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 tell-
ing of these particular stories. How
we can 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 wis-
dom. 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 ask-
ing for and receiving what she needs.

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Homeland: Special Focus—New Write-
ing from New Zealand, edited by Frank
Stewart; Reina Whaitiri and Robert
Sullivan, feature editors. Special issue
of Mānoa: A Pacific Journal of Inter-
national 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 contempo-
rary 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 conscious-
ness in an elegant format. It is an
achievement worthy of high praise.

This issue has two “standing
places”—a photo essay and commen-
tary on efforts to reclaim traditional
taro cultivation and water supply from
agribusiness and state control in
Hawai‘i, and a collection of contempo-
rary 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 per-
sonal essays on the politics of tourism
in Nepal and Tunisia. Internationalizing
from a local base is reflected in Gavan
Daws’ interview with Hugh Moor-
head, 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 baka-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 Ngahuia Te Awekotukotuko 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 Tuhiiwai Te Rina Smith, and extracts from Patricia Grace, Mere Whaanga, and Alan Duff.

Those widespread readers of Manoa 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.

**Paul Sharrad**

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“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