

It was during his funeral that I realized how much of my culture I had suppressed in order to adapt, assimilate, and be accepted into the local Hawai'i society. Now that he was gone, I realized how much I had denied myself of my own heritage. I can only cast regrets that I did not realize this much sooner.

I was his youngest son and the first in his family to earn a degree from a university. And although he was very ill in the last months of his life and unable to see me march at my commencement ceremony, I know he was very proud and happy of what I had accomplished through him. But I never had the chance to share my experiences with him. I never had the chance to ask him if he felt happy or sad, content, or satisfied with his life in Hawai'i. I guess I never will know.

Sometimes when I visit downtown Honolulu to go shopping for vegetables in Chinatown and to visit my favorite Filipino food stand, I see these old Filipino men who seem to be the same age as my father, if he was still alive. And I think of my father, Nemesio de Los Santos, and of Bienvenido Santos and Celestino Fabia, and I wonder if our dreams really come true.

From American-Filipino to Filipino-American

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Since my youth in the 1950s a noticeable change in emphasis has occurred in the role of ethnicity in the formulation of an American identity. The goal then was to become assimilated, to become an American as defined by the education system and the media. While one's ethnic background was acknowledged, it was simply to provide evidence of the hybrid vigor of America's racial/ethnic melting pot. Ethnic differences were to be thrown into the crucible and melded to form the American. Nevertheless, each American could proudly claim his or her unique identification with a specific ethnic group. The cult of the hyphenated American — the American-Italians, American-Irish, American-Greeks, American-Filipinos — became celebrated in the popular *Reader's Digest*, one of the most widely-read magazines in America in the 1950s. It and *Life Magazine* helped create the image of the American through guidelines and inspirational models captured in word and picture.

Today the emphasis has shifted with ethnicity being regarded as the dominant aspect in the forging of an American identity. America as reinterpreted is now simply the home of the diasporic groups from Italy, Ireland, Greece, or the Philippines, and the people are now Italian-American, Irish-American, Greek-American, Filipino-American, and even the curious hybrid, the Asian-American. It is the homeland which has become the true fount of identity, and the diaspora a source of enrichment of the original culture. Although this reorientation has been comforting to the new immigrants to the United States, it has introduced new problems for generations of Americans who have only a vague memory or understanding of the homelands from which their parents or forefathers came. The situation of Filipinos in Hawai'i is an interesting case in point because it highlights some of the implications of this shift.

Growing up Filipino in a Plantation Village

I was born during wartime in a sugar plantation village in Spreckelsville on the island of Maui. Spreckelsville consisted of three camps, all known by numbers rather than name. My family lived in Camp 2 which had some fifty houses, approximately half occupied by Japanese, four by Okinawans, and the remainder by Filipino "bachelors," many of whom had left wives and children behind in the Philippines. "Filipino" at that time meant simply "Ilocano" or "Visayan." Tagalogs for me were those people whom I saw on the screen every

Wednesday evening when my parents and I went to see a "Filipino" film at the neighborhood theater.

Because of the homogeneity of the Filipino community, there was no agonizing over the subtle differences or open rivalries between language groups. Distinction was based on ethnic groups. At the local school, which served a number of plantation camps similar to mine, there were children of Japanese, Okinawan, Filipino, Puerto Rican, Portuguese, and Chinese descent. Everyone knew the other's ethnicity, and it was a way in which we identified each other. Although sometimes in annoyance one would call the other names, such as "daikon" to a Japanese, or "bagoong" to a Filipino, there was always a sense of belonging together as children of the camps. In retrospect, my identity in those days consisted of different aspects. Being someone from Hawai'i, which today means being "local," was one strong aspect of my identity. It was a source of pride to be continually reminded how unique we were in Hawai'i as a society where races lived harmoniously together. But I was a specific type of person from Hawai'i, one whose experiences were grounded in Filipino culture. One's ethnic identity was clearly visible in physical features, customs, name, and food. I was a Filipino boy from Hawai'i, and I was also an American. Being a product of the assimilationist philosophy of U.S. education, I was especially proud when Hawai'i gained statehood in 1959 and became a full-fledged member of the Union. As children of immigrants, we believed in the American dream and welcomed the opportunities which beckoned.

Those aspects of my identity linked to Hawai'i and America were ones that I believed to offer future promise because they were my home. Filipino culture, on the other hand, I saw as the culture of my parents and their friends. While I participated in Filipino activities, I did so mechanically mainly to please my parents. It was not because of any conscious effort to reject my Filipino heritage, but it was only because it appeared to be so foreign and irrelevant compared to the vibrance and promise which characterized Hawai'i and America to the young. Yet I now realize that it was my participation in these plantation Filipino activities which provided me with a uniqueness which I can now cherish as a significant part of my past.

As a youth growing up in a Filipino household I was involved in numerous activities associated with the Filipino community. My father was a leading organizer of cockfights, which then was almost exclusively a Filipino activity, and I helped him to train the cocks, to feed them, and to patch them up after a fight. During the annual Rizal Day celebrations at the end of December, my brother and I would be asked to dance at the festivities sponsored by a Filipino "club"

organized by my father and his friends in Naska. We all had our authentic *barong tagalog* made of pineapple fiber, and the girls had their *Maria Claras*. Most of the boys were reluctant to dance, but we were forced to because of my father's prominent position in the community. It seems that we were always going to some christening or wedding, which I tolerated because I looked forward to the different types of Filipino festival food which one could only get at such events. I do not recall the names of any of these dishes, but I do remember vividly what they looked like and how they tasted.

One of my enduring memories is of the activities at the Naska club, which hosted *manso* dances every weekend. The club had been organized as a mutual assistance association, and one of the ways by which it raised funds was to hold these dances. The Filipino men would purchase tickets which allowed them to dance with the young women. There was a band consisting of mandolins, a saxophone, a trumpet, and drums which provided the live music. The women organized the concession stand which sold *kankanen* and other Filipino delicacies. The children played with their friends, while the young adults stood around chatting and occasionally mocking the men who looked so sleek with their hair pomaded down. One of the sad consequences of wanting to be American was the tendency for the young Filipinos to denigrate the older generation with their peculiar way of dressing and their thick accent. It was our way of saying that we were Hawai'i-born and American.

Yet in looking back over my childhood and youth, I realize now that it was the Filipino "bachelors," those who were single or had families in the Philippines, who had the greatest impact on my perception of male roles. These men, including my father, were excellent cooks. We were frequently invited to the bachelor quarters with their earthen-floor kitchens where the men prepared such wonderful dishes from pork or goat killed communally, fish which someone had caught, and *nateng* or the various types of Filipino vegetables gathered from the canefields. At various places in the fields, Filipino plantation workers planted these vegetables and kept them well-watered from the ditches which irrigated the sugar fields. All the Filipinos knew where these plots were, and they only took what they needed for a meal.

These bachelors were also extremely generous and kind to the children in the plantation camps. Since ours was one of the few nuclear families in the village, I had numerous "uncles" among the single Filipino men in the camp. I was spoiled by their attention and frequent gifts, and in my mind I came to associate them with an ability to soothe any psychological or physical injury. One particular bachelor in my camp was known for his skills as a local doctor

against illnesses physical and otherworldly. On one occasion I dislocated an elbow after falling off a mango tree. In the following weeks I spent agonizing sessions at his home as he attempted to reset the bone. But perhaps his greatest fame was his ability to counter black magic. One of my memories as a child is of different types of objects being placed at various parts of our house to ward off evil intentions by my father's perceived enemies. Though I shared my mother's skepticism regarding the efficacy of such measures, I must admit to a sense of comfort that they were in place. The men, in short, offered a model of emotional and physical care and concern which had a lasting effect on my perceptions.

There were only a few Filipino women in my camp, and so my memories of them are few and rather vague. However, I will never forget Nana Maria, mainly because of her face scarred by chicken pox and her habit of smoking *toscane* cigars with the lit end in her mouth. The women worked extremely hard since washing clothes meant heating the water outside, washing and beating the clothes, and hanging them out to dry. When they were brought in, they were sprinkled with water and rolled up, and then later pressed with a heavy hand iron. My mother used to place strips of banana leaves at one side of the ironing board, and at intervals run the iron over the leaves in order, I suppose, to make the iron glide more smoothly on the clothes. Just keeping the house clean was a major chore because of all the dust from the canefields and the dirt roads which ran through the camp. Every day the women, with the help of the children, would dust the furniture and sweep and mop the wooden floors. One of my earliest memories is of being awoken by the sound of my mother either sweeping or mopping.

Some of the women, my mother among them, could draft their own patterns and then sew clothes for their families or for others. My mother had one of those black tubular Singer sewing machines with a pedal. On hot afternoons I remember the soporific sounds of the whirring of the Singer as my mother applied the skills as a dressmaker which she had learned from a private sewing school in town. She later sent my elder sister to the school to learn to sew, but the latter never showed any interest nor inclination to learn. Occasionally we would go to the largest town on the island, which was then Wailuku, and do some clothes shopping with my mother. I did not particularly enjoy shopping, but I liked the idea of going to town with all the shops and the prospects of purchasing something interesting or eating out in one of the local restaurants. There were no Filipino restaurants, but I did not want more Filipino food since we could get it at home. What I looked forward to was the delicious plate lunches served in these restaurants with large slow-moving ceiling fans. My favorite dish was a

combination of pork spare ribs and chop suey with rice and macaroni salad. The dishes were always a combination of different ethnic recipes reworked into something which suited the local palate.

At home the men did a lot of the cooking, but they also were responsible for obtaining the food. We grew some of our own vegetables and got others from certain areas in the canefields where the vegetables were grown by those on irrigation duty. There appears to have been a regular slaughtering of animals with families sharing the meat. As a young boy I was particularly excited by the preparations. The men got up early in order to purchase the pigs, sharpen the knives, lay out the tables, and boil the water used to clean the carcass. When the trussed pig was finally brought to the table, there was an air of expectation as the men yelled out things to one another above the squeals of the animal. Everything happened very quickly after that—the bleeding, the scraping off of the hair, and the cutting up of the pig for distribution among the participating families. That evening there would be quite a feast, especially of my favorite, *dinardaraan*, a pork dish cooked in blood.

Fish was plentiful because there was always a family member, a cousin, a friend or a neighbor who was extremely skillful in skin diving using a speargun. We were regularly supplied with fish of all sorts, especially the plentiful black and green *manini*. But my favorites were the large lobsters and the octopuses which became a regular fare in our family. On very rare occasions my father would obtain a "balloon" fish, which was known to have a poisonous sac which could kill. Because of the reputation of the fish, not many people ventured to eat it, and even my father refused to eat it unless he himself prepared the fish. There was an unusual taste to the fish which I have never experienced with any other seafood. It may have been the thrill of knowing that one was eating something potentially dangerous, but I remember that it had a distinctive flavor.

While most of the food we had at home was prepared as Filipino dishes with the use of bagoong as the main condiment, we were also being introduced to a variety of other dishes through our neighbors and our school. Since Japanese formed the majority in our plantation camp, we were regularly exposed to Japanese *senbei*, *manju*, *sushi*, *daikon*, *sashimi*, *namasu*, *musubi*, etc. Often the children would bring their lunches from home to eat with their friends, and it was on these occasions that I used to see things which my mother never made. For example, I was always fascinated by the *ume* musubi, which was a rice ball covered with seaweed with a pickled plum in the middle for flavoring.

Food differences were acknowledged, but all the different ethnic dishes became part of our everyday experience. There was ample opportunity to share

food on the rare occasion that our parents allowed us to take food outside to eat. There were parties and especially the ethnic festivals which enabled the Filipino children, for example, to share Japanese *mochi* rice cakes at Japanese New Year or for the Japanese children to eat *kankanen*, the Filipino version of *mochi* rice cakes during the Rizal festival. More and more, however, our tastes were being conditioned by subsidized lunches in school where the weekly menu contained a rich array of ethnic and haole-type food. One day it would be *shoyu* fish, another day corned beef and cabbage, and a third day perhaps *chow fun* and even Portuguese soup. Looking back, however, I do not recall a single Filipino dish on the menu. I was not aware of it then because all the other types of food were so familiar to me as to have been my own. The clever concoctions of dishes borrowing this from one ethnic group and that from another to create a truly mixed cuisine with an "original" name such as "ono (Hawaiian for "delicious") chicken pineapple." It was a source of some amusement that the chief cook was a Japanese American woman called Mrs. Ono. The origin of that uniquely local "plate lunch" one finds everywhere in Hawai'i today could very well have been the creative lunches churned out by the Mrs. Onos who attempted to balance nutrition requirements with local tastes in Hawaii's school cafeterias.

Playtime and Schoolltime

During the plantation days of my youth, our parents were on the periphery of our lives. We spent practically the whole day with our friends and only went home to bathe, to eat, and to sleep. Our attitudes were being formed by our schools, by the strong American culture available in the weekend radio broadcasts of professional baseball and in the Saturday movies, and by our own peer-group outdoor activities in Hawai'i. We all lived in houses provided by the plantation, we spoke "pidgin" English, we went to the same school, and we played together in the streets or in the canefields. In short, there was a camaraderie among the young people as part of plantation society. We knew our various ethnicities, but the dominant culture was that of the plantation.

One of the things which made us distinctive was the type of games that we played. Baseball was a passion with all the boys in the camp. In addition to listening to the play-by-play simulated broadcasts by radio, we bought bubble gum in order to get the cards with the pictures and statistics of the major league players. One of our favorite pastimes was to listen to the broadcasts and trade these cards. We also played baseball on the dirt roads, using the trunks of trees and sides of buildings for bases, and hitting the ball often high up into the foliage of the monkeypod trees. Despite being surrounded by buildings, I do not

remember a single time when we broke a window. Many of us went from camp baseball to the Little League, the Pony League and, for the best of the group, to high school baseball. Football was also a major sport, but it never rivaled baseball as the king of sports. But once again the dirt roads were the ideal playing fields for touch football for the camp children. Basketball was not as popular and was something that the boys only began playing seriously in high school.

The girls rarely played baseball, football or basketball, but they did participate wholeheartedly alongside the boys in the plantation games. Like the American-style sports, there were particular seasons for these games, although I still do not know who decided when the season for one game should stop and another begin. There were so many interesting games that we played. In one the children collected beans from the pods from one type of tree. Each player would then "bet" a number of beans with another player. Each would then have a turn in taking hold of the beans, throwing them in the air and catching as many as one could on the back of the palm. The object then was to throw the beans off the back of the palm and grab the whole lot without dropping a single one.

Another plantation game known as "pee-wee" involved taking an old broomstick, cutting a piece about a foot in length, which became the "bat," and another of about three or four inches in length with one end sliced off at a 45 degree angle. The player would then make a small groove in the soil to place the shorter piece with the cut end sticking out from the groove. The object was to hit the tip of the short piece with the longer length to make the former fly in the air. Then one had to hit the small piece again before it fell to the ground. A skilled player could hit it two, three, or sometimes even four times before hitting it as far away from the base as possible. The reason is that the score was calculated by multiplying the number of times one hit the small piece and measuring the distance with the bat from the spot where the stick landed and the home base. One counted by twirling the length of stick on the ground in a circular motion as if twirling a baton.

A third popular game, which began on Maui with the cardboard covers made by Haleakala Dairy for its milk and fruit juice bottles, we called "pachi." Each player would again bet a number of pachi (covers) and place them in the center. One player would stack the covers to try to make it difficult for the pachi to be overturned. As children we experimented with all different ways of shaping the pachi pile to prevent too many being upended. The second player then would take one pachi and would slam the pachi onto the pile to see how many he could overturn. Whatever was upended became the property of that particular player. This particular game was marketed in the 1990s as POGS, using specially created covers, and became a craze among children in Hawai'i and California.

There were many other games and pastimes. One was playing castles and knights on the stonepiles in the middle of the canefields. Even though these stonepiles would be hidden when the cane grew tall, all the plantation children knew where they were, and we would continue to play at these special places. The large irrigation ditches which flowed from the reservoir to feed the canefields were a favorite swimming place for the plantation children. Though at times the water flowed fairly swiftly, at least the edge of the ditch was close and therefore fairly safe. But the most exciting time of all for the plantation children was when the large reservoir for some reason was drained of its water. As soon as we heard the cry, "The *punawai* [reservoir] dry!," we would all grab our pails and other containers and head for the reservoir. The reason was that the laborers had stocked the reservoir with catfish and some other type of fish, and when the water was let out, the catfish and other fish would emerge in the shallows and the mud. It was fun wading through the mud in the reservoir catching *paltat* (catfish). Only then did we have the rare treat of eating *paltat* cooked in so many different ways. To this day I long for *paltat* the way it used to be cooked by my dad.

In these games and various plantation pastimes, we children of the plantation were one. This was not regarded as a Japanese or Filipino or Portuguese game, but a plantation one. Not until I was an adult did I think of *jan ken po* as something Japanese. Our identity as plantation children was reinforced by our games. As more packaged games became available, some of these appeared in the camps, such as jacks and marbles. Since we did not know exactly how they were played, we tended to make new rules as we went along. While we played these novel games from the mainland, we preferred the plantation ones.

While our playtime occupied a major part of our activities, school was always something that we knew we had to do because our parents considered education to be so very important. The schools were somewhat unique in our day. There was one school where all the plantation children attended, which was known by the very haole-sounding name of "Spreckelsville" after the founder of the sugar plantation. About three miles away closer to the beach was another school with the Hawaiian name of "Kaunoa." It was the school for children of the white plantation *luna* (bosses), the professional people (mainly Japanese-American and Chinese-American), and those with a higher income than those working for the plantations. Kaunoa was an English standard school, which meant that one had to pass a simple test in order to be admitted. As children of the plantation school, we stood in awe of those children who could actually speak English the haole way. We exchanged stories of the manner in which kids like us were flummoxed by the tests and were refused entrance. One story goes that

the examiner took a sheet of paper and ripped it in half. He then asked the child to describe what he had done. Being a pidgin English speaker, the child answered: "You broke the paper," thus failing the test. Of course, we never really knew what actually happened in those entrance exams, but I remember listening with rapt attention to an older child recounting that story. When we heard the punchline, many of us did not react because we were not certain what the right answer was. "Broke the paper" sounded fine to us because we knew that our pidgin way of expressing the action was, "He wen' break the paper."

Although we spoke pidgin English at home, in the streets and outside the classroom, the language in the classroom was standard English. No one I knew in my camp spoke it comfortably. We had problems that many other non-English speakers have with the "th" sound and short and long vowels. Even though we were scolded for using pidgin in the classroom, almost nothing else was heard elsewhere in school. It was our first and natural language, and we found little reason to use standard English since we had only very few occasions to use it. There were very few haoles on Maui, and we rarely had any contact with them. All our parents, their friends, and even the business people all used pidgin English. It was the language of the young people and of our parents when speaking to someone outside their own linguistic group. The teachers tried to discourage the use of pidgin because they genuinely believed that it hindered the learning of standard English.

Our primary school had a little over two hundred children, from kindergarten to the eighth grade. All except the principal's children came from the plantation. We had the plantation as a common background, and there was little which distinguished us during the school year. The one thing which was very ethnic was the Japanese School which was held immediately after school. The one memory I have of that school is the loud chanting of the alphabet in Japanese. Not many of my Japanese friends bothered to go to Japanese school. Most of them were like me and preferred to go home, change, have something to eat, and then gather to play some type of game on the dirt roads running through the camp.

In the schools we were taught many things which we accepted as part of education. We learned the pledge of allegiance, the national anthem, and the history of the founding of the country. We came to be identified with George Washington and Betsy Ross, and we marveled at the hardships of the Pilgrim forefathers during their first winter in Massachusetts. There was some mention of the uniting of the Hawaiian Islands by King Kamehameha I, but very little else about Hawaiian history. Nothing was ever mentioned about the arrival of contract laborers to work on the plantations in Hawai'i, nor did we ask why not.

We did not question our education; there were things to learn, and schools where one learned them. Our teachers were admired because they had education and could therefore communicate so well in standard English. Except for one teacher who lived next to the school, the others lived outside our plantation area. Their world seemed so different from our own.

The school was like a foreign enclave in which we were expected to leave behind our plantation ways and learn the "American" way of life. The playground was still our turf, but as soon as we entered the buildings we were on alien soil doing, learning, and speaking American. There was nothing self-conscious about the process; we were born in Hawai'i, citizens of the United States, and so we naturally expected to be Americans. While it was painful playing the part of the Pilgrim forefathers during Thanksgiving pageants or learning how to square dance on the lawn, there was no questioning whether this was appropriate or not. This was part of being educated, and so we learned what was expected of us alongside millions of other American kids.

The school texts we used depicted scenes of winter and autumn, which simply highlighted the gap between school and book learning with our own experiences. These scenes merely emphasized the enormous gap we believed existed between our way of life and that on the continental U.S. But we already knew we were different, and it was perhaps the genius of Hawaii's early educators to dwell upon these differences as a source of pride and strength. We had heard about the problems between white and black communities on the mainland, and so we were made to see the success of our differing racial groups living so peaceably together in the islands. Our diversity, so we were informed by our teachers and government leaders, was an exciting and highly desirable mosaic which was a model for America and the rest of the world. We were not part of the contiguous U.S. but we were proud of being an "island paradise" with a perfect climate and happy, smiling people who lived harmoniously with one another.

Since this perception of Hawai'i had been nurtured in the schools and reinforced in the newspapers and government pronouncements, who were we to question it. We believed sincerely in the paradise syndrome, though we knew things were not as perfect as we were told. Each group still had negative stereotypes about other groups, and as children we could jokingly talk about the "big-mouth Poragees" or the "poke knife Filipinos," but much of this was not intended to demean or belittle the other. We knew each other well enough to be comfortable in this type of bantering which occasionally took place in our conversations. At times we would hear some of our adults discussing the manner

in which one particular group voted as a bloc, or that another was "prejudiced" against another group in hiring practices. Since such things were beyond our vision as children, we merely listened and thought that there must have been some truth to these statements. Even though the children mingled easily with each other at home and at school and dated one another in later years, our parents still regarded marriage among one's own kind as ideal. As children we never thought as far ahead as marriage, but we saw no problem in dating those from different ethnic groups. We were friends with similar backgrounds, and our ethnic identity was a very minor consideration.

Ethnic culture was for the children something which was preserved by our parents and grandparents, and which we also commemorated at specific times. For the Filipinos it was Rizal Day, for the Japanese it was the Bon Odori, and for the Chinese it was the New Year. Growing up in the plantation meant participating in all these different types of cultures and sharing the wonderful food and the fun which accompanied any large-scale community celebration. My Filipino identity was not something that I agonized over; it was simply part of me from the day I was born. I was a Filipino, she was a Japanese, he an Okinawan, and she a haole. There was no one in the camp who was of a mixed marriage, and it was easy to identify people into ethnic groups according to name, physical features, and food preferences. It was a simple ethnic picture then, or so it seemed to me as a child.

Complexity of Today's Filipino Identity

The present situation of Filipino youth in Hawai'i is far more complex than in my day. The plantation environment has practically disappeared, and there has been a large influx of new immigrants from the Philippines since 1965. The Filipino community has become far more diverse. There are second and third generation local Filipinos along with the large number of newly-arrived immigrants. They are no longer almost exclusively Ilocano or Visayan and, with the disappearance of the plantation economy, many Filipinos now occupy the gamut of occupations from manual labor to higher education.

The demographic and social changes among Filipinos in Hawai'i have coincided with a radical shift in the perception of what it is to be an American. This shift appears to have begun with the Black Power movement in the mid 1960s, and has gathered momentum as each individual community, especially Hispanic-Americans and Asian-Americans, began to assert its uniqueness and desire for a place and a voice in the composition of the "American." This

tendency reached a peak in 1993 in the United Nations' proclaimed "Year of Indigenous Peoples." In Hawai'i itself repercussions are being felt in the demands of the Hawaiian sovereignty movement. While indigenous groups and African-Americans have traced the roots of their grievances to a specific political or economic oppression, other groups have found it more difficult to locate a fundamental cause of their perceived exclusion from mainstream American life. They have therefore targeted discriminatory practices as a reason for the need to organize and to introduce a new conception of American which would make diversity an integral part of the ideal image. With diversity acknowledged as American, each different group would then have a right to the resources of the whole. It would then be possible to argue that each group should receive a proportionate share of the national pie.

For these groups, among which are Filipinos, there is a need to emphasize differences among them rather than commonalities. On the U.S. mainland the relatively small population of ethnic groups has resulted in coalitions into larger units such as *Asian-Americans*. In Hawai'i, on the other hand, the size of the various Asian ethnic groups enables them to organize themselves into more specific entities, such as *Filipino-Americans*, *Japanese-Americans*, etc. In this new atmosphere it is the original homeland which is the primary basis for identity, with shared experiences in America, the land of the diaspora, providing the motivation for such organizations. To justify the new orientation, each of the groups in America must demonstrate its uniqueness through encouraging the study of the language, culture, and history of the homeland. For Filipinos in Hawai'i, this means learning a Filipino language, and participating in organizations which encourage the study of the history, dance, music, and other artistic forms of the Philippines. This process has been praised for raising the consciousness of Filipino youth and for creating pride in their heritage. At the University of Hawai'i at Mānoa there is a Philippine Languages and Culture Club which even publishes a journal of short stories, essays, poems, and commentaries written in Tagalog by its members. It is indeed an impressive achievement which would have been beyond the capabilities of my generation and, more significantly, beyond our vision. Our concern then was to learn proper American English, culture, and history. We did not deny our Filipino-ness; it was simply a part of us which was evident to all in our appearance, our food preferences, and our participation in certain types of activities.

The current tendency to accentuate one's Filipino identity by demonstrating knowledge of the culture, history, and one of the languages of the Philippines has undoubtedly been an empowering experience for these young people. It should serve them well in American society which is being forced to acknowledge the

reality of multiculturalism. For most of the second and third generation diaspora Filipinos, on the other hand, they can only look with envy tinged with sadness that they were never capable of sharing their heritage in the same dynamic way as these young folk. They observe the activities of Filipino cultural groups, but they do not participate because they do not feel that they belong. What it is to be "Filipino" has become much more rigorous, the demands so much greater, that many of the locally-born Filipinos no longer feel comfortable participating in Filipino cultural activities. They are embarrassed because they cannot communicate in a Filipino language, they know almost nothing about the politics or the present culture of the Philippines, and they feel outsiders among Filipinos whose networks extend from Hawai'i to the Philippines.

To include these second and third generation Filipinos in Hawai'i in this Filipino cultural resurgence, it may be necessary to highlight the uniqueness of the earlier diaspora plantation culture. As my own experiences have demonstrated, being a Filipino during the plantation era was subsumed under a much larger more influential plantation identity. Yet my Filipino identity was important, and my generation absorbed Filipino ideas not in any formal way but in our daily dealings with my parents' generation. Their legacy was one of hardwork, determination, pride, and a genuine desire to enable their children to become in this new homeland what they could never have achieved in the Philippines. As members of the second generation, it is only in retrospect that we can appreciate the sacrifices which the first generation made for the future of Filipinos in Hawai'i and in America.

To commemorate the achievements of Filipino-Americans, especially those of the plantation era, it will be necessary to highlight aspects of the plantation past. Among the things which could be emphasized are Filipino rural cuisine and its adaptation by Filipino bachelors in their earthen-floor kitchens; the cockfight as a community activity; the religious and national festivals; forms of leisure; types of occupations; family values; language use; and education. In short, the aim of such an endeavor is to show how Philippine culture was transmitted and what transformations occurred in the new homeland. It is only by focusing on the considerable achievements of the diaspora Filipinos of the plantation age that many of the second and third generation Filipinos in Hawai'i can begin to share the pride in their Filipino heritage.