

Tales of the New Pacific

Horace Sutton

Raiatea, French Oceania—"With each dawn, new tales have been fashioned from the dreams of this eternally changing world of sea

by Frank Riley

THIRTY YEARS AGO this summer, James Michener won a Pulitzer Prize for his *Tales of the South Pacific*, which had come up over the literary horizon with the freshness of sunrise out of a coral lagoon. In the years since then, the sun has risen more than 10,000 times out of the South Pacific, and with each dawn new tales have been fashioned from the dreams and substance of daily life in this timeless and yet eternally changing world of sea and islands.

For 12 of these years, ever since my first trip to the South Pacific in 1966, I've been collecting tales of the new Pacific as it has emerged from the era chronicled by Michener. Some of the stories have the ingredients of great drama; others are anec-

dotes that illuminate a bit of the mosaic with the clarity of a lightning flash. For me, they weave into the best of all possible guidebooks to the Pacific islands as they are today, across a vastness of ocean from Micronesia to Polynesia, Hawaii to Kalimantan. More than all the handbooks of tourism, these stories guide one into the heart of an island and its culture.

The story of Rendra, internationally recognized poet and playwright, opens a door into the essence of contemporary Indonesia, where the uneasy military regime is secretly considering a public opinion poll conducted by a U.S. marketing firm to determine why its *pronunciamientos* have been losing credibility with the Indonesian peoples. In Rendra's home city of Yogyakarta, as Jogjakarta is now spelled, the general who is functioning as governor

has forbidden the production of plays by Rendra and the public reading of his poems. But in Jakarta, scarcely an hour away by air, Governor Ali Sadikin, a general who came to political power with the military counter-coup of 1966, proves there are no absolutes in this still-emerging country. His interest in the arts has permitted the Jakarta Art Center complex to stage Rendra's plays and to host his poetry readings. Meanwhile, back in Yogyakarta, Rendra's dramatic company has found a way to read his poems in the streets. The actors dress as beggars and recite the

Frank Riley, who writes often for Saturday Review, lives in California, is on the staff of Los Angeles magazine, and travels frequently to sun-kissed places in the South Pacific.

Take A Rail Holiday Through France And Western Europe With The French National Railroads

See the many faces of France with FRANCE VACANCES—or France and 14 countries in Western Europe with the all 1st-class EURAILPASS. Both good for unlimited rail travel, available from your travel agent or the

French National Railroads

offices in Beverly Hills, Chicago,
Coral Gables, New York,
San Francisco, Montreal and Vancouver

and islands.”

poems in their pleas for alms. When the police first showed up to blow the whistle, the actors pointed out that there were no laws in the sultanate of Yogyakarta against the time-honored practice of begging. The police left, and the recital continued, punctuated by the clink of coins in tin cups.

The story of a day my wife and I spent on Bali with Pram, a popular young radio personality, shows that this mystical island can in spite of commercial exploitation still be as it was when Nehru saw it: “the morning of the world.” Ours was a long day from dawn to the slow rise of the full moon out of the Indian Ocean, but at least I can tell you how it began.

Pram, who was to take us to a wedding and a cremation, and otherwise into the life of his Bali, phoned at sunrise to say he'd be a bit late. It seemed that his brother had

*Look out for flying saucers
in Greece!*

*In many
tavernas in
Greece they
throw saucers
and plates
when they like
the music!*



Greek National Tourist Organization
645 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10022 (212) 421-5777
168 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, IL 60601 (312) 782-1084
627 W. Sixth St., Los Angeles, CA 90017 (213) 626-6696
Please send free color brochures on Greece.

Name _____
Address _____
City/State/Zip _____
Travel Agent _____

SR

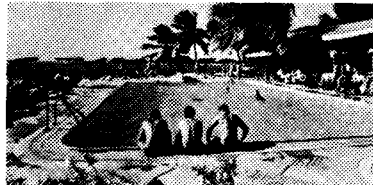
*There's no place
on earth
like Greece!
For color brochures
ask your travel
agent or send
this today!*

ONLY 6½ HOURS TO AN AFRICAN ADVENTURE* SENEGAL

THE COMPLETE VACATION PARADISE HAS IT ALL!



Elephant in Niokolo-Koba Game Park



Olympic Swimming Pool, Ngor Hotel



Fishermen ply their nets in Cayar

- YEAR ROUND MILD CLIMATE
- GAME PARKS • BEACHES
- DEEP SEA FISHING • CASINO
- LUXURY HOTELS • SPORTS
- GOREE ISLAND GATEWAY TO ROOTS

Yes, in only 6½ hours from New York, you can be on an African Safari or lolling on clean, white beaches in beautiful Senegal, Gateway to Africa.

You fly direct to Dakar, the fabulous continental city on the shores of the blue Atlantic! From there, special excursions take you to the famous Senegal Game Reserves for a complete African Adventure!

For complete details, see your Travel Agent or send coupon below. *from New York by jet.

Senegal Government Tourist Bureau, Dept. S.R.
200 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017
Please send more information on Senegal to:

Name

Address

City State Zip

OLYMPIC'S NEW LOW FARES TO GREECE.



**Now everybody
can Go Greek.**

Run barefoot along the sunny Aegean. Drink a little ouzo. Dance to the crazy bouzouki. Sail to seductive isles. Feel the magic of ancient Delphi.

Only Olympic Airways can fly you to all of Greece. Has nonstop 747s year 'round from the U.S. And gives you hundreds of tours to pick from.

For brochures and details on our new low fares, call your travel agent or Olympic—the airline that flies more Americans nonstop to Greece than anybody.

**Go Greek,
Go Olympic.**

OLYMPIC
AIRWAYS

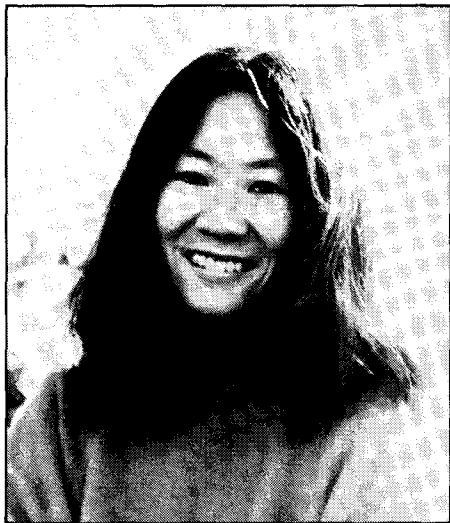
SPRING TRAVEL SECTION

been invaded during the night by a spirit of black magic, always a hazard when the moon is full. Pram had to take him to a practitioner of white magic for immediate treatment.

He showed up in time, however, to get us to his friend's wedding on the other side of Denpasar, a surging city of some 400,000 people and almost as many Hondas. On the way, we stopped to make a quick courtesy call at the Sangeh Forest of Holy Monkeys. Pram wanted the Monkey King, known on Bali to possess a white tail of formidable powers, to use his influence in the spirit world on behalf of his brother. At the wedding, we learned that the university student bride-to-be had, in accordance with tradition, been cozily kidnapped for three days by her prospective bridegroom, a young public relations executive, while their families consummated preparations for the wedding. From this beginning—our day went on to its own series of consummate climaxes until that night, as we watched Balinese girls bathe their lovely bodies and wash their long hair by the light of the second full moon—we knew that Bali was not yet lost to the morning of its world.

Nor is the Hawaii of today and tomorrow lost, despite the charters and other reduced air fares that could trigger another boom in tourism after the present leveling-off period. Soon after our arrival in Honolulu this past year, we crossed trails with Dr. Margaret Solomon, a professor at the University of Hawaii and one of the world's foremost Joyce scholars. She invited us to a happening that evening in the park on the seaward side of the huge Ala Moana Shopping Center and its flanking high-rise condominium towers.

The happening was to honor Maxine Hong Kingston, a young Hawaiian-Chinese teacher whose *Woman Warrior* had just won the National Book Critics Circle Award as the best American nonfiction book of the past year; she had written about all the ancestral and contemporary ghosts that can swirl through the imagination of a Chinese girl growing up in a culture not yet her own. Her national acclaim has mightily helped to amplify a steady resurgence of pride among all the people of Hawaii. As we munched tidbits provided through the courtesy of the local McDonald's hamburger emporium, resolutions honoring Ms. Kingston were read on behalf of the Hawaii state legislature and the Honolulu City Council. As shoppers drifted over from Ala Moana to find out what was happening in this park beside



Floyd K. Takeuchi

Maxine Hong Kingston—“National acclaim.”

the sea, Chinese schoolgirls danced, and poet Jack Unterecker, a University of Hawaii professor whose latest book of poetry is about Ireland, read passages from *Woman Warrior*.

The party for Maxine Hong Kingston delayed our meeting with Herbert Kawainui Kane, the Hawaiian artist, writer, and architect who was the centerpiece of one of the most dramatic epics in all Hawaiian history, one that would have found a place in Michener's *Hawaii* had it happened two decades earlier. You may remember Kane from the superb *National Geographic* film that introduced the “Voyage of the Hokule’a” to mainland TV viewers. After many hardships and much heartbreak, the Hokule’a, a 60-foot double-hulled canoe, did sail across 3,000 miles of open sea from Hawaii to Tahiti and back again, using only the navigational techniques of the first Polynesians, who made such voyages a thousand years ago. The voyages made Hawaiians proud of their history. Their ancestors, as the feat demonstrated, had come to these islands as skilled navigators, the Phoenicians of the Pacific, not hapless refugees drifting on the winds of chance.

One afternoon, as rainbows chased rain clouds across the Palau lagoon in the Eastern Carolines of the Micronesian Trust Territory, Senator Roman Temechul, newly elected to the Congress of Micronesia, first spoke of a quota on tourism to protect these tiny islands from too many Japanese and U.S. travelers during the coming era of reduced air fares. But even as we talked, plans were astir to transform Palau into a major oil port of the Far Pacific, and a time of enormous intrigue was at hand. The Pentagon and the CIA en-

couraged the fragmentation of the Congress of Micronesia, the better to deal separately with each island cluster, if necessary, to construct a new Pacific perimeter of military bases. There were assassination attempts, and the Congress's headquarters was burned one night on Saipan, near what was once a secret CIA bastion used for training Nationalist Chinese for fantasy invasions of the Chinese mainland. There has also been the abrasiveness of new politics on ancient tribal relationships, which can be terribly traumatized by what would be an ordinary campaign speech in the United States. Saipan and the northern Marianas have now become the first new U.S. territorial acquisitions since the Virgin Islands, and the drama for the rest of Micronesia will intensify at least until the end of the decade, when the Carter administration—in some as yet unclear manner—hopes to end the United States Trust Territory status under which the U.S. has administered these islands since World War II.

On Fiji, already nearing the end of its first decade as an independent nation, the dream of controlling its own quality of life in a time of mass tourism was articulated for us as we sat on the mat floor of a bure in the village of Votua, talking over a bowl of kava with our new Fijian friend, Samisoni Walai. He pointed through the open doorway of the family dwelling to the quadrangle of grass shining like a patch of jade between his bure and the lighter green of the bay, shadowed with coral and drifting white clouds. “For \$500,” Walai said, “our village could build a bure there for tourists who would like to know Fiji. They could catch fish and cook their own food. In the evening, they would drink kava and listen to our old men remember legends.”

In the village of Lalomalava, on Savai'i, the Big Island of Western Samoa, High Chief Luamanuave also believes his village should control the economic future of tourism. To this end, he has built a thatched roof guest *fale* to accommodate visitors. When Jane Leung Wai, the high chief's daughter, who has set up her own travel agency, brought the first group of 26 American tourists to the guest *fale*, a lady from New York looked around and asked, “Whose room is this?” Jane turned on her wondrous smile and explained serenely, “It is for all of us. We are all going to sleep on the floor together.” So the guests did and in the process acquired a sense of Samoa as it was in the nineteenth century, when poet Rupert Brooke wrote, “You lie on a mat in the cool Samoan hut and look

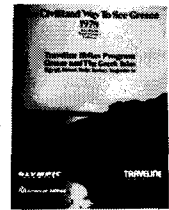
As a service to readers, a variety of vacation ideas are described in the “Vacation Planner” (page 65).

EUROPE BY CAR

45 ROCKEFELLER PLAZA, NEW YORK, N. Y. 10020
Phone: (212) 581-3040
9000 SUNSET BLVD., LOS ANGELES, CALIF. 90069
Phone: (213) 272-0424
SAVINGS ON CAR RENTAL • PURCHASE

The civilized way to see Greece.

Traveline's 52-page book is packed with luxurious cruises. Tours of Classical Greece. Sojourns on sunny Isles. Plus elegant escorted tours. With many plans combining Greece with other countries. Lots of free extras. From Traveline, world's largest designer of tours to Greece. Write or call office nearest you.



TRAVELINE

The civilized way to see Greece.

Traveline, Inc.
680 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10019
(212) 757-0909
5205 Leesburg Pike, Falls Church, VA 22041
(703) 931-4115
151 N. Delaware St., Indianapolis, IN 46204
(317) 632-6067
1800 S. Young Cr., Hollywood, FL 33020
(305) 920-9202
8447 Wilshire, Beverly Hills, CA 90211
(213) 653-5711

Please send free 52-page vacation book at once.

Name _____

Address _____

City/State/Zip _____

out on the white sand under the high palms and a gentle sea and the black line of the reef a mile out and moonlight over everything, and among it the loveliest people in the world, moving and dancing like gods and goddesses—it is sheer beauty, so pure it is difficult to breathe in it.”

Jake King, already a legendary newspaperman of the new South Pacific, came from Alabama to find a wife among the equally lovely people of American Samoa but also found a great deal more in the process of acquiring and trying to survive with the *Samoa News* while reporting more than official puffery. I came upon his office in a sheet metal and clapboard cubicle while on the way to Max Halleck's No. 3 Grocery Store, the building in which Miss Sadie Thompson found a room when she disembarked here with Somerset Maugham and a missionary couple to become immortalized in a short story now called “Rain.” Jake was sitting behind his cluttered desk, bare to his ample waist, sweating with the humidity. As we talked the story came out, too long to detail here, of a Watergate in the South Pacific. A self-described Goldwater conservative, Jake had to tell it in detail and then wind through an incredible series of court battles to fight off deportation proceedings initiated by the Nixon-appointed governor.

Survival and close encounters of other kinds faced Jim Boyack when he arrived in Papeete to launch a publication that has helped to shape the future of the new Tahiti. Jim was a student and poet in New York City when he was arrested for wearing black face makeup and standing vigil on Madison Avenue beside a black coffin painted with a white cross to express sorrow at the assassination of Malcolm X. While awaiting trial, he met Vera, an attractive girl from France who had just reached New York and was about to hitchhike to San Francisco. Jim didn't think it was prudent for her to make the trip alone, and eventually they got all the way to Tahiti. Since Vera was a French citizen, it was legal for her to own a Tahitian enterprise. She became publisher of a newspaper that didn't yet exist and named Jim editor. A dozen years have drifted by on the winds of the South Pacific. Now the couple have a home facing the sea, two daughters, and each morning before dawn the *Tahiti Bulletin*, an English-language daily, is delivered to all hotels. Jim writes insightfully about Tahiti for major publications around the world, and his poetry has taken form in the symbiosis of Polynesia, reflecting fragments of these islands in the

prism of his own culture: “The sun burns coolly on the trees” of a Tahitian morning, and the sound of wind lacerates the sparkle of the sea in slow motion, like “a still photograph of July 4th over the Hudson, in which the elements begin to move.” Soviet poet Evtushenko stopped in Papeete to read Jim's poetry and write a poem of his own to Vera.

Nicolai Michoutouchkine still has some of his vast collection of artifacts occupying the entire lobby of the Maeva Beach Hotel on Tahiti, and it is part of the saga that

“The four whiskeys were still at work when she stood up in front of the ship's orchestra and cut loose with her Samoan dance.”

reaches all the way to Vaté Island in the New Hebrides. Born in France of Russian parents, Nicolai got an economics degree in Paris in 1953, then promptly took off on an artistic pilgrimage through the Middle East to India, where his paintings were exhibited and he was honored by Nehru. When I first met him in the South Pacific in 1966, the French were already calling him *formidable*. He had long been wandering from island to island, living with the people, getting deathly sick on strange foods, all the while assembling what has come to be history's greatest collection of oceanic art and artifacts. Twice, with consummate cool, he commandeered a French warship to pick up some of the things given to him by island chiefs. Nicolai holds them in trust for the island peoples, not for profit, and for the past decade has been a man in search of a museum. The French would like to donate a museum—in Paris. The Russians would be happy to provide one—in Moscow. Latest word is that Nicolai, with Pilioko, his Wallis Island artist friend and onetime protégé, have donated the land for the museum near their studio home on Vaté Island and will try to fund the museum themselves as a contribution to all the peoples of the South Pacific.

So many stories, so many tales being created each day in this world of the new Pacific: Bob Paul, a lean Australian with sand-colored hair and moustache who has come to be known as the viceroy of the Isle of Tanna, the island of the John Frum Cargo Cult, which is roamed by herds of magnificent wild horses... Mary Pritchard, who has saved tapa artistry from dying out

and has been sharing it with the world for 50 years from her studio at Vaitogi... Life in the diamond villages of South Kalimantan, formerly known as Borneo, where miners panned for diamonds the way the forty-niners panned for gold... The pilgrimage trail to the grave of Tusitala, as Robert Louis Stevenson is known with love on Western Samoa, where he remains a part of contemporary life—the teller of tales, the sailor who came home from the sea to sleep for his share of eternity on a mountaintop with the South Pacific at his feet.

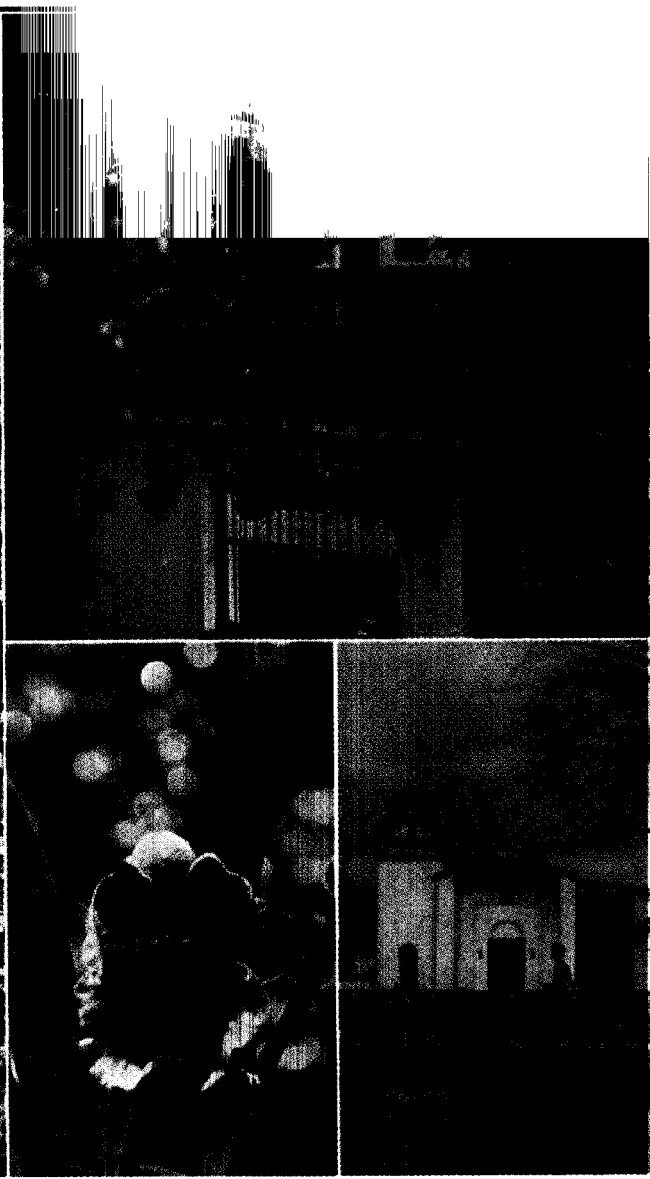
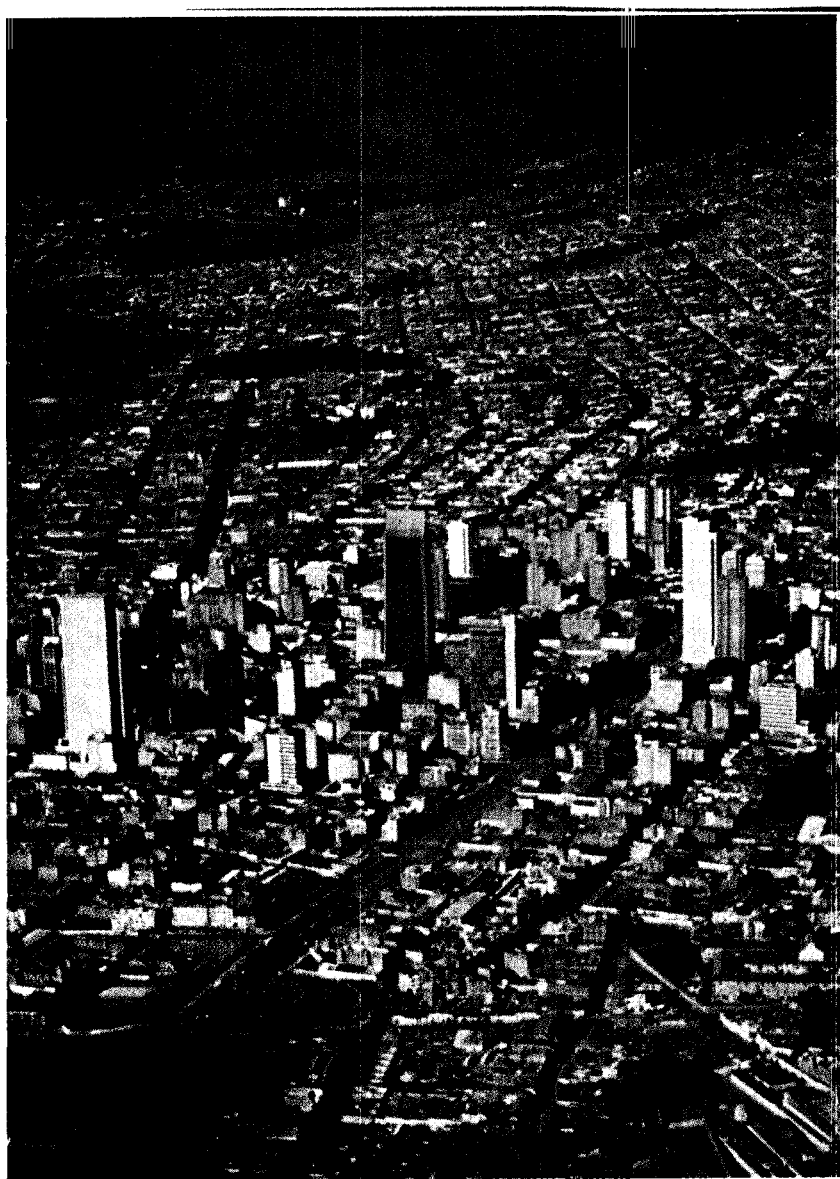
I've even found a Samoan story to share, in all humility, with James Michener, whom I've never met but feel that I know very well. Was Aggie Grey the inspiration for his Bloody Mary? He's never denied the story, nor has Aggie Grey. After all, he did once stay at Aggie's place on Apia Bay, a South Pacific hotel as legendary as the Raffles of Singapore.

I called on Aggie a couple of years ago and found her, at seventy-seven, still the grand never-old lady of Polynesia. She was recovering from the flu but came out of the bedroom with a red hibiscus over her left ear and asserted, “There's nothing wrong with me that a good man couldn't cure.” How has legend come to link her to Bloody Mary? “Well, I suppose it's time to tell it,” she sighed, fanning herself with a Samoan fan.

Back in 1958, Aggie was on a cruise ship bound from Honolulu to Vancouver, and there was to be a gala costume party. “I had four whiskeys,” she recalled, “just to get in the mood for the party.” She made a Samoan dance costume out of available materials, with a red top to go with her strapless bra.

The four whiskeys were still at work when she stood up in front of the ship's orchestra and cut loose with her Samoan dance. All 1,200 passengers were whooping and stomping when she finished. The captain came down from the bridge and made her do it all over again. The gala evening would have ended there, except that a Vancouver reporter was aboard. While the ship was docked in Vancouver, before continuing on to San Francisco, the story of Aggie's dance appeared in print. The reporter described her as the prototype of Bloody Mary, and the legend grew from there. Photographers were waiting in San Francisco to photograph Bloody Mary.

Aggie never affirmed or denied the story—it was good for business. Michener, she believes, maintained a gentlemanly silence. “But that's the way it was,” she confessed. “It was those four whiskeys.” ●



Discover a valley where it's been Spring for 300 years. Come to Medellín, Colombia.

High in the towering Andes lies a land of eternal Spring. Gentle breezes fill the sunny days there. Flowers bloom in colorful profusion, including far more orchids than you ever knew existed.

Right in the middle of all this beauty is Medellín, the City of Flowers. Medellín matches the exuberance of the countryside surrounding it. It's a modern city filled with tempting restaurants, fabulous shopping, deluxe hotels, and exciting nightlife.

Numerous beautiful country clubs dot the landscape, providing you with many golf courses and tennis courts.

But the best thing about Medellín is that it's in Colombia. So, it's one of the greatest travel bargains of all time! Food, accommodations, and even shopping, are so reasonable you will be delighted.

If you'd like to recapture

the romance and beauty of Springtime, it's there waiting for you right now. In Medellín, Colombia. Where it's been Spring for 300 years.

Avianca, PO Box 446, Massapequa, NY 11758.
(Or call toll-free 800-221-2200; N.Y., 800-442-5920;
N.Y.C., 212-586-6040; or see your travel agent.)

Please send information on Medellín tour.

Name

Address

City

State

SR-3 Zip



Avianca

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Just down this lane in Gloucestershire

Pan Am takes you back to Britain.

Across those gentle hills, through England's beautiful Cotswolds, you'll come to Bristol. Some of America's first settlers sailed from here in the 17th century. Including William Penn who founded Pennsylvania.

Wander a winding country lane in Northamptonshire. You'll discover gracious Sulgrave Manor, the home of George Washington's ancestors.

Take the high road to Arbigland in Scotland. You'll come across the hometown of John Paul Jones, founder of the American Navy.

Pleasant little walks and drives that can lead you on a journey centuries back into America's past.

And Pan Am can take you there in a matter of hours.

Britain in all its glory

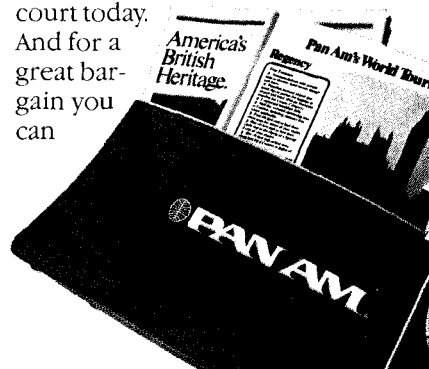
Besides a lot of America's past, there's all of Britain's history and pageantry to see as well.

From the little place where Shakespeare was born. To the grand palace where Churchill was born.

From Holyroodhouse where

Mary Queen of Scots held court to Buckingham Palace, where Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II holds court today.

And for a great bargain you can





you can glimpse a bit of America's past.

buy an "Open-to-View" ticket before you leave the U.S. It costs only \$10. And it opens doors and drawbridges to more than 300 castles, palaces and mansions.

Special PanAm tours

Pan Am has over 50 years of flying experience. And 747 flights to Britain from a choice of American cities.

We also have some very special tour packages.

The "Regency" gives you 15 exciting days to explore London for only \$299 (per person, double occupancy) plus air fare.

And the "Camelot" takes you to England, Wales and Scotland.

Selected departure dates are available.

Every Pan Am tour includes Continental breakfasts, sightseeing and transfers.

Some tours also include dinners. Some, discounts on rent-a-cars. And, of course, the new low air fares on Pan Am to Britain are another big part of the bargain.

For free information, see your travel agent or just mail the coupon. We'll send you, free, our color brochure, "America's British Heritage," and Pan Am's World, 68-page color tour brochure, PAH 001.

Britain—a big part of every American's past. This year come have a good look at it.



PAN AM

America's airline to the world.

British Tourist Authority
Box 4100, Grand Central Station
New York, New York 10017

Please send me your free brochures:
"Pan Am's World Tours" PAH 001
and "America's British Heritage."

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____

ZIP _____

BRITAIN 
ENGLAND SCOTLAND WALES

Close your eyes and imagine an island
in the South Pacific.

Is this what you imagined?

Milford Sound. Serene, mist swirls
all within a couple of hours.
Or Scandinavia? To see
South Pacific you never
could mistake with the

If the usual island tourist hustle seems far
away here in New Zealand, it is!

NEW ZEALAND

(A South Pacific you never imagined.)

NEW ZEALAND GOVERNMENT TOURIST OFFICE
One Maritime Plaza, Suite 970, San Francisco, CA 94111
630 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10020
10960 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90024

Send me more on a South Pacific I never imagined.

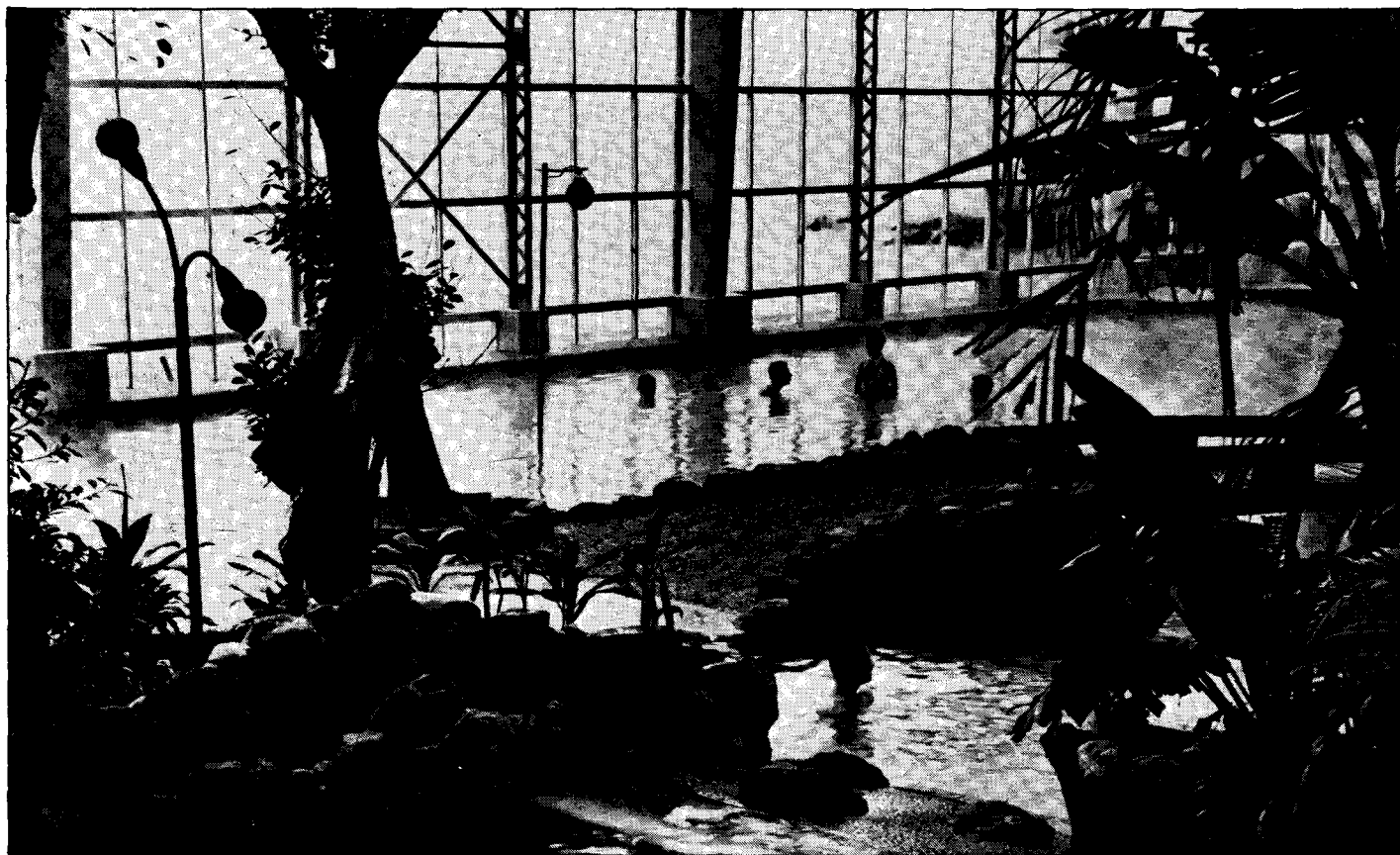
Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Taking Nippon by Surprise



Japan National Tourist Organization

Hot spring baths at Ibusuki Spa—"Japanese need to do everything together whether it's visiting shrines or taking a swim."

by Rafael Steinberg

VISITORS used to ask me why I stayed so long in Japan. "When I wake up every morning," I replied, "I know that something will happen this day to surprise me. It may delight me or infuriate me, but it sure as hell will be unexpected."

The first surprises one encounters are simple and quaint. When the Japanese gesture "come here," for instance, they hold the hand out with palm down and flap their fingers, something like our waving goodbye. Very confusing. If one learns that the Japanese word for rice is *gohan* when it's in a bowl, one must be aware that it becomes *raisu* (the English word "rice") when the same product is served on a plate, as with curry.

On a slightly higher plateau, the Western visitor discovers the Japanese need to do everything in groups, whether it's running away from home, visiting shrines, or taking

a swim in the sea. Japanese airlines run special "honeymoon excursion flights" from the cities to the bigger hot spring resorts on days that are auspicious for weddings, and every pair of seats is occupied by a newlywed couple. And at 3:25 every afternoon, all the office workers in every branch of a major Japanese bank stop what they are doing and—in unison all over Japan—go through five minutes of prescribed calisthenics at their desks.

One might think that marriage to a daughter of the country, my rough competence in the language, and more than 3,000 risings of the sun would have run me out of surprises. Not so. On my most recent trip, I dialed a wake-up call on my hotel's automated telephone message system and then fell asleep, consumed by jet lag. At precisely the proper time the phone rang, and when I picked it up the first sound I heard was the tape-recorded twittering of a gardenful of birds. This time they had me even before I woke up.

When the transpacific fares come down, I will return to Japan and follow the ritual: Coming home from a journey, every Jap-

anese is supposed to notify his ancestors. The emperor reports to the sun goddess at the Ise Shrine; ordinary Japanese clap their hands and bow their heads before the little altars on the walls of every proper home.

Having no ancestral spirits in Japan, I will be welcome to report to my wife's. But then, soon after my arrival, I think I will check in with my two guardian deities. The most prestigious is the Daibutsu, the Great Buddha of Kamakura, 30 miles south of Tokyo. I am neither mystic nor Buddhist, but this huge, 700-year-old bronze statue of the seated Buddha is my personal case officer in the bureau of the Japanese pantheon that handles foreigners.

When first brought into his presence, I approached the front of the statue and fell under his gaze, which is reproachful but tolerant. "What's the matter? Why do you come to me?" he asks. Later I stepped often into the circle of his gaze, and there was no reproach, only warmth and protection. I agreed with Lafcadio Hearn, who wrote that "the image typifies all that is tender and calm in the Soul of the East."

When I come again, I must pay more

Rafael Steinberg is a former foreign correspondent in Japan.