THE RETURN HOME? ALBERT WENDT, MIGRATION AND IDENTITY IN POLYNESIA

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For a man who no longer has a homeland, writing becomes a place to live.
(Theodor Adorno)

Many of us want our lives to unfold like a novel.
(Albert Wendt, Ola, Auckland: Penguin, 1991, p.9)

Few novels are more autobiographical, even painfully so, than those of Albert Wendt, the major figure in South Pacific literature, who was born in Western Samoa in 1939. He has written of his own cultural and migrant identity: "I am Samoan with a dash of German" and "New Zealand is a second home which I treasure". He grew up in the Apia suburb of Vaipe, went to primary school in Samoa, secondary school, teachers' college and university in New Zealand, where he later taught and married a New Zealander, until returning to Samoa to be principal of Samoa College. At the Victoria University of Wellington he wrote an MA thesis on Guardians and Wards: A study of the origins, causes and the years of the Mau in Western Samoa (1965): the inter war years, when Samoa, then alone of Pacific nations, struggled against the yoke of colonialism. It was the first thesis to be written by a Samoan. Some years later Wendt took up a lectureship in English at the University of the South Pacific in Suva, Fiji, before moving to the Chair of English at the University of Auckland. His migration history parallels yet amplifies that of many Samoan migrants. Migration - and the movement between and within cultures - are crucial elements in his life and throughout his work but particularly in his first novel, Sons for the Return Home (1973), whose theme and title are central to this paper. Wendt has said about this novel "... it is an attempt ... to show what it is like being Samoan and being Samoan in another culture ... It is about every migrant's dream of the grand return home ... To sound really grand, I think Sons is about Polynesia - what it was, what is is, what it is becoming".[1] Without wishing to sound equally grand, so is this paper; so is all of Wendt's work.

Wendt's subsequent novels and most of his poetry develop the themes of displacement and identify, established in Sons, though there is a diversity of genre and style (including languages) in Wendt's work: the timeless fables of the short stories in Flying Fox in a Freedom Tree (1974) and Birth and Death of the Miracle Man (1986), the poetry of Inside Us The Dead (1976) and Shaman of Visions

(1984) and such very different novels as Pouliuli (1977), a reflection on the disintegration of old institutions and the powers of darkness, Leaves of The Banyan Tree (1979), which incorporates much of what had gone before in a trilogy, involving several generations of change in a Samoan family in and away from the village of Sapepe and, finally, Ola (1991), a more experimental post-modernist novel that takes hitherto primarily Samoan themes, as the female narrator encounters Israel, America and Japan, outside the Pacific and into a global realm, before returning to Sapepe. For all the changes in style and genre Wendt remains focussed on the past and its diverse and intangible heritage. That past primarily concerns pouliuli (the time of darkness) and the role of fa'a Samoa (the Samoan culture and way of life) and on the years in which fa'a Samoa was first significantly influenced by European intrusions, at the turn of the century and between the wars. Sons and Ola focus more obviously on a third period when the Samoan world becomes a global world, with extensive migration to and from New Zealand during a further period of rapid change.

Every part of this output is combined in "a single ouevre whose author is progressively mapping a fictional Samoa, rather as one of his acknowledged masters, William Faulkner, constructed his elaborate survey of Yoknapatawha county"[2] to demarcate changes and continuities in social organisation, history and landscape. For Wendt, "Novels present the most complex histories that have been written"[3]. As in other books, central to Sons is the equation of woman with place and culture: "Wendt has his protagonist learn of New Zealand through the girl, the idealized old Samoa through his mother, and the new "civilised" Samoa through the hotel receptionist"[4] in urban Apia. At the core of all Wendt's work are questions of identity and meaning, the diffusion and debasement of culture, the quest for modernity - in its various guises - and the changes in village institutions; neither culture nor village life are timeless. Migration emphasises change, yet change occurs without migration; very little is as it seems.

An Island Micro State

Western Samoa is one of several Polynesian island micro-states in the South Pacific. Initially a German colony it became a New Zealand colony after the First World War; during the interwar years there was a violent struggle against New Zealand and in 1962 Western Samoa became the first Pacific Island state to achieve independence. About three quarters of the population of 162,000 live on

the island of Upolu - where the capital, Apia, has a population of around 35,000 - and almost all the remainder live on the larger island of Savaii. Western Samoa experiences all the constraints that follow smallness, isolation and insularity, including vulnerability to natural hazards (especially cyclones), well described in Leaves of the Banyan Tree, but literacy rates and life expectancy are higher than in many small island states.[5] GDP per capita was about US$670 in 1991 and the domestic economy is characterised by agricultural production, but agricultural exports have grown only slowly in the 1980s, hence the country has sought to develop manufacturing and tourist industries. During the 1960s and 1970s the economy became increasingly characterised by the rise in importance of overseas aid and migrant remittances. Development assistance rose from around 10 per cent of GDP at the start of the 1970s, to almost 30 per cent at the end of the 1980s. Remittances have grown to around 25 per cent of GDP. As foreign transfers have become more dominant, the relative lack of investment in productive activities is more apparent. Dependence on remittances is as high in Samoa as in any other global context[6] and may well be a less vulnerable and fluctuating source of income than agricultural commodities or tourism.[7] Samoa and other nearby microstates have been characterised as MIRAB societies, where Migration leads to Remittances, and the other principal income source, Aid, has contributed to the establishment of a government Bureaucracy.[8] In barely a quarter of a century migration has become of enormous social, economic and political importance, and despite some negative consequences is now widely perceived in a positive manner, not least by individual Samoans[9]. For all its vast social, economic and political significance the extent and ramifications of migration are largely invisible in the landscape. Outside the small capital and port of Apia Western Samoa is a country characterised by an agricultural economy - especially of coconuts, taro and bananas - with a population scattered in small villages, dominated by the towers of churches and linked to Apia by the intermittent but pervasive network of ramshackle bus fleets. Subsistence agriculture is supplemented by fishing, copra and cocoa sales (in small quantities), with some pigs and chickens:

> the coconut palm groves and the plantation of taro and bananas provided adequate food for the whole family. The men spent a few hours each day tending the crops. Sometimes they sold copra and dried cocoa beans to the village store and used the money to buy salt, flour, sugar, tinned meat and fish, kerosene and cotton material

to make clothes. They gave any surplus money to the church and other village projects or used it to travel to Apia, the only town.[10]

Churches, physically and socially, are central to Samoan life: "The church in Samoa is extremely powerful, Fundamentalist Christianity, which our people adhere to, is damaging. If you took away the Christian church today from Samoa, or left of the fa'a Samoa would collapse."[11] The church remains in place and powerful.

Over time Samoa has become more urban, though urbanisation has largely been transferred overseas, and the locus of contemporary power is increasingly urban. It is here that the new bourgeoisie - constant targets for Wendt - have emerged and become consolidated: the Pacific mimic men, fruitlessly and incessantly pretending and seeking to be different from what they are. Many are afakasi (half-caste) part-Europeans[12], engaged in both business and politics - which are hopelessly and depressingly intertwined - an indigenous elite that has become indistinguishable from the papalagi colonisers; "during election campaigns the fa'a Samoa is mountains of food/beer/money and more money/favours/trucks/flattery/favours and more favours - all illegal but every candidate does it?"[13] and this corruption is spreading. "In most independent island nations, the political elites are now exploiting our own people. In some cases it's worse now than under colonial rule ... The competition is more open than before"[14]. A particular elite migration into Samoa merely emphasises this situation: "No party is complete without diplomats and UNO "experts and advisers". Samoa has one of the highest ratios of foreign experts in the world. Every type of expert you need to claim you're 'developing'. Development is the new gospel",[15] and Western Samoa has been officially labelled a Least Developed Country. The new experts are consequently the latter-day descendants of the missionaries, who came "to help civilise these people and thereby make them worthy of independence and the modern world"[16]. That social presence has taken spatial form: "Many of our rich (and aspiring rich), foreign diplomats and business people live in airy houses on the cool slopes of Vailima, above the heat, dust, stench and shabbiness of the town where they make their money, and pay no rates or accept any responsibility for the town's maintenance."[17] Though Samoa may still present, at times, "a world suffused with light and hushly still as in a technicolour photograph in a travel book about the mythical, romantic South

Seas"[18], more generally "the Hollywood/Margaret Mead myth"[19] is exactly that. Robert Louis Stevenson may be buried at Mt Vaea overlooking Apia but

> there never were any bronzed Noble Savages in South Seas paradises except in Hollywood movies and papalagi [European] literature, and there was not a pre-papalagi Golden Age. I don't agree with Michener's views at all, and don't like the writings he churns out, yet that's how most people know the Pacific. Even serious writers like Melville and Stevenson and Maugham contributed to the myth of South Seas paradises. To create our own literature, we have to brush aside the stream of cliches and turn our backs on the papalagi myths of the South Seas.[20]

Samoa has changed and become more dependent upon, and interlinked with, the wider world - a situation which Wendt once sought to change:

> Pride, self-respect, self-reliance will help us cope much more creatively with what is passing or to come. Without this healing most of our countries will remain permanent welfare-cases, not only economically but culturally. (And cultural dependency is even more soul-destroying than economic dependency). Without it we will continue to be exploited by vampires of all colours, creeds, fangs. (Our home-grown species are often more rapacious). Without it the tragic mimickry, abasement and humiliation will continue, and we will remain the often grotesque colonial caricatures we were transformed into by the chill [colonialism]. As much as possible, we, mini in size though our countries are, must try to assume control of our destinies, both in utterance and in fact. To get this control we must train our own people as quickly as possible in all fields of national development. Our economic and cultural dependency will be lessened according to the rate at which we can produce trained manpower.[21]

Since then such affirmations have become less evident, though "the rot has gotten worse ... but that doesn't make the country less spiritual for me ... I'm so disillusioned by politicians [though] some of my writing has changed the

perceptions of some people"[22]. Pessimism and disappointment inform Wendt's vision.

A Samoan Diaspora

In this once remote island state, now increasingly tied to the outside world, migration has rapidly grown in extent and significance. The start of significant emigration from Western Samoa largely coincided with the first decade of independence, in conjunction with declining commodity prices, more relaxed immigration restrictions in New Zealand, improved and more economic transport and an emerging perception of higher incomes and more diverse opportunities overseas. Major influences on migration have been radical change in expectations over what constitutes a satisfactory standard of living, a desirable occupation and a suitable mix of accessible services and amenities. Changes in values, following educational growth, reflecting and influencing the expansion of bureaucratic (largely urban) unemployment, and youthful disdain for agriculture, have further oriented migration streams away from Samoa, as new employment opportunities have not kept pace with population growth, and contributed to the increased gap between expectations (which are constantly being revised upwards) and the reality of domestic employment and low incomes.

At the start of the 1990s there were about 78,000 Western Samoans - a third of all Western Samoans - travelling overseas, mainly in the United States, American Samoa (a migratory bridge to the USA) and New Zealand. Though Samoans are extremely broadly distributed in global terms, in at least fifty different nations and in every state of the USA[23], they are primarily concentrated in a few large New Zealand and US cities, where their presence is a magnet and beach head for future migration: Pacific chain migration exemplified.

> The second oldest brother went to live in Apia; he worked as a bulldozer driver and rarely visited the village. He married, and a few years later returned to tell them [his family] he was migrating to New Zealand. They dried copra and cocoa and sold it to help pay his fare. Alone he went to New Zealand. Some months later he sent for his wife and three children. He wrote letters to his family in Samoa, telling them how easy life was in New Zealand - good pay, good schools for the children and the Samoan church was the fastest

> growing church in the new land. Sometimes, usually just before Christmas, he sent them large sums of money. He bought a house and then asked the rest of the family to shift to New Zealand. He suggested that one of the older men should come over first, work, and send money back for the next one to come and so on"[24].

Samoans have used kinship ties in American Samoa, to move there and, often, onwards to the USA,[25] and old colonial ties, giving them special rights of entry into New Zealand. Since the mid 1970s these rights have been more difficult to exercise because of more restrictive New Zealand legislation[26], following economic recession, with substantial social consequences in Samoa, including a rise in the level of suicide[27]. From initially being recruited to help solve temporary labour shortages, prospective migrants are now more likely to be rejected unless they are skilled. Restrictions on migration have emphasized the economic vulnerability of an island micro-state, and the necessity for continuous migration, once dependence on remittances has been established. Remittances tend to decline over time, despite increased pressure on migrants from kin at home, involving specific trips to New Zealand to encourage, sponsor and collect remittances. Sustainability has become a critical and debatable issue[28]. Such wide ranging uncertainties shape the nature of links with home. The rationale for migration has been broadly economic, a response to the extent of uneven development between small island and metropolitan states, and accentuated by land shortages and social change. In Samoa "migrants seek in the west access to material goods, jobs in the industrial sector, better education for their young, and social mobility in a society they have believed free of the traditional barriers of rank and family status that made such mobility difficult at home"[29]. Underlying migration is "the promise of the future and their dreams of lucrative jobs, money, houses, cars, a good education for their children.[30] The ramifications of the wider world, different values, material rewards and frustrations, underly the migratory experience.

Migration decisions are shaped within a family context, with migrants usually leaving to meet extended household (aiga) expectations, as in the case of Lalolagi in Leaves of the Banyan Tree[31], such as the supply of remittances, rather than their being individualistic. Migration occurs under the auspices of kin already abroad who provide sponsorship, accommodation and even employment. Families

in many respects operate on a world stage and, as in other Polynesian micro-states, households are characterised "by remittance transfers among various component parts of the 'transnational corporations of kin' which direct the allocation of each island's family labour around the regional economy"[32]. Social obligations within Samoa are rarely far from migrants' minds, and remittances are sustained for very long periods, especially when, as is usually the case, migrants intend to or believe they will return. Remittances are primarily directed into immediate consumption needs, including house construction and social obligations, whilst, through education and fares, they sustain the migratory system for subsequent generations. Remittances are rarely used for investment since, other than in small stores and transport businesses, opportunities are few, hence "migration was a far more lucrative investment than anything available in the village"[33]. Though high incomes enable the maintance of social status, cash increasingly influences the votes for traditional chiefs (matai), though cash can also buy chainsaws, pesticides, fertilizer and other forms of modern technology, that increase the productivity of village agriculture.[34] Migration and remittances both conserve and dissolve traditional Samoan social and economic systems.

Economic goals are paramount yet intricately related to prestige and social status, and hence the discharge of the personal and family obligations (faalavelave) central to f'a'a Samoa. Education, and especially tertiary education, is an integral component of this yet largely impossible without access to overseas economic resources.

> They tried to save money so they could send them to a school in Apia, but it was always spent on one family affair or another - weddings, funerals, donations to the church. When his younger son turned five and was ready to begin school he wrote to his brother in New Zealand. He would forsake for a time the land that he knew, understood and loved so that his sons could acquire the miraculous knowledge that wonder doctor had possessed.[35]

Acquiring education and income may be a slow process and migrants' hopes and expectations are usually deferred to the next generation. In Sons the father "had observed the changes taking place and had concluded that only people educated the papalagi way would have a good future in Samoa. That was why he had

brought them to New Zealand [yet] he had finally admitted to himself that it was unfair of him to try to live out his hopes through his children[36]. Despite the significance of New Zealand, and its growing Samoan population, migrants do not intend to move permanently: "our whole life here is only a preparation for the grand return to our homeland. Their hopes and dreams all revolve round our return"[37] and Wendt has observed that even the early English migrants to New Zealand intended to return home[38]. The return home - and thus the continuation of ties with home - exemplifies the continuous processes of movement and change, yet "migration simply seems to give further impetus to changes already set in motion by processes operating in situ"[39].

Urban Discourse

If migrants now merely pass through Apia - to arrange visas and complete the formalities of migration - the town of Apia was once, and visibly still remains, a very distinct part of Samoan life. In the 1920s "Apia looked like a vision one could touch, smell and taste but never quite possess"[40] and its history was that of another world:

> it had been carted from across the seas and nailed on the shore with copra profits. A horde of settlers and transients - uncouth beachcombers, sailors, remittance men, and drifters from Europe and America - had come in search of adventure and women and quick profits. All these papalagi banded together and turned Apia into a bastion of papalagi arrogance and greed, into a small Europe, notorious for its bars and political intrigues ... The papalagi had come to stay in a town over which Samoans had no control but which ruled all Samoa.[41]

That alien nature ensured that it was a place of difference: a vantage point into different ways of life. "Apia was a place to be visited perhaps twice a year, marvelled at, and returned from with bewildering tales of mechanical marvels, ice cream, big stores that sold everything a person could want, and a picture theatre where cowboys (brave heroes) and Indians (villains) - in true stories, mind you - killed one another without any thought of Jehovah or of moral consequences."[42] It was the place where papalagi influence was greatest, the source of innovations, discoveries and new ways of thinking about and imagining the world:

> As they approached the jetty they sighed in amazed disbelief. Such large boats and ships and so many buildings! And what a size the buildings were - so high and massive and all made of iron and stone and wood and glass! And even from that distance they could make out crowds of people and traffic moving up and down the main road along the waterfront. They were eagerly awaiting their first sight of a motor car, which they had heard was a marvellous machine that ran on wheels, used a magic fluid called penisini, carried loads that a hundred men couldn't carry, and moved faster even than sharks. They were also eager - and their hearts were by then thudding violently against their ribs - to go into one of those stores they had heard so many unbelievable stories about. Faleoloa - treasure houses, one Malaeluan had called them, where you could buy every kind of food and machine and implement you could ever need or want.[43]

In the pre-war years changes were slow in coming, monetisation was limited and Apia was distinct from remote rural areas, as the centre of colonial administration and the symbol of a subordination that provoked a bitter struggle against the New Zealand administration. The war years, and the arrival of American soldiers accelerated the pace of change, bringing a taste of modernity: tinned food, chocolate bars, cigarettes, biscuits, kitchen ware, beer and wages in hitherto unknown quantities[44] creating some dysjuncture with fa'a Samoa and influencing its transformation.

For most of the twentieth century Apia remained a place apart, an outlier of a distant world of materialism and individualism, a centre for the diffusion of decadence and development.

> In recent years he had rarely visited Apia because he found the long bumpy bus ride too exhausting, but his visits had never failed to overwhelm him with awe and wonder and make him feel that he was just an ignorant villager who had no hope whatsoever of attaining the abundant promise of perpetual youth and sophistication, of modern wisdom and rich living which Apia seemed to offer. Now,

> as he ate and studied the crowds, heard their cacophonous sound and inhaled their smell of slow decay, felt the layer of damp grime like the slimy skin of stingray under his bare feet, and saw the ugly disfigurements on the bodies of buyers and sellers alike, a shiver of fright fingered painfully through him, and the pancakes and tea, which he always looked forward to on his town visits, turned tasteless in his mouth. Getting up, he pushed his way through the crowd to the main street, and once he was free of the market noticed that he was sweating heavily even though he didn't feet hot. The sky was overcast and a cool breeze was flowing up the street, sweeping the dust and debris before it. For a time he stood and gazed at the weaving traffic, which reminded him of a panicking school of mullet being hunted by barracuda.[45]

Urban houses and their range of contents too were often initially impressive yet eventually overpowering in their "cluttered pretentiousness ... a confidence trick ... power without conscience, symptom of the sickness in the nation's soul, a tragic mimicry, an absence of faith in things Samoan ... this is the empty glittering shadow of a life that many people, and especially the new leaders, are now striving for."[46] Apia had gradually become "the sickness in the nation's soul"[47], a place that might corrupt the whole nation through its false promises, its degenerate symbols and its implied superiority over village life.

Apia nonetheless held out hopes of development and change; it offered new jobs, and social services, including the highly desired secondary education, but such opportunities were few and the rewards too often limited. A migrant's earnings in Apia were:

> enough at first for what they need to buy from the store and contribute towards village affairs. As time passed however, the more money he brought home, the more money his family expected the next time he went in; his wife and mother expected new clothes, so did his daughters; instead of eating tinned fish they now ate tinned corned beef and other expensive food daily ... [48]

But ultimately though the sole Samoan town rarely offered enough it still set urban citizens apart from villagers especially those who had come "from a village in the back"[49]; "money and the quality of a person's English were two of the town's peculiar ways of estimating status"[50] alongside education which created "the beauty of the civilised villager, the next best thing to a papalagi"[51] but scarcely possible "in the back".

Town and village are incompatible; after the youthful Pili moves to Apia he becomes dissociated ideologically from town and physically from the village, emotionally clinging to his village childhood, the village and its fa'a Samoa, identifying this with anything acceptable and praiseworthy, whilst the town is a malevolent place[52]. But education changes perspectives; when educated "every time I return to Sapepe, it seems like I am returning to something less important, like a step back"[53]. For all that those living in Apia may be inclined to see rural Samoans as "dishonest bludgers without any education at all"[54], and use "ignorant Samoans" as a term of abuse, rural kin and rural life are rarely far away and Apia is scarcely largely enough to have generated a distinctive urban life, "for the town was more an overgrown obese village than a city, incestuously feeding on its inhabitants and turning them into shadows of its own image"[55] and its shanty towns, on the low lying inland areas, were scarcely memorable:

> As Faleasa shuffled over the embankment that carried the main road through the neighbourhood, unable to escape the stench rising from the mud and stagnant water which choked the ditches beside the road, he coughed often and spat out the phlegm. On his previous visits the stench and the sight of the dirty overcrowded shacks and fale, spread like decaying teeth between the more opulent houses, had not upset him at all. Now they did. The whole smother of dwellings looked as if it had never been young, as if it had risen out of the depths of the swamp already old and ugly and diseased and would remain like that forever.[56]

Urban life, at least in Apia, was not only physically difficult but led to aberrant social behaviour, the central element of Flying Fox in a Freedom Tree, whose title alone suggests the restless search for new values and lives. The "awe and wonder" that villagers first experience in the city is soon transformed into degradation and

decay. Villagers necessarily find the city both different and demanding. The town of Apia, small capital of a micro-state, is different enough to challenge Samoan values and expectations. It is vastly different from New Zealand cities, particularly Auckland, the largest Polynesian city in the world.

On Distant Shores

As access to New Zealand has become more difficult, and the New Zealand economy has declined, Samoans have increasingly gone to the cities of USA rather than New Zealand. Although numerous members of Wendt's own aiga are in the USA his novels have focussed on the migration experience in New Zealand. That experience is primarily urban, making the journey by the hero of Sons through rural areas a very distinct awakening, and resulting in different encounters to those of most Samoan migrants. Otherwise migrants live in an urban world, in a cold climate, ensuring that they are often enclosed within their houses, rather than in the un-walled houses of Samoa that are obviously part of a wider social and economic community. New Zealand may be perceived negatively: "their people who had been to New Zealand claimed that it was a land of people who lived in small rooms and did not want to know their neighbours, a godless land of lonely old people, a land where Maoris, the original settlers, had been dispossessed, their culture and pride destroyed."[57]. In the cities, the locus of migration, New Zealand is at its worst; without kin, or for the hero of Sons, without his partner "this city, this country, would be a barren place of exile. And, as you walk further into the maze of this city. These grey walls and floors of concrete and steel and stone, you know that without her, the labyrinth would eventually turn you into stone, for modern cities are the new man-made deserts in which man traps himself and bleeds himself of all his rich warm fertile humanity and goodness"[58]. But to this distant, unfamiliar and hostile world thousands of Samoans have freely chosen to migrate, settle and achieve new forms of success.

Most migrants, though well-educated by island standards, are not well educated by the standards of the countries to which they migrate, and many do not speak English fluently. They tend to enter the urban workforce, often with difficulty, in low-paying, unskilled, non-unionised blue-collar jobs at the bottom of the employment hierarchy.[59] Employment, especially in factories, takes new forms:

> He was afraid of the factory; he understood little of what went on in it. Caught in the noise, the overwhelming size of the building, the intricate system of machines and conveyor belts and cable, the large number of workers whose language he didn't understand, he felt small, lost ... He told his wife that his job was not fit for a man; girls and old men could do it. He yearned to work with crops again ... or to go out to sea to fish ... He was not used to the monotonous routine of getting up early in the morning, catching a crowded bus and filling in a certain number of hours with humiliating work. But he enjoyed the big pay at the end of the day ... He saved most of it so he could pay for his elder son to come from Samoa[60].

Otherwise jobs are rarely quite so monotonous though usually poorly paid. Most migrants, though well-educated by island standards, are not well educated by the standards of the countries to which they migrate, and many do not speak English fluently. Migrants often work long hours, because of a high level of financial commitments to their immediate family, the church and to their relatives in their extended families in Samoa. These financial commitments influence perspectives, especially for the second New Zealand-born generation, distanced from their kin in Samoa. One New Zealand born Samoan woman has stated: "Fa'a Samoa has its place in Samoa but here I think the family has to come first. Lots of Samoans are in debt up to their eyeballs because their extended family and the church come first."[61] This declining interest in, and acceptance of fa'a Samoa, also accompanies socio-economic mobility, especially in the second-generation, though upward mobility, for women out of the factories and cleaning jobs into the "white-blouse" employment of offices, is hampered by discrimination and the effect of economic restructuring[62]. The second-generation are also characterised by high levels of non-communicable diseases such as diabetes, stress and obesity. Most migrants are distanced from the mainstream of economy and society.

Social tensions are recurrent, above all for those who are relatively assimilated "Most papalagi New Zealanders talked of racial integration, but what they wanted was assimilation, the conversion of Polynesians into middle-class papalagi. The process was one of castration, the creation of Uncle Toms"[63]. First generation migrants, working in groups, are often less conscious of this than the second generation, familiar with relative deprivation, uncertain of Samoan alternatives

and incomplete within fa'a Samoa. But New Zealand is a country of diverse ethnicity, not merely papalagi, most evident in the indigenous Polynesian Maori population:

> Like many other Samoans, he thought himself superior to Maoris ... He admitted that most Samoans believed the same racist myths about Maoris as pakehas did: Maoris were dirty, lazy, irresponsible; they were intellectually inferior; they lacked initiative, drive, courage; they drank too much, were sexually immoral, treated their children cruelly; all that most of them were good at was rugby, bulldozer-driving, dancing and playing in bands; the only Maoris who had made the grade and were now teachers, doctors, lawyers and politicians were the descendants of Maori royalty; the quicker the Maoris adjusted to the pakeha way of life, which was based on thrift and cleanliness and godliness, sobriety and honesty and hard work, the quicker they would become worthy New Zealand citizens ... Most Samoans also believed that Maoris lacked pride. They had given in too easily to the pakeha and were no longer Polynesians[64].

Not surprisingly there have been many violent incidents in New Zealand between Samoans and Maoris. Yet "it was funny how these were the very myths that pakehas [white New Zealanders] believed about Samoans (and about islanders in general)"[65]. Consequently "the majority sometimes think of Samoans as part of a Polynesian "brown peril" that they fear will overrun their country. Tabloids in New Zealand portray Samoans as dangerous, as rapists, as drunks and as noisy and violent, even though many in the majority have Samoan neighbours who are every bit as quiet and law-abiding as they are"[66]. Indeed "we are the only true Polynesians left ... Watch a Samoan walking down the main street of this city and you will see a man with total pride in being Samoan"[67]. Samoan identity and ethnicity is created and recreated in the face of opposition. There are other Polynesian migrants in New Zealand, particularly Tongans, but also those from New Zealand's three Pacific territories, who are New Zealand citizens: "We don't get on with Niueans, Tokelauans or Cook Islanders. You would think, because Maoris and Islanders are at the bottom of the social ladder, we would be brothers. But the sad fact is that we're not"[68]. Difference and distinctiveness are constantly emphasized in these echelons of society and economy.

In this alien environment new migrants are conscious of their intent to return home, despite the need to achieve enough success to accumulate appropriate material rewards, and secure their children's education and despite the success stories of other earlier migrants. These are often in conflict. While migrants intend to return home, with the trappings of a successful period of time away, the actual return is often deferred, sometimes indefinitely. Though the mother in Sons observes that they are all going back home when the youngest son finishes university[69], that can take many years, depending on the timing of migration, and the new university graduate has become a changed person. Over time new commitments and new ties are established. Some of these are in the church; in Sons the father becomes a deacon in the local Pacific Islanders Church, the wife a social committee member while the younger son teaches in Sunday School[70], a further indication of the centrality of the church in Samoan life. Despite change there is a public ideology of return, yet a private recognition that return will not always occur; a variety of influences - local kin, employment, income levels, education, financial commitment and the emergence of new lifestyles - all constrain return migration[71]. Deliberate attempts are made by many households to maintain Samoan connections; children and grandchildren may be sent home "to learn the real fa'a Samoa", "to provide labour" and so on, enabling the migrants to work long hours of overtime[72] and simultaneously meet their Samoan obligations and secure a place in New Zealand.

Children educated in New Zealand, even if discriminated against as "dirty coconut islanders"[73] are better able to cope with New Zealand society and correspondingly less well able to fit into a Samoa that they may barely know. In doing so, the centrality of fa'a Samoa declines, especially where linguistic competence may have withered, and connections in New Zealand have greater precedence and significance. Some connections are particularly significant. Marriage to a non-Samoan "may mean the end of plans ... and our return to Samoa"[74] both because the marriage itself marks a distinct move away from fa'a Samoa and because spouses are unlikely to want to move to and stay in Samoa, where it is widely assumed "she won't fit into Samoa. She doesn't know our customs, our ways of doing things. And our people won't accept her. Our way of life, our people, may destroy her"[75] It is no different for husbands. Even by the 1970s a third of young Samoan migrants had married non-Samoans[76]. As they become more settled in

New Zealand, so the difficulties for their parents who sought to return mounted, though in some cases this provided the parents themselves with a satisfying rationale for remaining.

Samoa is constructed and reconstructed in New Zealand, especially in winter, since "in Samoa the sun shines nearly all the time"[77] but seemingly less so in New Zealand, and also around Christmas, when return visits are usually made and Samoan christianity provides some unity to the diaspora. Parents stress to their children that, in the words of the mother in Sons, "In Samoa villages are clean and tidy and widely scattered around the coast - one has a lot of room to live in. New Zealand is crowded, noisy and unhealthy. Families are crowded together. (She had never left the confines of the city). Samoa is lush green with tropical forests. New Zealand is made up of overcrowded cities, rife with crime"[78] Papalagi were untrustworthy, most had false teeth - since papalagi food was too soft - and children "were rude, destructive, spoilt and had no respect for their elders. In Samoa the children were the exact opposite"[79]. Samoans were good Christians; "the papalagi brought Christianity to Samoa but then, as they gained in atheistic knowledge and wordly wealth and power, they forgot God and became Pagans again ... [whereas] the few misguided Samoans who have forsaken the Church are paying for it: they lead sinful lives ... These are people who are giving us a bad name. What papalagi don't know is that these people are not real Samoans - they're half castes"[80]. The extended Polynesian family remains paramount "There are no orphans or poor people in Samoa ... No one starves either. We care for one another ..."[81] "And so she continued throughout the years, until a new mythology woven out of her romantic memories, her legends, her illusions and her prejudices, was born in her sons: a new fabulous Samoa to be attained by her sons when they returned home after surviving the winters of a pagan country"[82].

Similar themes are taken up by the father; "Without self respect, life would have little meaning",[83] but in the confines of fa'a Samoa, this is implicit: "one of the basic ideals of our fa'a Samoa: the way to leadership is through service"[84]. "The role of a woman is to love her man ... She must obey him in all things, give him children and keep the home in order. A man's love for his wife and children must not be shown in public ... Honour all your obligations to your family, church and village. Without your family you are lost, a bird without a nest to give you identity. You must sacrifice your personal ambitions if they clash with the wishes

of your family. This is how it is in Samoa, how it is today, and how it will always be. God meant it to be that way"[85]. "Our culture is wider than papalagi culture ... Our culture is also based on sacred laws sanctioned by God and handed down to us by our forefathers. That is why in Samoa we have been able to remain Samoan, safe from the changes brought about by rapacious papalagi"[86]. Timelessness is everything. "In Samoa the magnificent tropical forest is never far away ... And you are aware constantly of your own impermanence. Or the sound of children, like a mountain stream, ... is always part of your day ... you are reminded of your own mortality [yet] in Samoa it is difficult to accept death - everything invites you to live"[87]. "Years later the youngest son would admit to himself that almost all he knew of Samoa was a creation of his parents and other Samoans he admired"[88] in which the role of migration and the perceived necessity to leave Samoa was wholly absent.

Samoa must be constantly constructed since migrants necessarily inhabit a world of images shaped and distorted by memories that are inevitably selective and, for new generations, uninformed by personal experience. From the onset, in Sons, the un-named protagonist

> has been left without a real home. His parents try to remedy this deficiency by constantly reminding him, while they are living in New Zealand of the paradisal ways of the old Samoan home; yet it is only the ritual of the pig-killing that he really remembers. It is significant that this ritual of initiation into suffering and death should be the one he most closely associates with his Samoan past. The beginning of his life is already tainted by an apprehension of its ending[89]

and that ending is a return flight to New Zealand from the Samoa to which he had returned, but which failed to meet his expectations, just as he failed to meet its expectations. In Sons Samoan society is held by the hero's family to approximate to an "ideal society" that somehow combines fa'a Samoa and the scriptures, whilst non-Samoan society has diverged from this in some important ways; these assertions and arguments depend not only on highly idealized pictures of Samoan society but also on fairly generalised pictures of non-Samoan society "which draw heavily on images such as old people's homes and evidence from television"[90].

But cultures may not only be represented in quite different ways, they may be represented in different ways in the same household at different times. Culture is diverse, situational, intangible and constantly in flux. On distant shores very diverse images of Samoa, and of New Zealand, are created and provide the context in which return migration occurs or fails to occur.

The Return Home

Migrants almost always return home, both temporarily and much less frequently on the assumption of permanence. Some initially in the more formal attire of New Zealand - suits and ties - immediately identify themselves as New Zealand Samoans[91]. Duration of absence and reason for return are of enormous importance in the new accommodation to Apia and Samoa. The palm trees, volcanic mountains, the smells of sweat and coconut oil, night time darkness, rural noises and legs pitted with sores are initially familiar yet now unfamiliar[92]. "It was hard to believe that he had spent nearly twenty years preparing and waiting for this return. So many years and now nothing more than an uncomfortable seat, as a stranger, in a bus packed with the mythical characters of the legends his parents had nourished him on for so long"[93]. Yet the myths and images were incomplete; "he had returned unprepared for the flies and mosquitoes"[94], the lack of solitude and the rudimentary standards of sanitation and hygiene, and had been made helpless "by the comforts of electricity, instant food and over-efficient women"[95]. The reality is one of difference and distance.

Beyond the quickly apparent physical phenomena of the tropics are the cultural distinctions of fa'a Samoa, some of which are distasteful and different from the myths nurtured in New Zealand "His people - and it was difficult for him to refer to them as his people - measured life in proportion to their physical beauty - they measured themselves in terms of how much punishment and pleasure the flesh could consume and endure. Quantity of consumption was the measure. So every feast was an orgy of food ... they seemed to invite obesity, diabetes and heart attacks"[96] though they mainly achieved it overseas. It was clear that "one's family was all-important. Loyalty to the family came before everything else, even one's life"[97] and that the more than nascent individualism, partly constructed in foreign education systems, was still somewhat alien in Samoa. In some contexts individuality was cancelled out in the uniforms of the Women's Committee and the cricket team.[98] "Their pretensions - like their exaggerated faith in their

physical courage, were of gigantic proportions. Samoa was the navel of the universe: the world ended within the visible horizons and reefs ... What was real were their islands - magnified in their hearts into an emotional and spiritual heaven larger than the planet itself"[99]. Samoa achieved a centrality that was extraordinary to those who had spent time beyond the reefs.

Politics was ever-present, in personal and national form, a new or forgotten phenomenon for those marginalised in a primarily white New Zealand polotical system. In "village and national politics ... his people aspired to titles more ... than all other pursuers of titles. None of them were commoners: they were all descendants of nobles - noble "noble savages", noble nobles. And because of this there was equality ... Until they were challenged; then humility was shattered and ... they recited the litany of genealogical trees higher than other noble trees ... the acquisition of titles, whether real or imaginary, was an endless battle, a dynamic force in village life"[100] and one that was wholly bound up in hierarchical Samoan social structure. On distant shores heredity was of limited significance.

The church was vital and uncompromising, as was "the power of the pastors and the church and the religiosity of the people, even when he realised that Christianity had been changed in the image of fa'a Samoa, the Samoan way of life; and that to destroy it would be to undermine the fa'a Samoa, to root out of his people's minds a living part of themselves. Religion was a social custom, a major strand of the social, economic and political web"[101]. "If they found out he was an atheist ... they might as well return to New Zealand. There was no place in Samoa for atheists"[102], and "Living in a prudish, puritanical Sapepe - at least in public behaviour - I had to make serious compromises with some of my vices and habits. For instance I couldn't drink alcohol within the holy sight of people outside my aiga"[103], and successful return migration meant substantial accommodation to the power of the church. Large donations - ostentatiously delivered - were made to the church: "With this powerful display of wealth, which was in total accord with customary practice, his family had become accepted as a wealthy and God-loving unit of the village. The move was convincing proof of true aristocratic breeding, high status and godliness. All genuine wealth should be displayed openly and shared with the church and everyone else"[104]. Fa'a Samoa, political and religious hierarchies, and the uncertainties of the unknown, conspire against those who have been away for long.

Return migrants may face resentment from those who feel they have avoided social and economic obligations at home, or because migrants feel superior for having lived in New Zealand: "their relatives at home believe that they made the migrants' sojourns possible by their sacrifices; hence, in expecting money on the migrants' return, they are receiving only what is rightfully theirs. Returnees quickly learn that they are judged by what they can provide when they come back as well as by what they have accomplished abroad"[105]. Pressures may be considerable since return migrants may not wish to dissipate aiga illusions of vast overseas wealth for fear that their relative "failure" may create dissillusion in the face of great expectations. They are victims of their own expectations. For the more educated or the overseas born the task of becoming absorbed into Samoa and fa'a Samoa is particularly difficult. The hero of Sons, with two university degrees, can "see too clearly [and] will never be happy with things as they are ... you will always be in permanent exile. You will never belong anywhere"[106], hence his parents observe "we shouldn't have taken you away from here. We shouldn't have tried to live our hopes, dreams, pretensions and lives through you and your brothers."[107] Because of the significance of land, simple unfamiliarity with the unknown, misunderstandings and their own expectations, return migrants have "found it difficult to return to village agriculture. Most often, returnees hoped to set up some kind of small business or to be retained in government service, the private sector or the churches. Some saw the potential for making money in commercial agricultural ventures, but not in village agriculture. Many bought land in Apia, far from their home villages"[108] where there might be some degree of anonymity and some release from social obligations.

A triumphant return is possible. The parents, in Sons, construct a large, new modern home, and nearby a store, "to sell essential foodstuffs and frozen meat and fish", whilst the elder brother, relatively uneducated, buys a bus to run between village and town, and is planning to buy two more.[109] The income brought back after a long period in New Zealand enables ready entry into the commercial world. Economic success, transferred to the village, leads to social rewards; the older brother is now the most eligible male in the village and the mother is a pillar of the Women's Committee, an aspiring leader of it and the first woman to be elected to the village school committee, "envied by all the other women for her spectacular clothes and shoes and her cosmetics"[110], part of an earlier era, and the new house

with its water, electricity and flush toilet: "a symbol of high status and sophistication and civilisation; [a] badge of honour ... a New Zealand oasis in the middle of wilderness, earned by over twenty years in exile"[111]. Beyond the display of the physical symbols of difference, are cultural changes, such as speaking English more frequently. In Sons the mother "had rarely spoken English in their home, but now in Samoa she used every available opportunity to impress the villagers with her English"[112]. Only the younger brother, university educated and in New Zealand for much of his life, is dissatisfied; while the parents and older brother achieve permanence, for him "the village seemed unreal and impermanent. He couldn't persuade himself that he could live and marry and die in it. Associated with this knowledge was a sense of guilt: if he left he would be betraying his parents and the twenty years they had spent in exile so that he could get a good education. Perhaps he could live in Apia"[113]. Though for him this fails, those who succeed, apparently paradoxically, are also often those who are relatively highly educated, but who have spent their youth in Samoa, and for whom the return is an opportunity to use new and specialised skills for rapid advancement - socially, economically and politically - if not always legitimately. Some return as lechers, others as unscrupulous businessmen or politicians: "he is rumoured to have spent about a hundred thousand dollars to buy his three-hundred vote electorate in the last general elections; much of the money is said to have come from the sale of smuggled goods"[114]. One way or another, as in other Pacific states, many return migrants have assumed critical positions of power, in this

> unfortunate country. Mainly New Zealand educated (and ex-scholarship) and in the civil service or politics or business or in all three. Mainly children of pastors and civil servants who'd supported the colonial administration against the independence movement. Mostly with matai titles, though the first scholarship group which had returned home had demanded the abolition of the matai system. We spoke in a mixture of Samoan and English, inclining more towards English and fully English when we had to include non-Samoans in our often arrogant conversations. For instance, right then, within range of my wandering right ear, I heard: 'Agagafi gau ou alu ai ou ke fa'akau in Morris Hedstrom's. O le kaugaka ia! (Boy, the cost of living is impossible!) ... We pursue the philosophy

> of Aiafu, Eaters-of-Others-Sweat, over-indulging in everything. We were into flab, high blood pressure, gout and diabetes.[115]

Successful return migration in one form or other is partly a modern urban phenomenon either in terms of place of residence, and new employment, or, even in the most remote rural areas, where it is associated with the commerce and material rewards of once distant and different places. While return migration may prove successful and permanent there are still things about New Zealand to be missed, even the more unexpected: "I miss that factory and that machine I worked with and lived with for nearly twenty years ... I miss that ugly, cruel city, with its insatiable roots stabbed into the earth, choking it; breathing all its poisons into the sky; its blood contaminating the people and turning them against one another in perpetual combat".[116] The city, with all its certainties and uncertainties, has ensured that migrants are changed yet remain Samoan, intent on the ideology of return. Yet return can be an alienating experience and success limited. Ultimately few definitely choose to return, and fewer succeed. Even those who visit Samoa are often glad to return to New Zealand. "It seems that the closer the contact with the reality of home, the stronger is the migrant's resolve to consolidate his new life in New Zealand. Thus if the dream remains it seems likely that it is nostalgia for the past rather than a plan for the future"[117]. For many Samoans in New Zealand "much of the rhetoric about 'going home again' is simple an allusion to a dream that was, as very few people have actually left the comforts of the land where "milk and honey flow like water to live a lifestyle they once abandoned years ago"[118]. For the hero of Sons return also proves ultimately impossible; he cannot adjust and returns to New Zealand. "It is significant that he has been a history student in New Zealand dealing consciously with the past, not unselfconsciously experiencing the present. In the end he returns to New Zealand a lonely exile".[119] Others return to an established community of New Zealand Samoans, to their place in a growing diaspora. Dreams may be tarnished but they will remain, as the choice of return is postponed indefinitely.

The Ambiguity of Arrivals

Wendt depicts life as a constant struggle for survival - and in the least developed island micro-state of Western Samoa this has some validity - where opposing forces measure their strength through subtle and shifting balances. Most pervasive is light against darkness (pouliuli) but this duality is emphasized in tradition versus

modernity, the city and the village, Samoa and New Zealand, responsibility to the community versus individual ambition, self-enrichment or fulfilment, fa'a Samoa and European/New Zealand materialism - in a complex world where individuals shape and are buffeted by constant shifts in modernity. Even self-assertion and self-denigration proceed together, in arenas where cultural confrontation is both creative and destructive[120] in the construction of new forms and meanings of Samoan identity. All are variations on darkness and light. For Wendt, modernity is corruption, evident in its early phase in Pouliuli and much later in Ola. Though migration accentuates change, and focuses attention upon difference, change occurs without migration, hence an accusation to a matai (chief) who has changed: "the individual freedom you have discovered and now want to maintain is contrary to the very basis of our way of life"[121] and has allowed "the market system of the town to infiltrate Malaeluan [village] life and taint its very centre with a deadly cynicism"[122]. Yet, more accurately, here is the "deadly cynicism and the sense of defeat that comes with middle age".[123]

Inside and outside Samoa there have been substantial gains from migration and modernity - both of which have become inescapable - as a result of, and contributing to, changes in fa'a Samoa. Samoans have migrated overseas for more than a quarter of a century and have been mobile for much longer than that. There are now four generations of Samoans in New Zealand, exhibiting a diversity of lifestyles, more or less related to fa'a Samoa and quantitatively and qualitatively different from those in Samoa. Samoan culture aggregates rather than integrates; ethnicity disguises diversity. For those who have been most successful, according to one Samoan, "the choice of action is often a compromise between alternatives offered by both the Samoan and New Zealand cultures - choosing the best of both worlds"[124]. Migration is not escapism, nor the movement of the particularly disadvantaged and dissatisfied; it is "well-adjusted" individuals who are most likely to migrate from Samoa[125] and consequently to achieve some degree of success elsewhere.

Wendt has observed "I am of two worlds, but I do belong to the South Pacific. As a person I'm Samoan and I write about Samoa"[126]. (Though the narrator changes gender, he is never a papalagi, nor are there reflections on the relationship between gender and identity). In Ola the novel goes beyond two worlds - not only into Japanese and Jewish (but not Palestinian)[127] worlds, but into more detailed

reflections on the other Polynesian world of New Zealand Maoris. Dichotomies are no longer useful, as the world is revealed to be far more complex, involving "movements in specific colonial, neo-colonial and postcolonial circuits, different diasporas, borderlands, exiles, detours and returns ... that generate discrepant cosmopolitanisms"[128]. There are many variants within and between Samoans, papalagis, pakehas and others. Two worlds are no longer enough.

Overseas is a world of diversity; for all those Samoans who experience culture clashes, conflicts, discrimination and disappointment, there are others who move easily between islands, oblivious to difference, sheltered in the confines of a transnational aiga or coping with change. Individuals may as easily manipulate and conquer different worlds as be fooled and frustrated by them. In Samoa responses to migration "continue to involve the careful balancing of choices between traditional values and individualist tendencies, food security and cash hopes, personal control and dependence on an uncertain world market, and village autonomy and reliance on national institutions"[129]. Balancing multiple oppositions and dichotomies, and welding them into new situations and structures, are integral elements of migration; as elsewhere many Samoans, in and outside Samoa, "become successful cosmopolities (sic) at ease in multiple worlds, rather than natives of place torn by new and multiple allegiances"[130]. The bleakness of Sons, pervaded by images of abortion and crucifixion, and the central theme of the tragic love affair between Samoan boy and pakeha girl, and the apparent impossibility of moving from the colonial past into a partly neo-colonial present, has now been transcended by the sheer volume and ubiquity of migration but, even more so, by the extent that in-betweenness is a part of all Samoan lives.

Any notion of a condition once seen as "perpetual exile"[131] has been replaced by more positive responses to the diversity of lifeworlds, and a variety of means of finding and transforming cultural identities, and establishing new connections in unfamiliar settings a long way away from what might once have been home. Changes in identity and challenges to authenticity are endless and rarely other than subjective: "We are what we remember: the actions we lived through or should have lived out and which we have chosen to remember"[132] just as "there is no difference between an imagined act and one actually committed"[133]. As migration continues, as new Samoan generations grow up in many different locations overseas, and as movement between them persists, the enigmas will

increase. An already diverse population[134] will merely become more so, and "when you don't belong completely to any culture ... you will always be an outsider and suffer from a sense of unreality"[135]. Ambiguity and achievement are not incompatible but identity will constantly be challenged. Few people will confidently assert that they know where home is, or even what it is. Beyond that "In the final analysis our countries, cultures, nations and planets are what we imagine them to be"[136], because "To have multiple roots is to have "no root". It is the modernity of a plural society whose sources of authenticity always lie elsewhere - in other continents or other times"[137]. Identities are necessary fictions and few spare time to assess or agonise over them.

In the era of modernisation that characterised the 1960s and 1970s, and the genesis and production of Sons, change was disruptive but there was a clear valuation attached to the re-establishment through whatever process of the coherence and stability of identity.[138] Two decades later the notions of stability and coherence have disappeared. In Ola the flexibility of metaphor, culture and geography has become apparent, reflecting a more complex Polynesian and other world, and the diversity of the lives of now middle aged Samoans, as they overcome both distance and difference. In an uncertain global political economy, even the most cosmopolitan Samoan must ensure that Samoa is not merely a nostalgic fantasy, but a potentially real destination. The persistence of the ideology of return is just one means of bridging and welding together many different lifestyles and opportunities, as "distinctive identities are created from turbulence, fragments, intercultural reference, and the localised intensification of global possibilities and associations"[139]. Migration is rarely absolute, unambivalent or final; it is not a cause and consequence of a definite break with a cultural life that is part of history, but a partial and conditional state, characterised by ambiguity[140] and indeterminacy. A fixed status presupposes that the future can be foretold. Uncertainty defines the experience of migration, even in second generations. Ambivalence is the norm, for Wendt too: "I know I can't live away from Samoa for too long. I need a sense of roots, of home - a place where you live and die. I would die as a writer without roots; but when I go home I'm always reminded that I'm an outsider, palagified".[141] The last words too must go to Wendt "All is real, whether borrowed or created or dreamed, or mixed together with facts, fictions, strage sauces and herbs and condiments"[142] and, through a combination of

resistance and accommodation, "we are what we remember".[143] The identity of person and place is always continuously being produced.

NOTES

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35. Wendt, *Sons*, p.45. This central theme is repeated elsewhere. "My father he want me to be a government scholarship student and go to New Zealand and become a lawyer. It is the desire of every father in Samoa for their sons to do this" (Wendt, *Birth and Death of the Miracle Man*, p.55). "Malelua, the brilliant son, would, with his university degree provide him [the father] with a comfortable retirement and higher status and prestige in the Vaipe [Apia suburb] and in the country" (Wendt, *Flying Fox*, p.87; see also *Ola*, p.181)

36. Wendt, *Sons*, pp.119-120

37. *op cit*, p.40

38. *op cit*, p.88

39. M. H. Fitzgerald and A. Howard, Aspects of Social Organization in Three Samoan Communities, *Pacific Studies*, 14, 1990, p.48

40. Wendt, *Pouliuli*, p.47

41. Wendt, *Leaves of the Banyan Tree*, p.47

42. *op cit*, p.8

43. Wendt, *Pouliuli*, p.47

44. Wendt, *Flying Fox*, p.52; *Pouliuli*, p.55-6

45. Wendt, *Pouliuli*, p.129

46. *op cit*, p.131

47. *op cit*, p.143

48. Wendt, *Birth and Death*, p.28-9

49. *op cit*, p.19

50. Wendt, *Sons*, p.195

51. *op cit*, p.197

52. Wendt, *Flying Fox*, p.47

53. Wendt, *op cit*, p.50

54. Wendt, *Sons*, p.198

55. *op cit*, p.201

56. Wendt, *Pouliuli*, p.130

57. Wendt, *Leaves*, p.281

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62. Larner, *op cit*, p.27

63. Wendt, *Sons*, p.152

64. *op cit*, p.97

65. *ibid*

66. Shankman (1993), *op cit*, p.161

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73. Wendt, *Sons*, p.13; see also T. Fitzgerald, Coconuts and Kiwis: Cook Islanders in New Zealand, *Ethnic Groups*, 7, 1982, 259-281

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75. *op cit*, p.73

76. Shankman, (1993), *op cit*, p.162

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78. *op cit*, p.74

79. *op cit*, p.75

80. *ibid*

81. *ibid*

82. *op cit*, p.76

83. *ibid*

84. Wendt, *Ola*, p.163

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86. *ibid*

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90. C. Macpherson, On the Future of Samoan Ethnicity in New Zealand, in P. Spoonley, C. Macpherson, D. Pearson and C. Sedgwick (eds), *Tauiwi*, Palmerston North: Dunmore Press, 1984, p.124

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94. *op cit*, p.175

95. *op cit*, p.85

96. *op cit*, p.178

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98. Wendt, *Ola*, p.330

99. Wendt, *Sons*, p.179

100. *ibid*

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102. *op cit*, p.182

103. Wendt, *Ola*, p.330

104. Wendt, *Sons*, p.183

105. *op cit*, p.167

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107. *ibid*

108. Shankman, (1993), *op cit*, p.164

109. Wendt, *Sons*, pp.190, 191

110. *ibid*

111. *op cit*, p.202

112. *op cit*, p.212

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