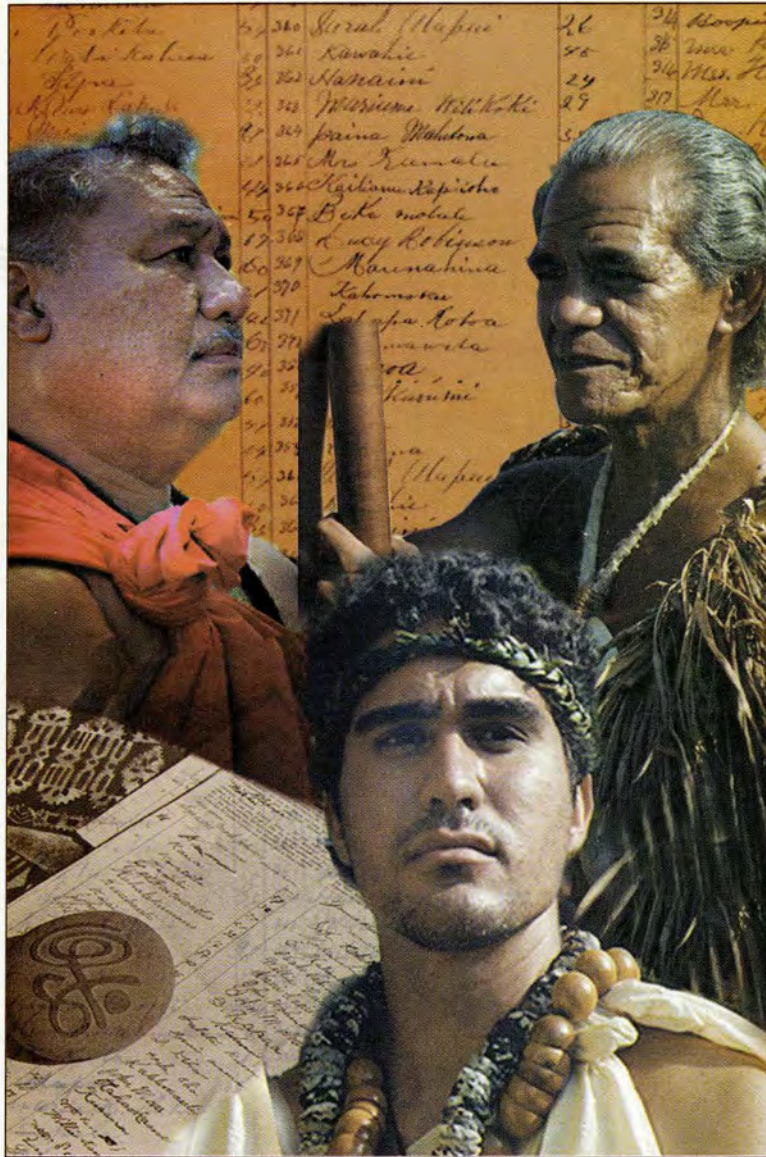


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VOLUME VII

Statement to the Hawaiian People

About the cover

On August 12, 1898, the Hawaiian flag was lowered, and the flag of the United States raised in its place at 'Iolani Palace. U.S. Joint Resolution No. 55, annexing the Hawaiian Islands to the United States of America, had been signed by President McKinley on July 7, 1898. The Hawaiian Kingdom was no more. An attempt by Queen Lili'uokalani to restore the power of the throne and reestablish the voting rights of her people on January 14, 1893, provided the opportunity for some influential businessmen in the community to call in the U.S. Marines. Four boatloads of them took up positions around 'Iolani Palace, and the next day a provisional government was declared. The Queen surrendered on January 17, 1893, believing the U.S. government would reinstate her. Some of her supporters were not as optimistic, and an attempt to retake the palace led to the Queen's arrest. She was imprisoned in a small room on the second floor of 'Iolani Palace for eight months. To prevent the execution of six involved in the uprising, she abdicated the throne, and on September 6, 1895, she was released on parole. Her civil rights were not restored until two years later.

The Hawaiian populace may have been quiet the day the Hawaiian flag was lowered, but they were not submissive. On October 8, 1897, a mass gathering at the Palace Square agreed on a message to the President of the United States protesting the takeover by armed forces of the Provisional Government. Delegates representing Hawaiian loyalists attempted to influence Congress that year, but were unsuccessful in fighting the annexation fervor of the time.

Recently a University of Hawai'i doctoral candidate, Noenoe Silva, who was doing research in the National Archives, stumbled upon old boxes containing "Palapala Ho'opi'i Kue Ho'oiaina," Petition Against Annexation. These Hui Aloha 'Āina Anti-annexation Petitions of 1897-1898 contained signatures of 21,269 people of all the islands. In addition, another petition with 17,000 signatures calling for the restoration of the monarchy was signed and delivered to Washington at the time. Its whereabouts, however, are unknown. The significance of these numbers is clear when one realizes the Hawaiian population at this time had been reduced to 40,000 people. More about these events can be found in Noenoe K. Silva's "Kanaka Maoli Resistance to the Annexation" in the December, 1998 inaugural issue of 'Ōiwi, published by the Kuleana 'Ōiwi Press.

Half of the 556-page petition was lent to the Bishop Museum by the National Archives in August, 1998. The exhibit drew large numbers of people. Many, recognizing the names of their kupuna on these petitions, were moved and energized by the sacrifice and courage of their ancestors.

Two days before the centennial of the annexation, marchers made a 128-mile torch walk around the island; the fire symbolized a cleansing and rejuvenation. By the time the group marched from the Royal Mausoleum to 'Iolani Palace on August 12, 1999, the group had swelled to about 2,000. At the Palace, the grounds were already crowded with a multi-racial mix of people. This generation was invited to also put their signatures to a petition to create a Hawaiian National Political Party on the year 2000 ballot.

One hundred years after the lowering of the Hawaiian flag, the gathering watched as the Hawaiian flag was raised above 'Iolani Palace, even if only for a short time.

The march and the events at the palace were recorded by photographer Michael Thompson, who walked with the marchers for many miles. The documents at the Bishop Museum were photographed by Rob Morishige. Carol Yoshioka created the montage for the front cover.



"I Lili'uokalani, be the grace of God and under the constitution of the Kingdom, Queen, do hereby solemnly protest against any and all acts done against myself and the constitutional government of the Hawaiian Kingdom by certain persons claiming to have established a provisional government of and for his Kingdom....

That I yield to the superior force of the United States of America, whose minister plenipotentiary, His Excellence John L. Stevens, has caused United States troops to be landed at Honolulu and declared that he would support the said provisional government.

Now, to avoid any collision of armed forces and perhaps loss of life, I do under this protest, and impelled by said force, yield my authority until such time as the Government of the United States shall, upon the facts being presented to it, undo the action of its representatives and reinstate me in the authority which I claim as the constitutional sovereign of the Hawaiian islands."

Queen Lili'uokalani, January 17, 1893

Statement to the Hawaiian People

"I could not turn back the time for the political change, but there is still time to save our heritage. You must remember never to cease to act because you fear you may fail. The way to lose any earthly kingdom is to be inflexible, intolerant, and prejudicial.

Another way is to be too flexible, tolerant of too many wrongs and without judgement at all. It is a razor's edge. It is the width of a blade of pili grass. To gain the kingdom of heaven is to hear what is not said, to see what cannot be seen, and to know the unknowable-that is Aloha. All things in this world are two; in heaven there is but One."

Lili'uokalani 1917

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Taro

Mythology & the Resurgence of Hawaiian Culture

For the last hundred years or so the art and science of taro farming in Hawai'i have almost disappeared. The large scale production of taro began to fade soon after contact with Captain Cooke in 1778. Along with the decline of taro production, the focus on preservation and appreciation of Hawaiian culture has declined, until recently. With the commercial distribution of taro and the retail sale of poi at high prices, small and large scale taro farming have been on the rise to meet the demand. It was not that long ago that people lined up outside of poi mills with their own calabash or muslin bag to pick up poi or had it delivered by horse drawn cart. Today consumers do not have to wait in line for poi (when there is some), but they pay higher prices for distribution and retail services. I had recently rediscovered taro in my diet and realized the high food value it contains. The cost of taro and a curiosity of how and where this food was made inspired me to begin my search for a *lo'i*, or taro patch, to study. The question I intend to answer is "How is taro grown and how does it relate to Hawaiian culture?"

This paper focuses on the production of taro in the Sovereign Nation of Hawaii's wet and dry taro patches in Waimānalo, O'ahu (referred to by these workers as the Village). While mountain biking, I had run into the workers of the patches in the Sovereign Nation of Hawai'i. This is an area leased to a group of Native Hawaiians that protested the splitting of Hawai'i into three separate categories: state land, public land, and crown

lands. They believe crown lands were to be for the use of the native population of Hawai'i. The Hawaiians assert the state has compromised its part of the agreement in what is called the Great Mahele of 1848. They maintain that the state of Hawai'i is in default and that it is committing criminal and environmental acts against the lands ceded to the native population of Hawai'i.

In my discussions with the members, one of them told me that the Waimānalo ranch I live on and had recently felt so good about purchasing was, in fact, land "stolen" from the Hawaiians. The land was sugarcane land until the 1930s, when the Tennessee Valley Authority, which was a commission under the Roosevelt Administration, was assigned the task of reforesting the area. Instead of using indigenous and endemic plants, they reforested with eucalyptus trees which quickly choked out native vegetation because of its acidic leaves and soil sapping tendencies.

Much of my information on the production of taro comes from interviews with three of the members in April and May of 1999. Nihi, a fifty-year-old, single male, has lived in the Village for only two years and felt that he was not that much more knowledgeable than myself, but was eager to share what he had learned. The second, Steven, has lived in the Village for six years. He is a single, thirty-three-year-old male with one child (five years old). On several of our meetings Nihi's son Noa was there as well. He was formally in the military and worked for the state and federal government. He began his change of lifestyle by simply "being curious about the culture." He felt

that he had opened his eyes to the 'āina (land) and that by mālama ka 'āina (preserving the land) he felt the land had taken him on his present journey.

Kalo has been grown in large sections of the world for two thousand years. Kalo is found in Egypt, Africa, Europe, Asia, India, and Malaysia and is called *de chine*, Chinese potato, *melange*, *Kalo*, and English Taro. Chinese writings of two thousand years ago mention the cultivation of taro, *colocasia esculenta*. Taro was one of the plants the first Polynesian settlers brought to Hawai'i about one thousand five hundred years ago (Greenwell, 1947). It was called the canoe crop because it was one of the many plants that the daring Polynesian seafarers moved across the great Pacific Ocean in double hull canoes searching for and settling their new island homes. Kalo survived the long journey across the sea to reach new lands in Hawai'i and as their myths assert, was the staple crop of the Hawaiian diet.

Taro came to have a far more important part in the life of the Hawaiian than any other plant because of the legendary tie of the taro plant with the supreme god of the Hawaiians, Kāne. The modern legacy of taro emphasizes the Makahiki which was tied to the god Lono and the kalo growers, to whom this deity was most important, since he was responsible for bringing rain. Because of its religious ties, its occupation of major tracts of land, and its obvious choice as favorite as well as staple food, the taro plant was probably more important to Hawaiians than to any other people in the world.

The importance of taro in the life of Hawaiians is illustrated in two myths. The most common myth has two related parts: Wākea, the male, and Papa, the female, lived together as man and wife. They created a daughter, Ho'ohōū-ka-lani, who became more beautiful with each day of her life. Finally Wākea was filled with desire for his daughter and wished to take her as his wife. He was anxious not to arouse Papa's jealousy, so his

kahuna (priest) suggested that kapu nights be arranged where men and women should sleep apart from each other. Wākea told Papa of the arranged kapu nights and said that they were commanded by a god. Papa consented to the kapu, and on these nights, Wākea slept secretly with his daughter. After one such night, Wākea overslept his kahuna's awakening song and was discovered by Papa. The two then quarreled and fought, and subsequently separated from each other. In such manner began various kapus which separated men and women.

Ho'ohoku-ka-lani's first child by her father, Wākea, was born prematurely, perhaps in the shape of a root. When Wākea saw that he had no real child, he buried the strange little body at the east corner of his house. Soon a taro plant grew from that burial place, and Wākea named it Haloa-naka (long petiole or stalk). Later, when a real child was born to Wākea and Ho'ohōū-ka-lani, Wākea named him for the elder brother and called him Haloa. This second Haloa became the ancestor of the Hawaiian people. Thus, in kinship terms, taro is the elder brother and the senior branch of the family tree; mankind belongs to the junior branch, stemming from the younger brother. It is interesting to note that Steven told me an almost identical story in our meeting on April 15, 1999, but added that it was traditional for the older sibling to care for the younger ones; therefore, Hawaiians believe that kalo is taking care of them, not vice versa.

Wākea and Papa are often regarded in the Hawaiian mythology as the actual ancestors of chiefs, but in this second myth they have godlike dimensions. In this myth Papa is Mother Earth, Haumea, the Earth goddess herself, and Wākea is the male principle, the father, the light of the day and the bright heavens, the wide-spread-sky. Wākea is also Kāne, the fertilizing and generating masculine force found in all of life.

At the beginning of the myth, Wākea/Kāne and Papa/Haumea are united in a continuous embrace in such a way that nothing can be born

because Father Sky lies so closely upon Mother Earth that there is no space for anything to grow between them. The first act of creation, therefore, is the pushing up of the sky, a pulling away of the masculine element so that the female element may give birth to new beginnings.

Wākea and Papa begin to separate when their daughter is conceived. The daughter, Ho'ohōkū-ka-lani, is the daughter of the Earth, and she is also the mother of what will be born next. Wākea and Papa are equal partners until Wākea desires their daughter. In this myth, kapu nights were scheduled by the kahuna according to the waxing and waning of the moon. Then Papa is separated from her husband by kapu, and her daughter becomes her husband's wife instead.

But Wākea also remains father to his daughter. This was also the beginning of the various kapus which prevented women from eating with men and which forbade them from eating many kinds of food. In old Hawai'i, taro could be planted, harvested, cooked, and prepared only by men; women were forbidden such tasks because of their monthly menses. The word "kapu" means a prohibition, but it also implies that which is sacred, holy, or consecrated.

The connection between taro and Hawaiian culture is poetically expressed in the concept of 'ohana, the family system, which like taro sprouts forth from the single root. Although the taro is harvested when the time is ripe, the plant itself is reborn again and yet again, as cuttings from the taro root are broken off and replanted for the next season. Life cannot die as long as the living water of the soul continues to nourish it.

Before 1778, about three hundred varieties of taro were grown in Hawai'i. Taro is usually cultivated in a complex terraced system of one hundred sixty seven (field ponds) fed by 'auwai (ditches). Wetland taro grows under a slow-moving layer of water throughout its life. At one time, taro fields covered the fertile floors of the windward valleys of all major islands. Today, because of the scarcity of water and agricultural land, only a few such areas remain.

Except for a few large commercial patches, most farmers cultivate taro part-time. Taro fields are quickly disappearing from the rural landscape. Poi, a pounded, paste-like food made from boiled taro and once the most important staple in the

Hawaiian diet, is today considered a rare delicacy. Other foods, primarily rice, have taken over as a major Hawaiian dietary staple. In old Hawai'i, taro (kalo) was believed to be primordial and was in fact the staff of life.

When Hawaiian literature speaks of famine, it becomes clear that starvation was not a matter of having absolutely nothing to eat (there were, for example, ample stocks of yams that the early Polynesians had planted in the lower forests and

which were plentiful in the time of the early Western explorations), but that there was little or no taro to eat as poi. Seasonal rainfall, in some areas averaging fifty inches annually, gave way to periodic drought, making dryland taro difficult to maintain. It must also be pointed out that the period with the least amount of rain controls the successful cultivation of wetland taro, which



Poi Pounder
Design based on Kauai "stirrup" style
Sculpture Brass
Sean Browne

demands circulating water. Sweet potatoes, commonly grown in Hawai'i, are far more drought tolerant than taro and must have been relied upon in times of stress. Lack of water would be a major detriment to growth of taro.

Though the maka'āinana (common man), had little to say about his life and the structure of his society, since both of these were regulated by the priests and ali'i (royalty, or chiefs), it is the maka'āinana who fashioned his kinship ties to parallel what he saw in the taro plant. Taro plants form smaller taro plants by "runners" from the parent corm (body of the kalo), making loose circles of smaller corms around a parent plant. Each of the small ones in turn can produce even smaller cormlets. The Hawaiian name for a cormlet is "oha," the stem from which the word 'ohana comes. 'Ohana are the extended family, related in ways like the taro plants in development, and in ancient times maintaining the same relationship to the ahupua'a (a land division). No tighter Hawaiian bond exists than to have one included as 'ohana.

The 'ohana concept was important to the common people, but because of royal prerogatives and close inbreeding, almost superfluous for the ali'i. But in the rise of chiefdoms, starting in the fourteenth century A.D., strong restrictions, possibly tied to land ownership, were implemented by the priests. Women were prohibited from worshipping Kāne or any of the other main gods of Hawai'i, and most importantly prohibited from growing, cultivating, or harvesting the taro crop on the grounds that the plant was a part of the god Kāne and could not be subjected to their periodic defilement with their mahina (menses). At the same time, prohibitions known as kapu were enforced against all commoners, and some ali'i as well, and these covered nearly every aspect of daily life. Separate eating houses for the sexes came about because images and idols were kept by men, and women were prohibited from worshipping them. Food had to be prepared separately

because there were many foods that women were forbidden to eat or even touch if it was to be eaten by men.

Shortly after the kapu system was overthrown, and idols, images, and places of worship destroyed in 1819, the demand for sandalwood by the Chinese forced the common man into the forests. In the absence of the male work force, taro fields were neglected since the womenfolk were still not permitted (nor would they have known how) to take care of this crop. After the cessation of the sandalwood trade, many families moved into more urban areas. For example, in the Ka'u district of Hawai'i Island, many families moved away from the land when their favorite crops could no longer furnish them their food (Greenwell, 1947).

Now, with the reawakening of Hawaiian culture and lifestyle, taro cultivation is increasing. The work by the Nation of Hawai'i is one example. They have cleared close to three acres in a slash-and-burn type technique. They used simple axes to do most of the labor. This took an enormous amount of labor, for the task force was less than twenty men. This task force was made up of many men not related, but with one intent in mind, the establishment of a sovereign Nation of Hawai'i. The lo'i were similarly built, by hand. The newer patches were entirely built in the traditional method. This method makes use of the 'ō'ō, the traditional digging stick.

The method is more closely examined in the *Observations on Varieties and Culture of Kalo* (Queen Emma, circa 1830). Queen Emma maintained that even at that time there had been "much written and more said about the productivity and culture of the Kalo plant. . . ." The Queen describes methods for building and maintaining lo'i in the traditional manner: the patch is dug out with a 'ō'ō, and then mats are laid over the future lo'i and pressed by pounding dried banana stalks against the ground until it becomes hard packed. She discusses the horticultural methods of flooding a patch and also speaks of fertilizing the patches by

“manuring” or letting the fields lie fallow. This is the same method that Steven, Nihi, and the other Villagers use in the preparation of their lo’i and in the flooding and planting.

I witnessed Nihi pulling *limu* (moss) out of the lo’i with a short stick, an extremely simple, but effective tool. He said that the moss was a symptom of another deeper problem in soil make-up, and that even though it was good food for the fish that came down the ‘auwai (waterway or aquaduct), it choked the flow of water and cooled the water to a temperature lower than the 70 degrees (plus or minus three degrees) that is the prime temperature for kalo growth. He also added that the limu (moss) kept the sun from baking the ground of the lo’i and keeping it firm.

When I asked Steven where they got the water for the lo’i, he explained how they had opened up several streams up in the mountains and found and rerouted several natural springs. Steven mentioned that was when Nihi had caught Leptospirosis. Nihi said that he had a huge cut on his toe that he had gotten earlier that day while

using a pick. He said that when he waded through a dark pool that “stunk really bad,” he felt as if something had crawled up into his toe. He felt a big pain in the foot, and he had to scrape out the area using his hands. He said he immediately felt weak. When he got back to the Village, he had a one hundred and five degree temperature, and was hallucinating. His sister had to take him to the hospital. He was ill for forty days, but he said that even though he had gotten sick, opening up the water for the lo’i was one of the highlights of his life, and helped him to make a priority of going back to the land. Steven mentioned to me later that four out of the four people that had gone on that trip had gotten sick. He attributed this to the fact that they had found a huge black ‘awa up in the mountain and that they had picked the whole plant. He stated that it wasn’t pono (balanced, or righteous) of them to not have left some for Kane (the god of the mountains).

In one of my days working in the lo’i, while I pulled the limu out of the patch with a short stick as Nihi had shown me, he pointed out to me the different varieties of kalo in their patch. The first



Lo'i

Color photograph by Moriso Teraoka

that had been planted was of the Manalauloa variety, distinct with its green leaf stalks and the white piko (belly button, or center of leaf). After that, a mixture of the strong Maui Lehua, distinct with its red leaf stalk, dark purple corms, and red piko; and Moi. similar to Manalauloa in appearance. Other days I simply pulled weeds out of the dry land patches and tried to recognize the varieties that the Villagers grew in their wet and dry land patches. In addition I learned a volumes about intercropping other plants with kalo and how to cultivate banana, sweet potato, and squash. Steven also said that the genetic make-up of kalo is such that when grown with traditionally intercropped plants such as banana, koa, and 'ōhi'a, the genetic memory stimulates growth and health in kalo. Steven said that the kalo thrive with the introduction of the microorganisms alive in the intercropped plants' dead vegetative matter.

The Hawaiians of The Sovereign Nation are adamant about manifesting their mana (power or spirit) in this area. They want their mana to show in their surroundings. They ask themselves, how does the land change as they use it. Steven offered that in a mountain climate they have the opportunity to positively affect everyone downstream of them. He used the traditional Hawaiian concept of the ahupua'a (a section of land from the ocean to the mountain) as an example and stated that the state motto was very fitting but it had several different *kaona* (different levels of meaning). He stated the translation of "Ua mau ke ea o ka āina i ka pono" can indeed be translated as the life of the land is perpetuated by righteousness.

He maintained that alternate kaona to *ea* (life) in Hawaiian envelopes more meaning. Ea has meaning as life in respect to political, social, religious, and social aspects of life. Steven also asserted that pono is not only righteousness but balance, or harmony. The alternate meaning of the state motto could be presented as such; the political, social, and religious spirit of the land is

perpetuated by balance and harmony. "This is something we at the village are still trying to realize," said Steven. He said that the institutionalized policy designed to eliminate Hawaiian culture must be removed. He said that even though we were conversing in English instead of Hawaiian, the Pule (prayer) of mālama'āina and mālama kalo (preserve the land and taro) will come true.

There is much to say about the Native Hawaiian position on the hotly debated topics such as land use, water rights, and preservation of traditional Hawaiian lands and archeological treasures. The scores are far from settled. These Hawaiians will be my neighbor for at least the duration of my thirty year mortgage. Seeing with my own eyes the kalo plant growing, planting a huli (baby kalo ready for planting) and going home with my own kalo to eat is endlessly gratifying. It will be nice to have such a wealth of knowledge and rich history to feed on. My mountain bike leads me through a winding deserted trail to reach the lo'i that I have grown so fond of. This experience brings new meaning to the Hawaiian name I was blessed with and given as a baby, Keala (the hidden pathway).

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Moloka'i ka Hula Piko: Moloka'i the Center of the Dance

The word, *hula*, conjures up many associations. As a visitor to the Islands, hula may represent a beautiful maiden with flowers in her hair, swaying to the sound of steel guitars and ukuleles. As residents, we may envision the Merry Monarch competition as a symbol of the hula, or even the May Day programs of our youth. To the Hawaiian people, hula means something much deeper than a form of entertainment or a competition to gain reputation. It is their culture and ancient ways expressed in a dance that comes from within, from the center, the *piko*.

The *piko*, which means center or orifice, has three representations. The first *piko* on top of the head represents the past (a passage to ancestors, genealogy). Hawaiians believe that striking a child on the head would be intentionally showing disrespect to their ancestors and so is forbidden. The second *piko* is the navel, where life is sustained through the mother's body (life force from where all energy comes). It represents the present. The third *piko* is the *mai* (vagina) representing the future generations of family and culture.

We will journey into the past, present, and future of ka hula piko, and come to understand the significance of "Moloka'i ka hula piko," Moloka'i the center of the dance.

The Past

To understand the origins of hula, one must experience the spirit and essence of an island

called Moloka'i, not through our physical eyes and ears but with the eyes and ears of our feelings. This feeling recognized by early Hawaiian teachers, Kahuna Lapa'au and Kahuna Nui, as *na'au*, a human feeling separate from the human intellect. While human intellect is weak with the ability to deceive and be deceived, *na'au* is a living well of truth inside each of us where deception and pretense have no influence.

The early Hawaiians saw the land as a living person with feelings, emotions and a spirit. The natural elements—rain, wind, rainbows, sea spray, clouds—were often interpreted as the feelings and emotions of the land. Like a mother to her children, the land takes care of her people. As Hawaiian ancestors would say, "We eat, we sleep, we plant, and we die on the lap of our mother."

At the time when migration was taking place to and from the Hawaiian Islands, a woman named La'ila'i settled with her family on the island of Moloka'i. The family made their home at the top of Maunaloa in the district of Kā'ana. They brought with them a special form of art no one had ever seen before, the art of hula.

The La'ila'i family performed and taught the hula at Kā'ana and soon became renowned throughout the island chain. People would come to see the family perform, but were never allowed to learn the dance. The La'ila'i family kept the teaching of the hula guarded within their family lineage for five generations.

Nearly a century after the La'ila'i family came to Hawai'i, Kapo'ulakina'u, the granddaughter of La'ila'i, agreed to teach the outsiders only if they came to Kā'ana for training and obeyed her strict kapu and laws. She was hula master at the time. However, Kapo'ulakina'u soon found herself unable to meet the great demand. She sought the help of her youngest sister Kewelani, to assist her.

Kewelani soon mastered the art of hula and became the most beautiful dancer within her performing family. Upon her *ūniki* (dance graduation), Kapo'ulakina'u gave her the three names by which she would teach the hula. The first was Ulunui, the second was Laea, and the third was Laka. These names would give her the mana and authority to teach the hula.

In the district of Kā'ana there is a hill called Pu'unānā. It is from a stone platform there at Pu'unānā that Laka taught the hula. A passage taken from a nine hundred twenty eight line chant speaks of Laka turning toward the West and seeing the visible shadow of Ni'ihau each day at sunset:

*'Uui ana o laka i Lehuamoe
Ahiehie ku Ni'ihau i ka ehu kai
Lanakoi a ka na'e ana i loko
E laka Kumu Hula a'o Kā'ana.*

Laka turned toward the West
Faded was Ni'ihau in the sea spray
A great desire swelled within
Oh Laka, hula teacher of Kā'ana.

The overwhelming desire to travel there finally made Laka leave Moloka'i against the wishes of Kapoulakina'u and the La'ila'i family. Laka went to Ni'ihau where she spent many years teaching the hula style of Hula Panu. From Ni'ihau she could see Wai'ale'ale on the Island of Kaua'i and she traveled there to settle in Ha'ena. After many years and when all her students in Ha'ena had become Kumu, she traveled on to

O'ahu, Maui, back tracked to Lana'i, and then to Puna on the Big Island. Puna was her favorite district to teach the hula, and she established many schools of teaching. One of her first students there was a woman named Hopoe, a beloved friend of M'iakaikapoliopole, and it was Hopoe who taught M'iaka to dance the hula.

In time, the art of hula became established throughout the Hawaiian Islands, something Kapo'ulakina'u and the La'ila'i family could have never foreseen. Kapo'ulakina'u soon grew jealous of Laka and left hula completely, turning to sorcery trying to distort and disrupt Laka's teaching. She later turned herself into a stone that sits today in Pu'u Nana and is called the "Kapo'ulakina'u Stone." Ancient dancers believed that while performing, if a motion was forgotten and a mistake made, it was Kapo'ulakina'u who had made them forget.

In her old age, Laka returned to the lush lehua forests of Kā'ana Maunaloa on the island of Moloka'i where she later died. Her remains were secretly buried somewhere under the hill of Pu'u Nana. While generations eventually forgot Laka's physical existence, the people lifted her and deified her memory to that of a goddess.

Three main hālau flourished on the island of Moloka'i, one at Ho'olehua, a second at Pu'u Hoku, and the third on Maunaloa. The hālau on Maunaloa was called Hālau Ho'okuhi'iu'iu, so named because the hālau gathered water in a cave that made a dripping sound ('iu'iu).

Life in a hālau started for boys between the age of three and sixteen. It was believed that during that age the bones were still soft enough for the body to move properly. There they would remain for fourteen years without any contact from family members or people outside the hālau. The kumu did everything for them, and prepared students for *ūniki*.

Upon reaching *ūniki*, a great ceremony took place. The hālau would gather at night on the top of Maunaloa and make their way down to the

ocean. At the beach two rows of kukui nut torches were lined up, and one by one the dancers entered the ocean to be cleansed. They walked backward out of the water; if one fell, it meant he wasn't ready for ūniki, or if one fell a certain way, he would have to leave the hālau.

After returning to the halau they bathed themselves in oil. They prepared black pig, awa, and red fish for an offering to Laka. If a rainbow appeared over the hālau, it meant everyone was ready for ūniki. A celebration followed and the hālau would perform for their families. After ūniki each student was now able to teach the hula (become a Kumu) or get married which meant leaving the hula completely.

The Present

The hula hālau of today is a unique blend of ancient rituals in a modern society. Despite the western influence today, ka hula piko is ever present in a *pono* (righteousness from within) group of men and women, Hula Hālau Keanuenueulana'ia and their Kumu, Noelani Tachera. When visiting this hālau, the first thing one senses is the unity and love for one another. Their willingness to share their na'au and love for the hula is humbling. Kumu Hula Tachera teaches her hālau at her home and does not charge for lessons. Her home is an extended household with four families living together in harmony, so practices are held in a spacious living room. Pictures, hats, fans, and other items of the Hawaiian culture adorn the walls.

Before the hālau members can enter her home, it is necessary to chant an *oli komo* asking permission to enter. A reply is chanted and entry is granted. At the beginning of practice a prayer is chanted by all to bless the hālau from corner to corner, top to bottom, mountain to ocean, and for protection from their aumakua. Spirituality is something Noelani strives for at every practice. She often tells her students, "If it is not pono, it is not hula." To achieve pono, discipline is stressed. The hālau practices verses over and over. Two

lines of dancers execute movements as the kumu calls out commands in Hawaiian, an ancient way of teaching hula. It is easy to forget the acculturation that has taken place in the Hawaiian Islands and imagine that they are dancing at Pu'u Nana.

The hula pahu they are practicing is a chant "A Ko'olau Au," that tells the story of Hi'iaka on her journey to Kaua'i to bring the handsome prince, Lohiau, to Pele. The region is the windward, Ko'olau, side of O'ahu. The chant depicts obstacles in nature Hi'iaka encounters on her journey to Kaua'i. The chant is translated by Kawena Pukui only up to line six, the only lines a hālau can perform:

*A Ko'olau wau i ke i ka ua
E kokolo alepo mai ana e ka ua
E kai ku aua, e kai mai ana e ka ua,
E nu mai ana e ka ua i ke kuahiwī,
E poi mai ana e ka ua mehe nalu ala.
Puka mai e ka ua weli, weli, keone weh*

From Ko'olau, I watch the rain
The rain that pours on the earth
The rain passes by in columns,
It rumbles as it falls in the mountains,
The rain rises like the waves of the sea,
Lo, the rain comes, it comes.

The kumu hula is not teaching her students this chant for a performance. It will be danced in a ritual on the island of Moloka'i to pay tribute and to honor the source of hula, Laka. It is in appreciation for all that Laka has given them. It is Hawaiian belief that when taking from the spirit one must "ho'okupu," give back to the spirit.

A part of giving to Laka includes ancient hula plants to be laid at Pu'u Nana as an offering. Sacred hula plants were a significant part of the ancient *kuahu* (hula altar) made for Laka. A piece of white lama wood symbolizing Laka's purity would be set on the altar. Adorned with woven leis and ferns, the kuahu reflects the unity within the hālau. Noelani's kuahu sits on the east end of her property in Kaneohe.

After their ho'okupu, they will be one of many honored hālau performing at the Moloka'i Ka Hula Piko, a celebrated yearly event honoring the birth of hula.

To the Hawaiians the mo'o were a symbol of spirituality and good fortune. The central design depicts this spiritual continuity by the lizards arranged in a circle. The triangular design depicts a Hawaiian value called *lōkahi*, that is symbolic of a balance between man, nature, and God. The petroglyphs within the triangle depict a man and woman in dance. In the uppermost part of the triangle is a rising sun with a dot in the center symbolizing the piko of the hula.

Beneath the circle at the bottom of the design, is a motif depicting water. At the top, the row of triangles depicts fire. In the real world, water and fire are the two elements that cannot be mixed, but the spiritual essence of these elements mix in the hula. The ancient kumu hula of Moloka'i stressed to their students that they should dance with the fluidity of water and with the spark of fire.

The middle design, rows of diamonds, was called by the Hawaiians *na maka ke akua*, or "eyes of the gods." Eyes are symbolic of the past, because their ancestors look upon them and guide them in this life. Eyes also represent the living, as they look back upon the paths of their ancestors for inspiration and guidance. Above the *na maka ke akua* design are ferns representing the greenery worn by the dancers, and below are the half-circle-point motif representing the rays of the sun rising in the East. To the early Hawaiians, the rising sun was symbolic of constant renewal and rebirth in the hula (John Kaimikaua, 1991).

It is for this spiritual journey to Moloka'i that the hālau has been practicing very hard. To ensure the pono of their hula, they will dance their ritual chant at the top of the Ko'olau mountain range. As they dance they will focus on their na'au, and the spirit they will give back to Laka at Pu'u Nana.

The Future

Noelani has many visions, and insights for

the future of her hālau. Perhaps all of her students will not strive to make ūniki or choose the life of a Kumu, but they all will take with them the spirituality that comes from the hula. Noe's daughter is now *alaka'i* (head student); it is her ūniki that Noelani anticipates. With four generations of hula lineage living within her home, Noelani will be assured the old ways will remain in her family for generations to come.

As the ancient hula kapu are lifted with the death of the old *Olohipi'o Umoumou* (keepers of the people), and the spirit of hula lives on, the ancient prophecy comes true. The elders saw times of suffering, and believed that only when the people became humble again would the restoration of everything lost be returned. There is an ancient saying of Moloka'i:

A Kumu o Moloka'i,
A Mau Pani o Moloka'i.

It began on Moloka'i,
and it shall end on Moloka'i.

The hula hālau of today and the future are proof that the prophecy has come full circle. The Hawaiian people have survived the assimilation of their culture, and through *Ka Hula Piko* they will remain.

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Mele no Kuu Pokii

*Ia oe ke kanaka hee nalu i Mokapu
E oni nei i ke ale,
I luna nei e iho i ka nalu,
A i lalo nei ka nanu,
Kaluli o Keakaokanaluula i ka ehū kai,
Awalāi ka lae o Mokapu
Ke weloa a ka papau e,
E tu, a hūme a paa ka malo,
kai hee kakala o ka motu,
Kai ka o ka nalu nui,
Kai hee nalu i ka po ke ao,
He kulana nalu o na mamo,
Aia i ka papa o ka mokapunui
He inoa no Keakaokanaluula*

To you, the surf rider of Mokapu
above the lofty surf
You rise upon the crest
And descend the crest,
Keakaokanaluula sways amidst the sea sprays
The tip of Mokapu swirls,
A wreath in the shallow.
Stand, gird fast the loincloth.
The comber surf strikes the sand
Thrown is the surf,
Dawn to dusk this is the surf,
A surf place of descendants.
The surf of great Mokapu.

*Author's note: I have chosen to leave out the macrons and okinas
because I pattern my writing skills after our elders, who had no
need for the okina and kahako.*

Nainoa Thompson: In search of history

Between fifteen hundred and two thousand years ago, a group of people set out across the Pacific in outrigger canoes. Their destination, while maybe not specific, was intended, and ultimately their mission was successful. These early discoverers were the Polynesian ancestors to the people of Hawai'i, Tahiti and other Polynesian islands. Their expertise in navigation without the use of instruments has come to be called wayfinding. Wayfinding is an art unique to the people of the Pacific. It is the heritage that enabled the ancients to successfully migrate across the Pacific Ocean and settle the remote islands of places like Tahiti and Hawai'i. Will Kyselka, astronomer at the Bishop Museum who has long been involved with Pacific voyaging, offers this definition of wayfinding:

"The navigator at the center of a circle of sea and sky, trusting mind and senses within a cognitive structure to read and interpret nature's signs along the way as the means for maintaining continuous orientation over vast oceanic distance to remote, intended island destinations." (Kyselka, *Hawaiian Sky*, 54)

The islands of Hawai'i were settled by a people with a long tradition of wayfinding. They were experts who possessed the ability to find Hawai'i and travel at will between various locations in the Pacific. "Chant, legend, song, dance, and story tell of repeated voyaging between

Hawai'i and Tahiti" (Kyselka, *An Ocean In Mind* 14). Contrary to what some westerners believed, finding and populating the islands of the Pacific was not accidental. While the exact location may not have been realized, these early navigators set sail with the knowledge that they would find land. The folktale of Pa'ao and Lonopele, two brothers from Tahiti, tells how after a quarrel, Pa'ao left the island of Tahiti: "Pa'ao was consecrated for this voyage to find new land" (Kawaharada). Pa'ao settled on the island of Hawai'i, and built a heiau for his god. Hewahewa, the kahuna-nui during the reign of Kamehameha I, traced his geneology to Pa'ao.

There is an abundance of evidence that supports the conclusion that the discovery of Polynesia was accomplished by a people with the ability to navigate. The island of Kaho'olawe is the home of the bay, Lae O Kealaikahiki. Oral tradition identifies this bay as the "departure point from where Hawaiians left when they traveled between Hawai'i and Tahiti in the thirteenth century" (Aluli and McGregor 243). Kaho'olawe boasts other treasures which tell of a people possessing great knowledge of the sky and sea around them. According to Aluli and McGregor, "the kahuna Keawiki was associated with the school for training in astronomy and navigation at Moa'ula iki. At Moa'ula iki is found the foundations of a platform used for the navigational school and of a house site for the kahuna who instructed the students in

navigation" (243.) From Moa'ula iki one can see the currents running through the channels which separate the islands. The spot also provides an excellent site for astronomical observation (243). The knowledge of wayfinding possessed by the ancient Hawaiians was passed from generation to generation in a formal learning environment. These people were said to have been "skilled in observing the stars which served them as a mariner's compass in directing their course" (Malo 7). Wayfinding was an intricate part of ancient Hawaiian culture.

The traditions of astronomy and navigation were methodically passed down from father to son in the way of the ancients, orally. While the beauty and complexity of chants, songs and stories is captivating, this type of recordation can have its drawbacks. In the matter of the history of Hawai'i, according to David Malo, "some of the matters are clear and intelligible, but the larger part are vague" (1). The reason matters became obscure is not solely because the Hawaiians relied on oral tradition. For thousands of years the traditions, not just of wayfinding, but of medicine, canoe building and numerous other art forms, had been successfully taught by father to son. The tradition of oral recordation in and of itself is not flawed. However, within one hundred years of Captain Cook's arrival to the Hawaiian Islands, many traditions were lost or forgotten. Hawai'i suffered a population collapse at the hand of disease introduced by foreigners. Many of those entrusted to teach the traditions died. Then, toward the end of the nineteenth century an equally devastating curse befell the Hawaiian community: the language was banned. While the Hawaiian people fell victim to disease, the culture was held hostage when the people were deprived of their platform of instruction. While there are many who are working hard toward unlocking the secrets which the oral traditions hold, some things have been lost. The art of wayfinding, of which the Hawaiians were masters, is one such tradition.

As Hawai'i moved into the twentieth century,

the islands found themselves under Western influence. Western clothing, food and occupations began to consume Hawaiian culture. More and more the ways of old were abandoned. Hawaiian language was not spoken, hula was not danced, and enormous western ships with mechanical navigation devices filled the harbors. For a long time this was the lifestyle of the descendants of warriors, kahunas, astronomers, and wayfinders.

The last few decades have seen a concerted effort to rediscover and revitalize the Hawaiian culture. The early 1970s gave birth to a movement which began with a group practicing experimental archaeology and ended with a man bringing life back to a once lost tradition. The idea of building a canoe that replicated the ancient style, and then sailing it in the ancient way, without instruments, was an intriguing and dangerous challenge. The main obstacle of such an undertaking was that hardly anyone was left who retained the knowledge of ancient navigation used by the Hawaiians. Although the tradition had been lost, one man, Nainoa Thompson, sought to find the knowledge that his ancestors possessed.

Will Kyselka, who helped teach Thompson starpaths, noted that Thompson, who is of half Hawaiian ancestry, has a "lively curiosity and a deep affinity for the sea" (*An Ocean In Mind* 5). These characteristics were the driving forces which led Thompson on his journey to rediscover his heritage (5).

In the first leg of the voyage, Thompson worked with Kyselka, a geologist-turned-astronomer, at the Bishop Museum Planetarium. Thompson spent hundreds of hours at the Planetarium, literally memorizing thousands of stars and their paths. The ability to recreate star movement inside the planetarium combined with pointers provided by Kyselka aided Thompson's study of the stars. In this modern setting, Thompson accomplished what his ancestors must have done. He began accounting for various, unpredictable scenarios. Nature being erratic, and sometimes obscuring the

view of the heavens, necessitated more than one means to tell direction. Thompson created ways of knowing that were uniquely his own: "Thompson developed four ways for determining direction, six for determining latitude" (38). State of the art facilities and a formal education were the attributes of the modern world that Thompson used to pave the road he was traveling into the past.

For the next step of his journey, Thompson needed a teacher knowledgeable in wayfinding. Mau Piailug, of the small atoll, Satawal, was the only choice. Thompson remembered Mau from the 1976 Hokule'a voyage. He knew that Mau was one of the few men in the Pacific who possessed the knowledge of wayfinding. Mau was responsible for the Hokule'a's first successful journey to Tahiti in 1976. He had been recruited by Ben Finney, the choreographer of the first voyage. The master navigator guided the Hokule'a safely from Hawai'i to Tahiti without the aid of instruments. Mau explained that his knowledge had been passed down from generation to generation, orally, as in Hawaiian tradition: "My father and grandfather teach me" (Kyselka, Hawaiian Sky 52). After the trip to Tahiti, he returned to Satawal. As Thompson watched Mau return, he said "with him went our knowledge of the wayfinding art" (Ocean in Mind 20). Yet this also marked the beginning of Thompson's great endeavor to attain the knowledge of his forefathers.

In 1979, Thompson contacted Mau and then flew to Satawal to meet with him. He was anxious. Thompson knew that after the 1976 voyage of the Hokule'a, Mau vowed never to return to Hawai'i: "I don't go back Honolulu anymore" (Finney 261). The dissension among the crew of the 1976 voyage was too much for Mau, and it contradicted everything that wayfinding represented (258-59). Thompson knew this when he asked for Mau's help in 1979. Mau had met Thompson in Tahiti, and remembered him. Mau's vow to never return to Hawai'i was not given lightly, but something about Thompson must have changed his mind, for

Mau did return, and he mentored Thompson. In Thompson, Mau saw a man whose desire to embrace the ancient tradition would outweigh any other obstacles. In Thompson, Mau sensed a man like himself, who would love wayfinding.

"Mau's navigational knowledge came out of tradition" (Kyselka, Hawaiian Sky 52). Mau was almost casual in his approach to wayfinding because the knowledge is deeply embedded in his being. He enjoys his craft: "Make happy!" he would tell the crew (Ocean in Mind 60). This is significant of the attitude Mau finds necessary to ensure successful voyaging. This was the attitude lacking in the 1976 voyage. In Nainoa Thompson Mau saw the right ingredients, a man willing to put the tradition above petty grievances.

The tradition that Mau learned from his father and grandfather is threatened with extinction. Mau hoped to pass the tradition on to one of his children, but all but one have passed up the ancient art of wayfinding for other lifestyles ("The Navigators," video). Perhaps this is another reason Mau embraced Thompson. He found the essential traits of a wayfinder, characteristics not found in his own family. Thompson became Mau's vehicle for assuring that the tradition of wayfinding would not die with him.

The way to understanding Mau's teaching became an evolution of simplifying and intensifying. Thompson learned first that, because there were no charts or instruments, Mau only used a few stars in his wayfinding method. However, he was also aware of the environment, the sea, sky, wind, and colors all around him. Mau used these signs to predict prime conditions for sailing as well as weather (Ocean in Mind 58-67). The way Mau taught was unlike any learning that Thompson had experienced up until this point. There were no notebooks or lesson plans (60-62). He taught Thompson the way back to the tradition of his ancestors: to feel the land and sea around you, to become one with it, to mālama'āina.

In the summer of 1980, the Hōkūle'a success-

fully completed her journey between Hawai'i and Tahiti. The success of this voyage had a tremendous impact around the world. Thompson proved to the world that a long distance voyage could be accomplished without the aid of navigational instruments. And more specifically, it could be done between the islands of Tahiti and Hawai'i. The legends that the chants and songs of Hawai'i allude to could now be re-evaluated as an accurate, oral history. This was unlike the 1976 voyage, where Mau guided the Hawaiian canoe. This time a Hawaiian used traditional Polynesian knowledge, taught by Mau, and created a way that was unique. Wayfinding is not an exact science; it is the way a navigator becomes one with his environment. That relationship is unique to the individual.

From within Thompson himself came the key to rediscovering the ancient tradition of wayfinding, a key that perhaps Thompson himself did not know he possessed. Kyselka describes Thompson as a man who is driven, who "must learn the stars and the sea and how to sail to distant islands as his Hawaiian ancestors had done" (*Ocean In Mind* 4). Not only is Thompson extremely intelligent, scoring "off the top" of intelligence tests, he was impelled to know his heritage (5). The dedication and commitment exhibited by Thompson in the years he spent studying at the planetarium is not the work of a man pursuing a dream, this is the work of a man pursuing a way of life. Somewhere embedded within him, passed down to him from his Hawaiian ancestors came the concept of mālama'āina. While the exact oral tradition had been lost, Thompson learned a love for the land and sea around him. This is what Mau saw in Thompson. This is why Mau changed his mind and came back to share his knowledge with Thompson.

Thompson went in search of his ancestry, but the lesson in his story is that it was within himself all the time. The formal, state-of-the-art technology at the Bishop Museum Planetarium and the traditional style of Mau's native teachings were tools that Thompson used, but the catalyst was



Nainoa Thompson

Photograph courtesy of the Polynesian Voyaging Society and Bishop Museum/NASA.

When I think back on my life, it's clear that I had no way of knowing that I would be here now doing what I am doing. When I began studying in school and gaining knowledge, sometimes I doubted the importance of that effort. But it's the knowledge that I gained with the help of so many teachers that is allowing me to do what we are about to do.

So I just hope that all our children will keep on pursuing knowledge because none of us know where we are going, but at some point in our lives, that knowledge will allow us to jump off into the unknown, to take on new challenges, and that's what I consider before every one of these voyage...the challenge. Learning is all about taking on a challenge, no matter what the outcome may be. When we accept the challenge we open ourselves to new insight and knowledge.

When we voyage, and I mean voyage anywhere, not just in canoes, but in our mind, new doors of knowledge will open, and that's what this voyage is all about...it's about taking on a challenge to learn. If we inspire even one of our children to do the same, then we will have succeeded.

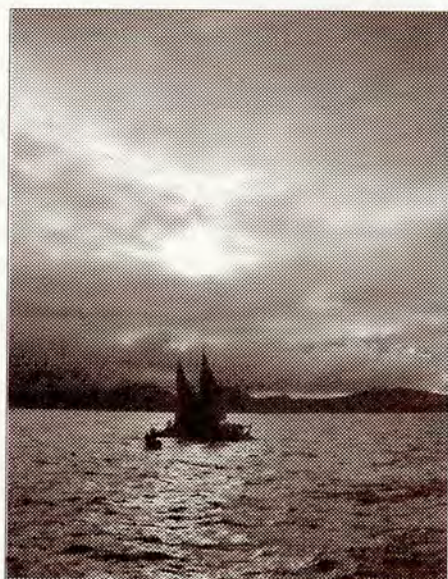
—Thoughts of Navigator Nainoa Thompson on the Mission of the Quest for Rapa Nui, Just Before Departing from Mangareva , September 9, 1999 <<http://leahi.kcc.hawaii.edu/org/pvs/rapanui/nainoa092299.html>>

Thompson himself, his heart and soul, and his Hawaiian heritage. As with Mau's knowledge of navigation, this is not a formal learning, probably something he didn't ever recall not knowing. It is a quality that Thompson absorbed from his family, and his 'āina.

While the success of the Hōkūle'a has meant a great deal to the Hawaiian people, it is much more than evidence that instrument-free navigation can be done across thousands of miles. Thompson has become one of the beacons for the Hawaiian people. He not only successfully sailed the Hōkūle'a, but he has embraced the ways of old, and has chosen wayfinding as a way of life. People like Nainoa Thompson are recreating ways to learn the ancient traditions. Embedded within the simple practices that Hawaii's children are taught when they watch their grandfathers throw fishing nets, or their mothers pound poi, are the keys to the ways of old. Thompson combined the knowledge he gained from modern institutions, like the Bishop Museum Planetarium, and built on this with the traditional ways of knowing, as taught by Mau. Both yield results, but combining the two, bringing together the ancient ways with modern education, bridges the gap between the lost past and the present.

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Editor's Note:

Dawn, October 8, 1999, the crew of the Hōkūle'a sighted Rapa Nui, the last major island in the Polynesian Triangle to be visited by canoes of the Polynesian Voyaging Society since its inception twenty-five years ago. The Hōkūle'a left Hilo on June 15, 1999 on a journey to find the most isolated high island on Earth. Nainoa Thompson was master navigator for the trip.

Photograph courtesy of the Polynesian Voyaging Society and Bishop Museum/NASA

Na Lima Mili Hulu No'eau (Skilled Hands Touch the Feathers)

You are Halulu, the bird that calls above the houses
You stand on the perch of that bird's outstretched wings
The *Kiwa'a* is calling, the prophetic bird of the upper spaces
He kino manu, he inoa manu, no ka lani - ko inoa e
A bird body, a bird name, from the sky, for the chief.
Your Name!
-Kekuapo 'i 'ulaokalani-

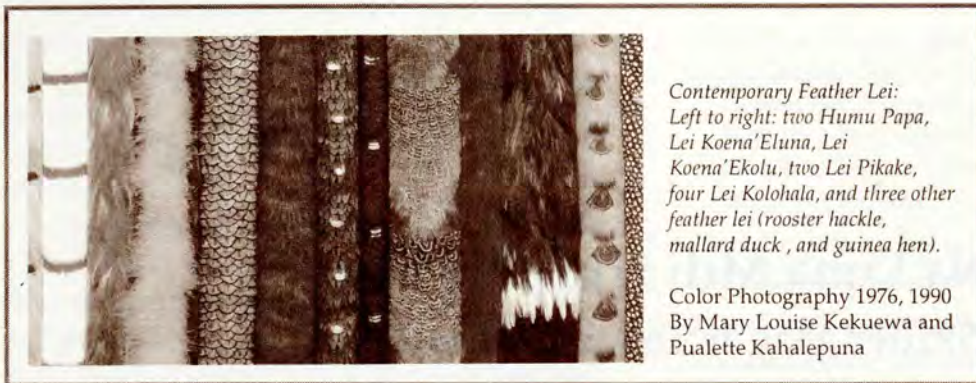
When I first arrived in Honolulu, the first thing my boyfriend gave me was a beautiful flower lei. Soon I found that in Hawai'i, people, locals and tourists, wear flower leis everywhere. However, I learned that not many people buy and wear leis themselves, because a lei is a sign of honor and those who are given one to wear are somewhat important. I wanted to learn more about lei making, its significance and origin. I discovered there is another kind of lei which is more interesting to me, the feather lei.

My search took me to a feather lei shop on Kapahulu Avenue called *Na Lima Mili Hulu No'eau* (Skilled Hand Touched the Feathers) of Aunt Mary Louise Kaleonahenahe (Peck) Kekuawa and her daughter, Paulette Nohelani (Kekuawa) Kahalepuna. Aunt Mary Lou is one of the masters of the art of feather work and she has more than forty years of experience in feather work. She learned feather work from her teacher, Leilani O. Fernandez, who was her important inspiration. Aunt Mary Lou and Paulette have continually represented the State of Hawai'i at many international exhibitions and traveled to various places to demonstrate feather work, both in the United States and in other countries.

The Hawaiian people inherited the feather work knowledge from their Polynesian ancestors. Therefore, we can find feather work in other Pacific Islands. For example, the Maori people in New Zealand had feather capes, the Marquesans had feather headdresses, and the Tahitians and Samoans had feather ornaments. However, Hawai-



Paulette makes a lei loke-lani.
Color photograph by Kewalin Siritho.



ian feather work is considered the most intricate and highly developed in technique of all Pacific Islanders. Since there were no gems nor gold or silver in the Pacific Islands, feathers served as precious material for people of high rank. The Hawaiian feather work was restricted only to royal family, high chiefs and gods. Common people did not have the rights to wear feathers. Examples of feather work include feather cloak, helmet, girdle which were used only by the male chiefs and feather lei, worn on neck or head of the queen and princess.

The colors normally used in royal feather work are red, yellow and black. Red represents blood shed in the past; yellow, golden future; and black, dark past. However, we can also find green feathers, which represent lush, verdant valleys in some cloaks. Throughout Polynesia, red was the most prized color and was reserved for high male chiefs and the gods. In Hawai'i, yellow eventually superseded red as the most prized color because fewer yellow feathers were available. The most famous feather cloak is the golden cloak of King Kamehameha I, made from some 450,000 of the rarest feathers of the *mamo*. It represents, by one calculation, more than 80,000 birds, since each bird yielded only six or seven suitable golden yellow feathers. Besides being symbols of sovereignty, feather girdles also carried a ritual significance and power over other humans.

Later, the role of feather work began to change. During the 18th century, the art gradually lost its association with traditional chiefly usage,

and the few pieces that were not traded or given to visitors became items of display at the royal court. Some cloaks were used as palls at funerals of state after the owner passed away.

Feather leis can be divided into two types: traditional lei (*wili poepoe*) and contemporary lei (*humu papa*). The traditional lei are round, using the techniques of tying feathers around a central cord. They are worn around the neck or head or worn as hatbands. The first cuts, second cuts, and third cuts of the feather and the technique of placing the feathers make traditional leis different from the contemporary.

Contemporary leis are flat and are worn as hatbands. Those are sewn on a felt base. It is believed that the Hawaiian people first started sewing feathers on a base to make lei soon after the introduction of metal needles, brought by the missionaries who arrived in Hawai'i in 1820. The first cut contemporary lei is called *humu papa*. The second and third cuts are known as *lei koena 'elua* and *lei koena 'elolu*. Other kinds of contemporary leis are called according to the feather used. For example, *lei pikake* is made from peacock feather and *lei kolohala* from pheasant feathers.

Feather lei making was prohibited because it caused the extinction of rare birds. Later, feather lei making became popular again after dyed goose feathers were introduced to replace the rare natural bird feathers. Every new student must start with dyed goose feathers since they are less expensive.

Paulette brought me the supplies needed to make the feather lei: ribbon 18 inches long of the same shade of the feather, four strands of four-ply yarn about 35 inches long serving as central cord, a sewing needle, thread of the same color, ribbon, and two containers to store the feathers.

She recommended that I rinse and dry the feathers for best use and then snip the quill of the feather to its desired length. To give the feather its curve, the feather needs to be crimped by placing the feather between the thumb and pointer finger and pressing the quill against the thumbnail. I was then told to trim the undesirable parts by cutting both sides of the feathers to make them thinner and easier to tie.

In ancient times, the Hawaiian people used the banana fiber or the bark of the *olonā* shrub. They also had to use the whole feather since they did not have scissors to cut the feather to the desired length.

Like all other traditional feather lei, the ribbon is sewn into the knotted yarn. The yarn knot is placed on the folded end ribbon and the ribbon is wrapped over the knot and stitched through the knot. Then the other side of the ribbon is folded over the first stitch and sewn again. This way, the knot cannot be seen.



Traditional Feather Lei:

Top to bottom: Wili Poepoe (first cuts), Wili Poepoe (second cuts), two Lei Kamoe (first cuts), Lei Kamoe (second cuts), Lei Loke-lani, Lei Okole-'oi'oi, and Lei Maunaloa

Color Photography 1976, 1990

Courtesy of Mary Louise Kekuewa and Pualette Kahalepuna

The feather is tied onto the central cord. There are two positions used in *lei maunaloa*. Position one is used on the left and right sides of the lei. The front convex part of the feather is attached to the central cord. Position two is used on the front and back side of the lei. The back concave part of the feather is attached to the central cord. The positions are repeated until the feathers overlap with one another.

While it took me three hours to make a 2-inch lei, it took Paulette about twelve hours to complete a feather lei. Feather lei making takes a lot of patience, skill and a loving heart. No one can make a feather lei without patience and diligence. Each winding is not just an art but also a spiritual meditation. I admire the Hawaiian people who show their love to their king and the royal family by this graceful art. Not only can I admire the beauty of my own feather lei, but I feel privileged to learn one of the most precious arts in the world.

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The Outrigger Canoe Club

Nearly a century of supporting aquatic sports

The Outrigger Canoe Club is considered to be Hawaii's most prestigious private club. Located on the outskirts of Waikiki, the club, a nonprofit corporation, is owned and operated by its members. It was founded in 1908 by a man named Alexander Hume Ford, a former Chicago newspaper man who arrived in Honolulu in 1907. He attracted little attention and made very little impression on the few people he met around town. He quietly disappeared only to return to Hawai'i in 1908. He was to become known as a promoter, not of business ventures, but of causes.

Ford's first local cause was to revive Hawaii's "royal sport" of surfing. The art of surfboard riding was rapidly dying out in Waikiki because the beaches were becoming closed to the locals. Private residences and hotels were beginning to occupy the entire beach area. Ford proposed that a surfing club be organized. His idea was to recruit and encourage young surfers to participate in the sport. The plan was to provide some kind of dressing-room facilities at Waikiki Beach for the men and boys who had no easy access to the good surfing areas. In 1908 Ford obtained sponsors to pay for his idea. These sponsors came from a small group of Honolulu's finest business and professional communities, and thus the Outrigger Canoe Club was born.

The OCC's first order of business was to find a place to locate the club. The site they found is the

present location of the Outrigger Waikiki Hotel. In 1908, the area was then occupied by the Moana Hotel. It was right next to a fresh water lagoon fed by the Mānoa Stream. Ford approached a trustee of the Queen Emma Estate with a request to use their land next to the lagoon. This Trustee, Bruce Cartwright, was favorably inclined but he wanted the approval of his neighbors, the Judd Estate, which was located on the Diamond Head side of the Emma Estate plot, and the Bishop Estate on the Ewa side. The Bishop Estate readily accepted Ford's request, but the Judd Estate was skeptical about the idea of leasing the land to Ford. They were unsure about the type of club Ford was proposing. Reluctantly, the Judd Estate finally agreed, but it was under the condition that the land be used only for the purpose of preserving surfing on the boards and in outrigger canoes. A mere ten dollars was the yearly lease for the one and a half acre plot.

Once OCC had the lease which Ford and his backers obtain in Spring of 1908, they wasted no time in getting organized. The OCC idea had the community's support and felt it was ready for an organization with the aims and ideals that Ford had. One of the reasons for getting the club into place in a hurry was the impending visit of then President Theodore Roosevelt and his Great White Fleet. He was supposed to stop in Honolulu in July 1908 and the community felt it would be nice to entertain the President and his fleet in Hawaiian

style at a club on Waikiki Beach.

The first meeting that the OCC held was in April 1908. In May of that same year, a constitution and set of bylaws were drawn up in an organizational meeting. Ford became the first acting president of the OCC.

The Outrigger's original clubhouse consisted of two grass shacks. The money used to purchase the huts came in an unexpected form. A group of young canoeists had won a cash prize and was afraid to keep it as they were amateurs. They gave it to Ford who purchased the shacks from a defunct zoo. The huts were moved to the newly leased site by the lagoon and were converted to practical use. One of the shacks was fitted out as a storage shed for canoes and surfboards. The other shack faced the beach and became the Club's first bathhouse and dressing room. Both were equipped with spacious lānais. In 1910 a pavilion was built where the members of OCC could dance, get a drink, and enjoy other social events. It had a thatched roof and quickly became a popular gathering place.

From the very beginning the OCC had exclusive membership. Ford realized that even with OCC's influential backing, funds would be needed for the construction of facilities and to cover operating costs. He turned to the business community for material assistance. Two men who

were in the public eye jumped at the chance. They felt that if the club was going to benefit boys and young men who did not have a lot of money, the initiation fees and dues would have to be set at a nominal price. In the May 1908 organizational meeting there was the establishment of initiation fees and dues. Adults paid an initiation fee of ten dollars while boys ranging from ten to sixteen paid five dollars. Dues were twelve dollars per year for adults and five dollars for boys. At this time there was approximately eighty-six members and fifteen junior members.

The OCC was an exclusively men's club, but that idea did not last long. Less than two months of the official opening of OCC, Ford announced that a ladies auxiliary was being contemplated. By early 1909 the Women's Auxiliary of the Outrigger Canoe Club was organized. This new branch of OCC had its own president and sixty members. Many of its members were the wives of the men's branch of club. The ladies' auxiliary had its own site on the OCC property and the parent club provided suitable dressing rooms for the women. The women, who were mainly swimmers, had full access to the beach, lānais and hau terraces that had been built. While the auxiliary was a separate entity, it was part of the organization. Each club had its own constitution, bylaws and officers. Each club also managed its own finances. While it may appear that they were two separate clubs, from a



Outrigger members filled the Club's open-air beach pavilions and overflowed onto the sand on a festive occasion in 1914.

Photograph courtesy of Outrigger Canoe Club

practical standpoint the two organizations worked together. When the Women's Auxiliary elected to go its separate way in 1926, many of the ladies decided to stay as full fledged members of OCC. This was no longer an exclusively men's club.

In 1910 the OCC signed its first charter and built its first club house. The thatched huts were picturesque, but there were vulnerable to the winds that could come up on the Hawaiian coast. Besides the clubhouse, a two-story high pavillion was built. The ground floor was really a sand floor where the surfboards and canoes were kept. The top story became known as the Dance Pavilion. It was a spacious, sheltered lānai where the members could get tea and other non-alcoholic beverages. Soon a commissary was added where one could get a snack. Waikiki in 1910 was still isolated and undeveloped. The OCC, beginning to change its image, was becoming the social center for this area of Honolulu.

With the new pavilion and clubhouse, OCC was making a gradual transition from an aquatic sports club to a general sports club. The club was trying to decide just what kind of club they were to be when they became involved in inter-organizational sports. The president at the time, Judge Stanford Dole, believed that the OCC should at all times and under all circumstances stand for amateur athletics. Some members raised some questions about this as at times they might get paid to act as steersmen for visitors or instructors in the fundamentals of surfing. Dole was adamant though, and the OCC was committed to remain an amateur sports club. It still has that commitment today.

The amateur status that the OCC adheres to has meant that over years quite a few of its members have competed in the Olympics. One of its most famous Olympians was Duke Kahanamoku. He was born in Waikiki and grew up surfing and swimming in the ocean. In 1912 he became a well-known international figure when he set a new

world and Olympic record for the 100 meter freestyle in Stockholm, Sweden. He competed in a total of four Olympics, setting two world records. Kahanamoku also brought home three gold and a silver medals. He was the man that introduced the art of surfing to the world.

Another famous Olympian was a member of the early Women's Auxiliary Club, Aileen Soule. She was the youngest U.S. champion at age fourteen. She went to the 1920 Olympics and brought home the first women's gold in springboard diving. She competed in the 1924 Olympics to win medals in both diving and swimming. Still a member at OCC, Soule, at ninety-two, is continuing to set records in swimming for her age group.

The OCC has sent other athletes to the Olympics over the years, most recently the 1996 games in Atlanta. All-American Mike Lambert competed with the volleyball team and Traci Philips in the kayaking events. Before these OCC athletes could become famous, the club had to evolve into an athletic club.

The OCC idea at the beginning was to be a club dedicated to the revival and advancement of Hawaiian aquatic sports. They were very slow to start their athletic program. At the secondary school in the early 1900s, baseball, football, basketball and track were part of the regular programs. For those who had money, there were polo fields in Kapi'olani and Moanalua parks. Yachting was available on the Pearl Lochs at the Peninsula. The new Scottish game of golf could be played in the Nu'uaniu Valley. In the Honolulu Harbor, swimming and diving were the popular sports. Many members of the OCC and others often devoted more time to competitive competition in these area than they did to surfing. Rowing was of particular interest as many men in the community had attended such ivy-leagues like Yale and Harvard, where intercollegiate crew racing was a big thing. Many of the men who helped formed OCC were members of rowing clubs who held their events in

the Honolulu Harbor. The lack of consensus ultimately slowed the OCC's early move to develop a sports program.

One of the sports that the OCC adopted from the onset was canoeing. The first important event on record at OCC was an early canoe regatta. In July 1908 when the Great White Fleet arrived in Honolulu, the OCC set up the regatta for entertainment purposes. The OCC entered a boys' crew in one of the races, the first competitive sports event of record in OCC's history. There was a great turnout for the event. Prince Kuhio entered a crew of seasoned Hawaiian boys in the same race as the OCC and beat them. Although OCC lost, it was the beginning of canoe racing for the members of OCC.

Waikiki was mainly a fishing area at this time. While there was surfing and yachting off the beach front, people were mostly riding in fishing boats. During World War I, the OCC revived the art of canoe surfing and within a couple of years serious canoe racing got under way. At this time there was already a racing club in the Honolulu Harbor. It was a well-known boat club that the King had founded called the Myrtle Boat Club. After the war, canoe racing picked up and the two clubs would race against each other.

Over the years, the OCC had its ups and downs. The rent on the lease increased as did the membership dues. By the 1930s, the OCC was still primarily a swimming, surfing and canoeing club. They had also added volleyball and other simple sports to their program. In 1941 they built a new clubhouse. There were two buildings on the property. In one of them there was locker room space and surfboard lockers. In the central patio were sand volleyball courts, a lawn for sunbathers and a small snack bar. The second building was a two-story facility. The upper floor was a dining area and cocktail lounge. A few members were a little leery of the new concept. They wondered if this idea was going to change the whole Outrigger idea. Others felt that the OCC needed this dining

element as most other country clubs served food and drinks. Its image was changing into a place that would be desirable for all types of people.

In the 1950s, the OCC sponsored a permanent organization called the Hawaiian Canoe Racing and Surfing Association (HCRA), which is still in existence today. Canoe racing was now prevalent in Hawai'i and there seemed to be a need for it to be on a more firm and business like level. The OCC extended invitation to nine clubs including several on the neighbor islands. With the OCC and three other clubs, Hui Nalu, Waikiki Surf and Healani as its core group, canoe racing was more popular than ever in Hawai'i. It was even spreading to the mainland United States.

OCC had several events that itself sponsored. One was a regatta held every 4th of July beginning around 1916 (or 1917). That race is still held on the same day with the race ending right in front of the club. It is the oldest organized race in Hawai'i. In 1943 the race not only allowed women to compete but was renamed the Walter J. MacFarlane Race after the OCC elected president who died that year while on a business trip. In 1939, MacFarlane became president at a crucial time in OCC history. They needed to raise money and with some bold moves and investments, MacFarlane successfully kept the OCC alive.

Another race that is still held is called the Dad Center Race after George David "Dad" Center. This race is now a long distance race held every August. Center was a steersman for the Myrtle Club in 1908, and in 1917 joined the OCC. He was the cornerstone for the club in promoting aquatic sports. Without Center, the OCC might not have the kind of program that it does today.

With the organization of HCRA, canoeing clubs were clamoring for a more challenging event. At this time there were some beach boys canoeing from Moloka'i to O'ahu. Canoe members of the club petitioned OCC's Board to start a Moloka'i to O'ahu race but were turned down. In 1953, the Board approved the Moloka'i challenge and OCC

entered a crew. The about-face policy of the Board resulted in a new and more dependable sponsorship for the race which is the granddaddy of all races still held every October. The first race was called the Iron Man and six crew members paddled the race the whole way. Soon after, they began to allow escort boats and changes. Each club could now have eight paddlers and could alternate during the race. The women paddlers protested. They said they were perfectly capable of crossing the channel as well, and in September 1971, the Moloka'i to O'ahu women's race was started.

The OCC's lease on the Waikiki property expired in 1963 and after much debate the club decided to move. They leased some property from the Elk's Club which was located at the end of Kalākaua Avenue and built a new clubhouse. It was equipped with modern fixtures and equipment. There was also a degree of privacy that the club never had before. One option the members were especially happy about was the six levels of parking. They also enjoyed the new private beach area which had been dredged for the club. There were several different dining facilities available to the members, everything from a snack shop to fine dining. Beach volleyball was given its own space

on a court that was situated above the snack shop. Canoes were given their own place on the sand. While many members were sad to leave the old OCC site, they quickly got used to the new area and were happy with it.

The OCC survives to this day on the same spot. Presently it has about 4,300 members. It is still mainly an athletic club with many members joining the now-famous OCC paddling crews. Today, canoe racing is organized by the O'ahu Hawaiian Canoe Racing Association (OHCRA) which was founded in 1979 when HCRA was reorganized into geographical areas. Volleyball is also one of the mainstay sports at OCC. The OCC volleyball team has won four National Amateur Athletic Association Championships as well as numerous titles in all age groups. OCC still sponsors the club's surfers as well as other sports like swimming, paddleboarding, tennis, golf, running, rugby, water polo, softball, off-road motorcycle racing and just about anything dealing with boats and water.

Remembering Waipi'o Valley

Waipi'o Valley is located on the windward shores of the island of Hawai'i. It has been described as "the way the Lord would have liked to fashion the Garden of Eden" by J.D. Bisignani, a travel writer, in his *Big Island of Hawai'i Handbook*, published in 1994 (193). Contrary to Bisignani, through my grandfather's eyes, Waipi'o Valley was a place of hard physical labor and long days.

The valley was home to many great Hawaiian chiefs. King Umialiloa planted taro like a commoner and fished with his own hands. Kamehameha the Great found solace and comfort here after heavy battles. He felt the valley was a source of "earthly and spiritual power" (197). Kamehameha fought one of his rivals, Keoua, just off the shore of the valley. They fought with artillery acquired by bartering with sea captains. Two sailors from those ships, Davis and Young,

became trusted advisors to Kamehameha and helped him in conquering what became known as the "Battle of the Red-Mouthed Gun" (Bisignani 197).

Known for its majestic beauty, Waipi'o has enchanted all who have stepped foot on this rich fertile land, from the valley floor, which is fronted by a black sand beach, to the hills of the five waterfalls, Waiaimea, Na'alapa, Nanaue, Papala, and Hi'ilawe. If you stood at the lookout, which gives a breathtaking view of the valley, you can see the outlines of garden terraces, taro patches, and fishponds. Every source of food once flourished in the valley. In times of famine it is said that the produce of the entire island could sustain the populace of the island of Hawai'i (193). At the time Captain Cook arrived, the population was 4000 plus. A century later, only 600 of these native Hawaiians remained (197). The decline of the

Hin Chun and his sons
Photograph courtesy
of the Chun family



population was due to common natural disasters such as flooding, which would wash away the crops of the farmers. In 1946 a tsunami swept away most of the homes, leaving the valley devastated. With just a handful of natives still living there, Bisignani wrote, Waipi'o is now a "neglected maiden with a dirty face and disheveled, wind-blown hair. Only love and nurturing can refresh her lingering beauty" (193).

*Kumaka ka 'ikena ia Hi'ilawe
Ka papa lohi mai a'o Maukele.*

*Pakele mau au, I ka nui manu
Hauwala 'au nei, puni Wai-pi'o.*

*'A'ole no wau, e loa'a mai
A he uhiwai au, no ke kuahiwi.*

*He hiwahiwa au na ka makua
A he lei 'ai, na ke kupuna.*

No Puna ke 'ala, I hali 'ia mai

Noho I ka wailele a'o Hi'ilawe.

*Ha'ina 'ia mai ana ka puana
Kumaka ka 'ikena, ia Hi'ilawe.*

Na mele (oral chants) told of Waipi'o from the time of the eleventh century. These chants were very important to the Hawaiian people because they preserved their legends, traditions, genealogies, and history. One mele, "Hi'ilawe," which is a waterfall in Waipi'o Valley, tells the story of a girl from Puna who has a love affair at Hi'ilawe waterfall in Waipi'o (Elbert and Mahoe 49).

All eyes are on Hi'ilawe
In the sparkling lowlands of Maukele.

I escape all the birds
Chattering everywhere in Waipi'o.

I am not caught
For I am the mist of mountains

I am the darling of the parents
And a lei for the necks of Grandparents.

The fragrance is wafted from Puna

And lives at Hi'ilawe waterfall.

Tell the refrain:
All eyes are on Hi'ilawe.

In the early 1900's, Chinese and Japanese immigrants came to the valley to cultivate rice, grow taro and pursue their dreams. One of these immigrants was my great grandfather, Hin Chun. Hin Chun came to the Hawaiian Islands as a contract sugarcane worker from China. He worked for the sugar plantation for many years before his contract was fulfilled. When his obligation was finished, my great grandfather moved to Waipi'o to grow rice. Together with many other Chinese in the valley, he began the cultivation and harvesting of rice. My great grandfather wanted to farm his own land. In pursuit of his dream he returned to China to find a wife, and then returned to Waipi'o

Valley to start his family, a family he would need to help farm the land. Gung Gung (as I know my grandfather) was born on June 22, 1918, the ninth child out of ten.

Gung Gung said that the planting of the rice was the hardest part of growing it. The work involved constantly standing in mud and water up to the knees bending over to plant the rice, a position which was not good for the back.

When it was time to harvest, the rice was cut in the morning. In the afternoon everyone would bundle the rice and take it to the mill where it would be threshed. Everyone had a job to do around the farm. The older and stronger the kids

got, the more physical and intense their work became. If the children were too young to do heavy work, their job was to chase the pesky ricebirds away from the plants.

There were two crops of rice a year. Although the mill enhanced rice production, there was only one in the valley. The majority of the work was still done by human hands. Waipi'o rice depended solely upon water from the valley and was harvested by manpower. Because of this style of farming, the price of rice from Waipi'o was generally higher compared to the rice harvested on the mainland. The mainland had machines to help them in growing rice so that by the end of the day the harvest would be twice as much as Waipi'o Valley rice. People tasted a difference in the quality of Waipi'o rice compared to imported California rice, but because California was producing more rice and the cost was cheaper, people began buying California rice and lots of it.

What turned out to be Hin Chun's last crop was the one crop that filled the fields with what promised to make his family very wealthy. However, the weather in Waipi'o Valley was very unpredictable, and one rain washed away the efforts of Hin Chun's family and twenty-two men who had worked all day and night harvesting this prized crop. This dashed Hin Chun's dream of farming. It was at this point he told his children, "There is no future in rice farming — you'd better go back to school" (Salmoiraghi and Yoshinaga 21). Hin Chun planted one more crop, saw his children

back in school that next fall and died a few months later.

My Gung Gung finished high school in Hilo, as did his brothers and sisters. He eventually moved to Oahu where he worked at the Dole cannery and later went on to a trade school. He worked at Pearl Harbor until his retirement in the late '70s.

In 1946 a tidal wave hit Waipi'o and marked a turning point in everyone's lives. Several waves bombarded the valley and swept houses away, ruined crops, and terrified the people. Many natives moved out of the valley up to Kukuihaele, never to return. One observer noted, "Old man Nakanishi was white as a haole from fright. He got off his sandhill and climbed up the Pali trail and never went back into Waipi'o again" (27). The few families who stayed, worked together to rebuild their homes, crops, and restore the valley.

While people of today see Waipi'o Valley as a beautiful and historical tourist site, as a one time resident, my grandfather, will always remember his family struggling to make ends meet through hard work and extreme physical labor.

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Sons for the Return Home

Sons for the Return Home by Albert Wendt. Vilsoni Hereniko, Ed. Honolulu: University of Hawai'i Press, 1996. 218 pages, paper \$12.95.

Images and events from our past can ironically haunt our present life, defining who we are and who we are to become. This pervading power of the past is evident in Albert Wendt's *Sons For the Return Home*. By weaving the past with the present, the author reveals how the two are intertwined. From the opening line, the reader is struck with the feeling of alienation, of going through the motions of life without knowing the purpose. Are you to fulfill the plans and dreams of your family or become who you want to be? Wendt seems to say that to know who you are, you must face the past, understand how it shaped you, and finally move beyond its constraints.

In facing the past, Wendt explores the traditions and importance of the familial ties in Samoa. Wendt condescendingly describes the wonderful life in Samoa through the mother. The storytelling is a Samoan *Aesop's* fables. It is designed to teach the sons how to be "proper" Samoans. The exaggerations of how everything is perfect in Samoa gives us a glimpse of the blind pride people can feel toward their homeland. Especially evident is the tendency to romanticize one's culture when living among strangers, making the past become a more powerful force in daily life. The reason the family moves to New Zealand is to give the sons a good education. But it goes beyond a simple education; there is an expectation that the youngest son will become a doctor in fulfillment of a

family tradition. Again, the pressures of life come from the past.

Wendt seems to say that death has a strong influence on reality, and not merely death, but killing as well. This is a recurring theme in the book. From the pig, to the abortion, and the revelation of the grandfather's story in the coconut grove, Wendt exposes the reader to this idea. This influence is not limited to physical murder. The psychological murder of true love is repeated through generations of racist beliefs by both *palagi* and Samoans is a betrayal of those you care about because you fear what others will think. Wendt says this is wrong, and the only way to break free from it is to bring it out in the open and try not to repeat it.

Racism is a part of the power of the past; it permeates our entire being and creates a stench that can never be erased. It is a product of the stories we tell each other. By focusing on how good one culture is, other cultures are made to look weak. The condescension in language promotes the feeling of superiority, but repeating racial stereotypes creates a vicious cycle of more racism. Wendt seem to say that only with a conscious change can racism be altered, but that it will never be eliminated. It determines the way all of the characters relate to one another. Whether with aloofness or hostility, all of the reactions are due to racist beliefs.

Christianity is such a central part of Samoan culture; it is an obvious power of the past. If a Samoan does not participate in the religion, his social status and that of his family is affected. An effect on their daily lives is a requirement that each family make a public donation to the church as proof of its "genuine *alofa* for God." Anyone who is not Christian is considered to be a pagan. Wendt seems to say that the hold religion has is one of guilt.

The past influences who we are and how we relate to others. But the question must be asked, is who we are predetermined by the past? How much of who we are is due to genetics? The younger son's personality and looks are like the grandfather. In finding out who he is, the younger son must learn the truth of his grandfather's life and death. Through the knowledge he gains, he accepts who he is. Wendt seems to be saying that our past is mimicked by the selves we are today.

Wendt's belief that a person must move beyond the past is evident in the freedom the characters express after facing their past. He seems to say that one becomes stagnant if the past is not confronted. Guilt is the emotion that the past preserves; it is not limited by culture or country. It

causes the past to haunt our lives. Forgiveness of others and of one's self is the only way to break free of the past and to allow love to heal.

Respect for tradition and of ancestors is predominant in the cultures of the Pacific Islands. Wendt builds this story upon that basic custom, exploring the many ways the power of the past influences our daily lives. In the very end, he seems to be saying that a choice must be made whether to allow this to continue or to break from the mold. The first offers the comforts of knowing what to expect; the latter leaves you free, but alone.

In my experience, this power of the past is used in many cultures to maintain order and cultural identity. Things are done a certain way because that is the way it has always been done. Wendt's analysis of how pervasive the past is on daily life is so precise. It is a part of every action and every emotion. In the last chapter, he is observing the new immigrants through the eyes of the experienced. He recognizes that their belief that "they would return unharmed, unchanged, rich" is false. It is impossible to escape from change, but it is possible to live with it. As each moment passes, a new past is created.

Laotians in Hawai'i

In the middle of the Indo-Chinese peninsula of Southeast Asia lies Laos, a small country which has an area of 91,400 square miles. In Laos, society is strictly patriarchal. Although the Laotian constitution states that "Lao citizens, irrespective of their sex, social status, education, faith, and ethnic group are equal before law..." it is a misleading statement. Men still have superiority over women today. This superiority of the male carries into fields of education, employment and even the basic family structure. Men may have concubines or mistresses. No females have positions in the Laotian government. Monarchies are passed on from father to son, creating a caste system in which there is very little movement up or down. Because many Laotians have emigrated to America and Hawai'i to seek new opportunities, contact with other cultures and new ways of life are changing some parts of Laotian culture. Some families have resided in Hawai'i for some time and are now raising second-generation Laotian-Americans.

In Laos, although society is patriarchal, Laotians practice the system of matrilocal residence. In Laos marriage usually takes place around the age of 16. The couple then resides with the wife's family. Families arrange to marry their sons or daughters with other families of their class; wealthy families usually marry other families of wealth. It is not out of the ordinary for arranged marriages to be set up for financial reasons. Sometimes distant cousins marry to keep the

bloodline pure and to keep the power and the wealth in the family. In the courtship process girls never speak to guys without supervision. A man displays his affection for a woman by helping her with her chores. For instance, if a woman had to carry something, the man would either walk with her or carry her load. If the woman had similar feelings for the man, she would accept his help; if she simply ignored him, that was indication she was not interested in him. In order to take her out on a date, the man would have to meet her parents to show respect and take a brother or sister on the date with them as a supervisor. Although marriages are arranged, men still have to follow this procedure to court their future wives, and if the woman refuses her arranged husband, the man's family would lose face in society.

Many of these aspects of the Laotian culture have been virtually abandoned in Hawai'i. Here, the couple will usually marry later and reside alone or with either set of parents. Marriages are not arranged, and notes in class or long nights on the phone suffice as the courting process. The tradition and respect for the family is lost as a complex but honorable process has been cut short and simplified.

A part of Laos that lives on in Hawai'i is the relationships among the peoples from areas near Laos. The Mekong River separates Thailand from Laos with the Thai inhabiting from the north and the Laotians inhabiting from the south. Laotians were once the slaves of the Thai and so the Thai

people look down upon the Laotians. Similarly, the Laotians look down upon the Vietnamese, who are located south of Laos because they are more impoverished than the Laotians. These relationships have carried over to Hawai'i, as each group usually does not get along with the other. I, personally, have seen this take place within my life. One of my friends who is Laotian is dating a Vietnamese girl. Both of them have to deal with their families all the time and the fact that their relationship is seen as unacceptable.

Laotians traditionally have very large families; in Laos, birth control was banned in 1976. The trend is towards small families since emigration to Hawai'i. Families in Laos are very tight and usually include the entire village. Everyone in the village knows each other and the last names of families are usually linked to the village they belong to. This sense of closeness has survived the move to Hawai'i. Nearly all Laotians know each other and hold parties or ceremonies that every Laotian usually attends.

Another way that Laotian families stay close is the care of a newborn. The mother may not have to care for the child during the first three months because other family members volunteer to care for the baby during the day or night while the mother rests. The first-born son in each family is very important. He will carry on the family name and, in most cases, the family business. The patriarchal way of life still exists in Hawai'i.

Education in Hawai'i is far superior to that in Laos. Laotian-Americans are receiving a better education than their parents did, and both boys and girls are allowed equal opportunity to learn and succeed in Hawai'i. In Laos, men are educated while girls are left to farm and work. Math and science are not even taught in Laos, and there is only one major university, the University of Laos. The first generation Laotian-Americans, however, must find jobs in Hawai'i. Because of their inadequate education, most Laotians families are not

very wealthy. There are a large number of Laotians living in the Kalihi Park Terrace (KPT), a low income government housing project. Though there are few Laotians who do succeed in Hawai'i, the majority do not.

However, Laotians here enjoy a greater sense of security because the police and laws are more reliable. The statistic showing that Hawaii's crime rate far exceeds that of Laos is very misleading. There is actually a lot of crime in Laos that goes unreported. The crimes that do get reported usually aren't looked into with great interest unless one is wealthy or a policeman is bribed. People choose not to report most crimes because they like to take care of things themselves and because of the extremely corrupt nature of the police. Foreigners are usually not welcomed in Laos; they are treated unfairly by the police as well as by some of the people. For instance, if a foreigner wanted to buy something that would usually cost a dollar (the Laotian currency is the Kip which usually is nine hundred to a dollar), they would probably have to pay five or ten dollars.

Although much tradition has been abandoned by Laotian-Americans, they still hold many traditional ceremonies, both religious (nearly all Laotians are Buddhist) and festive. The major ceremony is the called the *Baci*. It is designed to concentrate the spiritual force of the person in whose honor it is given. The *Baci* is held for many occasions, such as marriage, birthday, or before or after embarking on a long journey. After chanting by a monk or former monk, white yarn is tied around the person for future happiness and success. The *Baci* itself is a triangle made of banana leaves and flowers, surrounded by candles. Under the triangle are fruits and a whole chicken. Another ceremony celebrates the birth of a child. The ceremony itself is called *Hotnam* and is held for a one-month-old baby. The monk pours water down the back of the baby for good luck. Both ceremonies are still practiced by Laotian-Americans in

Hawai'i. Laotians also hold ceremonies for the Laotian New Year (Songkran), death, and housewarmings.

Food is a major part of the ceremonies. A lot of the food is the same as that served in Laos. Because of Laos' distance from the ocean, freshwater fish are eaten more regularly than saltwater fish. Such fish include trout, catfish, and bass. Lime juice, lemon grass and fresh coriander leaves are major seasonings in most foods and give the dish its characteristic taste. To salt or season the food, Laotians use a fish sauce called *Nam Paa* and *Pan Daek*. *Pan Daek* is made of chunks of freshwater fish, rice husks, and rice dust. Other common seasonings include the Galingale root, hot chili peppers, ground peanuts and coconut milk. A popular dish both in Laos and here in Hawai'i is *Phô*, which is made with rice noodles. One cannot go five minutes in Chinatown without finding a restaurant that serves *Phô*. Another dish, *Khao Pun*, is flour noodles topped with a sweet-spicy sauce and is often referred to as "Lao Spaghetti." *Laap* is a popular Lao style salad of minced meat, fish, or vegetables tossed with lime juice, garlic, *Khao Khua* (roasted, powdered rice), green onions, and chili peppers. It can be very spicy or mild, depending on how many chili peppers are used. The major ingredient used in Laos is sticky or glutinous rice. It is the major crop of Laos and is usually eaten with the hands or made into alcohol. Usually a person grabs a small fistful from a container of rice sitting on the table and rolls it into a ball which is dipped into the sauces of various dishes.

The overall attitude of Laotians has somewhat changed. First-generation Laotians are much more polite, proper, stricter in cultural observances than the second generation. First-generation Laotians traditionally greet people with a prayer-like gesture known as a *Wai* or *Nop*. In doing the *Wai*, a person places hands together at chest level, never touching the body. The higher the hands are held, the greater sign of respect, although they

should never be any higher than the nose. Respect is shown with a slight bow shortly after. It is also believed by first generation Laotian-Americans that the feet are the lowest part of the body, and thus should not be pointed at others. Although some second generations Laotian-Americans still do observe these practices when in the presence of their parents or grandparents, most are more Americanized and rebel against old customs and culture. Greetings such as a handshake or wave are predominantly used much like any other American would.

Over the past few months I have had the privilege of attending certain Laotian parties and ceremonies. But before I describe my accounts at such events, it seems necessary to talk about my Laotian friend who invited me to these occasions and her family's story of why they immigrated to Hawai'i. My friend, Soutsada Southarnmavong was born to Sane and Thongma Southammavong in Vientiane, a village in Laos, on November 25, 1978. Her father, Sane, fought in the Vietnam War and also the war between France, China, Thailand and Cambodia over who would rule Laos. Like most men in his squadron, he took a bribe and became a spy for the United States. In doing so, these soldiers were branded as traitors and were not welcome back into Laos. And so in 1975 he went to a concentration camp in Thailand. After the birth of Soutsada, Sane's wife, Thongma, went to join her husband in the concentration camp in 1979. The family stayed there for eight years after going through the process of trying to immigrate to America many, many times. In order to come to America the family needed to have their name selected by a sponsor who would literally take care of the family, providing transportation and settling them in America. From the concentration camp the family moved to the island of Maui where they now own a Thai restaurant. Soutsada graduated from Baldwin High School and currently attends the University of Hawai'i at Mānoa. Her story illustrates the most predominant reason how and

why Laotians immigrated to the United States in the seventies and eighties.

Unlike most Laotian-Americans, she did go back to Laos two years ago under an assumed name. Only her mother accompanied her on this trip as her father could be imprisoned or killed if caught returning to Laos. It was in Laos that she and her mother discovered long lost family members they did not know exist. Soutsada met her grandmother for the first time. Upon arriving in Laos, Soutsada and her mother were met by the grandmother and taken to a Buddhist temple near the village of Phakayoung. At this temple was a Baci ceremony waiting for Soutsada. She remembers the triangle made of leaves and many floral arrangements around it. There were also four to five Buddhist monks chanting and praying around her as one of the monks poured the water down her back to offer her good luck. Also during her stay in Laos, she saw the man she was supposed to have married, an arrangement her family had with another family before they moved to the concentration camp.

The first Laotian gathering I attended was a housewarming party for one of Soutsada's friends who had just bought a home in Waialeale. When I arrived at the house, it was packed full of people. Also, Laotians are very friendly and polite, and every family attended the housewarming. I learned that the families are very close and if one were not to attend, they would lose face with the other families that showed up. Women were busy cooking both in and out of the house while the men seemed to be socializing and getting drunk on beer. Upon entering the house I was introduced to the family and was greeted with a wai. (prayer-like gesture). I did my best to do the wai properly but was told that I held my hands too high. The family was impressed and flattered that I even knew what a wai was and appreciated the gesture, though incorrect. I was escorted in and I introduced to the men while Soutsada went off to help out with the cooking. Though I participated in the conversation

occasionally, most of the men talked in Laotian and I could not understand them. When the women served the food to us, I had Phô and a kind of catfish along with springrolls. Everything tasted great although extraordinarily spicy. After dinner a dessert of banana mochi wrapped in ti leaves was served. They also had a coconut mochi that I did not have the opportunity of tasting.

The family members started to file out at around 12 a.m., and every guest that left was thanked by the eldest son for coming because the mother was too busy cooking and the father was too drunk. I left at 1:30 a.m. and was again shown the wai by the son. I returned the gesture (correct this time). Even when I left, the immediate families were still there with the men drinking and the women cleaning up the dishes and garbage. A couple of things that became apparent to me were that patriarchy still exists within Laotian families here in Hawai'i. Though the men do not order the women around, the women serve and the men socialize.

Another Laotian gathering I was lucky enough to attend was a wedding. The ceremony itself lasted nearly five hours. Instead of an altar, there was a bed where the priest conducted the ceremony. The bride wore a golden dress and walked down to the Baci ahead of the groom, unlike an American wedding in which the bride is the last to arrive at the altar. The groom wore a white and blue kilt-like cloth around his waist. Behind the bride and groom were about twenty or thirty people splashing water along the walkway. The groom and bride took their seats in front of the Baci, and like the rest of the people in attendance, they sat on the ground with the men sitting cross-legged and the women on their knees with their feet behind them. The priest conducting the ceremony interacted with the people in attendance several times by talking to us in a prayer as we chanted with him.

As a part of the ceremony an egg was cut with a string. If it is cut neatly, it will bring the



Women prepare food for the New Year celebration.
Photograph by Carl Hefner

couple good luck and a good life; but if cut awkwardly, then problems are sure to follow. Much to everyone's delight, the egg was cut in half very nicely. After the ceremony everyone walked to the Baci on their knees and tied a white yarn around the couple's wrists. This brings good luck not only to themselves, but to the newlyweds as well.

After the ceremony everyone went to the bride's family's house to eat and dance. Much of the same type food from the housewarming was served and most of the people in attendance were at the housewarming as well. The dancing lasted for three nights and four days (although I stayed for only around three hours) and they played a variety of Laotian and American songs as well. Much to my surprise, the most popular song in Laos is the Macarena! In order to dance, a man must ask a woman and wai them. If the woman wais the man in return, she accepts; but if she looks away then that means she rejects the offer. Everyone was very friendly, and I met and danced with a lot of people. Ironically the only girl who did not wai me back was Soutsada!

The last Laotian ceremony I attended was the Laotian New Year, or Songkran, which is held April 13-15. The festival, which was held on Sand Island Beach Park, had nearly every Laotian family on O'ahu attendance. It was very similar to the

housewarming party, only much bigger. There were all kinds of food and most of the time I didn't even know what I was eating; all I knew was that my mouth was on fire and I spent most of my time sucking on ice. One thing that was really delicious was the glutinous rice that was dipped into the foods. Although it can be quite messy, it is really easy to prepare and eat as well. Similar to the housewarming, the women were busy serving everyone and making more food while the men were socializing and getting drunk.

After most of the people had eaten, the men played music with drums, guitars, and many other instruments I had never seen before. People began to dance and I tried my best to participate. It was very similar to the Bon dance that Japanese do and the hula in that they move their hands up and down while moving back and forth. Everyone seemed to be going in unison except for me. The gathering usually lasts all day from 6 a.m. to around 10 p.m., but this particular year it rained and so it was cut a little short. Everyone was again very kind and sociable. I learned that criticizing another person would result in loss of face to



Dancers at Songkran
Photograph by Carl Hefner

everyone else. Perhaps that is why I was not laughed at and ridiculed when attempting to engage in their customs and culture.

Most Laotian-Americans told me they are very happy and appreciative to be living in Hawai'i rather than Laos. The strict government of Laos and the inequalities there are not viewed highly by those who have immigrated. A new way of life is being formed in Hawai'i while they still manage to hold onto different aspects of their own culture as well. But with each generation that grows up in Hawaii, a part of the culture is lost as the people become more assimilated into the American way of life. While it may not be significant or helpful to remember the strife their predecessors had to endure to get here, it is important for following generations to carry on the traditions and ceremonies which hold all Laotians close.

My friend Soutsada seems to be the exception to most second generation Laotian-Americans as

she is extremely polite and always helps out with cooking or the dishes or just getting things for us from the kitchen. But most importantly, she is very close to her family and the Laotian culture itself. The thing that impressed me the most and what I take away from my experiences with them and their culture, is the bond that is held by Laotian families and Laotians in Hawai'i as a whole. The sense of togetherness shared by all Laotians must not be lost for it is one of the major factors which makes their culture so beautiful and unique. If not, the best aspects of their culture and identity will be gone and a once honorable and unique culture will be lost. They are different from Americans in many ways, and unlike Americans, their family values and togetherness are admirable and those values are kept alive through traditions and beliefs. I see those beliefs as a rare gem in an otherwise bleak world and if lost, the gem would become a lost treasure. And once a treasure is lost, it is rarely found again.

Food and Art of the Pacific

A Pacific Pathways exhibit in the Lama Library organized by Caroline Yacoe was the subject of these comments by Art 101 students.

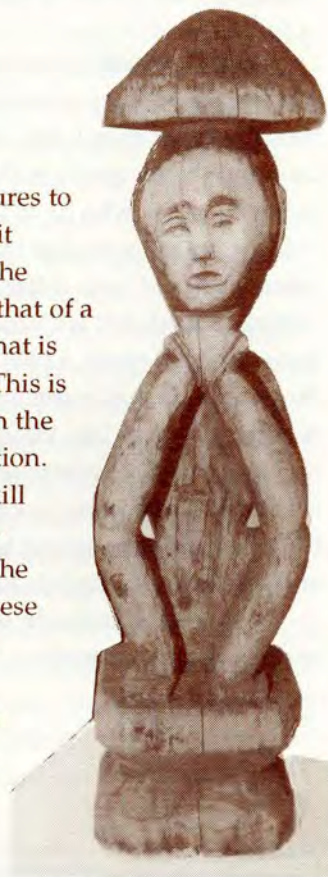
Anthony Herndon

Sculpture: "Philippine Rice God" (Bulul)

The Philippine Rice God sculpture was the most interesting of all the sculptures to me. Perhaps it was the awkwardly large head with two strange gaps in it that set it especially apart from the rest of the pieces. However, I prefer to think that it was the expression and feeling of the piece that drew me to it. The feeling it gave me was that of a truly godly figure, not necessarily a towering or powerful god, but rather, a god that is all-knowing and confident, a god that you can trust, a god that will care for you. This is how I believe the Philippine people felt about their Rice God. I base this mainly on the friendly, yet solid, expression on his face and the relaxed posture of his body position.

The craftsmanship of the piece is a great wonder as well. I am awed at the skill displayed in carving technique and the combination of realism and creativity captured by these great Philippine artists. (This was a universal opinion I had for all the pieces, not just this one.) I would assume that the artistic feats accomplished by these superb artisans were done so with limited means, as far as sophistication of tools. That made the entire work all the more satisfying to me.

The Philippine Rice God sculpture is still used today by the Ifugao people in Northern Luzon in the same way as was originally intended, to protect rice fields and ensure a good harvest. The relationships of art and religion are most clearly displayed here, and fittingly so. I think the best art created is art that is fueled by inspiration of the soul.



Giang Ngo

Sculpture: Taro Spirit Malagan

The Papua Guinea Taro Spirit Malagan is beautiful art. The artist created an image of a leader, king or politician with the political and religious power to control other people. The black and white snake in the middle of a figure, and the red and yellow on the head of the figure made the figure look more spiritual. The artist also applied the law of frontality (the best view of the image in the front) to make the figure look realistic, but with monumental dignity.

By Karen Pagampao

A Celebration of Death Among the Filipino

RING RING RING! The sound of the phone breaks the silence throughout the house as my family gets dressed for a birthday party for a little boy that had just turned a year old the week before. It was a humid and rainy morning on May 25, 1998. I picked up the phone to hear a voice on the other line pleading to talk to my father. The voice belonged to a cousin of my father's. It was he who broke the news that my grandfather's sister's husband had just died that day. My grandfather's sister and her husband took my father and his sister into their home in 1966 when my father decided to migrate to Hawai'i from the Philippines in search of work and a better life. The news brought sadness to my father and also oddity to my family. It was odd because our family had just been talking, remembering, and reminiscing about the relative that had just passed away. I thought it was kind of spooky and coincidental. The viewing of the deceased was set to be on June 12, and his burial at the cemetery was the following day. Nothing was said to me about the cause of his death. I figured it was because of old age. I later found out that the cause was cancer.

The concept of death to my family is not seen as a tragedy but more like an anticipated end to a person's distress, leading to the beginning of his or her life with God where happiness exists. Death is not the end but rather a continuation of kinship

ties between the survivors and the deceased.

Death is a crisis in life that has to be expected. The concept of death is also used to discipline a child, threaten an adult, to curse an enemy. It is also a topic of many conversations about who died, why that person died, when that person died, or that it might have been a good thing that he or she died. Through these conversations, observations, and participation, children learn early about death and how the system of obligations by the kin is enacted. Even before an individual becomes a responsible member of society, a Filipino child, like myself, knows what to do when someone dies.

I learned about death at a young age when my mother's sister died of cancer eight years ago. My family and I flew to the Philippines for three weeks to attend her funeral, an event so clear in my memory. The funeral rituals I experienced in the Philippines were so different from those of Filipinos in Hawai'i. However, the beliefs held by the Filipinos are the same in both locations. The term for death in the Ilokano dialect is *natay*. It is a "process of transformation from one state of being to another." Many view death not as the end but the beginning of another form of life hereafter. It is believed by Filipinos that a man continues to exist in an afterlife when he or she dies. The person's *kararua* (soul), continues to live and lead a sort of different life, one that is spiritual. This spiritual life is said to offer a place and time of eternal rest or

suffering, depending on how the individual lived his or her life and his or her *suerte* (fate or luck in life).

The soul, or *kararua* of the individual is believed to leave the body when the person dies and hover around the house. Many Filipinos claim that they have been visited by ghosts of the dead. The ghost may appear in physical form or with the features of the dead man when he or she was alive. I, myself, have experienced a ghostly encounter. It occurred during my visit to the Philippines to attend my mother's sister's funeral when I was just eleven years old. I had fallen asleep in one of the rooms in the house of my deceased auntie. I was not visited by the ghost of my auntie because I remember the ghostly figure was of a man. In the middle of the night, I opened my eyes for a second and there it was, a white ghostly figure of a man sitting on the dresser. I remember exactly what I was feeling at that moment. I was so scared that I was not able to move nor cry nor yell out for my mom. I was so frightened that I thought if I were to make any kind of movement, the ghost would touch me. So I lay there so immobile and helpless, closing my eyes so tight hoping that white figure staring at me would go away. I fell right back to sleep while keeping my eyes closed. The next morning, I told my mom about what had happened. She told me that the ghost that had visited me that night was her brother, my uncle. He was shot to death several years ago.

The spirit also leaves imprints or touches the loved ones, especially little children or the surviving spouse. The Ilokanos believe that the dead possess a spell, termed *annong*, which causes illness. I had experienced an *annong* during that same trip for my auntie's funeral. The first day I arrived in the Philippines, we headed straight to the house where my auntie's body was. The moment I first laid eyes on her body, I was afflicted with illness. The back part of my body and arms were covered with large red bumps that looked

like hives or huge mosquito bites. They appeared on my body all of a sudden, out of nowhere. My grandmother had told me that those bites on my back and arms were signs of my deceased auntie embracing me since she hadn't seen me for a long time. It was a sign of her happiness to see me. My grandmother told me that her spirit was inside of me when the bites appeared on my body. My grandmother rubbed my body down with salt. The salt is believed to keep spirits away and prevent the spirits from inflicting illness on the living. Several minutes after the salt was applied to my skin, the large red bumps disappeared.

The Filipinos believe in a culture that has many superstitions. The causes of illness, the circumstances surrounding accidents, the motives of murder are often given supernatural explanations. Almost all kinds of illness are believed by the Filipinos to have some kind of supernatural underpinning. "Why did the accident happen to one particular person but not another?" The usual answer given is a person's *suerte*. The individual may have been affected by a curse. Death due to supernatural beings is viewed with fear and



Items belonging to the deceased are stored inside the tomb.

Color Photography
By: Karen Pagampao

concern. The Ilokanos believe that a mermaid, or *serena*, can cause the drowning of a person swimming in the beach. Ilokanos also believe in sorcerers, or *mangagamod*, that can cause death to people by eating their bowels.

Death may occur with or without warning. Some premonitions about death are in forms of direct and/or symbolic dreams. Dreams about falling teeth, falling hair, falling hat, dreams of floods, snakes, and other black animals may mean that someone will suddenly become ill, be in harm or danger, or someone may die. The warning may be direct, like black butterflies or moths entering the house. The smell of a person's body odor may foretell death. I asked my mom if she had any premonitions or warnings about death in the family. She had told me that when she was living in New York in the late 1960s, she had a dream about her brother whom she had left in the Philippines. She dreamt that he was shot in the back. A week later, she had received a letter from the Philippines telling her that her brother had been shot by accident by strange man who mistook him for another guy. My mother's brother died of the gunshot wound.

In the Philippines, death in a household is announced by a loud wailing from the kin. Neighbors come to extend their help to the bereaved family. After prayers have been said for the dead, the corpse is dressed by an older person. The body is laid on a bed facing an altar-like table in the house for pre-funeral rituals. The hands are crossed over the stomach and a small cross made out of palm leaf is placed between the palms. A candle is placed over the right arm of the deceased. One member of the family lights it, then blows out the flame. This ritual signifies that the family allows the deceased to start his journey to the land of the dead.

After the corpse is cleaned and embalmed, it is placed in a coffin, and the coffin is placed in the living room of the house of the deceased for

everyone to visit. Neighbors and relatives observe necessary prohibitions. The corpse is made to face in the direction of the town church. Mirror and glass frames are covered to prevent the family to follow the deceased. A basin of soap water is kept underneath the corpse to delay decomposition of the body.

A vigil is held every night until the burial. The nearest kin, a child or sibling, sits beside the body in order to receive contributions or *tulong*. My auntie's coffin was placed in the living room of the house. Her hands were crossed over her chest with a cross in between. Her children and my grandparents were always sitting beside her coffin, as I remember. At the vigil that I had attended a couple of weeks ago for my father's uncle, his wife, siblings, and children sat beside him as people viewed him for the last time.

Kissing and embracing the dead good-bye takes place during the period of lamentation. During this ritual, members of the immediate family are cautioned not to let their tears touch the corpse. They believe that this will make it difficult for the deceased to continue his journey to the afterlife. It is believed that the people who let their tears fall on the deceased will soon follow the deceased to the grave. To prevent the tears from failing, wailing, shouting, and other forms of mourning are expressed. The Ilokanos term this kind of lamentation *dung-aw*. I actually witnessed this type of lamentation at my auntie's funeral in the Philippines. There were many visitors that expressed their mourning by shouting and wailing. It scared me the first time I saw this. Neighbors and relatives went up to the coffin, kissed and touched the body, and started to cry out loud, shouting out things like "Oh ... why did you leave us Rita (name of my auntie)! Why! Why! What have we done ... !" The lamentation of *dung-aw* is not practiced here in Hawai'i. At a funeral I recently attended, when it came time to view the body, people just took a moment to look at the

body. Some cried, others just passed and moved along. No one had stopped at the coffin of my father's uncle and wailed and shouted in agony. My parents say that kind of lamentation is only performed in the Philippines. Why not in Hawai'i? My parents could not find a reason. They figured it was an embarrassing to mourn out loud for the dead since the practice is not apparent here in Hawai'i.

During the period that the body lies in state, the kin of the deceased must not take a bath. The house is not to be swept or else other deaths in the family may follow. People do not bring food home from the house of the dead because it is believed that the dead touches all of it. My father says he does not believe in this concept because he brought home food that was offered at his deceased uncle's house a couple of weeks ago. My father had brought home desserts and main dishes. He and I ate the food and nothing has happened to us. (Not yet!)

The Ilokano tradition of wakes called *bagongons* are generally solemn events. No chanting, singing, or playing of a musical instrument is allowed. It is opposite of the Tagalog tradition which believes a jovial atmosphere will follow the dead. Night-long vigils are characterized by card or domino playing. Coffee is brewed to keep mourners awake, and refreshments are served to visitors who come to pay respect. During my auntie's vigil, people were playing card games like *pipito* (thirteen card poker) for minimal bets as a way to keep awake. My parents say that people have to stay awake in respect for the dead, to watch over the corpse, and keep the deceased company.

Pompon is the Ilokano term used to mean burial rites. When the corpse is readied for this phase (which is usually two to three days after the person has died, depending on the family), its dearest possessions are placed in the coffin. The kin view the body for the last moments, kiss the

hand, and then the lid of the coffin is closed. Before the coffin is moved out of the house, members of the family say the novena (prayer). The coffin is then carried out the main door (or in some places, out the window) feet first. The head must not face the door or window. My father says the reason head does not go out first is that the act symbolizes the exiting of a person. When a person steps into a room, his feet come in first, then the body follows. If the head was to go out first, it is believed that the spirit of the deceased will not leave the house. The widow, children, and immediate family members are prohibited from carrying the coffin or else they will become ill and die.

The coffin is then loaded on a hearse, a horse carriage, or carried by chosen individuals, depending on the family's income in the Philippines. Here in Hawai'i, the hearse is almost always used. Solemn music is played during the funeral procession that moves at a snail's pace. The music may be played by a band or simply an old style phonograph. The funeral procession in the Philippines involves walking to the church and the cemetery, no matter how long the distance is. Cars are not available in the Philippines because people in the provinces cannot afford them. The first stop is the church where the corpse is blessed and the lid of the coffin is nailed down. The coffin is finally taken to the cemetery where the deceased is buried in a rectangular stone box-like tomb called the *longon*. The belongings of the person are buried with him in the belief that those things will be needed in the afterlife.

My auntie's funeral procession was a very solemn affair. Her coffin was brought out of the house with her feet first. She was then placed in a hearse. My mom and her siblings hired a band to play at the procession. We walked to the church and to the cemetery which I thought took forever to reach. It was about five miles to the church and another couple of miles to the cemetery. The day of her funeral was beautiful. I remember the sun

shining heavily on us because I remember sweating. We were all dressed in black, which made the sun's heat a lot stronger. Wearing black clothes is the most common mourning practice among the Filipinos. From the moment of death, the bereaved females wear a black dress and the males wear a black pin or cloth on their shirts. Black is worn throughout the year. Weddings, birthdays, other social activities in the family are not celebrated for a year after the death of a family member. In some places, widows are not allowed to attend any social function for a year. My auntie's clothes and other belongings were buried with her in her tomb. I have not seen anyone do this event at the funerals I attended in Hawai'i.

After the burial of the deceased, back at the house the kin wash their hands with vinegar, or *suca*, in the belief that this would protect them from evil spirits. In some provinces in the Philippines the bed of the deceased is doused with sugar wine, or *basi*, to prevent its haunting by the kin. In some places, the bed is left in the sun for nine days,

rice grains scattered, and rice straws are burned to exorcise spirits. My mom, her siblings, and her parents went to the beach the day after my auntie's burial. They stood in a line ranging from the oldest to the youngest in the family. Usually a group of elderly men and women (they may be relatives or close friends of the family) perform this ritual because they are seen as the most knowledgeable, most experienced, and have the strength to drive away the spirits. The elderly group burnt hay, mixed the ashes with water, then strained the mixture. The mixture was then poured on the heads of my aunties, uncles, and grandparents and worked into their hair. Finally beach water was used to wash the mixture out from the hair. This ritual was performed to avoid catching an illness and to keep the evil spirits away.

Group prayers held for nine consecutive days after the burial are called the *novena*. It is the cardinal rule that no sweeping is done during this time. Sweeping is a sign of "shooing" away the spirits which is seen as bad luck. These group



Ashes are poured onto the heads of relatives of the deceased to keep evil spirits away.

Photograph courtesy of Karen Pagampao

prayers are held to help the deceased enter the gates of heaven. I attended the eighth day of prayer at the house of the deceased in Kalihi Valley and the night of the last viewing of the deceased at the mortuary. What was the significance of the number nine? My informant, a forty-year-old school teacher said nine was important because it referred to the term *novena* which included prayers such as the prayer of the rosary, prayers for the dead to help them reach heaven, and a repetition of Jesus' story of passion and suffering leading to his death and resurrection. She claims that there is a middle ground between heaven and hell which is purgatory, where one awaits the decision as to entering heaven or the other world. She also said that there is a strong belief among the Ilokans in the afterlife or reincarnation of the deceased. She stressed that the prayers are a way to help the deceased on their journey in the afterlife. However, from her answers, the number nine still confuses me. I had asked a number of people why the number nine is so significant. They were not able to answer me. The books on Filipino cultures and beliefs also provided no answers.

During these nightly prayers, refreshments are served to the guests. On the ninth and final night of prayer, or *makisiam*, a feast is prepared for the guests. An *atang*, or food offering, is set aside as an offering to the *anitos* (spirits). The timing of the group prayers for the deceased, or *novena*, in

the Philippines differ from the timing here in Hawai'i. In the Philippines, the *novena* for the dead begins after the deceased is buried. Because refrigeration is expensive, burial usually takes place soon after the person has died, usually two to three days. In Hawai'i, the *novena* is held before the deceased is buried and starts the day the individual has died. The difference is due to the preservation of the corpse.

Exactly one year to the day of death, *wacsi* (the final mourning) is celebrated by a feast and mass or prayer sessions. This occasion signifies the end of the mourning when the bereaved can resume wearing regular clothing.

Each year, on the first day of November, Filipinos pay homage to their dead. During the *fiesta ti natay* (All Saint's day), the Ilokans visit the cemeteries to offer flowers, lighted candles, clean, and keep vigil at the graves of their loved ones. Some people may even place food on the tombs of their departed. They believe that the spirits of the dead visit the Earth on this national holiday in the Philippines, and make sure that they do not go hungry. All Saint's Day is preferred to Christmas because the deceased and the living get together in celebration.

By Peter Aldan

Chamorro Culture and the influences that have shaped it

The Chamorro people are the native people of the Commonwealth of the Northern Mariana Islands and Guam. They have a unique culture and language that is greatly influenced by the Spanish, Japanese, and German cultures. Aspects of these cultures and languages have found their way into the everyday language and culture of the Chamorro people.

The first people reached the Mariana Islands about 3,500 years ago. The ancient Chamorros are believed to have originated from or migrated through Southeast Asia. The Chamorro language is believed to have been an Austronesian language. The ancient Chamorros were pagans, wore little or no clothing, and had a matrilineal kinship. This would later change with the arrival of foreigners (Farrell, 1991, p. 57-111).

Spanish Contact

Ferdinand Magellan was among the first to visit the Mariana Islands in 1521. It would not be until about a century and a half later that the first Spanish colony would be established. On June 15, 1668, Padre Diego Luis de Sanvitores led the way and established the first Spanish colony. His intentions were to convert the Chamorros to Christianity. The Spanish colonial life greatly influenced the Chamorro way of life with the introduction of domesticated animals, smoking tobacco, the Spanish language, and Christianity and other foreign influences. Padre Sanvitores also

established a boy's school that taught primarily the Spanish language and the Catholic religion. The Spanish administration lasted from 1668 until 1898 when the Spanish-American War brought the administration to an end. Over a period of time, the Chamorros incorporated many of these new beliefs and practices with their own culture (p.150-155).

The German Administration

On June 30, 1899, Germany bought the Marianas from Spain. Germany planned on cultivating the land for copra. They also emphasized public works projects, homestead projects, public education and health care. George Fritz of Germany was the District Officer for the German Administration. He had many goals for the Marianas and the Chamorros as well, such as teaching punctuality to the people. The German administration lasted until 1914. The first World War brought it to an end (p. 287).

The Japanese Administration

The Japanese declared war on the Germans in August of 1914 and occupied the islands later the same year. Japan began cultivating sugarcane. They built a railroad transportation system, and with its success; increased population and developed other businesses. The Chamorros were educated in schools that taught Japanese language and culture as well. The Japanese, though,

respected property, religion, and the local customs of the Chamorros. The end of the Japanese administration had the greatest effect on the Chamorros. One of the bloodiest and grueling battles of World War II was fought on Saipan. After the attacks on Hiroshima and Nagasaki, Japan surrendered, and the United States helped the islands recover (p. 295,409). After World War II, the Marianas islands joined the Trust Territory of the Pacific Islands. In 1978, the Marianas broke from the trusteeship and established themselves a commonwealth, the Commonwealth of the Northern Mariana Islands (p. 622).

From the first administration to the last, the Chamorro people were introduced to many new and foreign practices and beliefs that have greatly influenced the Chamorro culture and language. The Chamorro language borrows many words from the Spanish and Japanese language. During these administrations, many foreigners married Chamorro women. Their children would grow up listening to both languages and learning both cultures. As a result, a majority of the Chamorro people today have either Spanish or Japanese last names and the spoken language has incorporated words from other languages with the Chamorro language. Many other practices have also been incorporated with the Chamorro culture.

A study of about a dozen Chamorro cousins residing in the Prince Lunalilo apartment complex in the Makiki area illustrate some of these influences. On the fifth floor lives my cousin John San Nicolas, and his family. Directly below them is my first cousin Lisa Sablan, and two of her roommates. Next door to Lisa is our second cousin May Mafnas and her brother, whom we nicknamed "Kqack."

The Chamorro Language

The Chamorro language is a mix of Chamorro, Spanish, Japanese, and English. Sentences will either start in Chamorro and end in English, or be said in Chamorro throughout, but include English words. For example, when I was in

May's apartment one day, my roommate Shawn walked in and asked, "May, sina yu hu type papet-hu gi yomu computer?" This translates to "May, can I type my paper on your computer?" The "y" in Chamorro is pretty difficult to pronounce. To pronounce "tze," you must cut your breath before pronouncing the letter, and then breathe out as you say the the next letter. The sentence Shawn said was in Chamorro, but included the English words "type" and "computer." This is because the Chamorro vocabulary is limited.

Much of the vocabulary comes from the Spanish language. Words like, "canta," "baila," and "busca" all come from the Spanish words, "cantar," "ballar," and "buscar," which mean "to sing," "to dance," and "to look for." The calendar system also comes from the Spanish. Words for the days of the week and the months are from the Spanish language, although the words are not spelled the same or pronounced exactly alike. When I was asked when my birthday was, I replied, "Cinco de Mayo." This means the fifth of May in both the Chamorro and Spanish languages. The Chamorro number system also comes from the Spanish number system. On many occasions I was asked, "Prim, kiora esta gennao?" This is a quicker way of saying "Pri'mo, que hora esta?" which means "Cousin, what time is it?" The word "kiora" is like saying "que hora" very fast. The word "primo" is cut short to "prim." It is important to keep in mind though, that the ancient Chamorros had their own number system and calendar, as well as a unique language which is still sometimes used by the elders.

Many Chamorro families have Spanish last names. Some of the last names that I took note of were, San Nicolas, De Leon Guerrero, Santos, Reyes, Camacho, Sanchez, and Dela Cruz. San Nicolas is both Spanish and Chamorro for Saint Nicholas. The name De Leon Guerrero means "lion warrior" in Spanish. Santos also means "Saints" in both languages. Dela Cruz is "of the cross" in Spanish, but Chamorros do not use this word. The word for cross in Chamorro is "kilu'us." The

largest families in Saipan are the Guerreros, Camachos, and Sablan. All three of these names come from the time when Spaniards married Chamorros. There are also a couple with Japanese last names like Tomokane and Takai.

Titles used to address family members were also borrowed from the Spanish. We say "tio" and "tia" for "uncle" and "aunt." Cousins are called "primo" or "prima." Our godparents are our "nino" and "nina." But for one's immediate family, Chamorro words are used. We say "nana" and "tata" for mom and dad. "Chet'lu" is the Chamorro word for brother or sister. There are other words for family members, but many are used in certain contexts, such as when speaking to elders.

Aside from the Spanish, there were also many words that came from the Japanese language. When we walk out the door of any apartment, our slippers would all be scattered on the floor. Someone would then yell out, "Mungi i zore-hu?" This means, Where are my slippers? We use the Japanese word "zori" for slippers. Most of the Japanese influence is in the foods that we eat, like sashimi, sukiyaki, tempura, miso soup, sushi, fish and rice, which are common in the Chamorro diet. Unlike in Hawai'i where noodles are usually called "saimin," we say "soba." We like to eat our soba with "shonga," the Japanese red ginger. Both of these words are Japanese, but are a part of the Chamorro language as they are a part of the Japanese.

While it may seem that the Spanish influence is greater than that of the Japanese, actually, we are more Japanese than Spanish by a great margin. I know that my grandparents from both sides all speak Japanese as fluently as they do Chamorro. With this in mind, I asked everyone in the Prince Lunalilo if their parents also spoke Japanese. To my amazement, they all said yes. There is a perfect explanation for all this. All of our grandparents grew up during the Japanese administration. Back then, they went to school and there they learned the Japanese language and culture.

The German Influence

I have mentioned how the Spanish and Japanese have greatly influenced the Chamorro culture and language. The German influence, on the other hand, is not as obvious, but is just as influential as the other two. In October, my classmate from high school was passing through here for a couple of days, so I invited him over to stay at my place. His name is Juan Diego, but we call him J.D. for short. One night, we were at Lisa's place hanging out. Most of the people there already knew him from Saipan. When his cousin Christine walked through the door, she saw him and yelled, "Morgen!" The word was pronounced with a Chamorro accent and sounded more like, "Moregen!" A friend of mine from Hawai'i asked why J.D.'s cousin as well as others were calling him "Morgen." J.D. said that it all went back to his father's time. When his father was young, he would always wake up earlier than the rest and get started on his chores. His grandfather would see him up early in the morning and say, "Guten Morgen." This is German for "Good morning." The name stuck. From then on, J.D.'s father was known as Juan "Morgen."

This is an example of what Chamorros call "family names." Family names are usually titles given to the head of the family for something that they are known for, or do. Both my roommates, including myself, have family names. For example, Benedict's family name is "Batitang." His grandfather was known for catching this type of fish and selling them. The name soon became part of the family. My family name is "Pale," which is Spanish for "Priest." My grandfather from my dad's side was studying to be a priest. At his school, he met my grandmother, who was studying to be a nun. They fell in love and took on different careers. My grandfather for a time would be teased "Pale," a name that would distinguish his family. Family names are an important part of the Chamorro culture. Because families can be so big, these names help distinguish families from other families of the same last name.

During the German administration, the building for the District Officer had a huge clock outside on the face of the dome. The Germans wanted to teach the Chamorros the importance of punctuality. For a time, the Chamorros themselves were either punctual, or were offended if others weren't. This concept has slowly changed over time. Now, it is treated as a mockery. Being late by an hour or two is known as "Chamorro Time." This happens all the time and is pretty funny because when someone shows up late to a party or has yet to arrive, we simply say, "They're still on Chamorro time."

The Importance of Family

In the Chamorro culture, people identify themselves with their families, which includes lineages from both the mother and the father, and even extended families. Lisa Sablan and I are first cousins. Our mothers are sisters. Our mothers and May's mother are also first cousins, which makes us second cousins. John and I are distant cousins through his mother and my father. In the Chamorro culture, families are very important to each other. They watch over each other and help one another out when in time of need. One example comes from a phone conversation. Lisa was on the phone with her mother. After a while, she told me that her mother wanted to speak to me. After about ten minutes of conversation her mother closed by saying, "Atan hijo ennao i chetlumu ah." This translates to "Son, watch over your sister okay?" Now, although I'm not Lisa's brother or her mother's son, this is how we are referred to and treated. This is common in the Chamorro culture. The word, "hijo," is of Spanish origin. It means "son." In the Chamorro language, there are other words that also mean "son." "Hijo" is usually used by the elders, though.

For many Chamorros, tracing our lineage and finding out how we are related is second nature. I observed Lisa and May talking about some of their relatives back in Saipan. I noticed they were saying things like, "His mom and my mom are

second cousins, so we're third cousins." I remember one particular line, "Your grandfather and my great-grandfather are brothers." By hearing this, you could see how far back some Chamorros can go to determine who their relatives are.

Chamorros also situate themselves according to a pattern. In Saipan, families own their own land. Families build houses next to each other. Back home, I live with my family on a lot my mother has inherited. Our next door neighbors are my mom's sisters and their families. My grandparents live at the entrance to the land. This pattern is mimicked here in Hawai'i. The Chamorros situate themselves close to each other. There is also a sense of security when you have family members around. Though not everyone is related to each other, they think of themselves as family.

Another aspect of the Chamorro culture is the way one respects the elders. One day, Lisa's uncle and aunt flew in from Saipan. They visited for a couple of hours before leaving for the mainland. We had dinner at a restaurant and then dropped them off at the airport. On the way back, I asked Lisa how she was related to them. She told me that they weren't really her relatives, but that her family grew up with their family while in Oregon. She referred to them as aunty and uncle for respect. I remember as a little kid, my parents taught me to call every elder I saw, aunty or uncle, even though we weren't really related.

Chamorros use the titles, brother-in-law, or sister-in-law to include cousins, or close relatives of the couple. I have two roommates, Shawn De Leon Guerrero and Benedict Lizama. Shawn is Lisa's and my first cousin. Benedict has a brother in Saipan who is engaged to our first cousin. Because of this, Shawn, Lisa, and I can all call Benedict our brother-in-law. The Chamorro word for this title is "icunadu" or "kinadu." We use a shortened title, "niao." In the Chamorro culture, your "niao" is anyone dating or married to any of your cousins, distant or close, or to any of your brothers or sisters. The reason for this is that we consider our cousins our brothers and sisters.

Therefore, we can call their husbands or wives our "niao." I can refer to Benedict as my "niao" because his brother is engaged to my first cousin. Just this past November, my cousin and Benedict's brother were married. The reception included more than seven hundred people, friends and family. The reception is called a "fiesta," or "fandango." Again, the words "fiesta" and "fandango" have Spanish origin.

Speaking of parties, there was always something going on every weekend at the Prince Lunalilo. The Chamorros look for a reason to party. My cousin John always joked by saying, "Brat, my birthday is this weekend, and also next month." The frequent get togethers is a Chamorro lifestyle. In Saipan, fiestas are celebrated almost every weekend. Every weekend, there will be someone who is getting baptized, receiving their first Holy Communion, having a first birthday party, a farewell party, or celebrating their anniversary — the list goes on. Most fiestas are for religious matters. This goes back to the Spanish influence.

This past Thanksgiving, we had a huge party at the recreational room of one of apartment complexes. We prepared for the party just the way our parents would for a fiesta back home. There were over thirty people at this party, all from Saipan. The people at the Prince Lunalilo prepared the big meals like the turkey, the sukiyaki, the red rice, and the salads. Those who lived elsewhere

brought the already prepared food to the party. During the preparation, all the women were in Lisa's kitchen preparing the rice, and salads and so on. The men were downstairs getting the barbeque ready. Everyone was saying that this was just like home. This is a common division of labor among the Chamorros when preparing for a fiesta. The men kill the pigs and the cows, clean them, and cut them up for the women to cook. They then do the barbeque while the women cook in huge outside kitchens, which every Chamorro household has. It is during these preparations that everybody catches up with what the others have been up to.

The most noticeable aspect of the Chamorro culture is the hospitality and generosity the Chamorros have toward others. The first thing that I was asked everytime I walked into someone's apartment was, "Brat, chow!" This is Chamorro slang for "Come and eat!" The Chamorros are always inviting everybody that they know. Whenever I brought someone over, everyone was always making sure that the person was comfortable. They were always offering something to drink or eat. This is an important part of our culture. In Saipan, we are always visited by our relatives. They come in and eat, and talk for a while. We treat our visitors the way we treat our relatives. I get a great feeling when I introduce someone who is not Chamorro or has never heard of Chamorros to my friends and cousins from Saipan. They all compliment us on how we are as a people.

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Carrie Hayakawa

Bon Dance

I am one hundred percent Japanese, fourth generation on my fathers' side of the family, and third generation on my mothers' side of the family. I am also Buddhist in religion. However, I knew nothing about my heritage until two events prompted me to learn about *Bon* dancing: meeting my boyfriend who was the head *Taiko* drummer for Ewa Fukushima Ondo, and the death of my grandfather shortly after Bon Season. My boyfriend offered to teach me to play the *Taiko* next Bon Season in honor of my beloved grandfather. Until that time, all I knew about Bon dancing was that it was a Japanese tradition honoring their ancestors.

New Year's and the Bon Season are the two most important occasions in Japan. In Japan, *Obon* is a national three-day holiday that starts on July 13. Businesses are closed so that everyone can travel home to be with their families. Prior to this holiday, families clean their homes very thoroughly. They prepare by buying incense, fruits, vegetables, and flowers. The Japanese Buddhists in the United States celebrate Obon over several weekends. The dances are held at different temples each weekend from July 15th to August 15th. The families honor their ancestors on the Sunday that is the closest to July 15th. A special memorial service is held at the Buddhist temples to learn about the meaning of the Obon, and to pay respects to their elders and ancestors. It is a time to remember the love, care, and kindness of their parents and grandparents. In addition, they also think about the hardships and sacrifices that their ancestors

made for them. Finally, they are reminded about the teachings of the Buddha, to help them to rise above their sadness and problems. On the follow-



Joyce Takata dancing during the Obon festivals
Color Photograph courtesy of Joyce Takata

ing weekend, the Bon Festival is held.

There is a significant reason why the Bon season is celebrated during this particular part of the year. It originates from the *Ulambara Sutra*, which relates the story of Mogallana, the most gifted of Shakyamuni Buddha's disciples in the area of extraordinary sensory perception. The story tells of Mogallana using his extraordinary powers to visualize the whereabouts of his mother who had passed away. Searching all of the realms, from the highest of the heavens to the lowest of the hells, he found his mother in the realm of the Hungry Ghosts (*Gakido*). Painfully, he saw how thin she had become, and knew that she was starving for food. Surprised and horrified, he used his powers again to send a bowl of rice soup (*okayu*) to his mother. Each time his mother attempted to put the food to her mouth, the food burst into flames. Mogallana immediately caused rain to put out the fire. However, the rain only helped the fire to burn more fiercely. Now Mogallana understood why his mother was unable to eat. Finding himself helpless in aiding his mother, he ran to Shakyamuni Buddha for help. The Buddha told Mogallana that on July 15th, many sacred ministers would gather after their meditation for the rainy season. Buddha told him to offer them food reverently, and by doing so he would save his mother. Mogallana did as he was told, and thus his mother was saved. Mogallana and everyone else who witnessed this, were so happy that they danced for joy. The filial piety of Mogallana greatly appealed to the people of Japan, and thus Obon became an annual function of ancestor worship.

The Buddhists believe that during Obon, the spirits of their dead ancestors return to Earth for a visit. To welcome them, the rituals begin with the lighting of incense by the families, followed by offerings of fruits and vegetables before a small family altar. The families then go to the cemetery to place rice cakes and other offerings on the grave sites. Lanterns are lit when the sun sets, to invite

their ancestors to join them. The Buddhists believe that the spirits stay with them for the next two days. On the last night of Obon, the families who live nearby water release a small toy boat made of straw or wood with a candle inside. Setting it adrift is their way of saying good-bye to their ancestors. To conclude the Obon, the families then dance their traditional Bon dance. In this way the departed are entertained, and their souls become protecting kami for their loved ones.

Before the festival begins, a high platform or tower is built in a large open area. This represents the watch towers that were used long ago in the Japanese villages. A taiko drum is placed in the tower. In the past, the taiko drum summoned the people to the temple, and the people would chant sacred words to the beat of the taiko drums. Paper lanterns decorate the tower and the surrounding area. It is a Buddhist symbol of kindness to all living things. When the sun sets, *Bon Odori* begins. (*Odori* is the Japanese word for dance). A large crowd, sometimes up to as many as five-hundred people, dance in large circles around the tower to the sound of the music and drum beats. Some dancers use round fans that are made from bamboo. Some dancers also use *kachi-kachi*, which are two pairs of bamboo sections that are hit together to join the beat of the taiko drums.

Bon Odori is not just limited to Buddhists. Anyone can participate in the dances. Because each dance only uses four or five simple movements that are repeated throughout the song, the dances are simple to learn. People of all ages participate. Bon Odori are folk dances that are very old. Many of the dances remain the same, but new dances usually arise every year. The dances tell the stories of the Japanese villages. It may be about a fisherman, a coal miner, a farmer harvesting rice, and etc. However, the Japanese believe that the original Bon Odori is the dance that Mogallana performed when his mother was saved. In some areas, as part of the Bon Odori, the dancers visit the homes of the

families who have experienced a death during the previous year.

Many men and women dress in traditional *kimonos*. Some wear thin cotton garments that are shorter than *kimonos*, called *yukatas*. They are more comfortable than *kimonos*, since Obon is held during the summertime. Some use cotton towels that are approximately twelve inches by thirty inches in size. Others also wear clogs made with wooden blocks on the bottom, called *geta*. Long ago in Japan, these were worn because of the often muddy roads. In addition, some people also wear *happi* coats which are short, loose jackets. Temples and church groups make *happi* coats for the Obon Festivals. Each temple chooses different colors for its members.

In talking to people, I was unable to find complete agreement on the meaning of Bon Odori. One reference says Bon Odori tells the stories of Japanese villages in the past. However, others say the dances have no meaning, rather, the dances are performed solely through feeling. The meaning of Obon is also not clear cut. The Reverend Shinkai Murakami of the Pearl City Hongwanji Mission is unsure whether Obon welcomes the souls of the departed ones or not. He is also skeptical about whether Obon is for the benefit of our ancestors. Rather, this is what he said:

Obon is a time to remember and honor all of those who have passed on before us. It is to appreciate all that they have done for us, and to recognize the continuation of their deeds upon our lives. Obon is a time for self-reflection, which is an important Buddhist



The Obon Festival: a dance of joy
Color Photograph by Joyce Takata

practice, because it is only when man becomes aware of his imperfections and insufficiency in contrast to his ideals, that religion becomes a matter of personal concern.

Obon is also called Gathering of Joy. It is not the happiness of what we desire, but Joy of being shown the truth of what one is, no matter how damning that truth is to the image of our ego-self. It is the joy of awareness of being embraced in the Truth, in *Amida Buddha*, in *Namo Amida Butsu*. Bon dance, too, is not a dance of happiness, but rather a "Dance of Joy."

Bon Season is rapidly nearing and one taiko practice has already been held. I learned this past weekend that unfortunately, I am not allowed to play the taiko this year. Only the skilled old-timers are allowed to

play the taiko. However, I am learning to play the shime drums. Practice involved three hours of intense conditioning. I learned the proper way of holding the drum sticks, the beats to the Ewa Fukushima Ondo, the ideal way to strike the drum head, and how to switch off in the middle of the song. I had a wonderful experience. It was fascinating to hear the beats of the taiko drums, shime drums, flutes, and singing together in a terrific ensemble. Hopefully I will be a fast learner so that I can play the taiko drum soon. A great deal of expression and skill is put into each strike of the taiko drum, which makes it very entertaining for the audience. Also, I now have a fuller understanding of the Bon Dance, a time for me to honor my beloved Grandpa Hayakawa.

By Candy Condos

The Dragon's Pulse

The Mānoa Chinese Cemetery is not only the largest Chinese cemetery in Hawai'i but it is also the oldest. The Chinese have great respect for the dead and their concern in honoring the dead properly is shown in the planning and care of this cemetery. I began my research by contacting the Chinese Chamber of Commerce. They referred me to the Lin Yee Chung Association and the current president of the association, George Young, who provided much of this information.

In 1852, a Chinese immigrant named Lum Ching hiked up the valley with a friend and came to Akaka Peak. There they discovered a beautiful view from the valley to the sea. Lum Ching, with freshly acquired knowledge of an astronomy/geology-based study called "*kum yee hok*," had with him two instruments, a compass and a light reflecting mirror. He carefully placed the compass on a level surface and to his surprise, the compass pointed directly south. He did further calculations using his mirror and compass and then exclaimed to his friend, "We are at an extraordinary spot. It is the pulse of the watchful dragon of the valley. People from all directions will come from across the seas and gather here to pay homage. Birds, too, will come to sing and roost. It is a haven suitable for the living as well as the dead. The Chinese people must buy this area and keep it as sacred ground."

The Chinese community did buy the "dragon's pulse." The land was purchased gradually, starting in 1852, from former land owners,

Ahu, Kulani, Rice and the Bishop Estate. The present day cemetery encompasses thirty-four acres of Mānoa Valley.

Lum Ching became the founding member of Lin Yee Chung. *Lin Yee Chung* means "We are buried together here with pride." About thirty years later, a new set of Lin Yee Chung leaders recognized the need for a charter from the Hawaiian Kingdom in order to legalize the group's status and to protect its property and rights. On May 11, 1889, a petition was filed for a perpetual Charter of Incorporation under the name of Lin Yee Chung. On June 7, 1889, the organization was granted its charter by the Minister of Interior, L.A. Thurston.

The early care and maintenance of the cemetery was a constant problem for the founders and early leaders. There was insufficient income to employ caretakers for the area, no plots were mapped out and there was no person responsible to oversee the project. The responsibility of selling and issuing burial certificates and the planning of ceremonies fell into many different hands at different times. Many of the founders eventually accumulated their desired wealth and returned to China. These conditions went on for thirty years. The election of officers to run the cemetery improved conditions slightly. The leaders did not want to deal with disputes over the boundary issue.

The United Chinese Society was formed in 1884. One of the organization's project was the

management of the cemetery. For the next fifty years the supervision of the Lin Yee Chung was assigned to members of the United Chinese Society on an annual rotating basis. The two organizations worked cooperatively until 1965 at which time relations were severed.

Shortly after World War I, when the Lin Yee Chung seemed destined for oblivion due to the lack of a consistent, sustained management policy, three men came to rescue it from its fate. Wat Kung, Chun Hoon and Luke Chan managed the cemetery with foresight and passion, working to systemize it, improve it and make it more self-supporting. Under their direction, the cemetery was laid out in an orderly fashion, plots were numbered and roads were built or improved. Luke Chan successfully testified in court on behalf of the Association when the neighborhood attempted to abolish the cemetery. The collective input of these three men did much to ensure the continuation of

the cemetery throughout the twentieth century. Today the cemetery is operated by the Lin Yee Chung Association.

There are several points of interest within the Manoa Chinese Cemetery. The Grace of the Great Ancestor is near the highest point of the cemetery. The plot is marked by a large horse-shoe shaped stone made of white coral. This grave represents all ancestors, and for this reason it is the site of the main services on Ch'ing Ming. Buried here is Lum Ching.

The White Mound is just below the Grave of the Great Ancestor. It contains over three hundred remains, each placed in individual urns. These remains, buried during the early years of the cemetery when plots were picked at random, were dug up when plots were finally mapped out. All of the remains were unclaimed and untraceable. The White Mound is usually the second place where ritual is offered on Ch'ing Ming day.



Gateway to the cemetery was designed by architect James C.M. Young, AIA. He also designed the gateway to the Grand Ancestor's Tomb.

Color photograph by Candy Condos

The Tomb of the Unknown Chinese Soldiers is another notable point of interest. In 1948-49, the United States Army began to bring back remains of soldiers from Burma and South-east Asia to Honolulu for identification and consignment to proper relatives in the United States. Among the remains were the remains of six Chinese pilots and soldiers and those of a woman. The remains of the seven were flown here in error. The Army, wanting to dispose of the remains as quickly as possible, contacted the Chinese Chamber of Commerce seeking help, and eventually the remains of the seven war casualties were laid to rest on the slopes of Mānoa Valley.

Another significant spot is the Bone House. The Chinese believed that the interment of remains, washed and properly placed in permanent crockery containers or even suit cases would bring forth posterity (more offspring) in the generations to come and prosperity.

The most touching section of the cemetery is located near the entrance. All the burials along this part of the cemetery are of children ranging in age from new born to six years old. The Chinese bury their infants and young children close together so that their spirits may play with one another in eternity.

One of the most important rituals that takes place at the Mānoa Chinese Cemetery is Ch'ing Ming. This festival takes place annually on April 5 (or April 4 if its leap year). Ch'ing Ming is a month long celebration and is one of three traditional Chinese ceremonies that honor the dead. The memorial service is called *Chung Mung* or *Bai San* to the Chinese from the Chungshan district. To others it is known as *Sau Mull* or the "sweeping of the tomb," since it is also a time for tidying up the graves of ancestors. Ch'ing Ming traditionally begins one hundred and six days after the winter solstice.

On opening day, a special and elaborate offering table is set up and draped with a bright red table cloth. A banquet consisting of whole roast pig and five main courses is set before the Grave of the Great Ancestor. The five main courses are ceremoniously placed alongside the roast pig. These dishes include pan fried shrimp, oyster stewed with fried tofu, red stewed pork, black mushrooms and bamboo shoots, boiled chicken and roast duck. Pyramids of red and white black-sugar buns are placed near the roast pig, as are pyramids of oranges and apples. A vegetarian offering of deep fried long rice, bean curd strips and red and white starch strips, collectively known as *jai*, is also laid out on the table. Five cups of tea, five cups of whiskey, five bowls of rice and five pairs of chopsticks are neatly arranged fronting the five main dishes. Five is significant because it represents the five qualities of benevolence, purity, prosperity, wisdom and truth. Red candles and



Seven Heroes Plaque marks the remains of six men and one woman pilot from the Burma Front.

Color Photograph by Candy Condos

large and small incense sticks are lit. On the ground to the right and above the headstone, a plate containing a strip of plain boiled pork, fried tofu and duck eggs is placed for *San Ga*, the ground keeper or the servant of the ancestor. Rice, tea and wine are laid out.

The society men and community leaders gather in rows before the ritual table as the Chinese brass instrument, drum and sonar band sound. A few women and the other men gather along the periphery. The master of ceremonies takes his place and calls out the formal step by step ritual. During the ritual, the men make offerings of flowers, incense, tea, wine and food, bowing low at each offering. Then paper money of gold and silver are burned for the souls of all ancestors. A bit of tea and whiskey is dribbled on the ground as an offering for the departed souls for the Ch'ing Ming period. As the eulogy is read, the men bow their heads low three times in grateful respect. A long string of firecrackers sounds the end of the ritual. Blessings will be forthcoming to the Chinese community, who will dutifully pay their respects to their ancestors at their own family grave sites for a whole month.

Continuing with the opening day ceremonies, three more stops will be made, each with humble offerings. The second stop will be at the White Mound also called *Bak Kwut* and then on to the Tomb of the Unknown Soldiers. The last stop will be at the Bone House. All participants finally adjourn to the memorial hall to share in a lunch of noodles, dim sum and roast pork.

Ch'ing Ming is synonymous with America's Memorial Day and the Japanese Obon services. But the difference is that Ch'ing Ming is a month long and it is over three thousand years old. I learned a great deal from my field study research. I have a great appreciation for the cemetery and for those who worked very hard at maintaining it as well as the traditions that accompany it.

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FOOTBINDING: A Painful Tradition

The Chinese tradition of footbinding may seem like a peculiar practice to people who are unfamiliar with the custom. However, according to Cecil Adams, the author of "The Straight Dope" in the *Honolulu Weekly*, "...in principle, Chinese foot fetishism wasn't any stranger than Western males' obsession with the female breast" (19). If viewed in this way, then there are many customs as strange as the Chinese's practice of footbinding. An example of a tradition involving danger and pain is the Victorian corset worn by European women to make their waists look smaller in size. In today's society, women still alter their appearance to attract men. Some women subject themselves to pain and hardship when they get breast implants, liposuction, or wear stilettos. The only difference between the Chinese and American alteration is that the American women are not forced to make body alterations. It is done voluntarily.

It is not clear when and how footbinding began, but the custom eventually turned into a social one that affected all the women in their society. This bizarre tradition that lasted over a thousand years was a reflection of the Chinese civilization. It was a custom that controlled women's lifestyles and roles in the community. Underneath its mask of silk, footbinding was a world of pain, sexual pleasure, and symbols of family life, beauty, and fashion.

Footbinding was the Chinese custom that stopped a woman's feet from growing over three inches. Having developed somewhere around the T'ang (618-907 AD.) and Sung (960-1279 AD.) dynasties, footbinding began with the upper classes of China. The exact date of its emergence is a debatable issue. According to Chang Pang-chi, a commentator of the early twelfth century, "...footbinding had begun during the Southern T'ang dynastic rule of sovereign-poet Li Yü (r. 961-75), a ruler who controlled one region of a divided China prior to reunification by the Sung" (Levy, Lotus 39). Li Yü's favorite concubine, named Lovely Maiden, was a talented dancer who was ordered to bind her feet. It was believed that he wanted her feet bound because he was influenced by practices mentioned in ancient Chinese folklore. One of these legends that may have captured Li Yü's attention was a story that involved a beautiful fox. According to the story, the fox needed "to conceal its paws while assuming the human guise of the Shang empress" (Lotus 37). The only solution to its problem was footbinding. Another folklore similar to this one involved the empress who had a deformed foot. It had been said that she convinced her husband to make it mandatory for the young girls to have their feet compressed. As a result, this permitted the empress "to set forth her deformity as a model of beauty and elegance" (Lotus 37).

But Howard S. Levy, in his book, *The Lotus*

Lovers: The Complete History of the Curious Erotic Custom of Footbinding in China, talked about the travelogue of Friar Odoric of Pordenone which mentioned the custom of foodbinding (48). The travelogue was published slightly earlier than Pang-chi's Chinese source. Therefore, footbinding could not have originated with Li Yü. It had already existed among the women that Odoric wrote about.

According to Pang-chi and a handful of other authors, the concubines who bound their feet would entertain the emperors with their dancing. During the Yüan Dynasty (ca.1271-1368), the custom "moved down the social ladder, eventually reaching peasants who hoped to achieve higher status through smaller feet" (Kam D-6). The practice was transformed into a traditional custom that was passed down from generation to generation in the common classes. However, the custom changed as it was passed on. Since footbinding started with the dancing concubines, this suggested that the "compression at first was only slight and not severe enough to seriously hamper movement" (Levy, Chinese 30). When the practice moved to the commoners, "the foot became so compressed that the woman usually hobbled about with difficulty or had to lean on a wall, cane, or another person for support" (30). The Chinese wrapped the feet so tightly, the custom crippled women's feet for the rest of their lives.

A girl's feet were bound anywhere between the ages of three and eleven years old. It was common for the girl to object to this practice. Unfortunately, the mother would force her daugh-

ter to participate in the traditional custom. Before the process was started, the girl's feet were washed in hot water and massaged. This helped to make the feet a little easier to compress. In the first step of footbinding, the four smallest toes were painfully pressed against the sole of the foot with a cotton cloth. The cloth used was two inches wide and ten feet long. The largest toe was the only toe that was free from the binding. The next step was to bring the cloth bandage "around the heel so tightly that the front and back of the foot were drawn in toward each other, forcing the instep of the foot to arch upward" (Campbell 1). After the process of footbinding, the girl's feet were forced

into the tiny shoes that were three inches long. These shoes were called "lotus shoes" and were made out of silk.

There were several names that referred to the Chinese women's bound feet. The general names commonly used for bound feet were "golden lilies," "lily feet," or "golden lotus." There were special names to describe women.

For example, a woman who bent forward when she tried to walk with bound feet was called a "bound branch lotus." Natural-footed women, who did not bind their feet because they had to work in the fields or those who rebelled against the traditions, were called "Duck-foot" or "Lotus Boat" (Chinese 31). They were disliked and despised for not following the traditional Chinese custom.

Footbinding caused enormous pain and agony for Chinese women. Each time they tried to walk around the house, they encountered great difficulties. If the woman had to attend a funeral or anything that took place outside of her house, she



had to be carried on a sedan chair (Lotus 260). The unbearable pain and deprivation caused physiological and psychological effects on the women. A lot of the commoners learned how to deal with it, covered up their true feelings, or tried to ignore what was done to them.

Some of the other problems footbinding caused were the loss of toes and/or even death. If the woman's feet were not properly bound, an insufficient amount of blood supply in the feet led to gangrene, causing the decayed toes to fall off. In certain cases, some of the women died from footbinding. Failure to give the feet proper cleaning and grooming also caused problems. Another problem was that footbinding disrupted the regular women's menstrual flow. Basically, "the success or failure of footbinding depended on [the] skillful application of a bandage around each foot" (Chinese 23).

The painful custom controlled women's lifestyles and roles in the community. Binding women's feet to the point of crippling confined them to their home. This practice showed that in the Chinese family, the woman belonged in the house and had no place in the outside world. The business world, the world outside of the house, belonged to the men who earned money for the family. In his book, *Chinese Footbinding: The History of a Curious Erotic Custom*, Levy stated that traditional apologists felt that the alteration of the women's foot size clearly "...defined visual points of difference between the sexes" (31). The traditional practice demonstrated that the Chinese women heavily relied on the men for support. Women were the dependents, while the men were the individuals who could do anything they wished to do. Women were restricted from a number of things and were inferior to the men of their society.

A Chinese woman's marital status also was affected by the custom of footbinding. If her feet were bound properly and beautifully displayed, she would be able to marry a good man. "A

woman with unbound feet could not, easily, find quality husbands" (Campbell 1). The Chinese men ridiculed and laughed at those who had big feet. These women usually stayed single because the natural-footed were considered to be ugly and unattractive.

There were several reasons why footbinding was created and lasted for such a long time. Some people believed that footbinding was developed because Chinese men were afraid that the women could easily leave them. Another possible reason was to stop Chinese women from being or becoming promiscuous. If the women were restricted from walking, it would be harder for them to leave the house and have an affair with another man. Others felt that it was a sign of beauty to have small feet. A woman's small feet signified that she had "...style, social class, and proper upbringing" (1). But some authors object to all of these reasons. They have claimed that the painful practice lasted for over a thousand years, because the Chinese men had a sexual fascination with the tiny feet.

Men who loved the bound feet were often referred as the "lotus lovers." They were aroused by the mysterious covered feet and were thrilled to see it without the cotton cloth. According to Levy, the bound feet aroused the men's five senses:

The eye rejoiced in the tiny footstep and in the undulating motion of the buttocks which it caused; the ear thrilled to the whispered walk, while the nose inhaled a fragrant aroma from the perfumed sole and delighted in smelling the bared flesh at closer range. The ways of grasping the foot in one's palms were both profuse and varied; ascending the heights of ecstasy, the lover transferred the foot from palm to mouth. (Lotus 34)

Chinese men would eat the watermelon seeds or almonds placed between women's toes. Drinking from a cup inside the lotus shoes and/or even

drinking straight out of the shoe itself, were other common practices. Besides these strange habits, some of the men also drank the water that the bound feet were washed in. The men treasured the bound feet like a precious piece of gold.

Another reason why the men liked the women who had bound feet was that it influenced a woman's body. According to a Taiwanese doctor:

When a footbound woman went walking, the lower part of her body was in a state of tension. This caused the skin and flesh of her legs and also the skin and flesh of her vagina to become tighter. The woman's buttocks, as a result of walking, became larger and more attractive sexually to the male. (Lotus 34)

Nagao Ryuzo, a Japanese scholar and sociologist, said that the effect of footbinding on women gave "the same sensation of tightness in intercourse as a virgin" (Lotus 34), perhaps another reason why footbinding was created and lasted for a very long time.

The practice of footbinding became a fashionable practice for the women. When they were done with the household chores, they spent their time designing their tiny shoes. The Chinese women became skillful crafters who embroidered exquisite designs. After the women completed a pair of shoes, they were extremely proud of their extraordinary and astonishing piece of work. A pair of beautifully embroidered lotus shoes was an object of fashion that the women wore with honor. As a result, needlework became a popular form of self-expression. It was an art that could be seen on every pair of lotus shoes.

Chinese women weren't the only people who practiced this tradition. According to Nadine Kam, an assistant features editor of the *Honolulu Star-Bulletin*, "some men— primarily actors and prostitutes — also bound their feet" (Kam, D-6). Some Chinese writers claimed that even the upper-class Korean women of the later centuries were compressing their feet, but the degree in severity differed. Footbinding continued to influence the Chinese civilization and its neighbors " ...until the Manchu Dynasty was toppled in 1911 and the new republic was formed. Footbinding was then outlawed" ("Background" 1).

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Chinese Poets: Wen Tingyun, Wei Zhuang, Li Yü

After the downfall of the T'ang dynasty in 907, five short-lived dynasties were successively founded and overthrown from 907 to 960, and the unified empire was dismembered into ten independent sovereign states, of which the State of Shu in the west and that of Southern T'ang in the east were well-known for their literary achievement.

When the regulated T'ang poetry could no longer adequately express man's more refined and delicate feelings, the tuned lyric of irregular line-length began to take its place and evolved into a major literary form during the Five Dynasties (907-960). The literary aspect of the tuned lyric was derived from the five-word and seven-word lines of the 113 regulated verse, but the musical aspect came from the popular songs and tunes introduced from Central Asia, India or Burma.

In the former, the first anthology of song-lyrics entitled *Collection Amid the Flowers* appeared in 940. Most of the lyrics in it can be called boudoir poetry. They depict a beautiful woman, heart-broken in elegant chambers, keeping a cold, lonely bed beside a dim candle or solitary screen in the waning spring or at the dead of night, their lovers having gone far, far away. The most important lyricists in the collection were Wen Tingyun of the late T'ang, and Wei Zhuang and Li Yü during the Five Dynasties period.

Wen Tingyun (812-870) was the most impor-

tant lyricist of the late T'ang. He composed verse to a certain tune — that is the reason why the "lyric" may also be called "tuned poetry." In Wen's lyrics two main styles predominate: a richly embellished depiction of the abandoned woman as exemplified by "Song of Water Clock."

Incense from a jade censer
And a tearful vermilion candle
Evaded autumnal moods within the painted
chamber,
Penciled eyebrows worn,
Cloud-like locks in disarray;
Long is the night, the covers and pillow cold.
Upon the Wu-t'ung trees
Falls a midnight rain,
Indifferent to the persistent pains of
separation
Leaf upon leaf,
Drop upon drop,
One empty steps it drips until the dawn.

This lyric depicts the parting sorrow of a lonely woman; it has almost nothing to do with the title, "Water Clock." Wen's lyrics are admired for their profound refinement. As a Chinese critic points out, Wen "often takes several harmonious images, and randomly places them together, letting them blend naturally." In the first three lines of this lyric, for example, we see the images of censer and candle juxtaposed, the one spreading smoke and

the other dim light, which combine to create a gloomy autumnal atmosphere in the painted chamber where the sleepless woman is yearning for her love. The next three lines describe the appearance of the woman with disheveled hair and penciled eyebrows smeared, which shows that she has tossed from side to side all night long without falling asleep. That is the reason why she feels her quilt all the colder, and the night all the longer.

In the second stanza, the gloomy scenery outside—withered trees in bleak wind and dreary rain—make her sorrow all the more bitter. What is more, both the leaves and the rain continue falling without stopping, suggesting her sorrow lasts as long as the tree sheds leaves and the never-ending rain. Thus we see the scenes within and without the chamber in perfect harmony with the inner world of the lonely woman. We might feel regret and sympathy for the lonely woman with tearful eyes and disheveled hair.

There is a simple narration in the folk-song manner as represented by "*Dreaming of the South*."

Washed and combed, she watches the river
from above.
Many sails pass; she sees no signs of her love.
The slanting sun-rays cast a lingering glow;
The broad river in its continuous flow;
The islet with its plots of white flowers in
bloom
Each and all contribute to her utter gloom.

In short, these two lyrics represent two different styles of the late Tang lyricist.

Wei Zhuang (839-910), whose name was often linked with Wen Tingyun, survived the downfall of the dynasty and was appointed to high office in the State of Shu. His lyrics are straightforward, narrative and colloquial, including direct expression of personal feelings and autobiographical

details as opposed to Wen's indirect depiction of feminine feelings. What he adds to the lyric reveals a reaction against the ornate style of Wen, who excels in writing poems with implicit meaning, while Wei is famed for explicit poetry.

In 881, Huang Cao led an army of 60,000 peasant rebels into the Tang capital and proclaimed himself emperor. Wei's ambition was reflected in his poems in *The Chrysanthemum*:

In souging western wind you blossom far and
nigh;
Your fragrance is too cold to invite butterfly.
Some day if I as Lord of Spring come into
power,
I'll order you to bloom together with peach
flower
When autumn comes, Mountain-Climbing Day
is nigh;
My flower blows when other's season
terminates.
All o'er the capital my fragrance rises
sky-high;
You'll see the city clad in golden armor plates.

It is true that Huang Cao, clad in golden armor plates and steeped in blood, came in power with his voice rising sky-high over the capital. But the end of the T'ang Dynasty was drawing near.

Li Yü the last ruler of the Southern T'ang, represents a high achievement of the lyric poets. Most of his works are direct lyrical expression, revealing the depth of his private feelings. His unusual accomplishment was closely related to his personal experiences. Very few poets have gone through such a drastic change in the circumstance of their personal lives as he did. In his early years, as monarch, he indulged in a luxurious life at court. After losing his kingdom to the Song emperor in 976 and becoming a political prisoner in the Song capital, he began to live a life of suffering until his death. His tragedy may be summed up in the following lyric of his, written to

the tune of *Dance of the Cavalry*:

These forty years past, our house and our
domain
A thousand miles broad, the mountains and
the rivers.
The Royal Academy of music then performed
the farewell songs,
And I wept before my palace women.

This lyric moves from distant past to the present, and then to the more recent past. To the poet himself, the sweeping expanse of his lost kingdom symbolizes the limitless extent of the universe itself, and the short history of his dynasty becomes a universal symbol of the time past.

Here we see the significant difference between his poetic style and that of Wen and Wei. The dominant theme in his lyrics is no longer confined

to the experiences of the inner chamber, but extended to embrace the historical dimension of a kingdom and the vast expanse of an empire. The poet's individual experiences seem to gain a certain universal importance.

When compared with Wen and Wei, we may say Wen's lyric is descriptive and static and Wei's narrative and active while Li Yü who has followed the style of Wei rather than that of Wen, seems able to view his own personal suffering in the light of the destiny of all mankind on the other. If we compare Wen's lyric to a richly adorned lady and Wei's to a plainly dressed beauty, then Li's may be likened to a woman who is beautiful, whether richly adorned or plainly dressed.

We may conclude that Wen's lyric is written with colored ink; Wei's with bitter tears, and Li's with the blood pouring out of his own heart.

Remember the Good Ol' Days

In every civilization, there is a distinguishable contrast between the pre-modern and the modern. Sometimes, it can be as subtle as a Chinese farmer riding his bicycle through a remote village. Sometimes the difference can be astounding. In O'ahu, the beautiful green Ko'olau Mountains and stretches of white beach on the North Shore are on the same island as the noisy crowds in Waikiki and downtown Honolulu.

Post-World War II Japan had a similar schizophrenic atmosphere. While the country plunged head on into the opportunities created by industrialization, the Japanese people became torn between the simple, traditional world of yesterday and the Western high-tech world of tomorrow. With such a promising future in modernization, the majority of the public turned toward change. As more and more neon lights went up, some Japanese grew concerned about how this transition would affect culture and tradition. Kobo Abe's "The Magic Chalk" and Sawako Ariyoshi's "The Tomoshihi," examine the effect of this change resulting from this clash of the past with the future.

In "The Magic Chalk," Abe gives a pessimistic view of modernization. He once asserted in an interview, "The new, westernized society of self can only exist by devouring the old" (Abe 315). This short story illustrates this rather Darwinian view of Japan's evolution. Abe emphasizes the "all-or-nothing" approach: If one chooses to remake society, then the society that exists must be discarded.

Abe's main character Argon, created an ultimate universe with the power of a piece of red chalk. However, coexistence between harsh reality and his fantasy world proved impossible. Argon understood that magic gave little comfort in the real world. The dirty, meager morsels from a drain pipe were more substantial than the feast drawn from the chalk. "What actually helped fill his stomach was precious and so could not be rejected. Even if its nastiness made him aware of every swallow, he must eat it. This was the real thing" (Abe 320). Magic food provided nourishment only in a magic world. Abe stressed that advantages gained from a change in Japan will only benefit today's society, not the heritage that had been vital to the country's history and culture. Thus, Japan's proud past lags behind the ever accelerating high tech present-day world which feeds off its own commercialism and superficiality.

Abe continued to establish this separation between the two worlds with the issue of Eve. Argon formed Eve from a newspaper picture of Miss Nippon, consequently introducing a remnant of his old world into the purity of the new universe. The results were catastrophic. The values that Eve brought forth did not conform to Argon's world: "Money's irrelevant, you say? I don't understand ... Don't you know that a promise is the beginning of a lie? ... I'm going to make death... We need some divisions...." (326-327). She also spoke of current social issues such as birth control and equal rights. Because ideas

from the old could not meld with the new, Eve finally destroyed this ultimate reality by exposing it to the sun's rays. By bringing this to the reader's attention, Abe seems to have believed that the new Japan that Eve epitomizes has the potential of destroying the legacy of the past.

At the end of the story, Argon laments, "It isn't chalk that will remake the world..." (328). Chalk is so superficial, easily erasable, consisting of minute dust particles. Abe seemed to believe that society's whole-hearted change in attitude, a far more substantial and difficult enterprise, is necessary. Therefore, whether the remade world is modern and industrialized or simple and traditional, one must be sacrificed for the other.

"The Tomoshihi," on the other hand, displays a world where traditional and modern Japan successfully coexists. In fact, Ariyoshi seems to argue that the simple and meaningful past is needed in today's society. Unlike Abe, who believes that one world will exist at the expense of all others, Ariyoshi sees a symbiotic relationship between the different worlds. Without the warmth and security of places like the Tomoshihi, the loneliness and stresses of contemporary urban life would be too much to bear.

Ariyoshi immediately distinguishes the Tomoshihi from other establishments in the *Ginza*. Amid the city's noise from normal bars, coffee shops, department stores, and restaurants is the inconspicuous little bar known as the Tomoshihi. "It didn't seem likely that there would be such a bar in a place like this" (Ariyoshi 330), and in the world of "The Magic Chalk," it would certainly have been engulfed by the surrounding environment. The bar caused patrons to be "...enveloped by a warm atmosphere, and immediately feel at home" (331). The Tomoshihi was a haven that preserved the simpler times of years past. This bar was not for customers who simply desired to get drunk. Customers in the establishment would chat about trivialities, give opinions, listen to stories, and primarily enjoy the

company of the barmaids.

Ariyoshi also emphasizes that the superficiality of the modern world did not penetrate into the Tomoshihi. There were many examples of this, especially when it came to the outward image and appearance. Mama san, the proprietress, hired an additional barmaid regardless of the girl's crossed eyes. It seemed that she hired only those girls with deficiencies, not a Miss Nippon who would be more evidently appealing. Even the customers understood this idiosyncrasy within the bar. For many of them, "...it was better just to listen to their [barmaid's] voices when they started to speak, rather than to look at their faces" (334). This was also evident with regards to Momoko's eye deformity which was not even noticed by the patrons in the Tomoshihi, as it was in other bars. Other imperfections existed, such as Mama san's "reproduction" paintings and mixed breed *Akita*. All were accepted by everyone only inside the confines of the bar, not in the cold, unappreciative world outside. The customers who entered the Tomoshihi required that break from their jobs and other hardships, not to whine and complain, but simply to escape for a moment to a warmer place.

Based on their stories, both writers preferred the old Japan over the modern, industrial world of today. They found current society impersonal and individuals isolated from one another. However, time unfortunately does not have the capability of reversing itself. The "good old days" are completely lost if you take Kobo Abe's stance. Yet, they may be around in little bits and pieces, maintaining stability in an increasingly chaotic universe as in Sawako Ariyoshi's story.

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It's all about this

At the conclusion of initial training in my first area, Hawkes sat me down. He was going home in a few days.

"Back to the mutha land the good 'ol U.S. of A- !!!!! "

His exuberance and excitement shocked me. For the past two months he was so cool, so calm, at times so much in control. I watched his every move, how he communicated with the natives, his facial gestures, his over all character. Indeed Hawkes was "smooth." He could stand before a raging belligerent offensive drunkard and take all the verbal abuse given to him. Hawkes was stoic and in control. He often gave me advice. His wisdom and weathered attitude were the sand paper to my immaturity in this new culture. We sat in our little room, dust stirred by our feet. He looked deep into my eyes and raised his left hand. I was looking for some meaning, something new?

"Come on Hawkes what is this now?" I said to myself.

He said, "Addington, it's all about this.."

He slowly rolled a tight fist starting with the smallest digit to his thumb, like in Kenpo. His veins pressed against his white red skin, ready to violently burst, but his face bathed in peace and light.

"It's all about control.....control my son."

He returned home a hero a week later. I loved him, moreover I respected and trusted him. Trainers were "fathers." The respective "greenies" were sons. I knew someday I would train another and pass on the "wisdom", but I did not expect the responsibility so early in my mission.

PHILIPPINES CEBU MISSION OFFICE. LAHUG, CEBU 0700

"Addington, you will be training a new missionary starting next week for a few months."

My heart raced. More like it raced to the bottom of my soul. I had only spent five months in this foreign land! How could I train a new soul in the jungles of the Philippines. The poor soul! "It'll be like two virgins making love in front of their parents for the first time," I thought to myself.

Before I could tactfully decline....

"Addington, you are an example to all.... people watch you.... they know who you are.... who you represent... I trust you will do well!!"

Pressure?! I accepted the assignment. I found out later that my new responsibilities also included a "white wash." This meant that my new companion and I would have to reopen an area for missionary work, not an easy task for even seasoned missionaries. We would be "greenies" together.

Reeder had eyes blue like the clear Philippine skyline. His was still fair blond, the hot sun would change that to a sandy brown. He was 19 with a medium frame. Reeder was so quiet, but I was determined to crack his shell. He grew up very much sheltered from the "evils" of the world. Brigham City hides in the mountains of northern Utah. His family owned an established dairy farm. The Philippines was his first time away from home: mom, dad, siblings, pets, spotted cows, Utah, U.S.A. His blue eyes tried to hide his fear. I read him like a Dr. Seuss book.

We entered Lutopan by bus in early September of '96. Lutopan sat in the middle of the island at the very top of the Cebu range. One road ascended and descended to and from this obscure, isolated, depressed town. Reeder and I should have ridden the bus naked if I had known so many people would be staring at us. I was brown from the sun (and my genes), but Reeder's skin reflected the lights in the bus. Our white shirts and neat ties were 'exotic' and extraordinary in this already, exotic town. They knew we were 'Mormons,' but they had not seen two male missionaries in years. Sister missionaries had replaced two other males who had had altercations in this area. The replacement was ill planned. The territory was rough. Steep hills, mossy walkways, wild animals, bad water that looked like coffee (even when clear), unsecured rentals, and the dominating unfriendliness of the people were considerable challenges. I could feel the stares inside and outside the bus. It felt like roaches in my clothing with hands tied, but I was cool Reeder was watching, and was also being watched.

We worked the area hard with little result. The people were hard, hard hearted. Another element existed, preachers and 'miracle healers' from anti-Mormon denominations. After we would leave a home, minutes later others would enter to either confuse or destroy what little faith/trust we had established. The scripture, "there is opposition in all things..," helped me to cope. For two months I worked hard to show Reeder that strict obedience and faith in God would bring harvest. I was cool and in control (of myself), but this town was under a greater power. Lutopan had not been so obscure years before. The town was a mecca for miners. Atlas Mining put Lutopan on the map, literally! The town bubbled up. They even built a private airstrip in the middle of the mountains.

Men had jobs. Women had food, shelter, and clothing for the children. But like most areas with no vision and lots of money, evil had its fertile red-brown soil to grow in Lutopan. At the climax of

the bustling, the bubble burst. Poor engineering and planning claimed too many lives. The copper market declined, and competition killed Atlas. Men lost their jobs. The women and children suffered, even died. This corporate death affected not only this town but many communities in near proximity. Reeder and I had a message of hope and faith in this dying ghost town. The people however, were content with depression and hardship. Our white shirts and ties had no place. Our message had no port in the tumultuous seas of life's adversities. I mean life in Lutopan.

I did not cuss in public nor in the presence of my partner, but shit I was frustrated. Isolated, rejected, harassed, almost heart broken. I spent five months in that mountainous hell. Cold at night, but even colder during the day when you see faces and fingers (the middle one).

CONTROL October 24, 1996

Your test Addington....

Every night we had to be home by 10 p.m. Our curfew had a reason. Lutopan's evil infamy had a face of murder in the dark mountains. "Bad things happen after 10 p.m....," I was reminded by my President. We walked, rode pedicabs, or caught the bus to get home at night. The bus was always the safest, reasonably lit with the local radio playing at full blast. From the heart of town to home was five minutes. Easy ride, I loved the busses, so did Reeder, we were "safe."

I walked down the narrow aisle to the back seat. Reeder and I liked it back there. 1: It was usually empty. 2: We could get some "air" when the bus hit dips in the road. The drivers loved to scare the passengers on the dark winding roads descending from town. As I sat down, I noticed a drunk bent over and half dead. My heart swelled with pity for the man, but I was cautious. I put my left arm up on the seat in front to keep him from sleeping on me. His odor was strong. His body was dirty, his hands rested on the open window sill. The smell of alcohol made my stomach churn, but he was at peace and I was going home-routine.

The conductor approached us, and asked for the *plite* (fare). He noticed the drunk.

He smiled with his brown stained teeth and asked jokingly, "Imo ning igsoon?" (Is this your brother?) I responded "no" and asked if he, was related to the drunk. "Di man, ako nang iro...," he responded. (No, he's my dog.) All in Filipino I half chuckled; Reeder was clueless. The drunk stiffed a little, and then realized I was next to him. Three minutes, in two I'll be home safe.

"Hey, you don't say that you fucking Amerikano!!"

I was shocked, so was the conductor. "I didn't say anything." I said defensively.

"You will not talk about me you. I'll kill you hmmmmmm!!!!"

I moved towards the aisle and politely apologized for any misunderstanding, but he was adamant he was going to "take me out," the "fucking Amerikano." One minute home, I knew how many curves and turn in the road to our stop.

"Reeder, get up!!!" "Go to the door and get ready to stop the bus!!!" I shouted.

Reeder was already half way there. I saw other heads turn back to look at us. Man, I was

nervous. The conductor thought the drunk was joking; I knew he wasn't. He went for my face with his right hand while trying to get his knife in his left pocket. I grabbed both wrists and exclaimed, "Hey, I'm Filipino too!!"

"No you are not. I am Filipino. I have pride!!!!!" he shouted violently.

I held him down and forward to the seat.

"Reeder, stop the bus!!!!"

Reeder signaled; the bus screeched to a halt.

My heart racing; my head aware of the eyes on my partner and I, I let go and backed off. The conductor jumped between me and the drunk. I jumped off the bus and told them to "Go!!!" I was calm on the bus, but if the drunk had gotten off also, I don't know.... I'm glad he didn't.

Reeder and I stood on the dark road quietly, in thought. He was thinking, I was racing. I was scared, yet I was in control. People during the following weeks talked about the incident. I never saw the man again, but my control gained a respect and trust with the natives and Reeder. I was tested that night. Hawkes would have been proud.

Devoted Leniency

A local Mormon visits a Catholic service in the Philippines

In the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit." They all repeated in unison as they drew crosses upon their chests. It seemed that they had practiced this for years. I was intrigued by their unity, or dedication, or whatever. I've never seen anything like this in the U.S. because there are so many different religions. Heck, even within my own religion, I never really saw much unity. I grew up (from age 6-14) in the Mormon Church. This summer I attended a Roman Catholic mass in the Philippines. It was definitely not the same.

From the street, the cathedral looked magnificent. It looked just like those pictures I'd seen of old European Gothic cathedrals. The cathedral was fairly old, although not as old as the European cathedrals. It was built in 1864, and it was built solid. The concrete (or cement) walls shot up 50-60 feet toward the sky. Two symmetrically placed balconies protruded from the second floor between the doors and the side of the cathedral. Above the door and supported by two columns, a longer section extended out from where there might have been a third floor. I don't quite remember, but I think the name "Jaro Cathedral" was engraved on the front. The doors were huge too, maybe twelve feet high. If that wasn't enough, midway between the doors and the street was a small flower garden with a statue of Jesus standing on a pedestal. It was all so beautiful and grand.

This scene was rather stunning for me.

Mormon churches, except for the Mormon Temple, are relatively small, maybe 30 feet at its highest point; the doors are simple, and there are no statues. As I walked passed the statue and through the door, my astonishment continued. It seemed bigger inside than outside. The distance from the entrance to the opposite wall was about 100 yards. Light streamed in from the doors, stained-glass windows, and the many dim light fixtures above. It seemed dark perhaps from the walls. I heard music from a synthesizer or electric piano and people were already singing (we arrived late). I remember seeing figures carved on many of the columns used to hold the great structure. Apparently they were Catholic saints. At the far end behind the priest, was a carving or statue of Jesus. There were candles at both ends of the cathedral and many fans throughout. It was very hot, perhaps that is why the people were casually dressed.

There were small birdbath-looking fountains at the sides near the entrance, filled with holy water, I guessed. The people splashed it on as they prayed before they sat—if they could sit. It was hard to believe but the spacious cathedral had insufficient space. There were people bunched in the back and scattered around the sides. It was crowded and hot. I was standing in the back, burning up, with only an occasional breeze flowing from the door.

As if I wasn't uncomfortable enough already, some people started collecting alms. They walked around with bags open taking money. I've given tithes before in privacy, but I couldn't give here. I don't know why. Maybe I didn't trust them, or maybe I was ashamed.

This was all so different from what I was used to. The Mormon chapel was small, but it was never too crowded. It was well lit with bright curtains, walls, and fluorescent lights. It was air conditioned and people dressed nicely, mostly in suits. And the music played was from an organ. Here, the music was upbeat and the singing sounded happy. After the song was finished, the priest preached on. He spoke in the native dialect, Ilongo. I couldn't understand him. Suddenly, the people sitting, rose. Then they kneeled, prayed, and rose again. It seemed to go on forever, but perhaps I just wanted to leave because of the heat. They sat again and sang again. The congregation did all this with great unity. Near the end of the service was the taking of the sacrament. People rose in an unconfused manner, walked to one of the stations where wafers were being passed out, and ate it. After eating, some would face Jesus, bow, then sit again.

If I can remember, the "Sacrament Meeting," as it was called, in the Mormon Church, lasted about an hour. It started with a greeting and a schedule of how the meeting would proceed. One of the three leaders at a particular ward would do this. A hymn and a prayer would follow. Then one of the young adults would give a short talk or message. After the talk, a prayer was given to bless the sacrament. This proceeded with twelve young adults passing around bread and water to everyone in the congregation. There was another hymn, followed by the main speaker. After he was done, there was another hymn, and a final prayer. The Mormon church seemed very organized, formal, and serious.

The Catholic church I attended seemed casual, and happy. The Catholics seemed not as strict as Mormons. However, they do possess a kind of togetherness and devotion. I've never seen much harmony in my church. Maybe this is because there are many different ethnic groups and religions in Hawai'i. In the Philippines, the majority are Filipino, and Catholicism is the major religion throughout most of the Philippines.

I remember one incident that really stuck in my mind. It was Sunday, 6:00 p.m. I was in a supermarket just about to purchase my groceries. The music was playing overhead, people talking, registers beeping, money jingling, and carts squeaking—all the normal supermarket sounds. Then all of a sudden, a woman's voice spoke over the intercom. Everything became quiet. There was no sound except my voice whispering, "What's going on? I was told that it was a prayer. (I forgot the name.) It was awesome. I felt like time stopped. The whole country was probably doing the same thing (excluding the Muslims).

They seemed so devoted, and yet so lenient in their worshipping. They have a togetherness in this devoted leniency. I like to call it organized chaos. Nothing describes this better than the taxi drivers there. They seemed reckless driving on the opposite side of the street, making three lanes where only two lanes are drawn, cutting people off, or selfishly blocking traffic. It seems so chaotic, yet it is accepted by all. They all understand how to drive. To me, it's an organization of good drivers who drive badly. I don't mean to offend anyone, but the Catholics there seem like an organization of devout believers who are easygoing worshippers.

Vietnam Again

April 8, 1975. This time of the year, the weather was hot. As she stepped off Pan Am flight 116, a heavy blanket of thick humid air washed over her petite 4'11", 87 lb. body, making her skin start to bead—her dress started to stick to her thighs and back. The minute she landed, the odds were against her. No one thought she could pull it through, but she was determined to prove to them that her intuition was right. When it tugged at her heart, she had to follow its call.

She had had no sleep since leaving Honolulu International Airport. A small part of her mind was still rationalizing, doubting her decision in coming back to the chaos of war, the war in her blood country — the war in Vietnam. Over and over in her head, she repeated the reasons she was here. *Get them out — I have two weeks to get them out. I must convince them to leave this time or I might never see them again..* Prepared for the worst, she was not afraid to leave empty handed. The only thing she wanted to do was to follow what was in her gut.

Half of the job was completed. A year ago she and her American husband Paul had sponsored her younger siblings, two brothers and two sisters to live in Hawai'i. Being the eldest, Mai wanted a better life for them. Now they were back home taking care of her ten-month old baby girl. Paul and the sisters promised to take care of Arya if she wasn't able to return. That was their deal. It was the last chance for her parents to get out of Saigon before the North took over. This was her last chance to get her family back together again so

that her baby could grow up knowing her mom's family and culture. Her mind kept repeating, "Execute the plan and leave." There was no time to waste.

Pushing through a frantic crowd of brown, sweaty bodies, she jumped into a cab, holding tightly to her carry-on bag that held thousands in U.S. currency, a few clothes, and thousands of dollars more of jewelry. "Take me to 124 Phan Dinh Phung," she ordered the driver.

Her voice boomed like a sergeant's but inside, her stomach was weak, fluttering. She sensed in her gut that her plan wouldn't be as easy as she predicted. Manic waves of families were leaving the city, three or four people packed on Vespas, two at a time balanced on bikes, small busses filled with bodies squashed against each other, women and children on the streets crying, desperately running and searching for their families that were long gone. All of them were pushing to reach a waiting boat on a beach or to cross the Cambodian border.

After a forty-five minute drive, the cab pulled up in front of a large French villa. The estate sat like a fort in the middle of their tea plantation, with no signs for miles of any war or panic. "Maman! PaPa!" she yelled through the bars the locked gate. Thuy, the housekeeper, ran out with surprise and released the locks. Cheri, Maman's pet terrier scurried out and barked at Mai, remembering her scent and licking her hand. Thuy rolled out PaPa in a wheel chair. PaPa was paralyzed

from the waist down from a motorcycle accident a few years ago. A hemorrhage in his left brain left him unable to speak clearly since.

Edourd Phan Thanh owned several tea plantations in the South. Vietnamese by blood, French by nationality, he was a successful business man with stately features. He sent all of his children to the best boarding schools in France. Edourd had pride in his land, his estates, his wealth, passed down through the Phan-Thanh family line.

With an emotionally torn face, Maman dashed out to greet Mai. Hesitating, Maman cried, "We did not think you would come. We got your letter three weeks ago, it is crazy for you to come — you must turn around and go home. The North will not bother us, we are French. Besides, PaPa is sick, he is crippled, it will be difficult for him to travel."

This was nothing new to Mai. She knew it wouldn't be easy to tell Papa to leave. Of course he was crippled, but more than that he didn't want to leave his wealth behind, his collection of fine art European paintings and, his estates, his identity.

When it came to this war though, Mai knew more about the enemy than her parents did. After graduating from journalism school in Paris, she was hired as a photo and news journalist and traveled with the government press all over the world. When the Vietnam war began in 1965, she began to write strongly opinionated stories that opposed the North Vietnamese government. She hated them, and she let them know it. She didn't back down, even after there was a warrant on her life. A bullet grazed her skull, but didn't kill her; the small plane that flew the press was supposed to have crashed, but she and the captain jumped out; the rest died. The Communists didn't care what nationality she was, she was a threat to their image and they wanted her dead. And, she knew, with all the wealth of her family, they would kill for that, too,

Feeling the immediate resistance of her

parents, Mai decided not to push the issue just yet. It would take time, but she had two weeks until the flight back to Honolulu.

April 14. A week had passed and tension was growing in the house. Time was running out and Mai had not yet been successful in changing Maman's and PaPa's minds. She almost started to believe that her plan was failing. Maman didn't want to discuss the topic of leaving, so Mai tried another approach to gauge Maman's feelings. She began to discuss plan B.

"Maman, I will go down to Saigon tomorrow and change \$5,000 U.S. to Dong (Vietnamese currency). Leave it in your safe for a reserve," Mai said while carefully watching Maman's face to see her reaction. "Oh, and just in case, this is a backup," she said, handing over two embroidered silk pouches of jewels.

Opening one of the pouches, Maman was mesmerized by the two huge rings—a one and a half karat diamond and the other, a three-studded Colombian emerald ring. She opened the other silk pouch that revealed two pearl necklaces. One was a three-strand Mikimoto necklace with a diamond clasp and the other was a single strand black pearl necklace. "Wear this on your body and if times get rough, sell it," Mai suggested. These jewels didn't mean anything to Mai; what was most important was to protect her parents from suffering—if not from tile communists, then from poverty. Maman seemed unchanged in her decision.

The next day, catching a cyclo into the city, Mai left early with her bag full of money. As she got closer to the city, she began to see the signs of panic and war. The streets were full of rubbish, people were crying or yelling at each other; shops were being boarded up; windows, taped. Reminded of her plan to take her parents out, she began to cry out of frustration. This was not what she had planned. I have already accepted that my parents will not leave — how could I be so stupid for giving up so easily, she reprimanded herself.

Instead of changing the money, Mai was more determined that her plan must follow through. Imagining her parents as one of these brown hopeless faces on the streets, she felt that there was no alternative but to try and get them out. Mai yelled to the driver to change direction. She wanted to go to the Pan Am reservation office to confirm their flight out of Vietnam on April 24. After going to their office hundreds of times in the past, Mai knew her way to the Pan Am office by heart, but when she was unsuccessful in finding the lit Pan Am sign on the corner of Tu Do Street, she began to doubt her memory. Stepping out of the cyclo, she began to pace the sidewalk, retracing her steps from memory. After a few minutes though, she looked up and noticed the remnants of a shattered and unlit Pan Am sign. She felt relieved that she wasn't going crazy after all. The abandoned and littered office looked like the employees just packed up and left a few days ago, without a forwarding address. Feeling like her chances of executing her plan were quickly dissipating, Mai began to sweat, feeling the pressure of the afternoon heat bear down on her face.

"Take me to Air France— Hurry, Hurry, Hurry," she commanded the driver, shoving a twenty dollar bill in the driver's shirt pocket.

Trying to hold on to her strength, she tried not to panic. Seeing several long lines of desperate bodies, Mai yelled for the cyclo driver to stop. The Air France office was packed with people trying to get out of Saigon at the last minute. Pushing her way through the mobs of people, Mai spotted a white European face. She was determined to get some answers.

"The Pan Am office is closed and this place is mobbed. What's happened?"

Feeling sorry for her, the young, Frenchman replied, "Tan Son Nhat Airport is closing tomorrow. Pan Am has already stopped their flights into Saigon and Air France will be stopping their flights tomorrow."

Knowing there was no chance for a ticket out, her hope was weakening; her mind turned into a dizzy blur of exhaustion. Walking back to the cyclo, she was no longer pushing through the waves of hopeful passengers. The numbed, expressionless voice was barely audible as she told the



*The Phan Tan
Estate, Saigon*

Photograph
courtesy of
Joelle Johnson

driver. "Take me back, there is no more to do."

April 27. She had barely left her room since the day she came back from city. Crying all night and sleeping all day, Mai had been torturing her mind for two weeks with the same thoughts. "You stupid fool, they were right all along," she thought, remembering, her friends had warned her not to go back. She remembered them saying, "Don't be stupid." Even her brothers and sisters told her that Maman and Papa would not leave, but they still could not stop her from following the pull in her heart. That pull in her heart had never failed in the past. It always gave her an "All O.K." to do the most impossible things as a journalist. Now it seemed that her intuitive sense had failed for the first time.

After much thought, there was no choice but to numb her heart, give up on them and concentrate only on getting out. After mechanically packing her carry-on bag, she threw the five thousand dollars and two pouches of jewelry into PaPa's steel safe.

It was early morning, and the dirt road that led to Saigon was empty. There was a curfew. The police ordered no one to leave their houses, but Mai didn't care. Her thin, weak body kept on walking towards the American Embassy—her last chance out. Underneath the strips of her slippers, blisters had already formed and popped, leaving her feet raw and bloody.

Reaching the Embassy, her animal instincts were aroused at the sight of hundreds of desperate, black haired, skinny bodies trying to push through the large Embassy gates. Fifty or more American MPs formed an arm-to-arm chain, preventing anyone from coming through. Other MPs equipped with large rifles were hitting the backs and legs of men and women trying to climb the walls. Throwing herself into the swarm of the crowd, Mai pushed and crawled through the mass. Rubbing against the arms of the MPs chain, the wave of the crowd pushed her. She stumbled and

fell forward to the ground. She was in!

It was the early morning of April 29. The sun was starting to rise over the horizon. The large air-conditioned room was filled with waiting people. Since the telephones were shut off, the radio was the only connection to the outside world. On all the loudspeakers, Prime Minister Tran Van Hung's voice announced on the radio, "For all those who want to leave Saigon, today is the last day."

This announcement was all it took to do the impossible all over again. Grabbing her bag, Mai, remembered her vows in coming back and quickly walked out of the room into a blanket of humid air. As she walked out of the Embassy gate, people yelled at her, "You're crazy for leaving! You'll never get back in!"

She began to run, and run and run.

"Maman! PaPa! Open up," she was yelling through tile bars of the locked gates. It was *deja vu*.

Thuy opened up the gates, and at the villa's front door, Maman rolled out Papa in his wheelchair. Before they could say anything, she had to explain herself.

"I heard on the radio that today is the last to get out! Please, you must come with me," she pleaded. "I was already inside the Embassy, but I left to come back and get you. Please hurry, we must not waste any time!"

Something in her voice made them trust her. Maman and PaPa sensed for the first time that she might be right, that they were foolish not to listen to her this time. Grabbing the money and jewels from PaPa's safe, Mai helped Maman pack a small suitcase of clothes, pictures and jewels.

PaPa started to feel weak and queasy. Without saying a word, Mai could see on PaPa's face that it was going to be difficult for him to leave, let alone push him along the bumpy dirt roads for two hours into the city. The only way to quickly make it back to the Embassy was to have someone drive PaPa.

Mai ran two miles to a neighbor's house. Shoving, one thousand U.S. dollars into the neighbor's pocket, she demanded, "Take my father to the Embassy." Hesitating to break tile curfew and leave his family, he almost declined, when Mai shoved another thousand dollars into his pocket.

The cyclo carried Papa and his wheelchair. Walking, Maman and Mai spotted the Embassy in tile distance. The crowds of people at the Embassy gate were more frantic than before. Leaving her parents in a safe spot, Mai once again pushed her way through the swarm of the crowd, squeezing and sliding her skinny body to the front of the gate.

As fate were trying to tell her something, a force from the crowd shoved Mai forwards onto her knees, in again, but without her parents. Throwing her self back out to the crowd of desperate faces, she looked like a woman who had lost her mind. She was no longer relying on rationality, she was depending on another power to get her through. With every last ounce of strength, Mai pushed PaPa and Maman through the crowd of resistant bodies. Reaching the gate, Mai began to plead to an MP to break his chain and let them in. Programmed for this kind of situation, the American MP hardened his arm grip, and with a hard face Ignored her cries.

"Please let us in! My husband is an American, I have a baby girl at home. Please, I live in Hawai'i, I have a greencard. Mai continued to plead, thinking of anything to convince the MPs to let them in.

"Look at your father," one of them said. "He is old and crippled.

Why don't you Just leave him, he will die soon," another MP added.

Mai didn't give up. After an hour of pleading to the two same MP's, her eye spotted an American journalist she worked with before. "Frank! Frank Bishop," Mai yelled. Hearing his name, Frank recognized Mai from the other side of the gate and walked toward her.

"Frank, please, I need your help to get my

parents through. I came back to get them out. Please find a way!

Frank Bishop, a reporter for the Florida Tribune, came back to Vietnam as a volunteer assistant to help last minute evacuations at the Embassy. Talking to the two MPs, Frank said something that convinced them to release their arms. "You and your folks can leave with me," Frank said, while guiding Mai and her parents into the same large air-conditioned room filled with people. "I need to help assist these people out tonight. After that we will be able to leave. Please be patient and don't worry, We'll get you and your folks out safely. Feeling relieved that she got this far, Mai relaxed a little and got something to eat and drink for her parents.



Mai Johnson, safe in Hawai'i

Color Photograph

Courtesy of Joelle Johnson

The sun was going down over the horizon. It was April 29. All night she waited and the more she waited, she felt a tug in her gut, warning her that something wasn't right. Mai had been watching people slowly leaving four or five per helicopter. Only two of them were flying to and from the aircraft carrier, the *Okinawa*, waiting in the South China Sea.

It was 1:00 a.m. April 30. Seeing Frank a few feet away talking to some MPs, Mai interrupted their conversation.

"Frank, why haven't we left yet? Time is running short. Please, don't make us wait any longer. I have a feeling if we don't leave soon, we won't be able to leave at all."

"Don't worry," Frank replied. "As soon as I have the green light, we'll be leaving, hold on a little longer."

"No Frank!" Mai urged. "We need to leave on the next helicopter out. We cannot risk waiting for you!"

Hearing the stubbornness in her voice, Frank could not refuse her request.

3:00 a.m. the next helicopter arrived.

Two MPs lifted PaPa and carried him towards the roaring sound of the chopper blades. Ducking low, Maman and Mai followed. After lifting PaPa out of his wheel chair into a seat, the MP closed the door, and the helicopter lifted from the ground.

Safe on the aircraft carrier, *Okinawa*, Mai spotted Frank a couple of days later. Peering deep into her eyes, and then looking down to the ground, Frank spoke in a barely audible voice. "You were light," he said. Frank told Mai that the 3 a.m. helicopter was the last one to carry out the Vietnamese. The next chopper was ordered only to pick up the last of the Americans at the Embassy and no more. The North rolled their tanks in on the morning of April 30, 1975. She was called stupid, crazy, and foolish for going back to Vietnam. But those words could not suppress the intuitive pulling in her heart. An invisible power assured her, "Do not think, my child, trust the feeling and carry through."

The Shout from the Taiwanese People

Dear American Citizens,

Recently, U.S. President Bill Clinton visited China for nine days, and announced the three "No" policies. These three "No's" were: The U.S. will not support Taiwan's participation in the International Trading Organization; the U.S. will stop selling weapons to Taiwan; and the U.S. will not intervene in the case of an attack on Taiwan initiated by China. These policies made the entire Taiwanese population angry and anxious. Later on, U.S. senators took a vote, the result of which was ninety-two to zero. This means that a hundred percent of the U.S. senators supported Taiwan and wanted to ensure the continuation of the relationship according to the US -Taiwan Trading Policy, Bill 107 which was signed about ten years ago.

Even though millions of Taiwanese people have immigrated to America from Taiwan, Taiwan is still our homeland. This relationship is like that between mother and child, and nothing can cut the umbilical cord. As Taiwanese people, we have to shout our opinion and persuade our listeners that the U.S. President and the U.S. government should deal more carefully with the Taiwan-China relationship problem.

Taiwan is a free and independent country. Taiwanese people have human rights policies and freedoms in speech, religion, action, thought and lifestyle. Our political and social situations are totally different from those of China. Taiwan has

four hundred years of history independent of China. This long history includes fifty years of colonization by Holland, another fifty years by Japan, and a final fifty years by Chiang Kai-Shek of the Nationalist Party (Kuo-Ming Tang). The last emperor of the Ching Dynasty has only made two pleasure-related visits to Taiwan, and China has never governed Taiwan. Hence, Taiwan does not belong to China.

For about twenty years, since Taiwan's pressured withdrawal from the United Nations and the severance of US-Taiwan relationships, the Taiwanese people worked very hard to become wealthy and to develop its economy. Now, Taiwan ranks in the top six in the amount of products it exports to the United States, and in the top nineteen in its world trading ability. This is why people easily notice that many products in the U.S. are made in Taiwan.

In the last ten years, the economic situation in Taiwan has changed. China's cheap labor cost, which is twenty times less than the average in Taiwan, has attracted a majority of famous Taiwanese companies. Large enterprises such as "Taiwan Plastic Products" have already begun to invest their businesses in China. Due to Taiwan's wealth in resources and economy, China would love to add Taiwan to its territory. Because of Taiwan's help, China has become very rich in recent years.

Ever since China opened its business to other

countries, the US-China relationship has been established and strengthened through business. Because China has 13 billion people, it possesses a very large consumer market. The United States can easily earn money from China. Kentucky Fried Chicken and McDonald's fast food chains did very well in China because of its relative newness to that country. For a long time, the U.S. used to trade with Taiwan, but now it has shifted its business interests to China. Because the population in Taiwan is only 2.15 million, it will surely lose its market to China. Using this point to their advantage, China has successfully pressured many countries to stop their business relationships with Taiwan.

Since 1911, Taiwan has been governed successively by Chiang Kai-Shek, his son, Chiang Ching-Kuo, and the first Taiwanese-born president, Mr. Lee. China and Taiwan have functioned separately for 87 years. Taiwan is an independent country, and has complete control over its own government. Nevertheless, China has always imagined Taiwan as part of its own territory. This is the only basis for China's motive of uniting Taiwan to itself. They have always declared that they will use weapons and missiles to threaten the Taiwanese people. Two years ago, during the first Taiwanese president campaign, China shot several missiles to Taiwan as an attempt to threaten the Taiwanese people. During that time, U.S. sent two army ships to Taiwan and the waters around it to protect Taiwan. Last year, Hong Kong returned to China; China wishes to take Taiwan in the same manner. If Taiwan resists, China threatens to block Taiwan's membership and participation in the

Olympic Sports Organization. China has often used the media to declare itself against any country that wishes to establish a relationship with Taiwan. Nowadays, Taiwan is almost like a poor orphan in the world.

Recently, the economy in Eastern and Southern Asia, especially in Japan, is very bad, and there is hardly any recovery from its recession. Despite the general recession experienced by these countries, Taiwan remains the exception. This is proof that Taiwan is a good, strong country to establish trading relationships with. Aside from its human rights problems, China has no economic freedom; therefore businesses invested there will be controlled by its Communist government.

I am Taiwanese and wish to think about the threat about China poses to Taiwan. I want to protect my homeland, with its privileges and assets. I believe that U.S. should continue its business relationship with Taiwan, and be more aware of the threat posed to Taiwan as a result. I hope that the United States will not betray Taiwan. The fortunes of Taiwan should be decided by its own people according to basic human rights. I believe that China should not exert any more pressure on Taiwan. Taiwan needs America's support, friendship and protection, as it has received on the week of Taiwan's first presidential campaign. The new policies proposed by President Clinton are damaging to all of this. Furthermore, the United States should prevent China from attacking Taiwan, thereby maintaining peace in the Eastern Asia area and consequently, in the whole world.

Sincerely,
Lin Tzu-Mei Yang

The Shadow of the Miracle

Possibilities for the Future

An appropriate way to address the financial health of Japan is to look at Japan's past and present situation. Only then can we accurately generate ideas to assess Japan's ability to perform in the upcoming years.

After the Second World War, the Japanese people banded together to develop their nation into the world's third largest economy. Men worked incredibly long hours and sacrificed their families' health for the company. In return, companies promised lifetime employment and pension plans. Women obediently stayed home to hold the family together. The sacrifices of the war generation paid off for the third and fourth postwar generations. These generations were raised in an atmosphere of excess. Consumerism was the new postwar mantra for Japan.

An excellent working relationship between the banks and giant manufacturing conglomerates helped maintain Japan's prosperity in the Asian arena. For example, large companies often relied on the same banks to fund their projects. A visible social manifestation of the company-bank relationship is the drinking that goes on every weeknight between Japanese businessmen and their co-workers. The lack of competition between banks for corporate clients afforded a streamlined and efficient financial system for unrestricted corporate growth.

Three factors directly caused the bubble economy to burst in 1992. First, Japanese authori-

ties were excessively increasing the money supply. Second, the public expected the economic growth to last indefinitely. Third, the banking system was faulty. The prices of assets such as land increased at a greater rate than their real value. As a result, the banks did not question projects because they figured that the appreciation of land value would cover unforeseen losses.

Presently, consumer confidence in Japan is at an all-time low. Japan's unusual problem with her demographics will heighten the financial turmoil. Japan's elderly population is increasing at an astounding rate. Word has it that by 2020, 26.84 percent of Japan's population will be aged 65 or over. The group holding much of the wealth earned during the postwar era is the elderly population. Unfortunately, with rising demands on the pension system, the elderly population is more inclined to save their assets in hopes that it will appreciate in value. One must remember that Japan's large labor force contributed to the growth of the nation's GDP in the years after the war. However, with the number of people able to work decreasing, meeting the GDP growth rates of the past will be increasingly more difficult.

Today, Japan is witnessing a deterioration of its traditional employment system. Lifetime employment, bonuses in line with the duration of company service, and corporate labor unions are

being phased out. Japan is troubled by a low economic growth rate, increasing unemployment, decreased consumer spending, and tepid consumer confidence. To make matters worse, Japanese banks are unattractive to foreign financiers because of the Asian Economic Crisis.

On the other hand, Japan's role in East Asia cannot be overlooked. Recently, Japan agreed to help South Korea by issuing one billion dollars in long-term loans. Japan is still an economic power to be considered in Asia despite its domestic problems. Japan has experienced several downturns and remarkable recoveries in its postwar history. Japan successfully recovered from the 1973 global oil crisis and from an unusually strong yen in 1986 which sent her export numbers plummeting.

Speaking of recovery, perhaps an increase in technological development will provide more higher paying job opportunities for a shrinking labor force. Once GDP figures resume growth, inevitable structural reform will increase the feeling of financial security in Japan. As a result, if consumers see hope for future growth, domestic spending will increase and serve to ameliorate Japan's current problems. In any case, as U.S. stock prices continue to soar and the DOW posts record gains, American policymakers need to carefully study the Japanese situation in order to avoid making the same grave mistakes on American soil.

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Translation of Sonnet VIII: *Oeuvres*, 1554-56

By Louis Labé

Je vis, je meurs: je me brule et me noie.
J'ai chaud extreme en endurent froidure:
La vie m'est et trop molle et trop dure.
J'ai grands ennuis entremelés de joie:

Tout à coup je ris et je larmoie,
Et en plaisir maint grief tourment j'endure:
Mon bien s'en va, et à jamais il dure:
Tout en un coup je sèche et je verdoie.

Ainsi Amour inconstamment me mène :
Et quand je pense avoir plus de douleur,
Sans y penser je me trouve hors de peine.

Puis quand je crois ma joie être certaine,
Et être au haut de mon désiré heur,
Il me remet en mon premier malheur.

I live, I die, I burn myself and I drown.
I am extremely hot and endure coldness:
Life is too soft and too hard for me.
I have big worries mixed with joy:

Suddenly I laugh and I whimper,
While I am happy, I am suffering:
What belongs to me goes away and stays forever.
All at the same time I'm dying and becoming green.

This way, love drives me up and down:
And when I think about having more pain,
Without thinking about it I find myself out of suffering.

And when I think my joy will be sure,
And to be on top of my desired happiness,
It puts me back in my first unhappiness.

A Dog. A Question. A Wise Guy... and a night with a group of naked people??

A funny thing happened to me a couple of weeks ago that has left me pondering over questions that are out of the norm; (well at least out of my norm). Questions that have left me feeling different about the way I perceive my life, and people I encounter in life. No, this is not one of those papers where the student conjures up a story that he or she thinks will impress the professor with some sort of life-altering experience. Frankly, I could not care less if you were impressed. What matters is that I speak the truth.

It all began when I decided to do my research paper on Faith Milnes' exhibit entitled "Iconic Images." I walked around the Koa Gallery looking for that one image that would be the topic of my paper. As I walked around, I came upon three images of "The bleeding feet of Christ," taken from a 17th century Velazquez painting. You would think that I would be sucked in by these interesting monoprints, all of which were the exact mirror images of one another, but with different titles. But as interesting as they were, my eyes were caught by something far more appealing.

It was a single monoprint of a dog defecating on the sands of North Shore. The dog had one leg up, almost smiling, giving one the idea that it was not ashamed to let itself go in public. It was nothing new. Nothing shocking about it. In fact, one could see something like that in living color when walking the streets of Kalihi. Only

difference; cement instead of sand. What made this piece interesting though, was the given title: "Does a dog have a Buddha Nature?" Whether Faith Milnes was aware of it or not, it was the very title that has given life to many of my questions.

I stood there for a long while, pondering over this question, carefully observing the dog's facial expression, looking for some sort of "tell-tale sign" that would put my stressed out mind at ease. But after standing in the same spot for a mere ten minutes, I found none and left. Normally I would just put it aside, not giving it a second thought. But there was something about that picture that made it hard for me to let go. It was not the image of the dog itself but the question that kept haunting me, and even playing a small role in my nightmares. It was then and there that I finally decided to somehow come up with an answer to the million dollar question. But of course, there was a problem. How does one know exactly how a dog feels, more-or-less know for sure it has a Buddha nature? It's impossible!

For days I pondered over it, questioning its importance, and asking my own questions like: What is to have Buddha nature? What is its connection with a dog's way of living? And most importantly, why is it so important for me to find an answer to such a stupid question? By the time I reached that question, I was really stressed out and

desperate. So desperate that I even turned to my dog for the answers. Of course, being that Sabu (my seven-year old black miniature dachshund) is a dog, there was that language barrier that kept us from understanding on another. Nothing came of it, but I tried nonetheless.

It was hopeless. I reached my wit's end. I wanted to give up and admit defeat. Then the phone rang and at the same time my pager kept blowing up. The message 1215117171—01991179—"skinny dipping" was displayed. Curious, I picked it up. To my delight, it was what I've been waiting for all day. It was the perfect thing to get my mind off the dreaded question: "Does a dog have a Buddha Nature?!" My friends thought it would be a good idea if we all went skinny dipping at Kailua Beach Park, at night of course! So off we went. It was there that the answers to my questions started to slowly reveal themselves, and even shed some dim light on the importance of the questions itself.

There we were, a group of friends standing on the beach. It was cold and dark. The moon beautifully shone over us, gently reflecting its rays on the ocean. The sky was clear and revealed the beauty of the stars as the water begged us to indulge in its heavenly rough waves. It was a perfect night—a mixture of good company and a couple of shots of vodka and margaritas.

As everyone got ready to "be one with nature," I asked myself whether it was a good idea to be there. Again, the dreaded questions kept echoing in the back of my mind. Determined to put it aside, I got up to make my way towards the water. But just as I was about to strip away, I was stopped by Kiyoshi — the handsome self-proclaimed philosopher of the group.

I should have started by saying that my friends are grouped into castes. There are the Drama Queens, the hyper-sensos (sensitive), the almost Anti-socials, the overly Demandants, the Philosophers, and the Whatever!Go-with-the-Flow caste. (FYI, I would most likely fit in one of each. Call it a sub-caste if you please).

Kiyoshi wanted me to stay back and keep him company. He not only fits in the Phili group, but he also holds a seat in the Almost Anti-social group. Being the good friend I was, I agreed. It was from that moment, that simple act of deciding that I was going to stay back that everything began to clear up. That night, I learned a lot from Kiyoshi.

He enlightened me with his knowledge of Buddhism, how the universe and all living beings are connected. He told me that we are the Earth, but in a different form. For example, he said: "If you take a Big Mac and put it in a blender and turn it into liquid, it is still a Big Mac, but in a different form. And if you take that liquefied Big Mac and burn it until it turns to gas, it is still a Big Mac, but in a different form." What he was trying to say is



Buddha Nature of a Dog
from *Iconic Images*
Faith Milnes
Monoprint, 1998

that we all came from the same source. First there was nothing, then water appeared, then rock formed, then living organisms developed; later humans. We are the earth in a different form, and in understanding that one could understand the nature of Buddha.

He then added that a Buddha is someone who blames no one for his troubles but himself. A Buddha knows who he is and where he came from. A Buddha is someone who lives his life stress-free, and who could appreciate simplicity for what it is. Then he said, "Buddhism is easy to understand. Anyone can get it. But if you have one question, no matter how insignificant it is, if you have one question about what it means to be a Buddha, then you can never be one."

In a way, I had a feeling he was trying to tell me that I needed to lighten up, to understand that stressing myself out won't get me anywhere, and that I should try not to read more into that simple question, because there was nothing complex about it. In other words, "Relax Lissa! You have no one to blame for the origins of your stress but yourself." And I know that.

The answer was clear as daylight. The importance of that picture was not the dog, maybe not even the question. But the importance was what it symbolized to me. It symbolized a certain freedom I lacked in my own life. In a way I was envious of that dog. It could care less if someone was watching it defecating on the sand. It was his nature to do that, and he understands that nature, and he understands that others will too. He knows

who he is. He is a dog and that is all he needed to know. He lives his life stress-free. No worries about anything because he understands that nature will take its course no matter how hard one tries to change things. He understands all of this. Thus, he has a Buddha Nature (well, at least that is what I found in Kiyoshi's definition).

There. I finally found an answer that satisfies me. Whether it is a true answer or not, it really doesn't matter. What matters is that I finally understand why it bothered me so much. It bothered me because I let it bother me. Faith Milnes' monoprint of "Does a dog have Buddha Nature?" was nothing more than a mirror image of my inner self, telling me that it was about time that I ease up, and let nature decide which direction to follow. Just like the three images of the 'bleeding feet of Christ.' They are the same prints, but with different titles. The dog in the picture is me, but in a different form.

So the last question that remains is, how have these things changed me? The answer? It doesn't matter! As I said in the beginning. A funny thing happened to me a couple of weeks ago that has left me feeling different, about the way I perceive my life, and those I encounter in life. It was an experience that is indescribable by words. Nonetheless, it was an experience that has helped me to live my life with ease. Because of it, I am a calmer, cooler, stress-free, go with the flow, happy person. A person that I found by looking at a picture of a dog, defecating on the sands of North Shore. And that's a true story.



To our readers,

Horizons celebrates the rich heritage of Hawaii's students. In this edition you will find stories of celebrations and traditions passed down in families, personal encounters with people of other cultures, discussions of politics, culture and literature from the classroom. We hope their stories and ideas will inspire you to share your work, both writing and art, in the next edition. Submission forms are available from your instructor or may be obtained from the Language Arts office in Kalia 102 or the Student Publications office in Lama 119.

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The Editors:

Jennifer Throneberry

Eric Chan

Readers:

Autumn Gunter

Nicole Yempuku

Robin Fujikawa

Adviser

Winifred Au

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Phone:(808) 734-9120 • Fax: (808)7349287

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