppet characters and stories during and after the 13th and 15th century when Bali and Java were united under one rule. Early Balinese shadow theater used the *Mahabharata* and *Ramayana* epics as dramatic material, and stories from these epics still represent the large majority of performances. The epics are well-known to most Balinese, but in the shadow play the epic heroes and events come alive.

Another tie to Balinese religion is the way that the wayang kulit is commissioned. All Balinese religious ceremonies can be classified according to a scheme called the *Panacayadnya*, or five rites. These are the rites of passage for humans: ceremonies for the deceased, worship of deities, consecration ceremonies for priests and rituals in honor of demonic and other worldly forces.

Most shadow theater performances are performed in conjunction with a ceremony falling into the first three categories. The location and story told will vary according to the ritual context of the performance. For example, parents of a new baby may hire a Wayang Parwa troupe to perform in their own home or town hall to celebrate their child’s birthday. The *dalang* (shadow master) may chose a story showing the *Mahabharata* heroes during their childhood, similar to the baby whose birthday they are celebrating.

There is no guidebook on how to become a *dalang*, and not everyone will agree about what may or may not be done behind the screen. There is agreement that the shadow master is a verbal artist, that “his voice says all that can be spoken,” and that the *dalang* is “one who is empowered to command speech.”

He must have command of various language styles and the ability to create a different sounding voice for each puppet. He must also be an accomplished musician intimate with the repertoire played by the accompanists and have a pleasing singing voice to add song to his dialogue. He must have manual dexterity to manipulate the puppets and a knowledge of Balinese dance in order to mimic the dance movements through the puppets. In addition to literary and dramatic knowledge he must know the details of Balinese religious practice and philosophy, be familiar with folklore and proverbial knowledge and be able to communicate the wisdom of the past as well as to comment on current public affairs in an articulate and comedic fashion.

The *dalang* is a singer of tales, an artist that produces plays that are never the same twice. He has no written script, does not memorize dialogue, but instead composes each play in performance using his knowledge and experience of the wayang tradition. It is tradition for the *dalang* to be revered as one of the community’s important teachers, using the *Mahabharata* and *Ramayana* tales as the source of his instruction.

The basic element of the *dalang*’s art is the notion of *lampahan*, or plot. It is an abstract notion with no written rules, but adhered to in a general way by all the performers. The major divisions in each story are marked by the appearance of the *kayonan*, a puppet that represents the tree of life, dancing across the screen. Within each division the *dalang* puts together scenes of different types, in-
cluding discussions, debates, travel, fighting, clowning, romance and sorrow, depending on the story being told. He must be able to unite characters, story and music into a coherent whole.

Balinese wayang uses two languages, *Kawi* (old Javanese) and modern Balinese. *Kawi* is used for most of the puppet characters, the gods, priests, kings and nobles, also the demons and monster-like creatures. *Kawi* is used for all the narratives, songs and quotations from literary texts and the opening chants. Balinese is used in the performance only for the speech of a small group of characters, the *panasar*, who are the servants attending the noble heroes. These four clowning servants provide humor, slapstick and a common man's perspective to the play.

In these modern times when schools and media are sources of information and entertainment, we can only hope that this beautiful ancient art form is not lost and the wayang’s stories, characters, imagery and messages continue to be a part of Balinese tradition.

**Works Cited**


A Painting in Motion

It's early in the morning and the air is crisp after a long night of rain. The sound of hoofs clippedy-clopping over ancient, narrow, cobblestone roads and the songs of vendors off in the distance, penetrate the quiet.

"Frutti fresca," one voice sings out, professing the freshness of his vegetables. Soon the sounds of customers scuffling to the vendor, haggling over prices and coins clanging from purses filter through the air. As customers make their purchases, there are intermittent quiet spells. Then again the vendor begins his singing, this time calling the name of each fruit that he carries. "Zucchini ... mellanzani ... pomodore...."

Moments later, another voice rings out. "Pesce..., pesce fresco!" The fish man sings his heart out, and the songs of both vendors herald the day's beginning.

Soon the sounds of horse-drawn wagons with merchants transporting their goods mingle with the sounds of villa shutters opening, metals doors of businesses screeching as they are drawn open by pulleys and the humming sounds of car engines and blasting horns. Once in a while, an angry voice rises above all the sounds, as one of the motorists yells from his car to another, who may have almost collided with him on the narrow road.

The lively, animated people now hustle into the streets, chasing after their toddlers with breakfast in one hand and forks in the other, trying to get them to eat. Older children are dressed in dark pants and white shirts, toting bags full of books as they walk to school, while dogs bark after them or whine for attention. The old men in the neighborhood begin to congregate into small groups at a little coffee shop/bar, playing scopa, the card game of centuries past, and the women are out on their balconies, clad in homemade skirts and tops, sweeping dirt over on the street, or hanging clothes on lines above them.

The aroma of fresh espresso fills the air, and the smell of fresh bread baking the the backyards of residents wet the palate with desire.

The sun has just risen over the horizon and the entire area is wide awake. For the young men who are dressed in long pants with shirts tucked in, work is imminent. A few carry their lunch boxes onto the train, which will take them into the main city of Naples.

Boarding the train is an ordeal in itself. The ground nearby is full of rocks and their sharp edges penetrate the shoes and poke the feet of those waiting in line. After purchasing a ticket and waiting to board the train, you may find yourself waiting for the next one which may not come for about two hours if you're too polite. So you push, pull, kick without being seen, and glare at those around you.

The train passes several small suburban areas and rolling hillsides with clusters of apartment buildings not higher than two or three stories that seem to scatter upward, as if floating in mid air. The paint on the stucco mud buildings has not been maintained for decades, and the plaster of the walls have literally been chipped away with time.

Actually, inside those apartments, are colorful marble floors, chandeliers in every room, finely varnished furniture with inlaid wood, and elaborate dining areas that look like something out of the king's own palace. The dining room is the most important, therefore the most elaborate, part of any household, for this is where the family joins and bonds.

As the train passes the suburbs, your nose tells you that you are in the countryside where vineyards spread for miles. Farms come into view, with
cows, horses, rabbits, pigs and chickens. If you ever see a cute little white fluffy bunny, never accept it as a gift from a farmer. He brings it to you stripped, gutted, and hanging by it’s ears.

Suddenly, the waters of the Mediterranean come into view. Across the blue waters, an island of ancient building and roads take you back to another time with castles along the water’s edge with lush greenery and blankets of flowers growing around them.

On the shoreline, boats of every size and for every purpose are docked, awaiting their masters. Vendors are set up, clad in homemade sweaters and wraps, selling to tourists from all over the world who shop and take ferries into Sorrento, Ischia, and Amalfi. Taxis line up along the street, with drivers scurrying behind tourists, coaxing them to ride in their cars. Always, there is haggling over the price of a fare or the cost of an item, not only with tourists but with the local people too.

As the train gets closer into Naples, the streets are visible and the traffic can be seen and heard. Cars, trucks overloaded with debris that hang over the sides, bikes, horses, all frantically try to get somewhere before everyone else. Horns blast at pedestrians and other vehicles, while the drivers wave their arms and hands in the air, gesturing obscenities to each other.

The streets are much larger in the city and the sidewalks are filled with shops. Restaurants, hotels, airline offices, coffee and liquor bars, and clothing stores are on every side. Even though there are sidewalks, most of the pedestrians are in the middle of the street, crossing everywhere.

As the train approaches the terminal, everyone is in a standing position, pushing, shoving, men pinching the women on their rears and brushing up against them for free feels, women “accidentally” bumping into men between their legs, grandmothers screaming at their grandchildren, and children biting anyone who gets in their way. The working men jump off the train before it comes to a complete halt; then finally, when the train comes to a complete stop, the rest of the passengers squeeze out together. Yet through all this, everyone smiles and greets each other in passing.

The morning turns to noon. It is time for the biggest meal of the day and most workers have gone home for lunch, children are out of school for the day, and mothers and wives have prepared a meal that takes a minimum of at least two hours to devour.

After the meal is over, everyone rests. The women nap with their babies or just chit chat. Older children play in their neighborhood; the working men get together for awhile and the old are nodding off in their chairs, still with their circle of friends, cards in their hands. Other women sit in their kitchen chairs, hands crossed over their inflated stomachs, snoring softly. Crash, click, screech—the sounds of businesses rolling down their metal doors. Most are quiet until after 3 p.m.

Siesta time is over, and the hustle and bustle resumes. The shops, the streets, and the people are back at it again. It’s almost like watching a cartoon in forward and in reverse!

As the sun begins to set, giving way to the moon which glows brilliantly on the water and over all of Naples, couples walk along the water’s edge, hand in hand. If you look closer, you can see and hear couples upon the grass in the city, kissing and giggling.

Going back home through the country, all the animals seem tranquil, and passing the cluster of apartment buildings, you notice that the clothes have been removed from the line. The children and their pets are no long playing near the tracks, and lights glow in every other window. The villas begin to look like mystery mansions from black and white movies, and the vineyards cast an eerie stillness, as the moon gleams on the climbing vines.

Getting back to the neighborhood of Fusaro, the aroma of rum and coffee, the sounds of hushed voices and soft music, with an occasional outcry from a child linger until late into the night. When night dominates this little suburb, everything is still.

The next day at the sun’s rising, again there are the sounds of the singing vendors, shutters opening, businesses beginning, mothers calling after their children. You’ll smell the aroma of fresh espresso and bread and on and on, all over again. This was my magic place. There is no other place in the entire world with this kind of special ambiance where the old touches the new, and the new never forgets the old.
The night was still and silent. The neighbors were deep in sleep. We were all packed and ready to go. We said our last good-byes to our loved ones with tears and sorrow, knowing that we might never have a chance to see them again and we headed for our journey. Yes, a journey to America.

As the little boat (about the size of a canoe with a roof) moved slowly against the calm current of a small canal, I could feel the coldness of a past-midnight wind. The barking of dogs from afar frightened me. I was afraid we would be seen by the night guard, or the neighbors and be captured and thrown into jail. When my family and I made our way safely to the mother ship that would take us to America, we joined the others on board. When the coast was clear, our 12-yard-long and 3-yard-wide boat slowly made its way to the Pacific Ocean.

To fool the sea guard in that area, women and children were hidden under the deck of the boat. Men pretended to prepare to go out to sea for fishing. Unluckily for us, one of the sea guard's ships spotted us along the way. They wanted to search our boat. The captain of our boat panicked and increased the engine's power to escape from the sea guard. As the chase went on, I was terrified by the sound of gun shots vibrating through the dark. The women and children on board were terrified, holding onto one another tightly for support. While our boat and the guard's ship exchanged gun fire, I felt dead cold and my body was stiff and numb. My mind went blank, hearing nothing but the gun shots over and over again. A moment later, things went silent again.

The men on our boat announced that we were safe and out in the Pacific Ocean. Everyone was overjoyed. Only one man was wounded on our boat. He was shot through the right side of his chest and died from loss of blood a few hours later. I felt sorry for his young wife and two children that he left behind. Seeing his body covered with blood made me become fearful of death. I was afraid to die at sea where there was no burial place. That was the first time I had faced a dead person that closely. I felt terror when I thought of my own death. We had a small ceremony for the dead man as the boat continued on its voyage. One of the oldest men in the boat blessed the body and then threw it into the ocean. As his body sank to the bottom of the sea, his blood blended with the blueness of the water.

Within the first couple of days at sea, a big storm hit us. The giant waves from the storm tossed and turned our boat. The waves picked up the boat and dropped it down. I felt like I was riding a roller coaster. I got seasick and threw up all over the place. As the strong wind lashed our boat, I could hear the cracking sound of the wood from beneath the deck. Everyone got wet when the big waves splashed into our boat. Some of the women under the deck held their children in fear and cried for help. Others prayed to Buddha to save their lives. As for me, I was too sick and frightened to do anything but just sit there. The thought of death kept on circling around in my mind. My fear had come true and my life would be over soon. Dismayed by the thought of death, I hoped it would come quickly and painlessly.

Unfortunately for us, the strong wind swept the map and compass into the ocean while the captain was busy trying to control the boat. Everyone on board thought that we wouldn't make it through the storm. Hours later, the ocean calmed down bit by bit. We believed that our prayers had been answered.

When morning came, the sky was blue and
sunny again. There was nothing in sight except the sky and the ocean itself. Living under the deck for most of the time at sea, I had lost track of time. The situation went from bad to worse, the engine had broken down due to the shortage of oil; food supplies were running short, and there was no U. S. ship in sight to rescue us. The shortage of fresh water meant each person was limited to two teaspoons per day.

From the lack of water and food, I felt tired, hungry, exhausted, seasick and half dead. Lying on the deck for fresh air, I looked like a dry, dirty, skinny corpse in the hot sun. Everyone was weakened from starvation. We lay close to each other on the deck like sardines in a can. Only a few strong men could move around to give aid to their families. Not bathing for many days made us smell like homeless people. Our hair was sticky from many days of not bathing and the salt wind of the sea. It felt sticky and tangled and lice infested.

After floating on the surface of the ocean for countless days, we spied a ship in the far distance. As the ship approached us slowly, the men on my boat raised a white flag signaling for help. When the ship was side by side with our boat, I saw figures of dark-skinned Asian men with only underwear on, but armed with weapons. They were Thai fishermen. We called them sea pirates. These men came on board our ship with guns, knives and big axes; we couldn't fight back so we gave them what they wanted.

Three of these barbarians took a 14-year-old girl into the cabinet and raped her. The rest of them gathered us in a circle and searched our bodies for gold, diamonds and jewelry. They cut off all the waist pants from the men and women to look for hidden jewelry. One of our men was held down on the floor by the pirates to have his two gold teeth pulled out. There was a loud scream from the cabinet as the little girl cried and begged for help. No help was provided for her because everyone was too busy fending for themselves. We didn't have any weapons or strength to drive these scavengers away. All we could do was to follow the orders of the pirates. After they got what they came for, they left without killing anyone. We were lucky to have our lives spared.

After they left, the boat continued to drift with the current to an unknown destination. That same night, a Panamanian oil tanker discovered us and gave us help. They supplied us with lots of food and oil. They also showed us the way to Malaysia. With the engine running again, we headed for Malaysia.

During that time, Malaysia was one of the countries that had crowded camps that the Vietnamese immigrants headed to. When we got to Malaysia, they didn't accept us. Men on our boat had to make holes to sink the boat before they would send out a ship to rescue us. We were the only immigrants camped in that area. After two weeks we were dragged out to sea again by their big ship. Our own boat had been patched-up. The towing went on from dawn to dusk. We had no idea where we were being taken. When they increased their engine power, we figured they wanted to drown us by swamping the boat, and so we cut the tow rope and drifted away. They never bothered to come back for us but headed on to their destination.

After a few more days of drifting at sea, we all lost faith in coming to America. Along with others on board, my father prayed to Buddha to let us return back home. If his wish came true, he would shave his head and eat a vegetarian diet for a whole year. For some nights during the journey, people on the boat said that they could feel the boat moving without the engine.

We soon landed on “CON SON” (the famous prison camp in Vietnam). People in my boat believed that whales were sent by Buddha to guide us home. Even though we were sentenced to jail for 4 months to 1 year, we were still glad to return home safe and sound.

My family and I made it to America the second time around. Our second journey went smoothly, and we made it through easily. But the first journey was unforgettable. The Vietnamese want to come to America for freedom and a better future so much that they're willing to pay any price (even their own lives) to fulfill their dream. They take risks and jump into little boats without knowing what's beyond that point. Thousands of them don't make it through and die at sea. Hundreds of them are killed by sea pirates. Others are eaten by their fellow boat passengers to survive. I was lucky to be one of the survivors. The experience I had can never be erased from my memories.
Aspects of Portuguese Culture

The myths and legends of the Portuguese play an important role in how their culture is structured. This is also true of religious beliefs and values. Myths and legends, along with religion, keep a people in control within their environment and therefore affect how people behave in their everyday lives. Sometimes it explains how a whole culture was created. The rituals of the Portuguese, based on their religion, indicate their belief that spiritual beings take an active part in their everyday affairs.

The Lapinha

Most of the households in the plantation where the Portuguese lived were dominated by Roman Catholic articles of faith. Examples of this are evident at the Waipahu Cultural Center where the picture of the Sacred Heart and many statues of saints and of the Blessed Mother (known by Christians as the mother of Jesus) are on display.

The Lapinha, which is a tradition of the Portuguese at Christmas, offers a clear insight in the religious influence on the Portuguese. The Lapinha is a Nativity scene with the uppermost tier reserved for the Christ Child (the Menino Jesus). Although each Lapinha is composed a bit differently, they all share certain elements. The stage upon which the Nativity scene is displayed may consist of one to seven (sometimes even more) tiers. It can be freestanding, placed on a table or built into the corner of a room. The tiers are covered with a cloth giving it the appearance of an altar. Arranged on the tiers below are houses (casas), candles (velas), angels (anjos) as well as assortment of cows (vacas) and roosters (galos), the symbol of Portugal. The animals remind the Portuguese, not only of the original Nativity scene but also the strong relationship the Lapinha has to the Portuguese farming and peasant communities. The Lapinha is completed by decorating it with flowers to give it more color. Small bowls of sprouted wheat are placed on the tier along with offerings of fruits (apples and oranges) and nuts. The Lapinha is usually displayed until the Feast of the Three Kings which is celebrated on January 6, after which it is dismantled and stored until the following Christmas.

The Charola

The Portuguese have an innate sense of beauty and spirituality which is evident in their tradition of the charola. The charola is made of macrame. It is assembled from the bottom up. I observed that making of the charola at Lyon Arboretum and I was in awe over the intricate sense of balance and color portrayed in the charola. A bottle of wine is secured to the frame first, then fruits and vegetables are tied to the frame one by one. A row of raw eggs divides the top and bottom halves of the charola. The tradition of making a charola to hang in a place of honor during the Holy Ghost feast was brought to Hawaii by the Portuguese immigrants who came to Hawaii over one hundred years ago. Historically, many of the Portuguese farmers earned their livelihood by tilling the soil and selling their crops. The farmer paid for his personal expenses with the harvest of the land. The harvest was presented in an elaborate and festive fashion by creating a wire form (the charola) to which eggs, fruits, vegetables and wine were attached with string macrame. The instrument used to string this macrame looks like a wooden needle used to repair fish nets. The harvest was attached to a circular frame. The larger the amount the farmer owed for the expenses of his harvest, the larger the charola.
My hometown is a small castle town in Japan, and when I was small, it still looked like a traditional castle town with narrow streets and wooden houses. Yet it already had a train station right in the middle of the Castle Memorial Park. From the north side of the town, I could see the high, stone foundation of the castle with the train station on top of it. Outside the station was mansion town, where high class samurais used to live. It is still called Mansion Town. To the west of it was furniture store town and fish shop town on the south. Then kimono shop town, doctor town and temple town. Then there used to be a spread of rice fields according to “History of Mihara City.” Now, the town has expanded, and I have to get on the train to get to the rice field.

My house was, and still is, on the edge of temple town. The street we lived on was named after the temple which stood on the north end of the street, but there were three temples on this short street. The temples stood close to each other at their original locations, showing how the towns were made before. There is no fish shop town anymore but temple town is still there.

The “The Little Street of Daizen Temple” was a narrow street. It was too small for two cars to pass by, so there weren’t many cars on the street. The street was for pedestrians who visited one of temples. The street was also the territory of children who lived along the street. We used to hang out on the street instead of walking down to a park. Parks were for smaller children who couldn’t dodge pedestrians and catch a ball at the same time. Among children, there was a strict rule about who could play on what street. Each street was “owned” by a group of children. Only “owners” could play on this particular street. A child who lived around the corner belonged to another group and couldn’t come into our street to play. If someone invaded our territory, boys often fought them. Boys sometimes purposely played on other streets to provoke a fight. Girls wouldn’t walk into any other back street. We stayed within a safe area. We were there everyday and knew every weed that grew on the street. Weeds were mainly used for “cooking” and served on plastic toy plates, but some weeds had sweet nectar and we sucked on them. We played on the street until someone’s mother stuck her head out through a door and called one of the children for dinner. Then we all went home.

In an old castle town, houses used to be taxed according to the width of the house fronting the street. To save taxes all of our houses were narrow facing the street but deep. Since we tried to build the largest possible house on a narrow strip of land, there was no space between houses. The next-door neighbor’s house was literally one inch away from our house. Windows could be made only on the front and the back of the house. Naturally, it was dark. Japanese called these narrow, dark houses “eels’ beds.” Houses were very uniform. Lattices on windows and doors repeated strong vertical lines all the way to the end of the street.

When a door was opened, the rhythm of lattices was broken. I loved the moment of opening our door. The sliding door made a gentle noise almost like a porcelain bell. Inside the door, I would see darkness settle in so comfortably. When I stepped onto the black soil of the entrance hall, I could feel the moisture of the soil beneath my feet. The soil floor was stepped on for generations and was hard as a rock. Yet, I still felt it soft and moist like my mother’s palms. The air above the floor was also moist. It was the house breathing.

The entrance hall was a “demilitarized zone” between outside and inside of the house. The doors
were never locked during the daytime. Visitors proceeded into the entrance hall and called for help. In the hall, the visitor was in but not really in the house. Likewise, I was not home yet when I was at the hall. From the hall, I could see one room in the dim light. It was the hospitality room for invited guests. When they were invited, they took off their shoes on the stone step and climbed up to the room. This room was simple but very formal, equipped with good furniture and a scroll painting. It was a room to show. This was not the room I came home to. I had to walk into the deeper part of the house through the dark hallway to be home.

After another latticed door, there was the kitchen. I used to see yellow light in the two old fashioned stoves. The stoves were originally designed to burn wood but changed into gas stoves. Those days, we must have used a different kind of gas. The fire was warm yellow instead of blue. “I’m home!” I would say looking at the yellow fire. I always smelled and tried to guess what was being cooked. Most of the time, I could guess right but usually, I didn’t like what we were eating.

If dinner was almost ready, I would take my shoes off and go up to our dining/living room. If not, I would walk through the kitchen to the center garden. This center garden was not there to make the house fancier but it was the way to get more light into the house. It was also a place to hang the laundry, to clean fish and to keep a dog. All of the functions were there together within a traditional Japanese garden. Now, I am not sure how it was possible.

There was also a well at one corner of the center garden. Though we didn’t use the well for drinking water, the water was clear and cold even during mid summer. We cooled huge watermelons in the water. Behind the well, there was a large room separated from the main building. My grandmother used to use this room to teach sewing, but it was a room for a family Buddhist altar. This room was not what I came home for, either. I would walk around the room and go into a narrow space between the room and the fence that separated our land from the house behind us. It was the deepest part of our home. My grandfather kept the wooden barrel of home-made pickles there. He was not a good pickle maker. I didn’t like them but the smell of rice bran that was used to make pickles always attracted me. This narrow space was what I came home for.

When I was home I was always there, sitting on one of the stones my grandfather kept to use as weights for a pickle barrel. I felt perfectly secure. On my right, the fence was sky high, holding the outside world back. I could see the persimmon branches swinging with the wind over the fence, but down there, behind the fence, I didn’t feel a breeze. Nobody knew I was there. It was my world. With the smell of rice bran, I pretended I was a fox in her warm, moist winter hole. The fox curled up into her fur. Once in a while, the fox would lift her head and look around. Nothing. There was nothing to worry about. Time passed quietly. I was in complete peace there, at home.

I kept on sitting there until a new house was built. The new house had no lattice, no dark entrance hall, no fox hole. I tried to build another fox hole around my bed. It was almost right but not the same as my old hole. In ten years or so, most of the traditional houses were gone from the street. Children were also gone from the street. The street got wider and cars started speeding on it. Thirty years later, living in Manoa Valley, I am still looking for my fox hole.
E Mau Ka ‘Olelo Hawai‘i
(The Hawai‘ian Language Perseveres)

Four years ago, I was greeted with, “Aloha! Welcome to Hawai‘i” when I first entered the airport terminal. “Aloha” is a Hawaiian word that has many different meanings including “Hello” and “Welcome.” In that simple word, you can see the big difference between English and Hawaiian. The spelling, pronunciation, and structure are totally different. According to Mahoe Collins, a Hawaiian Language teacher at Windward School for Adults, the Hawaiian language, like other languages, has two forms, oral and written. The history of the development of the Hawaiian language is very interesting because the oral and the written forms of the Hawaiian language were developed by different people, Hawaiians and westerners.

Around 250-700 A.D., the first migration from the Marquesas in Eastern Polynesia, sailed to Hawai‘i. They stayed in the Islands and developed their own society. The Marquesan language is the ancestor of the oral Hawaiian language. About 200 years later, the second migration came from Tahiti, Central Polynesia. The migration lasted about 250 years and the Tahitian language was introduced. Because of the different languages used in Hawai‘i, people needed to develop a common language in order to communicate with each other. As a result, the oral Hawaiian language was formed from the merging of the Marquesas and Tahitian languages. The Hawaiian language is closer to Tahitian language because Tahitians immigrated to Hawai‘i later than the Marquesans (Collins). The relationship between Central/Eastern Polynesia and the Hawaiian language is supported by some linguists, Hawaiians and anthropologists (Kimura 185).

In 1778, Captain James Cook, the first European in Hawai‘i, opened the way for western explorers and traders to come to Hawai‘i. When they arrived, the Hawaiian people had no written language. The westerners used phonics to create words in the English alphabet (Collins).

William Anderson, a surgeon, first spelled out 250 Hawaiian words. Soon after, many Western explorers from England, Russia, and France added more words to his list. As a result of multiple creators, the early written Hawaiian language had no standard. The spelling of a word totally depended on the native language of the creator. The Spanish wrote the word kahuna as tajuna, which means to exercise a profession or to be the priest (Barrow vii).

After Captain Cook discovered the Hawaiian Islands, the written Hawaiian language was developed by the westerners, but the Hawaiian oral language was still being developed by the Hawaiians and westerners. As many new animals, products, technologies, diseases, events and ideas came to Hawai‘i from the west, Hawaiians created new words for them (Kimura 186). For example, the word for ship is moku which traditionally meant district, island or section of land. To the Hawaiians who saw European ships for the first time, the sight was suggestive of a small island floating on the sea. Hawaiians also used traditional words to describe new things that they never saw before. For example, a refrigerator in Hawaiian is pahu hau, meaning ice drum (Collins).

In 1820, the written Hawaiian language was standardized by missionaries (Barrow vii). The language includes five vowels, a e i o u, and eight
consonants, h k l m n p w (okina). The Hawaiian words use different combinations of vowels (V) and consonants (C) such as CV, VVV, VCV, and so on. The important rules for the combinations are no two consonants together and no words ending with a consonant (Hopkins 85). Hiram Bingham (1789-1896), who was with the first party of New England missionaries, built an important foundation of the written Hawaiian language. Bingham tried to create an alphabet phonetically based on Hawaiian sounds. However, he was not a professional linguist and stubborn in his hearing. Even though King Liholiho said his name was pronounced Rihoriho, Bingham still told the King his name was Liholiho. Hence, we see only "King Liholiho" in the history books. Although he was very stubborn about the spelling, he translated the Bible into Hawaiian written language and made the written language solid (Barrow vii).

During the development of written Hawaiian language, a problem appeared because of the difference in pronunciation between Islands. The pronunciation of the Hawaiian oral language differs slightly throughout the Hawaiian Islands. For example, Kapa, used on the island of Hawai'i, and Tapa, used on Kaua'i both mean native cloth.

Over a hundred years of development and experiment, westerners finally discovered that the Hawaiian ear could not distinguish the difference between the sound of the letters 1, r, and d; therefore, they simply ignored the alpha r and d and used only 1 (Kuykendall 104).

The Westerners translated their English text books and the Bible into written Hawaiian language and taught the Hawaiians how to write. Schools played a very important role in the development of the written language. In 1821, the first school was formed, and students in the beginning numbered not more than 200. However, after ten years in operation, in 1831, the students numbered over 52,000 and were about two fifths of the entire population of the islands. The first Hawaiian written newspaper, Ka Lama Hawai'i, was issued on February 14, 1834, which helped the written language to develop (Kuykendall 104-106).

In 1838, the first Hawaiian language dictionary was published by Lorrin Andrews and the alphabet was standardized. The dictionary defined the standard written Hawaiian language, although the first edition was only 132 pages and about 6,000 words. After several years, the dictionary developed into a complete Hawaiian-English and English-Hawaiian dictionary (Barrow viii).

The years between 1820 and 1896 were the golden age for the Hawaiian language. Oral and written forms of the Hawaiian language developed during this period because of the cultural exchange between the west and Hawai'i. The Hawaiian Bible, school system, newspapers, and dictionary were developed during this golden age.

In the late 1890s the Hawaiian Kingdom declined in power while the western provisional government prospered and flourished. Use of the Hawaiian language in schools was banned by the Provisional Government in 1896. English was the only language allowed. The law banned the schools from teaching Hawaiian language, oral and written. Schools would not even allow their students to speak Hawaiian in school and severely punished any infraction of the rule. Even though the law banned the Hawaiian language, most of the older Hawaiians still used their own language to communicate with their family and friends. The language survives to this day even though the ban was lifted only in 1986. Although the language survived, many words and meanings of words were lost during that long period of time ("Growing" Gl, Kimura 196).

In 1978, the Hawaiian language became an official language in the state of Hawai'i with English by state law. In 1987, a Hawaiian immersion program was initiated by the Department of Education to bring back the Hawaiian language. This program began with two schools and 400 students through grade six. Today, a total of seven sites are located on the islands of Kaua'i, O'ahu, Moloka'i, Maui, and Hawai'i and approximately 125 students are enrolled in the program's kindergarten classes every year ("Growing" Gl, "Hawaiian" A6). The number of students in kindergarten indicates that a new generation of native Hawaiian speakers is growing up, full of hope.
Works Cited


The art of the mid-Pacific islands of Melanesia, Polynesia and Micronesia relect the influence of the Pacific Ocean, the island environment and the spirit world that pervades every aspect of life.

Polynesia, which includes the western islands of Fiji, Samoa, Tonga; the central and eastern islands: Cook, Austral and Society Islands; the Marquesas, Mangareva, New Zealand, Easter Island and Hawai’i.

Polynesian culture accorded craftsman status based on ability after a long apprenticeship and demonstration of genealogical relationship to his predecessor. Priests were also craftsmen. The skill, energy, rituals, chants and stories performed while creating a work imbued it with mana, the spirit or life force. Pieces of art also accrued mana as they were passed from one generation to the next.

The Masco Collection, exhibited at the Honolulu Academy of Arts from January to March, 1995, was organized by the Detroit Institute of Arts with support from the Masco Corporation.
Origins of Hula

The original migration of the Polynesian people to Hawai‘i has been acknowledged by Western archaeologists to have taken place in approximately 100 B.C. (Kame‘elehihiwa 1992:2). When the first Polynesians came to the Hawaiian Islands they brought many things with them, their language, culture, religion and their dance.

For the Hawaiians, all of these aspects of their life have been intertwined; one has not endured or existed without the presence of the other. Through the hula Hawaiians honored and celebrated their deities and chiefs in rituals and ceremonies and educated their people by retelling their history through song and dance.

One ceremony that continues today is the Makahiki Festival which begins in mid-October and continues until mid-February (Valeri 1985:201-230). The festival celebrated the arrival of the god Lono, who represents the replenishing of nature—the new year, reproduction—the cycle of life. During this time any type of warfare was forbidden. The hula is performed throughout the celebration to recreate the historical and mythical events of their past (Valeri 1985:217). Because Hawaiians believed that the hula is a social tie that bonds them during a sacred time, the dance contributed to the strength and power and creation of their Ali‘i (Chief) (Valeri 1985:218).

The dance that was performed in early Hawai‘i is today called kahiko (ancient/old style). This style of dance was accompanied by the ‘oli (the chant) and percussion (Kumu Hula Keepers of a Culture 1989) which was played on the Hawaiian drum called the pahu. The hula kahiko was performed until 1830 when Queen Ka‘ahumanu banned the dance due to her conversion to and acceptance into the Christian Church (Barrère, Pukui, Kelly 1980:1).

The laws restricting the practice and public performances of the hula were lifted in the 1870s during King Kalākaua’s reign (Barrère, et al-1980:49). During the time the dance had been declared “illegal,” a few of the kumu hulas (dance teachers) secretly continued teaching the hula. Even at this critical point in Hawaiian history, the hula proved to be important enough to be passed on, even at the risk of fine or imprisonment.

Modern Hula

For over forty years the Hawaiian people were denied their artform. With the return of the hula, change in the dance was now inevitable. King David Kalākaua encouraged a return to his people’s culture, yet he was influenced by European and American ways which aided in the metamorphosis of the dance. The birth of the ‘auwana style of hula marked a new era in the Hawaiian artform. The ‘auwana, or modern hula as it is sometimes referred to, is accompanied by western stringed instruments and singing (Kumu Hula Keepers of a Culture 1989). The word ‘auwana means “to wander” because the swaying motion of the dancer gives the appearance of a “wandering” movement which is a great contrast to the style of hula kahiko.

The other significant change that occurred with the reinstatement of hula was the emergence of public performances for lesser ceremonies and public functions. The Hawaiian people now had two distinct forms of dance that could assist them in the perpetuation of their culture and traditions.

Keeping with the Legacy

King Kalākaua’s proclamation acknowledged the importance of the hula in the preservation of Hawaiian culture. After its reinstatement, hula became celebrated in Hawaiian society. Numerous festivals honoring the dance emerged.
Hula hālaus (a long house for hula instruction) (Pukui, Elbert 1992:19) not only changed, but increased in number as Hawaiians became interested in recapturing this art form. These schools no longer consisted of just a select group of people. Many Hawaiians wanted to preserve the hula. The kumu hulas were now confronted with two styles of hula to teach their new students. The ‘auwana became popular with not only the students, but with the “new” audiences as well. The popular acceptance of hula ‘auwana contributed to the commercialism of the hula.

As hula festivals and competitions gained popularity in the twentieth century, the need to continue the kahiko or ancient style hula became crucial. For the Hawaiian people, the hula speaks of important chiefs and momentous episodes in their past; it is their history. This attitude is present today. Noted entertainer and kumu hula George Naope says, “Hula is the history of Hawai’i.” (Kumu Hula Keepers of a Culture 1989). The desire to continue the traditional way of the dance exhibits the respect felt by the Hawaiian people towards their ancestors and honors their origins as a people. Today, both of these purposes are put first and foremost every time an ancient chant and a dance are performed. An example of this sentiment is reflected by the famed entertainer, composer and kumu hula Frank K. Hewett: “Before I do anything ... I take the time to study it. To really be able to understand what I’m doing” (Otaguro 1991:100).

Despite the fact that Hawaiian society was under the social control of Western religions, the artform of kahiko with all of its elements (chanting, pahu drum playing, honoring chiefs who were victorious in battle, and the many gods and goddesses of this formerly polytheistic population) endured (Barrère, et al. 1980:1). Today, many of the Hawaiians who are involved in the art of hula belong to Western religions; however, this factor does not interfere with or deter them from continuing the chants and dances that commemorate and honor important people and events in their past. Although the ancient Hawaiian religion may not be practiced, either by a larger population or as openly as Western religions, it is definitely acknowledged, and it instills pride in its people. Kumu hula Pualani Kanaka’ole Kanahele traces her line of descent (which in the Hawaiian society is patrilineal, although the children obtain their status or rank in society through the mother) to the Hawaiian Goddess Pele. It is because of this relationship that she favors the hula kahiko style in her teachings (Kumu Hula Keepers of a Culture 1989). Because of kumu hulas like Pualani K. Kanahele, the history of the Hawaiians is perpetuated, and it is done with respect and honor by a proud descendant of the Hawaiian nation.

A View of Hula Today

Every Hawaiian person involved in hula may have a different style of hula, but they all share a common bond: love and respect for the hula.

A kumu hula is not only a dance teacher or master of the art; he or she is the parent of a hālau. The students become a kumu hula’s children, and they feel a sense of responsibility to teach them the traditions of hula properly. Each hālau can perform the same song; yet no two dances will be the same. The reason for this variation is that families maintain their own traditions (Kumu Hula Keeper of a Culture 1989).

An important value instilled in the students by the kumu hula is discipline. The discipline gives the students respect for the original form of the dance and seems to carry over into their lives outside of the hula. The kumu hula teaches in a manner that is more inviting than intimidating. A good kumu hula will explain why a movement is done a certain way or how a particular interpretation must be relayed. Kumu hula and Hawaiian studies teacher Edith McKenzie says, “You have certain kinds of movements for the rain, the wind, all of these things about nature. So you’ve got parameters. You can be creative and stay within those parameters” (Otaguro 1991:47).

A master teacher is responsible for passing on the na’auao (inner knowledge) of the hula traditions. They are messengers from another generation whose purpose is to make certain that these traditions will embrace the haumāna of tomorrow. For a kumu hula, the most important thing is the sharing of the hula. A master teacher who holds the hula as a most valued or sacred gift will never turn a student away.

The teaching of the Hawaiian language may vary from one kumu hula to another; however, all
master teachers stress the proper intonation and diction. By incorporating the Hawaiian language in the lessons, the kumu hula instills an awareness that the past and the culture should be preserved and regarded as precious, not just as a form of entertainment.

Cultural knowledge that is shared by the members of a hālau forms such a strong bond that the students regard their fellow members as their ‘ohana (family and/or extended family). Like all families, the students learn together, much the same way small children are taught, through the telling and demonstration of the dance. The role of the kumu hula is at times parental, and the disciplining that is done is no different.

The values of having and being part of a family is only one facet of the hula. This quality instilled within the hālau enables other traditional values to be taught. Once the students have learned these values, they do seem to incorporate them in their daily lives outside of the hālau. Tradition is stressed to the students. The kumu hula teaches the story behind the dance and how the dance should be portrayed. These traditions are carried over into the personal lives of students. One such tradition is the concept of mālama ‘āina (caring for the land). Many hulas speak of the beauty of the islands with their flora and fauna. In teaching these hulas the kumu hula explains the importance of preserving and caring for the land.

**Conclusion**

Today, the hula is a much celebrated facet of the Hawaiian culture. Expanded cultural interest in this artform has given way to an increase of hula events and has raised awareness within the Hawaiian community of the need to protect and preserve this part of Hawaiian culture. There is no doubt that the hula empowers Hawaiians with values and traditions; however, the hula seems to empower all who take the time to learn it. The hula is influential, but not only to the Hawaiian people.
Kumu hula John Lake
B&W Photograph
By Carl Hefner
In *Waiariki and Other Stories* Patricia Grace took me on a walk back in time; she made me cry and gave me laughter. Through simplistic, yet beautifully poetic prose, she creates a vivid portrait of a lifestyle long gone: a time when generations of people were born on the land, lived off the land and, when death came, returned to the land.

Grace has a special way of using an innocent short story to convey such deep feelings. She shows, from a Maori point of view, the fear of and resistance to change.

Having been born and raised in Hawai’i I have a strong feeling for island life. I could really feel the sense of loss so vividly portrayed, a loss of culture, when a unique life style becomes something one only reads about in history books. The Hawai’i I knew as a small child has slipped away only to be replaced by a deep sadness in my heart.

"A Way of Talking"

The story about Rose and her sister provides an interesting view of family dynamics. Rose has recently returned from the city and has obviously been exposed to a different life style. She is knowledgeable as to what is and is not socially acceptable. She is rude to Jane, but tells her sister not to worry as, "Jane Frazer will still want to be your friend and mine in spite of my embarrassing her today; we’re in the fashion” (5). Suddenly Hera sees Rose as being more worldly and feels a shift in their roles. She seems sad to realize that Rose sees herself differently and wants to let her know she is not alone, but does not know how. Hers is a simple way. Rose and Jane share a sophistication brought about by having lived elsewhere which Hera was not a part of.

It is sometimes difficult to see change when you are going through it. Whether you consciously choose not to see is another matter. But for those who go away to a new place and then return, the old phrase “You can’t go home again” becomes such a truly profound statement.

"Parade"

Matawai receives a letter from her family asking her to come home for the carnival. She has been away for two years and is really excited to see home again. During the parade she notices the people’s reaction to her family and thinks it is different and strange. “And yet I knew this was not something new and strange, but only that during my time away from here my vision and understanding had expanded. I was now able to see myself and other members of my race as others see us” (84). Having been away, she sees the situation with new eyes. She recognizes the cultural differences for what they are and feels inferior to, even mocked by, the pakehas (haoles).

"Waiariki"

The story of a man and a place both called Waiariki is the best example of the life style I speak of as dying out. As a young boy Waiariki and his friends would spend their days riding ponies, fishing and sometimes climbing the hill behind his home just to sit and look at the view. Now and again they would see whales, and once they even saw an American fleet pass by. These were long lazy days in the sun, a time when one was truly free from the hustle and bustle of life in the city. When Waiariki brings his new family home to the place where he was born and raised, the place he and his son were named after, he wants to "go home again," to share his childhood with his family. He says, “I wanted them to know the quiet. I wanted them to enjoy the peace and to do the things we used to do” (40). He finds instead that the old days are gone. The land is the same, but he
is different. He has undergone a shift in perception. He thinks of sharing an old tradition with his sons but realizes they would not understand. He is sad then at the passing of his youth.

"Transition"

A change of place can be the most difficult to one whose history is tied to the land. "A great sadness comes, for this old one knows that soon these ones must go away from this place. The city must claim these loved ones of hers and in claiming take its price. But nowhere for this old one in such a new place. Her place is here" (17). Such a sad and beautiful statement. They are poor and struggling, but would rather stay with their old grandmother, working their tired old land, than move to an easier life in the city. Their land is theirs, they know it. The city is new, different, but there are unknowns. Would the price they pay be their culture, their uniqueness? Their culture is changing, but do they have to give in and change as well?

As to the popular issue of "fatal impact" the question must be asked: Is change for the better? Are these people better off moving on to a life in the city, trading in their generations of Maori culture to join the ranks of the white man? There is the advantage of higher education, corporate positions and material wealth, but there is always a price to be paid. The question is, is it worth it or not?

Sometimes when the stress of the rat race gets to be too much, I escape to the beach and lose myself in the sun. It is easy to romanticize a life with no worries, an honest, simple life. But then reality rears its ugly head and my pager starts beeping.
Voyaging Proverbs

from Mary Kawena Pukui's 'Olelo No'eau: Hawaiian Proverbs and Poetical Sayings (Honolulu: Bishop Museum 1983).

Ke kai lipolipo polihua a Kāne (172, Q).
The dark-blue ocean of Kāne. The deep sea out of sight of land.

Ka manu kāhea i ka wa'a e holo (1478).
The bird that calls the canoe to sail. Said of the kioea (stilt), whose early morning call was often a signal to canoes to go fishing or traveling.

Eia no kāhi koe o ka moamoa (306).
Here is the only space left, the moamoa (a projection at the stern of the canoe). Said when offering a small space or seat to someone, when every other space is occupied. (From the story of Pa‘ao, who offered the moamoa to Makuakaumana, a priest, on a voyage from Kahiki to Hawai‘i. Makuamaumana leapt from a cliff and landed on the moamoa; thus, he was able to sail to Hawai‘i.)

E pane‘e ka wa‘a o i moe ka ‘ale (371).
Set the canoe moving while the billows are at rest. Said by Holowae, a kahuna, to suggest that Kalaniʻōpuʻu return to Hawai‘i while there was peace. Later used to stir one to action.

‘Au i ke kai me he manu ala (237).
Cross the sea like a bird. To sail across the sea.

‘iha ‘i lā i ka pupuhi (7)
Away like a gust of wind. Travel with the speed of the wind.

Hele‘e ka wa‘a (736).
The speed of the canoe. Said of a fast traveler.

Komo mai kau māpuna hoe (1836).
Dip your paddle in. Join in the effort.

Hoʻokāhi ka ʻilau like ana (1068).
Wield the paddles together. Work together.

E lauhoʻe mai nā waʻa; i ke kā, i ka hoe; i ka hoe, i ke kā; pae aku i ka ʻāina (327). Everybody paddle the canoes together; bail and paddle, paddle and bail, and the shore will be reached. [If everybody pitches in, the work is quickly done.]
Ka manu ka‘upu hālō ‘alo o ka moana (1479).
The albatross that observes the ocean. Said of a careful observer.

Ua ho‘i ka nolo ‘au kai i uka, ke ‘ino nei ka moana (2787).
The seafaring noddy tern has returned to land, for a storm rages at sea. A weather sign.

Lele ka ‘iwa mālie kai ko‘o (1979).
When the frigate bird flies out to sea, the rough sea will grow calm. A weather sign.

He nolo ‘a’e ‘ale no ke kai loa (844).
A noddy tern that treads over the billows of the distant sea. An expression of admiration for a person outstanding in wisdom and skill.

‘A‘ohe wa’a ho‘ohoa o ka lā ‘ino (216).
No canoe is defiant on a stormy day.

He ho‘okele wa’a no ka lā ‘ino (592).
A steersman for a stormy day. A courageous person.

Kihe ka ihu i ka ‘ale (1789).
One who sneezes when the spray from the surf rises at the bow of the canoe. Said of one who braves danger with indifference.

Mai ka ho‘okui i ka hālāwai (2059).
From zenith to horizon. Expression in prayers to the gods, calling them from everywhere.

Ulu o ka ā (2870).
The sun grows. Said of the light of sunrise just as the sun’s rim touches the horizon. The morning sun is used for navigation to determine the primary direction of east.

E ‘ike ka hōkū o ka nalu, O hōkū ‘ula, o hōkū lei.
Behold the stars of the waves, the red star, the wreath of stars. When the rising and setting stars are near the horizon, they provide clues to direction. [From a chant in the story of Pāka‘a and Kūapāka‘a.]

He hewa i Kapua ka ‘auwa’a panana ‘ole (1125).
The fleet of canoes without a compass landed at Kapua by mistake. Said of one who is off his course, mentally or otherwise.

Aia ke ola i Kahiki (58).
Life is in Kahiki. Life and prosperity are in the care of the gods and the gods are said to reside in Kahiki [also, a distant land; a homeland.]

He kau auane‘i i ka lae ‘a‘ā (677).
Watch out lest the canoe land on a rocky reef.

Pae mai la ka wa‘a i ka ‘āina (2566).
The canoe has come ashore. Hunger is satisfied; desire fulfilled.
A Chant

Given on the occasion of a visit by faculty and students from Te Matauranga Maori Christchurch Polytechnic, Aotearoa on October17, 1994.

Puka ka lā mai ka hikina
‘Eō mai nā ‘ōpu‘u.

E pā ka lā mai luna loa
‘Eo mai e A wakea

Napo‘o ka lā i Komohana
‘Eo mai nā kūpuna.

Kōaheahe ka makani
Nāu ke kukuna o ka lā

E komo mai’.

The sun rises in the east
answer, children of Hawai‘i

The sun shines from above
answer, A wakea (god who opened the gate of the sun)

the sun sets in the west
answer, ancestors.

The wind, is a gentle one.
You are the rays of the sun.

We are here with open hands.
Kahana Valley Fishpond
B & W Photograph
By Bryan Sekiguchi

68 Horizons
Hawaiʻiloa off Molokaʻi
Color Photograph
By Moana Doi

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