



Haunani-Kay Trask addressing 15,000 people gathered at 'Iolani Palace in Honolulu on the centenary of the American military invasion of Hawai'i and overthrow of the Hawaiian government. January 17, 1993.

Haunani-Kay Trask

From a Native Daughter

Colonialism and Sovereignty in Hawai'i

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F

rom a Native
Daughter

*E noi'i wale mai nō ka haole, a,
'a'ole e pau nā hana a Hawai'i 'imi loa*

Let the *haole* freely research us in detail
But the doings of deep delving Hawai'i
will not be exhausted.

Kepelino
Nineteenth-century Hawaiian historian

When I was young the story of my people was told twice: once by my parents, then again by my school teachers. From my *'ohana* (family), I learned about the life of the old ones: how they fished and planted by the moon; shared all the fruits of their labors, especially their children; danced in great numbers for long hours; and honored the unity of their world in intricate genealogical chants. My mother said Hawaiians had sailed over thousands of miles to make their home in these sacred islands. And they had flourished, until the coming of the *haole* (whites).

At school, I learned that the "pagan Hawaiians" did not read or write, were lustful cannibals, traded in slaves, and could not sing. Captain Cook had "discovered" Hawai'i, and the ungrateful Hawaiians had killed him. In revenge, the Christian god had cursed the Hawaiians with disease and death.

I learned the first of these stories from speaking with my mother and father. I learned the second from books. By the time I left for college, the books had won out over my parents, especially since I spent four long years in a missionary boarding school, called the Kamehameha Schools, for Hawaiian children.

When I went away, I understood the world as a place and a feeling divided in two: one *haole* (white) and the other *kānaka* (native). When I returned ten years later with a Ph.D., the division was sharper, the lack of connection more painful. There was the world that we lived in—my ancestors, my family, and my people—and then there was the world historians described. This world, they had written, was the truth. A primitive group, Hawaiians had been ruled by bloodthirsty priests and despotic kings who owned all the land and kept our people in feudal subjugation. The chiefs were cruel, the people poor.

But this was not the story my mother told me. No one had owned the land before the *haole* came; everyone could fish and plant, except during sacred periods. And the chiefs were good and loved their people.

Was my mother confused? What did our *kūpuna* (elders) say? They replied: Did these historians (all *haole*) know the language? Did they understand the chants? How long had they lived among our people? Whose stories had they heard?

None of the historians had ever learned our mother tongue. They had all been content to read what Europeans and Americans had written. But why did scholars, presumably well-trained and thoughtful, neglect our language? Not merely a passageway to knowledge, language is a form of knowing by itself; a people's way of thinking and feeling is revealed through its music.

I sensed the answer without needing to answer. From years of living in a divided world, I knew the historian's judgment: *There is no value in things Hawaiian; all value comes from things haole.*

Historians, I realized, were very like missionaries. They were a part of the colonizing horde. One group colonized the spirit; the other, the mind. Frantz Fanon had been right, but not just about Africans. He had been right about the bondage of my own people: "By a kind of perverted logic, [colonialism] turns to the past of the oppressed people, and distorts, disfigures, and destroys it."¹ The first step in the colonizing process, Fanon had written, was the deculturation of a people. What better way to take our culture than to remake our image? A rich historical past became small and ignorant in the hands of Westerners.

And we suffered a damaged sense of people and culture because of this distortion.

Burdened by a linear, progressive conception of history and by an assumption that Euro-American culture flourishes at the upper end of that progression, Westerners have told the history of Hawai'i as an inevitable if occasionally bittersweet triumph of Western ways over "primitive" Hawaiian ways. A few authors—the most sympathetic—have recorded with deep-felt sorrow the passing of our people. But in the end, we are repeatedly told, such an eclipse was for the best.

Obviously it was best for Westerners, not for our dying multitudes. This is why the historian's mission has been to justify our passing by celebrating Western dominance. Fanon would have called this missionizing, intellectual colonization. And it is clearest in the historian's insistence that pre-*haole* Hawaiian land tenure was "feudal," a term that is now applied, without question, in every monograph, in every schoolbook, and in every tour guide description of my people's history.

From the earliest days of Western contact, my people told their guests that *no one* owned the land. The land—like the air and the sea—was for all to use and share as their birthright. Our chiefs were *stewards* of the land; they could not own or privately possess the land any more than they could sell it.

But the *haole* insisted on characterizing our chiefs as feudal landlords and our people as serfs. Thus, a European term that described a European practice founded on a European concept of private land tenure—*feudalism*—was imposed upon a people halfway around the world from Europe and vastly different from her in every conceivable way. More than betraying an ignorance of Hawaiian culture and history, however, this misrepresentation was malevolent in design.

By inventing feudalism in ancient Hawai'i, Western scholars quickly transformed a spiritually based, self-sufficient economic system of land use and occupancy into an oppressive, medieval European practice of divine right ownership, with the common people tied like serfs to the land. By claiming that a Pacific people lived under a European system—that the Hawaiians lived under feudalism—Westerners could then degrade a successful system of shared land use with a pejorative and inaccurate Western term. Land tenure changes instituted by Americans and in line with current Western notions of private property were then made to appear beneficial to our people.

But in practice, such changes benefited the *haole*, who alienated Hawaiians from the land, taking it for themselves.

The prelude to this land alienation was the great dying of the people. Barely half a century after contact with the West, our people had declined in number by eighty percent. Disease and death were rampant. The sandalwood forests had been stripped bare for international commerce between England and China. The missionaries had insinuated themselves everywhere. And a debt-ridden Hawaiian king (there had been no king before Western contact) succumbed to enormous pressure from the Americans and followed their schemes for dividing up the land.

This is how private property land tenure entered Hawai'i. The common people, driven from their birthright, received less than one percent of the land. They starved, while huge *haole*-owned sugar plantations thrived.

And what had the historians said? They had said that the Americans "liberated" the Hawaiians from an oppressive "feudal" system. By inventing a false feudal past, the historians justify—and become complicitous in—massive American theft.

Is there "evidence"—as historians call it—for traditional Hawaiian concepts of land use? The evidence is in the sayings of my people and in the words they wrote more than a century ago, much of which has been translated. Historians however, have chosen to ignore any references here to shared land use. But there is incontrovertible evidence in the very structure of the Hawaiian language. If the historians had bothered to learn our language (as any American historian of France would learn French), they would have discovered that we show possession in two ways: through the use of an "a" possessive, which reveals acquired status, and through the use of an "o" possessive, which denotes inherent status. My body (*ko'u kino*) and my parents (*ko'u mākuā*), for example, take the "o" form; most material objects, such as food (*ka'u mea'ai*), take the "a" form. But land, like one's body and one's parents, takes the "o" possessive (*ko'u 'āina*). Thus, in our way of speaking, land is inherent to the people; it is like our bodies and our parents. The people cannot exist without the land, and the land cannot exist without the people.

Every major historian of Hawai'i has been mistaken about Hawaiian land tenure. The chiefs did not own the land, they *could not* own the land. My mother was right, and the *haole* historians were wrong. If they had studied our language, they would have known that

no one owned the land. But was their failing merely ignorance, or simple ethnocentric bias?

No, I did not believe them to be so benign. As I read on, a pattern emerged in their writing. Our ways were inferior to those of the West, to those of the historians' own culture. We were "less developed," or "immature," or "authoritarian." In some tellings we were much worse. Thus, Gavan Daws, the most famed modern historian of Hawai'i, had continued a tradition established earlier by missionaries Hiram Bingham and Sheldon Dibble, by referring to the old ones as "thieves" and "savages" who regularly practiced infanticide and who, in contrast to "civilized" whites, preferred "lewd dancing" to work. Ralph Kuykendall, long considered the most thorough if also the most boring of historians of Hawai'i, sustained another fiction, that my ancestors owned slaves, the outcast *kauwā*. This opinion, as well as the description of Hawaiian land tenure as feudal, had been supported by respected sociologist Andrew Lind. Finally, nearly all historians had refused to accept our genealogical dating of A.D. 400 or earlier for our arrival from the South Pacific. They had, instead, claimed that our earliest appearance in Hawai'i could only be traced to A.D. 1100. Thus, at least seven hundred years of our history were repudiated by "superior" Western scholarship. Only recently have archaeological data confirmed what Hawaiians had said these many centuries.²

Suddenly the entire sweep of our written history was clear to me. I was reading the West's view of itself through the degradation of my own past. When historians wrote that the king owned the land and the common people were bound to it, they were saying that ownership was the only way human beings in their world could relate to the land, and in that relationship, some one person had to control both the land and the interaction between humans.

And when they said that our chiefs were despotic, they were telling of their own society, where hierarchy always resulted in domination. Thus, any authority or elder was automatically suspected of tyranny.

And when they wrote that Hawaiians were lazy, they meant that work must be continuous and ever a burden.

And when they wrote that we were promiscuous, they meant that lovemaking in the Christian West was a sin.

And when they wrote that we were racist because we preferred our own ways to theirs, they meant that their culture needed to dominate other cultures.

And when they wrote that we were superstitious, believing in the *mana* of nature and people, they meant that the West has long since lost a deep spiritual and cultural relationship to the earth.

And when they wrote that Hawaiians were “primitive” in their grief over the passing of loved ones, they meant that the West grieves for the living who do not walk among their ancestors.

For so long, more than half my life, I had misunderstood this written record, thinking it described my own people. But my history was nowhere present. For we had not written. We had chanted and sailed and fished and built and prayed. And we had told stories through the great bloodlines of memory: genealogy.

To know my history, I had to put away my books and return to the land. I had to plant *taro* in the earth before I could understand the inseparable bond between people and *‘āina*. I had to feel again the spirits of nature and take gifts of plants and fish to the ancient altars. I had to begin to speak my language with our elders and leave long silences for wisdom to grow. But before anything else, I had to learn the language like a lover so that I could rock within her and lay at night in her dreaming arms.

There was nothing in my schooling that had told me of this or hinted that somewhere there was a longer, older story of origins, of the flowing of songs out to a great but distant sea. Only my parents’ voices, over and over, spoke to me of a Hawaiian world. While the books spoke from a different world, a Western world.

And yet, Hawaiians are not of the West. We are of *Hawai‘i Nei*, this world where I live, this place, this culture, this *‘āina*.

What can I say, then, to Western historians of my place and people? Let me answer with a story.

A while ago I was asked to share a panel on the American overthrow of our government in 1893. The other panelists were all *haole*. But one was a *haole* historian from the mainland who had just published a book on what he called the American anti-imperialists. He and I met briefly in preparation for the panel. I asked him if he knew the language. He said no. I asked him if he knew the record of opposition to our annexation to America. He said there was no real evidence for it, just comments here and there. I told him that he did not understand and that at the panel I would share the evidence. When we met in public and spoke, I said this:

There is a song much loved by our people. It was written after Hawai‘i had been invaded and occupied by American marines.

Addressed to our dethroned Queen, it was written in 1893 and tells of Hawaiian love of our homeland as well as our feelings against annexation to the United States.

*Kaulana nā pua a‘o
Hawai‘i*

*Kūpa‘a mahope o
ka ‘āina*

*Hiki mai ka ‘elele o ka loko ‘ino
Palapala ‘ānunu me ka pākaha.*

*Pane mai Hawai‘i moku o
Keawe.*

*Kōkua nā Hono a‘o
Pi‘ilani.*

*Kāko‘o mai Kaua‘i o Mano
Pa‘apū me ke one o
Kakuhihewa.*

*‘A‘ole ‘a‘e kau i ka pūlima
Maluna o ka pepa o ka ‘enemi
Ho‘ohui ‘āina kū‘ai hewa
I ka pono sivila a‘o
ke kanaka*

*‘A ‘ole mākou a‘e minamina
I ka pu‘ukālā a ke aupuni.
Ua lawa mākou i ka pōhaku,
I ka ‘ai kamaha‘o o ka ‘āina.*

*Mahope mākou o Lili‘ulani
A loa‘a ‘ē ka pono o
ka ‘āina.
(A kau hou ‘ia e ke kalaunu)
Ha‘ina ‘ia mai ana ka puana
Ka po‘e i aloha i ka ‘āina.*

Famous are the children of
Hawai‘i

Who cling steadfastly to
the land.

Comes the evil-hearted with
A document greedy for plunder.

Hawai‘i, island of Keawe,
answers.

The bays of Pi‘ilani [of Maui,
Moloka‘i, and Lana‘i] help.

Kaua‘i of Mano assists
Firmly together with the sands of
Kakuhihewa.

Do not put the signature
On the paper of the enemy.
Annexation is wicked sale
Of the civil rights of the
Hawaiian people.

We do not value
The government’s sums of money
We are satisfied with the stones,
Astonishing food of the land.

We support Lili‘uokalani
Who has earned the right to
the land.
(She will be crowned again)
The story is told
Of the people who love the land.³

This song, I said, continues to be sung with great dignity at Hawaiian political gatherings, for our people still share the feelings of anger and protest that it conveys.

But our guest, the *haole* historian, answered that this song, although beautiful, was not evidence of either opposition or of imperialism from the Hawaiian perspective.

Many Hawaiians in the audience were shocked at his remarks, but, in hindsight, I think they were predictable. They are the standard response of the *haole* historian who has no respect for Native memory.

Finally, I proceeded to relate a personal story, thinking that surely such a tale could not want for authenticity, since I myself was relating it. My *tūtū* (grandmother) had told my mother, who had told me, that at the time of the overthrow a great wailing went up throughout the islands, a wailing of weeks, a wailing of impenetrable grief, a wailing of death. But he remarked again, this, too, is not evidence.

And so, history goes on, written in long volumes by foreign people. Whole libraries begin to form, book upon book, shelf upon shelf. At the same time, the stories go on, generation to generation, family to family.

Which history do Western historians desire to know? Is it to be a tale of writings by their own countrymen, individuals convinced of their "unique" capacity for analysis, looking at us with Western eyes, thinking about us within Western philosophical contexts, categorizing us by Western indices, judging us by Judeo-Christian morals, exhorting us to capitalist achievements, and finally, leaving us an authoritative-because-Western record of their complete misunderstanding?

All this has been done already. Not merely a few times, but many times. And still, every year, there appear new and eager faces to take up the same telling, as if the West must continue, implacably, with the din of its own disbelief. But there is, as there has been always, another possibility. If it is truly our history Western historians desire to know, they must put down their books, and take up our practices: first, of course, the language, but later, the people, the *'āina*, the stories. Above all, in the end, the stories. Historians must listen; they must hear the generational connections, the reservoir of sounds and meanings.

They must come, as American Indians suggested long ago, to understand the land. Not in the Western way, but in the indigenous way, the way of living within and protecting the bond between people and *'āina*. This bond is cultural, and it can be understood only culturally. But because the West has lost any cultural understanding of the bond between people and land, it is not possible to know this connection through Western culture. This means that the history of indige-

nous people cannot be written from within Western culture. Such a story is merely the West's story of itself.

Our story remains unwritten. It rests within the culture, which is inseparable from the land. To know this is to know our history. To write this is to write of the land and the people who are born from her.

Notes

1. Frantz Fanon, *The Wretched of the Earth* (New York: Grove Press, 1968), p. 210.

2. Gavan Daws, *Shoal of Time: A History of the Hawaiian Islands* (Honolulu: University of Hawai'i Press, 1968). Hiram Bingham, *A Residence of Twenty-one Years in the Sandwich Isles* (Hartford, CT: H. Huntington, 1848); reprinted in 1981 (Tokyo: Charles E. Tuttle). Sheldon Dibble, *A History of the Sandwich Isles* (Honolulu: Thrum Publishing, 1909). Ralph Kuykendall, *The Hawaiian Kingdom, 1778-1854: Foundation and Transformation* (Honolulu: University of Hawai'i Press, 1978); originally published in 1938. Andrew Lind, *An Island Community: Ecological Succession in Hawai'i* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1938). H. David Tuggle, "Hawai'i," in *The Prehistory of Polynesia*, Jessie D. Jennings, ed. (Cambridge, Harvard University Press, 1979). See also Abraham Fornander, *An Account of the Polynesian Race, Its Origins, and Migrations and the Ancient History of the Hawaiian People to the Times of Kamehameha I* (Rutland and Tokyo: Charles E. Tuttle, 1969); originally published in 1878-1889. Lest one think these sources antiquated, it should be noted that there exist only a handful of modern scholarly works on the history of Hawai'i. The most respected are those by Kuykendall (1938) and Daws (1968) and a social history of the twentieth century by Lawrence Fuchs, *Hawai'i Pono: A Social History* (New York: Harcourt Brace & World, 1961). Of these, only Kuykendall and Daws claim any knowledge of pre-*haole* history, while concentrating on the nineteenth century. However, countless popular works have relied on these two studies, which, in turn, are themselves based on primary sources written in English by extremely biased, anti-Hawaiian Westerners, such as explorers, traders, missionaries (e.g., Bingham [1848] and Dibble [1909]), and sugar planters. Indeed, a favorite technique of Daws'—whose *Shoal of Time* is the most acclaimed and recent general history—is the lengthy quotation, without comment, of the most racist remarks by missionaries and planters. Thus, at one point, half of a page is consumed with a "white man's burden" quotation from an 1886 *Planters Monthly* article ("It is better here that the white man should rule.") Daws's only comment is, "The conclusion was inescapable" (p. 213). To get a sense of such characteristic contempt for Hawaiians, one has to read only the first few pages, where Daws refers several times to the Hawaiians as "savages" and "thieves" and where he approvingly has Captain Cook thinking, "It was a sensible primitive who bowed before a superior civilization" (p. 2). See also—among examples too numerous

to cite—his glib description of sacred *hula* as a “frivolous diversion,” which, instead of work, the Hawaiians “would practice energetically in the hot sun for days on end . . . their bare brown flesh glistening with sweat” (pp. 65–66). Daws, who repeatedly displays an affection for descriptions of Hawaiian skin color, taught Hawaiian history for some years at the University of Hawai‘i. He once held the Chair of Pacific History at the Australian National University’s Institute of Advanced Studies.

3. Samuel H. Elbert and Noelani Mahoe, *Nā Mele o Hawai‘i Nei: 101 Hawaiian Songs* (Honolulu: University of Hawai‘i Press, 1970), pp. 62–64.

What Do You Mean “We,” White Man?

On a recent Saturday night, I watched a 1932 film, *The Mummy*, starring Boris Karloff. The movie opens in Egypt, where two British archaeologists and a non-Native believer in what is described as the “Egyptian occult” are debating whether to open an unearthed treasure, some 3,700 years old. Engraved with a death curse, the artifact troubles the occult believer, who argues against its opening to the senior archaeologist. The two discuss the issue outside the tomb, leaving a junior archaeologist within. The believer of the “Egyptian occult” states the Native case, once removed, that any disturbance will anger the gods, who must surely take their just revenge. The senior archaeologist replies that “in the interests of science,” the discovery must be investigated. Even if he subscribed to Egyptian beliefs, he says, he would not allow them to deter the progress of his work. His friend issues a final warning, then departs in fear.

During their discussion, the eager junior archaeologist has opened the box, withdrawn a mysterious scroll, and begun to translate it, thus awakening our friend, Boris Karloff, long asleep in his mummy case standing uncovered against the tomb wall. As Karloff makes off with the scroll, the junior archaeologist succumbs to the ancient curse, laughing idiotically, forever lost to insanity.

I, of course, cheered this turn of events.

But alas, Native Hawaiians do not, as far as I know, possess anything so powerful and immediate as the curse of the Egyptian gods to

threaten those who disinter our cultural remains. In other respects, however, we are remarkably similar to the Egyptians.

Like Egypt, Hawai'i is part of a white colonial empire. Hawaiian culture and people are dominated by a long-distance power, the United States of America, whose settlers flood our land. We are fair game for tourists, adventurers, politicians, and, of course, purveyors of intellectual colonialism, including historians, anthropologists, and archaeologists. Our culture is seen—as is Egyptian culture in the film—to be foreign, prescientific, and representative of the threatening-because-potentially-uncontrollable unknown. Most important, Hawaiians, like Egyptians, are those being disinterred, studied, and removed to museums. The entire subject of the film assumes the power of the British colonizers to control the Egyptian colonized, just as the practice of archaeology in Hawai'i assumes the power of foreigners to dig up and study our remains. Hawaiians, like Egyptians, are but the backdrop for history: we do not make our own history; we merely watch as others concoct a history for us. The film's racist assumptions, like the assumptions of archaeology and anthropology in Hawai'i, are clear: these Natives are not *real* people (meaning white people) who have a *real* culture (meaning European culture) deserving of the kind of respect that operates between equals. Therefore, Native customs and beliefs are of little consequence; they cannot be seriously compared to "scientific" concerns, nor can they limit or direct, not to mention stop altogether, the work of "scientists." The attraction of the film for Euro-American audiences is that Native resistance, in the form of the mummy, will pit the feared, colonized world of the "occult" Egyptians against the safe, rational world of the "scientific" British. The fantasy life of the colonizers will be satisfied while their worst fears are laid to rest: the mummy will fight, but he will lose. Cultural dominance is reified in film artifact.

In Hawai'i, the politics of colonial anthropology and archaeology are not publicly debated or even acknowledged by its practitioners in the university or the museum or the field, and certainly not in the contract firm. Because most archaeology in Hawai'i is "contract" archaeology, that is, archaeology done for hire to satisfy state or federal requirements, professional ethics often take a back seat to the demands of speedy development. Simply said, contract firms find that monetary self-interest requires that they discover no significant sites, especially religious sites, that might trigger statutory oversight and eventual protection. That these realities are an outgrowth of colonial domination is

also ignored, or flat-out denied, as are the political and ethical implications arising out of such origins. While thoughtful scholars and organizations in other places try to address their roles in dispossessing and further colonizing the people they study, anthropologists and archaeologists in Hawai'i (most of whom are white American) refuse to see Hawaiians as a colonized people whose Native land is a colonial possession of the United States.¹ Worse, they avoid the simple observation that most, if not all, anthropology and archaeology in Hawai'i is done by non-Natives for non-Natives. Indeed, I do not know of any published piece written by an anthropologist on Hawai'i which questions the presence of anthropologists or archeologists here or challenges their assumed intention of "scholarship" or analyzes the racist assumptions of foreigners who believe a few years training in an American university (or any other university) qualifies them to study, describe, and pass judgment upon Hawaiian culture and Hawaiian people. There is a singular lack of controversy here while a phalanx of academic colonizers prepares our burial grounds for development, characterizes our cultural beliefs as ideological inventions for political ends, and determines what is and who is Hawaiian.²

Despite raging battles in the Hawaiian community over disinterment of our ancestral bones (for example, Honokahua on Maui and the Pele Cave in Puna), the bombing of our sacred places (Kaho'olawe Island, Mākua, Pōhakuoa), industrial development of our forests and oceans (such as geothermal energy production and manganese nodule mining), resort development of our shorelines and valleys, which forecloses Hawaiian fishing and agricultural projects (for example, the West Beach project on O'ahu), and highway development of our valleys (H-3 freeway), anthropologists and archaeologists have vigorously resisted examining their work and its political impact as they aid state and private developers in transforming our lands and waters. They have run away from the accurate Native accusation that their arguments are used by our colonizers—for example, the U.S. military, the resort industry, the state government, and other anthropologists—in furthering our degradation, our suffering, and our powerlessness. When criticized by Hawaiians in struggle, their defense is a retreat into "science" or "scholarly endeavor," as if these projects have no historical contexts and are not themselves subject to error, racist intent, and political usage. Anthropologists and archaeologists have gone on the offensive, attacking Natives who oppose them as "ignorant about their culture" or "romantic and mixed up."³

Here, the hidden racism of anthropology and archeology is made manifest through Native challenge. When push comes to shove, anthropologists and archaeologists say what they really think: *they* are the experts on Native culture; *they* have superior knowledge of it. Natives, by comparison, are uninformed and untrained, and should not, therefore, have control over their sites and culture. In this political context, foreign "experts" with the support of local and state government, including planning and other legal processes, are pitted against "emotional" Natives who have nothing to rely upon but their personal and cultural integrity in asserting that their sacred places and beloved lands must not be damaged. This situation is obviously colonial. The indigenous people, once rulers of their own destiny, are totally subjugated to the technocrats of another culture dedicated to endless profit on the ancestral birthlands of the Native people.

It is not merely that Hawaiians are institutionally powerless to decide how and whether their people and their cultural remains should be studied *at all*. It is that a whole way of life, of being in and with the world, has been obliterated. The destiny that is left to Native people then becomes an imposed life of never ending struggle in a losing war.

The daily experience of resistance for Hawaiians is bitter, indeed. When we challenge what experts say and write, we are attacked for not knowing what and who we are, for being grossly political or for "*haole* bashing." Because we are presumed to be inferior in terms of Western training and concepts, the public debate never approaches the issues but always falls back on disparagement of our psychological state or our emotional and rational equilibrium. In other words, we are characterized in terms reserved for the infirm or the mentally incompetent. Many Hawaiians, myself included, have been branded as "crazies," simply because we assert the priority of our cultural values—for example, that land is our ancestor and that burial grounds are sacred—over the American insistence that all value proceeds from moneymaking. (In the Hawaiian way of thinking, a value that holds money and "science" as the promise of human fulfillment is itself crazy.) If this public disparagement does not stifle our resistance, then the counterattack becomes an economic one. Thus, there have been various attempts to have us fired from our jobs, or to prevent us from getting jobs, especially if they have some professional status that would challenge archaeologists and anthropologists.

While Hawaiians suffer this colonial yoke, anthropologists deny the very methodology of their work as exploitative. To Native peoples, anthropology is based on a peculiarly Western belief that studying books and learning to do fieldwork bequeaths a right to go halfway around the world to live with, observe, and write about another people. Moreover, this exploitation of a people's hospitality and generosity does not carry with it any responsibility of repayment in kind, or of privilege and privacy. At some time in their professional lives, anthropologists live with Natives who are in struggle, dispossessed, and, in some cases, endangered. But in the interests of knowledge or science or some other abstraction, the anthropologist has no obligation to aid the people he or she studies, to withhold information that threatens the people or is considered sacred or privileged to them, or to be a part of their struggles, whatever they may be. In other words, the anthropologist is a taker and a user. And if the people who are taken suffer from the anthropologist's work, too bad. No moral or ethical responsibility attaches to the anthropologist or the archeologist.

Familiar examples come from places where Native peoples are being removed or killed at an incredible rate, such as the Amazon or the Philippines or tribal areas in India. But this colonial exploitation is also occurring right here and right now in Hawai'i.

Jocelyn Linnekin, former student of Marshall Sahlins and a tenured professor in the Department of Anthropology at the University of Hawai'i-Mānoa, has written a book—*Children of the Land*—and an article, "Defining Tradition: Variations on the Hawaiian Identity," in which she asserts that modern-day Hawaiians have "invented" what they claim is a traditional value of love and caring for the land. She refers to this value, called *'aloha 'āina* or *mālama 'āina*, as a "slogan" (rather than a real cultural value) that is used by the Protect Kaho'olawe 'Ohana and other Hawaiian groups in their efforts to stop military bombing of Kaho'olawe. She goes on to say that the sacred meaning of Kaho'olawe was invented because Hawaiian nationalists needed a "political and cultural symbol of protest" in the modern period. Despite nineteenth-century evidence of Kaho'olawe's importance, Linnekin argues that the island's meaning has been created for the purposes of Hawaiian political maneuvering today.⁴

In her article, Linnekin writes, "For Hawai'i, 'traditional' properly refers to the precontact era, before Cook's arrival in 1778" (p. 242). But later, on the same page, she admits that "tradition is fluid. . . ." Still,

despite this confusion, she criticizes Hawaiians for a "reconstruction of traditional Hawaiian society" in the present. Linnekin's difficulty stems from the kind of wrong-headedness that insists on hard-edged bifurcations of reality: pre-Western culture versus post-Western culture.

But what constitutes "tradition" to a people is ever changing. Culture is not static, nor is it frozen in objectified moments in time. Without doubt, Hawaiians were transformed drastically and irreparably after contact, but remnants of earlier lifeways, including values and symbols have persisted. One of these values is the Hawaiian responsibility to care for the land, to make it flourish, called *mālama 'āina* or *aloha 'āina*. To Linnekin, this value has been invented by modern Hawaiians to protest degradation of the land by developers, the military, and others. What Linnekin has missed here—partly because she has an incomplete grasp of "traditional" values but also because she does not understand and thus misapprehends Hawaiian cultural nationalism—is simply this: The Hawaiian relationship to land has persisted into the present. What has changed is ownership and use of the land (from collective use by Hawaiians for subsistence to private use by whites and other non-Natives for profit). Asserting the Hawaiian relationship in this changed context results in politicization. Thus, Hawaiians assert a "traditional" relationship to the land not for political ends, as Linnekin argues, but because they continue to believe in the cultural value of caring for the land. That land use is now contested makes such a belief political. This distinction is crucial because the Hawaiian cultural motivation reveals the persistence of traditional values, the very thing Linnekin claims modern Hawaiians have "invented."

In her book, Linnekin severely criticizes Hawaiian nationalists, arguing that their nationalism is so much ideological fodder in the fight for land claims while disparaging their cultural origins as something less than "Hawaiian." She mistakenly says the Hawaiian movement is urban in origin and even misunderstands the lack of nationalism in other ethnic groups.⁵

Apart from the factual errors Linnekin has made—the movement is *rural* in origin; *aloha 'āina* is a traditional value; Hawaiians are nationalist and other ethnic groups are not because we are the only group in Hawai'i to have been made, literally, nationless in the land of our birth—her position that we have "invented" our traditions has now been repeated by other anthropologists, such as the anti-Native professor, Roger Keesing; by newspapers, such as the *New York Times* and the *San Francisco Chronicle/Examiner*, and worst of all for

Hawaiians, by the U.S. Navy as justification for ongoing destruction of Hawaiian lands.⁶

In short, because Linnekin wanted to publish an allegedly scholarly article applying the "inventing tradition, inventing culture" school of thought to Hawaiians, we, the Native people, are now faced with a proliferating ideology that is hurting our *real* culture everyday, hurting *real* Hawaiians everyday, and that is being used over and over to undermine *our* claim to say who and what we are.

Of course, Hawaiian nationalists' claim to knowledge is our life experiences as Natives within a culture that is 2,000 years old. Linnekin's claim to knowledge is her brief training (in Michigan) as an anthropologist. But the problem is more serious than epistemology. In a colonial world, the work of anthropologists and other Western-trained "experts" is used to disparage and exploit Natives. Thus, what Linnekin writes about Hawaiians has more potential power than what Hawaiians write. Proof of this rests in the use of Linnekin's argument by the U.S. Navy that Hawaiian nationalists have invented the sacred meaning of Kaho'olawe Island. Here, the connection between anthropology and the colonial enterprise is explicit. When Natives accuse Western scholars of exploiting them, they have in mind the exact kind of situation I am describing.

Beneath this academic reaction to Native assertions of our own culture is the entire question of evidence. How could an obviously wrong-headed statement about Hawaiians inventing their love for the land become such an oft-repeated "fact"? The answer is simple: a different standard of proof operates when Natives are involved. Every reiteration of the "fact" of our cultural invention reinforces it as a truism. Because of deep-rooted racism at the core of Western history, negative descriptions are believed without the slightest shred of evidence because the people in question are Natives. Were the same statements to be made about white people, careful examination of evidence and demands for more of it would be assumed. Not so with Natives.

I teach a course in Hawaiian studies called "Myths of Hawaiian History." I devised the course after concluding that so much of what passed for Hawaiian history was nothing more than a series of political myths created by foreigners and designed to disparage our people. Many of the myths—such as infanticide as a common practice in pre-*haole* Hawaiian culture—were invented by missionaries. But what is perhaps more telling is that these same myths are repeated today by anthropologists and archaeologists. Thus the "great" Marshall Sahlins (like the less great Eleanor Nordyke and Gavan Daws) asserts that

Hawaiians practiced infanticide but offers as evidence only doubtful missionary hearsay. The fashionable Valerio Valeri argues that Hawaiian land tenure was feudal, but his only evidence is alleged linguistic similarities between Hawaiian and European terms, hardly a sound evidentiary base. Patrick Kirch, a leading figure in Hawaiian archaeology, has written that tuberculosis was a "common pathology" in pre-*haole* Hawai'i, which, in turn, is exaggerated by archaeologist Paul Cleghorn, who claims that "many" Hawaiians suffered from it. At this writing, no evidence exists that there was *any* tuberculosis in pre-*haole* Hawai'i.⁷

And the list of lies told by credible, professional academics about us Native Hawaiians goes on and on. Indeed, it could be said that anthropologists and archaeologists are inventing our culture at an unbelievable rate.

To bewildered non-Natives, it may not be clear why we Natives are so upset about all this or even what infanticide, feudalism, and tuberculosis have in common as descriptions of pre-*haole* Hawaiian society. Suffice it to say that these fabrications, when taken together, form a tidy racist profile of a people who, in Western thinking, are primitive (because they practice baby killing), backward (because they have feudal land tenure), and diseased. The value of this description, although false, is simply that Western impact is then seen to be beneficial for Hawaiians, since it meant an end to infanticide, the liberation of private property, and the excusing of diseased Westerners, such as the celebrated Captain Cook, and the resulting massive depopulation of Hawaiians. I could go on with this list, which also includes other myths and other inventors from fields such as history, demography, and politics. But the point has been made: when it comes to Natives, negative statements are eagerly believed with but the thinnest evidence or none at all because of the general racist belief in Native cultural and physical inferiority.

As a Native Hawaiian who has participated for nearly fifteen years in the current efforts of my people to sustain their peoplehood, and nationhood, I have fought with anthropologists and archaeologists many times: to stop disinterment, to insist on accurate representation of the Hawaiian movement, to end osteological and DNA analysis. At each juncture, I feel that we Hawaiians have no likelihood of convincing either the anthropologists or the archaeologists of our position. They seem, almost to a person, to reject our arguments against "scien-

tific" study, so-called cultural analysis, and all the rest. Worse, some of them have tried to injure our employment opportunities, to question our motives and our sanity, even to assert that they are themselves Native to Hawai'i.

All this has brought me to the following position. First, all anthropology and archaeology on Hawaiians should stop. There should be a moratorium on studying, unearthing, slicing, crushing, and analyzing us.

Second, while this moratorium is in place, there needs to be serious discussion among anthropologists and archaeologists about their political roles, their place in Hawai'i, and their responsibility to the Hawaiian people. Some departure points here could be the kind of ethical discussions that take place among atomic scientists and geneticists regarding the potential damage of their work to other people. This is especially true of work on the contemporary Hawaiian Movement that is used daily by our enemies to disparage and attack us. In other words, there needs to be some internal discussion among anthropologists and archaeologists about the impact of their work on living Hawaiians and the ethical conflicts that spring from their research. There needs to be an equal discussion between these two groups and leaders in the Hawaiian community.

Third, Hawaiians must lead an independent, professional investigation into the Bishop Museum, the largest and oldest research museum focusing on the Pacific Islands, with particular interest in traditional Hawaiian culture. Serious questions remain concerning the quality and professional integrity of their contract archaeology, including questions of falsification of reporting on sites and mismanagement of state funds. In the last ten years, Bishop Museum has come under increasing fire from the Hawaiian community, practicing archaeologists, and other state agencies for shoddy work and an arrogant disregard of Hawaiian cultural expertise in identifying religious sites.

Fourth, anthropologists and archaeologists working in Hawai'i need to acknowledge and address the racist inheritance of their fields as well as their own individual prejudices against a Native culture and people classified by Euro-American "civilization" as inferior and savage. For many Hawaiians, including myself, archaeologists who dig up our ancestors for money or glory are *maha'oi haole*, that is, rude and intrusive white people who go where they do not belong. It is simply wrong, culturally, for non-Natives to dig up our ancestors, to break

their bones, to remove them for highways and hotels, and to publish about them. Unlike white people, our culture is not obsessed with "scientific" study of human skeletons. We have much *aloha* for our ancestors and think of their burials as worthy of both ceremony and respect. This is why many of us Hawaiians do not support disinterment and analysis of our ancestral remains. I cannot reconcile grave robbing of my own people to increase "scientific" knowledge. Some things are sacred, even though, to the West, nothing is. To me and to most Natives, bones, graves, and rituals are sacrosanct. No exceptions.

For those who know little about such things outside Hawai'i, let me just say that in the Maori and aboriginal situations, in my understanding, the Native peoples exert much more control over what and how work is done regarding their culture and their artifacts. And in entirely independent countries, the Native people decide everything. Period. In this, as in so much else, Hawai'i is far behind other Pacific nations.

Finally, I reiterate something all colonialists despise: Native land belongs to Native people. They are the only residents with a genealogical claim to their place. That Euro-Americans violently disagree with this does not make it less true. Indeed, violent disagreement is violent precisely to the degree that the presence of Euro-Americans is dominant. In the Americas, white people insist on the fiction of "discovery" of two continents where more than 150 million people lived at the time of conquest. The genocide that followed contact continues today, but that, too, is a story of denial.

In Hawai'i, Hawaiians are categorized as just another group of immigrants who happened along some 2,000 years before whites and Asians. Words like "indigenous" are never used by scholars or lay people to describe Hawaiians. Nor is the word "settler" used to describe immigrants. As racist as this obviously is, the denial of Native history, culture, and humanity is central to the colonial endeavor. Archaeology and anthropology, in Hawai'i as elsewhere, are integral parts of the mammoth Euro-American project to dominate the human and natural world.

For those who disagree, there is really no middle ground. Non-Natives, no matter how long their residence in Hawai'i, should acknowledge their status as settlers, that is, uninvited guests in our Native country. Hawaiians are the only Native people. No other people—Asian, white, etc.—can or should claim Native status. Put differ-

ently, we are *not* all immigrants. Therefore, those who are Native Hawaiians have the only honest claim to decide what is researched and published about us and what is *kapu* (sacred).

This is my challenge and my hope.

Notes

1. Cultural Survival, Inc. (out of Harvard University), and the International Work Group on Indigenous Affairs (out of Denmark) are two non-Native groups that have been working for some time to aid indigenous peoples the world over. Initiated by anthropologists, these groups have sought to present the plight of Native peoples in such a way as to support them in their struggle for survival. The formation of both groups was a response to the complicity of anthropologists in the destruction of indigenous cultures and peoples.

For a critique of anthropologists and other scholars in terms of their exploitation of Native peoples, see Edward W. Said, "Representing the Colonized: Anthropology's Interlocutors," *Critical Inquiry* 15 (Winter 1989): 205–225. Said concludes his survey with these words: "Perhaps anthropology as we have known it can only continue on one side of the imperial divide, there to remain as a partner in domination and hegemony" (p. 225). For an article that seeks to create a typology of archaeologies, see Bruce G. Trigger, "Alternative Archaeologies: Nationalist, Colonialist, Imperialist," *Man* (N.S.) 19, 355–370. In this fine piece, the present form of archaeology done by Americans—and, therefore, done in Hawai'i—is situated historically as part of the so-called American "New Archaeology," which Trigger argues is an outcome of postwar American imperialism. In Trigger's words, ". . . the New Archaeology asserts the unimportance of national traditions themselves and of anything that stands in the way of American economic activity and political influence." This arrogant stand is surely what has been operating in Hawai'i with contract archaeology, in which any Native opposition to unearthing burial grounds and preparing sites for construction projects is seen as an impediment to "science." Moreover, the view that Hawaiians should have control over what happens to the record of their past, especially in terms of their own cultural values, is dismissed as "romanticism" when, in truth, it is a challenge to the imperialist notion that national traditions should be subordinated to the harsh realities of life in capitalist society. Hawaiian resistance can be seen as an assertion of an alternative tradition, one that is decidedly non-American, and for which the past is a direct link with the present, a present that is living rather than scholarly and artifactual.

2. The Society for Hawaiian Archaeology is not Hawaiian in any of its parts but is, rather, a professional organization whose ideology reflects the needs of predominantly *haole* archaeologists in Hawai'i for continued private and state support in archaeological work. The questions of who is an "expert" on things Hawaiian, of who has a claim to speak for the Hawaiian past, of the involvement of archaeologists in the destruction of things Hawaiian, and more

have been systematically ignored by the Society. So, too, has any interaction with Hawaiians who protest their work. Generally, the relationship between activist Hawaiians and archaeologists is filled with conflict and distrust. From the Hawaiian point of view, this is healthy, since without such opposition the voice of our ancestors would be stilled and the heritage of our children would be lost.

3. The controversy over the huge cemetery at Honokahua on Maui (which involved the potential removal of nearly 2,000 ancient Native skeletons for the building of a Japanese-financed hotel on missionary-owned land) revealed what many archaeologists actually think about Hawaiians. For example, disparaging comments were heard from the head of the archaeology firm—Rosendahl—that had the contract to remove the burials. These comments questioned the motivation, intelligence, and emotional stability of protesting Hawaiians. Moreover, this controversy spilled into the Honolulu dailies, which repeated charges that Hawaiians who resisted the unearthing were emotional as opposed to the archaeologists who were merely doing their job. To my knowledge, not a single archaeologist sided with the resistance efforts. Indeed, the president of the Society for Hawaiian Archaeology, Professor Terry Hunt, wrote to the governor asking that remains at Honokahua be made available for osteological analysis. This position came long after the issue had exploded into a statewide concern involving thousands of protesting Hawaiians throughout the archipelago. Thus, no matter how serious our resistance, archaeologists continue to believe and assert that "science" should determine the fate of Native remains.

4. See Jocelyn Linnekin, "Defining Tradition: Variations on the Hawaiian Identity," *American Ethnologist* 10 (1983): 241–252.

5. Jocelyn Linnekin, *Children of the Land: Exchange and Status in a Hawaiian Community* (New Brunswick: Rutgers University Press, 1985). For a reading of Linnekin's work and a critique of her posture as a Western-trained anthropologist misrendering Hawaiian culture, see my review of her book in *The Hawaiian Journal of History* XX (1986): 232–235. For a careful analysis of both Linnekin's argument and my own as a Native nationalist, see Jeffrey Tobin, "Cultural Construction and Native Nationalism: Report from the Hawaiian Front," in *boundary 2*, vol. 21 (Spring 1994): 111–133.

6. See the racist article by Roger M. Keesing, "Creating the Past: Custom and Identity in the Contemporary Pacific," *Contemporary Pacific* 1 (1989): 19–42. Also, see my response in "Natives and Anthropologists: The Colonial Struggle," *Contemporary Pacific* 3 (1991): 111–117. Keesing repeats Linnekin's charges that modern-day Hawaiians have invented their love of the land. His only citations for this assertion come from *haole* sources. As for Kaho'olawe, Linnekin's falsehoods are repeated by a fellow anthropologist, one Tom Keane, who was contracted by the Navy to write their cultural analysis of Kaho'olawe. The study is entitled *Kaho'olawe Island, Hawai'i Cultural Significance Overview*. The Sunday *San Francisco Chronicle/Examiner* (March 4, 1990) reprinted a piece from the *New York Times* on Natives inventing their culture. Hawaiians were included as one example of this invention. No citation followed. Linnekin's

false claim has become such a common property that, apparently, no citations are needed.

7. See Sahlins, *Islands of History* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1985), p. 23; Kirch, *Feathered Gods and Fishhooks* (Honolulu: University of Hawai'i Press, 1985), p. 243; and Cleghorn, review of *Feathered Gods and Fishhooks*, in *Journal of the Polynesian Society* 96 (1987): 133. For an analysis of all references, both missionary and scholarly, on the myth of infanticide in traditional Hawai'i, see David Stannard, "Recounting the Fables of Savagery: Native Infanticide and the Functions of Political Myths," *Journal of American Studies* 25 (1991): 3, 381–418. On the absence of tuberculosis in Hawai'i prior to the arrival of *haole*, see David Stannard, *Before the Horror: The Population of Hawai'i on the Eve of Western Contact* (Honolulu: Social Science Research Institute, University of Hawai'i, 1989), pp. 77–78.

"Lovely Hula Hands": Corporate Tourism and the Prostitution of Hawaiian Culture

I am certain that most, if not all, Americans have heard of Hawai'i and have wished, at some time in their lives, to visit my Native land. But I doubt that the history of how Hawai'i came to be territorially incorporated, and economically, politically, and culturally subordinated to the United States is known to most Americans. Nor is it common knowledge that Hawaiians have been struggling for over twenty years to achieve a land base and some form of political sovereignty on the same level as American Indians. Finally, I would imagine that most Americans could not place Hawai'i or any other Pacific island on a map of the Pacific. But despite all this appalling ignorance, five million Americans will vacation in my homeland this year *and* the next, and so on, into the foreseeable capitalist future. Such are the intended privileges of the so-called American standard of living: ignorance of and yet power over one's relations to Native peoples. Thanks to postwar American imperialism, the ideology that the United States has no overseas colonies and is, in fact, the champion of self-determination the world over holds no greater sway than in the United States itself. To most Americans, then, Hawai'i is *theirs*: to use, to take, and, above all, to fantasize about long after the experience.

Just five hours away by plane from California, Hawai'i is a thousand light years away in fantasy. Mostly a state of mind, Hawai'i is the image of escape from the rawness and violence of daily American life. Hawai'i—the word, the vision, the sound in the mind—is the fragrance and feel of soft kindness. Above all, Hawai'i is "she," the Western

image of the Native "female" in her magical allure. And if luck prevails, some of "her" will rub off on you, the visitor.

This fictional Hawai'i comes out of the depths of Western sexual sickness that demands a dark, sin-free Native for instant gratification between imperialist wars. The attraction of Hawai'i is stimulated by slick Hollywood movies, saccharine Andy Williams music, and the constant psychological deprivations of maniacal American life. Tourists flock to my Native land for escape, but they are escaping into a state of mind while participating in the destruction of a host people in a Native place.

To Hawaiians, daily life is neither soft nor kind. In fact, the political, economic, and cultural reality for most Hawaiians is hard, ugly, and cruel.

In Hawai'i, the destruction of our land and the prostitution of our culture is planned and executed by multinational corporations (both foreign-based and Hawai'i-based), by huge landowners (such as the missionary-descended Castle & Cook of Dole Pineapple fame), and by collaborationist state and county governments. The ideological gloss that claims tourism to be our economic savior and the "natural" result of Hawaiian culture is manufactured by ad agencies (such as the state-supported Hawai'i Visitors Bureau) and tour companies (many of which are owned by the airlines) and spewed out to the public through complicitous cultural engines such as film, television and radio, and the daily newspaper. As for the local labor unions, both rank and file and management clamor for more tourists, while the construction industry lobbies incessantly for larger resorts.

The major public educational institution, the University of Hawai'i, funnels millions of taxpayer dollars into a School of Travel Industry Management and a business school replete with a Real Estate Center and a Chair of Free Enterprise (renamed the Walker Chair to hide the crude reality of capitalism). As the propaganda arm of the tourist industry in Hawai'i, both schools churn out studies that purport to show why Hawai'i needs more golf courses, hotels, and tourist infrastructure and how Hawaiian culture is "naturally" one of giving and entertaining.

Of course, state-encouraged commodification and prostitution of Native cultures through tourism is not unique to Hawai'i. It is suffered by peoples in places as disparate as Goa, Australia, Tahiti, and the southwestern United States. Indeed, the problem is so commonplace that international organizations—for example, the Ecumenical Coalition on Third World Tourism out of Bangkok, the Center for

Responsible Tourism in California, and the Third World European Network—have banded together to help give voice to Native peoples in daily resistance against corporate tourism. My focus on Hawai'i, although specific to my own culture, would likely transfer well when applied to most Native peoples.¹

Despite our similarities with other major tourist destinations, the statistical picture of the effects of corporate tourism in Hawai'i is shocking:

Fact: Nearly forty years ago, at statehood, Hawai'i residents outnumbered tourists by more than 2 to 1. Today, tourists outnumber residents by 6 to 1; they outnumber Native Hawaiians by 30 to 1.²

Fact: According to independent economists and criminologists, "tourism has been the single most powerful factor in O'ahu's crime rate," including crimes against people and property.³

Fact: Independent demographers have been pointing out for years that "tourism is the major source of population growth in Hawai'i" and that "rapid growth of the tourist industry ensures the trend toward a rapidly expanded population that receives lower per capita income."⁴

Fact: The Bank of Hawai'i has reported that the average real incomes of Hawai'i residents grew only *one* percent during the period from the early seventies through the early eighties, when tourism was booming. The same held true throughout the nineties. The census bureau reports that personal income growth in Hawai'i during the same time was the lowest by far of any of the fifty American states.⁵

Fact: Groundwater supplies on O'ahu will be insufficient to meet the needs of residents and tourists by the year 2000.⁶

Fact: According to *The Honolulu Advertiser*, "Japanese investors have spent more than \$7.1 billion on their acquisitions" since 1986 in Hawai'i. This kind of volume translates into huge alienations of land and properties. For example, nearly 2,000 acres of land on the Big Island of Hawai'i was purchased for \$18.5 million and over 7,000 acres on Moloka'i went for \$33 million. In 1989, over \$1 billion was spent by the Japanese on land alone.⁷

Fact: More plants and animals from our Hawaiian Islands are now extinct or on the endangered species list than in the rest of the United States.⁸

Fact: More than 29,000 families are on the Hawaiian trust lands list, waiting for housing, pastoral, or agricultural lots.⁹

Fact: The median cost of a home on the most populated island of O'ahu is around \$350,000.¹⁰

Fact: Hawai'i has by far the worst ratio of average family income to average housing costs in the country. This explains why families spend nearly 52 percent of their gross income for housing costs.¹¹

Fact: Nearly one-fifth of Hawai'i's resident population is classified as *near-homeless*, that is, those for whom any mishap results in immediate on-the-street homelessness.¹²

These kinds of statistics render a very bleak picture, not at all what the posters and jingoistic tourist promoters would have you believe about Hawai'i.

My use of the word *tourism* in the Hawai'i context refers to a mass-based, corporately controlled industry that is both vertically and horizontally integrated such that one multinational corporation owns an airline and the tour buses that transport tourists to the corporation-owned hotel where they eat in a corporation-owned restaurant, play golf, and "experience" Hawai'i on corporation-owned recreation areas and eventually consider buying a second home built on corporation land. Profits, in this case, are mostly repatriated back to the home country. In Hawai'i, these "home" countries are Japan, Taiwan, Hong Kong, Canada, Australia, and the United States. In this sense, Hawai'i is very much like a Third World colony where the local elite—the Democratic Party in our state—collaborate in the rape of Native land and people.¹³

The mass nature of this kind of tourism results in megaresort complexes on thousands of acres with demands for water and services that far surpass the needs of Hawai'i residents. These complexes may boast several hotels, golf courses, restaurants, and other "necessaries" to complete the total tourist experience. Infrastructure is usually built by the developer in exchange for county approval of more hotel units. In Hawai'i, counties bid against each other to attract larger and larger complexes. "Rich" counties, then, are those with more resorts, since

they will pay more of the tax base of the county. The richest of these is the City and County of Honolulu, which encompasses the entire island of O'ahu. This island is the site of four major tourist destinations, a major international airport, and 80 percent of the resident population of Hawai'i. The military also controls nearly 30 percent of the island, with bases and airports of their own. As you might imagine, the density of certain parts of Honolulu (e.g., Waikiki) is among the highest in the world. At the present annual visitor count, more than five million tourists pour through O'ahu, an island of only 607 square miles.

With this as a background on tourism, I want to move now into the area of cultural prostitution. *Prostitution* in this context refers to the entire institution that defines a woman (and by extension the *female*) as an object of degraded and victimized sexual value for use and exchange through the medium of money. The *prostitute* is a woman who sells her sexual capacities and is seen, thereby, to possess and reproduce them at will, that is, by her very "nature." The prostitute and the institution that creates and maintains her are, of course, of patriarchal origin. The pimp is the conduit of exchange, managing the commodity that is the prostitute while acting as the guard at the entry and exit gates, making sure the prostitute behaves as a prostitute by fulfilling her sexual-economic functions. The victims participate in their victimization with enormous ranges of feeling, from resistance to complicity, but the force and continuity of the institution are shaped by men.

There is much more to prostitution than my sketch reveals but this must suffice, for I am interested in using the largest sense of this term as a metaphor in understanding what has happened to Hawaiian culture. My purpose is not to exact detail or fashion a model but to convey the utter degradation of our culture and our people under corporate tourism by employing *prostitution* as an analytic category.

Finally, I have chosen four areas of Hawaiian culture to examine: our homeland, our *one hānau* that is Hawai'i, our lands and fisheries, the outlying seas and the heavens; our language and dance; our familial relationships; and our women.

The *mo'olelo*, or history of Hawaiians, is to be found in our genealogies. From our great cosmogonic genealogy, the *kumulipo*, derives the Hawaiian identity. The "essential lesson" of this genealogy is "the interrelatedness of the Hawaiian world, and the inseparability of its constituents parts." Thus, "the genealogy of the land, the gods, chiefs, and people intertwine one with the other, and with all aspects of the universe."¹⁴

In the *mo'olelo* of Papa and Wākea, "earth mother" and "sky father," our islands were born: Hawai'i, Maui, O'ahu, Kaua'i, and Ni'ihau. From their human offspring came the *taro* plant and from the *taro* came the Hawaiian people. The lessons of our genealogy are that human beings have a familial relationship to land and to the *taro*, our elder siblings or *kua'ana*.

In Hawai'i, as in all of Polynesia, younger siblings must serve and honor elder siblings who, in turn, must feed and care for their younger siblings. Therefore, Hawaiians must cultivate and husband the land that will feed and provide for the Hawaiian people. This relationship of people to land is called *mālama 'āina* or *aloha 'āina*, "care and love of the land."

When people and land work together harmoniously, the balance that results is called *pono*. In Hawaiian society, the *ali'i*, or "chiefs," were required to maintain order, an abundance of food, and good government. The *maka'āinana* or "common people," worked the land and fed the chiefs; the *ali'i* organized production and appeased the gods.

Today, *mālama 'āina* is called *stewardship* by some, although that word does not convey spiritual and genealogical connections. Nevertheless, to love and make the land flourish is a Hawaiian value. *'Āina*, one of the words for "land," means "that which feeds." *Kama'āina*, a term for native-born people, means "child of the land." Thus is the Hawaiian relationship to land both familial and reciprocal.

Hawaiian deities also spring from the land: Pele is our volcano, Kāne and Lono our fertile valleys and plains, Kanaloa our ocean and all that lives within it, and so on with the numerous gods of Hawai'i. Our whole universe, physical and metaphysical, is divine.

Within this world, the older people, or *kūpuna*, are to cherish those who are younger, the *mo'opuna*. Unstinting generosity is a prized value. Social connections between our people are through *aloha*, simply translated as "love" but carrying with it a profoundly Hawaiian sense that is, again, familial and genealogical. Hawaiians feel *aloha* for Hawai'i from whence they come and for their Hawaiian kin upon whom they depend. It is nearly impossible to feel or practice *aloha* for something that is not familial. This is why we extend familial relations to those few non-Natives whom we feel understand and can reciprocate our *aloha*. But *aloha* is freely given and freely returned; it is not and cannot be demanded or commanded. Above all, *aloha* is a cultural feeling and practice that works among the people and between the people and their land.

The significance and meaning of *aloha* underscores the centrality

of the Hawaiian language or *'ōlelo*, to the culture. *'Ōlelo* means both "language" and "tongue"; *mo'olelo*, or "history," is that which comes from the tongue, that is, "a story." *Haole*, or white people, say that we have oral history, but what we have are stories, such as our creation story, passed on through the generations. This sense of history is different from the *haole* sense of history. To Hawaiians in traditional society, language had tremendous power, thus the phrase, *i ka 'ōlelo ke ola; i ka 'ōlelo ka make*—"in language is life, in language is death."

After nearly two thousand years of speaking Hawaiian, our people suffered the near extinction of our language through its banning by the American-imposed government in 1900, the year Hawai'i became a territory of the United States. All schools, government operations and official transactions were thereafter conducted in English, despite the fact that most people, including non-Natives, still spoke Hawaiian at the turn of the century.

Since 1970, *'ōlelo Hawai'i*, or the Hawaiian language, has undergone a tremendous revival, including the rise of language immersion schools. The state of Hawai'i now has two official languages, Hawaiian and English, and the call for Hawaiian language speakers and teachers is increasing every day.¹⁵

Along with the flowering of Hawaiian language has come a flowering of Hawaiian dance, especially in its ancient form, called *hula kahiko*. Dance academies, known as *hālau*, have proliferated throughout Hawai'i, as have *kumu hula*, or dance masters, and formal competitions where all-night presentations continue for three or four days to throngs of appreciative listeners. Indeed, among Pacific Islanders, Hawaiian dance is considered one of the finest Polynesian art forms today.

Of course, the cultural revitalization that Hawaiians are now experiencing and transmitting to their children is as much a *repudiation* of colonization by so-called Western civilization in its American form as it is a *reclamation* of our own past and our own ways of life. This is why cultural revitalization is often resisted and disparaged by anthropologists and others: they see very clearly that its political effect is decolonization of the mind. Thus our rejection of the nuclear family as the basic unit of society and of individualism as the best form of human expression infuriates social workers, the churches, the legal system, and educators to this day. Hawaiians continue to have allegedly "illegitimate" children, to *hānai*, or "adopt," both children and adults outside of sanctioned Western legal concepts, to hold and use land and water in a collective form rather than a private property form, and to

proscribe the notion and the value that one person should strive to surpass and therefore outshine all others.

All these Hawaiian values can be grouped under the idea of *'ohana*, loosely translated as "family," but more accurately imagined as a group of both closely and distantly related people who share nearly everything, from land and food to children and status. Sharing is central to this value, since it prevents individual decline. Of course, poverty is not thereby avoided; it is only shared with everyone in the unit. The *'ohana* works effectively when the *kua'ana* relationship (elder sibling/younger sibling reciprocity) is practiced.

Finally, within the *'ohana*, our women are considered the life-givers of the nation and are accorded the respect and honor this status conveys. Our young women, like our young people in general, are the *pua*, or "flower" of our *lāhui*, or our "nation." The renowned beauty of our women, especially their sexual beauty, is not considered a commodity to be hoarded by fathers and brothers but an attribute of our people. Culturally, Hawaiians are very open and free about sexual relationships, although Christianity and organized religion have done much to damage these traditional sexual values.

With this understanding of what it means to be Hawaiian, I want to move now to the prostitution of our culture by tourism.

Hawai'i itself is the female object of degraded and victimized sexual value. Our *'āina*, or lands, are not any longer the source of food and shelter, but the source of money. Land is now called "real estate," rather than "our mother," *Papa*. The American relationship of people to land is that of exploiter to exploited. Beautiful areas, once sacred to my people, are now expensive resorts; shorelines where net fishing, seaweed gathering, and crabbing occurred are more and more the exclusive domain of recreational activities such as sunbathing, windsurfing, and jet skiing. Now, even access to beaches near hotels is strictly regulated or denied to the local public altogether.

The phrase, *mālama 'āina*—"to care for the land"—is used by government officials to sell new projects and to convince the locals that hotels can be built with a concern for "ecology." Hotel historians, like hotel doctors, are stationed in-house to soothe the visitors' stay with the pablum of invented myths and tales of the "primitive."

High schools and hotels adopt each other and funnel teenagers through major resorts for guided tours from kitchens to gardens to honeymoon suites in preparation for post-secondary school jobs in the lowest paid industry in the state. In the meantime, tourist appreciation

kits and movies are distributed through the state Department of Education to all elementary schools. One film, unashamedly titled *What's in It for Me?*, was devised to convince locals that tourism is, as the newspapers never tire of saying, "the only game in town."

Of course, all this hype is necessary to hide the truth about tourism, the awful exploitative truth that the industry is the major cause of environmental degradation, low wages, land dispossession, and the highest cost of living in the United States.

While this propaganda is churned out to local residents, the commercialization of Hawaiian culture proceeds with calls for more sensitive marketing of our Native values and practices. After all, a prostitute is only as good as her income-producing talents. These talents, in Hawaiian terms, are the *hula*; the generosity, or *aloha*, of our people; the *u'i*, or youthful beauty of our women and men; and the continuing allure of our lands and waters, that is, of our place, Hawai'i.

The selling of these talents must produce income. And the function of tourism and the State of Hawai'i is to convert these attributes into profit.

The first requirement is the transformation of the product, or the cultural attribute, much as a woman must be transformed to look like a prostitute—that is, someone who is complicitous in her own commodification. Thus *hula* dancers wear clownlike makeup, don costumes from a mix of Polynesian cultures, and behave in a manner that is smutty and salacious rather than powerfully erotic. The distance between the smutty and the erotic is precisely the distance between Western culture and Hawaiian culture. In the hotel version of the *hula*, the sacredness of the dance has completely evaporated, while the athleticism and sexual expression have been packaged like ornaments. The purpose is entertainment for profit rather than a joyful and truly Hawaiian celebration of human and divine nature.

The point, of course, is that everything in Hawai'i can be yours, that is, you the tourists', the non-Natives', the visitors'. The place, the people, the culture, even our identity as a "Native" people is for sale. Thus the word "Aloha" is employed as an aid in the constant hawking of things Hawaiian. In truth, this use of *aloha* is so far removed from any Hawaiian cultural context that it is, literally, meaningless.

Thus, Hawai'i, like a lovely woman, is there for the taking. Those with only a little money get a brief encounter, those with a lot of money, like the Japanese, get more. The state and counties will give tax breaks, build infrastructure, and have the governor personally wel-

come tourists to ensure that they keep coming. Just as the pimp regulates prices and guards the commodity of the prostitute, so the state bargains with developers for access to Hawaiian land and culture. Who builds the biggest resorts to attract the most affluent tourists gets the best deal: more hotel rooms, golf courses, and restaurants approved. Permits are fast-tracked, height and density limits are suspended, new groundwater sources are miraculously found.

Hawaiians, meanwhile, have little choice in all this. We can fill up the unemployment lines, enter the military, work in the tourist industry, or leave Hawai'i. Increasingly, Hawaiians are leaving, not by choice but out of economic necessity.

Our people who work in the industry—dancers, waiters, singers, valets, gardeners, housekeepers, bartenders, and even a few managers—make between \$10,000 and \$25,000 a year, an impossible salary for a family in Hawai'i. Psychologically, our young people have begun to think of tourism as the only employment opportunity, trapped as they are by the lack of alternatives. For our young women, modeling is a "cleaner" job when compared to waiting on tables or dancing in a weekly revue, but modeling feeds on tourism and the commodification of Hawaiian women. In the end, the entire employment scene is shaped by tourism.

Despite their exploitation, Hawaiians' participation in tourism raises the problem of complicity. Because wages are so low and advancement so rare, whatever complicity exists is secondary to the economic hopelessness that drives Hawaiians into the industry. Refusing to contribute to the commercialization of one's culture becomes a peripheral concern when unemployment looms.

Of course, many Hawaiians do not see tourism as part of their colonization. Thus, tourism is viewed as providing jobs, not as a form of cultural prostitution. Even those who have some glimmer of critical consciousness do not generally agree that the tourist industry prostitutes Hawaiian culture. This is a measure of the depth of our mental oppression: we cannot understand our own cultural degradation because we are living it. As colonized people, we are colonized to the extent that we are unaware of our oppression. When awareness begins, then so, too, does decolonization. Judging by the growing resistance to new hotels, to geothermal energy and manganese nodule mining, which would supplement the tourist industry, and to increases in the sheer number of tourists, I would say that decolonization has begun, but we have many more stages to negotiate on our path to sovereignty.

My brief excursion into the prostitution of Hawaiian culture has done no more than give an overview. Now that you have read a Native view, let me just leave this thought with you. If you are thinking of visiting my homeland, please do not. We do not want or need any more tourists, and we certainly do not like them. If you want to help our cause, pass this message on to your friends.

Notes

1. The Center for Responsible Tourism and the Third World European Network were created out of the activism and organizing of the Ecumenical Coalition on Third World Tourism (ECTWT). This umbrella organization is composed of the following member bodies: All Africa Conference of Churches, Caribbean Conference of Churches, Christian Conference of Asia, Consejo Latinoamericano de Iglesias, Federation of Asian Bishops Conference/Office of Human Development, Middle East Council of Churches, Pacific Conference of Churches. In addition, sister organizations, like the Hawai'i Ecumenical Coalition on Tourism, extend the network worldwide. The ECTWT publishes a quarterly magazine with articles on Third World tourism and its destructive effects from child prostitution to dispossession of Native peoples. The address for ECTWT is P.O. Box 24, Chorakhebu, Bangkok 10230, Thailand.

2. Eleanor C. Nordyke, *The Peopling of Hawai'i*, 2nd ed. (Honolulu: University of Hawai'i Press, 1989), pp. 134-172.

3. Meda Chesney-Lind, "Salient Factors in Hawai'i's Crime Rate," University of Hawai'i School of Social Work. Available from author.

4. Nordyke, *The Peopling of Hawai'i*, pp. 134-172.

5. Bank of Hawai'i Annual Economic Report, 1984.

6. Estimate of independent hydrologist Kate Vandemoer to community organizing group *Kūpa'a He'eia*, February 1990. Water quality and groundwater depletion are two problems much discussed by state and county officials in Hawai'i but ignored when resort permits are considered.

7. *The Honolulu Advertiser*, April 8, 1990.

8. David Stannard, Testimony against West Beach Estates. Land Use Commission, State of Hawai'i, January 10, 1985.

9. Department of Hawaiian Home Lands, phone interview, March 1998.

10. *Honolulu Star-Bulletin*, May 8, 1990.

11. Bank of Hawai'i Annual Economic Report, 1984. In 1992, families probably spent closer to 60 percent of their gross income for housing costs. Billion-dollar Japanese investments and other speculation since 1984 have caused rental and purchase prices to skyrocket.

12. This is the estimate of a state-contracted firm that surveyed the islands for homeless and near-homeless families. Testimony was delivered to the state legislature, 1990 session.

13. For an analysis of post-statehood Hawai'i and its turn to mass-based corporate tourism, see Noel Kent, *Hawai'i: Islands Under the Influence*. For an analysis of foreign investment in Hawai'i, see "A Study of Foreign Investment

and Its Impact on the State," (Honolulu: Hawai'i Real Estate Center, University of Hawai'i, 1989).

14. Lilikalā Kame'eleihiwa, *Native Land and Foreign Desires* (Honolulu: Bishop Museum Press, 1992), p. 2.

15. See Larry Kimura, "Native Hawaiian Culture," *Native Hawaiians Study Commission Report*, vol. 1, pp. 173-197.