

# HORIZONS

---

*a journal of international writing and art*



kapi'olani community college • 1997

# Horizons



*A journal of Asian-Pacific writing and art*

**1997**  
**Volume V**

## Acknowledgements

This year, Horizons takes you on a voyage, a voyage through the magic of culture. What you hold in your hand are treasured memories of childhood; journeys to other lands, other cultures and their religions; travels back in time, and so much more—all emphasizing Asian and Pacific culture. Take the voyage, experience the culture, and treasure the art these writers and photographers of Horizons have created.

This voyage would not have been possible without the support and hard work of many people. We want to thank the following people:

- ...all of the instructors who have helped us to gather work for this journal: John Cole, Janice Cook, Leigh Dooley, Bob Franco, Robin Fujikawa, Carl Hefner, Lorna Hershinow, Sheldon Hershinow, Dennis Kawaharada, Irena Levy, Andrew McCullough, Pua Mendonca, Michael Molloy, Loretta Pang, Cheryl Souza, Shr Ward.
- ...Kawika Napoleon and Pua Mendonca for helping us with the Hawaiian punctuation.
- ...Tia Berger and Karen Hamada for many hours of editing and layout work.
- ...Moriso Teraoka for proofreading, pasteup and photography.
- ...Marc Guyot for photography.
- ...Diane Grasso for her invaluable advice on page and cover design
- ...Tausi Manicas of the Honolulu Academy of Arts, who made it possible for us photograph the *Treasures in Gold* exhibit.
- ...Angel Okuhara, Matt Weston and Michael Thompson for assistance with preparing the photographs for publication.

We are also grateful for the proofreading and layout work done by Autumn Brown, Howard Chew, Diane Grasso, Phil Geritano, Douglas Gueco, Coleen Hironaka, Daniel Sherrill and Marta Witt.

A very special thank you to our printer, Gene Phillips, who managed to get this out in time for the festival despite his heavy work load.

Jamela Santos, Editor  
Jane Daniel, Assistant Editor  
Wini Au, Adviser

# Table of Contents

Chant to the East	5	Kawika Napoleon
Ngoai	6	Tiffany Nguyen
Grandpa's House	8	Karen Duong
Rainy Season	10	Chad Kagawa
A Pilgrimage to China and Tibet	13	Mary Jean Gianelli
The Tao of Everyday Life	17	Richard Warren
Hard Times	19	Jane Ko
Proper Passions	21	Gertrude Chock
A Date to Remember	23	Mei Leng Ng
Gender Roles in China	25	Chan Tye Nguyen
Yum San Pouh Chan	27	Dora Lee
On the Way There Are Many Paths	31	Mark Wittig
Meditation in Buddhism	35	Tram Anh Le
India's Mythological Triad	37	Maryann Manangan
Parvati, dancing with the infinite	39	Sandra Edwards
Eyes Toward Asia,	41	Yuri Kennedy
Western Ukiyoe Artists		
The Failure of the 16th Century	42	Shawn Ford
Japanese Invasions of Korea		
Beyond the Mushroom Cloud	47	Mie Sanders
Child Labor, Necessity or Greed?	49	Gerard Donlin
The Flight of a Villager	50	Anne Ambrose
A Reflection on Suicide	53	Yasuko Toyama
Urbanization in Tonga	56	Winston Halapua
Chant of Entrance	60	Kawika Napoleon
Coming Out:	61	Daisy Carvajal
Gay and Lesbian Youths in Hawai'i		
Waikiki, restoring Hawaiianess	64	Elizabeth Ryan
Hālau Na Mamo O Pu'uanahulu	68	Irish Baldwin
Reforestation in Hawai'i	72	Greg Cieless
The Legendary Nā Pali Coast	75	Alfredo Cabacungan
Farewell Chant	80	Kawika Napoleon
Kaho'olawe,		
A Resurrection of Life	81	Georganne Nordstrom
Haiku	84	Sandra Edwards

## Art

Sunrise over Koko Head	5	Moriso Teraoka
Tricycles	11	Chad Kagawa
Monsoon Season in Manila	12	Chad Kagawa
A Chinese Wedding	29	Courtesy of Dora Lee
Buddhist Figures	31	Michael Lee Thompson
Parvati	40	Honolulu Academy of Arts
Pāhoehoe	55	Michael Lee Thompson
Sakkaku	60	Michael Lee Thompson
Honopū Valley	76	Sally Kanehe
Honopū Arch	77	Sally Kanehe
Hanakāpī'ai	78	Michael Lee Thompson
Maori Greeting	80	Min Soo On

E ka lā welo iho kumulani  
Lani ha'aha'a pi'o i ka nu'u  
Ma Hikina hō'ike mai ka 'ōnohi 'ūla  
Pohā ka ikaika hō'ailona o ka hou  
Nou e ka Hikina ka lā e puka mai

To the sun beneath the horizon  
In the humble heavens, arch to the summit  
East, show me your being  
burst forth the sign of the new  
For the East is where the sun rises.

*By Kawika Napoleon  
Hawaiian Language Instructor*



*Koko Head at sunrise, view from Kapi'olani Community College campus.*

Color Photograph. 1995

By Moriso Teraoka



# Ngoai

By Tiffany Nguyen

Sitting in the kitchen, Ngoai (grandma) and I kneaded dough to make *banh cu toi*, Vietnamese shrimp and bamboo-shoot dumplings. It is Ngoai's specialty and a favorite appetizer of mine. I have not seen or eaten *banh cu toi* for ages. The last time I had a taste of it was back in Vietnam, eight years ago.

"You know what, Ngoai? It cost me \$900 to fly all the way here to Australia for a taste of your *banh cu toi*," I said. Upon hearing my amused remark, Ngoai gave a hearty laugh. I looked at my grandmother and laughed too.

I am here in Australia visiting my grandmother, whom I have not seen for eight years. It is an emotional and happy family reunion. Ngoai and I hugged each other with tears of joy the moment we approached each other at the Brisbane International Airport terminal a week ago.

Ngoai looked exactly the way I have always remembered her. She still has her short, salt and pepper curly hair; genuine laugh; constantly blinking eyes; and distinctive walk, which I have taken after. She has not changed a bit since I last saw her, except that she seemed to put on quite a lot of weight and her skin complexion looked lighter than before. I guess Australia's year-round cold weather really affects her diet and physical appearance.

As I put the shrimp and bamboo-shoot fillings on the thin dough sheet, Ngoai told me not to be stingy with the filling and to use plenty of it. "There is ample filling. I made a lot of it because I know it's your favorite," said Ngoai. I gave her a shy smile as a way of saying thank you. Ngoai is a gourmand as well as a good cook. She likes to eat meat, so her cooking has a lot of it, especially in her main courses. She also uses

a lot of oil in her cooking.

Ngoai is 60 years old this year. She was born in 1933 in a South Vietnam village called Bac Trang. She was a daughter of the wealthiest Chinese family in the village, for her parents owned hundreds of acres of land which stretched from Vietnam to Cambodia. Ngoai is the second oldest in the family; she has five siblings: four brothers and a sister. Her sister, the youngest of six children, died of breast cancer in her early 20s. Although born to the richest family on the block, Ngoai never enjoyed the life of a rich child. Because she was a girl, Ngoai was not treated as well as her brothers were. She was not given the freedom and educational opportunities that her brothers enjoyed. Most of her childhood years were spent helping with housework.

When Ngoai was 18 years old, she met and fell in love with a handsome man from Nha Trang, who was ten years her senior. Ngoai married him shortly afterward and left her home. The newlyweds went to Tra Vinh Province, where they lived with Grandpa's mother and brother. It is a tradition that the bride must live with her in-laws for a while because a wife belongs to her husband's family. The bride is expected to help out with household chores and serve her husband's parents. Ngoai conducted herself properly; she devotedly took care of grandmother and did everything that a dutiful daughter-in-law is expected to do.

Grandma and grandpa stayed with great-grandmother for about a year until they decided to be on their own. They went back to Bac Trang with a small amount of money from their wedding gifts. The couple settled in a pretty cottage situated next to

Ngoai's parents' big house. They lived frugally with the money they saved from selling cigarettes, for Ngoai was pregnant. It was a joyous moment for both of them when my mother came into this world. My grandparents loved her dearly. My mother received all the love, care, and affection that a first born could ever have. The couple faced financial difficulty for Ngoai gave birth to my two aunts and an uncle. Grandpa struggled from dawn to dusk trying to bring bread to the family's table. He earned a meager income from peddling cigarettes that provided only enough to survive each day. Life got tougher when Grandpa became seriously ill and died. Ngoai was left behind with four children to take care of; she was only 30 years old then. Although there were many bachelors pursuing her hand in marriage, Ngoai remained a widow.

Ngoai continued selling cigarettes for a living, but could not make enough to feed the five children. Everyday, they ate rice soup and shoyu for breakfast, lunch, and dinner. There were times when they ran out of money to buy rice, so Ngoai had to beg her fifth brother to lend her some. But her well-to-do brother was so penny-pinching that he would not even spare his own blood sister a cup of rice. Ngoai could not go to her mother for help because great-grandmother was also stingy with her money. So Ngoai turned to her fourth brother for financial support. Great uncle who was rich and generous assisted Ngoai with a small sum of money.

With the fund, Ngoai set up a booth in town selling fabric. In no time, the business boomed. Ngoai then built a spacious, brick house. She sent my mother to Tra Vinh Province where mother could live with her paternal great-grandmother and attend school.

Ngoai greatly values learning; she always emphasized the importance of education to us grandchildren. My mother must have heard Ngoai reiterate the Vietnamese version of "The more learning, the more earn" lecture a thousand times, for mother repeated those similar words to my sister and me every chance she had. Mother always said to us, "I won't live forever to take care of you children. I have no inheritance to give you folks. My only hope for you three kids is to save up enough money to send you folks to school to get an education so that you can obtain the skills necessary to support yourself in the long run."

I remember one time when Ngoai and I were sitting at the dining table talking about my schooling

when Ngoai began with her lecture. "I understand you used to work," Ngoai said casually. Surprised that she knew about my activity, I thought, I wonder who she got that information from. I later found out that my cousin told her.

"Yes. I worked as a baby sitter. It was summer employment. I don't work anymore if that's what you're trying to get at." I said.

Not satisfied with my answer, Ngoai asked, "How much did they pay you?"

Here she goes again. She's gonna give a lecture as if I haven't heard enough from mom and dad, I told myself.

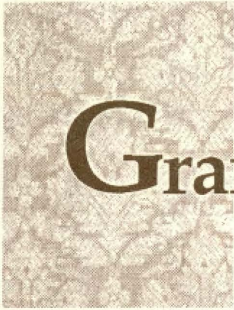
"I got paid five dollars an hour. I didn't work for the money, Ngoai. The reason I worked was because I wanted to learn more about myself and to gain credentials and experience. Credentials are something that an employer takes into consideration when hiring a worker. It's hard to get a job if you don't have any sort of working skills. That's how things operate in modern working society," I explained.

Still not satisfied, Ngoai said, "Five dollars an hour. That's too cheap. You will make five times more than that after you get your bachelor's degree. Child, you can work all you want after you finish college. But right now, you just concentrate on school and make good grades. From what I see, you work because you want spending money to go out. Stop going out and focus on studying hard. If you put play before school, you will face the consequences later in life. And believe me, you don't want that. Do me a favor, be a smart girl and study hard."

I wanted to tell her that having good grades is not everything if you can't relate to people, but I refrained, for it is disrespectful to challenge Ngoai's wisdom. I thought of how Ngoai's wisdom has provided the backbone to help her raise her four children into fine adults. My mother, uncle, and aunts turned out just as she has hoped: educated, independent, ambitious and humble. Ngoai is older and much more experienced. I should say no more.

I dedicate this to you, Ngoai. Despite all the hardship you had went through in life, you still managed to be a strong person and a wonderful mother and grandmother to all of us. I love you, Ngoai. You're the greatest!





# Grandpa's House

By Karen Duong

After the 1975 Vietnam War, South Vietnam was taken over by the Communists. They forced people who had worked for the American Army to go to a re-education camp. My father was one of them. He had to leave my mother, my sister, and me behind for almost six years. At the time my father left home, my mother was so depressed because without my father's help, she did not have enough money and time to take care of my sister and me. She worked two jobs in order to earn enough money for food, clothing, and other necessities.

A year after my father was forced to the re-education camp, my mother was laid off from her two jobs because of my father's life story. Her life was harder than ever before. She decided to take my sister and me to the countryside to live with my grandfather so that she did not have to worry about taking care of us, finding a job, working, and going to see my father, all at the same time. Since my grandpa came to visit my family every year, I never had a chance to go to my grandpa's house. This was the first time I had gone such a long way and a long time from home. I welcomed the rare opportunity to live in the countryside.

My grandfather lived at Cui hamlet, in Cai Rang village of Cantho City in South Vietnam. His house was surrounded by rice fields and was located along a small river. In the dry season, a person can wade across the river with the water coming up only to one's chest in the deepest part. My grandfather's house was at one end of the hamlet, a long way down a narrow path. It was located away from the traffic and lights, but surrounded by shadows and rustling trees. It was fenced off by coconut fronds. The roof

was thatched with rice stubble and the walls were made of cob. There was little furniture in the main room: a large box full of rice, a table and four chairs, and three figurines: the Lords of Happiness, Good Fortune, and Longevity—the sole decoration in the house. I liked the Lord of Good Fortune best with his black beard, chubby cheeks, and stout healthy body. His eyes seemed to speak and to look out for the family. In every way, both his physical appearance and individual characteristics seemed to represent my grandpa.

One of the fondest memories of my grandpa was when he woke me up in the early morning to get ready for school. His love, charm and spirit are forever captured in those few seconds early in my childhood. On those mornings, I would lie snuggled under the warmth of my blanket, dreaming a little girl's dream. As I wandered through dreamland, I was pulled to reality by the most gentle kiss on my forehead. I awoke to the sight of my grandpa's soft eyes and warm smile. He pushed my hair away from my face and told me, "It's time to wake up, sweetheart." He had developed an art of waking his sleepyhead grandchild. Although I knew I was not the only girl to be awakened by a kiss from grandpa, he made me feel like the most special little girl in the entire world. In those few seconds, I would always remember my grandpa as the most gentle and loving grandfather. Sometimes I found myself alone, awake in the dark room, calling grandpa to come get me. Like clockwork, my grandpa would come rushing down to the room to get me. My fears quickly disappeared just as soon as I saw grandpa at the door.

Like most grandparents or parents in the neigh-

borhood, my grandpa woke up before the sun came peeking over the horizon. He sometimes left the lamplight on in the main room so that when I woke up I did not feel fear of the dark. However, I still hollered for my grandpa. Waking up and crawling out of the bed by myself would have been like walking out from grandpa's safe haven and into a horrendous nightmare.

One time grandpa took my sister and me to the pagoda. The old monk gave us some consecrated rice cakes. Grandpa gave all of them to my sister and me to taste so we would know what they were like. I didn't take all of them. I told grandpa, "You eat it yourself, Grandpa."

He said, "No, no, I won't eat it. I have been eating for a long time. If you are still a glutton at seventy, it makes it very hard to die."

I cried out, "Don't talk like that, Grandpa."

He held me in his arms and then said, "You are my joy. Why do I want to die? I promise I will take good care of you and your sister."

Since my sister and I were the only grandchildren who stayed with grandpa, he spent all his time just taking care of us and making sure we had everything we needed. Everyday he walked with me to school—although I could go to school by myself. Almost every time I played with my friends in grandpa's garden, he sat nearby under the tree to look after us. He taught me to be kind, to respect other people, and to treat them the way that I would want them to treat me.

I didn't know much about my grandfather's land. However, one time when I went fishing with my friends, a fisherman told us an incredible folk tale about the black buffaloes in this stretch of the river. He said that people who went fishing at night were convinced they saw buffaloes. They usually appeared at midnight and rose to the surface from the bottom of the river. Their bodies glisten, their horns stand high, and they charge across the surface of the water foaming at the mouth. This foam is like spawn, and it is said that anyone who is lucky enough to get some of it will be endowed with extraordinary powers.

My friends and I wanted to see the buffaloes with all our hearts. As soon as the night fell, my friends would leave their houses and go looking for buffaloes, but I could not leave my house, in spite of my grandfather's urging to join them. To make sure that I didn't miss the opportunity to see buffaloes, I asked my grandpa about the buffalo tale, but he said he

never heard it. At first I didn't believe what he told me. However, later on I trusted his words, because after the many nights that my friends went to the river to see buffaloes, not even one of them told me that they saw them. My thought about getting some of the extraordinary powers was completely forgotten.

I began to enjoy other games. I learned how to fly a kite, climb a tree, and row a small boat. Almost everyday after school I played games, fished, and picked fruits with my friends. I usually had a great time while playing with them. Those play times offered me a chance to experience, to explore, and to understand grandpa's land more. My friends were very nice and always helped me with my studies because my grandpa was old and illiterate. I treated them just like my sisters and brothers. They left me with a lot of good memories.

When my mother came to take my sister and me back, my feelings were mixed. I knew the path to the hamlet well and the world surrounding grandpa's house which filled me with a gentle feeling. I was adrift in time and space; there were images of the city in which I had lived and the school which I had attended. These had been erased from my mind.

Everything changed when I left my grandpa's house to live with my mother in the city. My mother was too busy with her business. Money was not a problem for my family at that time. My sister and I could have everything we wanted. However, there was no time for my family to spend together. I felt unimportant and ignored. When it was time to eat, my mother didn't know that I didn't like Chinese sausage; instead, she always tried to force me to eat it and got angry whenever I refused. These unpleasant times made me dream about my beautiful and innocent memories of childhood. When I attended a new school, nobody talked to me or made friends with me. They seemed hostile because I was new and rustic. However, I adapted to the city style. I made new friends and new memories, but my childhood memories were still the best; these were memories that I never forgot and always dreamed that someday I would find again. I felt so lucky that I had the chance to live in the country. Four years at grandpa's house was a great experience and adventure for me.

I grew up under the nourishment and love of my grandpa for only four years, but the time I spent living in the countryside with him taught me to value unconditional love, family life, and community support.



# Rainy Days

By Chad Kagawa

In the Philippines, late July to early November is the “rainy season.” That’s when the typhoons stampede across the Philippine Islands. The streets become flooded, the potholes appear, and the dirt roads become almost impassable. On the other hand, the trees, fields, and mountains are all a beautiful bright green color. It reminds me of the Windward side of O’ahu.

My friend Jay asked me one August day if I wanted to go with him to the Philippines. He was going to visit some friends and relatives, and his wife was unable to take off from her job. With nothing better to do with my life, I figured, Why not. What’s the worst that could happen?

“You could get killed. Are you crazy?” “It’s a third-world country. It’s dangerous, you know. They don’t like Japanese.” “Watch out for the water, it’s not clean. You can get hepatitis.” Those were some of the things I heard from my friends and family.

I can drink bottled water, I thought, and could just as easily be killed here in Hawai’i. Of course there will be slummy-looking areas, but who cares. I’m sure the city area is just like Waikiki.

I was a little worried after Jay’s brothers and sisters told me to watch out for pickpockets. I never did carry too much money in my wallet, but just in case, I hid some money in my shoes.

As we were landing in Manila, Jay told me to stick close to him all the time because I might be “abducted.” (What? Are they going to beat me up? I never really took him too seriously, but the thought lingered in my mind.)

“Now follow me closely and ignore the people, okay?” he said.

I nodded in agreement as we entered the terminal.

From that point until we reached the taxi, everything seemed to go by in a flash. There were people everywhere, crowds, lines, noises, cameras flashing—chaos. There was a guy harassing Jay to buy a picture of him entering the terminal. Jay started to walk faster and I stayed as close as I could to him without stepping on his heels.

When we got outside, there seemed to be thousands of people waiting for relatives. We were supposed to meet Jay’s brother in-law, but we were needles in a giant haystack. We ended up taking a taxi.

In the city, car horns beep every ten seconds. The people there drive weird. On a two-lane road, they squeeze in a third lane. They drive so close to each other, a hiccup could cause an accident. I feared death in every car I rode in.

Manila looked nothing like Waikiki. It looked more like Downtown, Hotel Street. The buildings were dirty, rubbish was everywhere, and some streets were flooded and full of potholes. I didn’t see any pickpockets though. The people seemed normal, with a few of them selling things in the traffic filled streets.

I noticed a few kids playing in the knee-deep water. They were having so much fun in their fully soaked clothes. I’m sure if it started pouring right then, they would not care and just keep on playing.

Most of the stores, especially the shopping malls and banks, had security guards carrying rifles. Occasionally, they took the law into their own hands, as we discovered when we came back to Manila. In the parking structure of a shopping mall, Jay’s cousin took up two stalls when he parked. When we returned

to the car, the tire was flat. We're sure the security guard popped the tire. I began to feel more afraid of the law than the people breaking it.

The taxi took us to a bus station. I noticed, every time someone stepped out of a bus or a taxi, a bunch of teenage boys would scurry around, eagerly offering each passenger a ride on their "tricycles" (mopeds with a sidecar). A ride usually cost about two pesos or eight cents. This was their job. It's very difficult to get a job without a good education. Even to get a job like a cashier at McDonald's, one needs to have a college degree. Employers choose the best because there are so few jobs and so many unemployed.

Jay's home province, Zambales, near the west coast of Luzon, was a three-hour drive away. But because the roads were flooded, we had to take the long way around Mt. Pinatubo. Jay wasn't sure of the directions so we had to "bus it," twelve hours.

Soon we were out of Manila, away from the traffic, the crowds, the craziness. We were on the Super Highway on our way to Zambales. The driving was still pretty crazy. If there was a slow-moving vehicle on a one-lane road, the bus would go either on the other side of the road, or on the shoulder to pass it. It was exciting at first, but the excitement didn't last twelve hours. Most of the time I just slept or did some thinking.

One thing that really set in my mind as we sped down the highway was seeing people living under bridges. To me this seemed like the guy under the bridge was doing his best to survive in his environment. And instantly I thought, "Wow, I really take life for granted."

After getting lost a couple of times, we made it to Zambales and finally reached Jay's home. Hawai'i is nothing like this. There were wild carabao and billy goats, giant hills and mountains, huge forests, fields, and rivers. The biggest river I ever saw before was the Ala Wai Canal? All I remember was green. Everything was green. I wondered, if it wasn't the rainy season would this place look as dry as Diamond Head?

People came from all over the *baranggay* (neighborhood) to see Jay. Word travels fast, considering there were no phones. He was pretty well-known too. All his friends became my friends, and his family became my family too. His sister in-law, cousin, nephew, and uncle lived at his home. They did everything to make me feel at home. His uncle gave me

his room and slept on the floor. They provided me with a fan because it was uncomfortably hot. His sister in-law and cousin cooked and cleaned everything. Usually the women did most of the housework. They even pumped water for me. (There was no running water, so it had to be pumped from outside.)

Jay's family and neighbors, talked to me often and I enjoyed the attention. They usually talk to each other in Ilocano, but kept me informed so I wouldn't feel left out. I was asked about my trip or life in the U.S. They also tried to teach me some Tagalog. I especially liked being introduced to their single daughters and nieces.

Then there was Members Only, a gang Jay formed. They were all waiting for their papers to clear so they could come to the U.S. like Jay. I felt uncomfortable with them. They weren't violent or anything. They just drank too much, and I didn't drink at all. Some of them seemed to be drunk morning, noon, and night. It isn't much fun to talk to a drunk. There were some though, who didn't drink as much because they had responsibilities—an occasional job in Manila or a family to support.

Filipinos knew how to have a good time. Every Sunday, they went to church. They listened to the sermons, prayed, and sang. They loved to sing. After church, some would go to the cockpit. I saw my first



"Tricycle" taxis, mopeds with sidecars, on a rainy day.  
Color photograph.  
By Chad Kagawa.

chicken fight. Ignorantly, I thought it was cheating when steel talons were tied onto the chicken's leg. I didn't know the chickens fought to the death. The fighting was exciting, but so was the betting. It reminded me of brokers trading in the Stock Market. But when it was over, I felt a little sad for the chicken. If the people won a lot, they would celebrate by going to a restaurant or bar.

I loved the Philippines and the semi-rural life. Taking baths with a bucket and pouring water on my head, writing by candlelight during brownouts, relaxing on the porch, or just watching television. It was so peaceful.

And yet everything there seemed so extreme. It is so big. Most of Jay's relatives, and the nearest grocery store, were an hour away. The people were so poor yet so happy, always singing and having parties. The mountains and rivers and forests and fields were enormous. The heat was unbearable at times. Even in the shade, I felt the heat just envelop me.

And when it rained, it poured.

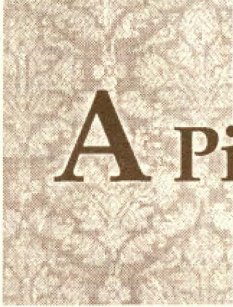
I remember one night, being out on the porch admiring the rain. The rain was so powerful and infinite. It never rained like that in Hawai'i. I went closer to the edge of the porch, still under shelter, hoping to catch a glimpse of a lightning bolt. I was getting a little wet from the occasional gusts of wind pushing rain into the porch area. But overall, I was dry. I didn't see any lightning bolts, but I did see many flashes. I was satisfied and went back inside.



*Monsoon season in Manila.*

Color photograph.

By Chad Kagawa.



# A Pilgrimage to China and Tibet

By Mary Jean Gianelli

The countries of China and Tibet offer us a chance to visit Buddhist, Confucian and Taoist temples and religious sites. Along with these religious sites are many other historical and cultural areas to explore. It is for this reason that I have chosen these religious sites within China and Tibet for my pilgrimage.

A note about Tibet. I realize that Tibet is considered by the Chinese to be part of their country. However, I offer Tibet as a separate country in support of the Dalai Lama and all Tibetans who hope one day to have their homeland given back to them.

The word pilgrim comes from the Latin word *peregrinus*, meaning foreigner, or *pereger*, meaning being abroad, and is defined as one who journeys in alien lands; wayfarer; one who travels to a shrine or holy place as a devotee. A pilgrimage is defined as a journey of a pilgrim, especially one to a shrine or a sacred place, or the course of life on Earth. (Webster's 641). Being from New England, I was very familiar with the Plymouth pilgrims, but after researching the Dunhuang Cave temples and the trek of Chinese and other Buddhist pilgrims, I have a whole new viewpoint of pilgrims and their pilgrimages.

We begin our pilgrimage in Beijing in Tiantan Park (Temple of Heaven). Restored in the 1970s, this complex is a actually a park, with four gates at the compass points. This is where the emperor performed the major ceremonial rites of the year. It was considered sacred ground. The ceremony is described in the *Lonely Planet's Travel Survival Kit—China* by Robert Storey:

Just before winter solstice, the emperor [known then as the Son of Heaven] and his enormous entourage passed down Qianmen Dajie to the Im-

perial Vault of Heaven in total silence—commoners were not permitted to view the ceremony and remained cloistered indoors. The procession included elephant chariots, horse chariots and long lines of lancers, nobles, officials, and musicians, dressed in their finest, flags fluttering. The next day the emperor waited in a yellow silk tent at the south gate while officials moved the sacred tablets to the Round Altar, where the prayers and sacrificial rituals took place. The least hitch in any part of the proceedings was regarded as an ill omen, and it was thought that the nation's future was thus decided (Storey 621).

There are several other parks to be seen at the traveler's discretion, including Ritan Park (Temple of the Sun) where ritual sacrifice to the Sun God was performed on an altar; and Yuetan Park (Temple of the Moon) where it is said that the "emperors reduced the surplus population to appease the moon god" (Storey 624).

**Lama Temple:** A Tibetan Buddhist temple, described as having "beautiful gardens, stunning frescoes and tapestries, incredible carpentry." It is supposed to be the most renowned Tibetan Buddhist temple within China. In 1744, it became a lamasery and residence for large numbers of monks from Mongolia and Tibet. In 1792, Qianlong, having quelled an uprising in Tibet, instituted a new administrative system involving two gold vases. One was kept in Jokhang Temple in Lhasa, for determining the reincarnation of the Dalai Lama (under the supervision of the Minister for Tibetan Affairs) and the other was kept at

the Lama Temple for the lottery for the Mongolian Grand Living Buddha.

The lamasery has three richly worked archways and five main halls strung in a line down the middle, each taller than the preceding one. The styles are mixed—Mongolian, Tibetan and Han. The smoke curling up from the yak butter lamps is said to transport you momentarily to Tibet. This temple, which was declared a major historical relic in 1949, is active again. Novices study the Tibetan language and the secret practices of the Yellow Sect (Storey 625-627).

**Confucius Temple and Imperial College:** After the Confucian temple in Quaff, this is the largest temple in China. It is now a museum. According to Robert Storey's guide:

The forest of steles in the temple courtyard... record the names of those successful in the civil service examinations (the world's first) of the imperial court. To see his name engraved here was the ambition of every scholar, but it wasn't easy. Candidates were locked in cubicles (about 8000 of them) measuring roughly 1-1/2 by 1-1/2 meters for a period of three days. Many died or went insane during their incarceration (627).

The Imperial College was where the emperor expounded on the Confucian classics to thousands of kneeling students, professors and court officials. It is now the Capital Library.

We now journey to Ji'nan by train and then bus to Tai Shan (Tai Mountain) and Qufu, the home of Confucius.

**Taishan (Tai Mountain):** The climb up this 5000-foot mountain takes about eight hours up and down. Many Chinese tourists climb the mountain at night using lights and walking sticks so that they may arrive in time to see the spectacular sunrise. This is China's most sacred mountain. According to *Journey Into China*, pilgrims climb to worship and ask for favors. Some pray for health (130). Confucius climbed to contemplate the kingdom of Lu (the region's name) and supposedly uttered the words "The world is small" (547).

The Tai Mountain is steeped in legend, history and religion. According to Robert Storey,

The Princess of the Azure Clouds, a Taoist deity whose presence permeates the temples dotted along the route, is a powerful cult figure for the peasant women.... Tribes of wiry grandmothers

come each year for the ascent, a journey made more difficult by their bound feet. Their target is the main temples at the summit, where they can offer gifts and prayers for their children. It is said that if you climb Taishan, you'll live to be 100" (549).

Next stop will be Qufu. Here we will visit the mansion, temples and forest of Kong Fuzi, the tomb of Mencius, and the Temple of Shao Hao.

**The Confucian Temple and Grave:** This is the home and grave of Confucius, or Kong Fuzi as he is known in China. Confucius lived from 551 to 479 B.C.E. He defined the system of interpersonal relationships that places emphasis on responsibility and obedience.

The temple occupies about 50 acres and is the most important temple in China as well as being the largest in the world. Built in 478 A.D., the temple has gold-tiled roofs, red doors, arches and carved tile dragons from the Ming Dynasty period. Fielding's description takes us back in time:

Try to imagine the burning of incense and the muffled clang of gongs, as processions of officials in long red gowns and caps arrived. They kowtowed, their heads to the ground, in deepest reverence. They left offerings of food and wine on the altar. Musicians played ritual bells (169-170).

Such ceremonies still take place in Qufu. Confucian temples did not usually have statues, but simply tablets with the names of ancestors written on them. The south gate was usually left unbuilt until a son from the town passed the difficult examinations and became a senior scholar. Only a senior scholar and the emperor could enter by the South Gate.

After Confucius died in 479 BC, his disciples kept watch on his grave for three years. A one kilometer ceremonial avenue leading to the grave site is flanked by stone animal sculptures and statues of military heroes. The Confucian Forest is a cemetery and "spirit-way" lined with cypresses. More than 20,000 trees were planted by his followers. Scattered throughout the forest are temples and pavilions (170-179).

Next we journey to Zhengzhou and the Shaolin Monastery.

**Shaolin Monastery:** According to legend, Shaolin was founded in the fifth century C.E. by an Indian monk, Bodhidharma, who preached Zen Buddhism. His disciples imitated the motions of birds and ani-

mals for relief between long periods of meditation. Over the centuries, these exercises became a form of unarmed combat. In the Forest of Dagobas outside the walls of the temple, each dagoba is built in remembrance of a monk. The monastery sits on Songshan, a mountain sacred to Taoists.

Our pilgrimage next takes us to Dunhuang, where we will pay respect to the Mogao Caves.

**Mogao Caves:** The cave temples of Mogao in Dunhuang have been described as the richest source of Chinese Buddhist Art. The first cave was built around 336 C.E. when a Buddhist monk, Lezun, dreamed he saw a cloud with a thousand Buddhas floating above one side of the valley (Caves of the Thousand Buddhas, 12).

I find this religious site intriguing. Imagine a Buddhist pilgrim, or anyone, who has just made his way across the treacherous Taklamaken Desert to these the grottoes. With only a small oil lamp to guide him through the darkness, he glimpses a massive 100-foot-long sleeping Buddha. An array of brilliant colors bounce off the walls. The Buddha smiles serenely, head on a pillow decorated with beautiful Tang floral motifs. On the walls above are flying *apsaras* (Buddhist angels) surrounded by colorful swirling clouds. The *apsaras* appear to be floating down to the Buddha. Bodhisattvas sit together on another wall. This Tang Buddhist art, along with a dash of Tibetan influence, would delight any weary traveler!

The unique blend of wall paintings and sculptures in a single composition shows the beauty and high level of artistry in Dunhuang. This form of Buddhist art originated in India, metamorphosed itself in Central Asia and arrived into Dunhuang only to develop into its own unique Chinese style before moving on to Korea and later to Japan.

Our pilgrimage now takes us on a long and arduous camel ride through the desert into the land of Tibet.

In Lhasa, the home of Tibetan Buddhism, there are several places to see, including Potala Palace, Jokhang Temple and Norbu Kingka.

Potala Palace is considered to be one of the architectural wonders of the world. Built in the seventeenth century, it has thousands of rooms, shrines and statues. There is the Red Palace for religious functions, and the White Palace which was the living quarters of the Dalai Lama.

Jokhang Temple, approximately 1300 years old, is one of the holiest shrines. Originally, it was built in

commemoration of the marriage of Princess Wen Cheng of the Tang Dynasty to King Songtsen Gampo of Tibet. It houses a pure gold statue of the Sakyamuni Buddha which was brought by the Princess. It also houses the second gold vase mentioned in the description of the Lama Temple in Beijing. This gold vase was used in determining the identity of the new reincarnation of the Dalai Lama.

Finally, our trek takes us to Mt. Kailias where we will encounter other pilgrims circumambulating the peak. It is about thirty-two miles around this route, or *kora*, as the sacred circuit around Mt. Kailas is called.

First, a note about this particular pilgrimage site. I highly recommend reading two books: *Tibet Handbook—A Pilgrimage Guide* by Victor Chan, and *The Sacred Mountain of Tibet—On Pilgrimage to Kailas* by Russell Johnson and Kerry Moran. According to Johnson and Moran,

Hindus cross the frozen mountain passes of India to circle the peak that is Shiva's throne and bathe in the lake created from the *Manas* (mind) of Brahma. Buddhists journey from Ladakh, Bhutan, Nepal, Mongolia and every corner of Tibet to this holiest of mountains they call Kang Rinpoche, the "Precious Snow Mountain." The Jain religion knows Kailas as Mount Ashtapada: where the religion's founder, Rishabanatha, gained spiritual liberation. To the Bonpo, followers of Tibet's old pre-Buddhist beliefs, the mountain is the "Nine-story Swastika Mountain," the mystic "soul" of the entire region (9).

The pilgrimage around Mt. Kailas is also said to link pilgrims "to the natural and the spiritual worlds" (75).

Most Tibetans try to do more than one *kora*; three is a popular number, while thirteen is the goal of the more serious [pilgrims]. Every year there are a few working on their goal of 108 *kora*, which a determined walker can accomplish in two seasons. A single circuit of the mountain is said to erase the sins of a lifetime; ten, the sins of an age, while 108, a holy number, ensures Nirvana (22).

Finally, one last quote to end our pilgrimage, which again comes from Johnson and Moran, "The overriding purpose of pilgrimage is generally the desire to benefit mankind. Most authentic pilgrims make offerings and prayers so that their fellow beings may share merits gained from the pilgrimage.



that which surrounds us, we are directly respecting ourselves. The Tao teaches us to understand the ever-present cycle of nature so that we may understand our own personal patterns. Everything in nature is balanced by complementary opponents, such as night and day, male and female. This concept is described as *Yin* and *Yang* and represented by the symbol called *Tai Ch'i*, translated as the "Grand Ultimate." The *Yin* is the feminine, quieter aspect; the *Yang* is the male, more active counterpart. To disrupt these cycles in nature is to disrupt them in ourselves.

In Taoism, compassion for nature reflects compassion for people as well. Lao-tzu strongly spoke of being unconditionally compassionate. People are often too quick to judge one another. We are easily angered and agitated, and much of our energy is wasted on criticism, irritation, hatred, jealousy, competition, and revenge. The Tao teaches us to be tolerant and forgiving so as to save our energy for more practical uses. When we are faced with an unpleasant person, the way of the Tao is to accept, instead of reject, so that person may learn from our ways. The Tao believes that those who are "bad" are merely a "good" person's student, and a "good" person therefore is a "bad" person's teacher.

Incorporated in every concept of the Tao is the philosophy's profound simplicity. This is defined as *P'u*, translated as "the uncarved block." The simple-minded joy of a child is the ultimate stage of enlightenment. In our jaded age, we forget to trust, love, and play. Children are characterized by their honesty, happiness, and carefree nature: qualities we all desire to possess. Children do not attempt to be anything, they just are. This is the essence of Tao. Lao-Tzu wrote his guide to living nearly 26 centuries ago, yet his concepts remain overwhelmingly pertinent and applicable. Incorporating the Tao into our lives may bring us the enlightenment we have been searching for.



# Hard Times

By Jane Ko

"Mom, why did you eat my leftover chicken on the plate? It has my germs," asked my daughter curiously at the dinner table while we were about to finish dinner. I still felt hungry and was searching for more food after finishing my plate. Out of habit, I always tried to devour any scraps of food I could find on the dinner table while scolding my daughters for being so wasteful. I just can't stand having any food going to waste, especially food I enjoy eating. Many of my friends laugh at me, saying that I eat like a pig and that I am the most gluttonous person they have ever seen.

They have noticed that I am not only thrifty with food, but also a collector of items that other people would throw away. "One man's trash is another man's treasure" occurs to me very often, with me being the "other man." The den at my house is cluttered with "collector's items" such as old bottles, baskets, used kitchen ware, worn-out clothes—not that I have any use for them again, but I bundle them up once in a while and donate them to charities like the Salvation Army. I have become the favorite target of solicitation from Big Brothers and Big Sisters and Goodwill, much to the displeasure of my husband who just wants peace and quiet at home.

Friends and relatives have complained that I am too petty and have to learn to be more noble and generous. What they don't realize is that my frugality was shaped by a period of hardship during my childhood. Thus, my daughter's innocuous comment brought back to me lots of sad but interesting memories of my childhood in China.

It was in the early '60s, the period just after the Great Leap Forward in China. "Guo Qing, wake up!"

My elder sister was shaking my head forcefully one morning. Being abruptly awoken from deep sleep, I felt very tired and could hardly open up my sleepy eyes. I looked lazily and drearily at the clock on the wall. It was only 4 a.m.

"Hurry up! We will be late for the market again," my sister said impatiently and urgently. Her voice jabbed and reminded me that we did not succeed in buying any food from the market yesterday because there were no grocery items left on the market shelves when our turn was reached. Yesterday morning we had been too late to queue for the market at 5 a.m.

For a long while, we had been subsisting only on rice and preserved vegetables because there was nothing else in stock at the local grocery markets. The shelves there were all empty. We had not tasted any meat or fish for three weeks now. It was only this week that there appeared limited supplies of vegetables and other food items. However, the demand was high and people had to wait in line early to have the chance to buy their share of the groceries. Late-comers were certain to go home empty-handed as we did the day before. Thus, if we were earlier and lucky today, we could get some fresh vegetables. If not, we would only eat rice with soy sauce or the same preserved vegetables that we had day after day. With such motivating thoughts, I quickly sprang out of bed, brushed my teeth washed my face, put on my clothes, and rushed out of the door to catch my sister, who was already on her way to the market.

When we arrived at the market, there were many people standing impatiently in a sort of wavy line just outside the market entrance. It was not until two blocks down the road that we found the end of the

line. As we positioned ourselves there, I had nothing to do except look around. There were people lying or sitting lazily on the asphalt. Most of those who came were elderly men or women, homemakers, or young children like us—people who did not have to go to work. Most adults sat on the ground with their hands and knees rolled up, half-sleeping, solemnly quiet, or looking very concerned, probably worrying about the future of the economy. A few chattered with one another even though they seemed to have never met before. Many kids put their baskets down to hold their place in line while they played nearby. At the front of the line, a nine- or ten-year-old girl was looking very serious, counting frequently from the first position to my direction making sure that no one would illegitimately insert themselves into the line. Suddenly she yelled angrily, "Whose basket is this?"

The boy who was playing cards beside it said nervously, "It is mine."

The girl asked, "How come you put two baskets here when there is only one person? Ten minutes earlier, I didn't see this basket here."

They started to argue with each other. Everyone was awakened by the noise and started to check on their neighbors. Just then, a man stood up and said, "Everybody, please stop arguing. I have an idea. Everybody stand and stay in line. I will write out a number and pass it on to you according to your turn." Fortunately, people there, though starving to the limit of forbearance like us, were pleased with the idea and made a straight line accordingly, ending all suspicion and potential conflicts. Subsequently, I got a number that read 178. My sister's number was 179. She was not happy with the high number and started to worry. If the market's stocks were low, our basket would be empty again.

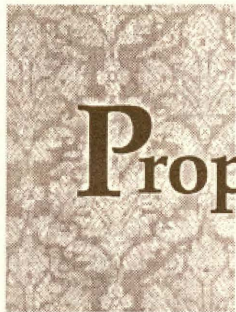
Finally, the market opened at 7 a.m. Fortunately for us, there were three bushels of fish on that day though not many fresh vegetables. At last, our turn came and we were very excited to get one pound of fresh fishlings, even though there were no vegetables. We could finally look forward to eating a fish for dinner tonight.

That afternoon, I helped my mother clean the fish. They were tiny in size, about one to two centimeters long. Some were red, most were white and light green. It was fun cleaning the fish; they came in pieces—some were heads and others, tails. I could make puzzles with them. However, there were not too many whole fish that I could piece together because not

many whole fish were there to begin with.

My mother, adept in the kitchen, skillfully separated the good fish from the not-so-good fish. She cooked the not-so-good fish right away with some preserved vegetables while she salted the good fish to be put away for another day because there was no refrigerator then. The not-so-good fish was cooked with a lot of garlic, ginger, and wine to remove the undesirable smell. While mom cooked the fish in the wok, my two sisters, brother, and I waited beside the dinner table, breathing in the delicious odor of the frying fish. At dinner, mom distributed the fish to us fairly. First, she used her chopsticks to hold the fish meat while using the other hand to pick out the bones for my younger sister. After that, she gave my brother one piece from the center of the fish. I got some loose meat and shared the heads and tails with my older sister. My mom got only the fish sauce from the wok. That was our most delicious and memorable meal for a long while. We were very happy and content that night.

This is just one example of how my family lived during the economic hard times in China. Unlike China today, which has miraculously evolved into a world economic power within a short span of time, China at that time had limited supplies of food and essential consumer items. Stores, which were owned by the state, were virtually empty everyday. Whenever food or other consumer items were in stock in stores, they were immediately depleted by the hungry populace. Every necessity was rationed, and rationing tickets or stamps were issued by the government to the family according to family size. Food or consumer items had to be bought with money along with the specific rationing stamp issued for that particular item. If one had no rationing stamp, one could not purchase the item even though one had lots of money to spare. Therefore, everybody had to live frugally and waste nothing. I grew up under such conditions and learned how not to waste. Throughout time, such thrifty habits have remained with me, sometimes to an embarrassing extreme, as manifested at the dinner table at home.



# Proper Passions

By Gertrude Chock

## RED AZALEA.

Min, Anchee. New York: Berkeley Publishing. 1995.

Even as she remains devoted to Communist principles, Anchee Min's emotional needs cannot be suppressed. The fires of passion that consume her are stoked by inherent needs. Nurturing those passions often transcends her devotion to Mao's idealism.

In *Red Azalea*, Anchee Min re-creates her life during the Chinese Cultural Revolution. She writes of a time when professionals, intellectuals, and capitalists were considered enemies of Mao's teachings; a time when education was replaced by Mao indoctrination; a time when one's survival was dependent upon correct political behavior. Min perseveres to conform to Communist ideologies even when they conflict with her personal convictions about what is humanely correct.

In the youth of China, Mao found the most fertile ground to plant the seeds of his ideologies. Chosen as a member of the "Little Red Guard," the author is honored because she is recognized as a reliable supporter of the political cause. Yet clearly evidenced is her dilemma as she discovers that while she is guided by Mao's revolutionary principles and must support them, she is faced with conflicting thoughts, especially where truth and humanity are concerned.

One of the first experiences in which she must contend with the conflict between her political loyalty and her personal convictions occurs at the age of thirteen when she is called upon to speak out against a teacher who has been accused of being a reactionary. While Min is coerced into believing that she has been used by her teacher to betray Communism, by the

same token she is being used by the Party to elicit a confession from her teacher. In publicly denouncing her teacher, she conceals her inner feelings; in speaking lies, she defers to the Party, convicting her teacher while protecting herself. About this incident she writes:

I turned to look at the wall-sized portrait of Mao. It was mounted on the back of the stage. The Chairman's eyes looked like two swinging lanterns. I was reminded of my duty, I must fight against anyone who dared oppose Mao's teaching (41).

But a reality is manifested when she is separated from her family and sent to a labor farm to be indoctrinated into proletariat ways. She realizes,

at that moment that it was much too easy to sing "I'll Go Where Chairman Mao's Finger Points." I remembered how I sang that song. I never realized what I was singing until the day came (43).

Life on the farm teaches her that to be a peasant means being pushed far beyond physical endurance, beyond the limits of humanity. Their lives are constrained, their future determined by forces that violate the very principles Mao advocates. No one is above suspicion; leaders, obsessed with power, intimidate their subordinates with reminders of Communist concepts, alert to any misstep that would label their behavior as incorrect. Self-criticism purges their minds, leaving them open to Mao ideologies; reciting Mao's quotations is the only acceptable pas-

time. Yet, in spite of his steady stream of quotations, songs, and slogans, as a human being, Mao remains remotely abstract.

In Yan, the company commander, the author finds a more accessible source of idolization; her physical strength and zealous commitment to the Communist cause are an inspiration to Min, who needs a hero to worship to keep her focused on the cause. However, Yan's hard-as-nails demeanor masks a compassionate inner self. While professing to be staunch supporters of Communist ideals, Yan and Min become victims of their passions. Even if they know that they risk dire punishment, and perhaps, even death, they fall into a romantic involvement. The need to satisfy their human passions surpasses being robotic projections of Communist thought.

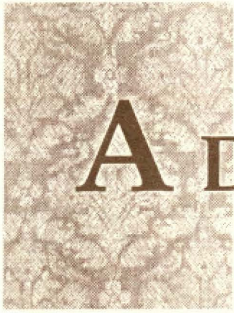
Once again Min's loyalty to Communist teachings is tested when her relationship with Yan becomes suspect. Yan involves Min in a plan which will divert the guilt of their illicit relationship. Min's role in the plot necessitates that she employ the same callous tactics she has learned as a trustworthy comrade; she must participate in a lie in order to save herself. Chosen because she projects the correct image of a true peasant who is politically reliable, she is sent to Shanghai to study in the movie industry that is being reformed by Jiang Ching, Madame Mao. Again her status is contingent upon her devotion to Communist principles.

An enigmatic individual known only as "the Supervisor" orchestrates the testing for the title role in the production, *Red Azalea*. "*Red Azalea* was Jiang Ching's ideal, her creation, her movie, her dream, [in reality, *Red Azalea* was Jiang Chiang, herself]" (192).

The liaison that develops between Min and the Supervisor is a revelation. Flaunting his feministic

qualities, he takes a strange hold over her; she is drawn to him like a magnet. But soon she realizes that "he lived only to worship Comrade Jiang Ching. .... He was her spiritual lover. I believed his obsession with her, she represented his female self" (325). It is his intention that Min be the embodiment of Red Azalea, Jiang Ching, and of himself, as well. In this role, Min must live up to Mao's expectations; she must forget herself and think only of the masses. But when she is required to speak the lines, "I'd sacrifice my life to follow him [Mao] because he is the savior of the world's proletariat," she has no feelings for her lines (312). This is a positive indication that her dedication to Communist ideologies has waned and perhaps no longer even exists.

With Mao's death, and the denunciation of Jiang Ching, the plans of Min and the Supervisor cannot come to fruition. Where once was a heart filled with passion for Mao's teachings, there is nothing but a void. Disillusionment has drained Min of the fervor that once pervaded her being. Where once there were fires of passion for Yan and the Supervisor, there is nothing but a trace of ashes. Her love for Yan is clouded by guilt and shame, her love for the Supervisor is shrouded by ambiguity. Gone are the passions that once sustained her.



# A Date to Remember

By Mei Leng Ng

*This is the winning paper in the essay division of the Kapi'olani Community College competition to select entries for the League for Innovation in the Community College Student Literary Competition.*

It was an ordinary spring day in China in the year 1989. Everything appeared to be quite normal on Changan Boulevard. As night came, students of Beijing University and other universities in the Beijing area started gathering in the hallways of their dormitories. They were sad because of the death of Hu Yaobang, the former general secretary of the Communist Party of China. He was the only communist member who cared for his people, and the people loved him. At 2 a.m. on April 18, 1989, students came to a decision that they would march to Tiananmen Square to place a banner calling Hu the "Soul of China" on the Monument of the Revolutionary Martyrs.

Tiananmen Square has always been special to the Chinese people. It was at this place that the first student demonstration against unequal treaties between China and foreign countries had taken place seventy years ago. The student demonstration in the May 4, 1919 movement successfully changed the government's actions. That success gave Tiananmen Square a special significance as the people's place to express their feelings freely.

As students and citizens gathered at Tiananmen Square, they started exchanging real feelings about their hard life in China. Finally, everyone agreed they wanted a change. Students demanded talks with the government. However, after a week of inconclusive discussions, the students started to camp out in the square. Several hundred students started a hunger strike, and a huge demonstration was held to mark

the anniversary of the May 4 Movement. Workers, citizens and peasants all joined in this event with the hope that the government would listen to the people this time. Unfortunately, they were wrong. After threatening those who went on strike and paying government workers not to go down to Tiananmen Square to support the students, the Communist authorities began to fine those who left work to join the demonstrations. Finally, on June 4, the government decided to take action against those calling for democracy. Tanks and troops were sent to Tiananmen Square, and thousands of people were killed or injured.

This incident had an important effect on every Chinese person. Before this incident, adults always said that my generation was the luckiest. In my grandma's generation, people were killed or starved to death because of World War II. In my parents' generation, most children in China were not able to get an education because of the Great Cultural Revolution. Everyone who lived in China suffered poverty and political indoctrination. In my generation, people were enjoying a better life. Children could go to school, and we always had enough food. I did not really care what happened to my parents or my grandparents during the revolution because I was only 13 in 1989. I did not know much about history or the importance of history. Since I have always lived in Macao, I never cared about the Chinese government, the people, or the society. I did not even pay attention to the news. However, from the day the stu-

dents started the hunger strike, everyone was very concerned about the situation. Old people were saying that war was going to break out in China. Every family's television was on for almost twenty-four hours a day. Any time there was a special report, people would drop what they were doing and gather around, hoping to see some good news. At one time, everyone thought the students would win. Chinese people around the world were supporting them. There were demonstrations in every part of the world. There were fund-raising activities in many cities to raise money for daily necessities for those camping in Tiananmen Square. We never thought that the government would crush the students because the world was watching. Besides, we also hoped that the breakdown of the former Soviet Union would have some positive effect on the Chinese government to make them listen to the people more. In Hong Kong, there was the biggest demonstration ever to speak out for freedom and democracy. These are rights the Chinese have never had from the beginning of the Chinese history.

I was not able to sleep on the night of the massacre. At 4 a.m. on June 4, the television was playing the horrible news again and again. The streets outside my house were noisy. Everyone turned on their lights and television. Many people were crying. Some of them went out to the streets and shouted their frustrations; they marched toward the Chinese consular office. I could not believe what I was seeing on television. I wanted to go back to sleep because I was hoping what I had seen was just a dream that would be gone when I awoke.

When the sun finally came out, I went to get a newspaper. All the newspapers had the pictures of the massacre. What appeared to be meat sauce on the ground was actually bodies run over by tanks. Thousands of people were taken to the hospital, which did not have enough space to hold all of them. Most of the people who were shot had to lie on blood-soaked mattresses because all operating rooms were full.

Everyone was frightened. We did not know what would happen to us. People in Macau bought a lot of canned food because they thought war was going to break out. Most of our food comes from China. War did not break out, and everything went back to usual rather quickly. In everyone's heart, however, we would remember this day as a day of sorrow.

The June 4 incident had a great impact on people. After that, people never said that we were the lucki-

est generation. Instead, young people became the lost ones. We did not know what we should do in the future. We grew up in the Western culture that had taught us to speak out against injustice. But now we know we cannot do that anymore. So anyone who can afford to immigrate leaves Hong Kong and Macao. Because of this incident, a lot of families have moved to other countries where they have no friends or family. The new Chinese generation does not learn their own language. They have no roots.

Despite the tragedy, June 4 also had a positive effect on me. It was the first time that I felt connected to other Chinese people. Although we were three thousand miles away, I could feel their pain and anxiety through images on the television. I wanted to do something to help. I started to read a lot, which had helped me to understand more about my home country, its people, and its culture. I began to pay more attention to our history and found that sometimes history repeats itself as in the case of China.

History is important to people because history tells us where we are from. Without history, people do not have tradition, culture, and memory. If we do not know history, we do not know how and why we exist as we do today. Stories of how people can go back to the past and change everything according to their wants are among the best-selling videos on movie lists. It is so tempting for each of us to want to go back to the past to correct the mess that our ancestors created. However, if everyone could go back to the past to correct their mistakes, who will be making tomorrow's history? What we are doing today will become history tomorrow. Therefore, we should not be thinking about changing the past all the time but should work hard to improve our planet for tomorrow. History cannot be changed, but we can always learn from it and not make the same mistakes.

My high school history teacher said that history is a cycle. Anything that happened in the past can happen again. I believe this is true. There may be another protest again. We have learned from the May 4 movement that demonstrations worked for the Ching government. Every Chinese should also learn from the June 4 incident that demonstrations did not work for the protestors. There will be a next time. And when that time comes, we will choose another approach to get what we want without putting anyone in a tragic situation again. We will have another chance to make things right.



# Gender Roles in China

By Chan Tue Nguyen

Exemplifying male chauvinism, Chinese tradition valued men far more than women. Men were women's superiors in all stations of life. This order in social status came from three factors: history, economy and culture.

Division of gender roles can be traced to the early years of China's history. A long time ago, wars between China and other countries illustrated well the important function of men. China, a big country, includes a lot of fertile land. Its natural riches are also its neighbors' desires. The nomadic Hsiung Nu and the Mongols who often were short of food plagued China all the time. Their harassment along the Chinese border threatened the national security of China. Only male citizens, not women, were obligated to serve in the army to defend their country against enemies.

Army life, which involves rigorous discipline and military training, required the physical strength of men, not women. Iron was commonly used for axes, spears, daggers and arrows. Horses were ridden in battle. Men's strength enabled them to excel in horseback riding and in using iron weapons. Men went beyond women in military science. The great advantage of men over women certainly secured their monopoly of politics. Political activity was taboo for women.

The economy was another reason the Chinese overvalued men and undervalued women. Since China has been an agricultural country, fieldwork has been the chief employment. Most workers were farmers. They supported themselves and the rest of the huge population. They provided enough food for almost all the people by growing two or more crops on the

same land each year. Truly, working in the field was hard. Manual labor was required throughout the process of plowing and harvesting. Irrigation, organic fertilizers and soil conservation were practiced extensively without the assistance of any machine. Great stamina has been a qualification for being a farmer. Men were uniquely suited to it. Women could not challenge men's supremacy in that male occupation. Pregnancy, nursing, and the rearing of children took up women's energies and time. Women's social activity was limited. They were not able to work outside their homes. They did not contribute to the family income. Men gained control over women by being the sole earners in families. Women's incapacity to make money affected their positions in society.

Chinese culture also consolidated men's authority over women. It embodied principles of Confucianism, a major religion in China. Confucianism viewed the family as a microcosm of the world. Harmony in human relationships was a source of order and stability to avoid chaos in the country. Confucianism taught that in the husband-wife relationship, the wife should love and obey the husband, who should love and guide every member in his family. Therefore, the wife became a family member beneath her husband. She was dictated to by him. She had to show her husband respect, subservience and loyalty. A respectable Chinese wife had no voice in family decisions and no right to ask for a divorce. The wife was a means of producing children. The number of baby boys she could produce proved her worth. If the wife failed in giving birth to sons, she would be regarded as a useless woman. The husband could divorce her for her failure and marry other concubines. Polygamy was a



privilege for men only. In contrast, a woman was forced to keep her marriage vows all her life. A widow could not remarry. Her marriage would be a topic for critical comment. Finally, the personal bond of wife to husband was an interaction between an inferior and a superior.

Nowadays, the negative attitude toward women has softened. Women as well as men are valued. Women are men's equals in modern Chinese society. They do many kinds of work that men do. They can join the army or stand as candidates in a governmental election. They are more free to work. Nursery school, kindergarten, and child care provide baby-sitting for children during the day. Women need not depend on their husbands because they are wage earners, too. They are no longer chained to household duties. The husband-wife relationship is more

democratic. The husband today is more willing help his wife with shopping, housecleaning, and cooking. Marriage is built on the notion of shared interest and responsibility. The wife can divorce her husband if married life is unhappy for her. An equality between the sexes is supported by the government. However, this equality is more widely accepted in the cities than in the country.

Discrimination against women has been practiced in China since ancient times. It is only beginning to change now.



# Yum San Pouh Chah

By Dora Lee

A wedding is the most important event in any Chinese family. It means that soon there will be children and that the family name will be carried on for another generation. The Chinese wedding is a fascinating subject to study because older Chinese are more than willing to talk about such an auspicious event. When the opportunity to visit Macau, a Portuguese colony of China, presented itself, I was able to conduct my study on a Chinese wedding there. Although the Chinese living in Macau have incorporated Western ideas and culture into their lives, in general they still live in a Chinese-style community, carrying on many of the traditions and beliefs of China.

The main informant of my field study is A-tai, the groom's mother. *Tai* is an honorific given to the senior women in a family. She was born on mainland China, then moved to Macau, where she lived for 32 years before moving to Hawai'i.

On November 23, I left for Macau to participate in the wedding. Much had transpired before I arrived. After *A-sin sang*, the groom, proposed to *B-sui je*, a meeting of the two families was arranged. *Sin sang* is the honorific meaning "Mr.," and *sui je* is the honorific meaning "Miss." This first meeting was very important. It was at this time that the two families decided on the customary bride price, which is usually in the neighborhood of HK\$10,000 to HK\$30,000. Since Macau and Hong Kong are in close proximity to each other and share a similar history, people in Macau often use Hong Kong dollars. The bride's dowry was discussed at this time, but nothing was formalized. Also discussed were the number of *ga nui beng* (wedding cakes) needed. *Ga nui beng* are spe-

cial cakes given to the bride's family to be passed out with the wedding announcements. Also decided were the number of tables at the wedding feast to be allotted the bride's family.

Now that the wedding was officially on, the groom or the mother of the groom sought the advice of an oracle so that the wedding events could be organized and then set in motion. The oracle needed the groom's and bride's birthdays and times of birth. Since the Chinese follow the patrilineal system, he also needed the date and the times of birth of the groom's mother and father. As in Western astrology, the Chinese oracle can determine the compatibility of the couple, but the date of the *go dai lai* (wedding announcements), the pre-wedding day ceremonies, the wedding day, and even the time to pick up the bride are divined using the Chinese astrological almanac and calendar. The Chinese not only follow the Augustan calendar, but the Chinese lunar calendar in important events.

The bride's responsibilities included renting a *gwah* (traditional Chinese wedding dress) and an evening gown for the reception. In preparation for the honeymoon, B-tai (the bride's mother) had to purchase new red sheets, pillowcases and a bedcover. In the past, the B-tai would have also been expected to provide a new bed, but this custom has fallen into disuse. Some time before the wedding B-sui je took the sheets, pillowcases and bedcover, as well as a pair of *ji syun tong* (chamber pots) to A-tai's house. In the past, *ji syun tongs* were used because outhouses were far from the home. This custom has remained since *ji syun* is a pun for "children." Oriental cultures frequently have these plays on words.

For the *go dai lai*, A-tai ordered the *ga nui beng*

from special traditional bakeries. A-tai delivered them to B-tai, who hand-carried them and the wedding announcements to her relatives and wedding guests. The bride's family received *leih sih* (money in red paper packets) decorated with gold design from those guests they invited. Red is a lucky color for the Chinese and the gold design also conveys luck.

The day before the wedding, an altar was set up in the house facing the moon. On it were placed three candies, three incense sticks, three small cups of tea, three small cups of wine, two combs, a small mirror, and a needle and red thread. All these items symbolize the tying force in the coming union. The oracle had already divined the exact time the wedding was to take place. The two families were allowed only a one-hour window to perform the ceremony. I was told that the timing of this event was so critical that some families would go so far as to have alarm clocks set to ensure that the timing was right.

At the appointed time in the house of the groom, A-tai started a *bai sahn*, the ritual of holding her hands together in prayer and moving them forward and back three times, then bowing forward once. She was chosen because of her experience in these matters. During the *bai sahn*, A-tai offered some of the tea and wine to the gods and spirits by pouring a portion of each onto the floor. In a way, A-tai was a prompter for the groom, since many of the young people today are ignorant of old traditions.

The next step of ceremony was the *seunhg tauh*, which is a token combing of the hair. The person chosen to comb the hair is someone who has had a good marriage and success in having children to ensure the success and fertility of the marriage. As the comb is passed through the groom's or bride's hair from top to bottom, the comber said, "Wyat sou, sou dou meih" (Comb to the end); then on the second pass, "Yi sou, sou dou bat faht chaih meih" (Comb through white hair that grows even with your brow) and on the third combing, "Nsam sou, sou dou yi syun mun deih" (Comb through with many of your children covering the Earth). These events in the groom's house were repeated almost simultaneously at the bride's house.

At the groom's house the groom took the new red sheets, pillowcases and bedcover and made the bed. According to custom, someone with a successful marriage and children, in this case it was again A-tai, touched the bed and said, "Sin sang gu" (male

fertility), then "Hau sang ji" (female fertility). After this ceremony was performed, only the groom could touch the bed until the special ceremony occurred the following day. When all of this was completed, firecrackers were set off

Finally, the actual wedding day. At 9:30 a.m., the groom's *dan chin set* (groom's helpers), his close friends and brother, started decorating the vehicles to fetch the bride. At 11:30 a.m., began the *jip san lai* (picking up the bride). Traditionally the bride waits at her parents' home, but the bride preferred the hotel, a Western innovation. At the hotel the bride's *ji mui* (sisters), actually her close friends and sisters, asked for a bribe of HK\$ 9999 to let him in. He banged on the door and demanded to be let in, but they teased and bargained with him until he finally gave in and gave the money in a *leih sih*. The *ji mui* let him in and shared the *leih sih* among themselves. The bride and some of her friends were in the locked bedroom. Again, the groom demanded to be let in. This time it was the bride as well as the *ji mui* who teased and belittled him. They asked him to do things like to go up to the door of the bedroom and yell, "I love you," or crow like a rooster. When they felt they had humbled him enough, the bride opened her door and allowed the groom to bring her out.

At 12:40 p.m. was the important *jam chah* (tea service) to the bride's family. This was the last time the bride would serve her family as their daughter. Beforehand, a professional *pui ga po* (helper to the bride), a person knowledgeable in wedding protocol, was hired. Her role was to help serve the tea, but her actual duties went further than that. The helper guided the bride through the service and prompted her to the familial title of each person so that the bride could properly greet the person and acknowledge his or her position in the family with a greeting like, "Please number two auntie, please drink the tea." This protocol became especially important when she served her mother-in-law at her husband's house later. This greeting is a moment of great pride for the mother-in-law since it is a public announcement that the new bride is subservient to her. In Chinese society, acknowledging social hierarchy is a sign of respect. Done improperly, it can show disrespect. The tea was served first to her parents, then to others in descending order of importance. Just as important as who was served first was the way the tea was served. In the case of her older sibling or parents, she knelt and served the person,

who remained seated. In the case of someone like an elderly person not of her family, she stood while the person being served sat. When the person was a younger sibling, they both stood when being served.

Finally, it was time for her to depart for her new home. She was getting married before her older brother, so, when she and the groom left, someone held a pair of her older brother's pants above the doorway for the couple to pass beneath. In Chinese belief, when someone marries, that person passes from childhood to adulthood and becomes responsible for his or her own actions, independent from parents or other members of the family. In this case, passing beneath her brother's pants was a reminder that although the bride would be independent, she was still under her older brother and must respect him. Also, the bride was responsible for providing her brother with the suit he was wearing during the wedding day. This was another way of paying respect to her brother. The Chinese culture is based on a patrilineal, patrilocal system. Should the husband pass away without a male heir, she would be left without an inheritance. She would then return to her family who would provide her a small inheritance.

As the couple moved from the house to the car, the pui ga po opened a red umbrella and shaded the bride. It was the duty of the pui ga po to scatter *mai* (uncooked grains of rice) onto the pathway as they left. It is said that the golden chicken, which represents good fortune for the family, would be attracted to the beauty of the bride and would follow her to her new home. By scattering the *mai* on the path, the chicken would be preoccupied eating the *mai* and would not be able to follow her. A-tai told me if the oracle had divined that the bride is a fortunate person who brings prosperity to the family, the brother of the bride would have to sit on top of the rice container lest while she was leaving the house, she would take her prosperity with her.

At 1:20 p.m. the party arrived at the groom's house. As the bride entered, close relatives hid from her. It is believed that anyone meeting the bride face-to-face as she walked in would bring ill fortune, creating ill will, disagreement and mistrust between them for the rest of their lives. Once she was in, they came out to meet her. First, the couple paid their respects to the spirits, gods and ancestors of the family. A temporary altar was set up facing the sky where they did *bai sahn* to the great spirit. Then they went to all the permanent altars in the house, first to the

father's ancestral altar where they knelt and did *bai jou sin*. Instead of *sahn* which means "god," this obeisance was for the *jou sin* (ancestors). They placed their hands together, moving them forward and back three times, then bowed till their heads touched the floor. Then they did the *bai jo sin* for the mother's ancestral altar. Finally, they did *bai sahn* for the lesser familial gods to introduce the new bride to the gods and ancestors and to obtain their blessings.

Just as the bride had served her family tea, the couple now served their new family tea. This ritual is called *yum san pouh chah* (daughter-in-law serving tea). The couple started with the groom's parents, on down in status with the pui ga po prompting them. This time each family member gave a *leih sih* to the groom and placed upon the bride jewelry or gave her



The bride in traditional *gwah*, with her husband.

Color photograph.

Courtesy of Dora Lee

a leih sih. Sometimes the pui ga po also received a leih sih which usually contained HK\$10.

After the ceremony, the pui ga po asked for an unmarried man among the attendees. Once one was decided upon, he was instructed to jump around on the bed prepared the day before. A-tai said that actually, a virgin was required but because the jumping was difficult to do, the ceremony had been changed to any unmarried man. This act symbolized potential energy for the couple on their honeymoon night. At this time the bride, the sisters and the brothers snacked on pickled garlic to bless the bride with children since according to folklore, when a woman is pregnant she craves sour foods.

The whole wedding party then returned to the bride's parents' house. This part of the ceremony is called *sam sahn wuih mun*, which means "return to the gate after three mornings." The actual ceremony traditionally took place three days after she was married. She was expected to bring with her a *siu ju*, a specially prepared roast suckling pig, and cakes, food and two live chickens. But this ceremony had been expedited. Instead, she returned home immediately, bringing with her *siu ju*; three cake certificates, each worth one dozen cakes each; and leih sih containing an amount sufficient to obtain food and chickens. The *siu ju* in this ceremony represented the bride's virginity. This ceremony honored her parents and ancestors. When B-tai received the *siu ju*, she cut off the head and butt end to be returned to the groom's house with some red string and two eight-foot long sugar cane stalks with roots still attached, representing sweet relations between the families.

By 4:15 p.m., people arrived for the *bai jau* (reception). As guests arrived, they signed their names on a large red fabric. This would become a remembrance for the newlyweds. There were no seating arrangements. The guest sat with their friends or relatives at any table with the exception of two reserved tables, one for the bride's family and the other for the groom's family. The bride sat with the groom's side of the family. The guests occupied themselves playing mahjong, a gambling game using small white tiles with colorful pictures; playing cards and singing karaoke. When the bridal party arrived, they had pictures taken with their friends and family. As the opportunity presented itself, guests gave their leih sih to the people who invited them.

Dinner was served at 8:30 p.m. It was a source of pride for the groom's family to serve the meal in the

best restaurant with a sumptuous nine-course dinner since this was the only part of the wedding that was actually open to non-family members. The reason for nine-courses is that the number nine is considered a lucky number to the Chinese. During the meal the bride, groom and their parents visited the various tables and did a *ging jau* (a toast of respect) with the guests. As a point of respect the groom's parents walked ahead of the bride's parents since the groom's parents were hosting the reception.

During the dinner, playing games with the newlyweds was very popular, such as tying grapes with pieces of string and arranging them on the bride's dress, then having the groom eat the grapes wherever they may be placed. After the reception, the parents and the newlyweds stood by the door to see the guests off. This was the only time the guests saw them together in one place, since there was a lot of activities going on, and they were constantly moving about.

The Chinese wedding from the day the couple decides to get married until the very end of the reception is a long, and at times, convoluted process but it holds a promise of future joy and is a source of pride for the parents. Because of all the ceremony surrounding the wedding, it is no wonder that in Macau the relatives and friends of the newlyweds and their parents would rather honor a wedding over a marriage license. In fact, if a child were conceived before the wedding, it would be less of an embarrassment than if the child were conceived before getting legally married. This is why a very popular tease for friends and relatives is to ask of a mother, "When are you going to yum san pouh chah?" which means, "When are you going to drink the tea served by your daughter-in-law?"

#### References

- A-tai. Interview. Macau. November, 1996.
- A-sin sang. Interview. Macau. November, 1996.
- B-siu je. Interview. Macau. November, 1996.



# On The Path There Are Many Ways

By Mark Wittig

For the last 15 years I have gone from one interest to another. I start out with a burning desire and with great abandon. I catch on quickly and learn fast. When it is time to move from the learning stage to the doing stage, I lose interest or decide to do something else. This time I quit my job and went back to school to learn how to be a good cook. That is where my interest lies now. I promised myself that I would take all the courses the school had to offer, complete the program, and graduate. Completing what I started would be my big accomplishment. After this semester I have two classes left and look forward to graduating in May of '97. Now my interest is waning, and I do not know if I want to have a job in the culinary arts field. Have I actually accomplished anything or is this just the same old pattern? Why are my goals always just out of the reach of my grasp? What will bring meaning to my life? I do not know what I am going to do. I guess I will just wait and see what happens. Could I find an answer in one of the oriental philosophies?

How would a Confucianist solve this problem? First of all a Confucianist would not perceive knowledge as the gathering of facts to attain an end. Instead, the most important knowledge is self-knowledge. Knowledge is knowing the principles that govern one's actions and not deceiving oneself with these principles. By maintaining the proper attitude toward life, I can remain calm even in joy and sorrow and live a good life. Since Confucianism is a humanistic philosophy, I think the Confucianist might say that I should stop looking outside of myself for my identity. A job or career will not make me a complete person. It will not make me a content person, one who

will remain satisfied over the span of my life. This can only come from looking within myself. By developing my inner humanity (or self), I can become a good person to myself, to family, to friends and to society as a whole. But how do I do this? How can this be attained?

In trying to find meaning and happiness outside myself, I have no roots or base. I must have mastery over the self to overcome selfishness through self-development and thereby cultivate inner qualities like sincerity and personal rectitude. To achieve this, I need a disciplined path to follow. That would be *Li*. *Li* provides concrete guides to all types of customs, ceremonies and relationships. By following these traditions in the strictest sense, I can fully develop *Jen*. *Jen* is what makes me human both in thought and in feelings. This is the foundation for all human relationships and is highly individualized. The development of *Jen* is different for everyone. If *Li* is the rules, *Yi* is the substance behind those rules. *Yi* is what is right, the ability to recognize what is right, and the ability to function within *Yi* morally. *Yi* is unconditional and absolute. Certain things must be done just because they are right. *Hsiao* or filial piety also needs to be developed. Here begins the development of a respect for all of humanity, founded on a deep respect for the physical, emotional and spiritual needs of one's parents..

That is what I am suppose to do, but how do I apply all that to my situation? Let's see. I am not satisfied with the way things are for me right now. Every thing that was interesting to me and has become a source of non-pleasure. I have done everything the way I felt it should be, but it has not brought the re-

sults I wanted. I need help, but is Confucianism the answer? Confucianism must be telling me more than just rules to live by if it is going to provide the answer.

Why is filial piety so important? Why the reverence and respect for family? What is the connection there? Ah! Connection. It is not reverence for just my family that is here now, but for all the past generations of family, a connection to their thoughts, feelings and traditions. It is one thought process spanning the eons. I know what they knew. I know what is. I now see why Li is so important. The rules provide a routine and ritual to help me position myself to be able to attain the wisdom that the ancients have to offer and to awaken the inner self. Meditation provides the discipline needed to discover the true path of life, to develop this self knowledge to its fullest, and to align myself with life according to this order. Because I know the origin of the past and am in line with the Tao, I now understand the present. Goodness abounds and happiness is achieved. This is the point at which wisdom can occur.

So what does that mean to me and my life? It means I was born into my situation and need to make the best of it. If Confucianism is compared to a set of rings that starts with a small ring in the center—the point of beginning, my beginning—you will see the rings grow larger as they expand forever outward, like the ripples in a pond. No matter which ring I was in, I felt that happiness would be found in the next ring. I have spent my life jumping from the inner ring to the outer rings, never staying long enough to explore any ring fully, never seeing how this ring compared to the last, never attaining the knowledge that was there, never seeing that, like the ripples in a pond, one ring is the cause of the next. All are interrelated, and none are separate. Now that I have discovered that I have an inner self, I am going back to the center and start this journey over, exploring each ring and finding that connection that will allow me to flow into the next ring. I will develop the best possible me.

My path changes now from one of reaching and grabbing for my place in life to one of investigating things and expanding knowledge to its fullest. I move from being unwilling and scared to participate to being serene and aligning my mind to what needs to be. I go from running away from myself and others to the cultivation of my personal life and the appreciation of the lives of family and friends. I step past worrying only about myself to developing harmony

within that self and the world that surrounds me. I now have roots—roots in the *Tao*. As Confucius said, "There is a Supreme Being that only reigns, leaving the Way to operate by itself. But no one can be separated from this Way, and for the Way to be meaningful, it must be demonstrated by man. It is man that can make the Way great."

What would a Taoist say to that? It is not development of the self that establishes one with the Tao but development of the self within nature as a whole. So, of course, I would be having problems in my life. By focusing on myself and my pursuits, I am missing the simple truth that lies right in front of me; knowledge pursued in this manner is trivial knowledge. Placing a label on it makes it so. When I go about trying to fulfill my desires, I experience conflict and competition from other people trying to fulfill their own desires. To find true happiness I must return to nature, to the way which is natural and simple. Does that really tell me anything on how to improve my life?

Taoists believe that the Tao starts from the big truth of all things and yet is of nothing at the same time. When Tao is achieved, one lets go of the small self, desires and attachments. Once found, I would discover my place in the universe. A key concept to understanding Tao is *being* and *non-being*. Yin and Yang are two opposing forces, the negative and the positive. You can not have one without the other. Tao is the space between things. It is not important what things are, but what they are not.

What is Taoism trying to tell me? It seems to be a view completely opposite from Confucianism. Instead of working from the small self up to the enlightened man, the universal way of the Tao is exposed. First a person sees the big picture, and then works out his or her place in the world. How can I get enlightenment from being like nature? Would it arise from being natural and simple? What does "the Tao is nothing and everything at the same time" mean? Everything in nature is different; there is a cycle to things, and one element of nature is dependent on all the other elements of nature. I don't want to be simple. Do I? Unless simple means being like water or the wind. Water can take many forms and be found in many places. It can be rigid like ice or can be free flowing. Water can shape itself to whatever surrounds it, or it can penetrate deep beneath the surface of the Earth. It can shape and reform the strongest of rocks. The wind can be gentle like a

breeze or strong like a hurricane. When the winds are strong, it is better to go with it, become part of it and work with it, rather than to stand up and resist it. There are opposites in the way of Tao. There can be no good without the bad, no light without dark, no heaven without the Earth. Two forces pull at each other for balance. One swings one way; then the other swings back, sometimes knocking one force out, but the other force will fight to get back. This must be what Yin-Yang is all about. As long as one struggles against it, there will never be balance. The two can never be as one but they can be complementary, like vinegar and oil. If that is true, that helps explain what *being* and *non-being* is. The world changes constantly moment by moment. Everything in the universe is made up of the same substance. When something is *being*, it seems to stand alone; yet it is connected to everything else. When something becomes *non-being*, it does not disappear; it is still connected to everything. So knowing what is, cannot be as important as knowing what it is not.

If that is the Tao, how do I get to it? Tao is in everything and Te directs me to the Tao. I possess Te inside me. I can not approach Tao without *Wu wei*. Hearing *wu wei* defined as non-action, I first thought that it meant to do nothing. But knowing what I do now, I think it means not taking the action of the small self and the thoughts inspired by self-centeredness. If something is to be achieved, a redirection of life's energies needs to take place, allowing for a transformation of self by shedding the experiences of the past. When one has learned to work with pure motives, one comes to the Tao.

How do I relate that to my situation? I need to make a conscious shift in the way I think. By chasing my desires, all I will ever do is chase them, never being satisfied and always conflicting with others along the way. If I want to know what I am supposed to do, I need to know what I am not supposed to do. I need to find the complementary part of the things I see as holding me back and to find a balance within them. By shedding my actions based on guilt and fear, I can base my choices on what actually is. Once I give up attachment to my conscious thoughts and desires, I will be able to see the way of Tao. Tao will center me in my everyday life, and I would find that Tao is found within all life. Not being locked on the completion of an ultimate goal, I would change when the need arises. When one sees clearly through the Tao, one sees things as they really are. Chuang Tzu said, "The

'this' is also the 'that' and when 'this' and 'that' have no opposites, there is the very axis of Tao."

Can Zen Buddhism offer a solution to this problem? I think a Zen Buddhist might say, just do it. By having this upheaval in my life, I am in a position to see and confront things that I would not normally be prepared to deal with. Through meditation I can achieve the negation of opposites, and then reality will be affirmed in its true nature. Meditation involves negating both production and extinction, arising and ceasing, annihilation and permanence, unity and plurality. The negation is simply an aspect of the affirmation of the presence of the true nature of all things. Enlightenment is marked by coming to see all things in their true nature, seeing the ordinary in an extraordinary way. This is the aim of Zen meditation.

By meditation I can clear the process of thought. Thinking of one thing leads to thinking about something else which leads to next and so on. Clearing the mind allows true thoughts to appear. Time is not linear. At specific moments all things in the universe fall into alignment. I should not concern myself with the past because that moment is gone, and I should not worry about the future because that moment has not yet arrived. I am the person who is responsible for my enlightenment, and the journey is different for each person. Clues are given to find the next step. I need to know where my mindset is coming from. Knowing that will allow me to align myself with enlightenment. I need to tap into the very existence of universal ideas. I need to re-orientate the self to the way things really are. Meditation via the eight fold path will lead to non-attachment. With Zen Buddhism, *satori* comes in a sudden flash of intuition, and when it does, I will know the nature of consciousness. I will see reality as whole, undivided and without distinction.

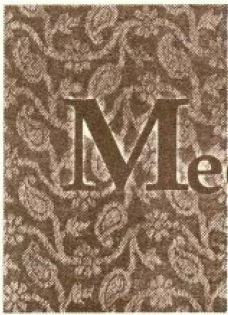
What does this philosophy tell me? I am the cause of my problems; I hold the solutions also. I create my own fate. It is entirely up to me if I want to place the self as secondary to the greater truth. Since my way is not working, why not give up attachment to old ideas and not worry about how I feel or what am I going to do. I need to surrender to the idea that things change and face my future accordingly. I need to be tolerant of others who are not on the path of enlightenment, and to recognize that I need self-discipline in my life; meditation is a good vehicle to do that. By ridding myself of all false identities, desires and ambitions, I can see reality as it truly is. Once I free my-



self of these things, I can put my energies into the activity at hand. All activities are considered as equally important to the sum of my existence. Whether it be work, school, play or eating a meal, total enjoyment arises from everything I do.

Each Eastern philosophy seems to offer something but which one holds the solution for me? Maybe a mixture of all three is the answer. Are these philosophies really that different from each other, or are they complementary and supplementary to one other? Those stubborn sticking points of difference actually seem to be leaping off points leading from one philosophy to the next. All three philosophies list meditation as being important. Confucianism and Taoism do not give a complete instructions on how to meditate properly but Zen Buddhism provides good instructions on how to meditate and achieve this higher state of consciousness. Where Zen Buddhism is strong in the discipline of the self, routines and rituals, Confucianism moves beyond the self to family, friends and society as a whole. Once I have developed my inner self and have taken care of family duties and obligations, I am ready to move to the next level, taking that leap from wisdom to being one with the Tao. Taoism can assist by accelerating the rate of my

growth by applying the universal knowledge of nature to the development of the self. When it comes to the point of transcending, I will know it is time to embrace the universal truths of the heavenly Tao, to have pure motives and to be detached yet devoted. I will then be able to shed the experiences and knowledge of the past and take the leap of faith to the Tao. It is then that I can repeat the words of Chuang Tzu, "...the 'this' is also the 'that' and when 'this' and 'that' have no opposites, there is the very axis of Tao" and understand. Yes, I think the answer is in all three.



# Meditation in Buddhism

By Tram Anh Le

The world we live in, and people and things we are involved with, all are real and important. So are we. We may know a great deal about the world, but for a number of reasons, we pay almost no attention to the nature of our own existence. In our day-to-day lives we are so preoccupied with the world around us that we pay hardly any attention to our own being. We seem to think that this unawareness has no effect on us, but it has a strong determining effect that manifests itself in a number of ways. The process that helps us to develop awareness of ourself, to recollect things that have happened in the past and bring us back to a present moment is called meditation. The meditative way of living may be practiced in various fields of human endeavor.

As Buddhists, we understand that the major purpose of Buddhism is to cure the illness of the spirit and create refreshment. Buddhism is the deepest and most persistent reflection upon the nature of our concrete individualized experience. Buddhism recognizes many methods of meditation, preparing the meditator to attain enlightenment and to leave behind all suffering.

To know meditation, to begin to understand it, we need to learn the essential sequence in practicing it. A trained meditator often wears loose clothing and chooses a softly lighted, quiet, cool room, or a place that is comfortable for a peaceful state of mind. The practitioner sits on a thick pillow facing a wall. He holds his hands in front of the abdomen with the back of the left hand in the palm of the right. To follow the position of the seated Buddha, the practitioner must become accustomed to sitting cross-legged on the floor with his left foot on his right thigh. For a

minute or so after he seats himself, he often takes some deep breaths to make the whirl inside him



*Buddhist figures, cemetery. Ina-shi, Japan.*  
Black and white photograph. January 1996  
By Michael Lee Thompson.

gradually slow down. He starts to become aware of the pleasure of being quiet both externally and internally. Now he is ready to enter into a more intimate transaction with meditation (Ross, 1980).

The first method of meditation is to start focusing attention on the breathing process. Meditation on breathing involves counting and watching the inhalation and exhalation. For instance, as a person meditates, his mind relaxes, and he develops concentration and mindfulness by counting breaths. If his mind tends to go after external things, he just simply returns to his breath. Once his attention is stable and can remain on the breath, he can see the body that breathes in and out. The goal of this method is to bring calm and concentration to those who are by nature flighty. It purifies the mind and body, removes all mental obstructions and increases concentration (Maitreya, 1988).

The second method is to help the meditator be aware and mindful of whatever he does physically or verbally during the daily routine of work in his life. Whether he walks, stands, or sleeps, he should be fully aware and mindful of the act he performs at the moment (Thera, 1933).

The third method is to help the meditator charge his mind and body with positive thoughts of peace and happiness. The meditator should think how he could be peaceful, happy, free from suffering. He then becomes the embodiment of loving kindness (Narada, 1933).

The last method is to reveal to people that they should not cling tenaciously to the idea that the world is permanent. Buddhism teaches that everything is an aggregate of elements subject to inevitable dissolution; therefore, life is impermanent. No one can avoid death; no one is able to keep his beauty forever because physical beauty will be destroyed by the passage of time. Therefore, this method assists people in attaining mental calm and achieving concentration (Narada, 1933).

Through these methods of meditation, we can see that meditation helps us gain concentration, feel pleased, and free ourselves from attachment to the self. Meditation aims to clean the mind of impurities and disturbances, such as lustful desires, hatred, illness, and worry. Furthermore, meditation helps us to cultivate our concentration, intelligence, and confidence. Meditation leads to the attainment of the highest wisdom which sees the nature of things as they are. It helps one to become more attentive and aware.

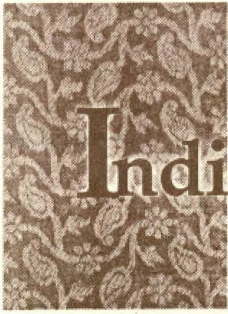
Buddhist meditation enables us to understand that all notions of self and civilization are culturally induced ways of keeping life at a distance, impersonal, remote, abstract and without feeling. Meditation brings the energy sufficient to liberate people from the fragmentation of life. When discussing meditation, Guenther remarks that, "If life is to remain meaningful, it is imperative that such fixations and other stoppages are overcome and that the current can go on, freed from all obstacles which throw man back to lower levels of mental life and finally relegate him to intellectual dullness and emotional starvation" (cited in Jacobson, 1986, 139).

The concept of meditation in Buddhism is to develop the clarity and calmness that allow one to meet and absorb the suffering and distractions of life. Developing individuals who effectively know themselves as individuals is the main way that Buddhism tries to help people and society. The central practice of Buddhism is mindfulness, consciousness of the present. The practice of mindfulness greatly deepens the power of concentration and the ability to stay with one's life situation.

Additionally, meditation is a direct way of getting in touch with our being, for it frees the mind from its tendency to become obsessed with things and people. This awareness will result in the realization that our existence is a blessing. The pain and suffering we go through in life is the outcome of our obsession with the world. This experiential knowledge of the body and mind is the Dharma the Buddha described as "lovely in the beginning, lovely in the middle, and lovely in the end" (cited in Thera, 1933).

#### Works Cited

- Jacobson, N. P. (1986). *Understanding Buddhism*. Carbondale, Illinois: Southern Illinois University Press.
- Maitreya, B. A. (1988). *Introducing Buddhism*. Taiwan: The Corporate Body of the Buddha Educational Foundation.
- Ross, N. W. (1980). *Buddhism, A Way of Life and Thought*. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.
- Narada, T. (1973). *Buddhism in a Nutshell*. Hawai'i: First Chinese Buddhist Association.



# India's Mythological Triad

By Maryann Manangan

India's recorded civilization is considered to be one of the longest in the course of world history. Mythology and sacred lore constitute much of the civilization's recorded history and often help historians see the social and political changes that may have occurred in the past. India's mythology distinguishes itself from that of other lands, especially those of the West, by the fact that it is still part of the country's living culture.

Indians have always tended to keep their early beliefs, but through the course of time, changed them to depict new social conditions or to adapt to beliefs and customs of new rulers. Much of the change in India's mythology and religious beliefs were made under the guidance of the hereditary class of priests and philosophers, the Brahmins. In many ways, these changes reinforced the status of the priests, making their opinions about man's relationship with the gods more valuable and stressing the performance of sacrifices.

The whole range of human experience and emotions find expressions in the mythology and religion of India: love, hatred, courage, fear, nobility, compassion, and wit. Each range of emotion was often depicted by a different god or goddess. But by the ninth century A.D., Hinduism began putting greater emphasis on three of the more popular gods. The people worshipped Shiva, Vishnu, and Brahma, believing them to be the high gods of cosmic significance. More often, they were worshipped by *bhakti*, the devotion to a personal god, rather than by sacrifices performed by priests.

The descriptions of the Hindu gods change many times throughout history. Many believe that the idea

of India's trinity of gods—the "three-bodies" that the Sun created with his warmth, preserved with his light, and destroyed with his burning rays—had its origin from the earliest solar cults. Throughout history, India's triad remained, although its members changed. There was Agni, the fire god; Indra, the god of the atmosphere; and Surya, the god of the Sun. In the Rig Veda, Indra is closely united not only with Agni, but also with Vishnu.

During India's Upanishadic period, the gods changed again. Vishnu was considered the most important god left from the Vedic pantheon, thus, starting the new trinity. He takes Indra's place in the triad. Shiva is identified with fire, and takes the place of the fire god Agni. The first conjunction of the Hindu gods was in Haryana, where Vishnu and Shiva were treated as one deity. Many believe that Brahma was added to complete the trinity. This triad introduced the idea of conjunction and unity of creation, and preservation and destruction as well. This fitted in with the concepts of a cycle of life, death, and rebirth.

Brahma, as creator, is sometimes said to have been the first of the gods, the framer of the universe and the guardian of the world. At other times, he is said to be the creature of the supreme being, Pitamaya—the father of all human beings. Brahma is said to have hatched out from a golden cosmic egg, which floated on the cosmic waters. Other stories say that he was born from a lotus which sprang from Vishnu's navel.

Though he is sometimes thought to be self-created, Brahma's role is exclusively that of creator. He is the god of wisdom, and the four Vedas are said to have sprung from his head. Brahma rides a goose and is depicted with red skin and wearing white robes. He

has four arms and carries the Vedas and his bow; also, sometimes a spoon, water jug, or string of beads. His most noticeable features, however, are his four heads. Originally, he possessed only one head, but then got four more, and then lost one. The story of how Brahma acquired his four heads is quite entertaining.

Having created a female partner out of his own substance, Brahma supposedly fell in love with her. This modest girl, who is often known as Satarupa, was embarrassed by his passionate looks and moved to avoid his gaze. As she moved to the right, to the left, and behind him, a new head sprang out in each of the directions. Brahma joined with this girl, who was his daughter as well as his wife, to produce the human race.

Rudra, Shiva's Vedic forerunner, was the red god of storms and lightning. He was the terrifying god living in the mountains and also the god of cattle and medicine. As god of lightning, Rudra became associated with Agni, god of fire, the consumer and conveyor of sacrifice. With Rudra as his antecedent, Shiva could claim as his inheritance the position of priest of the gods. In many of the Vedic epics, Shiva had very interesting characteristics. His powers were said to derive from the practice of austerities, that is from yoga, rather than from sacrifice.

Shiva, more often known as the fearsome Destroyer, is depicted dressed in tiger skin and has a snow-white face and matted hair. He is known as the bringer of fertility as well as destruction. This is why Brahma is sometimes said to be inferior to Shiva. For this reason, Shiva is known as Mahadeva or Iswara, Supreme Lord. His supreme creative power is celebrated in worship of the *lingam* or phallus.

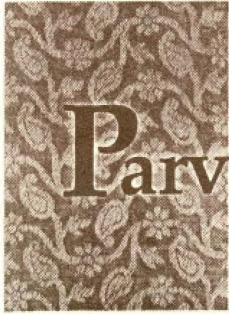
Vishnu is considered to be the Preserver. He is the embodiment of the quality of mercy and goodness. He maintains the universe and cosmic order, *dharma*. In human form, Vishnu is pictured sleeping on a coiled serpent named Shesha and floating on water. This is when Brahma is said to have arisen from a lotus growing from his navel. After each destruction of the universe, Vishnu resumes this posture. He differs from the other two gods because it is said that he has no need to assert his own superiority. While Shiva and Brahma compete to be the greatest god, Vishnu simply knows that he is. As the Preserver, Vishnu is the object of devotion rather than fear, and this affection is similarly extended to his wife Lakshmi, goddess of fortune.

When Vishnu is not represented reclining on the coils of the serpent Shesha, he is shown as a handsome young man with blue skin, dressed in royal robes. He has four hands: one holds a *sankha* (conch shell), called Panchajanya, which was once inhabited by a demon killed by Krishna; the second hand holds a *sudarsana* (discus), given him by Krishna who received it from Agni; the third hand holds a *kaunodaki* (club or mace); and the fourth hand holds a *padma* (lotus). Vishnu's heaven is on the slopes of the world-mountain Mount Meru. It is said to be made entirely of gold and precious jewels.

While studying religion, I learned that all mythological gods have their own special attributes, but I found those of the Trinity to be most interesting. Together, these three gods explain how the world was created and why it is destroyed over and over again. In many ways, I see why it is easier to believe in three gods instead of just one.

#### Works Cited

- Bhattacharya, Vivek. *The Spirit of Indian Culture*. Delhi: Metropolitan Printers, 1990.
- Fisher, Mary Pat. *Living Religions*. New Jersey: Prentice Hall, 1994.
- Kirk, James A. *Stories of the Hindus*. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1992.
- Wangu, Madhu Bazaz. *Hinduism: World Religions*. New York: Facts on File Incorporated, 1991.



# Parvati, dancing with the infinite

By Sandra Edwards

To closely examine the thirteenth century East Indian bronze statue of Parvati located at the Honolulu Academy of Arts is to begin to visually experience the subtle dance and nuances of Hindu thought. The sculptor seems to have captured the essence of movement and change through the careful placement of certain elements of design such as shape and line. For instance, the plump rounded shapes which constitute the statue seem to force our perspective past the static bronzeness of the form. The projecting ripeness of their gestural quality may even fool us into believing we no longer see a statue made of cold dark metal, but instead made of something more soft and luscious like fruit. These same shapes may also serve as guide posts which lead us from one area of the statue to another. For instance, Parvati's large round face may cause our eyes to look for other round areas on her form such as her neck, breasts, and arms.

Like the shapes which the artist has used to move our eyes from one area to another, well-positioned lines act also as pathways for our observation. For instance, the sculptor places looping lines in the guise of a band of necklaces around Parvati's neck, but leaves a loose end to slip down between her breasts like a snake, onto her belly, and then wrap around her hips. Our vision follows this line effortlessly as it wanders over and around her entire form, connecting one rounded area to another. Through the use of curvilinear shapes and meandering lines, the artist seems to breathe life into the statue by creating a sort of optical dance. We see how he is able to translate a "feeling" of movement by carefully placing these elements in a way which moves our eyes over the pieces entire surface in a smooth and rhythmic way.

That Parvati can entice us to go beyond the visual world of mere observation is what makes this statue so unique and full of surprises. For instance, if we stop to think about the point at which our visual journey began, we may realize we are not able to recall exactly where it was. Granted, this may not seem so significant and even trivial, but in this case it may be worth our while to note that this phenomenon has possibly more to do with artistic intention than our own absent mindedness.

Instead of the artist drawing our focus to a particular area right away, then moving it to another point in a systematic manner, he has instead made our visual experience more profound by teaching us *how* to see his sculpture through his use of line and shape. In this way when our eyes rest on any part of the form, we may find there exists a myriad of visual pathways available to us which all have the capacity to take any number of turns. We may move slowly along the lines which create the contour of the shape, in and out and around each area as if pushed by the subtleness of a breeze or the flow of a stream. Or these same line and shape forces may seem to swirl our attention around focal areas such as the belly or thighs then spin us out and away again onward to other parts of the form.

We may find we become lost in the rhythm of the sculpture's dance or we may find ourselves slipping down waterfalls of line created by the statue's jewelry or by the contour of an arm or a leg. All parts of the form, whether it is the headdress, earrings, necklaces, arm bands, waist belt, ankle bracelets, or the ornamentation of the leg coverings guide us from one ripe area of the form to the next—around and

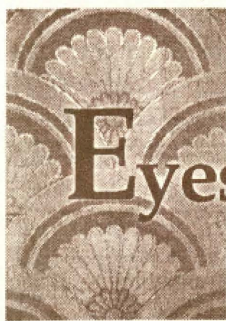
around again. Even the bronze material which the statue is made of serves to exaggerate the smoothness and fluidity of this piece. If we could imagine touching this piece, we would probably find that we can still *feel* the fluidity of this form and sense its illusion of softness because of the metal's cool smoothness and the unbroken roundness of its shape.

Not unlike the philosophy which has created it though, this statue is slow to reveal its secrets. Even after spending an hour staring at this piece we may be left amazed at how little we still know about it. For instance, we may realize the phallic shape of the headdress and the erectness of the bud Parvati holds only as we begin to walk away. Or we may see only after much concentration, how careful the sculptor has been to subtly emphasize those areas of the deity's body which can be equated with fertility. For example, we may notice how the draping of a soft looking cloth-like area frames the female genitals and see how the lines of her leggings which move diagonally away from the area, draws our attention to its importance and significance.

We may also have ignored the fact that although her form suggests softness, fullness, and lightness, it is in reality only an illusion created from the dense hardness of bronze and the artful balance of the sculptor's touch. After traversing the form's entire landscape, we may even feel we have covered vast areas of space, but will have to acknowledge soon enough, that the statue is only two feet tall and with a diameter of only four inches. If Parvati's intricately simple and well-planned form leaves us wondering if we will ever truly be able to see all there is to see about her, her symbolic presence will leave us to contemplate her meaning for at least a lifetime. Because of this, even as we walk away from her we may have to accept that we may be beckoned to return to her again one day so that we can explore her mysteries again.



*Parvati from south India, late Chola period.  
Thirteenth century bronze.  
Honolulu Academy of Arts. Purchase, 1975*



# Eyes Toward Asia: *Western Ukiyo-e Artists*

By Yuri Kenney

The Honolulu Academy of Art's exhibition, "Eyes Towards Asia: Western Ukiyo-e Artists," presents an opportunity to compare these modern American interpretations of the ancient Japanese technique of wood block printing with antique Japanese works in the Academy's extensive oriental collection. This comparison was most interesting in that the prints reflect the differing world views between Japanese and American culture.

The works by American artists, Bertha Lum, Lilian May Miller and Charles Bartlett, were produced between 1910–1930 during the Western fascination for "Japonais" decorative pieces, and were heavily influenced by Art Nouveau sensibilities. The prints, most of which were small, had fine lines and were boldly colored with shading and washes—reminiscent of watercolor—to set the mood. The exquisite detailing and the delicacy of the outlines were testament to these artists' technical mastery of the demanding wood block printing process. The pieces were pleasing to the eye; however, they reminded me of the "color plate" illustrations of children's books of the same period. In fact, Lum's works were character portraits of fairy tale figures such as the Pied Piper and South Wind.

The Japanese works in the Academy collection, which were produced mainly in the 18th century, were of flowers, greenery and birds, and did not depict any human style figures in contrast with the Western prints, which all featured human figures or landscapes of human works such as ships or cityscapes. The original Japanese prints featured fine detailing that the Western prints lacked, such as tiny hairs around the base of a flower head and realistically detailed insects. These details are not immedi-

ately apparent on viewing the work, but instead seem to leap out after prolonged viewing, much as in nature when a person's eyes adjust and suddenly notice a well-camouflaged beetle or minute transparent thorns on a stem.

I found it interesting that during the early part of this century the Western art world suddenly became fascinated with Eastern techniques and figures, but on side-by-side viewing, although mastery of the technique is evident, there seems to be a certain sensibility lacking in the reinterpretation of ukiyo-e art. American fascination with the individual and with human-produced objects is certainly evident in the American works, while traditional Japanese reverence for the natural world is exhibited in the Japanese works. Differences in scale are also noted. American artists focus on scenes large enough to portray human figures with backgrounds, or landscapes large enough to dwarf the human characters, but the Japanese depict scenes are small enough to show the viewer intricate details usually overlooked in real life.

Though the Western versions of the classic Japanese Ukiyo-e discipline were technically skilled and pleasing to the eye, they seemed to lack the qualities of depth and intimacy with the subjects which elevated the classic Japanese works above the level of mere illustration to that of enduring works of art.





# The Failure of the 16th Century Japanese Invasions of Korea

By Shawn Ford

During the last decade of the sixteenth century, Japan, under the leadership of the general Toyotomi Hideyoshi, launched two unsuccessful military invasions against the Korean peninsula. The overall goal of these two invasions was to gain a foothold on the mainland and then use Korea as a stepping stone to invade and conquer China. After nearly seven years of warfare and truce talks in Korea, Japan failed at its goal as a combined result of the brilliant naval command of Korean Admiral Yi Sun-sin, constant Korean guerrilla activity, Korean military assistance by Ming China, and lastly, the death of General Hideyoshi.

Hideyoshi had spent most of the 1580s involved in almost constant campaigns to unify Japan. He finally achieved this unification in 1591 with the subjugation of Northern Honshu province.<sup>1</sup> With this task complete, he began to set his sights on other lands to conquer. While struggling for unification in 1585, he had already begun looking beyond his unification of Japan by making plans to invade China. In 1577, as an officer under General Oda Nobunaga, he had dreamt of the conquest of China for the glory of Japan.<sup>2</sup>

After gaining firm control over Japan, Hideyoshi sent envoys to Korea to re-establish relations with them. Relations had been strained due to many decades of uncontrolled Japanese pirate attacks against Korean port cities.<sup>3</sup> The envoys presented the request for normalization of relations to Korea's King Sonjo on the condition that he allow the Japanese army free passage through his country on its way to invade China. Korea was eager to re-establish ties with Japan, but not that eager. For many centuries, Korea had been a vassal state of China, and it was not pre-

pared to ruin this relationship; therefore, the Japanese request was flatly refused.

However, King Sonjo was concerned about Hideyoshi's plans, so he in turn sent envoys to Japan in an attempt to discover Hideyoshi's true intentions. These envoys returned with contradictory reports. King Sonjo chose to listen to the one who advised that Japan would not attack Korea. Using this information, no military preparations were made for the defense of the peninsula.<sup>4</sup>

Meanwhile, General Hideyoshi mobilized an army of 225,000 men for an invasion of Korea in the spring of 1592. At the core of this army was a large number of samurai, which consisted of elite horsemen and foot soldiers, battle-hardened from years of civil war. The remainder was made up of conscripts, mostly commoners supplied from Japanese provinces that Hideyoshi had brought under his control during unification.<sup>5</sup> The army was well-trained and armed with cannons, muskets, and long swords, and it was led by very capable commanders. These commanders were the daimyo, the local leaders of the provinces, who swore allegiance to Hideyoshi.

He ordered the construction of an enormous staging area for the invasion at Nagoya on Kyushu, the point in Japan closest to Korea. The main force was massed there along with supplies for 480,000 soldiers. A large naval base was also built there, and the Japanese navy was assembled to transport the troops across the Tsushima Strait. This navy consisted of some 9,000 sailors aboard a massive fleet of small pirate vessels and large men-of-war.<sup>6</sup>

The order to launch the invasion was given in late April of 1592, and the first contingent of troops in

700 boats made landfall at Pusan on Korea's southern coast on May 23. Caught by surprise and outnumbered by soldiers with far superior weapons, the Korean defenders were quickly overwhelmed; the port city fell within a few hours.<sup>7</sup> Those Korean soldiers who did not die in the battle or who were not captured began to retreat inland in an attempt to reorganize.

The first three divisions of troops to land then began a three-pronged attack northward across the Korean countryside and advanced rapidly towards the capital of Seoul. They met very little resistance until they reached Ch'ungju, nearly two thirds of the way to their destination. Here they encountered a reorganized Korean army under the command of war hero General Sin Ip. Although the defenders fought valiantly, General Ip and his soldiers were wiped out. Their rusty swords were no match against the Japanese soldiers' muskets. The city fell quickly, and the invasion force continued towards Seoul unchecked. Upon receiving this news, King Sonjo abandoned his capital and fled towards Uiju on the Yalu River in northwestern Korea.<sup>8</sup> The small contingent of troops he left behind for the defense of Seoul made a feeble stand along the Han River and was quickly overrun. Korea's capital of Seoul had fallen within three weeks of the start of the invasion.<sup>9</sup>

It was at this point that Korean Admiral Yi Sun-sin began to make his presence known to the Japanese. In 1591 he had been appointed Left Navy Commander of Cholla Province, charged with protecting Korea's southwest coast. This was considered a very important post, for through these waters flowed the bulk of Korea's grain reserves destined for the large cities of the north. These shipments had been susceptible to Japanese pirate attacks for decades. Given the history of these attacks, and coupled with the possibility of a large scale Japanese invasion which Admiral Yi saw as imminent, he began to build up Korea's navy. Admiral Yi directed the construction of a fleet of modern warships, including one ship which he designed himself, unlike any that the world had ever seen. He called his invention "*kobuk-son*," the turtle ship.<sup>10</sup>

This turtle ship, so named due to its shape, is considered to be the world's first ironclad battleship; however, there seems to be some disagreement about its exact design. The ship was lost long ago, and the only clues to its design come from written descriptions of it that are preserved in the Yi Sun-sin Shrine

in Asan, Korea. Based on a reconstruction of the ship using these descriptions, its deck appears to have been covered with hexagonal iron plates that were spaced several inches apart from each other.<sup>11</sup> In the synopsis to *Nanjung Ilgi*, the writer says, "all important parts of the hull were covered with protective iron" (Yi xxv). However, the reconstruction shows iron only on the deck of the ship. Another source states that the turtle ship was not an ironclad at all, but that it had a wooden deck "spiked with sharp pieces of metal" (Elisonas 278).

Although there are conflicting reports as to whether or not the turtle ship was clad in protective iron, there seems to be agreement on other specifications of the ship. Descriptions do suggest that the ship's deck was studded with long, sharp spikes. These spikes were used to discourage enemies from boarding the ship. Before going into battle, the deck was covered with straw mats to hide the spikes from the enemy. From descriptions of the turtle ship, it was a sturdy, flat-bottomed wooden ship with a convex deck. It was ringed with up to 14 cannons, making it possible to fire in any direction. In addition, there were dozens of small gun ports around each deck that enabled the sailors inside to maneuver the ship and fire at will without being seen from outside. At the bow of the deck was mounted a figurehead in the shape of a dragon's head with four additional cannons inside of it. These cannons fired bombs of gunpowder and iron pieces while sending up smoke screens that made the ship difficult to pinpoint by Japanese gunners. The ship was equipped with 20 oars, making it possible to outrun any enemy vessel. It measured 110 feet from bow to stern, 28 feet across, and 7<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub> feet from the bottom of the boat to the bottom of the top deck. This was the largest of the turtle ships built, and it was commanded by Admiral Yi himself. Perhaps only four more smaller ones were built for the war; unfortunately, none of them exist today.<sup>12</sup>

During the first year of the invasion, Admiral Yi engaged in ten successive naval victories that decimated the Japanese navy. At the battle of Okp'o, the Admiral's first victory, the Korean navy destroyed 31 out of 50 Japanese ships and only suffered one slight wound to one of its own sailors. Over the course of the next five battles, the Japanese lost 83 ships while the Koreans lost only 11 sailors. The next two battles, waged over a four-day period, are known together as the battle of Hansan Island. It is

regarded to be one of the three great Korean victories in the struggle against the Japanese.<sup>13</sup> In this battle, the Japanese navy lost 101 ships and more than 250 men, as opposed to 19 men lost on the Korean side. Admiral Yi achieved this stunning defeat by using a naval tactic that he had developed, called the crane wing formation, to ambush and surround the Japanese ships. Admiral Yi won his ninth victory at the Battle of Pusan-p'ŏ. His fleet of 92 ships, spearheaded by the turtle ship, encountered 470 Japanese vessels and sunk 100 of them while losing only seven of his own sailors. A few months later, the Korean navy defeated the Japanese fleet at Ungp'ŏ. With this tenth successive naval victory, Admiral Yi was appointed Supreme Naval Commander of the Three Southern Provinces.<sup>14</sup>

It should be pointed out that although the Japanese navy had a far greater number of ships and sailors than the Korean navy had, the Japanese navy was never a match for the superior Korean navy. The Japanese navy was made up mostly of trading vessels manned by sailors who had been pirates before the war. These men were not experienced with the forms of engagement that they witnessed in the Korean campaigns, and their ships were not equipped for such battles. Also, the Japanese naval commanders were unfamiliar with the waters along Korea's southern coastline, making it difficult for them to maneuver effectively. On the other hand, the Korean navy was composed of vessels built from knowledge gained while fighting against the Japanese pirates during the previous decades. Korean naval commanders and sailors had also received valuable training during this period, and their familiarity with the tides, currents, and obstacles of their home waters put them at a great advantage against the Japanese invaders.<sup>15</sup>

Under the leadership of Admiral Yi, the Korean navy was able to turn the tide of the invasion by cutting off the vital sea routes of the Japanese navy. Control of the Tsushima Strait and the numerous islets along Korea's southern coast had been an essential element of Hideyoshi's invasion strategy. Achieving this control would have given the Japanese navy access to the Yellow Sea, making it possible to resupply the Japanese troops in Seoul and P'yongyang by water; this would have also made it possible to set up fast communication links between Japan's northern and southern forces. With Korea in control of its own seas, Japan was forced to commit its navy to defend-

ing a narrow supply corridor between Kyushu and Pusan. From Pusan, the Japanese resupplied their northern forces via a precarious land route through central Korea. This method required much greater manpower than the sea route, and the Japanese supply lines were in constant threat of ambush by Korean guerrilla units.<sup>16</sup>

Within the first three months of the war, the Japanese invasion force had advanced up the Korean peninsula from Pusan in the south to the Yalu River in the north, capturing the major cities of Seoul and P'yongyang and routing the Koreans in every battle. The beleaguered Korean regular army, lacking leadership and morale, was scattered throughout the countryside into disorganized units. For a time, Korea was left virtually defenseless.

It was at this juncture that a guerrilla movement spontaneously began to develop all over Korea. Koreans from all walks of life joined guerrilla units that formed in their local districts and took up arms in the defense of their homeland. These guerrilla units were composed primarily of farmers and slaves and were typically led by either local gentry or respected Neo-Confucianists. Each unit generally was made up of a small number of men armed with swords and other light weapons; however, there were hundreds of these units throughout Korea.

Bands of guerrillas repeatedly harassed Japanese communication and supply lines and attacked Japanese army columns using hit and run tactics. By the end of 1592 Korean guerrillas had succeeded in pushing the Japanese army out of many towns and provinces throughout the country. At times more than one guerrilla unit joined with a reorganized Korean regular army unit to form a formidable host against the Japanese attackers. In one such instance a Korean force that had retaken a strategic fort at Haengju along the Han River near Seoul fought back repeated attacks by a much larger Japanese force. The Korean victory at Haengju is also remembered to be one of the three great Korean victories against the Japanese. The Korean guerrilla movement that emerged after the initial gains of the Japanese army succeeded in stalling the momentum of the invasion and putting the Japanese on the defensive.<sup>17</sup>

Coupled with the successes of the Korean guerrilla movement was the entrance of the Chinese Ming army into the war. China finally came to the aid of Korea after repeated pleas by King Sonjo and after the Japanese army had already reached Korea's bor-

der with China. China was somewhat obligated to come to the assistance of Korea, because Korea was a vassal state of China. Also, the threat of an invasion by Japan into China could not be tolerated. The first Chinese relief army of a mere 3,000 troops arrived in Korea with the aim of retaking P'yongyang and was easily defeated by the Japanese occupiers. China then realized the seriousness of the situation that had developed in Korea, and they began to mobilize a much larger force to deal with the invading Japanese. In February of 1593, a Ming army of 50,000 soldiers attacked the Japanese defenses at P'yongyang and succeeded in pushing them all the way to Seoul before the Japanese counterattacked. Thus, a stalemate developed with the Chinese army in control of northern Korea and the Japanese in control of the central portion of the southern part of Korea from Seoul to Pusan.

At this point, informal talks were held between China and Japan, with the exclusion of Korea, to discuss the conditions for peace. After China threatened to send a 400,000 man army to Korea, Japan agreed to withdraw from Seoul and most of the Korean peninsula. By May of 1593, Japan retreated to a narrow defensive position along Korea's southern coast around Pusan and formal peace talks were held. The peace talks between China and Japan over the fate of Korea were to last four years.<sup>18</sup>

China began the truce by sending emissaries to Japan to discuss peace between the two countries. General Hideyoshi was under the impression that Japan had won the war, so he gave his representatives at the peace talks a list of conditions for peace that were to be given to the Chinese delegation. These conditions included that the four southern Korean provinces were to be ceded to Japan, that a daughter of the Chinese emperor was to be wedded to the Japanese emperor, and that a Korean prince and several high ranking Korean officials were to be turned over to Japan as hostages to guarantee that the Korean government would no longer oppose Japan.

Due to political intrigue on both the Chinese and Japanese sides, these conditions were not presented to the Ming emperor. Instead, a forged letter from Hideyoshi was given to the Ming emperor begging for peace and requesting that Japan be recognized as a vassal to China. After several years of delay, the Chinese emissaries returned to Japan in the fall of 1596 with the reply that the Ming emperor had bestowed on Hideyoshi the title of "King of Japan" and

had recognized Japan to be a tributary state of China, with no mention of Japan's list of demands. This enraged Hideyoshi, as China's message to him was no more than one of Japan's subordination to China; therefore, Hideyoshi made plans for a second invasion of Korea.<sup>19</sup>

The Japanese launched their second invasion of Korea on August 27, 1597.<sup>20</sup> Hideyoshi sent a force of 100,000 soldiers in 1000 ships to reinforce the 50,000 troops he had left in Pusan. This invasion began with a resounding victory by the Japanese navy, something it was unable to achieve even once during the first invasion. This Japanese naval victory could be due to the fact that Admiral Yi of the Korean navy had been imprisoned on false charges of misconduct and replaced with a rival commander prior to the second Japanese invasion.<sup>21</sup> However, even with this initial victory by its navy, during this invasion attempt the Japanese army was not able to advance very far into Korea. It met stiff resistance by a rearmed and reorganized Korean army backed by a huge Chinese army sent by the Ming emperor who anticipated a second invasion of Korea by Japan. This time the Japanese did not reach Seoul but were stopped short of the city and were pushed steadily back towards Pusan.<sup>22</sup>

Meanwhile, the Japanese navy again suffered defeat at the hands of Admiral Yi who had been released from prison and reinstated as Supreme Naval Commander. At the Battle of Myongnyang in October of 1597, Admiral Yi's small contingent of twelve ships destroyed 133 Japanese vessels without any Korean losses. Admiral Yi achieved this victory after luring the Japanese fleet into a narrow channel and using the swift currents to his advantage.<sup>23</sup> This victory prevented the Japanese navy from entering the Yellow Sea and resupplying its army trying to advance towards Seoul.<sup>24</sup>

The Korean successes on land and at sea during the second Japanese invasion had the effect of containing the Japanese army to a narrow strip of land along Korea's south coast. Over the next year, the combined Chinese and Korean army constantly assaulted forts along the coast that were held by the Japanese. A determined Korean navy prevented the Japanese from resupplying these positions. The Japanese stubbornly tried to hold on to this territory so that their invasion attempts would not be a total loss.

The beginning of the end of the Hideyoshi invasions of Korea came about when General Hideyoshi died in Japan on September 18, 1598. The Japanese

authorities who assumed control after he died realized that the war in Korea had to come to a swift end. After three more months of struggling to maintain control of their Korean forts, the Japanese gave orders for a retreat from Korea.<sup>25</sup>

The last battle of the war, the Noryang Sea Battle, was fought as one of the last contingents of troops was re-embarking for Japan. A Japanese naval force 500 ships strong, sent to evacuate its remaining troops from Korea, was attacked by the Korean navy under Admiral Yi. More than 200 Japanese ships were sunk by the Korean navy that day. Unfortunately, with victory at hand, Admiral Yi was struck by a Japanese bullet and fell dead onto the deck of his flagship.<sup>26</sup> With this last battle of the Hideyoshi invasions of Korea, Korea lost one of its greatest war heroes.

Over the course of nearly seven years Japan tried to press its claims on the Asian mainland by attempting to conquer China through an invasion of Korea. In the end, General Hideyoshi's visions of a greater Japan were dashed. The Japanese navy was never able to gain control of Korea's seas from Admiral Yi, therefore Japan's crucial supply lines to their mainland army were not secure. Japan's leaders underestimated the fighting spirit of the Korean people, having initially defeated the Korean army so easily. Hideyoshi also underestimated China's awesome war resources and its commitment to its little brother Korea. Even at the very end, Japan was unwilling to give up the invasion until General Hideyoshi had died. With Hideyoshi's death, and Japan's subsequent withdrawal from Korea, Japan failed at its attempts to conquer China with nothing gained while losing close to 100,000 soldiers in the process.

#### End Notes

- <sup>1</sup> Jurgis Elisonas, "The inseparable trinity: Japan's relations with China and Korea", *The Cambridge History of Japan*, Ed. John W. Hall (Cambridge: Cambridge UP, 1991), 235- 300.
- <sup>2</sup> Elisonas 267.
- <sup>3</sup> Andrew C. Nahm, *Introduction to Korean History and Culture* (Elizabeth, NJ: Hollym Corp., 1993).
- <sup>4</sup> Woo-keun Han, *The History of Korea*, Trans. Kyungshik Lee, Ed. Grafton K. Mintz (Seoul: Eul-Yoo Publishing, 1970).
- <sup>5</sup> Elisonas 272.
- <sup>6</sup> George Sansom, *A History of Japan 1334- 1615* (Stanford: Stanford UP, 1961).

<sup>7</sup> Sansom 354.

<sup>8</sup> Ki-baik Lee, *A New History of Korea*, Trans. Edward W. Wagner (Seoul: Ilchokak Pub., 1984).

<sup>9</sup> Elisonas 273.

<sup>10</sup> Admiral Yi Sun-sin, *Nanjung Ilgi: War Diary of Admiral Yi Sun-sin*, Trans. Tae-hung Ha, Ed. Pow-key Sohn (Seoul: Yonsei UP, 1977).

<sup>11</sup> Yi. See drawing and photo of the ship on opening pages of the book.

<sup>12</sup> Sun-sin xxv.

<sup>13</sup> Lee 212.

<sup>14</sup> Yi xxvi to xxix.

<sup>15</sup> Sansom 354.

<sup>16</sup> Elisonas 278.

<sup>17</sup> Lee 212.

<sup>18</sup> Elisonas 280.

<sup>19</sup> Sansom 358.

<sup>20</sup> Elisonas 286.

<sup>21</sup> Yi xxix.

<sup>22</sup> Elisonas 287.

<sup>23</sup> Yi xxix.

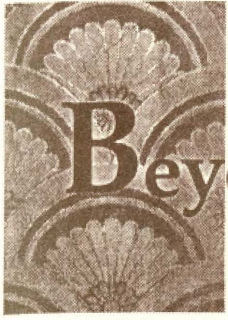
<sup>24</sup> Elisonas 287.

<sup>25</sup> Elisonas 288- 290.

<sup>26</sup> Yi xxx.

#### Works Cited

- Elisonas, Jurgis. "The inseparable trinity: Japan's relations with China and Korea" *The Cambridge History of Japan*. Vol. 4. Ed. John Whitney Hall, Cambridge: Cambridge UP, 1991. 235- 300.
- Han, Woo-keun. *The History of Korea*. Trans. Lee Kyung-shik, Ed. Grafton K. Mintz, Seoul: Eul-Yoo, 1970.
- Lee, Ki-baik. *A New History of Korea*. Trans. Edward W. Wagner and Edward J. Schultz. Seoul: Ilchokak, 1984.
- Nahm, Andrew C. *Introduction to Korean History and Culture*. Seoul: Hollym. 1993.
- Sansom, George. *A History of Japan*. Stanford: Stanford UP, 1961.
- Yi, Sun-sin. *Nanjung Ilgi: War Diary of Admiral Yi Sun-sin*. Trans. Ha Tae-hung. Ed. Sohn Pow-key. Seoul: Yonsei UP, 1977.



# Beyond the Mushroom Cloud

By Mie F. Sanders

All Hiroshima students learn the history of Japan at school. The A-bomb pictures are imprinted on their minds. Most unfortunately, there has been a missing topic in our history class—the history of the Japanese Imperial Army's invasions of other countries. More people are now becoming aware of our country's heartless attacks on other cultures and people during World War II by gathering resources outside of schools. Painfully, I learned about this dark side of our history from the brutal side of people. But let me first tell you of my Hiroshima experience.

Every year, all through my school it was compulsory for us Hiroshima students to go to school on August 6 although it was during our precious summer vacation; we had to attend annual peace memorial ceremonies at school. The day began early with teachers' speeches on war and peace. Topics varied, yet were similar year after year. They would emphasize the importance of world peace and imply the leaders' mistake of involving civilians in the disasters. Speeches would usually end some time around eight in the morning. Then sirens would start sounding at eight-fifteen sharp—the very same time the bomb came down upon the city. The sirens echoed throughout the city to announce a minute of silence when people were supposed to stop their business to pray for the ones who had lost their lives to the bomb.

A-bomb related activities called "peace study" followed the school ceremony. Most of our peace-study was based on video viewing. We went to the darkened gymnasium to see black and white documentary films. They would begin with a picture of the big mushroom cloud, then people floating on the

river, half-burned people (some still alive) being eaten by maggots, children crying in the middle of the burned field, people dying under wrecked buildings. The pictures went on and on.

If not a video, we would have another peace-study activity like listening to guest *hibakusha*, the A-bomb survivors. They spoke openly and personally about their A-bomb experiences. We heard a lot about losing family members or starving from them. Some *hibakusha* would bring things to prove to us how strong the A-bomb was, such as melted metal or broken watches frozen at eight-fifteen. Some even showed us their burned gnarled skin.

For years, August 6 gave me nightmares. I abhorred peace studies. Each year those films made me lose my appetite and want to vomit. I think now that in elementary school I was too young to be exposed to such shocking, grotesque reality.

I never expected to encounter Hiroshima and Nagasaki pictures outside of Japan; nevertheless, they were everywhere. My Hiroshima experience abroad started at the Boston Museum. I was quite surprised to find displays of Hiroshima there. I witnessed several other Hiroshima-related exhibitions in America subsequently. All of a sudden my private memory of Hiroshima became so public. I had to remind myself the A-bomb was built in America. It is no wonder their museums show their own history. I realized that the A-bomb and World War II were not only Hiroshima's history.

From my childhood experience, I hesitated to tell Americans where I was from. I was afraid that they might perceive me negatively, as victim-minded.

When I lived in Australia, a friend from Sydney

University invited me to come along with her on a field-trip to northern New South Wales. The purpose of the trip was to meet and study one of the regional aboriginal tribes. I gratefully joined the trip. I met modern aboriginal people there. They were unprejudiced and seemed proud to introduce their culture.

The day for our field research was beautiful and sunny. Under the deep blue sky, our aboriginal guide, Eric, was taking us around a peninsula. Once he stopped so we could enjoy the waves right below us. Eric turned to me and asked, "Are you from Japan?"

I replied, "Yes, mate." Then he looked down at the tip of his shoes for a second. I wondered to myself, why is he asking my nationality? There's Kathy from Hong Kong and Louie from England, too.

All of a sudden, he looked everyone in the face. Pointing out to the ocean, he said, "See that? That's where the Japanese Navy anchored their boats. They used to come to steal our women to take them back on board. None of those women came back alive. The Japanese abandoned them to the sea after they were finished with them."

Over and over, I told him how sorry I was.

He laughed and said, "That's not your fault."

Tears welled up in my eyes.

Until hearing Eric's upsetting story I was ignorant of the history from the other side. Born in Hiroshima, war meant Hiroshima to me. War was a mushroom cloud. War burned people. War brought black rain. War was Nagasaki. War was Okinawa. In truth, war lived everywhere. Never had I imagined others suffered so severely from the very same war and at the hands of the Japanese.

The poor aboriginal women made me sensitive to the Japanese Imperial Force's abuses. I started to notice more and more stories from the opposite side. Most of my new experiences came from vindictive Japan-phobic Asians.

When at the Singapore National Museum, I saw evidence of the Japanese Imperial Army's invasion. Some young Singaporean men followed me in the museum. Finally they came up and said, "See what you've done to us!"

I felt apprehensive. "Sorry," I mumbled, and walked away. Similar charges were made in Malaysia.

At that point I was trying to work out how to express my empathy appropriately to Indonesia on TV, I said, "Sorry." When one of the Japanese minis-

ters said something prejudiced against other Asian countries, I said, "Sorry." When I read an article about Japanese soldiers' cannibalization of Filipino villagers, I said, "Sorry." When I watched a show about war orphans in China, I said "Sorry." I was so sorry.

Last summer, my mother visited me in Hawai'i. I took her to the Royal Hawaiian Shopping Center. We happened to see a haole homeless person accidentally bump into a young Japanese tourist in a wheelchair. He gave her a sharp look and yelled, "You, Jap! Watch where you're goin'! Remember Pearl Harbor!" The poor girl burst into tears of embarrassment, saying, "Gomennasai!" (Sorry!)

Right at that moment the sleeping spirit of Eric inside of me awoke. I said to my mother, "That's not her fault!" Thereafter, I stopped being sorry on behalf of the Japanese Imperial Forces.

In all the animosity of anti-war messages in the KCC library's Nagasaki exhibition comment book, I could not miss the numbers of bitter comments from some Asian students. Here are some examples: "I feel that sympathy for Japanese is over-emphasized because of this atomic bomb. But we cannot and shouldn't forget the sufferings of those countries that Japan invaded." "Japanese were inhumane, they didn't care who they hurt. They treated everyone as animals. At least they only suffered from the atomic bomb." "Japanese killed more Asians than those who died in the atomic bomb, so they should stop pretending victims, because they were the murderers, even worse than Hitler."

I don't have mixed feelings about those comments. Learning from my Hiroshima overseas experience, my thoughts have become clear. I have learned that I am not an offspring of the victims or the murderers, just as no one else is. I am offspring of peace, just as everyone else is. I will not deny or negate the invasions. I will not linger over or pity Hiroshima. So much for history. All I can do is to admit the past and keep studying for a better future. I have experienced mutual understanding and learned mutual respect.

By seeing beyond the mushroom cloud, I learned that no country should despise other countries over what happened in the past when it comes to international peace. No individual should exploit past history to condemn other individuals, for we all are internationalists.

On August 6, I pray for all of the people who suffer from war. I hope other people will do the same.



# Child Labor: Necessity or Greed?

By Gerard Donlin

Letters from readers in the January 13, 1997 issue of *U.S. News and World Report* presented contrasting views on the issue of child labor in underdeveloped Third World Countries—in this case, Sri Lanka. The first letter sent by Molly Macpherson of McMinnville, Tennessee, states, "It sickens me to realize that most of us will never know in what pathetic conditions our Christmas gifts were made"(4). From Slidell, Louisiana, Reinhard Dearing's view was "However, food in one's belly and clothes on one's back are eminently preferable"(4). Prasad Kariyawasam, Minister, Embassy of Sri Lanka, Washington, D.C. wrote back, "Despite a low per capita income, Sri Lanka has achieved a literacy rate of 90 percent, infant mortality of 18 per 1,000 and life expectancy of 72 year"(4).

My view of child labor coincides with the last two views on this subject. In certain situations children need to work in order to survive. People in America tend to criticize working conditions like those in Sri Lanka but forget that there are countries with worse social problems than children working in factories at minimal wages. We must realize that countries like Sri Lanka which are trying to realize a modern economic system will often go through a transitional phase that may use child labor to help stimulate the economy as well as to make their citizens self reliant.

If we look at the history of countries like England, France, Russia, as well as the United States, we find child labor was used at some time in the economic development of almost all Anglo-European societies. What is needed is a better understanding of the economic and living conditions of developing countries today. What some Americans depict as cruel, unjust exploitation may actually be viewed as a ray of hope

to people who live in these countries. We say that their children are being exploited because they are paid a fraction of what they would receive in the United States for a similar job; but, when compared to the amount of consumer products that same income would provide in Sri Lanka, the picture seems much less foreboding.

Many Americans tend to forget that countries striving to become modern developed societies have difficult problems to overcome, among them, economic independence. If the statistics given by Minister Kariyawasam are accurate, then the Sri Lanka government is working towards a better future for its people, so the standard of living should increase also. It is my opinion that the Sri Lanka government is working towards a future where child labor would cease to be a fact of everyday life. If Sri Lanka wanted to keep its people dependent on others, it would not be teaching so many of the population to read and therefore to question their policies.

It was not that long ago that the same conditions described in Sri Lanka existed in our own country. The coal mines of West Virginia and Pennsylvania, as well as in many of our big city factories exploited child labor with much more ruthlessness than what seems to exist in many Third World Countries today. Here in Hawai'i my own mother worked in the pineapple cannery when she was twelve to help support her family. We tend to forget that life can sometimes be hard, but that people have the ability to overcome many barriers to fulfill their goals.





# The Flight of a Villager

By Anne Ambrose

THREE SHORT NOVELS FOR PAPUA, NEW GUINEA,  
Edited by Mike Grecus. Auckland: Longman Publishing, 1976.

A young Melanesian man leaves his family and his placid home in the village of Kuraini to find fortune in the city of Goroka. Iso's motivation is twofold—the timing of his departure is not entirely self-determined. He has committed the mortal sin of engaging in premarital sex, and he believes the illegitimate pregnancy of his partner may reveal his wrongdoing. Also, at Iso's age he is expected to begin to leave his childhood behind and take up the responsibilities of adulthood. However, he is not really old enough to attain the autonomy of adulthood. This adolescent dilemma is a source of great frustration and angst for Iso, particularly in dealing with his family, and he plans to escape it by leaving them and seeking refuge in the faster pace of the city.

The novel, *The Flight of a Villager*, by August Kituai comments specifically on the transition from Melanesian village life to Western city life in this European colony of Papua, New Guinea. However, its underlying themes—the joy of childhood versus the responsibility of adulthood, the difficulty of the transition between them, the building of personal identity in young adulthood, and the inseparability of self and society—are largely universal. The parallels between the move from village to city life and the growth of a boy into a man develop the feeling that change of any kind is a difficult, painful, but necessary process.

Life in the Kuraini village is uncomplicated and peaceful. The pace of the community is comfortable—duties are related to physical needs for food

and shelter, marked by daily rituals of conversation and socializing. The novel opens with a description of the physical activity in the tribe's daily life. However, it is also written in a lyrical, mystical way, with discussion of spirits walking into the dream world and an environment that naturally responds to its people.

In this idyllic village setting, children are the agents of joy. It is in their presence and interactions that the spirit and "friendliness" of the village is found. Because of that important role, the children are also a source of paradox in the story. The villagers feel the children are "lucky" to be "the first to get a Western-type education" while boarding in a Catholic mission. Yet when the children are away at school, the village is lifeless and joyless, and the adults are anguished at their departure. The villagers value the knowledge the Europeans have and can give the Kuraini children, yet that knowledge has little application in their community. The irony is that the villagers consider themselves fortunate to have their children exposed to an education that make the village "gloomy, deserted, and lonely" and that will ultimately produce adults who are dissatisfied with village life. By sending the children away, the Kuraini are burning the candle of their own cultural diffusion from both ends, both in the present and for their future.

The children are also a point of conflict for Iso. While in the village, the children live a life of play and innocence, the literal nakedness in a figurative Garden of Eden. Their utter happiness and lack of

responsibility resonates against Iso's contradictory feelings—his longing for joy and simplicity and his desire to separate from childhood completely. Iso's interactions with his seven-year-old brother, Augia, are marked with his frustration. He is curt, jealous of the boy and his companions' little pleasures (chewing sugar cane and playing marbles) and the unconditional approval Augia receives from his mother and father. At the same time Iso is disdainful of the children's play. In contrast to the children, Iso, as an emerging adult, is expected to take on more responsibility on his own volition, and yet he still must obey his parents' wishes and perform the tasks they assign him. In return he receives less praise and reinforcement for his work. Furthermore, like last year's high school football hero, Iso was the "champion" of his village, but he is outgrowing his title and the prestige that accompanied it. And still his village says he is not enough of a man to marry, although his body disagrees. Iso is trapped by his family, his culture, and his own desires in an unbearable limbo, lacking purpose, power, and direction. He feels he is being moved along by time and necessity, spurred by forces outside of himself. This state of flux and conflict, the concurrent yearning for the past and aching for the future, carries through the story and is familiar. It is common to the transition from childhood to adulthood in more complex, modern societies.

Building personal identity is one of the central struggles of the passage into adulthood. The first step of that process is determining the components of identity. Society's laws and customs are designed to provide a frame around which personal identity can be constructed. Escaping those laws and selecting a new frame, particularly one whose boundaries are unclear and whose structure is malleable, can be an act of wondrous freedom or dire consequences. In this way, a change in cultural environment can profoundly affect personal growth. Iso's decision to leave Kuraini, which stems immediately from the impending consequences of having possibly impregnated a young woman in the village, is really a journey to discover who he is and to become who he wants to be.

On the first leg of his journey to Karisoko to sell the pigs, Iso's conversation with Francis begins to give him some insight into the cultural identity of his village. Iso is accepted by the old man as a friend on the strength of his village ties alone, because the Karisokos (Francis' tribe) and the Kurainis fought together in tribal wars in the past. Francis relates a

story about those wars, and Iso finds he can be proud of his cultural heritage that is a part of him and yet much larger than he.

Later, in Goroka Iso learns that cultural identity is a knife that cuts both ways, and that it extends to many levels. His race determines that he will live in the cheap, ill-constructed huts of Devo, past the beautiful mansions of the Europeans in which he may work (if he is lucky), but may not live. This social stratification and its extension into his environment is a huge cultural adjustment for Iso, coming from a village in which he was an equal or superior of all other young men his age.

The color of Iso's skin also ensures that the Europeans will speak to him in a certain way—the Europeans use their language as a way of keeping themselves separate, bastardizing the native languages of the Melanesians in communicating with them, thereby forcing the natives to abandon part of their cultural identity. Also, Iso will be spoken to in another way by his fellow Melanesians in the city, who transcend tribal boundaries in the face of suppression by a common antagonist and call one another "brother." These recognitions make Iso's cultural heritage real to him, and they bind him to it.

Another key to Iso's understanding of his identity is awareness of his personal beliefs—how they are distinguished from custom and what has formed them. Iso's travel away from his village brings to light the conventions by which he has been raised, lets him choose which are the ethics by which he will continue to live his life, and shows him the power of tradition. For example, in Kuraini, it is a crime punishable by death to have premarital sex; furthermore, only men and women who are married can even use their "four-letter word" for sex. In Goroka, however, a picture of a naked man and woman hangs on the wall of Bruno's hut where Iso stays, Iso goes to a film "strictly for adults," and he even considers paying for sex, but he still cannot utter the word for it. Here Iso examines and tests the boundaries of his personal beliefs about right and wrong, outside of his culture.

Values are yet another realm of personal growth and identity which the author explores. As he makes his first independent decisions in a society that differs so drastically in potential from the one in which he was raised, Iso ironically comes to value what he has known in Kuraini at the same time that he comes to value the range of possibilities of Goroka. Before

he gets employment, Iso thinks of returning home, planning what he will tell his parents of his "adventures." He sees a mother noisily embracing her son, who had been away and just returned, and is moved; he wonders if he will be received so well on his return home. Iso misses his family. At the same time, Iso cannot imagine giving up the food, friends, and entertainment of town life, even though he thinks the town is gloomy and unattractive.

What does Iso value? Where is his home? His answers, like those of most adults, are dual in nature. Iso values his family ties, his heritage, and also his independence. His home is both where he is from and where he chooses to make it. A saying from his language is, "A tree bears fruit on all its branches, scattered in all directions, but once they are ripe, and if they are not eaten by hungry birds, they'll fall down and roll back to the tree's roots, to grow and produce itself again." With that Iso acknowledges his own roots in Kuraini with his family and tribe, and he gives himself permission to return there. He sees that there are forces, including his own desires, that may keep him from his village. However, he knows his values are tied to Kuraini culture and will be nourished there.

Iso goes to the city to "ripen" into adulthood, and he is well on his way to fruition. Watching children fighting in the city, he is reminded of his own childhood in Kuraini, this time without the ambiguous feelings of wanting to recapture childhood and, at the same time, striving for the independence of adulthood. He is renewed by their spirit, much as the villagers of Kuraini are by the laughter of its children. This is an indication of the growth he has completed,

how far he has come; he is now an adult looking back on childhood, smiling.

The author August Kituai is not attempting to make a judgment about the Westernization of the Melanesians in Papua New Guinea in *The Flight of a Villager*. He does not imply that the Europeans have corrupted that society, or that their influence has been detrimental. Instead, his novel illustrates how dramatic the transition from village life, which is firmly rooted in attending to physical and emotional needs, to city life, which is marked by an array cognitive choices, is. That transition parallels the pain and wonder of the transformation from childhood to adulthood, making the story more universal and personally accessible. It is ultimately a story about the process of growth and the forces that shape lives.



# A Reflection on Suicide

By Yasuko Toyama

FLYING FOX IN A FREEDOM TREE AND OTHER STORIES.  
Albert Wendt. New York; Penguin. 1988.

Death. Suicide. What propels a person to take his own life? The instinct to live is very strong. What is so much greater that it overcomes this powerful instinct? Albert Wendt has woven a story in *Flying-Fox in a Freedom Tree* about a community of people in Samoa so tragically changed by modern European influence, so stripped of their identity and pride that death seems to be the only way out.

Wendt is a very straightforward writer. From the beginning of this story, we are acclimated to death. The very second sentence describes a fly dying, slowly, from continuously flying into a metal screen. The narrator, Pepe, who is close to death, sees the crematorium from his hospital bed. In the middle of the story, a stream named Vaipe is described. The English translation is "Dead Water." The story ends with suicide. Death is everywhere in the novella.

Wendt's straightforwardness is also felt in his unforgiving descriptions of the contemporary Samoan. Pepe accuses his father and people like him of having misused their homelands of Sapepe, contrary to the intentions of their native god, Tagaloaalagi, who created the lands for all people. Pepe's father has turned the land into a plantation after failing as a theologian. The people of Sapepe looked down on his failure, but when he became rich, the very same people worked for him for wages. Pepe's statement, "the money has come to stay in Sapepe" sounds final and regrettable; people have allowed the *palagi* (white foreigner) money and influence to stay for good.

Contemporary Samoans have become mimics of

the palagi, Wendt says. They copy the outer semblance of Europeans, they have lost their identity. Wendt uses Tautala, Pepe's uncle, to represent the contemporary Samoan in the most negative form. Tautala works for the palagi government and claims to be always overloaded with work. He lives in a palagi-style house. Pepe describes him as a fat man wearing palagi clothing and "appears as though he is always looking for a place to shit." He pays visits to his sister, Pepe's mother, so he can get free taro and banana from the plantation.

Pepe is different from most contemporary Samoans. When he is forced to live with his pretentious uncle, he sees himself superior to his uncle's children, who are snobbish and pretentious like their father. Pepe is proud to know how to fish, an old art of Sapepe, an art the children of Tautala have never learned.

Pepe finds kinship in two classmates of the palagi school he is made to attend. They are Tagata and Simi, and both are resentful of their half-palagi teacher and the entire palagi authority. Tagata and Simi ridicule the school faculty among themselves. When they play a private joke on their teacher, the only other student that understands the humor is Pepe. Pepe robs his own father's store in the city of Apia, where they now live, obviously, to defy his father whom he resents already, not just for being a palagi copy cat. He blames his father for destroying his mother by taking her away from Sapepe.

When the police question Pepe about the robbery,

his rich father's words that Pepe was asleep in his room during the night of the robbery are more powerful than the law, proving just how corrupt money, a European influence, has made the town.

But Pepe confesses to protect his friends and is put on trial. The trial is a metaphor for Pepe's defiance to the God of the palagi. The palagi God is embodied in the judge, who is described as very religious. Pepe sees him as only "The Black dress" without a face, because it is obscured by a large wig. The Black-dress asks Pepe mostly religious questions like, "Are you a Christian?" Pepe responds with mocking humor, using a line from an American gangster movie, but ultimately he voices his true spiritual beliefs about man, life, and the higher being. At least he has a soul.

At the end of the trial, the Black-dress trips as he is leaving, and Pepe sees that without the wig, Black-dress is just another man. The judge is embarrassed and hurries out because he sees Pepe smiling at him. This incident, I believe is Wendt's statement that the palagi God is not so powerful or fearful as the palagi have made him to be into the contemporary Samoan mind.

Pepe takes a wife, but even this woman is an embodiment of the pretentious contemporary Samoan. She is the daughter of a rich and religious local man. Before they even considered marriage, she engages in intercourse with Pepe, all the while verbally preaching about God and sin.

Tagata, Pepe's school friend, is a tragic figure, for not only does he feel helpless in face of the changes to his land, but he is also alienated from his own people because he is a dwarf. He has a nickname, Flying-Fox, which is a bird that has no nest because it does not behave like a true bird. He does, however, find the answer to the empty life that his people have succumbed to and that he himself does not seem able to escape. Death. He realizes the answer, actually, when he sees lava. In the lava, he saw silence and the realization "that we are all equal in silence, in the

nothing, in lava." He did not want to die, but he knew if he stayed, his soul would go hungry. Later, he commits suicide and refers to the lava in his last will and testament. He realized that only if you leave the body, then will the inner spirit be freed. As a spirit he can remain in the lava forever.

In Tagata's testament is a statement about the modern life of his homeland. This paragraph, reprinted on the back cover of the book, captures the essence of the tragedy of modern Samoa: "The papalagi ... has turned us ... into cartoons of themselves .... ridiculous shadows on the picture screen." Shadows and cartoons. Flat images without substance like a man without any inner spirit.

In the last page of this story, Pepe has a dream in his hospital bed. In the dream, the lava swept up the now corrupted homelands, bringing everything to its very beginning—nothing. He is floating above the lava, because he is very near death, and death is the freedom from the empty life he leads. Tagata is laughing as he hangs by his neck because he has already found freedom in death. Then, as he is ending his narration, Pepe says, "The maggots are impatient. Soon they'll break out from my flesh like bubbles as beautiful as diamonds." The maggots in his body are the representation of the defiant spirit in Pepe. Finally, when mortification of the flesh allows the maggots freedom, they will regain the form of the true human spirit which is valuable as diamonds, for without inner spirit, life is not worth living.



*Pāhoehoe, Volcanoes National Park, Island of Hawai'i.*  
Black and White Photograph. January 1995.  
By Michael Lee Thompson.



# Urbanization In Tonga

By Winston Halapua

The Kingdom of Tonga consists of more than 150 islands scattered over 20,000 square miles of the South Pacific Ocean. Most islands are so small or so steep that only 36 islands are actually inhabited (Tupuoniua 1). Tonga is divided into three main groups of islands: Tongatapu in the south, Vava'u in the north and Ha'apai in the center of in these islands. Tongatapu is the largest, and it is there Nuku'alofa, the capital is located. Nuku'alofa was not an urban settlement at first; it was once an agricultural village, but because of Wesleyan missionary activities like trade, it became advantageous to construct the first port there. Therefore the king decided in 1845 to put the capital in Nuku'alofa.

The Tongan population has risen tremendously since that time. In 1937, the population of the kingdom was 32,800; in 1956, it was 56,800; today it is approximately 72,000. Almost half of the population has moved to live in or near by the capital Nuku'alofa (Walsh 45). Similarly, in the outer island groups of Vava'u and Ha'apai, people are shifting from the rural areas to urban areas (The percentage of people migrating is consistent and it is assumed that this figure will continue to rise over for the next few years). Because of this shifting towards urbanization, family ties have started to vanish, causing negative effects on social structure.

Several factors are responsible for people moving from the other islands to Tongatapu and for villages moving to the capital, Nuku'alofa. These factors include population pressures on the land, better employment opportunities, and the desire for secondary education. This migration changes social structure especially, family relationships, and causes some

Tongan cultural practices to fade away.

The inhabitants of small villages in Tonga were originally members of large extended families which were related to one another by blood ties. Most of these villages were formed during and after the civil warfare that occurred in the first half of the 19th century. Before this time, the land was controlled by chiefs who distributed it to the local people. The need for protection during the civil war was one of the major factors that directed Tongans to live together in groups and extended families (Tupouniua 3). In the extended family, each person is governed by *fetokoni'aki*, the spirit and reality of cooperation. This spirit prevails upon individuals to assist kin, neighbors, and friends, particularly those who need assistance. For example, surplus food was shared with neighbors instead of being sold in the market place. This spirit was also apparent during harvest time. Most villagers were farmers. Their surplus produce was shared with neighbors, friends, and their loved ones. The Tongan attitude towards food is perhaps the best example of this ideology of sharing, for they viewed food as a free good, almost a right. No one should be deprived of food. The most frequent greeting extended to strangers as well as kin and friends, is "come and eat."

In the extended family structure, the family could look to large number of relatives for support, companionship, and affection (Morton 62). Fetokoni'aki also strengthened the kinship relations and the role that each person learned and held in the society or community. Traditionally, each *'api* (household) was made up of three generations: the *matu'a* (parents), the *fanau* (offspring generation) and the *kui* (grand-

parent generation). Each individual had to understand the responsibilities and roles of each generation. For instance, *tuofefine* (sisters) ranked higher than *tuonga'ane* (brothers). Within the kinship group the specific mode of behavior expected was *faka'apa'apa* (respect) towards the elder. The father of the household was accorded the greatest *faka'apa'apa*. For instance, it was a taboo for the offspring to touch his head or to wear and share his belongings. The attitude towards the father's brother was the same as towards the father (Tupouniua 23).

These roles were taught at home by the parents and the rest of the kinship. This was the traditional Tongan education. Children were taught at home to understand the culture and *faka'apa'apa*. Not only was this aspect of the culture taught, there were also tasks that the children were required to learn. Tongans believed that every single task should be taught to the younger generation so that they could pass it to the next generation. For example, children of the *hou'eiki* (chief) were taught quite early in life the role appropriate to their status, their privileges and obligations. Among the children of the commoners, boys followed the tasks that their father performed, like planting yams and keeping them weeded, planting taro and sweet potato, climbing the coconut tree and carrying food from the farm to the village. They were taught how to raise and domesticate animals like pigs and horses. They were also taught the techniques of fishing. While boys were learning, girls were also taught the domestic duties of the mother. Young girls learned quickly to weave mats and baskets, to clean the house, and look after infants. They learned daily tasks of cooking and serving. This traditional Tongan education brought families together by indicating the way that families are supposed to be. Because of this education, each family had strong feeling towards each member. All the family shared and helped whenever one of the members faced troubles.

The *vaha'angatae* (duty) owed by brothers to sisters and children towards their parents was also apparent in agricultural activities. Agriculture was important for children especially boys, to hold on to. The boys were taught to do agriculture as a *vaha'angatae* of caring towards his family. Young men went out to the field and worked hard in order to support their families. The best produce of their farm would be given to their parents or their sisters. When the sister had a special occasion, like marriage,

or birthday, the first person to help was the brother by giving her the best thing the land produces. Agriculture made it possible *fetokoni'aki*. *Fetokoni'aki* was more important than anything else in these villages. The people in these communities believed, that in order for a society to reach it highest rank, everyone must help one another.

The main purpose of agriculture has obviously changed in Nuku'alofa. Previously, agriculture was a *vaha'angatae* to family and relatives, to gather and *fevahevahe'aki* (share). Since the urban movement began, agriculture has turned into a money-making business. It does not matter anymore if your sisters, brothers, or parents need food. What matters is how much money you can earn that day. Any one who moves to Nuku'alofa for employment often leaves behind fishing, agriculture, cooking, weaving, to look for jobs that pay.

The extended family is minimized in the capital city; kinship now centers on nuclear family households. Many of the families consider the nuclear family an economical way to save money. The nuclear family also allows individuals to decide whatever they want. As most people take to the nuclear structure, the principle of *fetokoni'aki* will no longer exist. In Nuku'alofa it is hard to see it operating anymore. If a family produces surplus foods, the surplus will no longer be shared with their neighbors. When I was home last year, I visited one of my friends the same day their pineapple crops were harvested. There were hundreds of pineapples. I heard my friend tell his dad that he wanted to offer me four pineapples, but when he returned to me, I knew from the way he looked that his father hadn't allowed him to give any pineapples away. I turned and said to him, "Do not worry." Most families in Nuku'alofa have adopted this kind of attitude, because they are separating themselves from all the members of their family, their cousins, uncle, aunts, grandparents. Living far from families lessened the knowledge of the importance of sharing with each other.

Many people also move to Nuku'alofa so that their children will become educated. Traditional education has ceased. Western education now dominates. Education is a magic word in Tonga. Most of the secondary schools are located in Nuku'alofa. Today, parents are proud if their son or daughter has graduated from a secondary school. I noticed this personally when I received the results of the Pacific Senior School Certificate. This exam is required for us to enter college.



The students who passed were honored with a family gathering and a big feast, while the students that failed were totally ignored by the rest of the family. Because of this kind of pressure, people make the move to the city. Western education was also enforced by King George Tupou. The king preached to his people a sermon based on Hosea IV:6, "My people are destroyed for lack of knowledge." In his opinion, knowledge is power and the pen is mightier than the sword (Tupouniua 54). He emphasized that Western education should be taught to his people.

Western education changes many ideas and definitely makes the younger generation feel negatively toward traditional education. Most young men and women are ashamed to say what they are doing for a living because most people look down on people who fish, farm, weave, and cook. They only take into account and honor those who earned a degree from college. Most children do not even know how to farm, fish, weave. All these things that were required by our great-grandparents are no longer important to most people in Nuku'alofa.

Children today in Nuku'alofa also do not know their roles in the family. In Nuku'alofa, sisters and brothers hang out together, watch the same movies together, enter the same room together and sit close to each other. This happens because most parents now value other things more than the traditional ways that should have been passed to their offspring. It is common in Nuku'alofa to see brothers and sisters fighting. There is no respect between them, and I have even heard them swearing at each other. This was forbidden in the past and did not occur in any village because villagers taught their children well. They knew how important it was to unite a loving family. In contrast is the great number of divorces in Nuku'alofa, which according to one survey is caused by ignorance of family roles and proper behavior.

Today people of Nuku'alofa are more concerned about economic opportunities than kinship ties. This undermines the position of the traditional elders. Traditional methods of settling social conflict were based on the principle *fakamolemole'i* (forgiveness). *Fakamolemole'i* is no longer practiced when it comes to matters concerning money. The *fetokoni'aki* no longer exists, because people in Nuku'alofa only care about themselves without taking into account other relatives. This is a major cause of stress of family structure.

Even changes that parents support also bring them

confusion. In a one case, a sixteen-year-old Samoan girl was sent to New Zealand for further study when she was seven. She returned eight years later. She remarked that her parents called her stupid, a trouble maker. She had been away from them eight years and one of the first days back in the village, she wanted to do something nice for them. She brought them breakfast in bed; she boiled some eggs and served a papaya with some lime, but when she gave it to them, they just laughed at her and threw the papaya outside for the pigs to eat (Ritterbush 46). This is similar to what is going on in Nuku'alofa. People are willing to change but they don't comprehend what will the change lead them to. The big question that people should be asking is "change to what?"

### References

- Morton, K. (1951). *The atomization of Tongan society*. Pacific Studies. 10:47-72.
- Ritterbush, S. (1988). "Isle Young Find Problems as Emigrants." *Pacific Magazine* July / August:46.
- Tupouniua, P. (1977). *A Polynesian Village, the process of change in the village of Hoi, Tonga*. Suva: South Pacific Social Sciences Association.
- Waish, C. (1964). "Urbanization in Nuku'alofa, Tonga." *South Pacific Bulletin*. April:45-50.



# First Contact in Tahiti

By Eden Shostrum

EUROPEAN INTIMIDATION AND THE MYTH OF TAHITI.  
W.H. Pearson, *Journal of Pacific History*. 1969.

Pearson's article, "The Myth of Tahiti" details the concepts of European misinterpretation of Pacific Island Culture. It also addresses and supports with historical evidence the follies of European behavior and misconduct concerning first contact with the Tahitians and other Polynesian cultures across Oceania. Pearson describes events which transpired between the Tahitians and the European explorer Wallis in 1767. The obvious theme, one of misunderstanding and misinterpretation of intent, seems common in historical accounts of European interactions with unfamiliar cultures throughout time. Pearson's research seems to conclude that the natives of the Pacific, although often friendly and generous to European voyagers, were not submissive by nature (as often portrayed by European interpretation), but were rather submissive in the face of defeat and European intimidation.

On this point, I would agree. I personally believe that the behavior of many European voyagers was extremely ethnocentric in nature. Although I realize that in most cases of "first contact" there were strong cultural boundaries (i.e. language, tradition, religion etc.), I feel that the Europeans were clearly aware of their military advantage. Their superior technology enabled them to fulfill personal need without respecting the ideals and traditions of their island hosts. This is not to say that the Europeans completely failed to build good relations or that the islanders in question never intended harm, but that it would have been more appropriate for the Europeans, as outsiders, to

conduct themselves with more diplomacy. The reaction of the Tahitians in light of European intimidation seemed perfectly logical. I agree whole-heartedly with Pearson's account of their behavior. They first greeted the foreigners, then resisted them after interpreting their response. When they were defeated and consequently further intimidated, they appeased their aggressors and finally accepted the intruders. True, both the Tahitians and Europeans were misguided by speculation and misunderstanding of the other's actions, but because the scales were weighted militarily in European favor, they held greater responsibility in the creation and instigation of animosity.

The most disheartening consequence of such relations is the fact that they often form the basis for future cross-cultural interactions. This was illustrated perfectly by later voyagers such as Cook and Banks who "consciously used intimidation as a policy" (Pearson 215); a policy founded so heavily on control that it leaves little room for the growth of a relationship founded on trust, respect, cultural sharing and understanding. Both cultures are therefore deprived of true knowledge of the other, and both must live in fear. "The Myth of Tahiti" relays perfectly the negative outcome that results when such an attitude prevails.



*Sakkaku.*

Yoyogi Park, Japan.

Black and white photograph. April 1996.

By Michael Lee Thompson.

He loa ke alahēle  
Ala 'ino, ala ua  
Mai ka uka o Ko'olau loa  
He ha'u kai hele  
Leo iki i koe i ka pu'u  
Kāhea uē e komo  
Ko loko e 'ae mai

The journey has been long  
A journey of storms and rain  
From the uplands of Ko'olau Loa  
I can cry no more  
There is little left  
This is a cry of entrance  
Please do not turn me away

*By Kawika Napoleon,  
Hawaiian Language Instructor*



# Coming Out:

## *Gay, lesbian youths in Hawai'i*

By Daisy Carvajal

*This report represents a semester-long service learning assignment during the Fall 1996 semester. The Service Learning Program at Kapi'olani Community College is supported by grants from the Corporation for National Service, the American Association of Community Colleges, and the Campus Compact National Center for Community Colleges.*

The appearance of gay and lesbian movements over the past two decades is a major feature of culture change in the later part of the twentieth century. Among the forces that contributed to these changes are the human rights movements, greater sexual equality for women, and changes in the family. The construction of a gay and a lesbian cultural system and the process of identity is developed through a phase referred to as "coming out."

The American folk idiom "coming out" has emerged to refer to a variety of social events. From a worldwide perspective, the idiom refers to a single act of declaring one's identity as homosexual "gay" or "lesbian" to family, friends, or co-workers who assumed the person to be "straight" or heterosexual. "Coming out" is not only the key ritual of gay culture, it is a particularly powerful cultural aspect in today's societies. This act of "coming out" is the key factor in creating a gay culture.

These gays who "come out" are confronted with disgrace, discrimination, or self hatred, yet they react with courageous effort to be brave and optimistic. "Coming out" once meant entering into a secret club of a hidden world. Today, it means an entry into a semi-secret group, then by collective socialization into a gay cultural system with new and open social relationships. "Coming out" is best interpreted today

as a life-crisis event that resembles the rites of passage that anthropologists have studied around the world. This study is about the behavior of young adult homosexuals that are "coming out of the closet." The changes in a person and the changes in his or her social relationships are both involved in forming the rite of passage. This world requires learning and adjusting to these changes. This involves much more from the whole person—body, soul, and mind.

### **Hawaii: The Cultural Scene**

Hawai'i has been very active in homosexual issues. A cultural system of gay and lesbian beliefs, concepts and goals is expressed in local gay newspapers, churches and shops in Hawai'i. Youths experience a state more open than ever before.

The University of Hawai'i at Mānoa Task Force on Sexual Orientation observed and celebrated National Coming Out Day on their campus site along with several other events for three days. They handed out pins and also sponsored its annual informational and entertaining Queer Culture Fair. Community groups provided information, entertainment and support in celebration of coming and being out. They gave out pins of "coming out," performed dances, and informed others of their intentions and explained what the event was all about. There were quite a number of people that showed up.

From Pakala to Kealakekua, "Being Gay in Hawaii" presents a collection of well-crafted black and white portraits of gay Asian and Pacific Islander men and their thoughts on being gay, living in Hawai'i and their responses as individuals to the AIDS epidemic. The exhibit was on display in the lobby of the Hawai'i State Library main branch from October 21 to November 16, 1996.

A photographer took pictures of nineteen men and three women from Kaua'i, O'ahu and the Big Island for display in this exhibit, along with other local gay men as well. People featured in the exhibit represented Japanese, Chinese, Guamanian, Hawaiian, Filipino, Korean, Vietnamese and mixed locals. They also represent the diversity of the local gay community in terms of identity, profession and life experiences. Some of these professions were medicine, fire fighting, and the arts. The point of this exhibit, according to Karl Jones, an HIV educator at Oahu's Life Foundation, is to increase the visibility of gay Asian and Pacific Islanders in order to challenge homophobia and collective denial of gay men in our local communities and to highlight the strengths of our local gay community in dealing with HIV and AIDS. Sponsors of this exhibit include the Gay and Lesbian Community Center, the Gay/Lesbian Youth Support Project, Lima Kokua, Parents, Family members, Friends and the AIDS service organization. The community provides cultural reality and social practices more accepting than that of the youth's heterosexual homes.

A study of culture change in the lesbian and gay movement reveals differences in "coming out" experiences. What is most feared by these young gay adults is not merely being shot down as "homosexuals" in their former lives: it is the cancellation of self and personhood that would remove from them their feelings of being alive and real at all. In their transition to gay and lesbian identities, these young gay adults come to hold being gay as the supreme value on which they have gambled their existence. Therefore, gay identity becomes sacred for them.

The majority of gay youths in Hawai'i have not yet "come out" to their parents. Their parents have yet to learn about the lives of their children. When I asked adolescents to define what "coming out" means to them; most identify this as revealing same-sex desires or gay experiences to a friend or to themselves. The majority told me that they have "come out" to someone but simply joining a gay or lesbian organi-

zation is not enough to prove or to establish that one is truly a gay or a lesbian. Catholicism and Protestantism are the major religious orientations. Most of these adolescents live at home. They are not run-aways, prostitutes, drug addicts, alcoholics or psychiatric patients. To anyone else they appear much like other teenagers. They are like you and me; ordinary everyday people.

A social institution that facilitates their identity and role development is the Gay and Lesbian Community Center youth group. This group is situated between their heterosexual parents and friends on the one hand, and gay and lesbian adult advisers, role models, and their gay friends on the other. The Gay and Lesbian Community Center community is very accepting. There are no age limitations. Homosexuals in Hawai'i support its vision to create an environment focused on alliance building, conflict resolution and a peaceful community.

For a semester I attended meetings of the Gay and Lesbian Community Center youth group on a weekly basis for about one and a half hours each day, three times a week to observe behavior.

At the Center, I noticed the many smiles, hugs, kisses and friendliness. Gay humor is an important mediator. A bulletin board of gay and lesbian news and community events stand out. The "old-timers" from the group are always full of life. The adult advisers are citizen-like. The overall scene projects spontaneous energy and intensity.

The advisers make every effort to acknowledge every member who joins the group. The culture and the community provide important role models, aiding the formation and expression of gay and lesbian identity. These adult advisers exemplify what to be and what not to be, as lesbians and gays. Their role cannot be underestimated because many youths—in search of acceptance while hiding their sexuality at home and school have no other adult figures on whom they can look up to in their phase of "coming out."

Jada is one of the main advisers. She always initiates the conversation and allows others to say what they want to say. Joe is more of the security person. She keeps everything in order and under control, although discussion seems to fall into place quite easily. The first order is to introduce new faces. Every member is applauded loudly as the new person reacts in embarrassment. The format of their meetings is simple. They have 365 meetings a year in the heart

of Waikiki at 8 p.m. on the ground floor, Waikiki Health Center. The meetings last for about two hours. Refreshments are served daily. Anyone is free to speak about anything. A topic is selected randomly and discussed thoroughly.

What do teens say about joining this organization? Jack is a 19-year-old temporarily living here in Hawai'i alone. He just recently "came out" at school and is now a member of this organization. He has not yet told his parents. He says he is too afraid of what their reaction may be. Jack said, "This group enables me and my partner to meet new people in the gay and lesbian community. As a group we can share experiences comfortably without having to worry about what they think."

Lisa, an 18-year-old high school senior, joined this group a year ago. "Being able to listen to other young lesbians and relating to them is comforting for me," she said. "It makes me feel less alone, though I still really am in so many ways." She finds her support in this organization. "We help each other remember that the "straight" people that ridicule us or look down on us are not bad, they're just ignorant to the lifestyle of homosexuals.

Izika, a 19-year-old college freshman says she feels very comfortable around the people in this youth group. She finds it so much easier to talk about her feelings and feels like she is someone important in this world.

Mayla is a 20-year-old college student living in Hawai'i. She said,

To me, coming out means admitting to yourself first and then engaging in some sort of action to let someone know that you have homosexual feelings. When I first 'came out' I was very drunk but still aware of my actions. I just had less control over them. I still think that I got drunk on purpose so that I could come out and not let others freak out. It worked because people seemed to have blamed the alcohol for my actions. I began to dance intimately with another girl until we finally left the club. I was still drunk and so I slept over at my friend's house, woke up the next morning and recalled the events of the night before. As the day went by I constantly asked myself if it was alcohol or my true feelings. I continued to see this girl, and the more she was around, the more my feelings became clear. I realized it wasn't the alcohol.

James, a 17-year-old high-school junior experi-

enced his "coming out" a year ago. "When I was growing up I was always attracted to guys but it was only last year that I experienced my first relationship with the same sex. I 'came out' to most of my friends, but not my family members. The only person in my family I admitted it to was my sister," he said.

The construction of gay relationships requires the ability to express and represent gay identity without fear in themselves and in society as well. Adolescents' "coming out" creates better social interactions and positive gay relationships for themselves. Although these young adult homosexuals gain a sense of belonging and physical existence within their homosexual community, most feel that they will still continue to live two lives.

The cultural societies of the homosexual and the gay have come into place, and now their signs and symbols compete to create different ways of development. The gay and lesbian movement had to emerge and press for full social rights to facilitate the new cultural system. "Coming out of the closet" is the key to the establishment of new social justice for the reformers and activists in the homosexual rights movement. Gay and lesbian culture seeks to define a vision of the good and just society that would include gay and lesbian persons as normal and natural.

#### References

- Browning, F. (1993). *The Culture of Desire*. New York: Crown Publishers Inc.
- Bullough, V. (1979). *Homosexuality: A History*. New York: The New Merican Library Inc.
- Cohen, S. (1989). *When Someone You Know Is Gay*. New York: M. Evans & Company.
- Herd, G. (1993). *Children of Horizons*. Boston: Beacon Press.
- Jay, K. (1992). *Out Of The Closets: Voices of Gay Liberations*. New York: New York University Press.
- Weston, K. (1991). *Families We Choose: Lesbians, Gays, Kinships*. New York: Columbia University Press, 1991.



# Waikīkī, restoring Hawaiianess

By Elizabeth Ryan

*This report represents a semester-long service learning assignment during the Fall 1996 semester. The Service Learning Program at Kapi'olani Community College is supported by grants from the Corporation for National Service, the American Association of Community Colleges, and the Campus Compact National Center for Community Colleges.*

Much has been written about Waikiki in the past few months. I began to feel like someone else had my concerns as I read article after article about Waikiki and what a special place it is. Then I realized that this was, in fact, a boon to me and my research. Here people had gone before me and tried to answer the question—what should we do with Waikiki? What could we do with Waikiki? As many people as there were writing articles there were suggestions about Waikiki. How could we bring a sense of Hawaiian culture back to Waikiki? One thing is for certain, Waikiki is here to stay, Waikiki hotels are here to stay, as is Waikiki's diverse and ever-changing population. Along with these constants come very constant problems: noise, dirt, street people, prostitutes, unsavory characters, crime—all the real problems of a big city.

Waikiki is not a big city, it is a small piece of land in the middle of the Pacific Ocean; but it is a small piece of land with a very special history and ambience. To see where we need to go, we need to look at where we've been. Three major streams flow from the Ko'olau Mountains through the communities of Mānoa, Pālolo and Makiki, which together with Waikiki were part of an ahupua'a. Waikiki of old was a place where Hawaiian royalty lived, where vast taro fields extended from the shore to the foothills of Mānoa Valley, where countless fishponds and gardens thrived, and where the great chiefs entertained visitors and governed O'ahu for nearly four centuries.

By the turn of the century, visitors began to arrive by ship staying for lengthy periods at the Moana and Royal Hawaiian hotels. This was the beginning of Hawai'i's massive tourist trade. The beachboys were there to greet these visitors, to teach them how to surf the gentle waters off Waikiki and how to truly experience the Hawaiian sense of place. This image makes Waikiki a number one tourist destination for visitors from both the East and the West.

The Ala Wai Canal was dredged in 1921, creating lands where further development could take place, and Waikiki grew 85 percent in size. World War II brought an influx of soldiers, introducing Hawai'i to a whole new generation of people. The post-war period began a burst of construction in numerous parts of Waikiki. The pace of development was so intense for two decades, from 1960 to 1980, that people quipped that the state bird was the "crane." In 1970 the Waikiki Improvement Association (WIA) forged a consensus with the visitor industry, public and private entities to place a ceiling on growth in Waikiki. Thus began a decade of zoning and development changes in Waikiki which has brought us to today. (C&C 1-1, 1-4)

More people gather in Waikiki than in any other location in Hawai'i. Waikiki sits on an amazingly small parcel of land, only one and a half miles in length and a half mile in width, covering 500 acres. It hosts up to 70,000 visitors daily and has a work

force of 38,800 people. Waikiki generates 45 percent of all State visitor expenditures, nearly \$4.9 billion annually. It generates 60 percent of all hotel room taxes, 16 percent of our state's gross excise tax and 14 percent of the city's real property taxes. It accounts for 18 percent of the gross state product. It is likely that many other parts of the state would lose their visitor appeal if Waikiki were not a part of Hawaii's tourist destinations. (C&C, 2-3)

The solution, many leaders believe, is to return to Waikiki's roots, to its cultural identity. Cultural identity is the shared customs and beliefs that define how a group sees itself as distinctive. Christina Kemmer, executive director of the Office of Waikiki Development, City and County of Honolulu and former president of the Waikiki Improvement Association, explains:

It all began in 1989 with the recognition that Waikiki was a mature resort, and that it was going into decline; but the original focus was on making physical improvements. I was very sensitive to the social and cultural issues, realizing that physical improvements are never enough.... People are not going to go halfway around the world to have the same experiences as in New Jersey. I believe that Waikiki needs to recapture its sense of place.

Fortunately around this time there was an interest in reviving Hawaiian culture. One of the first projects agreed on was the Duke Kahanamoku Statue project.<sup>1</sup> Then the Hilton Hawaiian village decided to adopt a Hula Hālau<sup>2</sup> Kemmer said,

It was really key people, not the government, who bought into it [the cultural revival] that really kept it going. Culture will keep tourism and not the other way around. Waikiki is an urban resort and is also a cosmopolitan resort. We need to remember to celebrate not only the Hawaiian culture but also the many other cultures that call Hawai'i their home.

Dr. George S. Kanahale, a local Hawaiian scholar, and author of *Restoring Hawaiianness to Waikiki*, published by the Queen Emma Foundation (appendix a), makes over 140 detailed suggestions on how to put a Hawaiian sense of place back into Waikiki. In this enlightening publication there is such a range of ideas

<sup>1</sup>Duke Paoa Kahanamoku Statue, valued at \$200,000 was gifted to the city by WIA in 1995.

<sup>2</sup>A dance group with a leader that teaches the hula as it was passed down to them by their halau leader.

that anyone who says, "There's nothing I can do, it's gone too far" needs to read his work. Dr. Kanahale states that while economics may drive efforts to make Waikiki more Hawaiian, it also happens to be the *pono*, or right, thing to do. He says we are all heirs to Waikiki's historical and cultural legacy that goes back nearly 2,000 years and puts that legacy into context by defining *Hawaiian*:

Hawaiian refers to any part of the environment, people or culture whose origins in form, content, meaning or ambiance can be traced back to Hawai'i prior to 1778. While we believe this definition will lessen the confusion and bring about more clarity, it will doubtlessly cause some difficulty, in that Hawaiian culture is not static, it is now, and has constantly been evolving. Many things that we have today did not exist prior to 1778, such as the steel guitar, 'ukulele, and lomi lomi salmon, and yet we have made them Hawaiian. Another example, a hotly debated issue among some circles today, is Hawaiian architecture. Can we ever design a 15-story building to be Hawaiian, if we insist that Hawaiian architecture must be low-rise and have a high pitched roof.? Hence we must begin by granting some latitude in deciding, 200 years after Cook, what is or what isn't Hawaiian.

Dr. Kanahale spells out, in simple and easy-to-understand directions, exactly what the people of Waikiki and the State of Hawai'i can do to bring that Hawaiian sense of place back to Waikiki. The restoration is not so much for the tourists, although they will benefit, but for the residents of every culture.

In the time I spent working at the WIA, I have seen people of all different cultural backgrounds work side by side to help bring about the changes needed to improve Waikiki. It is truly an understatement when I say change is difficult to come by. I have seen the struggles on the political venue first hand: the numerous house and senate bills, legislation, meetings and opinions one has to navigate to bring about a change, regardless of the positive impact or cultural correctness of the change. In Waikiki, where street problems like crime, prostitution and homelessness, need to be dealt with, where streets and sidewalks need to be widened and cleaned up, where the ever-growing challenge of moving the 70,000 visitors a day from one place to another needs dire attention, people must take it upon themselves to become active in the process to bring about change. We need to look no further than our own neighborhoods to find ways we can help. Talk to your political representatives or get



involved with one of the many organizations active in working towards a cultural Waikiki.

Waikiki has a rich past, an active present and a promising future. We tend to see it as a visitor destination, an entity somewhat apart from our everyday lives. Waikiki is clearly delineated by geography, the Pacific Ocean on one side, the Ala Wai Canal on two, and Kapahulu Avenue on the other. But Waikiki is set apart even more by local attitude. Waikiki is that place where Hawaiian royalty once played, but where tourists now get blisters from walking around in new sandals. It is a place where Duke Kahanamoku once surfed, but where most locals now seem reluctant to tread (Midweek, A-8). It is almost a certainty that by implementing some of the cultural changes suggested by Dr. Kanahale, this statement would be rendered completely false, save for getting blisters from walking around, tourists and locals alike. When Waikiki becomes a place with a sense of Hawaiianness, it will support the businesses in the area, people will want to reside there again, and once again *kamaainas* (local residents) will make it a stop on their list of places to go.

Picture this if you can: A Waikiki where the streets are lined with lei vendors and strolling musicians. A place where people have a place to stop and "talk story with people like Dr. George Kanahale, where fishponds and taro fields are available for everyone to encounter, a Waikiki that incorporates both the old and the new.

This vision is not that far from being a reality. With a little ingenuity and a lot of hard work it can happen, and it should happen in our lifetime. There are many, many individuals, organizations and business

trying desperately to bring about positive physical and cultural changes to Waikiki. There are as many people as there are ideas, and they are dedicated to the restoration of Waikiki, so it is inevitable that there will be some changes in the future. As to the exact changes and the expediency of these changes, one would truly need a powerful crystal ball to predict this. I would hope that many of these changes will be cultural and conceived directly from the excellent suggestions that Dr. George Kanahale makes in his publication. Then Waikiki would truly be something that we could proudly pass on to the next generation.

#### References

- Chapman, D. (1996, February 14). A Fresh Start for Waikiki. *Midweek*, A-8.
- Kemmer, C., Executive Director, Office of Waikiki Development, City and County of Honolulu. (1996). Interview.
- Kanahale, G. (1994). *Restoring Hawaiianness to Waikiki*. Honolulu: The Queen Emma Foundation, Introduction.
- Planning Department, City and County of Honolulu. (1996). *Waikiki Planning & Program Guide*, 1-1 to 1-4, 2-3 to 2-4.
- Waikiki: Preserving the Past, Preparing for the Future*. (1996, February 14). Midweek Insert, 1.



# Hālau Na Mamo O Pu'uanahulu:

An Insider's Perspective by Irish Y. Baldwin

My first experience in dancing hula was at the recreation center where I lived in Wai'anae. I learned some basic hula steps to some hula songs, and even performed in a recital that the recreational center put on for the parents—all in one summer. Unfortunately, this was a Summer Fun program that ended as the new school year neared. My memories of the once familiar one-two-three-tap kāholo faded until the next summer. I took a few more hula classes the next couple of summers, but my tomboy phase took over and my interest in hula was soon replaced by my fascination for Judo.

Years later my interest in hula was revived. I took the time to watch the Merry Monarch Hula Festival held annually at the Edith Kanaka'ole Tennis Stadium. I was so taken by the way this art form luminously reflected the beauty and love of the Hawaiian culture. After I saw hula in this light, I decided I wanted to be a part of it.

Hālau Nā Mamo O Pu'uanahulu is the focus of my paper. It is under the direction of William Kahakuleihua Haunu'u "Sonny" Ching. I have been a dancer with this hālau for nine months. In that time I have had the opportunity to compete with them in the King Kamehameha Day Hula Festival last June. My experience was truly a memorable one, not only because of the thrill of competition, but also because of the things that I learned about myself, and values I acquired through Kumu's instruction.

Through the preparation for the competition I discovered that the hālau is not just a group of dancers learning from one teacher, but a highly organized and structured group. Its high level of organization is probably due in part to the size of the group. It has

over 300 members including the kupuna women (elderly), men, women and kaikamahine (keiki girls).

Hālau Nā Mamo O Pu'uanahulu is a highly respected and award-winning hālau, but its fame lies not in the numerous plaques, koa bowls, quilts and ipu the group has won, but in its dancers and the spirit they exhibit in their dance. According to Lopaka, who is one of the *alaka'i* (leader) in the hālau, people who have seen this hālau in competition have commented how the dancers seem to "become" the dance, and exude their love for hula through their ability to "bring life to the song and dance." Kumu says this is the key element that makes a true dancer. I am hoping this will give me insight into the factors that contribute to the hālau's success and distinction.

Hālau Nā Mamo O Pu'uanahulu, roughly translated, means "Descendants of Pu'uanahulu." Pu'uanahulu is a part of the Kona district on the island of Hawai'i. Anahulu was the name of a priestess who could turn herself into a dog. There is a cape there called "ka lae o ka 'ilio" meaning "The Cape of the Dog." Kumu said that according to legend, Pele killed Anahulu while she was in her transformed state as a dog and threw her bones into this cape. Kumu also said that in Pu'uanahulu there were many caves and hills to which people could escape to commit their "sinful" or ungodly" acts. This was where Kumu's matrilineal ancestors had supposedly conceived their first child. Coincidentally, or maybe not, Kumu's maternal grandmother's maiden name is Nahulu, a part of the name Pu'uanahulu.

Kumu had very strong emotional ties to his maternal grandmother Lena Pua'ainahau Eleakala Nahulu Guerrero. Having been Kumu's very first

Kumu hula, and also having been a prominent Hawaiian entertainer in the 1930s and 1940s, she was a major influence in his decision to pursue a career as a hula dancer and become a Kumu hula himself. Kumu's grandmother chose him to carry on the tradition. In honor of her and his matrilineal ancestors, Kumu named the hālau, "Hālau Nā Mamo O Pu'uanahulu." The influence of his grandmother's teachings can still be seen in what and how the *hāumana* (students) of the hālau are taught. For example, many of the *'oli* (chants) and songs the dancers are taught were passed down to Kumu from his grandmother.

The hālau was founded on March 24, 1986 with a group of twelve *Kūpuna wahine* (elderly women). It is a school dedicated to the continuance of the Hawaiian culture through the art form of hula. Its main purpose is to promote an awareness for the Hawaiian culture, including its language and history, through chant, music and dance. Furthermore, the hālau tries to foster traditional Hawaiian values such as *lokahi* (unity), *ho'olaulima* (working together), *pono* (righteousness), *hiehie* (dignity), *ha'a ha'a* (humility), and *kōkua* (helping others). In doing this, Hālau Nā Mamo O Pu'uanahulu also strives to bring out the best in each individual, and to keep harmony within the hālau.

*Lōkahi* is the defining characteristic of a hālau. The dancers of a hālau must move as one. Not only do they have to move in time with one another, but they must also achieve perfect synchronicity. This means that every hand motion and positioning, finger flutter, foot placement, and head movement must be exactly identical in every single dancer. Their appearance, including costuming, type of flowers and their placement in the hair, makeup, and hairstyle must be identical.

Oneness, or synchronicity must first be mastered in the basic hula steps. The *Kāholo* is the most basic three-step movement from side to side, yet each hālau shows subtle differences in execution. Other basic steps are the *'ami* (circular movement of the hips, while standing stationary), *'uwehe* (popping the knees out and swaying the hips at the same time), *hela* (alternating extension of the left and right legs while swaying the hips) and *ka'o* (swaying the hips side to side while standing stationary). These basic steps can be combined to create unique movements which may be called by different names by different hālau, and may also be executed differently de-

pending on who the Kumu hula had studied with. A trained eye would be able to identify what hālau is dancing just by noting their particular style of dancing.

Other Hawaiian values that are emphasized are *ho'olaulima* and *kōkua*. Dancers must be aware of every dancer's movement and work together at moving as one unit. It is a team effort. All the endeavors the hālau undertakes must also be done as a team, whether it be raising money, cleaning the studio, or perfecting a dance. Although competing and doing other outside performances is not mandatory, fundraising requires everyone's *kōkua*. Those competing are absolutely required to participate in fundraising, understandably.

People who do not participate, or do their share in fundraising are looked upon with disapproval, especially by Kumu. It communicates uncaring and disregard for the Hawaiian values Kumu tries to instill in us. There are no penalties for non-participation, but social control is always in effect. Because more people participate in hālau projects than those who do not, it is easy to single out those who are neglecting to do their share. Although no one really says anything to those non-participants, the mere fact that they know they were one of the few people who did not show up can make them feel very guilty or uncomfortable.

While we are in public representing the hālau, we are expected to carry ourselves with *pono* and *hiehie*, righteousness and dignity. We are required to wear our hālau shirts during fundraising events or at public events. With wearing the shirt comes the responsibility of not doing anything whatsoever to disgrace the hālau. We are to refrain from gum chewing, swearing, horseplay and fighting, for, as Kumu says, as representatives of the hālau, our actions are a reflection of the *hiehie* of not only the hālau, but of the Hawaiian people.

Lastly, *ha'a ha'a*, humility, is a value inherent in hula. One of Kumu's spiritual advisers said to us at a ceremonial dinner before the King Kamehameha Day Hula Competition that our first expression of *ha'a ha'a* as hula dancers is when we dance with bended knee, lowering our bodies in humility. In the ancient days, hula was associated with religious rites, and was performed in specialized *heiau* (places of worship). A description of certain rites performed in the *luakini heiau*, the state *heiau* of a paramount chief, says, "These two men danced about with bent knees"

(Barrere, Pūku'i and Kelly, 1980). The Hawaiian word for this bending of the knees while dancing is called *aiha'a*. Note the close similarity between *ha'a ha'a* and *aiha'a*. The word *ha'a* is in both of them.

### A Typical Class Session

The hālau studio is located in Kalihi. It is charming, well-lit and proudly showcases the hālau's many accomplishments in framed pictures on the walls. On the wall immediately to the right of the entrance are framed Hawaiian quilts. Further in on the wall to the left are pictures of all of kumu's students. On the opposite wall are pictures of his dancers at the previous Merry Monarch competitions in the men's and women's divisions. In the far corner is a table reserved for all the trophies, koa bowls, koa plaques and ipus that the hālau has won in competitions. The dancing area is designed like a typical dance studio, only without the barre. There are mirrors at the front of the class and carpeting to cushion our knees when we do stretching exercises or do dances in *noho* (sitting) position.

The *po'o* (head), or *po'o pua'a*, as it was referred in the earlier days, is elected by the haumāna to be in charge of the administrative duties such as taking roll; collecting fines; tuition and money from fundraisers. We have two *po'o*, and I am one of them. As in the hālau of the late days of the monarchy, the organization of a hālau is, for the most part, democratic. The *po'o* was an officer chosen by the haumāna to "be their special agent and mouthpiece. He saw to the execution of the Kumu's judgments and commands, collected the fines, and exacted the penalties imposed by the Kumu" (Barrere, Pūku'i and Kelly, 1980).

My class, Ka Papa Kukui, meets Wednesdays at 7:30 p.m. After all the administrative duties are completed, and the class before us is over, we line up and prepare to do the *mele kāhea*. This is a chant asking for permission to enter the hālau. Someone from within, usually Kumu or an alaka'i would respond with a *mele komo*, or a chant calling the students to come in. This practice was taken from old hula schools, in which the password chant or *mele kahea* was required to enter the hālau, whether one was an outsider or a pupil who had just gone outside for awhile. (Barrere, Pūku'i and Kelly, 1980) In our hālau if a student is late, she must stand within an audible distance from the dance area, and chant the *mele kahea* by herself. This was a good way to deter haumāna from coming to class tardy, and as a result,

we rarely ever have late students.

Students are expected to follow a dress code. The women wear a *pā'ū* skirt and a white shirt, or the hālau shirt. No midriff tops or men's tank tops are allowed for ladies. Hair must be pulled neatly back and away from the face. Those who do not adhere to the dress code must pay a 50 cent fee per infraction.

After the class is permitted to enter, we begin our class by doing stretches. This is done, of course, to limber us up for our basics, and for our dances. On the last stretch, the alaka'i or Kumu will *pule* (pray). The prayer usually asks that we are given strength and health of mind, body and soul so that we may retain what we learn and perfect it to the highest level possible. The prayer also asks that Kumu be watched over, and blessed so that he may continue to guide and teach us well. Lastly, we ask that we may have a safe journey home so that we may return again next week in fellowship with our hula sisters. Then, the alaka'i or Kumu will say a chant before we can come up from our bowed position.

Practicing our vowels, and using our diaphragm in the production of fuller, stronger sounds is the next exercise. We do this to increase our proficiency in chanting. Chanting is a very important part of hula because this is where the language is used. Kumu is very strict about our pronunciations in the Hawaiian language, and asks that we respect it by being mindful of the way we speak it. Much time and energy is spent on perfecting a chant.

We then practice our basics, which is usually done to the accompaniment of Kumu, or the alaka'i on the ipu. He will usually *pa'i* (beat) a steady rhythm that changes to match each hula step. For me the beating of the ipu is hypnotic and very energizing. I draw on the solid sound of the ipu for more strength whenever I start to feel fatigued. Other dancers have told me that they feel the same way. The rest of the class period is spent running through the various songs that we had previously learned, or learning new ones. From time to time, Kumu would stop the class and correct the class as a whole. Other times he would call out a student's name, or approach the person and make a correction.

Kumu has a philosophy on the best way to learn hula, and to master skills proficiently. In general, he advises that haumāna "come to hula, pure in mind, pure in heart, pure in body and be dedicated, be disciplined, be humble and be focused." Kumu has seven tips for how to learn hula, each of which he

has framed, and hung along the wall at the front of the class:

- 1.) I ka nana nō a'ike.  
By observing, one learns.
- 2.) Kuhi nō ka lima, hele nō ka maka.  
The hands gesture, the eyes follow.
- 3.) Ho'oulu I ka na'auao.  
To grow in wisdom.
- 4.) Nānā ka maka, ho'olohe, ka'a ka waha, ho'opili.  
Observe, listen, keep the mouth shut, then imitate.
- 5.) I ka ho'olohe, nōa ho'omaopopo.  
Listening, one commits to memory.
- 6.) I ka hana nō a'ike.  
By practice, one masters the skill.
- 7.) Never interrupt, wait until the lesson is over and the elder gives you permission then, and not until then, *nināu* (ask question).

It seems from these tips that Kumu believes that a student can make more efficient use of her energy and time by concentrating her efforts on observations and less talk. He said that the old way of learning was done through observation and repetition. In our times, the song is broken down and learned verse by verse, step by step. Kumu does not discourage productive questions, but he does get very upset with students who ask questions about something that he had just finished explaining, because it shows that the student was not listening to begin with. Also the tips on how to learn hula indicate humility is to be shown while learning the hula. When we have a question or a comment, we must wait for permission from an elder to speak. To speak whenever we feel like it would show disrespect and may disrupt the flow of the class, or even interrupt Kumu's train of thought. Talking back or saying something to Kumu in protest during a lesson is considered *kapu* (forbidden), and is never tolerated, even at times when Kumu yells at his students for not listening, or for doing a step incorrectly. To do so would show blatant disrespect. Apparently, this has always been kapu behavior in the hālau since the late days of the monarchy. (Barrere, Pūku'i and Kelly, 1980)

#### Management of Funds

The economic system of the hālau would probably be described as a redistribution type of system. After monies are raised through fund-raisers, the money is pooled and used to purchase costumes or flowers for the dancers participating in a competi-

tion, paying for the musicians, and any other expenses the hālau may incur. Kumu's business manager is his mother, Haunani Ching. This frees Kumu from the stresses of coordinating events, and managing money, allowing him more time to concentrate on the performance of his dancers.

In addition, the dancers form committees to help lighten the load for Kumu and his mother. For example, we have a committee involved in organizing the laulau making and distribution, and collecting of monies raised by each class. The same goes for all other fund-raisers.

#### Kapu Behavior

The hālau is very much like a family in that we consider ourselves, and refer to each other as hula brothers and sisters. This is why Kumu encourages us to be supportive of one another in learning the hula. We are also asked to tolerate the different personalities of our hula brothers and sisters. For this reason it is kapu to quarrel among ourselves. During the kapu period before competition, it is kapu to quarrel with anyone at all for this may jeopardize our performance by bringing in negative energy. It seems love and tolerance are highly emphasized to reduce conflict within the hālau, which may impede the hālau's progression towards perfecting the dance.

As in a family, intimate relationships between hula brothers and sisters are strictly forbidden. Once again, this is to prevent the distractions of domestic squabbles that may often occur between two people in an intimate relationship. This also prevents bad feelings and/or feelings of awkwardness should the couple decide to end the relationship, which may distract a dancer from fully focusing on hula.

#### Flow of Information

Information generally flows from Kumu to his alaka'i, to the po'o then to the haumāna. Other times, depending on what type of information is being communicated, the information may flow from Kumu to the alaka'i, then to the students, or even from Kumu directly to the students. If Kumu is really upset about something, he will most definitely express his discontent or anger directly to the haumāna.

#### Conclusion

This in-depth study of Hālau Nā Mamo O Pu'uanahulu brought me to many conclusions about why it has been so successful, but I think the major factor that makes this hālau what it is, is genuine love for the hula. When reading all the guidelines and strict behavior code, one might think the hālau is too strin-

gent. However, no one is ever forced to join a particular hālau—the dancer makes the choice. When a dancer chooses to join this hālau, he or she also chooses to abide by the rules and expectations of the hālau and the Kumu hula.

Kapu is the main disciplinary force that upholds the authority of the Kumu hula, and serves as a way to keep order and harmony within the hālau. In the old days, fear contributed to discipline, for the breaking of any kapu often meant severe retribution, and it was this fear of retribution that maintained order everywhere. (Barrere, Pūku'i and Kelly, 1980) However, it also brought favorable responses, and strengthened and increased proficiency in the art of the hula (Barrere, Pūku'i and Kelly, 1980) as it does today. Kapu operates to also help minimize the distractions, and increase focus and concentration. Lastly, it facilitates the students' learning of the values that the hālau tries to teach them.

With all this in mind, it is easy to see why the dancers of Hālau Nā Mamo O Pu'uanahulu are able to "become" the dance as mentioned in the introduction. It is because of their love, desire, seriousness, and respect for the hula that they are able to bring the dance to life, and share this love with the audience in the way that they do. The kapu and guide-

lines, therefore take on a new meaning—they are a means to a beautiful end. Kumu sums it up quite eloquently when he states: "If you consecrate yourself to the work with sincerity and with true heart, the memory will be strong, the training and the knowledge of the songs and dances will stay with you. If you are heedless, regardless of your vows, or prayers all of this will fly away, and you will be left empty, with nothing."

#### Work Cited

Barrere, Dorothy; Pūku'i, Mary Kawena; Kelly, Marion. (c.1980). *Hula: Historical Perspectives*. Honolulu:Bernice Pauahi Bishop Museum.



# Reforestation in Hawai'i

By Gregory Cieless

When one hears the name "Hawai'i," one envisions a tropical paradise. After all, it is this image that lures millions of tourists to the islands each year. Visitors arrive expecting to feel the warm sun, breathe in the fresh air and gaze restfully at the lush green mountain sides. For much of Hawai'i today, this dream is fulfilled, but it was not always so. Throughout the 1800s, Hawai'i's forest resources were ravaged by those ignorant of their role in the vitality of the islands' ecosystem. By the turn of the century, it was clear that drastic and immediate action had to be taken in order to restore the natural balance. Although vast damage had resulted from multiple sources, territorial agencies succeeded in restoring protective forest cover to the slopes of Hawai'i.

The denuding of forested land in the Hawaiian Islands was rapid and human in origin. The most obvious source of forest depletion was the overt removal of trees by man. A notable example of this is the sandalwood trade during the early 19th century. Sandalwood is a fragrant cabinet wood desired by Chinese merchants. From 1791 to 1845—with the greatest cutting taking place between 1810 and 1820—the wood was harvested without regard to proper management.<sup>1</sup> Trees were collected by the ton, but no new ones were planted, and no care was taken to prevent the clearing of any one area.<sup>2</sup> In the absence of such simple measures to ensure the longevity of the industry, sandalwood forests were completely exhausted, and huge tracts of land were left barren.

Another case of a specific tree species being felled for industry is the kuku'i. Logs from this tree were used by Chinese immigrants during the 1800s to cultivate a certain type of mushroom, which was con-

sumed both locally and in China.<sup>3</sup> Again, basic precautions to protect the resource were ignored, and acres of what had been kuku'i forest were destroyed.

Not all deforestation was so selective. Much was harvested for a more basic need: fuel. Lacking fossil fuel resources, Honolulu turned to firewood for combustible material. Throughout the nineteenth century, the city relied upon the nearby valleys of the Ko'olaus for its supply; by 1900, Kalihi, Nu'uau and Makiki valleys were little more than dirt slopes.<sup>4</sup> Industry contributed as well, with ranches, sugar plantations and whaling vessels felling trees for their respective purposes. Between 1824 and 1861, ten thousand acres were cut for fuel for whaling ships.<sup>5</sup> Once more, human short-sightedness had laid the forests to waste without a thought to the future of the land.

While damage done to the forests by tree harvesting was extensive, it paled beside that done by introduced animals. Hawai'ian forests had evolved in an environment free of land mammals. As a result, trees had not developed protective thorns or thick bark, and their roots had spread along the surface of the forest floor rather than deep into the safety of the soil.<sup>6</sup> Hence, the forest was highly susceptible to the detrimental effects of animal incursion.

The animal invasion of the Hawaiian Islands coincided with the European human invasion thereof. When Capt. James Cook left Ni'ihau in 1778, he left behind three goats and two pigs.<sup>7</sup> These animals became the breeding stock for what would be vast herds of feral grazers. Although the native Hawaiians had previously introduced the pig, that animal was small and relatively nondestructive; the European hog was a large, aggressive animal which bred with the Ha-

waiian variety to produce a hybrid dangerous to native forests.<sup>8</sup> In 1792<sup>9</sup> and 1793,<sup>10</sup> Capt. George Vancouver brought sheep and cattle to Hawai'i. One of his missions was to establish herds of livestock. On Vancouver's advice, Kamehameha placed a ten-year kapu on all European animals to allow them to proliferate.<sup>11</sup> This goal was definitely achieved: By the 1930s, there were forty thousand wild sheep on Mauna Kea alone.<sup>12</sup> The introduced animals roamed far into the reaches of the forests, encroaching upon remote areas formerly safe from the influence of European settlers. They trampled exposed roots of trees, stripped them of their bark, and feasted upon their foliage. Additionally, the cattle seemed to prefer koa saplings to grass.<sup>13</sup> The net effect of this activity was to significantly thin out the remnants of native forest and prevent its natural regeneration.

If the only ramification of Hawai'i's deforestation were a loss of trees, it might have been tolerable—many regions of the Earth have sparse vegetation. The great significance of this event lay in the function of trees in Hawai'i's ecosystem: For islands surrounded by miles of saltwater ocean, trees are the ultimate source of most fresh water.<sup>14</sup> Forests and forest litter capture rainwater and allow it to filter into the ground,<sup>15</sup> from which it is reclaimed in the form of springs and wells. The presence of a forest actually lowers the temperature of an area, increasing the amount of water that condenses from the air.<sup>16</sup> When vegetation is removed, the exposed soil quickly becomes saturated, and the majority of rainfall is lost as runoff. Without the sponge-like water-regulation attributes of forested mountain tops, there soon would have been no ground water left to support Hawai'i's ever-growing population.

By the dawn of the twentieth century, the impending crisis was evident: If Hawai'i were to have a future, the forests would have to be restored. In 1903, the Board of Agriculture and Forestry was created with the singular purpose of recovering the islands' watersheds.<sup>17</sup> The board's first priority was to acquire the most critical lands necessary to safeguard the water supply. These parcels were declared forest reserves, in which all activity detrimental to the watersheds was prohibited. Beginning with the first two reserves in 1904—Kaipapau on O'ahu and the Hamakua Pali on Hawai'i—these holdings eventually grew to more than 1.2 million acres, twenty-five percent of all the land in Hawai'i.<sup>18</sup>

Although laws sufficed to protect the forests from

humans, they were ineffectual against the sprawling animal populations within the reserves. The animals would have to be removed or eradicated, and the reserves enclosed—a total fencing requirement of 375.98 miles.<sup>19</sup> From 1921-1946, a total of 257,028 animals were removed from forest land on the island of Hawai'i, alone.<sup>20</sup> The task was immense, but it was essential for the recovery of the watersheds.

It was not enough that the agents of destruction had been barred from the reserves—the devastation they had caused was too great for the trees to recover on their own. In a 1929 report, Dr. H. L. Lyon, head of the Hawaiian Sugar Planters' Association forest program, stated,

...the remnant of native forest on the watersheds of O'ahu is doomed to pass out of existence in the next hundred years if our only efforts are such as are designed to protect it.<sup>21</sup>

Man would have to intervene and replant the reserves himself to reverse his own damage. Naturally, native species such as koa and *ōhi'a lehua* were tried first, but the soil and climate had changed so much that they grew poorly.<sup>22</sup> It would be necessary to import exotic trees in order to reforest the land quickly. Thousands of species were tested to find varieties suitable for the diverse conditions in the islands.<sup>23</sup> The planting proceeded at a furious pace, employing a variety of distribution methods—airplanes were even used to sow seeds in remote areas.<sup>24</sup> Many organizations aided the Board of Agriculture and Forestry. One of the most prominent was the Civilian Conservation Corps, a federal agency with a labor force of 1400, which performed the bulk of the work beginning in 1933. By 1946, 9,734,905 trees had been planted on the Big Island.<sup>25</sup> Through the efforts of many concerned people, unbelievable feats in reforestation were accomplished. After more than a century of blatant misuse, the forest cover of Hawai'i was regained. In fact, the program was such a success that a small timber industry has once again become possible.

Recently, the practices of the Board of Agriculture and Forestry during the early 1900s have come under fire; many native plants and animals are now endangered because of the introduction of so many exotics under the board. This is, indeed, a valid concern since many of those threatened species are endemic to Hawai'i, and their loss would be irreversible. However, when considers the scope of the crisis during at that time in history, one must agree that the best compromise available was made.



### Endnotes

- <sup>1</sup>Elbert L. Little, Jr. and Roger G. Skolmen. *Common Forest Trees of Hawai'i (Native and Introduced)*. Washington, D.C.: United States Dept. Of Agriculture, 1989,114.
- <sup>2</sup>"Saving Hawaii's Natural Resources ... Destruction of Hawai'i's Forests Was Great." *Honolulu Star-Bulletin* 27 November 1946: 12.
- <sup>3</sup>Little, Jr., 166.
- <sup>4</sup>Little, Jr., 27.
- <sup>5</sup>"Ever-Changing Forests of Hawai'i." *Honolulu Star-Bulletin* 15 July 1968: A16.
- <sup>6</sup>L.W. Bryan. *Twenty-Five Years of Forestry Work on the Island of Hawai'i*. Honolulu, Hawai'i: Hawaiian Sugar Planters' Association, 1947, Cover 2.
- <sup>7</sup>J. C. Beaglehole, ed. *The Journals of Captain James Cook on His Voyages of Discovery*. Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1967, 276.
- <sup>8</sup>"Hog Wilds in Hawai'i." *Audubon* Jan.-Feb. 1994: 17-18.
- <sup>9</sup>George Vancouver. *A Voyage of Discovery to the North Pacific Ocean and Round the World: 1791-1795*. London: The Hakluyt Society, 1984, 474.
- <sup>10</sup>Vancouver, 806, 812.
- <sup>11</sup>Vancouver, 1180.
- <sup>12</sup>Charles S Judd. "Hawaii's Forests Winning Their Battle with Wild Animals." *Honolulu Star-Bulletin* 21 March 1936: 3:1.
- <sup>13</sup>Paul G. Snowcroft and Kenneth T. Ade. *Site Preparation Affects Survival, Growth of Koa on Degraded Montane Forest Land*. Berkeley, CA: Pacific Southwest Research Station, 1991, 1.
- <sup>14</sup>State of Hawai'i. Department of Land and Natural Resources, Division of Forestry. *A Program for the State Forest Lands of Hawai'i*. Honolulu, Hawai'i, 1975, 9.
- <sup>15</sup>Edward Y. Hosaka. *The Problems of Forestry and the Work in Progress Toward Reforestation in the Territory of Hawai'i*. Honolulu, Hawai'i: University of Hawai'i, 1930, 21.
- <sup>16</sup>State of Hawaii, 18.
- <sup>17</sup>State of Hawaii, 12.
- <sup>18</sup>Little, Jr., 25.
- <sup>19</sup>"2 Million New Trees Were Planted Here Last Year." *Honolulu Star-Bulletin* 10 June 1936: 9.
- <sup>20</sup>Bryan, 5.
- <sup>21</sup>"Denuding of Forests on Oahu Presents Problem for Most Serious Consideration." *The Honolulu Advertiser* 9 April 1929: 1.
- <sup>22</sup>Bryan, Cover 3.

<sup>23</sup>Bryan, Cover 4.

<sup>24</sup>"Remarkable Success Attends Reforestation Efforts of Territorial Commission." *The Honolulu Advertiser* 7 March 1929: 4.

<sup>25</sup> Bryan, 7.

### References

- "2 Million New Trees Were Planted Here Last Year." *Honolulu Star-Bulletin*, 10 June 1936: 9.
- Beaglehole, J.C., ed. *The Journals of Captain James Cook on His Voyages of Discovery*. Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1967.
- Bryan, L.W. *Twenty-Five Years of Forestry Work on the Island of Hawai'i*. Honolulu, Hawai'i: Hawaiian Sugar Planters' Association, 1947.
- "Denuding of Forests on O'ahu Presents Problem for Most Serious Consideration." *The Honolulu Advertiser*, 9 April 1929: 1.
- "Ever-Changing Forests of Hawai'i." *Honolulu Star-Bulletin*, 15 July 1968: A16.
- "Hog Wilds in Hawai'i." *Audubon*, Jan.-Feb. 1994: 17-18.
- Hosaka, Edward Y. *The Problems of Forestry and the Work in Progress Toward Reforestation in the Territory of Hawai'i*. Honolulu, Hawai'i: University of Hawai'i, 1930.
- Judd, Charles S. "Hawai'i's Forests Winning Their Battle with Wild Animals." *Honolulu Star-Bulletin*, 21 March 1936: 3:1.
- Little, Jr., Elbert L. and Roger G. Skolmen. *Common Forest Trees of Hawai'i (Native and Introduced)*. Washington, D.C.: United States Dept. Of Agriculture, 1989.
- "Remarkable Success Attends Reforestation Efforts of Territorial Commission." *The Honolulu Advertiser*, 7 March 1929: 4.
- "Saving Hawai'i's Natural Resources ... Destruction of Hawai'i's Forests Was Great." *Honolulu Star-Bulletin*, 17 November 1946: 12.
- Snowcroft, Paul G. and Kenneth T. Ade. *Site Preparation Affects Survival, Growth of Koa on Degraded Montane Forest Land*. Berkeley, CA: Pacific Southwest Research Station, 1991.
- State of Hawai'i. Department of Land and Natural Resources, Division of Forestry. *A Program for the State Forest Lands of Hawai'i*. Honolulu, Hawai'i, 1975.
- Vancouver, George. *A Voyage of Discovery to the North Pacific Ocean and Round the World: 1791-1795*. London: The Hakluyt Society, 1984.



# The Legendary Nā Pali Coast

By Alfredo Cabacungan

Honopū is one of the more mystical valleys nature carved out of the spectacular Nā Pali coast. Serene and uninhabited, the valley is ensconced at the northwestern end of the island of Kaua'i. Its fame is based on common talk and an article titled "The Valley of The Lost Tribe," which appeared in *The Garden Island* newspaper in 1922. Honopū today remains intriguing and somehow enigmatic. However, research by Catherine Stander, former historian for the Kaua'i Museum, states that no historical facts have been available to support any legend of a missing tribe.

The ahupua'a of Honopū is at the southwestern end of the district of Nā Pali and includes Kalalau Beach, Honopū Valley and Awa'awapuhi Valley. Honopū is a hanging valley with sheer ocean cliffs rising 28 to 37 feet. Approximately one mile deep, its 75 foot mouth narrows to about only 9 feet wide near the end with perpendicular cliffs soaring to 3000 feet. Roaring white water cascades from its head and meanders into the tranquil valley forming icy cold crystal clear brooks, teeming with endemic aquatic life. The valley is lush with tropical fruits, plants, shrubs and trees that grow wild. Honopū Valley is one of the three Nā Pali coast valleys that were used for extensive agricultural development by early denizens. The weather-beaten terraces, cave shelters and retaining walls remind us that a civilization once flourished in this now somber domain.

From the beach, Honopū is distinguished by a high natural arch which extends into the ocean. At the overhang, another waterfall splashes into a pool creating a stream which snakes its way to the beach. Constant winds sweep the red earth at the top of the

arch and often expose sun-bleached human bones buried long ago. Sand dunes and beaches on both sides of the arch appear and disappear according to seasonal trends of the sea.

Archaeological investigations from AD 1000 to 1400 reveal that this northern shore of Kaua'i was primarily used as a gathering resource for fish and shellfish by the native Hawaiians. By AD 1400 to 1600 a population settled in, and an agricultural economy developed (Yent and Ota 35). Taro supplemented fishing, and olonā, a native shrub used as a fiber for netting, was cultivated. A gradual population expansion was accompanied by economic changes.

Eleven years after Captain Cook's initial mooring at Waimea Bay, Dixon, captain of a British fur-trading expedition, noted a handful of people as he sailed along the Nā Pali coast in 1789. Vancouver who subsequently sailed along the same coast for the first time in March of 1794 also reported sightings of a few inhabitants (Tomonari-Tuggle 18). What really happened to the population that once thrived along this beautiful coastline has always been an enigma. Why anyone would abandon such a pristine environment rich with natural resources and sufficient sustenance? Those who have explored this beautiful coastline either by sailing, hiking, fishing or hunting would agree that Nā Pali is the Shangri-la of the Pacific.

The first Western contact with the Nā Pali coast valleys was made by missionary Hiram Bingham in 1822, who was accompanied by a chief of Kaua'i. Mission stations were established in 1835 and Nā Pali fell within the mission of Wai'oli of Hanalei. In 1837 William Alexander and Sister E. Johnson were the first missionaries to stop at Kalalau (Tomonari-Tuggle 18).

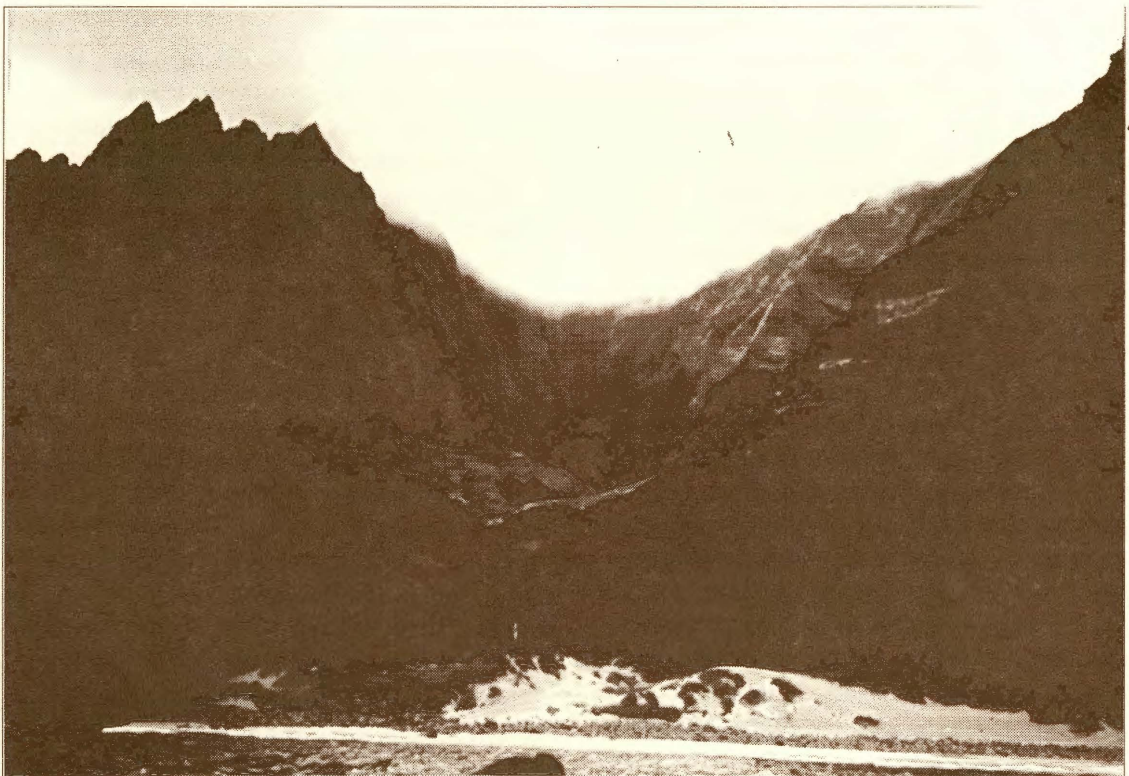
The year 1848 brought changes to the Hawaiian system of land tenure. The Great Mahele was formalized and all of the Nā Pali district was claimed by Kamehameha III (Tomonari-Tuggle 18). Eventually, most of the land along the Nā Pali coast was turned over to the legislature and was administered as government lands. Several small parcels, however, were awarded to individuals as Land Commission awards. Some government lands were sold to individuals. The rest of the coastal lands remained undivided.

Not much is known regarding the history of Nā Pali up to the second half of the nineteenth century, but Kalalau continued to be inhabited and cultivated by native Hawaiians. The first extensive coffee crop ever cultivated in Hawai'i was attempted at Hanakāpī'ai and Hanakoa valleys in 1842. It was on Kaua'i that the first extensive coffee plantations were established. A plantation was started at Hanalei in 1842 by Bernard and Rhodes, the plants and seeds brought from the parent field in Mānoa Valley, O'ahu (Kuykendall 316). The coffee industry flourished up to the late 1850s until smut and blight suddenly hit,

causing coffee production to decline. Wild coffee plants continue to thrive along these hiking trails today. Ti also appears to have been grown for okolehao.

Gradually, the coastline was vacated, sometimes with drama. In 1893 a fugitive, "Ko'olau the leper," became a legendary native folk hero. Ko'olau refused to be shipped to Kalaupapa because of his desire to be free from the dictates of foreigners and to live in the valley where he was born. Afflicted with Hansen's disease, Ko'olau managed to avoid his captors for two years until he became too weak from his illness. Ko'olau eventually succumbed, but not to his pursuers. The whereabouts of his remains is still a mystery. Buried by his wife, Ko'olau rests peacefully at an unmarked grave somewhere in Kalalau Valley—undisturbed, free at last, as he chose to be.

To no avail the native inhabitants of Honopū Valley and the Nā Pali coast desperately tried to cling to their beautiful and unpretentious ancient culture. They agonizingly saw their culture, now defiled, slip away from their grasp and slide toward extinction. The lifting of the kapu (sacred) systems further exac-



*Honopū Valley.*  
Color Photograph.  
Photo by Sally Kanehe

erbed the loss of ancient cultural values.

The chronological abandonment of this coastline is uncertain. Kalalau, and possibly Nu'alolo Kai, were the final areas to be abandoned ( Tomonari-Tuggle 18, 19). In 1907 the exodus of native denizens in the Nā Pali area began. The population was forced to leave their 'āina as the horticultural economy was being replaced by an emerging sugar agricultural economy. Simultaneously, education of children became compulsory in the newly acquired territory of the United States. Younger residents left for school or for paid employment outside the coastal areas (Tomonari-Tuggle 36).

As families migrated, as deeds to their land grants were misplaced or lost; as the population was decimated by unknown diseases or causes, among them smallpox, not a single trace of the inhabitants was left. Honopū died quietly, unnoticed and forgotten. It turned into a mysterious valley and evolved into a legend.

During the winter months of 1918 only one family remained in Kalalau Valley—the legendary Kū Nāhinu Mālama. *Mālama* (to keep, to preserve) is a name befitting this last ohana to abandon the Nā Pali Coast.

In January 1919 the seas of Nā Pali were still too treacherous for boats to maneuver to shore. Kū Nāhinu Mālama had to wait for the calm summer seas before he could move his family to Kekaha where a large tract of land stretching from Waimea to Kekaha was granted to him. Thirty land use grants had been issued among several former residents of Kalalau, Pōhakuao, and Honopū between 1856 and 1857. Lots were up to 11.20 acres in size and cost only \$33.60 then (Tomonari-Tuggle 37). Kū had fulfilled his role as an overseer of the ahupua'a of Kalalau. Perhaps this was his reward. By the summer of 1919 after the Mālama 'ohana left, all of Nā Pali was abandoned.

Their departure subsequently paved the way for a dubious cattle grazing venture by the Makaweli Ranch. No one was allowed to enter Kalalau until the mid-twentieth century when the state took over. Reports of hunters and hikers being fired at with rifles by ranch hands were common. Ancient gathering and subsistence practices of the past were suspended. The short-lived venture contributed to the ongoing disgraceful desecration of ancient structures, dwellings and grounds as cattle pillaged the area.

Kū Nāhinu Mālama fathered 26 children. Of the children that survived, six were girls of whom five

were given to hanai, and the rest—six sons and a daughter, accompanied their father, Kū Nāhinu, to reside in the Waimea-Kekaha district.

In the early 1930s the former Lucille Ahana of Kalihi, O'ahu moved to Kaua'i and subsequently met and married Joseph Kū Mālama. They produced fourteen children. Joseph was the captain for the tugboat named *Mālama* at Nawiliwili Harbor. His love and knowledge of the seas is ingrained. Archaeological groups from the Bishop Museum and State of Hawai'i would hire Joseph Kū to guide them on expeditions to various ancient Hawaiian sites along the Nā Pali coast. Only Joseph Kū and his brothers knew the trails of the upper slopes of Nā Pali that could take you from Haena to Polihale. Only Joseph Kū and his brothers knew every inlet and cove safe enough to beach a boat or when it was safe to boat into the often treacherous waters of Nā Pali. This knowledge of Nā Pali coast cliffs and seas was handed down by ancient generations of the Mālama 'ohana.

Patty Boy Mālama is the youngest child of the Lucille and Joseph Kū Mālama union. Because of his



*Honopū Arch.*

Color Photograph 1996.

By Sally Kanehe.

experiences and fishing ventures in the Nā Pali region, Patty Boy has been given the distinction as the "King of the Nā Pali coast." Patty Boy now oversees the remaining Kū Nahinu Mālama property, which has been reduced from a purported 16-square mile ahupua'a to an acre plot of land surrounded by the Faye sugar plantation estate in Kekaha. At 52 years old, Patty Boy, who is retired from a Kaua'i cable company, now devotes his energies to catering luaus and fishing along the coastal waters linked to his ancient roots.

The other legacy of Kū Nahinu Mālama was his younger son, Joaquin Kū, who married the former Ruth Togo of Waipahu, O'ahu. As a teenager in the late 1930s Ruth accompanied her father to Kaua'i for economic reasons. At the age of 20 she met and married Joaquin Kū Mālama. They produced a son, Moki, who now resides on O'ahu.

Ruth recalls, "as a small boy just before all of Nā Pali was abandoned, Joaquin would accompany his father, Kū Nahinu, by canoe to deliver taro to the

valleys of Honopū and Awa'awapuhi when the people were in need." Ruth is 73 years old now. Her memory is still sharp; skin wrinkled and tanned. She is a petite, spry lady, who often shifts into a garrulous mood.

"My husband and I often took our son Moki, when he was still an infant, to go camping in Nā Pali to fish and hunt," said Ruth.

Sometimes we would just spend the weekend, and in the summer even stay up to one month. Good fun! Plenty food, no need worry. Up the valley (Kalalau) get Java plum, mountain apple, orange, papaya, banana, avocado, kukui, fern, and guava. In the streams get plenty opae, o'opu, hihiwai, and watercress. You can find wild sweet potato and taro. By the ocean get plenty fish for catch and for dry, and the reefs get plenty big kind opihi those days.

In the early 1950s Joaquin Kū discovered a burial cave at Miloli'i during one of his hunting trips. The



*Hanakāpī'ai after a summer shower.*  
Black and White Photograph. Summer 1995  
By Michael Lee Thompson

cave contained a canoe, feathered cape and human skeletal remains. He notified the authorities of the discovery, and now the cape is one of the treasured ancient Hawaiian artifacts at the Bishop Museum.

The conversion into government lands began in 1907 when the mauka part of the coastal area was turned into the Nā Pali-Kona Forest Reserve. In 1938, Miloli'i was incorporated into the Pu'u Ka Pele Forest Reserve, and Hanakāpi'ai, and Hanakoa valleys were placed in the Nā Pali-Kona system. The valleys of Honopū, Awa'awapuhi, and Nu'alolo, and the coastal areas of Nu'alolo and Miloli'i were added to the latter forest reserve in 1946. Nu'alolo Kai and Miloli'i flat became State Parks in 1962. Kalalau Valley was acquired by the State of Hawai'i in 1974, and the park as it is today was formalized in 1979.

Nā Pali once echoed the distant drums, ancient chants, and laughter of native Hawaiian children frolicking and wading along her beaches. Nā Pali today rests quietly—her sighs of loneliness are carried by the wind and waves, a voice in the dark, calling for the return of her native Hawaiian children.

#### WORKS CITED

- Kuykendall, Ralph S. *The Hawaiian Kingdom 1778-1854*. Honolulu, Hawaii: The University of Hawaii Honolulu. 1938.
- Mālama , Patrick (Patty Boy). Interview. November, 1996. Kekaha, Kaua'i.
- Mālama , Ruth. Interview. Kekaha, Kaua'i. November, 1996.
- Mālama , Vernon. Interview. Kekaha, Kaua'i. November, 1996
- Malo, David. *Hawaiian Antiquities*. Honolulu, Hawai'i: Bishop Museum, 1951
- Tomonari-Tuggle, Myra Jean F. *Nā Pali Coast State Park*. State of Hawai'i, County of Kauai, September, 1989.
- William, Sweet. "Valley of The Lost Tribe." *Honolulu Magazine*. November 1978.
- Yent, Martha and Jason Ota. *Archaeological Investigations: Kalalau Beach, Nā Pali Coast, Kauai, Site KAL-4 Rock shelter*. Honolulu, Hawai'i: Bishop Museum, April, 1983.



*Exchanging greeting: Kumuhula John Lake and Ruawhetu Pokaia of Te Matauranga Maori Christchurch Polytechnic on the campus mall.*

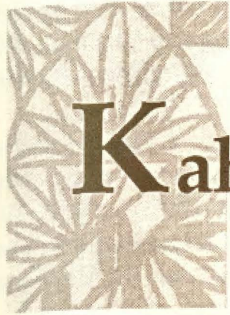
Black and White Photograph, 1995.

By Min Soo Oh

Ua hiki pono 'ia ka lei hā'upu'upu  
 'Upu a'e ke aloha he alo a he alo  
 Mā'alo a'e kāua i ke ola a he ola  
 Hui hou i ka pono a he pono kāua  
 A he ua mai ka lani a kau i ka lae  
 A he makani aheahe a mehana ka lā  
 Nāki'i ana ka lei me nā hanauna o mua  
 Ha'a nei ku'u kino, ha'aheo iā 'oe  
 Ho'i hou i ka poli hua'i ke aloha ē  
 Kupu a'e ka 'ōpu'u a pa'a ka hali'a  
 Poina 'ole ka pūnana o kou kupuna ē

The time for farewell has come,  
 The aloha has grown between us,  
 Our paths have crossed in life.  
 There will be a time that we will meet again  
 And the rain will fall  
 And there will be gentle breezes and warm sun.  
 The glory will live on.  
 I give all honor to you  
 But we must return to the bosom  
 And there they will know.  
 Never forget where you came from.

*Kawika Napoleon  
 Hawaiian language instructor*



# Kaho'olawe: A Resurrection of Life

By Georganne Nordstrom

I put the book down and repressed the urge to push it away from me. The dialogue I had just read, "No tell nobody, but, ah, we wen' stumble across some ... some bones .... Human bones ... had part of one skull ... Buddy wen try pick 'om up...Wen' sorta crumble in his hands ... look like da bones was used fo' target practice..." (Morales 97), echoed over and over in my head. Much like the way a voice can be heard bouncing off canyon walls. And you know you could stop it if you could just fill that space with something, anything. The problem was, and still is, I couldn't conjure any images strong enough to dispel the impact those words had made on me.

In "Daybreak Over Haleakalā/Heartbreak Memories" Rodney Morales relates the experience of an expedition to Kaho'olawe and the group's findings. Of all the things I expected them to find there, I never expected signs of ancient life. It had never occurred to me that this barren island had ever been anything other than a site for military operations. That it had also been used as a penal colony (Interim Report 18) had surprised me, but it fit the impression I had of the island. I had bought this representation of the island as accurate, never questioned it. Now, I was presented with a haunted recounting that made me feel like I wanted to embrace the island; I wanted to know Kaho'olawe. What was Kaho'olawe like during the time of the ancient Hawaiians?

If I had known then what I know now, I may have saved this topic and used it as a thesis for my master's! The research has become so perplexing, providing answers that only lead to more questions. I know this topic will not be abandoned with the submission of this paper.

I began on the Internet, immediately tapping into Kaho'olawe Home Page. When I saw that the introduction to the Home Page was followed by eleven topics with a separate photo collection, I got excited. I thought, There's a ton of information, nothing to worry about. I could never have been further from the truth. From the Internet, I went to the library and discovered several more resources. I had gathered several books on Hawaiian mythology when I discovered "Mai Ke Kai Mai Ke Ola, From The Ocean Comes Life: Hawaiian Customs, Uses and Practices on Kaho'olawe Relating to the Surrounding Ocean," by Emmett Aluli and Davianna McGregor. Then, following a recommendation from a friend, I borrowed the *Kaho'olawe Island Conveyance Commission Report*. These two sources provided me with much of the information presented in my telling. The first, "Mai Ke Kai..." references and cites numerous sources by other scholars in the field of Hawaiian Studies, including Samuel Kamakau and Abraham Fornander. For now, I have chosen to trust Dr. Aluli's and Ms. McGregor's interpretation of those writings, as time has not permitted me to access many of the original sources.

When I read the chants citing Kaho'olawe as a place to study astronomy (Aluli and McGregor 239), I began to understand the life once embodied on this island. As I looked further I encountered oral traditions alluding to habitation: "The first settlers may have been attracted to Kaho'olawe..." (Aluli and McGregor 246). Then, there were implications in the legends that the island had a sacred tradition: "The prophet Moa'ula, who lived at Moa'ula on Kaho'olawe..." (Aluli and McGregor 250), refers to



a great kahuna, a teacher of navigation and astronomy, who lived on the island. This place, Moa'ula, is defined in the chant *Oli Kūhohonu O Kaho'olawe Mai Nā Kupuna Mai*, by Kapuna Harry Mitchell, as a "gathering place of the kahuna classes to study astronomy" (Aluli and McGregor 239). In this chant, one of Kaho'olawe's many other names is used. The line reads "'Āina Kohemālamalama,"<sup>1</sup> which translates as "To your left it is like heaven all lit up" (238). Kaho'olawe's story became a beacon for me. I wanted to know its story. The legends moved me, the words on the written page began to come alive. The oral traditions transported me to another time, and gave me a story all my own. Borrowing from the oral traditions, the legends, the chants, my mind gave birth to a character and his relationship with the island.

The following is a tale that incorporates what I learned about Kaho'olawe, or Kohemālamalama O Kanaloa, as it was originally named, and the experiences that sprung from my imagination as I began to know the island. The sites I describe on the island have all been discovered and documented by others. The people in my story and their interaction with these locations are fictional. The knowledge provided by others is the factual basis of this story. It is my interpretation of the significance of that knowledge that gives life to the fictional character in the story.

\*\*\*\*\*

I stood on the beach in the shadow of Haleakalā, staring across the channel. My eyes squinted as I struggled to focus on my destination. There, I was beginning to decipher the outline of the island against the early morning sky. The sun had not yet risen past the majestic summit of the great volcano, and I shivered against the wind. I bent down and dragged my canoe toward the water until the waves licked its hull. Then holding the side of my canoe, I submerged myself in the ocean, letting the frigid water chase the last remnants of sleep from my body. I climbed into the boat, I could feel the energy start to pump through my veins. Fully awake now, I took up the oars and let the *Wahi Pana*,<sup>2</sup> Kohemālamalama, draw me to its shores.

The sun was low in the east as I entered Kanapou Bay. I scanned the water for sharks, aware that I had

---

<sup>1</sup> Ancient name for Kaho'olawe, also means bright vagina. (*Place Names of Hawai'i*).

<sup>2</sup> Sacred place.

entered a shark breeding ground. Homage must have been given to Pele's brother, Kamohoali'i, the shark god, for the water was free of sharks this morning. Kamohoali'i is said to sometimes reside on Kohemālamalama. Among the many shrines on the cliffs above Kanapou Bay dedicated to the god, one is even named *Kahua Hale O Kamohoali 'i*.<sup>3</sup>

Turning my canoe north, traveling parallel to the island, I headed for the village at Haki'oawa. My journey had made me hungry and there was still much to do before I could eat. The sun was still low in the sky, and I knew if I hurried, I would be able to join a fishing party from the village.

The ocean surrounding Kohemālamalama is thriving with life from the sea, and our fishing expedition proved successful. We had set aside the required first catch of the day, and were now bringing the fish to the *kū'ula*<sup>4</sup> above Haki'oawa. The *ko'a*<sup>5</sup> was unlike any I had ever visited. The square-shaped *kū'ula* sat high on a bluff overlooking the ocean. There was a space left open in the center, where we laid our offering.

After the ceremony was complete, we headed down the bluff, back to the village. I reflected on this *kū'ula* and the many other *ko'a* around the island. This is truly a bountiful place, with the sea always providing life. As I prepared to sleep that night, I felt at peace. I felt at home on this sacred island, named for Kanaloa, god of the ocean. Exhaustion fought to conquer the images of the day which floated through my mind. A battle easily won. As sleep finally took its hold over my tired body, my last thoughts were of the next day's journey to Pu'u Moiwī and Moa'ulaiki.

The morning had sped by quickly, and the sun was high in the sky by the time I sat down to rest from the long journey. I observed the site in front of me in amazement. The adze workshop at Pu'u Mo'iwi was massive. I could see stones shaped into every kind of tool I could imagine. I walked through the quarry admiring the workmanship. The stone tools and implements made at this quarry have been used on my own island of Mau'i.

We then set off on the final leg of my journey. My blood quickened as we headed up the slope toward Moa'ulaiki. I could only hope that one day I would

---

<sup>3</sup> House site of Kamohoali'i.

<sup>4</sup> Altar.

<sup>5</sup> Fishing Shrine.

be chosen to study at the navigational school there. As I approached the summit I was gifted with a view of the other islands: O'ahu, Moloka'i, Maui, Lāna'i, and Hawai'i. Nothing I had ever seen before or since compares with the sight I beheld at Moa'ula iki. I could actually see the currents of the water in the channels between the islands. It is no wonder that this place had been chosen to teach navigation. I gazed in wonder at the *Pōhaku 'ahu 'aikū pele kāpili o Keaweiki*.<sup>6</sup> The bell stone marks north, east, south and west. It is used to study and teach astronomy, navigation, and to keep the calendar. I was honored to be at such an important place.

As we headed back toward the village, I looked down toward Haki'oawa at the bay, then my eyes moved across the channel that I would travel on my way home to Mau'i. I hoped, one day, to return to Kohemālamalama, to Moa'ula iki to study the stars and the ocean. Then, I would go to the opposite side of the island, to Lae O Kealaikahiki,<sup>7</sup> and join the great wayfinders of my people. There, I would push my canoe into the waters of Lae O Kealaikahiki, the designated departure point, and I would wait for the perfect winds and currents that would carry me to Tahiti .

\*\*\*\*\*

The importance of the cultural sites and the significance of Moa'ula iki as a home of a kahuna and place of instruction have convinced me that Kaho'olawe played an important role in the culture of the Ancient Hawaiians. In my research materials, Kaho'olawe was often referred to as a *wahi pana*, a sacred place. The question arose: although the island is currently referred to as a sacred island, did it always have such significance? The time constraints and my original lack of understanding of the vastness of my topic have prevented me from conducting the in-depth research required to answer that question. Considering the ongoing research being conducted on the island, that question may not be answerable for many years yet. However, for me, Kaho'olawe represents a link with the past. As more

research is done on Kaho'olawe perhaps we will begin to understand the dynamics of that tiny island, and its relation to the Hawaiian culture as a whole, Kūpuna Harry Mitchell wrote the words, "Mai ke kai mai ke ola, Mai ke kai mai ka make," for his son, who was lost in the waters that surround Kaho'olawe.<sup>8</sup> It means "From the ocean comes life, From the ocean comes death" (Aluli and McGregor 233). Perhaps one day the ocean will once again bring life to this island that so obviously celebrated the life of the ocean.

#### Works Cited

- Aluli, Noa Emmett, and Davianna Pōmaika'i McGregor. "Mai Ke Kai Ke Ola, From the Ocean Comes Life: Hawaiian Customs, Uses, and Practices on Kaho'olawe Relating to the Surrounding Ocean." *The Hawaiian Journal of History* 26 (1992): 231-254.
- Kaho'olawe Island Conveyance Commission. *Interim Report The United States Congress*. Honolulu: 31 July 1991.
- Morales, Rodney, "Daybreak Over Haleakala/Heartbreak Memories (A Two-Sided Hit). *The Speed of Darkness*. Honolulu: Bamboo Ridge Press, 1988. 97-105.
- Pūku'i, M.K., Elbert, S., and Mookini, E. *Place Names of Hawai'i*. Honolulu: University Press of Hawai'i, 1974.

---


<sup>6</sup>The put together rock that kneads the knowledge of the mo'okahuna priest Keaweiki.

<sup>7</sup> Point of Pathway to Tahiti.

<sup>8</sup>In 1977 Kimo Mitchell and George Helm mysteriously disappeared while trying to stop the bombing of Kaho'olawe by U.S. Naval forces.



THE ARTIST'S HANDS  
MERGE WITH CLAY  
CREATING VESSELS OF EMPTINESS



GOSSAMER REFLECTIONS  
MINGLE WITH THE REAL  
SHEDDING LIGHT ON THE  
UNSEEABLE

NATURE REFLECTED ON THE WATER  
LIFE PULSES BENEATH THE SURFACE  
THE CLEAR AND THE ILLUSIVE DWELL AS ONE.

These haiku were inspired by potter Toshiko Takaezu's ceramic work which was shown in Koa Gallery last semester. Before this time, even though I had known she was a celebrated artist, I had never fully understood nor appreciated her approach to clay. Frankly, I had little more than noted its craftsmanship or its unusual shape and pin hole vessel openings. It wasn't until I was confronted with an assignment which encouraged me to study my experience of and reaction to a work of art that I began to look at her creations with new appreciation.

As I sat on the ledge of a planter box outside the gallery, I was moved by how the tropical environment

around me was reflected in the glass and how Takaezu's pots seemed to merge into the reflection and move beyond it—out into the organic spaces past the gallery confines. Her pots became the rocks, the tree trunks, and bamboo. The reflections in the window showed me that Takaezu's expressions were not intended to stand alone as mere forms, but were instead created as messengers who remind us that there are essential qualities, such as rhythm and strength, present in all living things. It was then that I learned that only a great artist, such as Takaezu must be, could have understood how to attain, and maintain, the integrity and harmony that existed in these pieces.

*Sandra Edwards*

To our readers,

HORIZONS is published by the Board of Student Publications at Kapi'olani Community College. Support for this publication, three other journals and the weekly newspaper comes from student fees and the generous gifts of donors. These publications support Kapi'olani Community College's commitment to foster good writing and creativity by giving students recognition for their work. In the publication process student editors learn all aspects of publication from editing to desktop publishing. We welcome your contribution. Contributions may be made to the KCC Literary Book Fund, UH Foundation, and mailed to the Office of the Provost, Kapi'olani Community College, 4303 Diamond Head Road, Honolulu, HI 96816. Thank you for your interest and support.

The editors

Back cover: Embroidered medallion from a Mandarin's jacket.  
Honolulu Academy of Arts, Treasures of Gold exhibit.  
Photograph by Moriso Teraoka

Horizons was produced on an Apple® 8100 Power Macintosh™ computer, with Aldus® Pagemaker™ v.6.0. The individual stories were edited using Microsoft® Word™ v.6.0, in Palatino font. The photographs were scanned and edited using Adobe™ Photoshop™ v.4.0 software, and a Polaroid Sprintscan 35.

