HALE MUA: (EN)GENDERING HAWAIIAN MEN

A DISSERTATION SUBMITTED TO THE GRADUATE DIVISION OF THE UNIVERSITY OF HAWAI'I IN PARTIAL FULFILLMENT OF THE REQUIREMENTS FOR THE DEGREE OF

DOCTOR OF PHILOSOPHY

IN

ANTHROPOLOGY

AUGUST 2003

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For Kauilaonālani Kamaka Iaea Tengan
ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

There have been so many people that have contributed to this dissertation that I know I will kick myself later as I recall those names that I have forgotten, and so I must apologize immediately for any omissions.

First off, mahalo e ke Akua, nä ‘aumāku, nä kini akua, a me nä kūpuna for all guidance, inspiration, fortitude, strength, insight, and infinite blessings given to me throughout the process of my living, researching, and writing. I wish to thank all of my family, including the extended family and those I have become a part of through bonds of marriage and friendship. Thank you especially Grandma Carol and Grandpa George for watching Kauila and for always making sure we were fed; thank you also for amazing me with your uncanny ability to procure bananas. Thanks Dad for your support in everything and for your guidance and advice in matters that you probably did not realize you were giving them in. Thanks to Grandma Margaret and Grandpa George for making my visits home just that, and for your constant support and encouragement throughout the years. Thanks Mom for helping me in every way possible and for all of your selfless love and sacrifice. Mike, I’d thank you if only there were something to thank you for. Just kidding. Thanks for reconnecting with the Uchinanchu roots; maybe we can team up for a future “research” project. Thanks also to Ku‘ulei’s ‘ohana, especially when you were called on to help watch Kauila (especially Gil and Keahi) or just there to give Ku‘u/Mau support when I was unable to.

Mahalo to the men of the Hale Mua for opening your homes and hearts to me and for putting up with my incessant questions and my invasive camera. I apologize to those of you whom I did not include as as fully I would have liked (or even at all); I hope to correct this problem in future projects. I also apologize to any of you who feel that I have
taken your words out of context or misrepresented you in any other way. I have tried to
depict those elements of your mo'olelo that add texture to the larger mo'olelo of the Mua,
but in so doing I have included mere fragments of your much fuller life stories and
experiences. I am deeply indebted to all of your for your aloha, kokua, paipai, and
ahonui, and I hope I can return the favor to you in a small way through the sharing of this
mo'olelo with others. Mahalo especially to Sam and Kyle, without whom there would be
no Hale Mua. Mahalo also to those individuals who took the time to read and give me
comments on earlier drafts of the dissertation, and mahalo especially to Keawe for
helping to proofread and edit at the eleventh hour.

Likewise, I would like to thank the larger Maui community, especially those
whose friendship and mentorship I have benefited from enormously over the years.
Mahalo Aunty Hōkū, Dana, Isaac, Uncle Les, Manny, Uncle Charlie and others whose
names escape me. Mahalo also to my friends from school, those in the immersion
program, and those at MCC, especially Kaleikoa and Kahele who helped me share my
work with the folks back home in June 2003. E ō Maui Nui a Kama!

I would also like to thank those individuals and organizations associated with the
Hale Mua, both on Maui and beyond. To Ke'eaumoku Kapu and Nā Koa Kau i ka
Meheu o Nā Kūpuna, keep fighting the good fight. To Nā Papa Kanaka o Pu‘ukoholā,
which include Nā ‘Elemākua, Nā Aloali‘i, Nā Wa‘a Lalani Kahuna, Nā Koa, and Nā
Wāhine, mahalo for all of your awesome work. E kala mai if I have any names or dates
wrong in my own history of the events there; any hewa is completely my fault. Mahalo
especially to Kumu Lake for taking the time to talk story with me about Pu‘ukoholā in
particular, Hawaiian men in general.

I also need to thank those who helped me enter and then finish my graduate
studies at UH. Thanks to my mentors and teachers at St. Anthony, Kamehameha, and
Dartmouth. I was fortunate as an undergraduate to have received the Mellon Minority Fellowship, which not only supported my undergraduate thesis but has also assisted in the repayment of my undergraduate loans with my completion of the Ph.D. It was also through my Mellon-funded research that I made many of the connections in the Hawaiian community that have developed over the years. Much of my doctoral research and writing was conducted with support of the Ford Foundation Predoctoral Fellowship I was awarded in 1998. I was also blessed to have received an appointment as a Graduate Assistant in Anthropology to Dr. Michael Graves that was funded for nearly two years by the Native Hawaiian Leadership Project (directed by Manu Ka‘iama) and another year by the Department of Anthropology. Mahalo Manu, and mahalo Michael. Through this GA appointment I came into close association with some outstanding Kānaka ʻŌiwi involved in a repatriation of iwi kūpuna from Mōkapu. I have grown immensely from the experience. One individual in particular, Linda Kawai‘ono Delaney, taught me much about working for the kūpuna and between parties who hold very different viewpoints. Her commitment to the kūpuna and to all Kānaka will be remembered always.

I would also like to thank the new friends I have made at UH, especially those other Hawaiians trying to slug it out through their various programs. I have also made close connections with kūpuna who have added further to my knowledge of being a Kanaka Hawai‘i and my appreciation for the life experiences of those who lived in different times. Mahalo especially to Uncle Harry Ka‘anoʻilani Fuller and Aunty June for your aloha and support.

Thanks also to those at the Bishop Museum. My experiences there taught me much and brought together a surprising number of threads in my life that I did not foresee.
Thank you to my committee members whose advice and feedback has been outstanding. Vili, your deification of my work at the defense has already become myth on Maui as stories of the great Polynesian clown prince’s celebration circulate like wildfire among men who have no idea where Rotuma is. Ben, I have enormous respect for all of your work and am honored that you appreciate mine. Thanks Chris for giving me the hard questions that no one else could, and though I have not answered them all yet, I have benefited by hearing them. Thanks Noenoe for kind of being like an aunty though I know you don’t want me to call you that cause it’ll make you feel old (at least I’m not asking you to be in a kupuna lecture series!). Lastly, thanks Geoff for being the ideal chair and for really helping me to grow in my thinking and scholarship and for always pointing me in the right direction. Too bad there isn’t a Rock and Bowl in Hawai‘i, or I would gladly take you there as my partner.

Finally, mahalo to Ku‘ulei and Kauilonālani. You both had to carry some enormous burdens while I was busy with my work, yet you still supported me and gave me love as a husband and father. As much as I’ve learned about being a kāne Hawai‘i from the Mua, I’ve learned much more from the two of you. Thank you for everything. I will do my best to fulfill my own kuleana in our family, a ho‘omau ke aloha a me ka pili ‘ohana ma waena o kākou.
This dissertation examines the intersection of gender and culture in the process of identity formation among Kanaka ʻŌiwi Maoli (Indigenous Hawaiian) men in the Hale Mua o Maui. Throughout the neocolonial Pacific, indigenous Oceanic men have engaged in gender practices that historically have had widely different consequences for their positions of power or marginality; the cases of Hawai‘i and Aotearoa/New Zealand offer important insights into the gendered dynamics of colonialism, decolonization, and reclamation. Focusing in on a deeper history of colonization and revitalization at Pu'ukoholā heiau (Kawaihae, Hawai‘i), I highlight the ways in which the birth of a newly gendered tradition of bravery and warriorhood in Nā Koa (The Courageous Ones) led to a reconsideration of men’s roles in different sectors of the Hawaiian community. One outcome was the formation of the Hale Mua, or the “Men’s House,” on the island of Maui. Against the legacy of American colonialism and its concomitant discourses of death, disappearance, feminization, and domestication, the Hale Mua has endeavored to build strong, culturally grounded men that will take up their kuleana (rights and responsibilities) as members of their ‘ohana (families) and the larger lāhui (nation). In particular, I examine the role of discursive and embodied practices of ritual, performance, and narrative in the transformation, (re)definition, and enactment of their subjectivities as Hawaiian men. The processes through which the members of the group come to define, know, and perform these kuleana articulate with the larger projects of cultural revitalization, moral regeneration, spiritual/bodily healing, national reclamation, and the uncertain and ambiguous project of mental and political decolonization. Likewise, the very writing of this dissertation has fore-grounded both the possibilities and problematics of conducting indigenous anthropology and research at home.
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PREFACE

Ena kupa o ka ‘āina, mai ka hikina a ka lā i Ha‘e‘e‘e a i ka mole o Lehua, aloha mai. I humbly offer up this mo‘olelo to the Lāhui ‘Ōiwi and hope that it leads to a deeper discussion of some of the issues facing our people. I also hope it clarifies some of the confusion among non-Hawaiians who seek a deeper understanding of what it means to be a Hawaiian today, especially from the viewpoint of a kāne. Though I do not claim to have even come close to capturing the diversity of views and lives that make up the Kānaka Maoli community, I do feel that the tiny fragment I have presented speaks to much of what is going on with us today.

Above all, I have tried to present stories that give complexity and depth to what has typically been a shallow understanding of contemporary Hawaiians, at least as far as academia goes. In doing so, I have tried to present interview transcripts as close to the spoken form as was possible without creating too much difficulty in reading. Thus there are parts of speech that others may have omitted (e.g., “th--the” and “um, uh”). At the same time, I have not included every single utterance produced, for I am not a conversation analyst. However, I have tried to contextualize the interview segments as a part of a dialogue between two people (or more), and so I provide the context for the excerpts and try to include my own speech when applicable (though I have not included my own verbal cues of “mm hmm” or “yeah,” which would become unwieldy). I have also italicized words that were given extra or special emphasis in speech.

A more difficult problem that I did not find a satisfactory solution for was the handling of Hawai‘i Creole English (HCE), commonly referred to as “Pidgin” (though most people today actually speak a creole). Emerging from the plantation camps and the need to communicate across language barriers, Pidgin has become a marker of “local”
(typically non-white) identity for people who were raised in Hawai‘i. As such, it has acquired a number of different valuations, many of them negative (e.g., Pidgin as “broken” or “bad” English) (Sato 1991; Tamura 1996). However, Pidgin is a legitimate language and a number of scholars and writers have put enormous effort into validating and maintaining its integrity (Da Pidgin Coup 1999; Hargrove, et al. n.d.). Most of the men I spoke to used Pidgin to varying degrees, as is reflective of the HCE continuum today (Sato 1993). Yet it was precisely this variation, as well as my own unfamiliarity with established Pidgin orthographies that made it difficult for me put Pidgin into writing. For those that primarily spoke Standard English, it was not a major issue. However, for those that spoke Pidgin, I used an “eye dialect” spelling approach, which is a modified English writing system (the alternate is the “Odo orthography” which is a phonetic spelling system). Yet even in my use of the eye dialect, I have not been consistent and have not represented accurately all of the vocalizations and sounds that are distinct to Pidgin. It is not my intention to present the Pidgin transcripts as examples of broken English, though I understand it may appear as such in comparison to other transcripts that are predominantly Standard English. In retrospect, I should have taken more time to learn the various writing styles in use by Pidgin writers and scholars, especially since the Charlene J. Sato Center for Pidgin, Creole and Dialect Studies has been operational at UH Mānoa since January 2002. Unfortunately I did not, though in the future I intend to utilize such resources.

Finally, a word on the ‘ōlelo Hawai‘i is in order. I do not italicize Hawaiian because it is not a foreign language. In the body of the dissertation, I usually only define a word once in parentheses and leave it undefined upon its second usage (though there are a few exceptions). As such, I have provided a glossary at the end for those who are unfamiliar with the ‘ōlelo Hawai‘i; most words (though not all) are defined there.
Figure 1. The Pacific Islands. Source: http://muse.jhu.edu/journals/contemporary_pacific/toe/cp15.1.html
Figure 2. Eight main islands of Hawaiian Archipelago. Source: http://www.alascon.com/hawaiimap.gif
Figure 3. Map of Maui. Source: http://www.maui-islander.com/images/maui.gif
CHAPTER 1
INTRODUCTION: LELE I KA PŌ

O ke au i ka huli wela ka honua
At the time when the earth became hot

O ke au i kahuli lole ka lani
At the time when the heavens turned about

O ke au i kukaiaka ka la
At the time when the sun was darkened

E hoomalamalama i ka malama
To cause the moon to shine

O ke au o Makalii ka po
The time of the rise of the Pleiades

O ka walewale hookumu honua ia
The slime, this was the source of the earth

O ke kumu o ka lipo, i lipo ai
The source of the darkness that made darkness

O ke kumu o ka Po, i po ai
The source of the night that made night

O ka lipolipo, o ka lipolipo
The intense darkness, the deep darkness

O ka lipo o ka la, o ka lipo o ka po
Darkness of the sun, darkness of the night

Po wale hoi
Nothing but night

Hanau ka po
The night gave birth

Hanau Kumulipo i ka po, he kane
Born was Kumulipo in the night, a male

Hanau Poele i ka po, he wahine
Born was Poele in the night, a female

I stand on the precipice and my world spins as the ocean crashes into the jagged rocks sixty feet below me. I am surrounded by people both living and not, and the pillars holding up the heavens call to us. I hear the voices of women behind me chanting and the explosions of men landing in the water below me. I call out to my ancestors to give me the strength, the courage, and the mana to jump into the Pō to be with them again, even though I am not entirely sure what that will mean. All sounds and sights freeze as my feet leave the edge and I fall...fall...fall...
From a seventh floor balcony of the Sheraton Maui, a man zooms in with his digital video camera to record the Hawaiians jumping off of Black Rock. He thinks again of what a great deal he got with the “Elements of Romance” package. For just $775.00 a person, he and his wife have stayed three nights in an ocean view room, eaten under the stars, and watched from their sunset catamaran cruise as a young Hawaiian boy wearing nothing more than a loincloth performed a similar “ceremonial cliff dive” yesterday. It seems that half of the guys jumping today are a bit too old and out of shape to be so scantily clad, but that’s okay, the guys back home will get a kick out of this anyway...

The crowd assembles on the beach for the closing ceremonies. They came from all over Maui and beyond to participate in the Kū‘ē ‘Elua: Keepers of Aloha March from Lāhainā to Ka‘anapali in protest of the current lawsuits seeking to end all Native Hawaiian entitlements and programs. Five hundred men, women, and children of all ages gathered at Moku‘ula, a former residence of Kauikeaouli Kamehameha III that is now being restored. Tourists peaked out of the gift shops on Front Street as the procession made its way through a town that is now known more for its raucous Halloween celebrations than its longer history as a center of Hawaiian political power. Local residents waved and cheered as a river of Hawaiian flags and purple ribbons honoring Queen Lili‘uokalani swept by their houses. The marchers chanted “I Kū Mau Mau” (stand together/forever) and “Kū‘ē!” (Stand apart/resist) on the streets, beaches, and hotel walkways until they finally reached Pu‘u Keka‘a. They watched as two groups of Nā Koa, one from Lāhainā and one from Kahului, performed ha‘a (ritual dances) and then proceeded to the top of the 60 foot promontory for the “Lele i ka Pō” (“Leap into the Heavens”), a cliff dive in honor of the 18th century Maui high chief Kahekili, an ali‘i known for his expertise in the sport. The act was made even more significant as Pu‘u Keka‘a is also a leina, a place where the souls of the dead return to leap into the realm of
the ancestors. On this fourth day of March 2001, the people gather once again to lift up a
prayer for the power and strength that is needed as they find themselves in a familiar fight
for all they have, a future that is their past...

Into the Pō

This is a story about Kanaka ‘Ōiwi Maoli (indigenous Hawaiian) men jumping
into the Pō—the darkness, the night, the realm of the gods. In the cosmogonic chant
Kumulipo, the Pō represents the time that the world was created, a time before people
walked the land (Beckwith 1972). It is seen today as a source of empowerment and
guidance for modern Kānaka who seek escape from the constant glow of their mass-
mediated lives. Yet it is also a place where people stumble and trip as they grope their
way along in a darkness utterly unfamiliar to them. When the ground disappears from
under their feet, the duration of the fall and the impact of the landing is anything but
certain.

This is a mo’olelo (narrative account) of the Hale Mua o Maui, a group of Kanaka
men who decided to dive into the darkness at Keka‘a. Originally formed as a regiment of
Nā Koa (the courageous ones, the warriors) at the Pu‘ukoholā heiau ceremonies in the
early 1990s, the group has now taken on the model of the men’s eating/worship house of
the ‘aikapu era and focuses on training ‘Ōiwi men in Hawaiian cultural practices. In this
dissertation I trace out the historical, political, and cultural milieu in which the Hale Mua
has emerged and continues to be transformed. More importantly, I analyze the gendered
formation of Hawaiian identity and masculinity in the Mua and in the larger context of
the Hawaiian cultural nationalist movement. The Keepers of Aloha March brings into
high relief a number of complex social dynamics: the galvanization of the people in
resistance to the continued exertion of U.S. colonial power; the various strategies of
political, cultural, and spiritual re-empowerment rooted in reclaims and practices of place and space; the assertions and constructions of identities within and against competing discourses of culture and nation put forth by Kanaka on the one hand, and the state (e.g., tourism) on the other; and the gendered rebirth of a warrior tradition that itself is reworking notions of gender and embodied action/performance, especially for men.

Standing in the parking lot of the Sheraton Maui, the luxury resort that now stands on Keka’a and controls access to the pu’u (hill, promontory), spiritual leader Kapono’ai Molitau addresses the men who are about to jump from the leina. He says that when he was first asked to come and offer prayers for us, he was a little ambivalent about the whole thing. He asked himself “Why are you guys doing that? Just because it’s the ‘manly’ thing to do?” He says that he finally came to see (or perhaps he was trying to make everyone else see) that this is not about proving one’s manhood, but to honor Kahekili and to honor our kūpuna, all those elders here today and all our ancestors that have gone before us. It isn’t about showing our koa (bravery, courage) for ourselves, but showing our koa for the kūpuna.

I have pondered Kapono’ai’s words ever since that day. Though he saw the lele as being more about spiritual dedication than about gender performance, I wonder how true that held for the men assembled there. Indeed I would argue that culture, place, and gender are deeply intertwined and cannot be separated from one another. A number of the men who had gathered there that day have told me in other conversations that Hawaiian men in general have lost their place and role in society. Often times they linked this to the loss of the old ways—the religious formations, political systems, cultural practices and relationships to the land that our ancestors knew. With colonialism, Christianity, and modernization, all of these configurations of knowledge/power were radically transformed; some say they were lost to the Po. Many
Kanaka Maoli men in the movement(s) today argue that they need to restore these structures and reclaim their traditional roles and kuleana (rights and responsibilities) as men; indeed, that was precisely what led to the formation of the Hale Mua in the first place, and what led many of these men to lele i ka Pō. Thus this jump was every bit as much about being a *man* as it was about being *Hawaiian*, or more specifically, being a *Hawaiian man*.

**Into the Pō(stcolonial)**

The central project of this dissertation is to describe and theorize the ways in which individuals create meaningful identities, and how these identities are themselves productive of new social practices and relations. I am especially concerned with the possibilities and problematics these identities hold for social and political change, a reflection of my commitment to intervene in the structures of domination that persist in Hawai‘i and throughout the “post-colonial” world. This dissertation also seeks to create a space in which various theories, methodologies, politics, and cultural productions of indigeneity and anthropology articulate new forms of knowledge and understanding of socio-cultural processes.

Indeed, current political and cultural developments demand more than ever new ways of understanding the world. Both inside and outside anthropology, there is much talk about the uncertainty of the current historical moment. The theme of the 2002 annual meetings of the American Anthropological Association, “(Un)Imaginable Futures,” indicates the perils and possibilities that anthropologists and indeed all people face when trying to make sense of a world characterized by war, global commodity flows, unequal access to and distribution of technological innovations, and the dissolution of nation-states into trans- and sub-national collectivities.
At the same time, a renewed patriotic nationalism pervades the U.S. in response to the events of 9/11, evidence that older models of masculinist nation-state power—epitomized in Bruce Willis’s heroic struggles against the world’s most deadly terrorists—"die hard." When Bush moved to war with Iraq, Hawaiian warriors were once again called to serve their nation. Militarized masculinities were formed in this jingoistic discourse, and Kanaka men (and women) found themselves in contradictory positions as foot soldiers in a war to reaffirm and reassert American colonial power, the same power that Hawaiians have been fighting since 1893.

This mo’olelo is my own personal narration of a history being rewritten by many, a story of the struggle people face when trying to at once reconnect with, recreate, and defend traditions and other sources of life and identity. Inundated by the images and gazes produced by the tourist apparatus, challenged by groups that seek to take all Hawaiian lands and resources, and burdened by the need to maintain indigenous practices and knowledge in an ever expanding web of transnational capital and the violence it (en)genders, ‘Ōiwi Maoli today often feel like they are falling into an eternal night.

Yet with every Pō, there is an Ao, a time of day, light, and life. It is with the hope for a new day and a new era of Kānaka that the people give themselves to the Pō. There they reinvigorate a mana that exists in all, in its many gendered, classed, and racialized forms. This mo’olelo is an exploration into the Pō(stcolonial) space of the Hawaiian cultural nationalist movement, a space in which ‘Ōiwi Maoli incorporate ancestral knowledge practices into projects of re-empowerment in the world of neo-colonial global capitalism. If nothing else, I seek to shed just a little light onto the darkness, and some darkness into the light.
Cultural identity, masculinities, and nationalism in Hawai‘i

In this dissertation I explore the ways in which the meanings of being a Hawaiian man are (re)defined and enacted in the Hale Mua. Against the legacy of colonialism and its concomitant discourses of death and disappearance, the Hale Mua has endeavored to build strong, culturally grounded men that will take up their kuleana as members of their ‘ohana (families) and the larger Kanaka ‘Ōiwi Maoli community. The processes through which the men of the group come to define, know, and perform these kuleana articulate with the larger projects of cultural revitalization, moral regeneration, spiritual/bodily healing, national reclamation, and the uncertain and ambiguous project of mental and political decolonization.

In Hawai‘i, attempts to reconnect with and to reassert a Maoli—a “real,” “authentic”—cultural and political identity have been closely tied to issues of gender, class, race, place, and spirituality, to name a few. While all of these are central to understanding subject and identity formation in Hawai‘i, I focus primarily on the ways that discourses of nationalism, decolonization, revitalization, and reclamation produce new subjectivities of culture and gender, and how agents, particularly Hawaiian men, actively take up and rework these positions.

One of the primary discursive formations I explore is that of the “emasculated Hawaiian male,” a gendered discourse that links colonization and modernization with the loss of land, tradition, authenticity, culture, and power, most pronouncedly for men. This discourse is produced on a number of levels, and for various ends. As a number of feminist scholars have shown, the touristic commodification of culture and land in Hawai‘i proceeds most notably (and profitably) through the marketing of a feminized and eroticized image of the islands as the “hula girl”; meanwhile, men are either completely erased from the picture, relegated to the background as the musicians for the female
dancers, or portrayed in similarly sexualized fashion as the “surfer,” “beach boy,” or “Polynesian fire-knife dancer” whose body and physical prowess are highlighted in an economy of pleasure (Desmond 1999; Ferguson and Turnbull 1999; Trask 1993b). A recent example of such a figure in film is the character of David Kawena in Walt Disney’s *Lilo and Stitch* (2002). Clumsy, awkward, and generally unimportant to the plot, David’s only redeeming quality is that he knows how to surf, “hang loose” and earn his keep as a fire-knife dancer (though a hopelessly inept one until the very last scene of the movie, at which point he finally manages to avoid setting himself on fire).

Alternatively, movies such as *North Shore* (1988) and *Blue Crush* (2002) and the reality TV show *Boarding House: North Shore* (2003) represent Hawaiian male surfers as irrational and senselessly ruthless (Walker 2003), depictions that are understood by the viewing audience not as assertions of agency and resistance to colonial incursions (cf. Ishiwata 2002) but rather as evidence of the innate savagery and violence of native men and the threat they pose to the touristic order (Tsai 2003). These images articulate with another discourse of emasculation that posits Hawaiian men as unable to survive in the modern world and instead trapped in a cycle of substance abuse, violence, and criminal activity.

Nunes and Whitney (1994) articulate this view in a *Honolulu* magazine article entitled “The Destruction of the Hawaiian Male.” Keone Nunes, a Hawaiian man renowned as an instructor of hula and practitioner of kākau (tattoo), and Scott Whitney, a haole (white) freelance writer known for his controversial pieces on Hawaiian culture, argue that “Hawaiian men have been marginalized and disempowered by the loss of their own place in the traditional culture” and that “Hawaiian men have suffered the most” (Nunes and Whitney 1994:43). Though I have not seen many responses in print, people have told me in conversation that the authors were severely criticized for some of the
views they expressed, especially those that seemed to implicate Hawaiian women as a part of the problem. Others thought the essay accurately reflected the reality of Hawaiian men’s situation today and supported its assertion that our modern society would “benefit from the re-examination of maoli wisdom about the roles of men and women” (p.60).

Pūlama Collier (2002) argues that this holds true in her study of the role of male teachers in the Hawaiian language immersion program on Maui, three of whom she observed enacting a specifically Hawaiian cultural and gendered mode of relating to the male students; this dynamic was typically absent in the immersion classroom where 81% of the teachers were women (Collier 2002:12).

Personally, I find certain claims made by Nunes and Whitney questionable, such as the correlation they draw between Hawaiian women’s supposedly superior facility with foreign “ways” and their “head start” in learning about western currencies, banks, retail goods, prisons, courts and hospitals as a result of the “sex trade” (p.60). More importantly, the attempt to reclaim traditional gender roles is problematic on a number of levels. First, we need to ask how “traditional” roles are defined, by whom, and for what purposes (Hoskins 2000). Gender scholars have also critiqued the very premises of “sex role theory” (Messner 1998). Connell (1995:26) argues:

In sex role theory, action (the role enactment) is linked to a structure defined by a biological difference, the dichotomy of male and female—not to a structure defined by social relations. This leads to categoricalism, the reduction of gender to homogenous categories, betrayed by the persistent blurring of sex differences with sex roles.

Another major problem with sex role theory is that it does not require an analysis of power and the ways in which masculinity is formed as a process, not merely a set of norms that one does or does not internalize (Connell 1995:25).
On the other hand, ancestral knowledge can provide a powerful tool for addressing contemporary problems; and having been a part of the immersion community that Collier described, I can attest to the importance of Hawaiian male role modeling for the adolescent boys I taught, some of whom came from broken homes and experienced violence regularly outside of my classroom. It was also important that I contest dominant images of Hawaiian men, for as Nunes and Whitney cogently lay out, numerous discourses of health, education, crime, history, and tourism incessantly speak to and actively create the “destruction of the Hawaiian male” through a dizzying array of representations.

Local popular, literary and scholarly depictions of Hawaiian men often highlight the negative stereotypes associated with the ills of colonization: high incidences of suicide, incarceration, and domestic, alcohol, and drug abuse, disturbing health and life expectancy statistics, and poor job and academic accomplishment (Blaisdell and Mokuau 1994; Crabbe 1997; Kamau‘u 1998; Trask 1984). Within the Hawaiian community, many have noted the strong leadership of Kanaka women in the fields of politics, scholarship, literature, education, arts, dance, and other cultural productions (Kame‘elehiwa 1999; Kauanui 1998; Trask 1993a). While men have also held prominent positions of leadership in these areas, feminist scholars such as Trask criticize them for their patriarchal and misogynistic brand of activism (Trask 1984; Trask and Leung 1996) and their political collaborations in the power structures of the colonial state (Trask 1993a:118-123). While such representations of Hawaiian men are based in a reality experienced by many, they obscure the numerous instances in which Hawaiian men have been successful (however one defines “success”). I do, however, argue that such discourses are productive of a socially emasculated and ineffectual Hawaiian male subjectivity, and that these ideas exert pervasive influence in public consciousness.
A number of Kanaka Maoli artists and performers have wrestled with this issue explicitly through their work. Māhealani Kamau'u, a poet and director of the Native Hawaiian Legal Corporation, has poignantly written about the violence and incarceration of Hawaiian men, as well as their effects on the family, which she knows from personal experience (Hartwell 1996:173-191; Kamau'u 1996; 1998; 2002). In a newspaper article on Native Hawaiian inmates (Meskin 1997), Kamau'u stated

> The things we value are emasculating our men. They don’t have a place anymore, the way they fit into society is being redefined. In more traditional societies men can be warriors, but it means different things in modern society (cited in Marshall 1999:264).

In *Kāmau A’e*, playwright Alani Apio explores the possibilities and implications of forming a nationalist warrior masculinity through the transformation of Michael Mahekona, a young ‘ōiwi man whose time in prison was spent learning about the sovereignty movement from activist “educators” visiting Hawaiian inmates. Upon his release, he expresses his frustration to his cousin’s haole wife, “Lisa, I tell you, all ouwa warriors stay in jail. Hard for rebuild da nation when the warriors’ behind bars” (Apio 1998:10-11). Ernie Cruz, Jr., Hawai‘i Academy of Recording Arts 2002 Male Vocalist of the Year, echoes this concern in his widely popular song “Where are the Brothers,” written by Ernelle Downs. Calling all kāne (men) to join the struggle for sovereignty, he sings, “Too many brothers fill our jails, live their lives in hopeless hell/ You must think first and do right, we need you all to win this fight” (Cruz 2001).

These calls for a renewed Hawaiian warriorhood are heavily gendered ones. Though women warriors have stepped forward as well, I would argue that the “call to arms” is directed specifically at Hawaiian men. This is part of a larger discourse of reclamation and re-masculinization that ties claims of cultural and political re-
empowerment to the reclamation of traditional male roles and practices. At the risk of oversimplification, I would tentatively characterize some of the main traits of this new-old Hawaiian masculinity as strong, healthy, heterosexual, working or middle-class, between 20 and 50 years old, possessing “local” Hawaiian sensibilities, styles and looks, educated and/or knowledgeable in some “cultural” practice, non-violent to women and children, providing for one’s family, respectful of one’s elders, having a tangible relationship with the land and/or sea, exhibiting spiritual facilities and mana, and ready to fight for the people—a modern-day warrior chief. Many of these qualities obviously apply to both genders, and thus speak as much to the formation of Hawaiian personhood and maturity as it does masculinity. It is also not my intention here to reify a “model of masculinity;” rather, I wish to highlight some of the terms and ideals employed in discourse by Hawaiian men I have interviewed and others I know.

Just as kāne are being implored to be more “Hawaiian,” so too are Kanaka practices being made more “manly.” Counter to the feminizing discourse of tourism, which draws upon and reproduces the image of the hula maiden, the nationalist discourse articulates more “masculine” traditions such as the lua (bone-breaking martial art), koa (warriorhood), ha‘a, kākau, ‘awā (kava) drinking, and heiau (temple) rituals. Though by no means inherently the sole province of men, kāne have come to dominate these spheres and figure them as masculine (which itself may be more indicative of Western views on masculinity than indigenous ones).

Many of these practices have been heavily influenced by, if not directly borrowed from, other Polynesian traditions; foremost among them are the Māori of Aotearoa/New Zealand, whose resistance to settler colonialism has inspired many Hawaiians. Hawaiian language instructor and scholar Leilani Basham notes that Kānaka Maoli have modeled certain revitalization projects, especially those of language and ritual greetings, after
Māori traditions precisely because the latter represent a strong, vibrant, and living culture that was able to survive colonization in ways that Hawaiian ones could not (Basham 2003; See also Wong 2002). Moreover, strength becomes gendered as masculine and coupled with authenticity, by both men and women alike. Kihei Nāhale-ā, a musician and Hawaiian language instructor at Hilo Community College, related to me an experience in which a group of Hawaiian language teachers returned from a trip to New Zealand. One of the women in the group was so impressed with the strength and ferocity of Māori greeting ceremonies that she told Kihei, “You Hawaiian men need to be more like them!” (Nāhale-ā 2002). Here we see the ways in which gendered discourses of nation and culture that operate in colonial projects often reproduce themselves in anti-colonial ones: masculinity is identified with the “strong” and “authentic” —Māori/Maoli— traditions of precolonial Polynesian society that were able to resist the perceived death, weakening, feminization and emasculation colonization exacted on Hawaiian culture. As Harper (1996:ix) notes in regards to Black men, claims to an “authentic” identity “are largely animated by a profound anxiety about the status specifically of African-American masculinity.” At least for some Kānaka Maoli, these anxieties are resolved by reconnecting with the masculinity of their ancestors and their Polynesian brothers.

However, these same ideologies of gendered power and authority have come under heavy critique by indigenous wāhine (women) from Hawai‘i and New Zealand (Hoskins 2000; Trask 1984; Trask and Leung 1996). In their view, the articulation of masculine power and authority with sovereignty and self-determination represents a double-colonization for indigenous women as both white society and their own men work to marginalize them. They highlight the need to recognize that assertions of patriarchy reproduce the same structures of oppression and hierarchy that disempower individuals
along the lines of race, class, gender, sexuality, age, body, and so forth. However, statements such as “male leaders in our movement...are not the most visible, the most articulate, nor the most creative” and are more likely to “sell out” than women are (Trask 1993a:23) often evokes such a visceral and emotional reaction that men do not hear the important feminist insights of the critique. Instead, these discourses often evoke masculinist ones that go beyond the level of “men need to do their part” to the extreme of “men need to reclaim their rightful places as the leaders and women need to take a back seat.”

Taking such feminist critiques seriously, I explore what it means to reclaim a Hawaiian masculinity, in whose interests such projects are carried out, and which individuals benefit and how. Through critical reflection and auto/ethnographic work, I seek to move beyond conjecture and examine in close detail the ways in which these gendered dynamics of culture and nation are worked out on the ground.

**Discursive practices of culture, history, nation and gender**

In this dissertation, I look especially at how discourses of culture, history, nation and gender are inscribed, embodied, and reworked in the discursive practices of the Hale Mua. Recent theorists have examined the cultural bases and structures of feeling that make nationalism such a powerfully “imagined community” (Anderson 1991; Bhabha 1990; Hutchinson 1987; Smith 1991). Discourses of the nation and national belonging reconstitute subjects along such lines as culture (Anderson 1991; Dominguez 1992), gender and sexuality (Enloe 1990; Parker, et al. 1992), race/ethnicity, class, and place (Gupta and Ferguson 1997; Morley and Chen 1996); these actors in turn take up and transform identities in ways that highlight the fluidity and creativity of identity formation. For the Hale Mua, and for other groups engaging in similar projects within the Kanaka
Maoli and other indigenous movements, the re-membering of the ‘Oiwi self and society proceeds through the reconnection with and retelling of mo‘olelo—legends, histories, personal stories, and narrative accounts of events. The group does this on numerous levels by: contesting the dominant narratives of neo-colonialism, modernity, and global capitalism; re-membering lāhui (collectivity as a people/nation) through the commemoration and reliving of indigenous histories; carrying out rituals practices that (re)utilize, (re)consecrate, and (re)create sacred sites/spaces; embodying the stories and legends of the ancestors in dance and martial arts while also rewriting and reforming the body as a site of personal and collective strength; and reforming subjectivities through the telling and hearing of life stories that are shared in ceremonies, weekly meetings, and in the interviews I conducted as member, group historian, and university anthropologist.

In theorizing the production of masculinities in the Hawaiian movement, I am especially concerned with the ways in which particular visions and ideals of what it means to be a “proper” or “successful” man are being reworked, for these figurations work to naturalize and maintain systems of gendered, raced, and class-based oppression and domination. Many theorists influenced by Gramscian-Marxist feminist theory have examined the ways in which “hegemonic masculinities” (those dominant ideals of what men should be and how they should act) legitimate patriarchal structures and subordinate femininities and other “marginalized masculinities” along the multiple lines of ethnicity, race, class, property, age, sexuality, the nation, and so on (Connell 1995; Cornwall and Lindisfarne 1994).

While these constructs are useful in highlighting the power dynamics of gender, one needs to be careful not to reify them. Hegemonic masculinities and subaltern masculinities should not be seen as two homogenous and discreet productions that are separated by distinct boundaries. To do so would be to replicate the debilitating
dichotomies upon which colonial hegemonies and authority rest, as well as to miss the complexities of what actually takes place “on the ground.” We need to see gendered social actors as complexly situated, located, and positioned in multiple settings and contexts. In so doing, we can attend to the ways in which men and women have access to different points of privilege and subordination through such positionings (Anzaldúa 1987; Haraway 1991; Sandoval 1991). We must remember that hegemonies are always incomplete, allowing interplay between structure and agency—an interplay that involves and transforms indigenous ideologies of gender and power. Such an approach to hegemonic power relations allows us to explore the ways in which men and women who are complexly situated in multiple contexts can draw upon dominant gender constructs for contradictory and even subversive purposes.

In theorizing Hawaiian masculinities, I analyze the ways in which cultural and gendered formations emerge through discursive practices, both at the macro-social level of power-laden institutions that produce “regimes of truth” (Foucault and Gordon 1980; Foucault and Rabinow 1984), as well as the micro-level where agents internalize, reproduce and transform these orders through everyday practice (Bourdieu 1977; Certeau 1984). Elliston (1997) employs such an approach in her study of gender and nationalism in Tahiti. Rather than relying on an “identity” construct which leaves unexamined a problematic theory of subjectivity, she develops a “discursive practices of difference” analytic. She explains:

I mean, on the one hand, the ideological and symbolic differences which people elaborate and use (cultural difference, for example, or gender difference) and, on the other hand, the social practices in and through which those differences are instantiated, given meaning, and rendered socially persuasive. ...The construct “discursive practices” references the
dynamic, dialectic, and productive relationship which holds between, on
the one hand, the material practices through which life is lived and, on the
other hand, the ideologies which people deploy to explain, contest, and
reshape the practices through which they live their lives (Elliston
1997:14).

Similarly, reflecting a broad turn in cultural anthropology toward discourse-centered
approaches, the Discursive Practices group of the University of Hawai‘i at Mānoa
Department of Anthropology argue that discourse is productive of social realities,
emerging in social action in which cultural meanings are evaluated and negotiated
(Anthropology). In chapter 3 I look at the more dominant discourses of gender and
identity, especially as produced in the military and sports, that indigenous men find
themselves situated in.

Discursive practices of gender are relational, fluid, and historically contingent
processes that are (re)defined and embodied in social interaction (Cornwall and
Lindisfarne 1994; Lamphere, et al. 1997b). By embodied, I mean to highlight the ways
in which bodies are inscribed by discourse and themselves produce meanings and ideas
through performance and action. I find Connell’s notion of "body-reflexive practices"
useful for it sees bodies as “both objects and agents of practice, and the practice itself
forming the structures within which bodies are appropriated and defined” (Connell
1995:61). The discursive processes of which I speak—those related to ideas, language,
texts, knowledge, and representations—are understood, experienced, and produced in
very important and immediate ways in and through the body. Likewise, bodily processes
produce new forms of knowledge that exist and work in ways that both complement and
go beyond the contemporary understandings of culture as discourse (Farnell 1999). As I
show in chapter 6, it is this quality of embodied discursive action—the active
signification, enactment, and production of identities through bodily movements and engagements—that makes groups such as the Hale Mua such potent sites for identity and self-formation.

This becomes even more apparent when one considers the multiple layers of symbolism, meaning, and emotion that are effected and affected through the ritual process (Turner 1969). In chapter 5, I detail the ways in which rituals create a context for men to both separate from the dominant structures of neocolonial society and reestablish indigenous structures of knowledge, power, and embodiment—even if only for a short time. Importantly, these processes are both inscribed on the body and enacted through bodily performances and actions. Thus the dances, martial art forms, and tattoos that are sited on the men’s bodies and in their performance tell stories and communicate messages about identity which are negotiated and understood by other Hawaiian men in the group and in the community.

I also look at the more linguistic forms of discourse by analyzing life stories shared with me by the men of the Hale Mua. Linde (1993:51) defines a life story as “a temporally discontinuous unit told over many occasions and altered to fit the specific occasions of speaking, as well as specific addresses, and to reflect changes in the speaker’s long-term situation, values, understanding, and (consequently) discursive practices.” Peacock and Holland (1993:371,373) argue that life stories are best understood using a “processual” approach:

The telling of life stories, whether to others or self alone, is treated as an important, shaping event in social and psychological processes, yet the life stories themselves are considered to be developed in, and the outcomes of, the course of these and other life events....[P]rocessual approaches...situate the life story in processes crucial to human life: collective meaning systems and their dynamics,
self-other communication and discovery, social relations and the formation of sociality, or self-formation (emphasis in original).

Utilizing such an approach in her study of abortion activists in Fargo, North Dakota, Ginsburg (1989:134) describes how the telling of life stories during interviews allowed the activists to “constitute provisional solutions to disruptions in a coherent cultural model for the place of reproduction, motherhood, and work in the female life course in contemporary America.” In a large group setting, Cain (1991) argues that members of Alcoholics Anonymous (AA) come to learn, understand, and perform their identities as alcoholics through the hearing and telling of personal stories. Swora (2001) notes also that this collective sharing of life stories and other social commemorative acts in AA work to heal memories by giving members a sense of self-continuity that was disrupted by years of heavy drinking. As Ochs and Capps (1996:31) write in their review article, “The power to interface self and society renders narrative a medium of socialization par excellence... Communion with others, elusive and fleeting though it may be, constitutes the greatest potentiality of narrative.” Ito notes, the sharing of life stories among her Hawaiian “lady friends” living in Honolulu during the 1970s was a fundamentally emotional exchange that reaffirmed and reproduced the ties of affect that bound Hawaiian communities and represented “the heart of Hawaiian culture” (Ito 1999:9).

Like the Hawaiian families that Ito describes in her book, the Hale Mua maintains their “ties that define” the Mua through the sharing of affect rich life stories when they “talk story” after practice and when they share more serious mo‘olelo in ‘awa circles. In ways that resonate with the descriptions of AA, the Hale Mua becomes a place where ‘Ōiwi men heal; they heal themselves, the other men, and the Hawaiian people as a whole by overcoming the historic pain of colonization and re-membering self and society through the sharing of mo‘olelo and the rebuilding and reconstitution of a community.
bounded by their words.\textsuperscript{3} The likeness with AA lies in more than just the structure of life story telling. As I lay out in chapter 6, one of the primary individuals responsible for the development of the Hale Mua's structure had implemented it as a culturally based form of treatment for Hawaiian men suffering from substance abuse and domestic violence in a rural Hawaiian community on O'ahu where he was working as a clinical psychologist. Many of the men that come to the Hale Mua have experienced physical violence and alcoholism to varying degrees, as well the more discursive acts of violence visited on them through the representations of Hawaiian men. Thus in all of their various struggles, they are able to find support, understanding, and healing through the mo'olelo.

Mo'olelo, as fragments of narrated life experiences, also place speakers and listeners alike in a succession of personal, social, historical and spiritual events, and thereby actively form individual and group subjectivities in the Hale Mua. Through the mo'olelo, the men I interviewed both contextualize their participation in the Hale Mua and actively work out issues of identity that extend into other areas of their life. As such, I examine the ways in which the men articulate their reasons for joining, the timing in their lives that this occurs, and the desires that preceded and serve as the context for their subjective experiences in the Mua. In narrative practice individual subjectivities are culturally organized (White 2000)—i.e., shaped by and feed back into a larger discourse on Hawaiian masculinity and identity. During interviews, a number of the men spoke of how they did not actually know what it was that was "missing" until they "found" it in the Hale Mua. It is by learning to place their stories in a larger succession of talk that the men come to a new understanding of subjectivity.
Discursive battlegrounds

Such discursive practices of identity have become increasingly salient not only in Hawai‘i but throughout the Pacific in areas where nationalist struggles for decolonization, sovereignty, and self-determination employ anti-colonial discourses of traditional culture and strong assertions of indigeneity and identity. As scholars in the early 1990s increasingly set their gazes on what was termed the “invention of tradition” in Native struggles (Jolly and Thomas 1992; Keesing 1989; Linnekin 1992; Linnekin and Poyer 1990), so too did the Natives gaze back and bring their politics to bear on the academy. The much-cited exchange between Roger Keesing and Haunani-Kay Trask serves as a reminder that all discourses—especially those about discourses—are productive of power differentials (Keesing 1989; Linnekin 1992; Tobin 1994; Trask 1991). Commenting on the invention of tradition literature, Briggs (1996) insightfully notes that both anthropologists and indigenous people stake claims to moral, political and discursive authority in ways that are not altogether very different. What is different is the access to discursive and economic resources enjoyed by the various parties, and it is this differential that privileges the anthropologist’s formulations.

Recognizing these dynamics and the need to assert a more proactive cultural politics in the academy, a number of indigenous and non-indigenous scholars in the Pacific have attempted to re-theorize and re-narrate Oceanic experiences and lives (Borofsky 2000b; Diaz and Kauanui 2001b; Hau‘ofa 1993; Hereniko and Wilson 1999; Smith 1999). For example, the recent symposium and publication Native Pacific Cultural Studies on the Edge co-convened by Vicente Diaz and J. Kēhaulani Kauanui offers an important intervention in conceptualizing indigeneity. Diaz and Kauanui draw upon the seafaring and island-based sensibilities characteristic of Pacific peoples to address current contests over Pacific indigeneity. Turning to indigenous navigational concepts, they
offer “triangulation as a native style of analysis and mode of politics” (Diaz and Kauanui 2001a:316). They state:

As a technique for successful travel, whose urgent stakes are the peoples’ survival and stewardship of place, triangulating among moving islands in a fluidic pathway involves a clear and unambiguous sense of one’s place at all times. The islands may move, but one must always know their location at any given time, as indexed by their signs in the natural and supernatural worlds. To lose one’s place, to not know where one’s island is, or to no longer be possessed by that island, is to be perilously lost at sea (p.317).

This approach to indigenous struggles in academia as well as native communities is both liberating and empowering for its ability to recognize that rootedness in land and place persists despite—and even because of—the fluidity that comes with histories of travel and tidal change. Importantly, one of the primary ways in which these identities remain rooted while also routed (Clifford 1997; 2001 [in special issue]) is through the discursive practices of genealogical chants and mo‘olelo of ancestral figures, gods, chiefs, and places (cf. Sam Ka‘ai’s discussion of the navigator’s song on pages 85-6).

In this dissertation, I both document and enact such discursive practices of personal and social narration as I triangulate my work as an ‘Ōiwi anthropologist. The term ‘Ōiwi means “indigenous/native” and literally roots indigeneity in the iwi (bones) by identifying the people with the kulāiwi (“bone plain”/native land) that they kanu (bury/plant) the bones of their ancestors in, the same ʻāina (land) that feeds their families and waits for their bones to be planted by their descendants (See also Ayau and Tengan 2002). Because I carry the land and the ancestors in my bones, the final repository of my personal mana and that of my family, I have a special kuleana to nurture and maintain the
genealogical connections between place, people, and gods. I also seek tell new mo’olelo (using both English and Hawaiian) that shed light upon our ability to traverse the borders of insider/outsider, indigenous/foreign, colonized/decolonized, global/local, and modern/traditional. This orientation is especially salient given that Kanaka encounter “otherness” on the “inside” as much as the “outside” of Hawaiian communities today. Yet this very diversity of experience and positionality is a strength when understood as broadening and enlarging the spaces of indigeneity and the possibilities of transformation.

I have tried to fulfill my kuleana by critiquing those institutional and discursive structures that work to undermine and extinguish the sources of mana and identity that Kanaka ʻŌiwi draw upon to empower and define ourselves. As Māori intellectual Linda Tuhiwai Smith (1999:2) points out, indigenous scholars must critically engage “research as a significant site of struggle between the interests and ways of knowing of the West and the interests and ways of knowing of the Other...namely, indigenous peoples.”

In attempting to utilize “decolonizing methodologies” (Smith 1999) in my own research, I have used Hawaiian language texts and concepts not only for the information they provide but also for the theoretical insights they offer into the ways that knowledge and meaning is created. For example, I draw upon a koʻihonua (genealogical chant) to interpret the life story of Sam Kaʻai in chapter 7. I have also included long quotes of Hawaiian text from the writings of 19th and early 20th century ʻŌiwi intellectuals, followed by my own translations/interpretations (see chapter 4). As Noenoe Silva has argued, the near-total neglect of Hawaiian language materials (which stems from the colonial oppression of our language) has led to a crippling reliance on partial, fractured, and even mis-translated texts and the dominant colonial histories written by typically white male historians who could not access the indigenous archive (Silva 1999b; 2000).
For example, in the book *Ruling Chiefs of Hawaii* (Kamakau 1992), a translation of some of the newspaper serials authored by 19th century historian and legislator Samuel M. Kamakau, the translators and editors (of which there were at least eight for the 1961 original printing) constructed their historical narrative not according to the order of Kamakau's weekly installments, but rather on a more western-based sense of linear time that reordered and omitted much of what Kamakau wrote (Kamakau 1996:xxi; Silva 2000).

One particularly relevant example highlights not merely an omission, but a clearly biased addition. In both the original and in the English translation, Kamakau writes that women beat kapa (bark cloth) that furnished the house with pillows, mats and sheets, and provided materials for clothing; men typically did most of the heavy outdoor work (farming, fishing, cooking, building houses) and provided women with all they needed for their work. This varied from island to island, and he notes (with some disdain) that on Hawai‘i and Maui, the women worked outdoors just as hard as the men; the norm, however, was that men did the laborious work. Another exception, as it appears in the English translation, reads, "Men who were disinclined to follow manly pursuits were taught to be experts in making loincloths and women’s skirts and were called ‘dyers and printers of Ehu’" (Kamakau 1992:238). This is the Hawaiian text it was based upon:


The men in fact were also some of the people expert in the making of loincloths and women’s skirts. The people trained as such were a minority however; they were called the dyers and printers of ‘Ehu (my translation).
Though Kamakau says that these men were a “hapa nō” (minority), nowhere does he assert that they were “disinclined to follow manly pursuits.” One can speculate as to what Kamakau may have thought, but to add morally loaded phrases that were not present steals the mana from the work. This holds grave implications for people who are looking to these texts as the sources of “traditional roles.” If Kanaka Maoli scholars and intellectuals are seeking to develop strategies for decolonization, healing, and re-empowerment based on the indigenous archive, it behooves us to make sure we are rooting our projects in the Maoli—that which is real.

Taking up such a position, I work to bring change not only in my community but also in the discipline of anthropology and the academy in general. Ever since (in fact, even before) anthropologists first began wrestling with the disciplinary “crisis” of the mid-1980s (Marcus and Fischer 1986), the call to redirect cultural critique inwards has been accompanied by an increased focus on the problematics and possibilities of doing “native”/“indigenous” anthropology, “auto/ethnography” and other forms of “homework” (Fahim 1982; Fahim and Helmer 1980; Jacobs-Huey 2002; Jones 1970; Narayan 1993; Peirano 1998; Reed-Danahay 1997). Jacobs-Huey argues that although the position of indigenous anthropologist is as partial, negotiated, and problematic as any other identity one claims, the act of self-identifying as a native ethnographer is not done as “a noncritical privileging endeavor. Instead, foregrounding native in relation to anthropology, or oneself as a native anthropologist, can act as an empowering gesture and critique of the positioning of natives in the stagnant slot of the Other” (Jacobs-Huey 2002:800). Like Jacobs-Huey, my efforts at decolonization are mobilized not only for the people I write about, but also the people I write for; in both cases, these communities are located inside and outside the academy. It is thus that I seek to practice “anthropology as an agent of transformation” (Harrison 1997).
Yet as Smith (1999:137) points out, critical reflexivity must underpin every step of the research project, for indigenous and other “insider” researchers “have to live with the consequences of their processes on a day-to-day basis for ever more, and so do their families and communities.” As I discuss in my conclusion, some of the things I wrote in an earlier iteration of this dissertation, though never intending to harm, hurt one individual so deeply that he was ready to come to blows with me. The process through which he expressed his frustration to others, their reactions to him, my discovery of his reaction, and finally our rectification of the hihia (entanglement/problem) through mihi (apology) and kūkākūkā (dialogue) highlighted both the pain and hope of carrying a project such as this. As such, I need to reiterate the fact that although I have tried my hardest to incorporate the words (through interview transcripts) and ideas (from feedback on earlier drafts) of the other men in the Mua, as well as the guidance of my kūpuna, 'āumākua (guardian deities), kini akua (40,000 gods), and Akua (God), this dissertation represents my own style of articulating these multitudes of voices. The Hale Mua means something different to everyone involved, and thus my own narration of it should not acquire a special authority that overshadows the viewpoints of the guys who see it as a social club, or those who see it as their entire life. For me, it is both more and less, and it is constantly in flux for myself and for the others. Such is the nature of a living culture and a living people.

Outline

In the next chapter, I provide some historical background to the Hale Mua by tracing out some of its history in the mo‘olelo Hawai‘i. I also lay out some of the history of colonization and efforts at decolonization, and the ways in which discourses of death and life have been deployed in the various struggles over power.
It is the gendering of these discourses, especially in projects of decolonization, revitalization, and nationalism that I take up in the chapter 3. Here I lay out a context for understanding the articulation of cultural identity and gender, especially practices of indigenous masculinities, in Hawai‘i and the Pacific. I argue that indigenous Oceanic men engage in gender practices that historically have had widely different consequences for their positions of power or marginality. I focus my analysis on the production of modern Polynesian masculinities in Hawai‘i and Aotearoa/New Zealand, highlighting the importance of the intersection of European and American colonialism(s) with indigenous forms of social organization. I look specifically at the participation of indigenous men in the military and sports, two of the most important sites for the production of masculinities where indigenous men contend with hegemonic ideologies of gender and culture. I end with some critical reflections on the possibilities and limitations of reviving traditional indigenous masculinities, especially those that draw upon practices of warriorhood, in decolonization movements in Hawai‘i and Aotearoa.

Chapter 4 gives an ethnohistorical account of Pu‘ukoholā and the various mo‘olelo that inform the current day activities at the site. The 1991 bicentennial commemoration provided an important venue for the public enactment of rituals that reinscribed the place with new meaning and function as a temple of state. Organizers were particularly concerned with the role of men and sought to create a place in which Hawaiian males could take up their roles as Nā Koa, “the courageous ones” who were modern day warriors prepared to stand up for their culture and nation.

In chapters 5 and 6, I track the movements and journeys of Nā Koa o Maui, a group I joined in 1997. As they returned annually to Pu‘ukoholā and became involved with other nationalist commemorations, the newly formed pā lua (Hawaiian bone-breaking martial art schools), the Royal Order of Kamehameha (one of the oldest
Hawaiian male associations in existence), and various culture and arts festivals on Maui, the group grew and it took on new directions. After a series of splits and reorganizations, Nā Koa became the Hale Mua, the Men's House. The Hale Mua created a vehicle for men who previously felt alienated by both the cultural nationalist movement and the dominant American society to engage in the type of identity work required for the decolonizing process. One of the central functions was to give men the chance to experience and live Kanaka Maoli history and culture through various ritual activities. The ritual practices of ‘Ōiwi masculinity and identity that the Hale Mua engages in emerge in clear fashion at the ceremonies of Pu‘ukoholā, which I give a “thick description” of in chapter five.

The sixth chapter focuses on some of the major activities of the Hale Mua outside of Pu‘ukoholā. I examine here the discursive practices of ritual and embodied action carried out in hana kālai (carving), Wehe Kū (opening the Kū season) at the Pihanakalani and Haleki‘i heiau on Maui, and the weekly training in ho‘oikaika kino (exercise and body strengthening). Here I detail the ways in which identity formation and transformation proceed on multiple levels to create a sense of reconnection, growth, healing, rebuilding, strength, understanding, and kuleana as Hawaiian men.

Chapter 7 examines in more detail the personal narratives of the men in the Hale Mua and the ways that the members make sense of their experiences and reflect on Hawaiian masculinity today. I focus on how the men find and/or create connections with each other, the land, the ancestors, and the larger Hawaiian lāhui through the sharing of mo‘olelo—life stories. Life stories provide a very powerful vehicle of reflection on one’s own personal subjectivity and how one is a part of a larger collectivity shaped by culture, gender, race, class, and place. I look at the occurrence of life narration in two main contexts: those produced in interviews, and those given in a large group discussion in
1999. I argue that it is through the telling and hearing of these life stories that the men come to know, and enact, their identities as members of the Mua and of the larger Kanaka Maoli society. I also reflect on my own experiences and struggles as a member and researcher in the group.

In the conclusion I reflect on the various processes for creating meaningful Kanaka identities and masculinities that the dissertation has examined and what they mean for the larger struggles of decolonization and self-determination in Hawai‘i and beyond.

ENDNOTES

1 The Hawaiian comes from the Kalākaua text as included in Beckwith (1972:187). Beckwith’s translation appears on page 58. Owing to my hesitancy to translate poetry, I have used Beckwith’s translation.

2 I use the terms Kanaka ‘Ōiwi, ‘Ōiwi, Kanaka Maoli, ‘Ōiwi Maoli, and Kanaka interchangeably with Hawaiian and Indigenous/Native Hawaiian. The word kanaka means “person,” and in certain contexts “man” (though it is not gendered and can refer also to women). ‘ōiwi is a term that associates indigeneity with the iwi, the bones. The term maoli means “real, true.” When the word Kānaka takes the macron over the first ‘a’, it represents the pluralized form of the term, or “people” versus “person.”

3 I thank Kamika Nākānelua for reminding me that people come not only to heal themselves, but also to heal others and all Hawaiians in general (Nākānelua 2003).

CHAPTER 2
UA AO KA PŌ: DAWNINGS OF PEOPLES

In the eighth wā (period) of the Kumulipo, the first human beings are born. Pō ends, and Ao—the realm of day, light, and the living—begins and continues until the sixteenth and last wā of the mele (poetic text). Pō and Ao represent a basic duality that highlights the interconnection and interdependence of the living and dead, people and gods, day and night. It is from the Pō that Kānaka come into the Ao, and it is to the Pō that they return when their eyes have seen the last light of day. Ancestors, gods, and spirits of the Pō made their presence known and felt in the world of the Ao; indeed, Kānaka on all levels of society depended upon them for the vitality and strength of their bodies corporeal and politic. Likewise, the ‘aumākua and akua could only live when they were fed by the living, acts that ranged from the daily offering of food and ‘awa in the hale mua to the consecration of temples of state with the bodies of high-ranking ali‘i.

The regular cycle of dusks and dawns reaffirmed a fundamental principle of being and existence: pono—well-being, righteousness, properness, perfect order, moral correctness—flowed from and resided in the balance of Pō and Ao.

In the introduction, I spoke of the Pō as a cultural metaphor and a place that Hawaiians have returned to in their efforts of reclamation. This chapter provides some of the historical orientation for the coming chapters and very briefly lays out some of the relevant themes and events of the mo‘olelo of Hawai‘i, especially those that shed light on the discourses of tradition, colonialism, and reclamation that shape the larger context in which the Hale Mua has emerged and continues to be transformed.
Moʻolelo o ka hale mua: the hale mua in myth and history

In the twelfth wā (time period) of the Kumulipo, Wākea (sky father) and Papahānaumoku (earth mother) appear; other moʻolelo and mele describe them as the original progenitors of the islands and the people. It is they who institute the ‘aikapu and elaborate on the system of aliʻi, kāhuna, and makaʻāinana. The first human child born to the couple was the beautiful Hoʻohōkūkalani (to generate stars in the sky), whom Wākea desired. He sought counsel from his kahuna (ritual expert, priest) who instructed Wākea to institute the ‘aikapu, a religio-political set of laws that separated kāne and wahine during eating periods and placed the responsibility of feeding both the ʻohana and the akua on the shoulders of the men. Thus, the kāne were to prepare food in separate ovens and build two separate eating houses: the hale mua (front/first house) for the men and the hale ʻāina (eating house) for the women and children. Certain foods (e.g. pig, coconuts, bananas, red fish) that represented the sexual power of the four major male akua, Kū, Lono, Kāne, and Kanaloa, were kapu (forbidden) to women. The kahuna also suggested there be four nights of each lunar month set aside for heiau worship of these akua, on which it was kapu for the kāne to sleep with their wahine. Wākea told Papa of the new regulations, which she accepted, and on one of the kapu nights Wākea slept with Hoʻohōkūkalani. Their first child was born prematurely as an unformed fetus; they named him Hāloanaaka (quivering long stalk) and buried him into the earth. From that spot grew the first kalo (taro) plant, the Hawaiian staple of life. Their second child was Hāloa, named in honor of his older brother, and he became an aliʻi nui (high chief) and ancestor to all the Hawaiian people.

Kameʻeleihiwa argues that the moʻolelo of the ‘aikapu provides Kānaka Maoli with a number of important metaphors to think with. The story of Hāloa shows the older sibling-younger sibling relationship that exists between the land and the people, and
likewise between the ali‘i and the maka‘āinana (Kame‘elehiwa 1992:25). The second important lesson is that not only did the ‘aikapu separate the men and the women, but it more importantly separated the ali‘i (chiefs) and the maka‘āinana (commoners); likewise, it imbued the class of specialists known as kāhuna with powerful ritual authority that could direct the political and spiritual course of events in the islands (1992:39). For all classes of people, the ‘aikapu formally legalized pule (prayer) and ho‘omana (worship, to create mana) as a necessary practice in the maintenance of pono, balance, and vitality in society.

By 1810, after a twenty-eight year campaign of conquest, Kamehameha Pai‘ea, an ali‘i from Kohala, unified all the islands under one polity, an accomplishment that had eluded all other ali‘i nui that had attempted to do so previously. The ‘aikapu system remained in place, though it was beginning to weaken as foreigners had been openly disregarding the kapu without penalty—spiritual or legal—since 1778. Nonetheless, maka‘āinana men continued to carry out their daily rituals in the domestic temple and eating house of the hale mua.

The mua was an important site for the sustenance of life and the discursive and embodied production of masculinities, both in the feeding of the ‘aumākua and akua, and in the learning of skills and stories related to fishing, farming, cooking, canoe and house building, fighting, sailing, lovemaking, fathering, and providing for the ‘ohana (Handy, et al. 1972:297, 301-302; Handy and Pukui 1972:9; Malo 1951:27-30; 1987:20-23). Boys between the ages of five and seven were “kā i mua,” or “cast into the mua,” and given their first malo in a ceremony that dedicated them to Lono, akua of fertility; from that day on, they would cease being called keiki lewalewa (danglers) and begin their growth into manhood (Handy, et al. 1972:316-318; Handy and Pukui 1972:95-97; Malo 1951:87-93; 1987:64-66). Women too had their own separate house and temple sites such as the hale
o Papa (women's heiau) and the hale kua/kuku (tapa beating house) where their own gender practices and ideologies were learned and enacted (Kameʻeleihiwa 1999). The complimentarity of male/female, aliʻi/makaʻāinana, and Pō/Ao produced the proper state of being that was the pono of the wā kahiko (ancient times).

In his 1866-1867 narrative of Kamehameha, ʻŌiwi intellectual, historian, and legislator Samuel Mānaiakalani Kamakau wrote of the Conqueror’s 1819 death. Kamakau highlighted the one main quality that made Kamehameha, like all celebrated and honored aliʻi before and after him, a pono ruler: his profoundly deep devotion to the gods and his unfailing dedication to pule and hoʻomana. Kamakau went on to describe the elaborate heiau rituals of the chiefs and the daily rituals of the commoners in the hale mua, thus highlighting the importance of the Hawaiians’ spirituality in the formation of their identities:

Ina he pule ʻohana, i ke ala ʻana mai o ke kāne a me nā keiki kāne, a mau mākua paha, a laila, komo aku lākou i ka hale mua, a lawe mai hoʻi i ka ipu o Lono, ʻo ia hoʻi ka ipu kuaʻaha...[A]ia ma loko he ʻai, he iʻa, he ʻawa, a he wahi huluhulu ʻawa ma waho o ke kākai, ua nakinaki ʻia, a lawe ʻia aʻela a waiho ma ka puka; hāliu aku ke alo i waho, me ka nonoi aku i ke akua e hoʻōla i nā aliʻi, nā makaʻāinana a me ka ʻohana; a pau ia, ʻai i ka ʻai a me ka iʻa. A pēlā nō i ke ahiahi.

Ua ʻōlelo nui ʻia ka lāhui kanaka Hawaiʻi, he lāhui haipule i ke akua, he hoʻokipa, he ʻoluʻolu, he heahea, he aloha, he hāʻawi wale i nā mea ʻai a me ka iʻa, a e ʻaʻahu wale ana nō me ka ʻuku ʻole. He lāhui hilahila kēia i ka piepiele. ʻO ia iholo ke ʻano o kēia lāhui ma mua aku o ka hiki ʻana mai o nā haole a me ka pono Kristiano ma Hawaiʻi nei, a ke aʻo ʻia nei i ka ʻauʻa, ke pī, ka uahoa a me ke koeʻā, a e aʻo i ka hauhauhali, a e puka i haoa a e hōʻoio leʻa. Ua hoʻokō nō
If it is family prayers, when the men and the boys awake, and other adult men perhaps, then, they enter the hale mua, and bring the ipu o Lono (gourd of Lono), which is the ipu kua‘aha (container of offerings)...[I]nside is ‘ai (food/starch), i’a (fish/meat), ‘awa, and some ‘awa rootlets tied on the handle outside, and [it] is taken outside and left by the door; [the men] face out, while making requests to the god to give life to the ali‘i, the maka‘ainana and the ‘ohana; when finished, [they] eat the ‘ai and i’a. And [so it was done] likewise in the evening.

The Hawaiian lāhui (people/nation) were said to have been, a lāhui that prayed to the god, [were] hospitable, kind, welcoming, loving, [and] gave freely of their ‘ai and i’a, and clothing without pay. This was a lāhui ashamed of trading. That was the character of this lāhui before the coming of the haole and the Christian pono (morality) in Hawai‘i, and [the lāhui] is being taught to withhold, be stingy, hard, obstinate, carry to and fro, and emerge in pillage and show off with delight.² Some people have fulfilled/followed this [teaching], but of the majority, the descendants are indeed perpetuating good-heartedness and generosity...
What is the reason? [Hawaiians] were a nation of people who prayed to the god, knew of the mo‘olelo of the god, of his mana, the knowledge, the patience, the good acts and the long life. It was a lāhui that knew the mo‘olelo of all the other kingdoms, about the good of these kingdoms, about the good and the bad. In the prayer accounts, tales, studies of the earth and the stories of the genealogies, therein is found the nations of people of the earth. Kamakau notes the ways in which the rituals, prayers, and stories actively form the moral character, culture, and collective subjectivity of the people, both kāne and wāhine. Importantly, these rituals brought ola (life) to the ali‘i, maka‘āinana, and ‘ohana. Yet as Kamakau noted, the incursion of the haole and the Christian form of pono began to transform Kānaka subjectivities in very significant ways.

Ke ao hou: transformations of pō and pono

As Kame‘eleihiwa shows, the whole-hearted acceptance of Christianity came as a result of the inability of the older set of kapu and ritual to achieve the pono of the people and the society; most profoundly, this was evidenced in the catastrophic loss of life due to foreign diseases, which, depending upon the numbers one uses, ranged from sixty to eighty percent population loss in the short forty-five years since Captain Cook first brought venereal diseases to the islands in 1778 (Kame‘eleihiwa 1992:81). In an attempt to “live as white men” and hopefully find a new path of ola, Ka‘ahumanu, the favorite wife of Kamehameha and the prime minister after his death, orchestrated the overthrow of the ‘aikapu by convincing Liholiho to ‘ainoa (eat freely) with herself and his mother Keōpūolani at his installation as the successor to the Kingdom (Kame‘eleihiwa 1992:82).

The arrival of Protestant missionaries the following year (1820) provided the new pono and a new brand of kahuna. They entered a society undergoing wide-scale political
and economic transformations brought on by an established mercantile capitalist economy, which at the time was fully engaged in the sandalwood trade. Social relations between ali‘i and maka‘āinana were strained as growing debts to haole businessmen led to an ever-increasing pace of sandalwood extraction, always through the labor of the commoners and at the neglect of the lo‘i (taro patches) and older subsistence economy. Maka‘āinana also began to exercise their own autonomy from chiefs in this new economy, especially in the port towns where fur traders, sandalwood merchants, and whalers recruited the bodies of men and forest gods as labor and goods while conducting a different trade for the bodies of women (Kame‘elehiwa 1992:140; Ralston 1984). The missionaries saw the drinking and prostitution associated with the sailors and merchants as clear evidence for the need of God’s law, and thus worked tirelessly to instill the Christian pono that would save the Hawaiians from both the heathen darkness of their past (pō) as well as the depravity of the docks. Tellingly, American missionary Lorrin Andrews’s 1865 A Dictionary of the Hawaiian Language includes in the many entries for pono:


The Calvinists offered ola hou (new life) as the answer to the “great dying” that they convincingly associated with the old, heathen, pagan, barbaric, and savage ways. Thus Andrews (2003:476) lists the following definitions (again, among many others) for Pō: “The place of departed spirits; the place of torment” and “Fig. Ignorant; rude; wild; savage.”

Yet the missionaries could not stop the deaths, and by 1839 Davida Malo, a Kanaka Maoli intellectual and prodigy of the missionaries, articulated the collective
concern felt by all Kānaka about the death of the people in an essay entitled “On the Decrease of Population on the Hawaiian Islands” (Malo 1839 cited in Merry 2000:44). This was one of many early examples of what would be a pervasive discourse of the “disappearing native,” both culturally and bodily. Subsequent writers, both haole and Kānaka, would continue to wrestle with the horrific losses for years to come; many still do today. As Wende Marshall (1999) argues in her study of medical discourses employed in both colonial and anti-colonial projects in Hawai‘i, “sickness and disease were never neutral categories” (p.19):

Beginning with the Calvinist theology of the New England missionaries, Hawaiians were inscribed as essentially sinful, susceptible to the vices (but not the virtues of) civilization, ignorant and liable to disease and death, disorderly and subject to deviance—particularly through the use of intoxicants such as opium and alcohol. The tropes characterizing Hawaiian life and culture shifted from a focus on sin and licentiousness in the early nineteenth century to arguments about Hawaiian ignorance and susceptibility to disease, criminality and deviance in the latter part of the century....These various discourses work to narrate the myth of Hawaiian dissipation and extinction—a myth which worked to justify the encroachment on Hawaiian resources and the usurpation of Hawaiian power by an elite group of (mainly) American men. Although it is clearly the case the Hawaiians suffered incredible losses, and that Hawaiian depopulation is a searing reality of the colonial encounter, the myth of Hawaiian dissipation belies the extent to which European and American political intervention paved the way for Hawai‘i’s incorporation as a territory of the United States in 1898 (pp.110-111). Kānaka Maoli clearly understood the ways in which these discourses were being put to use and actively contested them by linking disease and death to the colonization of the
islands. In the same serial quoted earlier, Samuel Kamakau wrote about the various epidemics that had been wiping out the population and very directly identified the source, both physically and morally:

‘O ke kumu i loa’a mai ai kēia pō’ino a me ka ho’oneo ‘ana ho‘i i ka lāhui Hawai‘i nei, ua maopopo, ‘o nā haole nō ka po’e pepehi lāhui; a ‘o ka puni hanohano me ka puni waiwai, ‘o lāua nō nā hoa aloha no ka ma‘i luku...⁴

The reason this disaster and devastation has befallen this Hawaiian nation, is understood, the haole are the people who kill nations; and the desire for glory and the desire for wealth, they two are the companions of the ravaging disease...

Unfortunately, like the discourse of death and dissipation that Kamakau was contesting, his own words disappeared as Hawaiians of later generations were unable to access the Hawaiian language newspapers and translators of his work omitted sections like this (Silva 2000).

Though the missionaries did not bring the new life that Kānaka were looking for, they did succeed in implementing a radically new set of laws and mores that had profoundly transformed the constitution of ‘Ōiwi society. Osorio (2002:13) writes:

Law drove a wedge between Ali‘i and Maka‘āinana by creating a new layer of authority between them, a layer that neither could control. The kānaka accepted haole morality and law as rituals that could or would restore balance and health to their society. However...Native conversion to Christianity and Western laws enabled haole to become powerful authorities in Hawaiian society while managing the systematic destruction of the relationship between chiefs and the people. It was the dismembering of that relationship that crippled the Natives’ attempts to maintain their independence and their identity.
As Merry (2000) argues, Hawaiian monarchs adopted Western law, at first religious and then secular, as a way of laying claim to “civilization,” both as leaders of a modern and autonomous kingdom in the world of nations and as indigenous rulers trying to check the internal encroachments on their power and authority. Yet in the end, law not only undermined the authority and mana of the ali‘i, but it also laid the groundwork for the alienation of the people from the ‘āina, and thus the gods, through land privatization between 1848-1855 (known as the Māhele); the usurpation of legal power through haole (usually missionary or missionary descendent) dominated political bodies; and the colonization of Hawai‘i by America, both culturally and, eventually, territorially (Kame‘eleihiwa 1992; Kelly 1994; Merry 2000; Osorio 2002).

The final acts of colonization at the end of the 19th century culminated years of both overtly and covertly imperialist attempts on the part of the American government to possess the islands as its “Pacific outpost,” which had been identified early-on as the key to Pacific domination if a large naval base could be built at Keawalai o Pu‘uloa, now known as Pearl Harbor (Ferguson and Turnbull 1999; Kajihiro 2000:30). These imperialist desires coincided with those of the American and other foreign businessmen living in the islands, most of whom were engaged in the growing sugar plantation economy that had begun in earnest in the mid 1800s. As their economic influence grew, so too did their political power and their desire to become a part of the United States. By 1887, missionary descendants and other haole business elite were able to exert the threat of militia action and force King David La‘amea Kalākaua to sign what was to be known as “the Bayonet Constitution.” This act rendered Kalākaua politically impotent and led to the signing of a new “Reciprocity Treaty” with the U.S. Unlike the earlier 1876 agreement that merely removed barriers to trade, the new agreement represented the first major loss of territorial sovereignty as Hawai‘i ceded the Pearl River estuary to the U.S.

With the rise of “King Sugar,” the maka‘āinana raised their voices in protest and petitioned Kalākaua’s sister and successor, Queen Lili‘uokalani, to draft a new constitution that would return the power to the crown and thus to the people that she served. Knowing full well what this would mean to their de facto colonial rule, the “missionary gang” of white planters and businessmen staged the illegal overthrow of the Hawaiian monarch on January 17, 1893 with the support of U.S. Marines landed the day before by the American Minister to Hawai‘i John Stevens (Trask 1993a:16-17). President Grover Cleveland launched an investigation headed by Commissioner James Blount, the results of which led the President to declare that the role of the U.S. in the overthrow represented “an act of war” and recommended that Congress “should endeavor to repair” this “substantial wrong” (cited in Trask 1993a:18-19). As America was not quite ready to accept its stolen goods, the sugar barons succeeded their “Provisional Government” (1893-1894) with an equally illegitimate “Republic of Hawai‘i” (1894-1898) that worked tirelessly towards annexation, an end that was achieved on July 6, 1898 when the Spanish War and a blatantly imperialist President McKinley brought about a new sentiment in the U.S. Congress (such as we have seen in recent events under the Bush administration), who broke their own constitution and passed a joint resolution (called the Newlands Resolution) to annex Hawai‘i (Kent 1993:63-68; Trask 1994:20-21).

Throughout this period, and indeed since the time that James Cook first threatened the life and authority of the Hawai‘i island ali‘i nui Kalani‘ōpu‘u, Kānaka Maoli resisted colonization through a variety of discursive and embodied strategies ranging from the printing of politically charged mo‘olelo in the Hawaiian language.
newspapers to the attempted armed revolution of 1895 (Kent 1993:64-65; Silva 1999b). Silva (1997; 1999b) details many of these acts of resistance in the latter half of the 19th century, the most concerted and organized of all being an anti-annexation petition drive conducted by men and women of the Hui Aloha ʻĀina (Hawaiian Patriotic League) that produced over 21,000 signatures. Along with the 17,000 names (a number of which were duplicates) on a petition to reinstate the monarch that was authored by the political organization Hui Kālaiʻaina, the written protests of the Kānaka Maoli, who in 1896 numbered just under 40,000 (Kameʻeleihiwa 1992:141), helped to defeat the original treaty of annexation that was debated in Congress in 1897-1898.

After the Newlands Resolution passed, leaders of the political hui (organizations) sent a letter of protest, in Hawaiian and in English, to the U.S. Minister that included the statement, “...ke kue aku nei makou me ka manaʻo kulipolipo kukonukonu loa i ka hooohuiia mai...” which in English read, “...we solemnly protest against annexation...” (cited in Silva 1999b:202). A more literal translation could read “we protest with the deepest, most intensely profound and serious conviction against annexation.” Following Pukui and Elbert (1986:180), Silva (1999b:202) notes that the word kūlipolipo relates to the Kumulipo and that it means “deep, dark, intense and is used in conjunction with expressions of pain and grief”; in this context, she argues that Hawaiian text becomes an arena for Kānaka ʻŌiwi to express grief to one another while presenting a coldly dignified front to the U.S. diplomats. I argue that the use of the term also represents an added contestation to U.S. colonial encroachment by asserting a much “deeper” claim to indigenous place, being, autonomy, and culture through the Kumulipo to the Pō, the ancestral realm that gave birth to the gods, land, and people. After suffering a 87-95% population loss (depending on the numbers one starts with), adopting the new Christian pono, engaging in the capitalist system, weathering innumerable attacks on their language...
and culture, suffering the loss of their sovereignty, and watching their efforts to protest annexation fail, they still returned to the Pō as a place for empowerment, strength, and connection with their past and their ancestors.

Figure 4. Peter “Lupe” Vanderpoel of the Hale Mua looks back at a member of another Na Koa group as the two stand as ceremonial guards for the Kā‘ei Kapu o Liloa during the 1998 annexation march in Honolulu. Photo courtesy of Makani Ortogero.

Mai ka Pō mai: from the Pō

One hundred years after the illegal annexation, Kanaka ʻŌiwi continue to protest American occupation, and like their kūpuna, they do so through assertions of indigeneity that root their claims to place and space in their moʻolelo mai ka Pō mai (histories/traditions from the Pō). On August 12, 1998, the Hale Mua (which was still going by the name of Na Koa at the time) joined other Na Koa groups from Oʻahu and Hawaiʻi islands to participate as kiaʻi (ceremonial guards) of the Kāʻei Kapu o Liloa
(Sacred Sash of 15th century Hawai‘i island ali‘i nui Līloa) in the Hawai‘i Loa Kū Like Kākou (All Hawai‘i Stand Together) Annexation Centennial Commemoration march and gathering in Honolulu. The event included: an 18 hour vigil (beginning at sunset on the 11th) at the ‘Iolani Palace in downtown Honolulu honoring the “fallen warriors,” men and women who have passed on into the Pō but in life made significant contributions to the contemporary cultural nationalist movement (which began in the early 1970s); a 6:00 a.m. ceremony at the Royal Mausoleum in Nu‘uanu honoring the Kā‘ei Kapu o Līloa and the sovereign rulers of the Hawaiian Kingdom from Kamehameha I to Lili‘uokalani; a 7:00 am march from the Mausoleum to Washington Place (former residence of Queen Lili‘uokalani, now home of the Governor), and then on to the ‘Iolani Palace. Various units bore and protected the Kā‘ei, carried portraits of the monarchs, and displayed copies of the 1897 anti-annexation petitions unearthed by Noenoe Silva during her doctoral research. Over 5,000 marchers and members of the public gathered at the Palace to witness and celebrate with chant, song, and emotional outbursts the raising of the Hawaiian flag at noon, a reversal of the 1898 event that brought down the national flag and hoisted the American one. The afternoon program included speeches, historical reenactments, and musical performances that reiterated the theme “We Are Who We Were.”

Hawai‘i Loa Kū Like Kākou followed nearly thirty years of nationalist ferment and cultural revitalization. Born in a period of political upheaval, civil disobedience, anti-war sentiments, and assertions of minority rights in the United States, the Hawaiian cultural nationalist movement began in the late 1960s and early 1970s with the parallel and related developments of the “Hawaiian renaissance” (Kanahele 1982) of the arts and culture and protests over land evictions on O‘ahu and the Navy’s bombing of the island Kaho‘olawe (Trask 1993a). The idea of a “cultural nationalism” suggests both a
sentiment and a process of nation building which is deeply informed by a sense of 'cultural' morality—the revitalization of traditions, such as dance, customs, rituals, art forms, and religious beliefs, and their subsequent incorporation into the cultural foundation on which the political body of the modern nation is to be built (Hutchinson 1987).

It is instructive to think of the Hawaiian movement as sharing many similar elements of what Anthony Wallace has described as a “revitalization movement,” which he defines as “a deliberate, organized, conscious effort by members of a society to construct a more satisfying culture” (Wallace 1956:265). Arising in times of “high stress for the individual of the society and disillusionment with a distorted cultural Gestalt” (p.279), revitalizations attempt to reduce the “stress” of the cultural system, which itself is seen as a kind of organism or a body. This is an apt model, for it is was the bodies of the people, nation and the culture that were discursively and corporeally inflicted with disease and death.

Socially, Hawaiians have not fared much better. ‘Ōiwi Maoli currently make up about twenty three of a population dominated by Asians (fifty eight percent) (State of Hawai‘i 2001). Politically and economically, haole and Asian settlers dominate; meanwhile, although individual Hawaiians have certainly become successful on all levels of society, as a group Kānaka Maoli have been marginalized and suffer many of the social and physical ills that befall colonized populations globally (Trask 2000a).

Thus the cultural nationalist and revitalization movement(s) in Hawai‘i seek to assert new life, vibrancy, strength, and health (Marshall 1999). Here metaphors of "rebirth" and "revival" abound. One of the most important "renewals" in the early years was the construction of the Hawaiian double-hulled voyaging canoe Hōkūle‘a and her maiden voyage to Tahiti that drew upon the traditional Micronesian navigation
knowledge (Finney 1979). The Hōkūle‘a sparked a revitalization of Polynesian voyaging and facilitated the reconnection of Kānaka Maoli with their Polynesian cousins and their own deeper histories and mo‘olelo (Finney 1994; 1999).

Hōkūle‘a led to increased intercultural exchange with the Māori of Aotearoa/New Zealand whose challenges to the Hawaiians played an important role in the rededication of Pu‘ukoholā Heiau, Kawaihae, Hawai‘i in 1991 as a gathering place for men and women to practice and live their culture (see chapters 4, 5). Organizers saw the event, entitled Ho‘oku‘ikahi: To Unify as One, as an opportunity to revitalize cultural and spiritual traditions that were both authentic (i.e., not performed for tourists or as a pageant) and masculine (i.e., aggressive, strong, and disciplined). Nā Koʻa embodied this gendered reclamation of cultural identity, and they inspired an important segment of the Hawaiian male population who had previously been uninvolved in the cultural politics of sovereignty and revitalization.

The groups of Nā Papa Kanaka o Pu‘ukoholā (the organizational body of the Pu‘ukoholā ceremonies), Nā Koʻa (the warriors/courageous ones) and Nā Wa‘a Lālani Kahuna (ritual specialists) that were “born” at Pu‘ukoholā participated in the later commemorative events such as 1993 ‘Onipa‘a march and commemoration of the illegal overthrow of the Hawaiian Kingdom. ‘Onipa‘a represented the single largest and most influential gathering of Hawaiians in the twentieth century as over 15,000 people marched through downtown Honolulu and congregated at the ‘Iolani Palace for a program similar to that of the 1998 Hawai‘i Loa Kū Like Kākou (Trask 1993a:99-105). A 1995 march organized by Nā Papa Kanaka o Pu‘ukoholā in observance of Kamehameha’s conquest of O‘ahu drew a modest but dedicated crowd of about 300. A number of smaller events were held on the different islands, but none of them involved a
significant level of island-wide (and off-island-wide as Hawaiians came from the continent) participation until the 1998 Annexation march.

I conclude this chapter by noting that in each of these events, Nā Koa was a visible force whose presence signaled the new strength, aggression and resolve with which cultural nationalists had engaged in their struggles for self-determination and sovereignty. In response to a colonial discourse of death and disappearance, Kānaka Maoli have asserted a counter-discourse of life and have engaged in projects of revitalization, revival, and healing. With Marshall (1999), I argue that healing on all levels represents the most fundamental principle of ʻŌiwi decolonization and recovery of nation, for after the healing comes the rebuilding. This is the central aim of the ceremonies at Puʻukoholā and the practices carried out by the Hale Mua. Yet as I detail in later chapters, these processes are inescapably gendered, and as such they present numerous challenges for those who seek to heal wounds that are understood differently by men and women.

ENDNOTES


2 The language used in this line is difficult for me to translate. Pukui et al. (Kamakau 1992:202) translates this sentence as “Now they are being taught to be close, stingy, hard-hearted, niggardly, to take pay for what is given and to be selfish.” Either way, it is a qualitatively negative assessment.

3 Nupepa Kuokoa August 24, 1867 (Kamakau 1996:181-182). See also Kamakau (Kamakau 1992:201-202) for English translation by Pukui et al.

4 Nupepa Kuokoa December 7, 1867 (Kamakau 1996:230). Noenoe Silva first brought this passage to the attention of the public and made the point that I argued in the previous chapter—good scholarship on Hawaiʻi requires a working knowledge and familiarity with the Hawaiian language sources (Silva 2000).

CHAPTER 3
(EN)GENDERING COLONIALISM:
MASCULINITIES IN HAWAI'I AND THE PACIFIC

January 1991. I was a sophomore at Kamehameha Schools, an extremely competitive private institution for Native Hawaiian students that was established through the will of Bernice Pauahi Bishop, last direct descendant of Kamehameha I. As a “Warrior” athlete (our mascot was the “Warriors”), I had played football and wrestled for two years. Not long after wrestling practice started, our coach came in late and told us to sit down on the mats. He turned on the radio and we listened to George Bush, Sr., tell the nation that we were at war. I sat on the mat and began to think of my own loyalties, pondering whether or not I would give my life in battle if called to do so; my experiences of growing up on army bases and my somewhat distant relationship with my father (at the time a Lt. Colonel in the army stationed in Washington D.C.) always deterred me from considering military service. But now I pondered it; and I know others did too.

Another sports mediated vision of war—March 20, 2003. George War Bush began his attack on Iraq yesterday. I watched CNN with disgust as a retired general called the war maneuvers like plays of a football game—“You have to call audibles when you’re at the line of scrimmage, and you call audibles at the end of the line of scrimmage.” I envisioned the University of Hawai’i’s Polynesian mascot “Vili the Warrior” running around with his face paint and his grass skirt before a football or volleyball game, beating his drum, doing his “Polynesian War Dance,” and screaming “We’re going to WAR!” The fans go crazy. I go crazy for different reasons. I skim the stories of soldiers deployed and come across the name of my high school classmate who is now serving in the Marines. We wrestled together and sat on the same mat when an earlier Bush incarnation called out to all Warriors. Twelve years later, he is laying down
his life for his country. I too have decided that I will fight for my nation, but that nation
is Hawai‘i, not America. But is my decision really that much different than his? Can any
masculinity based on violence ever lead to a truly peaceful end? Can there be an
operation Hawaiian Freedom? Do we want one?

These are the types of questions that research in gender, postcolonial, and cultural
studies may address by analyzing indigenous masculinities in colonial contexts. This line
of investigation not only foregrounds the gendered, raced, and classed dynamics of
colonialism and nationalism, but it also works to delineate the possibilities for alternative
gender practices that challenge hegemonic structures of white, middle-class patriarchy.
In theorizing the production of masculinities in (neo)colonial systems, we must remember
that hegemonies are always incomplete, allowing an interplay between structure and
agency—an interplay that involves and transforms indigenous ideologies of gender and
power. Such an approach to hegemonic power relations allows us to explore the ways in
which men and women who are complexly situated in multiple contexts can draw upon
dominant gender constructs for contradictory and even subversive purposes. Specifically,
in this chapter I argue that indigenous men in the Pacific engage in both hegemonic and
marginalized gender practices and have historically occupied differently gendered
positions of power and disempowerment depending upon the context.¹ I focus my
analysis on the production of modern Polynesian² masculinities in Hawai‘i and
Aotearoa/New Zealand, highlighting the importance of understanding the intersection of
European and American imperialism(s) and colonialism(s) with indigenous systems of
social organization. I then look at the participation of Kanaka Maoli and Tangata Māori
(indigenous peoples of Hawai‘i and Aotearoa/New Zealand) men in the military and
sports, two of the most important arenas for the production of masculinities today.
Indigenous men variously take up or ignore hegemonic ideologies promoted in these

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institutional sites, in the process achieving masculinities that defy any simple
categorization as either “Western” or “Polynesian.” I end with some critical reflections
on the possibilities and limitations of reviving “traditional” indigenous masculinities in
the context of decolonization movements in Hawai‘i and Aotearoa.

In both Hawai‘i and Aotearoa, indigenous men and women are engaged in
struggles for decolonization, self-determination, land, mana, and healing as a people.
Many of these struggles have been notably gendered, just as gender relations have
become increasingly politicized. More importantly, there has been a considerable
amount of sharing and networking over the last three decades between the Kānaka Maoli
and the Tāngata Māori as both look to each other for support in their efforts of
reclamation. ‘Ōiwi men often glorify the Māori as representing the epitome of “real”
Polynesian masculinity, that of the fearless warrior. Not surprisingly, many of the newly
“masculinized” cultural practices being carried out by Kānaka today are heavily
influenced and even directly borrowed from the Māori, e.g. the haka (dance), martial arts,
oratory styles, and ceremonial protocols. As I mentioned in the introduction, this
represents a gendering of the image of cultural strength that the Māori are perceived to
have retained in contrast to the weakening, feminization, and even “death” of the
Hawaiian culture. I will return to this phenomenon at the end of the chapter, but for now
I would suggest that it speaks directly to the gendered nature of cultural nationalism and
identity formation. To understand this more clearly though, we need to develop a theory
of gender power and examine the historical specificities of colonialism in the Pacific.

Theorizing masculinities in the Pacific

Feminist scholars since the 1970s have pointed to the necessity of looking at
gender relations as an important component in the study of indigenous Oceanic societies
Caroline Ralston notes that aside from the study of initiation rites in Melanesian men’s houses, initially there had been very little scholarship “which problematize[d] the meanings and practices of male worlds” rather than merely reproducing androcentric accounts of men that were “paraded as objective” or universal (1992:162). More recently, a number of studies have looked at the transformation of masculinities through the processes of colonization, missionization, and modernization (Brison 1995; Fife 1995). One of the most productive sites for the study of masculinities in Oceania has been Aotearoa, where both Native and non-Native scholars have examined the representations of Māori and Pākehā (white) masculinities in film, television, and both popular and academic literature (DuPuis 1996; Hokowhitu 2003; Law, et al. 1999; Phillips 1984; 1987).

In his highly influential work on masculinities, sociologist R. W. Connell conceptualizes masculinities, femininities, and trans- or third genders as social practices “organized in relation to a reproductive arena, defined by bodily structures and processes of human reproduction” (1995:71). Connell argues that these practices are also “body-reflexive” as bodies become “both objects and agents of practice, and the practice itself forming the structures within which bodies are appropriated and defined” (p.61). Within this framework, he defines masculinity as a configuration of social practice structured by gender relations (pp.44, 71). Rather than attempting to lay out a normative definition of what a man is or is not, Connell examines the ways that masculinities structure and are structured by relations of power, production, and cathexis (emotional/sexual attachment) (p.74). He utilizes Gramsci’s idea of hegemony to explore the ways in which “hegemonic masculinities” work to subordinate “marginalized masculinities” and femininities along the lines of ethnicity, race, class, property, age, sexuality, nation, age,
and place (See also Cheng 1999). Connell defines hegemonic masculinity as “the configuration of gender practice which embodies the currently accepted answer to the problem of the legitimacy of patriarchy, which guarantees (or is taken to guarantee) the dominant position of men and the subordination of women” (1995:77).

In theorizing the production of masculinities in colonial and neo-colonial situations, I am especially concerned with the ways in which particular visions and ideals of masculinity are promoted above others as defining what it means to be a “proper” or “successful” man, and the ways that these figurations work to naturalize and maintain systems of gendered, raced, and class-based oppression and domination (Cornwall and Lindisfarne 1994). At the same time though, hegemonic masculinities and marginalized or “subaltern” masculinities should not be seen as homogenous and discreet productions separated by distinct boundaries. To do so would be to replicate the debilitating dichotomies upon which colonial hegemonies and authority rests, as well as to miss the complexities of what actually takes place “on the ground.”

We need to see gendered social actors as complexly situated, located, and positioned in multiple settings and contexts (Lamphere, et al. 1997a). Gendered social actors are situated within larger socio-cultural systems and structures of knowledge and power which both shape (and constrain) the possibilities for action, as well as provide resources which individuals use to (re)produce, negotiate, and transform (though not always consciously) those very systems (Ortner 1996b). By focusing on “situated masculinities,” we can attend to the ways in which men and women have access to different “points of privilege and subordination” through such positionings (Anzaldúa 1987; Haraway 1991; Sandoval 1991). Such an approach allows us to explore the ways in which men and women may engage in both hegemonic and marginalized gender practices, draw upon hegemonic constructs for contradictory and even subversive
purposes, occupy differently gendered positions of power or disempowerment depending upon the context, and take up or ignore hegemonic ideologies promoted in institutional sites.

**En-gendering men in the Pacific**

Such an approach to situated gender practices has generally been absent in depictions of Oceanic men. Rather, what one finds is the recurrence of tropes of the 'noble savage' and the 'ignoble savage,' usually associated with the contradistinctions between Polynesians/Melanesians, light-skinned/dark-skinned, and civilized/uncivilized (Jolly 1997). These alternate views of the noble and ignoble savage have historically structured the ways in which outsiders have viewed indigenous Pacific Islanders. Anthropologists too have variously contributed to the notions of 'primitivism' that have attended such representations. Early ethnographic descriptions were heavily Euro- and androcentric, commonly portraying Polynesian men as strong, active, sexually dominating, kapu or "sacred", and holding titles of chieftainship that were usually passed down patrilineally; women on the other hand were portrayed as being weak, passive, restricted in their movements and actions, sexually sanctioned, and noa or "profane," especially during the time of their menstruation when they are seen as polluting (Howard and Kirkpatrick 1989:78). Men also conduct warfare and carry out heavy, outdoor tasks such as farming, deep sea fishing, preparing earth ovens, and carving canoes and images; women perform light tasks such as weeding, cleaning, taking care of children, fishing on the reef, cooking, weaving mats, and pounding tapa (barkcloth) (ibid.:79). Ortner (1981) also highlights enforced virginity on unmarried girls, high frequencies of rape, and the subordination of wives to husbands in the household; ultimately she argues that Polynesian societies are male dominant hegemonies (Ortner 1996a).
On the other hand, ample evidence has been produced that contradicts such an easy characterization. Critics point to the existence of highly powerful and sacred women (Gunson 1987; Linnekin 1990), the fact that rank trumps gender in Polynesian societies, the frequency by which descent was reckoned bilaterally, the formalized relations of reverence and deference between brothers and sisters, and the alternative interpretation that women were not “profane” and repelling the gods but actually attracting them during the time of menstruation (Hanson 1982). Additionally alternative gender practices and sexualities prevalent throughout Polynesia complicate any stable dichotomy between men and women (Besnier 1994; Elliston 1999).

The central problem here is the extent to which we can read gender into different cultural and historical systems. In many Polynesian societies, gender cannot be easily separated out and left to stand on its own as a meaningful construct for understanding social life (Elliston 1997; Thomas 1987). Precolonial gender practices of masculinity and femininity should more appropriately be understood as always articulated and deeply interpolated with other social organizational principles such as rank, place, kinship, and birth order. One needs to analyze carefully the ways in which precolonial indigenous epistemologies (to the extent they can be known) organized ideas of personhood, identity, sociality, agency, and desire differently than modern Euro-American ways of construing these concepts, and in what contexts and sets of relations the gendering of social actors became more or less salient. Because of the constraints of this chapter, I do not here explore these very important dimensions of precolonial social life, but instead raise these issues to suggest that a different set of dynamics were in play before the intrusion of western imperialism.4
Colonizing masculinities in Hawai‘i and the Pacific

If colonialism is the organizing principle that structures attempts at decolonisation, then any attempt to theorise the possibilities implied by the notion of ‘native masculinity’ must take account of the colonial context in which these particular subjectivities are produced.

Donna C. Matahaera-Atariki, Māori feminist scholar, 1999

A number of recent critical feminist perspectives in anthropology, post-colonial studies, and cultural studies have brought to light the highly gendered nature of colonialism (Enloe 1990; Ferguson and Turnbull 1999; McClintock 1995; Stoler 2002). In the Pacific, Jolly and Macintyre’s (1989) collection demonstrates the ways in which colonialism was built upon the reordering of the family and gender practices, especially along the lines of Christian precepts. Merry (2000) argues that laws creating new forms of marriage and new restrictions on sexuality were central to the civilizing process in 19th century Hawai‘i. The bourgeois family was constructed as the model to be emulated and was enforced by law. Masculinity was now defined by ownership and control of property, which included both land, women and children. This was in stark contrast to precolonial practices in which men were stewards of the land, women exercised autonomy in conjugal relationships, and the family unit was an extended rather than nuclear one (Merry 2000:230).

These works reveal the highly patriarchal nature of colonialism and the ways in which the control of women’s bodies was/is a central feature in the construction of empire in Polynesia. As Fanon (1967) noted early on, the structure of the white family, with the dominant patriarchal father and his submissive wife, serves as a model for the structure of colonial society as a whole. This is both reflective and constitutive of the
highly (Euro-American) masculinized nature of international politics (Enloe 1990). As such, even anti-colonial nationalisms tend to be structured by patriarchy, configuring the woman as the embodiment of tradition and mother of the nation that needs to be protected by militarized masculine men (a construction which also has no place for gay men) (Enloe 1990; Yuval-Davis and Anthias 1989).

Empire building (and dismantling) relies not only on a reconfiguration of gender relations between men and women, but also on a restructuring of relationships among different groups of men. Sinha’s (1995) theorization of ‘colonial masculinity’ in 19th century India highlights the mutual constitution of “manly” colonizer and the emasculated colonized man. It is the perception of emasculation and effeminacy that works to mobilize the militant and nationalistic sentiments of colonized men. Importantly, the various constructs of masculinity were tied to specific practices of rule in colonial India; this reflects the fact that notions of masculinity require the daily exercise of power, just as power itself depends on these hegemonic constructs (Enloe 1990:3-4). As a number of other anti-colonial critics have noted, “[t]he demasculinization of colonized men and the hypermasculinity of European males represent principle assertions of white supremacy” (Stoler 1991:56). Likewise, colonialism and nationalism typically spring “from masculinized memory, masculinized humiliation and masculinized hope” (Enloe 1990:44).

An understanding of these gendered power relations allows us to better comprehend some of the aspects of 19th century Hawaiian Kingdom politics. The works of Merry (2000) and Silva (1999b) reveal that acceptance by the world powers as a nation required a display of properly masculine, modern civilization. Efforts to maintain Hawaiian sovereignty thus included (among many other things) the adoption of western (patriarchal) law and the display and celebration of the masculine heroism of the Kanaka
past. As the biggest threat came from the cadre of elite American expatriate men living in the islands, Hawaiian men used nationalist newspapers to critique haole dominance, both through political speeches as well as through published stories of male heroes such as Kawelo-leimakua. Kawelo was a legendary chief from Kaua‘i who embodied the exemplar of ‘Ōiwi masculinity. A devout worshipper of his gods and generous leader, his prowess in fighting, farming, and dancing the hula was unparalleled. Importantly, he was also a chief from a junior line who defeated and usurped the power of his oppressive cousin who was ruler of the island; the allegorical parallels to the colonial situation were well understood by the readers (Silva 1999:17-58).

Some of the later monarchs also sought to strengthen the monarchy through practices associated with Freemasonry (Karpiel 2000). As Karpiel (2000) notes, Alexander Liholiho (Kamehameha IV), Lot Kapuāiwa (Kamehameha V), David Kalākaua and his sister Liliʻuokalani (through her brother and husband) all drew upon Masonic practices of ritual and fellowship, which resonated with indigenous ones, to increase their own spiritual power and influence and facilitate coalition building with influential foreigners. In 1865, Kamehameha V drew upon Masonic and other European traditions when he created the Royal Order of Kamehameha in 1865, a fraternal organization that rewarded individuals for service to the Kingdom (Karpiel 2000:380-381). Kalākaua also incorporated elements of the Masonic organizational structure in his (re)creation of the Hale Naua, a secret society of high ranking men and women that studied ancient Hawaiian and modern sciences as well as genealogies. Based upon the Hale Naua council of chiefs in precolonial times, Kalākaua’s modern version combined elements of the old and the new in an effort to revitalize and legitimate Hawaiian cultural practices in a modern context (Karpiel 1998:216-256)
Despite these interventions (some of which were more subversive than others), the racialized and gendered forces of American colonialism undermined the attempts at securing Hawaiian sovereignty and cultural integrity. In 1893 Queen Lili’uokalani was illegally overthrown, and in 1898 the U.S. illegitimately annexed Hawai‘i. Hawai‘i became an official colonial Territory in 1900, and a state in 1959. As Hawai‘i moved from a plantation economy to one dependent upon military and tourism, the colonial system produced specifically gendered, classed, and racialized identities that maintained the changing configurations of capital and culture.

A number of scholars have argued that the ascendance of American hegemony was predicated upon the colonial feminization of Hawai‘i and its people; the discourses of militarism and tourism figured Hawai‘i as the “hula maiden” waiting to be taken (Desmond 1999; Ferguson and Turnbull 1999; Trask 1993b). As Ferguson and Turnbull (1999:40) write:

The ascension of white male power had not only spelled out safety for the sugar industry and the military, but it began to underwrite the sexual fantasies and social practices of tourism as well. Desire and anxiety worked together to create the exotic/erotic Other. Feminized Hawaiian males, desexed Asian menials, and exoticized Hawaiian “hula-hula” girls constituted the sturdy labor base and the refigured subjects for this new order.

They trace the ways in which the transformation of beaches for the tourist economy of the 20th century resulted in the replacement of ‘Ōiwi fishermen “by the domesticated gentle male Hawaiians” (recalling the noble savage) who “paddled canoes”, “taught tourists to surf”, “strung leis, sang, and strummed ukuleles” (p.38). Desmond (1999) describes the ways that these “beachboys,” who were always portrayed as “easygoing, playful, and happy-go-lucky” (p.127) boys (not men), offered white women and men a
Figs. 5 (left) and 6 (right). Images from the Old Lāhaina Lū‘au abound in internet websites that promote tourist activities on Maui. Hawaiian men represent a “soft” primitive masculinity, one that is safe and ready to serve.

Sources: Fig 5: http://www.alohafrommaui.com/old_lahaina_luau.htm
Fig 6: http://www.mauiaactive.com/adventures.html

Figs. 7 (left) and 8 (right). Duke Kahanamoku immortalized in a U.S. stamp (August 2002) and a landmark statue in Waikiki.

Sources: Fig 7: http://starbulletin.com/2002/08/24/news/index1.html
Fig 8: http://www.hawaiiweb.com/html/duke_kahanamoku_statue.html
bronzed and well-muscled promise of social, sexual, physical, and moral freedom and renewal in an Edenic paradise that was nonetheless modern, domesticated, familiar, and non-threatening (p.129). Importantly, these representations continue to underwrite today’s tourist productions. These images were furthered by the fame and notoriety of one of the original beachboys—the Olympic swimming gold medallist and “father of surfing” Duke Paoa Kahanamoku (Timmons 1989:64-80). Kahanamoku was the first and most lasting mediator of the modern touristic understanding of Hawai‘i and Hawaiian men: the embodiment of the Noble Savage, an ideal native whose “soft primitivism” was “childlike, libidinous, free, and natural” (Desmond 1999:11).

Yet as Stoler (1997:374) and others have made clear, to see sexual domination as merely a social metaphor for Euro-American supremacy and power is to miss the pragmatics of how “gender-specific sexual sanctions demarcated positions of power by refashioning middle-class conventions of respectability, which, in turn, prescribed the personal and public boundaries of race.” The key site for the affirmation and maintenance of the bourgeois self was in the regulation of the domestic sphere and of the conduct and the bodies of white women who were figured as the bearers of a proper colonial morality and bourgeois respectability (Stoler 1997:380). Colonized men were often ascribed a heightened “primitive” sexuality which was perceived as a threat to white women (cf. Torgovnick 1990). Yet as Stoler explains, the proliferation of rape charges against colonized men had virtually no correlation with the incidence of actual rapes of European women by men of “color”; rather, the policing of the “Black Peril” needs to be understood as an attempt by European communities to maintain the cohesion of colonial systems which were becoming increasingly threatened from within (by other Europeans in the colonies from different class backgrounds) and without (by colonized men) (1997:381-2).
In Hawai‘i, the Massie case of 1931-32 captured many of these gendered dynamics of the threat of colonized males’ sexuality (which resonated with Black/White relations on the continent at the time). By the 1930s, racial and class tensions had escalated as Kānaka Maoli and immigrant workers and their descendants openly contested the hegemony of the haole elite in the islands (Rosa 1999; 2000). Likewise an influx of “mainlanders” from the continent created new enclaves of white (mostly military) Americans who expressed open disdain for the high number of “colored” people in the islands (Rosa 2000:98). In 1931, five young working-class men (two Native Hawaiians, one Hawaiian-Chinese, and two Japanese Americans) were accused of raping Thalia Massie, the twenty-year-old wife of a Naval lieutenant stationed at Pearl Harbor and daughter of a rich Kentucky family. When the case ended in a mistrial because of inconsistencies in the testimonies and the establishment of the five young men’s presence elsewhere at the time of the rape, two acts of “vigilantism” were carried out in which Horace Ida (Japanese) was abducted and beaten by a group of Navy men and Joseph Kahahawai (the Hawaiian identified as being the “darkest” of the youths) was kidnapped and shot to death by Massie’s mother, husband, and two Naval midshipmen. The four were later convicted for manslaughter and sentenced to ten years hard labor but immediately had their sentences commuted by the Territorial Governor (who apparently was under pressure from Congress and the Navy) to one day (Rosa 2000:95-96).

Rosa notes that Thalia Massie’s story of the rape became a powerful mobilizing force for the haole community to defend white womanhood against the “natives” (here constructed as the nasty, ignoble savage); more importantly, the story was a rallying call to the haole community to guard and preserve the gendered boundaries of race and class which maintained white privilege and property in the islands (1999:89-104). The O‘ahu-based newspaper Honolulu Star-Bulletin reproduced an article by noted film actress
Dorothy Mackaill that was published by the International News Service. I quote the first half at length here for the light it sheds on how Hawaiian and other local men were perceived in relation to notions of white power, purity, property, and propriety:

It had to come!

The “beach boys”—really full grown Kanaka—that is to say pure-blooded Hawaiians—have had many romances with rich American women who have gone to the islands as tourists and been enthralled with its Eden-like fascination.

Invited by Women

These affairs have been invited by the white women visitors. The “beach boys” have been spoiled by so many American women paying attention to them. By contrast, they are extremely deferential when put in their place.

The killing of Kahahawai is deplorable. It is a tribute to the real Hawaiian people that none of the men accused of attacking Mrs. Massie was a Kanaka. The five men were mixed breed.

And let me say right now that the mixed element now on the island of Oahu is living dynamite. It is a racial mixture of Japanese, Portuguese, Chinese and Polynesian. What can we expect of these people when they see Kanakas openly receiving the attentions of American white women?

It is little short of disgraceful to see how some white women lie on the beach at Waikiki, in abbreviated bathing suits, and permit the “beach boys” to rub them with cocoanut oil so they will get a good tan.

White women can easily lose all sense of moral balance in the South Seas, and they get the first touch of it in the Hawaiian islands ("Living Dynamite" 1932).
One of the notable features of this article is the ways in which race and gender are imaged from the position of an elite white woman from the U.S. continent. Mackaill’s letter reflects many of the dominant discourses on race, gender, and class that maintain white supremacy. The key point here is to understand the ways in which the colonial politics of exclusion hinged upon the regulation and policing of the sexual and domestic life of the colonizer and colonized. One also sees the operation of a more basic opposition of nature/culture, with “education” and domestication a means of transforming the native male into a more finished product, again setting up the dichotomy of noble/ignoble savage masculinity; this is either consummated with marriage into “white families” or forever tainted by breeding with “Orientals.”

Though an extreme example, the Massie trials and the killing of Kahahawai bring into high relief the physical and symbolic violence enacted upon indigenous men in the colonial context. In settler colonies such as Aotearoa and Hawai‘i, the effects of colonization on indigenous men have become topics of great concern. In both populations, indigenous peoples account for some of the worst statistics in health, crime, poverty, unemployment, incarceration, and alcohol and drug abuse in their respective societies. The 1991 Hui Hauora Tane held on the Takapuwahia Marae, Porirua, focused on the health of Māori men. The report by Te Wahanga Hauora Māori (1991) details the ways in which Pakeha colonization worked to marginalize Māori men by devaluing their positions in society, appropriating their lands, removing their economic and cultural assets, and denying them of their rangatiratanga (self-determination). Likewise, a report on Māori Family Violence in Aotearoa (1997) published by Te Puni Kokiri (Ministry of Māori Development) argues that the loss of traditional beliefs, separation from the land, breakdown of traditional structures of leadership and community, and poor achievement in education and employment have all contributed to the abusive and hypermasculine
behaviors exhibited in Māori men today. Crabbe (1997) reports similar findings in his study on alcohol/substance abuse and family violence among Hawaiian men (see chapter 6). The popular magazine Honolulu even ran an article entitled “The Destruction of the Hawaiian Male” (Nunes and Whitney 1994; See Chapter 1). Obviously these characterizations do not extend to all Māori and ‘Ōiwi men, for indeed there are many men that have adjusted well to western societies. However, these various reports do illustrate that colonial masculinities have worked to disempower and marginalize many Native men.

Pyke (1996) notes that lower-class men often exhibit hypermasculine behaviors (e.g. heightened physical prowess, drug and alcohol abuse, sexual conquests, and spousal abuse) to compensate for their subordinated status. Connell (1995:113) explains that this ‘protest masculinity’ (or ‘compensatory masculinity’ in Pyke’s [1996:531] words) arises from an experience of powerlessness and leads to an exaggerated claim to the gendered position of masculine power. These hypermasculinities are often found in lower-status men, motorcycle clubs, and urban (especially ethnic) gangs (Pyke 1996:531; Connell 1995:111). Additionally, there is “a lot of concern with face” and “keeping up a front” (Connell 1995:111), and these displays of hypermasculine behavior are often situational and context dependent (Pyke 1996:542).

Pyke also notes that while compensatory behaviors may be seen as a response to hegemonic masculinity, they also work as its unintentional confirmation (1996:531). Higher-class men point out the violence and misogyny of hypermasculine practices “as an example of the untamed masculine brutality that they, supposedly, do not share” (p.532), thereby reaffirming their superiority and dominance over lower-class men. When these lower class men are also colonized men, these behaviors articulate with even larger colonial stereotypes and presumptions that have historically been used to
dismember their people. A perfect example is the Māori character Jake Heke of the film *Once Were Warriors* (Brown 1994). Born of slave heritage, Jake “the Muss” (so named for his “muscular” brutality) spends his days and nights drinking and fighting at the local pub and then takes the party home to his home in the housing projects of South Auckland where he regularly beats his wife (who is herself of chiefly heritage). He has long been alienated from his past and those warrior traditions that may help him achieve a more positive Native masculinity. For the uncritical viewer, this image of the modern Māori man is accepted as “normal,” precisely because of the fact that violence is in their *nature* (Wall 1998).

Hokowhitu (2003) argues that such representations of Māori masculinity are best understood as tactics of power that are constantly redeployed to relegate indigenous men to the realm of the savage, brutal, physical, Other. By putting the natives “in their place,” the larger New Zealand society maintains control over Māori bodies. In both Hawai‘i and Aotearoa, the military and sports serve as primary sites for the inscriptions of masculinities, identities, and power onto ‘Ōiwi and Māori men. Thus I find it useful to examine the participation of indigenous men in these institutions to see how colonial hierarchies are authorized, and, conversely, if these hierarchies can be contested by Polynesian men.

**Military, sports, and masculinities**

Two of the most important and deeply interpolated sites for the production of modern masculinities are the military and sports. In Hawai‘i, the most heavily militarized state (or colony) of the U.S., the military plays a key role in the maintenance of the colonial order, especially in the current context of America’s war against the world (Ferguson and Turnbull 1999; Kajihiro 2000; Trask 2002). The military also plays a key
role in the defining of gendered citizenship. Following Kann (1991), Ferguson and Turnbull (1999:158) note that the civic virtue and proper masculinity in the U.S. evolved in a triangle of patriarchal fathers, soldier sons, and domesticity (mothers). This patriarchal model of citizenship is articulated with notions of race, class, and sexuality, making it more difficult for non-whites, homosexuals, or independent women to enter the triangle. This triangle is rooted in the republican tradition of civic virtue and the liberal tradition stressing of individualism, equal rights, and property. It works to “create men who, lured by the privileges of patriarchal fatherhood, tamed by the ministrations of mothers, and disciplined by the severities of soldiering, could be trusted with extensive individual rights” (Ferguson and Turnbull 1999:158). For young American men, “the martial ethic in America was an enduring challenge to youth to prove their manhood, practice self-denial, demonstrate obedience, and exhibit the civic virtue that informally qualified them to assume manhood and citizenship in a society that treated masculinity, fatherhood, fraternity, and military service as necessary prerequisites to individualism” (Kann 1991:292 cited in Ferguson and Turnbull 1999:159). Ferguson and Turnbull note that the Japanese-American men who served in the highly decorated 442nd Regimental Combat Team were required to perform masculine acts of heroism and patriotism as American soldiers in order to prove that they were loyal citizens rather than the “enemies within” the United States; “to become real Americans, these males had to become real men” (1999:160). However, even this participation did not totally allow them to transcend all barriers as returning servicemen continually ran into racist exclusions.

Ferguson and Turnbull (1999:173) note that the military’s “pedagogy of citizenship” is reproduced throughout the larger society of Hawai‘i in such “capillaries” of the Boy Scouts, the Honolulu Chamber of Commerce, and the Junior Reserve Officers’ Training Corps (JROTC). Though they make no mention of it, the JROTC
played a large role in the colonization of elite Hawaiian males who were required to take JROTC at the Kamehameha Schools for Boys in Honolulu, which in the early part of the twentieth century was designated a full military institute (Kahapea 1987:15).

Figure 9. Cadets of Kamehameha School for Boys Stand in formation. c.1920s. Photo courtesy of Bishop Museum Archives.

Indeed, though Ferguson and Turnbull provide a cogent argument to the role of the military in the maintenance of hegemonic masculinity, they are conspicuously silent on the engagements of indigenous men within the colonizer’s army. Pukui, Haertig and Lee (1972, Vol 2:305) note:

Though men were frozen in jobs, and draft was deferred in Hawai‘i, the great proportion of Hawaiian and part-Hawaiian men of military age served in the armed forces....If we judge by Hawaiian names, at least 56 Hawaiian and part-Hawaiian men who gave their lives in World War II had won such high military honors as the Distinguished Flying Cross with one, two, and three Oak-Leaf Clusters, Bronze and Silver Stars.
One returning hero was Alexander Kahapea who graduated from Kamehameha in 1936. Kahapea served as a Captain in the 83rd Infantry Division, Thunderbolt, in the European Theater and became the most highly decorated war veteran from Hawai‘i (Kahapea 1990:7). Other ‘Ōiwi war heroes mentioned by Pukui, Haertig and Lee include Private First Class Herbert K. Piililā‘au, the first Hawaiian to receive the Congressional Medal of Honor (Korean War) and Sergeant First Class Rodney Yano, recipient of the Medal of Honor in Vietnam. Both men lost their lives saving their fellow soldiers and were given their awards posthumously (Pukui, et al. 1972, Vol 2:305-6).

Figs 10 and 11. Pfc. Herbert Piililā‘au (left) and Sfc Rodney Yano (right).
Despite the significant contributions of Kānaka in the U.S. military, their participation has been so overshadowed by the accomplishments of the Japanese-Americans of the 442nd that the presence of ‘Ōiwi soldiers has been virtually erased. In 1972, Pukui, Haertig and Lee wrote:

[I]n the justified publicity given the AJAs, Hawaiian and part-Hawaiian servicemen went almost unnoticed....Today, Hawaiian heroism seems forgotten. In a group of Hawaiians and part-Hawaiians asked to list what they considered “Hawaiian qualities,” not one mentioned courage (Pukui, et al. 1972, Vol 2:305,306)

This erasure is, in many ways, consonant with the discourse of “disappearing Hawaiians.” This lack of “courage” also came to be one of the motivating forces in the establishment of Nā Koa (The Courageous Ones), as I trace out in the following chapter.

The non-presence of Kānaka Maoli in narratives of military heroism stands in stark contrast to the extensively lionized Māori Battalions in the two world wars (Cowan 1926; Gardiner 1992). Gardiner (1992) argues that various cultural notions (e.g., accrualment of personal mana and the mana of the tribe through battle; leadership development; and the exacting of utu, revenge) figured prominently into Māori participation in the wars. He asserts that the formation of the first Pioneer Battalion in WWI was a part of a larger Māori social movement to achieve equal status with the Pākehā, especially in light of the imperial policy that denied Māori an opportunity to fight in ‘white’ wars (1992:13). Erai (1995) reports that some of the Māori men and women she interviewed that were serving in the New Zealand Army cite responsibilities to the whanau (family) and iwi (tribe), the legacy of the Māori Battalions or of previous family members who had joined the army, and, interestingly, the belief in a ‘warrior instinct’ inherent in the Māori people as motivations for service. She also noted that
there were more opportunities afforded to Māori men than women to advance and enter into relations of ‘patriarchal bonding’ with other men regardless of ethnic or rank divisions (1995:54).

Comments by both Māori and ‘Ōiwi men suggest that their ethnic/racial identities were salient markers of the types of masculinities they made claims to in the military (Erai 1995; Pukui, et al. 1972, Vol 2:306). By proving that their courage and fighting capabilities were equal to, if not superior to their white counterparts that they serve with, indigenous men may have repudiated the colonizer’s superiority and validated their own masculinities. At the same time though, rather than challenging the social practice of soldiery and the patriarchal triangle of which it is a part, ‘Ōiwi and Māori men become complicit in ways with the maintenance of a Euro-American hegemonic institution which naturalizes colonial rule by mapping it onto a system of gendered, raced, and classed power relations.

On the other hand, a strong argument could also be made that ‘Ōiwi and Māori men achieved specifically indigenous forms of masculinity through their involvement in the military. As some of Erai’s male interviewees suggested (as did Gardiner [1992:7-11]), a specifically Māori warrior masculinity may have been achieved. Also, by entering the military in order to fulfill obligations to the community, increase the mana of one’s family or tribe, improve one’s socio-economic status, or merely to put food on the table, Polynesian men are actively working to promote the survival and growth of their people. In a racist colonial society with very few employment options available to Pacific Islander men, this may have been one of the few options available for Māori and ‘Ōiwi men to achieve a masculinity based on notions of family, leadership, providing, strength, and mana (Ihimaera 2000).
Many of the same complexities and contradictions encountered by Polynesian men situated in the military are echoed, reinforced, and often prefigured in the institution of sports. Indeed, a number of scholars have highlighted the direct links between the military, sports, masculinity, capitalism, and imperialism (Burstyn 1999; Wakefield 1997). In many ways the two institutions mutually inform and frame one and the other through metaphoric and metonymic practices of representation that are inscribed in regimes of bodily training and performance. Burstyn (1999) argues that the political-economic changes of late nineteenth century capitalist societies hinged upon the transformation of hegemonic ideals of masculinity. The earlier ideal of the “the moral and measured being of the eighteenth century” was replaced by “a physically dominating and hypermasculine creation” (p.74) that was tamed through the discipline of “muscular Christianity.” Key to this training was sports, which built strength, created habits of dominance, taught principles of group effort and common goals, and promoted the values of 19th century Christianity, thereby harnessing “men’s sexual impulses in the service of worthy social enterprises,” namely capitalist-imperial expansion (p.92).

In the contemporary context of (neo)colonial global capitalism, multi-billion dollar corporations market sport and sport-related products “as men’s culture and as a hypermasculine spectacle for society as a whole” (Burstyn 1999:104). Central to this process are the affects and effects of advertising, which symbolically links the viewer/consumer with the heroic figure of the male athlete/warrior (ibid.:144). Targeting a white middle-class audience, images of strong, physical, working-class men evoke in the “softer” men anxieties and envious identification (ibid.:148). Messner (1994:98) notes that these “tough guys” reaffirm the superiority of men vis-a-vis women and also serve as the “other” against which “modern” men define themselves; “The ‘tough guys’ are, in a sense, contemporary gladiators sacrificed so that elite men can have a clear sense
of where they stand in the intermale pecking order” (cited in Burstyn 1999:208). Racial
hierarchies are recapitulated by the image of the “black super-athlete” who represents the
‘tough guy’ par excellence (Burstyn 1999:208). At the same time that they are
glamorized, they are also vilified as their hypermasculinity is always understood as being
“less than human” or even threatening to white property and bodies (See also hooks

In the colonial context of Aotearoa, both the Māori male athlete and his culture
are represented in the sport-media complex as the embodiment of primal, savage
warriorhood (Jackson and Hokowhitu 2002). Wall (1998:94) calls this stereotype the
“Māori as the primitive natural athlete, represented in all areas of sport, especially the
contact sports of rugby and rugby league (the latter is particularly relevant with the
establishment of the Auckland Warriors, who have adopted the stylized face of a Māori
Warrior as their emblem).” Again, this image is rooted in the much older colonial
stereotype of the Māori as the blood-thirsty savage.

The usurpation of the Māori as a sport symbol is rooted in the desires, envies,
anxieties, and fears of male colonizers whose own masculinity is defined with and against
the colonized man’s. The appropriation of Native identity and masculinity is especially
notable in the performance of the haka (indigenous Māori dance) by the New Zealand All
Blacks national rugby team, as well as other rugby teams in Aotearoa and elsewhere
(Jackson and Hokowhitu 2002). The colonization of the haka as a “national” symbol
erases the histories of oppression in which Māori, though not passive, were far from
equal participants in the structuring of colonial society; adding to the appearance of
equality are the high numbers of Māori and non-Māori Pacific Islanders on the team. The
notable visibility of players that are racially marked as Polynesian tap multiple structures
of feeling which are complexly tied to colonial and nationalist histories and to notions of
masculinities in Aotearoa, and in many ways works to mask the underlying tensions still extant as Polynesian men compete on and off the field (Star 1999).

It is also important to note that such (mis)appropriations of identity by the sports-media complex can no longer go uncontested. After commencing its sponsorship of the All Blacks in 1999, global sports goliath Adidas launched an advertising campaign that featured the “primal” imagery of Māori warriors, the haka, and the All Blacks. In June 2000, an intense debate over intellectual property rights and cultural ownership erupted. Māori groups filed lawsuits for compensation and applied for a trademark in order to prevent further exploitation ("All Blacks Fight" 2000; Jackson and Hokowhitu 2002:134-137; "Nga Korero" 2000). Although Māori are actively resisting such blatant colonial takings, Jackson and Hokowhitu note that the challenges posed by global capitalism are immense indeed as “transnational corporations and their vast array of technologies continue to benefit from an expanding environment of national, commercial, and legal deregulation” (2002:137).

In Hawai‘i, debates over the racist and colonial representations of ‘Ōiwi masculinity as the “Rainbow Warrior” mascot of the University of Hawai‘i (UH) football team led to a series of threats to the mascot and his retirement in 1999 (Ohira and Pang 1999; Star-Bulletin Staff 2000). In July 2000, UH unveiled their new logo of a stylized green and white letter “H” with a pattern of geometrical shapes meant to replicate the kapa designs; the helmet and pants were now black (whereas before only green and white were used) and bands of triangles were printed around the upper arm and thigh in a fashion similar to the tattoos worn by many local men (Reardon 2000; Tsai 2000). Hawai‘i’s “new brand” would literally mark the beginning of an aggressive merchandising campaign in Hawai‘i, on the U.S. continent, and in Asia and Australia (Reardon 2000).
Also, the football team alone officially changed their name from “Rainbow Warriors” to “Warriors.” Former UH wide receiver Kyle Mosley explained, “Being called the Rainbows, especially for men’s teams, left them open to ridicule. Warriors has a much stronger connotation” (Reardon 2000). Former NFL player and UH assistant coach Rich Miano stated, “We wanted to have something to do with toughness. I think the rainbow thing...doesn’t have what we’re looking for in terms of the mentality of our football players” (Tsai 2000). Athletic director Hugh Yoshida went as far as to comment “That [rainbow] logo really put a stigma on our program at times in regards to it’s part of the gay community, their flags and so forth. Some of the student athletes had some feelings in regards to that” (Staff and wire reports 2000). Yoshida’s comments made
national headlines as the new logo and name suddenly became the center of controversies surrounding racism and sexism (Associated Press 2000). Debates over the historic, cultural, social, and economic significance of the old and new symbols exploded—as did sales of the new merchandise ("Letters" 2000; Murray 2000; "Notebook" 2000; Smith 2000). Importantly, all of this revolved around the re-defining, re-presenting, and marketing of a “proper” masculinity, or as one commentator characterized it the “macho makeover” (Memminger 2000) of Hawai‘i’s only collegiate football team.

Though Hawai‘i does not own a team in the National Football League (NFL), it does play host to the annual Pro Bowl, the all-star game usually held in February after the Superbowl championship game. Organizers schedule a week-long series of events that is meant to boost tourism and allow local families and military personnel stationed in Hawai‘i to interact with NFL players.8 As Hanlon points out, the military presence in the various events is pervasive and points to the deeply intertwined histories of militarism, sports, global capitalism, tourism and colonialism in Hawai‘i (1999). Rex Johnson, executive of the Hawai‘i Tourism Authority (the governmental agency that for all intents and purposes runs the economy of Hawai‘i), spoke of the relationship between Hawai‘i and the NFL, “The goal is to tie the two most visible brands in sports and vacationing together” (Eichelberger 2003:10).

As in all other major football games in Hawai‘i these days, “The Warrior” makes his appearance in face and body paint, grass skirt and armbands, tapa headband, boar tusk necklace, drums, weapon, and a berserker fury in his eyes and voice. A doting Tongan father and husband in his late thirties who had worked at the Polynesian Cultural Center for nearly 20 years, Vili Fehoko filled the vacuum created by the loss of the old UH mascot football when coach June Jones invited him to come to games in 1999 to fire up the crowd. Fans grew to love him, as have UH coaches and even NFL officials. After
his performance at the 2002 Pro Bowl, the NFL hired him to appear at the next Pro Bowl and its week long events and also made an agreement to produce 2,500 “Warrior” trading cards (Engle 2002; Simpson 2002; "UH Warrior" 2002; "Vili" 2002). The NFL’s interest in marketing Polynesian warriorhood speaks to the currency of primitive and savage masculinity in the global sports market, such as I have discussed above. Vili’s representations of identity are much more degrading than anything the former mascot in the muscle suit could have ever imagined, but no one has protested. Indeed, I would argue that Vili’s status as a Polynesian, and one who has become even more knowledgeable through his own and his wife’s collective knowledge and experiences as workers at the PCC, give him special claims to authenticity and authority. But in so doing, he portrays a primitive Polynesian masculinity that the elite class of capital and power brokers exploit and redeploy as a “tactic of power” that maintains the gendered, raced, and classed structures of inequality in Hawai‘i and the Pacific (Hokowhitu 2003).

While the military and sports are largely hegemonic institutions, we should not take for granted that they will always overdetermine the gendered identities of those who participate in these sites. We need to remember that the situated gender practices of indigenous men may often be at odds with or even subversive of the dominant ideologies promoted in such institutions. Burstyn notes that the meaning of sport as symbolic war could work to provide colonized men with “a possible ‘level playing field’...to beat the masters at their own game” (1999:89). Diaz (2002) offers some important insights as he reflects on his participation in the Tamuning Eagles, a youth football program in Guam that was created by Native Hawaiians and Hawai‘i-born men who worked on Guam for the U.S. Military in the 1970s. Noting the heavily colonized and hegemonic forms of social practices that were en-gendered in such a site, he also shows that the team served as an arena in which indigenous and non-indigenous islanders created surrogate familial
ties, localized and articulated hegemonic practices with indigenous ones (such as playing Hawaiian music after games), and contested the military’s presence on the island.

Similarly, the ironies of serving in the colonizer’s army brought about radical transformations in Kanaka Maoli activists such as Keli‘i “Skippy” Ioane and Keanu Sai. Both men found themselves questioning their service in an institution that was actively maintaining colonial authority in Hawai‘i. Yet they also state that their military training has better prepared them for the battles of decolonization, to which they now devote all of their energies. These transformations are representative of the redefining of indigenous masculinities in an era of decolonization.

Conclusion: decolonizing masculinities(?)

In order to get our lands back we must take that important step of saying those lands are ours. That is a real test of our future. Many in the movement before were strong but have become dependent to survive. It’s understandable how that happened, but we lose the struggle when we agree to the terms of our oppression. It’s not just about collecting one-fifth income from the stolen lands, but all of it, and the ocean connecting ka pae‘aina [the island chain]. It’s hard — we need warriors. And the struggle continues.

Kekuni Blaisdell, Kanaka Maoli doctor and independence leader, 2003

Since the 1960s, ‘Ōiwi and Māori people have been engaging in a variety of different struggles for land, self-determination and decolonization. While the military and sports remain hegemonic in nature, Kanaka Maoli and Tangata Māori men are now also returning to “traditional” institutions for the achievement of indigenous
masculinities. Some of these practices include dance, tattooing, ocean voyaging, martial art forms, and warrior traditions. Smith (1999:104) writes of the Māori:

> It is not surprising that in New Zealand the renewed focus on warrior traditions has come at a time when Māori people sense a turning point which could go either forward or backward. For Māori that tradition is to be found in the often quoted saying of the chief Rewi Maniapoto, *Ka whawhai tonu matou, ake tonu ake*, ‘we will fight on for ever and ever’.

Though by no means the sole province of men, such attitudes and practices are often figured in masculine terms, and are therefore seen as desirable for anticolonial projects of reclamation.

As I mentioned earlier, many Kānaka Maoli are now practicing “masculinized” traditions that have been directly influenced by or borrowed from Māori practices. There is an ironic parallel here with the appropriation of Māori masculinity by mainstream society in that both ‘Ōiwi men and white men are seeking to reconnect with a warrior tradition. However, for Kānaka Maoli, many see these forms as being part of a shared Polynesian culture, and the identification of Kānaka as the “older siblings” in Māori traditions allows ‘Ōiwi men to make claims on a shared heritage. The important part of this claim is that masculinity is identified with authentic traditions of precolonial Polynesian society that were able to resist the perceived feminization and emasculation that accompanied colonization in Hawai‘i. As Harper (1996:ix) notes in regards to Black men, claims to an “authentic” identity “are largely animated by a profound anxiety about the status specifically of African-American masculinity.” For Kānaka Maoli, these anxieties are resolved, in part, by reconnecting with the masculinity of their ancestors and they Polynesian brothers.
However, these same ideologies of gendered power and authority have come under heavy critique by indigenous Maoli and Māori women (Hoskins 2000; Trask 1984; 1999). In their view, the articulation of masculine power and authority with sovereignty and self-determination represents a double-colonization for indigenous women as they become disempowered by both larger white society and their own men. In light of such critique, Kanaka ʻŌiwi and Tangata Māori men are hard pressed to find tactics of producing decolonized masculinities.

One possibility may be the structuring of gender practices along the lines of “pono.” Kameʻeleihiwa (1992; 1999) argues that the philosophy of pono in gender relations entails balance, well-being, and righteousness. Most of all it is an understanding of the entities of Kū (the man) and Hina (the woman) needed to be in balance for all things to be right. This philosophy is specifically laid out by Pukui et al (1972) in various discussions of health and healing. Many ʻŌiwi and Māori people today are struggling to find how exactly such a balance between Kū/Hina and Tū/Hine is to be achieved. It is here, perhaps, that there lies a chance for effective change; the outcome remains to be seen.

The decolonization of indigenous masculinities will require not only a restructuring of the way in which we see ourselves, but also the ways in which we perform ourselves and be ourselves. We must be able to read the ways in which masculinities articulated in decolonization movements may alternatively work to empower and disempower our people in new and old ways. It is misleading to draw a distinct line between masculinities produced in colonizing and in decolonizing contexts; in both situations, gender practices are defined in relation to both men and women of colonizer and colonized societies. The trick is to find ways in which newer practices enable us to reclaim mana in ways that will help us to better negotiate the larger
frameworks of gendered, raced, and classed power dynamics which both structure and are structured by our actions as men and women. It is this challenge that the Hale Mua has taken up. Specifically, the Mua has taken on the task of reclaiming the masculine mana of Kū that is perceived as lacking. In the following chapters I will detail both the promises and problematics of these projects of reclamation, first by laying out its origins at the ceremonies of Pu‘ukoholā and then by detailing and theorizing the Mua in practice and in the life stories of its members.

ENDNOTES

1 This chapter is a modified version of an essay I published as “(En)gendering Colonialism: Masculinities in Hawai‘i and Aotearoa” (2002) in Cultural Values: Journal for Cultural Research 6(3):239-256. A number of individuals gave invaluable help through editorial comments, foremost among them Deborah Elliston, Geoffrey White, Ping-Ann Ado, and Hōkū Aikau. I also thank J. Kēhau Kauanui, David Addison, Akihiro Inoue, Vilsoni Hereniko, Chris Yano, Ben Finney, Noenoe Silva, Jesse Makani Markham, and the members of ASAO 2002 working session on “Gender Histories in the Pacific” for all their help.

2 I recognize that the use of the terms “Polynesia(n),” “Melanesia(n),” and “Micronesia(n)” impute a false sense of homogeneity and discreetness and that these anthropologically defined cultural boundaries are both arbitrary and problematic (Thomas 1989). However, many indigenous Pacific Islanders within Polynesia have chosen to adopt the term either out of convention or as a “strategic essentialism” for the forging of trans-Polynesian ties; such was the case when Witi Ihimaera, a gay Māori novelist, gave his speech on reclaiming Polynesian masculinities at the University of Hawai‘i (Ihimaera 2000). I use the term out of convenience but not with an uncritical acceptance of the baggage they carry.

Of course the same argument on terminology can and has been made for the concepts “the Pacific/Pacific Island(er)s” or “Ocean/Oceanic.” I use both “Pacific Islands” and “Oceania” (and the corollary labels for the indigenous Pacific Island/Oceanic inhabitants) interchangeably throughout this essay. I agree with Hau‘ofa’s (1993) assertion that we need to reorient our perspectives as Island people to the larger interconnections we share with all other Oceanians; however, I still find use for the term Pacific.
3 Both Jolly (1997) and Thomas (1989; 1997) note the feminization of European images of Polynesians as the more “civilized” and “noble” savage as opposed to the dark, fierce, tribal, “nasty” Melanesian savage male, thus showing the racialization of savage masculinity in the Pacific.

4 See Linnekin (1990), Kame‘elehiwa (1999), Ralston (1993) and Hoskins (2000) for attempts at reconstructing the place of Hawaiian and Māori women in pre-colonial social and cultural orders.


7 For a discussion on similar issues relating to the Indian mascots in North America, see Churchill (1994)

8 See (“2003 NFL Pro Bowl” 2003) for the 2003 Pro Bowl week schedule.

9 Kelly (2003:8).
CHAPTER 4
MO'OLELO O PU'UKOHOLĀ:
RE-MEMBERING NATIONHOOD AND KOA AT THE TEMPLE OF STATE

On the 13th of August, last yeah, a wooden ahu (altar) was raised at the land called, ah, Pu'ukoholii, the Mound of the Whale, and forty kalo and forty ʻuala (sweet potatoes) were put aboard, one kaʻau (full measure of forty). They are passing stones of wisdom right now, like they passed stones of industry then, fo’ one yeah. And on August 17th, 1791, they consecrated the temple of unification, the sometimes residence of the god of state, misnomerly called the god of war. Whether by marriage, treaty, or press of arms, Kūkā ilimoku presided over all of that, so it’s the god of state. That date is on us. So if you a poʻe Kanaka, there’s only one place to be. And so they have passed out a brochure, or a two-page report, dat talks about da principles of da gathering there, and that it’s on its way; it’s rushing at us (Kaʻai 1991).

Wearing two lei— one of seed and one of maile vine— over his printed black kihei (rectangular material worn over the shoulder) and tan shirt, Sam Kahaʻi Kaʻai spoke to a crowd of about fifty students at the University of Hawai‘i at Mānoa Campus Center on February 12, 1991. Sam had been going from island to island giving talks about the upcoming bicentennial commemoration of Puʻukoholā, the heiau that marked Kamehameha’s ascent as sovereign over Hawai‘i (both the island and later the whole archipelago) and also the last major heiau erected before the toppling of the old religio-political system. The presentation was taped, and it now resides in various libraries across the University of Hawai‘i system. History—or at least one version of it.
Figure 14. Site plan of Pu'ukohola Heiau NHS.

From Development Concept Plan.

Source: http://www.cr.nps.gov/history/online_books/kona/history7a.htm
Sam pulled out a ti leaf cape and explained that men and women were making these for the occasion. He called up Keone Nunes to don the cape and to wield a pāhoa (dagger) in one hand and an ihe (spear) in the other. Sam jabbed with his own ihe and had Keone deflect the blow with the pāhoa and counterattack with the ihe. He thanked Keone and took back the pāhoa, telling everyone that he was one who was coming to Pu‘ukoholā. Spinning the pāhoa in his hand, he remarked, “All of dese tings are being fabricated because we are trying to walk the talk; it is not enough any more to come as the audience.” He carried on:

On the seventeenth of August, there’s gonna be a guy in Las Vegas playing blackjack, and he will whispah dat he’s a Hawaiian. Dere’s gonna be a guy at O‘ahu Country Club hittin’ a little ball around, playin’ dat Scotch sport of protest called golfing, and he’s gonna whispah dat he’s Hawaiian. And dere are going to be one ka‘au: ten men in a row, four rows, everyone wit’ one of dose (pointing at the cape) and a battle pike sixteen feet long called a pololii. There will be othah men that we are calling, and I am calling it from dis audience too. We need 150 men to stand in da ‘au ali‘i, not da “court,” da ‘au ali‘i (group of chiefs). And so here(??) are being made. You wanna learn about it? Sixteenth, seventeenth, Pu‘ukoholā, we’re givin’ a lecture; we putting da points on da offensive javelin (thrusting with the pāhoa in his hand) (Ka‘ai 1991).

He spoke of a woman named Thelma Ka‘awaloa who was making the kāhili (feather standards) in the traditional manner, spending a total of 3,000 hours on them. Why were they doing this? To hear “the growling of the heavens,” the “ancient murmur” of the ancestors. He then pulled up another member of the audience to read the purposes that were listed on the handout:
1) To commemorate in an authentic Hawaiian manner that decisive event in Hawaiian history 200 years ago at Pu'ukoholā, Kawaihae, Hawai'i, that signaled the ascendancy of Kamehameha the Great, and decided forever the socio-political course of these islands.

2) To unite in harmony of body, mind, and spirit all Hawaiians, and especially those descendants whose ancestors 200 years ago engaged in epic struggle for ascendancy and dominion, and to heal now and forever, the bitterness, grievance, and enmity of the past 200 years.

3) To address historic and contemporary consequences of statecraft, human warfare, and human welfare, as we strive to understand and appreciate those meanings for our own lives today, and in the future (Ka'ai 1991).

Sam went on to say that these ideas are not demanding, but timely. He explained that any Hawaiian organization coming needed to bring a real kāhili and an offering of forty of any kind (taro, banana, fish, etc.). For all groups, whether they are from institutions or representatives of their families, he said:

We going to do it in the Polynesian manner, up front, because we have this license, this big, cycloptic—you folks know about this cycloptic virus in Hawai‘i? (smiles and points to the camera) He heard da story; dat’s why he laughing. You folks know ‘bout it, eh? The most sane, and courteous people, with the most wonderful smiles, take one of dese devices, put it up to deah eye, lose one eye, and have a single viewpoint, a cycloptic viewpoint, and den dey take broad license to (runs up to student and pretends to take her picture), in front of everybody (audience laughs). I’m gonna tell you, Hawaiians don’t like it, so there’s gonna be a yellow line, and because people who tend to have these
cycloptic tendencies tend to come up to the line and then kinda (pretending to shuffle forward) about 18 inches moa den da line.

We’re going to warn you dat when you come to dis Pu‘ukoholā, elders—people older dan Sam Ka‘ai are elders—are going to be in front, okay. And den by age, backwards. We telling people not to bring children. It’s a time to pray. Da lāhui o Hawai‘i, e kāhea mai no ka lāhui o ka lani—the assembly of da earth will cry unto the heavenly host, and you who have genealogies are expected.

You will bring a maile lei and a brown tag, and your name will be da bottom name, and the top name will be the ancestor of the seventh generation. It is really important dat we renew ourself at da seventh generation because the Lord Makani is waiting to blow away your memories. The Lord of the Wind is going to erase everything you hold deah at the eighth generation. And who are you? You’re the eighth generation.

You can chose to be anything you want. You can let your legacy be blown away. You can forget things that are Hawaiian. You have been eating from the buffet of the world and neglect the plate of your ‘ohana, and lost the taste for such (Ka‘ai 1991).

Sam related his experiences as a part of the Hawaiian contingent to the 4th Festival of the Pacific Arts in Tahiti. Whereas other Pacific Islanders came in traditional garb or spoke their native language, the Hawaiians wore purple aloha shirts and wore black pants. He remembered, “We were the most plastic people there!” He then spoke again on the importance of knowing the history and practicing the culture:

History is eidah a living ting, or it’s already been blown away, and what you cannot remembah, da wi--Lord Matangi has taken care of. How important is dis metaphor? In da canoe, da navigator holds a story, a song, dat’s all he has. And
exactly three hundred yards behind da canoe, his road is being erased. He pushes into da unknown and has only a small glimpse of the past; except dat he remembers da song, and sings it again. So you will live if you remembah da song, and if you forget, den only da Lord Matangi, da Lord of da Wind (Ka‘ai 1991).

He then reiterated again that Pu‘ukohōli‘i, as a historical and cultural event, was happening. He did not select the people or the date; they just came. He ended his talk by picking up a decorated pū (conch shell trumpet) and telling the audience that they too had no choice.

And so, it is not an ask to come together—come togethah if you wish—it is a command. It’s a masculine call. If you are, be; and if you are not, you need not be there, but remember what you are not. A kani o ka pū (tapping his pū—conch shell—in hand), a call....

Like a call, the dragon’s song, it’s like dat last call to da land, beyond your voice and your mele, or da first call in darkest dawn as the canoe closes wit’ da land and no one is out deah (Blows pū four times loudly, each time going up an octave).

And there will be another call, this is the moan of the tupuna (blows three times with low murmuring sound).

These were the old ways of saying goodbye and hello. So I greet you to that assembly. It is an uncomfortable ting, not to have. Okay. It is more painful not to know (pause) than to have, and to know. And so people are making the kāhilis and making the capes. They seem like enormous amount of work, but it is more painful not to have, than to be (pointing to students). And so really, I have come heah to afflict you wit’ my virus. I hope you all (pause) hurt tonight, so you can
come wit' me on da seventeenth of August and laugh, hehehe. And have your heart sing, and your blood boil, and hear, hear da heavens growl (Ka'ai 1991).

****

In 1991, at a time of increasing cultural nationalist sentiment and activity, Sam Ka'ai called out to Hawaiians, and to men especially, to remember who they were as Hawaiians and as Polynesians and to gather at Pu‘ukoholā to renew and dedicate themselves at the temple of unification. He implored them to make their history live, and he showed them how by employing the assistance of one of the men who “walked the talk.” The modern Hawaiian warrior was an example of “Na Koa,” which Sam preferred to interpret as “The Courageous Ones” rather than the conventional translation of “The Warrior.” In the previous chapter, I discussed other images and practices of warriorhood that are produced in the military and sports. In this chapter I examine the ways in which discourses of koa (bravery, warriorhood, and courage) have historically been articulated in mo‘olelo (histories, legends, and stories) and how they are actively drawn upon and used to form individual and collective identities by Kānaka ‘Ōiwi, especially at Pu‘ukoholā.

I begin first with a discussion of how the mo‘olelo of ali‘i koa, epitomized in Kamehameha, have long been sources of pride and strength for Kanaka ‘Ōiwi Maoli who have sought to articulate and re-member their national and cultural identities. In 1791, the sacrifice of his rival cousin Keōkū‘ahu‘ula consecrated the heiau and fulfilled the prophecies and mo‘olelo of the ancients, thereby bringing together Hawai‘i. However, this unification also created new animosities and divisions that had not been forgotten over the last 200 years. The 1991 commemoration “Ho‘oku‘ikahi—To Unify as One” sought to heal old wounds and to once again unite Kānaka ‘Ōiwi engaging in political
and spiritual war. The event also inscribed the heiau with new meaning as a site of "living history" and culture. I examine the gendered dynamics of such a shift and conclude with some tentative suggestions on the interconnections of gender, culture, and history in the process of identity formation.

Mo'olelo: history and identity in Hawai‘i and the Pacific

Beginning in the early 1980s, anthropologists and historians in the Pacific especially, began to more critically theorize the mutually productive nature of history and culture and the ways that discourses of history and the past have been used within local frameworks of meaning and action as models to think with (Borofsky 2000a:22; White 1991:3). As White explains:

Histories told and remembered by those who inherit them are discourses of identity; just as identity is inevitably a discourse of history.... Particularly in small island communities where individual and collective identities are so tightly bound, historical discourse locates both self and community within a nexus of relations between past and present, self and other (1991:3,4)

Furthermore, such historical thinking takes place on multiple levels. White notes, "Whether we call them 'social history,' 'life history,' or 'personal stories,' retrospective narratives create the present through idioms of remembrance" (1991:5). This focus, along with the growth of indigenous and ethnic nationalisms since the 1970s, led scholars to critically examine the ways in which history, traditions, and cultural practices were actively constructed and put to use in political struggles. Yet as Hau‘ofa (2000:454) notes, such an approach is "old hat" for Oceanic peoples:

What these cultural constructionists are doing is what we have been doing all along—that is, constructing our pasts, our histories, from the vast storehouses of
narratives, both written and oral, to push particular agendas. One of the more positive aspects of our existence in Oceania is that truth is flexible and negotiable, despite attempts by some of us to impose political, religious, and other forms of absolutism.

Indigenous challenges to the dominant forms of anthropological, historical, and Pacific studies practices articulated with the emergence of cultural studies and native studies as an alternate space for cultural production and activism (Diaz and Kauanui 2001a; White and Tengan 2001). The number of recent edited volumes and special issues in *The Contemporary Pacific* that explore the dialectics of history, culture, politics and identity testify to the importance of understanding such dynamics as they operate in both academic and community-based projects.²

In context of the Hawaiian cultural nationalist movement, the use of mo'olelo—histories and other accounts of the past and present—play an important role in the shaping of projects of reclamation and empowerment. As Wertsch (2000) notes, narratives act as cultural “tools” that have pragmatic effects. Kame‘eleihiwa (1992:22) explains:

It is interesting to note that in Hawaiian, the past is referred to as *Ka wā mamua*, “the time in front or before.” Whereas the future, when thought of at all, is *Ka wā mahope*, or “the time which comes after or behind.” It is as if the Hawaiian stands firmly in the present, with his back to the future, and his eyes fixed upon the past, seeking historical answers for present-day dilemmas.
Osorio (2001:360) expounds on the implications of Kame'eleihiwa’s insights:

Thus, any history that we tell, whether it comes from the oral traditions that are centuries old, from the published accounts of nineteenth- and twentieth-century writers, or even from the correspondence and editorials of contemporary scholar-activists, is not merely informational, but carries an activist content. The stories are meant to persuade and motivate, but they are also meant to explain our lives. These stories are all mo‘olelo, whether they tell of mythic beings, of “real” individuals whose power and influence affected the society in which they lived, of personal occurrences and family stories, and whether remembered in the mind or committed to writing.

The term mo‘olelo, which itself translates to “succession of talk” or a “fragment of a story,” highlights the partiality of any truth and the need to view it as a part of a larger collective knowledge (Osorio 2001:369; Pukui and Elbert 1986:254; Young 1998:3-5). Young (1998:11-12) explains that (re)telling mo‘olelo results in the accumulation of mana (spiritual power and life force) for the teller and the story as both are situated in a longer succession of presenters and presentations. These mo‘olelo emerge from the landscapes and seascapes that Kānaka Maoli and all Oceanic peoples trace their genealogies of family, place, and travel to (Diaz and Kauanui 2001a:318; Gegeo 2001:493; Hau‘ofa 2000:466; Kame‘eleihiwa 1992:22). Importantly, ‘Ōiwi have always situated and resituated their identities through their own mo‘olelo, especially in the face of rapid change and threats to their continued existence as a people. It is this active situating of identity and masculinity that I explore in the mo‘olelo koa, the histories and discourses of warriorhood that become especially prominent in struggles over sovereignty and culture (Kelly 1995).
Moʻolelo koa: narrating nation, courage and warriorhood

It is said, among all the people living on the small islands of Polynesia, reaching to as far as the islands of Malay and extending out into the areas of Asia, there was never seen a man of such remarkable and amazing reputation, like the chief for whom is this story, namely Kamehameha I, the barbed-spear warrior of Kohala with its ‘Āpa‘apa‘a wind, land of the companion hills, Pili and Kalāhikiola....

While the people of Helen (Greece) forever commemorate Alexander the Great—the Romans, Julius Caesar—the French, Napoleon Bonaparte—the Hawaiian people forever memorialize Kamehameha, as a famous warrior for his birth land, and a native son filled with remarkable and extraordinary ability.3

So wrote Joseph Mokuʻōhai Poepoe in the first installment of “Kamehameha I, Ka Naʻi Aupuni o Hawaiʻi, Ka Liona o ka Moana Pakipika” (Kamehameha I, the Conqueror of the Kingdom of Hawaiʻi, the Lion of the Pacific Ocean). This biographical serial first appeared in the November 27, 1905 inaugural edition of the Hawaiian
language daily newspaper that took as its name one of Kamehameha’s epithets—*Ka Na’i Aupuni* (The Conqueror of the Nation). Poepoe was born on March 27, 1852 in Kohala, Hawai‘i and went on to become a school administrator, lawyer, editor of eight Hawaiian language newspapers, member of the Independent Home Rule Party created in 1900, a legislator in the House of Representatives, and “the living authority on the Hawaiian language” by the time he had passed away on April 10, 1913 (McKinzie 1982:4-5).

Having read a wide range of published and unpublished sources produced by Hawaiians and non-Hawaiians alike, Poepoe’s year-long narrative of Kamehameha represented the most comprehensive and detailed history of Kamehameha to date (McKinzie 1982:5). Additionally, he had brought to light never before discussed aspects of Kamehameha’s life from an unpublished manuscript of Solomon L. Peleiōhōlani, a well-respected genealogist and descendant of Hilo chief Keawemauhili (Hibbard, et al. 2000:xv).

In addition to its historical value, the serial and the newspaper it ran in created a space for cultural and political action and the formation of national subjectivities (Anderson 1991). Poepoe, like many Hawaiian intellectuals in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, made social commentary and sought to affect change by framing contemporary conditions and struggles through the mo‘olelo printed in the newspapers (Chapin 1996; Osorio 2001; Silva 1999b). As McKinzie (1982:5) notes, the story of the Conqueror reaffirmed “Hawaiian leadership and strength aimed at a native community wracked with the despair of lost sovereignty and fear of an unknown, troubled future. Using the memory and ideal of Kamehameha, a heroic figure respected by both the Hawaiian and the haole communities, Poepoe attempted to rejuvenate the moral courage of the Hawaiian people to use change to their advantage.” Poepoe stated this explicitly in his preface to the mo‘olelo:
Because of the extraordinary deeds of Kamehameha, the Hawaiian people have become one as a government, and as a people/nation. Kamehameha has passed but, the descendants of the people/nation united by his brave and fearless heart, here they are living on and emerging in this time, without end. Finished are Kamehameha’s combats with the barbed spears—his twirling of the long spear is done—his strivings rest in eternal sleep (death); and the task at this time, it has been placed upon the Hawaiian nation of the present. Let the people of this era strive for/conquer a kingdom/nation for themselves—it is for the people of this time to fight for an existence/way of life for themselves—and they themselves must struggle, not with the barbed spears, not with the long spears of the warriors of THE CONQUEROR OF THE NATION passed, but, with the steadfast
thoughts of going with the ballots to the upcoming election to establish a
government and home for themselves.⁴

Arming his readers with the memory and courage of their cherished King, Poepoe called
upon the modern day warriors to “na‘i i aupuni no lakou” (strive for/conquer a
kingdom/nation for themselves) and to carry on the process of uniting a people and a
nation that was established by Kamehameha. In so doing, he also invoked the last words
of Kamehameha, which most of the readers would have been familiar with: “E na‘i wale
nō ‘oukou i ku‘u pono, ‘aʻole pau,” or “Strive to complete my good works, that are not
finished.”

Poepoe was following in the footsteps of another Mōʻi whose moʻolelo he had
written—King David Laʻamea Kalākaua. The “Merrie Monarch,” as Kalākaua was
called for his lavish celebrations, also got his start in the newspapers and had carried out
similar projects of discursive imagi-nation during his tenure as an editor for nationalist
newspaper Ka Hoku o ka Pakipika and later during his reign (1874-1891). At a time of
unprecedented assertions of American colonial power and attacks on the crown (Osorio
2002), Kalākaua employed a number of discursive strategies to actively contest American
some of these efforts in detail: the creation of a genealogy board and Hale Naua (the
secret society of aliʻi dedicated to studying genealogies, sciences, and traditional
knowledge discussed in the previous chapter), the publication of the cosmogonic
genealogy chant the Kumulipo, and the hosting of grand public celebrations that
highlighted the performance (by men and women) of hula and stories that highlighted the
masculine heroism of legendary and historical Kanaka past. Not surprisingly,
Kamehameha, his war generals and his soldiers figured prominently in these
performances (Silva 1999b:141-2, 146-7). Like Kalākaua, Poepoe mobilized the forces and the images of the Kamehameha for a new struggle for Hawaiian solidarity.

Unfortunately, similar political-historical circumstances begat similar results as neither Kalākaua nor Poepoe succeeded in checking American colonialism. Kalākaua was forced into signing a treaty at bayonet point that stripped the crown of its powers; when his sister and successor Lili‘uokalani attempted to draft a new constitution, the haole elite backed by U.S. marines orchestrated the illegal overthrow of the Kingdom. After an unconstitutional annexation by the U.S. Congress in 1898, Hawai‘i soon became an American colonial territory. Despite the fact that Kānaka made up the majority of the electorate when the Organic Act of 1900 extended suffrage to all adult Hawaiian males, the limits of their enfranchisement soon became apparent. The Independent Home Rule Party failed just as quickly as it was established; an 1896 law banning the Hawaiian language in the schools was increasingly taking its toll on the language and culture of the Kānaka; the haole sugar interests that had orchestrated the illegal overthrow and annexation of Hawai‘i maintained and increased their control of the land, power, and money; and growth of plantations led to rapid urbanization, a massive influx of immigrants, and the large scale relocations of Hawaiians to the crowded tenements and squatter villages in Honolulu (Fuchs 1983:153-160; Kent 1993:69-91; McGregor 1989:201-217).

In the two decades following Territorial status, the conditions of urban ‘Ōiwi Maoli had degenerated so much that a number of Hawaiian organizations and leaders sought to “rehabilitate” the Hawaiian people by returning them to the land, a movement that resulted in the passage of the Hawaiian Homes Commission Act in Congress in 1921 (Kauanui 1999; McGregor 1990). Foremost amongst these leaders was Prince Jonah Kūhiō Kalani‘ana‘ole, the Republican delegate to Congress. In May 1903 he helped to
reorganize Kapuaiwa’s Royal Order of Kamehameha as an organization that functioned as a mutual benefit society, political support network, and cultural and historical association. The Order rendered aid and assistance to members and their families in case of sickness or death; formed an inner core of Kūhiō allies; preserved historical objects and places such as homes of ali‘i, sites of battles, and heiau; and perpetuated knowledge, legends, and traditions, especially those related to the memory and legacy of Kamehameha (Beers 1974:14; Fuchs 1983:75; Kamae 1980; KarpieI 1998:247; McGregor 1989:237). The Royal Order was just one of a number of social and cultural organizations (e.g. ‘Ahahui Ka‘ahumanu, Hale o Nā Ali‘i, and Daughters and Sons of Hawaiian Warriors) that followed the Hale Naua’s model of combining indigenous and Western traditions as a part of the larger efforts of Hawaiian leaders to rejuvenate and revitalize the Kānaka ʻŌiwi. Kūhiō also co-founded the ‘Ahahui Pu‘u honua o Nā Hawai‘i (1916) and the Hawaiian Civic Club (1918), two organizations dedicated to the uplift of the Hawaiian people and central to the creation of the Hawaiian Homes Commission Act (McGregor 1990:5).

It was at this time that the moʻolelo of Kamehameha re-emerged once again as a model for action and empowerment. Reverend Stephen Langhern Desha, Sr., a pastor of Haili Church, territorial legislator, member of the Royal Order, and close friend of Kūhiō, serialized the account “He Moolelo Kaao no Kekuhaupio Ke Koa Kaulana o ke Au o Kamehameha ka Nui” (A Tale of Kekūhaupio the Famous Warrior of the Era of Kamehameha the Great) for the readers of his Hilo-based weekly Hawaiian language newspaper Ka Hoku o Hawaii (Hibbard, et al. 2000; KarpieI 1998:247; Nellist 1925:397). Published between December 16, 1920 and September 11, 1924, Desha’s moʻolelo initially focuses on the life and training of Kekūhaupio, a renowned warrior from Keʻei, South Kona, Hawaiʻi, who trained Kamehameha in the arts of war and served as a war
leader, bodyguard, and trusted advisor. The majority of the serial thereafter retells in very close fashion the Poepoe/Peleiōhōlani moʻolelo of Kamehameha with the addition of some new information gathered from kūpuna with whom Desha was acquainted.

Like other Hawaiian intellectuals, Desha frequently and explicitly comments on the current social status of Kānaka ʻŌiwi by drawing allusions and comparisons to the legends and stories he narrates. He extols the traditions of bravery, faith, strength, and pono leadership and uses the lessons of the kūpuna to advise and counsel a community in desperate need of guidance. He had already been censured by the church for his staunch advocacy and defense of Kanaka Maoli in response to negative criticisms (Hibbard, et al. 2000:xiii). Thus it is not surprising that in telling Kamehameha’s moʻolelo, Desha (a minister for people) highlights the role of Kekūhaupiʻo, a counselor, confidant, and champion that provided Kamehameha with the spiritual and physical fortitude needed to shape the body politic of a unified nation.

Desha displays his discursive prowess most brilliantly in his discussions of Puʻukohola⁵, which as I argue below, both contest colonial histories and renew pride, strength, and bravery in the Hawaiian people. The writings of Poepoe and Desha exemplify the ways that Kānaka ʻŌiwi situate their identities through the retelling of moʻolelo, a process that is especially potent when it is rooted in sites steeped in cultural, historical, and political significance on multiple levels. By more closely examining the stories embedded in this site, we can better understand how Desha and other Hawaiians over the last 200 years have drawn upon its moʻolelo in projects of identity formation, especially those associated with koa.
Moʻolelo o Puʻukoholā: historical battlegrounds, battlegrounds of history

Puʻukoholā has taken on its current historical significance primarily as the site that secured Kamehameha's unification of the Hawaiian Kingdom. As in all Hawaiian moʻolelo, various traditions and versions of the Kamehameha's construction and consecration of Puʻukoholā abound. Rather than attempt to synthesize these accounts here, I focus instead on the ways that the history of Puʻukoholā, like the landscape itself, becomes a contested ground in which various forces, in the past and in the present, wage battles over knowledge, power, and memory. These debates over Puʻukoholā’s history highlight the politically and emotionally charged nature of narrating a collective national identity through (re)tellings of history, especially those associated with war and conflict (White 1997).

The heiau known as Puʻukoholā (“whale hill”) is located in Kawaihae (“water of wrath”) in South Kohala, on the island of Hawaiʻi. The large natural (and later modified)
harbor has always distinguished Kawaihae as one of the most important anchorages on the island. Pu‘ukohola measures approximately 224 feet by 100 feet and stands directly above a smaller heiau known as Mailekini (“many maile vines”); both overlook the nearby shoreline where a now submerged shark heiau called Haleokapuni (“house of Kapuni [a priest]”) rests. Though commonly associated with Kamehameha, the three heiau have a longer history that extends as far back as the mid- to late-1500s.

Lonoikamakahiki, son of Keawenuia‘umi and grandson of ‘Umialiloa, consecrated the heiau after putting down a rebellion against him and Kaikilaninuiiali‘i wahineopuna, his wife and co-ruler of the island (Fornander and Grant 1996:103-122). Soon afterwards, Maui Ali‘i Nui Kamalalawalu, aided by kāhuna of Mailekini, made Kawaihae and neighboring Waimea the staging grounds for a failed invasion of Hawai‘i, in which Lonoikamakahiki again prevailed and Kamalalawalu lost his life (Kamakau 1992:55-61).

Kamehameha (re)constructed and (re)consecrated Pu‘ukohola heiau in 1791, an act that unified the island and eventually the entire archipelago under his rule. As the sovereign, Kamehameha periodically resided at Kawaihae on the beach below the heiau in an area now called Pelekane (“Britain” or “British” from Kamehameha’s British advisors) and variously referred to as the “King’s Residence” and “Royal Courtyard” (Greene 1993:Ch.7 F1 online; Kelly 1974:18-26). John Young (also known as Olohana), one of two British advisors (the other being Isaac Davis) of Kamehameha, acted as Governor of Hawai‘i island (1802-1812) and took up a more permanent residence with his family in a nearby upland area. Foreign captains would stopover at Kawaihae to both procure supplies, make repairs, pay respects and gain blessings from Kamehameha. Capitalist ventures and transformations in government and land tenure during the 19th and 20th centuries brought radical changes to this small fishing village that previously thrived on the productivity of its fishponds, saltpans, and other marine
resources. Sandalwood and pulu (tree fern fibers used for pillow stuffing) trade, whaling, potato farming, cattle ranching, sugar cane growing, and military training contributed to the denuding of nearby forests, degradation of the environment, and transformation of the harbor until finally Kawaihae became the dry and arid shipping town that it is today (Greene 1993; Kelly 1974). Pu'ukoholā has been managed by the National Parks Service since being named a National Historic Site in 1972 for its significance as “the one structure in the Hawaiian islands” that is directly associated with the “founding of the Hawaiian kingdom” ("Puukohola Heiau" n.d.),

In summary form, Kamakau’s account of the 1791 events, which is the most widely followed version of the story⁹, goes as such: Kamehameha and his cousin Keōaukūahuʻula had fought for dominion over the island of Hawai‘i for over nine years with no victor emerging. While residing on Moloka‘i, Kamehameha sent Haʻaloʻu (his aunt and the grandmother of his favorite wife Kaʻahumanu) on a quest to confer with a kahuna of Kaua‘i who might be able to reveal a way to win the war. While at Waikīkī on Oʻahu, she met with Kapoukahi, a kahuna hulihonua (expert in study of the earth) and kuhikuhī puʻuone (seer knowledgeable in locating and building temples) from Kaua‘i, and she revealed their relationship through her grandmother’s genealogy. In return (which was more precisely an obligatory “payment”), Kapoukahi gave the advice that Haʻaloʻu sought, the words of which she delivered to Kamehameha:

Eia ke kumu e lilo holoʻokoʻa ai ke aupuni i kō haku; i hale no ke akua; e kukulu a nui, e hana i nā palena a pau...‘O Puʻukoholā, aia nō i Kawaihae, ma luna aku o Mailekini...‘O ka hale kēia o ke akua o kō haku; puni ka moku, ‘aʻohe e ʻeha ka ‘iʻi.
Here is the means by which the kingdom will be completely turned over to your lord; through a house for the god; build it large, lay out all of the boundaries...
Pu‘ukoholā, at Kawaihae, above Mailekini...This is the house of the god of your lord; the land will be his, without harm to his skin.\(^6\)

The monumental construction of this po‘okanaka (literally “man’s head,” a sacrificial heiau of the highest order) required the work of all the commoners of the neighboring districts (except for women who were not offered as sacrifices and thus prohibited from going on the heiau) and spared the labor of no chief but one (Keli‘imaika‘i, the younger brother of Kamehameha who preserved their kapu). Upon completion of the heiau, all that was left was its dedication to Kūkā‘ilimoku, the island snatching god that Kamehameha had inherited.

Keaweaheulu and Kamanawa (two of Kamehameha’s chief counselors who were also the uncles of the two rival chiefs) went to Ka‘ū to invite Keōua‘ahula to Kawaihae to meet with his younger cousin to declare a truce and end the war. Despite objections from his own advisors, Keōua‘ahula accepted and sailed with his retainers, stopping at various spots along the way as his other subjects went by foot. At Luahinewai at Kekaha, Keōua‘ahula prepared to die. He bathed, cut off the end of his penis, gathered his prized possessions, and separated his chiefs and attendants in two canoes—one that would carry him and his moepu‘u (companions in death) and the other that would be spared because it carried Pāuli‘aōleioku, his younger cousin and the son of Kamehameha’s “beardless youth.”

When they arrived at Kawaihae, Keōua‘ahula called out to Kamehameha, and the latter beckoning him to come forward. At that point Ke‘eaumoku, one of Kamehameha’s primary counselors and the father of his favorite wife Ka‘ahumanu, attacked Keōua‘ahula with a spear, which the latter dodged. Muskets from the
shoreline fired, and thereafter commenced the onslaught of the Ka'ū chief and his party by the throngs of warriors gathered at Kawaihae; only two men escaping from his canoe, one of whom, Kuakāhela, was saved by hiding in the kapu house of the chiefess Keku'iapo'iowa Liliha, half-sister of Kamehameha and mother of his sacred wife Ke'opūolani. The Māmalahoa Kānāwai (Kamehameha's "law of the splintered paddle" that protected the lives of the innocent) was thereafter proclaimed, and those onboard the canoe of Pāulikaʻōleiokū and were spared. With the placement of Keōakūʻahu'ula on the heiau as a sacrifice, the prophecy of Kapoukahi was fulfilled, "ʻO Puʻukoholā ka hale o ke akua, a laila, pau ke kaua o Hawaiʻi, nāna nō e hele mai a kau aʻe i luna (Puʻukoholā is the house of the akua, so, war will end in Hawaiʻi, [when] one comes and is placed above [as a sacrifice]."

While historians, scholars, and descendants of the parties involved disagree on a number of points, the most contentious debates occur over how the event is to be interpreted. In specific, was Puʻukoholā consecrated in an act of treachery and deceit? Did Kamehameha order the execution of Keōakūʻahu'ula, or did his council of advisors (and more specifically Ke'eaumoku) act on their/his own? Why did Keōakūʻahu'ula go to a meeting that was obviously meant to end in his death and sacrifice on the heiau? How are these two aliʻi to be remembered? Reviewing the available sources at the time (1880), Fornander weighed in as such:

[I]t is impossible to acquit Kamehameha of complicity in the cruel death of Keoua. It must have been planned in his council. It was executed by three of his highest chiefs and most trusted counsellors[sic]. The deed itself took place in his presence and within sound of his voice; and there is no mention, tradition, or hint that he ever disapproved or regretted it, or in the slightest manner rebuked or
punished those who treacherously enticed Keoua away, or him who actually stabbed him.

Before passing sentence, however, upon Kamehameha for what will always remain the darkest blot upon his otherwise fair name, the candid and impartial historian will not fail to take into consideration the political and social condition of the country and the principles of right and wrong that governed men's actions in that age... Each looked upon the other as an usurper, and the bitterest of personal hatred had sprung up between them... And in those days the putting away of an obnoxious person by secret means... was not a crime that the gods condemned or society criticised[sic] too severely. Moreover, even if the deed had been planned without the knowledge and done without the consent of Kamehameha, yet the very men who planned and executed it were also the very men who had raised Kamehameha on the throne... Under these conditions, though the deed was no less a cruel wrong and a foul murder, and posterity will so designate it, it is well to bear in mind that the actors in that deed, while undoubtedly the foremost men of their age, yet were men of that age and of no other, swayed by its modes of thought, following its modes of action (Fornander and Grant 1996:330-331).

To his credit, Fornander attempts to evaluate the event within its own historical and social context, he invariably does so within his own evolutionary and teleological framework that sees cultural difference as one rooted in stages of evolution that progress from savagery to civilization. Thus the "cruel and foul" deeds of Kamehameha and his supporters (and by extension, those of Keōuakūʻahuʻula and all Hawaiians of that time) are explained as products of the "modes of thought" and "action" that characterize "that age," which is one of savagery and barbarism, even if it is not stated so explicitly.

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Fornander’s own evolutionary “mode of thought,” though discredited now in academic circles, is still accepted as received wisdom in the larger population and is commonly deployed in discourse when debates over historical and cultural interpretations.

Recognizing the partiality of both Kamakau’s and Fornander’s accounts, Joseph Poepoe brought to light a number of significant details that Solomon L. Peleiōhōlani had recorded in his unpublished manuscript. Poepoe starts off by explaining the riddles in the names of Pu‘ukohola and Mailekini, which he interprets as “desire (for death) in the lagoon” and “closely related chief.” Poepoe also includes the previously unpublished “Hikikauelia ka Malama” (Hikikauelia is the month), a mele ko‘ihonua (genealogical song) that Kekūhaupi‘o composed as a prophecy of Kamehameha’s eventual conquest of all the islands. Along with the mele “Hau i ka lani” by Keaulumoku, the well-known songs and names of the heiau confirmed that the kākāʻōlelo (experts, advisors, and orators knowledgeable in the use of language) of Kaʻū and their aliʻi knew clearly what fate awaited Keōaukūʻahuʻula.

Kamehameha too was aware of this, but he truly sought to make peace with his beloved cousin and demanded that he go to Kaʻū in person to meet with Keōaukūʻahuʻula. His counselors decided to consult the ʻahaʻula, an oracle cord that had been used since the time of Līloa. The ʻahaʻula rejected Kamehameha and instead identified Keaweaheulu as the ambassador to be sent to fetch Keōaukūʻahuʻula. The council of advisors met secretly at night without the knowledge of Kamehameha and decided that Keʻeaumoku would be the one to execute Keōaukūʻahuʻula.

Before the departure of Keaweaheulu, who was accompanied by Kamānawa, Kamehameha told his two uncles to take care of his cousin. Kamānawa agreed but also reminded him that now was the time of the kahuna, and the kapu of the akua and the kahuna superceded that of the aliʻi. Along these lines, Poepoe suggests that
Keōuakū‘ahu‘ula may have been prayed to death beforehand, for as the ali‘i’s immediate and unquestioning acceptance of the envoy’s invitation indicated, “E kala no i make kahiko ai he ola hanu wale iho no ka ia e inana nei” ([He] died a long time ago [and] breath is the only sign of life). On the day before Keōuakū‘ahu‘ula and his party arrived in Kawaihae, Holo‘ae, one of Kamehameha’s head kahuna, told him that the ‘ālana (offering) was arriving, and that the first lehua (victim of battle) was for the god Kū, and the second was for him. He reiterated, “A ua ike oe e Kalani, ke moe nei ke kanawai o ko Akua i keia wa, a pela hoi ko‘u kanawai ko ke kahuna” (And you know Heavenly One, the law of your God is being laid down at this time, and the same goes for my law that of the priest). Kamehameha wept with sorrow and pity for his cousin who was being brought by their uncles to his death. In spite of his own desires and the desperate pleas of his brother Keli‘imaika‘i to spare their cousin, there was nothing Kamehameha could do as he watched helplessly the slaughter of Keōuakū‘ahu‘ula and his party. Once this first lehua was secured, Holo‘ae told Kamehameha to proclaim the Māmalahoa law to spare the lives of Pāulika‘ōleiokū and the others who remained. In light of Peleʻōhōlani’s manuscript, Poepoe writes:

[U]a hiki ole i ka mea kakau ke hookuikahi aku i kona manao me ko kekahi poe kakau moolele e ae no ka mea e pili ana ia Kamehameha, ua make o Keoua mamuli o ka Kamehameha kauoha; a i ole, mamuli paha o ko Kamehameha makemake.

The author cannot reconcile his thinking with those of other historians on the issue of Kamehameha, [that] Keoua died because of Kamehameha’s order; or, perhaps because of Kamehameha’s desire.
Yet for all of Poepeo’s efforts to redeem the name of Kamehameha, his work had little impact on subsequent retellings of the story, even for those who could have read the Hawaiian (e.g. Thrum 1907). I discuss this version at length not to give it any higher authority than other versions, but to make the point that alternative histories, especially those written in Hawaiian, were being ignored even during a time when many people were still quite fluent in the language.

The implications for such neglect of indigenous traditions are even greater when foreign scholars who could not read the Hawaiian produce narratives that circulate more widely and further refract mo‘olelo through Western lenses; such was the case with the work of Herbert H. Gowen, University of Washington professor of Oriental Languages and Literature. In his book *The Napoleon of the Pacific: Kamehameha the Great* (1919), Gowen draws upon the moniker that had accrued to Kamehameha and compares him, like Poepeo does, to Alexander, Ceasar, and Napoleon. Yet Poepeo does so to contest discourses of savagery and primitivism by showing an equality of greatness with other foreign heroes; moreover, his work is aimed at the Kanaka ‘Oiwi community and meant to instill pride and motivate change. Gowen writes for an American and international audience that admired Kamehameha because he fits into Western models of military and political operation (Pierce n.d.:23). Perhaps more importantly, he also represents a nation that America claims politically through colonization and symbolically through the memorialization of its *dead* founder and the appropriation of its history, acts that work to erase the continuity of the Hawaiian people and nation (Pierce n.d.:23). In his introduction, Gowen (1919:10-11, 15) writes:

In all that shadowy time, from the dawn of island history to the establishment of intercourse with the western world...there was none who did what Kamehameha did by patient toil and dauntless courage of forty years of strife.

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Moreover, in all the time since, spite of the unexampled advance which has made of the old Hawaii a land of telephones and electric lights, of universal education and universal suffrage, no Hawaiian has arisen with a hundredth part of the manhood possessed and used, mainly for good, by this heroic savage. ...[T]o the student of man as man, the story of the first Kamehameha should possess interest and instruction.

For heroism is of no age and of no race. It compels the sympathy of all...that quality of manhood which obliterates distinction of East and West.

Gowen uses Kamehameha in a project of Western imperialist national memory making that commemorates great heroic men whose story may be incorporated and recalled both as a model for masculine heroism and as way of marking a break with a backwards, barbaric and racialized past (Gillis 1994:7-12). At the same time, it feminizes, emasculates, and renders impotent the colonized population, especially the men, who no longer possess “a hundredth part of the manhood” and the bravery of Kamehameha.

In discussing the death of Keōukū'ahu'ula at Pu'ukoholā, the one “ugly episode” (p.197) that qualifies his assessment of Kamehameha’s use of manhood “mainly for good,” Gowen tells his readers:

First, we are dealing with a people steeped to the lips in barbarism. It would not be fair to go straight from the wars of Kamehameha to the contemporary wars of Napoleon for a just comparison of the two leaders...For a fair comparison we ought rather to place ourselves in the age of Homeric heroes, in the camp of Greek or Trojan, and judge of Kamehameha’s act by its accordance with manners of such a time (1919:202).

As Fabian (1983) and Said (1978) notes, this temporal “othering” and denial of coevalness is one of the key Orientalist discursive strategies used to forever link the
Other with the Euro-American past and, consequently, define the modern Western self. Thus when Gowen concludes his narrative, he again reveals his thoughts of the hopelessness of the colonized, feminized, desolate Hawaiians and the utility of Kamehameha’s story for haole people:

The Hawaii of the after-time with all its boasted advance into the full glare of civilization’s light, could only “sweep heroic dust for hour-glass sand.” It was in vain, with the blight of leprosy and other forms of death upon the race,—the terrible legacy of her contact with the civilized world,—for her graves to remain, to “implore her people to be strong and not afraid.”

If Kamehameha inspires men now as when he lived, it must be mainly men of another race who will learn to claim him, a brother worthy of honour and renown. If he rule now, it must be over the half-legendary heroes of the past, not over their degenerate offspring of to-day.

...It is in the humble hope that he may still appeal to others, who have inherited the domain he won, and who, in spite of all difference of colour, are still his brothers in blood, that this memoir has been penned (1919:316, 317).

A year later, Rev. Stephen L. Desha, Sr., began his serial publication of the moʻolelo of Kekūhaupiʻo. As mentioned above, he follows closely Poepoe’s narrative of Kamehameha with the addition of some new information. More interesting though are Desha’s commentaries interspersed in his discussions of Puʻukohola, especially those that speak to interpretations of Gowen (and to an extent Fornander) and the larger colonial discourse they are a part of. Though he does not specifically name Gowen, his frequent use of “Napoliona o ka Pakipika” (Napoleon of the Pacific), a term that Poepoe himself did not use in his account, evidences Desha’s engagement with the tenured Orientalist and his recent publication. In contrast to Gowen, who utilizes Kamehameha’s story in his
own narrative of degradation and emasculation of the Hawaiian people, Desha calls upon the memory of Kamehameha to instill in his readers strength, courage, and faith in the akua. As Reverend Desha points out, it is the same reliance on the higher powers that will replicate the accomplishments of the Conqueror.

He kupainaha[sic] no ka hooko ia o na Olelo wanana a ia poe kahuna kahiko o keia aina aloha o kakou. Pele no makou e manao nei e hoi hou mai ana no ke ola i keia Lahui, e like no hoi me ka olelo kaulana a Hewahewa Kahuna nui o Kamehameha, ai kamailio aku ai ia Kamehameha i ka manawa i hoala ia ai o Puukohola. "E hapai a kiekie ke kulana, a huli hoi ke alo i ke kai, alaila, mai ke kai mai ka hoi ka pomaikai." 23

A wonderment was the fulfilling of the prophetic sayings of these ancient seers/priests/experts of this beloved land of ours. Thus do we think the life will return again to this Nation/People/Race, just like the famous saying of Hewahewa high Priest/Counselor of Kamehameha, and spoken to Kamehameha at the time that Pu‘ukohola was restored, "Lift up until high is the station, and turn the face to the sea, and then, from the sea indeed shall come the blessings." 24

In his discussion of the ‘aha’ula, the secret council of advisors, and Kamehameha’s desire to save Keōuakū‘ahu‘ula (see above), Desha explicitly addresses the need to contest colonial histories:

Eia makou ke hoakaka nei i keia mau mea imua o ko makou poe heluhelu, mamuli no ia o ke kakau ana o kekahī mau haole ma ka lakou mau moolelo no Kamehameha, ae hooili ana i kela hewa ano maikai ole maluna o Kamehameha ma ka uhai ia ana o kela ike ana o laua, a me he ala ua hana apuhi aku o Kamehameha, a ua malama ole hoi i kana olelo hoopaa hanohano. O ka pololei

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maoli nae, aole o Kamehameha i hana i kela hana a kona mau Alii alakai i hoolala mua ai, a koe wale no ko Kamehameha ano haupu no ke ola o Keoua, a oia paha ke kumu o kona kauoha ana i kona mau makuakane Elele e malama pono laua i ke ola o ke Alii Keoua.

We are clarifying these things before you our readers, because of the writings of certain foreigners/whites in their histories of Kamehameha, that have been placing the wrong on Kamehameha for the breaking of the understanding of them two [Kamehameha and Keōakii‘ahu‘ula], as if Kamehameha had deceived, and not kept his honorable promise. The real truth is however, Kamehameha did not carry out that action that his guiding Chiefs had previously planned, except for Kamehameha’s disposition of concern for the life of Keoua, and this perhaps is the reason for his commanding his Delegate uncles that they properly care for the life of Chief Keōua.25

Desha also frequently writes about the need for the newer generations to remember the acts of bravery and honor of the ali‘i and to preserve the places, songs, and legends that tell of their stories. He shows how events of today are connected to those in the mo‘olelo, such as the creation of Hawaiian homesteads at Kalama‘ula, Moloka‘i, the land where Kamehameha first received the news of Kapoukahī’s prophecy and where earlier Paka‘a, the famous personal retainer of Keawenuia‘umi (father of Lonoikamakahiki), lived while in exile. 26 Thus when discussing his reasons for printing the mele ko‘ihonua of Kekihauipi‘o and KeauIumoku, Desha reiterates the thoughts that he prefaced his story with when he began the serial:

O ka manao nui o ka mea kaku moolelo o Kekukaupio, oia no ka hoonaaauo ana aku i ka hanauna hou i kekahi mau mea pili i na Moolelo kaulana o na Alii me ko
The main idea of the writer of the story of Kekūhaupi'o, is the education of this new generation about certain things pertaining to the famous Histories/Stories/Accounts of the Chiefs and their courageous people of that ancient time, and so they will recognize/understand this important truth. This land, Hawai‘i, has indeed had very renowned Chiefs of courage, and extremely brave individuals because of whom the Indigenous Hawaiian as a Hawaiian should feel no embarrassment in his/her beloved Nation/People/Race, and from whom he/she should gain insight that will make him/her proud of the status of his/her Ancestors of that ancient era of the land.27

By associating the Hawaiian past with courage and pride, Desha explicitly refutes Orientalists like Gowen and, to a lesser extent, Fornander (for although he was certainly much more sympathetic to Hawaiians and an advocate for their rights, he was nonetheless “a man of his age”). Desha also addresses Kanaka Maoli and other local people as well who associate Hawaiian things with barbarism and savagery. He mourns the unkempt state of Pu'ukohola and chastises legislators and young people of the newer generation who are generally neglectful of the indigenous traditions of Hawai‘i. In true Royal Order fashion, Desha muses, “Mea paha o hoala hou ia mai keia manao malama i na Mea kaulana kahiko o Hawaii nei” (Perhaps there should be a reawakening of the idea to care for the ancient famous Things of this Hawai‘i).28

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As I have showed in this section, histories—whether they reside in songs, stories, objects, or places—actively constitute the collective identities of a people. Likewise, historical actors may variously draw upon and revise these histories in their own projects of identity formation, whether they are colonial or anti-colonial in nature. It is this dynamic that makes history such a fierce battleground of national imagination, especially when located on literal battlegrounds. In this light, Desha’s suggestion is more than just a hope for a renewed appreciation for history—it is a call to “hoomaopopo” (remember, realize, recall, understand) and “hoala hou” (reawaken) a “Lahui” (nation of people) who are a part of a larger “Moolelo” (History/discursive succession) of “Alii a me ko lako kanaka koa” (Chiefs and their courageous people and warriors) whose histories are inscribed in the “Mea kaulana kahiko of Hawai‘i nei” (famous places and objects of this Hawai‘i). Not surprisingly, as modalities of commemorating and remembering take on new forms, the memory wars become ever more heated and contentious.

**Ho’oku’ikahi: commemorating, re-membering and unifying the lāhui**

On June 15, 1929, the Order of Kamehameha unveiled a “Papa Keleawe Hoomanao” (commemorative bronze plaque) that was placed in front of Puʻukohola. The day’s activities included a breakfast on the S. S. Hualalai that brought off-island visitors and was harbored at Kawaihae, a hukilau (communal pulling of a seine net), and speeches by Territorial Governor Farrington and Rev. Stephen L. Desha, Sr. (“Kela me keia” 1929; “Ua kau ia” 1929). This ceremony represented “the first formal commemoration of its [Puʻukohola’s] importance in Hawaiian history in modern times” (Greene 1993:Ch 7 K.1 online). Through this was an important beginning, it would be a number of years before the moʻolelo of Puʻukohola/ā emerged once again. The Hawaiian language continued on its precipitous decline, and in 1948, the Hilo-based *Hoku o*
Hawaii, which had been experiencing financial difficulties even while Desha was writing his mo‘olelo of Kekūhaupi‘o, became the last secular Hawaiian-language newspaper to shut down (Mookini 1974:xiv). Desha’s and Poepoe’s mo‘olelo, like the vast majority of cultural texts of the ‘Ōiwi archive, disappeared from circulation and resided primarily on the shelves of libraries or in museums were they were forgotten by all but a few (cf. Stillman 2001).

Pu‘ukohola gained recognition once again when it was designated a national historic landmark on June 10, 1966, and a pageant was held there to honor the site (Clark 1991:E7). The heiau and the lands around it received an even more prominent status when on August 17, 1972, Public Law 92-388 (86 Stat. 562) authorized the establishment of Pu‘ukoholā Heiau National Historic Site to “restore and preserve in public ownership the historically significant temple associated with Kamehameha the Great . . . and the property of John Young” (Greene 1993:Ch7 K.1, N.2(a) online; “Puukohola Heiau” n.d.). Beginning in the mid-1970s, the National Parks Service (NPS) and the Waimea Hawaiian Civic Club sponsored a cultural festival on the weekend closest to August 17 to celebrate the establishment of the Park. The festival included a pageant with a “royal court” that proceeded down from the heiau to the flats below to accept ho‘okupu (ceremonial gifts) that were presented in the form of dances and the fruits of the land. Following the ceremonies, a fair held at Pelekane featured crafts, food, games, demonstrations, and hands-on workshops (Ka‘ai 2003).

As was the case with most “Hawaiian” things in the twentieth century, the Pu‘ukoholā festival became a type of commodity spectacle for both touristic and local consumption. This speaks to the nature of festivals, pageants, parades, and other performances of culture and history in the tourism-based and military-dominated cultural and political economy of Hawai‘i. Within this context, such performances operate within
a pervasive “discourse of aloha” (Pierce n.d.) that works on multiple levels to: domesticate difference, obscure racial and ethnic tensions and hierarchies, erase claims of indigeneity, feminize the landscape and its people, and sell Hawai‘i as an open, generous, hospitable, safe, attractive, multicultural paradise (Desmond 1999:2-9; Ferguson and Turnbull 1999:37-42; Okamura 1998; Trask 1993b:189-194). Since the early 1900s, celebrations of May Day (later Lei Day) and the Mid-Pacific Carnival often featured nostalgic representations of Hawai‘i’s past and its multiethnic and harmonious present as a part of the United States (Friesen 1996; Pierce n.d.). Parades and pageants were also a place where Kanaka Maoli celebrated their history and their connections to place, especially through the Kamehameha Day celebrations and parades (Stillman 1994). Yet as Pierce argues, by commemorating and memorializing Kamehameha through festive parades and floral pageants, the discourse of aloha assimilates and domesticates his image, thereby neutralizing any potential he would hold as a model for anti-hegemonic practice (n.d.:22-25). Such a dynamic is epitomized in the yearly Aloha Festivals (aka Aloha Week), a series of events that invests “royal courts’’ on each island to ride in parades, attend royal balls, preside over ceremonies, and make appearances at concerts, celebrations, and block parties that bring in over 8,000 visitors and 11 million dollars to O‘ahu alone during its peak week (“Aloha Festivals” 2002; Lynch 2001). Thus even a site such as Pu‘ukoholā that was so heavily steeped in traditions of political struggle, war, and struggle became a victim of colonial sacrifice, and on its own altar no less.

As I laid out in the previous chapter, the Hawaiian cultural nationalist movement that began in the 1970s brought about transformations in the ways that Kanaka ‘Ōiwi imagined their history, culture, and sacred sites. During the late 1980s, acts of commemoration started to take on new meaning as a number of events marking the rise and fall of the Hawaiian Kingdom loomed on the horizon. Focus shifted from
remembering a culture and history of the past to re-membering a lāhui today, one that would follow in the footsteps of the ancestors.

Thus in 1989, the organizers of the 1991 bicentennial observation of Kamehameha’s consecration of Pu‘ukoholā planned an event that would be unlike any other activity before it. They asked Sam Ka‘ai, a carver and cultural practitioner from Kaupō, Maui, if he would chair the bicentennial committee. Sam had been involved in the Pu‘ukoholā cultural festival since 1979 as a pū blower and as an artisan. He agreed but warned them that “he’s not gonna make you one bettah Aloha Week, he goin’ change you” (Ka‘ai 1999a). The organizing committee was comprised of NPS staff, Hawaiian Civic Club members, and elders from the Hawaiian community, and individuals that Sam brought in such as kumu hula, chanter, and educator John Keolamaka‘āinana Lake. Lake recalled that the original intention was to plan a “commemoration of Pu‘ukoholā, and of course all the goals and the virtues and values of Kamehameha” (Lake 2003). Eventually though the committee decided that the event would be “not only a commemoration of a place, but there had to be a...recapturing, revitalizing, and literally that is why we called it Ho‘oku‘ikahi (unify)...challenging again, slamming together as one” (Lake 2003).

The word ho‘oku‘ikahi, which means to unify, reconcile and literally “pound” or “slam” together as one, perfectly encapsulates an important dimension of commemorations and other types of “memory work.” As Gillis points out, “Commemorative activity is by definition social and political, for it involves the coordination of individual and group memories, whose results may appear consensual when they are in fact the product of processes of intense contest, struggle, and, in some instances, annihilation” (Gillis 1994:5). Myerhoff eloquently describes the process of re-membering as a “special type of recollection” that calls attention “to the reaggregation of members” (Myerhoff 1982:111):
Re-membering, then, is a purposive, significant unification, quite different from the passive, continuous fragmentary flickerings of images and feelings that accompany other activities in the normal flow of consciousness. The focused unification provided by Re-membering is requisite to sense and ordering. A life is given a shape that extends back into the past and forward into the future. It becomes a tidy edited tale. Completeness is sacrificed for moral and aesthetic purposes. Here history may approach art and ritual. The same impulse for order informs them all. Perhaps this is why Mnemosne, the goddess of Memory among the Greeks, is the mother of the muses. Without Re-membering we lose our histories and our selves. Time is erosion, then, rather than accumulation.

For Sam and the other committee members, hoʻokuʻikahi represented this type of memory work. Recall Sam's UH talk that I opened with; in his “masculine call” he warned that the members of the current generation must renew themselves lest the Lord Makani blows away their memory, leaving them with nothing, not even the song that the navigator sings as his path behind him disappears in the waves of time (cf. Diaz and Kauanui’s quote on p.22). Re-membering the moʻolelo of Puʻukoholā would involve the re-unification of elements of Hawaiian culture and society that had been dis-membered. This involved healing the divisions and animosities between the descendants of Kamehameha and those of Keōakūʻahuʻula; unifying Kanaka Maoli searching for cultural identity, spiritual guidance, and political sovereignty; and reconnecting with other Polynesian and indigenous peoples whose histories we shared.

Importantly, this would require authentic cultural practices and rituals, which meant that they were not doing it as a pageant or tourist-oriented (read inauthentic) performance that had become the norm. John Lake related, “when I first started out, in our discussions...we had this conflict...was it meant to be a pageant or not? And it was
never meant to be a pageant, but we had to rehearse things, because people didn’t know how to hold a damn spear in the first place” (Lake 2003). As I mentioned already, Sam was not in the business of making an Aloha Week court more authentic; he was there to get rid of it.

Much of the impetus for this re-membering of an authentic identity came from a very profound sense that most Hawaiians had indeed forgotten what it meant to be Hawaiian, especially people in Sam’s generation who had grown up during the Territorial and early statehood period of forced cultural amnesia. Individuals like Sam and John Lake were exceptional in that certain traditions were indeed maintained in the home; for most others, the colonizing drive to be American maligned Hawaiian traditions as backward, heathen, and wholly negative unless performed for tourists or confined to parades.

This sense of a lost cultural identity was further reinforced by comparisons with other Oceanic peoples whose culture seemed to be more “intact.” John Lake recalls that when the Festival of Pacific Arts (then called the South Pacific Arts Festival) was first held in 1972, the organizers did not invite the Hawaiian people because “they were already known as ‘they had lost their culture,’ that the Hawaiians didn’t exist” (Lake 2003). Yet as of the cultural revitalization popularly known as the “Hawaiian renaissance” (Kanahele 1982) flourished over the next few years, especially with the construction and successful sailing of the double-hulled voyaging canoe Hōkūle‘a to Tahiti (Finney 1979), organizers of the next Festival in Aotearoa/New Zealand (1976) extended the invitation to Hawai‘i. Lake, who at the time was on the State Foundation on Culture and the Arts, chaired the committee that selected and sent the first contingent. Because the Hawaiian contingent was comprised primarily of women (who Lake said were the main ones carrying out the arts at that time), certain Māori groups became
offended since only men were allowed to speak on their marae (ceremonial meeting places). At other festivals, such as the one that Sam mentioned in his UH talk, the inability of most Hawaiians to speak their language coupled with their hotel-style aloha shirts, slacks, and ‘ukulele proved to be a source of chagrin as the extent of their Westernization was brought into high relief. Moreover, when Māori delegations came to Hawai‘i, they often asked, “Where are your meeting places? What do you do with them? Where are your men?” (Lake 2003). Sam remembered that when Tūhoe leader John Rangihau came to Hawai‘i, he asked Sam:

“What do your Hawaiian men do on their maraes? What do Hawaiian women do?” He said, “I see you grow a lot of...weeds. But if you do not know, I, your Māori brother, will show you, if you are that empty. But if you are challenged, then invite me, I want to see (Ka‘ai 2002).

Thus, in addition to the renewed focus on revitalizing traditional practices, this commemoration was also meant to respond to the questions of the Māori cousins, to reclaim a place for Kānaka Maoli to congregate, to come together, and to ho‘oku‘ikahi. John Lake explained that “in the 19th century, the churches took the place of the heiau; they became the meeting place” (Lake 2003). For the organizers of the Ho‘oku‘ikahi though, the ceremonies were meant to reclaim the heiau as the meeting place for the people, a site in which authentic rituals and cultural practices would ground and support political and social endeavors. By rededicating Pu‘ukoholā, the committee intended to bring new life to the heiau, which in turn would bring new life to the people.

Thus Sam took his message of critical re-membering to the Hawaiian community in meetings and presentations such as the one I opened the chapter with. The event was to “commemorate in an authentic Hawaiian manner” the 1791 event, but also to “unite in harmony...all Hawaiians” and to “heal...the bitterness, grievance, and enmity of the past
Representatives from the Keōakū‘ahu‘ula lineage would travel on the Hōkūle‘a to retrace the Ka‘ū chief’s voyage and end at Pu‘ukoholā where the descendants of Kamehameha and his chiefs would greet their cousins with aloha, conduct a special ‘awa ceremony, and then end in the afternoon with a public event that would include the presentation of ho‘okupu brought in by the various organizations. The organizers made a special effort to dissociate the heiau and its akua with its common characterizations of “Kamehameha’s war temple” and “god of war.” They argued that such a reading is wrong for it only examines one element in what is a larger project of governance, industry, and uprightness, which Kū represents in his multiple facets. Instead, Pu‘ukoholā was to be a temple of state for those seeking a new Hawaiian nation, and by petitioning the heavens where unification was accomplished, Hawaiians will once again unite and erect the lāhui.

Historian Fred Kalani Meinecke combed the archives and historical accounts and turned up nine different versions of what happened on that day in 1791. John Lake organized Nā Wa’a Lalani Kāhuna (chanters and ceremonial attendants) and researched the protocols and ritual practices appropriate to the event. Parley Kanaka’ole, a descendant of the kahuna from that heiau, took on the role of kahuna nui. Others like Hale Makua became advisors for Keōakū‘ahu‘ula Gora and Keali‘i Gora, the descendants of the Ka‘ū chief that would represent their families. William ‘Ākau, a descendant of Kamehameha, was one of a number of individuals whose lineage qualified him to form an Aloali‘i (chiefly entourage) that would meet the Aloali‘i of Keōakū‘ahu‘ula. The Kahaiali‘i family of Maui (Thelma Ka‘awaloa, sister Ulu and brother Manu) were actively involved in the production of the kāhili, ‘ahu‘ula (feather cloaks), and mahiole (helmets). Their family had an even greater claim to the heiau as descendants of the Lono clan that were keepers of the heiau since the 15th century (Ka‘ai
Representatives from the Park and the civic clubs such as Rose Fujimori, Daniel Kawai‘ae‘a, Lorna Akima, Jerry Shimoda, Elaine Flores, and others helped to organize logistics and gather support from the Hawai‘i island communities. Countless individuals from the community volunteered their time and energies for nearly two years to help with the manufacture of the garb, weapons, and implements that would be utilized at the event. A select crew trained in the practices and rules of conducting an ‘awa ceremony that would bind the participants together as they shared the sacred drink. Over 750 special invitations went out to Hawaiian organizations and various Polynesian and indigenous nations.

Yet tensions developed as older forms of remembrance and commemoration, which associated the past with the dead, conflicted with the newer forms of practice and ritual that sought to bring new life and energy to the culture. A number of elders in the Hawaiian community chastised the committee and said they did not know what they were doing or what they were dealing with and that they should not be going on places like that—the old religion was dead and should be left in the past (Ka‘ai 1999a; Lake 2003). Many Christian Hawaiians were quite resistant to what they saw as the revival of heathen, dark, and primitive customs (Friesen 1992; Ka‘ai 2003).

Another obstacle emanated from the very problem that Sam especially sought to correct—the absence of Hawaiian men. Women were quick to lend their efforts to the production of ti leaf capes, cloaks, and other pieces to be used during the ceremonies. Men on the other hand were hard to come by, especially those that would work with Sam to carve the weapons. Owing to a lack of carvers (as well as institutional barriers to procuring wood in a timely manner) Sam enlisted the work of inmates at Kūlani Prison to help with the carving of spears.
More pressing though was the need for men to stand as Nā Koa, the regiment of forty “courageous ones” and spiritual warriors that would be garbed in malo (loincloth), ʻahu lāʻi (ti leaf cape), kāmaʻa (fiber sandals) and armed with sixteen foot pololū. In seeking to emulate the values of Kamehameha, Sam decided that the first and foremost value was koa—a culturally and spiritually grounded bravery, courage, and warriorhood that had been lost, especially among Hawaiian men. Sam explained that when he put Nā Koa together, “the primer to all of this was ‘A ‘oe maoli? Are you real?’ What have you done to prove you’re real? Will you be disciplined?” (Kaʻai 1999a). Furthermore, he added that Nā Koa was “not about being warlike,” but “being courageous enough to look at your spirit...It’s about spending yourself, and in the spending you know more about yourself, things you already are” (Meyer, et al. 1998). It was also important that these men come from Hawaiʻi island and have some genealogical connection to the place, a further affirmation of authenticity.

Since Puʻukoholā was a luakini poʻokanaka, women were traditionally prohibited from stepping onto such a structure. Thus a gathering on such a site might have appealed to Hawaiian men who felt they no longer have a place of their own as Hawaiian men. However, many Hawaiian men were too embarrassed to put on a malo and display themselves so openly, a testament to the efficacy with which colonization inscribed new regimes of propriety, decorum, and domestication on the body (Stoler 1995). Sam recalled:

I had this kid come up to me—he dives with levis on—big kanaka; he says, “I like one spear, but the heck if I goin get naked fo’ you guys.” We had two years of resistance about the malo (Kaʻai 1999a).

So difficult was it for men to overcome their embodied inhibitions that up until the morning of the ceremonies he only had thirty-nine men.
Despite these various factors, the organizers managed to push through and on Saturday, August 17, 1991, Ho‘oku‘ikahi was held\textsuperscript{32}. At about 9:30 a.m., Keouakū‘ahu‘ula and Keali‘i Gora arrived at Kawaihae on the Hōkūle‘a after completing a five-day journey. A ka‘au of Nā Koa descended from atop the hill and assembled on the beach to greet the Ka‘ū delegation. Nā Wa‘a Lalani Kāhuna chanted various mele of praise as the descendants of the rival chiefs greeted each other in aloha. An ‘awa ceremony honoring the ali‘i, invited guests, Hawaiian societies, state dignitaries, and representatives from Tahiti, Sāmoa, Marquesas, Rapa Nui (Easter Island), and a number of contingents from Aotearoa/New Zealand. Through the sharing of the ‘awa, participants pledged their commitment to unite in peace and to maintain traditions for the next seven generations as individuals chanted, sang, and gave speeches in their native languages.

Following a break in activities, the public ceremonies commenced at about 3:30 in the afternoon. Between 1,000 and 2,500 people in total had gathered for these official ceremonies. Programs were handed out and an emcee narrated some of the historical events that this event was meant to commemorate. Nā Koa took their place as a standing regiment, ready to support the ali‘i and kāhuna of the temple. The ali‘i took their places below the heiau, and kāhuna assembled at the base of the lele (alter of offering) where the ho‘okupu (gifts, tributes) would be given. An image of Kūkā‘ilimoku was posted, along with black and white kāhili kapu; pūlo‘ulo‘u (kapu sticks) accompanied the image of Kūnuiākea from the heiau, and the kāhuna began to conduct the ceremonies. At the lele, the representatives of Kamehameha’s lineage returned the cloak of Keouakū‘ahu‘ula to his descendants in a symbolic gesture of reunification. Thereafter followed the presentation of ho‘okupu, ‘ālana, and prescribed mōhai (ceremonial offerings, sacrifices) in counts of forty. These included dances, chants, taro, sweet potatoes, bananas, sugar
cane, fish, ‘awa, and others. International delegations also presented gifts and gave speeches, perhaps most dramatic were those of the Māori. The ceremonies ended at about 7:00 pm with chanting and the sound of Sam’s pū. By all accounts, the event was a success and marked an important new beginning in spiritual growth for the Hawaiian people.

Figure 16. Illustration of Sam Kaha‘i Ka‘ai and Nā Koa at 1991 Hoʻokuʻikahi. From Puʻukoholā Calendar. Courtesy of Elama Farm.
Conclusion: living histories re-membered

Steve Friesen, a professor of Religious Studies at the University of Missouri, Columbia, attended Ho‘oku‘ikahi in 1991 while a visiting researcher at the East-West Center’s Institute of Culture and Communication in Honolulu. In an insightful conference paper, Friesen (1992) describes the parameters of change and contexts for negotiation that framed the event and created various problematics and possibilities of transformation. He notes that the event "included overt attempts to change contemporary understandings of the narratives about 1791," most prominent of which was the role of Keōakū‘ahu‘ula (1992:12). As Sam related to me, Kalani Meinecke, who is from Ka‘ū, reviewed nine different accounts of the event, and in order to truly bring together the
people in ho'oku'ikahi, a story that held both ali‘i in esteem was required. Though the stories of Desha and Poepoe certainly work to exonerate Kamehameha from charges of treachery and deceit, they do little to provide a more positive interpretation for Keōuakū‘ahu‘ula’s choice to come to Kawaihae (death by prayer is not exactly a noble ending). Thus in retelling the mo‘olelo at Ho‘oku‘ikahi, organizers spoke of Keōuakū‘ahu‘ula’s act as one of self-sacrifice in order to spare the lives of his people and ensure that his region survive (Friesen 1992:13).

Another site for reinterpretation was Keōuakū‘ahu‘ula’s action of cutting of the head of his penis, which Kamakau writes “‘O ka make ia a Oli” (It is the death of Uli). A footnote by the editors of the English translation says that this referred to the practice of a sorcerer using the body part to pray to death the victim’s killers (Kamakau 1992:156, fn*). This has been read as a final act of defiance that made him an imperfect sacrifice (Meyer et al. 1998). Friesen writes that Sam offered him a different reading, “By submitting to the will of the akua (god) through great pain and humiliation, Keoua bound himself eternally to Kamehameha as his messenger to heaven...who would make petitions on his behalf”; thus, Friesen argues, Keōuakū‘ahu‘ula becomes “a cultural model for self-sacrifice” (Friesen 1992:13). Such historical reinterpretations provide a model of increased cooperation among descendants who, as I have argued throughout this chapter, actively form their identities through understandings and interactions with their past.

It is important to remember though that such an exercise is always constrained by the larger social, political, and economic conditions that frame these activities. As Friesen notes, the heiau’s designation as a National Park precluded organizers from officially billing the activity as “religious” or “spiritual” lest they be charged with “illegally establishing a religion”; thus Ho‘oku‘ikahi was billed as a “cultural festival.”
As I explained earlier, the harshest criticisms came from the devoutly Christian sectors of the Hawaiian community, those that only accepted presentations of the “old ways” in pageants, parades, and shows that were qualitatively not real. One must also remember the longer history of pageants and festivals that preceded Hoʻokuʻikahi, celebrations that reified the definition of the site as a memorial and not as site of living culture or history. Thus it should come as no surprise that efforts to conduct “real” and “authentic” ceremonies and rituals were constantly frustrated by others’ interpretations and perceptions of what was and what should have been taking place there. This speaks to the nature of any site of public culture, for as White explains “conflicts over public memory...reflect ambiguities in the means and modes of historical representation in public spaces, especially national institutions marked as sites of official culture” (White 1997:8). Thus at the end of the event, a Hawaiian man nervously came to what he thought would be a religious ceremony, went up to Sam with a smile and laughed, “Why didn’t you say it was a pageant?” Sam almost said to him, “If that was a pageant, we should have sacrificed you!!” Yet he realized that “they grew up with that, an antiseptic separation from their spiritual beliefs” (Ka‘ai 2003).

In light of the foregoing discussion of antiseptic separations and sliced-off penis heads, I would like to conclude with a central point of this dissertation—how does one remember a sense of Hawaiian manhood that was quite violently dis-membered? In Friesen’s discussions with the organizers, gender issues surfaced often. He notes that “In general, there was agreement that male aspects of Hawaiian culture had not been maintained as they should have been,” and that this was one of the motivating factors that led to the formation of Nā Koa (Friesen 1992:23). He also heard the various statements that ranged from “women have done a good job of transmitting the culture and the men now need to do their part” to “in the absence of male leadership, Hawaiian women have
become too assertive” and “men now need to take their rightful place” (pp.23-24). In the preparing for the ceremonies, women played an important and enthusiastic role in producing the capes and cloaks to be used; in contrast, men were hard to come by when carvers and Nā Koa were needed (p.24). During the actual ceremonies though, women generally played a secondary role. In his opinion, “there was a subtle suggestion in the official discourse that was critical of public activities by women”; this was evidenced by what he saw as a negative evaluation of Ka‘ahumanu, the daughter of Ke‘eaumoku (who is credited with killing Keouakū‘ahu‘ula) and the wife of Kamehameha who played an important role in dismantling the ‘aikapu religio-political system of separate eating after Kamehameha passed away (p.25).

Many observers noted the prominence of men and masculinity on the heiau, especially as displayed by Nā Koa. Newspapers commented on “the impressive sight of na koa, a company of warriors, in ti-leaf capes and bearing pololu” who “stood at attention for during the ceremony and at times chanted praises to the two chiefs” (Ward 1991). One reporter posited, “the observance sparked renewed interest in traditional Hawaiian male activities and games” and noted the performance of “warrior hula” (Conrow 1991b).

Indeed, many of the men who participated as Nā Koa give testimony to their own personal transformations. Sam Ka‘ai related:

After the ceremonies finished, within two weeks we had guys walking into banks with malo and t-shirt! You understand that transformation? Nā Koa literally means “courageous.” Yeah it means soldier too, but it means courageous. That’s why we laugh when these guys come up to us and say “My malo stayed on!” Cause for most of these guys, they always wonder, “Will this damn thing stay on? Will I embarrass myself?” (Ka‘ai 1999a).
John Roberts, a member of the original group, testified:

Part of the mission of Nā Koa was, ah, the vision to preserve our culture. And, as a Nā Koa, every one of the members has committed to preserve it for seven generations. Might not be in our lifetime, but it’s gonna carry on by teaching our family, and our friends, about the culture and also the history of the heiau that, ah, we protect. And I’m very strong into the culture now, and I’m very proud that I’m Hawaiian (Meyer, et al. 1998).

Another member of the original unit was Arthur Kepo’o, who asserted:

All what we did at dat particular time, it is not like any pageantry dat you can Aloha Week. It signifies that whatever took place 100 years ago, 200 years ago, we are sort of saying that this is us. This is how we were a long time ago (Meyer, et al. 1998).

As I have argued, all narratives of the past, whether recalled events or academic histories, actively create the present through their retellings. This quality imbues history with its dual potential as a technology of oppression and resistance. Colonial discourse in Hawai‘i worked incessantly to degrade the Kanaka Maoli past and as one “steeped in barbarism,” whose 18th century race was comparable to Europe’s prehistory and whose “degenerate offspring” of the 20th century lacked even “one hundredth of the manhood possessed” by Kamehameha, the “heroic savage” whose story was best heard by men of a different race who would benefit from it (see Gowen above). Kānaka ‘Ōiwi in the Territorial period clearly recognized the threats to their continued existence, but they found strength, courage, hope, and guidance in their mo‘olelo.

Over the years, stories of warriorhood and chiefly courage were nostalgically recreated in parades, pageants, and tourist shows. As I have argued in this chapter and the last, the discourse of tourism (and militarism) worked to domesticate and feminize the
islands and the people. The modalities of historical and cultural representation that the pageants and parades utilized were the same ones used in the tourist industry: bodily performances of a romantic past that featured the woman, whether it be in the form of the “hula maiden” dancing in Waikīkī or the “island princesses” riding on floats (Desmond 1999; Stillman 1994). Yet as “plastic” as these spaces may have been, they nevertheless provided a “safe” place to congregate and recall the moʻolelo kahiko (old stories) during a time when the sovereignty, land base, cultural archive, and histories were being systematically dismembered in the name of Americanization.

I have argued that identity formation through historical discourse depends upon not only which histories are re-membered, but how and in what contexts these processes take place. In specific, I argue that a number of oppositions are made by the men when differentiating between older forms of pageantry and newer forms of practice. Generally speaking, the pageants are seen as being inauthentic, fake, Western, performed for tourists or for money, and feminine. Participants describe the rituals and practices of Nā Koa as authentic, strong, real, Hawaiian, done for oneself/family and culture, and masculine. I will explore this dynamic in the next chapter as I discuss the emergence of Nā Koa on Maui, and trace its shift into the Hale Mua. I would end here by arguing that the gendered dynamics of becoming Nā Koa and reclaiming a Hawaiian identity at Puʻukoholā speak to the larger interconnections between culture and gender in the Hawaiian movements today, dynamics that have important implications for the possibilities and impossibilities of true hoʻokuʻikahi.
ENDNOTES

1 The collection by Hanlon and White (2000) contains some of the key statements made by theorists on the "invention of tradition" and kastom during early and mid-1990s.

2 Admittedly a Hawai‘i and even University of Hawai‘i (if only through publication) centric sampling, recent works include Hereniko and Wesley-Smith, eds. (2003), Diaz and Kauanui, eds. (2001b), Borofsky, ed. (2000b), Hanlon and White, eds. (2000), and Hereniko and Wilson, eds. (1999).

3 Ka Na‘i Aupuni, November 27, 1905. The Hawaiian text and some of the translation is taken from Edith McKinzie’s M.A. thesis on Poepoe’s narrative, which includes a translation of the first few installments, and the appendix, which is a typescript of the entire serial in Hawaiian (Poepoe and McKinzie 1982:3-4). As McKinzie notes that, “Poepoe was a language expert. His sophisticated use of Hawaiian language, idiom, and analogy often led to a need for outside assistance….A smooth English translation, accomplished by using an idea for idea procedure, would provide optimum access to those people who seek the details contained in Poepoe’s work, and this accessibility is the first focus of this paper. A more literal translation which would produce somewhat stilted readability in English would allow those students of language and culture the insight provided by maintaining the Hawaiian thought process and sentence pattern.” It is the latter that I am after, though I do rely on McKinzie’s translation as a base and from there I compare it to the Hawaiian language text and translate more literally where I see it is important to keep the original structure, phrasing, and multiple meanings of words (cf. McKinzie 1982:20).

4 Ka Na‘i Aupuni, November 28, 1905 (Poepoe and McKinzie 1982:6-7); Compare translation with McKinzie (1982:23).

5 Following Peleiohōlani and Poepoe, Desha interprets Pu‘ukohola as “desire (pu‘u) in the lagoon (kohola).” Since kohola does not take a kahakō (macron) on the last “a”, when I talk about Poepoe’s or Desha’s use of the term I spell the of the heiau without that kahakō.

6 The most widely cited and accepted accounts of Kamehameha’s consecration of Pu‘ukoholā come from two main sources: the writings of historian and legislator Samuel Mānaiakalani Kamakau, who wrote in the Hawaiian language newspapers Kuokoa and Ke Au Okoa during the 1860s, and Swedish-born Judge Abraham Fornander’s 1880 publication on the “ancient history of the Hawaiian people,” the second of three volumes in his An Account of the Polynesian Race. Kamakau based his mo‘olelo on oral traditions and interviews with people who were alive at the time; his work was translated and
printed in 1961, with a revised edition appearing in 1992 and a compilation of the newspaper serial with modern Hawaiian orthography added published in 1996. Fornander’s account (Fornander and Grant 1996:239-240, 326-335) follows Kamakau but also incorporates viewpoints from an unpublished discussion by noted Kanaka scholar David Malo and the historical narratives of missionary Sheldon Dibble (1843) and newspaper publisher James Jackson Jarves (1843).

Subsequent interpretations of Pu‘ukoholā (and indeed most of Kamehameha’s life) have generally derived from and/or been in conversation with these two works, all to the neglect (until recently) of Peleiohōlani, Poepeo, and Desha. Two prime examples are Kuykendall (1938, Vol 1:37-38) and Daws (1974:36-37). Kelly (1974:7) documents new oral historical accounts, and Greene (1993, chapter 7, B.1 online) draws upon an impressive array of sources, but neither diverge greatly from Kamakau and Fornander. For more on Kamakau, see Kame‘eleihiwa’s introduction to the 1992 revised edition of Ruling Chiefs, Chun’s (1993:iii-v), Thrum (1918), and a biography by Puakea Nogelmeier in Hawaiian in Ke Kumu Aupuni (Kamakau 1996:xxii-xxiv). For more on Fornander, see Glen Grant’s introduction to the 1996 reprint (ix-xviii) and Chapin’s discussion of his personal biography and his politics in the newspapers (1996:48-52).

7 See Pukui, Elbert, and Mookini (1974:38, 139, 199-200) for their definitions of the names as I have used them this section. They appear to be ignorant or at the very least neglectful of the alternate interpretations of Peleiohōlani, Poepeo, and Desha.

8 Marion Kelly relates an oral tradition shared by E. Laau and W. Akau that gives an alternative account of how Keouaku‘ahu‘ula was killed and how Pelekane got its name: “Keoua is said to have been shot and killed by John Young and Isaac Davis who stood a short distance back from the water’s edge below Mailekini Heiau...This area now is known as Pelekani[sic], meaning Britain or British, because of Young and Davis’ action taken there” (Kelly 1974:7, fn.**). This would agree with Kamakau, who says that Keoua caught Ke‘eaumoku’s spear thrust and threw it back, at which point muskets were fired from the shore (though Kamakau does not identify who fired the shots), and Keoua and all the men on the canoe but two were killed (Nupepa Kuokoa May 4, 1867; Kamakau 1992:157; 1996:111-112).


11 Kuokoa May 11, 1867 (Kamakau 1992: 157; 1996:112). In the next sentence Kamakau immediately asserts that the ancient people perhaps did not know that it was Jehovah that united these small polities under one nation and that the kingdom of heaven was coming.

In addition to “hill,” “pu‘u” also means “desire,” in this case a pu‘u for death to consecrate the po‘okanaka. This death would be secured in the “kai kohola,” or the “lagoon waters.” The one to be offered up would be a “kini,” which means “close relative” as well as its conventional meaning of “multitude.” This individual is a “maile,” which is a metaphor for an ali‘i. KNA June 24-25, 1906 (Poepoe and McKinzie 1982:290-292).

The ‘aha‘ula was first pulled taut and fastened between two posts. When an individual or individuals stood below the ‘aha‘ula, a question was posed, and if it dropped or was broke, the answer was yes; if not, it was no. Poepoe is explicit when he states that Kamehameha’s advisors had already predetermined that Keouakfi‘ahu‘ula should die, and thus when they posed the questions to the ‘aha‘ula, they did so through riddling questions that would result in the end they desired, that Kamehameha not be sent to Ka‘u. KNA June 29-30, 1906 (Poepoe and McKinzie 1982:296-299).

Though he does not provide a bibliography or utilizing any sort of citation system, he writes in his forward: “Particular use has been made of Fornander’s “Polynesian Race,” Alexander’s “History of the Hawaiian People,” King Kalakaua’s “Legends and Myths of Hawaii,” and some of the older histories such as those of Jarves and Dibble. The writings of the old missionaries, such as Ellis and Bingham, have also been of great service, and of course, also the Voyages of the great navigators, such as Cook and Vancouver” (Gowen 1919:5). Not surprisingly, the only Hawaiian source is Kalakaua, which is written in English and extensively edited by R. M. Daggett (Kalakaua 1990 [1888]).

Pierce notes the use of the term “Napoleon of the Pacific” in a 1913 pageant depicting the landing of Kamehameha in Waikīkī (Pierce n.d.:22). She also notes that his statue, with its outstretched hand, bears a resemblance to Julius Caesar (Pierce n.d.:34, fn.55).

Though much of the Desha’s narrative of Kamehameha is almost word for word the same as Poepoe, the latter is not acknowledged as having provided the basis for the account, and based on the index of the English translation by Frazier, Poepoe is cited only once throughout the whole narrative (Desha 2000:216). This would at first glance seem to be blatant plagiarism, but it may also raise the question of how knowledge is
treated in a Hawaiian context. That is to say, if knowledge is seen as being collectively owned, then it is not any one individual’s to claim. I do not know what the case may be, but it would make for an interesting study.

To be fair though, Desha does include some different information such as: a discussion (HOH 12/7/22; Desha 1996, Vol 2: 52; 2000:304) of how Kamehameha began to restore Mailekini at first until Hewahewa told him that it was too low and that he should build higher and from the sea will come the blessings (cf. Kinney 1913:45; Thrum 1907:69); the words to two chants (given by Lucy K. Peabody) that Keōuakū‘ahu‘ula uttered when he called out to Kamehameha and an account of Ke‘eaumoku using a lua hold to drown Keōuakū‘ahu‘ula rather than killing him with a spear (HOH 2/1/23; Desha 1996, Vol 2:91-92; 2000:332); a discussion of differing interpretations of how, when, and why Keōuakū‘ahu‘ula’s body was baked, with the assertion that it was done to cleanse and honor rather than defile him (HOH 2/8/23; Desha 1996, Vol 2:95-96; 2000:335); and an new account from Ka‘ū people who say Keōuakū‘ahu‘ula and his general Ka‘ie‘iea bravely warded off the spears that were hurled at them from morning until noon, and Keōuakū‘ahu‘ula was only killed hours later when the warriors on shore began hurling rocks and fatigue set in as he slowed his defense and was fatally struck in the head by a slingstone (HOH 2/155/23; Desha 1996, Vol 2:97-100; 2000:336-338).

23 Hoku o Hawai‘i July 13, 1922. Compare with Desha (1996, Vol 1:355). Though the 1996 reprint of Desha’s Hawaiian text is more accessible, certain words and grammatical conventions were edited and so do not provide the exact text from the newspaper. I thank Puakea Nogelmeier for alerting me to this fact. Thus I quote and translate from the original newspaper installments; dates are provided in Frances Frazier’s English language translation Kamehameha and His Warrior Kekūhaupi‘o (Desha 2000).

24 Compare with Frazier’s translation (Desha 2000:248):

“How remarkable was the fulfillment of the prophecies by these ancient kāhuna of this beloved land of ours. Thus do we think the life of this race shall return as in the famous words of Hewahewa, kahuna nui of Kamehameha, and spoken of by Kamehameha when Pu‘ukoholā [Heiau] was restored: ‘Lift up high the position and face the sea, then from the sea shall come the benefits.’”

Frazier translated “a i kamailio aku ai ia Kamehameha” incorrectly as “and spoken of by Kamehameha”; it should translated “and spoken to Kamehameha.”


Compare with the “OLELO HOAKAKA” (preface) in HOH December 16, 1920, which Frazier translates (Desha 2000:xxvii) but for some reason does not appear in the 1996 reprint of the Hawaiian. On the section quoted here, compare with Frazier’s translation (Desha 2000:312):

“The main idea of the writer of the story of Kekilhaupi’o is the education of this new generation about some things pertaining to the stories of the ali’i and their brave men of those ancient times in order for them to understand this great truth: Hawai’i Nei had very brave ali’i. There were also very brave warriors in his beloved race of whom the Native Hawaiian need not be ashamed. This is in order to give him the idea of the status of his ancestors in those ancient times.”

I have pursued the same translating process with Desha as I have with the previous section of Poepoe. I looked first at Frances Frazier’s translation (Desha 2000) and then referred to the Hawaiian text as it appears in the 1996 reprint with modern orthography added by Lōkahi Antonio (Desha 1996). Frazier’s (2000:xxiii) aim was to “accommodate the modern reader while retaining as much as possible of” Desha’s style, and to that end she was successful. However, this meant that there were “numerous departures from a strictly literal translation of the original Hawaiian text,” such as the division of “lengthy and complex sentences and paragraphs” and the alteration of Desha’s “capitalization, punctuation, and other conventions... to conform with current standards” (xxiii). These elements are precisely what I sought to emulate for the distinctly Hawaiian ways that Desha framed arguments and made commentaries, and so my translations are much more literal. I also provide different and/or multiple glosses for Hawaiian words that Frazier only provides only one for, an element that more accurately reflects the multiple meanings of the words and interpretations that can be taken from them.

A note on the gendering of terms is also in order. In this section, Frazier translates the first instance of “kānaka koa” as “brave men” even though “kānaka” is not inherently gendered and could also be translated as “people.” This is understandable, for “kānaka” sometimes takes on the masculine gender when it is used in relation to ali’i and is understood as “the chiefs’ men.” Also, the bulk of Desha’s narrative focuses on male chiefs and their male warriors, attendants, and servants. Yet Desha is quite explicit about the need to recognize the role of chieffesses and female warriors, as in the Battle of Nu‘uanu (1996, Vol 2:211; 2000:418). Thus I translate the next usage of “kānaka” as the non-gendered “individuals” since Desha is urging his entire readership to be proud of all the chiefs, warriors, and brave people in Hawai‘i’s past. Likewise, I use “him/her” and “his/her” for the non-gendered terms “o ia” and “kona.”
The Pu'ukoholā Heiau National Historic Site website lists as one of its designations "Historical Landmark - 1928." Greene makes no mention of this in her report that is linked to the website. I called the Park office but the individual I spoke to was not able to tell me anything more about this 1928 designation.

See Ralston (Ralston 1993) and Hoskins (Hoskins 2000) for debates in the Māori community around the issue of (silencing) women's voices on the marae.

As I did not participate in the 1991 ceremonies, the following account is based on newspaper articles ("Ceremony" 1991; Conrow 1991a; 1991b; Enomoto 1991; "From the Past" 1991; "Kawaihae ritual" 1991; Ward 1991), interviews (Crabbe 1999; Ka'ai 1999a; 2003; Lake 2003; Nākānelua 1999b; 2002), a documentary on the event written by Meleanna Meyer and John Lake (Meyer, et al. 1998), and an unpublished conference paper by Steve Friesen (1992). I include direct citations only when I use quotes, interpretations, numbers, and other information I feel I need to attribute to a specified source, but I acknowledge my complete reliance on the aforementioned sources as the basis for my own recounting of events. It also goes without saying that any omissions or misquotes are completely my fault.


Hoʻokuʻikahi—to unify as one. That is the goal of the present-day ceremonies held at the heiau of Puʻukoholā, commonly translated as “mound of the whale,” or more literally “whale hill.” The construction of this heiau in 1791 ensured the success of Kamehameha’s campaign to bring all of the island kingdoms under one rule—so said the ancient prophets. The return to this place, now Puʻukoholā Heiau National Historic Site, will bring about a reunification for our people who are struggling to regain and to reclaim what was taken from us through colonialism—say our modern prophets. But much was taken; and many feel that not all (if any) of it will be brought back. Others remain hopeful while others innovate new things instead.
These thoughts meandered through my mind in August 2001 as I stood on the outside corner of ceremonial grounds that had been set aside next to the Park’s visitor center above the heiau. The chill of the early evening hours soothed my partially sunburned shoulders and back, which had been exposed to the elements all day and which was even now only clad in a kīhei and a malo. Earlier we roped off the grassy clearing with sennit cordage that we strung through a dozen or more three-foot high wooden posts with faces carved to resemble some Hawaiian god. We also laid out lauhala mats for the majority of the participants of this final evening ceremony and ‘aha ‘aina (feast) to sit on; for members of the Royal Order of Kamehameha and other distinguished guests, we set up benches. Finally, we split into two groups: one which would serve the ‘awa and the other that would stand as kia‘i outside of the square.

As a kia‘i, I was to maintain the kapu of the ‘awa ceremony by insuring that no one outside the square caused any disturbances and that anyone inside who needed something was attended to. The Aloali‘i, Nā Koa, Nā Wa‘a Lālani, and the malihini (guests) were seated and ready to begin. Our ‘awa crew conducted the chants and ceremonial serving of ‘awa according to a protocol that recognized the malihini and the ali‘i. Tourists, friends, and other onlookers stood outside and watched—some more content to do so than others. Earlier that night a man wearing a black malo tried to enter the ceremony after it had begun. It took a very patient and prepared kia‘i to inform him that it was too late and that he should not make a big deal out of it, though the disgruntled Kanaka lingered on in the bushes.

Action also took place within the parameters of the square. I saw the bizarre spectacle of a koa from one of the Aloali‘i repeatedly hiss at one of our servers who had brought them their ‘awa (one of my fellow kia‘i said that when he heard the noises coming from this man’s mouth, he turned around quickly—not in preparation to fight, but
in readiness to save someone he thought was having a heart attack). Others acted in ways that were much less amusing and closer to a threat. A koa from a different Aloaliʻi continued to point his ihe at the servers (supposedly in protection of his chief) even after the kapu was lifted. Members of our two groups exchanged pointed words; thankfully it ended at that.

There was also much to revel in. During the noa part of the night, groups of men and women performed hula and sang mele. Our group presented a haʻa that was choreographed by our poʻo (head) Kyle Nākānelua for “Nā Hana Nui A Maui” (the great feats of Maui), a mele written and performed by California-based kumu hula Mark Kealiʻi Hoʻomalu. To everyone’s surprise (especially ours) and delight (especially the women’s), Kyle threw off his pāʻū (waist covering) and performed some very sexually provocative dance movements at the end of the haʻa.

The commencement of the ʻaha ʻaina marked the closure of the weekend’s ceremonies and the beginning of a long night of celebrating with a more conventional drink—beer. Spencer Park became “party central” and the sounds of ʻukulele, guitars, and Hawaiian songs filled the air below the heiau. It was my favorite time of the weekend, for it was a time when everyone had gone through the rituals and “gone back to normal.” This “normal,” of course, had reformed because of the time spent together in ritual and practice over the weekend. I also made new friendships with people I had never met before. In the middle of the night, the “hissers” came to join us; he turned out to be one of the kindest and most warm-hearted individuals I had met that weekend.

Transformations such as these occur frequently as a part of the ritual process. In the previous chapter I discussed the larger historical moʻolelo of place that served as the foundation for the 1991 ceremonies. Against the colonial discourses of erasure, death, and emasculation, Kānaka Maoli strove to deploy new discourses of spiritual health,
vibrancy, and strength. In this chapter I discuss theories of ritual and body and the ways in which these frameworks help us to understand the transformations of self and society that are sought at Pu‘ukoholā. I then offer an “autoethnographic” review the history of the Hale Mua as I have experienced it through participation in the group since 1997, as well as a “thick description” (Geertz 1973) of the Pu‘ukoholā ceremonies of 1999. I conclude with a discussion of the various tensions of culture and gender that are produced at the site and that have led to formation of the Hale Mua.

Ritual, body and history in Ho‘oku‘ikahi

As I laid out in the last chapter, Ho‘oku‘ikahi 1991 was a ceremony that among other things meant to “unite in harmony of body, mind, and spirit all Hawaiians” and “to heal now and forever the bitterness, grievance, and enmity of the past 200 years” (Ka‘ai 1991). The organizers of the event were referring not only to the “bad blood” that was created when Keōuakū‘ahu‘ula was killed, but also the colonial dis-memberment of the nation and people that followed. The committee thus thought to re-institute traditional practices and rituals that would bring spiritual renewal to the people, place, and gods.

In thinking about the ritual aspect of the event, it is important to understand the ways in which rituals create a context for ho‘oku‘ikahi—unification in body, mind and spirit. Victor Turner’s work on The Ritual Process (1969) directs our attention to this very dynamic. Starting with Arnold van Gennep’s seminal thoughts in The Rites of Passage (1960 [1908]), Turner notes that van Gennep defines “rites of passage” as “rites which accompany every change of place, state, social position and age” and are comprised of three phases: separation, margin, and aggregation (Turner 1969:94). Focusing primarily on the “liminal” stage (that of “margin,” a transition from one state to another), Turner develops significantly the concepts of liminality and communitas.
When individuals or groups of individuals enter the liminal stage of the ritual process, they take on ambiguous identity, a condition that Turner describes as "neither here nor there...betwixt and between" (p.95). Liminality is often represented through metaphors of death, being in the womb, invisibility and darkness; likewise, liminal entities such as neophytes and initiates are represented as possessing nothing, are indistinguishable from their fellows, and are treated (both symbolically and physically) "as though they are being reduced or ground down to a uniform condition to be fashioned anew and endowed with additional powers to enable them to cope with their new station in life" (p.95).

These individuals develop intense comradeship and egalitarianism as secular distinctions of rank and status disappear (p.95). Turner notes that liminality is:

a 'moment in and out of time,' and in and out of secular social structure, which reveals, however fleetingly, some recognition (in symbol if not always in language) of a generalized social bond that has ceased to be and has simultaneously yet to be fragmented into a multiplicity of structural ties...It is as though there are here two major "models" for human interrelatedness, juxtaposed and alternating. The first is of society as a structured, differentiated, and often hierarchical system of politico-legal-economic positions with many types of evaluation, separating men in terms of "more" or "less". The second, which emerges recognizably in the liminal period, is of society as an unstructured or rudimentarily structured and relatively undifferentiated comitatus, community, or even communion of equal individuals who submit together to the general authority of the ritual elders (p.96).

Turner labels this latter model "communitas" instead of "community" in order to distinguish it as a "modality of social relationship" rather than an "area of common living" (p.96). As individuals relate to one another as "total beings" (as opposed to status...
positions), communitas comes to possess an existential, affect-filled quality that is highly
generative of symbols, metaphors, myths, art, and philosophies (pp.127-8). These
cultural forms provide subjects with “a set of templates or models which are, at one level,
periodical reclassifications of reality and man’s relationship to society, nature, and
culture”, and at another level are multivocal incitements to action and thought (pp.128-
129). Like the liminal phase of the ritual process, situations of liminality and
communitas frequently occur during times of historical and societal change and provide
groups of people—particularly those that are marginalized, oppressed, and structurally
inferior—with an experience of renewal, regeneration, revitalization, and even status
elevation and reversal, that enables them to return to society more fully capable of
participation in its structure (pp.128-133). Turner argues that social life is a type of
dialectical process “that involves successive experience of high and low, communitas and
structure, homogeneity and differentiation, equality and inequality,” and that in the
process, the opposites “constitute one another and are mutually indispensable” (p.97). He
asserts that no society can function adequately without the dialectic of communitas and
structure, despite the frequent longings of liminal subjects to maintain communitas in
more permanent forms (p.129). The close connection between structure and property,
which is frequently the source of status-related inequalities that lead to yearnings for
communitas, precludes the possibility of maintaining communitas when the material and
organizational needs of humans are to be met; thus communitas (the anti-structure) must
by definition give way to structure for society to proceed (p.129). In the end, both are
essential in the constitution of the “human condition” (p.130).

Ho’oku‘ikahi at Pu‘ukoholā provided a symbolically rich and historically deep
site for the ritual production of liminality and communitas. The event produced an “anti-
structure” (in Turner’s words) to the dominant American, neo-colonial, late-capitalist
society of Hawai'i. By re-instituting an indigenous religio-political order that was controlled by the ritual experts and elders, participants who became Nā Koa, Nā Wa’a Lālani (chanters, priests), and Nā Aloali’i (members of the chiefly entourages) took on new identities, statuses, and roles. The fact that roles were indeed created and a new structure implemented suggests that the situations of liminality and communitas created there were inherently hybrid (i.e., contained elements of structure and anti-structure), which Turner himself acknowledges is often the case (1969:127). The key to remember is that in counterpoising the dominant American structure with a Hawaiian one, and doing so in order that participants would be renewed, revitalized, and reunited upon their return to their regular lives, the ceremonies at Pu’ukoholā functioned along many of the fundamental lines laid out by Turner. A deep communion was forged between groups who participated, a mode of social relation made possible by seeing others not according to their jobs or status outside of the ceremonies but as fellow Hawaiians coming together to unite (cf. Schwalbe 1996; 1998). These dynamics will become more clear in discussions on the Hale Mua below, but for now I would point out that these processes are operative in the rituals that were enacted at Pu’ukoholā.

Within these rituals, bodily experience, action, and movement also played a fundamental role in the creation of new subjectivities of culture and gender. This speaks to the “body-reflexive” nature of gender and identity practices that I described in chapter two; in this construct, bodies are “both objects and agents of practice, and the practice itself forming the structures within which bodies are appropriated and defined” (Connell 1995:61). In the ritual process, liminal persons must often dress in little or no clothes, maintain silence, withdraw from sexual activities, undergo physical ordeals and humiliation, and submit to the authority of the community (Turner 1969:102-103). This renders the initiate a “tabula rasa, a blank slate, on which is inscribed the knowledge and
wisdom of the group, in those respects that pertain to the new status" (p.103). In addition to inculcating the specific values, norms, attitudes, sentiments, and beliefs of the community, the "pedagogics of liminality" also works to condemn two kinds of separation from the generic bond of communitas: those derived from "rights" conferred by one's office in the social structure, and those based on psychobiological urges at the expense of others (p.105).

There is also at work here a pedagogics of the body, for as Farnell reminds us, "dynamically embodied signifying acts," such as those found in rituals, ceremonies, sports, military, dance, martial arts, and fighting, "generate an enormous variety of forms of embodied knowledge" that are "constitutive of human subjectivity and intersubjective domains" (1999:343). On the level of epistemology, theories of Hawaiian knowledge locate the processes of empirical validation in bodily experience; similarly, pedagogical styles emphasize emulation and mimicking rather than verbal instruction (Meyer 2001).

These values are taught and reaffirmed in numerous ways, among them the use of 'ōlelo no'eau (proverbs) such as "pa'a ka waha, hana ka lima" (shut the mouth, keep the hands busy) and "ma ka hana ka 'ike" (in working/doing one learns) (Pukui 1983:281, 227).

Also relevant are 'Oiwi understandings of the self—such as the na'au (the intestines) as the seat of knowledge, emotion, and wisdom. Meyer (2001:142) explains:

Knowledge is not carved from anger or joy. Knowing something is feeling something, and it is at the core of our embodied knowledge system. Knowing something, however, is metaphorically housed in our stomach region because that is also the site of our emotions, our wisdom, as if knowledge also shapes how we emote. Perhaps then, feelings precede emotions, then wisdom develops (emphasis in original).
At Ho'oku'ikahi, the pedagogics of liminality and the body challenged Nā Koa to overcome bodily inhibitions and don malo, stand in formation for hours, wield sixteen foot wooden battle pikes, and take on the collective identity of the “brown cloud,” a collective unit of indiscernible individuals who all embodied and performed an aggressive posturing of cultural identity (Friesen 1992:26).

The bodily experience became even more important in light of the fact that most of the individuals on the heiau did not speak Hawaiian, the language in which the rituals were conducted. Linguistic discourse became a barrier for many to overcome, and it highlighted the novices’ ignorance of cultural practices (and their liminal situation). Participants who did not understand the verbal articulations had to rely on their feelings and other sensory perceptions in order to more fully understand the rituals. Here the emotive quality of the oli (chant) played a key role in the creation of meaning. Though many people had been accustomed to oli in hula performances, this was the first time that they had seen and heard them performed in actual ceremonies. The oli moved the participants at a very deep level; even if the thoughts were not understood, the sentiments were. Meyer et al. (1998) described, “As participants and invited guests assemble, they are greeted with chants in our ancestral tongue, ka ʻōlelo kupuna, which speaks to our entwined emotions, to our naʻau, our shared feelings.” Newspaper coverage, such as an article written by Enomoto (1991), also highlighted the affect-filled testimonies of those present. Katherine Domingo, a former park ranger and volunteer maker of Nā Koa’s ti-leaf capes, expressed “ʻOluʻolu, I feel happy inside.” Hale Makua, an elder and spiritual advisor for the event, said, “I feel more than healed—more truth. You can’t explain, you just know.” Finally, William Akau, the representative of Kamehameha’s lineage, revealed:
I cried because, during the chant as the Hokule'a approached, it was a special moment. It comes from inside, a feeling of love and appreciation in doing this. Peace and understanding are with na koa and aloali'i (Enomoto 1991).

Attention to the role of oli as a form of embodied action and mediator of bodily experiences, especially those of emotion, helps us to understand the ways in which “dynamically embodied signifying acts (including spoken language) in symbolically rich spaces are the dialogical, intersubjective means by which persons, social institutions, and cultural knowledge are socially constructed, historically transmitted, and revised and so are constitutive of culture and self” (Farnell 1999:344).

Upon their return to society, the participants were renewed and imbued with a new sense of Hawaiian identity. As Sam related in the last chapter, two weeks after the event men were walking into banks with t-shirts and malo. On one level, this may be read as an individual’s effort to “live” and represent their Hawaiian identity in their daily life and enact resistance to colonial American society by disturbing normative rules of dress and decorum in the most highly regulated and formalized institutions of capitalist activity. As Merry (2000:221-231) lays out, colonization in Hawai'i, as elsewhere, has historically operated in very intimate ways through the control, management and refashioning of the Hawaiian body and sexuality (See also Stoler 2002). To flaunt these rules is to directly challenge the raced, classed, and gendered colonial order of things.

Yet the “in-betweenness” and hybridity of the t-shirt/malo combination may also mark an unwillingness to give up the deep and pleasurable experiences of liminality and communitas and thus a corollary attempt to recreate them in bodily rituals of dress and action. This highlights the ambiguities and contradictions of a ritual process that returns one to a still colonized social order. In the Hale Mua, men describe people who have a difficult time getting back into their regular routine after Pu'ukoholā as “burning-up on
re-entry.” This astronomic metaphor is also applied more generally to those who had lived a predominantly Euro-American lifestyle (often on the U.S. continent for some duration of time) and when they later returned to the culture and land of Hawai‘i, they became overwhelmed emotionally and spiritually by the experience of reconnection and were subsequently incapacitated as they questioned their whole way of life. Like a shuttle returning to earth from its voyage to other realms and the darkness of the unknown (in Hawaiian, the po), the drastic spatial and temporal transition from one realm into another poses a threat to the very constitution of one’s being. Men may experience “structural damage” and be unable to cope with their normal lives and instead constantly long for a return to Pu‘ukohola and/or the “old ways” and the fellowship they experienced there. Yet as Turner argues, the experiences of liminality and communitas must give way to structure and must not be prolonged lest they subvert the very purposes they were created for—to renew, regenerate, and revitalize individuals who will be more fully capable of participation in societal structures. I explore the implications for this dynamic below, for it is one of the reasons that the Hale Mua was created on Maui. The point to note here is that the agency and role of the body in liminal rituals and experience, which may be called “embodied liminality,” provides men with a modality of action that is both potentially transformative and dangerous on multiple levels of the self and society.

These acts of embodied liminality also worked to reclaim a sense of authenticity for Hawaiians and the Hawaiian body. Following Terrence Turner (1994), Farnell (1999:347) urges us to recognize “the appropriation of all aspects of bodiliness in the production of personal and social identity within the culture of contemporary late-capitalism.” In Hawai‘i, the apparatus of global tourism has most visibly appropriated the Hawaiian body as a commodity (Trask 1993b). Desmond argues that a “physical
foundationalism” operates in touristic discourse and posits the body as “that which is really ‘real,’ a repository of truth” through bodily performances (1999:xiv). She notes that “bodies function as the material signs for categories of social difference, including divisions of gender, race, cultural identity and species” (p.xiv). Bodily performances serve as the final authenticator of the commodity of “difference,” and thus the industry highlights the “centrality of the performing body, binding notions of ‘factivit’ presence, naturalism, and authenticity together under the sign of spectator corporeality” (p.xv).

As I mentioned in chapter 3, the sexualized hula maiden and the feminized, subservient native boy are the dominant images through which Hawai‘i is marketed internationally. Many Kānaka `ōiwi view these images as gross misrepresentations of real Hawaiians; yet at the same time, many others have internalized these images and seek to embody these representations in their quests to achieve beauty. The most important part to realize is that despite the visibility of (almost naked) Hawaiian bodies in these advertisements, Hawaiians do not control these images. The embodied liminality performed on Pu‘ukoholā heiau can thus also be seen as a concerted effort on the part of Hawaiians to control their own images and bodies—and thus reclaim authentic ones—by separating from and contesting the dominant touristic images. Ho‘oku‘ikahi created a ritualized liminal space betwixt and between that of the neo-colonial modern Hawai‘i and that of the precolonial past, and it was there in the interstices of structure that new identities were forged. It was also a site in which Hawaiians could embody traditions and practices that had once been foreign to them and that they (usually) would not do outside of the contexts created by such rituals, such as wearing a malo or carrying a spear.

Yet as I mentioned in chapter 4, the romanticized images have become so normalized and domesticated through Aloha Week pageants and other “local” (though not entirely) productions of the past that efforts to contest the dominant are quickly
understood within those very frames. This became apparent when one observer told Sam
"Why didn’t you tell me it was a pageant?" This cognitive confusion comes from the fact
that visible bodily performance is the hallmark of touristic productions, historical
pageants, and indigenous cultural practices. This reiterates a point in chapter 3: the need
to recognize and engage in the situatedness and hybridity that is a fundamental condition
of any activity, whether it be “hegemonic” or “counter-hegemonic.”

At Ho’oku’ikahi, old/new modes of being and acting were developed and
practiced. Ho’oku’ikahi 1991 at Pu’ukoholā represented not only a rededication of the
temple of state and the histories and traditions inscribed there, but also a ritual refiguring
and re-membering of the bodies that were present. The body is often described as one’s
“temple,” the site of daily rituals of maintenance, worship, and repentance. It has also
come to be the primary signifier and definer of sexualized gender identities in modern
society. Thus Pu’ukoholā also became a ceremonial ground for the ritual installation of
what many men saw as a new model for a positive masculine cultural identity—Nā Koa.
In liminality, the men experienced and practiced alternatively situated modes of being
and acting that were also inherently hybrid. Nā Koa presented a tough, aggressive, and
proud image of “regular guys” exhibiting bravery by overcoming personal fears and
standing up, ready to defend their culture. Their embodied liminality worked on multiple
levels to reform their subjectivities and enable them to be more visibly active men in a
changing Hawaiian society.

As I mentioned at the end of the previous chapter, Pu’ukoholā in general, and Nā
Koa especially, produced a new modality of re-membering Hawaiian history and identity.
When contrasted with older forms of commemoration and pageantry at the site, the newer
ways of re-membering identity produced binary oppositions of authentic/inauthentic,
real/fake, strong/weak, serious/playful, Hawaiian/Western, for tourists/for community,
for monetary profit/ for spiritual growth, and (most relevant for the next two chapters) feminine/masculine. As I show in this chapter, much of that history and memory work was carried out in numerous ways through embodied actions. As Farnell reminds us, the past remains with us “not only in words but also in our neuromuscular patterning and kinaesthetic memories—the way in which specific experiences and concepts of time/space are built into our bodily modus operandi” (1999:353). Combining the (corpo)reality of embodied experience with the multiple significations inscribed on the marked bodies, ritual practices created a distinctly different way of knowing and living a historically contextualized cultural identity. Such was the case when I became a part of the group.

**Enter Nā Koa**

Sometime in the end of 1997, my mother, a deputy prosecutor for Maui County, told me that Rick Bissen, the chief prosecutor of Maui, wanted to talk to me about joining Nā Koa. She asked me if I had ever heard of the group, and I told her that I knew of them as the lua group I had seen a video on AKAKU cable access that showcased them welcoming the Hōkūleʻa voyaging canoe in Hāna. I had heard of lua in high school, and all I could think about was the excitement of learning this secret art. My grandmother reminded me that Rick’s mother’s family is the Nākoa ʻOhana from Piʻihana (where she grew up and her sister and brother still lived) and that our families are both buried at the Mahalani Cemetery that my great-grandfather established there. These signs all told me that I was meant to be in Nā Koa.
When I met with Rick the next day in his office, he explained to me what Nā Koa was, at least to him. He described the group as men and (at the time) one woman who met to work out and train the body in martial practices that included but were not limited to lua, and to learn and perpetuate the Hawaiian culture. He also told me about his first experience in a ceremony as a koa, which he repeated to me when I interviewed him in 2002:

If you’d have told me that I would be wearing a *malo* in *public*, at the arrival of the *Hōkūle‘a*, in 1997, in front of the Chart House, as the county prosecutor, with other county officials walking by, I would have bet you every penny and dime I had that I *wouldn’t*. But the group was such that, especially from Kyle Nākānelua who obviously sets the tone, was, “Eh, if you wanna come, come. If you wanna
participate, fine. If you wanna wear a malo, fine; you don’t have to.” I mean there was a real low, low pressure sale. So I was like, “Eh, how bad can it be? Okay, I’ll come.” So was just a gradual, next thing you know I’m standing there with this kähili, whatever, twenty-feet high, standing in one of the corners wearing a cape made out of ti leaf....It was an ‘awa ceremony, it was a greeting of the Hōkūle‘a, ah, at Kahului Harbor....Our main role was to be kia‘i, was to be the guards of the official ceremony...There was a lot of positive reaction from people ‘cause people had seen ‘awa before, but having the kia‘i and the kähili really added the reverence to it, yeah, formality that people had not seen before...Um, you know without being overbearing, without being hostile. It’s just presence, just the presence. People realize, “Oh, this is not fun and games, this is serious.” From asking people, you know, not to take photographs, to not allowing people to enter. You know I didn’t know anything of what I was doing back then, I just stood there and held this kähili, tried not to fall, let it drop, you know, I just, I was like “wow, what an honor to be involved in this.”

Nā Koa meant “the warriors,” but it also referred to the bravery and courage required to be a Kanaka male in Hawaiian society today.

I was a bit disappointed that we were not going to be focusing solely on lua, but I was still very interested nonetheless. In the following weeks I began training with Rick and his brothers-in-law Regan and Keith at Regan’s house. We would start off each practice with a few short pule. After limbering up, we would do a number of exercises based on hula steps and then go into the basics of ‘ō‘ō ihe, spear throwing and dodging. The hula exercises turned out to be the basis of much of what was required for the dodging the ihe, and although I was familiar with hula from high school, I still had a hard time coordinating the twists in my waist and the grabbing or blocking of my hands with
the padded hau (hibiscus) sticks that were thrown at me. Eventually I became ma’a (familiar), at least enough to avoid the bruises on my body that trained me through an induction of pain. We would close our practices with the pule Nā ‘Aumākua and exchange breath through the honi (touching of noses and inhalation of breath).

Eventually I went to my first large group meeting at Hale Nanea, an old beachfront community hall near the Kahului Airport that was owned by the Royal Order of Kamehameha. I met the other men, who numbered between ten and fifteen any given week, and U’ilani, the one woman who trained with the group. I was the youngest person in the group; most were between thirty-five and fifty. When we came together to begin our meeting, we formed an east-facing kahului, the crescent shaped battle formation that was maintained by the warriors of Maui. We then conducted the pule He Mū and E Hō Mai. I had always been drawn to the spiritual, and the opening of the practice with pule was important to me. We then went into the exercises that Rick had taught me, and afterwards we engaged in wrestling contests. I had been participating in Hawaiian language immersion programs for the last year and had gotten involved with holokai (ocean voyaging) and repatriation/reburial ceremonies since 1996; along with my regular workout schedule, I felt confident that I was prepared for the training. Yet when I was put against U’ilani in a hākā moa (“chicken fighting” wrestling contest), she quickly dispatched me with a deft move that landed me on the ground and taught me to never underestimate or hold back against a woman. We also began to learn hula such as Moloka‘i Ku‘i, a mele that we were going to dance with ihe. Eventually we ended in our kahului, this one facing the west, and prayed Nā ‘Aumākua. After exchanging honi, we met up to conduct an informal Hawaiian language class taught by Pākī Cabatingan; as an immersion teacher, I was recruited to help (even though I made it clear that I didn’t actually teach in Hawaiian because of my limited ability with the language). Our
practices followed this basic pattern for the next few months, though at some point I noticed that U'ilani stopped coming around.

In early 1998, we held an ihe-making workshop at Sam Ka'ai's house. I first met Sam in 1992 in a hotel lobby in Tahiti (though he does not remember it). I was a senior at Kamehameha School and was traveling with a performing arts contingent of Kamehameha alumni and instructors.¹ We were a part of the larger Hawaiian delegation (of which Sam was also a member of) that journeyed to Ra'iatea and Tahiti (Society Islands) to participate in a ceremonial gathering of Polynesian navigators and canoes at the marae (temple) of Taputapuātea (See also Finney 1999). This event was to precede the upcoming Sixth Pacific Arts Festival in Rarotonga (in the Cook Islands) that was celebrating the revitalization of voyaging traditions initiated in large part by the journeys of the Hōkūle'a.² I was one of three student government representatives who were sent to observe, participate in, and learn about Hawaiian leadership styles that were practiced by the Kamehameha group. It was a deeply profound and transformative experience that forever altered my outlook on life and political commitments as a Hawaiian.

One of the few discomforting experiences I had there came when I met Sam. Sitting next to him in a Pape'ete Hotel lobby, I recognized his grizzly-bearded face from pictures in magazines and appearances on television shows. He wore a boar tusk necklace that fascinated me, but his silent and stern demeanor was intimidating. I awkwardly tried to make light conversation, which only incited him to grill me with questions I could not answer, statements I did not understand, and a quick lesson in being prepared to engage if you are going to start a conversation with Sam Kaha'i Ka'ai. Luckily, I was soon rescued by one of my group whom I was waiting for, and I escaped with only minor injuries.
Now five years later, I found myself in the very belly of the beast. Sam still threw words like spears that buried themselves deep in the na'au. Through the numerous weekends spent at his house, I also came to know that when he bore his tusks, he did so with aloha and deep affection. He constantly challenged us to detect the uneven spots on the pieces of 'ōhi'a (a Hawaiian hardwood) and to find the center lines; if we could not do it, he made us “snap the lines” with the chalk-covered string, and he showed us once again what we needed to do. He was patient but deliberate, interweaving scoldings with anecdotes of his youth as he helped us to shape the 'ōhi'a into the physical manifestations of akua, kūpuna, and ultimately ourselves. I named mine Ka'imina'auao, “the search for wisdom,” a search that necessitates a piercing of darkness of the na'au to expose it to light.

We used our ihe in practice during the exercises and in our Moloka'i Ku'i hula, which made the dance a pahua (spear-dance). Kyle taught us new ihe strikes and parries that he put into a twelve-move set called Kaihewaluakamehameha (The eight spears of Kamehameha). The spear-work added greatly to our practices, and as my strength and familiarity with Ka'imina'auao increased, I found new ways of practicing and expressing my 'Ōiwi identity. We also moved our practices temporarily to the Pi'ihana home of Rick Bissen's aunty Winnie, which was the Nakoa family land adjacent to the Mahalani Cemetery. On many different levels, I felt at home.

Yet just as soon as I had begun to belong, I had to withdraw. In June 1998 I moved to O'ahu with my fiancé Ku'ulei Reyes. We were married on August 8, 1998 and were preparing for graduate school at the University of Hawai'i at Mānoa. Six days later, Nā Koa o Maui flew to O'ahu to participate in the Hawai'i Loa Kū Like Kākou (All Hawai'i Stand Together) Annexation Centennial Commemoration march and gathering at 'Iolani Palace. Since I had so many things going on in my life, I did not march with them.
from the Royal Mausoleum at Nu’uanu and instead met them down at the Palace. There were nearly 5,000 people in attendance who witnessed the procession of the Kā‘ei Kapu o Līloa that Nā Koa were guarding, the display of the 1897 annexation petitions recovered by Noenoe Silva, and the raising of the Hawaiian flag over ‘Iolani Palace. When I finally found the Maui guys, they harassed me (in jest, I think) about not having my malo and ihe, and then asked if I would be going with them on the following day to attend the Pu‘ukoholā ceremonies. For the same reasons I did not march, I declined to go to Pu‘ukoholā and simply wished them luck. I left with sadness and regret in my heart, but I did what I felt I had to do.

Nā Koa o ka Hale Mua: the courageous ones of the men’s house

After the usual six-month break following Pu‘ukoholā, the weekly meetings resumed. This year (1999) we practiced at the Paukūkalo Hawaiian Homestead community center, a site that stood in marked contrast to the other places we had practiced at. I couldn’t help but wonder what all of the Hawaiians playing softball at the park or just walking past us thought about the sight of twenty men chanting, exercising, dancing, and wielding weapons. This year we were using the pāhoa ihu a‘u (swordfish bill dagger), and I used the one that Pākī carved and gave to me when I moved. I only made it to practice periodically since I was living on O‘ahu, but I was determined this year to make it to Pu‘ukoholā.

The new year marked an increased public awareness of the group and an internal reworking of our identity. I began to hear the name Hale Mua being used more often, something that was new to me but that I never really questioned until later. We had also just purchased dark crimson red polo shirts with the insignia of an upward-facing crescent moon. This represented Hoaka, the second night dedicated to the worship of Kū
in the aikapu period and a symbol associated with the Maui chiefs Pi’ilani and Kahekili. It was also the kahului formation that we took up during pule.

The Hale Mua first showed off the new shirts on the Easter Weekend of April at the Seventh Annual Celebration of the Arts at the Ritz-Carlton Hotel at Kapalua, West Maui. Clifford Nae’ole, the organizer of the event and a member of Nā Koa, scheduled a showing of Ho’oku’ikahi: To Unify as One (Meyer, et al. 1998), a new film documenting the 1991 commemoration at Pu’ukoholā and the continued efforts to renew the land and the people there. Immediately following the film was a presentation entitled Nā Koa: The Warriors. Nae’ole’s description in the brochure stated:

The Warriors of Hawaii, a tradition once proud, now being revitalized by the men of Maui. Under the leadership of Kyle Nakanelua, protocol, spirituality and physical prowess are being combined to bring back the ancient practice of pride with humility and power and grace.

About twelve men wearing crimson polo shirts with shorts or pants chanted to let people into the room. Kyle introduced the group as the Hale Mua, which in ancient times was “the first formal institution where Hawaiian males learn to become Hawaiian males.” Cliff Alakai, one of the group’s leaders and logistics organizers, welcomed the large audience to this “presentation of notable men of Hawaiian ancestry, past and present.” He then spent some time introducing the group and what it means to be Nā Koa.

Who are we? People always ask us “who is this group that we associate with.” And to be very honest with you, we are basically just a group of guys who like to get together and experience some of the cultural heritage of our ancestors. I think you’ll recognize some of the members of our group. You’ve seen some of them in the film Ho’oku’ikahi. Um, you’ve seen us in various functions in various capacities. I think this is one of the first performances where we’ve ever done
with long-pants on and shoes (laughter in the audience). It’s something a little different for us; we usually more dressed in more traditional wear.

Um, our group goes by many names. Some people call us the Hale Mua, some people call us Nā Keiki ‘Ō‘ō Ihe, and some people call us the Nā Koa. Let’s take a look at the name Nā Koa. What does it mean to be a Nā Koa? Uh, first let’s break up the name: nā, which is plural, and koa, which I will summarize to be brave and courageous. What does the (Webster) dictionary tell us of courage? “Courage is the capacity to meet danger without giving way to fear; to be willing to put one’s opinions into practice; to begin to be brave.” I think that’s a suitable definition for this group. This definition is also a very, um, very heavy and deep. It takes a lot of courage to defend one’s beliefs and put these beliefs into practice.

To practice what you preach, or live your beliefs, is not very easy. Today, we will present to you men that are—that were, or are willing to practice what they preach. Some of these men are from a time long ago; some are recent. What I’d like for you to do is sit back and listen to our, our hō‘ike here, and look for the kaona, the hidden meaning that you can apply to everyday life. I think you’ll find that the stories, although they may be old, apply to you in everyday life.

Then five men proceeded to share different mo‘olelo of men who exemplified koa. Kyle Nākānelua spoke about the chief Kamapua‘a, an individual whose renown as a warrior, farmer, healer, and spiritual devotee earned him a place in legends and myths that are told each time a person plants a taro. Elama Farm recounted the fearlessness, strength, and faith of Kekāhauo‘o, whose priestly lineage Elama connected to. Ke‘eaumoku Kapu (not a member of the Hale Mua but invited as the leader of his Nā Koa group) told of another one of Kamehameha’s closest advisors—Ke‘eaumoku. Rick Bissen traced his own lineage of koa through his father’s and uncles’ military service and their connection
through the Pahukoa line to the Pahupū warriors of Kahekili. Kamana‘opono Crabbe shared his experiences as a member of Kūka‘awe, a warrior vanguard that accompanied a contingent of Kānaka Maoli who traveled to a Rhode Island museum in 1998 to retrieve and bring home a sacred ki‘i lā‘au (wooden image). He ended by honoring Thomas Ka‘auwai Kaulukukui, the warrior chief of Kūka‘awe, who was sitting in the crowd. After this, Kyle and the rest of the Hale Mua members in attendance ended by performing the Moloka‘i Ku‘i with the pāhoa ihu a‘u that we had been training with. The local cable access channel AKAKŪ video-taped and aired the presentation a number of times, thereby greatly increasing the community’s awareness of the group.

Pu‘ukoholā 1999

Before I knew it, the months had passed and it was Thursday, August 12. A tingle of excitement ran up my spine when I met Kamana‘opono and Kūkona at the Honolulu Airport. Finally I was going to Pu‘ukoholā, a place where ritual, dance, chant, and the kūpuna still flourished. Though what exactly would this place hold? Who would be there? How will we be received? I got an answer much quicker than I anticipated when I spotted a group of about eight men and three women wearing shirts similar to ours but with a different pattern on the breast. Kamana‘opono exchanged honi with them and Kūkona and I knew immediately that they were from the O‘ahu Nā Koa group with Ke‘eaumoku. One of them smiled and said “Another year!” and then came over and greeted us. Though very cordial, his eyes glinted with the fire of one sizing up his opponent and readying himself for battle. A nervousness came over me and I awkwardly introduced myself to the others. Upon finishing with check-in, I was thankful to see Kamana‘opono wave goodbye to the other Nā Koa and lead Kūkona and me to the gate on our own.
Pu’ukoholā, August 1999
Images from video taken by Clifford Kapule Hashimoto.

Fig 20. Kona Airport, Thursday
Fig 21. Spencer Park Pavilion, Th.

Fig 22. Men’s lua workshop, Fr.
Fig 23. Women’s lua workshop, Fr.

Fig 24. Hula workshop, Fr.
Fig 25. Oli workshop, Fr.
Fig 26. First timers of Mua, Fr.

Fig 27. 'Awa ceremony, Friday

Fig 28. Mua below heiau, Saturday

Fig 29. Pu'ukohola heiau, Saturday

Fig 30. Papa 'Ākau Aloali'i, Sat.

Fig 31. Spectators, Saturday
Figure 38. Puʻukoholā Heiau National Historic Site Park Map, 1999.
Source: http://www.nps.gov/puhe/pphtml/maps.html
After a fairly uneventful flight, we landed in Kona and met the rest of the Maui guys who had arrived before us and were already packing up the vans and trucks. Each person radiated an exuberance that was contagious, and despite my earlier hesitations, I soon began to relax and “go with the flow.” There were about twenty-six men in our group this year, two of whom were Sam Ka‘ai’s friends from Oregon. Once packed up, we drove to the local supermarket to purchase our groceries for the weekend and any snacks that individuals might want. It was about four in the afternoon when left and made the forty-five minute trip to Kawaihae.

At the Park gate we turned off the main highway and drove down the access road that took us past the heiau and below to Spencer Beach Park, our new home for the next four days. Local people were enjoying the beach and sporting facilities while the new throng of visitors was busily setting up tents and campsites. Thus I was surprised when we pulled up to the pavilion and unloaded our ukana (baggage); apparently we (more precisely, Sam and his crew) had the only covered shelter all to ourselves, and it came stocked with cots provided by the Army. Most of the men went shirtless and wore only shorts or a pā‘u as we began setting up, cooking dinner, and preparing ‘awa for one of the weekend’s ceremonies. Since ‘awa is a slippery plant, an amazing number of pieces found their way into the mouths of those who were “helping.” Being next to the water also had its perks, and a number of guys jumped into the ocean from the top of the staircase leading down to the water’s edge.
Thursday Evening Hālāwai

At about 6:00 p.m. all of the participants in the weekend’s events gathered in the pavilion for an introductory and informational hālāwai (meeting). Kahuna Nui John Lake, the spiritual leader for the weekend, brought men and women from his hālau hula and Nā Wa’a Lālani Kahuna. Three elderly men—Papa ‘Ākau, Papa Kawai’ae‘a, and Papa Kalāhiki—represented the chiefly lineages of certain districts of Hawai‘i and came with their entourages. Nā Koa of O‘ahu also showed up, and I noted that one of my old Hawaiian language teachers stood in their ranks. Among Nā Wa’a Lālani Kāhuna I recognized friends from UH who were involved in the Hawaiian Studies program. I was surprised to find out that there was a group of women from Maui in attendance with Aunty Thelma Ka‘awaloa, one of the ‘Elemākua (advisors); I knew one of the women in
the group through some of the men in the Hale Mua, but I was completely unaware that a women’s group even existed. I would have thought that we would have coordinated something together, but that was not the case.

I was standing in the back with the rest of the Hale Mua trying to figure out who was who when Kumu Lake began chanting, with everyone who knew it following along. Shortly thereafter people passed out sheets that contained the various chants used over the course of the weekend as well as the mission statement that read:

Nā ‘Elemākua (Advisors), Nā Alo Ali’i, Nā Wa’a Lālani Kahuna and Nā Aliʻi koa of Pu‘u Koholā shall provide a unique and fitting opportunity of the new generations of Hawaiians to learn, understand, appreciate, preserve and advocate their cultural heritage, therefore unifying their rich past with the present and future generations. As the spiritual seventh generation, these components shall endeavor:

• to develop the ways and means of insuring the integrity and dignity of our kupuna and to establish a priority of long range objectives

• to establish Pu‘u Koholā heiau as the center for the revitalization, perpetuation and promotion of traditional native Hawaiian culture

• to recognize that Pu‘u Koholā heiau at Kawaihae, South Kohala, Hawai‘i stands as a historical symbol of rich cultural heritage and of a civilization that was on the threshold of nationhood. It is a heiau established by Kamehameha I as a temple of State.

• to insure the understanding that the Nā Papa kanaka o Pu‘u Koholā shall be the fundamental constituents in developing the educational process and resources for this center

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to develop plans, schedule and implement activities throughout the year, that will meet the aim and objectives of nourishing and cultivating Hawaiian traditions (Nā Papa Kanaka 1999)

Kumu Lake spoke at length about the history and purposes of the event, which in short form reiterated the goal of the 1991 commemoration: to ho‘oku‘ikahi and unify the people at the temple where the prayer for unification was answered once before. Each year had seen new growth, and this year exemplified it. Kumu Lake introduced the various parties that made up the organizational body called the Papa Kanaka o Pu‘u Koholā: the ‘Elemākua, Nā Aloali‘i, Nā Wa‘a Lālani Kahuna, Nā Koa, and Nā Wāhine (the Women’s contingent). He then placed the kapu aloha on everyone, a kapu that required all gathered to show aloha to one another. Part of this entailed a prohibition of alcohol, tobacco, and drugs during the ceremonial period that began at the meeting and ended on Saturday night. This practice enacted a separation from ordinary social life, the transition to a liminal state.

The Kahuna Nui briefly outlined the schedule for the weekend: Friday included the Hā‘ule Lani ceremony at 4:00 am, workshops from 8:30 am - 12:30 pm, and an afternoon ‘awa ceremony for first timers at 4:00 pm. Saturday occasioned the Ho‘ola‘a Ali‘i ceremony from 7:00 am - 9:00 am, the Pu‘ukoholā Festival at Pelekane immediately thereafter, an evening International ‘Awa ceremony beginning at 4:00 pm, and an ‘aha ‘aina from 6:30 pm till it ended. Finally, he would give a church service at Pelekane on Sunday morning for anyone interested. Sam Ka‘ai also talked at length, and in doing so, defined the event as a gathering of people who were “real.” Others spoke too, but since everyone was eager to get to sleep early, the speeches were cut short.

Once the other groups left, we prepared for dinner. Our “kitchen crew” quickly and skillfully cut up the vegetables and steaks and threw them into a large wok heated by
a propane-burner. I tried to be as helpful as I could with cutting and cleaning, but the crew was so efficient that there was relatively little for me to do. Like other camping trips or weekend retreats I had attended in the past, the food tasted so much better than normal, and we always had a lot of it around.

After dinner we went down to the beach to hiʻuwai (ceremonially cleanse) and to ceremonially mark the time and space as sacred. Our hiʻuwai consisted of stripping naked and going into the warm waters of Kawaihae (luckily it was very dark at that time). I was quite self-conscious at first and made my way into the water as quickly and discreetly as possible. We all formed a circle in the shallow water and just hung out “talking story” about various topics. I was startled to see Kamika jump into the air and splash down on into the water as others in the group shouted “Lele Koholā!!” (jump whale!). I figured it must have had something to do with the fact that we were at the hill of the whale, a unique bodily performance to be sure. Meanwhile, my naked body settled into the soft, shifting sands like a blanket. I was beginning to feel quite comfortable until I felt a tiny bite, which immediately made me elevate myself (or at least my lower half).

Others were starting to leave the water and head to the showers, so I followed suit. The public bathrooms had roofless showers. I was pleasantly surprised by how warm the showers were. Afterwards, I went to the payphone to call Kuʻulei and “check in.” In the darkness I could make out the figures of other men who were also calling their wives or girlfriends on their cell phones, and so I found myself immersed in another ritual of the Hale Mua. After my call, I went back to the pavilion and fell asleep almost as soon as I hit my cot.
Haʻule Lani

Friday morning came much sooner than I would have preferred as we were awakened at 3:00 in the morning for the hāʻule lani ceremony that honored all the kūpuna that had passed. People groggily ate pastries and drank coffee, though we were warned not to drink too much or we would be in a “world of hurt” on the heiau. Everyone got dressed in “traditional” attire: malo and ʻihei (over the shoulder garment) made of a rusty-reddish colored cotton material symbolic of the red ʻalaea ochre used in salts, dyes, medicines, and purification ceremonies. Kamika volunteered to “help” those who had never tied a malo, and in so doing quickly expelled any shame that the newcomers might have felt by “rocking their world” with a good hard tug. We also wore kāmaʻa; though all of the older members had made theirs from the bark of the hau tree, most of the newer members, who had not taken part in that project, ended up purchasing a somewhat similar rope slipper at Birkenstock (and indeed many of the older members were starting to go the modern German-Hawaiian route as well).

Once we were dressed, we made our way to the heiau by torchlight. We assembled on the papa (flats) below the heiau with the other Nā Koa group, Nā Waʻa Lālani Kahuna, the Papa Aliʻi, Aunty Thelma and the Maui women, and a few other smaller groups whom I was unfamiliar with. Standing on the trail above us, Sam Kaʻai blew the pū that signaled the beginning of the ceremony. John Lake chanted from atop Puʻukoholā, which itself was ringed with burning torches. The men all proceeded up to the top while the women (between thirty and fifty) moved to Mailekini heiau.8

When the men approached the heiau, we were required to take off our footwear if we had any (and most people had some because of the many thorns on the ground). Once on the heiau, the kāhuna led the chants and ritual burning of leaves in remembrance of all those that had gone before us to lay the foundation upon which we sat, both literally and
metaphorically. The flickering light of the burning leaves cast shadows that took the form of the ancestral spirits being called upon. The smoke from the fire filled our nostrils and entered our lungs as we raised our voices in chant, “Eia kou mano, hele ‘oe, ke hele nei ‘oe, hele loa” (here are your descendants, you go, you are going, gone forever). The women’s voices from below sang out through the darkness as they performed their own chants and prayers for the ancestors.

When the last of the bundles had turned to ash, those individuals who were new to the heiau stood up and introduced themselves to the men. The Kahuna Nui spoke at length about why we come, and what it means to our ancestors and to us to be here. He conducted his speech in Hawaiian and then switched to English for those who did not understand (probably the majority). Others too shared their mana’o (thoughts, ideas) and reflected on the year that had passed and what they saw as the upcoming challenges of the new year. As pō became ao, visages that revealed little more than eyes reflecting flame slowly became more discernable until finally the early morning gray colored everyone’s face. I estimated about 100-150 men participating, most of them between thirty and sixty (though a number of younger and older men were also present). The kāhuna of Nā Wa’a Lālani were all a bit younger, ranging from mid-twenty to mid-thirty (except for John Lake and one other elder kāhuna). Just before sunrise, we all stood up and chanted “E Ala E,” a mele that awoke the sun in the east.

With this completed, we all went back to our different camps to eat, change (most of us into our pā’ū), and talk story while we got ready for the workshops. In talking with others, I found that women were not allowed on Pu‘ukoholā because it was a luakini (sacrificial heiau); indeed, during its construction, women were strictly forbidden from work since it was men that were offered as sacrifices. Mailekini was also a luakini, but the Papa Kānaka designated it a hale o Papa (a women’s heiau) in 1996 in order to
provide the women with their own place. I thought that was a neat idea and was intrigued to learn more about what they did there.

Some of the guys who had never participated in Hawaiian ritual before spoke of the morning ceremonies with mixed feelings of awe, reverence, and surrealism. The sight of the torches burning on the top of the heiau in the dark and the sounds of the chants evoked strong connections with the sacred and the ancient, all of which were learned and practiced through embodied experience and action. I had experienced similar feelings in 1992 when I participated in my first ‘Oiwi rituals at the Taputapuātea in Ra‘iatea, and so I was fully aware of how transformative such practices were, a point emphasized by Turner (1969). For me, and perhaps for others who had been a part of that ceremony before, it was about forming and maintaining links with the ancestors we called, the land we were conducting the rituals on, and the community of Kānaka that we were participating with. I did not have much time to ponder these thoughts though before people started making their way up to the visitor’s center for the next set of activities.

Workshops

A number of different participants and special guests convened workshops on the lawn outside of the park’s visitor information center. People covered such topics as ho‘oikaika kino (strengthening the body), lua, ‘ōlelo Hawai‘i (Hawaiian language), oli (chant), hula, ethnobotany, and cultural protocol. I attended the two lua workshops and learned how to fold someone’s back in two and how to dislocate a knee, skills that I thought might serve me well in the academy. There were separate lua workshops for the men and the women, and when I looked over at the women’s side I was a bit surprised that there weren’t more than the five or so women who had signed up for Kyle’s class.
Looking on the other side of the lawn, I saw where the majority of the women gravitated to—hula. I was actually quite interested in dancing as well, but my desire to learn lua won out in the end.

Along with the core participants, a number of locals and tourists also took part in the workshops. The workshops provided one of the few opportunities for the various groups gathered at Pu’ukoholā to intermingle and socialize. After the second workshop, I ran into a friend of mine who had come with her father, an elder much respected as an educator in the Hawaiian community. We spoke for a while and she asked me what I thought about the weekend so far. I said that I had not had much of an opportunity to form an opinion, but so far it seemed to be “pretty good” and “interesting” (code words for “I dunno, what do you think?”). She said that she thought it was an important place for Hawaiians to come to learn and practice their culture, but that there was too much pageantry involved. We talked a little more and then parted ways as people began dispersing.

Afternoon ‘Awa Ceremony

After our workshops finished, we returned to the pavilion, ate, and rested for a few hours. Some people went swimming, others took a nap, and others talked story and got to know a new face. At four o’clock, the first-timers assembled in traditional attire at the visitor center lawn for an ‘awa ceremony that was the event most closely resembling a formal initiation into the Pu’ukoholā community for the novices. Sennit cordage marked the parameters of the rectangular area to be used for the ceremony, and easy-up tents shaded the lauhala mats that we would be sitting on. These practices index boundaries that are both spatial and cosmological. Each party entered only after giving an oli kāhea (chant calling out for entrance) that was in turn reciprocated by an oli komo.
(chant allowing entrance). The Kahuna Nui and Nā Wa‘a Lālani took charge of the entrance protocol, often times sending one of their own to act as a proxy for a group that did not have their own chanter. Kamana‘opono chanted for Nā Koa o ka Hale Mua, and about ten of us (five of whom had just joined us at Pu‘ukoholā) made our way to the makai (seaward) tent and mats.

After all the groups had been chanted in, Kumu Lake called on Ke‘eaumoku’s men to begin the ceremony. About eight of their koa comprised the crew: three servers, one rinser, one handler of the water and strainer, one kahu (attendant) of the bowl, Mele Pang (my old language teacher) was their orator, and Ke‘eaumoku stood in the back as their leader. Mele called for the water, which was brought from outside the square. After the chant associated with the water was finished, Mele called for the ‘awa, which was also brought in from without. Another chant followed, and upon its completion Nā Koa Kau i ka Meheu o Nā Kūpuna began serving the ‘awa.

Individual servers carried the ‘apu (cups) above their heads and often duck-walked much of the way. Some individuals even went down on their knees when approaching the recipient of the ‘apu, who identified his/herself by clapping once. After the person drank finished the ‘apu, s/he threw it back to the server and Mele called out “Pa‘i ka lima!” (clap the hands), and everyone clapped three times. While the ‘awa was being served, some of the “old-timers” like John Lake, Kyle Nākānelua, and Kapono’ai Molitau (Kahuna Pule or prayer specialist) were asked to share why they came to Pu‘ukoholā. Some spoke of the significance of the first event in 1991 and that this was the answer posed to the Māori who asked where our meeting place was. Others spoke about personal kuleana as a Hawaiian and the responsibilities to bring life to this site. Importantly, all of the discourse took place through the ‘ōlelo Hawai‘i, and so those who did not understand the language were forced to ask people later what went on. Ritual
leaders thus were able to convey an important meta-message even for the non-speakers: we are Maoli and we are recovering our ‘ōlelo. Even with my moderate language faculties, I missed a good deal of what transpired and had to double check with others more fluent than me.

One of the things that impressed me the most was the capabilities of the chanters of Nā Wa’a Lālani. To learn the language in the classroom (like I had) was one thing, but to put it in practice in actual situations that demanded not only a strong command of ‘ōlelo but also deep knowledge of mo‘olelo and mo‘okū‘auhau (genealogies) was truly impressive. When they exhausted the chants that they had memorized, they were able to hear the message being conveyed in the requestor’s mele and respond by referencing the images and events just spoken of and then expand with new twists of meaning through the expert word play that was so valued by the kupuna. Of course this was a relatively short part of the ceremony, and one that undoubtedly flew over most people’s heads, but I found it to be absolutely astonishing. This public enactment through discourse and bodily performance presented an important new model and hope for the broader project of recovering and renewing ‘Ōiwi cultural practices.

‘Aikapu

That afternoon, the men from Nā Koa Kau i ka Meheu o Nā Kūpuna and other organizations of Nā Papa Kanaka came to the pavilion. One of the men from outside chanted an oli kāhea and we assembled while Kamana‘opono gave the oli komo to invite the guests in. This ritual discursively marked the time as sacred and separate from other activities we had been conducting there up until this point. I soon found out that this was to be our ceremonial ‘aikapu, a sacred eating in which the men were invited into our Hale Mua to partake in ritual foods and to meet one another before the main ceremonies the
following day. Kyle and the other alaka‘i produced pa‘i ‘ai (pounded taro before it is watered down and mixed into poi), aku (tuna), a‘u (marlin), laulau pua‘a (pig and taro leaf bundles), ‘uala (sweet potato), ‘ulu (breadfruit), and other kinolau of the akua kāne. As in all other ritual gatherings, we began with pule and spoke about some of the important things to reflect on over the meal: our goals for tomorrow, a refocusing and recentering of our beings in this time and place, and the fellowship we should enjoy as Hawaiian men gathered in pule and ‘aina. I sat across from some of the guys in Ke‘eaumoku’s crew, and spoke a little but not much. I did not feel that I knew enough about what was going on to say anything, and was trying to figure out things as I went. I did however appreciate the food.

After dinner, we went to the parking lot and practiced our routine for the next day. When we finished, we went to the water to hi‘uwai and then showered at the showers. We later settled down in our cots and allowed darkness to descend.

‘Aha Ho‘ola‘a Ali‘i

We awoke at 4:00 AM on Saturday morning and put on our malo and kāma‘a, no kihei today. We secured our pāhoa ihu a‘u under our malo near the small of the back, and we marched in two lines to the heiau. The stars shone down through the cloudless sky with such clarity that I could not help but ponder how ancestors once gazed at those same stars in their own journeys of discovery. We arrived at the papa of the heiau first among the participating groups (another case of “hurry up, and wait”). Torches stood at intervals along the outer perimeter of the heiau above us as well as on the corners of the papa below. Kyle put on the black and brown mahiole and the red and yellow ‘ahu that designated his status as a kaukau ali‘i, a lesser chief who is mākaukau (ready) to serve. It was due to this status and Kyle’s desire to be a leader on the field that he had us
assemble on the papa rather than come down with the procession of ali‘i from the top of the heiau. We formed our kahului and did our own chants: He Mū, E Hō Mai, and Nā ‘Aumākua. Having focused mentally and spiritually, we stood in silence and awaited the assembly and the ceremonies.

As the hues of gray and light blue began to color the land, a procession of women came around the bottom of the heiau. A large group of these women, some of whom were from the Maui group and others from Nā Koa Kau i ka Meheu o Nā Kūpuna of O‘ahu, stood near lauhala (pandanus leaf) mats under a kiawe (thorny foreign tree) on a small knoll directly to the left of us. The other women, who appeared to be members of one or two hālau hula, stood next to them in silence.

Sometime after 6:30, the temple pahu (drum) and the pū of Sam Ka‘ai sounded to begin the procession. Kahuna Nui John Lake stood at the top of the heiau with two others and began to chant. The white-clad Nā Wa’a Lālani descended first, chanting as they carried their kāhili and wore their yellow lei po‘o. Kapono‘ai Molitau, the Kahuna Pule (prayer specialist), untied the cord connecting the two pūlo‘ulo‘u standing at the bottom of the path. The four male chanter stood at the very base of the lele while the women congregated on a flat area immediately adjacent. Next the Aloalii began to descend from the back of the heiau, beginning with the least ranking and ending with Papa ‘Ākau, the Ali‘i Nui of the ceremonies. Nā Papa Kanaka, the Pu‘ukoholā Heiau Park officials, the Waimea Hawaiian Civic Club had advertised the ceremonies in the local papers and on the internet as an event open to the public and held in conjunction with the cultural festival at Pelekane (see below). By seven o’clock, which was the advertised starting time, between fifty and one hundred spectators had gathered behind rope-boundaries (marking off the sacred space from the profane) to watch the ceremonies.
With everyone assembled, the Kahuna Pule called for the hoˈokupu, the gifts that would make the mana of the akua, chiefs, land, and people grow. Each group chanted before presenting, and continued once the Kahuna Pule responded with his own chant. The two hālau performed their dances and received chants of mahalo in return. A group of women I was unfamiliar with and Nā Wāhine o Kauhiakama (The Women of Kauhiakama [an ali‘i of Maui]) successively presented chants and physical offerings of food that were placed in baskets or wrapped in bundles.

After the women had completed their hoˈokupu, the energy level in our group jumped visibly. Kyle started shifting the dirt with his bare feet, almost as if to imitate a rooster. Others began rolling their necks, stretching their chests, or grunting under their breath. The time was on us, and I suddenly felt my stomach turning as I desperately tried to remember the two sets we would be performing for our hoˈokupu. After some minor delays, the Kahuna Pule called on us to come forth. Kamanaʻopono chanted the Mele a Kahakuikamoana, a koʻihonua that spoke of the creation of the islands and their polities. Elama followed with Hāluapō Wailuku, a chant that spoke of the slaughter of Hawaiʻi Island invaders by the Maui defenders.

When the chant ended, Kyle spoke a command and we turned in a triangular formation to face the aliʻi to the right of us. He shouted “E hume i ka malo!” (Gird your loincloth!), and we responded “E hoʻokala i ke aʻu” (Sharpen the swordfish bill). He then called out the lines to Ke Kaua Mau ʻAi, a prayer to the god Kuʻialua. We executed strikes with our pāhoa ʻihu aʻu and stepped forward in unison, performing through our movements the words that would bring mana to the akua, the land, and ourselves. At the end of our set, five members of our group stepped forward to present the other aliʻi with pāhoa ʻihu aʻu that we had crafted.
Figure 40. Hale Mua prepared for Ke Kaua Mau 'Ai, 1999.
Photo courtesy of Elama Farm

Figure 41. Hale Mua dancing Moloka'i Kuʻi, 1999
Photo courtesy of Elama Farm
After these were accepted, we regrouped into lines and performed the hula Moloka‘i Ku‘i. “Aia Moloka‘i ku‘u ‘iwa,” Kyle called out; “I ka la‘i wale o Kalaupapa,” we responded. Our feet stomped the ground as we swung our pāhoa first to the left, and then to the right. The adrenaline (or something else perhaps) rushed through my body as the very air around us crackled with electricity. For the briefest of moments, we created a physical and spiritual space that was neither here nor there. We became the ‘iwa (frigate) birds soaring in the calm of Moloka‘i and the a‘u (swordfish) leaping in the ocean. When we finished, we stood there sweating, panting, and hardly recognizing our surroundings. Kyle issued a final command that released us from our stance and brought us back to the plains of Pu‘ukoholā.

Though participants in the ceremony do not usually applaud or clap, individuals of different contingents expressed appreciation by pounding of the ground and vocalizing brief shouts. The Kahuna Pule chanted in acknowledgement and appreciation of our offering and presentation that brought such energy to the heiau. When the final ho‘okupu were accepted from other groups, the Ho‘ola‘a Ali‘i ceremony ended with the procession of participants back to the visitors’ center. The men walked up the main trail that went past the heiau and the women took the lower path that was farther removed from the heiau and went around the opposite side. As we made our way up the trail, I know I probably should have been thinking about something more profound, but instead all I could think about was how easily gravel got into my Birkenstock sandals. Perhaps next year I would make my own.
‘Awa Maika’i

Everyone was in high spirits up at the visitor’s center as we all thirstily drank the water put out for us and found shade under the eaves of the building and the easy-up tents set up on the lawn. We met and exchanged honi with Ke‘eauumoku and Nā Koa Kau i ka Meheu o Nā Kūpuna, and Kyle asked them if they were ready for some ‘awa maika‘i, or “good ‘awa.” My ears perked up at the sound of ‘awa, which I had assumed we would only be drinking (sparingly) in the ceremonies. I had become quite accustomed to the “Polynesian drink” that relaxed the muscles, mind, and (unfortunately) bowels. I found that one usually does not drink much in formal ceremonies; but in the more informal gatherings, it was all about the ‘ona (“buzz”). Of course, this was all very “culturally appropriate,” so I had no qualms whatsoever about engaging in more ‘awa drinking.

Soon all of Nā Koa seated themselves on lauhala mats under a tent and our ‘awa crew got to work mixing and serving the ‘awa. Upon receiving the first ‘apu, each individual shared his thoughts about his experiences that day. Those who had been to Pu‘ukoholā before were especially anxious to hear what the new participants had to share, and when I received my ‘apu, Sam Ka’ai exclaimed “Mo‘olelo! Mo‘olelo!” I spoke in Hawaiian about my feelings when we were on the papa doing Ke Kaua Mau Ai and Moloka‘i Ku‘i. I also spoke of how good it felt to be here finally after I had missed last year’s event. I talked, and I talked, and soon I found that I was speaking words that were not my own. The thoughts and words were flowing up from the ground, through my na‘au, and gushing forth from my tongue in a way that I had never experienced before. My competency with Hawaiian language was good at the conversational level, but it was not until that day that I spoken with such ease; I believe it was because I was not the individual speaking. When the mo‘olelo finally ceased, I drank down my ‘apu and tossed it back to the server as a voice rang out “pa‘i ka lima!”
Everyone spoke, and eventually after all had shared their mo’olelo, we just drank informally and relaxed in the shade of the tent. I was still a bit dazed by what had come over me, but at the same time I was thankful that I was given that experience. My grandmother told me that her great-grandfather was a German (or Dutch, or English, or “some kind of European”) sailor who came to Kohala and eventually married a beautiful Hawaiian woman. They moved to Hāna, Maui, where their children married into the local families. I wondered if any of those Kohala ancestors had identified me as their mo’opuna (grandchild) and decided to pay me a visit. I know it certainly wasn’t the ‘awa talking, because it wasn’t until about five bowls later that I started to feel “awalicious.” And while the stories do indeed flow fast and furious once I am at that stage, the mo’olelo that came from me earlier were categorically different than the numb-tongued babble when I’m “not all there.” Maybe it was the heat, or maybe it was those darn rocks in my sandals. I doubted it, and so I cherished the moment and said a silent prayer of aloha and mahalo.

Pu’ukoholā Cultural Festival

Once we finally got motivated to find some lunch, we all piled into the vans and drove down to Pelekane, the site of a former residence of King Kamehameha and of the modern day Pu’ukoholā Cultural Festival put on by the park, the Waimea Civic Club, and a few other organizations. Though held in conjunction with the ceremonies, the festival was a separate event. Indeed, the initial tensions I laid out in the last chapter with not wanting to be a pageant continued to arise as the older event sponsored by the Civic Club and the Park proceeded as it had done so before. Organizers of the cultural festival wanted our ceremony to start later in the morning so that more visitors would come, but Nā Papa Kanaka resisted and thus started it early; this was due to both a conscious
distancing from touristic modes of performance and a more practical concern with the heat of the mid-morning sun.

Yet the connection between the two activities persisted, especially since many of the organizers were involved in the planning of both the heiau ceremonies and the festival. We walked around and visited the free workshops in carving drums, playing the ipu (gourd), and sailing on a double-hulled canoe. Some vendors sold books, tee-shirts, and jewelry. Other groups offered samples of Hawaiian foods and ‘awa. Not surprisingly, we ended up in these two lines. The civic club prepared a free lunch of stew and rice, and we all had a plate. Some of the men stayed and took part in the workshops and waited to go sailing on the canoe. I was quite drained at that point and so walked back to the pavilion with some of the others who were ready to go.

Like every other day of the event, the sky was clear and the sun beat down mercilessly. By the time we reached the pavilion, we needed to take a dip in the ocean. Though not as cold as I would have liked, the waters of Kawaihae cooled me down considerably. I swam a bit and watched the local families who were camped out on the beach. Eventually I came out of the water, showered off, and returned to my cot in the pavilion for a nap before the evening ‘awa ceremony.

*International ‘Awa Ceremony*

At about 3:00 we all went up to the lawn to set up for the International ‘Awa Ceremony, the last formal ceremony of the weekend. We laid out the mats and set up the rope perimeter around the square in which the ceremonies would take place. Our ‘awa crew was comprised of about eight guys, four attendants of the kānoa (bowl) and four servers. The first four comprised of one kahu, one rinser of ‘apu, one general helper, one kākā‘ōlelo. The rest of the men acted as kia‘i and stood outside of the square and insured
that everything ran smoothly, whether it be through providing water to participants within the square or stopping spectators from taking pictures from without. Because I was the youngest member, I was selected to be a server.

As the start time of 4:00 quickly approached, we all put on the appropriate attire: the kia‘i wore pā‘ū around their waists and the ‘awa crew wore only their malo. Soon all parties were present, and Kumu Lake began chanting and entered with Nā Wa‘a Lālani Kahuna. They were followed by the other contingents of Nā Koa, the Aloali‘i, and Nā Wāhine. When they had all found their places, the malihini were chanted in. These included members of the Royal Order of Kamehameha, representatives of the park, officials from the Army, and some other guests who had joined us that night.

Kumu Lake directed everyone to be seated and then allowed us to proceed with the ceremony. Pākī (the kahu of the kānoa) called for ka wai a Kāne, the water of Kāne (literally “Male,” the god of life). One of the servers entered the square and carried a large wooden calabash that was filled with water. Kamana‘opono (our kākā‘olelo) chanted the mele Ka Wai Ola a Kāne, a song that poetically named the various places that fresh water could be found. Once the water was poured into the bowl and the mele was completed, Pākī called for the ‘awa of Kāne. Another server came in with a smaller calabash that held the ‘awa roots that we had cleaned and pounded on Thursday afternoon. Kamana‘opono led a group chant that spoke of Kahiki, the far-off lands where the ‘awa was planted and grew to maturity. Pākī proceeded to mix the ‘awa with water and strain it with the bundle of hau fibers that caught all the dredge. After the straining finished, Kamana‘opono led one more chant for the drinking of ‘awa and the health of all the people gathered there. With that we proceeded to serve those present, acknowledging the lesser chiefs, the malihini, the ‘Elema‘kua, the Kahuna, and finally Papa ‘ Ākau who was esteemed above all others. When he finished, he placed his cup on the ground and
signaled the end of the kapu. Kamana‘opono gave one last chant and the bowl was noa. The weekend had gone well, and now it was time to have some fun.

‘Aha‘Aina

After the bowl was freed, Kumu Lake directed people to begin lining up for the food that had been prepared for us by the park staff and other local families tied to the event. Servers put pua‘a kālua (pig roasted in the underground oven), fried fish, ‘uala, poke (seasoned, cubed raw fish), and poi on coconut leaf plates that were woven by participants on Thursday afternoon. The scents of hot food wafted through the air, and my stomach responded with, “Urrrggh Urr.” Yet that would have to wait because most of the people sitting down were calling for ‘awa.

Each of the servers took responsibility for serving one section of people. I had one of the Aloali‘i, though I don’t remember which one. What I do remember is that they were quite thirsty, and I very rarely had a break in shuttling them the “Pacific liquor.” The lifting of the kapu meant that outrageous acts of repetitive clapping for an ‘apu went uncensured. Some of the koa from a particular Aloali‘i apparently did not understand what “noa” meant and thus continued to point their spears and make generally threatening noises when servers brought them ‘awa. Tensions mounted as one of our head servers defiantly stood in a manner that would have been completely disrespectful if the ceremony was still kapu, and even had a few sharp words with the koa that did not seem to get the picture.

Fortunately, other groups were more festive and sought to enliven the night with more positive mana. John Lake’s dancers and chanters performed a number of mele that were well received. One of them spoke of the bravery of Nā Koa at a previous year’s ceremony where some sort of elemental danger (fire or wind or both) was overcome with
calmness by the members of Nā Koa who were threatened by it. Both men and women performed the chant, which was an important reminder for me that Ke‘eaumoku’s crew did indeed have women.

After the dancers finished, Nā Koa Kau i ka Meheu o Nā Kūpuna arose and formed rows in the center of the square. There they performed a ha‘a that was directed as a challenge to us. Fortunately, we had anticipated this and prepared one of our own for just such an occasion. Once they had finished and the applause had died down, we stood ready with pāhoa ihu a‘u and got into our triangular formation. Kyle called out “Maha‘ū!” After a pause, we pronounced ourselves as the tall standing cliffs of Kaliuwa‘a (O‘ahu) and began our ha‘a in honor of Kamapua‘a, the pig-god/chief of the aforementioned region. We grunted and bent down like the boar rooting into the land, executing moves that depicted the snapping of an enemy’s neck and a stabbing through the back (again, invaluable skills for an academic). The audience roared in applause, and we knew that we had made a good showing that night. Nā Koa o O‘ahu just smiled and conceded for the time being, though we were sure that next year they would be ready with something new. The competitive exchange was spontaneous, but important for the enactment of masculinity based on ritual challenges and displays of strength, both cultural and physical.

The night progressed with more singing and serving of ‘awa. Some of the kia‘i who had finished eating eventually came to relieve the servers so that we could get some dinner. The uncles and aunties piled on the food, and I was shocked when I found myself filled after just one serving of such ‘ono (delicious) food. After the masses finally depleted the ‘awa and satisfied their stomachs, we intermingled for a bit with one another. I was quite surprised that this was the first time we really had to mingle with others outside of our group since the workshops, but utilized the time to its fullest by
finding my friends from UH who had come with John Lake. After talking story for a while and listening to some of the people play music and sing, I made my way back down to the pavilion with some others and changed out of my malo into something a bit more colonized—the trusty shorts, tee shirts, and rubber slippers.

_Pā‘ina_

Back at the ranch, people were buzzing with excitement as the final kapu had been lifted and we could now purchase the modern day ‘awa of beer. The re-entry into normal social life had begun. The beer-runners took up collections and went to the local convenience store in Kawaihae. The Pavilion became “party central” as both men and women trafficked in and out of what used to be our sleeping area. Although most people were drinking beer, some mixed the ‘awa that we had saved for the late-night activities. In no time, Rick Bissen had an ‘ukulele in hand and began singing some great classics, both Hawaiian and Classic Rock. People who were partying outside in other campsites followed the melodies that Rick sent out on the wind, and soon the pavilion was teeming with people. Likewise, many of us ventured to other camps to see what was going on with others. It was the perfect end to a weekend full of such intense spiritual activity and ceremonial restrictions. We had gone through a great deal together, and we pulled through as a group that was made closer by these shared experiences and feelings. Ten o’clock eventually became four, and soon there were only a few people left singing. I could push on no longer so decided it was time to re-claim the cot and sink into darkness. I fell asleep to the verses of Kahakuloa, a song that spoke of a small taro farming and fishing village of Maui adorned in the lehua blossoms.
Sunday Departure

Bleary-eyed and not willing to give up sleep without a fight, we awoke to the sounds of the “early-birds” breaking down their cots and packing up their luggage. Eventually everyone was packing up and cleaning the pavilion. The kitchen crew was busy cooking some eggs and reheating all of the leftovers. Though I would normally jump at the chance to eat, the smell of oil and meat sent my not-so settled stomach into cartwheels. Another party, another hangover.

Kyle called us all together for one last meeting before we went our separate ways (some had to leave earlier than others). He displayed the “trophies” of the weekend that were given to us as tokens of appreciation: a piece of ‘a’ali‘i (a native hardwood), a shark hook, and a Kaua‘i-style pāhoa. Kyle also presented Sam’s guests Greg and Roger with ihu a‘u (swordfish bills) of their own to shape into pāhoa that would best suit them. He wished them luck on their journeys back to Oregon and invited them to come back with us any time they could.

Kyle asked anyone if they had anything to share with the group. One of the first-timers expressed his realization that now he had a responsibility to share his experience with his children, family, and friends in order to “water the seed” that had been planted. Martin, an old-timer, regretted that he could not bring anyone new into the group this year; he was always “recruiting,” but some people got scared away. Yet for him, the camaraderie he felt at Pu‘ukoholā was something that he only felt while he was in the military, and he wished everyone the best of speed in their journeys. Puhi, a Māori man who just joined our group this year (and in part led Kyle to revise the Hawaiians-only rule), thanked everyone for allowing him “to be a part of this ‘ohana (family).” He vowed to take it back to his own ‘ohana and teach his young boy who had just entered the Hawaiian language immersion program. Greg said that despite his earlier apprehensions
of staying with a group of men he didn’t know, the hospitality and welcome he felt convinced him to take our “water” back to Oregon. He got “chicken-skin” as he revealed that he had only felt like this when he stood with his ‘ohana, and although he had been coming back to Hawai‘i for twenty-five years, this was the first time he felt like he came “home.” Following Greg, Roger expressed his admiration for what we were doing and promised that the two of them would “do everything, and then some, to not only spread the word, but make it back here.” Kamika showed a rare moment of seriousness and asked that we remember those in the group who could not make it this year.

Kyle ended by recalling his experiences in the military and in the fire department where he was a part of a team that relied on one another in life and death situations. Bringing it back to the Hale Mua, he had this to say:

As far as teams go, I’ve nevah been on a better team befoah. As far as cohesiveness, discipline, strength; I’ve nevah been wit’ a more diversified team, or powerful team than this. Um, this is the Hale, the Hale Mua. Um, the Hale Mua is not just a building; it is a concept, an ideal. The Hale Mua is heah (extending arms out to point to all of us). The Hale Mua is heah (touching his head with two hands). The Hale Mua is heah (touching his stomach with two hands). So, you can all remembah dat no mattah where you go, no mattah when you can come back, and when we can all be togedah again, just remembah: you always have a place in da Hale Mua.

With that said we all exchanged honi one last time and said our goodbyes to those who had to leave early. Eventually the majority of the group made it back to Kona town and caught our afternoon flights home, thus ending our stay at the mound of the whale.
On not being a pageant

Over the years, the mo'olelo of Pu‘ukoholā has increasingly circulated in public forums and has offered Kānaka new ways of imagining their collective identities and shared histories. Desha’s story of Kekūhaupi‘ō and Kamehameha was published in English in 2000. Along with the new account and interpretation of Pu‘ukohola (as “desire in the lagoon”) that I described in chapter 3, the book’s first two pages lays out an 1855 watercolor painting of the heiau (Desha 2000). Likewise, the Hawaiian language texts of Desha and Kamakau were reprinted in 1996, the latter including a black and white modern photo of the staircase leading up to the heiau platform (Kamakau 1996:xx). With the revitalization of the Hawaiian language and the republication of Desha’s narrative, in both Hawaiian (1996) and English (2000), a broader audience now has access to the new/old insights of Peleiōhōlani, Poepoe, and Desha.  

Figure 42. Image from calendar. Nā Koa Walking down from the top of Puʻukoholā Heiau, 1997. Courtesy of Elama Farm.
Though comparatively little coverage of the annual ceremonies at Pu'ukoholā made it into the newspapers outside of Hawai'i Island, an occasional story or announcement would grace the pages of Ka Wai Ola o OHA, Honolulu Advertiser, and Honolulu Star-Bulletin ("Cultural festival" 2001; "It's festival" 1998; Tsutsumi 2001). The 1998 film Ho'oku'ikahi became very popular and was featured in various film festivals and seminars. Images of the ceremonies also appeared in mainstream calendars and on postcards, with one calendar produced by the heiau that completely featured the ceremonies.

On Maui, the Hale Mua had become stock characters in the various festivals and cultural events on the island, especially the East Maui Taro Festival and the Ritz-Carlton Celebration of Arts. Pictures of the Hale Mua also appeared in Maui’s cultural calendars and posters for the Taro Festival. As a number of Hale Mua members had children in the Hawaiian language immersion programs, the Hale Mua began to assist with cultural activities and presentations in the schools. Sally-Jo Kealaoānuenue Bowman wrote a beautiful essay entitled “Reluctant Kahuna” in the popular monthly magazine Honolulu that provided a partial biography of Sam Ka'ai, spoke of his involvement with Pu'ukoholā and the Hale Mua, and included some of the nicest photos I have seen of Sam and Nā Koa at the 1991 Ho'oku'ikahi event (Bowman 2000). Participation in the 1998 annexation march (chapter 2) and the Kūʻē ʻElua March of 2001 (described in the first chapter) were important public showings of the Hale Mua, even if they were still referred to as Nā Koa (Gordon and Chantavy 1998; "Hawai'i Loa" 1998; "Images" n.d.; Kana'e 2001; Nicolas 2001). It is also important to contextualize the discursive production of the Hale Mua within the larger proliferation of mo'olelo koa that were produced in newspapers and magazines featuring articles about lua and Ke'eaumoku Kapu’s Nā Koa groups. The prevalence of lua especially in public discourse, as well as the Hale Mua’s
former associations with the pā, lead people to assume that we were “the lua guys,”
though most members of the Mua argued that was never the case.

Figure 43. Ritz-Carlton Panel, March 29, 2002. From left: Dan Kaniho,
Daniel Kawai‘ae‘a, Kapono‘ai Molitau, Sam Gon, Kēhau Kruse,
Ke‘eaumoku Kapu, Kyle Nākānelua. Photo by author.

The one relation that did persist was that of the Mua to the Pu‘ukoholā
ceremonies. An interesting panel presentation entitled “Pu‘ukoholā...Beyond the
Pageantry” took place at the 2002 Celebration of Arts in Kapalua. After a showing of
Hoʻokuʻikahi, seven of the younger Pu‘ukoholā leaders (between their thirties and fifties)
spoke about their experiences and addressed (some more directly than others) the yet
unresolved tension of “not being a pageant” that had arisen during the planning of the
1991 commemoration.
Dan Kaniho, a member of the Papa Kanaka organizational board and the kālaimoku ("shaper of earth"/high counselor), described growing up in Waimea, Hawai‘i and not knowing anything about the heiau. Moreover, his professional life took him away from Hawai‘i and further alienated him from his history and culture. Yet when he went to the ceremonies, he felt his ancestors there and became proud to be Hawaiian. He now was trying to play “catch-up,” and it brought tears to his eyes to know that he lost his Hawaiian identity. Despite all of that, his ancestors continued to bring him back to Pu‘ukoholā so that he could have the experience and reclaim his Kanaka ancestry.

Next spoke Daniel Kawai‘ae‘a, Jr., the park superintendent and son of the ali‘i Papa Kawai‘ae‘a. He first noted how lucky he felt to be working as a National Park Services (NPS) official whose job it was to protect the resources and preserve things for the future generations. Yet as a Native Hawaiian, his first responsibilities were to the Hawaiian people, and the mana of Pu‘ukoholā had profound effects on him as an indigenous person. He described the current movements in the NPS to increase partnerships with Native peoples, and offered that the Hawaiian community would have an important say in what goes on with the park. He proclaimed that Pu‘ukoholā was the only place where Kānaka Maoli conducted ceremonies in Hawaiian for the benefit of Hawaiian people first and haole people second; a traditional court assembly operates and functions under strict protocol; people carrying traditional weapons knew how to use them; and everyone got “a traditional Hawaiian experience.” With the help of many people, Pu‘ukoholā had “excelled to a level of realism far beyond pageantry.”

An emotional Kapono‘ai Molitau, the Kahuna Pule of the ceremonies, introduced himself in Hawaiian and stated the question that always arose, “Why have I committed myself to the next seven generations?” Looking out at the kūpuna, the mākuʻa, and the keiki, he expressed that they were the reason he went back. He went to Pu‘ukoholā to
work on his naʻau so that he would instill the proper qualities and values onto those he taught. He also returned because he “continues to strive to be a male, a Hawaiian male of this twenty-first century; a Hawaiian male that has to balance between his professional” and his “cultural” lives. Kaponoʻai felt extremely grateful that his professional and cultural lives coincided as a performer in “ Ulalena,” a theatrical presentation of the journeys of the Kānaka ʻŌiwi. Yet even despite his good fortune, he still felt like he struggled to balance the Western ways with the Hawaiian ways. “How do you provide a win-win situation when you are a man of the twenty-first century and you need to provide for your family, but also you are indebted to your roots and you know what is pono?”

For Kaponoʻai, he worked in the Western society but was always able to put on a malo and haku mele (compose songs/chants). Going to Puʻukoholā was “an identity” and “an honor” that allowed him to attend the first ceremonies as a haumana (student) and eventually ʻūniki (graduate) as a kumu hula under Kumu Lake. He now felt that he was ready to share with the younger generations and pass on all the knowledge that he was given.

Sam Gon, a chanter for Kumu Lake and an ecologist, was the only non-Native person on the panel. He opened with a greeting chant and expressed his profound love and respect for the sanctity of the place. At that site, he saw the lāhui living through the language, chants, arts, skills and actions that confirmed their continued persistence and growth. He cut his speech short however in deference to the remaining speakers.

Kēhau Kruse, the sole woman of the group, joked, “I tought I was gonna get attack’ by all dese men.” When the audience stopped laughing, she explained that she represented the women of Puʻukoholā and that Mailekini was their heiau. She adamantly denied the idea that Puʻukoholā was a pageant and instead related her experiences of looking for “real Hawaiians.” Her kumu, John Lake, made her understand what it meant
to be Hawaiian in today’s world. Working in the visitors’ industry as a cultural educator at the Outrigger Hotel, she found that it was hard to “walk the line” because there were certain things she was not willing to share. She continued to go to Pu‘ukoholā to rejuvenate her spirit, to connect and honor her kūpuna through ritual and prayer, to practice her culture, and to be a Hawaiian. Her experiences were real, even if some of them were hard to believe; for instance, she saw the manō (sharks) circling at their underwater heiau of Hale o Kapuni and the image of Kū in the clouds. She found that when she learned and practiced the rituals, they lived; thus her goal was to pass on these feelings to the other women and the children. She did not want “our culture to be like, only in books and museums, to be looked upon as who they were, what it used to be, that’s what it was back then.” Instead, she wanted to be a part of turning it around, “This is who we are. We’re still here; we will continue to be here.”

Keʻeaumoku Kapu, now residing in Lāhainā, stated that his job was to find diligent young men and women, “infect them with my disease,” and lead them like the pied piper to the Pu‘ukoholā. He then posited he was destined to be at that place because his English name is Jonah, and the mound of the whale consumed him. After the applause and laughter died down, Keʻeaumoku shared that as a construction worker, he built freeways and other structures that essentially destroyed the history and lands he should have been protecting. Now he was working in Lāhainā to restore cultural sites and to repatriate bones that were unearthed in developments. He has also started a second group of Nā Koa Kau i ka Meheu o Nā Kūpuna, the Warriors that Walk in the Footsteps of Our Ancestors, and he hoped that he can be the bridge for them to connect to the past. As a kaukau aliʻi of Puʻukoholā, he stated that, “My duties are to prepare the men for battle, with my protégé right next to me” (pointing at Kyle Nākānelua). He explained that the two of them always hoʻopāpā (contest in wit and strength), guessing
what the other will do at Pu‘ukoholā each year and trying to be prepared. “It’s a constant thing of ho‘opāpā, trying to invoke that kini akua (multitude of deities), to please that spirit; dat’s da drive.”

After a quick retort to the comment of “protégé,” Kyle Nākānelua gave his genealogy that placed him in a succession of individuals who had rights and privileges to stand on the heiau. He identified himself as a member of the Hale Mua, a group of men who look at nā mea Hawai‘i (Hawaiian things) “with a masculine point of view, things that we believe males should be concerned about.” One day the men’s mo‘opuna would ask about Hawaiian things, and so the Hale Mua sought to provide masculine activities such as making ihe from “traditional Hawaiian wood, with traditional Hawaiian thoughts; blessing them with traditional Hawaiian rights, in a traditional Hawaiian way, at a traditional Hawaiian place.” Ideas received from Pu‘ukoholā inspired these practices, and so the Hale Mua also provided opportunities for men to attend the yearly ceremonies at Kawaihae. Pu‘ukoholā provided men a “Hawaiian experience,” which was much more than pageantry. When growing up, pageantry was the reservoir of what Hawaiians had as a people to maintain contact with the ancestors and to know who the modern Kānaka were. If one went to Pu‘ukoholā just as a spectator, he would see the event as a pageant; however, if one were a participant, he would have the choice to look outside at the spectators or to look inside at what he was doing and who he was. The only risk was that some individuals look so deeply inside that when they go back to their daily lives, they “burn up on reentry.”

As the panel members attested through their own personal mo‘olelo, the ritual process and embodied experiences of Pu‘ukoholā were deeply transformative. Their yearly rededication at the Hill of the Whale reflected their spiritual commitment to “water the seed” that was planted in each of them, a testament both to the existence of cultural
politics in ritual and the potential for ritual in the larger realm of cultural nationalism and decolonization.

Yet at the same time, a number of tensions persist. As the title of the panel implied, older conceptions of pageantry and inauthenticity remain, a commentary on the entrenchment of neocolonial ways of seeing that are produced by discourses of tourism and domestication. Moreover, once the participants leave the sacred space of the ritual, they are returned only to face the same colonial system that they left in order to rejuvenate. Thus many of them feel that they have to “walk the line” and live in two worlds that do not fit together nicely. Indeed, as Kyle pointed out, there is a “danger” of “burning up on re-entry.”

The final tension I note here is that of gender. Kēhau’s joking comment “I tought I was gonna get attack’ by all dese men” speaks volumes to the gendered dynamics of Pu‘ukoholā. In consciously endeavoring to create a space for men to return to, the organizers (or some of them) also produced a situation that felt threatening for the women. Indeed, the ratio of men to women on the panel is not an over-exaggeration of the gender ratio of the participants at the ceremonies itself; though I have never done a survey, it seems that there is about a 4:1 ratio of men to women at Pu‘ukoholā, at least from what I have observed in the three years I attended. Kēhau’s wariness of being “attacked” is a serious commentary on the type of masculinities being produced on the heiau, especially by the Nā Koa groups. In channeling and ritually performing violence, do men truly escape the older practices that harm women and children? And what of the women who want to be Nā Koa? Though women certainly have a place at the heiau, is it one premised on the recognition of male authority? From what I have observed on the heiau, women appear to play an important role in the chants and conducting of women’s ceremonies, but in the direction of the primary ceremonies on Saturday morning, their
role is secondary. Among Nā Koa, women in Keʻeaumoku’s groups are a distinct minority and are now excluded from the Hale Mua.

Thus a feminist critique of the overall dynamics of Puʻukoholā, especially among the Nā Koa groups and certainly with the Hale Mua, seems to reveal a clear structure of patriarchy that disempowers women. Indeed, Kyle acknowledged this to a certain extent during his presentation but argued that the Hale Mua was not trying to be “chauvinistic”; rather, they were striving to learn and perform those kuleana specific to men. He argued that by learning kuleana in ritualized male spaces, Hawaiian men were transformed and became better husbands, fathers, and members of the community. Thus the men of the Hale Mua would be on the heiau at 4:00 AM the next morning praying for the new year and a season of industry and productivity. It is this process of transformation that I investigate in the next two chapters, for the issue of transformation is centrally what decolonization is about, even if its cultural and gendered trajectories are anything but certain.

ENDNOTES

1 Established in the late 1800s by the will of Bernice Pauahi Bishop, the boys’ and girls’ schools (later combined) effectively produced “industrious young men and women”; in recent years though, numerous individuals have critically reappraised the ways in which “success” meant/means assimilation of American virtues and beliefs. Arguably, the school was not traditionally aimed at producing leaders, but rather vocational workers and other non-political positions. As Clifford Alakai, a member of the Mua recalls, his father forbade him from going to Kamehameha because all it produced was “entertainers, firemen, and māhū’s (effeminate and homosexual men).” Yet by the time I was a senior in 1992-1993, the political and cultural climate was such that even a school renown for its colonizing prowess was beginning to implement significant changes and allow a space for counter-hegemonic discourse. Unfortunately, it is impossible to say what the future holds as Kamehameha is forced to respond to the imperatives of a new generation of
Hawaiians while also maintaining "KS tradition." Newer threats to the school's tax-exempt status have also prompted radical action, such as the acceptance of a non-Hawaiian student on the Maui campus. Both of these have led to an even greater elaboration of the already infuriating bureaucracy.

2 See Kawaharada (n.d.) for a detailed account of the voyage of the Hōkūleʻa to Raʻiatea and Rarotonga and the significance of the ceremonies on Taputapuatea. Finney (1999) also speaks about the significance of the canoe's journey to there historically and in the cultural nationalist movement.

3 For more information on the event, see articles written in the Honolulu Star-Bulletin the first two weeks of August, especially those on the 12th and 13th (available at http://starbulletin.com/98/08/index.html), and Manu Boyd's article in Ka Wai Ola o OHA (1998).

4 For more on the history of the Hawaiian Homes Commission Act of 1920 and the creation of Hawaiian Homelands, and the subsequent economic, racial, and cultural politics that have attended homesteading, see (Halualani 2002; Hasager 1997; Hasager and Kelly 2001; Kauanui 1999; 2000; McGregor 1990).

5 For more information, see their website at <http://www.celebrationofthearts.org/history1999.html>.

6 Four years later, I remember well my emotions and particular incidents, but many of the details have faded. Luckily, Clifford Kapule Hashimoto, one of the older members of our group, videotaped the majority of the weekend's activities and assembled his footage into a montage that he entitled "Hale Mua": Ka wa o na Koa o Maui (Hale Mua: the time of na Koa of Maui). I also received a handout with the words to the prayers and the mission statement in 1999, which was the same in 2001 when I returned for my second time. Along with a better sense of what was going on, I obtained in 2001 a schedule of events from, which was quite similar to the order in 1999. Having the benefit of attending a third weekend of ceremonies in 2002, I write this account of Puʻukoholā from the perspective of my first trip in 1999 but with additional knowledge gained from subsequent trips.

7 Different people know John Lake by different names and titles. I first met him as "Kumu Lake," and I still call him that even though I have never actually taken a class from him or have been a part of his hālau. He has certainly been a kumu to me and others at Puʻukoholā, as well as a spiritual guide, and so I refer to him as both "Kumu Lake" and "Kahuna Nui."

8 The women have been meeting separately on Mailekini since 1996; before that time they would sit on the sides of Puʻukoholā but never set foot on the top of the heiau.

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See Young (1998) for an in-depth discussion of the role of kaukau ali‘i in ‘Ōiwi society. Young writes, “The formal relationship between the kaukai ali‘i and an Ali‘i Nui was based on the routine performance of hana lawelawe or ‘service tasks.’ The kaukau ali‘i cared for an Ali‘i Nui’s children, were land stewards, and went into battle as warriors” (xi).

Aia Moloka‘i kuʻu ‘iwa, i ka laʻi wale o Kalaupapa ‘My frigate bird is at Moloka‘i, in the calm of Kalaupapa.’

The important exception is Edith Kawelohea McKinzie’s M.A. thesis on Poepoe’s narrative of The Conqueror of the Nation. However, circulation of this was limited to those who had access to the thesis and to those who read Hawaiian, for out of the entire typescript of the Hawaiian serial, she only translated the installments from November 27, 1906 through December 9, 1905. Even those who read Hawaiian must struggle with understanding the level of Poepoe’s discourse.

Articles on lua since 1997 include (but are not limited to) Harada (1997), Young (1997), Fullard-Leo (1998), Cho (1999), Silva (1999a), Noyes (1999), Shirkey (2001), and Sodetani (2003). The last is especially interesting because it focuses on Debbie Nākānelua-Richards, Kyle Nākānelua’s sister. Others also informed me that Ke‘eaumoku Kapu and Nā Koa Kau i ka Meheu o Nā Kūpuna appeared in a television special for the Travel Channel that focused on Maui. Other television shows included Art Scape (Harrington, et al. 2000) and The Hawaiians (Grabsky, et al. 1998). The latter was the segment that Nā Koa acted in as a part of the Ancient Warriors series on the Discovery Channel. I saw this show on PBS as late as 2001, and presume that they still show it on occasion.
If I make it off of this heiau alive, I swear that I will never return to it again. What kind of fool wakes up at three in the morning to stand on a hill in the middle of a freaking storm wearing just a malo and a kihei?! Every muscle in my body is shivering beyond control, every bone struggling to break free from the icy grip of death. Why are we doing this? Twenty guys fighting wind, rain, and fatigue, only to greet the sun and drink some ‘awa? You have got to be kidding me. Where’s the camera? Okay, good joke, you got me. Now let’s go home!! No takers? Everybody is too busy going into hypothermia? Damn.
Hey, check out the two Māori guys who joined us—they're getting “tribal” up here, jumping up and down and shouting. I wish I could use traditions to keep warm. They got it good. I know the other guys are thinking the same thing. But no, the Hale Mua just stands and takes it. Like men. RARR!! brrrrrr. I just noticed now that we are all suddenly standing shoulder to shoulder though we weren't doing so when we first got here. Nothing like darkness and some arctic winds to disperse any inhibitions of men getting close to one another.

It is a strange phenomenon, standing and praying (and freezing) on a heiau that overlooks the Wailuku Industrial Center on one side, with its warehouses and businesses, and the Paukūkalo Hawaiian Homestead on the other, the modern Hawaiian “reservation.” Off in the distance I see a cruise liner anchored in the Kahului Harbor. Towards the mist-covered mountains lies the valley of ‘Īao and its hidden caves where the bones of ancient chiefs reside. Directly below us sleeps the small community of Piʻihana (well that’s how people from there, like my grandmother, pronounce it, even though is written Pihana in the books). It is there that my great-grandfather established the Mahalani Cemetery for the Piʻihana families, and it is there that the bones of my ancestors are planted.

I bet they aren’t freezing. They’re probably shaking their heads and thinking to themselves, “What is that boy doing up there anyway? What an embarrassment.” I can’t blame them. I showed up without a malo, borrowed one from Alakai, and then tied it on only to discover that it was so short that I didn’t even have enough material for a front flap. I explained my dilemma to Alakai, to which he replied with a quizzical look, “Give me that.” I untied it and handed it back to Alakai, and after a snicker he revealed to me that I forgot to unfold it all the way before putting it on. Those who were around me
busted out in laughter, and all I could do was kick myself. Thus I earned the distinction of tying on the shortest malo in history. Four o’clock is a tough hour.

Thankfully it is about five now. The first shades of gray issue forth from behind Haleakalā. The world begins to awake and (warm) people start driving to work. It is about time we started our chant. Yep, there goes Kyle getting his “clap” on. “E ala ē, ka lā i ka hikina.” Kaipo Frias from Hilo wrote the chant a few years back and developed a distinctive clapping pattern that went along with the words and helped to keep the cadence (though for some of the more rhythmically challenged folks it works in quite the opposite fashion). One always worries and hopes that the leader will not start too early, for once the chant begins, it cannot stop until the sun breaks the horizon. I have heard of sessions that have gone for nearly forty-five minutes, and have caught cramps in a couple that went for twenty. Now on Pihanakalani Heiau, Kyle is “giving’ it the business,” and the sky has not even started to turn blue yet. We are definitely in for trouble. But at least we can move our bodies! I don’t think I have ever clapped so hard in my life!

“I ka moa-a-a-ana, ka moana ho-o-o-honu, pi-i-i’i i ka le-e-ewa, ka lewa nu-u-u’u.” Hold up—what is this? My chanting is different...I have found my ‘i’i! It is the much desired vibrato quality that characterizes good chanting. Never mind that the only reason I have it now is because the muscles in my throat and vocal chords are twitching uncontrollably as my body temperature drops by forty degrees (which is a full measurement by the way! Sam Ka‘ai would be proud “You have given a full ka‘au of your body heat! The Lord Makani, God of the Wind, will be pleased!”). If I could only get my teeth to stop chattering, then I would really sound like a champ!

“I kahiki-i-i-ina, a-a-ai a ka lā-a-a-a. E ALA Ė!” We finish after about twenty minutes as the first rays of the sun burst forth and the top of the yellow globe emerges from behind the coastal ridgeline that leads to East Maui. We all walk back, again much
closer to one another than usual, and assemble in the grass hale (house) that many of our
members helped to repair. I can’t help but think that a large stone base with walls would
have been a good idea; traditional, and effective at keeping the elements out. As it
stands, we have to make do with blue plastic tarps tied up to cover the open areas that the
wind and rain whip in through. We each wrap ourselves as tightly as possible in our
kihei, but for me it only reminds me of what a real blanket must feel like. After an hour
(or more), we finish our ‘awa ceremony, and the season of Kū is open.

Kū, the masculine entity, the “erect” and “upright” god. As I make my way to my
truck (deliberately but not too quickly), I try to make sense of what just happened, and
what purpose it served. I am not feeling very erect or virile at the moment. Perhaps this
is best chalked down as a “character builder,” as my old British roommate from college
loved to say. Perhaps it is more. In any case, first things first: dislodge the malo (the full
length of it) and check to see that the “boys” are all doing okay. A shrunken package
does not speak well of the mana of Kū. PHEW! Everything is in place. KŪ!!!

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The body—a site of constant distress and redress, both arbiter and executer of
pain, pleasure, and the most intimate knowledge of the self. Muscles and appendages
produce the visible signs of past and present experiences that are social, personal,
historical, and cultural. The piercing of thorns through our feet remind us of how foreign
the ground has become; the “chicken skin” and tingling of the spine signal memories and
feelings that are both ours and not ours; and immersion into the “elements” engenders our
own elemental restructuring. I relate my own bodily experiences on the heiau both as a
form of comedic relief (we need to laugh too!) and as an example of the ways that the
discursive processes of which I speak—those related to ideas, language, texts,
knowledge, and representations—are understood, experienced, and produced in very
important and immediate ways in and through the body. Likewise, bodily processes produce new forms of knowledge that exist and work in ways that both complement and go beyond the contemporary understandings of culture as discourse (Farnell 1999). It is this quality of embodied discursive action—the active signification, enactment, and production of identities through bodily movements and engagements—that makes groups such as the Hale Mua such potent sites for identity and self-formation. This becomes even more apparent when one considers the multiple layers of symbolism, meaning, and emotion that are effected and affected through the rituals process (Turner 1969). Rituals create a context for men to both separate from the dominant structures of neocolonial society and reestablish indigenous structures of knowledge, power, and embodiment—even if only for a short time. Importantly, these processes are both inscribed on the body and enacted through bodily performances and actions.

In this chapter I explore the ways that Hawaiian men in the Hale Mua actively form and transform their identities through the discursive and bodily practices of hana kālai (carving), Wehe Kū (ceremonial opening of Kū), and hoʻoikaika kino (strengthening the body). I argue that identity formation and transformation proceed on multiple levels through these activities and along modes of knowing and being that include but also exceed the realm of discourse. Namely, the process of creating weapons from wooden boards both symbolizes and effects the “crafting” of Hawaiian men who are transformed and acquire new cultural knowledge through the process. The sanctification of these weapons and the men takes place at an important transitional period of the year in which the entity of Kū (who symbolizes the masculine element of Hawaiian society) returns to bring industry and productivity to the land; there also are these entities given a new spiritual and cultural life and mana. In the months following this ceremony, the newly transformed men take on the “work” of identity building by training their bodies,
minds, and spirits. Importantly, these activities are all framed by a metapragmatics (Briggs 1986) of “learning/doing the things that Hawaiian men should be learning/doing.” This becomes the foundation for the acquisition and fulfillment of kuleana, the rights and responsibilities of Hawaiian men.

It is through these practices that members are kā i mua—cast forward/into the mua. The term “kā i mua” was the name of the rite of passage in which a young boy entered the hale mua in the time of the ‘aikapu. The term “kā” means to cast or thrust; and the term mua literally translates as “first, forward, front, before” as it was spatially the foremost hale of the kauhale (complex of houses comprising a living site). In the kā i mua ceremony, the boy was not literally “thrust” into the house; rather, the evocation of movement forward highlights the ways that temporal and spatial practices are mutually constitutive and inform one and the other. As I mentioned in chapter 3, the term mua also epistemologically places the past in the front—ka wā ma mua, the time in front/before. Thus any exploration of identity formation through history requires an equally thorough discussion of the embodied practices and movements in space that bring history and culture to life.

In the previous chapter, I detailed the ways that ritual and bodily processes provided an important mode for transformation and relating at the ceremonies of Pu‘ukoholā. From the beginning, these processes were inherently gendered modes of being and have informed much of the development of the Hale Mua. I discussed a number of experiences as I saw them in the transition from Nā Koa to Hale Mua; in many ways, the story of this gendered identity transformation reflects both the macro-processes occurring in the cultural nationalist movement as well as the micro-processes of identity formation in the life stories of the Hale Mua members (next chapter). Here I briefly review some of the larger history of the group and track the movements and journeys of
the men as they returned annually to Puʻukoholā and also became involved with other nationalist commemorations, the revitalized pā lua, the Royal Order of Kamehameha, and various culture and arts festivals on Maui. As the group grew, it took on new directions, and after a series of splits and reorganizations, Nā Koa became the Hale Mua, the Men’s House. The Hale Mua created a vehicle for men to move “forward” in mind, spirit, and body. I discuss the new discursive and bodily regimes that the Mua sought to enact in ritual and less formalized practices, and how the re-organization of the men’s house speaks to the larger dynamics of gender, class, race, and culture in Hawai’i and elsewhere. I then follow with an ethnographic exploration of the seasonal activities of those who have dedicated themselves the to project of nation building with the mana of Kū.

Figure 45. Hale Mua at Puʻukoholā, 2001. Photo courtesy of Elama Farm.
Kyle Nakānelua, a firefighter from Maui, attended Ho‘oku‘ikahi as a part of Sam Ka‘ai’s “crew” of helpers and assistants, others of whom included Earl “Mo” Mollar and Kāwika Davidson. Kyle was profoundly moved and inspired by Nā Koa and the presence of other respected men in the Hawaiian community. Like others, he admired the courage exhibited by the men who were able to overcome their bodily inhibitions and wear a malo, “because at that time, Hawaiian men nevah wear malo” (Nākānelua 1999b). He also recalled:

It was the first time that I knew of that Hawaiian males got togedda, othah than hula, at a cultural level. If there was one, I was unaware of it...It’s the first one I’ve ever been a part of, or I’ve ever been aware of. And it gathered the men to work. Uh, ti leaf capes were made, pololūs were made, ihes were made, pāhoas and pālaus were made and men participated in this to ho‘oulu this side of the Hawaiian society, the materialistic part of the culture. Uh, so carving, in the craft sense, all came together (Nākānelua 2002).

While at the heiau, he spoke to men like Sam, John Lake, Hale Makua, Parley Kanaka‘ole, and Keone Nunes about renewing the “masculine forms” of Hawaiian culture, one of which included the Hale Mua. Though the creation of the Mua was not realized immediately, it was at the heiau that the ideals were first planted in Kyle’s mind.

Invigorated by the experience at Pu‘ukoholā, Kyle and the other men from Maui turned their attentions to the next step. At first, just three or four of them got together and began “delving into things that were Hawaiian” such as language, manufacturing implements and tools, farming, and reclaiming lands, both as sites of settlement (e.g., the Kahikinui Hawaiian Homelands) and as sacred sites for the conducting of ceremonies and rituals (e.g., the heiau of Pihanakalani and Haleki‘i in Wailuku). They also continued to
support Sam Ka‘ai in the conducting of ‘awa ceremonies at various cultural events such as the East Maui Taro Festival.

1993 was an important year in the development of what would later be called Nā Koa o Maui, The Courageous Ones of Maui. In January, over 15,000 Kānaka Maoli participated in ‘Onipa’a, the centennial march and commemoration of the illegal overthrow of the Hawaiian Monarchy held at ‘Iolani Palace in downtown Honolulu (chapter 2). Nā Koa o Pu‘ukoholā attended and stood as ceremonial guards for Sam Ka‘ai and his crew who conducted the ‘awa ceremonies at the ‘Iolani Palace grounds. The high visibility of these men conducting rituals and embodying the warriorhood and courage represented the aggressive spirit of reclamation that was the essence of the sovereignty movement. These men in turn were also transformed through their participation in the event.

In September of that year, the Native Hawaiian Culture and Arts Program (NHCAP), sponsored by the National Parks Service and housed at the Bernice Pauahi Bishop Museum, began to sponsor a series of workshops and seminars on lua, the Hawaiian bone-breaking martial art that had been long hidden from public view. Though the pā (lua school) taught both men and women, local magazine and newspaper articles presented it as primarily a site of masculine culture. Men spoke of their renewed warrior spirit in the interviews and performed deadly strangleholds in the photographs; the news stories also featured 18th century European voyagers’ sketches of chiefs and warriors that often (Ambrose 1995; Bowman 1995; Clark 1993). This appealed to many men who felt that the masculine side of the Hawaiian culture was missing. Billy Richards, a former Marine and Vietnam veteran, recalled that when he took up lua in 1994, it presented “that missing piece of the puzzle” he felt when the Māori ritually challenged him and his crew on the Hōkūle‘a:
In New Zealand, 300 came out and did haka... But we couldn’t respond as warriors because we didn’t know how, so we would send hula dancers out instead. And they would always ask, “Where are your men?” (Sodetani 2003)

Kanaka Maoli men and women throughout the islands and on the continent became instantly enamored by the art that was shrouded in so much mystery and secrecy. Kyle was a part of the first class of the pā and became the leading student and practitioner on Maui.

As newer sites for the achievement of ‘Ōiwi cultural and gender identities developed, older organizations that functioned in similar ways for previous generations began to experience a crisis of sorts; such was the case with the Royal Order of Kamehameha (Alakai 2002). The Royal Order continued to march in parades and organize the Kamehameha Day celebrations, but many younger ‘Ōiwi who had come of age in the times of aggressive cultural nationalism and revitalization came to see the Order as an outdated society whose symbolic presence at events would no longer serve the needs of the current generation. Membership in the Kahekili chapter of the Royal Order of Kamehameha on Maui had dwindled, and officers began a campaign to actively recruit new members and renew the organization. Cliff Alakai, member of the Royal Order and the Hale Mua, reflected on the difficulties experienced by the Order that have yet to be fully resolved today:

We’re kind of at an identity crisis because old timers like Sam call us “the lodge.” Because at one time we were kind of like the Elk’s Lodge, or, you know, that, where all we did was just sit down and drink beer, and kanikapila (play music) and stuff. But Royal Order is one of the oldest Hawaiian organizations, and um. A lot of the older Hawaiian people—the younger guys aren’t too aware of it—but the older guys, you know, people in their, like fifties and older, really have a lot of
reverence for the Royal Order and feel that it’s, you know kind of represents the
days of the old.

(After more conversation, Cliff tries to find words to describe the group today and
I jokingly say “defunct,” which we laugh about and Cliff carries on) Well a lot of
the young guys actually perceive it as being defunct, and an organization that’s
kinda a whole bunch of old fogies that don’t do anything. You know—I think
that we can do somethin’, but we gotta get our shit together and get goin’ in the
right direction....Mainstream Hawaiians kind of view the Royal Order with
respect. You know often times when we march in parades, people will stand up,
kind of like a respect kind of thing, which is something kind of nice, I mean,
we’re not really ali‘i or royalty, but, it’s perceived that we, we’re in that capacity.
So we try take it seriously, we’re trying—we’re trying to move the Hawaiian
people forward is really what our goal is (Alakai 2002).

One of the new recruits to the Royal Order (and the man that brought in Cliff) was
Keoki Ki‘ili, a middle-aged Hawaiian who had only returned to his home island of Maui
in 1993 after living in the continental U.S. for over twenty years. His interest in lua led
him to a prominent leader in the Order who was a lua practitioner. Keoki and a number
of other middle-aged Hawaiian men such as Keali‘i Solomon, Cliff Alakai, and Clifford
Kapule Hashimoto got involved in both organizations, and in so doing came into contact
with Kyle and Sam.

As the gathering of men, and a couple of women, grew and become more
organized on Maui, they continued to attend the annual ceremonies at Pu‘ukoholā each
August. Like the 1991 Ho‘oku‘ikahi, subsequent ceremonies again sought to ritualize
and realize the spiritual unification of Hawaiians, and again they coincided with the older
cultural festival1 hosted by the Park and the Waimea Civic Club at Pelekane. Yet unlike
the 1991 event, these ceremonies did not commemorate the 1791 consecration and were instead meant to be a site of living rituals and ceremony. None of the later ceremonies matched the first event in size, but they continued to draw a devout core of 100-200 participants each year. A number of structural changes took place in Nā Papa Kanaka o Puʻukoholā wherein new Aloaliʻi were brought in as others left, and John Lake took over as the Kahuna Nui following the passing of Parley Kanakaʻole in 1993. The council of elders, Nā ʻElemākua, shrank until only Sam Kaʻai, John Lake, and Thelma Kaʻawaloa remained. The ranks of Nā Koa o Puʻukoholā from Hawaiʻi also began to thin and soon they began to dissociate with the heiau.

Even as the Hawaiʻi Island Nā Koa became less visible on the heiau, Nā Koa from other islands began to rise in prominence at the ceremonies. Kyle Nākānelua and Keʻeaumoku Kapu, both participants in the first Hoʻokuʻikahi, had gone through the lua seminars and had begun to more actively organize Nā Koa groups on their respective islands of Maui and Oʻahu. Each year that they returned, they brought with them new members of trained koa, individuals who had often gone through the pā training. Though predominantly men, each group also had a few women who participated fully. Nā Koa began to institute the sham battles that had become an important part of training in lua. In the sham battles, two sides of koa were armed with padded spears that were hurled, dodged, and parried by those who were skilled; those who were not often ended up with bruises on their bodies and the unsavory distinction of being the lehua (first victims). Members of the Aloaliʻi and Nā Waʻa Lalani also took part in the action, and eventually the activities of Nā Koa became the most anticipated part of the ceremonies.
Kyle and Keʻeaumoku continued to bring new people to Puʻukoholā, and in 1997 Nā Papa Kanaka gave the men mahiole and ‘ahu ula and elevated to the status of kaukau aliʻi. Likewise, each kaukau aliʻi was assigned a kākāʻolelo from among their ranks that would attend to the ceremonial protocols and speak on their behalf. For Keʻeaumoku, it was Melelani Pang, a Hawaiian language teacher at Kamehameha. Kyle received Kamanaʻopono Crabbe, a Ph.D. candidate in Psychology and a budding chanter of the highest quality. Kamanaʻopono had also attended the first Hoʻokuʻikahi, and like most of the other Nā Koa, he had gone through the lua training and was a part of the pā.

Meanwhile, the visibility of warrior bodies increased in interesting ways outside of Kawaihae. On Maui, a British filmmaker contacted Sam Kaʻai to help organize men to come out and participate as actors in the production of a half-hour segment on Kamehameha’s conquest of Maui called Ancient Warriors: The Hawaiians — Warriors
of Paradise, which was a part of the Ancient Tribes series produced by The Learning Channel (Grabsky 1995). Filmed near the Ritz Carlton Kapalua Resort in West Maui, the video portrayed a ferociously savage warriorhood and masculinity that in my opinion was degrading. Yet despite what images ended up in the final product, most participants point to the process as having been the most important element of the filming: meeting men who had come together, participating in ceremonies not on camera, reclaiming sites, and representing their own past as Hawaiian men. As Keoki Ki‘ili (2002) reminisced:

Also met...two very interesting people. Number one was (popular musician) Willie K’s brother John Kahaiali‘i, and also Martin Martinson...a thirty five year retired chief master sergeant from the Army, Vietnam Vet wounded a couple times... And then that evening...we went up to the mound where the iwi (bones) was buried at the Ritz Carlton. I didn’t know what we were doing...It was a midnight ceremonial, midnight protocol... And as we were approaching the mound, we were then informed that we need to get down on our knees and crawl, because we had some...makana (gifts)..... And that was ah, whoo, that was impressive to me, that had an impact on me, not realizing that right here there were a thousand bones...And then that following morning, early in the morning before three o’clock in the morning, I was introduced into a hi‘uwai into the ocean. Again not understanding, just following through, and walking through all of this steps, eh. And then to be involved in the actual filming...And the fun stuff about all of that stuff is that, we were filming at Honolua Bay, and there’s a park there where um, lot of the tourists go to and they do nude sunbathing down there. What happened was we got permit to use the whole park for ourselves. And, you know, every time in my stories you’ll hear profound statements, and one of the statements that came out was Sam Ka‘ai says “Gotta be at least a hundred years...
that no Hawaiian male has ever swam here in malo. *Look at it now.* You know, I was like “Wow!” You know, and it’s just amazing to see that, you know, only Hawaiian men down deah.

What is notable about Keoki’s narrative is that the experiences are all mediated through embodied action and representations of the body: he meets someone whose involvement in America’s wars has left his body permanently scarred; they crawled to the mound where the physical remains of ancient Hawaiian bodies were reburied after disinterment during the construction of the resort; he walked ignorantly through the steps into the ocean to conduct hi’uwai in the darkness of the early morning; and, most vividly, Hawaiian male bodies clad in malo replace naked tourist bodies on the beach. Such embodied actions and experiences come to play an important role in defining what it means to be a part of the Hale Mua.

Through their participation in the filming, men like Keoki and Martin were invited to participate in a march and ceremony commemorating the 200th anniversary of Kamehameha’s conquest of O‘ahu at the Battle of Nu‘uanu (Altonn 1995; Lake 2003; Matsunaga 1995). Like Ho‘oku‘ikahi at Kawaihae, the organizers of the event—John Lake and Nā Papa Kanaka o Puʻukoholā—aimed to unite the Hawaiian people, especially those whose ancestors had fought at that site just four years after Puʻukoholā was consecrated, and to remember the values and virtues of Kamehameha. Nearly 300 individuals participated in the predawn march that ended at bone-chilling Nu‘uanu summit (Keoki remembered freezing his “olos,” or “balls”). Nā Koa o Puʻukoholā was also there, and this turned out to be one of their last appearances with the larger Nā Papa Kanaka body.

Over the years, the identity of Nā Koa o Maui began to solidify under the leadership of Kyle Nākānelua and the spiritual guidance of Kamanaʻopono Crabbe.
Some of the major activities included the 1997 greeting of the voyaging canoe Hōkūleʻa (which Sam had been a crew member of and a carver of stern images), ʻawa ceremonies at the East Maui Taro Festival between 1995-2000, and workshops at the Celebration of the Arts at the Ritz Carlton Kapalua from the mid-1990s until today; the last was also organized by a fellow member of Nā Koa Clifford Naeʻole.

Yet as Nā Koa o Maui expanded and took on different formations, individuals in the pā became threatened by the growth of what looked to be organizations that would supplant them. Between 1997-1998 the politics in the pā escalated to a point that individuals such as Kyle, Keʻeaumoku, and others in the Maui and Oʻahu contingents were forced to leave. There are many sensitive issues involved in this split, which I am not at liberty to discuss. In general terms, the charge of practicing lua outside of the structures of the pā became a central issue that led to their expulsion. Many of those who were kicked out felt it was the result of jealousy on the part of one individual in particular who saw the younger and more culturally grounded men like Kyle and Keʻeaumoku as a threat. The net result was that a number of the young leaders were ‘oki ‘ia (severed) from the pā; importantly, the one Maui woman active with Nā Koa remained with the pā, thereby enabling (at least in part) the creation of a men’s house.
Hale Mua o Maui: The Men’s House of Maui

It was at this point that the now “excommunicated” Maui contingent of Nā Koa were forced to regroup and to reestablish a foundation. Sam Ka‘ai recounted to me his advice to the men:

We all talked about, “Well, what goin’ happen?” I tell ‘em, “Well, be maoli.”...I said, “The Hawaiians had a house, the hale mua.” Basically the word means to go forward. You suffah da pain, and now we mad, you all get yo’ own individual, and okay. Let’s pound each addah until we meld togethah like poi. That’s honoring Hāloa. Fo’ extend da life, taro by itself will rotten, sour in three days. So you pound ‘em togetha so get less surface exposed... ‘Ass means, whatever
you are, you must *transform* by being *meld* into one. And what it’s done fo’? To go *forward*. The very principle or *virtue* is, no mattah how much *pain* you get, *cry*, go hit yo’ head against da coconut tree, do *whatevah*, den come to one consensus, get up da next morning, and do (Ka’ai 1999a).

Notably, Sam recuperates the philosophies of Ho'oku‘ikahi, which literally means to beat and pound into one. In this case, the purpose of such “melding” is to go forward (i mua).

Kyle rooted the development of the group in the first conversations about reinvigorating Hawaiian masculine culture that he took part in at Pu‘ukoholā. When I asked him about the formation of the Mua, he spoke of a more gradual process in which the men that were congregating had all along been unconsciously creating Hale Mua:

As this thing started evolving over the years, as more men started getting involved and taking an interest, what you have is a formation of a hale. If you look at hale and break it down, it says its a *foundation*, so if you have this hale, this foundation of men that believes in moving forward, *i mua*, hale *i mua*, and then there you have it. And if our interest is to *preserve* knowledge, mana‘o, ways, works, arts, crafts, science, etc., etc., for the generations to come — which was the basic principle of the hale mua in the old days is that it prepared the younger ones to assume the position therefore assuring the preservation and the perpetuation of the clan, the ‘ohana, family, the lāhui, the nation etc., etc. So essentially that’s what we’re doing we’re, e ‘ōlelo ana kākou, e oli ana kākou, e hula ana kākou, e hana ana kākou i na mea o ka po’e o ka wā kahiko me ka mana‘o o ka pō a me kēia mana‘o o kēia ao (we are speaking, we are chanting, we are dancing, we are doing the things of the people of the ancient times with the thoughts of the ancestral realm of pō and with these thoughts of this time.) And if you *want* this *ideal* of an *idea* to live, then all we gotta do is uku (pay) the manawa (time) and uku the
mana, and it has and it will continue; if we don’t want it to, all we gotta do is to stop feeding it, and it will hala (pass) until the next group of courageous individuals decide that these are the stones they wanna pick and the walls that they wanna build up (Nākānelua 1999b).

Others I asked also saw the progression from Nā Koa to the Hale Mua as a natural and non-dichotomized one. Few people mentioned the separation of the final woman from the group as a factor until I asked directly, at which point most agreed that one cannot be a Mua with women. Yet they noted that her departure occurred as a result of the pā split, not because they kicked her out. More importantly though, they always saw Nā Koa as being masculine and a place for men to practice their culture.

Now an exclusive gathering of men, the group took as its new identity the Hale Mua. As I discussed in the chapter 2, the hale mua of the ‘aikapu period functioned as the men’s eating house, the domestic temple where the ancestors were worshiped and fed. Boys were usually initiated into the hale mua at around the age of five to seven. Before that time they were keiki lewalewa who wore no malo and took all their meals with the women and young girls in the hale ‘aina. When a boy entered the mua, the “kā i mua” ceremony was performed. The father of the boy baked a pig and placed the head on the kuahu (alter, shrine) where all the ki‘i (images) of the akua and ‘aumākua were kept. The ear was cut off the pua‘a (pig) and put into an ipu (gourd), which was hung around the ki‘i of the Lono, god of growth and fertility, whose kinolau these items were. Prayers and offerings of foods kapu to men—pua‘a, mai‘a (bananas), niu (coconuts)—and ‘awa were made to all the other male akua and ‘aumākua as well. A special prayer called the “Pule Ipu” or “Gourd Prayer” was offered to Lono asking that the boy grow big and strong like the gourd. Then all the men present feasted. The child was given his first malo, and from that day on he would no longer be a keiki lewalewa. He would take part
in the feeding of the akua and ‘aumākua, and he would learn his role as man (Malo 1987:64-66).

In addition to being the place of feeding the ancestors, the mua functioned as an important site for the learning and practicing of men’s kuleana, skills, work, knowledge, and activities. It was also a place in which “men kept and worked on their tools, including adzes, files for making fishhooks, and the like, and their weapons; here they carved bowls of wood, made cord for lashings and for lines and nets” (Handy, et al. 1972:297). Pukui, et al. (1972, Vol 1:114) note the discursive production of masculinity that occurred when “legends, bold and brave, were told; exploits of hunting and fishing related; the fine points of navigation discussed...This was a man’s world”(1972, I:114). The practices of the mua also localized ideologies of separation that had as much if not more to do with class as it did gender, primarily in regards to the separation of the ali‘i from the maka‘āinana (Kame‘elehiwa 1992:39).

Taking a functionalist approach to culture and society, a number of individuals have argued that once the ‘aikapu ended, and the hale mua along with it, the institution for learning men’s roles in society and the progressive “destruction of the Hawaiian male” followed (Nunes and Whitney 1994). Writing in 1972, Pukui, Haertig and Lee argued:

With departed gods and eating kapu went a prime function of men: the ritual feeding of family gods kept in the hale mua (men’s eating house). With the hale mua there also went the practice of kā i mua which placed the education of boys in male hands. Man’s role in the ‘ōhana was weakened. Here, perhaps, were the basic changes that led to present day Hawaiian families in which fathers are so often absent or disinterested (Pukui, et al. 1972, Vol 2:230).
On many levels, the loss of the abolition of the kapu system and the loss of the hale mua has become an arch-symbol and explanation of colonial emasculation in Hawai‘i. As I mentioned in the introduction, this notion is problematic and produces a discourse which itself works to perpetuate a colonial discourse of emasculation. For my purposes, however, I point to the relevance of the hale mua as a metaphor to think with and a model for action and transformation. The Hale Mua provides ‘Ōiwi men with an opportunity to understand their place and kuleana in a culturally and politically transformed Hawaiian community and to rebuild a cultural foundation for men and their people as a whole.

Kyle credits Kamana‘opono in larger part with the research into and development of the structure and ceremonial aspects of the Hale Mua as it is practiced today. As a part of doctoral degree coursework in psychology, Kamana‘opono was working in 1997 as a clinician at the Hale Na‘au Pono, a mental health clinic in Wai‘anae, O‘ahu. There he organized Hui Kū Ha‘aheo, a Hawaiian men’s cultural group based on the hale mua that would serve “as an alternative form of treatment for adult Hawaiian males suffering from substance abuse and family violence problems” (Crabbe 1997:2). The program emphasized “moral character development” (p.4) and sought to expose men to “traditional methods of healing” that would teach the kuleana (roles and responsibilities) and loina (values) related to specific activities (e.g., worshipping, parenting, farming, fishing) and social norms and etiquettes (pp.5-6). After eight weeks, Kamana‘opono led a cultural retreat on Kaho‘olawe, an island that was used by the U.S. military as a bombing target and that served as a focal point for the conscientization and mobilization of Kanaka Maoli during the 1970s. Its historical significance as a site of struggle, reclamation, and healing for Kānaka ‘Ōiwi further contextualizes activities there. Kaho‘olawe today serves as a site for cultural, physical, and spiritual restoration for the Kānaka Maoli and the ‘āina. On island, the men prepared and cooked traditional foods in
an imu (earth oven) and prepared ‘awa for a pani (closing ceremony) that involved a kā i mua in which men received a malo and kihei to mark “their passage into male adulthood” (p.7). Individuals also engaged in traditional sports, worked on the island reforestation and clean-up projects, and spent a good deal of time in group discussion. Kamana‘opono reported:

The island environment provided a unique setting for the group to re-live and experience the lifestyle of their cultural heritage. It was observed the sample exhibited increased unity, inter-dependence on others, and cooperation as the retreat progressed. These behaviors may be attributed to a balanced structure between cultural activities (i.e., *malama ka ‘aina, pani, makahiki games* [caring for the land, closing ceremony, Hawaiian sports/games]) and individual and group processing. This approach allowed subjects to behaviorally experience traditional practices, customs, beliefs, and values learned during group meetings while simultaneously initiating psychological change. Consequently, this experimental process became the foundation for many individuals to share personal conflicts rarely discussed with others. Moreover, participants also expressed feelings of freedom, ‘ohana [family] unity, spiritual awakening, and renewed appreciation for being Hawaiian...the ease in which each clients[sic] were able to divulge highly personal and sensitive issues may be attributed to feelings of safety and protection provided in a closed cultural setting (Crabbe 1997:13).

The experience of the Hui Kū Ha‘aheo laid the foundation for what would be implemented in the Hale Mua, especially through its focus on identity formation through ritual processes of liminality and communitas, embodied actions and experiences, and discursive practices of telling life stories in large group settings. The Wai‘anae men came to a deeper sense of self as Hawaiian men through the separation from their home
communities; formation of communitas in a symbolically loaded site of liminality; engagement of their bodies in physical work and play that produced cultural items (food, drink, sport); inscription and internalization of culture and values through a number of embodied experiences (donning the malo and kihei, eating ritual foods, drinking 'awa, telling and hearing stories, feeling "something" within their na'au); description and formation of experience through verbal interactions that would not otherwise occur were it not for the context provided by the island and situation of communitas; and reaggregation upon return to their "normal" lives on O'ahu. 3

Indeed, the anticipation of “return” proved to be the only point of tension on Kaho'olawe. During group discussions, one man expressed his anxiety over “leaving the solitude of Kaho'olawe island and the positive interaction experienced and knowing he would return to life stressors associated with urban O'ahu” (Crabbe 1997:12). The prospect of “burning up in re-entry” loomed on the horizon as men were faced with the contradictions posed by the larger politics and continuing force of colonial institutions and discourses. For a number of men, the experience of Kaho'olawe gave them a better sense of Hawaiian identity and self-esteem that helped them to maintain sobriety and avoid domestic conflicts at home (ibid.:12); however, the aforementioned individual found the transition from communitas to community to be and once back in Wai'anae he “violated program guidelines [of sobriety] and later relapsed” (ibid.:11-12). Though one may question the institutional premises underlying such guidelines as well as the very framework of certain mental health approaches to “therapy,” which assumes a “problem” to be treated, the salience of what Kamana'o'opono identified as anxiety due to “personal transition and life adjustment” (ibid.:12) speaks to the larger “dialectic of the development cycle” (Turner 1969:97) that simultaneously necessitates and delimits the creation of liminality and communitas (or anti-structure) in relation to structure, in this

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case that of neo-colonial American society. Kamanaʻopono reflected on his experience with the Hui Kū Haʻaheo:

The males were very displaced in society. They were searching for what, what is their responsibility. (pause) I dunno if searching, but just not knowing...Why don’t they know? Maybe dey nevah had the guidance, the adult, kupuna (elder) guidance that they needed. Maybe their peer group was a much more of an influential factor in their belief and lifestyle. I see a lot of drugs, I see a lot of abuse, reckless and careless way of them acting out their lives and not fulfilling their family roles and responsibilities (Crabbe 1999).

For Kamanaʻopono, as well as for Kyle and Sam, the answer to this problem lay in the institutionalization of rituals, practices, and philosophies associated with the hale mua.

In the Western society we have no, no formal ritual for rites of passage, eh, but in our culture and many addah cultures we do, and to me I tink dat’s important. ‘Cause when you do da kā i mua ceremony...it teaches many things. One: carrying on traditional practice. Associated with this practice are certain customs which is: chanting, praying, giving of malo, okay, as well as beliefs. The belief that, you begin your formal cycle and/or education to become one, one man. What that cycle is and that process is, it takes a while, and there are certain things you need to learn. I nevah have that. I nevah have dat. And dat’s what I think is not being transmitted to our youth today. It’s your fathers that have to transmit some of that knowledge. We cannot expect single parent mothers to be doing that today. If we are, then somehow there’s a big gap, a lack of (pause), lack of participation on the part of males with their young sons. Many many women have come forth, kumu hula have come forth. I think it’s about time that males step forward, fulfill their responsibilities (Crabbe 1999).
The Hale Mua o Maui has thus developed as a group to kā i mua—"cast"—Hawaiian men forward in society, which in turn would lead to the collective advancement of all Kānaka Maoli. The name Nā Koa is still maintained to some degree, and perhaps more so at Puʻukoholā, but most now refer to the group as the Hale Mua or Mua. In this modern iteration of the Hale Mua o Maui, Kyle Nakaneleua, the poʻo, has developed a physical regime that involves exercise, dance, and martial arts. Sam Kaʻai, the group’s elder, has led workshops in which men have been trained in the techniques and philosophies—modern and ancient—associated with the production of material culture. Kamanaʻopono Crabbe, the kākāʻōlelo and spiritual guide, has taken charge of training men in chants, prayers, and ‘Ōiwi philosophy of the akua and kāne. Below Kyle, a number of alakaʻi (leaders) have organized and facilitated work and communication within their lima (smaller groupings of five or so men); these alakaʻi are Cliff Alakai (whose name suits his position), Elama Farm, Keoki Kiʻili, and Kealiʻi Solomon.

Yet even this structure is quite loose, and in practice most relations are very egalitarian and do not adhere closely to the hierarchical structure. In fact, one of the ways in which the Hale Mua defines itself is in opposition to the organization of the hālau hula. Both Kyle and Sam reject the label of “kumu” (the source) and instead see their roles as being facilitators of knowledge production by creating contexts in which “innate” and “intuitive” knowledge can emerge (through ritual, woodcarving, exercise, sparring, dance, and chant) and facilitating networks among the men who would then be able to help one another in their various endeavors and projects. In this sense, the Hale Mua is understood in contrast with the hierarchical and regimented structures of the hālau. This was just one of many ways, as I will discuss below, that the Mua has developed an identity through contradistinction with the hālau—not the least of which is masculine versus feminine.
Architecture of the Hale Mua

The Mua’s yearly activities attempt to follow Kanaka Maoli reckonings of time, or at least acknowledge them. In traditional times, the year was divided into twelve lunar months that were split into two seasons: kau (hot season, approximately May through October) and ho‘oilō (wet season, November through April). Eight months of the year (approx. February-September) were devoted to work, industry, farming, fishing, temple worship, and political maneuvering (which included war); this was the time of Kū. The remaining four months (approx. October-January) were set aside for the celebration of the Makahiki harvest festivals; all work ceased and the people engaged in sport, games, hula, relaxation, and the giving of offerings made to Lono, god of fertility and peace.

The Hale Mua’s activities coincide with the time of Kū. Sometime during March or April (depending upon the time that the ‘ōhi‘a trees bloom), the Mua gathers on the heiau of Pihanakalani and Haleki‘i to perform the Wehe Kū ceremony that opens the season of Kū and begins Hale Mua’s year. At this time, any mea kaua or other forms of material culture that have been crafted beforehand are consecrated. After the Wehe Kū, the Mua meets weekly to train in the use of the mea kaua and learn the various routines that will be performed at Pu‘ukoholā. The Mua also participates in various public events that occur regularly (e.g., the Celebration of the Arts at the Ritz-Carlton) and those organized for special occasions (e.g., the 2001 Kū‘e ‘Elua march in Lāhaina that I opened the introduction with). The last major activity each year is attendance at the Pu‘ukoholā ceremonies in mid-August. In September, a pani (closing ceremony) is held back on Maui and the group then takes a break during the Makahiki season.

In 2002, between twenty-five and thirty-five men were active in the Mua, with number fluctuating weekly at practices and increasing for special ceremonies and other events. Most of the men were middle-class (though most came from a working class
background) and middle-aged (between 30-60). All were heterosexual, or at least claimed to be if I asked (which I did not for everyone). The men held a wide range of occupations that included county work in waste water plants, horticulture division, and pools; state employment in the fire department and law enforcement, including the prosecutor’s office; federal jobs in the military and air traffic control; and a wide range of other professions in medicine, construction, business, and utilities. Most were married or divorced and had children (a very few had grandchildren); at the time, three younger boys (ages 8, 9, and 13) were participating with their fathers and/or uncles.

The majority of the men in the group could claim at least one other lineage in addition to Hawaiian; most could claim two or three. Though primarily a group for men of Kanaka Maoli ancestry, Kyle began to open the Mua to men who had Hawaiian children, were indigenous Polynesians of other island nations, and finally to those who had other connections to an indigenous heritage from elsewhere. Though few in number, these individuals included a middle-aged Māori man and his young son who was attending the Hawaiian language immersion elementary school, and a man in his early thirties who was seeking to reconnect with his Mayan heritage.

In chapter 7, I examine in close detail the life stories of some of the members, and in the process detail some of the various anxieties and desires that underlay the men’s motives for joining and participating in the group. For the purposes of this chapter, I will presage some of the later discussion by mentioning here that many of the men felt a dual sense of alienation from the Hawaiian culture (because of their Westernization/Americanization) and American culture (because of their Hawaiian racial and ethnic background). A desire to find out one’s “place” was a common theme running through the discussions. Many of the men in the group either moved to Maui from another island, often O‘ahu, or had moved away from Maui for a period and then returned later. Thus
the movement of bodies through space and time and between locations of “home” and “away” mirrored a perceived distance from Hawaiian culture and dissonance in American society. Returning to the points I opened this chapter with, I argue that the Hale Mua provides the men a ritual space of liminality that allows the men to embody and perform those ‘ōiwi traditions and practices that give them a deeper sense of identity as Hawaiian men who must live and work in a Western world—even if it is one that they seek to transform—outside of the sanctuary of the Hale Mua. Part of this requires knowing about the past and doing what our ancestors did—dancing the dances, singing the songs, carving the weapons, eating the foods, drinking the ‘awa, and conducting the rituals. Discursive practices of retelling and reliving mo‘olelo are located on a variety of levels as I show throughout this dissertation. Here I show how the body as the authenticator and mediator of “real” knowledge takes on a privileged role in the activities of the Mua.

Creating connections and ties with other like-minded men gives them an opportunity to reconnect with each other as Hawaiian men outside of the usual context of uprooted, transnational class-based relations intrinsic to the system of late-capitalism. Michael Schwalbe uses Victor Turner’s theories to analyze the mythopoetic men’s movement in North America as essentially a search for communitas among middle-age, middle-class white men who have experienced a type of spiritual bankruptcy as laborers in the American capitalist society (Schwalbe 1996; 1998). Cliff Alakai’s description of the men in the Hale Mua is worth quoting here:

It tends to be...the guys around like the forty year olds, that type of range. People who have gone out, done something, and felt like they’re not satisfied with their life and they’re tryin’ to come back. It tends to be people that join our—that stay with our group, cause joining and staying are two different things. Um, the guys who stay, I notice a lot of them come from a Catholic faith, where it’s not as rigid,
in terms of the guys who are real Christian or the Baptist, tend to have, seem to have trouble with the heiau, and the whole, uh, spirituality side....Our group tends to attract more of the middle class kinds of guys. I think most of our guys have steady-jobs, or work, have mortgages, a lot of them have children, and um, tend to be in the middle, middle class. A lot of our group tends to come from off-island, from O‘ahu. Or, there’s only, like we talked about, maybe Pākī and Jay are guys that never really left Maui that are still in the group, but Rick, who’s a Maui native, went away to college and came back. So a lot of our guys tends to be guys who have come from elsewhere or gone away and come back. We get a lot of “burn-ups on reentry” like Keoki (chuckling)...A lot of our group is made up of guys from off-island, that are trying to look for somethin’ (Alakai 2002).

He furthermore identifies an important distinction between the make-up of the Mua and that of Ke‘eauumoku’s group in Lāhainā, which is made up primarily of young men just out of high school or in their early twenties who might otherwise be getting in trouble and “need that structure...whereas our guys...we have structure in our lives, we’re just looking for an outlet to release our creative energies it seems like” (Alakai 2002). Importantly, a desire to subvert or withdraw from “structure” underwrites the motivation for a number of men joining the Mua. The Hale Mua offers them personal and social transformation through liminal experiences.

Many of the activities of the mythopoetic men’s movement bear a resemblance to the work of the Hale Mua, especially in the use of rituals, embodied actions of dance, and deeply emotional sharing of life-stories. Yet the goals of the Hale Mua are intimately bound up with the larger project of Hawaiian cultural nationalism, which includes a reconnection and reclamation of traditions in order to revitalize ke ea o ka ‘āina, the sovereignty/life of the land. The mythopoetic men’s movement on the other hand has as
its goal the reconnection of men as men whose search for their shared masculine energies work to erase the issues of racial hierarchies that the Hale Mua was born of. Part of this is reflected in the mythopoetic men’s appropriation of Native American rituals, a deeply problematic move that indexes an ignorance of indigenous people. Yet at some basic levels, both groups are “responding to the alienation and isolation that stem from living in a capitalist society that encourages people to be greedy, selfish, and predatory” (Schwalbe 1998:576). In that sense, the effects of political-economic structures extend to a wide range of individuals.

All of the various desires and anxieties that underlay men’s motives for reclamation materialized in very concrete ways on the body and were worked out through bodily practices. For the remainder of the chapter, I will describe the three major areas of discursive and embodied action in Hale Mua: producing material culture, conducting the Wehe Kū, and working out weekly.
Figure 48. Kamana‘opono Crabbe, Rick Bissen, and Keawe‘aimoku Kaholokula show off their big sticks. The workshop, Cliff Alakai’s house, Pukalani, Maui, February 2002. Photo by author.

Figure 49. Sam Ka‘ai in Pukalani workshop, February 2002. Photo by author.
Kyle and Sam often frame the activities of the Mua within a metapragmatics of enacting Hawaiian identity and masculinity. In the case of carving, they constantly reiterate that we are not only making a weapon but also perpetuating Hawaiian culture and carrying on the knowledge of our kūpuna. Thus the importance lies not in what shape the wood ends up taking but rather the fact that we go through the process and in so doing make our own mana.

Before the Wehe Kū ceremonies at Pihanakalani, the Hale Mua holds weekend workshops to craft the mea kaua to be consecrated at the heiau and used in practice and at Pu'ukoholā. On February 2002, approximately twenty men produced ihe (spears 8-9 ft in length) and six men made ne‘e/lā‘au pālau (combination long club/short spear 5-6 ft in length) out of ‘ōhi‘a wood purchased from a Hilo lumber company. The workshops took place in Pukalani at the houses of Cliff Alakai and Sam Ka‘ai, both of whom have fully equipped workspaces complete with power and hand tools of various types.

Like all other activities of the Hale Mua, the day began with pule. Kamanaʻopono chanted pule to the various manifestations of Kū that preside over the upland forests and carving. Kyle and some of the other alaka‘i explained that these weapons and the wood we are working with are the kinolau of these forms of Kū, and that when we carve and use these weapons we are at once invoking their mana and adding to it with our own.

After more explanation of who was working where, the men were paired off so that they could work together on the production of each other’s pieces and at the same time learn from one another’s achievements and mistakes. Those who were more experienced in woodworking and crafting guided the less experienced ones who have either never used an electric bandsaw or never seen an ihe. The alaka‘i provided lunch, and others also
brought food and drink to add to the table. After pule, eating, and talk-story ("chewing
the fat"), everyone returned to work and ended at about four or five in the afternoon.

It is here in the workshops that the men receive the "pedagogy of Ka'ai." In
previous years, all work was done with Sam and under his tutelage. In those days spent in
Pukalani, Sam repeatedly told us that we should make three spears first, and then on the
fourth we would know how; but since time, money, and materials were limited, this one
would have to do. He actively defined the context of our activities by sharing stories of
how he learned carving from his uncles in Kaupō. Over the long course of many years he
first watched, then fetched and carried materials, learned to sharpen and tie the adze, and
finally began to carve the wood. He reminded us that our material culture would die
unless we gave it life, and to do that we needed to make and use it, not purchase it and
steal someone else's mana. We marveled at his uncle's stone and metal adzes that he
showed us and awkwardly fumbled with his various mallets and chisels when there were
not enough power-grinders to go around. He made us feel the wood with our hand, and
trained us to identify the dips and ridges that needed to be transformed. He also gave us
pointers on how to pull the rasp at different angles so as to most efficiently shave off
excess wood. He barked and yelled at us when we jammed his bandsaw, telling us over
and over again how much a new blade costs. He watched as we struggled to find center
lines and make even cuts, and just when we were about to permanently transform our
spears into canes, he would take two swipes with the hand-planer and promptly end our
misadventures in woodworking.

At the end of each work day, we cleaned up his shop and sat down outside to "talk
story." Topics of conversation ranged from what we experienced and learned in the
workshop, to the current politics of the day, to the latest goings-on in each person's life.
Just as he carved wooden logs into implements imbued with the mana of the akua that
they embodied as kinolau, so too did Sam craft mo‘olelo about the Hawaiian people, culture and history from the fragments of his own life experiences and the pieces of our own that were shared in the circle. At a 1999 papa ku‘i ‘ai (poi pounding board) workshop, I brought my video camera and was fortunate to record an afternoon talk-story session in which four or five of us were present with Sam. After asking everyone to share what they learned (and also telling me to turn the camera on myself and give my “anthropological” opinion), he then related to us his own reasons for teaching us.

Every generation passes on. Usually within a given family, the elder determines he wants—they need something for the family. The men usually go in as the muscle. And I did that as help, you go carry, kokua, go do all of dat. And you watching, dey not letting you near da adze. First t‘ing dey did wit’ us wit’ adze was, “Hemo ke kaula [take off the cord], sharpen ‘em, and tie da kaula back on.” But when people tell, “I come from a canoe making family” and dey no can sharpen one adze, or dey cannot tie dat adze, something wrong. Because da first t‘ing you are is fetch and carry....Slowly goin’ get to one point he say, “Boy! Heah, heah, use dis adze, go ovah deah an’ cut dis log post into four sides, five sides, six sides,” da’s da first cuts you goin’ make. You guys are jumping way ahead of da game. We got shorter period to teach, eh.

When I first met Keoki, Keoki asked a question like ah, “Oh, I need one spear fo’ hang behind my desk” (laughter from all the guys listening and someone saying “you get dat on film?”) and I told Keoki, “Ah (pause) dat’s not da right question, so I not goin’ address da subject.” So one time we had a class, I say, “I will not teach you to steal yo’ mana. Desire is talking the talk. Gettin’ da tools ready, dat’s walking da talk. Sometime along da line we goin’ know yo’ skill level, let’s walk da walk.” Dat’s what Pu‘ukoholā about. Da idea is dat, Hawaiians should
not be fighting over heirlooms dat "so-and-so took to da mainland" and "aunty so-and-so get, ouwah side of da family no mo' poundah"—dat should stop. The original Hawaiian made his own world....And so it's part of also owning da, da material culture. You gonna walk around and say "Nā Koa" you bettah know how to use a spear! And we reach dat point, so dis is da thing, eh: in order to honor Hāloa. And why should we honor Hāloa? For da Christians, Jesus Christ gave his life to save da earth. Hāloa gave his life to bring hā to da world—oxygen, breath. Dey needed it, dey made it, it becomes part of da culture, you possess all da knowledge, you tell da story—it's gonna be slightly different from my story, and dat's okay. Dat's what produce da culture, when dere are fifty-four versions and eighty percent sounds like da same. Then we're a people, we own da material culture. Get lot of intellectual stuff, lot of writing, university style....[talk on Pu'ukoholā as the place we go to petition heavens]...Don't get your darn intellectual in deah, get you spiritual side in deah, same ting heah (Ka'ai 1999b).

Sam's narrative points to a number of important themes that are reproduced in the Hale Mua, and often times inexplicitly, that have to do with the juxtaposition/elevation of traditional Hawaiian modes of belonging, behaving, acting, relating, and understanding in relation to those produced in the modern, capitalist, Christian, American order. Like Keoki, many men want a spear because it offers them a chance to possess the ultimate symbol of Hawaiian identity and masculinity, one that is a particularly difficult commodity to come by. Sam rejects the very basis of such an idea and posits instead the notion that it is only real when one produces it through work and gives it life by learning to use it.

The poi board, and indeed all material culture, produces the life and hā (breath) of the culture and the people when it is used; thus it physically manifests the prayer of
Hāloa, the taro that sprang from the stillborn fetus of Wākea and Hoʻohōkūkalani and became the staple crop of the people. As the foundation for extending life by literally pounding taro pieces into the solid mass, the papa kuʻi ʻai allows the men to ritually perform the unification and sustenance of the people and culture by making poi and feeding people. The same holds true for spears: its primary importance lies not in its representation of identity (though this is undeniably important to people), but rather in its use in perpetuating the cultural and spiritual practices of the people. An integral part of the life giving process is the emergence of the creativity and “innate” knowledge of the carver. Though Sam provides a basic template to follow, each man shapes his piece differently and produces a unique project that is at once the embodiment of his own self and the creation of a new entity. Often times, men are told to just “feel” their way and let their ancestors guide their work; thus the importance of calling these ancestors and akua in the beginning of each project.

Though most of the people involved in the 2002 workshop were at Alakai’s house working on ihe and only a few of us were at Sam’s doing the neʻe, Sam found his “teachable moments” in lunchtime discussions (where all were gathered) and when he came down to “check up” on the guys at Alakai’s place. Yet he did not need to verbalize these things, for most of the men had already heard hours on end of his wisdom and had begun retelling and reliving his stories on their own. When I interviewed Alakai later, he reflected on the importance of learning through working with Sam:

I think we as Hawaiian people need to get back to what’s real in our culture and get away from the mysticism, and that’s what I learned from Sam and appreciate you know. Make the thing, make it forty times, and after you’ve made it forty times, you’ll know how to make. And, you know, sometimes people will make it once, and they create like paddles, you know. They’ll make a beautiful paddle
but they’ll never paddle it...so they never really know what it’s like. They should make a couple, paddle it, and get real comfortable with it, so they know. And that’s one thing Kyle Nākānelua preaches, and I think came—comes from Sam, about learning it, and knowing it inside and out, and using it. You know, it’s not living culture unless you practice it, and I think we need to do it (Alakai 2002).

When I interviewed Pākī Cabatingan and Puka Ho at the latter’s home, the two spoke of another set of issues that are raised in the pedagogy of Ka‘ai. Pākī, who had worked in hotels and part-time in his girlfriend’s Hawaiian crafts shop, spoke of how his initial interest in the group sprang from an attraction to making an ihe but soon gave way to his identification with the communal and egalitarian modes of interacting that took place in the workshops and in the weekly meetings:

And den [I] met Sam, and he was teachin’ da crafts. And was like, wow, can make one ihe, ho, dat is just up my alley. So right from den on was (pause) And you know, these, the guys was, nobody was out deah to, to, whatchu call, ah (pause) you know, like to prosper off anaddah. [They] just like to share all da knowledge. What dat person have, dey can share. What you don’t know and somebody else get, you can ask, and you know, dat person willing to give you. So dat was one big reason why I stayed too, cause of dat attitude. Not all, only tryin’ to find ways to take advantage of somebody, eh, to make a dollah off of somebody, dat wasn’t da case. So da’s da kine group I can trus’. Especially, like, you know the leadership we get from dem, eh. So, da’s what I wen’ like (Cabatingan 2002).

Importantly, these modes of being and acting emerge clearly in the group production of the weapons where groups of two or three men will help one individual make his ihe or ne‘e.
Puka also emphasized the importance that the Hale Mua places on fellowship, trust, and communal production of knowledge; indeed, the very fact that Puka invited Paki to join him in a joint interview—and the dynamic that ensued—was a testament to the fact. Puka also raised another important epistemological point in his discussions. In response to my question on how/if the Mua has changed his identity, he echoed Paki’s sentiment that it increased his desire to know. For him though, the hands-on learning through doing—ma ka hana ka ‘ike—played an important role in making him feel that he could learn and practice his culture and identity:

It’s like Paki said, it increased, yeah, made my desire fo’ learn more. And now I know, get one addah way of learning, eh. It’s not just readin’ out of one book (Paki: ‘ae [yes]) it’s doing, and to me it’s (pause) Fo’ me, I get harder—hard time learning outta one book, I get easy time doing, yeah. When you make da mistake, you see da mistake you do, eh, instead of jus’ doin ‘em on papeh. You know you write ‘em down, and den “Oh, I cannot figure dis out, I cannot figure dis out,” but if you doin ‘em, and you make da mistake, you like “Oh, das what I did wrong,” cause it’s deah in front of you, yeah, instead of on papeh, and fo’ me da’s, I learn dat way easier, eh. (pause) I guess da’s da upbringin’, eh: you do’ em wrong you catch cracks (Ho 2002).

Puka most clearly knows the reality of embodied knowledge and pedagogies of the body, for he experienced domestic violence as a young boy. Yet he does not use that as a crutch to blame any of his shortcomings on; rather, it is just a part of who he is and how he knows. Many other men too have forged masculinities out of violence (Bowker 1998), and this is one of the elements that the Hale Mua both builds upon and seeks to transform through ritual and training (See also Ito 1999:105-107).
Figure 50. Hale Mua on Pihanakalani, Wehe Kū, 2002. Photo from Sam Ka‘ai

Figure 51. Peter Vanderpoel shares a mo‘olelo, Haleki‘i 2002. Also (from left): Pāki, Keali‘i, author (back), Lanakila (front), Peter, Moku, and Hōkūao. Photo from Sam Ka‘ai.
Kū rising: reinvigorating the masculine

The Wehe Kū (opening of Kū) ceremonies officially begin the year's cycle of activities that goes from about March and ends in September with a pani (closing ceremony). In the Hawaiian pantheon of akua, the Kū/Hina pair represents the male/female duality of the sexes that organizes the universe in the cosmogonic genealogy chant the Kumulipo (Kameʻeleihiwa 1999:2-4; Valeri 1985:12). Kū, whose name means “standing, upright, erect,” encompasses all the male gods (and their properties) and represents the male generating power; Hina, whose name means “prostrated, lying down, horizontal,” presides over the female akua and represents female fecundity and the power of growth and (re)production (Beckwith 1970:12-13; Pukui, et al. 1972, Vol 2:122; Valeri 1985:12). As Kameʻeleihiwa(1999:4) remarks:

The Hawaiian world was...divided into female and male domains of work, and was considered pono, correct and righteous, when there was a balance between the two. When there is balance in the world, the ancestral Akua are pleased, and when there is perfect harmony in the universe, people are protected from all harm.

Not only is Kū defined with and in opposition to Hina (and vice-a-versa), but also if either is missing, the whole of society suffers. As Pukui, et al. (1972, Vol 2) explain, “Kū, the masculine, is always accompanied by Hina, the feminine”(128), and together the two “symbolize the balance embodied in well-being”(147).

Kanaka Maoli seeking to return balance in the self and society have used the metaphors of duality and balance between Kū and Hina as models for thinking with. One of the primary philosophies of the lua seminars was that of understanding how balance of Kū/Hina guided not only attacks and counterattacks, but also embodiment of both the masculine and feminine in each individual; indeed, the word “lua” itself means “duality”
or “two, second” (Kikuchi 1995:7-8). In this frame, the (masculine) lua complemented the (feminine) hula. As ‘ōlohe (lua master) Richard Paglinawan explained:

Lua is in harmony with nature. You go with the flow of things, and you use it to your advantage. Lua is fluid, like hula. Hula and lua at one time were almost one and the same because men were the dancers. Lua was the “hard” part, hula is the soft. So you could relate it to yin and yang, or Kū and Hina (Clark 1993:10).

Kyle credits much of what he learned about Kū/Hina balance, and his subsequent focus on the Kū, to his experience in the pā lua. Importantly, the connection to the mana of Kū comes through the physical embodiment and performance of it in ritual and in training.

Kū is also the akua of governance, productivity, work, industry, upland forests, deep sea fishing, and, of course war. Unfortunately, the common rendering of the Kū, and most notably his manifestation of Kūkāʻilimoku, *exclusively* appends to him the dubious distinction of being “the god of war.” As I mentioned in the last chapter, part of the efforts of Ho‘oku‘ikahi was to refigure that colonial and missionary influenced depiction. Steve Friesen, who interviewed Sam in 1991, wrote:

> The organizer thought this was a misunderstanding of the religious issues, and a product of western secular interpretation. Kukaʻilimoku is one of the 72 names of the god Ku. It is one of the god’s many aspects. Western historians have focused on this militaristic aspect of Ku because of their own imperialist interests. But Hawaiians, according to the organizer, worship the deities like Ku who care for them. The full measure of the god’s care is recognized in the full measure of names, and must be understood in that broad context (Friesen 1992).

These tropes of Kū the war god are also used to change colonial subjects into savages and the blood-thirsty male warriors. Just as Sam and Kyle sought to decouple the concept of
Nā Koa from violence and war, so too have they sought to place Kū in the larger context of his multitude of being.

For the Hale Mua, the Kū represents the positive reinvigoration of men and their ability to rebuild Ōiwi society as a whole. Like the ceremonies at Pu'ukoholā, those at Pihanakalani and Haleki'i were born of a cultural nationalism that desired spiritual and political uplift. When the Hale Mua conducts the ho'omana (worship, empower, give mana to) of Kū, it ritualizes acts of resistance and contestation to the perceived colonial emasculation of Hawaiian men and the Hawaiian nation. As Kyle described it:

Because we’re a male, masculine oriented group, our ‘imi ‘ana (searching) is towards the masculinity of the culture because there’s been so much femininity. And again, not that femininity is bad; everything has its place and its time. No laila (therefore), if you believe in dat, if you believe, everything has its place and time, then it should hold true to da fact that there should be a place and a time for the mana Kū. There’s a time for healing, there’s a time for building mana (Nakānelua 1999b).

The emphasis on building is important here, for if decolonization certainly entails healing, as has been focused on in great detail by many individuals, it also demands an active rebuilding of nation, place, and hale.

While the project of rebuilding the mana Kū is one grounded in a project of cultural reclamation, there exists a danger of reinscribing the Kū/Hina and male/female dichotomies with qualities reflective of the dominant Western patriarchal society, namely as strong/weak, dominant/submissive. Arguably, Hawaiian history has numerous examples of strong and dominant women figures, and as such the Kū/Hina duality should not be seen as absolute or even applicable in all situations. However, it has become an
important way in which contemporary Hawaiians articulate notions and strategies for returning balance and pono to society, especially within the Hale Mua.

On March 30, 2002, on Māhealani (the night of full moon) in the month of Nana, the Hale Mua gathered at 4:00 a.m. on Pihanakalani and Halekiʻi heiau to open the season of Kū. We wore only our malo and kīhei and carried the ihe and neʻe we had made in February. As usual, we greeted each other with the honi, the traditional greeting in which people touch noses and exchange breath. The weather forecast predicted a thunderstorm, and many of us remembered the torturous experience of 1998 that I opened this chapter with. Nevertheless, nearly thirty braved the elements. Fortunately, akua was on our side, for after a very light shower in the beginning, no rain fell until we finished.

After assembling at the top, Kyle explained the order of the rituals as they would be conducted. Kamanaʻopono would lead us down to the ocean at Paukiikalo and conduct a pikai (ritual blessing and cleansing) of our weapons. Each of us would dip our mea kaua into the water and give it a name. We would then return to the top of the heiau and wait for the sun to rise, at which point we would greet it with chant and pule. Afterwards we would gather in the hale to drink ‘awa, talk about our mea kaua, and conduct an ‘aikapu.

After all explanations were finished, Kyle gave the word and we formed a kahului—a semi-circle formation—and offered the three prayers that we learn when we become a part of the group. The first was a pule huikala (cleansing prayer) called “He Mū” that ritually cleansed and separated us from any previous thoughts, anxieties, preoccupations, or feelings that we might have brought with us to the ceremony. Then we did “E Hō Mai,” a chant that asked for knowledge to come down to us from above and for the hidden wisdom to be revealed. Lastly we recited “Nā ‘Aumākua,” a call to all
of the ancestral guardians for knowledge, strength, wisdom, proper understanding, double sight, and mana.

Kyle had us form two single file lines; individuals who did not have weapons held torches to light our path. We made our way down the access road leading up to the heiau, walked through street-lit Hawaiian Homes, crossed the Lower Waiehu Beach Road that even at this hour had sporadic cars driving by, and climbed over and under a metal barricade to access the kai (ocean). (We often joke about what sort of sight we must look like to those few who are awake and either peek out of their windows at us or drive by, probably half-drunk, from some party. Whether we are mistaken for the legendary “Night Marchers” of ancestral spirits or seen as a bunch of loony Hawaiian guys, I’m not entirely sure.)

On the beach, Kamanaʻopono chanted to the Kū gods that would imbue our mea kaua with mana. I dipped my neʻe and gave it a name that spoke of the duality that we as Hawaiians experience when standing and living in a realm and time that is both of the ancient night and the modern day. Such was our experience when we made our way back to the top and stood on the heiau in silence. It was as if we are standing in a time in and out of time, a space that is both real and not. We shifted our weight on our tiring legs and contemplated our goals for this year and our existence as Kānaka Maoli. We searched the skies for hōʻailona (signs) that we could use to interpret the past, present, and future, ways of knowing that could only be accessed through the naʻau and the ʻuhane. Dressed in only a malo and kihei, we felt every breeze, drizzle, and temperature change. We gazed at the street lights, black clouds, and the dark outlines of the other men. Dogs barked, roosters crowed, and cars started. The scent of the ocean wafted up to us and mingled with the smell of the damp kiawe wood whose thorns had pierced our feet. As the sun came up, we watched the night turn to day. It was during its transition that we
called out our chants to greet this new time. As the colors brought life to the once darkened pō, we were once again confronted by the urbanity that has become Wailuku town, and so we retreated to our hale.

Under the hale, our “‘awa crew” (a small group of men surrounding the bowl and running the ceremony) prepared the ‘awa and served it to each man. When given his ‘apu, each individual shared a story about his mea kaua and why he gave it the name he did. Some related it to their own personal journeys and searches for identity. Others spoke about the ways in which the weapon moved in their hands. Still others named it after the physical attributes associated with their own bodies. Many of the older members commented on how each weapon unfailingly takes on the shape and characteristics of the man who shaped it; just as they were the physical manifestations of Kū, they were also the embodiments of our own ‘ano (types, personalities, dispositions). Sam, Kamana‘opono, and finally Kyle all took the opportunity to once again explicitly state the purposes of the Hale Mua and the significance of necessity of men learning their kuleana as Hawaiians and as men. This included being a good husband and father, protecting and providing for one’s family, and perpetuating the Hawaiian culture and mana of the kūpuna. It was also important that men take up more active leadership roles in the community and work to kā i mua—thrust our people forward. Kyle laid out the upcoming year’s activities that each of the men had committed to by virtue of their sharing in the ‘awa and giving their word before the akua. Once Kyle finished his ‘apu, the formal part of the ceremony ended and the ritual foods were brought out. Now was the time to both feed and consume the male akua that would empower us, and be empowered by us, through feasting of their kinolau. Casual talk ensued and the ‘awa bowl was reopened for social drinking. Many of us stayed drinking ‘awa and talking story until about 12:30 in the afternoon. Another moon, another season of Kū rising.
Fig. 52. Kūkona Lopes and Jacob Kana, Hale Nanea, April 2002. Photo by author.

Figure 53. Practice at Hale Nanea, April 2002. Photo by author.
Ho‘oikaika kino: strengthening and embodying identity

If the Wehe Kū gives primacy to the ritual aspects of identity formation, and in specific the project of revitalizing the mana Kū, the weekly meetings focus on training the bodily movements and engagements that instantiate that mana in action. These practices usually go from 5:30-8:00 p.m. on Wednesday or Thursday. Since many of the members of the Hale Mua are also in the Royal Order, we train at Hale Nanea, a beachfront property in Kahului owned by the Royal Order and comprised of an old meeting/party hall and an open grassy area (which was recently seeded and manicured by joint members of the Hale Mua/Royal Order).

Like all other activities of the Mua, practices are circumscribed by pule that produce the experience of liminality. The opening pule function to separate the men from the “outside” world and create a ritual space for the absorption of knowledge and experience. There is also another dimension of embodied practice that contributes to the demarcation of the time and space as a specifically Hawaiian one, and that is in the dress. During practice, many men will go shirtless and/or wear a pā‘ū, a long piece of material that is wrapped around the waist in a similar fashion as the pareo and lawalawa of other Polynesians. To wear the pā‘ū during practice adds the creation of a Hawaiian cultural experience in and out of the structures of American society in similar ways as the donning of malo and kihei during the ceremonies. For most of the men, this is an important expression of their Kanaka identity.

The workouts are usually done with the weapons and begin with stretches and warm-ups, and then shift to a more a vigorous routine of ho‘oikaika kino (“body-strengthening,” exercises) that is based primarily in hula and lua moves. Each exercise carries the name of a wave, which itself is a carry-over from the lua philosophy of nalu (waves) and fluidity. When the nalu workout is finished, the group practices various
hula, haʻa7, and martial sets that are more specifically aimed at developing proficiency with the weapon; many of the moves to these routines are embedded in the basic exercises done and the beginning of practice. The last part of practice usually ends in “sporting” contests of kākālaʻau (sparring), hākōkō (wrestling), or ʻōʻō ihe (spear throwing and dodging); the “sport” (which is how I describe it but not how others do), depends upon the weapons and workouts of any given year. Over the years, this aspect has gotten more intense, and in 2002 we trained with helmets, gloves, and other protective padding as we went into full contact kākālaʻau with padded ihe and neʻe. At the end of the practice we gather again, close in pule, and honi each other. Afterwards, people will make announcements, discuss upcoming events, evaluate the workouts, and just talk-story about anything else that comes to mind.

Hoʻoikaika kino primarily works to achieve pono by strengthening the body, mind, and spirit. Undoubtedly, American ideals of beauty and health shape the ways in which preoccupations/obsessions with the body are articulated by Hawaiians today, especially since the dominant sexualized images of Kanaka men and women in the tourist industry are those that conform with Western standards of slim but shapely physiques, straight hair, and facial features that are “Polynesian” but mixed with those of Anglos and/or Asians (Desmond 1999; Trask 1993b).

Yet for ʻŌiwi (as is the case with many other indigenous peoples), the colonial experience of decimation from diseases and epidemics continues to attack the cultural and psychological immune system of the Kanaka body politic and far outweighs any concern over appearance. The colonization of the body manifests itself not only in culturally defined regimes of sexuality and propriety, but also in more viscerally distressing ways through obesity, diabetes, cancer, and other health-related problems; these often culminate in high mortality and suicide rates, which for Hawaiian men
approaches epidemic proportions (Blaisdell and Mokuau 1994). Likewise, the structures of late-capitalism and Hawai‘i’s dependence on imported foods and goods maintains this bodily malaise to such a point that for many Hawaiians dis-ease has become something endemic to their culture. Thus, as Marshall (1999) argues, the project of decolonization can only proceed by recovering and healing the body.

In the Hale Mua, as in other Hawaiian health organizations that Marshall describes, the health of the Hawaiian people includes as its core component the health of the culture, and as such many of the activities are culturally based and include a metapragmatics of healing the nation through healing the culture, identity, and soul of the “sick” people. In addition to the process of healing, the more aggressive projects of anti-colonial and nationalist resistance require assertions of strength and power, both culturally and bodily; thus the emphasis on rebuilding. For the men in the Hale Mua, these are gendered as inherently masculine and essential for the reclamation of Hawaiian masculinity.

Against the long colonial history and neo-colonial present, Kyle refuses to play the role of the victim and contests the discourse of the dead, dissipated, and emasculated Native male. He urges men to stand up and take charge of their own health. He speaks with a conviction and authority that earns the men’s respect not only because he is articulate, but also because he literally embodies those qualities, ethics, and attributes that he urges others to take up. Years of training in sports, military, martial arts, fire department, and working in the taro patches have given Kyle a muscular and tanned physique. Through his training as a fire fighter and other training in health care, he had taken as his kuleana the health and welfare of Hawaiians on the personal, professional, political levels; in fact, when he was a member of the sovereignty organization Ka Lāhui Hawai‘i, he was in charge of the Maui caucus’s Department of Health (Nākānelua 2002).
He wears also a number of traditionally designed kākau that represent his ancestral lineage and visibly mark his body as a Hawaiian one. This becomes even more impressive when one discovers that Keone Nunes, a practitioner who uses rituals, protocols, and hand-made tools and needles, placed these markings on Kyle in a manner that was exponentially more painful and meaningful than if Kyle received his uhi ("covering") at a tattoo parlor with a machine.

Though very little of this personal history is explicitly stated (I only discovered this after four interviews and six years of talking-story with him), his composure, presence, and bodily habitus all exude a mana that is localized on his body⁸. During weekly practices, he usually wears his pāʻū and goes without a shirt. Through his graceful and seemingly effortless movements during the most intense exercises, and through his skillful manipulation of the various mea kaua he has mastered, his display of embodied mana inspires me (and others) to work harder, both to achieve the level of fitness that he has and also to match his intensity, strength, and passion.

In an introductory talk to the new members at the first meeting in 1999, Kyle laid out the reasons for engaging in the workouts (see chapter 7 for more). As usual, he wore his pāʻū, as did a number of the older members who also had their ihe. Perhaps because this was the first practice of the year and he knew there would be a number of new members, he also had on his Hale Mua shirt, a burgundy red polo top with the sign of Hoaka (the crescent moon) on the right breast. He first explained that the Hale Mua is "about disseminating information" and "uplifting Hawaiians as a whole." He then spoke about the importance of our hoʻoikaika kino in this process. He then used historical narrative as a context by pointing out that explorers had described our kupuna as the "most amazing physical specimens they had ever seen." In comparison, Hawaiians of today present a different picture, one of poor health and death. He then asked:

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How come? How come? And, could it be dat we not taking care of ourselves, physically, enough? And remembah, nevah have cars befo', so our kūpuna used to walk every place dey went. We not working wit' ouwah bodies like we used to. A lot of us are sitting behind a desk...So what we believe is dat we need to address dis...

So, if we take care our bodies, feed our bodies good, and, and we feed our minds. And dis is da addah ting, we have a lot of information. [discusses books by 19th century Hawaiian authors Davida Malo, Kamakau, 'I'i, and Kepelino] We not proclaiming to be da source, kay. Da Hale Mua is not about being da source of all dis information. What we doin is tellin' you guys, it's out deah. Whatevah you like, take 'em, it's yours. You just gotta pick 'em up, put 'em on yo' ti leaf, and eat 'em. Dat's all you gotta do. It's up to you; it's up to each and every one of us to do dat (Nākānelua 1999a).

He also took advantage of the opportunity created by my filming to address not only the men there, but a larger public as well:

If you wanna stop eatin' the spam and vienna sausage—(turning to look at the camera) and da's right, I don't care if you guys get da franchise on spam, you guys killin' us wit' dat shit!—it's up to us.

Kyle then went on to describe the various dances, martial sets, and especially the spear throwing sports that we engage in. By drawing upon the model of the hale mua and relating the philosophies and practices that occurred there to our present-day context, he pointed to the multiple levels that our training would address.

What we'll be doing is we'll, gonna pi'o, gonna arch back (he bends backward slightly with hand and arm going back over his shoulder) to da pō... [explains kā i mua ceremony]...and it's in da hale dat you learned how to become a male. Part
of learning how to be a male is learning how to defend yourself... That’s what we’re going back to. Going back to da basics of da men’s house, learning how to deal, if—if—with an implement like a spear, okay.

Now, this can be metaphorical... if physically you can defend against the spear, it should serve you intellectually. Can you defend yourself intellectually, from the spears that have been cast at you, in your lifetime, as a Hawaiian. How many times have you sat there quietly and listened to, “Stupid Hawaiian. Lazy Hawaiian.” (pause) How many times did you sit there quietly, and maybe you kinda pretended like you wasn’t Hawaiian... So, if we do dese tings physically, we can set to form in the subconscious, yeah, what we can bring to light in the consciousness. We can learn how to defend ourselves against these real spears, and then studying the intellect, yeah, we can defend against the intellectual spears. And when you put da two together, you can be able to defend against da spiritual spears dat are thrown at you. And there are spiritual spears out there, and we gettin’ hit wit’ ‘em left and right, some of us don’t even know it... Can you defend against dat? Dat’s what we plan to do heah.

Kyle’s philosophy of ho‘oikaika kino seeks to rebuild the Hawaiian body and the people through exercise, eating traditional Hawaiian foods like poi, and avoiding the fatty fast foods. Yet above dietary health and looks, Kyle’s project is more concerned with the larger process of identity reformation and cultural reclamation. Thus the development of bodily health is intimately tied to, and indeed becomes the mediator of a larger mental and spiritual development as Hawaiian men.

This includes a healing of loss and pain that have been visited upon men’s bodies through social, political, spiritual and physical violence. The problem of violence among Hawaiian men and unusually high incarceration rates has long been a topic of great
concern in the Kanaka Maoli community. One of the most promising aspects of the re-emergence of the lua, the Nā Koā groups, and the Hale Mua is their potential to provide men a place in which violence born of hurt, pain, and lack of cultural identity can be transformed into a more productive form of energy. Kyle personally experienced this when he first met Sam in 1991. Sam constantly challenged Kyle with the question, “A ‘oe maoli? Are you real?” Kyle recalls:

And it gets to da point, where, you know, it antagonizes you to da point where you like fight ‘em, you know. This old man is just grindin’ your gears and pushin’ your buttons till you like fight, you know! Of course maybe you’re just so pissed off and angry at yourself dat you wanna take it out on somebody, which is very indicative of Hawaiians. You jus’ get so mad at some—something, normally yourself, yeah, you gotta take it out on somebody else, right, you sure da hell can’t take it out on yourself. Maybe dat’s what we doin’, maybe dat’s why we get so damn sick half da time wit’ all dis diabetes and shit (Nākānelua 1999b). Rather than continue this self-destructive cycle, Kyle seeks to harness, transform, and build on it through the lua, martial arts, and dance. As I have argued above, the use of pule and rituals at the beginning and ending of practice create an experience of liminality and communitas—acceptance by other men not based on toughness but on one’s individuality as a fellow Hawaiian man—that helps to facilitate this process of transformation and reconstitution. As men ritually engage their bodies in these practices, their physical, mental, and emotional states are potentially transformed through healing and strengthening. As Kyle states:

it makes men feel really good—No different, no different from the formation of the karate dojos, no different from shoto-kan, or kung-fu, or anything like that. It just, it’s a way for men to develop their physical prowess, and their thinking
abilities, their strategic abilities, to practice their leadership roles, and, all dat, all dat men’s stuff, you know (Nakanelua 1999b).

Indeed, most of the men are immediately “turned on” by the prospect of learning about Hawaiian culture and history through the lua or engaging in some form of martial art. Yet when hula is mentioned, some of the men become hesitant. As I mentioned above and in chapter 3, the hula has become associated with femininity and seen as a feminine form. Moreover, men often associate hula and hula hālau with women and māhū (effeminate and gay men), and so define their masculinity against the femininity they see as embodied in the hula, the dancers, and the kumu (instructors), many of whom are perceived as māhū (in the case of males). Keenly aware of this, Kyle tries to “reinvigorate the mana Kū” in the hula, often by highlighting the martial aspects. This worked extremely well for Puka Ho, whose first practice was on that same day that Kyle gave his talk in 1999. Puka remembered:

first time we had to dance one hula, I was like, “Oh, brah, I no dance hula!” I mean, notin’ wrong wit’ hula, but dat’s not fo’ me, eh. But when I seen them doin ‘em, I was like, “Whoa, dis buggah get plenty martial moves,” I could see in em, eh. And dat’s what wen’ kinda attrac’ me to dat. When I came home, I tought about it, I said, “Eh, dis is just like, how, like karate dey get katas, yeah. And, you know, hula had a lot of martial moves, eh. I was like, oh, dat’s what kinda wen’ keep me thirsty, keep me coming back fo’ more. Oh okay, I mean I no like dance da hula, but oh, dat buggah look like one good technique or sometin’ (Ho 2002).

Similarly, Kyle takes creative license with older hula that had always been seen as masculine but in more sexualized ways, as was the case with the Moloka‘i Ku‘i. Kyle learned the dance when he was in intermediate school at Maryknoll, where he performed
it as a hula ho‘oipoipo (courting dance) in which the boys would chase the girls across the stage. In the Hale Mua, he changed it to reflect more of the tough and aggressive positioning that would speak to other men:

If you talking about, you know, trying to impress a woman, then your movements are, you know, kinda gallant, yeah, and prancing, jus’ like one show horse or one fighting chicken, you know how rooters fluff deah feadahs and stuff li’ dat, yeah. Very mating dance oriented, you know, very much so...But, it was interesting, because, if you changed your inside, from trying to impress a woman, to trying to impress something upon a man, and of course, it’s not of an ipoipo (lovemaking) nature. You know, when you--if you’re a man, and you wanna make an impression on a man, whedah it be a boss, or a coach, or guys on a team you dat you wanna be a part of and stuff, you know, den you gotta crank up yo’ testosterone, you know, you gotta show up yo’ balls, you gotta be deah. So, when dat ‘a’ano (attitude) comes out of you, yeah, yo’ attitude changes, your body motions change, you tend to stiffen up at different points along da way. A different emphasis on da hand...your mana is projected is different (Nākānelua 1999b).

Part of the concerted effort to redefine dance is because of the appropriation of the hula as a commodity spectacle and the consequent performance of it as such. This includes a cultivation of homogeneity of body types, appearances and movements in groups that perform in tourist venues and in local competitions. Against this, Kyle seeks to reclaim hula as a practice done for us, not for tourists or others. The goal for the hula is not to give the most polished presentation, but to retell and relive mo’olelo through dance. Thus he allows for people’s individuality to come forth through the dance by letting people improvise during the dances or execute particular moves in their own style.
Though all the men wear the same colored malo in the performances, the make up of body types and sizes are very heterogeneous and would certainly earn very few points in competition. Thus in an interview one day, he proclaimed (once again to my camera and thus to you readers):

Kyle: Oh we dance hula too. Nothing like you guys evah saw, but, it’s pretty interesting.

Kiiwika: Could you speak about those hula?

Kyle: Yeah, um...we come from a culture that, was, nothing was written. So history was in the song, history was in dance, history was in the prayer. And, the commemorations of things that happened, are brought forth, are brought back to life, are relived, yeah relived, through, through the dance....

We thought, (pause) why not, for once, in a very long time, why not do a hula kākālā‘au, or, I believe it was called a pahua, yeah, a spear dance was called a pahua...why not do a pahua with a traditional Hawaiian ihe. So we set out, we, we manufactured traditional Hawaiian ihes, just like da ones they get in Bishop Museum, some of 'em even bettah (shoots the camera a “stink eye” look and pauses looking down)...So we made 'em, and den we danced wit’ it. And dat was it. No great show, no grand performance in front of throngs of people (pause) just for ourselves. Just to say, we participated in it, just to say we did it, and it was done, it can be done, just for ourselves. It still is done today, it could be done tomorrow.
Conclusion: challenges

Kyle was not entirely forthcoming in his statement that there is no show in our activities, for the ritual performance of the dance at Pu'ukoholā is certainly done in front of an audience. Yet his main point about whom these activities are done for is valid: the ritual performance of dance is meant to bring about a transformation of the self by reconnecting with history and with the fellow performers of that collective mo'olelo. As I mentioned in the chapter 1, the visibility of Hawaiian male bodies played a central role in the effectiveness of the Lele i ka Pō. As men jumped from the cliff, the sight of their bodies falling into the ocean from the land became a powerful bodily enactment of identities in transition, a performance that is also carried out in the telling of life stories that speak of multiple life-transitions and returns (next chapter). Importantly, the ritual and embodied processes of the men work to further the goals of cultural and political transformation in the Hawaiian community, a society that is itself undergoing important changes and transitions.

Kyle’s challenges to the world of hula and the Bishop Museum are more than just criticisms of institutional structures; at a very base level, it is a critique of the modalities of representation and ways of thinking about Hawaiian culture and history that pervade our society today. These ways of knowing about Hawai‘i have relegated the Hawaiians to the dead, frozen, static past, and produced images of feminine/feminized bodies that are sold globally. They also ignore the continued presence of men and women who seek to recapture these identity practices as a strategy for healing and revitalization. As sovereignty activists and political organizers continue to strive for self-determination and the return of Hawaiian lands, others search out ways of reconnecting with mo’olelo and with akua in order to rejuvenate themselves for the daily struggles they must engage in as Kānaka ‘Ōiwi. The Hale Mua seeks to provide this for Hawaiian men, if only for the
brief periods of gathering in the company of other men who seek to cast their people forward in body, mind and spirit.

Yet Kyle’s challenges to society are met with a number of challenges and unresolved issues that the Mua must grapple with on its own. First, we need to think seriously about what sorts of new gender dynamics we create, and which ones we are seeking to implement. Feminist critiques of cultural reclamation, nationalism, and men’s movements emphasize the importance of recognizing that colonial structures of domination that have disempowered indigenous people as a whole are the same ones that have oppressed women and gay men (Hoskins 2000; Messner 1997; Trask 1984; 1993a). Thus any attempts by colonized men to reclaim power and authority must not sacrifice the rights of women and sexual minorities in the name of “tradition.” Messner (1997) notes this dynamic at work in a variety of men’s movements in the United States (e.g., mythopoetic men’s movement, Promise Keepers, Million Man March), which are often backlashes against feminism. Many participants utilize an essentialist discourse to define identity in terms of differences between men and women as based in biological fact and the need to reclaim traditional (patriarchal) roles that have been lost. In racialized masculinity politics, the struggle against race and class oppression often supercedes the struggle for gender equality. Women of color inevitably suffer most. Messner argues that the transformative potential of masculinity politics is severely limited in so far as many of the movements end up working to reconstitute patriarchy (1997:73).

Although the Hale Mua is not itself a “movement,” some of the dynamics in the groups described by Messner resonate with the Mua. Like other men’s movements, the Hale Mua can be seen as a reaction not only to colonialism, but also feminism. Many observers have noted the visibility of strong Hawaiian women leaders in the sovereignty movement. As I discussed in the introduction, Trask contrasts men’s participation in the
state structures of power to their absence and women's dominance in the sovereignty movement:

While Hawaiian men have come to achieve their own place in the legislature and in the governor's office, Hawaiian female leadership has come to the fore in the sovereignty movement. Of course, this is not to say there are no male leaders in our movement. But they are not the most visible, the most articulate, nor the most creative. By any standard—public, personal, political—our sovereignty movement is led by women.

Part of the reason for this is simply colonialism: men are rewarded, including Native men, for collaboration. Women's role, if they are to be collaborators, is not to wield political power but to serve as an adjunct to men who do. Thus, our Native men have something to sell out for, our Native women do not (Trask 1993a:121).

Trask was correct to point out the preeminence of women in the movement when she wrote this essay. A decade after her writing, women are still prominent figures. However, a number of men have also emerged as important figures in the sovereignty movement, particularly among those advocating independence, which has come to overshadow the nation-within-a-nation model. Yet Trask's analysis of men's privileged access to power in the white world (Hawaii's party politics) remains valid. The problem with her assertions is that in describing the men as invisible, inarticulate, uncreative, and sell-outs, she engenders a new discourse of emasculation that also renders male leaders ineffectual in the realm of cultural politics. Moreover, this discourse creates resentment among men who have no desire to hear how poorly they are performing as Hawaiian men. Such an ideology evokes a masculinist discourse that goes beyond the level of "men need to do their part" to the extreme of "men need to reclaim their rightful places as
the leaders and women need to take a back seat.” This response essentially amounts to an assertion of patriarchy and reproduces the same structures of oppression and hierarchy that disempower individuals along the lines of race, class, gender, sexuality, age, body, and so forth.

I spoke with Dana Nāone Hall (2002), a leading wahine activist on Maui, on the topic of male leadership in the Hawaiian community. She noted that while women have been more prominent activists, men have been dominant in the “establishment” organizations of government and the Hawaiian trusts. As such, their investment in “the system” precludes too much participation in the movement since they have more to lose. The same goes for men who do not enjoy political power but need to support families through county, state, or federal jobs. She went on to add that this investment in the system leads them, and many other Hawaiian men and women, to partition their lives into separate spheres such as the “Hawaiian/culture,” “work,” and “family” instead of truly integrating them all (hence the disjunction and discomfort of “burning up on re-entry”). In other words, people invested and dependent on the capitalist system we live in can only take the effort of Hawaiian decolonization so far, and only as far as will not impinge greatly on their Western lifestyles and jobs. Kekuni Blaisdell, a leader in the independence movement, has also noted that many former activists have become dependent on the system for their livelihoods, and subsequently have not participated as fully since (Kelly 2003). These are all important issues that all Kānaka who seek to bring about social and political change must deal with in very real ways.

The issue of class and education becomes salient here. What are the constraints that enable certain individuals and not others to participate? Like many of the men described in Messner’s review of men’s movements, most of the men in the Hale Mua enjoy a more or less comfortable middle-class lifestyle and have a decent if not high level
of education (there are a few exceptions though). Yet the very ones who could most positively benefit are the ones who are absent—the lower working class Hawaiians who need the psychological and social support the most, the same individuals that have done poorly in the educational system.

Finally, the issue of gender or sexual non-normativity is rarely raised but presents an important issue for a group claiming to be established for all Hawaiian men. Can transgendered or transsexual men find a place in the group? What of heteronormative men who do not identify with the “tough-guy” masculinity that is fostered in the group but are very interested in the chanting and conduct of rituals? I asked a number of men if they thought that māhū would fit in. Most of them were just stunned at first by the question, having not thought of it previously. Most of them said that as long as he carried his own and did everything else, then it was fine with them; yet most of the guys rationalized it on the basis that māhū are also known to be tough scrappers and can fight.

These are all questions that we need to address as we think about the role of the Mua in the Hawaiian community. Perhaps this is not the place for different articulations of masculinity and culture. If that is the case, it is important we understand the specific limits and dynamics as we move into different “realms” of being and acting. I have personally grown immensely from my participation in the group, but I have also not been able to reconcile many of these complex issues that I have raised. Yet in the very process of researching and writing the dissertation, I discovered new possibilities and problematics of decolonization as my own personal mo‘olelo became intertwined with those of others. It is there that I see the most important contributions of the Mua to projects of reclaiming self and community.
The Pu'ukohola Heiau National Historic Site hosted a cultural festival since its opening in the mid-1970s. I discuss this in more detail in chapter 4.

Protests over this resulted in the powerful repatriation movement and revitalization of cultural practices of caring for the iwi kūpuna (Ayau 1995; Ayau and Tengan 2002).

Wende Marshall was conducting field work in Wai'anae at the time and conducted interviews with staff members and men who participated in the program, which she discusses in her dissertation (Marshall 1999:262-285).

Cliff does not write his name with an ‘okina in Alakai, so I do not add one. It is however the same word as alaka‘i.

For more on the Hawaiian division of the year, see Malo (1951:30-36, 141-159; 1987:23-26, 95-105). [Those reading the Emerson translation (Malo 1951) should know that he took a great deal of liberty in the translations and often mistranslates and neglects to translate terms. Likewise, those reading the Hawaiian reprint edited by Chun (Malo 1987) should be wary of typos.] For a political analysis of the juxtaposition of Kū and Lono in the year, see Kame‘eleihiwa (1992:44-49).

Sam Ka‘ai calls this weapon the “ne‘e” (literally “move”), and Kyle has also called it a lā‘au pālau, which is a general name for a fighting club (Pukui and Elbert 1986:189). Others have called it “ku‘ia,” which Pukui and Elbert (1986:174) define as “Sharp, pointed stick, dagger, spear.”

Kaeppler defines ha‘a as “a ritual dance performed as a sacrament on...heiau” that accompanied texts and “would have had a standardized form that ideally was performed without deviation” (since little firsthand knowledge exists, she speculates); hula on the other hand is defined as “formal or informal entertainment performed for a human audience” and were “composed in honor of people and places and conveyed this information in an indirect way, namely, through kaona, “veiled or layered meaning” (Kaeppler 1995:32).

One important exception occurred after I had finished the first draft of the dissertation. On May 4, 2003, an hour-long documentary entitled Skin Stories: The Art and Culture of Polynesian Tattoo aired on PBS. Kyle and Keone were featured in the segment on kākau in Hawai‘i. For Kyle’s own story, see transcripts of interviews (much of which does not appear in the video) at <http://www.pbs.org/skinstories/stories/nakanelua.html>, where he also talks about the Hale Mua. See also Chun (2003), which includes an impressive photo of Kyle’s kākau.
A Hawaiian man (about forty or fifty) with salt and pepper hair downed the beer in his hand, picked up the microphone and sang with as much soul and passion as he could muster at this hour of inebriation. Directly across him, a middle-aged Hawaiian woman sat with hands clasped beneath her chin and gazed lovingly at him with eyes glazed over from love and liquor. The University of Hawai‘i football team had just won their game, and Vili the Warrior had been jumping up and down in a mad frenzy in front of the cameras when the manager of Asian’s Sports Bar in Kahului, Maui turned off the game and began the karaoke videos with its steady stream of quasi-amateur actors depicting scenarios that would best be un-acted. After the UH victory and eight or nine beers each, most listeners and singers were in too good a mood to worry about how on- or off-key the person with the mic was—good news not only for the Kanaka Casanova, but also for me and Puka, who, if we were professional singers, would only be hired by the deaf.

A few beers later Puka and I were in deep conversation about the Hale Mua and how it has impacted him personally. I had already done a “formal” interview with him and was planning on doing another one while I was back home on Maui for a week, but tonight Puka felt like opening up more than ever. Besides “the beer talking,” I believe much of his openness came from the fact that I had shown him that I would let him into my life as much as I had asked to be a part of his and the others’ in the Mua. The seemingly minor gesture of inviting him and Holly (his wife) to join my friends and me at Asian’s for some drinks showed him that I saw our relationship as one extending beyond the discursive walls of the Hale Mua, and certainly past the bookends of my dissertation.
The last time I was home, Puka invited me to hang out with him and some of the other guys in the Mua at this same bar; when I said that I'd be hanging out with some of my other friends from high school instead, he said “What, you shame bring yo’ friends hang out wit’ us?” and laughed jokingly. I too laughed and denied it wholeheartedly, but he was not completely off-base. I had never really been in a situation where I was hanging out with friends who knew me in the Mua and friends who had known me from intermediate and high school.

It was not so much that I was embarrassed by either set of friends, but more about the awkward double-situatedness I would find myself when called by name—“Kāwika” by Puka (and other Mua members) and “Ty” by my other friends on Maui. Like many other ‘Ōiwi of my generation, I was not given a Hawaiian name and when told to use one in my eleventh grade ‘ōlelo Hawai‘i (Hawaiian language) class, I “Hawaiianized” my baptismal name David (which is also the name of my Portuguese grandfather, my uncle/godfather, and the root of my mother’s name). Thus I took Kāwika, a name that still raises questions from family members who wonder at my usage of it. Though they do not state so explicitly, I get the sense that some think it is not my real name, or identity for that matter. My friends from high school, who were the ones that invited me to go out to Asian’s with them, are also not used to calling me Kāwika, though they never raise it with me directly. At the university, where I have various associations with the Hawaiian Language, Hawaiian Studies, Anthropology, Ethnic Studies, and the International Cultural Studies programs, my name switches almost every time I walk into a new classroom. On the other hand, very few people in the Hale Mua know that my first name is Ty. As such, I had tried to avoid awkward situations by keeping my Hale Mua (and other “cultural” activities), somewhat separate from my “personal” life. Neither is my situation completely unique; many others like me have either taken up new Hawaiian
names or chosen to go by Hawaiian middle names later in life as their identification with the Hawaiian culture became stronger. Kanaka poet Puanani Burgess (1989), who was given three names (English, Japanese, and Hawaiian) at birth, writes, "Puanani is my chosen name,/ my piko name connecting me to the 'āina/ and the kai and the po'e kahiko—/ my blessing; my burden;/ my amulet; my spear." It is my own embodied liminality, a strange sense of in-between-ness that some describe is the condition of "living in two worlds," though I'm not sure it's two worlds or just one very confusing world.

Yet the net result is that despite all of the research I have done with the Mua and the years I have participated, few people know much about me outside of the practices and ceremonies. A problem that Puka said would disappear "if you came out of your shell more often." Puka and the others in the Mua had opened their homes to me and shared the most intimate details of their lives, and for the most part I had not returned the favor in kind. Thus I finally decided to get "real" and exhibit the same honesty and openness I have been shown. So we talked about everything, from Puka's childhood to my time spent at Dartmouth College. He also told me about how he had recently averted a bar fight because he had learned from the Hale Mua that that type of situation does not need to be the norm. My other friends Jay, Jen and Rob talked story with Puka and Holly in ways that local people do normally, and we all drank and sang until the early morning hours. Most of the conversations are a blur, the stories fragmented in the beer-filled memory drums. Yet the details are less important; what mattered most was that the sharing of stories and good times was real, and I became closer to all of my friends that night. Maybe the issue of figuring out which name to use when is not an issue at all.

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Mo'olelo: life stories in succession

In this chapter I focus on the way that the men find and/or create connections with each other, the land, the ancestors, and the larger Hawaiian lāhui through the sharing of mo'olelo—life stories that are fragments of narrated life experiences. Life stories provide a very powerful vehicle of reflection on one's own personal subjectivity and how one is a part of a larger collectivity shaped by culture, gender, race, class, and place. As with the larger discourses of mo'olelo as "historical narrative," such as the mo'olelo of Pu'ukoholā (chapters 4 and 5), Kānaka 'Ōiwi Maoli use mo'olelo of life stories as "cultural tools" (Wertsch 2000) to "create meaning within a social ecology of meanings" (White 2000:498). I look at the occurrence of life narration in two main contexts: those produced in interviews, and those given in a large group discussion in 1999. I argue that through the telling and hearing of these life stories, the men come to know, and enact, their identities as members of the Mua and of the larger lāhui Kanaka Maoli—nation of real people.

I became aware of the importance of mo'olelo when I first joined the group in 1997. After our Wednesday night practices, people who had time would usually stick around and "talk story." Boggs describes talk story as a communicative event that is usually done in Pidgin (Hawai'i Creole English) and "involves a search for, and recognition of, shared feelings" and solidarity that is accomplished through a number of verbal routines such as "recalled events, either personal or folktales, verbal play, joking, and conversing" (Boggs, et al. 1985:7). Ito (1999:12) writes:

"Talk story is a relaxed, rambling, sometimes intense commentary or conversation...The accuracy of details...is less important than enjoyment of the social interaction. The point of talk story is not an accurate transfer of information but a social exchange, affective enjoyment of one another's company."
As Ito (1999:9) notes, the sharing of life stories in talk story sessions among her Hawaiian “lady friends” living in Honolulu during the 1970s were fundamentally emotional exchanges that represented “the heart of Hawaiian culture” and reaffirmed/reproduced the ties of affect that held together and defined Hawaiian communities.

Like the Hawaiian families that Ito describes in her book, the Hale Mua maintains its “ties that define” through the sharing of affect rich life stories in a variety of contexts. The guys of the Hale Mua would regularly talk story after practice in ways that were common to any social gathering; and like the story I opened with, it was often done in more typical settings of “having a few” after the workout. In addition to this, a similar but more formalized talk story occurred at the end of any group endeavor, i.e., the end of a spear-making workshop, the last day of Pu‘ukoholā, or at the final meeting of the year. Through the telling of their mo‘olelo, the men would situate their participation in the Mua in the context of their own lives and speak of how they grew personally through their participation in the group project. In so doing, they create an opportunity for other members to relate through shared experiences. All of these speech events bore a strong resemblance to one another and led me to pay close attention to the ways that mo‘olelo work. The new members who are unfamiliar with the group’s routines become socialized not only through the process of watching and learning, but also by hearing and feeling the stories of other men and finding points of commonality and shared emotional understanding that serve as entrees for their own personal narrations. As most men are used to “talking story” in similarly affective styles, the sharing of life stories flows naturally from established forms of discursive practice.

Mo‘olelo, as fragments of narrated life experiences, also place speakers and listeners alike in a succession of personal, social, historical and spiritual events, and

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thereby actively form individual and group subjectivities in the Hale Mua. Through the mo'olelo, the men I interviewed both contextualize their participation in the Hale Mua and actively work out issues of identity that extend into other areas of their life. As such, I examine the ways in which the men articulate their reasons for joining, the timing in their lives that this occurs, and the desires that preceded and serve as the context for their subjective experiences in the Mua. In narrative practice individual subjectivities are culturally organized (White 2000)—i.e., shaped by and feed back into a larger discourse on Hawaiian masculinity and identity. During interviews, a number of the men spoke of how they did not actually know what it was that was “missing” until they “found” it in the Hale Mua. Like narration in other therapeutic settings such as Alcoholics Anonymous (Cain 1991; Swora 2001) and religious testimonials of conversion to Christianity (Stromberg 1993; White 1991), telling stories in the Mua does something for one's sense of self, especially when performing identities in transition and transformation (cf. Watson-Gegeo and White 1990). It is by learning to place their stories in a larger succession of talk that the men come to a new understanding of subjectivity.

One of the most important sites for this kind of identity work is in the ‘awa circle (see chapter 5) where men are obliged to “share their mo’olelo.” This typically involves a narration of their personal experiences, reflections, and evaluations of the topic being discussed over the ‘awa, usually a project or activity undertaken in the Mua. The men usually express their gratitude to the other men of the Mua for their fellowship and pledge their continued commitment to the group and to the larger struggles of the Hawaiian people. They often speak in testimonial fashion of loss, struggle, survival, and reclamation in their own lives as Hawaiians and as men, a project that is furthered through the very telling of their mo’olelo. Many of these testimonial life stories follow patterns that I argue are both learned and performed through communicative events such
as the 'awa circle. Men who enter the Mua hear a number of different mo'olelo about the
traditional role of Kanaka Maoli men in the 'aikapu period, the detrimental effects that
colonialism has had on the kāne, the need to learn and reclaim their kuleana as 'Ōiwi men
today. They in turn learn to tell their own personal mo'olelo as stories shaped by and
within these larger mo'olelo, at times repeating very closely some of the metaphors and
rhetoric employed in the 'defining' mo'olelo. In sharing their mo'olelo with the group,
they enact their subjectivity as one formed by the collective production and interpretation
of knowledge, history, and identity. Importantly, the 'awa circle is a context-creating
practice that establishes a safe place for men to talk in a therapeutic fashion with others
they trust and feel comfortable with. Their mo'olelo often become testimonies, acts of
naming and identifying a historic pain that can only be transformed and healed by giving
voice to it.

The ceremonial protocols followed give this event an added spiritual, moral, and
pedagogical dimension that adds to the discursive authority of the speech, and thus
identity, produced therein. At the same time, these protocols establish a clear participant
structure (Phillips 1972) which members are meant to learn in order to be competent
members and speakers within the circle and within the group (and hence reproduce
aspects of the social organization of the group). The creation of hierarchies and
structures would at first glance seem to be antithetical to fostering egalitarian relations in
the Mua, which is one of the central characteristics of the group (Brenneis and Myers
1991). As I laid out in chapters 5 and 6, the creation of a distinctly egalitarian modality
of social relations, what Turner (1969) calls "communitas," plays an important role in the
ritually recreating and maintaining specifically Hawaiian ties of community and
collective identities. The enactment of such relations in the sacred ritual space contrasts
the stratified, class-based relations of production in the late-capitalist society of neo-
colonial Hawai‘i, in which Hawaiian men are often at the “bottom of the ladder” as a collective whole (at least symbolically). This same class system has also severed ties between Hawaiian men of different class backgrounds, a situation that the Mua seeks to remedy by re-aggregating the community of Hawaiian men in the ritual space of the Hale Mua.

Thus the establishment of a new rank system might threaten to weaken the ties of community among the members. Yet knowing ones “place” is precisely what many of the men are looking for, and locating one in a hierarchy does just that while also giving one the kuleana to speak and to participate in the collective production of identity involved in the ‘awa circle. It also identifies those who are most competent speakers as a result of their age or their position in the group, thus providing the model of speaking to those who are younger and less experienced in telling mo‘olelo. The physical environment and the protocols of who gets served and speaks in what order provide a bodily and spiritual experience of knowing one’s place in a succession of ancestors, people, and stories.

Out of respect to the sanctity of the ‘awa circle, I have never taped any of the discussions that have occurred there. However, I do have a record of a meeting I videotaped in 1999 when a similar communicative event took place (some of which I described in the last chapter). The fact that this collective act of producing a succession of stories occurs outside of the ‘awa circle shows the importance of such an event in the formation of group subjectivity. It also happened to be the first time I began my uncertain enterprise of “dissertation research/group documentation,” and therefore provides an illuminating view of some of the dynamics of doing “homework.”
“You Belong Here”

“Let’s gather round, for documentation purposes and to talk story,” Kyle announced. It was the middle of October in 1999, and we began the first meeting of the Hale Mua after the Pu‘ukoholā ceremonies just two months prior. The twenty or so men who had been milling around in the large, open hall of the Kahului Armory, some with ihe and others without, came together in a rough semi-circle in front of Kyle. Keoki, one of the alaka‘i of the group, jumped in front of my video camera and flashed me the shaka, much to the amusement of the others. I had just begun to research and write about this group that I had joined in late 1997, and I asked Kyle if it was okay to video tape our practice. Kyle, never one to shy away from a camera, gladly obliged (and then some).

“This is Kawika Tengan. He’s our local anthropologist,” Kyle explained to the quizzical looks shot to my video camera. The new guys, already trying to stay as far back as possible, looked suspiciously at the camera or down at the ground as I turned their way. A voice rang out, “What’s an anthropologist?” Kyle replied, “An anthropologist, yeah, so about four hundred yea’s from now, your pulapula (descendants) will be looking at dis video goin, ‘Oh, I tink I know dat guy!’” On cue, Kamika caught my attention from across the circle and turned around to give me the back-view of his ‘Hawaiian Warrior’ pose—arms cocked in the flexing position with one hand holding his ihe out to his side.

Typically we would start off with the pule and then go straight into the exercises, but today Kyle spoke for about forty-five minutes, laying out the details of what the Hale Mua was in traditional society and what we are doing today. “Basically what we’re about is disseminating information.” There were about six new guys there (and one new anthropologist), so Kyle decided to describe just what we were, and he presented more
educational discourse about the Hale Mua then I had heard previously from him. At the end of the night, one of the new guys, a kind of rough-looking Chinese-Hawaiian man, maybe in his early thirties, noticed that I had been running my camera almost the whole night and asked, “What, you no do dis’ stuff?” I told him that I usually do, but I was just taping it tonight.

When Kyle called us all to come together to pani, we again broke our normal routine by replacing the closing prayer and honi with introductions. Kyle started off, “My name is Kyle Nākānelua, I live Ha‘ikū. Aaah, I work fo’ da state.” Each man followed suit in the collective act of locating oneself through residence and work: Puhi Gibson, Makawao, a Grace-Pacific mechanic; Paki Cabatingan, Wailuku, county worker; Cliff Alakai, Pukalani, Maui Medical Group; Jacob Kana, works for himself (everyone roars in laughter); Regan Pelekai, Kahului, Anheuser-Busch (also a National Guard member and the one who secured the building for our use this year); Wayne “Puka” Ho, Kīhei, county lifeguard (the one who asked me if I ever participate); and so on until each person introduced himself, except for me. I guess the new guy to the left of me, like Puka to the right of me, thought that I wasn’t really part of the group, and so he introduced himself before I had a chance to put down the camera. I began to sense the “remove” that putting myself into the role of “participant observer” created, a harbinger of things to come.

Kyle made some closing comments about the group, letting the new guys know that there are others who weren’t here tonight but come when they have time and that everyone in the Mua is free to come and go as they please. Kamika raised the question of eligibility for those who did not know, and Kyle told them to bring any friends or family that may be interested, as long as they were Hawaiian. If they were not Hawaiian but had Hawaiian children that they want to pass this information on to, that was also okay; the
main thing was to be wary of non-Hawaiians (usually haole) who were just “niele” (nosy). After a little bit of group discussion regarding spear making, Peter Vanderpoel, one of the younger members of the group, had something to say.

I’ve only been doing this for about a year and a half now, but, uh, I don’t know if you guys feel a little bit weird coming in here with a bunch of braddahs holding spears (Peter holds up the one in his hand, pretending to look threatening). Um, first time I came out was four o’clock in the morning on the heiau (temple), and I had to wear a malo (loincloth). It was cold, and uh, only good thing about it was dark, and nobody could see my ‘ökole (butt). But uh, I’ve found that after coming a bunch of times, this is the place for me; I mean, it may not be the place for everybody. I paddled, I didn’t get into hula, I just wasn’t into it, (Kāwika Davidson, standing next to him, nods and smiles) but this is a place where I could explore my Hawaiianness. So if this is the place you want to be at this time, by all means, we’re all here, to help you go forward.

Kyle asked if anyone had anything else, and Keoki Ki‘ili spoke up, “Just that my door is open every day, Monday through Friday. Come any time. You like talk story, we talk story.” Martin Martinson, a retired Chief Master Sergeant from the Army wounded in Vietnam, raised his hand, which was holding a book that was the translation of Samuel M. Kamakau’s work (see intro for discussion on Kamakau). He began by talking about his introduction to the Mua, which was through participation in the 1995 filming of Ancient Warriors and the subsequent commemoration march of the Battle of Nu‘uanu (see previous chapter).

I got one thing to say. When I came into the group about five years ago, we made a movie, that’s how I got into the group. And I just retired from the military, and uh, I was told if I wanted to “Come look around;” I said “okay.” And the first
thing we did, we had to walk from Waikīkī to Nu‘uanu (some of the older members laugh knowingly, and Kyle looks down and smiles) and by the time we got there, it was cold. It was so cold, some of the guys, they actually locked up on the spears, they locked up on the kāhilis, and stuff li’ dat, it was that cold. And as things went along, I didn’t come all the time, but there was always more knowledge they had here, and that’s why I’m always here—for the education.

Ah, if you asked me about five years ago about this guy (holding up book), I’d say “Who da hell is that?” ‘Cause I didn’t know anything, about Kamakau—I always wondered how these guys got so smart. How come dey knew all dis stuff, and I didn’t know anything. And I started learning about all the books they were reading, and everybody shares this information. And it doesn’t matter what walk, what background you have; it’s that you’re Hawaiian, so you come here to learn. And that’s why we’re here, to share this information. And everyone’s full of information, you’d be surprised. You cannot say that, “Wow, nobody cares,” cause I tell you what, I kept comin’ in here sayin “What dat? What they talkin’ about?” And that’s how you feel right now, I think, but it takes a while, and there are guys that are older than Kale Boy and myself, I think (people start naming others not present and jokes about some of the older ones there) But you be really surprised. So don’t feel, that you’re gonna be left out. It doesn’t matter who you are, as long as you’re Hawaiian you’re invited. You belong here, if you want to be.

“We’ll get there,” Kyle followed. “Wherever you guys wanna go we’ll get there. We have the canoe, we have the paddles, we have the trailah, we got da covah, we got guys on addah islands too, yeah.” Then Kyle looked straight at the camera and said, “Dey stay
inside deah. Everybody say, ‘howzit!’” and he pointed and smiled. I panned the group and all the guys smiled, waved, and showed shaka.

Martin’s talk and Kyle’s invocation of the canoe metaphor elicited speech from Carl “Kale Boy” Eldridge, a new addition to the group and now in his mid-50s. I met Kale Boy (and found out we were related) in 1996 when I was doing “research” for my undergraduate thesis that looked at Hawaiian cultural nationalism and identity formation in the group that he was the president of—Hui ʻo Waʻa Kaulua (Society of the Double-Hulled Canoe) (Tengan 1997). The Hui was like the Hale Mua in many respects except for two important points: there were women and haole members, with some in leadership positions as well. Less than a year after I filed my thesis in Spring 1997, the group split. Not wanting to sever relations with individuals I had befriended on both sides of the divide, I withdrew completely, and tonight was the first time I had seen Kale Boy in a couple of years. His presence at the meeting made me realize that gender had every bit as much to do with that breakdown as race did, for it was primarily middle-aged Hawaiian men who made up one of the factions. And as I came to find out, it was that division that brought him here.

I’ve known Kyle for a while; we’ve gone through some problems that he’s been helping us with, Keoki been helping us with. It was ah, a hard thing for us to try to get involved in a group like this, and you know other people try to huki (pull) you there, and I talked to Kyle them before. The thing that really, really impressed me about this group here, was not the martial arts, but the concept of learning what we as Hawaiian men supposed to know as a matter of fact. That’s why I came here. I get a group of guys wanna come too, but they get Hawaiian language classes at night, so kinda clash. But the whole concept of the Hale Mua is why I’m here. The hard part for me is...all the knowledge and history we had

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as small kids, it was taken away from us, us guys lost that...I older than most of you guys in heah, but I still want to learn. I got a couple of grandsons that I want to teach. The important thing about being here, is whatever I learn here, I goin’ share....A lot of our kūpuna died with a lot of knowledge, and it shouldn’t have been that way, cause now we gotta go look for it, and I lookin. We shouldn’t be looking; it should be a matter of fact. The last person in my family to know this was my grandfather, but he nevah taught to his young sons, and it never came down to us. So now I gotta go to a younger man in order to learn dese things. And I want that to be handed down to my grandchildren, and I want them to get it from somebody in their family. So mahalo to you, Kyle.

At this point, I could not hold myself back any longer, and I announced that I had something to share. Peter took my camera and centered me in its sights as I introduced myself formally for the first time to the new members. To everyone I explained that I was filming this for two reasons: the first was for a paper I was writing (and at that point it really was just a class project) and the second was to have a record of the things we’re doing in practice, something especially important for the three members of the Mua (Kamanaʻopono Crabbe, Kūkona Lopes, and myself) that were living on Oʻahu and unable to fly over to Maui regularly. I also recounted my own identity voyages (one of which included my work with the Hui o Waʻa Kaulua that I mentioned with a nod to Kale Boy) and how I had never been in a group that has been so cohesive as this one (the pain of being unable to return to the Hui now fresh in my mind again). I also shared that being in the Mua had allowed me to find my kuleana (rights and responsibilities) as a Hawaiian man, and that I had also found a place in the company of other Hawaiian men, something that I had not really felt before. All of those things inspired me to write about and record what we are doing so that hopefully other Hawaiian men would be inspired. It was also
my way of giving back something to the Mua that could be "handed down" to the pulapula (descendants) of each member.

Three years later, I look at this tape and see faces that no longer appear (as well as muscles too—at least on my body). Though much has changed, much has also stayed the same—especially the telling of mo'olelo (life stories). Oftentimes men will speak of the ways that their participation in the Mua has provided something that was "missing" in their lives, like Peter and myself did. Others like Martin and Kale Boy talk about the "knowledge" and "education" they have acquired here that they could not find elsewhere. Many of the stories take on a testimonial form in which individuals talk about the experience of loss or disconnection they have felt as Hawaiian men and their subsequent or current struggles of recovery and reclamation. In many ways, the narrative structure of these stories resonates with those of conversion narratives (Stromberg 1993; White 1991); both forms of narrative practice are potent identity markers and makers, especially in their practice, performance, and enactment in large groups understood to be safe places where like-minded and feeling persons will listen and empathize.

The project of reclamation is accomplished in part by connecting to others through the telling of mo'olelo. This is accomplished when the other men in the group respond through verbal and non-verbal cues (laughing, nodding and smiling), commenting on the story (discussion of who was older than Martin), or by telling their own stories that pick up and expand upon events or themes that others have mentioned; in this way, a succession of talk is created between men that affirms and validates each of the individual stories their interlocutors. Individuals will highlight commonalities with others in the group, either through generational experiences (Martin and Kale Boy did not have an opportunity to "learn" until after retiring, and Kāwika Davidson understood Peter's lack of interest in the hula) or shared experiences in the Mua. The latter often
involves overcoming an initial physical and/or emotional discomfort with the help of others in the group in order to arrive at a deeper understanding of and comfort with one’s identity as a Hawaiian. Both Peter and Martin spoke of enduring the “cold” of the heiau and the march, which others laughed at because they too were there (I remember standing on the heiau with Peter in the middle of the rain and wind thinking that I would never come back again). Kale Boy told of the problems at the Hui and the regret he felt as an older man “looking” for the knowledge that passed with his kūpuna. Yet through the help of Kyle and the others who share the knowledge and the hypothermia, the group moves “forward” and each person commits himself to helping and sharing with newcomers and with family and friends outside; a perfect example was Keoki offering the opportunity for anyone to come and “talk story.” Thus the new members come to know what it means to be a part of the Mua, and old members relive experiences that have defined their participation and growth in the group. Finally, these feelings are all reaffirmed by the sentiment articulated by Martin—“You belong here.”

A succession of interviews

When I first began interviewing individuals about the Hale Mua in 1999, my questions were aimed at finding out how and why they joined the Hale Mua and what role the Hale Mua has played in their life. Not surprisingly, many of the stories I heard were familiar to me because I heard them before in ‘awa circles or in other group dialogues. At the time I was not asking life history questions, but I found that almost all of the men responded in ways that drew in personal histories, desires, and quests that “brought” them to the Mua. Thus when I did interviews for the dissertation in 2002, I also included a life-history component in order to better understand the life stories that
came out when men talked about the Mua. Finally, I asked men their opinions on their views of the “predicament” of Hawaiian men in general today.

Including those from 1999, I have recorded interviews with nineteen men. Twelve were conducted at the homes of the interviewees, two at their work places, two at parks, and three at my house. Two individuals had me interview them together; all the rest were one on one. Most interviews lasted between one and two hours, the longest going for three. I continued to speak with interviewees informally throughout the year and would usually jot down notes when I was at my computer later on. Most of the interviewees spoke Pidgin in the interviews, which is as much of an identity and class marker for Hawaiians as is speaking Hawaiian language (Kimua 1983; Tamura 1996), especially for men (Osorio 2001:362). Three people spoke standard English, and four people interspersed Hawaiian with English and Pidgin. Fourteen men were video taped, and five were audio taped; additionally, some men that were video taped were also audio taped in follow-up interviews. I initially video taped both for my own transcription purposes and for use in a possible film piece that I thought would be more accessible and interesting to the men themselves than a dissertation (this hunch was validated when I presented the videos in June 2003 at Maui Community College). Once I got into the actual transcription of interviews, extracting the audio from the video became too time consuming, and so I audio-recorded the remaining five individuals and those that I did follow-up interviews with.

The men interviewed represent about sixty percent of the active members in 2002. Since the number of individuals varies from event to event and week to week, it is difficult to give an exact number of how many men are active in a year; my “guesstimate” is between twenty six and thirty. Of the nineteen I interviewed, sixteen of these were “regulars,” that is they attended some or most of the weekly practices and
participated in group activities; the other three were a bit different, and I will discuss them below.

The sixteen regulars had been a part of the Mua for varying lengths of time, the shortest being three years and the longest being since the inception of the group in 1991. Each man could claim at least one other genealogical lineage in addition to Hawaiian; most could claim two or more. Their ages ranged from thirty one to fifty eight, the average being about forty four. (One exception was Sam Kaʻai, who was sixty four, but his status as the group’s elder puts him in a slightly different category). All of the men were heterosexual, or at least said they were. Ten were married at the time, and six were single or dating. Eleven had children, and three had grandchildren. The men were more or less middle-class in terms of occupation and income, though most of them came from a blue-collar working class family background. There were three fire fighters, three county workers, one attorney, one financial administrator, one doctor, one retired police officer, one retired store owner, one small business owner, one air traffic controller, one tug-boat driver, one Maui Electric plant worker, and one Ph.D. candidate in psychology. The issue of place was a complicated one, and indeed proved to be one of the most spoken of issues for all of the men. At the time of the interview, fourteen lived on Maui and two on Oʻahu. Six might be considered “Maui Boys,” i.e., they were born and/or raised in Maui, but only two had never really left the island for more than a year. The other ten men were from Oʻahu (eight), Hawaiʻi (one) and the U.S. continent (one). Even these numbers are misleading, though, for all of the men had experiences of travel, movement, and relocation in some form, even the “Maui Boys.” Of the total, only about three grew up in rural areas, but all came to eventually live in town (on Maui) or in the city (on Oʻahu or the continent).
The three remaining individuals of the nineteen I interviewed had a somewhat different relation to the group than the rest. Keawe‘aimoku Kaholokula, a thirty three year old Ph.D. candidate in psychology at UH, was born and raised on O‘ahu and got involved with the lua classes and Nā Koa on O‘ahu in 1996. He always had ties to the Maui group, especially through his close friendship with Kamana‘opono Crabbe and his relationship to his cousin Rick Bissen. Though Kyle had extended the invitation to Keawe a long time ago, he only decided to join the Hale Mua in 2002. Kapono Chong-Hanssen, a twenty one year old anthropology major at Dartmouth College (my alma mater), was born and raised in Iowa and came to Hawai‘i to research and reconnect in 2002. My old thesis advisor, who was Kapono’s advisor, put us in touch. I tried my best to help Kapono with his project and introduce him to people that I thought might help him, and in the process I invited him to train with the Hale Mua and come to Pu‘ukoholā in August. Keao Nesmith, a thirty six year old Hawaiian language teacher from Kaua‘i, was teaching ‘ōlelo to Kapono and Ku‘ulei (my wife) in the summer, and through them I got to know him and so extended him an invitation come to Pu‘ukoholā. With the addition of Keao, Kapono, Keawe, and Keawe’s nephew Mana, there were about seven of us from O‘ahu who went to Pu‘ukoholā as part of the Hale Mua. The experiences of Keawe, Kapono, and Keao in relation to the Mua are more limited than those of the other sixteen I interviewed, and although their life stories shed a great deal of light on issues surrounding educational projects, I do not use them in this chapter.

“Our local anthropologist”

Then there is me. This dissertation is as much about the Mua as it is about my participation in the Mua. Likewise, most of the men I interviewed knew me primarily through the Hale Mua, and so related to me as a fellow member. This presented me with
a number of issues, many of which have been discussed at length in what has now become a sizeable literature on "native," "indigenous," and "halfie" anthropologies: reconciling competing obligations to community and to academia; determining what level of discussion and critique was appropriate; producing work that was accessible to multiple audiences; encountering unforeseen constraints as an "insider"; and wrestling with my own multiple positionalities and identities that also made me an "outsider" in various ways (Abu-Lughod 1991; Fahim 1982; Jacobs-Huey 2002; Kanaaneh 1997; Narayan 1993). All of the other guys knew I was doing my dissertation on the Hale Mua, yet at the same time, most of the guys didn't know exactly what that meant other than I would be keeping the "history" of the group. Some individuals were very invested in seeing the project come to fruition, for as a written document it would be both more legitimating to the group and serve as a tangible source of information not only for themselves and their families but for any other Hawaiian person interested. Others were eager to sit down and tell their story to me because they never had a chance to reflect on their lives and tell of their experiences to anyone else, let alone to someone who would record it (cf. Myerhoff 1982). Others saw the interviews as an extension of the sharing of mo'olelo in the Hale Mua, and so it was not a major issue for them. In the same vein, a number of men shared stories that were meant to teach me a lesson about being a Hawaiian man and what responsibilities I carry. Some of the older men told me how proud they were of me, saying that I am doing what all young Hawaiian men should be doing: getting an education, practicing the culture, and having a good family. Most of the guys just wanted to help out in any way they could; that's what the Hale Mua was established for, to help men go forward. Above all, they trusted me and were confident that I would tell their story in a pono way.
The multiple meanings, motivations, and obligations that were attached to interviews and the on-going research almost paralyzed me when it came to writing it all up. I have lost innumerable hours of sleep trying to reconcile my kuleana as an anthropologist and as a member of the group. Trying to write for multiple audiences inevitably leads to shortcomings by somebody's standards, especially my own. I have endeavored to represent what I feel most truly represents the heart of the Hale Mua, but the constraints of time have prevented me from giving each individual his due attention. Thus I was forced to make a strategic decision and incorporate those fragments of narrated life experience that would best add texture to the narrative I was crafting. The best thing I could do was to give the men earlier drafts to comment on and to critique. This was the wisest decision I made, for in so doing I prevented what could have been a catastrophic situation. Though the situation was remedied, I still hurt someone with my words, an outcome that was farthest from my goals as an indigenous anthropologist. I will discuss this experience, as well as the implications it holds for ethnographic work done by insiders and outsiders, in more detail in the conclusion. I foreshadow that discussion here to note that an indigenous anthropology asserting kuleana must take all of the pain and happiness that comes with it.

So I write my own mo‘olelo, one that interweaves my own life experiences in with those that were shared with me, but one that is ultimately more about and for me than anyone else. It is a “me” that I have come to know through others, a “self” that I have been able to situate historically, culturally, spiritually, and spatially in a succession of other selves that make up a po‘e (people). My own mo‘olelo is one born of canoes, airplanes, and search engines that always bring me back to the need for a home, a house, a hale, a hale mua. The Hale Mua has become a place, a group, a set of relations to work out my own identities and responsibilities, just as it has for the other members. To
kūkulu hale (build a house) is one of the primary responsibilities of the kāne. First, one must firmly plant the two pouhana (endposts) into the ground, for they support the kaupaku (ridge-pole) and provide the height and the strength of the hale. In the following section I will look in detail at the pouhana of the hale: Sam Ka'ai and Kyle Nākānelua. Their mo'olelo provide the foundation and serve as the main supports for the Hale Mua.

In search of the eyes of Hema

'O Kaha'inuiahema, Kaha'inuiahema,
Ke ali'i o uka o Lo'iloa a Haunaka, Chief of the uplands of Lo'iloa and Haunaka,
I hānau i Kahalulukahi; Was born at Kahalulukahi;
'O Kaumoilani ke ēwe, At Kaumoilani the placenta,
'O Ka'alāholo la ka piko, At Ka'alāholo the navel cord,
'O Hala'ahui la ka a'a, At Hala'ahui the caul,
'O Keanimakua i Ka'opi kahua. Keanimakua in Ka'opi the [house] site.
'O ke ānuenue ke alo o Kaha'i; The rainbow was the pathway of Kaha'i;
Pi'i Kaha'i, kōi Kaha'i, Kaha'i ascended, Kaha'i pushed on,
'A'e Kaha'i i ke ko'i'ula a Hema; Kaha'i tread the rainbow-hued trail of Hema;
Hihia i nā maka o 'Alihi. The eyes of 'Alihi gazed in bewilderment.
'A'e Kaha'i i ke anahā, Kaha'i tread along the reflected light;
He anahā he kanaka ka wa'a; The man like a canoe on the reflected light;
Iluna o Hānaia'akamalama; Above was Hānaia'akamalama;
'O ke aia i 'imi ai i ka makua. This was the pathway to seek the father.
'O hele a i ka moana wehiwehi He went over the deep, dark ocean
'O halulu i Halekumukalani; That roars at Halekumukalani;
Ui mai kini o ke akua, The myriad of gods inquired,
Hema (literally “south” or “left”) was a famous ali‘i of Hawai‘ikualuli, Ka‘uiki, Hāna, Maui. When his wife Luamahahoa was with child, Hema travelled to Kahiki, the far-off lands, to find a birth gift in the form of the ‘ape‘ula—a red tapa cloth used to wrap the images of the akua Kū. In the land of Kapakapaua he was killed by the ‘ā‘ia, a legendary fishing bird of the akua Kane. Kaha‘i, son of Hema, was born at Kahalulukahi, ‘Īao, Wailuku, Maui. When he was older he asked his mother where his father was, and she explained that in his search for the pālala (birth gift), Hema’s eyes were taken by the ‘ā‘ia. Kaha‘i replied, “I am going to look for my father.” He voyaged to Kahiki, treading the ko‘i‘ula (rainbow pathway) of Hema. There he encountered the akua Kane and Kanaloa who asked him the purpose of his journey. He replied, “I am searching for the eyes of Hema.” They responded, “There in Kahiki at ‘Ulupa‘upa‘u, with the ‘ā‘ia bird, to be found at the pillars of Kahiki.”

Kaha‘i—the break, fracture, joint—is a name carried by many voyaging chiefs in Hawaiian history. Another bearer of the name is Sam Kaha‘i Ka‘ai, Jr. In addition to the many hours spent talking to him after workshops or at Hale Mua meetings, I interviewed Sam twice with a video-camera at his Pukalani home (November 1999, July 2002) and
spoke to him on numerous occasions over the phone while I was on O'ahu writing up my research. The transcripts I include here all come from the July 23, 2002 interview at his house where I asked him about growing up, becoming involved in the Hōkūle'a, visiting Aotearoa/New Zealand, and his opinion on the state of the "average" Hawaiian man (see conclusion for this discussion).

Sam was born on April 17, 1938 to Edward Hiram and Caterina Marciel. He was given in hānai to Edward's childless sister Christina Maile and her husband Samuel Kaha'i Ka'ai, Sr. of Moloka'i. It was not until he was nine that Sam Kaha'i Ka'ai discovered that "what was an aunt and uncle were really [his] biological parents." Sam spent his early years on the Marciel homestead in the rural 'uala growing and fishing village of Kaupō on the southeastern side of Maui. I asked him what it was like, and he told me:

Three-tirty my aunt got up, wood stove cooking. By four the men were eating. They were mounted on their horses and on their way by six...Work started at dawn, so in summer it was a lot earlier, and uh, work ended when you could not see; your horse took you home, not you.

Here his grandmother Kealoha "Pake" kept her mo'opuna "out of harm's way" in case of any wartime "conflict or unpleasantries." When his hānai parents separated, Sam lived with his hānai father who remarried a woman named Eliza Kapukini Apo from Waihe'e, Maui. There they lived and had five children, all of whom Sam raised. He later attended intermediate and high school on O'ahu, but dyslexia hamstrung his academic achievement even as it augmented his artistic skills.  He earned a certificate of completion in 1957 from McKinley High School, or "Tokyo High" as it was called (due to the predominance of Japanese students there).
After winning an art scholarship, Sam spent two years at the Honolulu Academy of the Arts. He already had a background in using adzes and chisels to make papa lā'au (wooden boards), fish boxes, and other devices back in Kaupō, and in his second year he taught the woodcarving class that he had taken the previous year as an incoming student. He served a few years in the Army, all in Hawai‘i. He was also hired to work at the International Marketplace (a tourist market in Waikīkī) to carve human faces. Soon he began to feel that “something was missing in Honolulu,” so moved back to Maui in 1960. After living in Wailuku for a few months, he soon found work in Lāhainā carving coral and pumping air tanks at Maui Divers. He later opened his own shop on Front Street called Ka Honu in which he sold his own carvings along with crafts from thirty-eight different Pacific Islands. When he was twenty-three he met and married a visiting school teacher from Michigan named Virginia Jean Nanette, and they had three daughters. At this time he also began to visit and talk to his great-uncle Liihua Ka‘ula Ka‘aihue in Kaupō about “Hawaiian subjects,” which “were not popular at the time.” Sam never thought there was anything negative about being Hawaiian; for him “it was natural.”

After discussing his life as a worker and husband, spoke of his growing sense of unease and dissatisfaction—that “missing” thing he first felt in Honolulu—and how it came to a head in his life with his divorce in 1985:

So after being mad for about twenty years, I, ah (pause) when I ah, got separated, I took a reappraisal of what I was doing. And it seems that competing in the Western world, uh, business and carving signs and doing all dat kine stuff didn’t—(pause) The satisfaction for the Western world is you should be paid a salary, it leaves no, ah (long pause) there was no spiritual satisfaction. So um, just about a two and a half year dark period, and, after that I just made up my mind that it’s time to make—that (pause) Hawaiian culture was orientated
towards tourism. It was not, ah, really to be done for itself. Hawaiian language was being spoken for the Bible. There was a kahiko (ancient) but they talked about Kalākaua which to me was very Victorian and possibly the first age of, ah, of exceptional change with values so (pause) looking at old values and reflecting. I don’t think one studied those things as one, at a certain time was aware that, that the old folks did it another way. The-the kūpuna had ah, another set of values, yeah. Um, I-I remember elders being frustrated because they had all these kind of sayings that our Hawaiian was not good enough to understand, and therefore we couldn’t enjoy that humor...that philosophical thought, that philosophy...And then, ah, you know, like most Hawaiian parents there’s arguments over heirlooms, eh, taonga (Māori word for “treasure”), um, you-you know some aunty somebody took the pounding stone to California as a Hawaiian memory, and ah of course nobody pound poi, that ah (pause) So the theme “A ‘oe maoli? Are you real?” became clear.

This answer came with “the realization” that Hawaiian “material culture was missing.” In his view, things considered “Hawaiian” were either adaptations of foreign objects (e.g. the ‘ukulele, which was the Portuguese braguinha) or Hawaiian-looking items produced elsewhere (e.g., kukui [candlenut] lei made in the Philippines and lauhala [pandanus leaf] mats made in Sāmoa and Tonga). His summarized Hawaiians’ collective alienation from their material culture is his maxim “when you eat poi from plastic bags, you burp foreign sounds.” He argued, “Hawaiian things will be in Hawaiian hands when Hawaiians pick it up, and you can’t pick it up in the store, you gotta make it.” All of this “became clear” to him in 1988 when he went to Aotearoa/New Zealand on a Fulbright scholarship to study carving with Māori artisans. He recalled an incident in which he witnessed a young man being scolded by some of his elders for his “Rastafarian hair-do.” The tohunga (master
carver) told them to leave him alone, for it wasn’t the hair that needed defending. What mattered was “A ‘oe Māori? Are you real?”

We think of Māori as being “I’m a real Native Hawaiian” and, and to ah Māori, that uh (pause)—accident of birth did not make you who you were. The fact that yo’ parents got together don’t make you, it made a human being; now what made you Hawaiian? or made you Māori? So they would say “A ‘oe Māori? Are you real? Do you go in the street with your father’s good name?” And then I, that hit as a kind of a clear, clear answer to, to the things that you kinda not put your finger on at home. Why somebody can sing in beautiful falsetta and play a ‘ukulele, but ultimately, in the dawn, a single voice calling at the wind, was the real voice. (pause) Um, why was that different? You had discerned it had difference, but you didn’t know how to explain it. Well, it was partially real; one was entertaining, the other was done for, for ageless reasons. It was the hanunu o ka lani, the growling of the heavens, the namunamu o ke kupuna, the murmuring from the assembly of the heavens, so it’s different. And once you agree wit’ dat, one of the next statements is that it is more painful not to have than to have.

Sam lamented the fact that instead of doing the things that make us “Maoli,” we look to written accounts by foreign observers like Cook who themselves never did the activities they wrote about. In contrast, he spoke of what and how he learned “in the doing” when he was growing up in Kaupō.

My tūtū (Līhau) used to say “Kālai kālai, ah, o nānā ka maka, o hana e ka lima (carve, carve, the eyes watch, the hand works). Your hand coordination, your eye coordination was you, but the sharpening of the adze before you started was the foundation, and the binding, the making of the handle.” And he said, “And then you have to allow for this little extra, it’s for the blisters, ‘cause as you
concentrate on your carving and you shaping the wood, the adze on the other hand
is shaping the hand, shaping the tolerance, shaping the judgment, shaping the
‘uhane, eh.” So uh, it’s not that we get better at what we doing, it’s that we know
what we doing and we can spend a more efficient time doing it. So by doing all
of dese tings increases our familiarity, whatever, and then you can feel the same
pain of the people before you and have some kinship that its not measured by this
time and that time, but time in work.

Sam’s own familiarity with the material culture led him to carve the stern images for the
Hawaiian voyaging canoe Hōkūle‘a’s maiden voyage in 1976.

On the intellectual level I designed two male figures because the canoes were
male. One was an ali‘i, with his head clocked over to the side. He might be
Mō‘īke‘a, he might be, for me he was Kaha‘i, I am Kaha‘i so he is Kaha‘i.
Kaha‘i the man who found Hawai‘i who was called Hawai‘iloa, Kaha‘i who
brought the breadfruit, you know there’s many many Kaha‘i’s. And uh, I put him
with a mahiole, uh, kinda looking (making a side-eye glance). On the other side I
had the man, which was an effigy of our time reaching for the, the hōkū, the stars.

So uh, when I submitted those two drawings, uh, they asked, you know, to say
why I thought of that. I said, “Well, the star is the hōkū, eh. I mean, for us today,
everything is changing.” The-we are homogenized, and marginalized, a-hah-and
syrup-wized, and shoyu-ized, and inamona-wized, and uh you know, rubbah
slippah-wized, and Primo-wized...and ah, that we all were out to a Big Mac attack
(chuckling). And some people were crying in their heart that they were born too
late, see. The trouble is they nevah—when they prey, they wen’ look down, they
nevah look up. ‘Cause if you get up before dawn, the heavens have not
changed....Their relationship to each other is there, so if you lost your way, your-
your hōkū, you-you’ve lost your guide on the land because the streets are changed
and the bulldozah making new alanui (road), well, ‘a’a ke alanui o ka lani (brave
the path of the heavens), the heavenly roads are still there. (pause, eyes tearing)
Look up, see your star, remember where your kupuna said the island was, the
island of your dreams. Down by south by southeast, is Hōkū‘ula (red star), it’s
only three thousand miles away. (pause) So uh, chose the right star, set the course,
give your life to eternity, ma mua, go forward.

As has been noted elsewhere (Finney 1979; 1994), the voyages of the Hōkūle‘a were
instrumental in sparking the cultural revitalization movement in Hawai‘i and the revival
of Polynesian ocean voyaging throughout Polynesia. For Sam personally, the Hōkūle‘a
“taught many lessons” that “allowed probing....Everybody looking at oriental and
occidental ideas; ah, Hawaiians only had to look south to other islands.” Over the years
Sam has been to such places as Tahiti, Sāmoa, Rapa Nui, Rarotonga, Fiji, and,
importantly, Aotearoa/New Zealand. In Aotearoa/New Zealand, he saw a people who
had maintained the rituals and songs that kept their ties of family, clan, and tribe together
throughout the years of change. With great emotion, he recreated a scenario typical of the
marae:

You a young motha, they (women of the tribe) show up at ten o’clock to make
sure you come to the marae (courtyard in front of the meeting house); I don’t care
if you had three children in England or the United States. You must fold a three-
corner diaper, you must make a baby formal, you must sing the pre-birth song,
you must sing the birth song, you must sing the first-year song, you must sING
(voice cracks on the verge of tears) the song of the tribe, of the hapu (clan), and if
you cannot, then your child will not belong, and he will not be our child, and he is
our child, not yours. That belonging is driven home. Ah, today we do it in hālau,
but that kind of support, marae is everything. They have their institution, they zealously stand and protect it. It is a big financial burden to everyone to have those things, but *not to have* is to be *lost* in the wilderness of change.

Sam did not only witness these practices of “belonging” but also practiced them when he himself was “adopted” by a family (and thus their whole tribe) and “integrated” as one of their own. Sam reflected on that and brought it full circle to Hawai‘i and the Hale Mua.

So staying more than three days almost guarantees adoption, and therefore if *they* go to the field, you *too* will go. And if *they* go to the church, you *too* will go because we go as the hapai—the hapu, the iwi, the family, the clan, the tribe. So that kind of stuff we see, we admire, and once you know, you know it’s absent here. So I have a tribe. Do you know it’s name? (pause) Hale Mua (smiling).

**Sam’s life story is exemplary in the ways that he connects family, work, society, and cultural practice in ways that create a sense of coherence in his life (Linde 1993). He links the dissonance in his personal and work life to the cultural and social malaise he perceived (and still does perceive) as characterizing the Hawaiian people and culture. In Sam’s case, practicing the “real” Hawaiian culture brings order to his own disrupted models for family, work, production, and community—those things that define him as a man. In his life story, he draws connections between the failure in his marriage, his lack of fulfillment as a producer in the culture industry (both on O‘ahu and on Maui), and transformations (degradations?) in Hawaiian culture, which include missionization, the adoption of Western cultural practices and laws, the loss of language, values and philosophies, and the eventual commodification of culture for tourist consumption (Desmond 1999; Merry 2000; Osorio 2002; Trask 1993b). He also notes how all of these processes have lead to the fetishization of cultural objects by Hawaiians, which is both a
cause and effect of the disintegration of familial ties as people became further removed, both physically and culturally, from the old ways.

Importantly, it is the breakdown in family relations that frame and are understood by the breakdown in cultural practices and relations. Not surprisingly, it is through a reassembled understanding of family and work that Sam sees the answer to cultural degradation. It is here that the genealogical chants offer a mode of Maoli theorization of Sam’s life. Like Kaha‘inuiahema, Sam Kaha‘i Ka‘ai followed the rainbow hued path in search of nā maka o Hema—the eyes of the South, the eyes of his father. “Hawaiians only had to look south.” His journeys to Aotearoa let him know what was missing—the ritual practices of belonging that maintained identity in the family, clan, and tribe. More specifically, it is through a revaluing of the man’s role in cultural (re)production that Sam frames “a ‘oe maoli? are you real?” It’s not the “accident of birth” that determines identity, but rather what one does to make oneself maoli and to carry his “father’s good name.” These are lessons that he was taught by his uncle Lihau, whose instruction in carving taught him that blisters of hard work allow one to “feel the same pain of the people before you and have some kinship that its not measured by this time and that time, but time in work.” Thus Sam testifies to his ability, and the ability of all Hawaiians, to recover from the historical and cultural loss that became reproduced in the family and in the individual. His mo‘olelo places him back in a succession that experienced a “ha‘i,” or a break; through his réclamation work, he made that ha‘i a joint, a connection to the next generation.
Replanting keiki

Kyle was giving Ku'ulei and me the tour of Lākini, the taro lands he took over from his grandmother in 1989. We were out here for my first interview with Kyle, and Ku'ulei was helping by doing some of the video taping as we walked around. After showing us the goldfish that lived in the stream and the mo'o (dragon) that became a grassy islet, he took us to the lo'i and told us how to plant kalo. He crouched down and pointed to a large, older looking plant and explained that it would not be replanted again; instead, you want to plant the ‘oha—the keiki plants growing from the makua plant. Pointing to a small group of plants growing away from the main patches and growing in what looked like a neglected patch of mud, Kyle explained that after you harvest the ‘oha, you first have to ‘ō‘ō, or poke the huli (tops of kalo used for planting) into the ground and let them sit; the ones that are strong are taken out again and replanted. He then walked over to a large plant in the lo‘i and showed us a makua with a pua (flower) and explained that once the makua has flowered, the taro is old and will not bear keiki; if you replant the makua, the hua (corm) will not be as big and will eventually die as it becomes more susceptible to all kinds of diseases. He pointed out a smaller plant with wilted and torn leaves, and told us about the “pocket rot” that has hit a lot of taro patches recently, “See dat baby? See how da blight wen’ hit ‘em? If dat doesn’t survive, it goes back into da hua, and dat’s where you get dat pocket. Dat’s what I found. UH guys get their own mana‘o, but dey nevah did come hea’ and look.”

Fortunately, I am one of the “UH guys” that went to look, and what I found in the mo‘olelo of Kyle Ka‘ohulani Nākānelua was the hope that the keiki can survive the blight. I have interviewed Kyle twice on videotape, once on audio, and another three times over the phone. The segments I include here are drawn from four different interviews. The first was a videotaping at his lo‘i in Lākini (11/1999) where we
discussed the emergence of the Hale Mua and the specific activities carried out therein. In April 2002 I video-taped him again before a practice at Hale Nanea and went over some of the same things we discussed in 1999 as well as the development of the group since then. In November 2002 he came to my mom’s house on Maui where I audio-taped an interview more closely focusing on his life and personal history. I called him again in December 2002 to fill in certain gaps about his life, his involvement in the military, and his first time at Pu‘ukoholā.

Kyle was born in Honolulu on September 10, 1959. His father, Paul Hānaiali‘i Nākānelua, was a Hawaiian-Chinese man from Wailua Nui, a small taro farming area in the Koʻolau district of East Maui. Immediately after attending St. Anthony High School in the 1950s, Paul moved to Honolulu to work in the construction business with his one of his uncles. There he met Barbara Rodrigues, a third generation Portuguese woman from O‘ahu. They married and had two girls and one boy: Debbie, Kyle and Donnie (in that order). Unlike their parents, who were from more rural areas and times, Kyle and his sisters were brought up in the district of Pāwa‘a (McCully) in the rapidly expanding urban center of Honolulu.

When we were raised we were very, very metropolitan; that was, we grew up in the sixties, that was in the midst of the construction explosion within the Waikīkī, ah, what’s that—Kakaʻako districts of downtown Honolulu man, everything just, caught, just—da sound I distinctly remember growing up to was pile-drivers, every day man, just BOOM-CHH BOOM-CHH and they all goin on simultaneously. Never, I can never remember a day wit’out that stuff going on (11/4/02).

Catholicism was important in the Nākānelua family, and Kyle received all of his schooling at Maryknoll, a Catholic school in Honolulu. He admits that he “wasn’t a good
student” and “required a lot of attention and help,” which he did not often receive. As was common in those days, nuns and brothers were swift to brandish rulers and launch chalkboard erasers if there was any disruption in the classroom. This, however, was nothing compared to the call home.

You chose the choices that weren’t favorable to your father, and, you suffered the repercussions, you know. And, you just lived with it man (chuckling)....Whoa-ho, da beatings was furious...You know, there’s—you know they work hahd. They come home, you no more “patience,” what is that “patience?”...My faddah worked really hard, he was in construction thirty-five years, and during dat boom, eh. And it wasn’t like, you know da high tech construction like it is now days; you did road work, a lot of road work and a lot of sub-road work, yeah. So everything was pick and shovel, and back-breaking...You know, five in da morning till five in da evening, and den come home, and, sshh—braddah, don’t even get in da way.

In da hot sun all day, no time man. And, plus dat old country upbringing dey had too, it’s like, there’s—there’s no room fo’ error and there’s no time for mistakes, and whenever you came up short, you paid da price boy. It’s tough, you know, but it makes you resilient, eh (11/04/02).

In contrast to the daily grind of the school and work week (which was often six days for the father), Kyle spent more enjoyable times during the weekend with his dad at little league baseball games, where his dad “would go all out” and bring snacks and drinks for all the kids, even those on the opposing teams.

Hawaiian tastes and communities were maintained in the home where “there was always a bowl of poi on the table” and “the favorite food was dry aku and poi,” and over the imu (underground oven) at the Veteran of Foreign Wars center where his father’s construction crew (the “uncles”) cooked pigs regularly. During summer and Christmas
breaks, Kyle and his sisters stayed with their grandparents in Wailua Nui, Maui, playing and working in the lo‘i. Time in the lo‘i and in the imu fostered an “appreciation for things that were Hawaiian” in Kyle at an early age. He “always tried to find out more about things Hawaiian, but nobody was talking, and nobody was directing,” especially at a Catholic school where the only Hawaiian books in the library were “about Duke Kahanamoku and surfing” (12/29/02). The one Hawaiian activity he could participate in at Maryknoll was an annual Hawaiian program, which he danced hula and participated in historical skits from sixth grade until tenth grade. Yet at the time, hula was still only associated with women and māhū, and he often felt that he had to “muscle through” them. Because he was a starter on the football team and had a reputation as “a scrapper,” nobody ever told him anything; however, he did stop short of accepting an invitation to dance with a hālau in fear that he’d have to “duke it out every day” with the “rugged” guys he hung out with.

After graduating in 1977, he enlisted in the Air Force in the fire protection field to get training for a job in the fire department. He spent two years in Oregon and two years in Japan and had earned an associates degree in fire sciences by the end of his four year commitment. I asked him how his time spent in the Air Force affected his growth as a man, to which he answered:

The military experience in itself, you know the whole chain of command, the rigors of discipline, and, well that’s all a part and parcel of being a man, eh. You eitha get wit da program or you know, you get run ovah....It’s more like one, one real serious job where they give young people major responsibilities, and, and you own up to it. And, and I think that’s a great thing that they provide. And they, they, well, you put yourself out there, and you know, you hunkin’ around millions of dollars worth of equipment, and it’s all on you. And at, at 17, 18, and 19, well
that’s, you’ll, you’d never get that at any addah place. Nobody would trust you wit’ anything but a burgah (12/29/02).

While in Japan, he met two Hawaiian-Filipino men named Rick Agbayani and Jeff Mira who were raised in the Hawaiian-Filipino plantation camps in Waipahu. They shared with Kyle their “plantation style” of Kaji Kempo fighting, and it was here that he first began his training in the martial arts.

After returning to O’ahu from Japan, Kyle got a job in the Kahului airport fire station and moved to Maui in 1982. He started to go out and work at his grandparents’ lo’i in Wailua Nui, but his grandmother chased him out of there telling him “I no like you do dis ting, I no like you back deah,” which Kyle interpreted as her “testin’ da metal” (11/26/99). In a few years he was dating an O’ahu woman named Lolita Colé, and they were married when he was about thirty. I asked him when he first started getting into “Hawaiian things,” and he said that he had always been interested in them since he was young. His desire was intensified by a conversation he had with a haole woman who was a tour escort that he met.

And she had asked me what the word haole meant, and, so I told her what the definition I grew up with and she said “No, that’s not it.” And then she proceeded to tell me what the word is. And I thought “son of a bitch. I get one haole, and one woman, tellin me about my culture!” (I ask, “What was her definition?” and he replies) Hā-’ole, which meant “without breath.” She brought up the fact of the honi and everything man, and I’m like—now this is in the mid-80s, right—and I’m like “Sshhiit! How da hell does she know dis and I don’t?” you know, and obviously she read about it, cause she came from the mainland. So, dat motivated me into, into doing more, more book work, more academic stuff. And so I did, and I searched (12/29/02).
The “major breakthrough” for Kyle came in 1988 when his wife Ola (as he calls her) bought him David Malo's *Hawaiian Antiquities* for his birthday. It “opened the door for everything”, and ever since he got that book he “basically read every Hawaiian book about everything out there, several times over, and use ‘em for reference material” (12/29/02). In our first interview in 1999, I had asked a general question about what led to the formation of Nā Koa and then the Hale Mua; significantly, Kyle placed its development in his own personal development in the culture that only proceeded after his promotion as a captain allowed him to devote more time to his educative project:

Now was the time, because I had set myself up financially through the occupation of being a fireman, and I pretty much could grow no further in that realm, just needed to make your bones, yeah, earn your time, and the progress was really slow in that area. So it afforded me now the opportunity, the time to research this thing, to learn this thing. Cause if you wanna do anything Hawaiian, it goin’ cost you: goin’ cost you financially, goin’ cost you in money, goin’ cost you in time like no nuff (11/26/99).

Helen became involved in the sovereignty organization Ka Lāhui Hawai‘i, which Kyle also joined after attending some meetings with her. While this was all very important in his own development as a Hawaiian, Kyle grew much more from the “mundane work” of farming taro with his grandmother.
When you working wit’ each othah, this is where all this knowledge and innate stuff is passed on.... And it’s nothing maybe you ever saw, but it’s something that you got...The fact that you have to pull da weeds because it just bothers you dat they’re there; take a look behind you, I guarantee you, one of your elders used to be bothered by da same ting....Dat’s what I’ve come to find out in doing da tings dat I’ve been doing. And, like I said, just taking care of the taro patches and lo‘i and stuff—the more mundane something is, the more you can extract out of these things, the more innate qualities will just evolve. If you jump on one tractor, and you tear up the land, and then you plant it, that’s all well and good, and that’s production, and that’s da way you wanna do it, if you have to make a go out of it now days...But you will miss out on something else if you do it that way. Versus if you do it da old way where you dig it up wit’ a ho, and I mean you just, give every piece of your day’s energy into dis work effort, you gonna come away wit’ something so unique, so different, so unbelievable, that you not gonna be able to find words to describe it, but, if you spoke to somebody or listened to somebody who did something similar, even if it’s fishing...you know exactly where he coming from....So part of the reason in doing all this stuff is to understand what our kūpuna...had to deal with, you know, on just, you’ll know how dey think, and why I find that’s important is, nowadays we have Hawaiian language, and its basically a Mānoa ‘ano or it’s a Hilo ‘ano...So you get this kind of thought process...The elders have a language based on living what they, and speaking what they do. And so fortunately my grandmother is a native speaker, and they have a whole different way of thinking, and the language brings life to da work, and den da work gives life to da language, and when you separate da two, you lose something in da process (11/4/02).
Kyle’s efforts to “put it back together” and regain what was lost eventually led him to Pu’ukoholā heiau. As he continued to In August 1991, two weeks after his daughter Lu’ukia was born, Kyle was on duty at the airport and ran into Earl “Mo” Mollar, a fellow fire fighter and activist, and Sam Ka’ai, whom he had heard of but never met before. Mo was helping Sam with the production and shipping of weapons for the rededication of Pu’ukoholā. After their introduction, Sam asked Kyle if he was going. Since his daughter was just born and his taro patches needed tending, Kyle was doubtful. Sam told him, “Oh well, if you real, you’ll be dea; if not, you won’t be.” Sitting at Lākini, Kyle recalled that initial challenge:

Ho, brah, I wanted to pound dis guy serious, boy fo’ dat, haha. But that was the thing, that’s how I knew. So I wrestled wit’ da idea fo’ da next two days, yeah, was two days. So I shot out to da country da next day I got offa work, pulled all my taro, took care of all dat, spoke to my wife, she told me, “You know what, just go. Just take off.” And so, Thursday morning, I jumped on a plane and just took off ovah deah, found a ride out to da heiau, figured everyting out, and just, just got dea on a wing and prayer basically. And whatevah happened, happened, and you kinda see da result of what happened (chuckling) (11/26/99).

In April 2002, Kyle repeated again the significance of seeing Nā Koa (the Warriors) standing on the heiau and the inspiration, pride, excitement, and sense of purpose he felt as a Hawaiian man.

It was the first time that I knew of that Hawaiian males got togedda, othah than hula, at a cultural level. If there was one, I was unaware of it...It’s the first one I’ve ever been a part of, or I’ve ever been aware of. And it gathered the men to work (4/17/02).
Yet not all of it was easy to internalize. I asked him if his participation in Hawaiian ceremonies created any conflicts with his religious beliefs. He laughed and said that for a while there he thought he was “going to hell” (12/29/02). As he learned more about the Hawaiian ceremonies, he became more comfortable with them and even began to reconcile them with his Catholic beliefs by finding similarities and using his new understandings of Hawaiian ritual to explain the Catholic ones.

The next few years for Kyle “was nothing but a whirlwind” as he completely immersed himself in the culture. Despite Ola’s apprehensions, Kyle decided that their children would be put in the Hawaiian language immersion schools, and so he taught himself basic Hawaiian from the books. By the time their son Pololii was born in 1995, their daughter had gone through the Pūnana Leo immersion preschool and the language had become an integral part of the home. In 1993, Kyle also became a part of the first lua (Hawaiian bone-breaking martial art) seminar that was offered through the Bishop Museum’s Native Hawaiian Culture and Arts Program (NHCAP). For him, it was just another phase of his own “self-searching” since he carried the name Niikanelua, which itself could be translated variously as “the lua (fighting) men” and/or “the lua (dual/two) men.” Eventually Kyle became a prominent leader in the lua schools and the Nā Koa, a role that would culminate as the po‘o of the Hale Mua.

As the group grew, men from the Royal Order of Kamehameha, a society for Hawaiian men that was created by Kamehameha V, took notice and soon members of the Mua were recruited for the Royal Order. Again in the lo‘i of Lākini, Kyle reminded me of the taro he showed me before we began our interview and compared them to the Royal Order.

The Royal Order at one time was trying to ho‘oulu themselves, yeah, they were dyin off. It’s just like the taro you saw there. It was a bunch of mākua, huli
mākuas just being planted, and nevah have any shoots, and da haas was gettin' smallah and smallah every yeah. So, you know, we needed to get some young hulis in deah, so, young hulis got established, and dat's da ting went through. So um, we planted 'em and it's flourishing (11/26/99).

Kyle also discovered that to be a visible figure in the community entailed responsibilities, something he inscribed on himself with kākau. At the end of our November 2002 interview at my house on Maui, he asked me when I was planning to get my uhi. I replied that I was unsure as I had not completed my genealogy research. He reaffirmed my patience and related a story about how his own uhi had brought about a new awareness in him that he was not quite prepared for at first:

I saw my friends down the beach—firemen, yeah. I nevah party long time 'cause I was busy wit' da farm and everything, yeah. One day... I saw dem all down at Ho'okipa (beach park). So I had on my pāʻū, I had on shorts, I nevah have one shirt on. So I drove down, they said "Eh, have one beer!" So I was sitting there drinking one beer... and I look around me and had all kine Hawaiian braddahs around, and some braddahs was real jag, and they was ackin' up too, big time. They had all dese tattoos on dem, eh, and different kine tattoos, some had da Polynesian flavah to 'em, but then I looked at myself, wit-wit all the tattoos I had on, and mine are basically all traditional, all researched to be traditional, authentic, three hundred four hundred year-old plus tattoos, you know, representing the people, and-and kuleanas of the past, and I’m sitting there, suckin’ one beer, and all dis’ action is goin’ on, and I wen’ like, “Aw shit!” And I went to da car, I got one shirt, an’ I got one long pants, I put ‘em on, because I felt that (pause) it was improper for me to be in this place and time, displaying this behavior, representing this people... I gotta always be conscious of what I’m
doing, because of what I represent, and because of who I represent. (pause) You know, "Aw SEE! Just one naddah braddah ackin' up, wit' all dat shit on, tinking dey be all dat!" Da's da judgement go' come out. So I gotta make sure that, you know, (pause) I don't afford them the opportunity for that judgement...that's what you gotta live wit', you know, once you put dat ting on (11/4/02).

In a later phone conversation, Kyle spoke of the personal costs his involvement has incurred:

Kyle: It's cost a lot, it's cost a lot of time and energy, but the investment was well worth it. The payment, you at least break even.

Kāwika: Were there times where it was ever like a strain on the family, with, like you always kind of devoting so much time to—

Kyle: Yeah, big time, yeah. But always, it wasn't like, the ting is whenever I was away or the time I dedicate to it, whenever I come back, I was always a better person. It wasn't that I come back and beat her or—more impatient. I always come back more patient, more open, more reasonable, more calmer. You know and times, you know and there were times when "You gotta go back already. You gettin on everybody's nerves" (12/29/02).

He also mentioned that Ola continued to find books that Kyle had not yet read while also ensuring that the children's English language skills were maintained. In the end, Kyle felt that the culture had brought about an important growth in his own self and in the family.

It's helped me to be more of who I truly am. I feel mo'—you know how it is when you growin up, right. You know, some people no feel comfortable as females and males, and all of a sudden dey make one flip in deah' life and you know all of a sudden dey comfortable. Well, I nevah felt comfortable in my life
being Western, or being Western-oriented, or being Western-based. And now dat I have dis, I feel really comfortable wit’ who I am, and because I am comfortable, I’m a better husband for my wife. I’m a better father fo’ my children. The stories and the songs that I sing to dem are Hawaiian ones, and I seen dem grow in dis, and they are more solid in who they are as human beings, because they have all this, than I was when I was deah age. They’re comfortable and confident, and they absolutely know exactly who they are, where they came from, who they came from, what they all about, and the possibilities as to any place they wanna go and anything they wanna do. And I nevah had dat till I was in my late twenties. These kids always had it, and they always feel it. And again, it’s an attribute to the mākua, to the parents, yeah, because the parents provide this kind of environment. And the parents can provide this kind of environment because the parents feel this way....It permeates the children, and the children permeates back to da couple, and now da family becomes thick, and grounded, yeah (12/29/02).

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Like Sam, Kyle connects cultural activism and personal growth as a man in terms of work, family, travel and place. If Sam represents the transitional generation that saw “culture” become an heirloom to be mourned and fought over, Kyle’s time was the “explosion” of change, the post-War statehood period that officially begun one month prior to his birth. Transplanted from the taro patches and driven into manholes, life for the country people became even tougher in the city. Yet even in the urban lo‘i, the kalo took root, feeding off of streams now covered by concrete, but still producing keiki (children) that would themselves one day be transplanted back into the lo‘i that the makua came from. Like the huli that was poked into the harsh environment of the
metropolitan muck, Kyle developed a masculinity based on the “toughness” and “resilience” that was required in an environment where there was no room for mistakes or weakness. This hindered his participation in the hula, which was seen as feminine and weak. Instead, he found connection in what he now calls his “first exposure to the hale mua”—working in the imu with his father and uncles. The other major grounding he got was during his visits to Wailua Nui, where he drank of the waters in Lākini.

His father Hānai (which literally means to “feed”) passed on to his son the importance of work and the ability to put food (especially Hawaiian food) on the table. This was reinforced both in lo‘i and in the Air Force. By the time Kyle was settled on Maui, the experience of travel, urbanity and lack of further possible growth in work place compounded his discomfort with being “Western-oriented or Western-based.”

Interestingly, women provided Kyle with the initial impetus and ability to “delve deeper”: the haole woman highlighted his ignorance in language, his wife bought him the books and allowed him to go to Pu‘ukoholā that first year, and his grandmother worked him like a kauwā (slave) and then implanted all of her ‘ano (characteristics) and thoughts in his head. Indeed, it was his grandmother that taught him that “the language gives life to the work, and the work gives life to the language.” Thus when he speaks in metaphors of kalo, it is an organic source of knowledge and wisdom, one that he has both come to know and live through the doing. It then extends to his family, which he also frames in lo‘i language of values and knowledge “permeating” the keiki from the makua, creating a “thick” and “grounded” ʻohana, a family whose roots are in the lo‘i.

Taken together, the life stories of Sam and Kyle both articulate a number of important experiences that other men have gone through and also provide solutions and answers for others. The telling of life stories is a practice that establishes a place for Hawaiian men in the family and community, both in time and space. This is particularly
relevant at a time when the Hawaiian cultural nationalist movement has brought an intense and heavy critique of western capitalism and patriarchy in Hawai‘i and the roles that Hawaiian men play in perpetuating these systems of domination (Trask 1984; 1999). At a time when feminist critiques question the place of men’s productive work, the connections one can make with work, cultural (re)production and family in narratives of reclamation are vitally important for maintaining a valid sense of self and identity. For these stories to be validated, they need to be heard; in many cases, they need to be learned. Thus the Hale Mua provides a forum for both purposes, as well as the creation of new mo‘olelo. In the final section, I complete the hale by connecting the mo‘olelo of the other kāne to the pouhana in a succession of posts, beams, poles, and thatching. This hale mua is one made of mo‘olelo that bind the life experiences, historical occurrences, cultural flows, familial/genealogical reckonings, and spiritual transformations together through multiple tellings and hearings.

Kā i mua—thrust into the Mua

It is December 1999 and Kamana‘opono and I are sitting on the floor in his house in Pauoa and talking about the Hale Mua over some ‘awa in front of my video camera. Eleven years my senior, Kamana‘opono was one of those guys whom I saw on a video about sovereignty and became immediately inspired by his ‘ōlelo and the strength he exuded. I met him briefly at the World Indigenous Peoples’ Conference on Education in the beginning of August but did not really get to know him until my first trip to Pu‘ukoholā in the following week. His chanting was unlike anything I heard before, and I resolved to emulate his style. As a person, I found that he had a sort of “uncle who likes to play jokes on his nephews and then give them some candy” type of ‘ano, a warmth, sincerity, patience, and humbleness that just puts you at ease. He was working on his
dissertation in psychology on acculturation and identity among Native Hawaiians. It is easy to see how successful he will be as a clinical psychologist; people just want to talk to him. I wanted to talk to him, and fortunately he abided the camera and spoke to me. Kyle credits him with doing all the academic research into the Hale Mua, which he did; yet Kamana‘o’s interest in the Hale Mua predated his academic search and (not surprisingly) was rooted in his own life experiences. I asked him how he first got involved in the Hale Mua, to which he responded:

I knew of the Hale Mua from before because I studied it real briefly, other people, other braddahs talked to me about it. And in those stages it was just getting men together, like doing imu, talking about fishing, farming, mahi‘ai, but not too much about like warrior, warriorhood... My friend, Keanu Sai, I used to meet with him and talk ’cause we were both in the military; he was one captain for field artillery with national guard, I was one sergeant for the Army reserves in the 100 battalion 442nd infantry, so we used to meet and stuff. Had a couple of Hawaiians of us, we used to meet in the Army Reserve or the Air Guard, or the Air National Guard, the National Guard, we used to meet and talk about dat cooking da imu, and talk about more Army stuff, but dat wasn’t Hawaiian stuff. We wanted to learn, at that time we was just struggling, this was way back way in the late 80s, early 90s. And so den, when I met up wit’ Nākānelua, I was like “Wow, you know, get one braddah, I, you know, we can learn dis stuff” (12/11/99).

Having a “braddah” to learn with allowed Kamana‘opono to grow in his own way. As Kamana‘o recalled, one of the main reasons that Kyle was such an inspiration was because he was somebody that Kamana‘o could identify with as a man, an identification that occurred by seeing his (and other men’s) embodied performance at Pu‘ukoholā.
I think it has brought me closer culturally and spiritually with my heritage, being Hawaiian. And also narrowing it down to my role and responsibility as a male, what I feel is a male. Because, um, you know, I’m not a hula dancer. You know, my, I’m very proud of my brothers and sisters who dance hula, but I’m not a hula dancer because I get flat feet (smiling). You know, but, every since I was young, you know, my father used to give us boxing gloves, I used to fight my dad two braddahs, take karate, play sports. So to me, that’s more my ‘ano, my more physical, kind of path. But then, along this, I noticed that throughout my childhood, my teenage years, and growing up into my early adult years, you know I really had this desire to do something Hawaiian, but I never knew what it was. So I was always searching, I was always searching, looking for my place. For me, Pu’ukoholā was a significant event in my life. It created an experience that I saw, I saw kāne I could identify with. I saw Parley Kanaka’ole, I saw Sam Ka‘ai, I saw Kyle Nākānelua, I saw Mo, I saw Kāwika Davidson there, you know like, “Wow, dese kine guys I wouldn’t mind being like.” So, that started—you know I saw Keone Nunes ovah deah, he was an inspiration to me too. All dese addah kāne dat I saw was sort of role models for me to aspire to, to fulfill my own identity, but an identity that I comfortable with, not somebody placing on me (12/11/99).

Whereas Kamana‘o had already begun to learn the language and genealogies when he first met Kyle at Pu’ukoholā in 1991, other men began their search much later in life. In a video-taped interview (11/05/02) in his Wailuku office, Keoki Maka Kamaka Ki‘ili sat down and related the ways that his participation in the Mua was an important part of his search for “roots.” Keoki Ki‘ili left Maui in 1967 as soon as he graduated from Baldwin High School and moved to the U.S. continent. There he entered a long
career in the military, both in active duty and civilian status. He settled in California and one day found himself in a board meeting surrounded by his white co-workers and thought to himself, “I have no cultural identity.” This led him to be involved in the Pacific Islander program at a local university, where a Sāmoan man who asked him over the telephone what culture he was since Keoki “sounded very, very, very white.” A few years later, Keoki became associated with an Office of Hawaiian Affairs (OHA) project to establish a “blueprint” of all the Hawaiians on the U.S. continent. A kupuna named Aunty Rena Nelson took him under her wing as a hānai (adopted son) and introduced him to her other friends as her “coconut hānai,” that is, he was “brown on da outside, white on the inside.” All of those experiences “opened up my yearning to be what I really am, a Hawaiian man that was educated and wanted to return home to find my roots.” He returned in 1993 and immediately became involved in the sovereignty movement, the lua classes, the Royal Order of Kamehameha, the Pu‘ukoholā ceremonies, and eventually the Hale Mua. As the owner of a full-service computer sales, repair, and training company called Solutions, Inc., Keoki was attending a conference in Waikīkī and was sitting down with a friend during a break and writing on his laptop. A Hawaiian woman came up to him and said, “Wow, what’s more powerful: a Hawaiian with a spear or a Hawaiian with a laptop?” “Why not both?” Keoki replied, and subsequently adopted the logo of a man holding a spear in one hand and a laptop in the other. From his experiences, he decided that he would use the Hale Mua to invite other Hawaiian men who “are a little loss as to their purpose in the present day.”

One of the men he invited was Kevin Kūkona Lopes, an air traffic controller in his mid forties who also served time in the Air Force. At the time of our December 3, 1999 video-taped interview, the two of us were part of the three-man O‘ahu contingent (Kamana‘opono being the other) of the Mua. Over a bowl of ‘awa, I began our interview
by asking him to state his first name. Kūkona started carrying his Hawaiian name after he joined the Mua, and thus the “name question” immediately evoked a discussion of his own identity search and his struggle to reconnect with his genealogy and culture:

Kāwika: What’s your full name?

Kūkona: Aaah. Given at birth

Kāwika: Whatever

Kūkona: Kevin George Lopes. L-O-P-E-S. Um. My mother, her maiden name was Eudora, Kūkona. Their family came from Honoka‘a. My grandmother on my mother’s side is from Waimea, and my grandfather is the mystery in the family. He had a twin brother, and trying to trace back his genealogy, they got back as far as Kona, and then the trail stopped, so (pause). At that time Hawaiians didn’t have birth certificates and all that, as far as tracing his genealogy back it’s, been a dead end. Aah, not to say that nobody knows what it is, just that, nobody in our generation or my mom’s generation knows what it is. Ah, and that kinda all brought me to Hale Mua. (pause) The sense of maybe discovering why I was born Hawaiian at this time of the Hawaiians’ history. You know I could have been born a farmer in Indiana, but I’ve always felt that there’s a reason for being here. And it’s not like I was searching, but I knew there was always something that always just played around in the back of my mind. And when I moved to Maui—well, after living on O‘ahu most of my life, I became a city boy. Hawaiian things were a curiosity but nothing you could get involved in. And I went to Kamehameha Schools. We were the lost generation because, (pause) ah Kamehameha tradition had gone away from being a school for Hawaiians, and became a school for making Hawaiians haoles. And that was the environment I was brought up in at Kamehameha. So, you know song contest, oh
that’s nice, you know, hō’ike (hula program), that’s nice, but mainly it was emphasized you have to get your education, you have to learn to speak the white man’s language, you have to (pause), go out, and not so much bring back, but just go out; which to me, in looking back at it now is way out of line. And I see a resurgence of going back to things Hawaiian for Hawaiians up there, and, it’s a good thing, you know it’s just too bad it wasn’t that way when I was going there, but then again that’s probably just another page in the story of why I’m here (12/3/99).

It was Kūkona’s move to Maui that put him in touch with the land and the history he felt so removed from. He felt an “essence coming from the land” that he hadn’t felt before, and it led him to realize that he was a “coconut...brown on the outside and still living and working in the white man’s world.” When he recalled being invited by Keoki to a meeting and standing in the back watching the men.

Kāwika: So how did it feel watching that [practice]? Just when you were standing there, if you think back on it?

Kūkona: Like, even now when you just asked me that, I get the tingle again right, because it was like “Yeah, this is something that calls to me.” You know I won’t say that, in reliving past lives or anything, you know this is what I did, no, cause I don’t know if that really exists, but (pause) but then again I do (chuckle). I dunno, what I’m tryin to say is that, is that it was something that touched a part of me that just said, “Yeah, this is what you should have been doing all along.” This is (pause) you know looking back now this is what Kamehameha Schools should have been for me, and (pause) ever since then, [I’ve] swallowed the hook, and even though I’m here on O‘ahu now, I still get drawn back to Maui, I still go back
and meet with the men of the Hale Mua...They’ve become, honestly, closer to family in a different way (12/3/99).

Kūkona’s mo’olelo epitomizes the type of “awakening” or “rebirth” stories that a number of men related. It is also important to note the ways that travel and space become tropes for identity work where men “go out” and “come back” to the culture. Since his “return,” he has actively engaged in wood carving and ‘awa growing, and he has transformed his garage into a mini-woodshop that those of us on O‘ahu visit regularly when we work on our projects.

Others too found reconnection in moving to Maui. I interviewed thirty-seven year old Daniel “Danny” La‘ahiwahiwa Garcia in his dining room one morning as his wife Arlene and their newborn baby Noa played in the living room. When Danny was seven, his father, a sergeant in the Army, was stationed in Columbia, South Carolina, and so the family moved away from their home on O‘ahu. For the next decade Danny grew up in the racist south and got into fights regularly because of his skin color. Much to his dismay, when he visited his grandparents on Maui one summer, he fought three Hawaiian boys working with him at the cannery because of they thought he talked “funny” and was walking around with his “chest out.” His grandmother told him that he needed to learn about the local people on Maui and the culture, so he started “hangin’ out” and getting to know people. He eventually returned to Hawai‘i to complete his B.A. and M.D. at the University of Hawai‘i and eventually became an internist at the Maui Medical Group and medical director of the Native Hawaiian Health Program Hui No Ke Ola Pono. He felt that he needed to use his position as a doctor to be a role model for other Hawaiians and to actively change the ways in which Hawaiians were living. Both through his own personal experiences and his medical training, he has come to see the body as the most
important site of change. Thus when I asked him about the importance of the Hale Mua in his life, he emphasized the physical nature of the Hale Mua:

To me, the singing and dancing might be the more Hīna side...I’m more the Kū side, I guess that’s just my energy, so that’s—for me, it (Hale Mua) just fit. It just fit, me, that’s all. Again, the other things are wonderful, and beautiful, and very vital and important, but it’s just not for me. I like the contact, I like the aggressiveness, and I think that’s a part of, ah, the Hawaiian culture that has not been perpetuated enough. And I think that a lot of my friends from Wai‘anae and Nānākuli, they’re big guys, they like to do stuff that is physical, and I think they would love this. And at the same time it would be a way—I think the Hale Mua is such a valuable tool to get men in, who usually would not be interested in Hawaiian culture. To bring them in because they see something they respect: a strong Hawaiian male who can, who’s knowledgeable and strong, and, ah. They say, “Hey, I wanna—a young guy, I wanna, I wanna be like that guy”...that gets them in the door, and then all of a sudden they’re learning about, ah, you know the language, they’re learning more about the history, they’re learning about the culture. Ah, they’re learning about working hard and sharing, you gotta, you know, to get ready for these events, everybody has to pull their own weight. You get into it, you’re not gonna do drugs, you’re not gonna go out and wish you were drinking. You’re gonna be hanging out with a lot of these older guys who can help you and give you advice (11/3/02).

Danny’s story highlights the ways in which embodied experience shapes ones identity and also frames the ways in which individuals may know their history and culture. Importantly, the embodied actions are themselves productive of a discourse of life that contests that of the “dying race.”
Part of that discourse includes “birth” and “rebirth,” often culturally and spiritually, as was the case for Kūkona. The interconnections of embodied practice, rebirth, and new life became especially clear in the moʻolelo of Kyle Elama Farm. Elama, who graduated from Kamehameha with Kamanaʻopono in 1982, told me (and my digital audio recorder) of his own experiences as we sat around in his house late one night. Born and raised on Oʻahu, Elama moved to Maui for an opening in the fire department. Through his work he met Kyle Nākānelua and first attended Puʻukoholā in 1996.

We shammed that year, yeah, the first year did a sham battle at Puʻukoholā and everybody loved it, and for me I thought it was the greatest thing in world. And we did I Mua Kamehameha, a haʻa that somebody put together, I think it was Kyle. We did that, and I thought it was just the greatest thing, brah. Nothing bettah dan dat. Ranked it right up deah wit’ da birt’ of my daughtah. Just identifying wit’ who we are, you know. Finally finding one place. Um, being able to express self in a way that Inevah did before. It was just awesome....I consider myself being born, reborn there, um, in the Hawaiian world. I (pause) It’s kinda like a place where I found myself. I found, I really found my identity as being Kanaka Maoli. It’s been such a strong, spiritual growth for me. It-it gives me, every year it gives me strength to continue to do da tings that we do. (pause) There’s just something magical about it (11/3/02).

Of course not everyone found the ceremonies as life changing as others. Sitting down at the Kānewai Park next to UH, I audio-taped Cliff Alakai, a thirty nine year old financial administrator at the Maui Medical Group. He attended the ceremonies for the first time with Elama, but for him it was a “total disaster” because of its complete lack of organization. They had to sleep on mats on the hard ground, everyone was on their own
for food, and he was told to go around and collect money from people he didn’t even know. For him the sham was “really sad” because it was really small, there were people coming out with thorns in their feet, and it like everything else there it was “totally disorganized.” Even though that first trip was such a failure in his opinion, Alakai continued to participate and devoted his energies to organizing it in the following years.

As he thought about the transformations in the group’s identity, he commented, “To me the name doesn’t matter, you know ‘Hale Mua,’ ‘Nā Koa,’ you know, it’s, call it ‘The Men’s Social Club,’ to me the name doesn’t matter; it’s what you do with it.” For Alakai, who is also a member of the Royal Order of Kamehameha, the Hale Mua provides the spiritual counterpart to the political goals of the Royal Order, that is the “setting the structure of men in Hawaiian society, making it pono again, making it right.”

When I asked him what the Hale Mua does for him, he responded, “It’s not really what it does for me, but what I can do for it, kinda like what John F. Kennedy said. I don’t—the Hale Mua doesn’t need me per se, but it need my energy, and my, my uh, my intellect, or whatever I have to offer to make it go because it’s really one of those that sum of the, you know the whole is greater than the sum of the parts.” However, he did feel that his overall involvement with the Hale Mua and the Royal Order have made him “closer to the ancestors” (11/30/02) and made him open to the ways that the “ancients” are “guiding” him.

With a stable job, a strong marriage, four healthy children, and a number of positions in community organizations, Alakai seemed to surely have ancestors who, like the meaning of his name, “lead, guide and direct.” Others too have found spiritual guidance in the group. Sitting down at ‘Ukumehame Beach Park awaiting the arrival of Puka, Kūkona, Pāki, and a day of canoe surfing on Puka’s wa’a (canoe), Kamika Nākānelua and I talked about his life and the place of the Hale Mua. Kamika grows all of
the ‘awa that the Mua uses, a laborious task that requires as much prayer as it does watering and digging. Yet the importance of ‘awa in the group cannot be overstated, not only for its usage as a ceremonial drink, but also for the sharing of mo‘olelo that occurs with the ‘awa ceremonies. Kamika also weaves with incredible skill all of the plates and baskets that are used in ceremonial eating; likewise he disposes of the articles when they are finished. When I asked him what the Hale Mua meant for him personally, he looked out on the waves and responded:

It’s a key instrument in my life, as far as, where my friends are, that’s these are the people I’d rather hang out wit’. What we do. I guess you can call it perpetuating Hawaiian culture, but that’s what we like to do anyway, that’s key for my life. My friends, family, camaraderie, dat’s all, right deah.

Kāwika: Do you feel that it’s changed you in any way?

Kamika: Oh yeah. Without da group, I would be in a whole nother realm. With this, it’s the foundation, the basis of whatever I do. With the different people inside, we bond or we melt together, and through that there’s competition, or, you know competitive amongst each other. Still, it’s more of a friendly competitive one, but without that in life, you cannot rise to other levels, so I feel it’s real key for us. Not only myself, but everybody involved. Just the camaraderie amongst men, I think it is a great thing. Everybody should have this. It should help in their families, and bringing families up.

Kāwika: Do you see it, that it’s helped in your own family and relations with other people?

Kamika: Oh yeah. It keeps me grounded, eh, sometimes. At times, if I nevah have dese types of friends, you know I’d, maybe I’d be off holoholo (going) in da
wrong way, eh. So yeah it keeps me \textit{grounded}, eh. It's a \textit{key}, \textit{key} ting in my life (6/29/02).

Kamika revealed a side to me that I had not seen before. For the most part I had always seen Kamika as the clown, always ready to poke fun at anyone and anything. Even when I asked him about the issue of spirituality, he stated that the Hale Mua is like his “religion” and gave this example:

When we go to da heiaus and make our prayahs, it comes true. You know, and I, I put this—for example: One yeah we go up da heiau. I'm a single man, I still am, I get girlfriend heah and deah, I nevah—I was tinking, “Man, when I wen' move heah, I need to get me one wife and kids, you know, make some, start one family and stuff,” even do’ I not really ready, yeah? I had one job, but not da best. I went to da heiau and prayed, “Oh akua, give me one wife and kids,” eh? Next ting you know dat yeah, I got someone \textit{else}'s wife and deah kids (both of us laugh). So you know, as far as asking fo' tings, you have to ask \textit{specifically!} (laughing) Oh, next yeah I run up I tell “Dat's not what I meant.” (laughing) And he took that wife and kids \textit{back} (laughing). So I ask \textit{specifically} now, you know. Heh.

Akua has a way of \textit{humbling} you in certain ways (6/29/02).

In many ways he epitomizes the tradition of Polynesian clowning. Hereniko argues that both secular and ritual clowning are special types of embodied and discursive practices that make political commentary and restore balance in situations that threaten to become oppressive when overly laden with mana—power and prestige (Hereniko 1994; 1995). Indeed, Kamika’s comic antics work to release tension, put people at ease, and even check the authority of his cousin and our po'o, Kyle. He referred to his role as “the heartbeat,” the guy who keeps everybody going. Indeed, as I will discuss in the
conclusion, it was his intervention into the singular authority of my own narrative that brought a new life to my own thinking and writings.

Another person who fostered in me a deeper understanding of the Mua was Puka Ho. Born and raised in Kaimukī, O‘ahu, he moved to Maui to get away from the dangerous life he was living. After going from job to job, he finally became a county lifeguard and soon afterwards got married to his wife Holly. In the 1999 practice I described earlier, he was the one who asked me if I ever participated. Three years later, he still asks me that same question, but on a deeper level that critiques my own personal as well as anthropological detachments. He is an avid canoe surfer and often takes the other guys out on his wa‘a. In April 2002, I met him and Pākī Cabatingan at his house with my video-camera, and conducted my first and only joint interview. Puka’s request to involve others in the interview highlighted the value he gave to the formation and maintenance of communal and egalitarian modes of relating, a practice which is much more Hawaiian than the approach I was planning with my one-on-one interviews.

Tellingly, the most important thing he remembered from his first practice at the Armory was that Kyle told the newcomers, “I dunno all da ansahs, brah, but I can find you one means fo’ get yo’ ansah.” Puka respected Kyle’s honesty and willingness to do what he could for the others, and decided that “dis is good braddahs.” His first time at Pu‘ukoholā was an “eye openah” and something that put him on a new “path.”

Puka: So was, dat was one real eye-openah fo’ me. But, had one part on da heiau wen I was standin’ up, and da kahunas [priests] in, you know on da top side, and den’ had all da ali‘i guys, dey was dress as ali‘i [chiefs] on da uppah side...[I] look at us, and everybody in malo [loincloth] and all dis kine stuff, an’ out deah I was like probably da third time I weah malo, and I was like, “Oh, brah, I nevah tan my ‘okole [butt],” my ‘okole stay full white (Pākī laughing), I stay tinking, “Oh, I
stay full shame,” and I look on da side, “Oh, braddah’s ass mo’ white den mine!”

(Pāki laughs) “His jus’ as white! (Kāwika laughs) Oh, not too bad, not too bad.”

(laughing subsides)

But da ting what wen’ kinda really get me was, at one point I just was lookin’
around and trippin’ out, and fo’ me was just like I was readin’ one history book,
and had one, I wen’ open one page, had one big picture, and I jus’ wen’ get
sucked right into da page, poom! and I was in da middle of hist—one history
book, eh. (looking around) whooa. Beause guys speakin’ Hawaiian and you not
knowing what dey speakin’ about, and, everybody’s in full dress, and, “Whoa,
brah, dis is heavy.” So when I came back, I told myself, “Well, I gotta do some
‘ōlelo classes.” And ‘ass when I ask Paki. I made one deal wit’ Paki, I do
sometin’ fo’ him, he teach me Hawaiian. So he wen’ get me--get da ball rolling
fo’ me, and den now I’m enrolled at, ah, MCC (Maui Community College), eh.
Pāki: Yeah!

Puka: So, um, da Hale Mua had a lot to do with [going?] back to school, eh. And
a lot of values dat Kyle, Kyle puts out deah fo’ da guys in da Hale Mua is, you
know, basically take care yo’ family, take care yo’ stuff, you know, your own
stuff, do what you gotta do, do what you tink is right. And (pause) I tank him fo’
dat, because if, you know I nevah run into dis bunch of guys, I probably would be
still drinking beer aftah work every day, and instead of, tinking about what I do,
and how I do it.

Kāwika: So you feel it’s had a real positive impact on your life?

Puka: Oh yeah

Kāwika: Changed?
Puka: Well, yeah, um, yeah, real positive impact, because, when I was younger, I
grew up, my dad would drink every night, come home bus’ up my maddah, bus’
me up, you know, send my maddah to one hospital (pause) and, so you know da’
kine role models, das, how you figah, oh, well, I goin’ get oldah, I goin’ work,
come home drunk. And Nākānelua wen’ show dat dere’s anadah pat’ fo’ take, eh
(4/18/02).

Puka was not the only person in the Mua whose preconceptions of family
violence were changed by Kyle. Richard Thomas Bissen, Jr. would often witness fights
between the men in his family. Rick was about thirty five when he attended his first
meeting in 1997, which he thought was going to be more of a discussion group. He was
surprised to find that not only were the men training in martial arts, but they were also
called Nā Koa, which was his mother’s maiden name.

You know when I got there, and they said that the name of the group was Nā Koa,
by the way, the very first meeting I went to, you know, there’s varying
interpretations of that, um (pause). The way my mom them had interpreted their
name, their family [name] was, you know “the warriors” or the way they saw it
was um, you know like “the fighters” because there was, there was a lot of
fighting within the family, I mean a lot of hard-headed Hawaiians who
wanted—was stubborn, and resorting to physical violence was a, was a, just a
natural, was a natural thing, among family...

But it’s funny, when ah, Nākānelua explained it he said, “You know, it doesn’t
have to mean ‘the warrior’ meaning, like the violence.” The term, the way they
wanted the term to be understood was “the courageous.” And, the best example
they gave, which is what has stuck with me is, the courage to be a young,
Hawaiian, male, and to wear a malo in public, and to say “This, I am not ashamed
of who I am or what I stand for.” And it’s that you have the courage to live your belief (5/2/02).

I felt like things came full circle as I listened to Rick speak those last words, for I was sitting in the same chair in his office when he first told me that definition in 1997 as he invited me to join the group. He was the Maui county prosecutor at the time, and he knew me through my mother, who was deputy prosecutor, and through my involvement with the Hawaiian language immersion program. Yet as I listened to him speak during the interview, I found we had even more in common than I thought: we both spent some of our young childhood years growing up on Army bases on the U.S. continent, spoke with a strong “haole” accent when we came back to Maui (I never got rid of mine though), attended St. Anthony Catholic School from elementary (though I ended up graduating from Kamehameha), went away for college and returned for graduate school, and traced our mothers’ family roots to Pi’ihana, Wailuku (my grandmother and aunty are still close friends with his family). One of the sharpest wits I have ever met, Rick had me rolling as he shared his childhood stories of working for his grandfather’s lu‘au catering business and piggery in Pi’ihana.

At first, you know when I was young I used to be proud riding on the back of my grandpa’s truck to go and pick up all da slop from all the, all the different uh, Kahekili Terrace, all the homes down there. Uh, our job would be to run out, you know get the five gallon bucket and dump it in the big fifty-five gallon drums, and shoot the person’s bucket down, and replace their bucket. Everybody had their own; it’s kinda like delivering newspaper, everybody had a (pause) a little idiosyncrasy that they wanted it done a certain way, like turn the cover over, or hang it back up, or whatever. You had to know everybody’s thing, when you went to go, you didn’t just go and grab it...Um, you know some days would be the
days to castrate pigs, other days would be to watch the moms give their birth and separate the babies out, I mean there’s a lot of work keeping that farm going. Ah you had well over a hundred pigs, we had a lot. (clearing throat) you had the boar, and all the sows, and, it was a big operation that, you know I kinda thought that was every kid’s summer, I figured everybody must be doing this someplace. But was funny was as we were getting older, then we tried to hide being in the slop truck (laughs). hah, hah, initially you think you kinda cool, like you standing up in the back of a truck, right, looking around making sure your friends see you, kinda waving at ‘em, like “yeah, I’m out here, collecting some slop and hows that, pretty rugged.” Couple years later, you goin’ “Oh man, I don’t want anybody to see me,” and my friends go “AAH, Look at you! Collecting slop!” especially with the, the girls. I like, “oh, no!” you know you try to find a job back at da ranch, so you don’t have to be out on the road riding around. (clearing throat) I think that, I think that builds character, I not shuah (laughter). Or at least it teaches you to hide, when you see friends (5/2/02).

I truly enjoyed hearing Rick’s stories and felt much closer as he shared his life experiences with me. Though I never worked on a farm, there were many other points of similarity that I readily identified with. It became clearer to me why he thought I would be interested in the group back in late 1997. I remembered my sense of excitement when my mom came home and told me that Rick wanted to speak to me about being a part of the Nā Koa group. I had seen a video of what I thought was “the lua group” on the local cable access channel AKAKU. Of course it turned out that it wasn’t a lua group, but still I stuck with it and am now writing a dissertation on it. As if reading my mind, Rick went on.
And eventually the group became known more as the “Hale Mua”; it wasn’t to distinguish ourselves from the rest, but for a lot of people Nā Koa was “oh, da’s da luu group, da’s da the luu group.” As you well know and as people have come to know, the Hale Mua or the men’s place, as it has been explained to me, is much more broad...It’s a very broad knowledge, taking advantage of all these people who have this information that we can try to tap into, to where, I mean I’m so proud to be among these people that have made the commitment to learn the culture and to live the culture, more importantly. Uh, and not just once a year at Pu‘ukoholā, but live it all the time. Um, that’s been real rewarding. And I don’t know of any time in history where something like this has ever happened, any time in history, where we are able to step out of our modern, complex, sometimes when we get too complex lives, and it would be, just men, doing some things of old, enjoying it, passing it on, you know, living it (5/2/02).

The juxtaposition of being “modern” and doing Hawaiian things of “old” or “tradition” was a common theme discussed by men. Many spoke of “living in two worlds,” and stepping between the two. This experience was typically mediated by the wearing of the malo and participation in ceremonies. Back in Puka’s house, I directed my questions to Paki Cabatingan, a forty five year old county worker in the horticulture department, was one of the true “Maui Boys” (i.e., born, raised, and spent his whole life on-island). Paki also mixed and served the ‘awa in the ceremonies, held classes in Hawaiian language, and recently began to lead huaka‘i (trips) with a kupuna named Rene Sylva into the different parts of the island to look at native plants. When I asked him to describe his first experience at Pu‘ukoholā, he echoed Puka’s metaphor of being sucked into a history book. He also commented on the sight of everyone wearing malo, and then discussed the ways that he came to feel “comfortable” in “both” worlds.
I jus’ was like “Ho, wow, everybody. Da’s how you gotta ac’ ohe’a? Wow, da’s pretty trippy,” you know. But da’s not one act, da’s what dey believe in. We go do dis, we goin’ do ‘em li’ dis. And da’s not one act fo’ anybody, da’s, da’s doing deah cultah, doin’ ouah cultah. Can do bot’. If we live li’ dis’ today in modern society in da house, it’s da same ting when put on ouah malo and do dat. Ass just one addah side of my life. If we do dat, put on one malo everyday, and den we come li’ dis, it’s just da opposite, same ting. It’s dat, you put on one malo today, go fo’ dat. You live li’ dat fo’ one yeah, “Oh, I goin’ back to da addah, go’ put on my pants, go shopping mall.” Can do dat too. No mattah which way, bot’ ways comfortable. Cause of dese guys doin’ em all da time makes it feel comfortable, makes it accepted, not something strange, eh, kupanaha, eh. It’s a real ting (4/18/02).

One of the men who now puts on a malo regularly is Jacob Kana. I taped our interview sitting outside his Waihe‘e house next to his taro patches. When I asked him about the malo, he admitted an initial embarrassment when he first wore one at the Ritz Carlton Celebration of the Arts, but stated, “Now it doesn’t even boddah me. Now I can jus’ put on one malo; when I come out heah, when I work in my taro patch I put on my malo. To me bettah too, you no stain yo’ shorts!” (6/28/02). Born in 1971 and raised in the small taro farming and fishing village of Kahakuloa, Jay was one of the few men who grew up in a truly rural area, something especially notable for someone his age. I asked him how he first heard about the Mua. He met Elama Farm through his wife, but when Elama invited him to join, he was “doing all kine addah stuff dat wasn’t good” and so declined because he “nevah like bring dat to da group.” Eventually, he “jus’ wen’ cut all dat out” and decided to join. He remembered his first practice at Pi‘ihana, where the group was practicing in 1997-1998.

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I really liked the group because, first of all it’s like, ah, just a bunch of men, eh, just all local braddahs. just gettin’ togeda and stuff. That, to me, dat’s what we need, dat’s what was missing, all dis time. Cause like everybody else, like da wahines li’ dat, dey had hula and stuff li’ dat, but to me was, I dunno, I nevah like hula. Hula wasn’t my ting, was more, I dunno, I used to tink was sof’. Was, and, I dunno if dat’s wrong or what, but da’s what I used to tink, so I nevah did like join hula. But to me nevah have notin’ fo’ men. And, da’s why da group, I tink, is real good because, now at least, da Hawaiian, fo’ Hawaiian men, dey get to look at us, dis group, and see like how was befoah, and what dey used to do befoah. Cause like, I dunno, I nevah did tink, I mean I always used to wondah what Hawaiian men used to do, and I nevah did know. I tought you just go hunt, you just go fish, and dat was all, but dere’s more to it den dat. And I also tought I knew my culture real good, but when I wen’ join dis group, I found out dat I was real behind and lost! (laughing) Get so much stuff, and ah, you know, I still learning today from, ah, from da group, from everybody in da group, especially Kyle Nākānelua. I mean he teaches all of us. And I’m just deah, just like everybody else, jus’ like one sponge trying to absorb whatevah we can, from him and from each addah, and from going to Pu‘ukoholā (6/28/02).

For him the Hale Mua has returned him to the taro patches and taught him much about being a Hawaiian man. He felt that he became more responsible and communicative to his four children, and he finally got married to Leinani in 2001. At the time of the interview he had left the air conditioning business and was doing shift work at the Maui Electric power plant, which paid better but rotated shifts and took away time from the Hale Mua and from the family. He hoped that his kids will get a good education and get a better job than him, and so was doing all he could to teach them what he knows.
Peter “Lupe” Keli‘iho‘omanawanui Vanderpoel, a firefighter from Kona, was the same age as Jay. I interviewed him at his house in Ha‘ikū with my video-camera. To my surprise, when I arrived he was hosting a couple of other young Hawaiian men who had cameras of their own. These friends of his were in the process of producing an independent film that looked at the problem of violence among Hawaiian men, and Lupe had been a part of their project. Kamika was also over at the house; I found out that he blew a pū for a background sound the young filmmakers were trying to lay down. When everyone left, we discussed many issues about the importance of taking up the kuleana to train the youth in a pono manner so that they do not end up in the sorts of violent situations that the film depicted.

The Hale Mua, at least what we do, I mean it’s gonna mean so many different things to so many different people. At the same time, the Hale Mua is about doing things that are Hawaiian, and doing things within the scope of what you’re supposed to be doing. Taking on the responsibilities that have been there all the time. It’s just that nobody’s, or maybe you as an individual, haven’t taken upon yourself to do. For me, I have a son, so like I said, I want him to experience real Hawaiian things, and know what it is to do real Hawaiian things, and to see real Hawaiian men. That’s one of the great things that I see about Hale Mua is that you have guys from all walks of life, all different backgrounds. Some of ‘em in Hawai‘i, some of ‘em on the mainland, but they are all common in blood and in the ideals that they hold, for what we should be doing. So, for me, it has taken on a real personal thing, because I have my son, and my current girlfriend has a little boy also, and basically I have taken on some of the responsibility for raising him (6/27/02).
A similar commitment to the next generation was articulated by one of the older members of the group, Hanalei Amoral. I interviewed him in his home with a video camera and asked about his various life experiences and how he looks at life now. Close to retirement, the main priority was to “keep everybody happy, keep my family happy” and teach his grandchildren. “I want them to learn, that’s why I got in the Hale Mua.” He credits his own sense of identity to his father, whom he was especially close to for his whole life.

I used to go wen I was small kid go diving with him (dad) down Nānākuli. And I used to look through that little box, eh, had da glass box, I’d be on top da tube, I’d be lookin, and him and my uncles would go down, and it was like, “Hey, when dey goin come up?” And dey down deah and dey spear one, and go like they notin, like dey at home, like dey just lying down on da couch, and den dey swimmin’ under da water now. Amazed how dey could stay undah da watah long time, sometimes two, three minutes, brah, stay undah da watah. And I stay on dis big tube, and I wit’ da box watchin’ and takin’ da fish on da top and den puttin’ ‘em in da bag. So dat was da ting, you know, those was important, not havin a nice car. Those things are just material things, to me anyway (7/24/02).

When his father lost his job working at the Pearl Harbor shipyard in 1954, his family relocated from the Nānākuli Hawaiian Homesteads on O‘ahu to California. With the important exception of the four years spent in Vietnam enlisted in the Navy, Hanalei lived most of his adult life in California. When he got back from the war he got a G.E.D through the Navy and went to mechanic school, eventually working his way up to become a facility manager for Honda. When he and his family moved back to Maui (where his wife was from) in 1988, the only job he could get was driving a tour bus for $7.50 an hour. He eventually quit because he was sick of hearing all the tourists “grumble
about Hawaiians.” He went on to work construction and eventually landed a county job working in the waste water division, which he still holds today.

I first met Hanalei at the same time as Kale Boy—working with the Hui o Wa’a Kaulua in 1996-1997. They both joined the Hale Mua and the Royal Order at the same time, and at Pu’ukoholā Hanalei took on the role of the “lima wela” (“hot hand”/cook) as he had in the Hui o Wa’a Kaulua. I want to bring things back full circle again and end this chapter with his story of being on the canoe. When I asked him what the most important thing he learned sailing on the Mo’olele (an older double-hulled canoe built at the same time as Hōkūle’a), he responded:

It make you learn, make you realize what da Hawaiians did. How smart they were, you know, da’ kine, how dey could go from two thousand miles away, you know. The tings that they did, and the adversities that they went through, you know that was, I just sailed inter-island, and I sailed through a channel, Molokai channel. Can you imagine going two thousand miles? And that was it, you sit on the canoe and you tink, “Ho, brah, oh, my family” you know. Da Hawaiians came from Tahiti on dese canoes; can you imagine what if one canoe come from across the ocean? I only go to Molokai, and its like, “Ho, you know” by da time we get deah, it’s like “Man, tank God we heah already” cause da ocean beating you up. So, da canoe was an awakening fo’ me because you get to realize how much da Hawaiians did and how smart they were. You look all different tings, you go up Molokai and see da fishponds, you go up to da heiaus. That one heiau we went to I tink dey said da rocks from da addah side of da island. They don’t have trucks. So you know what it was, it was back-breaking work, brah, to carry dose rocks. I mean you look at dat heiau, it’s perfect....So Hawaiians are knowledgeable...and today some of us are still learning...It’s amazing brah...And
da ting of it is, if you Hawaiian you can say “I can go out and I can learn these things, and you know what, I am Hawaiian, cause I know what my ancestors went through, a long time ago. They did this, they did that, they busted their butt (7/24/02).

Like Hanalei, much of my learning and my desire to learn more about my past was the result of voyages, both literal and metaphorical. Writing my honors thesis on the Hui was my first attempt at mapping out the course of the next leg of my journey by capitalizing on one of the very qualities that had always marginalized me when I was growing up—my fluency with haole discourse, both spoken and written. The journey is much more circuitous than I first imagined it would be, and thus the importance of a hālau (long house) for the wa’a. The succession of life stories that make up this mo‘olelo are reflective of my own successive travels, departures and returns that have been navigated through relationships of work, family, production, and place. Through the hearing and listening of other mo‘olelo, I have come to know that not only do I travel on the canoe with other Kānaka, but I also return home with them and together we work to create and recreate the structures and the foundations of the hale.

**Conclusion: life stories, place, and identity**

In this chapter I have argued that the men of the Hale Mua actively create connections with each other, the land, the ancestors, and the larger Hawaiian lāhui (people/nation) through the sharing of their mo‘olelo. As fragments of narrated life experiences, mo‘olelo place speakers and listeners alike in a succession of personal, social, historical and spiritual events, and thereby actively form individual and group subjectivities. Many of the men highlight life-transitions, whether in occupation, family situation, residence, social activities, education, or cultural awareness. As such, the
members of the Mua often use spatial tropes in their narrations of self and perform identities in transition and transformation. The telling and hearing of moʻolelo helps to bring coherence, connection, and completion to individual and collective lives that have either “gone out” and are now seeking to “come back,” or are forced to tack between the cultural and economic spaces of “living in two worlds.” Narrative practice becomes a way of rejoining those elements of self and society that have experienced disjuncture as a result of colonialism and modernity. For the men I spoke to, discursive and embodied acts of violence have produced a number of fractures along the lines of class, gender, race, and place. Yet when men gather in ritual spaces of transformation and collective production of identity, members of the Hale Mua come to a deeper understanding of themselves, their communities and their place therein. Through the mutual creation of knowledge and exchange of emotion, the men begin to heal the fractures of colonialism and make their stories and those of their kūpuna live again.

ENDNOTES
1 Also called the “hang loose” sign, the thumb and pinky finger are extended while the index, middle and ring fingers are closed.
2 Text and translation primarily from Kamakau (1991:141-142). Though I feel confident in translating written prose, I hesitate when it comes to poetry and thus have used the translation of Pukui and Barrerere. Also, this chant goes one to speak of Kahaʻi’s return to Hawaiʻi.
3 I initially learned of Sam’s dyslexia not from him in his interview but from an article written about him by Sally-Jo Keala-o-ʻAnuenue Bowman (2000). It is from this article that I also got some other information on specific dates. She does a wonderful job of conveying what it is like to “hang out” with Sam and provides a nice counterbalance to my own narrative.
“I goin tell you one story. You ask Kyle Nākānelua and Kamana‘o Crabbe, you ask dem.” Sam Ka‘ai shifted his weight in his chair, gripped the top of his hand-carved cane that lay resting on his chest, and launched into a mo‘olelo. I had been interviewing Sam, in his garage for over an hour and a half. I asked him about his life, the Hale Mua, and finally, how any of what we are doing is supposed to be relevant to the “average Hawaiian man.” He argued that there is no “average,” and that the only thing average is the modern capitalist society we live in, or the “galvanized bucket” as he likes to call it. One of the dominant colonial narratives of self-destruction used to describe Hawaiians in the 20th century is that Kānaka are like ‘alamihi crabs in a bucket—once any one tries to climb up and out, the others pull him or her down. Sam contested this saying, “The trouble is that the bucket is galvanized; if it was a basket they crawl in and out...I don’t think it’s the fault of the crabs as it is the fault of the environment.”

He then further elaborated on and criticized the profoundly negative impacts that colonization and modernization have had on Hawaiians and their land, and he did so by telling mo‘olelo—stories and fragments of stories that were personal, historical, mythical, and political. All of these mo‘olelo were also in some way pedagogical and/or allegorical. Very rarely did he preface any of his other stories in the way that he did this one, so I strained to listen over the clangings and bangings of our bucket—the roar of automobiles driving on the busy Pukalani road that Sam lives on—so that I could better hear his mo‘olelo.

We were marching to Nu‘uanu, we were in front leading so make sure no go da wrong place...And as we left Waikiki, we passed a bar...One girl came out and
said, “The Hawaiians are coming!”—and the Hawaiians were coming; they were all in malo, it was night, torches were burning, and there were hundreds coming.

And this Hawaiian man ran out from the bar, and he was excited that it was Hawaiians are coming and he said, “Eh! The Hawaiians are coming! UP da Hawaiians (gesturing with fist in the air)!!” When he said dat bout da third time, I told Kamana‘o, “You go tell him something; you go say next time he says ‘up,’ we go pay him one visit!” hmph. You know, he was, what is this “Up the Hawaiian?” You know, he was goin like that with his hand (gesturing with fist up in air) “Up the Hawaiian.”

So finally, you could see he was getting more and more excited, the guy must have been about forty or fifty years old, and he didn’t know what to say in Hawaiian; he needed to show da people in da bar he drinkin’ [with] dat he Hawaiian, he needed to show us he Hawaiian, so what did he yell? “AH, AH, up da Hawaiian, Ah, MELE KALIKIMAKA (Merry Christmas)!!” (gesturing with fist in air) Dat’s da only ting he could remember in Hawaiian. Dat man—galvanized; dat bar galvanized him, that man, that bar stole his soul, took away dat ting in him that made him a Kanaka. That was not a human being, dat was a child, forty years old, who had not passed beyond, “Ah, if I cry, you goin’ wipe my behind? If I cry, you goin’ give me da bottle? If I cry.” We all saw dat. I mean, da feeling lasted wit us for almost forty-five minutes. This, “Oh, what was that?” You laugh because he said “mele kalikimaka,” but when you gave tought and empathy to him, you knew, he was desperately searching around for something to say. If he was his father’s child, you know...he would say “I mua Kānaka !!” (go forward Hawaiians). Almost every Hawaiian knows that. All he could pull out at this time of, um, expression and continuity, was “mele
kalikimaka”—dat (pause and whisper) was sad. But eh—he said hi eh? (grinning) “Aloha e ka po‘e kanaka, ma mua (Greetings, Hawaiian people, go forward).” So Hale Mua, ma mua, goin’ forward. So it is sad, but what I’m saying is, when you say average, I dunno, I don’t think that was the average man, yeah? The average man, ah, a young Hawaiian, ah, is, you have the two children, a mortgage, his salary is little lower than he really needs, and I think if you gave him ah, twenty percent more, ah, he would be buying more recreational, because he lives in a highly excited advertising society that blurps, “Look at me, look at me, I am more pretty than thee.”

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He kuahu ka Hale Mua: the prayers of men

I like to call it a kuahu, eh. It’s a place to come to, to send up your prayers. What is your prayer?...This is a hale, a foundation where, you don’t have to be alone if you don’t want to. And sometimes it’s necessary, you know, to have company, eh. Everybody shares da mana, and, you know, what is it you wanna do?...We can do dose tings.

Kyle Nākānelua on the question “What is the Hale Mua?”

All of the men that come to the Hale Mua have different prayers. Some are looking for “the culture,” and others are looking for a social club. Some want to learn the language while others want a spear to hang up behind their desk. Some of the more “physical” guys come to just bang heads and work out their testosterone, whereas the more spiritually “starved” are looking for a deeper fulfillment and an outlet for their creative energies. Such is the diversity of life, as it has always been from the time of the Pō. It is also to the Pō that we return as Hawaiian men seeking to overcome the colonial
experience of loss, displacement, disunity, and pain. Whereas others have done so with care and caution, we stepped to the edge of the leina and jumped at the Lele i ka Pō (chapter 1). With our bodies, we sent up a collective prayer to the kupuna for the guidance and support that we would need to make their moʻolelo and mana live again.

In this dissertation, I have attempted to situate these bodies jumping into the Pō by tracing out some of the political and cultural trajectories that led these men to the leina at Kekaʻa. In chapter 2, I provided a brief historical orientation and discussed some of the discourses of life and death (Ao and Pō) that have been deployed in colonial and anti-colonial projects in Hawaiʻi. In chapter 3, I located the production of ʻŌiwi masculinities in Hawaiʻi’s colonial history and neo-colonial present. Many of the colonial experiences encountered by men in Hawaiʻi articulate with those of Māori men in Aotearoa/New Zealand and elsewhere, especially in the realm of the military and sports. Similarly, attempts to reclaim land and identity have coincided in very related ways, not the least of which has been through the direct influence of Māori modes of resistance and aggressive cultural assertion on the ways that Kānaka Maoli have launched anti-colonial projects. One of them has been the reformation of cultural masculinities and the re-masculinization of culture, especially through gendered tropes of strength, as a means of reclaiming identity in the face of global tourism and its concomitant representations of a feminized and domesticated Hawaiian body. The “warrior” image presented contested these commodity images while also producing new tensions of gender and culture.

The comparison with the Māori case also speaks to the parallel trajectories of colonialism in Hawaiʻi and Aotearoa in which settler colonies appropriated lands and enforced a cultural hegemony that disrupted and marginalized the indigenous populations. These histories are similar to each other but different from the colonial projects carried out in other parts of Oceania where cultural imperialism seems to have
been far less complete and oppressive. Yet all areas of the Pacific have witnessed the
gendered implications of colonization, whether it be the substitution of traditional
Chuukese male warrior activities with alcohol abuse and violence (Marshall 1979), the
loss of culturally appropriate roads to masculine prestige and the concomitant instability
of community life in the Eastern Highlands of Papua New Guinea (Dickerson-Putman
1998), or the failure of Tongan men to achieve a satisfactory sense of manhood and thus
turn to practices of femininity as fakaleiti (James 1994). Understanding the dynamics of
current (re)configurations of gender and culture among Hawaiian and Māori men today
provides an important comparative case for other island societies.

In chapter 4, I explored the ways in which the deeply historic place Pu’ukohola has
been the site for numerous battles over history, identity, power, and gender. I
focused on the modalities of representation and identity formation through discourses of
history and mo‘olelo. At Pu‘ukohola, the mo‘olelo koa of Kamehameha provided ‘Ōiwi
intellectuals with an important guide and tool for Hawaiian reclamation, renewal, and
unification. At the same time, haole scholars such as Gowen (1919) cited its history as
proof positive of Hawaiian barbarism and cowardice. By describing the historical
“degradation” and “death” of the Hawaiian race as the loss of the heroic “manhood”
possessed by Kamehameha, he highlighted the interconnections of culture, civilization,
and gender in the disarticulation of lāhui and provided one of the most stunning examples
of temporal othering and colonial emasculation/feminization in Orientalist discourse.
Kānaka Maoli such as Poepoe and Desha contested these narratives through mo‘olelo that
spoke of the bravery, honor, and spiritual devotion of Kamehameha and the other aliʻi
that more properly framed the events and “men of their time.” Over the years though,
American colonial occupation became more thoroughly entrenched and stories such as
these were re-enacted in an ever more domesticated (and feminized) mode of pageantry.

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The cultural nationalist movement that began in the 1970s engendered a new modality of commemorating and re-membering history, one that sought to revitalize and bring new life to the traditions of the past in efforts to bring about a much needed regime change (to use the current war-born parlance). Hoʻokuʻikahi 1991 aimed to unite Hawaiians in body, mind, and spirit; it also sought to articulate an aggressive, serious, grounded, and masculine approach to identity formation.

To accomplish these goals, the planning committee of Hoʻokuʻikahi instituted a very different modality for knowing about past, present and future—that of ritual. In chapter 5, I described the process through with the rituals separated individuals from the structure of American domination, placed them in a liminal space of authentic ʻŌiwi communitas, and returned them reinvigorated, renewed, and transformed. Importantly, this was accomplished not only through the discursive production of symbols and meaning, but also through embodied and performative acts that provided an intimate engagement with the past and with fellow participants. The embodied performances at Puʻukoholā were particularly important in the formation of the Nā Koa groups on Oʻahu and Maui who instituted a warriorhood based not on violence but on courage and the willingness to be united as one for the people and culture. Though women were not excluded from Nā Koa, their dearth in numbers served more to highlight rather than contest the heavily masculinized nature of the groups. Indeed, the original Nā Koa o Puʻukoholā was an exclusively male group oriented at encouraging Hawaiian men to participate in cultural activities. Here I believe they succeeded, for Puʻukoholā and Nā Koa created spaces for a particular segment of the Hawaiian male population (typically middle-aged, middle-class) who felt alienated by both American society and the Hawaiian movement. Many of these men found additional spaces for embodying renewed identity through ritual practices involving liminality and cultural transformation.
in the lua seminars that began in 1993. On Maui, the emergence of these new groups contrasted with a decline in the membership of the Royal Order. These developments signaled a divergence in generational understandings of being a Hawaiian man. Thus the Royal Order made concerted efforts to connect with these younger men who were of the makua generation.

Through various splits, reorganizations, and convergences, Nā Koa o Maui took on the form of Hale Mua, a place for men to send up their prayers and to reinvigorate the masculine aspects of Hawaiian culture. In chapter 6, I detailed the ways in which they maintained the philosophy of ho‘oku‘ikahi—the ritual and physical pounding together of disparate entities into unified mass. Theirs was a prayer for the creation of Kānaka seeking a better tomorrow, an alternative to the colonial system they were forced to endure day in and day out. A rich variety of discursive and embodied practices ritually produced the liminality and communitas that allowed men to escape, if only briefly, neo-colonial society and in the process access their ancestral and innate knowledge and being. These experiences were authenticated because they were embodied, just as the cultural body itself was reclaimed from the hegemonic stricture of tourist dominated capitalist society (Desmond 1999; Trask 1993b). By working with and creating the “many bodies” (kinolau) of the gods through the material culture, their innate knowledge and mana emerged and gave life to their history. Testimonies of those who participated show that for many, rituals reinvigorated the mana Kū and instantiated it through the healing, training and rebuilding of the body, mind, and spirit. The embodied commemoration and reliving of history through dance and performance created new moʻolelo.

In chapter 7, I described the ways in which men told life stories that spoke to their shared experiences as Hawaiian men and placed them as a collective in a succession of talk, ancestors, people, spirits, experiences, and places that informed new understandings
of their subjectivities. Briggs (1986) directs our attention to the importance of attending to local modes of talk and the “metapragmatics” that signal what kind of acts are being performed when individuals are speaking. In the Hale Mua, the sociality of ‘awa drinking and sharing mo’olelo provides a strong example of the critical role of narrative forms in enabling the construction of desired social realities. My own ability to participate in that world, which is predicated upon my history as a member of the group and as a fellow Hawaiian male, is a precondition for the kind of ethnography I have written.

More over, the very survival of that mode of talk is embedded in a larger history of colonization and struggles for decolonization that likewise serves as the context for the activities of the Hale Mua. Mo‘olelo as political and social histories are inextricably bound up with mo‘olelo as personal narratives. By sharing life stories, the men articulate and come to understand the larger economic, political, and cultural processes of U.S. colonialism through personal tales of work, travel, family, and life transitions. When Sam tells of his own life experiences, he does so from the position of one who has been an actor in Hawaiian history, and whose eyes have seen many voyages. Those who have not yet begun the process of “decolonizing the mind” (Ngugi wa 1986) and critiquing the colonial order of things are caught unaware by Sam’s verbal missiles of challenges to be “real” and his explications of the ways in which many Hawaiians are not. As an elder who has seen a very different way of life by growing up with the kūpuna of Kaupō, yet also gone through many of the same struggles as any other urban Hawaiian, Sam brings the lived history of a Hawaiian man to life in ways that are painfully real. Yet at the same time, his ability to reassess and to take part in the creation of a new spiritual and social sense of self and community render his mo‘olelo a powerful parable for the possibilities of change, transformation, and decolonization.
In the modern configuration of culture and land in neocolonial Hawai‘i, a commodified and feminized image of the islands is marketed to the U.S. and the world as an alluring, domesticated, and welcoming place for visitors. Meanwhile Hawaiian nationalists contest these representations and work to expose the illegality of American occupation and the injustices of cultural imperialism (Kauanui 2002; Sai n.d.; Trask 1999). However, such challenges to the cultural and political order are often disregarded as fanciful imagination (“We’re all Americans, get used to it!”) or aggressively attacked by those who seek an end all Hawaiian entitlements and the erasure of any signs of trouble in paradise (Cummings 2003; Kanehe 2001; Lindsey 2002; Osorio 2001).

In light of this situation, how precisely does a close attention to language (as spoken narratives or official histories), culture (however one defines it), and ritual performance (such as the conducting of ceremonies on the heiau) lead to any sort of substantive change in the political or social status of ‘Oiwi Maoli vis-à-vis the state, U.S. imperialism, and global capitalism? I do not pretend to have a definitive answer for this question, but I would argue that cultural movements enable new sorts of political and social action, especially in Hawai‘i and the Pacific (and arguably throughout the world) where important historical transformations have occurred with the recoding of cultural categories, especially in the “contact zones” (Pratt 1992) of western and indigenous islander encounters (Sahlins 1981; 1985). Thus in the context of the Hawaiian cultural nationalist movement, any project of cultural assertion and decolonization aims to bring about societal changes by disrupting American hegemony and fostering a new sense of ‘Oiwi identity and politics. At a time when the meanings and definitions of being Hawaiian are debated more hotly than ever, as well as the stakes that ride on any legal and political determinations, public enactments of Kanaka Maoli history and culture in critical spaces that work to solidify contested social realities have an important
transformative effect that both imbues actors with a new sense of identity and subverts the dominant understandings of Hawai‘i.

The Keepers of Aloha March and Lele i ka Pō that I opened with in chapter 1 provides some insight into these dynamics. As a uniquely public, political, cultural, and historical event, the march and lele created a context for multiple formations and performances of subjectivity and identity that in turn defined the larger significance of the event as one that told a particular story and made a particular statement about history, nation, and culture. Kū‘ē ‘Elua and the narrations of it, both personal (recollections) and public (newspaper, radio, television), spoke to Hawaiian unity, strength, aggression, action, and continuity (Kana‘e 2001; Kubota 2001; Minchew and Keahi 2001; San Nicolas 2001). These were important contestations of the dominant colonial narrative of the “disappearing/ed native” that the lawsuits being protested were proffering: Hawaiian programs, rights, and entitlements are illegal because Hawaiians no longer (if in fact they ever did) constitute a separate political entity with indigenous claims to place, culture, and nation. Similarly, the high visibility of Hawaiian men as marshals and as ceremonial participants refuted the discourse of emasculation and absence that has so long configured notions of Kānaka males.

The participants sought not only to make a “statement,” but also to effect changes and transformations that would be at once personal, social, political and spiritual. The men of the Hale Mua and Nā Koa who jumped that day first transformed at the end of the march by stripping off their clothes and donning their malo. After performing their ha‘a, they stepped to the pu‘u where spirits make the transition from the world of the living to that of the ancestors. The lele kawa created a space both in and out of time, and thus representative of the past, present, and future. Likewise, the personal mo‘olelo that participants told of their experiences in the march became “cultural tools” (Wertsch
2000) that they used not only to recount occurrences but also to situate themselves as actors and subjects in and of history (White 2000). When I asked Kyle to describe the Lele i ka Pō, he explained:

It's an event that is supposed to uplift the people, ho'oulu the people, and to show the courage of the chiefs—this was done in old times by Kahekili, yeah—and um, it gives everyone, you know, something to prepare for, and, and to do for, to look forward to, and to commemorate. You know, the last time that was done was about a hundred years ago, yeah. I think was a hundred years ago. And, so, we commemorated or we closed that event, with that, that lele kawa. And, if you think about it, closing the event with an event such as this, yeah, really really heavy. Really heavy. The leina—a sacred place—this is what we doing with our sacred sites, you know. We utilizing 'em again, in the context that it was always used for. And therefore the content was to, to do a ha'a, or a, a sacred dance, yeah, versus a secular dance, you know, a hula. We did a ha'a that invigorated all the men, and ho'omanamana ai, give dem strength and courage and power to leap off this 40 foot cliff, you know, into the water below....

Kāwika: So you would say that the purpose of the lele kawa was, what?

Kyle: Basically a lot of things, yeah. Number one is to close the event, you know. We walked (pause) to show our kūpuna, yeah, our kūpuna i hala ai, our kūpuna that have passed, to show dem dat, eh, we still heah, we know what our rights are, and we're standing up, and we're walking about it. We're not just talking about it, we're not crying about it, we're not drinking about it. We're walking about it. We're trying to show everyone else in this time that (pause) we exist, we will not
be forgotten, and we will be heard. (pause) And, the leaping off into the Pō, (pause) is, is a ritual that shows the kūpuna or shows heaven that, you know, we’re willing to cast off all these things that is in this time, to become one with you folks, and ceremonially give ourselves up, yeah, on behalf of the people, on behalf of the, the ‘oihana (activity), eh, this event, and (pause) and give ourselves to da fate at hand, eh (4/17/02).

Actively celebrating, retelling, commemorating, and reliving the mo’olelo demonstrates that the intergenerational links thought to have been severed are intact and are being maintained and perpetuated by the ‘Ōiwi who are themselves defined through their place a succession of stories. Historical events become personal accounts that the men share with each other as they reaffirm their connections with one another and with kūpuna and work to re-member and reshape their world as Kānaka men.

It is important to note, though, that these stories speak to both the possibilities and the limitations of transition and transformation, for despite the men’s ability to “cast off the things of this time” and leap into another realm, they must return to a world that appears to be relatively unchanged. Such experiences often lead to a feeling of “burning up in re-entry” and struggling to live in two worlds, thus bringing into question the extent to which decolonization can actually occur. It is here that Kānaka must take what they have brought back from the Pō and use it in ways that will bring about the changes they desire. We must also remember that Pō is an obscurity, and the answers one receives from the Pō are not always seen or understood readily (cf. Ho’omalu 2003). There is both hope and despair in this insight, for it requires one to have faith and to trust in the ‘aumākua, kūpuna, and akua whose world we do not know. Yet through our mo’olelo, we understand that through the pule and ho’omana, the pono leaders rule over the land and kū i ka moku.
I conclude this writing with a word on ethnography and the possibilities of the ethnographic method as a tool for indigenous (and other) researchers seeking to carry out engaged or other forms of activist scholarship and intellectual activity. Whereas many scholars conducting cultural analysis and criticism focus on public discourses and the politics of representation that emerge between dominant and counter discourses, I have combined the study of public enactments and media with the close-up investigation of cultural politics through the experience of particular men and their social worlds. One way I have done this has been by listening closely to their mo'olelo and participating in naturally occurring forms of talk where those worlds are created. This has served as a particularly useful methodology, for it has shed light upon the ways in which individuals variously take up or ignore the dominant representations of Hawaiian men and also the extent to which various cultural nationalist projects succeed and fail and why they do so.

Yet at the same time, being so close and personally tied to a group leads to a number of serious limitations. The first is the inability to ask certain types of questions that one intuitively knows are inappropriate and would damage relationships if they were raised. Another is the extent to which a completely open critique of an individual or group can be articulated without betraying the trust that these men have put in me.

As an indigenous anthropologist, I took as my central tenet the importance of understanding the rights and responsibilities accorded me when the men of the Hale Mua allowed me to carry out this project. I have experienced great joy in talking story with the guys and writing about their lives. I endeavored to do so with integrity and honesty, and as such I circulated earlier drafts of my work to the men. Most were quite happy with what I had done, and I felt redeemed in my assertion that native anthropology can offer insights that are both empowering for the community and socially responsible.
All of that changed when I found out that Kamika was fuming when he read what I wrote about him. Moreover, I only discovered this "through the grapevine" nearly a month after he had read the draft I gave him. I immediately called him and we met the next day. If you will recall my discussions of him throughout the dissertation, I had perceived him as the clown. Though I had long thought of that role in the way that Hereniko (1994) had described it as one of political commentary and social leveling, my original representations made him look like nothing more than a fool. I had never intended to hurt his feelings, but I was accustomed to poking fun at him in person and so carried out that same practice in my writing. Yet words take on a very different mana when put into print and when taken out of the context of social life; mine came across as "false cracks" and succeeded only in angering and insulting him. He told me that he was ready to come over and put on the "pads" (that we use for sparring) and go at it with me since I saw fit to make a fool of him in my "fourth grade book report" that the whole world was going to read.

Yet as he went on, he also admitted that it was more than just the tenor of the words that affected him, but also my callous choice of segments from his life story that in his mind did not even represent the most important things he told me. This was more than an issue of authorial selectivity; it was an act of violence, one that articulated with a longer succession of violence that he had struggled to overcome throughout his entire life.

Moreover, he questioned the very ways in which I was writing, for in his opinion it did not carry the mana of the kūpuna that exudes from works that "have prayer" with them. He asked me if I had prayed, and if I had made the offerings of 'awa and food that we learn about in the Mua while I was writing. I hung me head and said that I had not. In writing about the Po, I reduced it to an object of discourse, one that was completely
removed from the spiritual realm it came from. He then went on to tell me that in focusing solely on the journeys of men coming to the Mua to heal or find themselves, I was blinded to the fact that they also come to heal others and to give their mana selflessly.

We spoke for hours into the night, and a new perception not only of his importance to the group, but also the importance of true dialogue in the processes of anthropological work, social relations, and decolonization. It hurt to hear the things that Kamika told me, just as it must have hurt for him to read what I read. His pain only festered over the weeks as he started questioning his own sense of self and wondering if I was right; I was after all getting a Ph.D. All the while there was a hihia growing between us that I was unaware of but others were, and in the creation of that hihia, everyone was affected to some degree. Yet because we are friends, and indeed family through the Mua, we take these pains and deal with them. In talking them out and opening up ourselves, we were able to set things right.

I grew immensely from the experience, and in talking with Kyle about it later he said, “Hey, we’re a family, we gotta deal with these things. If we can’t handle it, we ain’t real.” Indeed, it was by being real that my relations with others in the Mua have become stronger. Likewise, these struggles and triumphs produce a deeper kind of knowledge that is filled with emotion and wisdom. Kamika too was transformed by the experience, as was the whole Mua in some way or another. The filing of this dissertation is sure to set into motion another complex of affect-laden actions and reactions, discourses and representations, and hopefully a prayer. Indeed, this was the central project of the Mua to begin with—pounding together of disparate elements, suffering the pain and the heat, being melded into one, sending up a prayer, and moving forward as men. I have taken the kuleana to talk about things that others cannot, just as Kamika maintains a similar role.
of keeping the "heartbeat" of the group going by checking authority, as he did with this dissertation.

And so we all continue to struggle in this strangelove project of decolonization and reclamation. We are constantly changing, transforming, and transitioning. This dissertation has captured only a fragment of the story, one that is told differently by each of the members that add their words to it. Yet it is one that would not exist without this multiplicity of voices and experiences, and it is in the collective telling that we make our mo'olelo live. It is with this mana'o that I send my story back into the Pō.

Figure 54. “Canoe Dream.” Local canoe clubs greet men who jumped off Pu‘u Keka‘a in the Lele i Ka Pō, March 4, 2001. Photo taken by Carl “Kale Boy” Eldridge.
GLOSSARY OF HAWAIIAN WORDS

Definitions are taken liberally from Pukui and Elbert’s *Hawaiian Dictionary* (1986) and from my understanding of concepts and terms, especially as they are understood and used in the context of this dissertation, which may be different from usages elsewhere.

‘ā‘aia. legendary bird of the akua Kāne believed to have taken the shape of the ‘ā, the booby bird.

‘aha ‘aina. feast.

‘aha‘ula. oracle cord used by chiefs since time of Liloa, as described in writings of Solomon Peleiohōlani, Joseph Poepoe, and Rev. Stephen L. Desha.

ahu/kuahu. altar.

‘ahu lā‘i. ti-leaf rain cape

‘ahu‘ula. feather cloak or cape worn by ali‘i.

‘aikapu. politico-religious system in place at the time of Kamehameha Pai‘ea in which eating was proscribed with kapu, notably those separating men from women and commoners from chiefs (see chapter 2). In ceremonies of the Hale Mua, it is a feast dedicated to the male akua and the men of the Mua.

‘ai. eat, food, starch.

‘aina. meal, to eat.

‘āina. land, earth (or “that which feeds”).

‘ainoa. to eat freely without kapu. While under the ‘aikapu system, ‘ainoa were frequently carried out when an Ali‘i Nui passed and the new political system and kapu were instituted. When Kamehameha passed, the ‘ainoa proclaimed by Ka‘ahumanu was a permanent disavowal of the old system of eating restrictions.

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aku. bonito, skipjack tuna.

akua. god, deity.

'alaea. red ocherous earth used for coloring salt, for medicine, for dye, and formerly for purification ceremony of hi'uwai; reddish and orange-reddish color(s) worn by participants at Pu'ukoholā ceremonies and by the Hale Mua.

alaka'i. lead, guide, direct; leader.

'alana. offering, especially a free-will offering, contrasting with a prescribed mōhai.

alanui. street, road, highway, thoroughfare, waterway, course.

ali'i. chief/ess, ruler, leader. Under the 'aikapu, there were a number of different ranks of ali'i, foremost being ali'i nui (high/supreme chief).

aloali'i. royal court, chief's entourage.

aloha. love, affection, compassion, mercy, sympathy, pity, kindness, sentiment, grace, charity. Also used with the word 'āina to denote love of land and country.

'ano. kind, type, character, nature, disposition, sort, way.

ao. light, day, world of the living; enlightened; also: a cloud; earth, realm.

'ape'ula. type of red tapa used to wrap Kū images.

'apu. coconut shell cup.

a'u. swordfish, marlin, spearfish. The bill is used in the manufacture of pāhoa and other mea kaua.

'aumakua/'aumākua[plural]. family and personal god, ancestral deity (kahakō on the second "ā" denotes plural).

'awa. kava (Piper methysticum) plant, native to the Pacific; root is processed to make a narcotic drink used in ceremonies and social contexts.
hā. to breathe; breath, life; also: four, fourth.

haʻa. a bent-knee dance performed in ceremonies

hākā moa. chicken fighting. Sport carried out in Hale Mua training in which two contestants join hands and try to pull the other to the ground while holding their own foot in back of them with their free hand.

hākōkō. wrestling.

haku mele. a composer of mele; to compose mele.

hala. pass, die; also: pandanus.

hālau. long house; school.

hālau hula. hula school, troupe, group.

hālāwai. meeting.

hale. house.

hale 'aina. eating house. Under the 'aikapu, it was the house that women and children not inducted into the hale mua ate.

hale mua. men's eating house of 'aikapu period in which men fed the male 'aumākua and akua and carried out men's activities (see chapter 2).

hale o Papa. women's place of worship; heiau dedicated to Papa and female akua.

hale kua/hale kuku. house in which women beat kapa and carried out women's activities.

hana kālai. carving, wood work.

hānai. adopt, care for, feed.

haole. foreign, foreigner; now primarily signifying a white person. Various interpretations on the etymology of the word have been offered, one being that foreigners were thought to have been without breath (hā — 'ole).
hau. Hibiscus tiliaceus, lowland tree found throughout the Pacific. Men of Hale Mua use fibrous inner bark to make rope and cordage and wood for practice spears.

heiau. place of worship, temple, shrine. Many types of heiau existed, not all of which were elaborate structures. The hale mua was a type of domestic heiau for the men.

hibia. entanglement, problem, trouble.

hi‘uwai. cleansing ceremony, typically done by immersing one’s body into the ocean with no clothes on.

hō‘ailona. sign, omen.

hō‘ike. show, present/presentation.

hōkū. star.

holokai. ocean voyaging.

honi. exchange of breath through the touching of nostrils and inhaling the other person’s hā.

ho‘okaiika kino. exercise; strengthen the body.

ho‘oiro. wet season, approximately November through April.

ho‘okupu. tribute, ceremonial gift.

ho‘omana. worship, religion; also: empower, place in authority, give mana.

ho‘omanamana. impart mana to.

ho‘opāpā. contest of wits, challenge.

ho‘oulu/ho‘ūlu. make grow.

hua. fruit, tuber, corm, egg, seed, offspring.

huaka‘i. journey, excursion, trip.

hui. organization, group.

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**hula.** dance. Typically referring to Hawaiian dance in its various traditional (kahiko) and modern ('auwana) forms.

**hula ho'oipoipo.** a courting dance.

**huli.** top portion of kalo used for replanting; also: turn, overturn.

**i'a.** fish; also any meat item eaten with any starch.

**ihe.** spear.

**ihu.** nose; also bill of the a'u.

**'i'i.** admired deep, rasping sound and tremor in chanting.

**'imi.** search.

**imu.** underground earth oven.

**ipu.** gourd, calabash.

**iwi.** bone. Root word of 'Ōiwi (indigenous Hawaiian) and kulaiwi (homeland).

**kā.** cast, hit, strike, thrust.

**ka'au.** forty.

**kā i mua.** ceremony in which young boys were initiated into the hale mua (see chapters 2 and 6).

**kahakō.** macron denoting elongated vowel sound on Hawaiian words.

**kahiko.** old, ancient.

**kāhili.** feather standard, symbolic of rank.

**kahu.** keeper, attendant, guardian.

**kahului.** crescent shaped battle formation. also name of Maui town that Hale Mua is based in.
kahuna/kāhuna[plural]. expert in any profession, often associated with akua specific to the kahuna’s trade; priest.

kahuna hulihonua. kahuna skilled in study of earth, often advised in the construction of heiau.

kahuna nui. high priest and councilor to a high chief; officiator of heiau ceremonies.

kahuna pule. prayer expert.

kai. ocean.

kākālāʻau. spear fencing.

kākāʻōlelo. orator, person skilled in use of language, counselor, adviser.

kākau. tattoo.

kālai lāʻau. carve wood.

kālaimoku. counselor, prime minister, high official.

kalo. taro, the staple crop of Hawaiian people.

kāmaʻa. sandal, shoe.

kanaka/kānaka[plural]. person; Hawaiian (when used with capital “K”).

kāne. male, man.

kanikapila. play music.

kānoa. bowl, especially one used for ‘awa.

kanu. bury, plant.

kaona. deeper hidden meaning.

kapa. tapa, barkcloth.

kapu. marked with restrictions, prohibitions, and spiritual qualities that govern interactions and behavior,
kau. hot season, approximately May through October; also: period of time; to place, put, hang, affix.

kauhale. group of houses comprising the Hawaiian home.

kaukau ali'i. an ali'i of lesser rank who performed service tasks.

kaupaku/kaupoku. ridgepole of hale.

keiki. child, offspring, young taro.

keiki lewalewa. young boy not initiated into the hale mua, called such because he does not wear a malo and is a “dangler.”

kiaʻi. guard.

kiawe. Algaroba, a thorny foreign tree found in dry areas.

kihei. a rectangular garment worn over one shoulder and tied in a knot.

ki'i. image, statue, picture, figure.

ki'i läʻau. wooden image.

kini akua. multitude of gods, 40,000 akua.

kinolau. many bodies, physical manifestation and embodiment of the akua.

koa. bravery, courage; someone possessing koa; warrior. also: native hardwood tree.

koʻihonua. genealogical chant.

koʻiʻula. rainbow-hued rain; in koʻihonua of Kahaʻi, it was the path he followed in search of his father Hema.

kuahu/ahu. altar.

kūʻē. stand apart, resist.

kuhikuhi puʻuone. seer, especially a class of kahuna who advised the building and locating of heiau, homes, and fishponds; architect.

kuʻia. Pukui and Elbert define it as a “sharp, pointed stick, dagger, spear.” See neʻe.
kūkākūkā. discuss, dialogue.

kūkulu hale. build a house.

kulāiwi. homelands, native lands, “bone plain.”

kuleana. rights and responsibilities.

kumu. source; teacher.

kumu hula. an instructor and “source” of hula.

kupuna/kūpuna[plural]. elder, grandparent, ancestor.

lā‘au pālau. fighting club. See ne‘e.

lāhui. people, nation, collective.

lauhala. pandanus leaf.

laulau pua‘a. pork wrapped in the leaves of the taro and steamed.

lehua. flower of the upland ‘ōhi‘a lehua tree; metaphorically, the first victim of a battle.

lei. garland; typically made from flowers, shells, feathers, leaves vines, or other materials
and worn around neck or head

lei po‘o. lei worn around head.

leina. place where the spirits leap into the Pō.

lele. jump, leap, fly.

lele kawa. cliff jumping.

lima. hand, five; in Hale Mua, grouping of five individuals.

lo‘i. irrigated terrace, especially for the planting of kalo.

lua. bone-breaking martial art that has enjoyed resurgence since mid 1990s; also: two,
dual, hole.

luakini. a type of heiau upon which human sacrifices were conducted.
mahalo. appreciation, thanks, gratitude.

mahiole. feather helmet.

mai'a. all kinds of bananas and plantains.

maile. a native shrub and vine whose aromatic scent makes it a favorite for lei making.

maka'āinana. commoners as opposed to ali`i.

makana. gift.

mākaukau. ready, prepared.

makua/mākua[plural]. parent, adult, mature taro plant.

malihini. guest, visitor.

maulo. loincloth.

mana. spiritual power, potency, and charisma.

manawa. time.

manaʻo. thought, belief, conviction.

manō. shark.

maʻa. familiar; familiarity.

maoli. real, true, authentic. Indigenous Hawaiian (when used with capital “M” or with word “Kanaka” or “ʻOiwi”).

mea kaua. weapon.

mihi. apologize.

moepuʻu. companion in death.

mōhai. sacrifice, offering.

mōʻi. sovereign, monarch; antiquity of word is debated, some say it only appeared in usage in the 1830s.
mo’o. lizard, dragon; succession, series, fragment.

mo’okū‘auhau. genealogy, genealogical succession.

mo’olelo. story, tale, myth, history, tradition, literature, legend, narrative, account, succession of talk.

mo’olelo kahiko. ancient stories/history/traditions.

mo’opuna. grandchild, offspring, descendant.

mua. hale mua. before, ahead, forward, in advance, first.

nā mea Hawai‘i. Hawaiian things.

na‘au. intestines, guts, seat of emotion and knowledge.

na‘auao. enlightened.

na‘aupō. ignorant.

nalu. wave.

neʻe. mea kaua that is between 5-6 feet in height and pointed on both sides, one of which is shaped to have a blade and resembles a cross between a short spear and a long club; the name, which means to “move,” comes from Sam Ka’ai. Kyle Nākānelua has called it a laʻau pālau, and ‘Umi Kai has called it a ku‘ia.

niu. coconut.

noa. free of kapu; unrestricted.

‘ohana. family (including extended).

‘ōhi’a. two kinds of trees, the ‘ōhi’a ‘ai, or mountain apple, and the ‘ōhi’a lehua, an upland hardwood tree whose wood is used in the manufacture of mea kaua.

‘ōihana. occupation, trade, job, business, activity, industry, rite.
ʻōiwi. native, indigenous (capitalized to denote Indigenous Hawaiian identity), “of the bone.”

ʻoki. cut off.

ola. life, live.

ola hou. new life, live again.

ʻōlelo. speech, language, words, saying.

ʻōlelo Hawai‘i. Hawaiian language.

ʻōlelo noʻeau. proverb, wise saying.

oli. chant.

oli kähea. chant to call out and ask permission to enter.

oli komo. chant to the invite the person giving the oli kähea to enter.

ʻona. inebriation, intoxication.

ʻono. delicious, savory taste.

ʻōʻō. pierce, lance, poke, put in.

ʻōʻō ihe. to hurl spears; sport of spear throwing and dodging.

pā. fence, wall, enclosure; also short for pā lua, or the lua organizations.

pālala. birth gift.

pā lua. organizations of lua practitioners; two most widely known in Hawai‘i are Pāku‘ialua and Pāku‘iaholo that began in the early and mid-1990s.

pāhoa. dagger.

pahu. drum.

pahua. spear dance.

paʻi ʻai. pounded taro prior to the mixing of water to create poi.
pālau. fighting club, short for lāʻau pālau. See also neʻe.

papa. flat surface, board, flats (as in the flat area below Puʻukoholā); also, class, rank, grade, order (as in papa aliʻi).

papa kuʻi ʻai. board for pounded taro.

papa lāʻau. wooden board.

pāʻii. waist covering in which material is wrapped around waist and extends down at variable lengths from the upper thigh down to the ankle.

pani. to close; closing ceremony.

pikai. ritual cleansing ceremony.

plʻo. arch, bend; also highest rank of aliʻi.

pō. night, darkness, realm of the gods and ancestors (when used with capital P). Seen as a source of empowerment, connection, and ancestral knowledge for ʻŌiwi.

poʻe. people.

poi. pounded taro mixed with water; staple of the Hawaiian diet.

poke. to cut into pieces; commonly refers to raw fish cubed and mixed with seasoning.

pololū. battle pike.

pono. goodness, righteousness, correct or proper, well-being, just, in perfect order.

poʻo. head, both of body and of an organization.

poʻokanaka. heiau on which human sacrifices were conducted.

pouhana. post set in the middle of each end of the hale, supporting the kaupaku; fig. support, mainstay.

pū. conch shell trumpet; also a gun.

pua. flower, blossom.

puaʻa. pig.
puaʻa kālua. pig baked in the imu.
puhuloʻuloʻu. tapa-covered ball on a stick signifying a chiefly kapu.
pule. prayer, pray.
pule huikala. cleansing prayer.
pulu. soft, glossy, yellow wool on the base of tree-fern leaf stalks; was used to stuff mattresses and pillows and exported to California in the early 1800s.
puʻu. hill, mound, promontory; desire, need.

ʻuala. sweet potato.
ʻuhane. soul, spirit, ghost.
uhi. covering, veil, solid tattoo.
ukana. baggage, luggage, supplies.
uku. pay, payment, fee, toll.
ʻukulele. literally “jumping flea,” name given to the introduced Portuguese braguinha, a four stringed instrument modified slightly and made popular in Hawaiian music.
ʻulu. breadfruit.
ʻūniki. graduate as an expert in an art or skill, such as hula, oli, or lua.

wā. period of time.
waʻa. canoe.
wa kahiko. ancient times.
wahine/wāhine[plural]. woman, female.
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