cial issue of this journal or Anthony Regan's article in the November 1998 issue of *The Journal of Pacific History.* Those better acquainted with Bougainville might be inclined to skip over material they already know, or be put off by some infelicities in Claxton's style (eg, the proliferation of acronyms), perhaps deriving from the work's origins in a doctoral thesis. However, they could certainly profit from considering the provocative nature of some of the author's arguments. They can also appreciate the 41-page bibliography he provides. Anyone seriously concerned with PNG and Bougainville affairs will, at the very least, want to examine the book to see what Claxton's perspective can add to their own understanding.

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Dreadlocks: In Oceania, volume 1, 1997, edited by Sudesh Mishra and Elizabeth Guy. Suva: Department of Language and Literature, University of the South Pacific. No ISBN, 199 pages, illustrations. US$10.

In 1994 I edited my first issue of the Australian journal *Meanjin.* It was a special issue on the Pacific and, looking back on it now, there are undoubtedly things I would do differently a second time around. One thing that has stayed with me, however, as a high point of that issue was a series of interviews conducted by Gillian Gorle with William Takaku, then director of the National Theatre Company of Papua New Guinea, John Kasaipwalova, the well-known Trobriand poet, and Steven Winduo, a younger poet from the Sepik region. Among the questions Gillian put to each of these writers was: "What are your views about English as a medium of expression?"

William Takaku described the loss of linguistic diversity in Papua New Guinea as a tragedy. He argued that while the use of English was clearly only going to increase, it was also going to destroy the country's literary potential in the process. "The expressions [of our mother tongues] are much more . . . ," he said, obviously searching for a word. "In English they will come out inside-out or back-to-front, they won't make sense." Then there was the problem of audience. Takaku described his audience as being in the villages. "So how can I use English?" he asked.

John Kasaipwalova, on the other hand, had this to say: "It's exciting. I would put it this way—it's a tool. Our own traditional languages are beautiful tools, but they're stone axes. Suddenly you're given a tool that is a bulldozer. . . . It has the potential of reaching out to a massive audience." The problem, as he saw it, was "being able to know that the words you use do justice to what you want to express, whether they are the right ones, because that is not your native language."

And then there was Steven Winduo, who as a member of the younger generation, educated in New Zealand and the United States, found himself with a different set of problems. "I've probably avoided this question," he replied, "because when I answer it I become hypocritical in a way. You see . . . to me, writing in English is like writing in my own language." While acknowledging that there was

a need for him to "do something for my own dialect and my own people," Winduo felt that it was even more important for him to reach out—beyond the village, beyond the country, even beyond the region. "To me as a writer coming from a Third World postcolonial society, writing in English is a political thing to do."

I revisit this discussion at some length because I think it reflects the major dilemma confronting both Pacific writers and reviewers of writing from the Pacific. Whom does one write for and how, therefore, does one write? It is not always a matter of English versus another language; it can equally be a matter of what kind of English one uses: colloquial, academic, mixed with words in other tongues. It is certainly a matter of audience, in any case. Writing is an act of communication with an imagined someone at the other end, someone who will have the right amount of knowledge, who will understand the references, get the jokes, appreciate the subtleties. The question for Pacific writers is who do they think that someone is, what community does he or she belong to—the village, the region, the postcolonial community, the entire English-speaking world?

Different writers will answer this question differently. But it is perhaps valid to ask it of editors as well. I think it's a question worth putting to Sudesh Mishra and Elizabeth Guy, editors of the inaugural issue of *Dreadlocks: In Oceania,* a journal of critical and creative writing published in 1997 by the Department of Literature and Language, University of the South Pacific, because I think they want to have a bet each way.

On the one hand, the pieces they have selected clearly foreground the local, pushing back and overturning colonialist frames of reference and replacing them with Oceanic points of view. Epeli Hau'ofa revisits the issue of regional identity against the backdrop of declining Western interest in the islands. Teresia Teaiwa thumbs her nose at the French in "Real Natives Don't French Kiss." Subramani writes with pathos of exile in Australia; and, in a fine poem called "Balaga Bay," Pio Manoa laments a history of "strangers, masters [who] came and went/as the tides brought foam/and receded" (82). On a lighter note, two wonderful little stories by Seona Smiles juxtapose local conditions with two kinds of distant metropolitan centers, as represented by the Bombay talkies and an Australian aunt, having a bit of a laugh at everyone along the way.

Strategically placed at the end of the volume is an essay by Sudesh Mishra that, I take it, expresses the editorial view. Mishra complains that the controversial 1994 *Faber Book of Contemporary South Pacific Stories* edited by C K Stead is an "ideological product" targeted at "an almost exclusively first-world reader" and costing as much in Fiji as a garment factory worker is lucky to earn in a week. "Once again, literature from Oceania is inaccessible to the people of Oceania . . . once again, knowledge lies beyond the reach of those who are its object," he writes. "This makes it even more urgent for us to keep on publishing those ugly-looking, badly typeset and poorly edited four-dollar anthologies in Fiji or Samoa or Tonga. With them we have at least some control over knowledge production and circulation" (194).

Clearly *Dreadlocks: In Oceania* is meant to serve as a kind of corrective to the Faber book and undoubtedly it does function in this way. The other contribution by Mishra, a poem called "Alta, 1997," is unambiguous in its projection of a certain kind of local reader:

> He carries a sispaan across the field,
> A surf boiling in its prison, leaving
> Her by a diya that burns forever
> Under a tulsi, a world of herb-light
> Inviolate as her belief in today,
> The future. . . . (121)

The poem is not glossed and while someone who does not understand *sispaan, diya, tulsi,* and so on might be able to guess at the some of the meanings, the overall effect of the poem is to make one hyperconscious of what one doesn't know. This writer is not speaking to me, one thinks.

A handful of other pieces in this issue use similar tactics, though none to this degree. But it is pushing the bounds of credulity to suggest that the only or even the principal intended audience of this volume is a local one, never mind an audience of garment factory workers. Another group of pieces, including notably John O'Carroll's "Multiple Cities: Suva and the (Post)colonial," which "acknowledges the radical imbrication of polity and cultural specificity, of built formation and social practice," and to a lesser extent Arlene Griffen's study of Bakhtinian "carnivalization" in Hau'ofa's *Kisses in the Nederends,* are plainly pitched at people with recent higher degrees in the humanities and would be incomprehensible to anyone else.

I know it is hard for journal editors to be clear about their aims. Often with a journal one wants to do contradictory things—to speak to both specialists and general readers, or to make a contribution to scholarship and at the same time to entertain. In the case of *Dreadlocks: In Oceania* it is doubly difficult because there are so few alternative publication venues in the region. It is obviously tempting to try to do everything with this one book: to provide a forum for local students; to engage in international debate; to feature the work of well-known writers, and so on. My own feeling is that it is uneven, both in the quality of the writing and in the expectations it sets up. That said, it is also just a journal and journals are, as every editor knows, at least two parts ephemera for every part enduring stuff.

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Being Ourselves for You: The Global Display of Cultures, by Nick Stanley. Material Culture Series. London: Middlesex University Press, 1998. ISBN 1-898253-16-1, 211 pages, photographs, maps, notes, bibliography, index. Paper, £14.95.

While researching Pacific artifacts at the Chicago Field Museum of Natural History, Nick Stanley stumbled on a performance by Asmat and Dani tribespeople who were participating in a Festival of Indonesia. Watching them, Stanley starts to ask what distinguishes their mode of ethnographic performance from earlier ones held in the same space during the 1893 Columbian Exposition. Stanley contends that while the actual perfor-