

consistency of voice or perspective, it abundantly makes up in vitality and fine storytelling.

As a Samoan woman and writer myself, I can fully appreciate some of the fearsome and contested boundaries that Sia Figiel had to cross in the telling of these particular stories. How can we begin to speak openly of the violence of internalized colonialism and the ways that this violence scars us all, our bodies and our hearts, and especially those of the most vulnerable among us, our children? In both works Figiel walks down such difficult roads speaking of such difficult matters, thus opening a public space among Pacific Islanders of all ages for dialogue and reflection on crucial issues of survival, issues relevant to indigenous peoples of any culture. In these brave works, Figiel breaks silences by speaking the many names of loss, thus opening spaces for mourning and healing as well. By lending her literary voice to the stories of children, she gives the necessary gift of their painful clarity, their terrible truths, their healing wisdom. Above all, perhaps, she brings a particular voice that has been too long neglected in Pacific Islands literatures and elsewhere: that of a girl child asking for and receiving what she needs.

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Homeland: Special Focus—New Writing from New Zealand, edited by Frank Stewart; Reina Whaitiri and Robert Sullivan, feature editors. Special issue of *Mānoa: A Pacific Journal of International Writing* 9 (1); general editor, Frank Stewart. Honolulu: University of Hawai'i Press, 1997. ISSN 1045-7909. USA and Canada US\$15; others US\$17.

Mānoa was founded in 1988 by members of the Department of English, University of Hawai'i, aiming "to showcase new writing from North America alongside exciting contemporary work from the many countries and regions of Asia and the Pacific." It is a hard task keeping literary journals afloat and even harder when they attempt to cross from a specific market into cosmopolitan, transnational, or transregional cultural zones. *Mānoa* has succeeded for nearly ten years in promoting an international outlook with a firm sense of local consciousness in an elegant format. It is an achievement worthy of high praise.

This issue has two "standing places"—a photo essay and commentary on efforts to reclaim traditional taro cultivation and water supply from agribusiness and state control in Hawai'i, and a collection of contemporary Māori writing from Aotearoa—New Zealand. The conflictual nexuses of culture, identity, economics, and politics in both cases quickly become clear and are complemented by personal essays on the politics of tourism in Nepal and Tunisia. Internationalizing from a local base is reflected in Gavan Daws' interview with Hugh Moorhead, who, from his time on Tinian

Island during the Pacific War, began a lifetime hobby of correspondence with world figures seeking their answers to the big questions of life. The Pacific focus is also moved to wide-angle with the inclusion of a range of American writers reflecting on the meanings of “home,” plus two previously untranslated stories from Nobel-winner Yasunari Kawabata. I particularly liked poems by Ricardo Pau-Llosa, and there’s an egregiously classic example of colonial gothic romance (Gordon of Khartoum battles demonic serpent in the Seychelles), all the more notable for being among writing generally aimed at dismantling the discourses behind such nonsense.

Marilyn Krysl has an entertaining and nicely acerbic child’s-view exposé of suburban midwest patriarchal rituals during the cold war (“Atomic Open House”), reminiscent of Margaret Atwood’s passionate dry style. It complements Witi Ihimaera’s spoof reversal of French nuclear testing in the Pacific, and Hone Tuwhare’s trenchant anti-arms race poem sequence “Cite Them Fight Them Indict Them.”

Tuwhare is one of the father figures of Māori writing in English, and his poem recalls his early antinuclear protest verse, *No Ordinary Sun*. The selection here also covers his lyrical-dramatic evocation of nature and myth and his matching of formal technique (“Salvaged”) with an increasingly loose colloquial style (“The Sun is truanting again today—says Maui”). Ihimaera, though younger, also has leader status as an early and consistent publisher of fiction but also as the major anthologist of the field, to which his five-volume series, *Te Ao Marama*,

is an unquestionably definitive guide. Mānoa offers an excerpt from his forthcoming sequel to *The Matriarch* and a glimpse of his other aspect as a poet, “Falling” being a strong indication that the lyrical elements of his prose convert well into dramatic verse.

Apirana Taylor has two poems, “Soft Leaf Falls of Light” playing with words in a lyric-concrete mode, and “Te Ihi” working a dynamic antiphon of English and Māori into a *haka*-like assertion of cultural vitality. Cultural meaning is also featured in a poem by Robert Sullivan that delineates the difference between “greenstone” and “*pounamu*,” linking people, place, and object under the title “Biography.” His succinct, two-line-stanza poem on history, “1995” leads into a sequence of meditations by Ngahua Te Aweko-tuku on Māori artefacts in museums. These work to transform objectified alienating colonial history into a possessed relationship of living presence.

The editors’ comments sketch central themes in Māori writing (including insightful commentary on Hone Tuwhare’s verse) and stress the variety of its literary output and the “sampler” nature of this necessarily limited selection. They frame their piece with short texts in Māori and make a point of noting the literary activity in *Te Reo* not represented in this English-language selection. However, the glossary they supply highlights the amazing degree to which Māori has struggled back from the brink of extinction in its own right and permeated English-language expression. Although the battle for cultural recovery and social equity is by no means won, the renewed confidence

currently reflected in legal recovery of some rights over land, forests, and seas can also be found directly in a celebratory story like Marewa Glover's "A Song for a Tattooed Man," in the straightforward everyday of a poet's encounters as in Brian Potiki's poems, or in the complex self-mockery/self-assertion/satire of cultural politics in Patrick John Rata's "My First Speech in the United Nations," the energy of which is reflected in the "performance"-style experiment with text as voice. There's also work from Briar Grace-Smith, Hinewirangi, Roma Potiki, Rangi Faith, a dramatic story mixing the tough and the comic from Linda Tuhiwai Te Rina Smith, and extracts from Patricia Grace, Mere Whaanga, and Alan Duff.

Those widespread readers of *Mānoa* who are not familiar with the field of Māori writing will get a good cross-section of its modern English expression that will whet their appetite for further reading; and that's what such a collection is for.

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Anyan's Story: A New Guinea Woman in Two Worlds, by Virginia Drew Watson. A McLellan book. Seattle: University of Washington Press, 1997. ISBN 0-295-97604-7 (paper), xiv + 193 pages, map, photographs, glossary, epilogue, notes, supplementary readings, index. Cloth, US\$45; paper, US\$25.

"When I was born my father had four wives. My mother was number three. She was young and this was her first marriage. Before I was weaned, she died giving birth to my brother. My father's first wife, who recently lost her baby, was my wet nurse. She is the only one of my father's wives I call 'Mother'. I have always called his other wives by their first names" (3, 11). Thus begin both the Introduction and the first chapter of *Anyan's Story*, the life story of a Tairora woman who was born sometime in the early 1920s, a few years before Westerners and their culture began to filter into the eastern New Guinea highlands. When she was weaned, Anyan moved to Abiera village where a maternal uncle and his five wives raised her and their other children. Anyan proved to be an adventurous and strong-willed individual, often roaming far from home in haunted, enemy-filled woods and tall-grass country, visiting the government station in Kainantu for the first time when she was about eleven years old, and successfully resisting consummating a first marriage to a man she barely knew and didn't want for a husband when she had not yet menstruated. A young woman in 1943, Anyan distinguished herself from the majority of her peers—male and